Foley Family Histories

Stories about some of the ancestors of Matthew and Virginia Foley
Compiled for Christmas, 2020

REMEMBERING MOTHER

My mother, Selena Maude Wills Foley, was a special lady. She was a petite 4 foot 11 inches, slightly plump with short brown hair which she always took the time to care for and fix. She was very happy and liked green apples and licorice. She also sewed many of her clothes and her favorite color was orchid. She had a lovely smile. She had a good business mind and knew how to work.

She loved her Heavenly Father and the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Her life was spent caring for and serving her family. Her family was very important to her and she loved her husband and children very much. Mother also loved flowers. She grew lily of the valley, pansies, golden rod, roses, peonies, baby's breath, snowball bushes. I remember two climbing roses which grew in our yard. Norma and I considered them ours. Norma's was the on the front of the house. I chose the *Dorothy Perkins* rose because it had the same first name as me and it had the most beautiful blooms.

I can remember Mother going to the Foley Lunch Room when I was quite small. She would get a baby sitter to tend us and when she would leave, I would cry and feel very lonely. Mother hated to leave us.

When I was a little girl, I changed my clothes very often. This really tried my mother's patience. Once my mom saw that I had changed my clothes and she said, " If you change your clothes one more time, I will paddle your behind." I answered back, "Don't you want me to look 'pictorial'?" when in reality, I meant "particular."

When the bridge on Washington and 18th was being built, it was necessary to use a tempory bridge and walkway that had no rails. Mother would push a baby carriage with Matthew in it and I would hang on to the side of the handle. There was a heavy plank walkway leading down the bank of the river and over the river. The water seemed to be running so fast over the rocks and was so close to the walkway that I would hang on to the carriage for dear life. My mother always tried to comfort me by telling me I would be safe.

When I started first grade, I had a difficult time adjusting to school. When I complained to my mother, she said, "Dorothy, I will come and talk to your teacher." Mother came to school to meet the teacher and discovered that she and my teacher, Miss Nillie, had been school mates in Vernal. Miss Nillie was nice to me and my first grade got off to a good start.

Mother was a Primary teacher. It was conference time and we were having a Pioneer play. I was home ill and in bed feeling restless and bored and she handed me the song book and said, "Learn this." I learned *Come Come Ye Saints* and was able to participate in the play. We had little covered wagons, bonnets and other Pioneer clothing. It was a wonderful success.

Mother always tried to make Sunday dinner special. We ate at the dining room table, with a table cloth and napkins. Strawberry short cake was a favorite dessert. Mother could make the best sponge cakes ever. On one occasion, I tried to duplicate her sponge cake because, I too, thought myself a talented baker of cakes and if not that, then I thought beginner's luck would surely help me out. However, the cake I made didn't rise. Nonetheless, I felt certain that the strawberries and whipping cream would cover the defect. Mother was rather disgusted, but rather than chastising me, only said, "I could have made another cake."

When I was eleven years old, a friend and I had been discussing Santa and whether or not he really existed. I went to my mother, who was listening to the player piano, and insisted on knowing the truth about Santa. Mother tried to put me off, but I persisted and she told us that we all could be Santas because he represented the spirit of giving. Then she explained that the true meaning of Christmas was to celebrate the birth of the Savior, our Heavenly Father's gift to us.

My mother often sewed for our family. When I was in the third grade, she made me a smashing pink dress. It was a long-waisted dress with a round neck, puffed sleeves and a three-tiered, ruffled skirt. I loved it! Another time, I woke to two new dresses. I am sure that my mother had stayed up all night sewing and pressing the dresses and then still went to work at the Foley Lunch Room the following morning.

My mother tried to make each holiday special for us. On one holiday, when the Lunch Room was closed, mother packed a lunch of ham sandwiches, potato salad and chocolate marshmallow cookies (a special favorite of mine). Mother, Dad, Norma, Mat and myself all got on the street car and went to Lorin Farr Park. They had slippery slides that seemed to be as high as the tree tops, at least to my young eyes. There was a fishing pool, concessions stands, swimming, cotton candy and a merry-go round.

Another special memory I have of my mother is of one ocassion when she made me a brown silk dress with a butter-colored georgette collar and a bow at the neck. Mother would get Norma out of the house and then start sewing this dress which she had told me was for Norma. She would say, "Oh, I forgot to fit this dress, let me measure you and I'll allow a little bigger." I thought it was unfair to get stuck with pins for Norma, but suffered through it anyway. It was a wonderful surprise when I learned that the dress was really mine.

My sister Donna was born on the 28th of September in Roosevelt. During this time, Norma stayed with the Galloway girls and I stayed and Uncle Victor and Aunt Blanche's house. In the morning, I was walking down the hill when I saw Aunt Blanche coming up the hill carrying an Aladdin lamp that had been used for better lighting during the birth of Donna. Mother and all of us were so proud of the new baby. She had lots of brown hair. It was very difficult for mother to go back to work and leave her new baby.

My cousin, Marvel wheeler and I were walking down Washington Boulevard window shopping. In the window of George J. Lowes we saw the most beautiful doll with auburn hair, a peach dress and a wicker buggy. We both said that we were going to tell our mothers that we would like that beautiful doll. Somehow, my mother managed to get that doll for me that Christmas. Marvel wasn't so fortunate. The buggy that accompanied the doll Christmas morning was put to good use, carrying my sister Donna around the neighborhood.

Mother always loved flowers. One year for Mother's Day, we wanted to buy her a lovely bouquet of flowers. The man at the flower shop saw what little money we had and kindly guided us to a baby's breath plant, and suggested that if we bought a plant with roots, it would grow and have flowers every year. We then made a trip to the Banner Ice Cream Shop for an ice cream. Mother was in the basement washing laundry when we arrived with our melted ice cream and her present. She thanked us and cried. Her tears were much easier to understand once I became a mother.

When Mother was working and we didn't have a sitter, we were expected to work and keep the house clean and have the lunch dishes done. On one occasion, when I put off doing my chores, the dishes, and went and played. Later when I came in, Mother was at the sink doing the dishes and I grabbed a towel to dry. However, mother said, "No, Dorothy, if you had wanted to help, you would have had them done." I felt very guilty for not obeying my mother and getting my chores done. After that I tried to do better so I didn't disappoint my mother.

The only grandparents I knew were Grandma Wills and her mother, Lidia Pullen Wheeler who would be my great grandmother. Grandma Wheeler lived in Salt Lake City, Utah. I remember riding the Bamberger Train to visit her and her sister, Aunt Pearl Spear. Great Grandma was tiny lady with gray hair. When we got off the train, we stopped at a little shop and bought flowers for Grandma Wheeler and I asked why she was buying her flowers and mother said that it was much nicer to buy people flowers when they were alive rather than waiting until they were dead.

Mother was killed on Labor Day on our way home from Roosevelt. We had stopped for a picnic in Daniel's canyon. Near Kaysville, a poultry truck hit the rear end of the car in which we were riding. After mother died, I had a dream. She came into the house carrying 2 shopping bags, probably filled with leftovers from the lunchroom. She set them down and was going to leave. I knew mother was dead, but I still wanted very much to go with her. She told me no, I needed to stay here. This in a way was very comforting to me because I knew that my mother was OK and that I needed to stay here and live out my life.

MEMORIES OF MY FATHER - - DANIEL WARREN HANCOCK

By a daughter, Crystal Hancock Wilcken

This is a brief history of the life of my father, Daniel Warren Hancock. Outside of a few dates and happenings on this page, the events that occured in my father's life are told as seen through the eyes of a loving daughter.

Dad was born on the 9th of September 1875 in Payson, Sevier County, Utah. A son of Joseph Warren Hancock and Jerusha Seabury. Very little is known of his early life. However, it is said that the family moved to Pima, Arizona about 1886. This would have been when he was 11 years old. He was supposed to have worked around Richfield and other small towns in that vicinity until he came to the Uintah Basin in 1905. He applied for a homestead and on August 5th, 1905, a drawing was held which allotted the location of 160 acre parcels of land. Dad's homestead was located 2 to 2½ miles from the place where the town of Roosevelt is now located. He fenced the land, built a house with a rock fire place and cleared most of the tillable land. Water for Irrigation was brought from the Uintah mountains 20 miles away. The Dry Gulch Irrigation Company was organized for that purpose. Roosevelt was named for President Theadore Roosevelt.

It was here in the Basin that Dad met my mother and they were married in Vernal, Utah on June 18, 1907. There were five children born to them: Joseph Reed, Daniel Claremont, Jesse, Crystal (myself) and Virginia Ruth. Claremont and Jesse died when very small with meningitis My father needed money for fencing, machinery, seed and heaven knows what else. So after proving up on his homestead, he sold 40 acres of it to his brother for enough money to buy and fence the rest of it and other essentials. The water used for the household had to be hauled from a spring that was located about ½ a mile from our house. The water was hauled in 2-50 gallon vinegar barrels on a wooden sled.

When I try to remember my father, my memory doesn't serve me very well in my pre-school years. However I was very aware that he, with the help of my mother provided us with a very modest but comfortable home. That we always felt loved and secure there. The one incident I do remember in the early years was when Dad and mother were driving my grandmother Page toward her destination in Salt Lake City where she was going for medical help when she was very ill with heart trouble. I do not know how far we took her but I was along and sat between mother and dad in the front seat so that grandmother might have the back seat to relax in. Of course we were in the white-topped buggy. Grandman died a short time after this.

I especially remember father when he took me to school on the first day when I entered first grade. It was in the same white-topped buggy and then he went in with me and introduced me to the teacher who was Mrs. Jordan and this was the first of hundreds of trips he made to see that I got to school safe and sound and on time and also home again. During my life, I have had several people tell me how much Dad loved his family and how they always came first with him. Dad was a farmer and he loved his work and made a success of it. Iremember when he delivered fresh milk all over Roosevelt every day but Sunday along with his farm work. Latterhe gave up the milk delivery business and sold cream and Ira Gagon took over the milk delivery business.

I remember how tantilizing and delicious those green river sodas used to be that he would buy for me at Sabey's Drug Store. He always drove the best tooking team of horses in town. I do not know about their breeding history but they were always fat and shiny and well kept.

About the time I started school, two salesmen came by our house selling radios . These were the raidios where you had to have a set of headphones to hear them. My Dad bought a radio and had it installed and we sometimes

sat around in a circle and took turns listening. The first thing we heard was "butter 40 cents a pound". It wasn't too long after this until we were fortunate enough to have a radio with a loud speaker so we could all hear at once. Lambert's Grocery and Hardware Store was giving a radio away to the one with the lucky ticket at Christmas time. Dad only had one ticket but he felt very impressed that day to stay late for the drawing and wouldn't you know - - when they called out the name of the lucky winner, it was my Dad. Oh ! goody, yelled my cousins - - we'll get to hear it too. This was indeed a luxury for that time and we really enjoyed it. Long hours after the rest of us had fallen asleep, the radio played on under the skillful hands of my brother Reed. He took it over so to speak and never turned it off until the stations had all signed off at night. On special occasions such as General Church Conference our relatives and friends were invited in to share the radio with us.

My folds used to raise all kinds of water mellons and they were always so good. I remember one year some one got into our mellon patch and broke open most all the mellons and left them lying there to waste, after they had eaten what they wanted. Some of our neighbor's boys got blamed for it and it wasn't until just a few years ago that one of my cousins told me it was my borther and cousins who done it for a joke - - some joke ! ! We also grew peanuts some years and other varities of vegetables and fruits that we cannot grow now - - the seasons are shorter or something.

