Just Jane

SARAH JANE GODFREY
EVANS HOLMES

Born 31 May 1862 - Died 23 December 1950

Biographical Sketch

by

Ellen Holmes Winkler and Margaret Holmes Weaver

1968

For the 100th anniversary of their mother's birth

Editing and additions

By

Ellen Claire Weaver Shaeffer

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Introduction

Sarah Jane Godfrey was born May 31,1862 in North Ogden, Weber County, Utah to Mormon pioneers, Joseph and Sarah Ann Price Godfrey. She married William Perkins Evans October 12, 1882. They were the parents of two children, Joseph Wm. Evans and Ethel Evans. Widowed at an early age, Sarah Jane later married Henry John Holmes June 8, 1893 and they became the parents of sons Myron and Godfrey Holmes and daughters Ellen, Margaret and Martha Holmes. Sarah Jane lived to the age of 88, passing away December 23, 1950 in Raymond, Alberta, Canada.

Abigail Adams,[1] in one of her many letters to her husband, John, who was making many efforts to get our nation's Declaration of Independence through Congress, wrote: "Posterity who are to reap the blessings, will scarcely be able to conceive the hardships and sufferings of their ancestors." I feel quite sure she was right. I think we cannot truly understand what difficulties our ancestors, including Sarah Jane, had to go through. But I am nevertheless grateful for a small glimpse into the life of a great woman, Sarah Jane Godfrey Evans Holmes, my grandmother. I was 14 when she died, so I remember her very well. Since she lived in Alberta and we lived in Chicago, we were not able to see her often, but our visits to Canada and her visits to Chicago were always memorable. I loved her then, but I love her even more now as I study her life and consider what she and others have done and have written, and for the heritage she has bequeathed to me.

The following comments were written by her daughter, Sarah Ellen Holmes Winkler, with whom she was living at the time of her death:

> *The stories that Mother told were always interesting, and when the children gathered around her to listen I was always in the background with my ears as large as the child who had begged for a story. She told of the things she had experienced in her long life. She was never one for make-believe because her own life had been so busy and useful and so real and down-to-earth that*

imagination had no place in her thoughts. I've tried to tell these episodes as if she herself were recalling them and telling them to us.

I've often thought of the Lord's injunction to Adam and Eve, "By the sweat of thy brow…" when I have observed my mother so busy with her many tasks. Work was her life and at times it seemed that it was her very religion. She was taught it young and held to it throughout her days. I've often said it was the thought of her usefulness that kept me to the task at hand, whatever it might be.

Work may have been the thing that kept Mother young and forward-looking. Even though her body eventually became bowed and bent, her hands were never idle. She kept her own home until she was 88. When she was no longer able to do strenuous labor she continued knitting and knitting, providing hundreds of pairs of sox for servicemen during WWII. What an example she set of usefulness to her family and her many friends!

My mother, Margaret Holmes Weaver wrote:

Mother always did all her own work. She was knitting or sewing continuously, too. Mother had good sense. She was practical, always straightforward and honest. She never failed to give clear helpful advice when approached. She appreciated beauty. She was a beautiful young girl with a beautiful head of hair. After the smallpox she lost her beautiful hair and gained the pock marks she always hated, but to me she was always fine looking. She had a good voice and enjoyed humor. She never failed anyone. No wonder we were always happy to be there with her and we missed her deeply when she was gone.

I have edited grandmother's story which my mother and my aunt wrote in 1962 entitled "Just Jane" and I have also included recollections by a few of her granddaughters.

Ellen Claire Weaver Shaeffer, 2006

EARLY MEMORIES

I heard my father call but I was so busy with my playing that I paid no attention. But soon he was close by, telling me I was needed. I left my play and never again was as carefree as I had been in those days playing in the orchard behind the house.

Yes, I had done chores that the ordinary child of that day was used to doing: running errands, gathering wood or kindling, picking up after this or that person of the home, rocking the cradle that always seemed to be in use, or the many things that small hands could do to help lighten work for older folks. Ours was an ordinary home in many ways except for the fact that my father was almost past middle age when he married my Mother who was still in her teens, and she was or seemed to be never really well. So Father took over many of the duties of the household, and spent more time around home helping than most men did.

I left my play and never again was as carefree as I had been

I was my mother's oldest daughter and now I was to help in some of the more arduous duties. A tub filled with water was on two chairs placed together in the center of the kitchen. Father brought one of Mother's big aprons and tied it around my neck and also around my waist. I was too small to reach the clothes in the tub, so a small box was brought and placed for me to stand on. I could now reach the water in the tub when I scrubbed clothes back and forth on the board.

I couldn't have been much more than nine years of age when this started. Week after week and necessary times in between I stood upon that box with an "up and down" motion endlessly sloshing water through clothes and rubbing the skin off my hands.

Have you ever thought about how many back-breaking hours were spent upon the weekly wash before the advent of modern washing machines?

I would get up early so the wash could be done that day. And it did take the whole day to do it—in summer out under the shade of a tree—in colder days in the steamy kitchen. Up and down went the arms, clothes and soapy water until way in the afternoon before the clothes would be all on the line and women could rest their aching arms and back.

Much depended upon how difficult it was to bring water to the kitchen. We only

had to carry it from the spring close by, so our clothes had a double rinse.

Folks that could afford it hired help in this task. They might have a neighbor's girl come in on wash day to help out. She would take one tub and the wife the other because clothes must be washed thru two waters before they were boiled to get them clean. This boiling process was the thing that steamed up the kitchen as all white clothes must of a necessity be treated this way. Then the hired girl did all the cleaning up of the kitchen and yes, maybe help to prepare supper for the family, all for the magnificent sum of 50 cents a day.

So from that day on I took one tub and Mother took the other, but if she was not well enough then I did double duty till my younger sisters were old enough to help me out.

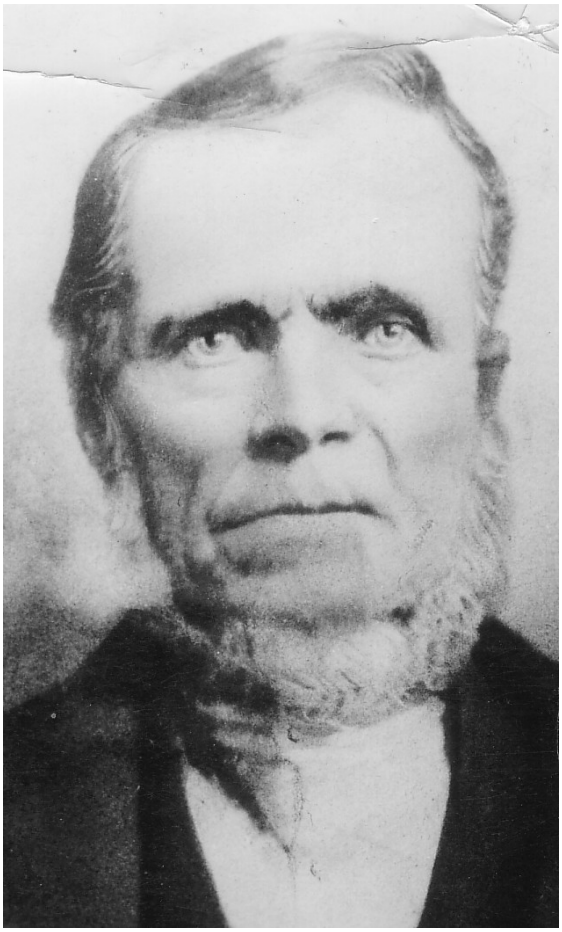
We grew up in the house just south of the North Ogden meetinghouse along with the families of my father's first wife, who had died and left four boys, and his second wife, who had three children, together with my own mother and family. [*See history of Joseph Godfrey*.[2]]

When I was about 12 Mary, the second wife, inherited some money from a bachelor brother in New York. So she bought a lot and built herself a house about three blocks from us. That left the three older boys and my mother and her children in our old home. But Father lived with us all the time.

A year or two later the two oldest boys bought a freighting outfit, four oxen and a wagon. Indians were very bad at that time and it was dangerous for them to freight to Helena, Montana. But they were determined in spite of the dangers and the hard time they had getting the oxen going. As children, we felt bad to see them leave, for they were always so good to us. They never came home to live again.

Joseph, Reuben and George had left before them to homestead land in Park Valley, Box Elder County, Utah. So now we had the whole house to ourselves and were quite comfortable. I don't remember any quarreling among the families, but we were glad to have the home to ourselves. We had all lived in that old house which was four rooms downstairs and one big room upstairs. It was a story and a half and made of adobes with a rock foundation. One of my earliest memories was using the ledge around the house's foundation as a place for playthings. Mother's sister, Jemima, had a little brass kettle she let me play with. She and her husband, Moroni Coleman, lived in our back room when they were first married.

My father saw to it that we always had plenty to eat and wear, although many at that time never had enough. Father grew sugar cane and operated a mill to make molasses in the fall. My older brothers would strip the cane of leaves and seeds out in the field then haul it to the mill about half a mile away. My part was to keep the old horse going round and round. Sometimes I would feed the cane into the mill two or three stalks at a time. If fed too many, the horse would stop. In this process the pulp would roll out at the back of the mill, the juice in front and into buckets. Father had built a huge fireplace for boiling the juice in a large vat for molasses. He would boil, skim, clarify it then put a big keg of it in the cellar for winter. While all this was going on, children would come from all over town with small buckets to get some candy. We had many a candy-pulling through the winter. Father made preserves out of molasses and peaches. We had a big keg of them, too, in the cellar. He kept bees, so we had a supply of honey. We had apples, too, in the cellar for winter.



Joseph Godfrey

When Mother would get tired of us kids, Father would load us all into the wagon and take us wherever he would be going.

When I was quite young the railroad came through Ogden [*the Golden Spike in 1869*]. Father loaded all of us children in the wagon and took us to see the first train come in. It had an engine that burned wood and a few flat cars. My own oldest brother, John, and other boys (Henry Holmes, my future husband, was one, and I remember seeing a picture we had of it) got on and rode to Uintah, which was about six miles south and east of Ogden. They walked back.

If there was a circus in Ogden, Father would always take us children to see the parade and animals (this was after the train was running into Ogden). When the train went into Salt Lake City, our Sunday

School rode it to a Sunday School Jubilee in the Tabernacle. There were big bags of buns under every seat in the building—hundreds of them—for the children. There was a fountain where we could get a drink of water on the ground floor right below the pulpit. This was when I first saw Brigham Young. We marched from the train station to the Tabernacle with our Sunday School teacher. I had a pink apron and sun bonnet and print dress, as I recall. The first time I was ever in Salt Lake the Tabernacle was lighted by gas.

This was when I first saw Brigham Young

When Janie [*Weaver*] was crying to go with Ellen Claire on her picnic the other night, it brought to my mind the time I made such a fuss to go with my oldest half sister, Mary Ellen, to the canal. She told me "all right" and I'd have to hold her clothes and hat. So I went, but a gust of wind took the hat and landed it in the canal. She was mad, all right!

