

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

The Family Histories Compiled by

Ida Belle Gledhill Christensen Buchanan

Edited By

Randall Lloyd Christensen

Ridgecrest, California

January 16, 1999

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Table of Contents

Introduction	1
Ida Belle Gledhill Christensen Buchanan	3
Map of South-Central Utah	4
Randall Christensen	12
Ida's "Rosebuds in the Snow"	27
Thomas Gledhill	33
Map of Oldham, England	33
Lillie Belle Ivie	45
Peter Christian Christensen	51
(Hans) Peter Christian Christensen, A Story	53
Edward Gledhill and Betty Hague	57
Edward and Betty, A Story	59
John Lehi Ivie	63
Mary Catherine Barton	67
James Russell Ivie and Eliza McKee Fausett	71
Map of the Northern Missouri Area	72
History of the Gledhill Surname	79
Barkisland Hall and the Family of Gledhill	81
Genealogical Summary	91
Index	117

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Introduction

During her lifetime (1896 - 1982), Ida Belle Gledhill Christensen Buchanan compiled a great amount of information about her ancestors, as well as many notes about her own life. This document is an attempt to merge the historical information collected and authored by her into a single document. During the process, an attempt has been made to make her writings easier to understand, without removing her way of saying things. Much redundancy has been removed and full names and dates have been incorporated in many places. An attempt has been made to verify much of the information contained in her writings, and this has led to the correction of some errors, as well as, the introduction of some additional information. Much of the added information takes the form of additional historical information, that makes the information in her writings easier to understand or more interesting.

Ida wrote a brief summary of her grandfather John Lehi Ivie that seems very appropriate, not only for him, but for Ida and for all her ancestors. It is as follows:

If you can judge the character of a man by the lives of the children he raised, I would say, he (John Lehi Ivie) stands high in achievement. All are medium tempered and quietly go about their business doing what is required of them.

What our debt of gratitude, and the debts of the settlements of this part of early Utah, should be to those who met the troubles of living in and taming this country, is hard to estimate. What the lessons are, that we should make a part of our advancement while living here, is another mystery that will take time to fully understand. But I am thankful to be a descendent of one who learned the value of the common place, and met the needs of his every day surroundings; whose testimony of the Gospel lived with him until he died and whose children are proud to call him Father.

Here then are the stories of the lives of several of my ancestors, who were quietly going about their business.

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

*Randall Lloyd Christensen,
A grandson*

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Ida Belle Gledhill Christensen Buchanan

I was born January 28, 1896 in Vermillion, Sevier County, Utah to Thomas and Lillie Belle Ivie Gledhill. The story of when I was born was told to me by my cousin Adelle Gottfredson Jensen. She was 11 or 12 years older than I. As we sat talking one day in 1973, she turned to me and said, "I know what happened when you were born." My parents had 6 boys and wanted girls. Three and one-half years before when my father went on his mission to England, he had been promised in his patriarchal blessing that he would have daughters. So when I came along, on a cold January day, Father was so elated that he went to the church house, got out the flag, put it up, and rang the old church bell. So everyone in the town of Vermillion knew that Tom and Belle Gledhill had a baby girl. I was so happy to hear the story; to know that someone was really happy when I came to earth. I was blessed by my uncle James Oscar Ivie on June 3, 1896.

My parents were married by my uncle, Pete Gottfredson, in a log cabin which stood where the old rock house in Vermillion (that we later lived in) is now. They went to Salt Lake 6 months later and were endowed and sealed there. They raised 6 boys (Ray, Lafay, Ivo, Alden, Bert, and Fred) in our first house on the farm outside of Vermillion. Then in September 1892, when Fred was 16 days old, Father went on a mission to England. Mother was still confined to bed when he left. The farm had been rented out, but the rent wasn't enough to feed the family. Mother sewed, knitted socks, and made soap for her family, and sold to others for a bit of money. She had cows, so she churned butter, and sold that and eggs to the store. She did have help from her neighbors and friends. Aunt Mae came to live with her for a while. My sister and I were born after my father's mission.

Father and some friends built that first house of ours on the farm outside Vermillion, where I was born. It had a cellar, two rooms on the main floor, a loft, and a long porch which faced the west. Father and Mother, and my sister and I slept in beds on the main floor. My brothers slept on straw up in the loft. We had kerosene lamps for the downstairs, but when the boys went to bed in the loft, they had to use candles. Whenever any of the boys got sick, they were brought downstairs by the fire until they got better. We dumped the ashes from the stove in the outhouse to keep the smell down, and once the outhouse was burned down by a live coal.

All during the time I was growing up, we had people living with us. There were many tramps in those days, but they never left our house without a meal. Mother always made room for lodging travelers. She charged some people, like the Watkins man or a clothes salesman. We took care of Grandpa Ivie in our home from about 1901 until his death in 1909 and also Mother's half sister Luta from 1901 to 1903. My brother Ivo died from complications following an appendix operation in 1917 and then his wife Jane Ogden Gledhill died of flu during the epidemic of 1918. They left two girls, Ivie and Melba, ages 3 and 5. Mother raised them until her death in 1929, and then Father raised them until they got married. My children and I also lived with my father after my husband Randall's death in 1928, and my mother's death in 1929.

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Ida Belle Gledhill Christensen Buchanan

Map of South-Central Utah

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Ida Belle Gledhill Christensen Buchanan

One of my earliest recollections was the summer I was 4 (1900). I was a favorite with my Dad. He would take me with him whenever he could. One time the whole family was going to Fish Lake for the summer. It was a day and a half trip. Dad and I were to go in the white top (buggy) late in the evening, and Mother and the rest were to follow the next day in the wagon with the rest of the things. Dad was a ranger, and Grandpa Ivie was the fish commissioner that year. When Dad and I got to Burrville, it was dark and we found that Grandpa Ivie was at the Burr's. Aunt Violet (Father's sister and Grandpa's third wife) had died at Fish Lake, because of her heart, and they were bringing her body back home. We sent word to Mother not to come, and waited until the next day to go back to Vermillion with Grandpa Ivie and the body. That night, Luta, their girl, was almost inconsolable and whenever she cried, so would I. The Burr's gave us the largest stick of peppermint candy I'd ever seen. Grandpa and Luta lived with us after that, until Luta died on May 31, 1903 and Grandpa on March 10, 1909.

My sister Millie and I were born close together, so we did things together. Millie was born on September 30, 1897 at my brother Lafay (pronounced LAY-fee) and Mamie's house in Vermillion. My brothers used to live with them in the winter, instead of out on the farm, since it made it easier for them to get to school.

Mother didn't want Millie and I to freckle, so she would sew our bonnets to our hair to keep us from taking them off. As youngsters, I always had brown hair and Millie had blonde, so Mother would wash her hair in lemon juice or vinegar to keep it blonde. It didn't much help though, as Millie had brown hair when she grew older.

Millie and I would sit on little red chairs in the front of the buggy when Dad and Mother went to Richfield. Sometimes they would leave us home with the boys, but we'd always watch and run out to meet them when we saw them coming back, so that we could ride a little ways home with them. One time we saw them coming with some red things and excitedly ran out to meet them. They had bought us two red parasols, and when we got out to the buggy, they opened up the parasols and drove past us like freight to a tramp. Then they stopped and, when we caught up, they let us have the parasols. No present was ever nicer. Mother made a ruffle on mine so we could tell them apart.

We took baths once a week. On Saturday about noon, Mother would always put the boiler on the stove to heat water for our baths, so in the middle of the afternoon Millie and I and Mother would have a bath and wash our hair. Then another boiler was put on the stove for the boys and Dad to bathe in when the chores were done. In the summer our whole family would go down to the river for our bath. The boys and Dad bathed in the pools that were too deep for us. Mother and we two girls sat in the ripples and the less deep places. We sure had a lot of fun.

I had scarlatina in my early years on the old farm. I couldn't be isolated much, but Dad made me a small bed and Mother surrounded it with newspaper. Millie was told she couldn't come where I was, so she would get me playthings and throw them in the bed for me. Mother would give me nasty medicine, and I'd spit up the pills, so she'd try mashing them in a spoon and mixing them honey, sugar, or what have you. I still hated them and would crawl down in the covers to the foot of the bed to avoid it, but it never worked. I still had to take the medicine.

Our first house, out on the farm, had an old cellar with homemade rock walls, where Mother kept milk on some shelves. Once she wondered why the cream was getting disturbed. One day at dusk she went down into the cellar and screamed "Snake!" Dad came running. Mother lit the lamp and Dad told her to leave it on the steps, while he went to look. The big blow snake started for a hole in the wall when Dad came down, but Dad caught the snake about a half yard from the end of his tail. He put his feet against the wall and tried to pull the snake out of the hole. Suddenly a foot of snake skin came off in his hands, and the snake disappeared into the hole. Dad daubed the hole up, but in a few days the snake was back rattling his bare bones. This time Dad killed it. But ever after that, Millie and I were afraid to go down in the cellar. So when we were sent to get something from the cellar, we always went together to keep up our courage.

I must have been about 5 years old (about 1901) when we moved into the rock house in Vermillion. We got it from my uncle, Pete Gottfredson. It seemed like a paradise to us. It had 5 rooms downstairs and 2 big rooms upstairs. Dad partitioned off the upstairs into 4 bedrooms and a big hall, where we played on rainy days. The stairs came up from the big dining room and when I was dating, I'd take off my shoes if I came in late, to try to pass my parents door quietly, so they wouldn't hear me come in. But just as I'd get to the top of the stairs, one parent would say, "Ida, is that you?" I never made it past them. I'm glad I didn't now, but not then. Mother's upstairs bedroom had a pipe going through it from the stove in the dining room below, making it warmer. We'd go in her room to

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Ida Belle Gledhill Christensen Buchanan

dress by the pipe. When Grandpa Ivie came to live with us, he used the downstairs bedroom. After he died, Mother took in teachers as boarders, and they used the downstairs bedroom.

A number of years after we moved into the rock house, my brother Alden and his wife Eva lived in the old house out on the farm, and at other times, some renters. Eventually it burned down. One day Alden's wife, Eva, was washing clothes in the wringer washer outside the back door. She carried a load of clothes out and put them in the washer. When she opened the lid later, a snake popped out. She threw up her hands and was scared up to the back of her neck. She was pregnant at the time, and since in those days people thought that everything you did marked the child, she was anxious, when it was born, to see that there was no snake mark on the back of her child.

After moving into the rock house, we had lots of horses and cattle. We children had a pony, named Old Pacer, that we considered ours. He was our love and joy. All who could pile on him, could ride. If one of us fell off, he would stop and wouldn't take a step, even holding his foot up because he might step on us. When we took the cows to the farm pasture, Old Pacer would go round up all the cows, and we never had to guide him. The cows had worn tunnels through the bushes and he'd follow the cows into the tunnels. He was taller than the cows though, and with me on top of him, I'd really get scratched up. I always went to get the cows, since Millie was younger. We had an organ and my parents wanted me to learn to play it. I took lessons from Reginold Brain of England and New York, and I hated him. He would come by horse and buggy once a week to teach pupils. To delay the lessons, I would ride Old Pacer down through all the tunnels and get all scratched up for as long as I could stand it before going back for the lesson. Sometimes I'd miss the lesson altogether. When he came, Dad would feed his horse and Mother would give him dinner to pay for the lesson. He was strict and hit my fingers with a ruler. Later I took music lessons from Lizzie Hansen, and I really liked her.

I have many memories of the time when I was growing up. In the evenings, as the cooling breezes came up and the river gurgled close by, the family would gather on the large porch which went across the front of our house, and "while away" the warm twilight. With eight children there was always lively chatter to accompany the crickets that serenaded us each evening. Usually it didn't take much coaxing before Grandpa Ivie would tell us a story, sometimes about his adventures as a Colonel in the Black Hawk War. Then, of course, there were usually peas to shell or beans to snap. The trees planted in a row south of the house would whisper as the daylight dwindled and then finally, as the twilight faded to night, the owls would begin to cry hungrily from their straw nests in the willow rafters of the shed. Then we would go to bed, sometimes reluctantly, sometimes tired after a long day of work. When the mosquitoes would get bad, the boys would put coals in the bottom of an old tin pan, put weeds on top of the coals, and make a smudge to keep away the mosquitoes. It worked, too.

I remember one evening with my family on the porch especially well. I must have been about six years old. My father had let each of the children choose a horse to be their's for the summer; to ride and to be a special pet. This particular summer he had encouraged me to pick the gentle, sun-colored Old Pacer. My brother Ivo, who was about fifteen, had picked Black Beauty, a smart two year old, for his pony. Black was still too small for him to ride much, but he spent hours teaching her tricks. She was clever and a quick learner, and would do anything he asked. He taught her to rear back on her hind legs and then to place her front hooves on whatever item he indicated -- a box, the fence, even Ivo's shoulders or knees. One day we worked out a surprise for the family. Ivo taught Black to place her hooves on my shoulders. It made me feel mighty important.

The next evening we decided to show off for the ready audience on the porch. Ivo put on a little show, leading Black through her various tricks. The family applauded and I became impatient for my turn; anxious to impress them. Finally my turn came. Maybe I was too fidgety and excited, and I spooked Black. Maybe Ivo had her put up her front hooves too soon and she came down too hard on my shoulders. I've never been sure exactly what happened, but one minute I was standing and waiting for my moment of glory, and the next minute I was face down in the dirt with my left arm broken both above and below my elbow. Mother, a veteran of the many accidents of my six older brothers, remained calm as Grandfather, a country doctor with no formal education, reset the upper break and then reset the bone protruding jaggedly through the skin of my fore arm, and finally stitched the gaping wound closed.

Each night after that, when I fell asleep in my newspaper-stuffed trundle bed, Mother and Grandfather would mix up a poultice of onion and salt and wrap it gently onto my arm. The poultice caused my arm to throb and ache so painfully that I would wake up almost immediately and fight like a wild thing to get it off. In later years,

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Ida Belle Gledhill Christensen Buchanan

Mother and Grandfather often shook their heads and laughed as they recalled their heroic efforts each night to keep me still with the poultice intact for a few moments. I've always believed that their valiant efforts have been rewarded, for my arm healed quickly and without any complication from infection; despite Grandfather's rather crude tools of medicine and lack of absolute sanitation. I have since had my arm X-rayed and although a line can be seen indicating the break in my upper arm, I have never been pained or had any trouble with my arm because of my misfortune as a performer.

Ivo had another black horse named Prince. I was riding him one time when our dog Sport came running around the house and scared Prince. I fell off and broke my arm again. Grandpa Ivie took care of my arm for me, but I never got to ride Prince again. He was too dangerous for me.

When Old Pacer got old, Dad sold him to a Glenwood man. We were heartbroken, so when the man came to get him, we tried to hide Old Pacer so that Dad would think he wasn't there. Our house was surrounded by trees and good fences and Mother had planted hops around the fences, that she used in making root beer. In places the hops would grow right up into the trees, so we hid Old Pacer under the hops. It didn't work though. I can see now why Dad sold him. He thought it better for us to see him sold than to see him die. Old Pacer did die a short time later.

As I got older, I rode the horse that dumped the loads of hay off the wagon and onto the stack. I would ride him up and back, but only for a short distance, while Dad tended the ropes. Later I drove the team that hauled the loads of hay into the yard, and would switch the team from the wagon to the unloading ropes, to unload the hay from the wagon and dump it on the stack. Dad had a quick temper, but he kept it controlled, except when the ropes broke and the hay rolled to the wrong places and covered him up. Later he sold the farm and, since that made it so there was less work for the boys, they took over the chores with the cattle that I had been doing, and I felt left out.

Dad had many cattle for those times and when they were dehorned, we'd gather up the horns, after they were dry, and pretend like they were our cattle in the mountains or fields. We would paint some horns and would throw them in the brushy places, and then our roundup was getting all the horns back. I think we learned to count because of horns.

When the boys milked the cows, Millie and I would take a cup out and have the boys fill it with milk, fresh from the cow. We sure thought that it was nectar. Mother would not let Millie and I go thin beets very often. When she did let us, the boys were so much faster than we, that they did our work anyway. I helped Dad with the farming and Millie helped Mother. We had sugar beets and a one-horse cultivator. Dad walked behind the cultivator and tried to keep it from cutting the beets while I rode the horse up and back. I could tell him all my troubles, and he taught me many things. I've always felt that our talks shaped my life. How I loved Dad. We talked about everything under the sun, and from him I got my sex education; never from my Mother.

Dad was quick spoken and exact in his words. He required obedience, and his "No" meant no, and you didn't ask again. He only whipped me once, but it was my own fault. Mother was not well, but she had got out of bed to wash Millie's and my hair. As our hair was drying, Millie and I went out in the road where the dust was ankle deep, and threw dirt into the air to play like it was raining. Our hair was really a mess, and we got switched. I always went to Dad with my troubles. I never liked a hat or a dress unless he liked it. He bought me a beaver hat that was my pride and joy, and it was he who bought me the furs, the velvet dress, and other things that I thought were extra special.

I was never very close to my mother in my early years. I grew up feeling that she loved Millie more than me, and feel so badly for having lost her for so long during my early life. I thought that my mother was a most beautiful woman. Her hair was naturally wavy and was never out of place. She was always dressed up even in a house dress. She wore two aprons; a nice one underneath and an outside one that she could take off if someone came to the door unexpectedly. She had a fine personality and was able to let everyone, whether she cared for them or not, feel welcome and appreciated. Everyone felt that she was their friend. She was deeply spiritual and made everything an act of God and a blessing to each of us. After I had my own children, I began to see realize that my mother really did love me, and began to get close to her. But I had her for such a short time before she died, and I've hated all the time I lost.

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Ida Belle Gledhill Christensen Buchanan

Mother never whipped us. She would hit our heads with a thimble, or tell us to go and get a stick. When this happened, Millie would bring in the smallest stick she could find, and of course Mother would laugh, and everything would be alright.

Sometimes when I got angry and jealous of how Millie was treated, I would pack a bucket with eats from the old pantry and run away. I'd go north down the railroad track. Of course, I'd get hungry and eat what I had brought. Then after thinking it over, I'd go back home. There I would discover that they hadn't even missed me, so I would get in the corner and wait, until they noticed me again.

When the boys herded cows, we girls would go along and hunt for arrowheads, bird nests, etc. There wasn't much other fruit in those days, so we picked bullberries. The older folks would break off the tall berry limbs. The limbs were then put on a wagon cover and the berries were beaten off the bushes. We also knocked off lots of leaves with the berries, and so we had to pick out the leaves. Mother made the berries into pies, dumplings, and bottled some for a treat in the winter.

In later years, the rock house was surrounded by orchards, so we had lots of plums, apples and cherries; usually more than we wanted. The ward ladies came and put up the plums, peeled the apples, and dried them on the shelves. There were lots of flies then and we put up mosquito cloth to cover the fruit. My job was to take a limb and wave it over the fruit to keep the flies off. How tired my arm got! We also had a brush to keep the flies off the kitchen table. Mother was real careful about window screens, but some flies got in anyway, and when the table was set, I had to keep the flies off it.

One day I went to tell some neighborhood boys to get out of the orchard. They used to come to steal apples before they were ripe. I stepped on a rusty nail, which came up through to the top of my foot. I got blood poisoning and got very sick. My Mother put onion poultices on it, and many other concoctions, but it didn't get any better. Grandpa Ivie lived with us then, but was away in Salina visiting Uncle Oscar at the time. He was sent for. I was very sensitive of the pain, but Grandpa would roast the onions, cut them up fine, put in plenty of salt, and get the poultice ready. Then when I'd go to sleep, he'd slip the poultice on. The pain would quickly wake me, so to help keep it on as long as possible, he'd tell me Indian stories, or sing to me. I was administered to many nights, so that I could sleep. The wound just didn't get any better though, so as a last resort Grandpa honed his pen knife and lanced the wound. I guess I really made a fuss. He and Dad administered to me again. Grandpa sealed the anointing, and he spoke child language to me, and promised me rest. I got it. I slept then when I hadn't been able to sleep for a long time. The sore had begun to run by the next morning. I've never known if the poultice did it, the lancing, or his and Dad's administrations, but I recovered.

Grandpa was sent for from all over the county to help the sick, set bones, lance sores, etc. He just had a gift for healings. He died in 1909 so all this happened much before that. Grandpa traveled in a 2-wheel cart or by horseback. He used a small pearl-handled knife to lance boils, carbuncles, etc. Then he'd put a hot bottle over the sore, to pull out the core by suction. Most of all, the people were cured by administrations.

Some of the remedies Grandpa used were:

- for a cold - 1/2 tsp. salt, lots of water -- a hot toddy;
- for a sore throat - turpentine in pork fat on the neck;
- for a fever - cold sponge bath;
- for earache - warm olive oil, or get a friend who smokes to blow smoke into your ear;
- for salves - sticky pine gum, camphor and mutton tallow, and bees wax;
- for menstruation cramps or when they needed blood to flow - tansy tea;
- for measles - yarrow tea;
- for croup - administrations by husband and hot and cold packs;
- for spring tonic - sulphur and molasses;
- to ward off sickness - 1/2 cup sage brush tea each morning;
- for infectious diseases - burn sulphur in the house and wash with carbolic acid and water;
- before there was Kotex - use a cloth folded inside some paper and toasted in the oven until the paper turns brown;
- for inflammation and blood poisoning - steamed onions and salt in a bag which was put on the sore, hot bread, and a milk poultice;

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Ida Belle Gledhill Christensen Buchanan

for baby colic - hot catnip tea;
for cough - onion syrup and honey, or horehound and honey;
for heart problems - a red flannel jacket next to the body, beef iron, and wine by the jug;
for all occasions - Brigham tea.

My mother was a midwife before there were many doctors. A midwife took care of the babies after they were born, and the mothers, for 10 days to 2 weeks after the birth. Usually someone, the husband or an elder son, would come for my mother. While she dressed and got her little bag, whoever came to get her would saddle her horse Old Pacer. Her saddle was always on the first peg in the shed so they could find it easily. The bag held scissors, thread, clean cloths, soda, olive oil, and yarrow or tansy for tea. Mother went many places, and she was also called on when there was a death. However, Grandpa would go when there was a broken bone or other trouble. I can still see him sharpening his knife to lance a boil or such. When Mother went, we never knew how long she would be gone, maybe for 2 hours or maybe for 2 days.

After Millie was born, Mother had another baby, which was born in the rock house in Vermillion. It was born dead. All the children had been sent to stay with Uncle Oscar on his farm while this happened. We hit the trail for home when we heard, but Dr. West saw us coming, and got out of his buggy with his whip, and told us to go back to Uncle Oscar's or we'd get a whipping. The baby was buried before we could go home again.

I was the first of the family to get the measles in 1905. Mother put my bed in the middle of the room and put all the blinds down, but none the less, some of the other children came down with measles too, so I had company. They used to say that measles went in on you, so they gave us hot teas of every description for a long time. Uncle Oscar's children were about our ages, and he lost two of them with measles: Alden Leroy on February 22, 1905 and John Elmer on March 12, 1905. Lafay and Mamie had been staying with them to sit up with the children and give the parents a rest. When the two children were buried, Lafay and Mamie came over and stayed with us so Dad and Mother could go to the funeral. Lafay kept us all laughing the whole time. I was the sickest in our family and didn't go to school again until several days after the others.

I remember being told about when Uncle Oscar's family had diphtheria just after I was born. Our family had diphtheria too, but Uncle Oscar came for Mother because they were worn out from being up days and nights with their children. Two of the children, Parley age 3 and Mattie age 8, died within hours of each other. When Mother came home, she made the clothes to bury the children in. Dad made the coffin and lined it with white cloth. The clothes and the coffin were then taken to Uncle Oscar's home, but everyone was so afraid of getting diphtheria, that Uncle Oscar and his wife had to dress their own dead children and then pass the coffin out the window at midnight to my father and a neighbor, Mr. Foote, so they could bury the two children in Sigurd, so that no one else would get infected. My brothers got worse with diphtheria and Dr. West from Salina gave them some of the first diphtheria anti-toxin available in Sevier county. They recovered.

When we bought the rock house with the cattle, the boys were old enough to go to school, but my birthday was in winter, and how I hated being left at home. I was not old enough to go to school that fall, but the school was close to the house, so I'd go sit on the steps of the school, or in a seat with my brothers, until the teacher, Hattie Bartlett Bean, let me stay. At first she just tolerated me, sometimes giving me books and paper. But by Christmas time, she let me be a full time student. She taught the first four grades and was my first teacher. She is still alive now (1974) and is about 93 years old. She lives with her daughter in Fillmore and we still keep in touch. I was her pet, the boys would tell me, and I really enjoyed her. I was able to read before I ever got into school. There were only 2 teachers at the school. The other was Bert Bean, who taught the 5th to 8th grades.

During this time, I acquired a boyfriend, Ancel Stringham. He saved his candy for me and I did for him. We sat together at school, etc., but most of all, he helped me with the buttons on the back of my dress, when I had to go. Since we had no elastic, Mother made the waist of my dresses with button holes, so that the panties could fasten to it. The button holes in the back were hard to do, so he would unbutton them for me. We were always good friends. He got married during the same month that I did, and he taught school in Glenwood.

The spring after Mother was put on the Primary Stake Board, Nita Nielson (Ogden), who was the chorister on the Board, put on an entertainment in the old Lyric theater on First North in Richfield. Nita tutored me to sing "And a Little Child Shall Lead Them" in it. I was small enough, that I had to be lifted up on to the stage. I guess I

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Ida Belle Gledhill Christensen Buchanan

gave it all I had, because Nita remembered this incident from my life a short time before she died in 1973.

When I was young, Dad and Mother always went to Salt Lake for April and October General Conference, and would take Millie and me along. Millie and I were young enough that we could travel on the train for free. Once when we were traveling on the train, Millie and I were going up and down the aisles, swinging from one seat to the next one. The train started unexpectedly, and Millie fell and broke her nose. We had to get off at Provo to get it fixed.

Once Mother took Millie and me to a ladies meeting. I don't know what meeting it was, but I always thought it was the Young Woman's Association and it was held in the Assembly Hall. We were supplied with lots of hankies to make dolls and cradles, to keep us quiet. Millie and I took turns sitting on the floor and on Mother's lap. Many ladies talked, giving testimonies, but one talked strange. I said to Mother "That lady doesn't talk right." Mother said "Hush, she's speaking in tongues." We listened -- Mother in tears. A few minutes later another lady in another part of the house interpreted it. So once in my life I heard the gift of tongues and the interpretation of tongues, but never since. I guess I was too young then to know what it was or could mean.

I was baptized in the Salt Lake Tabernacle on April 5, 1904 by Francis Marion Bishop and was confirmed by John Mickelson. Florence, who was my Uncle Joe's girl, was baptized first and she cried and made a fuss. I didn't cry. After I was baptized, I got out of the water and shouted, and had to be hushed. I'm so thankful for my baptism. I didn't know what it meant then, and maybe I don't now, but I do know a lot more now than I did then.

My brother Ray was getting married in 1907 and wanted to take his wife, Mae, with him to Chicago to medical school, after the marriage. However, he was afraid that she would get too homesick by herself, so he begged Dad and Mother to let him take me along with them. I could tell that something was wrong, but didn't know what. Finally my parents decided to keep me at home. When it came time for the wedding, Mother and Millie went up to Preston for it. I wanted to go, too, but was told that, if I'd stay home, then I could go with the family to Fish Lake that year, and Millie would have to stay home. After they got back from the wedding, Dad got out the old covered wagon and the buggy and got them ready to go. When we got in the wagon and started to leave for Fish Lake, Millie cried to go with us. Mother said "No! She'd promised that I would get to go this time." Dad started the horses up and Millie came running after us, crying, until the wagon was half way to Sigurd. Finally they stopped and picked her up, and she went to Fish Lake with us. It turned out that I was glad she came, because there was someone for me to play with. By the time we got back from Fish Lake, Ray and Mae had gone to school in Chicago.

When Ray graduated, Dad and Mother left the family with Alden and Eva, and went to Chicago to visit them. I had finished my 8 grades of school in Vermillion, but since the school term was short, Mother thought I needed more time in school and arranged for me to go the school in Salina for another six weeks. I stayed with Uncle Oscar. Mother and Mae made me my 8th grade graduation dress and sent it to me from Chicago. They also sent me a watch for a graduation present. It is the dress I am wearing in the picture of Millie and me. At the graduation the Salina students went ahead of me to get their diplomas, and then I walked alone across the stage as the last one. The Superintendent told everyone who I was, and that I was only 12 years old, the youngest of all the graduates. It was a disappointing graduation.

When I was about 12 or 13, Uncle Joe Gledhill was the chorister in our ward. He also played for the dances. He thought his girl Florence, who was my age, and I could do some two part songs. The first song we sang in public was "Whispering Hope". I've loved that song ever since.

When we went to the ward dances, Dad and the boys would lead off the dance with Millie or me, and would dance many dances with us throughout the evening. We knew how to do all the dances that they danced back then. As we grew older, Millie and I could have had any boy we wanted.

After my brother Ray came home from Chicago, his wife Mae was not well, and they had their one year old baby Ora to care for. I went to live with them in Richfield to help. Mae was sick a good part of the time and it seems like I diapered Ora for a long time. I would help Ray wash the windows. He would do the insides and I would do the outsides, since it wasn't proper for a doctor to be seen doing windows. I lived with them for 3 years and also went to Richfield High School. I didn't graduate from high school though, since I only had 15 units of

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Ida Belle Gledhill Christensen Buchanan

credit, but it was still enough so that I could go the Brigham Young University.

When I left for Brigham Young University, we first went up to Salt Lake to General Conference and then stopped at Provo on the way back. Mae Ward was teaching in Provo, and so they left me with Mae until she could find room and board for me. I only stayed one night with Mae and then she found me a place with a family named Ellertson, for \$16 a month. I shared a bed with one of their girls. After a while Mr. and Mrs. Ellertson went back to live in Mona. They left their oldest girl to cook and keep house for all of us. I've never eaten so many pancakes in all my life, but we got along fine.

I graduated from BYU and became a teacher when I was 17. My first real teaching job was in Sigurd. I taught the 3rd and 4th grades. My brother Ivo drove the old school wagon and I rode with the students. It was just a horse-drawn canvas-covered wagon with a stove in the center. There was also straw on the floor to keep your feet warm, but we still got really cold in the winter. In the Fall or Spring when the weather was better, the cover could be rolled back. One time the stove got knocked a bit and the stove pipe fell off. We all got scared of fire, but nothing more happened. I gave half my earnings to help Fred on his mission, and gave Alden a few dollars, too. I liked teaching and the children. I felt they trusted me enough to tell me things they wouldn't tell their parents.

Mother was put in the Stake Relief Society Presidency in 1912. The stake went into Wayne county, to Escalante in Garfield county, and included all of Sevier county. Eventually we got an old Studebaker to help with traveling, but it was not as fast as the cars now. Mother would take her stake board with her and they would stay overnight on their stake trips. Sometimes Dad would drive them. One of my first boyfriends was George H. Bagley, who I met on one of those trips.

I got a bad mastoid infection in my right ear. I had to go to Richfield to lay under heat lamps every day for so many minutes, trying to bring the infection to a head. The infection didn't break to the outside, however, but inside and put its poison all through my body making me very sick. Ray didn't know if my heart could take it, and on the day that he thought I was not going to make it, he and Millie came out to Vermillion and spent the day with me. Dad thought it best to leave me, so he took the others in the family for a long ride that day. Millie sat on one side of my bed and Ray on the other. I can't remember much, but I knew it when they would lay their hands on my head, which they did many times during the day. It must have helped for here I am at 81 years old now, although I have had trouble with mastoid infections many times since. So you see the Lord has been good to me.

I met Randall at one of the weekly dances in 1915. I had come home from teaching school and was so tired, that I did not plan to go to the weekly dance being held that night. However, after Millie went across the street, peeked in the dance hall, and returned with the news that there were two new boys over there, nothing could keep us away. Randall was mine from that night on. He was a good dancer and just never got enough. He was the Postmaster in Moroni, but his sister Blanche, who lived in Vermillion, had lost her husband, and so Randall and his brother Nels had come down from Moroni to Vermillion to help her with the farm. After that he had to go back and forth a lot from Moroni to Vermillion. Galen, Blanche's three year old son, always waited after Sunday School to give me the kiss Randall sent.

Randall Christensen was born on May 12, 1893 in Moroni, Sanpete County, Utah, to Peter Christian Christensen and Mary Mallinson Christensen. He lived in a nice brick house that his mother thought was too nice for family, so they slept upstairs, but lived in the basement. The basement was a cheerful place with windows all along the south side. They had a sink with hot and cold water and a large table and chairs there. The north part of the basement was used for storing fruits and vegetables. But they were not cramped for room and were very comfortable there. They always came in through the back door to help keep the house clean. They had a little bench just inside the kitchen door where everyone sat to take off their outside shoes when they came in the house.

His mother was so very clean and neat. I never ever saw a newspaper on the floor or as much as a dirty spoon in the sink. His mother was just perfection that way and yet never seemed to be picking up after you. It was just that everything had a place and was always put in its place. This influence made Randall very neat. His clothes were always hung up and pressed.