Along in the 1920's the raising of alfalfa seed became quite a profitable crop to try in the Basin. Some of the lucky ones made quite a bit of money for a few years until the weavil took over. Anyway, I remember when we had an alfalfa seed plant in Roosevelt called the Peppard Seed Plant. Dad went to the farmer's meetings they held there and I always liked to go with him as they always passed around soft drinks and other snacks to those who were in attendance. He decided to try his luck at raising seed one year and I do not know just how much money he made but he was able to pay off the mortgage on our dairy cows that fall. It was here that the turkeys we

raised for market were taken, to be graded and sold after we had spent several days picking them and scrubbing their heads and feet. The money the folks received for them always went for taxes and water assessments. The only thing wrong with raising seed was that when it failed, you didn't have any hay to tide you over either. After threshing seed, the left-over was called pummy which wasn't much more nutritious than straw for feed. When my sister Virginia was two years old, a washer salesman came to our house and demonstrated a Maytag washer with a gasoline engine. It was on a Saturday in February and everyone was gathered around to see the demonstration. He did our whole faily wash and it really looked nice. My mother thought is was certinly lovely and said how much back-breaking work it would save but alas we could never afford anything like that. I remember it was a beautiful day and the salesman picked my sister up in his arms and carried her outside without a coat and stood around with her for about 30 minutes before he brought her back inside. My mother did not dare say anything to him but nearly had a fit because she was sure my sister would have pneumonia as she hadn't been out all winter. But needless to say, nothing happened to her and she didn't even get the sniffles. When the washing was done and we all marveled at the wonderful machine, my Dad said "It's true we cannot afford it, but we will take it anyway and pay for it on time. What a blessing it was to my mother. In fact it was the only washer she ever had. Years later I think my brother converted it to an electric motor. After we got the washer paid for and my sister was fast approaching school age, Dad said he loved his kids but just couldn't think of driving another one to school for 6 07 7 more years and he began to scheme on how to get a car. He finally made a deal and bought a car. It was a "Star" brand -- two seated sedan -- second-handed of course. I believe Mother and Dad had their worst fight over buying the car. Mother always so frugal, just couldn't see how they would ever be able to pay for it but pay for it they did. Dad never did learn to drive it but my brother of course was the chauffer and enjoyed it very

much. Now it was his turn to drive his sisters to school and home again and to drive his father and the cream to town. One might wonder why we kids had to be driven to school all the time. Well, we did not live on a bus route and so to get to school we either had to walk or be driven. Now the elementary school was a good 2 miles one way or 4 miles we had to walk per day, which was a long ways for anyone so young to walk expecially in the cold weather. The high school was only about a mile away which wasn't bad when we got in the 7th or 8th grade and attended school there. Our neighbor kids always enjoyed the free rides they got to school too. I remember when I was in elementary, one of the neighbor girls named Pauline Ely used to ride to school and back with us and every night I would send her to ask my Dad for a nickel to spend while he was attending to his business affairs. He would always give it to us and we would go to Ashton's store and buy 5¢ worth of chocolate candy and eat it all. Five cents worth of candy then was quite a little and when I got home I never really wanted much supper. My teeth suffered to pay for it and I spent a lot of time in the dentists chair as a result.

During the 1920's and 30's the UBIC -- Uintah Basin Industrial Convention was the big celebration in the Basin. It was held in Fort Duchesne. People came from far and near and stayed all three days. In the 1920's, most came by horse and buggy or wagon. We always left the day before in the covered wagon and got there early enough to get space for our camp on one of the long porches on the buildings there. Then we strung a wire or string marking off a portion for our own and hung quilts over the wire to make it private. It was much better than a tent. After unloading our supplies, etc. Dad would take the horses and wagon down near the river where they could get water and shade for the duration and he brought hay to feed them. It was such fun. There were so many different things going on all the time. I know some years Dad entered the team pulling contest. My brother usually stayed home to do the chores, then when we got home he would get his turn and take a trip to the Uintah mountains for 10 days with our aunt and cousins. We always stayed to

the celebration all three days and didn't return home until the day after. We spent a lot of time visiting and renewing acquaintances. One of the very best places for this visiting was while the women folks waited in line to use the out houses. Lots of visiting went on in those lines as everyone was bound to be in them sooner or later. There were all kinds of concessions so one wanted to save a little money or else have a rich uncle or something for UBIC time.

In the summer when the nights were very hot and sultry and the house was almost unbearable since we had a fire to cook and heat water, Dad and Mother and us kids would climb the haystack and get up on our shed and make our bed and sleep under the stars. This was an adventuresome time for us and we have never forgotten it.

I remember the wagon loads of wood, mostly cedar, that my father always hauled every fall after the crops were in to keep us warm all winter. Hauling wood was hard work because he would help do the chores first, then go to the cedars which were several miles away -- load up the wood and return home and then do chores again. If we could afford a little coal, we would have a fire in the kitchen and front room both but if times were hard and we had no coal, we would only have a fire in the kitchen. My parents were fresh air addicts and every night -- no matter how cold, we slept with our front room door open at least a few inches. Sometimes we had to take hot irons or rocks to bed to keep our feet warm but we still got our fresh air and our beds were cozy. Also my mother always dreamed of having a bigger house so Dad went to the Uintah Mountains several times where he would have to stay over two nights as the mountains were about 30 miles away; to get logs for the house. Then in his spare time he would build on the new part of the house. The old part was only three rooms. Part of it was shingle roof and one room had a dirt roof. My folks were building on three more rooms and a bath. They got it up to the square and then the following year they were going to put on the new roof over the whole house but before they could do this Dad

became ill and passed away. After my mother sold the farm and moved away, the people who moved in the house chopped up the new part and used it for wood and that was the end of Dad's hard work.

Another time I remember was when I was quite small and prohibiton was the law of the country. Dad had noticed car tracks through the sage brush where there should not have been any. Upon exploring a little, he came up on a still down by the gulch on his land where some people were distilling liquor from grain and thought they had it well hidden and were safe in their bootlegging operation. These people were breaking the law and my father did not want them on his property doing this so he notified the sheriff and they surprised the bootleggers and caught them red handed in their act. These people did not even live in the Basin and I don't remember their names but some of the neighbors said Dad sure had courage to report them to the law because they might try to get even and even try to shoot him but Dad felt it was his duty to do what he done. The still was destroyed and we never heard of the people again.

I remember we had a neighbor lady who often came to visit my mother. Her name was Mrs. Ely. Whenever she came, if my Dad saw her coming and he could possibly arrange it, he would come to the house so that he might engage in an argument with her on the subject of religion. Both the Neighbor lady and Dad loved to argue though of course they never settled anything. Mother did not enjoy their arguments in the least.

Father was a tall man for his generation, being close to 6 feet. Very slender of build and nice looking. His hair was brown and curley. His eyes were hazel brown. He must have had good teeth because he was never to a dentist only with me until he was 50 years old. Then he sat one day and had all 32 of his teeth pulled at one time. I was sure this was one day I would have to walk home but as I made my way to town from the school there he was in the buggy waiting for me to go home and spitting blood all the time, how I loved him but I never told him so. His appointment to have them pulled started at 10:00 that morning.

I do not remember any of Dad's relatives with the exception of one cousin named Cole Hancock and his son Ruben. Cole lived a ways above our place and he often stopped in to visit with Dad. One day when he was walking along the road towards his home, a swarm of bees alighted on him. He said he didn't try to fight them off but just continued to walk along as best he could else they would have stung him to death. After about 20 minutes or so they decided to leave again but some of them crawled under his arms and some even crawled down his neck and these stung him. He stopped in at our house to rest and have Dad remove the stingers and they counted 40 bee stings the poor man had received. We had a large overstuffed chair that was my mother's pride and joy. Cole loved to sit in the chair while visiting and sometimes even fell asleep in it. He said it was the most comfortable chair he had ever tried.

My father had a sis/ter named Abbie who lived in Pima, Arizona with whom he corresponded with all the time but I never saw her. He had several brothers but they had all died off quite young. One was kicked by a horse and killed. Another one went to Arizona to prospect for gold and was thought to have been killed by Indians.

We had a pond just East of our house about ¼ mile which Dad kept filled with water for the livestock when the irrigation ditches were dry. In the warm summer months, some of my cousins and myself often went swimming in it. It wasn't very deep, so actually we didn't do to much swimming but mainly got wet and splashed around. The water got nice and warm and we had fun. There were lots of frogs and polly-wags in the pond but nothing that scared us.

Another thing I remember was that I was told there were no weeds in that part of the Basin in the early days. The weeds were all brought in in hay, grain, seeds from the outside by the Whites.

Dad took his church work very serious and I remember many times he walked to his meetings at night carrying a lantern through the cold and snow. He was in the Quorum of Seventies. He always attended church services. When the family went, he hooked up the team of horses and drove the buggy to church but when only he went or he and my brother, they always walked. Sometimes during the summer I would walk with him to church. We always walked by what we called the "sand gates". Here a large amount of sand would collect as it washed down the gulch on our property and many of the bigger boys for several miles around would come to swim as the water was deep and the bottom sandy. As we approached the gates, Dad would yell - - "get into the water as I have a young lady with me today". The boys usually swam in their birthday suits I guess. Dad had a two hundred dollar assessment on the new church house that was to be built. The first L.D.S. Church house in Roosevelt in fact. Up until this time, church was held in one of the school houses or the city hall. My father was just completing his building assessment by hauling sand for the building with team and wagon when he became very ill. It was along in March of 1932. He had been hauling sand that day and became deathly ill that evening. He was never well after this first attack and died that same year on July 18, 1932. He was 56 years old at the time.

It was thought he had bleeding ulcers but it was never definitely diagnosed, although he spent two weeks in a Salt Lake City hospital. Since this was the depths of the depression time, money was very scarce - - in fact it was practically nil. A good man by the name of Peter Anderson said he would make father's casket free all but for the handles. Mother had to pay for them. They were $18.00, a paltry sum now but in the depression days quite a bit of money. By the way, the new church house was finished enough so that Dad's furneral could be held there in the building he had worked so hard to help build.

I know there is much that I have not written about Dad because I do not remember it. I was barely 15 years old when he died and he never told me much about his early life and I never asked him. I know that we were very lucky to have such a devoted hard-working father. He never seemed to ask for much for himself but always thought of his family and others. He never drank but did chew tobacco some at one time but gave it up several years before he died because of his devotion to the church. I hope someday to be able to tell him how much he meant to me and show my appreciation to him for all he did for all of our family.

REMEMBRANCES OF MY MOTHER - -

by a daughter - - Crystal H. Wilcken

I remember my mother when she always helped the men haul the grain and stack it. It seemed that they could not stack the bundles of grain without having the stack tip over or one side of it would slide out but mother could stack it so the stack would remain upright and tapering. Whenever Mother hauled and stacked grain, it was my special job to prepare the dinner for everyone. About the only comment I remember on the cooking that I done was that it tasted alright but I didn't ever prepare enough. When we had the threshers come in those days, there was a crew of 6 to 8 men besides our own family to cook for. Mother cooked for several days for them - - 3 meals a day. After clearing the table from the evening meal, we would set it with dishes ready for breakfast. Threshing time was just like Christmas time around our place with lots of good things to eat.

Every spring, no matter what, every room in our house had to be calcimined. This was a wash or covering for the ceiling or walls. It came in various colors much as paint does. Our front room was covered with linoleum and then had 12 home made rag rugs of varying sizes spread over the linoleum. All the rugs had to be washed at least twice every year. My mother was a spotless housekeeper. The window curtains were all washed and blinds cleaned, cupboards cleaned and any other place any dirt collected.

All our dresses and may other articles of clothing were home made. Mother had a large trunk in which she had her hope chest. She was going to save all her nice things for when she got a bigger and better house. The first few winters after my folks were married, they moved to town and lived in tents as the snow was so deep and the roads so poor they found it very had to get anywhere. Also some of the men were lucky and found part-time employment. During one of these winters, our house on the farm was broken into and robbed. My mother lost all her lovely linens, doilies, beautiful quilts, etc. from her hope chest. She never even had a chance to use them. She also had a $50.00 gold piece which she had saved from her school teaching wages. I think this was the time it disappeared also.

Mother was well educated for her generation. She took what was known as the Normal Course at Brigham Young University in Provo and received her teaching certificate. She taught school for 8 years and her pay was $50.00 which she received in gold each month. She bought herself an organ from Sears, Roebuck & Co. and learned to play it quite well. I do not know if she could play before she bought the organ or not. Several people remarked how well she could play and whenever they came to our home would ask her to play for them. When we moved to Monticello after my father died, the organ went too but mother could not afford to pay the freight on it to have it returned to Roosevelt when she moved back so she had to leave it in Monticello.

Mother had beautiful handwriting and won an award for the best vertical handwriting in Emery County. When she went to Brigham Young University, she borrowed money to go with from her oldest brother Joseph Page. He was in the sheep business and had some money then. When she finished and taught school, she paid him back.

When the Reservation was thrown open for homesteading. Mother's two brothers - - Joe and William Page came out ahead of the rest of the family to make some preparations for the rest of the family to come to. They built a log cabin up on what was then known as the Page Bench. They also cleared some land. They became ill along in the spring and so Mother came out as soon as school was out to cook for them and kind of take care of them. This was in the spring of 1906. This was the summer most all of the folks came out to the Reservation, including Grandmother and Grandfather Page and Great Aunt Ruth who was well into her eighties at the time. In fact she was one of the first to die in Roosevelt and she was burried up on top of one of the hills just above our old homestead. Years later the city moved her remains along with a few others to the local cemetery. It was during the year that Mother met my father and they were married on June 18, 1907.