Every fall we dried all our fruit. That was a busy time for about a month. We always had a house full of relatives at fruit time. *[Early pioneers brought many different fruits into Utah. Mormon leaders were anxious to show that a wide variety of crops could be grown successfully in the area, and they actively encouraged immigrants to bring seeds and fruit tree stock. Apples, peaches, cherries, pears, apricots, and grapes were among the most popular crops planted during this period. The best locations for growing fruit were determined through a long process of trial and error in the new settlements founded throughout the territory. By the late nineteenth century the counties of the Wasatch Front had been recognized as the areas most suited to large-scale fruit production. – Steven Wood, Utah History Encyclopedia.*[3] *]*

When Jerry [*Jeremiah Godfrey*] was a baby, Mother went to visit her mother [*Jane Morgan Price*] and two brothers, Isaac and John [Price], who lived in Malad, Idaho. My brother, John, drove the team. They took all the children but me. Being the oldest daughter at age 11, I was left home to help keep house for Father for about two weeks.

The next summer Martha Ann and I went out to Park Valley with our half brothers. One was going to take freight to Helena, Montana, from Kelton, Utah, the other went to visit. We stayed with our brother, George. Mary, our half-sister, was keeping house for him. He had a hay ranch across the valley. We two girls went with him and drove an ox team—the only time I ever rode behind oxen. We walked about half the time, for we could play and pick

choke cherries, etc., and still keep up with the wagon.

While there, George wanted us to milk some cows and make butter which sold for a dollar a pound in Kelton. We took pails and decided to try it, since he said we could have all the money from the butter. Then he brought the cows in, which had never been milked. We went into the corral but the cows chased us, and we had to climb the pole fence in a hurry. The cows were soon let out again on the range.

After we had stayed about two or three months, George took us as far as Kelton and bought me a pair of shoes and food for the trip home. Then we traveled on with old man Mecham and his boy Frank. North Ogden really looked good to us when we finally got home.

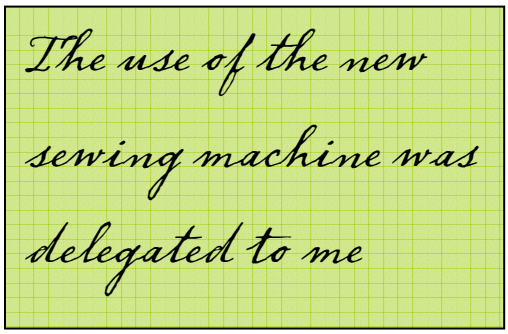
Another summer I worked for a woman two weeks to get some shoes. I earned three dollars. My shoes were four, so Father gave me a dollar to finish paying for them. Another thing I did to earn money was to cut Berrett's tame sage on shares. Father sold it to the drug store and I bought clothes.

THE SEWING MACHINE

Mother used to spin and dye our own yarn for sox for the family. I remember the old spinning wheel very well, but I never learned to use the spindle to spin because Mother did it all. In spite of her health, Mother was always busy. She was counselor in the Primary for years in North Ogden, as well.

I was about 12 years old when Father brought home our first sewing machine from the city. I can remember yet how we all crowded around to see it. Oh, it would be nice to use, because all our spare time had been spent in sewing by hand the many things that were needed for the family. I guess you could say we lived between two periods of home production. We didn't spin or weave our own cloth, nor yet did we buy our clothes readymade. We were able to buy from the stores the fabrics and some of the yarns we needed so that we could knit and sew. Each girl was taught to knit with homespun long before she started to lengthen her dresses, and goodness knows, even the small children wore their dresses much longer than they do today. But as grownup time started to come, girls did lengthen their dresses. We would knit our own stockings—long ones, too—wool for winter and cotton for summer, not the bare-legged ones worn today. The cotton yarn was quite a little like store cord, but we liked to use colored thread if and when it could be

obtained. If we had time, we would knit sox for our brothers, because ours was a large family and Mother was hard put to keep the boys and men in sox.



The use of the new sewing machine was delegated to me. I suppose it was because I seemed more interested in it than others, and probably because I was the oldest girl. Mother cut out the cloth and directed me how to sew it together. From this time on I became a seamstress, and as long as I lived at home or even nearby, I sewed for all the family, even when it branched out into many families.

Not long after the machine was bought Father brought home a whole bolt of striped ticking. “Just the thing,” he said, “for the boys some overalls.” I laugh yet when I picture in my mind those striped pants on all four of my brothers—from the oldest, John, to little Jerry, just a creeper. And they wore those pants I made from that bolt of striped denim for a long, long time.

To benefit me in my sewing work, not too long after this I went to an instructor in the city to learn a little more than Mother was able to teach me in the art of putting clothes together. Neighbors around us saw that machine clothes appeared nicer than some they had made, or maybe I had a knack with doing them. So they came to me to have dresses made. I was willing, because in this way I could earn a little bit of money to buy a few nice clothes for myself. At that time about all the fabric that women used for dresses was cotton. We were lucky to have more than one dress for best wear, which was usually made of calico. But we added flounces, laces and ribbons to brighten them and make them into “pretties.”

I learned, with this instructor, to use them all and add just the right touch for flare to the dresses I made.

INDIANS

I remember as a young child being frightened by the Indian raids around our mountain settlements. Some of the older and wiser men would have to settle these problems in some manner not understood by us children. Sometimes when things were

too out of hand, we would all be rushed to the fort for protection.

This fort stockade was just across from our house. It was used by all the people in the nearby settlements when danger came. Logs were piled tight on top of each other and notches were cut in each end so logs could fit together and be secure. Holes were cut in the logs for lookouts and gun holes were made for firing. Men always kept guns, powder and tamping rods handy in their homes, since no one knew how needful they would be nor how quickly they would have to be snatched up from their corner and rushed with the family to the fort.

One time, while I was still quite young, a band of Indians came in all their war paint and rode around the houses in the public square just across from us, whooping and yelling. Father came in from the field and talked with them, then sat down and smoked with them. My baby sister got frightened and crawled way back under the crib. In waiting there in the dim corner she went to sleep. When the Indians left and the family began to return to their duties, we discovered that the baby was gone. Straight away, Father, with some of the other men, rushed after the Indians to hunt for her, because he thought she had been stolen, a not uncommon event. In all the hubbub and commotion, she woke up and was taken into Mother's arms. Crying with thankfulness, Mother held her, while the family gathered around to talk of the stories of other children that had been stolen. We were thankful this story had a better ending.

Father was good at dealing with the Indians

Father was good at dealing with the Indians—like the time trouble was settled between the flour mill owner and the Indians over a mischief-making Indian boy. This young buck was continually bothering the mill owner on Cold Water creek. One time, when the mill owner's patience had grown thin, he picked up a board and whacked the boy. Trouble came soon, because a band of war-painted and feather-bedecked Indians rode into the settlement and demanded a man so they could punish him in payment for injuries to the boy. Father acted as peacemaker. A beef had to be given to them so they would return to their homes without further trouble.

One time Indians came to the head men of our town and said that a fine buffalo robe had been stolen from one of their tribe.

The men, Father one of them, told the chief to send their squaws to all the houses in the settlement to ask for bread. In this way, maybe they would see a baby sitting on the buffalo robe spread upon the floor. They must say nothing to anyone, not even to the people who had the robe, if they found it. Then the squaw that found the robe must come back to the head men with the news. The Indians said "You are very wise men." The thing was done and the robe was found in the place where the men had suspected. But to keep the main body of the Indians from causing further trouble about this, a beef and much flour had to be given to them, in addition to the found buffalo robe. [*See journal of Henry Holmes.*[4]]

Begging seemed to be the main occupation of the Indians. At any time you could find the squaws going from home to home of the settlers, asking for food. Their large shawls or blankets that covered them could hold a good deal of food. They would shuffle to the door of a house, knock, hold out a dirty hand and ask for bread or meat. The mother, a small child or two peering out from her full skirts, would give what she could from her meager rations. Food was not too plentiful for the early settlers, and satisfying this constant asking sometimes became quite a burden. But it had to be done to keep the Indians from raiding stock and granaries.

In the fall of the year the squaws would do some trading with the housewives they had begged from. For weeks they went from bush to bush in the glens of the mountains, picking berries and gathering what nuts they could find, to dry or roast to take to the settlements. They would then trade these for anything that would appeal to them. It was always the squaws that begged or traded. The men would not do such things. They seemed to me to be shiftless and lazy. In their leather breech clouts, many times in nothing else but paint and feathers, they rode ponies wherever they went. When raiding or threatening the settlers, the men became awesome and frightening. Painted faces and naked bodies, hair braids topknotted by feathers, riding at galloping speed through the small towns created terror wherever they went. Until Indian treaties were made, the people trying to make homes in the west lived with a gun beside them and were always ready to seek shelter within the fort.

We had a young Indian boy live with us in our home for a few years. I don't remember how he came to us, nor why. Probably Father, in acting as doctor for people thereabouts, had gone to their tent to

help out in some way, and the boy was placed in Father's care. The boy always worked hard, but was sullen and quiet. As children, we were a little afraid of him. But one day, he just walked away and we never did know where he went or what became of him.

SMALLPOX

Choir practice was the place where the young people of the town did their weekly courting. All the young people as well as the ones that thought they were the singers of the town used to be inside the church practicing the Sunday hymns or would be outside raising "Cain" as the leaders used to say. Many of the teenage boys of our district used to gather outside to try to impress the young girls who were inside. They did this in numberless ways, by "yoo-hooing" in the open windows, walking the rim of the roof or even crawling to the steeple. Maybe we girls were impressed, like the little girl with curls who stands and watches two or three boys turn summersaults across the path in front of her or swing from an apple tree branch by his knees, head almost touching the ground.

Coming home from choir practice one evening I felt I was almost on fire. I got into bed and felt as if I never again could raise myself from that pillow. I almost never did. It was the dreaded smallpox. I was 14 years old. Everyone thought I was going to die. My sister Margaret Ann, "Maggie," aged 12, died with it January 15, 1877. And our neighbor boy, William Berrett, 14, died the same night. Two fathers had to bury their precious children.

Have we ever found out why when a disease strikes it seems to flare up all over the country almost at once? From big city to small village, yes, and even to farmsteads the sickness seems to spread. That is the way we thought of the black scourge of smallpox when it hit our small town. I

Everyone thought I was going to die

wonder yet how it was brought to me and looking back I believe I know the answer. Contagious diseases seemed to thrive in places where men of all kinds and men from all places gather in work projects. The railroad was being built through Portniff Canyon near Pocatello, Idaho and men from near and far were there working. There had been an outbreak of the dreaded plaque in the camps and in all probability it had been

brought back to Ogden by someone who had been working up north.

Bishop Holmes, or President, as the office was called at that time (later to become my father-in-law) had visited a home in Ogden a few days before we heard of his sickness which spread to all his family. Grandfather Holmes died November 1st 1876. My father, who acted as doctor in our town, had survived the smallpox at sea many years prior to that time, and with his immunity to the disease, was called in to help. He assisted Sister Holmes to bury her husband that night. Afterwards everything in the Holmes' house was washed, burned or buried. My father, in such cases, always took care to fully change his clothes. He did this in an old potato pit in the back of our lot. Possibly even with the care he used the germ was brought into our home.

Or I could have contracted the disease the day I paused and talked to Sister Holmes as she was carrying a bundle of books back to her home that had been buried.

However, within a few days I was a welter of pox, so much so that not a pin could be put between them. The pox were all over the palms of my hands, soles of my feet, inside my mouth, yes and all through my hair. My hair—I could cry yet at the awful thing that happened to my hair. I had always been justly proud of my crowning glory, because it really was that. Black as a blackbirds wing, two braids hung down my back each as big around as my wrist and I could sit on it and then bring the ends up into my lap. My hair all came off, though Father spent hours combing it and trying to keep it. Oh, my hair—I lost it all—I was as bald as a billiard ball and when it did grow in it was only thin and scraggly. I kept it cut short for years even after I was married thinking that given time it would grow back again, but it never did. From then until now I've had hair that was thin and broken and brittle.