When Randall was young, his father owned a store, that was really big for that time, and sold dry goods, implements, groceries, and anything else. It was one half block west of the house in Moroni and had a nice big barn

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Ida Belle Gledhill Christensen Buchanan

facing it on the street. Always after a snow storm, long before daylight, his father would be up getting the snow shoveled around all of the buildings before others needed to walk there. He also owned a sawmill and Randall got to spend some summers up in the mountains at the mill. Unfortunately, his father got too much credit on his books and had to close down both the store and the sawmill. He then got the job of Postmaster at Moroni. Randall always said that they had too much when he was small and not enough as he grew up.

As a youngster, Randall had a dog named Scout that was his constant companion. He would hitch the dog up to a sled in winter and Scout would pull him all over town. He had Scout until the dog was very old. Then one night when Randall came home from a dance, Scout jumped upon him and soiled his new clothes. Randall scolded Scout extra hard and the dog ran off and was never seen again. Randall looked and looked for him.

Randall and his younger brother Frank did a lot of wrestling at home. They would ask their mother to cut the dessert with an extra piece, and then wrestle for it. Randall would usually win if he could succeed in the first few minutes. But Frank had more endurance and would usually win if the match lasted too long.

Randall went to school in Moroni and graduated from high school. He spent two years at the agricultural college in Logan, where he worked his way through school by doing summer work and working part time as a janitor in the winters. He intended to be a veterinarian and received all the instruction in veterinary science offered at the college at the time. He intended to go to school in Ft. Collins, Colorado, but never could raise enough money. He played the trombone in the band while at college, and sometimes played his drums in Moroni even after Frank wanted the light out. In 1915, when his father became too old, Randall became the Postmaster at Moroni. He let his father continue working the post office for a long time after, while he took the responsibility for the keeping track of the money and doing the reports.

We had a hammock out north of our house and the summer after I met Randall, the two of us spent lots of time in it. One night he came over to our house just at dusk and saw a hand sticking out of the hammock. He took it and swung around to kiss me, only to discover that it was my mother in the hammock. She got a good kiss anyway and we got a lot of teasing. Our courting was in the horse and buggy days, so we went buggy riding a lot, or rode horseback. We often rode down to the dam of the nearby Rocky Ford Reservoir. We knew that our love was for keeps and the next April, it was declared, but I didn't get a ring until June 1916. Dad and Mother went up to Salt Lake to pick up Fred, when he came home from his mission, and they dropped me off in Moroni at Randall's. I hadn't been there long when he took me into the parlor (a room which the family never used) and gave me a ring, small and simple, but I loved it. I had to show the ring to everyone. We made plans for an October wedding. We would live in Moroni and he would stay on as the Postmaster. He must have already talked with his uncle Ray and his aunt Daisy, for he had already arranged to rent a bedroom and a bath from them. It was to be a temple marriage. My father thought that I was too young to get married, even though I was 20 at the time.

A couple of weeks later, Randall came down to Vermillion to visit me. He was to sleep downstairs and I upstairs, and as I was going up to bed, he asked if we could say our prayers together. I knew he was timid about it, but it meant so much to him, and to me too later. We prayed kneeling at the leather couch in the parlor (we were the only ones who got to use that room). It was a heavenly and a most peaceful feeling. He prayed for our marriage to be a wonderful experience for both of us and lots more. It really was a heart outpouring for help and thankfulness for each other. We were both so touched we cried, and decided that we would do all our prayers together. We did, so it wasn't hard to have prayer when we were married. It was always the highlight of our life together. Life was so good, and we had 12 years together.

Randall had used an old frame building for the post office and had decided to build a brick one. That, along with equipment that we needed to buy, almost stopped our marriage for lack of money, but we still got married.

We were married on October 11, 1916 and our reception was to be on the 13th, which was Mother's birthday. Randall came down on the train on the 10th, so we could go to the Manti temple together. He questioned me the morning of the day before the wedding, if I loved him enough, etc. I did, and so we left with my folks in Dad's car. It had rained for several days and the roads were very bad with mud. It took us all day to go the 50 miles to Manti. We stayed with Blanche who had moved to Manti a short while before to run a millinery store. About 9 p.m. we remembered that we didn't have a marriage license, so Randall called Tom Morly, a friend of his, and he

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Ida Belle Gledhill Christensen Buchanan

came down to the Court House and made out a license for us.

I couldn't remember what was said to me at the temple, and Randall didn't either, because we were too nervous. Lewis Anderson, Sr. married us. We knew we loved each other and were so happy. It was only a small group at the temple, and only one temple session that day, so we got out about 3 p.m. But since the roads had dried out, we were able to get back to Vermillion that night. I think we were on Cloud 9. My sister Millie was at our folk's home to visit with her new baby, Garth. She had supper ready for us. Later all my brothers and others came to spend the evening and tease us.

That evening my brothers kept trying to separate us by getting me to go into the kitchen for this or that. About 11 o'clock Randall slipped into the kitchen, went out the back door, went up to Blanche's Vermillion home, which was deserted since everyone was down at my folk's home, and went to bed. When he heard the folks that lived there coming back, he slipped out and came back to me at my folk's house. I was waiting in the upstairs room allotted to us and he threw some gravel on the roof to get my attention. I opened the window and he climbed up to me. It was a clear moonlight night and an owl was hooting across the street. It was so comforting to be in his arms and have prayer together. He was so kind to everyone -- me especially. The most embarrassing thing was, when we came downstairs the next morning, Dad said "Come here, and let me feel your pulse." I didn't go to him.

I'd played tricks on my brothers when they were married, and they all wanted to get even with me, especially Ivo. Lafay was the first of my brothers to get married, and Ray was to eat out of a pig trough, if one of his younger brothers got married first. So Mother had Will Gledhill make the trough. It was during the Christmas holidays and Ray had brought Joe Harris home for dinner. Mother served a big dinner and everyone else got a plate. Mother let me bring in Ray's dinner in the trough, which was about 1 foot long. It caused a lot of merriment.

When Lafay and Mamie got married, Millie and I sewed the bottom shut on Mamie's nightgown with the sewing machine. She had to unstitch it before going to bed.

Ray was married in the Logan temple and was gone for a couple of weeks before he came home and I got to see him, so I didn't get to play any tricks on him.

When Ivo and Jane came back from their marriage in the Salt Lake temple, we took cayenne pepper and put it between their bedsheets and inside the pillow slips. Ivo was as mad as I'd ever seen him when he brought the sheets down to get some clean ones. They still sneezed and otherwise had a bad time all night. He never let me forget it.

Alden went straight to Holden after his marriage and so he was just an "old married man" the next time I saw him. When Bert came back from his marriage to Maggie in the Salt Lake temple, we tried cayenne pepper on him, too, but it was old hat. Fred stayed with Julia's parents after his marriage in the Manti temple, so I missed tricking him. A few months later he went on a mission to New York.

After our reception we went back to Moroni on the train. One suitcase was full of clothes and the other was full of jam and pickles. When the train arrived, both suitcases were thrown off the train and the jam and pickles began to ooze out all over the station. We were sure embarrassed. A little later we returned to Vermillion in a buggy to get the rest of my things. Before returning, Dad and Mother, and Randall and I went to Marysvale to see Millie and her husband Ern Nebeker. They were living in a boarded-up tent. Marysvale was booming then. We made the trip on the road out from Monroe to the east of Marysvale. That was the first time my father really approved of Randall, when he saw that Randall really knew how to drive a team on mountain roads.

Our first home was Randall's sister, Daisy's, back bedroom and bath. The bathroom had no plumbing in it and the bedroom was just big enough to get the bed in. My brothers had given us some money to buy furniture. We had the bed, a kitchen cabinet, a stove, a round table, a fold down couch, and the wooden rocker that I still have. It was very crowded, but how snug and happy I felt. The next spring we rented three rooms from Jennie Blackham. We were very comfortable there, but even there we still used an outside toilet and had to get water from a tap outside.

Randall had a bicycle and we made good use of it. He got off work at 5 p.m. and we'd make rounds to

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Ida Belle Gledhill Christensen Buchanan

folks. If there was nothing special going on, I would get on the handle bars and we'd go to Chester for supper.

Sometimes we would go down to the river to hunt or fish. We'd build a fire, put the spuds on to roast, and then go hunt while they cooked. We both had guns and he taught me to use them. If our luck held we had cottontail for breakfast, which Randall liked very much. He could walk so softly that he could come upon the cottontails at play, but if he watched them very long he could never bring himself to shoot them. Frequently we would take a couple of horses with a bedroll tied on behind the saddles, and food, and go for an overnight trip into the mountains. Pine bough bed, sweaty blankets, moonlight, smell of fire, and sound of creek, and him beside me was just heaven. We explored all the canyons east of Mt. Pleasant, as well as the Moroni ones. I had several candy buckets filled with ferns he had found, which we kept on the porch. Some rainy days we just sat under tall pines and watched the deer, grouse, pine hens, and squirrels, etc. It was a soul satisfying time and nice to remember.

Maybe that is why I enjoy my brief trips in the mountains so much now. He taught me to see many things with my eyes. For example, "That's the star to wish by", "See the woolly lamb in the clouds", "See how many shades of green you can find", "That's the kind of pool to find a big trout in." I've seen him catch many a trout by tickling their belly with his hands. Randall had a such good eye for the canyons and their creatures. Our trips were all short ones, though. There was always work to be done.

Randall liked to be in plays and was good at it too. He was in almost every play put on in Moroni or later in McCornick. One time one of the other fellows in the play went across the road to get a sandwich and was not back when his cue came, so Jennie Blackham and Randall ad-libbed until he got back, with none the wiser. He most always did character parts.

When I went to visit my folks in the winter, he'd take me in the cutter to catch the train at Spring City, and how I'd enjoy that. Good horses, sleigh bells jingling, crisp air, it was really something. One time Mother found a ride up to Ephraim and wanted us to meet her there. So we got a bobsled, put a wagon box on it with a cover over it, put a little stove in the middle of the box, and really rode in style to get her.

We lived together in Moroni for a couple of years, with Randall working as the Postmaster. Later I worked for the Post Office, too, but Randall's family thought that since Blanche was having such a hard time, I should give up my job and let Blanche's daughter Adella have it. It was a real hard thing for me to do, since I felt that we needed the money as much as Blanche did. Randall said that it was OK though, and after a long time with his kindness I was at last willing. So Adella took over my job and also came and lived with us.

Randall and I spent many hours taking care of the sick during the 1918 flu epidemic. We would empty chamber pots, rub backs, fix meals, tend fires, etc. Everyone wore masks and were afraid to help much. Whole families were down. There were many deaths and there were outdoor funerals because everyone was afraid of it. Randall always felt that we would be protected if we were helping, and we never caught the flu, or typhoid during a later epidemic in McCornick. The Lord was good to us. Daisy's husband Howard Blackham had the flu real bad, with an abscess on his navel, so we spent our spare time there to help Daisy and to entertain Howard. We fixed a Christmas tree for them, made decorations to go on it, and made many of the presents.

During the sugar beet run, Randall would work night shift testing the syrup and then work the days in the Post Office. One time he had time on his hands, while working beets, and lay down for a nap. Some fellows saw him asleep and, to play a joke on him, they put some lime on his leg, just above the sock. He was so tired that he didn't waken soon enough, and got a really bad burn from the lime.

My brothers Fred and Alden moved to the new town of McCornick that was being built in Millard county. What they said about the area made us decide that we would move there too, since Randall liked outdoor work best. Randall arranged to quit the Postmaster job in the spring of 1919, but I went on ahead of him to McCornick in the fall of 1918, to start teaching all eight grades of school there. Alden's children Lamar, Della, and Helen Gledhill were among my pupils. I knew all the children in the school, though. Alden and Eva were already living there, as well as, Eva's brother and his wife Hazel. Since Eva's brother had to go away, I first stayed in McCornick with his wife Hazel. One night the wind blew and blew. Along about 3 a.m. a knock came on the door. It was Tom and Fred Stevensen. They were carpenters from Holden and were working on my brother Alden's house. They had been sleeping there, and the wind had blown it over and tipped it upside down. It was also raining heavily, so they were

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Rosebuds In The Snow

wet clear through. Hazel made a bed in the kitchen for them and they built a big fire to get dry.

We took up 80 acres in McCormick in the spring of 1919. There were 15 families in the town including my brothers Fred and Alden. We built a large granary over a dirt floor cellar for our house in McCormick. The first year we slept in the granary and used the cellar to live in. When the wind would blow, we often expected the granary to blow over (many other buildings did) and so we would get up and go down in the cellar until the wind was over.

By day, Randall would hook one team on each end of a railroad rail and would break down and rake up the sage brush. At night we'd burn the brush, until we had cleared ground and made it ready to farm. We were as happy as could be and this was the happiest time of our lives, although the first years weren't so good, since we didn't have everything done. I taught school in McCormick for 4 years, and when I got home, Randall would always have dinner in the oven. After we ate, we would go outside to work together.

But life was hard. In May of 1919 the canal broke and washed out the few crops we had. Once Randall had to haul hay 30 miles and pay \$30 a ton for it. Once we had to trade our typewriter for some hay. But Randall was always doing things for my comfort and pleasure. He'd go to Oak City for hay and on the way back would pick me sego lilies or Indian paintbrush. If he'd go to Delta, he'd bring me back a grapefruit, or an orange, or a head of lettuce. Those weren't easy to come by in those days. The valley was very large and full of mirages in the morning. Randall was always calling to me to come look at a castle, lake, or town. Randall liked to swim in the canal on crisp mornings, and he also enjoyed trying to catch wild horses. A bunch of them would get together and try to run the horses down on a relay basis. Men would be stationed all over the valley and try to run them to the next man. Randall was chasing one once that jumped over a flat car on a moving freight train. They only ever caught one during all the time we lived there. Jack Memmot got it by creasing it in the neck with a rifle.

Randall hauled all our wood and chopped it up and made two racks, one of pine for the heater and one of cedar for the cook stove. They were as tall as I was and as wide as my kitchen here in Venice. He had the finest team of horses, Queen and Ginger. He had bought them from Lafay. Sometimes I'd pack lunch and go along when he went for wood, and we'd sing as we rode the old wood rack. We were happy to be together and he was always such a good singer. If he went alone, I could hear him long before he reached home singing at the top of his voice:

It was in a crowded garden
And the fun was at its height
When one said, "Boys I must leave"
"Oh, sit down Jack. Why the fun has just begun."
But he slowly shook his head as he replied,
"Someone is waiting for me,
Someone who loves me I know,
Someone is wondering where I can be,
And what can be keeping me so.
Some poor old heart is sad
Waiting so anxiously and there's a light shining
Bright in a window tonight, yes,
There's someone waiting for me."

The second year in McCormick, we built four rooms in the cellar and moved into the cellar, since we needed the granary for storage. We had a good crop, in spite of the canal washing out and thistle clogs. Randall used to irrigate with a horse. He would never walk if he could ride a horse. He would also get up in the morning about 4 and read until it was light enough to do chores. We read together a lot, mostly church books.

I have a sharp tongue. I know I hurt him. I'd speak before I'd think. He never did and his smile took away any hurt. I cannot remember many arguments that we had, but I do remember one. When he was tired, he would moan a bit in his sleep. One night it got on my nerves, so I kept waking him up. Finally he got up and said, "I need some sleep, so I'll go where I can get some." He went up into the granary and spent the night. He never said anything more about it, but I never tried to stop his moaning after that.

We had some sleigh bells, but no sleigh. So Randall found two cedars that were curved a bit and with work, bolts, and wood made us a fine sleigh. He put an old seat on it and we went to church, dances, etc. in it. I felt

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Rosebuds In The Snow

like a queen riding with him on that sleigh with the sleigh bells ringing on the team in the crisp air. I thought no one was as nice as we were.

At the drop of a hat, the whole town of McCornick would go up Whiskey Creek, east and bit north of McCornick. They would stay for a day, a week, or what have you. There were good times, races, games, and food cooked over a campfire, and we would pick up others who didn't have a way to go. One time, with our wagon full, we went into a steep ditch. The king bolt came out of the double trees, and the double trees fell into the horses hooves. This should have made Queen and Ginger rear, but Randall spoke quietly to them, got down from the wagon, gathered up the double trees from under the horses hooves, and hooked them back to the wagon. We sure felt that the Lord was with us that time. After that, the trip was fun because Randall made it so.

A lady friend, Margaret Griffiths, and I helped deliver two babies while I lived in McCornick. One was my sister-in-law Eva's. Luta was born on March 17, 1920. I had gone over to my brother Alden's house to help out and Mrs. Griffiths, a midwife, had come to take care of Eva during the delivery. I played with the other kids and put them to bed, and was wearing my new blue and gray bathrobe. As soon as Luta was born, she was handed to me and I was to keep her on her side. I sat there for a time, and then noticed that there was blood trickling down my leg. It was from Luta, so Mrs. Griffiths came and tied the cord tighter. I held Luta while she did it. The other time she helped me was when Louise Taylor gave birth. The husband had gone for the doctor, but the doctor was late in coming since he had to go 18 miles by horse and buggy from Fillmore to McCornick. I had the baby half way cleaned and on a pillow by the time the doctor got there. You really know what a baby means after an experience like that.

One time McCornick had an epidemic of typhoid. Several families had it, including my brother Alden's family, the Jefferys, and the Bennetts. Randall went to Alden's and cut wood, emptied slops, and played with the kids -- Della, Helen, and Lamar were all down. He stayed part of the night and then came home to rest so he could work in our fields the next day. Since I had no children, people came to me for help in their sicknesses. John Bennett came and asked if I would stay one night with their daughter so he and Hulda could get some sleep. Their girl was very bad, and I was to keep cold cloths on her head, and help if she wanted it, but I was to wash in carbolic water after touching her. There wasn't much to do, and she was delirious and thought that the house was peopled with strange things, that seemed real to her. I'd try to keep her quiet, but I got a bit nervous, of course. Her parents were sleeping in the same room, but they were so tired, that they were dead to the world. I'd keep wondering who she was seeing close to me or in other parts of the room, and I can hear her yet. I was so glad when morning came and John took me home to safety. For two weeks I spent the nights there, and then she began to get better and lived.

Randall and I were called upon to sit with the dead many times. The first time we sat up with the dead was in Moroni. It was not a pleasant experience. Once though in McCornick, we and our newly married neighbors, the Memmotts, were called on to sit for the Brinkerhoffs. The Memmotts were jolly, so it made for a nice evening. It was fall, so our husbands could go to the straw stack to get melons for us, when we wanted them. We took turns going to the corpse in the other room. If the water bottles around him were warm, we'd put cold water in them. There was also a pan of formaldehyde, that we would use to wring out cloths and put them over the corpse's face and hands. Some cats kept coming to the window trying to get in to eat the corpse. We would chase them away, but they would soon come back.

Alden built a nice large house of brick in McCornick. Once he had to go alone to Delta for bricks, so I went with him. It was spring time, there was no gravel on the roads, and it had rained. It was 17 miles to Delta, but we still expected to be back that night. However the wheels got so balled up with mud, that the horses could hardly pull the wagon and when night came we had to stop at the house of 2 men who were helping Alden build his house. One was married and had a family in Fillmore, but the other was dark, handsome, single, and could really dance. He singled me out that night and said that he was going to Cuba and wanted me to leave Randall and go with him. I thought I got rid of him, but I guess I didn't get mad enough at him that night. A few weeks later Randall and I were at Dutton's when he came there saying that there was something he wanted to get from my house. I went to get it for him and he followed. He said that he was ready to go to Cuba in two weeks and said that I was going with him. I really had to fight. He tried to rape me, but I got away and started back to Dutton's. He followed, but Randall came to meet me. I don't know if he ever got to Cuba.

We took in Evan, who was the son of Randall's brother Angelo, when he was 4 years old. His mother had

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Rosebuds In The Snow

died in the 1918 flu epidemic leaving this father with nine children to raise. His father died later in a mine accident. Evan had a double hernia which my brother Ray repaired. I had to carry him everywhere for 3 months after the surgery. He did not play much for the first few years after that, but just sit and watch you. He lived with us until he was old enough to go to Junior High School. Then we would have had to send him to board at Delta or Holden and so he went to live with his sister Berniece in Nevada. Randall's nephew Galen, Blanche's son, also lived with us during the summer for several years until he died. We were jolly happy to have him. He could sing like a lark.

An embarrassing moment happened to me one night when Randall had saddled up the horse and gone into McCornick for the mail, leaving Evan and me home alone. It was very hot and I had taken off all my clothes, except for my garments, which were the old style that came down to the wrists and ankles. I tried to go to sleep, but could not. Randall had recently bought me two pieces of music, "Margie" and another that I can't remember. I decided to get up and play them, and when Evan joined me, we really sang. When we finished, we were surprised by applause from behind. My visiting teachers had come and had quietly come in to hear our concert. A ward had been organized in McCornick in 1921, with my brother Fred as the bishop.

Randall and I didn't have any children of our own for 7 years. We tried every treatment and even a slight operation in the hopes of having children, but even Ray's skill didn't help. I had my patriarchal blessing on April 20, 1920 by Patriarch Anthony Stephensen. In the blessing he said that we would have children. We were very careful with our lives to make sure that nothing would happen to change the blessing we'd received. When we first had an indication of Mary's coming, Randall blessed me and restated what Patriarch Stephensen had said, and also said that I'd be protected from accidents. When I was 6 months pregnant with Mary, Randall's brother Angelo and his family came to see us with their new car. Angelo's son Evan was living with us then. We all went for a ride in the car to Delta, and on the way home the car tipped over. Some of us were trapped under the car, but Randall was thrown clear. He raised the car a bit and I crawled out. We both raised the car a bit more and finally got everyone free. Then we all turned the car right side up and drove the rest of the way home. At home, when I started to get out of the car, I found that I couldn't make my legs move. They carried me into the bed and Randall and Ange administered to me. By the time we had settled for the night, I could move my legs a bit. The doctor came the next day from Delta. He thought that I had injured a vertebra, and told me to stay down and take it easy for a while, but he said that he thought that I would lose the baby. This was in May. The Lord was good to me. I was walking again a short time after the accident.

On August 19, 1923 I had my sweet baby girl Mary. Ray and my folks thought that I would have trouble with the birth, so a month before, I had gone over to Richfield to stay with my folks to be nearer to help. They had moved from Vermillion to Richfield in 1918. When the time was near, Randall rode the horse over the mountain to be with me. I had to walk a mile every night, so he would walk with me. I can't remember the birth, but the people throughout the whole block heard me crying and screaming. It was county fair time then, so after the baby was born, my folks went to the fair. Randall picked Mary up and examined every bit of her. He stayed for a week before and a week after the birth, and I remember him rocking Mary and singing to her the night before he had to go back to McCornick alone. I remember the prayer he said for all of us before he left. I didn't go back to McCornick until Mary was several weeks old. We named her Mary for Randall's mother, and happiness was ours to have her.

Tom was born in McCornick on a Ward Conference day on September 13, 1925. I didn't go to the meeting and sent for Randall part way through the meeting to come. He went back to the meeting to get Aunt Sophia Ogden and sent John Hansen, our neighbor, to Holden to call the doctor in Delta. The doctor broke his shot needle, and wanted to go back to Delta to get another one. Randall objected, so John Hansen made another trip to Delta to get another shot needle. I was worried, and so was Randall, even with the doctor there. Ray had warned us that giving birth would be bad, especially because I was older. While we waited for John Hansen to return with the needle, the doctor and his wife waited outside in their car. Randall and Sophia kneeled beside the bed and prayed for John's quick and safe return. When John got back, I got the shot I needed and Tom came. How happy I was to see him. He was my son. The next day Randall took Mary over to Richfield to stay with my father and brought my mother back to help me, but she was not very well at the time, and didn't stay very long. When Randall blessed him, my folks came over from Richfield.

When Mary was brought back, she'd do everything for her doll that I would do for Tom. It was always fun to take our children to church, and have everyone make a fuss over them. When we'd be on our way home from church, Randall would say "What did the people say about the children today?" and tell each other the things we'd

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Rosebuds In The Snow

heard. It doesn't seem to matter now in 1977, that there were problems then, but the Lord is still good to me, then and now.

Randall worked in the presidency of every church organization, I believe. He was always good help and could give a lesson or plan a party. We went to conferences at Fillmore and Holden in a horse and buggy at first, and later in a Model T.

Two families of Allens came to live in McCornick. Jonathan Allen was made Bishop of the Ward in 1923. Both families made their homes of mud and straw. The younger one, Fred, made a house with 2 rooms, but the Bishop made a larger one. Randall and John Hansen were Bishop Allen's counselors at one time. How proud I was. Mary was then about one and a half years old. She would sit on a little red chair at church while I led the singing or played the piano. That was really a happy time. Once when Bishop Allen took his family on a trip to Arizona, their oldest boy stayed with us for a couple of weeks, so that he could do their chores while they were gone.

Fred Allen's wife Mae was a good friend of mine. She got sick with pneumonia. They lived about 14 miles away from the doctor in Delta. Fred had to go about 9 miles to Holden to phone the doctor. They lived in a two-room house, and moved her bed into the kitchen to keep her warm. The only medicine we had was Vicks Vaporub, which we used every 4 hours. Randall and I stayed every night for a week with her, and her husband took care of her during the day. She was delirious at night when we stayed with her. We kept the stove fed, to keep her warm. They had two children, who were kept at our home during the time. She died on December 23rd, and some other ladies in the area took care of her body, while Fred Allen came over to our house to stay for a while. He went to Delta to make arrangements to take her body to Phoenix. Her funeral was on Christmas Day. I had made a doll with a blue dress, from a doll's head and body that Mother had gotten for me, as a Christmas present for Mary. Mary and the little Allen girl were fighting over the doll the morning of the funeral and the Allen girl wouldn't go to the funeral without the doll. Randall said that she had lost her mother and since she had no Christmas gifts, she had better have the doll. She got it. There was no Christmas for their kids, so they had part of my children's. They moved to Arizona and Fred married again.

One year we had planted sixty acres of wheat, and ten acres for beets, potatoes, and beans. Dad and Mother and three of their grandchildren came over to visit us. In August of 1926 or 1927 we went to church on Sunday and then we went out to look at the farm. Dad and Mother thought it looked so good, then they noticed what they thought were dove's eggs, but it was hailstones. Suddenly, the hail was coming down heavier and heavier, and we ran to the house. Dad and Mother crawled under a wagon loaded with hay, but the hail came through the wagon, and so they ran to the house. Water began running off the farm into our basement house, so Randall took a shovel and began making ditches to keep the water out of the house. Hail was coming through the tar paper on the roof of the house, and the kids were frightened and screaming, so I stayed with them. Finally the hail stopped, but we were wet all through. The next day we went out to the fields again and found snakes, rabbits, and many small animals dead. Our crops were threshed out on the ground. Watermelons were pockmarked and everything was ruined. Randall had just bought a new binder and had cut fifteen acres the previous day, and that was all we saved of our crop that year, just seven and half bushels of grain. The hail had made a swath one mile wide and seven miles long. The people across the road from us weren't even bothered.

We never really recovered from that hailstorm. With all our bills, we eventually decided to give up the farm and leave McCornick. We just loaded what we could and moved to Richfield. We lived in the building that later became Riddle's Grocery Store. Randall went in with Alden on renting a sawmill up on Cove Mountain. He loved it up there, and said that it was the most beautiful mountain. He wanted to take me up there, but never did. That fall, to try to make some money, he went to work with Millie's husband Ern in the Maytag washing machine shop down in Cedar City. He also helped wire the church in Summit and a few houses in Rockville. That's where he got the petrified wood rock which was the last present he ever brought me. I got to visit with him in Cedar City for a week that winter. Millie came up to Richfield and took care of our children, while I went down there. It was our honeymoon for sure.

One day he was reconditioning washing machines using a strong chemical. He didn't have a mask, and the fumes irritated the lining of his lungs. He came home from work and ate supper, and, while Ern and Millie went to a show, he stayed to write to me. When Ern and Millie got home he was black and unconscious. Millie called Ray and he picked me up at 3 a.m. to go to Cedar City to Randall. He didn't tell me what had happened until we got to

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Thomas Gledhill

Beaver. When we got there, Randall was wrapped in blankets soaked in hot water and then wrung out. He knew me, though. Ray consulted with some other doctors and they thought he would go about 11. But Ray administered to him and he began to improve, but as Ray told me later, he never felt that he would get well.

Randall wanted to come home and see his children again so bad. He did improve enough so that I was eventually able to bring him home with Fred Shaw's help. We had to go through a really deep snow storm through Clear Creek canyon. He still wasn't very good though, but he was so glad to come home and be able to rough house with the children.

On Monday we went to my mother's house and we made ice cream for him. He loved it so. Tuesday he was worse. He was tired and stayed on the couch all day. We talked a lot. I told him that I thought I might be pregnant. He said, "Do you care?" I said, "No, just what we needed." He answered, "Don't ever feel bad about a baby. Think of the happiness the others have brought. There will just be more with another. I'll be glad in it is true. Life needs many to make it truly happy." Wednesday he had a bit of a temperature, so we called Ray. Ray said that I had better tell Randall's sister Blanche. Thursday he was really sick and we tried the hot blankets again. Friday when I asked Ray his chances, Ray wrote on a piece of paper that he was dying of pneumonia.

Randall was so miserable. He got worse and by the middle of the afternoon he asked me to kneel by his bed. He then prayed to die and to be relieved of his suffering. He prayed for our children, that their lives would not be blighted too much by his going. I sat behind him and held him in a sitting position for hours, it seemed. I begged him to stay with me and he said he would. Later he got worse, said I was still holding him here, and asked me to let him go. I begged him to stay with me. Then it flashed through my mind about how my grandfather John Lehi Ivie had died. He had been sitting in a chair by the stove and he slid down and burned his knees on the stove. Mother begged and prayed to have him back, and he did come back to life for 3 months of terrible agony. So Mother had always said after that, we should just let people go. I could just see Randall getting worse and worse, so I told him that he could go. It nearly broke my heart. He told me he loved me and knew I'd be taken care of. Then he said "I'll be here always." He died about 10 minutes later, just as the clock struck 9 p.m. Just a few gasps and gone. I knelt there and watched the black go out of his face and all the pain lines go. Then I went and woke Mary and Tom up, because they were all I had left. He died on March 2, 1928. He was buried on March 5, 1928 in the new part of the Richfield cemetery. Murray Jefferies and John Hansen came from McCornick to be speakers at the funeral.

Randall was intense, patient, humble, and kind. He felt very deeply his love of home and family. He dreamed big. He loved things beautiful, and nature and people. He was hurt easily because he was so intense, but little things meant very much to him. He liked to have Tom go get his milk buckets and enjoyed when Tom wanted to go do chores with him. He liked to have Mary climb on his lap and say, "Sing, Daddy, sing."

I hope he will come to meet me when I go. We loved each other and I felt very close to him. I believe he has come at times to comfort me. Soon after he died, my father and mother went on a trip to California. I was left alone. I went to bed and cried and cried. Then I turned over and there he stood, not in his temple robes in which he was buried, but in his old coat and cap that he always wore. He was talking to someone, but I couldn't see who. He was happy and it comforted me. I knew that he would watch out for me and the children. There were other times when I have had just glimpses and impressions, but I believe he has been here, and still is, as I write this.

Dad and Mother were my stay after Randall died. They took over for me and saw to everything so that I had no worries that they could keep from me. The summer after he died, I went back to Brigham Young University. Mr. Ashman had promised me a teaching position if I would go to summer school again for a while. I came back to Richfield for a visit for the 4th of July, and had gotten big with Randa. How I hated to leave my family and go back to Provo. I cried on the train all the way back to Provo. I was staying with Mrs. Farnsworth, and she put me in bed when I got back. I stayed there until it was time for school the next day. She was so good to me. After finishing school, I did substitute teaching during 1928 and 1929 and then began teaching full time in Joseph the next year.

When Mary and Tom were born, Randall had administered to me. It was more help than any that the doctors gave. Randa was born after he died, so my father administered to me for her birth. I liked to walk, and Ray said it would help me in my confinement, so I did a lot of walking. Melba and Ivie were living with my folk's then and on the 2nd of November the high school was having a party. Early in the evening I put up their hair for them. They both had lots of hair and I piled it high on their heads. I was having labor pains, but didn't say anything about

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Thomas Gledhill

the pains until they were gone to the party. Then Ray came over and Randa was born at 12:05 a.m. on November 3, 1928. I didn't know if I wanted to see her, but my father brought her in to me anyway. How I loved her, even though I could see Randall in her a lot. The minute she was born, Millie and Ern wanted her. They said I couldn't earn enough to support 3 children. But I couldn't give her away. She was mine. They still wanted her up until the time I married Roy. They were very good to her, and would take her whenever they could. They would make dresses for her.

About 10 days after Randa was born, my friend Lucille also had a baby named Lois. I would take both babies in the buggy downtown and around, and Lu would make dresses for them with the material I bought. I never lacked for baby tenders. When I taught school I carried Randa to Millie's house each morning as I went to work. After my Mother died on May 1, 1929, I moved into the house at 47 North 3rd West in Richfield and lived with my father. Millie and Ern moved into my house across the street.