After my sister, Virginia was born, my Mother retained a lot of the weight she had gained during her pregnancy. She read an article in the paper of how harmful too much weight was and how one should diet and get rid of it also there was a lesson or discussion in Relief Society on the subject. From this time on Mother was on a diet most of her life. I don't believe she ever ate breakfast again for years. However, her dieting didn't to too much for her as she remained quite heavy. She was 5 ft. 2 in. tall and had blue-grey eyes. Her hair was always piled on top of her head with a bob at the top. She was a bundle of energy and worked almost continuously from the time she arose in the morning until she went to bed at night. In the summer time she would arise at 4 o'clock in the morning and hoe weeds out in the side street in front and along the side of our yard. There were no weeds to be seen in our yard or outside of it either. Most all of her work was for the comfort and pleasure of others, never anything for herself. This applied to her finances or anything else she had.

The summer I was ten years old - - along about the first of June, my Mother and my Aunt Lorana Anderson decided to try their luck at picking strawberries in Provo or Orem, Utah. Some of my girl cousins had gone out other years and made some money picking berries so my Aunt and Mother decided to try it as they thought they would like a little money for some new clothes. One of my cousins - - Halley Freston took us in his new car. Mother, my sister and myself went from our family and my Aunt and several cousins went too. My Mother was bothered with car sickness on the way out but we arrived safe and sound. We had a shack to live in that was furnished with the job. It wasn't too bad at all. We arose and went out to pick at 5 o'clock in the morning - - went in for breakfast and a break about 9 or 10 o'clock. I said we, but I doubt that I got u p that early. Anyway I was able to earn a little spending money and save enough for some green silk crepe-de-chine for a new dress. Mother was the fastest picker of the group and made more money than anyone. I do not remember how much we were paid per case for picking. We stayed about 6 weeks I believe. When we came home, the men folks said they never even missed us, though we knew they had.

When my Mother was going through the menopause, she became desperately ill and we feared for her life. Dad finally was able to make arrangements to take her to the Clark Clinic in Provo, Utah where she received some kind of treatments for about 10 days or two weeks. She was never bothered with the problem again. Money was always a problem but whenever the local bank turned one down for a loan, you could always sell a cow for some ready cash. This my Father was able to do to pay the medical bill.

After my father died, my Mother became very lonely as did all of us. My aunt and uncle (the Willard Andersons) and their family had moved to Monticello, Utah where it was still possible to take out homesteads. One of their children filed on a homestead and they wrote quite encouragingly to my mother that we too should go down there. At Thanksgiving time in 1932, we went down for a visit and to see how things were. They did not seem too bad at the time. Nothing looked good any where during the Depression of the 1930's. We could start over and not get into debt and it was a land of "milk and honey". It was a cinch we never used our good senses but we decided to give it a try. We girls had never lived anywhere but where we were and so we thought it would be great to move to a new place. So we got Alfred Lublin, who was a trucker, to move six or seven truck loads of our things to Monticello including our dairy herd, horses and everything we owned. Also a load of my uncle Will's cattle as he moved with us since he lived with us after Father died. A family by the name of Colton bought our farm and paid my mother for it by paying Mr. Lublin for the trucking. We moved down along in March of 1933. When we got there, their school was much smaller than ours at Roosevelt and they didn't teach all the various classes I was taking in high school. I had to finish some of them by correspondence in order to get my credits.

When we got to Monticello, my brother filed on a homestead. It was lots of hard work to break up new land and seed it and irrigate, Though he tried his best, it was a hopeless situation. The place where the homesteads were was a little place called "Torb" a few miles from Monticello. It was the height of the depression and cattle and every other kind of livestock was practically worthless. The only recreation we had was going to church on Sundays. We would go in the car to Monitcello to Sunday school, stay over the noon hour for Sacrement meeting. We had to stay over because we could not afford enough money for the gas to go home and back again. During these terrible times, a bar of soap to wash clothes with was .03¢ and some of our neighbors had to wash without soap because they just did not have the .03¢. Mother had made a batch of soap and brought with her so she had soap to wash with. I also remember that we went visiting to one of our neighbors and the lady of the house asked us if we would like a dish of beans. Of course we refused them very politely because we had all the beans we wanted to home. My Mother remarked that if she couldn't offer something better than beans she would offer nothing, not to the lady of course.

Our housing was atrocious, in fact we were genuine pioneers. By the time it was time to go to school that fall, I had had all I could stand of Torb and Monticello so I went back to Roosevelt and lived with another aunt and attended school in my junior year there. The folks moved into Monticello that same fall and when spring came along in March or April of 1934 they returned to Roosevelt. My mother then was able to buy a house for the taxes and we lived there on the Southwest side of Roosevelt. The house left a lot to be desired but it was home to us for two years. At that time Mother was able to buy a better home on the North side of town for taxes also. There she lived until her death in 1956. She had a beautiful yard and I remember when we first moved there, she was so anxious to get a lawn started she could not wait until she could afford a hose. So, we carried water in buckets to start the front lawn. She rented part of the house and part of the basement in order to make a little money to help pay for it. However, most of the renters failed to pay their rent so about all she got out of renting was the experience and their company. After I graduated from highschool, in the spring of 1935, I was able to attend Brigham Young University for a year and Heneager's Business College in Salt Lake City for 15 months altogether. Although I had a scholarship and worked part time, I still could not have gone had it not been for my Mother's help, both financial

and otherwise. For this experience and learning opportunity, I shall be eternally grateful to her. In 1939 my brother Reed went on an L.D.S. Mission to Missouri and Arkansas which my mother financed. Looking back a little, in 1934 after my folks returned to Roosevelt from Monticello, my brother signed on with the C.C.C. Camp and went working with them for a year. There was no other job to be had otherwise. He received his board and room and $30.00 per month. He kept $5.00 for himself, paid $5.00 on a radio correspondence course and sent the other $20.00 to Mother for us to live on.

While we lived in this last house, she saw all of her children married and her home became a haven for her grand children. Whenever any of us needed children tended or whatever, grandma Hancock was available and treated them with patience and kindness. When Mother moved back from Monticello, she found her farm near Roosevelt was still of some value to her. A Mr. Lewis Allred wanted to pay off the mortgage and buy it for himself since Coltins had deserted it. He offered Mother some renumeration for it which she accepted gladly. Among other things was a milk cow and enough hay to feed it for a while. This helped out quite a bit. However, unfortunately for us, no one even gave a thought to the fact that there might be oil and minerals in the local lands of the Basin. So Mother of course did not reserve any rights to such on her farm but signed the paper Mr. Allred handed her, thinking that she got more out of it than she figured she would. Now the land sets in the center of two oil wells and someone is getting the proceeds from the black gold that flows from my father's old homestead. I am sure that Mr. Allred would probably, at that time, have been glad to have let Mother had the oil and mineral rights had she but asked.

After my father died, Mother had to go to work outside the home in order to support herself and family. She first did housework for a neighbor lady who ran a nursing home. There was no hospital in Roosevelt at that time. Within a year or two she started working on W.P.A. as a seamstress and eventually got to working on the hot-lunch program for the schools. Here she spent a good many years - - in fact until she was no longer able to work. One could not say she retired because she never had any retirement. They did not pay Social Security from the jobs Mother had at that time. She resigned her job in 1943 when she was 65 years old.

All the happenings and experiences I wrote of in my Father's history also applied to Mother so I have not repeated them in her history.

Mother's religion had a very deep meaning in her life. She worked in every auxillary organization of the Church and practically in every capacity at one time or another as has been mentioned in other histories and sketches of her life - - so I am not repeating it all here.

After I married in 1941, I moved to Hanna, Utah where I lived about 20 years. Consequently, I was not around my Mother and her home much for the rest of her life. I leave these years to my sister to reminesce and write in her history of Mother.

History of Robert Charles Wills and Selena Alice Wheeler Wills

Robert Charles Wills was born 31 March 1858 in Torquay, Devon, England. A son of Robert Wills and Mary Ann Williams. In his youth he learned the trade of a stone mason. As a young man he met and courted Selena Alice Wheeler and they became engaged. She was the daughter of Thomas Wheeler, Jr. and Lydia Sophia Pullen. She was born 14 December 1869 in Acton Beauchamp, Worch. England. While in her early teens, she contacted a contagious disease which left her quite deaf, which was a great handicap to her.

Robert Wills decided to go to Canada to look for work and save enough money to send for his future wife, Selena. She arrived in Toronto, Canada on August 27, 1884 and they were married that day. The following year they moved to Mammoth, Utah, where Robert started to work in the mines. He worked there for twenty-one years, putting in long hours seven days a week. While working there he contacted miners consumption.

While living in Mammoth, eight children were born to them, Rob Roy, Victor Charles, Laura Gladys, William Ceacil, Selena Maude, Burt Wilford, Dorothy Bertha and Alma Leonard. On the 23 September 1897, after their first five children were born, they went to the Salt Lake Temple and were sealed for time and eternity.

They endured many hardsips and much sickness and tragic deaths while living in Mammoth, losing four of their eight children between 1903 and 1905 and their home burned down. When the Government opened up the Uintah Basin for homesteading, they decided to try to start a new life here. Robert Wills visited the Basin several times and on one occasion he became very ill and was hospitalized in the Government hospital at Fort Duchesne. He was so ill they were afraid he would not recover, so they sent for his wife who came out here and nursed him back to health. His wife was more determined than ever to move her family out of the mining town into a country with fresh air and sunshine. This was a very desolate land and many people changed their minds after seeing it, but Senena and Robert were determined to make a home here.

They were able to buy two horses and an old coal wagon in which they piled their belongings. They were unable to bring any furniture, except one bedsprings. They brought bedding, clothing, cooking utinsels, food, and $60 in cash. They decided when they got a house built to live in, they would go back to Mammoth and bring their furniture out. But when they went back several years later, people had broken into their house and stolen all their furniture.

Robert built a rock dugout in the side of the hill and this was their first home. The scorpions were many and one bit Maude on her finger, so Selena insisted on moving into a tent. Their homestead was located about four miles west of Roosevelt, which was known as Hancock Cove.

While living in Mammoth, Robert had his Patriarchal Blessing in which he was promised he would eat grapes from his own grape vine. At the time of the blessing, they thought this would never happen. The planted an orchard and some grapes on their farm and before he died, he enjoyed sitting in the shade of his trees and eating grapes. Robert Wills lived seven years after they moved to Roosevelt.

Because of Robert's poor health, much of the responsibility was placed on Victor who was only seventeen when they moved here. They used to carry Robert out and set him on a chair where they were digging post holes and he would sit there and dig post holes.

Victor worked for two years in a lumber mill in the mountains to earn enough lumber to build a one room house. Gradually the house was built, crops planted and fences put up and ditches dug.

On the 6 September 1908 their ninth child, a beautiful little daughter, Ruth, was born. Her life span was very short for on the 10 August 1910 she died from a head injury which was caused

when she fell down the stairs to the rock cellar hitting her head on a post at the foot of the steps. She died several hours later.
Selena worked very hard on the farm, gardening, raising chickens and turkeys. People came from all over the basin to buy her delicious melons. She was also called upon many times to help deliver babies in the neighborhood. They had to haul their water a long ways until Galloways dug a well. They used to have to walk to Myton to buy their groceries, which was about ten miles away.
On the 12 April 1913, Robert Wills passed away, having been an invalid most of the time since he came to Roosevelt. Their son, Burt, was also in poor health, suffering from rheumatic fever and a bad heart. He passed away the 17 September, 1919. Selena had a strong testimony of the gospen which helped to sustain her during her trials.
Only three of their children lived to be married. Selena Maud married John Joseph Foley, they had four children. Victor Charles married Blanche Campbell Swain and they have five children of their own and two of Blanche's by a previous marriage. Alma Leonard married Carrie Pedersen and they have six children. All of these tragedies resulted in poor health and Selena Wills passed away 18 January 1940. Her son Alma was killed in a tractor accident 29 April 1964.
Victor Wills is still living at this time. Last December 15, 1970, his family celebrated his 90th birthday with a family dinner. He and his wife had five children. They were all born in Roosevelt. Later they moved to Ogden where he lives now.
Most of the original homestead is still owned by a member of the family. It belongs to a grandson of Robert and Selena, John Alma Wills.

PULLEN FAMILY HISTORY

Lydia Pullen – daughter of Barbara Pullen; born 19 January 1846 at Bishop's Frome, Herefordshire – was remembered by her grandchildren as a patient, demure, yet elegant and dignified lady. Her children, likewise, summed up her character with similar words and spoke only of admiration and love for their mother.

The first seven years of Lydia's life were spent with her grandparents, Joseph and Hannah Kethro Pullen, in Bishop's Frome. She later described these as some of her happiest days and remembered playing with the woodshavings on the floor of Joseph's workshop.

In the 1858 census, Lydia is shown at age five, living with her grandparents in Bishop's Frome. Also listed as living in the adjoining village of Batchfield, was an aunt of our grandmother and the one for whom she was named – Lydia Pullen Fidoe, her husband John Fidoe and their daughter Lydia, also aged five years.