I think I would have died and wouldn't be here to write this if my father hadn't taken such good care of me and stayed by my bedside day and night—although we had a good nurse for days. Mother was too sick to help much [*she doesn't ever describe the nature of her Mother's recurring illness*]. Father sat by my bedside all through this dread time, keeping me from falling into too deep a sleep, because had I done so, he felt I would not pull myself back into life again. I begged him to let me sleep so I could forget the torture that hurt my body.

And too, when the healing time began he was nearby, warning me not to

scratch nor pick at the healing scabs but to apply soothing salves to ease the tender places where they were rubbed off. I had to grow a new skin all over my body, including my hands. The palms of my hands were so sore that for weeks I was not able to dress myself.

I was nearly a year getting over the smallpox. I was so badly pock-marked I never went anywhere for a long time.

As I look back on it I think of how Father tried to do everything he could for me and for all of us children. Three years after his marriage to my young mother their first baby came, and then every two or three years thereafter a child came along. Mother never seemed very well, though she lived a very long life. Father was a great help in the rearing of the children. He tried not to let us girls work for other people, but rather he wanted to make us comfortable at home.

My father died in December, 1880. I was past seventeen. Mother was left with eight children—the oldest, John, was twenty. The baby, Josephine, was one month old. I was home with Mother most of the time for the next two years. I worked out some and received $1.50 a week, sometimes doing a wash for someone that needed help for fifty cents—big washings on a board by hand.

FEATHERS

I had lain so long upon a hard husk bed that after I was well again I resolved to get myself a softer bed, a goose-down feather bed. Those husk or straw mattresses were something! Every fall at harvest time the beds would be taken apart and the ticking would be emptied of their old filling that had been worn to just chaff. New straw or corn husks would be stuffed into the center slits of the ticks, until they were full and overflowing. They would then be carried and put upon the slatted springs. Then beds were made over them, making them look as if they would touch the ceiling. The youngsters enjoyed getting into those high crackling straw mattresses. It would take quite a number of nights to get that straw (or husks) settled into a more solid foundation, until the filling was broken and worn and could crackle no more—for a while—until the next season.

I saved all the extra money I could earn to buy feathers. I remember everyone trying to think up ways for me to make a little money. The fall I was 17 Mother was ill and Father told me that I could have half of all the fruit I dried. Peaches and apricots were quartered and pitted and put out in the sun to dry. Apples were pared, cored and

sliced or just cut in quarters and put on a sunny roof to dry. All through the last of the summer, roofs that had an easy slope were covered with drying fruit. Netting was spread over these racks of fruit for fly protection, but every day they had to be turned. If a storm came up the fruit had to be rushed inside so it wouldn't get wet. I sold the extra dried fruit to anyone I could—people who didn't take time for that sort of thing or to those who lived where it couldn't be done.

I saved all the extra money I could earn to buy feathers

I also did washings to earn extra money. Almost every week I would do one or more washes, sometimes for a big family. My older brother, George, always brought his clothes for me to take care of. He was extra good to me in so many ways. Whenever he came home, he always had a present for me or a little extra money. Maybe he would bring a length of cloth for a new dress or an extra 50-cent piece for the things I did for him.

Soon I had enough money for the feathers. Father went with me to buy them and bring them back—15 pounds of feathers and he paid for the ticking out of his own money. He also helped with the tedious chore of stripping all those feathers into fluffy down. Each feather must be stripped from the center quill, leaving just the part that makes the fluff, or down. It took a long time to do this, but I felt it was worth it to have such a light and airy mattress.

By this time I had all my own quilts and bedding. In those days, it was every girl's ambition to own her own bed as soon as she could. What a comfort it was to fluff up that goose down mattress, lie down when tired, and sleep on a soft bed. From those long ago days I have always slept on the same good feathers—changing the tick when worn or dirty, but always sleeping on a soft bed.

When I write about my father I could tell a lot about his good deeds. He was away from home a lot with the sick and taking care of the dead in North Ogden. One night he came home all tired out after caring for the Pickford's very sick baby. He asked Mother to go down and see it and take the pillow from under its head. Mother took me with her. The baby was dying, as Father suspected, and as soon as the pillow was removed the little thing gasped and was gone—the first child I ever saw die, and I have never forgotten it.

Two years later a new outbreak of smallpox came to our mountain areas. This time I played a different role—I was helper, nurse, housemaid and almost everything else in those stricken homes throughout nearby towns. The Marriott settlement was hit very hard, and I spent lots of time there helping care for the sick and sometimes helping the doctor, in the darkness of the night, bury the dead—just the two of us doing it with a lantern for a guide. We would take the bodies almost as soon as they had died, using rough board coffins that were made in a hurry by some neighbors. With the aid of some sort of conveyance left near the home, we would take them to the cemetery.

The spring I was twenty I went to cook for railroad workers in Portniff Canyon. (It was at this camp I first met William Evans.) A fellow came to camp sick. It turned out he had smallpox and in a short time a lot of the North Ogden boys came home with yet another round of smallpox. Several died. I waited on William Cazier and his mother. I then went to the home of Keaton Love. They had just buried a boy 20 years old. Now Mrs. Love and three grown daughters were very bad with it. I was there during the daytime for six weeks. I was promised three dollars a day, but never received a cent and had to bury all the clothes I wore while with them.

After leaving there, a Mr. Layton, of Marriott, the father of a girl, 16, came for me. She was very bad, delirious, but not broken out. I remember that Old Dr. Pickford just sat there doing nothing. I worked to do what I could—to no avail. After she died the doctor and I dressed her in white, a dress that her mother had bought that was to have been her 24th of July dress. We put her in the casket, sealed it and took it to the cemetery in Ogden at night to bury her. The sexton, who was scared, kept a long way off, but the casket was too heavy for me and he had to help lower it. We put in a layer of dirt and left the sexton to fill in the grave. It was a terrible thing for me to have to lay that beautiful girl away. The father and mother paid me well. So many stories of heartbreak came out of those times when smallpox scourged our settlements.

SCHOOL

Did I go to school as children now? Not at all. When there was work at home to be done, whether outdoors or in, we were expected to be there to do it. In between jobs, maybe, we could get a little time to be free to go to school.

Our first schoolhouse in North Ogden was a one-room adobe building with a dirt floor. Almost all the early buildings in our mountains were made with adobe [see history of Henry Holmes]. Mud and straw or grass, were mixed together into brick-like oblongs and set in the sun to dry. These then were used in buildings in a method similar to brick. The outside and inside of the walls were plastered or whitewashed to firmly coat the adobe against the weather.

The roof was made of split logs, put together forming an upside down "v" and placed over these adobe walls. Singles, split by hand, were then nailed along these hand-hewn rafters.

Floors were just the dirt, hard-tamped and packed. In most of the first homes as well as the public buildings these methods were used.

Hand-hewn logs made into planks were put up along the walls of the room to serve as tables or desks for the children. Backless benches were used for seats. A large open-mouthed fireplace was built into the adobe on one end of the room. Later a round-bellied barrel stove was put into the center of the room to give better heat. Wood was carried in to feed these always yawning fireplaces or empty heaters by very reluctant youngsters. This one room served for all ages of school children.

All our early teachers were men, and for very good reasons. Many older boys, and probably girls too, who went to school in winter required a firm hand and sometimes a serviceable boot. A leather strap, nearly always a piece of harness tug, was kept handy across the teacher's desk or hanging from a nail nearby. We knew what to expect if someone got out of hand—that strap had a way of reaching out and whacking even the innocent person. Sometimes an eraser came whizzing by the ears of a nearby pupils to strike someone caught whispering, passing a slate with a note written on it, or someone caught just not being busy.

I was too useful at home to go to school much, but one year, when almost grown, I made up my mind I'd go to school the whole winter. But before it was half over, I was so discouraged that I quit and never did go back again. Being one of the

oldest, biggest, and I suppose the dumbest persons in the school, the teacher used me, and older ones like me, as a butt for all his jokes and discipline in teaching. I can see him yet, that bushy red-headed teacher, as he called for me to answer some simple question I didn't know the answer to or couldn't get out if I did know.

He should have shown a little sympathy for someone that had been to school as little as I had

A smirk would come over his face and he would then tell the class how dumb I was. He should have shown a little sympathy for someone that had been to school as little as I had.

That one-room school grew. More rooms were added, floors laid down, and stoves put into the corner of the room so benches could be placed in marching order. More windows were added to lighten up the inside, too, until the old adobe school became only a memory to those who used to come when time could be spared.

DANCING

In the evenings the school became a social center. Young courting couples, parents who parked their babies on the piled up benches, older folk who came to watch or gossip, and in fact people of the whole settlement came to enjoy themselves. Dances from early evening till near or past midnight, socials with program and lunch, even plays with excellent home talent were seen and heard.

The dances used to be what I liked best. All the people from young to old would have a jolly time. We had square dances where the room would resound with the stamping of feet and the clapping of hands. All the dancers step-danced at their places, waiting their turn in the squares. We also danced jigs and reels and heel and toe polkas where our breath would almost be gone. Once in a while we would have a dreamy waltz where we could catch our breath for the lively square or polka—all danced to the squeak of the fiddle and the wheeze of the organ.

When I think of those dances, I remember a widower that the girls used to almost dance off his feet. It seemed to be

understood between us that we would give him better than he asked. We would swing, jig and polka until by the end of the evening he would be all in; maybe it was because he tried to go with one of us. He wanted to get married again and seemed to be so girl-crazy that all our fun at his expense did not stop him. And by the next dance he was always there, ready to go again.

DISCIPLINE

You wonder today how you should discipline your family. There was no wondering in my childhood, as the old adage "spare the rod and spoil the child" was firmly believed in. As children we expected to be well paddled with the rod if we needed it.

We also felt that when we got a little older, in our middle teens and later, that our parents should remember that now we were quite grown. I was about sixteen when I got my last licking.

One hot summer day a group of young girls my own age came by our place going swimming. Since I had finished the work I had been set to do, I felt I could go with them. But I did so without a "by your leave" from Mother. You see, I felt I was old enough to judge for myself.

We went down to the section of a small canal that was at the bottom of the fields. We were thoroughly enjoying ourselves in and out of the water when who should come over the bank but Mother. Yes, and with a willow switch in her hand. "Sarah Jane," she said, "Out you come." I came as she directed. She didn't even let me get dressed, but switched me over my wet clothes across the back, all the way to the house. I was more than hurt; not just my stinging back, but my pride—that the girls should see her do this, and me sixteen! I told her that never again would I let her whip me because I was big enough that I could take the switch from her. She never did it again. I believe she understood my deep hurt.

Another unpleasant memory was the time I got "lousy." To earn a little money to buy things I needed or wanted, I did occasional washings for men as they came in from work in other places. I did the washing for a man that came home after a summer in work camps father north. I know I got the lice from this experience because I had such a time to rid myself of the pests. Soon after doing his wash I began to itch. So out to the outhouse I went and off came my clothes. Sure enough, all through the seams of my underwear were small nits and

lice. I washed all my things in good hot water and strong soap, but after a few days again I had that infernal itching. We didn't have insect powders then. Our method for all such things was the boiling pot or sometimes in drastic circumstances we buried our clothes in the earth for a period of time, which I did.

COURTING

You've heard your father twit me when I've been extra strict about staying up till the wee hours, when some of you have been out someplace. He'd say, "Now, Mother, don't you remember when Nate caught you sitting on the old wagon seat when he came by going hunting in the early morning?"