Randall and I did not have a car for a long time, but eventually we got a real discard from Frank, Randall's brother; an old car with no fenders. After Randall died and I was teaching again, I got a newer car, but it was still pretty beat up. Now days, cars go so fast up those two little hills between Joseph (where I taught) and Elsinore, that they are only bumps in the road. But when I used to travel that road, I always worried whether the car would make it up those hills without killing, and making me back down and start over again. I was and am still a worry-heels.

Once Ray Gledhill came over to Joseph to get me and on the way back, there was suddenly a dog in the road in front of us. He didn't run over it, but we wondered what had happened to the dog. When we came into Elsinore, the dog jumped off the front of the car and ran off down the street. It must have ridden on the radiator shelf. Ern Nebeker went with me to Joseph a lot, and would spend the day trading, while I was teaching. He would be back to the school at 4 p.m. for me, and there would be a pig and its litter in the back of my car, or a calf, or anything he had bought. I was sure glad when he was able to buy an old truck, but he and Millie were having such a hard time. For months, we would go down to the Model Store for groceries, and I would buy for me, and for Millie, too.

One time Tom got a knife through his foot. He got blood poisoning and had to spend about a month in bed. I was teaching school at the time and it seemed like the bottom had dropped out of everything. Ray was his doctor. I can't remember Tom being administered to, but I am sure he must have. Ray had such a gift of faith. It was during the time that Tom had to spend home alone in bed, that he learned to read.

I can't remember when I didn't know Roy. He and Mae went to all the dances in Sigurd and Vermillion. He went to the winter part of high school when I did. Sometime after Randall and Roy's wife Mae had both died, Millie and I went to a show and then dropped by the Anona Dance Hall to see who was there. Roy asked me to dance. We danced several times and then he took Millie and me home. I never thought anything would come of it, but the next Sunday he showed up. We went together for about a year. He took me to his home or came over to mine two or three nights a week. He had a good appetite and I fed him every night he came over. He took me to all the dances, but never to a show. Once when his children were going to a dance at Fish Lake on the 24th of July, we went along. He often took his father and mother for rides, and would often bring them over to see me. I thought the funniest gift I ever received from him was when he brought me two sacks of potatoes. He had cows in the pasture to milk, fine horses, and chickens. I don't think he knew what it was like to be alone though, since he had been living with his folks since his wife died. I liked sitting on the hay stack, and watching him do the chores.

Roy and Mae had three children, Afton, Dwain, and Iris. Iris graduated in May, and on June 1, 1936 Roy and I were married. All but Dwain went with us to Salt Lake in an old borrowed Ford. The day after we were married, we looked for a place for Afton to live while she went to school. Even though we had very little money, I didn't teach again. I took care of the eggs, fed the chickens, etc. Roy took care of sheep. In October, Dwain went on a mission to Holland. Things got pretty tough financially by the time he got home. The first couple of years I was married to Roy were stormy due to the financial problems we were having.

Roy had to sell his sheep for a lot less than he had paid for them, and that after feeding them all winter. After a while, we moved into Roy's folk's house in Venice, and they moved into mine in Richfield. It didn't work out though, since they missed their friends and relatives in Venice, so we used what money we had and bought the Poole place on the corner where I now live. Since Roy had lost so much money with sheep, we started in cattle. It

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Thomas Gledhill

was a real struggle. Ern worked in a butcher shop then, and to help out he saved livers, tongues, and pigs feet for us. By and by we got some of the debts paid, but it seemed like a long time. Afton was working and Iris and Dwain were trying to go to school. We couldn't help them much. My children wore made-over clothes that we got from Millie. Gradually the finances got better and Roy and I adjusted to each other and it became a good life.

Roy bought Charley Wall's binder to cut grain, and sometimes I'd walk to where he was working and ride home with him. He was a good man and I loved him. He was especially good to my children. No one could be better. My children loved and respected Roy. They all rode the horses, and helped Roy with the hay and the beets, just as I had done for my father. I can't remember them ever talking back to Roy. They always thought he was right, and his goodness to me and my children was all that counted. The work was hard, but we survived.

Mary got her foot run over by a bus when she was about 13 years old. She was blessed and no harm was done. When she graduated from high school, she wanted to go to college. We couldn't afford to send her, so she worked for Millie's daughter Maurine for a while. Before the year was out, she came back home and then she worked for Lynn Neilsen in the court house until she married Keith Hooper in the Manti Temple on May 12, 1942. They lived in Annabella for a while. Then Keith went to work for the Highway Patrol and they moved to Duchesne and later to Vernal. After he retired, they moved back to Richfield.

After Tom graduated from high school in 1943, he was drafted into the Army. He was in love with June Leavitt. He had also acquired a truck, which he sold to Roy before he left. It almost broke my heart when he left. I know he had many rough times. I got a letter from him most every day saying that all was well and not to worry. But I did worry, and prayed harder than before. When he came home in June 1946, June and I went to meet him in Salt Lake. The next day we went downtown to buy June a ring. Later they had a falling out, but I guess they got it ironed out and they got married on November 18, 1946. They have had rough times, too, but he has done well. I think he has been in the bishopric for 17 years, part as a Bishop. He has now been elected to be a Representative in the State Legislature.

After Randa graduated from high school, she went to Cedar City to college. She did well as a scholar and then went to BYU in Provo. After she married Bob Melville in 1949, they went to the University of Utah in Salt Lake City. I'm sorry to say we did not help them when they were married. I wish we could have. But I think she has been happy in her marriage, and I know I have been. Later on they moved to Hawaii and then to Bowling Green, Kentucky where Bob taught at the university.

After Millie died in 1945, Ern brought their son Don to live with Roy and I. He was scared of death. The first night he was here, I put him upstairs to sleep. He begged to sleep downstairs, but I didn't let him. The next night he was over his fear, and never asked again. He lived with us until he graduated from high school. He did a lot to put himself through college, and he got some help from the estate. He now has his Ph.D. and is doing well. He and Mena were married here in our house.

In March of 1948 (just before June had Randy) Roy, Tom, June and I went to California. It was a lovely trip, but we had to get back for a party on March 17, because we had some things to do for it. It snowed the night we left to come back and we got a bit stuck in Clear Creek canyon, but it wasn't serious. While in California, Roy and I stayed with my brother Fred, and Tom and June stayed with Fred's son Cliff. We went to the beach, Knott's Berry Farm, Tiajuana, Vermont Ward, Grauman's Theater, and all the places to see, and then home to Fred's at night. We got a bit lost at times. We tried to see Forest Lawn Cemetery, but we could only see it in the distance, we couldn't ever find the right road to it. It was a lovely trip.

In 1968, Roy and I had our first plane trip and it was to Kentucky to visit Bob and Randa. Tom took us to Salt Lake to the airport and stayed to see us off. Afton and Dwain were there to see us off also, and Mary came just as we got on the plane. We enjoyed flying a lot. We had to change planes in Chicago at the largest station in the world then -- O'Hare airport. Then we took Eastern Airlines to Louisville where Randa and Bob met us. We just went everywhere -- Kentucky Cumberland River and Dam in the east, Lexington and Frankfort, Mammoth Cave, Nauvoo, Springfield, Joseph Smith's home, Carthage, Jennie Wiley Park, Daniel Boone Natural Bridge, and the university where Bob taught. We stood in the winner's arch at Churchill Downs and in a lock on the Mississippi river. We crossed the river near Nauvoo, ate on the Iowa side, went for a ride up the Ohio river on the "Belle of Louisville," went to Abraham Lincoln's early home, and Joseph Smith's homestead of logs and cement. We didn't

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Thomas Gledhill

see a moonshine still, but we saw lots of places where they had been. We saw many more places, but I can't remember the names. We stayed with Randa and Bob and had a really fine time. Early in the morning of the day of our return, Randa and Bob took us back to Louisville to the airport. I think the best part of going, was getting back home. It seemed like we'd been gone so long. Tom met us in Salt Lake.

Roy and I were called as temple workers on November 1, 1962 and served for seven and a half years in the Manti Temple. One day when we were working, a deaf lady came to go through for the dead. In the washing, you touch the ears, and as her's were touched, she shouted, "I can hear. I can hear." She was the only one it happened to, while Roy and I worked there. She could still hear when she left the temple.

I've had some fine experiences in the temple. Once, a few ladies and I sat in our dressing room. We heard music. We couldn't imagine who had a radio in the temple, but it wasn't radio music. We thought of many things, but it sounded to me like it came from the font room, so I stepped across the hall and opened the door. The music stopped on one note. Music never came from that way again, but I did hear it many other times. Once I was helping in the garden room and heard it again. The lady sitting next to me said, "Do you hear what I hear"? I did. Another time, after I had an operation, I didn't feel well, so I went to a couch in the temple to lie down. Another lady on a couch in the same room, rose up and said, "Can you hear what I hear?" No one else could hear it, even though they were close by, but we did. Often times you'd feel a hand on your shoulder and turn and no one was there, but you knew that someone had been there.

Once a couple was touring all the temples. Manti was the last one on their list. He was a devout, serious man, but she was on the worldly side. They were near a divorce, but had decided to take this trip as a second honeymoon to see if it would improve things. She had been telling this to everyone, including me, before the service. Her husband had prayed that she would get a testimony of temple work, but she resented the whole thing and was disagreeable to him. Then, when she went through the veil, she fell on the floor. People rushed to help her, but she waved them away and then passed out. After she was out for a long time, it was decided to administer to her. She was soon all right, but what a testimony she bore. She had seen Paradise, and angels, and her people. She had been told to change her attitude, that she had a worthy husband, and that the gospel was the most important thing. So she said that she knew that temple work was true and would make temple work her life's work.

I've worked in many different organizations in the church. If I was directly responsible, I fasted for help. I remember when some of the duties and lessons were carried out of my hands, and, oh, the feeling that came after. I knew that I'd had such good help. I worked in the MIA in Venice and was the Relief Society president in 1950, as the organist in Vermillion from 1910-1913, and as the organist and chorister in Venice. Roy and I worked on the Genealogical Stake Board and I taught a religion class from 1918-1919 with Jacob Dastrup.

In 1949 Florence Jepperson Madsen was the chorister for the General Relief Society board. She had a good friend in Richfield, Florence Anderson, that she had stayed with. As a result, the Sevier, North Sevier, and South Sevier stakes were asked to sing in October General Conference. Sister Madsen came every week to Richfield to practice with us. When October conference came, we went to Salt Lake to sing one day at the conference. We stayed at the Temple Square Hotel. There were 550 voices, when we all got together. I can't remember all the songs, but we sang "King of Glory", "Peace I Leave With You", and "Robin, Singing in the Rain." Irene Cowley and I shared a room. We talked a good part of the night, on each night. One of the evenings we had dinner with Randa and Bob. Randa was going to the University of Utah that year. When I first saw her, I thought Sister Madsen was an ugly woman, but when we were through, we thought she was beautiful. She was that kind of woman. It was a glorious thing to sing under her direction and to be with the group.

On January 3, 1971, Roy's 80th birthday, we had an open house. I was 75. Mary came over on the 2nd and went through and cleaned my house, but she couldn't stay for the next day. Tom thought up the open house and arranged for it. I appreciated Tom and June for wanting to have one for us. I've done open houses for many people, but had never had one done for me. Mary and her girls, and June and her girls did everything that was needed. I was so grateful. It was so lovely. About a hundred people came, in the coldest, snowiest weather we had, to offer kind wishes. I appreciated everyone.

Roy and I had to quit working at the temple after seven and a half years because he was having "mini" strokes. He got so confused with which clothes were his, what room he was in, and a lot of the ceremony. I don't

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Thomas Gledhill

think he knew why we had to quit. After that he didn't get any better. He couldn't find the house when we came from the temple, or when he was working in the fields. About November 24, 1972 he had his first major stroke and was in and out of the hospital for a year. Our children took turns caring for him in their homes till the last of 1974, when we took him to a nursing home in St. George. He was there for 14 months and kept getting worse. He didn't look like Roy, but they said they were doing the best they could. He only weighed 85 lbs. He died at 7 p.m. on Monday November 3, 1975. It had been a long time for him. He didn't know me, except once in a while. It was a long time for me. I knew the Lord was with me then, though. I didn't see or hear anything, but after sitting with Roy a bit, saying my prayers, and maybe saying, "You're my sweetheart" and maybe he'd say "I know"; sometimes then I'd have the peaceful feeling, and could then leave him there for death or what ever would come. Everyone was so good, but I was, and still am, lonely.

The doctor thought Roy's death triggered off my diabetes, although I had it before. After his death my diabetes was worse. I'd never know when I was going to fall. I cut my cheek the first time I fell. Other times I didn't get hurt. One time when I was trying to get supper, I fell and had to lay in my own vomit. Tom came in, washed me up and put me in bed. June came the next morning to take me to their place, but that evening they took me over to Dr. Greenwood and he put me in the hospital. I stayed 9 days, and was really sick the first few days. Then they released me to Mary, and I stayed with them for a week and then they brought me home. Sometimes I'd go back to Mary's overnight or so, but I've been home most of the time since then, except during the time Tom and June went to Hawaii. At that time I kept blacking out for lack of blood sugar, so I stayed with Mary again. But most of the time I have taken care of myself. Whenever Tom or Mary take me, they take good care of me. The Lord has sure blessed me with good children and in-laws. No one could be nicer to me. In 1976 I was sick and had leg pains, etc. I can't remember very much about it, but I'm OK now, except occasionally. I walk to church, but I can't go up or down steps without help yet, but I will.

Now when I face this cancer or whatever they find on my leg, I've prayed so much that I may accept it gracefully. I know that this could be a very painful death, and I pray that I won't know it. I know the Lord will take care of me as He has always done. How lonely I get. I long for arms around me and a kiss sometimes. I've faced a lot of things since Roy's death; disappointments, problems. I know my children love me. How I love them and their children. I don't want to be a burden to my children. They had enough in caring for Roy, but maybe I'll be worse. Only the Father knows. The cancer cells are benign as of now (August 1977).

Ida Belle Gledhill Christensen Buchanan on died June 14, 1982 in Richfield, Utah at the age of 86 and was buried on June 18, 1982 in the Richfield City Cemetery next to her husband, Randall. But even this didn't go smoothly. When the funeral procession arrived at the cemetery, it was discovered that the grave had been dug in the wrong place. She had to wait a little longer to be next to Randall.

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Thomas Gledhill

During a short part of her life Ida kept a sort of a journal. The following, including a sample of her handwriting, are her "Rosebuds in the Snow."

Ida's "Rosebuds in the Snow"

January 1, 1971 -- "Rosebuds In The Snow". I found this in an article I read. Rosebuds -- pleasant memories you like to recall. Snow is the troubles of this world, troubles, drabness, monotony of life. I should have started this 75 years ago, for I've had many rosebuds and some snows, but since I can't go back 75 years, I'll begin with Jan. 1 1971. There'll be many Rosebuds I want to write, but I hope I can a few. All this for my own soul, not others.

January 3, 1971 -- Our Open House. Many people came with kind wishes. I appreciated every one, but most Tom and June for wanting to have one for us. I was so grateful. Couldn't have been nicer. I was happy to see Lester and Adella Mellor. This is the first time Randall's people ever came like that. So many beautiful flowers. Won't see so many again I guess till I die.

January 28, 1971 -- I couldn't sleep; so many thoughts crowded my mind. Other birthdays, other times. Then just after 1 a.m. the door quietly opened. I wondered, could it be harm or troubles? Then I saw my Mary and later Keith. My heart was happy. Here they had come so far just to spend a few hours with me. No other mother could have been more glad and happy for them than I was. It was really a rosebud to have them. Also, Tom, June, and Randy came for a sort of a funny dinner, but I loved it. I loved it.

February 13, 1971 -- Lester Buchanan died. I was grateful he could go. Again Tom and June took us to the funeral. We were grateful to go, but I know Tom needed to work without loss of days. I know I leave Bob and Randa out of my little rosebuds, but I know if they were here, they'd do the same for us. Their hearts are just as tender for us, but distance makes the difference. I love them all.

February 25, 1971 -- Income tax time was a Rosebud, too, even if it is a worry and I hate it. It is always on my mind and shoulders until it is done. So again it was Tom who took it from me and did my tax return and made a rosebud day for me.

March 4, 1971 -- Whose wisdom is the greatest? God. Why do I pit mine against His? Here I follow my own way and not His. Each time I pit myself against God's wisdom I lose; lose in my mission on earth, lose in attainment, lose in respect. I wish my life could have followed God's way, but temptation made me take my way. God forgive my sins. There is only one way to safety -- God's way.

March 17, 1971 -- A whole bouquet of rosebuds. Mary's ward came from Vernal to the temple today. Roy and I went up there, too. It was just glorious to be with my children in a Holy Place. So many people loving Mary for her good works in their ward. The lady in the wash room told me of her Danish Book and quest for genealogy. Their bus took 6 hours to come. Left at 4 am. and were home at 10 pm., but all were so joyous.

March 23, 1971 -- June gave such a great lesson on Browning. I was so proud she belonged to my son and to me too. I love her for all she does. Jan, my little Jan. Got her scholarship at BYU. She's always such a good scholar, she deserved it. I'm so proud of her and all her talents. I sure do love her.

March 25, 1971 -- Iris and Ralph came for the afternoon. So nice just to talk and talk, and nothing in particular.

March 29, 1971 -- Of all surprises -- Joy Gledhill and her husband Bob came. I was so glad to see them. I think she said it was 14 years since she had been here. Her mother is not well, but they all survived the Sylmar earthquake.

March 30, 1971 -- This whole bouquet of rosebuds. Alden and Eva, and Lois and Helen came. No one knows how

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Thomas Gledhill

glad I was to see my dear brother. The stories of his childhood, the faith promoting things in his life. I did wish I had a tape recorder. Lois and Vern came too, but the conversation in the evening was not so good -- too many people that we didn't know I guess. Tom came here for dinner, too. How thankful I am that he came and rallied to his family. I sure loved Alden and his harmonica. It really takes me back.

April 1, 1971 -- Dwain and Anna called from Salina for a bed. Came, spent night and a.m. with us. Dwain was so nice to me. They came for a funeral.

April 4, 1971 -- Conference was a real bouquet. I loved it so, and so wanted my children and grandchildren to be inspired by it. How I want them to be better, have more faith and inspiration than I have. Their father had those qualities more than I did. How I loved him for those qualities.

April 8, 1971 -- How happy I was that Jan asked me to go with her to the high school for Girl's Day. How I enjoyed it and most of all, her piano selection. It had color in it and I loved it. How proud I was!

April 8, 1971 -- Just in the lonely time of the evening came my 7 rosebuds (Mary's). I was so happy. They were so tired from the bus ride, but it was so nice to have them. Breakfast was nice, then they left for Anne's.

April 10, 1971 -- Our Easter trip was to the Arches Monument by Moab. How I enjoyed being with my family. The wind blew and the blowing sand was a bother, but it was all good. Roy's feet hurt, so we sat in the car a lot where he could take off his shoes, but I enjoyed that. We parked where there were a few trees in front of a cliff. There was one scraggly tree that was twisted and knobby, but it was a lesson to me that God puts us where He wishes, and for our own good, and if we try hard enough, there is always a way to grow.

April 11, 1971 -- On Easter I loved having all the family for dinner and having them all sit around the table and visit. How I enjoyed it.

April 16, 1971 -- June is making a picture of my old home in Vermillion. How happy I'll be to have it. June does such nice things for me. I sure love her for her thoughtfulness.

April 19, 1971 -- Don, Mena, Heidi, Morris, and Maurine came for Gene Nebeker's funeral. Real nice to see them. Maurine got sick and had to go home.

April 24, 1971 -- Lamar and Theora Gledhill came to see us. Seemed to enjoy their dinner. They came to buy a house but didn't tie it up. Ralph, Iris, Mike, Carol, and JaNae came on their way to Mt. Pleasant to get together with a group of friends.

April 26, 1971 -- Tom says Randy and Sue are engaged. I hope he's happy. Seems happier than he has ever been. So maybe she's the one -- at least he prayed and feels he had answer to his prayer.

May 8, 1971 -- What a happy day it was. I was so happy Virginia invited me to go to the temple with her. I believe she is getting a fine man.

May 9, 1971 -- Mother's Day -- What memories from Randall it brings. A grapefruit he brought me. We built a house at the cross roads, but were sure alone. Don, Mena, and family came. Galen here. Tommy and Carol came to see me. We had dinner at Tom's. Mary and Keith had trouble at Price and couldn't make it on Mother's Day. They came for a funeral on Monday. Keith sang well.

May 20, 1971 -- Sure a rosebud to have June come to help on Randy's quilt. She is so fast and so good. Gets lots done. Sure love her for her kindness to me.

May 22, 1971 -- Mary and family came for some dental work. It's so nice to have them. They are interesting to be around.

May 28, 1971 -- How nice to be at the temple, but especially to have your own children with you. I do feel Galen will be happy with Kathy.

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Thomas Gledhill

June 3-4, 1971 -- Tom and June took us to Manti and then Dwain took us to Salt Lake and Kaysville. It was a nice ceremony for Jill and Evan's wedding. I liked him and his people. The reception was beautiful. Everything's so nice and saw many people we knew. That night we slept at Afton's and Margaret's. Iris brought us to Scipio and Jan and June brought us home.

June 10, 1971 -- This is a red, red rosebud. It was such a holy day. Randy came to visit and we talked about so very many things, including how he felt about marriage, and that he and Sue had prayer at night together for the last 3 months. I was so thrilled to hear it all. Made me think of his grandfather and me. I didn't get to see him every night, only every 4 to 6 weeks, but our prayers were very sacred to me. All in all, the night just seemed holy.

June 11, 1971 -- Up early to go to the St. George Temple with Barbara and Keith Hafen. Missed part of the meeting, but the ceremony was fine. I do feel sure theirs will be a successful marriage. They both pray a lot and come from houses of prayer. Dinner good and the reception was so nice. A very nice bud was riding with Tom and June. I loved it. Bless them for putting up with us.

June 14, 1971 -- Roxanne came and visited me out on the lawn. She didn't come for eggs or anything; just to see me. How I loved her for it.

June 24, 1971 -- Randy and Sue's wedding day. It just seemed so right for them. Mary, Keith, Carma, Sue's mother, and some of the family came. They seemed to take in what Pres. Christensen said. Some of us had tears, but how I loved every tear. The dinner was just lovely. Dwain and Anna were there, too.

June 25, 1971 -- Reception and house were lovely. Randy and Sue looked lovely. Night at Bryce Canyon. Mary, Keith, Grandma Hooper, and Carma went to see Anne. More of Sue's people came and many others. I thought it was quite successful.

June 30, 1971 -- Went to dinner and choosing of the Dairy Princess. Jan and Sherry are contestants. Jan looked just beautiful, dress, hair, and all. Her presentation was good. I can't see why the judges can't see what I see. I'm so proud of her. I did want her to get it.

July 10, 1971 -- This is a sweet, sweet rosebud. Randy asked me for a cherry pie, so I called Jan and told her what I needed for the pie. She came right over with the things and it only took half hour to make the pie. Jan was so sweet to help me. How I loved her.

July 13, 1971 -- Was I low. I'd howled, of course; over sleep and loneliness. Then Clara brought me a pie tin and reminded me of our Relief Society work meeting. It was a rosebud. I came home from the meeting with a very different attitude. Wish I could keep it.

July 15, 1971 -- Such a fine forenoon. Tom had a meeting and took Roy and I to Fish Lake. It brought such peace to my soul. Roy and I sat on the porch of the lodge and walked a couple of times to the marina and the edge of the lake. We sat under a pine tree. The lake was so quiet. It seemed like all the world was peaceful.

July 16, 1971 -- A whole dozen rosebuds for Ruby for asking Roy and I to go to the Manti pageant. No words of mine can describe what it meant to me. I just loved every minute -- the music, the scenes, the costumes, the message. No words can say it all for me.

July 18, 1971 -- Jack gave Sherry a diamond. She's lovely. I'm glad they are in my family. Sherry knows many things about family and gospel ideals. I'm sure it will be a temple wedding.

July 24, 1971 -- What a glorious day it was at Maple Grove, except for one flaw -- the breakdown of Tom's car. How nice the scenery, the smells in the air, the company, the eats; all just wonderful. It sure was a good place to pray. I know you can pray wherever you are, but all things made it conducive to prayer.

July 29, 1971 -- What a happy surprise to look out and see my eldest boy grandchild, Keith R. and his family. They were selling flies. We tended the children while they went to Richfield. I went to Fish Lake with them. So

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Lillie Belle Ivie

nice to be with them.

August 1, 1971 -- I was sure fearful of going in the bus with Keith so far, but how I enjoyed the whole trip. It was just a large bunch of rosebuds. I really slept good. The babies were just their sweet selves. It was a rush Sunday for both meetings, but so good. Keith and Barbara's Brian, and Keith and Anne's Maria were named. Talked and talked. It was a fine day.

August 5, 1971 -- Randa operated on. I didn't really worry after a good prayer, and yet my faith was not enough. I guess that it was always in my mind -- worrying about her and not knowing exactly what was happening. Be glad for another letter. (Randa was out in the snow and someone smashed into her. Hurt her head and eyes mostly.)

August 11, 1971 -- Anne was up with her family. Maria has grown and is so sweet, so sweet. They all are, even if grown up.

August 12, 1971 -- Letters from both my girls -- rosebuds.

August 17, 1971 -- Tom brought the swather and cut and poisoned the weeds. That was a real rosebud. I've hated the weeds for so long, but I knew he was so busy. But I can really count on my son for nice things.

August 19, 1971 -- Mary's birthday. All day I thought of her and the conditions about her birth. Her father rocking her and singing to her the night before he had to go back to McCormick alone. Of the prayer he made for all of us before he left.

August 20, 1971 -- I called Mary for her birthday. She said they were coming on Sat. 22nd. So I asked her if she would paint my ceiling for me. Roy and I could eventually do the walls. But she and Keith painted 2 hours on Sat. and all day Monday and Tuesday. Cleaned everything. Does anyone have such children as mine? I know they were worn out and tired, but kept on. They even gave up their vacation to do it (I found out later). How thankful I am for them. Their Father must know how good they are to me.

September 7, 1971 -- On Labor Day, Roy and I went with Tom and family to the Belnap Ranger station and then rode up farther for a picnic. It was such a beautiful day. I put my feet in the creek at 75 and half years -- I enjoyed it. The scenery and being with my family was just heaven to me.

September 8, 1971 -- Alden's birthday. No word from him. Sent him some candy. Hope he enjoyed it.

September 9, 1971 -- Tommy and Carol had a baby girl today. Such a beautiful baby. I was so happy for them. I could remember what mine meant to me.

September 12, 1971 -- We had dinner here for the family. Tom's birthday tomorrow, but he, June, and Jonathan will go to Salt Lake. It was such a relaxed dinner. I see Carol and my little one every day. Jan went to school today.

September 15, 1971 -- I guess Cary Anne will be the baby's name. I do like her, for she's such a dear.

September 21, 1971 -- Here's another new great grand child, Gay Lynn. Wish I could see her. I'd kiss her to my heart's content if I could.

October 1, 1971 -- Tom took over our cattle. I had sure dreaded the winter, but now I can relax.

October 5, 1971 -- Letters from all of Iris's family. It was their home night project. We were happy for them.

Deer Hunt -- Sunday - How nice to have them all home. We had fun. They go back tomorrow for the deer. Randy lost his. Tommy got two 6 point deer. Jack got a smaller deer. Ruby operated on. I miss her.

October, 1971 -- Enjoyed conference so much. All of it hit me. I'd like to repent, but just don't.

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Peter Christian Christensen

The following is a biography of Ida's father.

Thomas Gledhill

Thomas Gledhill was born on April 17, 1856 in Oldham, Lancashire, England, the youngest of thirteen children of Edward and Betty Hague Gledhill.

Map of Oldham, England

The family had joined the Mormon church before Thomas was born. In 1855 the oldest daughter Sarah and her husband Edward Broadbent moved to Utah. In 1862 three more of the family members (John, Mary, Ann) moved to Utah, and Sophia died during the voyage. Six years later the rest of the family moved to Utah. They sailed on a ship called the "Emerald Isle." The voyage took 3 months and 12 days. They arrived in New York on August 11, 1868 and took a train from there to Benton, Iowa, arriving August 25, 1868. There they were outfitted with wagons and mules. They crossed the plains in company of 650 people and 62 wagons led by Capt. John A. Holmes. Thomas was 12 years old at the time. The family settled in Mt. Pleasant, Utah near the family members who had come earlier.

Thomas and his family arrived in Utah during the latter part of the Black Hawk War with the Indians. Although he was too young to be heavily involved in the fighting, occasionally was he called on to stand guard or to herd the cattle during the Indian scares. He was 16 years old, and present, when Dan Miller became the last fatality of the war on September 26, 1872. This happened at a sawmill that was about 3 miles east of Spring City.

As Thomas told the story, the mill had been shut down because of fear of the Indians, but a school house was being built and Peter Gottfredson, who was married to Thomas' sister Amelia, had obtained the contract for the lumber for the school house. Peter, Thomas, Dan Miller and his 13 year old son, also named Dan, and the mill's caretaker Mr. Higbee were working at the sawmill to make the lumber for the contract. Just below the sawmill was a camphouse, which was located between the road and the creek. Further down the road was a pile of poles.

It was Saturday and the men were going to go into town for Sunday. Pete got up at daybreak and went from the camphouse up to the mill. Thomas went up to a meadow and got the horses, and hitched them up to their wagon. He also yoked the oxen up. The Millers finished their preparations first and left for town while the others were eating breakfast. As the Millers rounded the pile of poles and a patch of oak below the camphouse, some Indians began firing on them. Dan Miller was hit by bullets in the arm, side, bowels, and back. His son was hit in the thigh and wrist. Miller's son jumped from the wagon and tried to get back to the camphouse. The Indians headed him off and he turned and went down the road where he met some men from Spring City who were looking for some Indians who had run off some stock.

The others at the camphouse heard the shooting, but thought that the Millers were just shooting at a coyote, so they finished breakfast. Then they heard a wagon coming very fast, and Thomas remarked "That fellow drives awfully fast up hill." Then they heard the driver shout "There is a man shot all to pieces below this house," and knew that there had been trouble. They rushed outside and saw three more men on horses coming at full speed up the road. The Indians tried to cut these men off from the camphouse, but they got through.

The Indians then disappeared, and all the men went down the road to look for Dan Miller. They found that the Indians had drug him about a rod from where he fell and had lain his face in a large bed of cactus. The Indians had taken his gun, food, bedding, and mules. Thomas and the others lifted Dan Miller out of the cactus, and discovered that he was still alive. They began picking out the cactus spines. Pete went to the wagon to find a bucket to go get some water. There was no bucket in the wagon, so he ran down to the creek to fill his hat with water. He was very nervous, and a burned willow bush looked too much like an Indian to him, however, and in his hurry to get back he didn't get much water. The men made a litter from some poles, blankets, and overalls, and carried Dan Miller to his wagon, hitched up their horses, and began the trip back to Spring City. Thomas stood guard over the men from the top of a hill while the others made preparations to go, then he drove Miller's wagon.

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Peter Christian Christensen

On the trip back, Dan Miller told them to not blame the Indians, because they didn't know any better. He said that he would like to see his twin boys before he died. However, he died on the trip back to town. Thomas's father-in-law John Lehi Ivie got together a party to hunt for the Indians, but no Indians were ever found.

Peter Gottfredson in his autobiography provides some additional detail about this event, as well as a different point of view than account just given. He also mentions some other people who were important in Ida's ancestry. This includes Bernard and Sarah Gledhill Snow, Thomas' sister; John Lowery, Peter Christensen's foster father; and Archibald Buchanan, Roy's grandfather. His account is:

"On the 9th of April, 1865, a treaty with the Indians was arranged for at Manti, in Sanpete County. Some horses and cattle had been stolen by the Indians. It appeared as if an understanding would be arrived at, but a young chief by the name of Yenewoods, also called Jake Aropine, son of the old chief Aropine, who had died during the winter in Kings Meadow Canyon, in Sevier Valley made demonstrations and tried to persuade the Indians against entering into the treaty.

"Archebald W. Buchanan and John Lowry were interpreters. John Lowry was speaking. The Indian interrupted him. Lowry asked the Indian to be quiet till he was through speaking. One of the men said, look out, he is getting his arrows. Lowry stepped up to him; took hold of him and pulled him off his horse, and threatened him with his revolver. At this the other Indians got on their horses and left.

"The next morning, April 10th, the people fearing that the Indians would steal some stock that was ranging out at twelve mile creek sent some men out to get and bring them to town. There, from ambush Indians fired on them and killed Peter Ludvigson. The others retreated and rode west, down nine-mile creek into the hills west and rode back to Manti and reported. The Indians took the stock that was there and gathered up more belonging to Gunnison and Salina and drove them up Salina Canyon.