Because the Pullen – Wheeler – Fidoe families were among the early members of the Church in Herefordshire, it would be proper to pause here and relate the story behind the mission of Apostle Wilford Woodruff to England in 1840.

Mission in Herefordshire

Elder Wilford Woodruff arrived in England from the headquarters of the Church in Nauvoo in January 1840 and was assigned to labor in the Staffordshire pottery district. While laboring in Hanley, Staffordshire, he baptized Mr. William Benbow and wife and in subsequent visits with them, received the address of their relative Mr. John Benbow of Froomes Hill, Herefordshire. It was their opinion that this relative, Mr. Benbow, would be interested in the gospel message.

Shortly after this, on March 1st – Elder Woodruff's birthday – a large number assembled for a Sacrament Meeting in Hanley. To quote from comments made by Elder Woodruff at the funeral of William Pitt, he said: "…while singing the first hymn, the spirit of the Lord rested upon me and the voice of God said to me, 'This is the last meeting that you will hold with this people for many days.' I was astonished at this, as I had many appointments out in that district…" Elder Woodruff announced his intention on leaving to the surprised congregation. "After the meeting some asked I was going and I told them I did not know. In the morning I went in secret before the Lord, and asked Him what was His will concerning me. The answer I received was that I should go to the South, for the Lord had a great work for me to perform there, as many souls were waiting for His word." (JD 15:342-3)

As "south" was the only answer Elder Woodruff received from the Lord, he accepted the suggestion of William Benbow that he call at Froomes Hill in Herefordshire to visit his relative, Mr. John Benbow. To quote directly from Elder Woodruff's Journal:

3 March: I took the omnibus in company with br Wm Benbow and rode to Woverhampton – spent the night – distance 26 miles.

4 March: We took a coach, rode through Dudley, Stourbridge, Kidderminster, Stourport, Worcester, then walked to Mr. John Benbow's Hill Farm, Castle Froome, Ledbury, Herefordshire. Total distance traveled 80 miles. Mr. Benbow is a large farmer of about an estimated 300 acres of land.

Then from the Journal of Discourses, he adds more to the story: "I went in to John Benbow's. In conversation with Mr. Benbow I learned there were 600 people under the leadership of Elder Kington who called themselves the United Brethren, and who had been praying to the Lord to guide them in the way of life and salvation. Then I knew why the Lord had sent me to that place; he had sent them what they had been praying for."

Back to the journal we read:

5 March: I spent the day at Mr. Benbow's and preached at his house and had the testimony that there were many present that would be Saints.

6 March: I preached at John Benbow's Hill Farm in the evening and a number received the word and I baptized six – Mr. Benbow and wife and out of the six were three preachers of the United Brethren of the Methodist order – spent the night with Brother Benbow.

7 March: I spent the day in preparing a pool to baptize in.

8 March: SUNDAY – I preached at Fromes Hill in the morning. At Standley Hill in the afternoon and at John Benbow's Hill Farm in the eve.

I have taken the rest of the account of this day from the Journal of Discourses: "The rector of the place sent a constable to take me up. I was about to begin when he entered. I said to him, 'Take a chair until after he meeting and I will attend to you.' He took my chair and sat beside me. For an hour and a quarter I preached the first principles of the everlasting gospel. The power of God rested upon me, the spirit filled the house, and the people were convinced. At the close of the meeting I opened the door for baptism, and seven offered themselves. Among them the constable."

The first two baptized that Sunday were Joseph Pullen (the uncle of Lydia Pullen Wheeler) and Margaret Pullen, his wife. All thirteen newly baptized members were confirmed by Elder Woodruff that Sunday. (In the 1841 census of Stanley Hill, we find Joseph Pullen, carpenter; Margaret his wife, and two-year-old son James. The following year, 1842, Joseph Pullen and his wife Margaret are recorded as members of the Nauvoo 2nd Ward, having arrived there in the spring. Joseph and Margaret Pullen had their Patriarchal Blessings in Nauvoo on 10 March 1843 by Patriarch John Smith.

Continuing with Elder Woodruff's Journal once again:

19 March: I visited sister Ann Bourn who was sick and prayed with her and then walked to John Fidoe's at Bishop Frome – from there to Hoptons Corner and preached at the home of Richard Davis.

23 March: John and Lydia Fidoe and nine others were baptized by Wilford Woodruff at John Benbow's Hill Farm.

3 May: I walked to Froomes Hill and baptized three and met in company with Elder [Brigham] Young with the church and had a good meeting. We broke bread with the Saints and ordained one elder, John Cheese, and Joseph Pullen to the office of a priest and Thomas Jinkins a teacher.

26 May: We walked to Little Batchfield, or John Fidoe's Bishop Froome and spent the day. At night we preached at Joseph Pullen's [Lydia Pullen Wheeler's grandfather] and spent the night at br Fidoe's. Ordained John Fidoe to the office of a priest.

30 May: Spent the night at Brother John Benbow's and it was a very interesting night to my feelings for just as Elder Richards and myself had retired to rest for the night, br John Fidoe came in and gave us six

letters … one being from my wife Phebe Woodruff informing me of the birth of our son.

On 21 June 1840 a conference of the Froomes Hill circuit of the United Brethren was held at Stanley Hill – the first Froomes Hill conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized with

twenty branches, among them the newly created Bishop's Frome Branch with John Fidoe as president. The Stanley Hill Branch as well as Wellington Heath Branch were presided over by Elder Joseph Pullen. (See Millennial Star 1:86 and W. Woodruff's Journal) The Bishop's Frome Branch was never heard of again in the mission records after John Fidoe and others immigrated in 1841.

29 July: I wrote a letter to Phebe which I sent by the hand of Sister Benbow. I walked to Mr. Fidoe's and preached at br Pullen's and returned to Froom's Hill and spent the night.

I have only included a few entries from Wilford Woodruff's Journal that dealt directly with ancestors. There were many baptisms, many ordinations performed, and many sermons preached. The work was fruitful in Herefordshire and on the borders of Worcestershire and Gloucestershire, but it was also difficult and exhausting. From Ledbury to Worcester and down to Dymock, the persecution and prejudice were most severe. Rotten eggs were pelted at them as they left their meetings, rocks were thrown in the church windows; or rowdy mobs attempted to break up their services. One time, as Brother Woodruff was baptizing at Garway, rocks were thrown at them, one striking him on the head with such force it brought him to his knees. Each new member of the Church knew what sacrifice and courage meant. They joined the Church because they knew this was correct, not because it was the popular thing to do, and they loved God too much to not worship Him the right way.

William Pitt, leader of the famed Nauvoo Brass Band was an early member of the Church in Herefordshire (as were nearly all the members of the band). The following narrative was related by Elder Woodruff at Brother Pitt's funeral:

"As soon as Brother Pitt heard this Gospel he obeyed it, and he was one of the leading men in the choir of the Church of England in Dymock. I now wish to relate a circumstance concerning him. The first meeting I held in Elder Kington's house brother Pitt was present. I will say first, however, that Mary Pitt, brother Pitt's sister was something like the lame man who lay at the gate of the Temple called 'Beautiful' at Jerusalem 0 she had not been able to walk a step for fourteen years, and confined to her bed nearly half that time. She had no strength in her feet and ankles and could only move about a little with a crutch or holding on to a chair. She wished to be baptized. Brother Pitt and myself took her in our arms, and carried her into the water and I baptized her. When she came out of the water I confirmed her. She said she wanted to be healed and she believed she had faith enough to be healed. I had had experience enough in this Church to know that it required a good deal of faith to heal a person who had not walked a step for fourteen years. I told her that according to her faith it should be unto her. It so happened that on the day after she was baptized, Brother Richards and President Brigham Young came down to see me. We met at Brother Kington's. Sister Mary Pitt was there also. I told President Young what Sister Pitt wished, and that she believed she had enough faith to be healed. We prayed for her and laid hands upon her. Brother Young was mouth, and commanded her to be made whole. She laid down her crutch and never used it after, and the next day she walked three miles. This created a great deal of anger and madness in the feelings of the rector of that town. We had baptized

Brother Pitt, and this took one from his choir of singers, and he felt angry. We were holding a meeting at Elder Kington's house one evening, when these things were taking place. The house had very heavy shutters on the windows of the first story. We had these shutters closed, and I rose to preach. The rector came at the head of about fifty men armed with rocks about the size of a man's fist, or larger than that. They surrounded the house, and for about half an hour the house was battered with rocks like a hail storm, the whole of the windows of the second story being stove in and the glass all broken. I told brother Pitt that I would go and see these men. He, 'No, I will go, you will be injured if you go.' He went out into the midst of this mob, of about fifty I should judge – I do not know the number. He took their names, and the rector was the leader. They stoned brother Pitt back to the house, but as we had finished meeting they left. We had to clear the house of broken glass and rocks before we could retire to bed. I name this because it was one of Brother Pitt's first labors with me, and I will say that from that time until the present he has been a true and faithful servant of God, and of this Church."

In the same address, Elder Woodruff went on to praise the quality of the people who joined the Church in Herefordshire during this period of time:

"Out of that 1800 which we baptized in Herefordshire in seven months, I hardly know one that has turned against this Church. There has been less apostasy out of that branch of the Church and kingdom of God than out of the same number from any part of the world that I am acquainted with." (JD: 15:343)

Nearly all of these first converts to the Church emigrated to Nauvoo – many through the generosity and financial help of John Benbow in 1840. When Elder Woodruff returned in 1841, he brought many more, among them John and Lydia Fidoe. Joseph and Margaret Pullen came the following year, in 1842.

As Elder Woodruff kept a daily log of the sea voyage to America, I have included a few entries:

20 April: I went on board the ship "Rochester" in the morning in company with Elders B. Young, H. C. Kimball, O. Pratt, W. Richards, W. Woodruff, J. Taylor, and G. A. Smith of the twelve, A. Hedlock, High Priest – 120 saints, 160 of the world, 20 of the crew, 2 stewards – making 307 souls in all. We drew out into the river Mersey and cast anchor in sight of Liverpool and spent the night. It was with some difficulty that we could get the baggage stowed away so that we could make our beds, however we lay down and slep well. [John and Lydia Fidoe were on board]

21 April: Wednesday, the wind is favorable and we are all very busy in nailing down and lashing our baggage to prepare for sea. The anchor was hauled up and sails spread at 12 o'clock and started on our voyage. We have a good breeze through the day, but now all the passengers were sea sick and stacked up in heaps and vomiting at a dreadful rate. We had a room built for our quorum in the second cabin, the second cabin was mostly occupied by the Saints, the steerage by other passengers. Fare was

3.15 £. We were allowed the privilege of the aft quarter deck. The "Rochester" is a fast sailing vessel of about 1000 tons. We passed by all the ships that went out of Liverpool at the time we did.

23 April: Cloudy and some rain. Contrary winds.

24 April: It commenced at midnight to blow a gale, all head winds. It blew away our fore top sail. We were all dreadful seasick. I could not get out of my berth all day. It was a distressing time to us all.

25 April: Sea mountains. High head winds. Ship reeling and pitching dreadfully. All seasick. I spent some of the day on deck. I was faint, I only ate two baked potatoes in two days and that I soon vomited up. I spent a sick night which was the case with most of us Sunday.

26 April: We got a little food in our stomachs and got on deck. Very feeble in body. I never felt worse in any sickness. Was thankful that my wife and children was not with me to share in such suffering. The sun is pleasant today. We have still west head winds and rough sea. There has been some fears that

several children would die on board being very sick. We got together and prayed the Lord to have mercy upon us all and spare the lives of our company and the sick began to mend. Truly we have perils by sea as well as by land.

27 April: Wind still blows. The Saints are some better. The Twelve are generally well and very patient, well united and agreed in all things and love one another. I visited the sick and got them on deck.