My reply was "Yes, but you were there too, and the cause of it all!" You see, I had been seeing a lot of Henry John Holmes that summer.

The old seat was used by children in their play and as a starting place from which to climb. Old folks used it as a cooling off place on summer days and we used it as a place to bring our friends and sit and talk on warm evenings. But I do remember that special night. Henry was soon to leave to go west to do railroad work. He had contracted to do bed-grading on the western lines for a period of time. There we sat on the old spring seat under the apple tree in front of the house. Henry felt he would be gone for quite some time and I was too young to be tied down. I guess things had not been quite serious enough between us, even though we had been going steady. Anyway when he came back two years later too many things had happened to pick up plans.

I had been seeing a lot of Henry John Holmes

Girls are always attracted to someone new that comes to town and I was no exception. Will Evans was a charming, young Welch coal miner from Evanston, Wyoming whom I'd first met at Portniff Canyon. He had come to North Ogden to visit an aunt and some cousins living in our town.

Will Evans was a charming, young Welch coal miner

We had such good times in the crowd that I ran with, and it didn't take long until Will

and I paired off together. He taught me to ride horseback. It was a way young people had to get away from the humdrum of everyday things. Groups of us would ride up into the mountains for an outing or over to another settlement to join other groups of young people.

In riding today you can put one foot in the stirrup and swing yourself up and across into the saddle. It would have been unladylike to do that in my day. In those days women weren't supposed to have legs, or at least they weren't to let it be known that they did. We rode side-saddle. We were gracefully handed into our seats on the horse's back. Putting one foot into the hand of the gentleman, then him almost lifting us into the saddle was the fitting thing to do. Lacking a gentleman we used a step or block to help us raise ourselves into the saddle. I wore a riding habit that consisted of a tight jacket and a flowing skirt. I made my own, one of tan linsey trimmed with green. I remember the first time we saw a woman astride a horse and how scandalized we felt. The skirts such women wore were divided but still they tried to keep secret their legs. These skirts were full and had a back and front panel to button when off the horse. Nowadays one must look twice to tell a man from a woman.

MARRIAGE

That fall I was married to William Evans. My aunt, Jemima Coleman, went with us to Salt Lake City. Prior to the wedding we stayed at the home of Mother's cousin who had been at our home several times in North Ogden. While Will and Jemima went to General Conference in the Tabernacle, I remained at Owen's and sewed. Mary Owens thought it would even things, as they wouldn't take any pay. They lived in the 19th Ward, west and north of the Capitol building, though no building was there then. We were there a week. The day of the wedding in the Old Endowment House in Salt Lake City, October 12, 1882, we went back home to North Ogden. Mother had a wedding supper ready and a big crowd there, including Uncle Rhys Williams who had just arrived from Wales. I received a lot of nice presents and Rhys gave me a half sovereign gold piece.

Mother and the children lived in the two front rooms of the new brick house that my brother John had built for her. [It was just south of the North Ogden Stake Center. As of 1993, it was still standing and some of the Godfrey descendants were living there.] The back room, not plastered yet, Will and I covered with newspapers and we lived there till spring. We then moved to a two room

log house about a mile from Mother. Since John and Jerry were in Ogden Valley, Will and I rented the home farm and we got along fine. That next winter we lived in one room of the log house and let Joe Rhodes and wife have the other room.

Our son, Joseph, was born in that log room August 18th, 1883. Mary Ann Rhodes had a baby a year old. The next summer we rented a farm in Ogden Valley and lived there all summer. Then at Christmas time we were asked to spend the holidays with Will's mother and three brothers in Almy, Wyoming. We went and stayed till spring. We had our old farm again till winter, but lived in an adobe house close up in town. On October 13, 1885 Ethel was born, two years and more between the two babies.

We went to Almy again for the holidays—the folks sent us a [*railroad*] pass—and we decided to stay the rest of the winter. Will went to work in the mine on New Years Day. The money would help us with two small children to care for.

THE MINES

Our life in Wyoming was as any young couple starting out together. But a miner's life was something very different for me. Life in my father's home was built around the farm—fruit trees to care for, cows to milk, garden work. Here work was in the mines. Every day Will went into the earth to help bring out coal that was shipped away. There was always something that kept the women folk worried while the men were in the mines—new tunnels to be opened up, water flooding sections of the mine, rock cave-ins where timbers had not been replaced soon enough—and above all the black damp [*toxic gases*] that men had always to be able to detect.

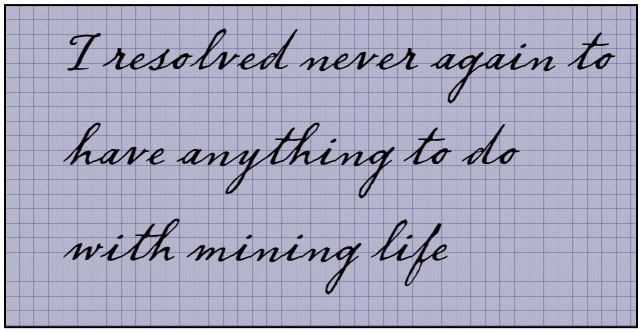
The roughness of the miners way of life was hard for me to get used to. When their work shift was over and they had cleaned up the coal dirt from themselves, the men filled the beer rooms to talk and drink and play cards.

Before Will and I were married he had been quite sick at one time. One of our town elders gave him a blessing. In the roughness of Will's mining life he had come to use bad language, but this blessing promised him that if he would pledge to overcome the habit of cursing he would get better. Promise he did, and was soon well again. Will kept this in mind and though the long habit was hard to overcome, his tongue was kept in check.

One night Will came home from one of the hangouts pale as death. It took quite a

bit of persuading for me to get from him just what was the matter. In an argument and because of his hot Welsh temper, he had broken his promise. As soon as he heard his utterance, anger was gone and weakness overcame him. He felt he must get away, so came straight home. All seemed lost and he felt that soon something would put him back where he was before the promise was made.

On January 12th, 1886 at twenty minutes to twelve, as the miners were all coming out of the mine for dinner, an explosion occurred rocking the whole countryside. Tragedy faced us all. Crying women and children, sad, intent-faced men rushed from homes to see what could be done. The mine took lives from many homes that day. It took many days to find out the full loss. Throughout all the search Will had not been found. I sat at home, waiting and hoping all that day and the next. Then as I sat looking across to the opposite slope, holding wee Ethel, I saw a dog nosing about at something on the ground. I called the men to tell them. It proved to be Will's body—blown clear of the mine about a mile away—to this slope. No clothes but one sock I had knit remained on him. A web toe that had been a point of jest between us identified him. The horror of seeing his remains was lightened only a bit by how much better he looked when ready for burial. On January 17, 1886 the two brothers were taken to North Ogden to be buried. The Union Pacific paid all the bills. For the next year I was back and forth from Almy to North Ogden on a pass the company gave me. I was not able to stay in one place very long, for I had no home and two small children—a sick baby most of the time.



In this one disaster in which thirteen were killed including Will and his brother, Joseph Evans, I saw tragedy and felt it. I resolved never again to have anything to do with mining life.

LIFE AS A WIDOW

What to do was the next question. I was a widow at age twenty-four with two small children, Joseph, 3, and Ethel just three months old. The loneliness that came was almost unbearable—no one to talk things over with about the children or about problems. So I shuttled myself and babies

between the place I had called home in Wyoming and my mother's home in North Ogden, never finding the thing I needed—a home to build myself into. The loneliness on one end and troubles at the other set my mind on a change. The indulgence of the children by grandparents, aunts and uncles, loss of routine, quarrels over trivial things, the loss of my parental authority as I tried to be accepted back into my childhood home, all made me realize I needed to make some move.

That fall each widow got three thousand dollars. I paid some debts—one was for a team and wagon Will had bought the fall before. Then I immediately bought an acre of ground with a small two-room frame house on it. It was far enough away from my mother's home not to be a daily nuisance, yet near enough for help if I needed it. I paid six hundred for the house and lot and moved right in. It was a dirty run down place, alive with bed bugs. So I cleaned it up. It had one big front room and slope at back for kitchen. The house had a front porch which had been partly boarded up for a shoe repair. This I had torn out and in its place I had two front windows installed. We put our bed upstairs which was quite low but alright after a floor was put in. It seemed I had to be up most of the night killing bed bugs in the lamplight so the children could sleep. It took many weeks, but I got rid of them and then we were more comfortable.

That winter Ethel was quite sick. Often I'd get on the first streetcar and take her to Dr. Williams, thinking she'd never live through the winter. Joseph was now just past three and when Ethel was alright again we were very happy to be in a home of our own.

We lived there three years. I could shut myself in and work and weep and plenty of both were done. I went back to my sewing because that was the thing I knew. Work was imperative to keep our lives together—not just for food and clothing but work is a soul-saver—worry can't get too deep, nor sorrow stay too long.

Will's brother and Uncle each borrowed some of my money. It was hard to get even the interest back. My old house was a very cold place so I decided to build a better home. I asked three or four people for estimates. Bishop James Ward advised a brick house and said he would build it for me. The new house faced the east. It was two bricks thick—couldn't afford three, though it would have been more comfortable. It had a nice front room, porch, kitchen and small back porch, pantry and bedroom.

When the brick house was done, our money was gone. It took a few years to get it papered and carpeted. Tom Evans took care of the lot for the interest on the money I had loaned him. I bought a cow but found it too expensive to keep. I sold the horses to Uncle John Price from Malad, Idaho, and the wagon to a stone mason. A year or two later he made a marble headstone for Will's grave as he had no money to pay for the wagon.

sewing while a girl at home. I did just that, and I soon had more than I could handle so I hired a girl to help in the busiest times.

I began to get sewing to do in quantity. A good dress brought one dollar fifty to three dollars. Sometimes it took a long time to get my pay—often had to ask for it.

In the next few years little Joseph was my mainstay. If I needed anything he would use his short stubby legs to go get it

In the next few years little Joseph was my mainstay

The children and I attended Sunday School always, and I worked in the Mutual Improvement Association at church. So with this and my work we were alright. The Uncle that had borrowed money from me paid interest in anything we could use—flour, molasses, potatoes, eggs, etc., and he brought it to us.

I washed for the Rex family a whole year for seventy-five cents a day and my dinner. I decided I was away from home too much so thought I'd do more sewing. Thinking I'd learn the trade, I had a friend take me to Ogden, to the best instructor, a Mrs. Tollman. She advised me to get a machine, do plain sewing for a while and work up a trade since I had done a lot of

for me. If I must go to someone's home for a day of sewing, he could take Ethel that long mile up to Mother's and stay till I called for them at night. Many evenings I spent basting some dress or finishing some sewing for tomorrow's wearing and Joseph would thread needles or talk to keep me company, till he'd fall asleep and have to be carried to bed.

One time when Joseph was about four or five years old my older brother, George, wanted to give me a treat—an outing taking me to Salt Lake City. Joseph and Ethel were to stay at Mother's those two days. But no amount of coaxing or pleading could divert Joseph from the idea of going too. To every bribe offered he'd cling the

tighter to the table leg and declare, "I want to go." To settle it, he went along. After sightseeing and long hours of visiting were finished, a more tired and leg-weary lad was never found, and for a time it cured him of "I want to go."