"When they got up Salina Canyon about three miles, to Soldier Fork, they killed the old Mountaineer, Barney Ward and a young man, James Peter Andersen of Salina. They mutilated their bodies and scalped them.

"They were up the canyon looking for stock. The Indians drove the stock they had stolen up the canyon above the narrows, about twelve miles where they made preparations to make a stand in case of pursuit. On the 12th of April, 1865, Colonel Allred of Spring City, with a company of eighty-four men pursued the Indians up the canyon. The Indians lay in ambush waiting for them. They fired on them killing two of the posse, James Sorensen of Ephraim and William Kearnes of Gunnison and wounded two others. The Indians were so well protected by trees and rocks that the men had to retreat down the canyon. After mutilating their victims the Indians got away with the stock. None of them were ever recovered. They got about two hundred head of horses and cattle.

"This was the beginning of the Black Hawk War, which lasted three years and cost the people of the besieged district about five thousand head of cattle and horses and many of the people were killed and wounded and much property destroyed. The militia at Camp Douglas under command of Colonel Connor was appealed to for troops to defend the people. The Colonel replied, the California volunteers comprising his command were there to protect the mail routes. That the territorial militia must be called out to protect the settlers.

"At that time the Utah Militia was disorganized by order of the Governor who was not friendly towards the people. He had forbidden them from gathering in groups armed.

"We were not prepared to defend ourselves against the Indians. A few companies were mustered in. The general belief was that the war would not amount to much. The Indians were generally successful in their raids which encouraged them and also encouraged other Indians to join them. They got a lot of stock and killed a number of settlers."

He continues:

"... we moved to Bernard Snow's sawmill, at the mouth of Oak Creek Canyon, where I had contracted to haul logs to be sawed into lumber on shares. I to have half of the lumber.

"I built a two room cabin at the mill and Millie, my wife, did the cooking. I hired Brig. Lee and two others to chop logs and had Thomas Gledhill, my brother-in-law help me with the hauling. We built a road up the side of a mountain to a flat where was some good timber. The road was too steep for wagons. We hauled the logs on carts and dragged the ends of the logs. We could make two trips a day and made good headway.

"The Indians had been troublesome and had killed three men during the summer. On the 13th of August Indians attacked the Fairview cow herd and killed Nathan Stewart and wounded Peter Larsen.

"Snow's wife was my wife's oldest sister. She was keeping house for him and cooked for the mill hands. We were advised to move the women out. Soon after Snow shut down the mill and hired William Higbee to stay there as watchman. I continued bringing logs to the mill with the help of Thomas Gledhill. I had contracted to furnish lumber to finish a school house in Mount Pleasant, and was doing well. Daniel Miller of Nephi, Juab County was building a house at Nephi. He and his son Dan M. Miller fourteen years old were getting out logs with a pair of mules. That made five of us at the mill. I was making about a hundred dollars a week and was anxious to continue as long as weather would permit.

"On the 26th of September, 1872, Indians came in the night and lay in ambush for us when we should start out to work in the morning. East of the house about thirty yards lay a pile of poles. The Indians had laid the small ends of two poles, one on each end of the pile of poles and a large one on them; making an opening that they could poke their guns through, pointing towards the house. We saw where five Indians had lain behind the poles, no doubt to shoot us when we should go out to work.

"We were intending to go to Mount Pleasant that day with lumber and we maneuvered different to our usual custom. I got up at daybreak and called Tom Gledhill to go after the oxen about a mile south.

"I went to the mill and rolled a log on the carriage to saw out a set of joist that I wanted to repair my house in Mount Pleasant. Shortly after I left the house Gledhill came out and went after the oxen. Soon after Miller came to the mill to load his wagon and his boy came soon after. Higbee remained in the house preparing breakfast. Gledhill brought the oxen and yoked them and left them in the mill yard. I finished my load, and Miller and his boy started to Mount Pleasant with their load. I left my oxen and wagon in the mill yard and went down to breakfast. As I went in at the door the Millers passed the house and drove down the road about a hundred yards and stopped to tighten their binder. While in the act, the Indians ran down a hollow north of the road where they had their horses tied to oak brush and from ambush shot Miller in three places. One bullet passing through his bowels, breaking his back. He fell off the wagon on the north side. The boy was shot through one thigh and in one wrist, the bullet passing between the two bones. He jumped off the wagon on the south side and started to run to the house. The Indians headed him off and he turned and ran down the road towards Spring Town. We heard the shooting a few seconds after I got in the house. I looked through a window but could not see the Millers for a patch of oak brush between them and the house. We thought the Millers were shooting at a rabbit or wolf and took no more notice of it. We finished our breakfast, and the three of us started to go to the mill after my load. We got about half way, when we heard the rattle of a wagon. We looked back and saw it was Dolph Bennett from Mount Pleasant. He was standing on the tongue hounds of his wagon driving as fast as his horses could go. He called out. There is a man shot all to pieces below the house. We then thought of the shooting we heard and turned and ran down to the house. When near the house we saw horsemen through the brush and thought they were Indians trying to head us off from getting to the house. They were men from Springtown. They were on their way to the mountains after some horses. They had got word that Indian signs had been seen, and the Indians would steal the horses. They were coming up the road and they met the boy that was wounded going down the road. He was exhausted from loss of blood. One of the men took him down to town and the others came to the mill. We went down together to where the shooting had taken place and found Miller about a rod north of his wagon with his face on a big bed of cactus where the Indians had dragged him. I put my arm under his neck to lift him off the cactus. He bent where his back was broken and we heard the bones grate. I asked if it hurt him. He said no. He said he was thirsty. One of the men got on the wagon to get something to get water in. The Indians had taken everything but the grub box. I said my hat would hold water and ran to the creek and filled it with water and he drank out

of my hat.

"When we got down to his wagon, Bennett went to Mount Pleasant and reported to Colonel John L. Ivie. He came up with a small company of men from Mount Pleasant.

"When we got down to Miller and were planning how to get him to Springtown we decided that the Springtown men should make a litter of four small poles with a pair of blankets of Higbee's fastened to the poles with strings. Thomas Gledhill was sent to the house after the blankets and a bucket. When he brought them he was sent on a hill near by to watch for Indians. Higbee and I followed the tracks of the Indians to Cedar Creek Canyon to where they had gone up a wide hollow with big oak brush in it. I said to Higbee, I am not going there. It will give the Indians too good a chance to shoot us without us seeing them. He said, I will go alone then, and went on. I went back a short distance and went on a ridge a short distance north to see if I could see the Indians but could see none. I saw one of Miller's mules a short distance north with the harness on. I thought the Indians might be there, but the mule was feeding contentedly and concluded it had been left because it was too slow. I went to it. The Indians had taken the bridle and line, but had no use for the harness. There was nothing suitable to lead it with. I cut a service berry switch and tied it around its neck and led it back to the wagon. When I got there, Ivie and his men were there. The others were ready to start to Springtown with Miller. Some of them had gone to the mill and brought down my team. The Springtown men carried Miller on the litter. Gledhill took Miller's wagon down with my leaders and I took mine with my other two yoke of oxen. Ivie with his men followed the Indian trail up the mountain but did not overtake them.

"When we got about half way to Springtown, Miller said he was tired and wished they would let him down to rest. We gathered around him. He was perfectly rational and talked to us. We asked if he wanted us to take revenge on the Indians. He said no. They don't know better. We asked if he had any word he wished to leave for his folks if he should not live to see them. His eyes were turning glassy, we knew he was dying. He said no, but would like to see his twins before he died. A pair of twin baby boys had lately been born to him. He died there."

With the end of the Black Hawk War, the settlers moved back into the Sevier Valley which had been abandoned during the conflict. In 1875, when Thomas was 19, he went to Vermillion, Utah to live with Peter Gottfredson, who had been called to settle there by the river, by Brigham Young. He lived in a log cabin then. A short time later Thomas brought his parents from Mt. Pleasant to Vermillion where they all lived in a dugout, until an adobe house could be finished. This house was north of Vermillion on a three corner piece of ground where the railroad and highway run today.

From 1877 to 1880 Thomas freighted supplies to the mining towns of Silver Reef, Utah and Pioche, Nevada. He and Pete were partners in the effort. They freighted hay, grain, butter, and eggs and did most of their traveling at night to keep the food fresher. One time they were able to sell their hay for \$125 a ton.

Thomas also made many trips back to Mt. Pleasant and on one of those trips he meet Lillie Belle Ivie. He courted her, they fell in love, and were married in Pete's cabin in Vermillion on January 8, 1882. He was 25 years old and she was 16. Belle's father John Lehi Ivie and his third wife Violet Gledhill were the witnesses for the marriage.

They made their first home in Mt. Pleasant and Thomas got a job carrying the mail between Mt. Pleasant and Manti. Their first child, Thomas Ray, was born to them there. After a year and a half they moved back to Vermillion. Thomas took up 160 acres of land, some on the hillside and some on the river bottom near the Rocky Ford over the Sevier River. They build a log cabin just below the ford.

From 1883 to 1892, they worked their farm, built a frame house, and had five more sons; Hugh Lafayette, John Ivo, Alden Oscar, Herbert France, and Fred Ovi. On November 25, 1885 Thomas became a citizen of the United States of America.

On July 6, 1888, Thomas' father Edward died. At the funeral his mother Betty caught pneumonia. She died 12 days later on July 18, 1888. Thomas and his sister Mary Gledhill Barton did the temple work for them on May 23, 1889 at the newly dedicated Manti Temple.

On September 11, 1892, 14 days after the birth of Fred, Thomas was called on a mission to England. His brother-in-law James Oscar Ivie was also called at the same time. He left his family 2 days later on September 13th to go on his mission. The following was written by Alice Gottfredson, Peter's second wife, for their farewell party.

Brothers and sisters, dear friends one and all,
We've met here tonight your attention to call
To these brethren the time when from us they take leave
The gospel to their hearts more closely to cleave.
From wives, children, and friends they sadly depart
The thought of obedience foremost in their hearts.
To leave all that's dear in their own mountain home
And go far away among strangers to roam
With Him for dependence in good or in ill
They trust all to God, His promises to fill
That their families will be blessed with food and with clothes
That the destroyer will pass by them as it did those of old
That the good spirit of heaven their stay will remain
And help them through trials their faith to maintain
For the support of their families is indeed quite a load
Added to our dear sisters' already difficult road.
But how bravely they shouldered and carried it on.
Oh! Tell it who will there's no mortal who can
Only that all seeing eye of our Creator above
Can tell what they suffered for His divine love
O bless them we pray thee for their patient endurance
And bless their dear husbands for their love of Thy work
We thank thee dear Father for guiding their labors
We thank thee for these who have come from afar
May the gospel seeds sown never cease to spring upward
May the flowers bloom sweetly, the fruit ripen in love
And may the glad tidings that they have resounded
Gather many to Zion to praise God above
And again we feel thankful. We have them now with us
We praise Him that the lives of their families are spared
And that we all meet tonight and with one heart rejoice
In thanking our Maker for the gospel we've shared.

Thomas had the opportunity of going to a formal school for only six months, during the time he lived in England, but he was a great reader and a fine penman, and was considered a well read man. The following is an example of his handwriting, which is taken from the first entry of his missionary journal.

Thomas travelled by cart to Salina where he caught the train to Mt. Pleasant. He visited some relatives there and got a Patriarchal Blessing. The next day he left on the train for Salt Lake City. In Salt Lake City he participated in the Republican convention, was instructed and set apart for his mission, and, while walking in the streets, met President Woodruff who told them about his mission to England. Thomas left Salt Lake City for New York City by train on September 17, 1892. He stopped in Chicago long enough to go see the grounds of the World's fair, and finally arrived in New York on September 22. While in New York he went to see the Brooklyn Bridge, Castle Gardens, and the Statue of Liberty. He also went to see a play called "The Rebel". Thomas then left New York City on the ship "Wisconsin" at 10 a.m. on September 25 for Liverpool, England. The passage was somewhat stormy, and he was seasick for part of it, but not as seasick as some of the other missionaries with whom he was traveling. He arrived in Liverpool on October 5, 1892 and was assigned to labor in the Manchester Conference, in the City of Oldham, where he had lived as a boy. The whole journey was 6125 miles.

A promise had been given to Thomas in his patriarchal blessing that he should be delivered from perils of the great deep, and "from pestilence and disease. Plagues shall be stayed at your word." While Thomas was on his mission, an epidemic known as Black Small Pox broke out in England and all who had been exposed were put in a walled enclosure in quarantine. Thomas was able to go in and bless the afflicted church members, and as he passed by, other people would put their hands out to touch him, believing that they would be healed. All the Saints, who were quarantined, survived.

Some insight into Thomas's missionary activities can be obtained from the 1893 edition of the "Millennial Star." It mentions on pages 168 and 616, that Thomas attended the Manchester Conferences, and on the February 19 conference, he administered the sacrament. The statistical report on page 162 shows that at the end of 1892, the Manchester conference consisted of 157 members. Thomas was one of about 10 missionaries in the Manchester conference. The following entry is from page 616 of the 1893 "Millennial Star."

MANCHESTER CONFERENCE

The Manchester Conference convened at 18 Hanshaw Street, Oldham, Sunday, August 20, 1893. There were present: Anthon H. Lund, President of the European Mission; Thomas E. Taylor, E. A. Stratford and J. V. Bluth, of the Liverpool office; Robert Aveson, President of, and J. H. Evens, B. M. Blackhurst, Thomas Gledhill, Andrew Wallwork, N. L. Morris, D. C. Wood, M. A. Romney and Joseph Ogden, Traveling Elders in the Manchester Conference; H. W. Lunt, President of, and C. E. Murdock, G. M. Thompson, I. C. Brown, John W. McPherson and Brigham Davis, Traveling Elders in the Liverpool Conference.

Three interesting meetings were held, which were well attended by both Saints and strangers. The speakers were filled with the Holy Spirit and instructions were given which edified and strengthened the Saints.

The general authorities of the Church, and of the European Mission, and the Traveling Elders in the Manchester Conference, were presented and unanimously sustained.

The report of statistics and labors of the Elders for the six months ending June, 30, 1893, was read as follows: Seventies 9; Elders 23; Priests 7; Teachers 2; Deacons 3; members 146; total officers and members 188; baptisms 26; confirmations 26; died 2; in-door meetings 211; outdoor meetings 14; tracts distributed 2,750; books sold and distributed 148; Sunday School sessions 25. A Priesthood meeting was held on Saturday evening, August 19, at which the Elders reported their labors during the past six months.

George Clark, Clerk.

Two of Thomas's missionary companions were Joseph Ogden of Richfield and G. T. Humphrey of Salina. One day while tracting Joseph Ogden came upon a lady who had a rather precious book, a copy of the 1853 Millennial Star. She was a member of the church, but her husband was not, and he was very bitter. So for 25 years she had kept this book hidden from him. She got the book out and gave it to Brother Ogden. As their conversation continued, Brother Ogden mentioned that his companion was Thomas Gledhill. The woman had known Thomas and his family before they had left England in 1868, and so she asked Brother Ogden to return the book, which he

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Edward Gledhill and Betty Hague

did. She then gave the copy of the 1853 Millennial Star to Thomas when she later met him.

Thomas returned from his mission departing from Greenhook near Glasgow on September 28, 1894 on the ship the "City of Rome", along with 9 other elders and 48 members who were immigrating to Zion. There were others on the ship bringing the total to about 350 people. The passage was quite rough and Thomas notes in his journal that he was quite seasick most of the time. They arrived in New York on October 6, 1894 and then travelled by train back to Utah. Thomas arrived in Vermillion at 9 p. m. on October 11, 1894 to find his wife "Quite sick." Among the immigrants were Thomas's converts Steve and Eliza, Betty, Tom, and Alice Nelson; the Jimmy Walker family; and the Sainsbury family. Tom and Alice Nelson lived with Thomas's family for the first while after getting to Utah. They were eager to learn about their new home. One day Alice came back to the house from exploring with a whole lapful of little black and white kittens that she had found. They were skunks and she and Tom got real scented up before things were finally taken care of.

Thomas's grandson Clifford Gledhill tells, that in March 1934, he was attending a baptismal service in his ward in California. The janitor, who was an old man, heard the name Gledhill and introduced himself. He said "You have a name to live up to. You bear the Gledhill name. It was the name of the man who baptized me back in England." The man was named Sainsbury and had been baptized by Thomas when he was a young boy.

Upon his return from his mission, Thomas was appointed Bishop of the Vermillion Ward, replacing Peter Gottfredson. He took up farming again, but was also appointed to be the Forest Ranger at Fish Lake from 1895 to 1900. He kept a herd of cows up at Seven Mile, and a family named Russell milked the cows for him and made cheese. Thomas' family would spend the summers at Fish Lake. They slept on pine bough beds, picked berries, and caught fish with their hands in the creeks running into Fish Lake. Thomas received much acclaim for his Dutch Oven cooking. His father-in-law John Lehi Ivie was also the Fish Commissioner at Fish Lake during that period of time. Thomas also bought Peter Gottfredson's rock house in Vermillion and moved his family out of their small house on the farm.

After John Lehi Ivie's third wife Violet (who was also Thomas's sister) died in 1900, he and his daughter Luta lived with Thomas's family. John Lehi Ivie was a great storyteller, and spent many hours entertaining the family with Indian or bear stories. He and Thomas had a great many political arguments. He was a Democrat, while Thomas was a Republican. Later on Thomas served as the doorman at the Utah State Senate from 1922 to 1926.

Thomas and Belle did a lot of traveling for their time. In 1909 they went to Chicago to see their son Ray graduate as a Doctor of Medicine. In 1910 they went to Canada to visit Belle's sister Susannah (Sude) Heninger. They went to California just after their son Bert went into the Army in November 1916, and made many later trips there when their son Fred moved to California. They also made several trips to Idaho.

Thomas loved fine horses and was widely known for his horses. He always timed his trips from Vermillion to Richfield, and if he was in the buggy, he tried to make the trip in 60 minutes. He was always very strict with his boys about caring for the horses.

Bert's wife Maggie died of a kidney infection on January 11, 1917 leaving a six month old baby, Millan. Bert had gone into the Army on November 4, 1916, during World War I, and was later killed by shrapnel from artillery fire in Boves, France on June 14, 1918. This was the beginning of a string of deaths in the family. On July 31, 1917, their third son Ivo died from complications following an appendix operation. Then on January 7, 1918 his wife Jane died, a victim of the big flu epidemic. Their two daughters Ivie and Melba came to live with Thomas and Belle. On April 8, 1924 their son Lafay was killed in an accident when horses ran away with the wagon he was driving. On March 2, 1928 Thomas's son-in-law Randall died from poisoning.

One time when Thomas was sick with pneumonia, his son Ray and Bishop William Seegmiller administered to him. After they had finished and had left the room, Thomas asked his family "Who was that man with them?" He was assured that there had only been the two men, and he always believed that the other "man" was a heavenly spirit who assisted in the blessing. He soon recovered.

Thomas was a devout man and his church meant much to him. He was baptized in February 1865 by Miles P. Romney and confirmed by his uncle James Gledhill. He was ordained a Teacher by Isaac Pierce, an Elder by

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Edward Gledhill and Betty Hague, A Story

Peter Gottfredson on October 8, 1882, a Seventy by George Reynolds on September 17, 1892, and a High Priest by Francis M. Lyman on June 2, 1896. He served as Bishop beginning on September 16, 1894 with Jacob Gottfredson and later in the bishopric with John Dastrup. This was when Sigurd and Vermillion were in the same ward. He also served as the Superintendent of the Sunday School and as a counselor in the M.I.A. In the 1920s, he served on the Stake Sunday School Board. One time when he made a trip to visit the Koosharem Ward, the brakes on the car failed on the Glenwood dugway, and they came down the hill at a fast clip with no way to stop until they got down to the level ground. He did much temple work and spent much effort in gathering his genealogical information.

Thomas and Belle liked to sing. The family always gathered at their home after Sunday School for dinner, and the spare time was spent around the piano singing together. Thomas would take his daughters Ida and Millie on his lap and sing:

Two little girls in blue,
Love two little girls in blue,
They were sisters and we were brothers
And we learned to love the two.

Late in Thomas's life, his family held a birthday celebration for him and for Peter Gottfredson. The following is the account of the celebration published in the Richfield Reaper in April 1926:

150 years is the sum total of the span of the lives of two pioneers who jointly celebrated their 80 and 70 birthday Sunday. Peter Gottfredson, the well known, well loved and well respected pioneer and Indian fighter, age 80; and just as well known, beloved, respected pillar of our church and community worker, Thomas Gledhill, age 70, both born on the same day of the month April, one in 1846 and the other in 1856.

Mr. Gledhill is a steady resident of Richfield, always in our midst, while Mr. Gottfredson is spending the winter in the Soldiers Home at Sawtelle, California, and comes to his old home only for the summer months. He returned here Wed. of last week with the same jovial mind, the same vivacity of body and spirit and plus a healthy growth of chin whiskers. Both of these men are hale and hearty so much so that the century old joke of 80 years young and 70 years young may well be applied to them, not as a joke but in all seriousness. Both are carved out of the hardy material from which pioneers are made.

The celebration was held in the Thomas Gledhill home. Mrs. Gledhill gleefully and cheerfully acting as hostess and the children of both honored guests with their families participating in the sumptuous dinner and the other accessories to the observation of so memorable a day. So many were the guests that the table had to be set twice.

The main speech of the day was given by the elder of the two pioneers who in summing up his remarks read the following reflections as he called his thoughts:

"This is the most important milestone of my life because it is as far as I have got. I can look back and see the mistakes I have made, also the successes. In my minds eye I can see where I could have done better, but would I? I hold here a manuscript history of my life including the names of many I have associated with socially, in business and in the family relationship. It contains more than 300 pages. In the preface, I mention the little daily occurrences that make up the whole. We can look back and see where we might have done better, but would we? Environments have much to do with shaping our nature and our character and destiny. Had we in any certain state of our life taken a different course it is impossible to know where it would have led. So I say we must harbor no regrets, but try to make the best of the future. Life is as a stream leading to somewhere. I have often in my mind compared it with starting out on a highway with many roads leading in every direction and in each place conditions differ as do the people we associate with which would effect our condition in life, and who can say which would have been the best road to follow? So I say try to live each day so as to have no regrets. I am pleased to

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Edward and Betty

have the opportunity of spending the 80th anniversary of my birth with my brother-in-law Thomas Gledhill, whose birthday is the same day just 10 years apart. We spent our birthdays together 20 years ago. We have associated together for 54 years since 1872 when I married his sister Amelia. We were together in Pioche in 1873 and off and on ever since.

If the years before had been lived alright
Your feet would be nimble your eyes will be bright
And you will be loved though your hair may be white,
When you are 80.

But if it be that you're faded and worn
By the battles you've fought and the burdens you've borne,
By a smile you'll win more than by looking forlorn,
Even when you are 80.

If you've scattered kindness along the years
Brought smile to the face that was bathed in tears
Or the spirit of peace to help banish fears,
You won't mind being 80.

If you choose with care the seeds you sow
You will reap with pleasure the crops that grow,
These things I tell you are things I know,
Because I am 80.

On May 1, 1929, Thomas's wife Belle died and shortly after that, Thomas suffered a small stroke. He drug one leg when he walked after that, and lost his sense of touch in one hand. But he was only bed-fast for four days before his death on December 12, 1933 of uremic poisoning.

The following was taken from the Deseret News, December 13, 1933, Section 2, page 8:

THOMAS GLEDHILL

RICHFIELD -- Thomas Gledhill, 77, of Richfield, died at his home here Tuesday, following a month's illness of uremic poisoning. Mr. Gledhill's health had been failing for the past several months. Born in Oldham, England, on April 17, 1856 he was a son of Edward and Betty Hague Gledhill. When 12 years of age he came to Utah with his parents, who settled in Mt. Pleasant, where he resided until his marriage to Lillie Belle Ivie, Jan. 8, 1882, at which time he moved to Vermillion. For the past 15 years, he has resided at Richfield.

He was a Black Hawk Indian War veteran.

The father of eight children, six sons and two daughters, he is survived by three sons: Dr. T. R. Gledhill of Richfield, Alden Gledhill of Salt Lake City, and Fred Gledhill of Hollywood, California. Also two daughters, Mrs. Ida Christensen and Mrs. Millie Nebeker, both of Richfield. Thirty-five grandchildren and five great-grandchildren also survive. His wife preceded him in death four and one-half years ago.

Funeral services will be conducted on Thursday at 1:10 pm in the Sevier Stake Tabernacle at Richfield, with interment in the City cemetery.

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Edward and Betty

The following is a biography of Ida's mother.

Lillie Belle Ivie

Lillie Belle Ivie was born on October 13, 1865 in Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete County, Utah, the seventh child of John Lehi Ivie and Mary Catherine Barton. She was called Belle. Her oldest brother and two of her older sisters did not survive childhood, so at the time of her birth the children in her family consisted of Mary Susannah, age 9, John Lafayette, age 4, and James Oscar, age 2. Her father also had a second wife, Maryett Carter who lived in Provo.

Belle was a year old when the Black Hawk War with the Indians began and as her father became a Colonel in the conflict, he was away from home much of the time. This Indian story involving Belle is taken from the Deseret News Weekly of July 10, 1872, and is also quoted on page 284 of "Indian Depredations in Utah" by Peter Gottfredson:

INDIANS -- We met Brother Henry N. Larter, of Sanpete Co., today. He arrived in town yesterday, in company with Col. John L. Ivie and the latter's family. He reports that when they were about four miles from the divide in Salt Creek Canyon, six Utes, among whom was Tabiona, rode up to them and demanded to know of Col. Ivie whether he was "Jim" Ivie," the colonel's brother. On being answered in the negative they passed on. In a short time, however, they returned, rode in front of the wagon, stopped it, and reiterated the question. One of the Indians then said it was not "Jim Ivie," but his brother. At this time Tabiona had his hand on his arrows, and another Indian had his rifle ready for use. The Indians, however, again passed along and after going a short distance they stopped and held a council. The team was then made to travel at a lively pace. When the Indians saw this two of them started after it coming towards the wagon about three hundred yards, but seeing their companions did not follow, they stopped and went back. One Indian was so drunk he could scarcely sit on his horse and the others had also been drinking, but they knew what they were doing.

Since writing the above, Col. J. L. Ivie called at our office and, being well acquainted with Indian character, says that he has no doubt that had himself and those who were with him not got away, the Indians intended to murder them.

Belle was six years old at the time and was in the wagon. Her brother James Oscar Ivie recalled that Lyman R. Peters was driving the wagon, that they were very much frightened, and that the smaller children were covered with bedding in the wagon. Her father said that if the Indians had overtaken them the second time, he intended to jump out of the wagon and let it go on, taking his chances with the Indians. He was well armed. Belle remembered the incident very well and said that the bedding used to cover them was a feather bed, since her mother thought that feathers would deflect the arrows. She told how frightened they were, and that they were told by their parents not to cry or make a noise in the hopes that the Indians would not know that there were children in the wagon.

After the Black Hawk War was over, Belle's father worked with the Indians and they were always camping at his place. One time Belle was babysitting the smaller children and heard a noise downstairs. She lit a lamp and came down with the next oldest child to investigate. In the light as she came down, she saw a room full of Indians who wanted her father. She was so frightened that the lamp shook and she had to put it down. She told the Indians that her father wasn't at home. They left, but one Indian buck would keep coming back, putting his arms on the door, and grinning at her. She was very glad when her parents returned. She never overcame her fear and dislike of Indians, or of being left alone in the dark. Later in her life, whenever her husband was gone, if someone approached the house no lamps were lighted and no noise was made by the children, until she was sure who was calling. When her husband was away on a mission, a Brother Adshead used to bring gifts to the family to help them out and drove a long way to do it. But one night when he arrived, Belle kept him out of the house all night, because she wasn't sure who he was.

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

John Lehi Ivie

When Belle was 13 or 14 years old, she had a dream which worried her so much that she went out to the wood pile, where her father was cutting wood, to tell him about it. She dreamed of the end of the world. She saw a terrible storm. She saw the earth shake and rocks fall on people. She saw people kneel and beg to be killed by the rocks and the storm. She saw that her mother was in the group, and after a time of horror, the tempest was stilled and bright lights came. After she had told her father of the dream, he called her mother over to hear the dream too, and she cried, and confessed some of her sins.

Later on, Belle's parents decided that they would separate. Her mother was going to go to Carey, Idaho with Lyman Peters, who had been a business partner with her father. The children were given the choice of which parent they wanted to go with. The four youngest went with their mother and the older ones, including Belle, stayed with their father in Mt. Pleasant.

When she was 15 years old, Belle moved to Chester, which was about 10 miles away, to teach school, even though she did not have much education herself. She lived with her older sister Susannah, who was married to John Heninger. However, he was determined to have Belle as his second wife, so about a year later, to get away from him, she moved back to Mt. Pleasant. There she met Thomas Gledhill who lived in Vermillion, but who hauled freight throughout the area. They were married on January 8, 1882 in a log cabin in Vermillion. They were sealed in the Endowment House on October 10, 1882.

The night of their wedding, they had a wedding dance, and Belle danced and danced. Only after the dance did Thomas find out that her shoes were too small and that her feet hurt her terribly. Belle was proud of her small feet and always wore her shoes too small to emphasize the fact. She suffered from corns and bunions in later life and had lots of trouble with her feet. She was proud of her appearance and she did not feel dressed up without beads on, and always wore them. She liked little touches of lace or buttons on her clothes to dress them up, and often wore flowers in her hair.

Thomas and Belle lived in Mt. Pleasant until their first son Thomas Ray was born in 1883. They then decided to move to Vermillion where Thomas had taken up land. When they left Mt. Pleasant to move to Vermillion in their wagon, they got to about where the town of Sterling is now, when Thomas became very ill, so they decided to camp there for the night. Belle unharnessed the team and went out in the brush to collect firewood. It was dusk and as she rounded a big bush, she suddenly came face to face with a crazy woman, who frightened her greatly. Belle ran back to the wagon, harnessed the team back up, and drove on for several miles more before finally stopping for the night. Even then she just unharnessed the horses and ate a cold supper in the wagon without making any fire. Thomas was better the next morning. He always thought that it must have been an appendicitis attack. For the first while, they lived in a log cabin on their farm near Vermillion, while they built a larger frame house. Then about 1901 they moved into the rock house in Vermillion.

A dugway ran along the south of the farm and many times people tipped over there and fell into the bushes or river and would have to be rescued, often at night. This river was the summer swimming hole and the whole family would often go swimming together, often joined by James Oscar Ivie's family.

Belle was a good seamstress and made all the clothes for her family; coats, hats, pants, dresses, and anything else. She could tat, crochet and embroider, and her home was made beautiful with her handiwork. Her mother, who had gone to Idaho with Lyman Peters, lived near a mine, and the miners there would wear their clothes until they were dirty and then just throw them away. Her mother would pick up the dirty clothes, wash them, and then send them to Belle so she could make them into clothes for her family.

Belle loved flowers and worked early and late to keep her yard beautiful. She was always bringing home a new flower to plant, or if she went into the mountains, she would bring back a bucket or sack of dirt to put in her gardens. She liked camping out and claimed that her husband was the best campfire cook in the world. Likewise, he always said, "Give her a fire and a can of tomatoes, and she can make a big meal."

Belle could pick up handfuls of bees and not get stung, at least not very often. She would always go to get a swarm. One time she was getting a swarm down from the top of one of her cherry trees and she had stacked up tables, chairs, and boxes to help get her and the hive up to the swarm, but she got off balance and fell. This time she

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

John Lehi Ivie

really got stung. But she still saved the swarm of bees.

Belle and her husband Thomas had six sons: Thomas Ray, Hugh Lafayette (Lafay pronounced LAY-fee), John Ivo, Alden Oscar, Herbert France (Bert), and Fred Ovi. When Fred was nine days old, Thomas was called on a mission to England and left two days later. He rented his farm to Billy Carter, but he wasn't much of a farmer, and so Belle and her family were hard pressed for money all during the time that Thomas was gone. She always had faith that money would be provided when they needed it, and many people were kind to her, giving her food, clothing, and money. But it was really a hard time and many times she told of being down to their last food, and going to the door to find a sack of flour or other food left there by known or sometimes unknown friends. She always felt that they would have enough, and also keep well, while her husband was gone, and they did.

One time Belle was down to her last \$5. Thomas needed money, she owed tithing, and her sons needed shoes. She started to town to buy shoes in her old one horse cart. But after going several miles, she decided that she really should pay the tithing and turned back. It took all the strength she had, and when she got back, her boys were very disappointed. But the next morning, when she awoke, she found a sack of clothing and a sack of flour on the doorstep. In the top of the sack she found a note saying that this was a gift from a friend. There was also some money with the note. This was cause for great rejoicing and giving of thanks.