28 April: This was a day that caused many mixed sensations of pleasure and pain, grandeur and solemnity, hope and fear to many. To me it was a joy that satisfied mine eyes in many respects. When we arose in the morning we still found strong head winds which soon increased to a great storm and tempest which scenery I have not language to describe. It took 16 men to close reef the main top sail. The tempest was now railing with all power, the sea piling up into mountains. The ship mounting the waves and billows and pitching into the valleys and rocking tremendously and shipping seas occasionally. In the midst of this scenery, the cry of help was heard in our cabin. I rushed to the scene and found the ropes giving way and breaking which held the whole mass of baggage which was piled up between decks, consisting of heavy trunks, chests, boxes and barrels which if one liberated from their confinement, would with one surge be hurled with all their force into the berths of the men, women and children which would endanger the lives of all. On seeing the foundation of this mass give way, Elder W. Richards and myself sprang to this place of danger and braced ourselves against the barrels and held them for a few moments until it was a little secured. I then went on deck to the Captain and informed him of the situation of things below and he sent the sailors with some ropes and secured the pile which was endangering the lives of many. After this was done I again repaired to the aft quarter deck to behold the raging of the tempest and the wonder of the deep and the movements of the ship which was the greatest scenery I ever beheld upon the water. Elders Young, Kimball, Richards and Smith were with me on deck for a time but all had now gone below except Elder Richards and myself and the officers and crew. We were now shipping heavy seas. It was now about sun set. I stood in the middle of the aft quarter deck holding the Captain's speaking trumpet in one hand and holding to a fast bench with the other when we shipped a tremendous sea on the windward side of us which passed clear over the

quarter deck on which I stood. On seeing that we could not escape it, Elder Richards flung himself close under the bulwarks and the body of the wave went clear over him without wetting him but little. But as I could not take the same advantage; I flung myself upon the deck and held upon the fast seat where I remained until the sea passed over me and left me drenched in the surge. I now thought it was time for me to leave my seat of observation for the day and go below as I was thoroughly wet with salt water. I went to bed but did not sleep but little for the ship rocked at a dreadful rate. Boxes, barrels and tines were tumbling from one end of the cabin to the other. And in the steering about 15 berths were flung down at one surge, with all the men, women and children flung into a pile in the midst of the berths, but no lives lost or bones broken. This is the 8th day in succession that we have had strong head winds.

The company left the ship as it was docked in the New York Harbor on 20 May 1841 – thirty days from the time they boarded in England.

JOHN AND LYDIA FIDOE

In Nauvoo, we again pick up information about John and Lydia Fidoe. In 1842, they are on the membership rolls of the Nauvoo 2nd Ward, along with Lydia's brother Joseph Pullen and his wife Margaret, as well as James Pullen.

John Fidoe was ordained an Elder 20 May 1844 and a High Priest 8 October 1844. Both John and Lydia Fidoe received their Patriarchal Blessings 18 October 1841 by Patriarch Hyrum Smith.

As John Fidoe's occupation was stone mason, he was a valuable asset to the work on the Nauvoo Temple. The following is an excerpt from Brigham Young concerning progress of work on the temple:

"The last of the capitals was placed on the walls of the Temple. The workmen commenced raising the stone at half after 10 o'clock but when about half way up one of the block shives broke in two. This placed the matter in a dangerous position, it was impossible to raise the stone higher without a new shive, and to attempt to let it down would have cut off the rope instantly. After much labor the workmen secured the tackle so that it could not move and having this done, they fixed a new shive in the block and after about an hour and a half's delay, at half after one p.m. the stone was safely fixed in its place in the wall. This stone is the largest one among the capitals and is supposed to weight over two tons. There are thirty capitals around the Temple, each one composed of five stones, viz. one base stone, one large stone representing the sun rising just above the clouds, the lower part obscured; the third stone represents two hands each holding a trumpet, and the last two stones form a cap over the

trumpet stone, and these all form the capital, the average cost of which is about four hundred and fifty dollars each. These stones are very beautiful cut, especially the face and trumpet stones, and are an evidence of great skill in the architect and ingenuity on the part of the stonecutters. They present a very pleasing and noble appearance, and seem very appropriate in their places. The first capital was set on the 23d of September last, making but a little over ten weeks between the first and the last, and out of that time the workmen lost about three weeks through bad weather, and having to wait for stone.

"There has not been the slightest accident attending the raising of these large stones, except the second one which was set, the workmen undertook to move the stone a little nearer the building without having first fixed the guy ropes to the crane, and while in the attempt the crane fell over with a tremendous crash and fell within about a foot of Brother Thomas Jaap, one of the workmen, who ran as soon as he saw the crane falling but happened to run in the same direction in which it fell. Providentially no further damage was done than to the crane which was partially broken.

"The weather has been very favorable most of the time, but on account of its being so late in the season, it was generally feared we would not succeed in getting them [the capitals] up before winter set in, but it seems as though the Lord held up the storms and the cold for our advantage, until this important piece of labor has been accomplished to our utmost satisfaction and delight.

"There are yet twelve of the capitals without trumpet stones, and will have to remain so until spring; three of them however are finished and several others nearly so.

"The weather changed this evening. It rained nearly all the time the men were at work, and about two hours after the last capital was set, it commenced snowing and continued until the ground was covered about four inches deep. Nine o'clock p.m., it now freezes very sharp and to all appearance stern winter has taken possession of the atmosphere in earnest."

John Fidoe also belonged to the Nauvoo Legion and there is an account of one official call to duty at the time Joseph Smith was taken prisoner illegally at Dixon, Illinois by Joseph H. Reynolds, sheriff of Jackson County Missouri and Harmon T. Wilson, constable of Carthage. The word of Joseph's illegal arrest was brought to Hyrum Smith during the afternoon church services at the unfinished Nauvoo Temple. Hyrum went to the stand and requested the brethren to meet him at the Masonic Hall in thirty minutes. So many men responded to the call that they had to meet on the green as all would not fit into the building. Hyrum called for a company of volunteers to go up to the Prophet's assistance to prevent his illegal seizure into Missouri. When over three hundred volunteered, they selected two companies from these – one of about 175 men on horseback to start immediately toward Dixon, and the other company of 75 to man the river boat "Maid of Iowa."

Through the aid of the citizens of Dixon, the two law officers were delayed in their illegal arrest of Joseph Smith and forced into obtaining a legal writ of habeas corpus. Joseph meanwhile had sworn out a writ, charging them with illegal seizure and arrest. Ironically because of the absence of the district judge, the closes place for returning a writ was Nauvoo and thus the prophet, after several days of brutal treatment and anxious moments, returned to Nauvoo. It must have been an impressive sight as they entered Nauvoo and Joseph Smith described the strange circumstances:

"I was a prisoner in the hands of Reynolds, the agent of Missouri, and Wilson, his assistant. They were prisoners in the hands of Sheriff Campbell, who had delivered the whole of us into the hands or Colonel Markham, guarded by my friends, so that none of us could escape.

"When the company from the city came up, I said I thought I would now ride a little easier; got out of the buggy; and, after embracing Emma and my brother Hyrum, who wept tears of joy at my return, as did also most of the great company who surrounded us, (it was a solemn, silent meeting." I mounted my favorite horse, 'Old Charley,' when the band struck up 'Hail Columbia,' and proceeded to march slowly toward the city, Emma riding by my side into town.

"The carriages having formed in line, the company with me followed next, and the citizens fell in the rear. As we approached the city, the scene continued to grow more interesting; the streets were generally lined on both sides with the brethren and sisters, whose countenances were joyous and full of satisfaction to see me once more safe.

"I was greeted with the cheers of the people and firing of guns and cannon. We were obliged to appoint a number of men to keep the streets open for the procession to pass, and arrived at my house about one o'clock, where my aged mother was at the door to embrace me, with tears of joy rolling down her cheeks, and my children clung around me with feelings of enthusiastic and enraptured pleasure. Little Fred exclaimed, 'Pa, the Missourians won't take you away again, will they!' The friends from Dixon gazed with astonishment and rapture to see the enthusiastic attachment of my family and the Saints towards me.

"The multitude seemed unwilling to disperse until after I had arisen on the fence and told them, 'I am out of the hands of the Missourians again, thank God. I thank you all for your kindness and love to me. I bless you all in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen."

John Fidoe was not privileged to witness this scene, as he was with the company of 75 men on board the "Maid of Iowa." In History of the Church appears the following report of their journey:

Burbanks' Account of the Maid of Iowa Expedition for the Prophet's Relief

"Sunday, June 25th – The brethren were collecting through the night on the Maid of Iowa, and commenced making preparations for the trip, all hands uniting in loading the boat with firewood.

"26th – About half past eight a.m., President Hyrum Smith, in company with Judge Adams, came on board and instructed us to watch for the steamboats that may run up the Illinois River; and if any persons were running Brother Joseph down the river, under any pretext whatsoever, as the Amaranth had carried to the news to Missouri that Joseph Smith was going to be tried at Ottawa, and it had been reported that a company of men were armed in St. Louis and had chartered a steamboat to run up to Ottawa, there to seize Joseph and kidnap him to Missouri – and if we saw such a boat, we were to rescue Joseph, at all hazards and bring him to Nauvoo.

"President Hyrum then blessed the company in the name of the Lord, and the Little Maid started at a quarter past nine a.m., down the Missouri River, with the following persons on board – namely, Dan Jones, Captain of boat; Daniel M. Burbanks, first pilot; Dimick B. Huntington, Mat; Jonathan Dunham, Captain of Company; George W. Langley, Lieutenant; John Taylor, Chaplain; John M. Bernhisel, Surgeon; John S. Higbee, Isaac Higbee, Lucius N. Scovil, Enoch M. King, Lewis Dunbar Wilson, Whitford G. Wilson, Bushrod W. Wilson, John Bair, Ben Rolfe, Sylvester B. Stoddard, James Aikin, Elijah Averett, Levi W. Hancock, William Meeks, Calvin Reed, Robert C. Moore, Levi Stewart, Urban V. Stewart, Allen Stout, Welcome Chapman, William S. Yocum, Thomas Briley, Henry J. Young, James Worthington, George W. Thatcher, H. M. Alexander, Elbridge Tufts, Benjamin L. Clapp, Joseph C. Kingsbury, A. Young, John Fidoe, John Murdoch, John Lytle, Thomas Carrico, E. J. Sabin, Daniel Avory, H. B. M. Jolley, J. F. Lane, J. H. Holmes, H. P. Palmer, Benjamin Jones, Robert C. Egbert, Tarlton Lewis, R. A. Allred, J. Foutz, H. Permain, John Binby, George W. Rosecran, and about twenty-five others whose names are not reported.

"At nine p.m., the boat turned the point of the bend and started up the Illinois river. She did not stop until opposite Diamond Isle, about four o'clock on Tuesday morning, 27th, where the company learned that the Chicago Belle had passed up the Illinois river the day previous with a large company of men, having a swivel gun on the forecastle, as they said, with the intention of taking Joseph Smith, at all hazards, and conveying him to Missouri.

"The Maid next hailed at the Erie landing, five miles above Beardstown, where they were told that the Belle was twelve hours ahead, and the company on board had left word that if the Maid of Iowa followed, they would send the "Mormon" boat and crew, with Jo Smith, to hell. The people advised the company on the Maid to return. Stayed there half an hour to take in wood, and then continued our journey.

"Wednesday, 28th – At an hour before daybreak, passed Pekin, and the Chicago Belle aground in an island chute. When she saw us coming, she backed her star-board wheel and blocked up the passage.

"When the pilot of the Maid came near, he stopped his engine and hailed them with his speaking trumpet, requesting a passage. They inquired, 'What boat is that?' and were told, the Maid of Iowa. They replied, 'You cannot pass, and we will see you all d---d in heal first.' The pilot saw a little opening in the willows of about twelve feet wide on her left, and signaled for the engineer to put on all steam, and drove her through this narrow channel and a small tow head about five rods, tearing the willows down on each side with the guards and wheelhouse, the captain crying out all the time, 'Stop her! – stop her! For God's sake, stop her! You will smash the boat in pieces!'

"When the boat head headed round the Belle and was once more in deep water, the pilot stopped the engine and asked the captain, 'What is the matter?' The captain was afraid, and said, 'My God, you will smash the boat to pieces,' and was answered, 'All is save and we will go ahead,' leaving the Belle still aground in the channel.

"Then went to Peoria, about ten miles; found Jesse P. Harmon and Alanson Ripley, who had come from the horsemen with an express instructing the company to proceed to the mouth of Fox River. We took them on board and proceeded on our way.

"Thursday, 29th – Arrived at Peru, at ten a.m. There met William F. Lane with an express from Charles C. Rich, reporting that the company who had Joseph in charge had started from Fox River for Shokoquon, destined to run him through the Iowa territory by that route, and then into Missouri, as they had learned their way by the Illinois river was blocked up by the Maid of Iowa, and for the boat and company to return to Quincy, and there await further orders. We immediately turned round, and on arriving at the mouth of Spoon River, landed Ripley and Harmon, with instructions to pursue their journey by land to Nauvoo.

"About one p.m., again overhauled the Chicago Belle at the Grand Pass while they were wooding. They hailed us to inquire 'If old Jo was on board,' and were answered, 'It is none of your business,' when another man on the hurricane deck of the Belle shouted, 'Hurrah, hurrah for old Jo Smith!'

"We continued our journey and again arrived at the Mississippi at nine p.m. In rounding to, broke the tiller tope and came to an anchor; repaired the same, and then continued up the Mississippi."