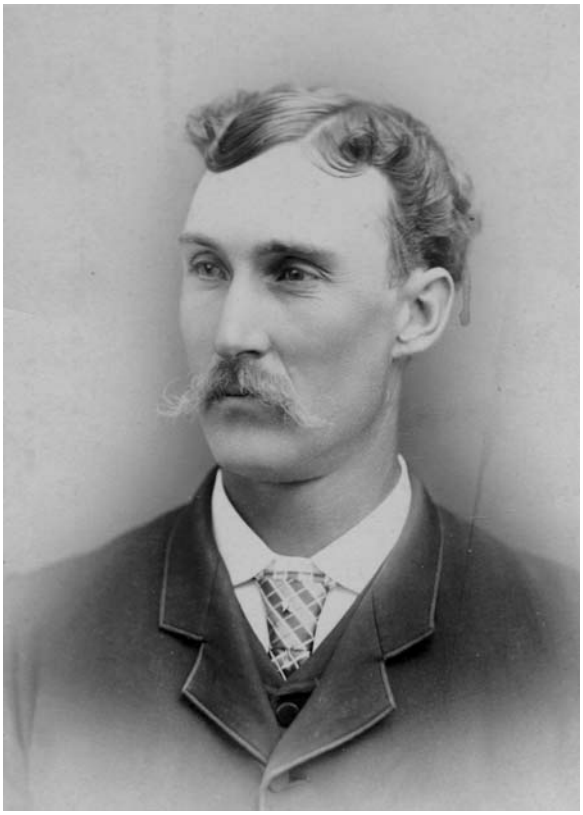
I also did a lot of sewing free for the dead. Elinor Berrett and Mrs. Emma Dean often went with me to those sad homes to make burial clothes. It seemed we were out quite often and sometimes we dressed the body. A neighbor's son, 18 years old, died with diphtheria. The next week a little girl about six was very sick. When her parents sent for me I sent Joseph and Ethel to Mother's. In a few days the child died while I had gone home to rest. The Bishop came for me and I found the family very much distressed.

An older sister also died that night. She was a girl of twenty-seven who was to have been married in about a week. Instead of making her wedding dress, I now went with her intended husband, Dick Smith, to Ogden to buy material, and next day made the dress for her to be buried in. These two girls' funerals were held on the home lawn the same day.

During the time I was a widow, I also took care of Grandmother [Jane Morgan Price], two winters or most of the time while Mother was in Montana with my [half] brother, Reuben Godfrey.

HENRY

I was a widow over seven years. In the spring of 1893 the handsome Henry Holmes returned to North Ogden having finished road work in Oregon. He began calling on me and though now both of us were older and I had been sealed to Will Evans, Henry thought we were well matched. We were married in the Logan Temple the 8th of June 1893 by Bro. Merrill after serious explanations of our status.



[Editor's note: The marriage would be for "time" only, and not for "eternity" since Sarah Jane was already sealed to Will Evans. However, the marriage of Henry John Holmes and Sarah Jane Godfrey was sealed in 1989, after the Church's guidelines were changed to accommodate deceased spouses who had been married during their lifetime. I recall my mother, Margaret, saying that it was a matter of concern and disappointment to her father that he could not be sealed to his wife.]

Photo L-R: Ellen, me, Myron, Henry, Margaret

We lived in the brick house and Henry worked the first year building the road from North Ogden to Five Points. The next two or three years we farmed, raising mostly garden stuff.

Myron was born 3 May 1894. Henry was in Ogden Valley at the time, but on getting the news he lost no time walking directly over hill and mountain to be with his fine son. Myron proved to be an exceptionally fine and bright child. Sarah Ellen, named after her mother and two grandmothers, was born 15 March 1896. We thought she was special because she was born with a veil over her face. Margaret, named after my sister that had died as well as Henry's sister Margaret, was born 20 July 1898 in the brick house in North Ogden.

When Margaret was a baby we rented out the brick house and moved to Pleasant View to farm. Joseph, Ethel and Myron went to school there. All the children except Ethel got measles very badly.

Henry farmed and I cooked three meals a day for the farm owner's family as well as three other hired men. Henry got $50 a month and milk, eggs and garden stuff for our pay. We worked hard in the garden which needed constant irrigation. I worked too—long strenuous hours in the gardens—in the hot sun with Margaret, only a few weeks old lying in an apple box close by. With some of his father's debts for Henry to pay, we didn't have much when the year was over.

CANADA

Not satisfied with our prospects, that fall after harvest, Henry went to Canada with James Ririe to see what it was like. We had heard glowing reports of sweeping prairies, beautiful grasslands and available farmland reasonably priced. Many were being called there from Utah to work on the canal.

Henry was gone about a month and he decided that we should go. I was very reluctant to make this move, but Henry was determined to go. Somehow I settled by saying I'd go but stay no more than seventeen years. We sold the brick house for nine hundred dollars and used one hundred for a "democrat" or light wagon to take with us. We moved to my mother's house while selling things we couldn't take to Canada. In May 1900 we went. Heber Holmes, Henry's brother, and family also went—the two of us had two freight cars, horses and stock in one, household goods and machinery in the other. Henry and Heber went with the freight, Hulda and I traveled with the children in a passenger car. It took all day and until midnight on the narrow-gauge railroad from Great Falls, Montana to Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada. When we arrived it was pouring rain and the conductor said, "no hotel tonight." The only one was a small place called the Lethbridge Hotel. So we stayed in the train until morning.

The next morning, the 19th of May, 1900, the weather was nice and clear. We put up a tent for one day and night, then we moved to Magrath, as there was no town of Raymond then. Here we put up our two tents across the "pothole" [one of numerous prairie lakes]. There were two or three other tents there. We used one tent to live in and the other for our 35 or 40 chickens. Feed for our stock was plentiful, as grass was knee-high all over the prairie.

That summer life was very pleasant

That summer life was very pleasant with fresh rains and clean fresh surroundings and little or no housework.

Now Henry bought cows, pigs and dry stock, and built a two-room frame house which house sat on a sort of plateau facing the east and the Pothole. In the hillside below we made a cellar. We made a payment on eighty acres of land south of Magrath, and built a granary there. It stood well back of a cutbank and curve in the Pothole. Men were working on the Canal project and it was rapidly extended to the

east. Nearby were the families of Moroni Coleman, Bishop Levi Harker, Orson Hall, the Perry and Pitcher families and somewhat east, Riley Weaver and family. At this time many people lived in hillside dugouts. They were warm in winter and cool in summer.

I had my money, a thousand dollars from Ethel's uncle that he had borrowed and two hundred fifty from Uncle David Evans, the money I had loaned him. This paid for the stock, lumber and land. We moved into the house in November and on 9 April 1901 Godfrey was born. Ethel, 15, went back to Utah in the winter of 1901 to attend school at the Weber Academy. When she was home from school, Ethel did some clerking in the general store. The children liked to take eggs there to trade for groceries or some special treat. Ethel taught religion class, too, at school the last half hour once a week. She returned to the Weber Academy in Ogden where David O. McKay was the teacher she loved best. When she came home again she brought back a big crate of large rabbits for the farm.

On 29 August 1904 Martha was born. We sold the eighty acres and moved on a farm of one hundred sixty acres at Welling. We lived in a one-room shack that we had moved, on wheels, from Magrath. This shack was placed a few yards from the road and faced east. The outside was formed by wide, vertical gray weather-beaten boards. The inside I made livable by covering the walls with cheesecloth and paper. The floor consisted of wide, bare, bumpy but well-scrubbed boards. As soon as we were established with sheds and tools, Henry bought and moved to the farm a well-built, large, one-room house from near Raymond. With this addition on the south making an L we were soon more comfortable. I took old clothes and tore and sewed long strips to be woven for a carpet. I'm sure the sewing, clipping and winding seemed endless to the little girls who helped. When all was ready, we put a fresh layer of new straw on the floor of the new room. Then with hammer and carpet tacks and my little carpet stretcher and in spite of sore fingers and knuckles a full-room carpet was soon all tacked down. This was not the end of the carpet rags. I continuously kept at it to replace worn areas and to have fresh new smaller runners. We had two fat beds in this big room, and they had new straw ticks. We had my organ, which had been the first organ in North Ogden, brought from Utah. We fixed a closet with a curtain for our Sunday clothes. We put a small coal stove heater on a zinc pad in about the middle of the room. We had a bureau with three large

drawers, two small upper side drawers and a high mirror. We always called it the "other room." The kitchen had a big table, a "Home Comfort" coal stove with its important oven and oven door, and a reservoir for hot water. This room had a folding bed, too, for the boys.

This farm area was soon included in Raymond District, though at first we paid taxes at Welling. As fast as we could we would add another eighty acres to the farm until we had four [320 acres]. In Magrath the eighty had cost three dollars an acre. The first two in Welling were ten an acre, and it took a few years to pay for it. The next eighty we bought from Charlie Fox for twenty dollars an acre; the fourth from Mr. Lee.

My grandmother, Jane Morgan Price, my mother's mother, came to Canada. She lived with Jemima Coleman, her daughter, mostly, but she was with us for some time and I took care of her. She grew feeble but lived to her 98th year. When she passed away she was buried in the Magrath cemetery in December 1904.

My Mother visited us, too, in those early years. One spring Ethel took care of the children and all the family while I made a trip to Utah. It was wonderful to see North Ogden again and all the folks, but I was happy to get back to my own family again. I took home a big crate of large black Bing cherries to the delight of all—precious fruit that never was seen yet in our new Canadian land.

We began to keep a good many chickens and sold eggs and often dressed chickens to sell. We kept a few cows for our own milk supply. We raised hogs and always in winter had a frozen pork hanging in the shed. All the farm work was done with horses. We dug two ponds nearby and filled them from the irrigation ditch so that water would be near. All the animals received the best of care. Henry refused to see an animal mistreated. He never went to his own rest till every animal on the farm had a clean place and water and food. Harnesses, tools, and machinery were in order and sheds were kept tidy. Old Mary

and Old Blacky as well as our school pony, Bawly, lived and worked faithfully long years and died on the farm in their old age. Old Gurney, our cow, later to be given for the Opera House building fund, and Shep, the dog, were almost part of the family.

These were years of good planning, and consequently, successful farming. But they were years of long hours and hard work from before the sun was up till long after it was down. All the children were taught to work—to help in the garden and fields or around the barns. They must be thrifty and save. We planned and expected them to get an education—better than we had had. Henry farmed well. He knew when and how and what to plant. He knew what care each crop needed from seed to harvest. He kept abreast of the times, acquainted himself with general information and went to conventions and fairs. He loved Canada and became a citizen and always voted.

In winter when there was no farm work, Henry and Myron made long trips for coal to the mine near Lethbridge. In bitterly cold weather I was anxious and worried about them. Long after dark, suppertime over, we'd strain our ears to hear them coming. Then we'd hear it—the high-pitched screech of the wide wagon wheels in the snow under a piercing cold, clear moonlit sky. Then, as they drew closer, we saw the horses all hoar-frosted and puffing, the men covered with frost and walking with gunny sack wrapped feet and legs beside the team and whipping their arms across their sides and near frozen noses, ears, fingers and toes. We waited, ready to help tend the teams, if necessary, and to open the door and have cool water for fingers, then a hot meal.