While Thomas was gone on his mission, Belle's sisters spent much time with her. One time when May was staying with her, they were awakened in the night by strange noises. Belle lit the lamp, and they discovered a young skunk in the room. Neither dared to put a foot on the floor, but May crawled over the bed and chairs to the cupboard to get an egg. She broke it into a saucer and put strychnine on the egg. Then she placed the saucer on the floor and crawled back over the chairs to the bed. The skunk ate the egg and soon died. After that, the cat's hole was plugged a little better, so no more skunks would get in.

After Thomas returned from his mission, they added two daughters to the family: Ida Belle, and Amelia May (Millie). Belle was dangerously ill for quite some time after Millie's birth. She was delirious part of the time. Once when she prayed that she would be spared to raise her children, she slept and dreamed that a man in white came to her and told her that her time wasn't now. He told her that she would live many more years. Then, with a lot of noise, a train with open cars came. Seated in the cars were old ladies dressed in white and all with white hair. A man was in charge of the train, and he gave it into Belle's care. She felt that this dream was fulfilled, when later in her life she was given charge of the Stake Relief Society; the train in her dream. Sometime after Millie was born, Belle also gave birth to a stillborn child, believed to also be a daughter.

Belle liked parties and having people over to eat. Her pantry in the rock house was large and, at party time, every shelf would be filled with pies, tarts, cakes, and so on. She was known for her many kinds of pies. At the foot of the stairs into the cellar, she kept a large barrel of dill pickles, and in winter she kept a crock of mincemeat in her bedroom window. She liked costume parties, playing charades and other guessing games, and playing checkers. She liked swimming in the canal or wading in a stream. She liked anything that was good clean fun. Although she never received much education, she liked to read. The following is a sample of her handwriting.

People sent for her whenever there was sickness or to have her lay out the dead. She served as a midwife and helped deliver most of her grandchildren as well as many others.

Belle's father John Lehi Ivie got married in 1881 to Belle's sister-in-law Violet, and they had four children including a daughter named Luta. After Violet died in 1900, Belle's father and Luta came to live with Belle and her family in the rock house. Luta died of typhoid fever in 1903. One day during the winter of 1908-9, Belle's father was sitting in the rocking chair by the stove. He died and slid forward in the chair so that his knees were against the stove, burning them badly. When Belle discovered what had happened, she was so upset and promised the Lord so much, and prayed so fervently, that she brought him back to life. He lived for about another three months in terrible agony. Belle had no real rest during the whole time with death's rattle in his throat for so long. It was a terrible thing for her to have to go through. She often said after that experience that she would never again try to change the will of God.

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Mary Catherine Barton

From 1895 until 1913 Belle held many positions in the Church. She was a counselor in the Mutual to Phoebe Holman in 1895, to Alice Gottfredson in 1901, and to Annie Stringham in 1909. She was the secretary to the ward Relief Society during 1904 to 1912, and she also worked in the Primary. She would often take some of her children with her to auxiliary meetings in the one horse cart, or on horseback with one child in front and one or two behind her on the horse. Often she and Annie Stringham rode to meetings on the same horse. Some time before 1912 she was put in the Stake Primary board, and it was during that time that the church first instituted classes in Primary and they also held Primary fairs to display the children's handiwork. At this time the stake took in all of Sevier county and parts of Wayne, Piute, and Garfield Counties. There were 23 wards in all and Belle visited the wards by horse and buggy. It required three days to make a visit to the Marysvale or Koosharm wards, and it wasn't very often that any of the men could spare the time to go with the ladies on their visits to the wards.

Belle was called to be the Stake Relief Society President on June 22, 1913. The family went to Stake Conference in Richfield that morning, and after the morning session of Stake Conference they went to the home of Belle's oldest son Ray, who lived in Richfield, for dinner. Belle was late coming for dinner and when she arrived, just went into a bedroom and cried. Each of her family went to get her to come eat, but each found her on her knees praying or crying; leaving them wondering what in the world was wrong. Eventually she told them that she had been called as the Stake Relief Society President and would be sustained in the afternoon session of Stake conference. She held this position for the next 16 years.

During her presidency, the Relief Society made many changes and accomplished many things. Each Tuesday was designated as Relief Society day. The General Board began sending lessons to the wards to promote temple excursions, scripture reading, and home evenings. A burial department was set up in the Stake Tithing office. During World War I, they checked food and sold bonds. During the 1918 flu epidemic, meetings were canceled for two months, many people needed to be buried, and a children's clinic was established and operated. In 1921, the stake was divided into three stakes and she continued on as Relief Society President of the Sevier Stake. In March 1929 she was in charge of a very successful pageant that was put on at the high school to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the Relief Society.

Just as when she was with the Stake Primary, she had to make many visits to the Wards in a horse and buggy as the Stake Relief Society President. Her husband would occasionally go with her, but usually she was on her own, and she had to deal with many run-away scares, and break downs of the buggy or harness. She would sometimes take some of her children with her. They would stay with one of the ward members overnight on the long trips. How glad they always seemed to have Mother visit them. She was almost a relative. She knew about their families and their hopes and their dreams and sorrows. She would cry with them in their sorrows and rejoice with them too. She always kept notes about the people they visited, and read them over before trips, so she would know about the families and their hopes and dreams and sorrows when she met with them. The people she visited always seemed glad for her visits and almost considered her one of the family. Eventually they got a car, which helped with the trips.

During this same period of time Belle's daughter-in-law Maggie, who was married to Bert, died in 1917, her son Bert was killed during World War I in 1918, her son Ivo died of appendicitis in 1917, Ivo's wife Jane died in January 1919 of flu in the epidemic of 1918. These deaths, the flu epidemic, and her Relief Society responsibilities during that period of time, made an old woman of Belle, turning her hair gray and bringing a sense of sorrow to her life. Having a great deal of work to do was the only thing that kept her going. The family moved also from Vermillion to Richfield in 1918. Ivo and Jane's two daughters Melba and Ivie came to live with Thomas and Belle after their parents' deaths.

Her son Lafay was killed in a horse run-away in 1924 and her son-in-law Randall died in 1928. Just before Randall died, Belle had a dream in which she saw that he would die, and she saw that his grave would be covered with green. He was the first person to be buried in that new part of the Richfield Cemetery, and the first person to have the green carpets laid around his grave during the service. Ida and her children came to live with Belle and Thomas after Randall's death.

She wasn't very healthy the last ten years of her life. She had a dysentery that was hard to check. She would try anything that someone thought might help, and saw many doctors, but nothing helped her much. She could be well and traveling to somewhere when it would begin, or it would often begin in the middle of the night.

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Mary Catherine Barton

She suffered so much from it. She was so sick the last three months of her life, that it was decided to release her from her Stake Relief Society position. When stake conference time came around, the visiting apostle and the stake president came by her house to tell her that she had been released. When they left she turned her face to the wall, cried, and told her family that she wouldn't live much longer. This was because of the dream about the ladies and the train that she had. The day she died, her husband asked, "Do you still love me?" and she answered, "You bet I do!" Those were her last words. She went into a coma and died in the late evening on May 1, 1929. Although no autopsy was done, the doctor believed that she had died from cancer.

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

The following is a history of Ida's father-in-law and Randall's father.

Peter Christian Christensen

Peter Christian Christensen was born in Copenhagen, Denmark on August 17, 1849, to Christian Christensen and Margrethe Hansdatter. They named him Hans Peter Christensen when he was baptized in the Lutheran church. His parents were converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and on June 11, 1852 they had a second son who they named Johan Erastus Christensen. (Erastus Snow, an apostle, was the President of the Scandinavian Mission, and Johan Eric Forsgren, along with two others, were the missionaries opening up the Scandinavian countries at that time. They began their work in the fall of 1850.)

When Johan Eric Forsgren was released from his mission, he brought the first organized company of saints from Denmark with him back to Utah. The Christensen family were desirous of casting their lot with the people of their faith, and began the journey to Utah in the latter part of 1852. They sailed on the ship "The Lion" to Hull, England. They encountered a fierce storm during the crossing which washed away the ship's bridge and part of the railing. More than hundred other ships were lost in this storm. After they arrived at Hull, they went by rail to Liverpool where they embarked on the ship "Forest Monarch" for America, leaving on January 16, 1853. The emigrants ate split peas and hardtack, or ship's biscuits. The ship was becalmed for a while. By the end of the journey the water supply had almost run out and that, coupled with the poor food, caused a lot of sickness on the ship. About the time that the ship reached the mouth of the Mississippi river, Margrethe died on March 12, 1853 and was buried on an island. Then on April 2, 1853 the baby Johan Erastus died in St. Louis, Missouri and the following day the father Christian also died, leaving Hans Peter Christensen an orphan at the age of 3.

Johan Forsgren (John Fosgren or Forsgreen), the leader of the group took Peter to live with his family, and they made their way across the plains arriving in Utah on September 26, 1853. The family settled first in Brigham City and then in Moroni, Utah. As a young boy Peter ran away from the Fosgrens and went to live and work with the Lowerys. As he grew up he lived and worked with the Lowerys, and was known as Pete Lowery.

He was too young to fight in the Black Hawk War, as did Abner and John Lowery with whom he lived, but he did stand guard and did herd cattle during that time. He told of one incident when he was herding some cattle and saw some Indians coming. He knew that the Indians would take the cattle if he left them and went back to the settlement to warn the settlers. Since the cattle had crossed a canal, which was full of water, and since he could not swim across the canal to start driving the cattle back to the settlement, he was not sure how best to save the cattle, himself, and the settlers. After moments of indecision, he undressed, wrapped his clothes around a rock and threw them across the canal. He then got on his hands and knees and crawled into the water. Holding his breath he crawled along the bottom of the canal as fast as he could until he came up on the other side. He then grabbed his clothes and started the cattle back toward the settlement. Soon he was met by some men from the settlement coming out to help him.

When he decided to marry Mary Mallinson, he needed to find out his real name. He went through the belongings he had inherited from his parents and found a Danish Bible with the names of Christian and Caroline Christensen in it. Believing that he had found the name of his father, he took the name Peter Christian Christensen when he and Mary Mallinson were married in the Endowment House January 29, 1872. He never knew the details of his birth, ancestry, and early life, which have been pieced together through a great deal of research by his granddaughter Mary Christensen Hooper.

Mary Mallinson was born on July 21, 1853 in Ashton-Under-Lyne, Lancashire, England, the youngest child of Edward Mallinson and Ophelia Turner. Her family came to Utah in 1864, settling in Moroni. Peter and Mary were the parents of nine children, Edward, Peter Angelo, Blanche Ophelia, Ernest Raymond, Hannah Caroline (Daisy), Nelson Howard, Mary Viola, Randall, and Frank James.

Peter loved to dance and danced with all the young ladies, as well as those older ones, right up to the time of his death. All would-be partners were eager to dance with him because of his ability. His wife did not often accompany him, but he never missed a dance. He often acted as caller for square dances, too. He also went to all the ball games and to the picture show every night but Sunday. He had a courtesy pass, and the shows played every night but Sunday. His Sunday evenings were spent listening to his collection of records. His record player was the

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

James Russell Ivie and Eliza McKee Fausett

long horn Victrola kind and the records the round disc type. He had boxes and boxes of records.

For the first few years after their marriage, Peter worked at farming and freighting. Beginning about 1880 he had a really large general store that stocked everything needed in the community. But, he ran a largely credit business, and lost his store in the 1890s because he gave merchandise to everyone who needed it without receiving payment for it. He had many customers who owed him thousands of dollars, but he never felt that he should try to force people to pay him. He felt that people would pay him if they could, and people took advantage of him because of it.

During this time, he also owned and ran a sawmill. His daughters Blanche and Daisy took turns cooking at the mill. One day he cut the back of his hand with the big saw. His daughter picked out the bits of bone and bandaged it as best she could. He did not go to the doctor to get further care. This left his two middle fingers stiff, but that did not stop him from getting his work done. The lumber was brought down from the sawmill by sleigh in the winter and by running gears in the summer. He kept a lot of horses for this purpose. He also kept a really fine team for his own driving. His children helped him both at the store and the sawmill.

He was an early riser and always made a point of removing snow from the sidewalks and porches before daylight. His store and barn were one half block west of his brick house and faced each other across the street. He also cleared the snow away from the barn each day.

In 1901 he was appointed to be the Postmaster at Moroni and served in that post for fourteen years, at which time he was replaced in that position by his son Randall. He still worked at the Post Office after Randall took over the responsibilities of being Postmaster.

In his last years he was bald and always wore a black skull cap to keep his head warm. He liked to go to the Andersons and Irons to play cards, but never went often or stayed late. They always made a fuss over Uncle Pete. When he was real old he had a cataract operation on his eye, and this was hard on him and made him older all at once. He didn't do much in the Church in his later life, besides going to Sacrament Meeting. He died on December 19, 1928 in Moroni, Utah and was buried there.

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

History of the Gledhill Surname

The following is a children's story concerning Peter Christensen. It was originally developed by Mary Christensen Hooper.

(Hans) Peter Christian Christensen, A Story

Hans Peter was a little boy who was born in Denmark and came to America. First, he crossed the North Sea and then the Atlantic Ocean in a sailing ship. He was one of the first Danish Saints to come to Utah from that country. His mother and father and baby brother came too, but they died along the way. His mother died on the ship just as it got to America. His father and baby brother died in St. Louis while they were getting ready to cross the plains.

Some times it was fun to be on the ship. Sometimes it was scary like when crossing the North Sea and the storm was so fierce that the waves washed across the deck and washed away the ship's bridge and part of the railing. All the passengers had to go into the hold at the bottom of the ship and the hatches were closed until the storm passed over. The hold was one large room with bunks along the sides and beds on the floor. As the storm caused the waves to roll over the deck, the water would run into the hold and the people and their beds got wet. More than one hundred other ships were destroyed in this storm.

When the storm was over and the people went up to the deck they found the boxes holding some of the cargo had broken. The goods, including some apples, were strewn all over the deck, and some of the cargo had been washed overboard. The children and their parents were allowed to pick up and eat all the apples they wanted. The sailors put ropes where the railing was broken so no one would fall into the sea.

In spite of the storm, all on the ship "The Lion" arrived safely in Hull, England. The immigrants then continued their journey by rail across to Liverpool where the people boarded the "Forest Monarch" to complete their journey to America.

During some of the days on the voyage to America, it was perfectly calm and the ship was unable to move forward, and had to stay in the same place until the wind came again.

Their food was split peas, cooked in large boilers, and hardtack, a kind of a hard biscuit. Their drinking water was stored in barrels. The water supply ran out before they reached land. The poor food and bad water made it hard for all of them.

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Barkisland Hall and the Family of Gledhill

After his father and baby brother died in St. Louis, Hans Peter didn't have any family to take care of him. He was just three and a half years old. He made the best of it and crossed the plains with the wagon train. The man who was the leader of the Danish pioneers let Hans Peter live with his family.

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Barkisland Hall and the Family of Gledhill

When he got a little older, it was Hans Peter's job to herd the cows. He would take the cows away from the settlement and find some grass for the cows to eat. He would watch them all day and then he would bring them back to the settlement at night where they would be corralled and watched all night so the Indians would not take them.

One day Hans Peter was out with the cows. I guess he was not watching too carefully, because the cows got away from him and crossed the canal. He climbed a little hill and saw where the cows had gone. He decided that he would just leave them there until it was time to take them home. Then he saw some Indians coming. He knew that the Indians would take all the cattle if they could get them away from the pioneers. He did not know what to do. He was on one side of the canal, the cows were on the other side, and the Indians were coming.

If he could only get across the canal without the Indians seeing him, then he could gather the cows and drive them toward the settlement where the men were working. The men would help him with the cows. He had a serious problem though. He couldn't swim and the canal was full of water. He was afraid of water that was deep. A little bit of water up to his knees was fun, but this was different.

What should he do? How could he get himself and the cows home safely? Then he remembered what he should do. He knelt down and said a prayer to Heavenly Father to help and keep him safe. Then he hurried and took off his outer clothing. He found the right sized rock and wrapped his clothes around it. Then he gave the rock a mighty heave and threw it and his clothes across the canal.

Then he said another prayer as he got on his hands and knees and began crawling into the water. He knew that the water would be over his head. He took a deep breath and then crawled along the bottom of the canal. After the water went over his head, it seemed a long way across to the other side. He kept praying as he crawled as fast as he could along the bottom until he got to the other side. He had to hold his breath for a long time, but at last he made it.

The Indians had not yet seen him or the cows. He grabbed his clothes and hurried to the cows. He got them started on the way back to town. Soon he saw some men coming to help.

[Hans Peter Christensen was born in Copenhagen, Denmark on August 17, 1849 to Christian

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Barkisland Hall and the Family of Gledhill

Christensen and Margrethe Hansen Christensen. His baby brother Johan Erastus Christensen was born on June 11, 1852, also in Copenhagen. The family emigrated on the ship "The Forest Monarch", which left Liverpool, England on January 16, 1853 for the United States.]

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Barkisland Hall and the Family of Gledhill

The following is a biography of Ida's paternal grandparents.

Edward Gledhill and Betty Hague

Edward Gledhill, who was called Ned, was born on July 31, 1811 in Crompton, Yorkshire, England to John Gledhill and Sarah Whittaker. Crompton was across the shire line from Shaw, where Betty Hague was born on July 8, 1814 to Thomas Haigh and Betty Taylor. Ned and Betty were married in the Manchester Cathedral on June 4, 1832. Ned had blue eyes and brown hair, was 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighed about 150 lbs. He was quick spoken and abrupt. His wife had snappy brown eyes and was on the plump side. She wore small white caps and on Sunday wore a white cap trimmed with black lace. She was a peacemaker and was always soothing Ned's ruffled spirits. She smoked a long clay pipe until she joined the Mormon Church, and many times after joining the Church her husband would say he wished he could fix her pipe for her again, since she enjoyed it so much.

They were the parents of 13 children; Sarah, Ellen, John Edward, Mary, William, Ann, Sophia, Betsy, Alice, Violet, Joseph, Amelia, and Thomas. Ellen, William, and Alice died in England when they were young. The family lived quite comfortably in a English rock house that was joined to other rock houses in a long line. They had a fireplace for heat and took their baths in a large wooden tub in front of the fireplace. The floor of their house was sand and one day a week was spent in making patterns on the floor with different colored sands.

Ned played the violin and after joining the Church became the chorister for the Manchester choir of 300 voices. All the family members were musical and enjoyed singing to Ned's violin accompaniment. John and Joseph, and sometimes Thomas, played for dances. Ned was a stone mason by trade. Other family members worked in the cotton mills or coal mines in the area. They would get paid on Saturday night and then had to pay their bills which were due on Monday morning.

Ned was a devout Methodist, taking an active part in camp meetings, and his wife was a devout Presbyterian. Part of the children belonged to one church and the rest to the other. It was often difficult getting along together in the family because of the different religions.

Betty knew that her religion was in conflict at times with Ned's and "Came to know such should not be"; that both could not be right. In 1849, Betty was resting one day in her rocking chair, when she had a dream or vision. In her dream or vision, she saw two young men with books and satchels come to call on her. They told her of a new church that she and her husband could both believe in.

About three months later, after she had forgotten about the dream, the two men did come to her door. She recognized them, recalled the dream, and told them that she had been waiting for them and their message. They told her that they were from Utah, but she had never heard of it. After inviting them in and feeding them, she told them about Ned and her belonging to different churches, and asked the two men whether she should join the Methodists or whether Ned should join the Presbyterians. To her surprise they told her that she should join neither one of them. Instead they told her of a new church and of a great many new things that she needed to do.

This caused her much confusion and she asked the two men to return that evening when Ned and the family would be at home. After that the missionaries returned regularly and taught the family. Ned believed and was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on September 3, 1849 by William Schofield and confirmed on September 8, 1849 by Luke Nield. Betty was not baptized until a year later on September 3, 1850. They kept their house open to the missionaries. Sarah was baptized on September 6, 1850 and the other children at later dates. Edward was excommunicated from the church twice while he was in England, and was rebaptized on February 7, 1858 and on May 30, 1864.

In 1855 Sarah and her husband Edward Broadbent left England and went to Utah where they lived in Manti, Mt. Pleasant, and Vermillion. In 1862 the four next oldest children of the family (John and his wife Elizabeth Handley, Mary, Ann, and Sophia) left England to go to Utah. Sophia died on June 26, 1862 during the voyage. The others safely crossed the ocean and traveled by ox team from Florence, Nebraska across the plains. They settled in Mt. Pleasant, Utah.

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Genealogical Summary

Six years later the rest of the family moved to Utah with a company of 876 saints under the leadership of Hans Jensen Hals. They sailed on a ship called the Emerald Isle. The voyage took 3 months and 12 days. During the voyage an epidemic broke out on the ship and 37 of the saints died, and were buried at sea. They arrived in New York on August 11, 1868. They took a train from there as far west as they could to Benton, Iowa arriving August 25, 1868. There they were outfitted with wagons and mules, and crossed the plains in a company of 650 people and 62 wagons led by Capt. John A. Holmes.

The family settled in Mt. Pleasant, Utah near the family members who had come earlier. On December 1, 1868, Mary got married to William Gilbert Barton, who was a brother to Mary Catherine Barton. Also, Ann got married to Amasa Scovil on November 30, 1868 and then died during childbirth on January 7, 1870 in Emery county.

During the Christmas season of 1868, while at a house party, Betsy met Peter Gottfredson, who was an acquaintance of her brother John. He courted her and intended to ask her to marry him, but wanted to earn more money first. When the spring of 1869 came, he went away to work, rounding up some cattle. When he left, Betsy was ill and he gave her \$10 to buy medicine. Shortly after he left, Betsy died on April 1, 1869. He learned of her death on April 3rd and rode as fast as his horse could go back to Mt. Pleasant. He arrived just as the funeral party was returning from the cemetery. Not wanting to meet any other people just then, he rode down another street to get to the cemetery and the fresh grave. He there became determined have Betsy sealed to him. After a while, Peter courted Betsy's younger sister Amelia during the winter of 1871-2 and they were married in the Endowment House April 22, 1872. He also had Betsy sealed to him at the same time, with Amelia serving as proxy.

Ned was a stone mason and worked on the stones for the Manti Temple for a while and on some stones for a tabernacle. He was used to getting paid on Saturday night and paying his own bills. However, when working on the stones for the Manti Temple, the bishop paid him his salary, having already deducted out his tithing. This hurt Ned's pride and he nearly left the church, but after a period of time he decided to remain a member of the church.

On September 14, 1881, Violet was married to John Lehi Ivie in the Manti Temple. They also had Sophia sealed to John Lehi Ivie at this time, with Violet serving as proxy. Thomas married Lillie Belle Ivie on January 8, 1882. Joseph married Rebecca Acord on November 20, 1889.

In the late 1870s, Ned and Betty moved from Mt. Pleasant to Vermillion with their son Thomas.

Edward Gledhill died from what was believed to be pneumonia in Vermillion on July 6, 1888. At his funeral his wife Betty caught cold and she died on July 18, 1888. They were both buried in the Sigurd cemetery. They both died in full fellowship in the church, believing they'd be united again.

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Genealogical Summary

I am not sure of the origin of the following story. It does not appear to be the writing style of my grandmother, and the author's initials seem to be SGL. However, it is included because it provides some insight into the lives of Edward Gledhill and Betty Hague, and in some details it seems to be more accurate than the history told by Thomas Gledhill.

Edward and Betty, A Story

Betty eased her weary body into the most comfortable chair and smoked her long clay pipe. She sat and thought about the words she and Ned had, concerning religion last night.

Ned was her husband whose real name was Edward Gledhill. She smiled as she visualized him standing, pulling himself up to his full five feet nine inches; and in his abrupt quick-spoken way, telling her that it was causing too much conflict in the home for her to go to her strange church and for him to go to the Methodist church. After all, anyone should know the Methodist faith is the right one, and the family should be united.

She admired the way he would stand up for the things he thought were right, but it was her nature to be a peacemaker, and she pondered a solution to the situation.

All of the family were religiously inclined, and up until now she had been content going to her church with part of the children and letting Ned go to his church with the others. She realized, of course, it would be nice for all the family to go to church together, but in order to do this, one part of the family would have to give up its faith and adopt that of the other.

She had often secretly wondered about the new religion Ned's brother James had joined. She really felt sorry for him because of the persecution he was receiving. His own family, including Edward, refused to listen to anything about his new religion, so she knew nothing about the doctrine.

There was the usual damp chilliness in the air this early spring day in Oldham, England in the year 1849, and the warmth from the small fire in the fireplace made her nod and doze, and as she dozed she dreamed. Now dreams are sometimes disoriented and easily forgotten, but today hers was very vivid and not easily put aside. In this dream two men walked up to her door and knocked. She knew they would tell her which church was the right one. She awoke abruptly and her pipe fell on the freshly sanded floor.

Just then Ann and Sophia burst through the door with the wild abandon of young children, and Betty kissed them and sighed as she lifted her swollen body and looked at Betsy who was still sleeping.

All her children were precious to her, but life in England was hard. With the new baby coming it would require more for their needs; and Ann, though not yet seven, would soon have to go to work. Mary, just ten years old, was working as a nurse; and Ned, John and Sarah worked in one of the many cloth mills.

During the next few months Betty occasionally thought of her dream of the two men, but with the birth of Violet on the thirty first of May and the care of her family, she soon let it fade from her mind.

One day, however, she watched two men approaching her house. A wave of excitement came upon her; they were the men in her dream!

"Please come in; I have been waiting for you", she said. She knew they would tell her which church to join. However, she was confused because she knew these men had something to do with the church that James had joined.

She listened quietly to what was said although she was unsure of her feelings about their message.

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Genealogical Summary

She asked them to come back sometime when her husband was home.

In spite of Betty's experience, Edward accepted the gospel first and was baptized in September. Betty wasn't baptized until the following year. Later, all of the family were baptized.

Life continued on for the family, and during the next seven years Joseph, Amelia, and Thomas were born. Edward and Betty looked forward to going to America with their family, but obtaining money for their fare was a big problem. Finally in 1855 Sarah and her husband, Edward Broadbent, were able to go, and in 1862 John Edward, and his wife Elizabeth, and his sisters Mary and Sophia left England with their parents blessing. It was a sad day when they learned that Sophia had become ill and never survived the journey, but was buried at sea.

On June 19, 1868 the weather was beautiful, which was unusual for the English climate. It was a day of new beginnings. Edward and Betty and their younger children were at last able to board the old sailing ship "Emerald Isle" to begin a voyage that historians have recorded as one which sorely tried the faith of all who walked up those gangplanks with hope for a brighter future. Seldom have LDS people suffered as those who were the last to sail the Atlantic on the sailing ships.

Their troubles began as they reached Queenstown, Ireland. The immigrants were detained three days and were roughly treated by the ships crew. Each day brought more troubles and problems.

Clean, pure water is necessary for good health, but each day the Saints found their supply more brackish and rank; more unfit for human consumption. The children would cry for water to quench their thirst. Adults also suffered. Each day more illness was reported from drinking the polluted water. An outbreak of measles also added to their misery. A total of thirty-seven people (mostly children) died during those three weeks on the ocean.

The ship anchored in New York on the 11th of August, 1868, and on the 17th the railroad journey began which took them to Benton, Iowa by the 25th. They were met there with church wagons. They left Benton on the first of September in Edward T. Mumford's mule train, and a total of 250 souls and 28 wagons arrived in Salt Lake on September 24, 1868. The rigors and trials of the overland journey from New York to Salt Lake had claimed another 30 lives.

Their trials were not yet over. Upon their arrival Brigham Young sent them to Mount Pleasant to help settle that area, and it was here that Betsy and Ann died.

Edward, a strong willed individual, had his ups and downs in the Mormon faith. He had already been excommunicated twice because he hadn't completely conquered the Englishman's habit of going to the pub for a drink on Saturdays, after receiving his week's wages. Now another problem had arisen. He had been working as a stone mason and his tithing was deducted before he received his wages. Now this wiry little Englishman thought this was an infringement on his free agency and proceeded to tell those in authority how he felt about it, which resulted in his excommunication* again. After his death his temple work was done for him by his loved ones.

After their sojourn in Mt. Pleasant, they moved to Vermillion where they lived in a dugout until their adobe home was finally built. The house was a mansion compared to the one carved out of the earth.

Now it was the year 1888 and Edward and Betty were growing old. Although his body was beginning to tire easily, his mind seemed alert; and he took more time to reminisce. In his mind's eye he could see Betty as a young woman. She had snappy brown eyes and wore a black or white cap on her head; the lace trimmed ones were worn on Sundays. How beautiful she looked the day they were married in the Manchester Cathedral. Although opposites in temperament, they did seem to compliment each other well, and he often thought about their life together.

He remembered how stalwart she had been in the trials that had befallen them; the deaths of their children, the journey to a new land. He visualized the panorama of events that had taken place at Tower House, Bath Bank, Dirt Car Lane, Pit Bank, and other places they had lived in Oldham.

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Genealogical Summary

Oldham! Why its very name denotes antiquity, yet in the years they had lived there giant strides had been made. It had really become an industrial city with textile mills and coal mining abounding.

He remembered how those early industrialists, anxious to get rich, had neglected the working class. The workers earned hardly enough to feed themselves and depended upon richer relatives and the squire or rector for some of the necessities of life. Rent was a problem and fuel high in price. Small children and women worked alongside men, under adverse conditions. Sickness or loss of employment often meant going to the hated workhouse. They lived a difficult life.

Gradually better living conditions prevailed. When Edward was 16 years old the streets began to be lighted by coal gas. The railroad, electricity, and steamships came into being. There was less illness and more opportunities which made for an easier life.

In retrospect, they still had a life full of trials, but they had happy times too. Their home was always filled with love for one another, and music played a big part in their life. Edward played the violin well and taught it to his sons. Later, in Utah James continued to use his talent. He played in a group that traveled to many towns to entertain the people. But in their modest English home everyone sang, and it eased the burdens of day.

Yes, as Edward and Betty journeyed down life's twilight road, sometimes their path was sunny and bright and at other times it was strewn with darkness, but they were always full of hope.

They both died in 1888 at Vermillion.

*The reason for Edward being excommunicated is not known. SGL

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Genealogical Summary

The following is a biography of Ida's maternal grandfather.

John Lehi Ivie

John Lehi Ivie was born on June 11, 1833 near the present location of Paris, Monroe County, Missouri to James Russell Ivie and Eliza McKee Fausett Ivie. They had migrated from Bedford County, Tennessee, to Missouri around 1830 with a large number of relatives.

The families joined the Mormon church in the fall of 1832 when Parley P. Pratt made a trip through their part of Missouri. In 1837, the family moved to Far West in Caldwell County, Missouri to join with the other Mormons who had gone there in an attempt to avoid persecution. When most of the rest of the Mormon's were driven out of Missouri, the family moved back to Monroe County instead, where there was little agitation against the Mormons. Then about 1843 the family moved to Nauvoo, Illinois. Stories were told in the family of John Lehi sitting on the Prophet Joseph Smith's lap and being fascinated with the watch the Prophet was wearing. Then in 1844 the Prophet Joseph Smith was killed. When the Mormons were driven out of Nauvoo in 1846, the family moved to western Iowa near where Council Bluffs is now located. This shows that John Lehi Ivie, now a boy of 13, had spent his childhood with the early members of the Mormon church. Because of the large family and many relatives, John Lehi Ivie's family were not ready to go to Utah with the first company of pioneers during the summer of 1847.

During the summer of 1846, while they were trying to recover from being driven from their homes in Nauvoo, the U. S. government asked the Mormons to form 4 or 5 companies in an army to fight in the war which had been declared against Mexico. John Lehi's oldest brother, Richard Anderson, 21, became a member of the Mormon Battalion, and served as the Captain of one of the companies. Richard had gotten married to Elizabeth Dobson during that summer before leaving with the battalion. She stayed with the Ivie family after he left. John Lehi Ivie's little sister Polly Ann, who was then 11 years old, went with her brother to help with their laundry and food. Later on she would marry Jerome Zabriskie who was also a member of the battalion.

During the winter of 1847-48, his father was set-apart, along with one other man, to help out in the care of the sick. During that period, many of the Saints died from exposure and disease, and it was probably during this time that John Lehi gained his knowledge of medicine.

By the summer of 1848 the family was ready to make the journey to Utah. They traveled across the plains to Utah during the period from May to September in Brigham Young's second company of about 600 wagons and 2000 people. It is told that John Lehi, who was 15 and his brother James Alexander, who was 18, became expert in killing buffaloes for the company to use as food. The John Barton family was also in the company, and during the journey, if not before, John Lehi probably met Mary Catherine Barton, the oldest daughter of the family who turned 11 years old during the journey.

The Ivies stayed in Salt Lake City during the winter of 1848-49, and then, along with the Bartons, moved to the settlement at Bountiful, Utah. On May 16, 1852 John Lehi Ivie, almost 19, married Mary Catherine Barton, almost 15, and later, on July 28, 1852, they were sealed in the Endowment house. Their first two children were born in Bountiful; Joseph Alma on May 21, 1853, who died the same day, and Phebe Ellen on July 5, 1854, who lived for about seven months until February 28, 1855, dying in Provo, Utah.