Both John and Lydia received their endowments in the Nauvoo Temple on the 17th of December 1845. Exactly one week prior to this, the first temple ordinances were performed in the partially completed temple. The entry in Brigham Young's journal reads:

"Wednesday, 17th – We continued our labors in the Temple, administered the ordinances of endowment to sixty-nine brethren and sisters

"Thursday, 18th – Sixty-six persons were administered to in the Temple. I retired to bed about midnight. In consequence of the great pressure of business during the past week, it has been decided to devote Saturday to the purpose of washing robes and garments used, but there being a general desire in the minds of all those officiating in the ordinances that the work should not cease, it was determined that the clothes should be washed during the night."

The work continued in the temple for the rest of the month, into the next month of January and the first part of February. The amount of ordinances performed day and night occasionally swelled to over 500 in one day as the saints thronged to the temple in the last minute efforts of preparation to leave their beloved city for the last time.

The fires and mobbings were increasing at an alarming rate and the efforts to prepare for their journey west were stepped up. Every available craftsman was employed building, outfitting, and supplying wagons. Nevertheless, it was obvious that there were not provisions enough to last more than a few months. The saints that were unable to provide adequate transportation and provisions were counseled to remain behind in Nauvoo until better preparation could be arranged, but when the first wagons started moving out in February, many ill provided wagons joined the ranks. As a result, much suffering and sickness as well as death were the outcome of not following counsel.

The ice chunks flowing down the Mississippi made the crossing extremely hazardous and slow. From B. Young's Journal:

"February 9th, the roof of the temple was discovered to be on fire. It raged for nearly an hour before it was put out by a bucket brigade. It was caused by the stovepipe being over heated from drying the clothing in the upper room. At the same time the Temple was on fire, a number of brethren were crossing the river in a flatboat, when in their rear a man and two boys were in a skiff in a sinking condition, on account of being overloaded and the unskillfulness of the helmsman. They hailed to the flatboat which soon turned and rendered them assistance. As soon as they got the three on board the flatboat, a filthy, wicked man squirted some tobacco juice into the eye of one of the oxen attached to Thomas Grover's wagon, which immediately plunged into the river, dragging another ox with him, and as he was going overboard he tore off one of the sideboards which caused the water to flow into the flatboat, and as they approached the shore the boat sank to the bottom before all the man could leap off. Several of the brethren were picked up in an exhausted condition. The two oxen were drowned, and a few things floated away and were lost. Thomas Grover's wagon was drawn out of the river with its contents damaged."

The following Wednesday – February 18th – John Fidoe had crossed the river with the artillery and was assigned to Peter Hawes company. From W. Richards camp journal:

"Thursday 19 – The wind blew steadily from the northwest accompanied by snow which fell to a depth of seven or eight inches … the storm unceasing and the evening very cold, which caused much suffering in the camp, for there were many who had no tents or any comfortable place to lodge; many tents were blown down, some of them were unfinished and had no ends.

"Friday 20 – Extremely cold, considerable ice floating on the Mississippi River … The cold increased through the day, the night was very severe, at many points ice fastened on the banks of the Mississippi River.

"Tuesday 24 – A son was born to John Redding in camp. The cold has been severe the past night … seven p.m., thermometer 12 below 0."

The following day, Captain Charles C. Rich arrived in camp from Nauvoo and reported he had walked across the Mississippi River on the ice – an incredible feat, considering the river is a mile wide. But the sub-zero weather continued and the following day wagons began to cross over on the ice bridge that had formed. While the cold weather was extremely miserable and uncomfortable for families that must now camp out, it was a blessing in aiding the wagons to leave Nauvoo as speedily as was needed to avoid being stopped by the mobs.

The last we hear of John Fidoe in America is 17 March 1846, when he is granted permission to return to Nauvoo, having served his duty honorably and well. Lydia did not go with John Fidoe when he left as part of the group responsible for the artillery. I have not been able to determine the exact birth date of their daughter Lydia, but it must have been close to this period of time. We can conjecture that the extreme cold and primitive nature of the camp life was considered too risky for a new mother and the infant they had waited so many years to have – at any rate, a decision to return to England was evidently made.

The last we read about John Fidoe and his involvement with the Church in Zion is found in the Journal of Brigham Young. He writes the following:

"Saturday November 15 [1862] – The day was pleasant in G.S.L. City. Elder George A. Smith wrote the following letter to Brother John Fidoe:

Brother John Fidoe:

Yours dated Golden Valley, Herefordshire, Sept. 29, 1862, was received. It has been read to President Young who was much pleased to hear that you are still alive and intending once more to gather with the Saints. On the occasion of reading your letter to President Young many old reminiscences were called to mind, and among the rest the little incident of your officiating as our barber on board the ship "Rochester," when it was rolling with a high sea, so that a man could not sit still. President Young was acquainted with you when he was in Herefordshire.

You are aware no doubt that A. Lyman and myself as Trustees of the Nauvoo House, turned out to Peter Hawes, the captain of your company, two yoke of oxen, which were intended to aid you in floating west in the spring of 1846. Hawes kept the cattle, but has not kept the Faith – he and his sons lived some time on the Humboldt River, 200 miles from any settlement, with the reputation of adding murder and robbery of emigrants to their other enormities. We understand that Peter is dead, and his boys to be in California, the possessors of no enviable reputation, as the scene of their exploits on the Humboldt had become too dangerous for them.*

It would be advisable for you to seek the earliest possible opportunity to gather with the Saints, as there is danger of the road being shut up for some time, and I can assure you that man old friends will be glad to see you again, if not to arrange a piece of artillery to enjoy the blessing and instructions which God bestows upon his people in the mountains. The Saints generally have experienced an unparalleled succession of prosperity since they arrived in the valleys, chequered only by a few seasons of scarcity of bread, Indian annoyances and Federal usurpations, which however, have been thoroughly overcome, so that

* Joseph Smith on 15 March 1844, cautioned Peter Hawes to correct his boys; “for if he did not curtail them in their wickedness, they would eventually go to prison.” (Journal History Vol. V, p. 305)

no person has perished from want of food, or been destroyed by the Federal armies; a few have lost their lives in endeavoring to do good to the Indians. Among them my son George A. Smith, Jr. who was assassinated by Navajoes while on a mission to the Moquitch Indians.

Brother Woodruff spends considerable of his time in the Historians office, but he is also a very industrious farmer, sheep raiser and molasses maker, and by these means supports a numerous family by the sweat of his brow.

Brother John Benbow is a well to do farmer and has been blessed with a family of several small children.

Granite is being hauled for the Temple for 22 miles in large blocks, some of them weighing 9,000 pounds. Workmen are constantly engaged in fitting them for their places.

The Theatre is 144 feet long, 80 feet wide and 46 feet high, 22 feet of which is rock work, and will be ready for use in a few weeks.

Elder W.W. Player who laid the front course of the stones for the Temple in Nauvoo, arrived here this season with his family.

I remain your friend and brother,

George A. Smith

LYDIA PULLEN’S STORY

In returning to Bishop’s Frome, John and Lydia Fidoe continued their church activity and took every opportunity to interest the rest of their family. Once when our grandmother Lydia was thirteen, she attended Church with Uncle John and Aunt Lydia Fidoe and was so impressed with the spirit of the meeting, that she asked for baptism. Upon returning to her home in Oldsfield, Dymock, she was astounded at the anger and dismay of her mother Barbara. Feeling quite confused and upset as she went to bed that night, she wondered if she had done the right thing and prayed earnestly about it. In the night she awoke to see her deceased grandmother Hannah in the room all dressed in white. It so frightened Lydia that she hid her head under the covers, but nevertheless she heard her grandmother speak and say; “Blessed art thou Lydia, for thou has chosen the better part.” When she dared to look around again, the room was dark and she was alone – except for the feeling of sweet assurance that the Church was true and she had been correct in being baptized. This testimony never left Lydia, for she had a positive witness in her heart and she could ignore this truth. There were many years of extreme hardship and trials. As her young children were growing up and in their impressionable years, contact

with the church was minimal. But Lydia's strong testimony and sweet teachings became oil in their lamps and the children remained true to the teachings of the gospel.

When Lydia was fifteen, a wealthy maiden aunt wanted to send her to school, as she had been denied this opportunity most of her life. The idea of competing with girls who had many years of schooling terrified Lydia – also, she was interested in a young man, Thomas Wheeler, a member of the Church and a good friend of her Aunt and Uncle, Lydia and John Fidoe. When she could see the family were determined to send her to school, she ran away with Thomas to Worcester and there in a large city where identities are anonymous, she applied for a marriage license, giving her age as 18. They were married 10 December 1861 in the registers office. Lydia's mother was very opposed to the marriage and said, "You have made your own bed Lydia, so you will have to lie in it." Lydia saw very little of her mother after that. Although she had some very hard times while still living in England, she never let her mother know of them.

Lydia bore ten children in England. The various places of birth of these children show us the transient nature of their lives. Her husband Thomas disdained working for others on a set schedule. He preferred to labor in the field, thatch roofs, make brooms and any other thing he could do with his hands. At times, in the winter when work was scarce, so was food and other necessities. But Lydia never let her children go uncared for. She mended and patched their clothing until it looked like a patch work quilt, but the children always had something clean to wear. The neighbors and acquaintances admired her for the care and nurture of her children.

The family's last home before coming to America is described by her son Frederick who was eight years old when he left England:

"The house had two rooms downstairs, a front room and a kitchen with about two bedrooms upstairs. The first floor had stone floors and no stove. They baked bread in an oven built in the wall. Wood was burned in the oven until it was hot. Then the ashes were scraped out and round loaves of bread were put in to bake. The opening was closed with rocks, wrapped in wet cloth. Meals were cooked in a pot hanging over the fireplace.

"Back of the house was a little patch of ground for raising vegetables. They had an apple tree with good eating apples. At the side of the house was a field of grass which was used for hay, sloping down to a dingle [ravine]. The hay was cut and brought in with a donkey and cart by Herbert, who would stand in the cart and make the donkey go as fast as he could run. Thomas used some of the grass to make long strong rope, and when combined with kind of a sagebrush or broomstraw, which grew in a field nearby, he would make brooms for sweeping the stone floors. A lane ran past the house to the woods where wood for the fire was cut. Also their water was carried from a spring in the woods."

In 1888 the family lived in Monmouthshire and belonged to the Cwmbran Branch. At a general priesthood meeting held at Merthyr Tydvil 4 December, Elder Morgan Evans reported the branch as being "in an unfavorable condition. The president pro tem was negligent of his duties, but some of the Saints felt well and manifested a desire to live their religion." Perhaps this was the time when the Elders in charge of this large area felt that the family should all be re-baptized. As the people were very much anti-mormon, it was necessary to have the baptism at night. It was freezing cold weather and the ground was covered with snow. During the walk after the baptism through the field to their home, their wet clothing was frozen stiff, but none of them experienced any bad results.

BARBARA PULLEN

Barbara Pulling, mother of Lydia Pullen (Wheeler)

Barbara Pullen was christened 4 January 1816 at Ashperton, Herefordshire, England – the daughter of Joseph Pullen and his second wife Hannah Kethro. The first wife, Sybil Kethro (sister to Hannah) died a left a son Joseph. Barbara's father Joseph was a carpenter by trade and Hannah's father a yeoman farmer. Both parents could write their names which meant they were somewhat educated. They lived in the sparser populated areas of Herefordshire where they could be comfortable, but opportunities for gaining materially were not there. Barbara's uncle John Pullen went to Ledbury and was able to multiply his material gains much more substantially (See will and papers of John Pullen).

Barbara married her cousin John Pullen 6 May 1852 after suffering the emotional trauma of the illegitimate birth of her daughter Lydia. John and Barbara lived in the home of John's parents between Preston and Leadington (Dymock), Gloucestershire. Barbara had another daughter after her marriage to John – Fanny [or Francis] who was christened 6 March 1853 and who married Nathaniel Clark. A son Charles came a year later and he died unmarried at age 22.

Barbara's parents, Joseph and Hannah Pullen were very involved in the beginnings of the Church in Herefordshire. Their children Joseph, Lydia and Charlotte were all baptized by Elder Woodruff in 1840 (see history of Herefordshire mission). Elder Woodruff used their home on at least two occasions to preach the gospel while in Bishop's Frome. However, Barbara was very unsupportive of her daughter Lydia when she joined the Church.