We surely went through all the trials of pioneering. We moved to town in winter so the children could have it easier getting to school, and we moved back to the farm in the spring. The third summer we had another room moved on to the old one and never left the farm again. We bought a fine buggy for the children. It was black and shiny with a top that would fold back. Three or four could sit in the main seat and two on a jump seat that folded back into the dashboard. At the back, a covered compartment kept smaller things safely. There was a step on each side that hung down part way to aid in getting in or out. Driving the long trip to school meant leaving about 8 am and getting home about 5pm. I kept two or three large flat rocks in the oven all night to be warm and ready in the morning to wrap in rags and put on the floor of the buggy for those four or five pair of feet during those three miles to school. I

saw to it that they had good mittens, coats and overshoes, but the best of planning could hardly match some days or even weeks at 25-45 degrees below zero.

Old Bawly, our pony, pulled this buggy for many years. He was faithful through it all, summer and winter, from when the buggy was new till it was worn out. He was small and a bit lame in one front leg from a hard ride Leo Coleman gave him once down from Spring Coulee followed by too much water to drink. In hot weather Bawly did about as he pleased, trotting along from school slowly, stopping at the big pond for a drink. Nothing could turn him. He'd keep stepping further into the pond and then lie down, harness shafts and all, till he was cooled off. Then he'd get up and pull out and trot towards home again.

Teachers were pleased with the steady and prompt attendance of our children. We felt that an education was so important. We couldn't fail in that. Henry was perhaps even more determined than I was about it. His long hours of relentless hard work, his thin body and rounded shoulders, were all for his family—a family he was proud of.

I had projects, too. I sewed for folks who came to me from Magrath and from Welling and miles away. They came with goods and patterns, then weeks later came again for the fitting, and finally for the finished work. They usually paid promptly. I did this more or less through all the years. Later, too, I had my special strawberry patch. This was hard, back-breaking work. But it provided fine fruit and kept me in money. There were always big orders to T. Eatons [*a retail and social institution with stores throughout Canada*]. With this we provided for clothing, books and needs for each of the children.

We usually went to the Lethbridge Fair in the fall. This was a great day for Henry as well as the children. Henry saw to it that he had some fine entries in winter and spring wheat, brome and timothy grass. These were carefully selected and tied for display. They often took cash first prizes as did our pedigreed Poland China hog. I would fix a picnic lunch for two meals. We would all be up and on our way about sunrise. With team and democrat and dark wool quilts, lunch and the seven of us, we drove about two hours to the Fair Grounds on the south side of town. We'd find a roomy place to leave the team and buggy.

Other families and their outfits were soon there, too. We spent the forenoon seeing the stock and farm and garden exhibits. Henry never missed a thing all

day—the exhibits or those who brought them. The children and I spent our time mainly in the cooking and sewing exhibits. The baked goods, the rows of bottles of vegetables and some fruit were a delight to see.

I had made a fine silk crazy patch quilt which I entered. Sure enough, it had a first prize! At noon time the family would gather at the buggy, where I spread a quilt and tablecloth and the lunch. All were usually ready to eat sandwiches and big ripe tomatoes and cake. Then it was time for getting into the grandstand to see all the horse races. The day was long—by the time dark fell and the costumed Indian performances would start. Fireworks were the finale for the day. Then came the long trip home—tired and chilly—over 18 miles of dirt road in the democrat. The children were still asleep as I'd peel off the clothes and get them into bed.

1912 - L-R rear: Ellen, Joseph, Godfrey, Myron, Margaret Front: Henry, Sarah Jane, Martha

As Raymond grew, it sponsored fairs, too. We always went and often won prizes.

Taking part and enjoying friends made these special days for the children and a change from our long lonely farm days.

We hauled drinking water in barrels from town, three miles in the democrat. In summer it was warm, but in winter it was ice. We did this many years. There were no trains then and the mail was carried by buckboard or horse. The railroad went only to Sterling and to Lethbridge for quite a number of years.

Ethel was married 21 September 1905 to Orson Eli Hall. The wedding was at home with gifts and best wishes from the family and neighbors. We made a big freezer of ice cream and we had cake. All the youngsters said "please" for big dishes of ice cream, but little Martha was more attracted to "Ettie's pitty new shoes."

Joseph was married the next year, 6 June 1906, to Irene Coleman, daughter of Moroni and Jemima Price Coleman.

Myron and Ellen went to school in town, and Margaret started first grade with Miss Harker as teacher. All the children trooped across the pothole bridge and up the hill to school. The Coleman's barn, the wild flowers on the flats, the puddles and pools when the pothole was near dry and the swift running canal were continuous attractions to the youngsters. All the nearby families had their good times, and their ups and downs.

We always went to Sunday School on Sunday mornings. I dressed in my fine black linsey, toe length, with long, puff-shouldered sleeves and fitted back for Sunday meetings and for Relief Society meetings too. All the children went to Sunday School and took an active part in Primary and the Mutual Improvement Association. A second trip on Sunday to meeting was usually made. H. S. Allen was the Church's Stake President all those years—a wise, practical leader.

For years we never missed the July 1st Dominion Day celebration, always driving back to Magrath to celebrate with our families—Joseph's and Uncle Melvin Godfrey's and our friends. Magrath people were always such a friendly group.

Even before the sun was up, we would be on our way in the democrat, nags trotting along, all of us in our places and old Shep coming along behind. As the sun got up a bit, droves of mosquitoes kept alongside. From the first early cannon then a morning program, speeches, picnics and afternoon races and sports till late fireworks—we had it all—and happy to have a day shared with friends and family.

Then we had the long trip back home to the farm, bumpety-bump, twelve miles, all the children stretched out and snug under quilts, soon asleep and perhaps richer with a cash prize in their pocket for a race that had been won.

In the fall when we might find wild berries, we'd drive to the river about nine miles northwest. We'd take the day for it. I'd pack a lunch and we'd get all the pails, small and large, even the family tub we filled, if we could. When we'd arrive, we would unhitch and tie up the horses, then be off to scour the hills and gullies with a sharp eye on all the bushes for berries, precious fruit I had so much missed since being in Canada. When a lucky one found good picking, all hands would come at the call of "bring your buckets." We'd lunch in a shady spot. The gentle swishing of tall trees in the breeze, the stream and pebbles, the swallows soaring to and from the tall cutbanks, the small animals or porcupines we'd spy, the pleasant green hills—these things made the day quite wonderful, especially for the children. When our stomachs were full of the ripest berries and we had gathered plentifully, we left for home. Then the next day came the jam and jelly making with all hands helping.

The farm needed trees. The government had a plan to assist in this endeavor and Henry took advantage of it. He got hundreds of young trees, mainly poplar and box elder. He planned it well, prepared the soil and we all helped in setting them out. These trees, planted in a large U made a fine windbreak on the north, south and west and provided protection for buildings and gardens. In just a few years the trees grew tall and beautiful. They set off our place as one that was special.

THE PRIZE

In 1912 we had some very good wheat, and the World Dry Farming Congress was going to be held in Lethbridge, so we decided to try for the big prize—a Rumley Engine, valued at $2500—the biggest prize ever offered for wheat. In the fall when it looked like rain, Henry covered the stooks with canvas. When it was ready and no thresher was to come soon, we brought it in to the shed in a double bed wagon. Ellen and I flailed it out with sticks and fanned it with pans in the wind. The children and I picked it over to get the cracked kernels out that were broken in the flailing.

I thought it looked fine but we decided to pick it over once more.

So in the evening, around our large oval table in the kitchen we organized the family. We each took a handful of wheat and a knitting needle and soon separated any poorer-looking kernels. In a few nights we had a bushel of choicest wheat. What fun and excitement we had with this project! The wheat was so beautiful, plump and golden—we couldn't miss winning the prize!

Henry took it to the fair and stayed near at hand till the judging was done.

Our wheat won first prize, all right, and we were so happy. This was great news for our town, our province and especially our family. We had won the prize for the world's best bushel of wheat. Henry was now a celebrated farmer. The Lethbridge Herald and other newspapers told the story and had pictures of Henry standing beside the prize engine with a bag of wheat in his hand. There had been entries from all the wheat centers of the world. Good, scientific farming did pay off, Henry knew.[5]

That was the biggest prize ever given for wheat. The following year he received a one-hundred dollar prize for wheat at the Calgary Fair. In 1913 he sent a bushel to a fair in Oklahoma, but he never heard anything after he shipped it.

Henry's mother had come from North Ogden for the Lethbridge fair and spent a while with us. At that time she was 74, tiny, with flashing black eyes. She wore

dark, nice-looking clothes and a perky bonnet. She was pleased and proud of her son. One day during her visit she and others, including my little granddaughter, Margie Hall, were watching me make bread. When Margie reached in to take a piece of dough, Grandma slapped her hand. Margie had to wait for the finished bread!

CHANGES

Three years later, about holiday time in the winter of 1915, when work was not so urgent, Henry decided to go to North Ogden, Utah to visit his mother who still lived in the old adobe house he had grown up in. After a few days visit he started home. When he was in Preston, Idaho, with other family members, he received word his mother had died. He returned to North Ogden for the funeral and burial services.

That was a severe winter in Alberta. While Henry was gone, Godfrey and I chopped ice five feet thick to keep the pond open so the animals could get water.

After winning the big prize in 1912 we had received a number of things from over the country as well as letters from all over the world asking questions, wanting samples and offering congratulations. We received a Fanning Mill and $25 from the Chatham Co., a Grain Picker from another firm, a bushel of fine apples from British Columbia. Henry decided the engine was too large for him to use, so he sold it to Mr. Kerr of Lethbridge.

THE NEW HOUSE

With the sale of the Rumley engine we were now able to build a fine home, a new brick home. So the plans and building began. I. M Johnson was the contractor and builder. This was a trying time. It seemed the men wasted much time, causing delay and higher costs. My patience wore thin, but finally the red brick bungalow was finished. It had three nice bedrooms, a spacious living room with a brick fireplace, a large kitchen with built-in cupboards, work space, sink and running water. The house had a front porch and nice entrance, small hall and coat closet.

At the rear was a larger entrance that served as utility room and passage to the basement where we had coal and furnace as well as a large storage room and hand pump for getting cistern water into the attic storage pressure tanks. Off the kitchen was a roomy bath with a hot water tank, heated through from the kitchen coal stove. A large cement cistern on the near south side of the house furnished filtered water from the canal. The luxury of running hot and cold water was indeed like heaven.

For long years we had hauled drinking water in barrels from Raymond—warm in summer and soon turned to ice in winter. I had melted snow for all household use in the winter and in the summer I had carried large five-gallon cans from the pond.

I had always washed clothes by tub and washboard, a back-breaking, sloppy steamy job and thus I always had rough hands and sore knuckles. Now we got a washer, run by hand—push pull—and used it for some time, later getting it hooked up to a small gas engine. It acted up at times, but it truly cut the drudgery I had experienced since I was nine years old. Now I was 50. In all these times I still made big batches of soap to keep a good supply and use up leftover fat.

Henry bought me a supply of heavy kitchen Wear-Ever. These were small, medium and large sets of kettles, roasters, bread pans, a large griddle and a large bucket-style bread mixer to turn by hand. I usually baked six loaves two or three times a week and used all this equipment. We got new furnishings, too: rugs, large leather and oak chairs, a rocker, davenport and book cases. We had always used coal oil lamps. Now we used fine Coleman gas lamps. All these were indeed luxuries after so long a time doing with so little.

Henry & Sarah Jane – at the new house

We moved into this fine home the day before Christmas, 1917. By spring Myron had landscaping plans and soon had a fine spacious lawn, curved driveway and appropriate plantings. Our home was a showplace that we were both grateful for and proud of.