Beginning in 1853, and lasting for a couple of years, the settlers had some difficulties with the Indians in Utah in what was called the Walker War. The war started when John Lehi's brother James Alexander intervened in a fight between an Indian and his wife. John Lehi was a great story teller and would often tell his grandchildren stories about the struggles with the Indians. He told of one time when he had seen Chief Walker in open view, an easy mark for a gunshot, but did not feel that he could pull the trigger of his gun.

The family moved to Provo, Utah where their third and fourth children were born: Mary Susannah on July 7, 1856 and Rosella Ann on February 2 1858. Rosella Ann only lived about a year until April 24, 1859. On January 23, 1857 John Lehi married a second wife, Maryett Carter. She bore him their first child, John Carter Ivie, on February 16, 1860, and a daughter Arletta Ivie was born to them on October 23, 1865. They also had two other children who did not live to adulthood.

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Genealogical Summary

In 1859, the family joined with James Russell Ivie's family and other relatives in moving from Provo to settle in Mt. Pleasant, Utah. This included his brothers Richard, William, and James A.; his uncle Thomas C. Ivie; and Mary Catherine's parents. Maryett Carter remained in Provo. The Ivies are among the ten people listed as having the responsibility to build one-third of the south wall of the fort at Mt. Pleasant.

In the History of Mt. Pleasant, page 83, it mentions that "John L. Ivie and Rasmus Frandsen were chosen as the committee to act as floor managers, and arrange for or furnish the music, candles, etc. for the Social Hall. This Social hall also kept the Dramatic Club presenting plays of which, Mary Catherine Ivie was a member."

During the winter of 1864, a small band of Indians near Gunnison contracted smallpox and blamed the settlers. In April, 1865, the Utes and the whites met at Manti to solve the difficulties, but failed. The Black Hawk War began shortly after this, when Barney Ward and Jim Andersen were hunting for lost cattle in Salina Canyon, and a band of Indians attacked and killed them. John Lehi Ivie was with Col. Allred's group who went after the Indians. They found that they were outnumbered though, and were driven back by the Indians. The next day the Indians raided Salina, took most of the cattle, and eventually drove the settlers out of the Sevier valley.

John Lehi Ivie was chosen and given the responsibility of leading a portion of the militia, becoming a Colonel during this war against the Indians. He patrolled the area from Thistle Valley on the north to Marysvale on the south. There were many disagreements between the Indians and the people who were settling the Utah valleys. The settlers spent much time guarding livestock, building forts, exploring the territory, as well as getting a living out of the soil. John Lehi Ivie spent a great deal of time away from his home exploring and trying to avoid trouble with the Indians. Most of his dealings with the Indians were friendly though, and he had many Indian friends.

On page 209 of "Indian Depredations in Utah" by Peter Gottfredson it gives an example of John Lehi Ivie's activities. "When the express arrived at Mount Pleasant, Col. John L. Ivie with his company of cavalry happened to be up Pleasant Creek Canyon and through the hills scouting, the cow-herd being in the foot hills below them. About 2 p.m. they heard three shots down the canyon, and they gathered at the herd and was ordered to help gather the stock. Presently, they heard five more shots, farther down the canyon, and they knew that to be a signal, upon which they left the stock and rode down to the mouth of the canyon, when they were informed that the Salt Lake boys were being attacked in Thistle Valley and needed help. They were ordered to get there as soon as their horses could take them. The distance to the town was about four miles and when they got there they received their orders and started for the north. When they reached Fairview, six or eight men were ready to accompany them; and they arrived in Thistle Valley about an hour before sundown. The Indians by this time had the camp surrounded, and the boys were keeping the enemy back the best they could without exposing themselves to the fire of the savages. Their ammunition, however, was nearly exhausted and the Indians had all their horses except six, and those were all wounded.

"When Ivie's company reached the valley the savages intercepted them, one Indian who seemed most daring rode out in the open. The Colonel dismounted and with his Henry rifle took a shot at him; the redskin lopped over on the side of his horse. Some of the other Indians rode out and drove the horse with its limp rider into the cedars." They successfully rescued those in Thistle Valley.

Another story from page 285 of "Indian Depredations in Utah" as told by John Lehi Ivie's son James Ocsar Ivie, entitled "Indian Gratitude" is as follows:

"During the Indian troubles in the 60's -- the Indians had stolen some cattle, and driven them up North Creek Canyon, between Fairview and Mount Pleasant. Father John L. Ivie and his company of minute men were in pursuit, and going up the mountain they gathered up several head of cattle which had been left along the trail, on account of not keeping up with the herd. And up among the timber was discovered a lone Indian covered up with leaves; he was sick, and not able to travel with the rest. Some of the boys wanted to kill him, but father said "No, we will not shed blood, unless it is necessary," so they left him and went in pursuit of the Indians and stock till nearly night, when it was decided to give up the chase and return home, taking back what stock they had.

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Genealogical Summary

"On their return they came across the sick Indian sitting up against a tree smoking a pipe. The men still wanted to kill him, but father wouldn't let them. Some time after that, Father and two other men were standing guard over some stock in the north fort of Mount Pleasant; they would frequently meet and report to each other during the night, and had got together at the north side of the fort, when they heard and saw the cattle getting up from their bed-ground and moving away from what they thought might be Indians crawling among them. The cattle kept getting up nearer and nearer to where the three men stood, when father spoke to the others and said, 'that they must be close by.' After that they saw the cattle moving as if something among them was going away from them. When morning came nothing had been molested.

"In the beginning of the 70's -- after peace had been restored, an Indian and his family came to our house and spent a day or two. He told father of the occurrence at the fort, explaining that he and four other Indians were there on that occasion and had their guns across a cow ready to shoot the three men, when they heard father speak and say, 'They must be close by.' He said he knew father's voice and would not let the others shoot as father had saved his life on the mountain when he was sick. In appreciation he had now saved father's life."

Although John Lehi's dealings with the Indians were usually friendly, the Indians did carry a grudge against his brother James Alexander Ivie, because of his role in the starting of the Walker War. Some of this animosity sometimes spilled over against John Lehi, and at least once he had to race for his life. He told the following story. He was driving a light wagon, called a Democrat, with a couple of other men. One of the men was Lyman Peters, who was a business partner. Lyman Peters was then living in the Ivie home, and was partaking of John Lehi's hospitality. While driving they were stopped by some Indians who inquired about the whereabouts of Jim Ivie. John Lehi told them that he didn't know, and they were allowed to proceed on their way. When they had proceeded a short distance, Lyman put his head out of the wagon and yelled back at the Indians, "He's not Jim Ivie, but this is John Ivie." The Indians then came after them and used their weapons, but the speed of John's horses and the short distance they needed to go saved his life that time.

Perhaps this incident should have been a warning to John Lehi about Lyman Peters. He stayed in the Ivie home for much of the years that John Lehi was away from home dealing with the Indians, and worked on the emotions of Catherine. Eventually this resulted in a divorce around the end of 1880, with Catherine marrying Lyman Peters and moving to Idaho with him. Afterward, John Lehi Ivie always showed deep emotion whenever Lyman Peters name was mentioned and felt that he was "A snake in the grass."

After the trouble with his wife, two of their children James Oscar and Lillie Belle stayed with their father John Lehi Ivie, while the four younger children went with their mother. In 1880 James Oscar married and moved to Vermillion, in Sevier county. Shortly after this, John Lehi Ivie got married again to Violet Gledhill Snow on December 8, 1881 and then on January 2, 1882 Lillie Belle married Violet's brother Thomas Gledhill. John Lehi Ivie and Violet then moved to Richfield and Lillie Belle and Thomas moved to Vermillion. Of the four children born to John Lehi's third marriage, two died in infancy, Luta died of Typhoid fever in 1903, and Russell lived to adulthood. After Violet died on May 25, 1900, he and Luta moved in with his daughter Belle in Vermillion, where he lived until his death on March 10, 1909. He was buried in Richfield. The veterans of the Black Hawk War erected a monument over his grave in his memory.

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Genealogical Summary

The following biography is an edited version of a history attributed to Ida Priscilla Ivie Dix concerning Ida's maternal grandmother.

Mary Catherine Barton

Mary Catherine Barton was born on June 30, 1837 in Shamokin, Northumberland County, Pennsylvania to John Barton and Susannah Wilkinson. She was the oldest of the eight children. In 1841 Mary Catherine's father and mother joined the church and moved, with Mary Catherine and William Gilbert (who had been born on June 23, 1840) to Nauvoo, in Hancock County, Illinois. In Nauvoo, two more children were born into the family: Elizabeth Jane on April 10, 1843, who only lived for about 5 months, and Phebe Ellen on June 23, 1845. In September 1845, Mary Catherine Barton was baptized a member of the church.

During 1846, the family was driven out of Nauvoo with the rest of the church members and settled in Pottawattamie County in Iowa, on the east side of the Missouri river across from Winter Quarters. That winter Phebe Ellen died on December 4, 1846 at an age of about a year and a half. The following fall another son John Oscar was born into the family on October 29, 1847. During the summer of 1848 the family crossed the plains in Brigham Young's second company which consisted of about 2000 people in about 600 wagons. They settled in Bountiful, Utah. Mary Catherine was eleven years old.

Mary Catherine met John Lehi Ivie and they were married on May 16, 1852, and then sealed in the Endowment house on July 28, 1852. Mary Catherine was almost 15 years old and John Lehi was almost 19 years old. One of her friends later said of Mary, "She was the prettiest and most popular girl in the crowd. She was loved by everyone who knew her. When she married, we all hated to have her leave Bountiful." She was described by her son-in-law Thomas Gledhill as the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and as being refined, kind-spoken, and thrifty. She had curly black hair and laughing eyes.

They lived for a while in Bountiful, Utah, and their first son Joseph Alma was born there on May 21, 1853. He lived only a few months. Their second child was Phebe Ellen who was born on July 25, 1854 in Bountiful, Utah. The family then moved to Provo, Utah where Phebe Ellen died on February 25, 1855. Their third child Mary Susannah was born there on June 7, 1856, and their fourth child Rosella Ann was born on February 2, 1858, also in Provo. Rosella Ann lived for only about a year, dying on April 24, 1859. She was buried in the Ephraim cemetery. In 1859 the family, along with many of the other Ivie relatives moved to Mt. Pleasant, Utah to settle and they persuaded John Barton and his family to go with them. John Lehi Ivie's home in Mt. Pleasant was a two story house with a porch all along the front.

In Mt. Pleasant, eight more children were born to them: John Lafayette on November 10, 1860; James Oscar on May 9, 1863; Lillie Belle on October 13, 1865; Catherine May on February 24, 1868; Seymour Cliff on August 26, 1870 (his middle name is spelled Illif in Thomas Gledhill's records); Alden Salathiel on May 4, 1873; Ida Priscilla on October 18, 1875; and Ray on June 4, 1878.

John Lehi Ivie was involved in the Walker War until about October, 1854. He was also involved in the Black Hawk War which began in April, 1865 and lasted until July 1, 1873. He became a Colonel in the Militia during the Black Hawk War. His father, James Russell Ivie, became one of the earliest victims in the Black Hawk War when he was killed in Scipio, Utah on June 10, 1866. John Lehi Ivie was away from their home much of the time during the Black Hawk War leaving Mary Catherine to raise the family alone at their home in Mt. Pleasant. She saw some really hard times. Food was scarce and her family came to her rescue many times to keep them from starving.

Mary Catherine didn't whip her children, but her talks to them was punishment enough. One time her daughter Ida took a dollar and ran off to school. Of course, she had many friends who could suggest ways to spend it. They bought some candy, sluffed school that day, and went home late. Her mother just talked to her. Ida's punishment was to sit in the highchair all day and tell everyone who came past what she had done. She also had to pay back 10 cents every time she received any money until the dollar was paid back.

Seymour Cliff died of dropsy on March 9, 1876, when he was six years old. Then in 1880 John Lafayette was carrying heavy sacks of grain up some steep stairs when he lost his balance and fell, injuring his

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Genealogical Summary

back. He suffered terribly. Mary Catherine took him to a doctor in Salt Lake City, but he died anyway on May 22, 1880, and was buried in Mt. Pleasant. She was heartbroken.

Mary Catherine was a nurse and midwife in her spare time. She treated the sick and set bones. She had many pioneer remedies, salves, and liniments. One salve was made of beeswax, sticky pine gum, and mutton tallow. One time she was making a liniment when the kettle boiled over and her liniment caught fire, burning her hands badly. She instructed her children to grate up some potatoes and put them in two salt sacks. She put her hands in the sacks and it cured her. She had no blisters or trouble with them afterward. One time her daughter Ida injured her leg, and got a bad infection. It was healed by using wagon grease on it, but she had to be pulled around in a little wagon until the sore was gone.

Mary Catherine carded wool, made lye and soap, and did much sewing. She knitted all the sox, caps, and sweaters for her family. The sox for the girls had flowered patterns and were white for summer and black for winter. Of course, they all wore long legged underwear. She did much of her cooking in black iron pots which hung in the fireplace. One of the jobs that the children had, was to whitewash the fireplace each morning.

Then trouble came to this couple. John Lehi Ivie had a business partner named Lyman Peters. He lived in their home much of the time, even when John Lehi was away. People in the community began to gossip and John Lehi believed the gossip. He and Mary Catherine decided to separate around the end of 1880. She went away with Lyman Peters, taking the four youngest children with her. They were married in Provo and went to Idaho to live. Mary Catherine always maintained that the rumors were all unfounded gossip. Lyman Peters was not a refined man and was a drinker. He beat her and the children, and very strictly kept their home, but she felt that she was bound to him. For a part of the time they lived on a ranch in Sun Valley, Idaho. Lyman Peters managed the ranch and Mary Catherine took care of supplies and of the Chinese cook, who did the cooking for them all. Later on they lived in Carey, Idaho. She also did much sewing for a very wealthy woman named Lewis.

When they lived in Carey the two brothers, Alden and Ray, had one pair of nice shoes between them, so when they would take their sisters to the dances, they would divide up the time and take turns using the shoes.

Mary Catherine was always very clean. One time a hired girl brought body lice into the family. She worked very hard to get rid of them and as so ashamed about having them around.

She had pierced ears and pierced the ears of all her girls. She heated a needle and put linen thread in it, and while the needle was hot she put it through the ear lobe. Then every day the thread would be pulled a little, till the ears healed and left a hole for the earrings.

When her daughter May was just 14, a man named John Solender asked if May could visit the Catholic church with him. He was Lyman Peters friend and was almost the same age as Lyman Peters. Mary Catherine said yes, as long as May's brother Alden went along too. When they got to the door of the church, May and John Solender left Alden, went right up to the front of the church and got married. Alden ran home to get help, but by the time they got back to the church, May and her new husband were gone. Her husband was a drinker, beat her and choked her, and she only stayed with him for a few years. They had a son, Arthur, and twin boys who died. Mary Catherine sent them money for food, and finally sent money so that May could come back home. They build an extra room on their house for May and Arthur.

Mary Catherine was interested in mines and staked out many claims herself. One of her claims got jumped and became the biggest mine in Idaho. She had one other mining claim she expected much of, on Minamare Mountain near Red Fish Lake in the Sawtooth mountains. One August day she set out with a prospective buyer to inspect the mine and perhaps sell it. Her son Ray was in the buckboard with her, and they had horses tied behind the buckboard. When they had gone as far they could on the buckboard, they left it and continued on up the mountain on horses.

Something frightened Mary Catherine's horse and, although she was a good horse woman, she was thrown and her foot got caught in the stirrup. She was dragged a long way with the horse kicking her in the

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Genealogical Summary

head and chest, and bouncing her on the rocks. Eventually she got loose, but was badly hurt. They got her to the buckboard and brought her home. She was in great pain in the head and chest and her leg was twisted at the knee. She had no crutch, but would put her leg on a chair and drag the chair with her so that she could get about a little. In October she went to bed and never got up again. Death came on December 24, 1888.

A fine article was written about her life in the Deseret News. It told of her devotion to family and of her being a nurse for the community. Her friends were the influential people of the town, the banker, the hotel owner, etc. Her body was sent back to Mt. Pleasant for burial. It was dressed in black for the funeral, which upset some of her children.

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

Genealogical Summary

The following biography about Ida's maternal great-grandparents is mostly based on a history written by another great-granddaughter, Hettie M. Robins.

James Russell Ivie and Eliza McKee Fausett

James Russell Ivie was born in Franklin County, Georgia on December 30, 1802 to Anderson Ivie and Sarah Allred. Although his father's name is given as John Anderson Ivie in the LDS church records, there is no documentary evidence that John was his actual first name. His name was always given as just Anderson Ivie. James Russell's maternal grandparents were William Allred and Elizabeth Thrasher. James Russell was the second of nine children. After he was born, the family moved about 200 miles northwest across the Blue Ridge Mountains to Ducks River, Bedford County, Tennessee near the present site of Shelbyville. The rest the children were born there. Sometime around June 1824, James Russell Ivie married Eliza McKee Fausett, probably in Tennessee. She was born on July 5, 1808 at West Columbia, Maury County, Tennessee to Richard Fausett and Mary McKee. Eliza told the following story of their courtship, although it should be told with her soft southern accent:

"I was milking my father's cow one evening the first time Pap came a'calling on me. He says, Eliza, I've come a'courting you. I looked up and there I saw a boy, plenty big enough to be wearing britches, and there he stood with a toe shirt on. I told him right out if I was to be his girl he better go home and ask his mother to make him some britches. The next time he came, he wore britches." (This is taken from the Martin and Martha Ivie family record).

Anderson Ivie owned a large tract of land in Tennessee and had some negro slaves. In 1830 the extended family of Anderson Ivie sold their land and moved to, what was then Ralls County, in the north east corner of Missouri. The extended family at the time included Anderson Ivie with his wife and their younger children, his married children with their families which included Polly Ann and her husband Ezekiel Billington Jr., James Russell and his wife Eliza, John Anderson Ivie, and Elizabeth and her husband William Hackley Allred. The extended family also included Sarah's brothers John and James Allred as well as possibly Isaac Allred and William Allred, and also Eliza's brother John Fausett.

Their home, near the current site of Paris, Monroe County, Missouri, was near the Salt River, about 30 miles southwest of Hannibal, Missouri and about 40 miles from Quincy, Illinois. On March 17, 1830 their son James Alexander was born. Over the next couple of years there was a number of missionaries and settlers of the Mormon church passing between Ohio and Independence, Missouri. Most of these appear to have followed the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, but in the fall of 1832, Parley P. Pratt and William E. McLellan, and possibly others, went overland on their way back to Ohio, crossing the Mississippi at Clarksville, Missouri. (See page 82 in Parley P. Pratt's autobiography.) On this journey, they encountered the Ivie family and their relatives and on September 11, 1832 James Russell Ivie and Eliza were baptized into the church. Two more children were born into the family, John Lehi on June 11, 1833 and Polly Ann on August 24, 1835.

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

I n d e x

Map of the Northern Missouri Area

In 1836 the Mormons were expelled from Jackson County, Missouri and took refuge in Clay county. In response, the church members in Ohio formed an "army" called Zion's camp of 160 men who marched to Missouri to try to restore the church members to their lands. After they crossed the Mississippi river into Missouri, the three groups of the army stopped at the Allred or Salt River Settlement on the Salt River near to where the Ivies and Allreds lived and sent out runners to the branches in the area asking for more volunteers. (See DHC Vol. II, p. 87) This raised the number of men to 240. James Russell and his brothers John Anderson Ivie and William Shelton Ivie responded to the call and joined Zion's camp. Also joining Zion's Camp were James Russell Ivie's uncles Isaac Allred, and John Allred, along with his son Martin, and also James's brother-in-law John Fossett (Fausett). (See DHC Vol. II, p. 183-4.) Zion's camp failed in its stated purpose of restoring the Saints to their lands in Jackson county and disbanded shortly after the Ivies joined.

Shortly after that, the Mormons were also expelled from Clay county. They settled in an uninhabited part of the state of Missouri and formed Caldwell county, with Far West being the major city. James Russell Ivie and his family moved to Caldwell county during this time and a daughter Elizabeth Caroline was born to them there on November 1, 1837, and James Russell Ivie was ordained a seventy in Far West during 1838. Then in the fall of 1838, the governor of Missouri ordered the Militia to drive the Mormons out of the state or to exterminate them. But rather than leaving the state with most of the other Mormons, the Ivies moved back to their previous home in Monroe County, Missouri.

As part of the expulsion, Joseph Smith and several others, including Parley P. Pratt were arrested, and imprisoned during the winter of 1839-40. On April 15, 1840, Joseph Smith and some others were allowed to escape while being transported from Daviess to Boone county. There were still Mormon leaders being held in other jails, however, and on the evening of the 4th of July, 1840, Parley P. Pratt, Morris Phelps, and King Follett escaped from their prison in Columbia, Missouri. King Follett was recaptured and Morris Phelps escaped. But Parley P. Pratt lost his horse during the first night after the escape. He was wearing a warm fur hat that had been appropriate during the winter, but which in July, caused him much discomfort, as well as making him easy to spot. He then made his way on foot about 50 miles northward across Missouri with little food, avoiding roads, and sleeping in thickets. Although he does not mention any first names, in chapter XXXIV beginning on page 268 of his autobiography, he tells of his encounter, during his escape, with the Anderson Ivie and the James Russell Ivie families near Paris, Missouri, as follows:

"On the third or fourth day after my escape from prison I found myself in the neighborhood of a settlement where I had formed some acquaintances years before, and where once lived a small branch of the church, but they had all moved West, and, as I supposed were driven out of the State with the others. But I recollected a family by the name of Ivy, who would still be living on the road, and who had been members, but were now dissenters. I was now very hungry and wanted a friend, but was in doubt whether they would befriend or betray me, as they had once been my friends, and not only so, but their near kindred had suffered in the general persecution, and had shared the common banishment. I hesitated, prayed, and at length came to the conclusion that I would venture past their door in open day, and if no one discovered or recognized me I would take it as a Providence, and conclude it was wisdom in God, as I would not be safe with them; but if, on the other hand, I was saluted by them, then I would think it a sign which Providence had given me as a witness that I could trust them. I accordingly walked past their dwelling on Sunday evening, about two hours before sundown. As I got nearly past, the little children who were playing in the front door yard discovered me and cried out with surprise and joy, 'There is brother Pratt!' At this a young man came running out to me, who proved to be one of my acquaintances, who was still a member of the Church, and who had been driven from the upper country; but, instead of going to Illinois with the rest, he had come back and settled in his old neighborhood. I asked him where Mr. Ivy, the man of the house, was. He replied that he and his wife had gone to a neighbor's, two or three miles distant, on a visit; 'and,' he continued, 'I also am here on a visit at the same time, and by this means I have very unexpectedly met with you; and I am very glad, for the news has just reached here that the prisoners had escaped, and

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

I n d e x

that they burst a cap at one, and took another and carried him back to prison. The other two have not been found.' This was the first news I had heard of either myself or the others. I then requested him to go and charge the children strictly not to mention that they had seen me, and then come with me into the woods.

"He did so. I then told him I was very hungry, faint and weary; and not only so, but so lame I could hardly move; besides, my feet were blistered, skinned and bloody. He said that his brother, who was also a member, and had been driven with him from the upper country, lived in an obscure place in the woods, some two miles distant, and that his brother's wife and children were as true and genuine Mormons as ever lived. He then took me on his horse and conducted me through a pathless wild for two miles, and coming in sight of his brother's house, I dismounted and hid myself in the deep valley, whose sides were nearly perpendicular and formed of craggy rock, while he went to reconnoitre the house, and to get something ready for me to eat. He soon returned, informing me that his brother was out, and would not be in till dark; but the family wished very much that I would come in, as the children would hold their tongues, and it was thought to be perfectly safe. I declined, however, for the present, and he brought me out some bread, milk and cream, on which I refreshed myself till they prepared a more substantial supper.

"As evening came on, being pressed to come in, I finally consented. On entering, I was received with joy by the family, and sat down to supper. One of their neighbors, a young man, soon came in and seemed determined to tarry till the arrival of the man of the house, as he had some errand with him. This embarrassed me very much, for I was fearful that he would arrive and salute me as an old acquaintance, and call my name in the presence of the young man. But the little children (bless their souls) took good care for the matter, they watched very narrowly for the arrival of their papa, and when they saw him they whispered to him that brother P. was there, and, being just out of prison, he must not know him till Mr. _____ had gone.

"The man came in, and I looked up with a vacant stare, or rather with a strange and distant air, and inquired if he was the man of the house? He nodded coolly in the affirmative. I then inquired of him if he had seen any stray 'nags' in his neighborhood? I then went on to describe my horse which had strayed from me, and observed that I was out in search of him, and, being weary and hungry, I had stopped to get some refreshment with him. He said I was welcome to his house, and to such fare as he had; but he had not seen any nags, except what was owned in the neighborhood.

"The young man soon did his errand and withdrew. We then shook each other by the hand most heartily, and with a burst of joy and smiles, inquired after each other's welfare. I told him I was well nigh exhausted and worn out, and, withal, very lame, but still I had hopes of making my escape out of the State, and of living to see my friends once more in a land of liberty. I then begged of him to exchange with me, and take my fur cap and give me a hat in its stead, which he did, and then saddled his horse with a side saddle, as the young man who was in had just borrowed the other saddle, and, placing me on horseback, he ran before me and by my side on foot, to take me on my journey. In this way we travelled till twelve o'clock at night, when I dismounted, and he bid me farewell, in order to reach his home again before the neighbors would arise and find him missing."

Parley P. Pratt succeeded in escaping from Missouri, and the Ivies were left with another story that they could tell to their children and grandchildren.

On January 1, 1840, Joseph Orson was born into the family and on March 29, 1842 twin girls Betsy Marie and Eliza Mariah was born. Betsy did not live long. The family stayed in Missouri until around 1843 when they moved to Nauvoo, Illinois. When James Russell and his family left to settle in Illinois, his father, who still kept about a half dozen slaves, gave him a little negro slave boy. He was old enough to help around the house. About 5 years later when the family was preparing to cross the plains to Utah, they were told not to burden themselves with extra mouths to feed. James Russell gave the slave boy his freedom and told him to go live with another family or to find his way back to his own family. The little fellow protested, "But who will take care of Missy Betsy and Marie. I love you mama Ivie." He was greatly loved and it was a very sorrowful

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

I n d e x

parting.

While in Nauvoo, Isaac Thomas was added to the family on May 24, 1844. James Russell was called along with others as a bodyguard to the Prophet, Joseph Smith. When Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum were killed in June 1844, at least some of the Ivies were among the crowds who viewed their bodies when they were brought back to Nauvoo. Then during 1846, the Mormons were driven out of Nauvoo, and the Ivies moved to the Pottawattamie Country, near what is now Council Bluffs, Iowa, where Benjamin Martin was born into the family on September 15, 1846. Also, the oldest son Richard got married to Elizabeth Dobson on June 16, 1846.

It was in the spring of 1848 that the Ivies finished preparations for moving westward to Utah. The oldest son, Richard, had joined the Mormon Battalion, but Richard's wife Elizabeth Dobson was staying with the Ivies. Besides James Russell and his family, two of his brothers, Thomas Celton and William Shelton Ivie and their families were also going, but William's family dropped out of the company. There was something about one of the daughters getting married as a plural wife to a man named Long. (James Russell's youngest sister Sarah married William Long). Both families were opposed to the marriage. Some of the Allred families also came along at this time. Other than James Russell and Thomas Celton, the rest of Anderson Ivie's family stayed around Missouri and became affiliated with one of the splinters that broke off the LDS church at that time. The "desertion" of James Russell and Thomas Celton from the rest of the family seems to have produced some hard feelings, as indicated by the fact that Anderson Ivie left only \$1 each to James Russell and Thomas Celton in his will.

On the first of June 1848, the Ivies left the Elkhorn River in a company of about 2000 Saints in 600 wagons headed for the Great Salt Lake Valley. They were equipped with a good wagon and horse teams, and were a part of Brigham Young's second company. Eliza helped in cases of sickness and with births during the journey. Eliza was one of those good pioneer mothers who nursed and cared for many babies and helped them see the light of day.

They reached the Salt Lake valley about September 20, 1848. The family spent their first winter in the Salt Lake valley, and another son, Hyrum Lewis, was born there on February 25, 1849. The family then moved to the site of Provo in the Utah valley where they lived for seven years. Here their eleven year old son Joseph Orson died during 1851, and another son, Heber Charles was born on November 19, 1852. James Russell served as a town councilman in newly formed city of Provo.

One of the sons of the family, James Alexander Ivie, was involved in the outbreak of the Walker War with the Indians. George McKenzie described the incident as follows on page 43 in Gottfredson's "Indian Depredations in Utah":

"Walker, the war chief of the Ute nation, with his braves and their families were camped on Spring creek about one mile north of the present town of Springville, (Utah Co., Utah) all at peace with the white settlers, spending their time fishing and hunting, and trading and begging from the people. James Ivie at that time had built a cabin, and was living in it with his wife and one child about half mile north and west of where the Indians were camped. In the forenoon of July 17, 1853, an Indian and squaw came into Ivie's cabin. The squaw had three large trout which she wanted to trade to Mrs. Ivie for some flour. Flour being very scarce at that time, Mrs. Ivie called her husband in to get his views on the trade of that kind, he being at work digging a well. When he saw the trout, he said, 'They look mighty good to me,' and suggested that Mrs. Ivie might give three pints of flour for them, if the squaw would trade that way. He then went out of the cabin to resume his work. Just after Ivie left two more Indians came into the cabin, one of whom seemed to be the husband or had some kind of claim on the squaw who had closed the trade with Mrs. Ivie. When this Indian saw the three trout, and the small amount of flour received in exchange, he became enraged and began beating the squaw, knocking her down, kicking and stamping her in a brutal manner. While this assault was being committed, Mrs. Ivie ran and called her husband. Mr. Ivie came to the cabin, and while the Indian was still beating the squaw he took hold of the Indian and pulled him away, the squaw lying prostrate on the floor. Ivie tried to push the Indian out of the cabin. When the Indian came, he left his gun standing by the door, and

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

I n d e x

as Ivie pushed him out he grabbed his gun and tried to get in position to shoot Ivie. Ivie got hold of the muzzle of the gun, and in the struggle the gun was broken. The Indian retaining the stock and Ivie the barrel. When the gun broke, Ivie dealt the Indian a hard blow on the head with the barrel of the gun. The Indian fell to the ground, apparently dead, but did not expire until some hours later. The other Indian who came to the cabin the same time as his companion drew his bow and arrow and shot Ivie, the arrow passing through the shoulder of Ivie's buckskin hunting shirt. At this Ivie struck the Indian a violent blow and he fell unconscious by the side of the prostrate body of the other Indian. Just as Ivie got through with this second Indian, the squaw that he had been trying to protect came out of the cabin door with a stick of wood in her hand which she had picked up by the side of the fire in the cabin. With it she struck Ivie a blow in the face cutting a deep gash in his upper lip, and the scar showed plainly from that time until his death. Ivie again used the gun barrel to defend himself and struck the squaw. She fell unconscious by the side of the prostrate bodies of the two Indians. At this stage in the drama Joseph Kelly, one of the foremost settlers of Springville, came upon the scene, and while looking at the three Indians lying apparently dead he was told by Ivie what had taken place. Kelly took a bucket of water that stood in the cabin and poured it on the Indians, trying to restore them. He then sent the Indian who first came to the cabin with the squaw for another bucket of water to try to restore the Indians to life; this Indian having taken no part in the trouble.

"Kelly told Ivie to take his wife and child and go into the town before the Indian camp was notified of the trouble, which he did.

"The Indian that Kelly sent after the water went to the Indian camp and told of what had taken place at the Ivie cabin. The news of the trouble soon spread through the camp and the settlement of whites. Intense excitement reigned, both in the Indian camp and the settlement."

The Walker War lasted for about a year.

While living in Provo, James Russell Ivie took two additional wives; Amanda Jane Brush on April 30, 1855 and Abigail Reynolds on March 5, 1857. Amanda already had some children when they married, but she and James Russell had at least three additional children.

A few years later, the Ivie family moved to Kamas in the Heber valley for a while, but weren't satisfied with the outlook there. In 1859 the family moved to Mt. Pleasant to help settle the Sanpete valley. Here the Church records list James Russell Ivie as being the First Elder of the ward for a while. He was also a peace officer.

In 1864 when Anderson Ivie's will was being probated, Thomas Celton Ivie traveled back to Missouri to contest the provision in the will giving to him and James Russell only \$1 each. Their protest was successful and they received \$228. However, Thomas Celton Ivie was killed by bushwhackers on his way back to Utah.

In 1863, James Russell moved to Round Valley in Millard County, after making a trip to Rose Valley in Nevada in the hope of finding a place there that would suit them. His sons Richard, with his wives Elizabeth and Hannah; William, with his wives Melinda and Sarah; James Alexander, with his wives Elizabeth and Sarah; and their families also moved to Round Valley. His sons John Lehi and Thomas remained at Mt. Pleasant. At that time the settlers in Round Valley were still living in Graball or Robinville, but the Ivies settled a little farther south, up the valley about 2 miles from Graball. This was where a little stream of water came from a small lake about seven or eight miles further south in the valley. It separated into two streams. The west stream went by the settlers at Graball. The east stream was just running to waste, and it was on this east fork that James Russell Ivie and his family settled. It was known as Ivie Creek for years. Not long after this, President Brigham Young visited the people there, and advised them to locate closer together on a townsite in the valley. The new settlement was first called Round Valley, but the name was changed to Scipio.