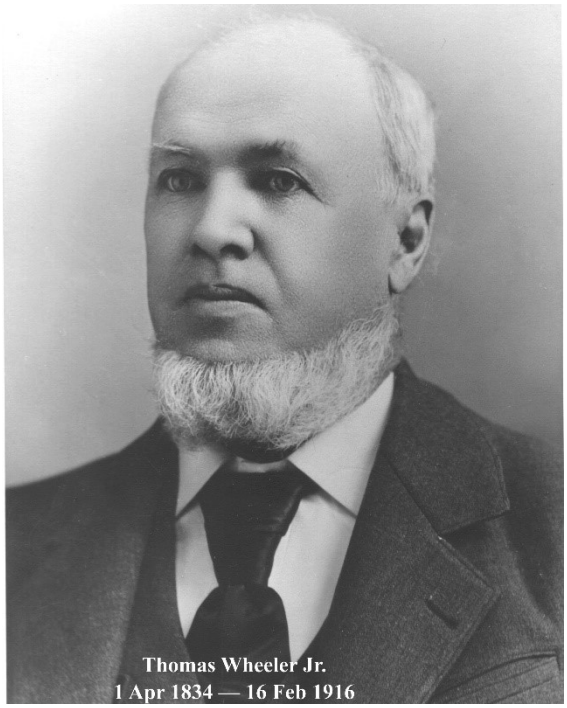
JOHN PULLEN

John Pullen was a mason by trade, his father James was a carpenter and a cartwright. In those days, a person with a trade usually had comfortable means and a substantial home. John was also able to write and this offered another advantage. There are many Pullens in the general area and are all undoubtedly related – but the direct, close relatives all had a trade as compared to distant cousins who were farm laborers. Lydia described her father as a genial and pleasant man. He had a love for gardening and trained his fruit trees to grow against the white stone walls of his house to take advantage of the sun and he often had fruit when others suffered loss because of a late frost.

According to tradition, John's father left each of his sons a home when he died, but Henry, who lived rather a wild life, lost his. The mother, Hannah Passey Pullen, was afraid Henry would get his younger brother's home when she died if he was not married. John was 29 years and single and her health was failing, so she persuaded John to marry his cousin Barbara, who was also unmarried and past 30. They were married and lived a happy life together. The mother died soon after the marriage.

The exact truth of the situation might be a little different, but it is difficult to determine. Just before Hannah's death, Henry's wife Sarah was caring for her mother-in-law in Leadington, however Henry was not living with them at this time. In a later census, I found Henry and Sarah living in Ledbury with their large family. Henry was a carpenter by trade as well as his son Jacob.

THOMAS WHEELER, JR.



Thomas Wheeler, Jr. was engaged to Sophia Fide when she died, and married her cousin Lydia Pullen. Thomas Jr. was a young man when he joined the LDS Church, but he was not very religious, and when he started to smoke his mother, who was a very staunch member, was afraid he was falling away, so she prayed to the Lord to show her son the error of his ways.

Sometime later he had some peculiar things happen to him and shortly after he too became a staunch member. One day a man asked him for some tobacco and a match. The next day the same man asked him for more. He handed him his tobacco and matches and said “Keep the lot” and he stopped smoking from then on. His chief characteristics were a strong will and determination.

He was an expert in thatching hay stacks and houses and also weaving straw birds and all kinds of fancy designs to decorate them. He worked on many farms and thus he became acquainted with horses of which he grew very fond. Besides thatching he worked in the hop fields. The whole family helped pick hops and the family enjoyed it very much. It was sort of a vacation for them as they camped there too.

As he didn’t have work in the winter he had quite a struggle making a living for his large family. He cut willows and made a sort of broom called a beasum, and these brooms were used to sweep the stone floors common in most kitchens in those days.

Thomas Jr. was a traveling Elder for the Church in England. His companion was Charles Penrose who later was an Apostle. Thomas was always very industrious, honest, and a very good talker.

He was born the 1st of April, 1834 in Stanfords Bishop, Herefordshire, England. He lived to be 82 years old. He died the 27th of February, 1916. His wife survived him about seventeen years. He emigrated to Utah in October of 1889, to Mammoth, where he worked in a mine.

Later he moved to Salt Lake City, then moved to Pleasant Grove, Utah where he lived on a farm. Later he returned to Salt Lake, where he lived until his death.

Thomas Hancock III

Thomas Hancock of Long Meadow, Mass. was too young to enlist in the army with Washington in the beginning of the war, but at the last offered his services, but Washington told him "No, one man now will make no difference, you go home and take care of your mother, she has sacrificed enough, having sacrificed her husband and two sons in this cruel war."

He married a daughter of old General Ward, her name was Amy Ward on May 25, 1786 in Longmeadow, MA.
Thomas was a miller by trade and was so strong he could stand with both feet in a bushel measure and shoulder 4 bushels or wheat - 240 lbs. He became very poor through the ravages of war, but was blessed with a large family: Thomas Jr., Alvin, Solomon, Joseph and Levi W. were the boys and Clarissa and Sally the girls.

They moved from Mass to Sharon, Vermont and from there to New York. They were just as poor as the Prophet Joseph Smith's family which they had become acquainted with--and joined the Church the first year.

Thomas Jr. joined the army of 1812 against Great Britain, was wounded and taken prisoner and at the end of the war, a poor wreck of a man.

Alvin died at Kirtland, Ohio through hardship and persecution.

Sally,Joseph and Levi W. are all that lived of that family to get to Utah.*

Solomon started with the Pioneers, was at Winter Quarters when the call came for 500 volunteers to go into the Mexican Army. His brother, Levi W. Hancock and his two oldest sons, Charles B. and Geo. W. Hancock (my father) enlisted. Solomon, being deprived of his main help was obliged to remain at Far West where he died, beloved by all who knew him.

Joseph Hancock, the third brother was asked by the Prophet to take him and his brother Hyrum, to Salt Lake to get away from their enemies. They were at Grandfather's home, were to start early the next morning. My mother, Amy Hancock, daughter of Joseph Hancock says Joseph Smith did not sleep, he walked the floor all night. In the morning asked Hyrum to go on with Grandfather as they had planned, said he was going back and give himself up like a lamb to the slaughter. Hyrum said then the "I will go with you." The Governor had promised them protection from the mob, but withdrew the guards and allowed them to be murdered in cold blood.

Grandfather Joseph Hancock then came on to Salt Lake with the first company of Pioneers. He was a hunter and kept them supplied with food across the plains. (I will just state here, this same Joseph Hancock was a member of Zions Camp where so many died with the Cholera. He was also stricken with it was almost dead. When Joseph Smith arrived, called him from death, blessed him and said "I will name you Nimrod after the mighty hunter of old. You too will be a mighty hunter before the Lord.") This came true to the letter. One incident I will state here:

While out hunting for game with another hunter, (for the pioneers) (Lewis

Barney) they both shot at a deer. The deer fell dead. They could only see one bullet hole. So the question was, Who killed the deer?. On opening the body, they found that both bullets had entered the same spot back of the shoulder. Grandfather's bullet which was the larger caliber, had gone straight through the small bullet, had struck a rib and remained in the body. So Grandfather was awarded the honor of the kill.

Birth Date and Place: Nov. 21, 1763 Longmeadow, Hampden Co., MA
Father: Thomas Hancock Sr., 10 May, 1727, Longmeadow, Hampden Co., MA
Mother: Jemima Wright Hancock, 1726, Chicopee, MA
Spouse: Amy Ward Hancock, 1769
Death Date and Burial: 02 Oct, 1844 Morley Settlement, Hancock Co., Nauvoo, IL

Children:
Elijah Hancock, born Sept. 21, 1786, Longmeadow, Massachusetts
Thomas Hancock, Jr., Jan. 25, 1788, Springfield, Hampden Co., Massachusetts
Clarissa Hancock, born Sept. 3, 1790, Springfield, Hampden Co., Massachusetts
Solomon Hancock, Aug. 14, 1793, Springfield, Hampden Co., Massachusetts
Alva Hancock, born April 19, 1796, Springfield, Hampden Co., Massachusetts
Joseph Hancock, born Mar 18, 1800, Springfield, Hampden Co., Massachusetts
Levi Ward Hancock, born April 7, 1803, Springfield, Hampden Co., MA
Sarah Abbott Hancock, born June 18, 1805, Bristol, Ontario Co., New York
Amy Hancock, born Sept. 18, 1807, Bristol, Ontario Co., New York

This information gathered at the Daughters of the Utah Pioneer Museum in Salt Lake City.
Information originally submitted by:
This sketch was written by Asael Hancock, copied from his own handwritten account.

Compiled by Kari R. Kirk 2007

John Alden

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

John Alden

A conjectural image of John and Priscilla Alden by George Henry Boughton, 1884

Assistant Governor of Plymouth Colony	
Personal details	
Born	c. 1598 England
Died	September 12, 1687 Plymouth Colony
Spouse(s)	Priscilla Mullins
Children	10
Occupation	Cooper

John Alden (c. 1598–1687) was a crew member on the historic 1620 voyage of the *Mayflower* which brought the English settlers commonly known as Pilgrims to Plymouth Colony in present-day Massachusetts. He was hired in Southampton, England, as the ship's cooper, responsible for

maintaining the ship's barrels. Although he was a member of the ship's crew and not a settler, Alden decided to remain in Plymouth Colony when the *Mayflower* returned to England, opting to remain with the Pilgrims as a colonist. He was a signatory to the Mayflower Compact.

He married fellow *Mayflower* passenger Priscilla Mullins, whose entire family perished in the first winter in Plymouth Colony. The marriage of the young couple became prominent in Victorian popular culture after the 1858 publication of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's fictitious narrative poem *The Courtship of Miles Standish.* The book inspired widespread depictions of John and Priscilla Alden in art and literature during the 19th and 20th centuries.

Alden was one of Plymouth Colony's most active public servants and played a prominent role in colonial affairs. He was annually elected to the Governor's Council nearly every year from 1640 to 1686. He served as Treasurer of Plymouth Colony, Deputy to the General Court of Plymouth, a member of the colony's Council of War, and a member of the colony's Committee on Kennebec Trade, among other posts.

He was the last surviving signer of the Mayflower Compact upon his death in 1687. The approximate location of his grave in the Myles Standish Burial Ground was marked with a memorial stone in 1930. The site of his first house in Duxbury is preserved and marked with interpretative signage. The Alden Kindred of America, which began as a society of John and Priscilla's descendants, maintains the Alden House Historic Site in Duxbury, Massachusetts—a home likely built by Alden's son Capt. Jonathan Alden.

English origins

Cooper by Anne Claude Philippe de Tubières, an 18th-century etching of a cooper holding barrel hoops

Historians and genealogists have advanced many theories as to the English origins of John Alden. According to the "American Ancestors" project of the New England Historic

Genealogical Society, Alden genealogical expert Alicia Crane Williams has called two of the hypothesized origins "tempting", however she asserts that none are definitively proven.

The only definite primary source evidence regarding John Alden's background comes from Plymouth Colony Governor William Bradford's history, *Of Plymouth Plantation*. Bradford wrote that Alden "was hired for a cooper, at South-Hampton, wher the ship victuled; and being a hopefull yong man, was much desired, but left to his owne liking to go or stay when he came here; but he stayed, and maryed here" (spelling is Bradford's original). Author Charles Edward Banks states that the employment of Alden "at Southampton" does not necessarily mean that he was a resident of the seaport and may have only been there to work temporarily when the *Mayflower* arrived.

Banks cited research by certain historians and genealogists who offered theories as to Alden's origins based on inconclusive but possibly relevant evidence. One such theory was proposed by historian and genealogist B. Carlyon-Hughes who found evidence of an Alden family living in Harwich in Essex, England during the 17th century. Harwich is an ancient North Sea port, northeast of London, which was the home port of the ship *Mayflower* and home of its captain, Christopher Jones. Carlyon-Hughes asserted that the Aldens of Harwich were related to Jones and also that a young John Alden of the Harwich Aldens was about the same age as the Mayflower passenger. A prior association with the captain of the *Mayflower* (although not definitively proven) could account, according to Banks, for Alden joining the crew. Historian George F. Willison subscribed to the Harwich origin theory and wrote that Alden's children "remembered him as tall, blond, and very powerful in physique". Willison, however, offers no specific source material for this description.

Another theory cited by Banks, which he called "a fair presumption", involves a John Alden of Southampton who "may have been the son of George Alden the fletcher, who disappeared – probably dying in that year – leaving John, an orphan, free to take employment overseas. Jane, the widow, may have been his mother and Richard and Avys his grandparents". The tax list of Holyrood Ward, Southampton in 1602 list the names of George Alden and John's future father-in-law William Mullins. Banks even went so far as to postulate that if the Alden and Mullins families both originated from Southampton, then perhaps the courtship between John Alden and Priscilla Mullins began in Southampton.

Alicia Crane Williams analyzed these and several other theories in *The Mayflower Descendant*, a scholarly journal of Pilgrim history and genealogy. She pointed out that some genealogists have connected John Alden of the Mayflower with John Alden, a gentleman, "son and heir of John Alden of Swanscomb, Kent", who obtained a Patent of Arms in 1607. There is no evidence that John Alden of the *Mayflower* was connected to this family or inherited this coat of arms. Williams states, "This Alden coat of arms was published in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and has led many unsuspecting [genealogists] astray."