THE CAR

Our first car was a 1914 Chevrolet. Henry and I made a few trials at driving it, but it was usually turned over to Myron or someone else in the family. One day Myron needed to catch the train in Raymond. He could do the driving the three miles to the station, but how would we fare in getting back home? Myron decided that we would just have to get back or else! At the station he hopped out leaving the engine running and the car in gear. Henry made it the two miles to the turn and up the lane to the farm. Nearing our place we found the wire gate shut. Driving as slow as he could, Henry cut a figure eight in the road and I jumped out and got the gate down. The car shot through the gate, narrowly missing me and taking off a post, and headed straight ahead into the yard. Henry came to an abrupt stop right against the granary. That was the last time he ever drove the automobile.

THE CHILDREN MOVE ON

The children each went to school as long as they wished. Myron finished high school and then went four years to The Guelph Ontario Agricultural College. After most of the fall work was done on the farm, he'd leave by train—just a lad that first year—our first to go so far, so long. We were very proud of him and proud of his high standing in his classes. Each year he returned he was taller and more handsome. Graduating at age 21 he taught the sciences at Knight Academy in Raymond for some time.

years of work and sacrifice were worth it when we'd see our children do well

After high school Ellen went to the Utah State University at Logan. Our long hours and years of work and sacrifice were worth it when we'd see our children do well. They spent all the school year with their studies and college life, then were back with us on the farm in summer. At the Christmas season of her second year, Ellen had a

severe attack of appendicitis. An operation was necessary, so I immediately went by train to Ogden to be there till she was safely recovered. After her third year, teachers were much in demand so Ellen went to Beaver, Utah and taught Home Economics there. Later she taught in southern Alberta, in an area north of Taber.

Margaret finished high school at Knight Academy in Raymond then went to Calgary Normal School and began teaching in the Taber area and in Barnwell.

After teaching for a time in Raymond, Myron was married in the Salt Lake temple on 23 June 1920 to Melba Kirkham of Raymond. The old farm house, moved and remodeled, made a comfortable home for them. Later they moved to adjoining land they bought.

Ellen, who had finished three years at the A. C. in Logan, Utah and taught for a time in Utah also, met Albert Winkler in the Taber district while teaching school there. We were disturbed about her plans because Albert was not a member of our church, but they were married 3 July 1920 in Lethbridge by Bishop Green in his office and they settled in Raymond.

Bishop James Meeks of our ward suggested missionary service to Margaret and at the end of 1921 she received a call to the Eastern States Mission. I went to Salt Lake with her. She was set apart by Brother Melvin J. Ballard and 1 Feb. 1922 I was with her in the Salt lake temple when she received her endowments. The next day she left for the mission field.

Our youngest, Martha, who was still in high school, and N. L. Mitchell, who taught music in the schools, became very interested in each other. N. L. "Snow's" wife had recently died leaving him with four small children. We were worried and upset, since Martha seemed to us yet a child. However, 16 July 1922, they were married and made their home in Raymond.

NEW ENDEAVORS

Our farm had become a landmark in that part of the country. As Henry had been able to market his seed wheat at a price twice that received by ordinary farmers he began looking into the dairy business. He set up plans for a big barn, silo and machine shed. Again the carpenters and extra men set to work. There were weeks and months of work and worry. There were lots of extra meals to get for hungry men as well as the garden and family needs and regular work to do. I hadn't completely favored this project and I was often exasperated at delays and

wasted time at our expense. But of course, there was pride in the accomplishment of such a considerable undertaking.

The barn was finished with an all cement ground floor, stalls for horses and steel staunchens for cows. It had a big hay loft. A roomy machine shed and chicken house and a silo were all finished and painted gray-blue with white trim. It looked very grand. We had spruce and pine plantings and a fine garden, flowers and shrubs as well.

We still kept the outdoor toilet, well back near the trees west of the kitchen—indispensable with a family and often hired workers around. Besides carpenters, old Walt Stevensen was usually there, walking out from town, then back again, after a long day's work, always faithful. In special seasons we always had hired help—Indians, sometimes for beet work, and others to help at haying time. Henry never tolerated shabbiness about the place and I think we raised our children that way.

As I look back I recall that my patience at times wore thin as I wondered if I was treated fairly or had good sense in working so hard in my strawberry patch and taking on extra sewing as well. If I'd explode, Henry would be calm and say, "That was spoken like a lady."

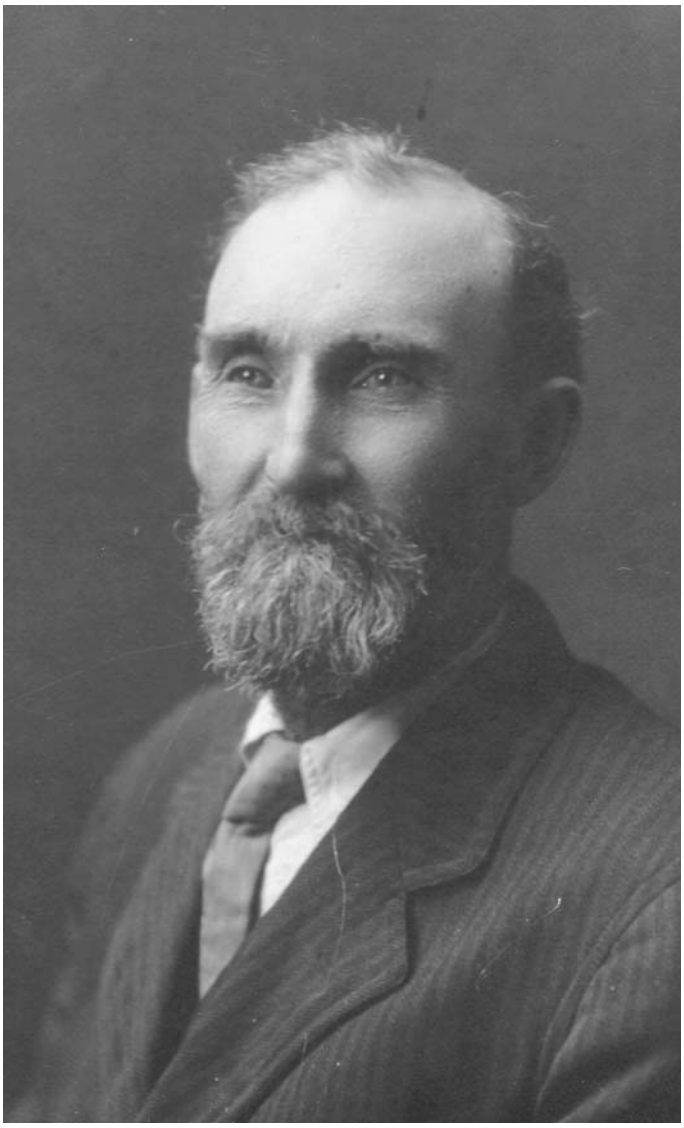
When the dairy was ready, Henry went to Ontario and bought a carload of Holstein cows. This was fine pedigreed stock he picked out himself, hoping to be as successful in the dairy business as he had been in farming. But the venture was doomed from the start. On the rail trip home the car of cows derailed, two animals were killed and Henry got a bad bump which caused him a lot of trouble for quite some time. We kept the dairy stock one summer and two winters. They were not producing well and when the alfalfa winter-killed it seemed the undoing of Henry. Discouraged, he became ill soon afterward and we sold the stock at about half their value to a dairy in Cardston.

Discouraged, he became ill

I worked harder than ever to keep things going. I had a big patch of strawberries and sold them for a dollar a basket in town. I did all the strawberry work myself, though the boys, Myron and Godfrey, helped me to keep the rest of the farm going. My mother came to be with us and remained with us during the two years Henry was sick. She was good company for

Henry during this time. Though we took Henry to local doctors, it bore on me heavily later on that we did not get psychiatric help elsewhere.

Margaret returned home in April of 1924 after spending 27 months in the Eastern States Mission. By this time Henry had been ill well over a year. Then Godfrey received a call to serve a mission in the British Isles and was endowed 30 October 1924 and spent two years in Great Britain with James E. Talmage as mission president. Now all the children were gone but Margaret, who taught school in Raymond. During the extremely cold winter after Godfrey left, Henry's frail body had no chance when pneumonia set in. Even in his dire condition, I felt I could not give him up, and he rallied once when almost gone. Later that day he said he heard his father call, and as cold evening shadows fell that day, Christmas Eve, 24 December 1924, he slipped quietly away from us. Henry was buried at Temple Hill Cemetery, Raymond, during extremely cold weather.



We did not bring Godfrey home from England but all the other children came.

SADNESS & JOY

It was nearly two years later, on 2 October 1926, that another terrific shock came to me. My son, Joseph, who managed a grain elevator at Magrath was killed almost instantly when his jacket caught on a piece of machinery. He left a wife and four children. This was indeed hard to bear—my first child, so loving and always so kind.

Less than three months later Margaret became Mrs. Henry Duncan

Weaver 23 December 1926 in the new Cardston, Alberta temple. When Godfrey returned from England he married his sweetheart, Virginia Mendenhall on 21 July 1927 and commenced farming. Margaret and Duncan both taught school at Barnwell until 1929 when they moved to Chicago for Duncan to study art. About the same time Martha and Snow Mitchell and family moved to Salt Lake City.

LATER YEARS

Now I lived alone, but had children near and far that I could visit, and my home still seemed to be the hub of family activity, especially in the summer, with homemade ice cream and strawberries. Those from far away would often come for the whole summer. (Photo: family gathering about 1934).

Mother, who had been with us for quite some time went with me to Preston, Idaho to be with my sister, Jemima. I have always been sorry I did not insist on bringing her back to Canada with me. The following year, 5 November 1928, she died at Preston and was buried in North Ogden.

Widowed once again I was in good health at age 62 and I was independent, too. I had earned that. I never slacked my work and I made efforts to be on hand for all the newly arriving grandchildren. All those earlier years had been full, indeed. It seemed surely now, as old age was coming, I could

find rest, peace and happiness. But life, I think, doesn't settle an easy way. The problem now was how to arrange for the farm and for my later life.

I wanted very much to do something needed and worthwhile. I was especially interested in genealogical work. We set up a small organization, myself as head, and Martha as genealogist. I wrote many letters and tried to keep in contact, with some travel, with our folks in the west, in Missouri and in England. Martha did work at the Genealogical Library in Salt Lake City and in the Salt Lake temple.

L-R: Josephine, myself, Martha

One winter I went to California with my sister Josephine. The next winter my sister Jemima came with me to South Gate, near the ocean. It was nice to be away from the cold Alberta winter. We enjoyed visiting various wards and Relief Societies as well as going to hear Amy Semple McPherson, the famous preacher.

I once had a great time in North Ogden picking luscious cherries at Chadwicks' and visiting around. I was in Chicago at the time of the World's Fair and enjoyed full days spent there, but found it tiring to keep up with the younger folk. I also went with Josephine to Rochester, Minnesota, to the Mayo Clinic, regarding her poor health. Returning, we visited the Weavers in Chicago as well as the Prices in Missouri who were some of Mother's people, members of the Reorganized Church.

In the spring of 1936, when I got back home, Godfrey, who had lived on the farm in the cottage that Myron had had, moved it into town and was living there. We exchanged residences the next year and I took his place in town as a down payment on the farm and he took over the farm. It was hard to give it up. Making changes in older life is not easy, yet one must make plans and adjust to circumstances. I found I had fine neighbors in town and the family

could drop in to see me often, too. I kept busy with sewing and knitting, reading and correspondence. I always kept a good supply of cookies on hand.