The Ivies were the first to build homes on the new townsite. The first home built was a room made out of logs made by William Franklin Ivie. His family lived there until he could get logs out to build a better place for them to live. It was used for a long time after as a stable and is located on the Joe Miller lot. James

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

I n d e x

Russell built his home on the old Joseph Stone lot. It is on the northwest corner from the public square.

In reading the record kept by the branch clerk, John Memmott, we find that James Russell Ivie was interested both in his church and in civic affairs. Both he and his son William Franklin were block teachers, and James Russell was President of the Field Committee and Water Master. He was also interested in education. He loaned his teams to help move the log schoolhouse from Graball to the new townsite.

Eliza would tell the story of once when everyone had thought she was dead, and she had been laid out on the cooling board. "But I fooled them", she said, "I came back to life again, because my mission on earth was not finished." When she would sometimes get a little out of sorts with some of the pranks of her children, she would say, "If you youngans don't behave yourselves, when I die I will come back an haunt yo." She would tell the story of when "Pap" went on a trip to the city and brought home a couple of pounds of sugar. She tied some of it in a little cloth and hung it on a nail on the highest roof rafter in the house. Then while she was gone, the little boys were so hungry for a little sweet that they made a bow and arrow and shot it into the cloth, with one lying on the floor holding his hat to catch the sugar in as it trickled out of the hole.

James Russell and his wife Eliza shared their home with an Indian boy, whose father was a half breed French and Indian and whose mother was Indian. His name was Shindy Perblo. They were from New Mexico. His mother had died and his father was on his way to Colorado. Shindy was sick, so they stayed the winter with the Ivies and in the spring the father left for Colorado leaving the boy with the Ivies. The Ivies greatly cared for the little boy and brought him up and thought of him as their own son.

Beginning in April 1865, the Indians again became very hostile in what was called the Black Hawk War. On Sunday morning, June 10, 1866, James Russell rose early and left the house to walk down to the pasture to the northwest of the settlement to check on his favorite milk cow, which was expected to soon have a calf. The pasture was called the pond field. As he neared the spot where the cow was, he was met by Chief Black Hawk and a large band of Indians. The people in the settlement heard a war hoop, and rushed out to look for James Russell. They found him dead, pierced with several arrows. He had been stripped of his clothing, except for his boots, which the Indians had been unable to get off. One other settler, Henry Wright, was also killed by the Indians in the raid. The Indians made off with the cattle and horses owned by the settlers. Not long after this, the settlers built a fort to the southwest of the townsite for protection from the Indians. There was an Indian named Panacara who seemed real friendly with the settlers. However, since it seemed that an Indian raid was made right after he had visited a settlement, some said that he was a spy. After James Russell's death, his son James Alexander vowed that he would kill the first Indian he saw. Panacara was the first one he saw, and he was killed as vowed.

After the death of her husband, the care of Eliza fell on the shoulders of her son and his wife, Martin and Martha Ivie. Her son moved a one-room log house on to his lot, so that his mother would be near them. Later when he bought a larger house, Eliza was given a large sunny room to live in. It had its own fireplace and one or two pots hanging from hooks over the flames or coals, a table near the fireplace, and a small cookstove in the corner. Just under the window she kept her large black box or chest that had come across the plains with her. She had a four-poster bed with rawhide strips to support the mattress. She kept the floor and her hearth scrubbed clean enough to eat on. She had short, white curtains at the window, a white cover over her black box, and white covers for her pillows. All of them had knotted edging or netting made out of course white cotton yarn. She was well and able to move around in her room up to the very last. She passed peacefully away on August 7, 1896 in her 89th year.

One of the things Eliza kept in her old black box was her patriarchal blessing. She would reach into the box, pull out the blessing, and ask one of the children to read it. It seemed a source of strength and comfort to her in her last days. It said that her posterity should be as Jacob's of old; as numerous as the sands of the sea. Of their thirteen children, twelve grew to maturity, married, and became the parents of large families. James Russell and Eliza Ivie had over 125 grandchildren. So far as wealth or worldly goods, theirs were of limited supply. But in spiritual goods, theirs was a rich supply. They left their all for the Gospel's sake. James Russell gave his life helping to build a community, and to surround his family with the necessities of life.

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

I n d e x

The following account was prepared by Thomas Ray Gledhill (1883-1955). It is from pages 41 and 42 of book 2 of the Gledhill Family Record.

History of the Gledhill Surname

The name of Gledhill has a very interesting origin, and its significance is worthy of remembrance. By referring to the old record of Yorkshire, England, the name started through a hill called Glider or Glads Hill in the west riding of Yorkshire.

When the people became so numerous that their single names they had in those days became confusing, it became necessary to have a surname. So about the year one thousand, the King of England commanded all should have a surname. One family took for their surname, Gledhill. We find it first recorded when Henry Gledhill married Miss Barkisland, and he became the owner of Barkisland Hall in about thirteen hundred (1300). This hall is a beautiful mansion which stands at the foot of the village which bears the same name. Halifax is the nearest large city. It is a stately building, entered by a three decker porch, surmounted by a rose window. Over the doorway of this is the date 1638 with the initials J.G. and S.G., those of John Gledhill and his wife Sarah.

This mansion was the center of social life for the district. The hall is situated close to the road and can be seen by all who pass through the village. This mansion was in the possession of the Gledhill's for fourteen generations and Mr. John Gledhill, whose initials were over the doorway, was the last of the ten generations. He might have had some premonition of the end of this line of Gledhills when he caused to be cut in the stone over the door these words, in latin, which means in english, "Once his, now mine, but I know not whose afterwards." He died May 28, 1656 leaving no male heir. His daughter, Elizabeth Gledhill married William Horton and after a short possession by them, it came into the hands of Bold, Elizabeth Horton marrying Richard Bold, who has the possession today.

The Gledhills had a coat of arms granted by the King of England, Arms Azure, 3 lorzenes in fesse Argent, Crest A Cock proper, Motto Bravely and Rightly. It was stamped on the windows and doorposts and carriages. This motto has had a powerful effect for good in this noble family. As only the oldest male Heir could own the Hall, the rest of the children left home to make their living and scattered over Lancashire and Yorkshire and then from there to many English possessions.

In the Halifax Church Register which is only a few miles from Barkisland Hall, the Reverend of the church stated in 1951, he could scarcely turn over a page without coming across the name Gledhill. In the scattering of these Gledhills to other towns they began to spell the name in many (23) ways, - Gladhill - Gledall - Gleadall - Gleddale - Gleadhill - Gleddel - Gleddil - Gledal - Gleddol - Gladdell - Gladall - Gladell - Gladel - Gleadle - Gleaddall - Gledehill - Gleidhill - Del Gledehill - De Gledhill - De Gledehill - Gleydehyll - and Gleyhill. This is easy to see as most people could not read or write. According to the records they were a very generous and God fearing people and gave large sums to the poor and other worthy needs and became great men in the country, ministers of the Gospel, Doctors, Lawyers and members of Parliament and the name was perpetuated as follows: Gledhill yard in Leeds, Steamship Gledhill, Gledhill Street, there is Gledhill Lookout - a beautiful lighthouse, and a park called Gledhill Lookout after Percy Walter Gledhill, member of Parliament in Australia, his great grandfather came from Leeds, Yorkshire in 1782.

Then one family of this Gledhill name left Lancashire (Oldham), England 19 April 1862 to come to these valleys for the gospel sake. Edward Gledhill and his children and children's children have become numerous and prosperous having helped to pioneer these valleys. Some of them have been gathering this family name Gledhill from all over Lancashire and Yorkshire where the name originated and have gathered the names of thousands of these forefathers of theirs. About 3,000 baptized and 2,000 endowed and hundreds of couples sealed and hundreds of children sealed to their parents. What a wonderful work by the children of this family who left Lancashire, England in 1862.

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

I n d e x

Barkisland Hall and the Family of Gledhill

by Hugh P. Kendall

Twenty years ago the Halifax Antiquarian Society, in the days of its youth, paid a visit to Barkisland, when some notes on its ancient hall were contributed by Mr. John Lister, M.A. I may perhaps be forgiven for again taking up the subject in order to present a more amplified account of a very old local family about which little has been published in our transactions.

If we turn to Mr. Watson's "History of Halifax" we shall find the copy of a pedigree which he saw at Howroyde, and which he describes as "a beautiful pedigree on vellum" giving the descent of the family of Gledhill as collected from ancient deeds, evidences, etc. and confirmed by William Seagar, knt., Garter King of arms, in the 1632. We find from this that at some uncertain date one Richard de Barkisland had two sons, Thomas and Robert, and the former of these had also two sons, Peter and John. Peter had two daughters, one of whom married Henry Gledhill, so we may presume that the male line direct had become extinct with these daughters, and Henry had married one of the co-heiresses. Where he sprung from history sayeth not, but the Gledhills have certainly been resident in Barkisland township from very early times. In the Wakefield Manor Rolls we find Henry de Gledhill and Peter de Barkesland mentioned together in the year 1308, and it is quite within the bounds of probability that these two are the father-in-law and son-in-law in question, and further it helps us to rely a little more on the pedigree as quoted by Mr. Watson, for one is apt to look with a certain amount of suspicion on any local pedigree earlier than the 16th century.

Henry Gledhill, by his marriage with the daughter of Peter de Barkisland, had a son William Gledhill, who in his turn married and had a son Adam, who is mentioned in a deed of 1327, and he had a son John Gledhill, who appears in a deed of 1356. These deeds must have been in the possession of the Gledhill and Horton families at the time the pedigree was sanctioned by the Heralds College, and the latter family still possess some of the earliest of our local documents. John Gledhill was followed by a son, Thomas Gledhill, who is mentioned in a deed of 1448. These entries do not go any further than the eldest son, although other contemporary deeds tell us that there were other members of the Gledhill family witnessing documents, all described as of Barkisland. Tedious though it is we have no option than to follow the bare entries as given although we should much prefer to know the contents of the deeds in question. Thomas Gledhill, last mentioned, had a son named John, who besides being mentioned in a deed of 1476 as given in the pedigree, is also mentioned elsewhere and now we feel on safer ground. In the year 1502 he was a party to a marriage settlement which I must quote at some length because of its interest and abbreviate as much as possible in the process.

On Nov. 20, 1502, an indenture was made between John Gledhill, of Barkisland, and Nicholas Woodhead, bearing witness that John Gledhill is agreed that Thomas Gledhill, his son and heir, shall take to wife Janet, daughter of the said Nicholas, and John Gledhill agrees to make a sure and sufficient estate in law of all such messuages, lands, meadows, woods, pastures, mills, rents, etc., as he possesses within the township of Barkisland and Stainland for the benefit of his son and heir and for the heirs of his body lawfully begotten betwixt the said Janet and him. Also Thomas is agreed to make a sufficient estate to his father for term of life of and in the aforesaid messuages, etc., and that done, a deed of settlement is to be made by John Gledhill and his son conveying the property to four trustees. Thomas and Janet are to have a yearly rent of 6s 8d. issuing out of a messuage called Pierce Hey for the term of his life, provided always that two of the sons of Nicholas Woodhead shall occupy the said mill with Thomas Gledhill so long as they dwell in the house with Nicholas, their father, bearing their shares of the cost of repairs to the same. John Gledhill agrees to deliver all such evidence as he possesses concerning his livelihood to "an indifferent man dwelling within the township of Barkisland," to the use of himself for term of his life, and after his decease to his son Thomas, a clause, I presume, to ensure the father's estates being passed to the son. Nicholas Woodhead, on his part, agrees to pay to John and Thomas 25 marks as follows: On the day of the marriage £8 6s. 8d., and a similar sum either at the wedding day or within forty days after, the sum of 40s. in penny or pennyworth, and the other £6 6s. 8d. in penny or pennyworth, at such time as Thomas and Janet shall "good to hous." Also Nicholas agrees to array his daughter sufficiently in bed and back, and also to give meat and lodging to Thomas and Janet for three years after marriage. He also finds surety in 100 marks that Janet shall not vex, trouble, nor interfere with the said John Gledhill in any of the said messuages, etc., except in the matter of the annual rent before mentioned. Also the parties are agreed that John Gledhill shall have all his will and liberty in a messuage and

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

I n d e x

close called "Sifrod" in Stainland for the space of twenty years after the death of the said John. (This clause does not appear to have any sense in it). Should there be no heirs male, then the heirs female are to inherit the before said message.

The witnesses to this peculiar marriage settlement are John Savile of Fixby, Sir Gilbert Clay (of Halifax, chaplain) and Gilbert Woodhead.

The document is quoted in full with all its old world spelling in "Yorkshire Deeds." published by the Yorks. Arch. Society in the Record Series and the original is at the Howroyd. I give the doubtful clause as printed.

Besides the son Thomas, John Gledhill had one daughter Margery, who married John Savile of the New Hall, Elland.

Thomas Gledhill, by his marriage with Janet, daughter of Nicholas Woodhead, had one son Thomas Gledhill, a much married man. He married for his first wife, Agnes, daughter of John Savile, of New Hall (who was, by the way, his cousin), and by her had John Gledhill, oldest son, and a daughter Elizabeth. By a second marriage with Janet, daughter of Thomas Woodhead, of the Howroyd, he had four sons and one daughter, and in connection with this marriage we have a marriage covenant dated May 8th, 1543, whereby the marriage was to be celebrated before Michaelmas, and Thomas Gledhill was to make a lawful estate to four trustees, Thomas Savile of Exley, Henry Savile of New Hall, Richard Gledhill of Baitings and James Foxcroft of Soyland, of all his messages, etc., in Barkisland and Stainland, "which had belonged to Thomas Gledhill, his father, and John Gledhill, his grandsire." The trustees were to make estates to Thomas Gledhill and Jenet, his wife, for their lives, with the usual remainders. A new house is mentioned in the "nether end" of Barkisland and seven closes of land called Southey, Tirrerode, Karre, Longmylnrode, Lyttyll Mylnrode, Longholme and Spryng, in Barkisland and Stainland. Thomas Woodhead, on his part, covenanted to make an estate of a third part of his property in Barkisland, and to pay in penny or penny work £6 "at such tyme as the sayde partyes can be contented to delyver and take syth the delyverance of his sayde daughter ageyn and at the sayde tyme of wedding honestly arrayed of bedde and bakke, as beseemeth both for the delyverer and taker."

This Thomas Woodhead was the last of his line to own the Howroyd and, after his decease, the estate passed to his three daughters, Jenet, above named, Margaret, who married John Hanson of Rastrick, the father of our well known local antiquary and lawyer, and Elizabeth, who married John Foxcroft, of Sowerby.

The children of Thomas Gledhill, by this second marriage were, Thomas, James, George, Richard and Jenet, and the elder of these, Thomas Gledhill, in 1578, came into possession of the Howroyd in satisfaction of his share, or rather his mother's, in the estate of Thomas Woodhead, she being then deceased. He was apparently residing there at this period and had married Mary Woodhead at Elland, 21 November, 1563. The details of the release of Howroyd to him are published in detail in "Yorkshire Deeds" and do not concern us at this time.

Thomas Gledhill, senior, as we must now call him, married yet a third time, and by this wife, Agnes, there were two children, Daniel and Susan.

Thomas Gledhill was buried at Elland March 25, 1565, and administration of his estate was granted to his widow, Agnes Gledhill, and Thomas Gledhill, son.

John Gledhill, son and heir by the first wife, now came into his own, and he married Elizabeth, surname unknown, by whom he had Thomas Gledhill and, presumably, a son Michael, and four daughters. The first wife was buried at Elland in 1575, and John Gledhill afterwards married Cicily, daughter of John Thornhill, Esquire, of Fixby, by whom one son, John, and four daughters. He was buried at Elland December 31, 1594, and is the first of his line whose testamentary depositions are found amongst the York wills.

Abstract of the Will of John Gledhill, of Barkisland.

Date, 20 April, 1594.

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

I n d e x

To be buried in the Church or Chappel of Elland, where my late father and mother were buried.

To Michael Gleadhill, my second son, All my messuages lands etc., in Barkisland, which I late had and purchased to me and my heirs from Richard Gleadhill, late of Baytings, deceased, And also all those messuages, lands, etc., in Bothomley, in the township of Barkisland, in the tenures of Alexander Nevill and John Taylor, which were some time the inheritance of one William Reyner, deceased, or of Marmaduke Reyner, which I purchased of the said William deceased, or of Richard Denton of Bothomley, or of any others, Also one house and one acre of land in Barkisland in a place called Rawneslaw Cliff, now in the tenure of Thomas Woodhead, and my reversion therein after his death, two other closes in a place in Barkisland called Stele-lane, commonly called the Sprots, which I purchased of James Gledhill, late of Stele-lane, deceased, and one other close called the Spetch in Barkisland, which I purchased of John Stead, And all my estate in certain lands in Barkisland called Newlightlie Roids, To hold the same to the said Michael Gledhill, my sons, and the heirs male of his body, with remainder for default of such issue to John Gledhill, my youngest son, and the heirs male of his body, with remainder to my right heirs.

Also to John Gleadhill, my youngest son, a close called Old Lightlye Roid, in Barkisland, in the tenure of Gilbert Fox, and my moiety of a messuage and lands in Sowerbie in the tenure of John Robson, which I bought of the co-heirs of one Gilbert Lombe, or any other persons, which is freehold. To hold the same to the said John Gleadhill, my youngest son, and the heirs male of his body, yielding for the said close called Old Lightlye Roid yearly unto Thomas Gleadhill, my son and heir apparent, 6s 8d., And for default of such issue, to my right heirs.

Whereas I have made certain Stalls in Rybonden chapel for me and my children, I will that my eldest son have one Stall next the table. And I will that my said son Thomas Gleadhill, and my younger sons - Michael Gleadhill and John Gleadhill, shall have the next Stall equally among them. Also to my sons Michael and John, one seat in the long stall next the wall, where my Tenants do kneel, and one stall at the back of the Quire, at the Chancel door. And the residue of my stalls or seats in the said chapel I give to the said Thomas Gleadhill, my eldest son, and his heirs for ever.

To Judeth Gleadhill, Elizabeth Gleadhill, Jane and Dorothe Gleadhill, my daughters, all that Messuage with its lands, closes, etc., in Barkisland, now in the tenure of John Deane, and the rents thereof, until my said four daughters shall have received £66 13s. 2d., as mentioned in an Indenture dated the 17th February, 27 Eliz. made between me the said John Gleadhill, and Thomas Gleadhill, my son and heir, of the one part, and Richard Wade of Quickstavers in Sowerbie, of the other part. But if the Said Thomas Gleadhill, my son, will pay to my said four daughters that sum, that is £16 13s. 3d. each, as they attain 21 or marry. Then he shall have the use of the said tenements.

To Martha, now wife of John Midgley, daughter of Richard Baylye by Janet, his late wife, and one of my daughters, £6 13s. 4d.

To John Midgley, son of the said John Midgley by the said Martha, 20s.

To the two children of Robert Illingworth by Jane, my daughter now deceased, £5 each as they attain 21 or be married.

To the two younger sons of John Firth by Mary, my daughter, now his wife £5 each. But if the said Robert Illingworth, John Firth and others commence any suit, the above to be void.

To the said John Gleadhill, my youngest son, £20 for his portion of my goods. To the said Michael Gleadhill, my son, £20 for his portion of my goods. To the said Michael Gleadhill the custody I have of Richard Wheately deceased.

Whereas I have with the consent of Cicilie, now my wife, given forth of my goods £400 for the proferment of my said four daughters by her. I hereby confirm the same.

Residue of my goods to the said Judeth, Elizabeth, Jane and Dorothe Gleadhill, my daughters, equally, whom I make Executrices. I give the government of them and their portions during minority to my

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

I n d e x

sons Thomas and Michael Gledhill, they to permit my said four daughters to remain in the custody of Cicilie, their mother, during widowhood, and my two sons and the said John Midgley to be answerable to my said daughters for their education. I give the government of John Gledhill, my youngest son, to my wife Cicilie, during her widowhood, and if she marry, to Michael Gledhill, my son.

I give the said Thomas Gledhill, my son 53s. 4d. of my goods, and also £11, parcel of £20 remaining unpaid to me by James Gledhill of Stele-lane, under an Indenture dated 24th July, 30 Elizabeth made between the said James of the one part, and me (the testator), of the other part. And if the said James and his heirs make default in payment, then the said Thomas Gledhill, my son shall have a dwelling house called Steele lane, garden, etc., by the said Indenture conveyed to me, until the said sum of £11 shall be paid. To the intent that the said Thomas Gledhill shall pay to the sons of Leonard Denton, late of Helliwell Green, deceased, £13 13s. 4d. (which I have of their child's portions) as they attain 21 years, provided that if Susan Wheatley, my sister do pay £30 which I lent her, within one year after my decease, she shall occupy all of the messuages, lands, etc., of the said Richard Wheatley during his nonage, paying yearly to my son Michael Gledhill £5 according to his father's will.

Providing that if the said Richard Wheatley shall pay to Robert Wheatley his brother, £110 within half a year after attaining 21 or marriage, then the said Richard shall have full power to marry without consent of guardians.

I make my friends Mr. Serjant Savill, my brother-in-law, Mr. Brian Thornhill, Esquire, and John Thornhill, his brother, Richard Watkins, my brother-in-law; the said Thomas Gledhill and Michael Gledhill, my sons, Supervisors.

Signed 4th November in above year in presence of Henry Sharrock, clarke, Thos. Horton, John Midgley, John Hillam, John Firth, John Burch.

Probate granted 11 June, 1596 to Thomas and Michael Gledhill and John Midgley, to the use of the four daughters and executors, under age.

Mr. "Serjant Savill" was the celebrated John Savile of Bradley Hall and Methley, Serjeant-at-law in 1594, Baron of the Exchequer 1598, knighted 1603. Under the will he was to have "for his pains" the sum of 20s., Brian Thornhill 10s., John Thornhill "one spruce jerkin," Richard Watkins (? Watkinson) 10s. and each of the two sons a like amount.

The above quoted will shows us that John Gledhill was an extremely wealthy man in those days, further we can find no indication that he was engaged in the staple trade of the district. We must therefore conclude that he was to be numbered amongst the comparatively few landed gentry in our parish in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and undoubtedly he was the most influential personage in Barkisland township. He is not mentioned with any frequency in the local wills of the period although he was one of those to whom Henry Savile of Bradley, in 1566, entrusted the "ordering in marriage" of his daughters.

As before mentioned his wife survived him, dying in 1601, buried in Elland, May 13, of the year. Her will is as follows:

Abstract of the will of Cicilie Gledhill, widow, Barkisland, late wife of John Gledhill (nuncupative).

Date 19 April, 1601. Whereas she hath given unto John Gledhill and Dorathie, two of her children, certain goods, bedding, etc., contained in two notes of writing, she did confirm the same.

She gave to Elizabeth, wife of Francis Richard, one black cow and one side saddle. And to Frances Richard, daughter of said Elizabeth, one brown whie. She gave to Jane her daughter, now wife of John Cooper, one black cow, one cupboard, and sundry household articles, also one spended heifer.

To every one of her three daughters, Elizabeth Richard, Jane Cooper, and Dorathie Gledhill, ten pieces of pewter.

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

I n d e x

Residue to John Gleydhill, her son, and Dorathie Gleydhill, her daughter, whom she made Exers., to be advised by Mr. John Thornhill of Fixbie, Esq., and Nicholas Thornhill, his brother.

Proved 22 April, 1602, by John Gledhill, son and Exer.

John Gledhill was succeeded by his son Thomas Gledhill, who kept up the family traditions in regard to marriage, his first wife being Mary, daughter of Richard Wade, of Quickstavers, in Sowerby, by his wife Agnes, daughter of William Farrer, of Ewood. They were married at Halifax, Jan. 22, 1584-5, and had Thomas baptized at Elland in 1607. He married Isabel Deane who survived him, and his will, proved in the last named year, mentions his father, to whom is bequeathed £5, his uncle, Anthony Wade (of Peel House), brother-in-law Robert Deane, of Exley, and cousin Anthony Wade, of King Cross. To the poor of Barkisland, Stainland, and Halifax, he bequeathed £5 each, and to the Free Grammar School further £5.

By a second marriage with Edith, daughter of John Harrison, of Leeds, Thomas Gledhill, Senior, had John, Elizabeth, Thomas, Richard and Judith.

John, the eldest son, was the builder of Barkisland Hall, as we know it today, and he was baptized at Elland, on the 15th of September, 1605, and married there, 11th October 1636, Sarah, daughter of William Horton, of Barkisland. Over the principal doorway at the hall can be seen the initials of John and Sarah Gledhill, with the date "1638".

Elizabeth, elder daughter, was baptized at Elland, 15th October 1609, and married William Horton, aforesaid, and a reference to the Elland Registers reveals the interesting fact that a brother and sister of the house of Gledhill were wedded to brother and sister of the house of Horton on the same day, October 11th, 1636.

Thomas, second son, baptized at Elland, 15th November 1607, died without issue.

Richard, third son, baptized at Elland, 29th December 1616, was educated for the law at Lincoln's Inn, and when the Civil War split England in twain he espoused the Royalist cause and became captain of a troop of horse, under the famous cavalry general, Sir Marmaduke Langdale. For some notable act of gallantry he was knighted by the Marquis of Newcastle, and as Sir Richard Gledhill, Knight, met his fate in battle, being killed on Hessay Moor, near York, in 1644. He was buried in St. Martin's Michlegate July 8, of the year.

There is an element of fatality in the end of Sir Richard Gledhill, for his mother was the daughter of that staunch Royalist, John Harrison, of Leeds, a man to whom the city owes much in the shape of benefactions, but perhaps St. John's Church is his best memorial. He was harried by the Parliament as a delinquent, and although the commissioners appear to have been divided in their judgements, he was fined a considerable sum.

We must now return again to the father Thomas Gledhill. He died in 1617 and was buried at Elland, 31st October, leaving no will, but administration was granted to Edith, the relict, also the tuition of Thomas, Elizabeth, Judith and Richard, the children. In July of the following year (1618) the widow revoked the tuition clause granted to her in favour of John Harrison of Leeds, her father. She was buried at Elland 13th April, 1637.

Her will is dated February 21st 1636, wherein she bequeaths to Richard Gledhill, her younger son, "all my manner of Clayton and all my messuages in the county of York, and I desire and earnestly charge my eldest son John Gledhill that he or his heirs, immediately after my death, shall make settlements to Richard, his brother." To John Gledhill, the eldest son, is given the sum of £200, and to the daughter Elizabeth, wife of William Horton, the younger, £100.

To the poor of Barkisland 40s.

Residue to Richard Gledhill, executor.

As we have already seen, Richard Gledhill did not live to claim his legacies and Elizabeth Horton

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

I n d e x

proved the will as only daughter June 30, 1658.

John Gledhill, the builder of the Hall, had two children, Thomas and Sara, both of whom died without entering matrimony, therefore the line came to an end.

John, unlike his younger brother, had taken no active part in the Civil War, but, evidently to save any possible trouble he petitioned to compound for lands which had reverted to him as brother and next heir of Sir Richard. The Report says: --"We find that the delinquency was in the said Richard Gledhill, who was engaged in the war under the command of the Earl of Newcastle; the said Richard Gledhill died seized of the manor of Clayton consisting only of free rent and some small perquisites of court of the yearly value of £13 6s 8d. and of one messuage in Barkisland worth yearly £20 and of one messuage in Stainland worth yearly £9." Nevertheless John Gledhill, on the 12th July 1650, paid the sum of £127 to get clear.

John Gledhill might have had some premonition of the end of his line when he caused to be cut over a doorway the lines:-

"Nune mea, mox jujus, postca nescio cujus" (Once his, now mine, but I know not whose afterwards.)

John Gledhill was buried at Elland, 28th May, 1656 leaving a will to which he added a codicil shortly before his death.

Will of John Gledhill, of Barkisland. Date Aug. 19th 1652. To be buried in the chapel of Elland "amongst my ancestors." Whereas I stand seised in the manors of Beamsley and Hellifield, and lands therein and in Barkisland, Stainland, Cromwell Bothom, Eland, and Southowram, I give to Sarah Gledhill, my daughter, an annuity or rent charge yearly for four years, then to Thomas Gledhill, my son and heir.

To Sarah Gledhill, one trunk which was her mother's and all the linen, jewels, therein, and half the embroidered work which "my late wife brought to my house."

To the poor of Barkisland £3 6s. 8d. To who shall be preacher of Ribonden Church and shall make a sermon at my funeral, 20s.

Of the residue, Sarah Gledhill, for the residue of her portion, and in lieu of her right £400. The residue to my son Thomas.

May 22, 1656. Whereas I gave Sarah Gledhill, my daughter, £200 rent charge and £400 out of my goods, I wish the said rent charge to be void and I give my said daughter £1,400; of which £600 to be paid at 21, Thomas paying her £30 yearly till paid. £800 to be paid at the end of twelve months after the day of her marriage, and £200 in two years after.

Probate granted to Sarah Gledhill, daughter, September 26th, 1657, Thomas Gledhill having died.

Thomas Gledhill was buried at Elland March 30, 1657, thus quickly following his father. Gledhill's will adds further benefactions to Ripponden Church, Mr. Joshua Horton of Sowerby Hall, being the trustee.

Will of Thomas Gledhill, of Barkisland. Date March 23, 1656. Bequeaths the sum of £120 "for the only use of a lawful preaching minister of the word of God at Riponden Chappell that shall be settled there from time to time". The bequest appears to have been in lands as he goes on to say "My will and mind is that the profits of the same landes from yeare to yeare to succeeding ages, shall come and be paid to the hands of such minister or ministers for ever, which summe of £120 I have given in my life time into the hands of my uncle Joshua Horton, Esq., entreating him to bestowe or cause to be bestowed the said moneys upon lands in some convenient place to the best profit he can." In commemoration whereof the minister was to preach one sermon yearly on the 1st of May, if it be not on the Lord's Day, and if so, in the week following at the minister's choice. Should there be no minister the sum to go to the most needful poor of Barkisland.

To the poor of Barkisland £4.

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

I n d e x

I have given to Mr. Joshua Horton £50 to be bestowed in lands, the profits for the poor of Barkisland, and also £10 to be given to Mr. Roger Kenyon, the present minister of Ripponden, as a legacy, he to preach my funeral sermon, and I give him 20s.

To each of my servants 40s. To Henry Ellstones 10s. To kinsman James Gledhill of London £5. Remainder to sister Sarah Gledhill.

Probate granted Sept. 26, 1657, to Sarah Gledhill.

The end of the Gledhill family came with great suddenness, for as we have already seen, father and son had departed this life in the short space of about ten months, and within a year after, the daughter, the last survivor, follows, and Barkisland Hall knows them no longer.

I give her will, which is dated Oct. 13, 1657, as follows:

Will of Sarah Gledhill, late of Barkisland, now of London, spinster. I do allow the sum of £200 for funeral expenses, willing that such persons be put into mourning attire with part of the said sum, viz., my uncle Joshua Horton, Mr. Bocacke, his wife, Mrs. Oakes, my cousin Elizabeth Horton, and Martha Preston, my servant, which done, "I do give and bequeath the sum of £200 unto the use of a schoolmaster, for teaching such poor children of the township of Barkisland whose parents are not able to bring them up in learning, and I do will that my executors hereafter named bestow the said sum of £200 in some convenient place in the purchase of lands, and put the same into feoffee estate, the profits whereof to be yearly gathered by such feoffee and their heirs to succeeding generations for ever, and paid to such schoolmaster of schoolmasters as shall be by them in their discretion placed or appointed in the town or township aforesaid, for which said yearly profit the said schoolmaster shall teach such children to read English and to write or cast account, or further learning as the said feoffee shall think meet and convenient, and as the moneys so raised will extend.

I give my grandmother, Mrs. Elizabeth Horton £40 and one inlaid chest which was my mother's. To my uncle, Mr. Thomas Horton, of Liverpool, £150. To my cousin Elizabeth Horton, £50. To Richard Hoyle and his son, Nathan Hoyle, of Lightasles, £5 each. To my cousin, Edward Hanson, of Woodhouse, £30. To the use of my cousin James Gledhill, of London, and of his wife and children, £50, which sum to be put forth by my executor for their profit, livelihood, and better support. The sister of the said James Gledhill, £5. To Judith Haslan, of Rochdale, £10. To Thomas Deane, Michael Deane, and Henry Green's wife, £5 each. To Susan Horton and her son, Nathan, and her daughter Sarah, £5 each. To John Wormall, his sisters Grace and Martha, £5 each. To Nathan Hoyle's wife of Milnebanck, £5. To Mr. Kenyon, minister of Ripponden, £10. To Martha Preston, my servant, Milnebanck, £10. To Henry Ellistone, my father's apprentice, towards his preferment and putting forth to some trade, £10. And I desire my executors to see Mr. Bocoche well satisfied for the charges I have put him to in the time of this my visitation, and I give to Mrs. Bocoche, his wife, over and above, £20, and to his three daughters 20s. each., and to his two maids 20s. each, and I give Mr. John Tillatson £5. To Elizabeth, the wife of Mr. James Okes, £10. To Elizabeth Brooke, 40s. To Robert Pickles, £5. To the poor of Barkisland, £5. Residue to uncle Joshua Horton, of Sowerby, Esq., and my aunt, Elizabeth Horton, of Holroide, equally, both executors.