Voyage of the Mayflower

The Mayflower Compact 1620, an 1899 painting by Jean Leon Gerome Ferris, depicts John Alden signing the document.

Alden was hired by Capt. Christopher Jones in Southampton when he was about 21 years old to work as the ship's cooper during the *Mayflower's* voyage to America. According to historian Nathaniel Philbrick, due to Alden's useful skills as a barrel-maker and carpenter, the colonists encouraged him to remain with them in America during the voyage.

The *Mayflower* departed Plymouth, England, on September 6, 1620. The 100-foot ship had aboard 102 passengers and a crew of about 20 to 30 in extremely cramped conditions. A lack of proper rations and unsanitary conditions for months caused illnesses that would eventually be fatal for many, particularly to women and children. During the voyage to North America, there were two deaths, a crew member and a passenger, but the worst was yet to come.

On November 9, 1620, after a month of delays in England and about two months at sea, they spotted Cape Cod. Their original destination had been the mouth of the Hudson River, which was then part of the Colony of Virginia. Capt. Jones made an attempt to round the southern end of Cape Cod but he lacked an adequate chart of the area known as Pollock's Rip and the strong currents and dangerous shoals there forced him to turn back. Due to widespread illness among the passengers and dwindling supplies, Jones determined that the colonists would have to disembark and settle in New England rather than the Hudson River. The *Mayflower* eventually came to anchor on November 11 in Provincetown Harbor at the northern tip of Cape Cod.

The decision to settle outside of Virginia Colony raised some problems. The group carried a patent which granted authority to their elected leaders and entitled them to establish their own plantation within the bounds of Virginia Colony. Because they would be settling in New England, the patent became irrelevant and some members began to question the authority of their leaders. To settle these questions, the colony's leadership drew up the Mayflower Compact, an agreement that they would work together, acting as "a civil body politic" in obedience to such laws as the colony might enact. The Mayflower Compact was signed by all free male settlers on November 11, the same day they set anchor at Provincetown. John Alden signed the document, which is an indication that he had already made the decision to remain with the settlers. He was the youngest of the signers and the last survivor.

Establishing Plymouth Colony

A view of the recreated Plimoth Plantation, which includes a replica of John Alden's house seen second from the left

After exploring the inner shoreline of Cape Cod, the colonists chose to settle in Plymouth. The site offered a good harbor, several fresh water springs, and a large hill overlooking the harbor (which they would later name Burial Hill) suitable for a fort. A tribe known as the Patuxet (part of the Wampanoag peoples) had settled the site and cleared a large area of land for planting corn. By the time the *Mayflower* arrived, the Patuxet tribe had been wiped out by plagues, likely as a result of contact with English fishermen.

During their first winter in Plymouth, most of the settlers fell ill and half died of disease. Priscilla Mullins (John Alden's future wife) lost her entire family—her father William, her mother Alice, and her brother Joseph. The fifty colonists who survived began building a fort atop Burial Hill and small wooden houses on either side of a "street" now known as Leyden Street, named in 1823 after the town in Holland where the Pilgrims lived for several years. A small plot of land at the foot of Burial Hill near the top of the street was designated for John Alden. He built a primitive house in this location and lived there for about seven years with his wife Priscilla and his growing family. The site of Alden's first house in Plymouth was marked in 1930 with a boulder and bronze plaque placed by the Alden Kindred of America. A recreation of this house stands today at Plymouth Plantation, a living history museum which replicates the original Pilgrim settlement.

Marriage to Priscilla Mullins

A romanticized, early 20th century depiction of John and Priscilla Alden's courtship

The exact date of John Alden's marriage to Priscilla Mullins was not noted in colonial records. According to the Pilgrim Society, it was likely in 1622 as Priscilla Mullins is not listed separately in the 1623 Division of Land. It was either the second or third marriage to take place in the colony.

The marriage of the two young colonists has been widely depicted in art and literature primarily due to the extraordinary popularity of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's narrative poem *The Courtship of Miles Standish,* published in 1858. The fictionalized story tells of a love triangle involving John Alden, Priscilla Mullins, and Myles Standish (the captain of the colony's militia). In the story, Standish is too timid to express his feelings to Priscilla Mullins and therefore asks Alden to speak for him. Alden's words of courtship on Standish's behalf prompt Mullins to offer an often-quoted quip, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" The book sold 10,000 copies in London in a single day. In the United States, the story brought the Pilgrims to the forefront of American culture, contributing to the establishment of a national Thanksgiving holiday in 1863. The book made John and Priscilla Alden, according to historian Jim Baker, "the most celebrated Pilgrim couple in history".

While some historians state that the courtship story is "loosely based" on Alden family oral history, others dismiss it as complete fiction. A brief account of a rivalry between John Alden and Myles Standish for Priscilla's hand was first published in *A Collection of American Epitaphs and Inscriptions* by Timothy Alden in 1814. Longfellow, therefore, was not the originator of the story but he greatly embellished it. No part of the tale is supported by 17th century documentation. Historian John Goodwin pointed out several anachronisms and inconsistencies, asserting, there was no "reason for believing any part of it."

Service to Plymouth Colony

In 1626, the colony's financial backers in London, known as the Merchant Adventurers, disbanded. This left the colonists with no means of settling their significant debts to those who had funded the effort. Eight of the Plymouth colonists, including John Alden, agreed to collectively assume, or undertake, the debt in exchange for a monopoly on the fur trade from the colony. These men who averted financial ruin for the colony became known as the "Undertakers". This agreement to grant the Undertakers a monopoly was signed by the 37 freemen of Plymouth Colony. The fact that Alden was among the Undertakers is indicative of his growing stature in the colony.

Alden was elected Governor's Assistant (one of a small council of advisors to the Governor) in 1632 and was regularly reelected to that office until 1640 and then again from 1650 to 1686, because of he was deputy from Duxbury from 1641 to 1642, and from 1645 to 1649, and soldier in Captain Miles Standish's company from 1643. He also served as Deputy Governor on two occasions in the absence of the Governor in 1665 and 1677. The colonists elected him Treasurer annually from 1656 to 1658. Alden served on the colony's Council of War, an important committee to decide on matters pertaining to the defense of the colony, in 1642, 1643, 1646, 1653, 1658 and 1667. The Plymouth General Court appointed Alden to a number of important committees including the Committee to Revise Laws, the Committee on the Kennebec Trade, and a number of additional minor posts. He then served for several years as magistrate.

Plymouth Colony held a patent entitling them to a monopoly on the fur trade at the Kennebec River in what would later become Maine. In 1634, a man named John Hocking from Piscataqua Plantation in New Hampshire interloped in the trade provoking a confrontation between him and traders from Plymouth Colony at Kennebec. Hocking shot a Plymouth colonist named Moses

Talbot and, in turn, a Plymouth man shot Hocking. When the Plymouth traders arrived by boat at Boston, authorities there decided to imprison John Alden who was aboard the Plymouth vessel, even though he had not been present during the violence. It was only through the intervention of William Bradford that Alden was eventually released.

Settlement of Duxbury

Alden House Historic Site, likely built by John and Priscilla's son Jonathan Alden, c. 1700

In January 1628, the land along Plymouth Bay was divided up into farm lots with each individual receiving 20 acres plus an additional 20 acres for each family member. John and Priscilla Alden, who had three children at that time, received 100 acres along the Bluefish River in the area known as Duxbury (sometimes spelled Duxburough or Duxborrow at that time). Grants were drawn by lot, so the location of Alden's farm was not his selection. By chance, as historian Dorothy Wentworth observed, the location was ideal as it included upland that had been partially cleared by Native Americans, woodland, and salt marshes (a good source of hay).[27] Alden built their first small house in 1628. As they were required to travel to Plymouth every Sunday for Sabbath services (10 miles away), they lived seasonally on their Duxbury farm for the first few years, staying in Plymouth during the winter to avoid long travels in harsh weather.[28] The site was professionally excavated by Roland Wells Robbins in 1960, unearthing many artifacts including a halberd blade which is now exhibited at Pilgrim Hall Museum in Plymouth. The site is now part of the Duxbury school campus and is located next to a playing field. The footprint of the house is evident as a depression in the ground and is marked by a boulder, plaque, and other interpretive signage.

The historic marker at John Alden House

In 1632, Alden was one of several men who petitioned the colony to have Duxbury set off as a separate church congregation with their own minister. This would allow those with Duxbury

grants to reside on their farms year-round. William Bradford and other colonial officials were reluctant to break apart the "mother" church congregation in Plymouth but nonetheless gave permission. Duxbury was incorporated as a separate town in 1637. John Alden became one of the leading men of the new town of Duxbury and a key figure in the colony. He served as Deputy from Duxbury to the General Court for most of the 1640s.

Local historians of the 19th and 20th centuries asserted that a later Alden house in Duxbury was the second home of John and Priscilla Alden and was constructed in 1653. As local historian Dorothy Wentworth wrote, the tradition "has been accepted for so long that there seems no point in doubting it." This house is now owned by the Alden Kindred of America and maintained as a museum known as the Alden House Historic Site. Long-standing assumptions about the house turned out to be incorrect as Dendrochronological and architectural analysis conducted in 2003 suggest that the house was likely built about 1700 and therefore was not the home of John and Priscilla Alden. It was likely built by one of their children (possibly Jonathan Alden) or grandchildren.

The Alden's first Duxbury home site and the Alden House Historic Site were together granted National Historic Landmark status in 2008.

Family

Early 20th century depiction of Priscilla and John Alden

John and Priscilla Alden had ten children. The first, Elizabeth, was born in 1623 in Plymouth and died in Little Compton, Rhode Island, on May 31, 1717. She married William Pabodie on December 26, 1644 in Duxbury and had thirteen children. Her grave and that of her husband are in the Old Commons Cemetery in Little Compton.

John Jr. was born about 1626 in Plymouth and died in Boston on March 14, 1701/2. He married Elizabeth (Phillips) Everill on April 1, 1660, and had fourteen children. He became a prosperous maritime merchant. He also played a controversial role in dealings with Native Americans in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia during King William's War. In 1692, he was accused of being a witch during the Salem witch trials and jailed, though he later escaped and fled to Duxbury.

Joseph was born about 1628 and died in Bridgewater, Massachusetts on February 8, 1696/7. He married Mary Simmons about 1660 and had seven children.

Priscilla was born about 1630. Little is known about her life except for a record which indicates she was alive and unmarried in 1688.

Jonathan was born about 1632 and died in Duxbury on February 14, 1697. He married Abigail Hallett on December 10, 1672, and had six children. Jonathan was buried in the Old Burying Ground in Duxbury. He was captain of the Plymouth Colony militia and documentation indicates that at his burial, the militia company attended in formation. During his burial, Rev. Ichabod Wiswall of Duxbury delivered a sermon. It is the first known instance of a sermon being delivered at a Plymouth Colony burial indicated changing religious customs. Prior to this, burials were simple affairs without religious ritual.

Sarah was born about 1634 and died before the settlement of her father's estate in 1688. She married Alexander Standish, son of Myles Standish, about 1660 and had eight children.

Ruth was born about 1636 and died in Braintree, Massachusetts on October 12, 1674. She married John Bass in Braintree on February 3, 1658, and had seven children. Among her children was Hannah Bass, paternal grandmother of future United States President John Adams.

Mary was born about 1638. She was alive and unmarried in 1688.

Rebecca was born about 1640. She married Thomas Delano in 1677 and had nine children. She died between June 12, 1696 and October 5, 1722. She is buried in Old Burying Ground in Duxbury.

David was born about 1642 and died in Duxbury between July 2, 1718, and April 1, 1719. He married Mary Southworth by 1674 and had six children.

Final days and legacy

Commemorative headstones placed in 1930 to honor John and Priscilla Alden

John Alden was the last survivor of the signers of the Mayflower Compact. He died in Duxbury on September 12, 1687. Both he and his wife Priscilla were buried in the Old Burying Ground in Duxbury. The precise location of their

graves is not known as markers either were not placed or have crumbled away. In 1930, the Alden Kindred of America placed commemorative slate stones at the estimated location of their graves near the headstone of their son, Capt. Jonathan Alden.

Several artifacts attributed to John Alden are exhibited at major museums. These include the halberd blade discovered in the 1960 archaeological dig at the Alden first house site in Duxbury, the Alden family bible, and a mortar and pestle attributed to John and Priscilla Alden, all of which are displayed at Pilgrim Hall Museum. A wheel-lock carbine attributed to John Alden is housed at the National Firearms Museum. Of early 17th century Italian make, the carbine was found in the Alden House during a 1924 restoration.

The Alden Kindred of America, initially a society composed strictly of Alden descendants, was established in 1906. It is now an incorporated non-profit organization welcoming both Alden descendants and non-descendants to its membership. The organization manages the Alden House Historic Site in Duxbury, Massachusetts.