Proved April 30, 1658.

I have here traced the main line of the Gledhill family of Barkisland, but there are other branches which might well repay investigation. The 17th century homestead of that main line is still one of our most beautiful local buildings, although it has suffered in many ways during its somewhat chequered career. It was apparently built "from the ground" by John Gledhill in 1638, and did not supplant an older building on the site, indeed it marks, in some directions, the coming in of a more advanced style of architecture into the district.

The Old Hall stood further up the village of Barkisland and its site is now occupied by modern dwellings. These were built by Mr. Titterington, the owner of the Old Hall, and it is of interest to note that the Gledhill family name was associated with this hall until the death of Mr. Thomas Gledhill, father of the late Mrs. Titterington of the Greave, Luddenden. When the old building was taken down a piece of plasterwork was preserved and re-erected at the Greave, and this bears the initials of a Michael and Dorothy Gledhill, with the

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

I n d e x

date "1596", within a circular panel decorated with fleur-de-lys and conventional pomegranates.

In the upper floor of the Hall has been re-erected a stone fireplace found during the present structural alterations necessitated by the state of the building. It was found at the back of, and concealed by, a later stone fireplace of a date or period corresponding with the building. It would appear therefore that this older fireplace had been removed from somewhere and used in the new building, but perhaps being thought too small, had been supplanted by the larger one placed in front of it. In all probability it came from the Old Hall, for it bears the initial "T.G.", and date "1605", and can only refer to Thomas Gledhill, who died in the year 1617, and was the father of the builder of the new Barkisland Hall.

The Michael Gledhill of the plasterwork at the Greave was probably brother of the before - mentioned Thomas Gledhill, he being buried at Elland in 1623, his wife, Dorothy, having predeceased him in 1613. Presumably he had a son, besides three daughters, but that son has yet to be traced.

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

I n d e x

Since Ida's extended family was so important to her, and played such a big part in her life, the following (admittedly incomplete) Genealogical Summary is included to provide a context for Ida's writings.

Edward Gledhill

1811 - 1888

Thomas Gledhill

1856 - 1933

Betty Hague

1814 - 1888

Ida Belle Gledhill

1896 - 1982

John Lehi Ivie

1833 - 1909

Lillie Belle Ivie

1865 - 1929

Mary Catherine Barton

1837 - 1888

Christian Christensen

1819 - 1853

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

I n d e x

Peter Christian Christensen

1849 - 1928

Margrethe Hansdatter

1826 - 1853

Randall Christensen

1893 - 1928

Edward Mallinson

1810 - 1896

Mary Ophelia Mallinson

1853 - 1927

Ophelia Turner

1813 - 1892

Archibald Waller

Overton Buchanan

Archibald Walter Buchanan

1859 - 1951

Helen Amelia Whiting

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

I n d e x

Christian Leroy Buchanan

1891 - 1975

Peter Christian

Petersen

Mary Petersen

1864 - 1950

Christinia Neilsen

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

I n d e x

Ida's paternal grandfather was:

Edward Gledhill

born July 31, 1811 in Crompton, Lancashire, England
to John Gledhill and Sarah Whittaker
died July 6, 1888 in Vermillion, Sevier, Utah; buried Sigurd, UT.
married on June 4, 1832 in Manchester, Lancashire, England to

Ida's paternal grandmother who was:

Betty Hague

born July 8, 1814 in Oldham, Lancashire, England
to Thomas Haigh and Betty Taylor
died July 18, 1888 in Vermillion, Sevier, Utah; buried Sigurd, UT.

they were the parents of 13 children:

Sarah Gledhill

born March 31, 1833 in Oldham, Lancashire, England
died October 1, 1900; buried Sigurd, Utah
married on May 21, 1853 in Prestwich, Lancashire, England to
Edward Broadbent and on October 27, 1866 to Bernard Snow

Ellen Gledhill

born in 1837 in Oldham, Lancashire, England and
died in England before the 1841 census.

John Edward Gledhill

born June 3, 1836 in Oldham, Lancashire, England
died January 15, 1911 in Vermillion, Sevier, Utah
married to Elizabeth Handley on December 31, 1859
in Prestwich, Lancashire, England

Mary Gledhill

born May 5, 1838 in Oldham, Lancashire, England
died March 13, 1912 in Springville, Utah, Utah
sealed on December 1, 1868 to William Gilbert Barton and
married on November 12, 1904 to John Dallin

William Gledhill

born in 1840 in Oldham, Lancashire, England and
died before the 1841 census

Ann Gledhill

born May 2, 1842 in Bath Rock, Oldham, Lancashire, England
died January 7, 1870
sealed on December 1, 1868 to Amasa Scovil

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

I n d e x

Sophia Gledhill

born June 2, 1844 in Oldham, Lancashire, England

died June 26, 1862 at sea

Betsy Gledhill

born February 22, 1846 in Oldham, Lancashire, England

died April 1, 1869 in Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete, Utah

sealed to Peter Gottfredson by proxy on April 22, 1872

Alice Gledhill

born in 1848 in England and

died before the 1851 census in England

Violet Gledhill

born May 31, 1849 in Oldham, Lancashire, England

died May 25, 1900 at Fish Lake, Sevier, Utah

married to Bernard Snow on March 29, 1869

and to John Lehi Ivie on September 14, 1881

Joseph Gledhill

born June 8, 1852 in Pit Bank, Oldham, Lancashire, England

died in 1929 in San Diego, San Diego, California

married on November 20, 1889 to Martha Rebecca Acord

Amelia Gledhill

born May 31, 1854 in Green Acres Moor, Oldham, Lancs., England

died March 17, 1893 in Vermillion, Sevier, Utah; buried Sigurd, Ut

married April 22, 1872 in the Endowment House to Peter Gottfredson

Thomas Gledhill

born April 17, 1856 in Oldham, Lancashire, England

died December 12, 1933 in Richfield, Sevier, Utah

married January 8, 1882 in Vermillion, Utah to Lillie Belle Ivie

and sealed October 10, 1882

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

I n d e x

Ida's maternal grandfather was:

John Lehi Ivie

born June 11, 1833 in Monroe County, Missouri
to James Russell Ivie and Eliza McKee Fausett
died March 10, 1909 in Vermillion, Sevier, Utah
married on May 16, 1852 in Provo, Utah to Mary Catherine Barton
and on January 23, 1857 to Maryett Carter
they were parents of 4 children including
John Carter Ivie and Arletta Ivie
and on September 14, 1881 to Violet Gledhill
they were sealed on December 8, 1881
they were parents of 4 children including
Russell Ivie and Luta Ivie

Ida's maternal grandmother was:

Mary Catherine Barton

born June 30, 1837 in Shamokin, Northumberland, Pennsylvania
to John Barton and Susannah Wilkinson
died December 24, 1888 in Blaine County, Idaho
and who was also married to Lyman R. Peters

they were the parents of 12 children:

Joseph Alma Ivie

born May 21, 1853 in Bountiful, Davis, Utah
died August 21, 1853 at Bountiful, Davis, Utah

Phebe Ellen Ivie

born July 5, 1854 in Bountiful, Davis, Utah
died February 28, 1855 in Provo, Utah, Utah

Mary Susannah Ivie

born June 7, 1856 in Provo, Utah, Utah
died October 14, 1922 in Magrath, Alberta, Canada
married November 13, 1874 to John Taylor Heninger

Rosella Ann Ivie

born February 2, 1858 in Provo, Utah, Utah
died April 24, 1859 and was buried at Ephraim, Sanpete, Utah

John Lafayette Ivie

born November 10, 1860 in Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete, Utah
died May 22, 1880 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
buried at Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete, Utah

James Oscar Ivie

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

I n d e x

born May 9, 1863 in Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete, Utah
died June 19, 1940 in Salina, Utah; buried in Sigurd, Utah
married to Elsie Elizabeth Daley in 1880 and
on July 6, 1887 to Annie Catherine Mortensen

Lillie Belle Ivie

born October 13, 1865 in Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete, Utah
died May 1, 1929 in Richfield, Sevier, Utah
married on January 8, 1882 in Vermillion, Utah to Thomas Gledhill
and sealed on October 10, 1882

Catherine May Ivie

born February 24, 1868 in Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete, Utah
died March 8, 1935
married to John Solender, Joshua Perrins, and Ernest Arthur Giles

Seymour Cliff Ivie

born August 26, 1870 in Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete, Utah
died March 9, 1876

Alden Salathiel Ivie

born May 4, 1873 in Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete, Utah
died May 1, 1928
married to Mary Ainsworth

Ida Priscilla Ivie

born October 18, 1875 in Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete, Utah
died on November 27, 1970 in Boise, Idaho
married on June 27, 1900 to Thomas Charles Stanford and to Everett Dix

Ray Ivie

born June 4, 1878 in Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete, Utah
died April 8, 1972 in Klamath Falls, Oregon
married May 16, 1900 to Maude Ellen Ainsworth

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

I n d e x

Ida's immediate family consisted of

Ida's Father Thomas Gledhill

Ida's Mother Lillie Belle Ivie

they were the parents of 9 children:

Thomas Ray Gledhill (Ray)

born February 13, 1883 in Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete, Utah

married July 18, 1907 to Rebecca May Eames

was the father of Ora, Preston, Utahna, Evelyn, Theodore Roger,
Ilah Dean, and David

died February 18, 1955 in Richfield, Sevier, Utah

Hugh Lafayette Gledhill (Lafay)

born December 23, 1884 in Vermillion, Sevier, Utah

married December 28, 1904 to Mary Elizabeth Jennings

was the father of LeVoy, Ruby, Vera, Wanda, Dora, and Bert

died April 8, 1924 in Vermillion, Sevier, Utah

John Ivo Gledhill

born September 3, 1886 in Vermillion, Sevier, Utah

married August 17, 1910 to Sarah Jane Ogden

was the father of Melba and Ivie

died July 31, 1917 in Richfield, Sevier, Utah

Alden Oscar Gledhill

born September 8, 1888 in Vermillion, Sevier, Utah

married May 5, 1909 to Eva Elizabeth Harmon

was the father of LaMar, Della, Helen, Ivo, Luta, Merlin, Elaine,
Harmon, and Jerald

died July 29, 1978 in Salt Lake City, Utah

Herbert France Gledhill (Bert)

born September 21, 1890 in Vermillion, Sevier, Utah

married December 20, 1911 to Maggie Short McMillan

was the father of Max and Millan

died June 14, 1918 in Boves, France

Fred Ovi Gledhill

born August 28, 1892 in Vermillion, Sevier, Utah

married December 17, 1913 to Julia Isabelle Barron

was the father of Clifford, Chad, Betty, Joy, Fred, and Pearl

died March 6, 1955 in Salt Lake City, Utah

Ida Belle Gledhill

born January 28, 1896 in Vermillion, Sevier, Utah

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

I n d e x

married October 11, 1916 to Randall Christensen
was the mother of Mary, Thomas Randall, and Randa Rae
and also married on June 1, 1936 to Christian LeRoy Buchanan
died June 14, 1982 in Richfield, Sevier, Utah

Amelia May Gledhill (Millie)
born September 30, 1897 in Vermillion, Sevier, Utah
married August 26, 1914 to Ernest Author Nebeker
was the mother of Maurine, Garth, Gwendolyn, and Don
died October 31, 1945 in Salt Lake City, Utah

a stillborn child believed to be a daughter
born about 1901 and buried in Sigurd, Utah

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

I n d e x

Ida's first husband Randall's immediate family consisted of:

Randall's Father:

Peter Christian Christensen (born Hans Peter Christensen)
born August 17, 1849 in Copenhagen, Denmark
(although he thought he was born on December 5, 1850)
to Christian Christensen and Margrethe Hansdatter
died December 19, 1920 in Moroni, Sanpete, Utah
married January 29, 1849 in Salt Lake City to

Randall's Mother:

Mary Mallinson
born July 21, 1853 in Ashton-Under-Lyne, Lancashire, England
to Edward Mallinson and Ophelia Turner
died August 31, 1927 in Moroni, Sanpete, Utah

they were the parents of 9 children:

Edward Christensen
born February 2, 1873 in Moroni, Sanpete, Utah
died December 26, 1901 in Moroni, Sanpete, Utah

Peter Angelo Christensen
born April 27, 1875 in Moroni, Sanpete, Utah
married on December 24, 1902 to Maren Regina Fehser
father to Berniece and Evan
died October 1, 1924 in Salt Lake City, Utah
buried in Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete, Utah

Blanche Ophelia Christensen
born June 7, 1878 in Moroni, Sanpete, Utah
married on February 13, 1899 in Manti, Utah to Eugene Oliver Eliason
mother to Adella and Galen
died November 25, 1957 in Manti, Utah

Ernest Raymond Christensen
born July 12, 1881 in Moroni, Sanpete, Utah
married on June 27, 1911 to Ethelyn Crilla Candland
died February 16, 1958 in Mt. Pleasant, Utah

Hannah Caroline Christensen (Daisy)
born November 11, 1883 in Moroni, Sanpete, Utah
married on October 18, 1905 to John Raymond Blackham
died October 12, 1973 in Salt Lake City, Utah

Nelson Howard Christensen
born March 23, 1887 in Moroni, Sanpete, Utah

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

I n d e x

died June 26, 1973 in Nephi, Juab, Utah

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

I n d e x

Mary Viola Christensen

born July 14, 1890

married on December 30, 1913 in Manti, Utah to Perry Taylor Warren

died March 18, 1967 in Portland, Oregon

Randall Christensen

born May 12, 1893 in Moroni, Sanpete, Utah

married October 11, 1916 in Manti, Utah to Ida Belle Gledhill

was father to Mary, Thomas Randall, and Randa Rae

died March 2, 1928 in Richfield, Sevier, Utah

Frank James Christensen

born October 20, 1895 in Moroni, Sanpete, Utah

married on March 23, 1925 in Colorado Springs, Colorado to Violet Fiack

died November 13, 1968 in Granger, Utah

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

I n d e x

Ida's second husband Roy's immediate family consisted of:

Roy's Father:

Archibald Walter Buchanan

born January 21, 1859 in Manti, Sanpete, Utah

to Archibald Waller Overton Buchanan and Helen Amelia Whiting

died June 2, 1951 in Venice, Sevier, Utah

married on December 7, 1881 in the St. George Temple to

Roy's Mother:

Mary Petersen

born January 31, 1864 in Draper, Salt Lake, Utah

to Peter Christian Petersen and Christinia Neilsen

died March 9, 1950 in Venice, Sevier, Utah

they were the parents of:

Archibald Lester Buchanan

born October 27, 1884 in Glenwood, Sevier, Utah

married on November 15, 1911 to Odetta Cowley

died February 13, 1971

Mary Lula Buchanan

born July 16, 1886 in Glenwood, Sevier, Utah

married on April 16, 1913 to Joshua S. Buchanan

died November 10, 1969

Mable Buchanan

born January 17, 1889 in Glenwood, Sevier, Utah

married on December 27, 1910 to John L. Ainsworth

died September 17, 1921

Christian LeRoy Buchanan (Roy)

born January 3, 1891 in Glenwood, Sevier, Utah

married on November 5, 1913 to Laura Mae Cowley

was father to Afton, Dwain, and Iris

also married on June 1, 1936 to Ida Belle Gledhill Christensen

died November 3, 1975 in St. George, Utah

Earl Buchanan

born March 20, 1893 in Glenwood, Sevier, Utah, and died May 3, 1893

Sterling Buchanan

born May 7, 1894 in Glenwood, Sevier, Utah, and died May 17, 1894

Clarence Emeron Buchanan

born February 22, 1896 in Glenwood, Sevier, Utah

married on September 24, 1924 to Naomi Clarissa Cowley

died May 31, 1968

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

I n d e x

Cleone Buchanan

born August 3, 1904 in Glenwood, Sevier, Utah

married on June 5, 1925 to Rodney Thomas Bell

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

I n d e x

Ida's descendants consisted of:

her children with Randall:

Mary Christensen

born August 19, 1923 in Richfield, Sevier, Utah

married on May 12, 1942 to Keith Hooper in Manti, Utah

was mother of Anne Marie, Keith R., Galen Roy, Laurel, Ione, and Carma

Thomas Randall Christensen

born September 13, 1925 in McCornick, Millard, Utah

married on November 18, 1946 to Dezra June Leavitt in Manti, Utah

was father of Randall Lloyd, Thomas Roy, Jack Ray, Janese, Roxanne,
and Jonathan Dale

Randa Rae Christensen

born November 3, 1928 in Richfield, Sevier, Utah

married on June 17, 1949 to Robert Smith Melville

was mother of Robert Chris and Bradley Rulon

her stepchildren from Roy and his first wife Laura Mae Cowley:

Afton Buchanan

born December 2, 1914 in Venice, Sevier, Utah

married on May 5, 1951 to Horace E. Whitbeck

Elmo Dwain Buchanan

born December 8, 1915 in Venice, Sevier, Utah

married on May 23, 1941 to Anna Faun Herbert

was father of Jack and Jill

Iris Buchanan

born October 11, 1918 in Venice, Sevier, Utah

married on November 8, 1940 to Ralph R. Hafen

was mother of Keith, Carol, Nancy, Jane, and Steven

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

I n d e x

- Acord, Martha Rebecca 93
Adshead, Brother 46
Ainsworth, John L. 100
Ainsworth, Mary 95
Ainsworth, Maude Ellen 95
Alden, See Gledhill, Alden Oscar 3
Allen, Fred 19
Allred
 Colonel Reddick N. 35, 64
 Isaac 71, 72
 James 71
 John 71, 72
 Sarah 71
 William 71
 William Hackley 71
Andersen, James Peter 35, 64
Anderson, Florence 24
Anderson, Lewis 14
Anona Dance Hall 22
Aropine, Jake 34
Arrow 34, 45, 76, 77
Ashton-Under-Lyne, England 51
Bagley, George H. 12
Barkisland Hall 79
Barron, Julia Isabella 14, 96
Barton
 Elizabeth Jane 67
 John 63, 64, 67, 94
 John Oscar 67
 Mary Catherine 45-47, 63, 67, 94
 Phebe Ellen 67
 William Gilbert 67, 92
Baths 5, 57
Bean, Bert and Hattie Bartlet 10
Bell, Rodney Thomas 100
Bennett, Dolph 36
Bennett, John 17
Benton, Iowa 33, 58, 60
Bert, See Gledhill, Herbert France 3
Billington, Ezekiel 71
Bishop, Francis Marion 10
Black Beauty 6
Black Hawk War 6, 33, 43, 45, 51, 64, 67, 77
Black Small Pox 39
Blackham, Jennie 14, 15
Blackham, John Raymond 13, 98
Bonnetts 5
Bountiful, Utah 63, 67
Brain, Reginold 6
Brigham City 51
Brigham Young University 11, 21
Broadbent, Edward 60, 92
Brush, Amanda Jane 76
Buchanan
 Afton 22, 29, 100, 101
 Archibald Lester 27, 100
 Archibald W. O. 34, 100
 Archibald Walter 100
 Christian Leroy 22, 25, 34, 96, 100
 Clarence Emeron 100
 Cleone 100
 Dwain 22, 23, 28-30, 100, 101
 Earl 100
 Iris 22, 28, 29, 31, 100
 Jack 101
 Jill 29, 101
 Joshua S. 100
 Mable 100
 Mary Lula 100
 Nancy 101
 Sterling 100
Buggy 5, 11, 13, 17, 21, 41, 48
Buttons 10
Camp Douglas 35
Candland, Ethelyn Crilla 98
Carey, Idaho 68
Carter, Billy 47
Carter, Maryett 45, 64, 94
Cedar City 20
Cedar Creek Canyon 36
Cellar 5
Christensen
 Berniece 18, 98
 Blanche Ophelia 12, 13, 15, 20, 51, 52, 98
 Christian 51, 56, 98
 Edward 51, 98
 Ernest Raymond 51, 98
 Evan 18, 98
 Frank James 13, 22, 51, 99
 Hannah Caroline 13, 14, 51, 52, 98

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

I n d e x

- Jack Ray 30, 31, 101
Janese 28, 30, 101
Johan Erastus 51, 56
Jonathan Dale 31, 101
Mary 18, 19, 21, 23, 24, 27-29, 31, 51, 53, 96, 99, 101
Mary Viola 51, 99
Nelson Howard 12, 51, 98
Peter Angelo 18, 51, 98
Peter Christian 12, 34, 51, 53, 98
Randa Rae 21, 23, 24, 30, 96, 99, 101
Randall 3, 12, 20, 29, 41, 49, 51, 52, 96, 99
Randall Lloyd 29, 101
Roxanne 29, 101
Thomas Randall 19, 21-24, 96, 99
Thomas Roy 29, 31, 101
City of Rome 40
Clear Creek Canyon 20, 23
Columbia, Missouri 73
Connor, Colonel 35
Copenhagen, Denmark 51
Council Bluffs 63
Cowley, Laura Mae 22, 100, 101
Cowley, Naomi Clarissa 100
Cowley, Odetta 100
Daisy, See Christensen, Hannah Caroline 13
Daley, Elsie Elizabeth 94
Dallin, John 92
Dance 11, 12, 17, 18, 22, 46, 52, 57, 68
Dastrup, John 41
Delta, Utah 19
Diphtheria 10
Dix, Ernest 95
Dobson, Elizabeth 63, 75
Dreams 46, 47, 49, 57
Eames, Rebecca May 11, 96
Eliason 15
 Adella 27, 98
 Eugene Oliver 98
 Galen 12, 18, 98
Emerald Isle 33, 58, 60
Eva, See Harmon, Eva 6
Extermination Order 72
Fausett, Eliza McKee 63, 71, 77, 94
Fausett, John 71, 72
Fausett, Richard 71
Fechser, Maren Regina 98
Fiack, Violet 99
Fillmore, Utah 17
Fish Lake 5, 11, 30, 40
Flu 3, 15, 41, 49
Follett, King 73
Forest Monarch 51, 54
Forsgren, Johan Eric 51
Fosgren, John 51
Frandsen, Rasmus 64
Fred, See Gledhill, Fred Ovi 3
Giles, Ernest Arthur 95
Gledhill
 Alden Oscar 6, 11, 12, 14, 16-18, 28, 31, 37, 43, 47, 96
 Alice 57, 93
 Amelia 33, 35, 57, 58, 60, 93
 Amelia May 5, 12, 14, 20, 21, 23, 41, 43, 47, 97
 Ann 33, 57, 59, 92
 Bert 96
 Betsy 57-59, 93
 Betty 96
 Chad 96
 Clifford 23, 40, 96
 David 96
 Della 16, 17, 96
 Dora 96
 Edward 33, 37, 43, 57, 59, 92
 Elaine 96
 Ellen 57, 92
 Evelyn 96
 Florence 10, 11
 Fred 96
 Fred Ovi 12, 14, 16, 18, 23, 37, 43, 47, 96
 Harmon 96
 Helen 17, 28, 96
 Herbert France 14, 37, 41, 47, 49, 96
 Hugh Lafayette 5, 9, 14, 37, 41, 47, 49, 96
 Ida Belle 5, 41, 43, 47, 49, 96, 99, 100
 Ilah Dean 96
 Ivie 3, 21, 41, 49, 96
 Ivo 96
 James 41, 59-61
 Jerald 96
 John 57, 92
 John Edward 33, 57, 59, 92
 John Ivo 6, 11, 14, 37, 41, 47, 49, 96

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

I n d e x

- Joseph 10, 11, 57, 60, 93
Joy 28, 96
Lamar 16, 17, 29, 96
LeVoy 96
Luta 17, 40, 48, 96
Mary 33, 37, 57, 59, 92
Max 96
Melba 3, 21, 41, 49, 96
Merlin 96
Millan 41, 96
Ora 11, 96
Pearl 96
Preston 96
Ruby 30, 31, 96
Sarah 34, 35, 57, 59, 60, 92
Sophia 57, 60, 92
Theodore Roger 96
Thomas 3, 8, 21, 33, 35, 37, 39, 42, 46, 57, 60, 66, 67, 93, 95, 96
Thomas Ray 11, 12, 14, 18-21, 37, 41, 43, 46-48, 79
Utahna 96
Vera 96
Violet 5, 37, 40, 48, 57, 59, 66, 93, 94
Wanda 96
William 14, 57, 92
Glenwood, Utah 10, 41
Gottfredson, Alice 38, 48
Gottfredson, Jacob 41
Gottfredson, Peter 6, 33, 34, 37, 40, 41, 45, 58, 64, 75, 93
Graball, Utah 77
Hafen
 Carol 29, 101
 Jane 101
 Keith 29, 30, 101
 Ralph R. 28, 29, 101
 Steven 101
Hague, Betty 33, 37, 43, 57, 59, 92
Haigh, Thomas 57, 92
Hail 20
Hals, Hans Jensen 58
Hammock 13
Handley, Elizabeth 58, 60, 92
Handwriting 27, 39, 48
Hansdatter, Margrethe 51, 98
Hansen, John 19, 21
Hansen, Lizzie 6
Harmon, Eva Elizabeth 6, 14, 28, 96
Harris, Joe 14
Hay 7, 16, 20, 22, 37
Heninger, John T. 46, 94
Herbert, Anna Faun 28, 30, 101
Higbee, William 33, 35, 36
Holden, Utah 14, 19
Holman, Phoebe 48
Holmes, John A. 33, 58
Hooper
 Anne Marie 28, 30, 101
 Carma 28, 30, 101
 Galen 29
 Galen Roy 28, 101
 Ione 28, 101
 Keith 23, 27, 29, 31, 101
 Keith R. 28, 30, 101
 Laurel 28, 101
Humphrey, G. T. 40
Ida, See Gledhill, Ida Belle 3
Ivie
 Alden Leroy 9
 Alden Salathiel 67, 69, 95
 Anderson 71
 Arletta 64, 94
 Benjamin Martin 71, 75, 78
 Betsy Marie 74
 Catherine May 3, 47, 67, 69, 95
 Eliza Mariah 74
 Elizabeth Caroline 72
 Heber Charles 75
 Hyrum Lewis 75
 Ida Priscilla 67, 95
 Isaac Thomas 74
 James Alexander 45, 63-65, 71, 75, 76, 78
 James Oscar 3, 9, 10, 38, 45, 65-67, 94
 James Russell 64, 67, 71, 77, 94
 John Anderson 71, 72
 John Carter 64, 94
 John Elmer 9
 John Lafayette 45, 67, 68, 94
 John Lehi 1, 3, 5, 6, 9, 21, 34, 36, 37, 40, 45, 48, 63, 67, 71, 76, 93, 94
 Joseph Alma 63, 67, 94
 Joseph Orson 74, 75
 Lillie Belle 3, 8, 9, 13, 37, 43, 45, 66, 67, 93,

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

I n d e x

- 95
Luta 3, 66, 94
Mary Susannah 41, 45, 46, 64, 67, 94
Mattie 10
Parley 10
Phebe Ellen 63, 67, 94
Polly Ann 63, 71
Ray 69, 95
Richard Anderson 63, 64, 75, 76
Rosella Ann 64, 67, 94
Russell 66, 94
Seymour Cliff 67, 68, 95
Thomas Celton 64, 75, 77
William Franklin 64, 76
William Shelton 72, 75
Ivo, See Gledhill, John Ivo 3
Jan, See Christensen, Janese 28
Jefferies, Murray 21
Jennings, Mary Elizabeth 5, 9, 14, 96
Jensen, Adelle Gottfredson 3
June, See Leavitt, Dezra June 23
Kearnes, William 35
Kelly, Joseph 76
Kendall, Hugh P. 81
Lafay, See Gledhill, Hugh Lafayette 3
Larsen, Peter 35
Larter, Henry N. 45
Leavitt, Dezra June 23, 24, 28
Lowery, Abner 51
Lowery, John 34, 51
Ludvigson, Peter 34
Lyman, Francis M. 41
Lyric Theater 10
Madsen, Florence Jepperson 24
Mallinson, Edward 51, 98
Mallinson, Mary 12, 51, 98
Mamie, See Jennings, Mary Elizabeth 5
Manti, Utah 13, 24, 30, 34, 58, 64
McCornick, Utah 15, 17
McKee, Mary 71
McLellan, William E. 71
McMillan, Maggie Short 14, 41, 49, 96
Melville
 Bradley Rulon 101
 Robert Chris 101
 Robert Smith 23, 24, 101
Merrick, John 77
Mickelson, John 10
Millennial Star 39, 40
Miller, Daniel 33-35
Millie, See Gledhill, Amelia May 3
Morly, Tom 13
Mormon Battalion 63, 75
Moroni, Utah 13-15, 51, 52
Mortensen, Annie Catherine 95
Mt. Pleasant, Utah 33, 36, 37, 43, 45, 58, 61, 64,
 76
Mumford, Edward T. 60
Nauvoo, Illinois 23, 63, 67, 74
Nebeker
 Don 23, 29, 97
 Ernest Author 14, 20-22, 97
 Garth 14, 97
 Gwendolyn 97
 Maurine 23, 29, 97
Ned, See Gledhill, Edward 57
Neilsen, Christinia 100
Nelson
 Alice 40
 Betty 40
 Eliza 40
 Steve 40
 Tom 40
New York 39, 60
Oak City, Utah 16
Ogden, Joseph 40
Ogden, Sarah Jane 3, 14, 41, 49, 96
Ogden, Sophia 19
Old Pacer 6, 7, 9
Oldham, England 33, 39, 59, 61
Onion 7-9
Open House 24, 27
Owls 6, 14
Panacara 77
Parasols 5
Paris, Missouri 63, 71
Patriarchal Blessing 3, 18, 39, 78
Perblo, Shindy 77
Perrins, Joshua 95
Pete, See Gottfredson, Peter 3
Peters, Lyman R. 45, 46, 65, 68, 94
Peterson, Mary 100
Peterson, Peter Christian 100
Phelps, Morris 73

QUIETLY GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS

I n d e x

- Pierce, Isaas 41
Pioche, Nevada 37
Pratt, Parley P. 63, 71, 72
Prince 7
Provo, Utah 11, 21, 23, 45, 64, 67, 68, 75
Queen and Ginger 16
Ray, See Gledhill, Thomas Ray 3
Red Fish Lake, Idaho 69
Remedies 9
Reynolds, Abigail 76
Reynolds, George 41
Richfield, Utah 5, 11, 19-22, 24, 40, 43, 48, 66
Robins, Hettie M. 71
Rock House 6, 10, 46
Rockville, Utah 20
Rocky Ford 13, 37
Romney, Miles P. 41
Roy, See Buchanan, Christian Leroy 22
Salina, Utah 8, 11, 34, 38, 64
Salt Lake 11, 23, 24, 39, 63, 75
Salt River 71, 72
Schofield, William 57
Scipio, Utah 29, 67, 77
Scout 13
Scovil, Amasa 92
Seegmiller, William 41
Seven Mile 40
Shamokin, Pennsylvania 67
Ship 33, 39, 40, 51, 53, 54, 58, 60
Sigurd, Utah 10, 11, 22, 41, 58
Silver Reef, Utah 37
Smith, Joseph 63, 72, 74
Snow, Bernard 34, 35, 92, 93
Solender, John 69, 95
Sorensen, James 35
Sport 7
Spring City, Utah 15, 33, 34, 36
St. Louis, Missouri 51, 53
Stanford, Thomas Charles 95
Stephensen, Anthony 18
Stewart, Nathan 35
Stringham, Ancel 10
Stringham, Annie 48
Sun Valley, Idaho 68
Tabiona 45
Taylor, Betty 57, 92
Taylor, Louise 17
Temple 13, 24, 58
The Lion 51, 54
Thrasher, Elizabeth 71
Tom, See Christensen, Thomas Randall 19
Tommy, see Cristensen, Thomas Roy 29
Tongues, Gift of 10
Turner, Ophelia 51, 98
Typhoid 15, 48, 66
Venice, Utah 16, 22
Vermillion, Utah 3, 5, 11, 12, 19, 29, 37, 46, 58, 61, 66
Walker War 63, 67, 75
Walker, Jimmy 40
Wall, Charley 22
Ward, Barney 35, 64
Ward, Mae 11
Warren, Perry Taylor 99
West, Dr. 9, 10
Whiskey Creek 17
Whitbeck, Horace E. 101
Whiting, Helen Amelia 100
Whittaker, Sarah 57, 92
Wilkinson, Susannah 67, 94
Wisconsin 39
Wright, Henry 77
Young, Brigham 37, 60, 75, 77
Zabriskie, Jerome 63
Zion's Camp 72