As I passed 75 years of age, then 80 and older, I thought I would stay more at home, but I continued to visit the children far away. I had traveled behind oxen once, by horse and buggy all my days, in early trains and modern trains, old slow cars and modern fast ones. I could go easier and faster by plane now, so I did. It seemed strange—once my mother walked the plains from Keokuk to the valleys of Utah, footsore and weary and now I skimmed it all in the clouds in a few hours! How often I thought

Reunion 1947

L-R: Martha, Margaret, Ellen, Ethel & me

of the courage, hardships and faithfulness of my people before me!

perhaps trained my children more. I wished that I had been kinder to Henry and found a way to do more for him when he was sick.

In these sometimes lonely years, I had plenty of time to reflect on my life

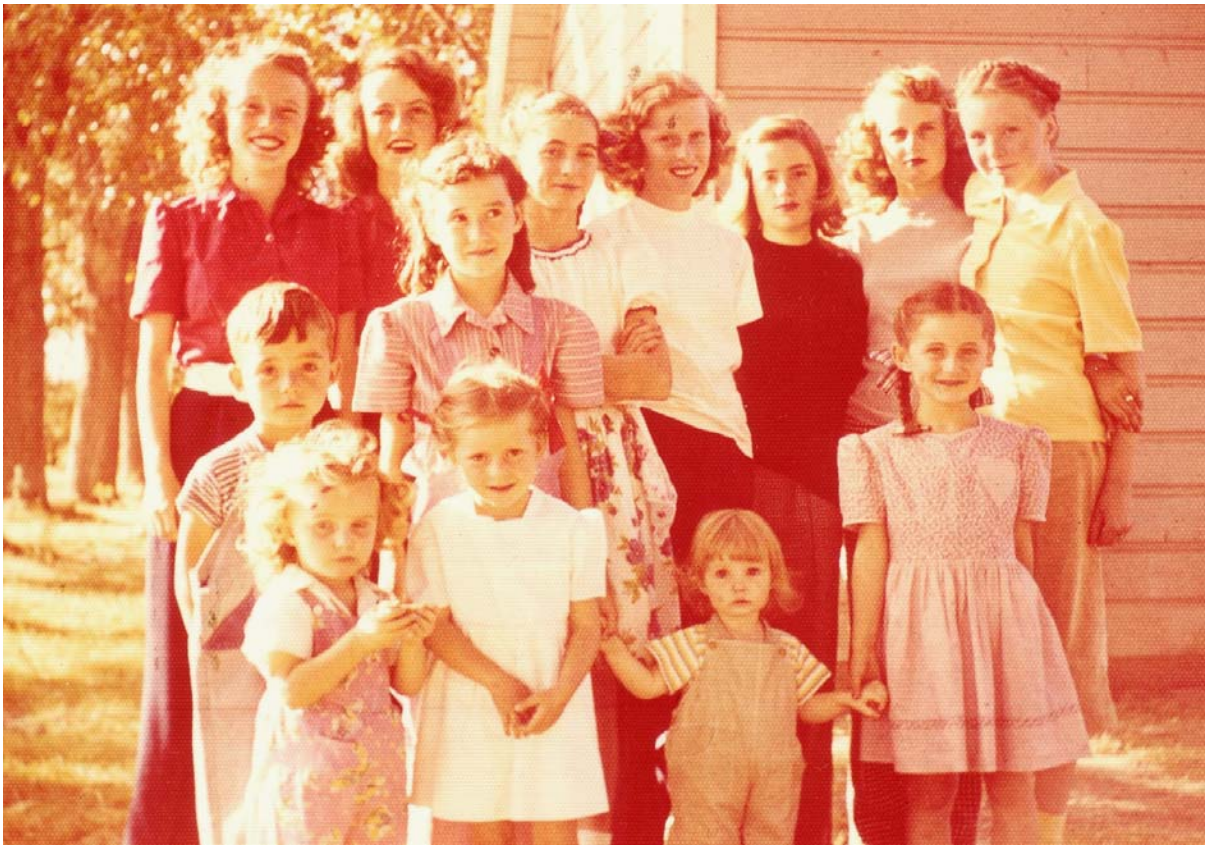
In these sometimes lonely years, I had plenty of time to reflect on my life. I wished that I might have worked less hard and

I was sorry that I didn't keep my mother in Canada, and I regretted not doing more to trace my father's people. I know now that if we don't get things done as we go, they are mostly left undone.

Ethel, now with her eight children all grown and married, had been a widow for quite some time. She had a heart attack and passed away 28 May 1950 and was buried on my birthday, May 30, at Taber, Alberta, Canada.

Left: Me, about 80 years old

I have seven children and 32 grandchildren and many great-grandchildren. Working with these children is the best part of our lives, for soon they have left us and are about their own life's work.



1947 – some of the grandchildren [6]

Chicago - 1948

I am 88 years old, and my race is about run. If the Lord can reward me for anything I've done, I hope He can spare me a lengthy illness or a painful one. My prayer is that when my time comes He will take me quickly.

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Her prayer was answered the 23rd of December 1950, when she passed away after suffering a stroke just days before—she had a peaceful passing and was a burden to no one. She was buried 27 December 1950 at Raymond. The newspaper accounts of her death from the Raymond Recorder and the Lethbridge Herald stated:

Mrs. Sarah J. Holmes Laid to Rest

The funeral services for the late Mrs. Sarah Jane Godfrey Holmes were held in the Stake House on Wednesday with Bishop J. Golden Snow conducting.

The opening prayer was offered by W. C. Stone after which the choir, under the direction of Jerry Gibb with Roi Stone at the organ, sang "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth." The first speaker was Jack Mehew, the next-door neighbor of Mrs. Holmes for the past twelve years, who spoke of her goodness as a neighbor, saying that she was a good Latter-day Saint woman who, up until the time of her illness was busy working for the benefit of others. I. B. Roberts, a long-time friend of the family was the next speaker and also paid high tribute to Mrs. Holmes.

The organ solo, "O My Father," played by her son-in-law, N. C. Mitchell of Salt Lake, was followed by Bishop J. O. Hicken's address in which he quoted from the Sermon on the Mount and from the writing of Apostle Melvin J. Ballard. Bishop Hicken also paid tribute to Mrs. Holmes and to her family.

Bishop Snow in his closing remarks thanked all those who had been of assistance and who had sent the many floral tributes. After the song "Tis Eventide" by the choir C. R. Wing offered the benediction.

The graveside prayer was offered by Heber F. Allen and the pall-bearers were Mrs. Holmes' grandsons, John Holmes and Carl Winkler of Raymond, Evan Hall, Gordon Hall and Percy Paulsen of Taber and Richard Mitchell of Salt Lake City. Interment was in the Temple Hill Cemetery.

Present at the funeral were her children, Myron and Godfrey Holmes, and Mrs. Albert (Ellen) Winkler, all of Raymond, Mrs. Margaret Weaver of Chicago, Mrs. Martha Mitchell of Salt Lake City and many grandchildren and great-grandchildren from Calgary, Magrath, Taber, Provo and Cranbrook. * * *

Obituary:

Mrs. Sarah Jane Holmes

During the Christmas season (Saturday, December 23) Raymond lost one of its best-loved pioneer ladies in the passing of Mrs. Sarah Jane Holmes who was in her 88th year with a mind as keen as a much younger woman's. She enjoyed reading good books, the newspaper and talking of current events of the district and the world. Always keenly interested in the young people she knew most of them by sight as they passed her home just west of Jack Mehew's.

Until a few short weeks before her death she lived alone did for herself but with the advent of winter she went to the home of her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Winkler, where she would have company for the winter days. This was the first time since her marriage as a young girl that Mrs. Holmes had not been her own housekeeper and she had high hopes of returning to her town home when spring came.

With the passing of Mrs. Holmes one of the outstanding pioneers of western Canada went to receive her reward. Her career in life was one of service and it reflected self-reliance. The milestones along her path of life are marked with the good deeds for her neighbors and her fellowmen.

She was the mother of seven children, two having passed on before her. Joseph Evans of Magrath who met an untimely death in the shaft of a grain elevator while at work, and Mrs. Ethel Hall of Taber, who was, at the time of her death, Taber librarian and was loved by young and old. These children were from a former marriage. Mrs. Holmes' first husband had been killed in a mine disaster in Utah while she was still a young woman.

She married Henry J. Holmes and they came to Canada in 1900 where they purchased land in this district which has been farmed by the Holmes family ever since.

To this union was born two boys and three girls, Myron, Godfrey, Ellen (Mrs. Winkler), Martha (Mrs. Mitchell) and Margaret (Mrs. Weaver).

In 1912 her husband was crowned King of the World's Wheat Growers. The grain was grown on the farm near Raymond and brought honor and fame to the family and the district.

The Holmes, as parents, instilled in their children the love of the finer things of life and the need for education. Each of their children, when finished school, here, were sent to a university to seek more learning. This alone in a pioneer land would make the Holmes family as being outstanding. The family all hold positions of trust in their communities, Margaret teaches in the Chicago city schools and Martha in Salt Lake. All are active LDS church workers.

Mrs. Holmes was an active Red Cross worker in the Raymond brand, doing many hours of sewing at her home. Many are the quilts she made to give to people in need as well as for gifts to her friends and family. Each daughter and granddaughter had a quilt made by her. At times she would say to a friend "this month I finished off three quilts" and this after she was past eighty—no small task for any woman.

The many friends and neighbors present at the funeral and the many flowers bespoke of the love all held for Mrs. Holmes. Her life's work was finished and the world is a better place for her having lived. * * *

TRIBUTE TO A GREAT WOMAN

by N. Lorenzo Mitchell, son-in-law

Woman's holiest name is Mother. Sarah Jane Holmes is the mother I pay tribute to. She reminds me of a statement I once read which is as follows:

> *Heaven and earth may pass away for you, sir, but your mother will never move. She will be waiting for you when hungry and naked, you will come whimpering back. All others may condemn you for your weakness and curse you for your sin, but she will piece together your broken life, call it beautiful, and with her naked hands lift your bleeding heart again to God and claim for you His healing.*

This is a partial picture of Mother Holmes, but there is more. She was a courageous woman. Several times grim sorrow crossed her threshold and carried her on the lonely pathway of almost primal darkness, but with the staunch spirit of the pioneer she "girded up her loins" and with the help of a loving Eternal Father braved and weathered the violent storms.

Mother Holmes was "patience" personified. In her, this grace had its perfect setting and accomplished its greatest work.

She was forgiving—the same yesterday and today. She was a warm comforter in times of distress.

It was my great blessing to be in her noble presence many times. Her counsel was wise, for she had been well seasoned in the cauldron of adversity. She lived close to God and in her quiet queenly manner disseminated truth—God's truth—for her testimony was fervent.

She was never idle. I never once visited her home and found her resting. She was always busy—making quilts for the needy, socks for the barefooted, sweaters for those who could not afford to buy them. Knitting and sewing! Knitting and sewing! So many have been comforted through the work of her nimble fingers!

Her greatest work was the rearing of a wonderful group of children. They, the children, are outstanding men and women. Character is written all over them. They have been and are leaders in their chosen fields and instruments for good wherever they may be.

I pay tribute to one of the greatest, noblest and most queenly of all mothers, Sarah Jane Holmes. * * *

EPILOGUE

by

The granddaughters

M. Rae Hall Eller:

"Just Jane," the life history of Sarah Jane Godfrey was written by her daughters, Ellen and Margaret. Because it includes so much information about her early life I'm grateful to my aunts for recording and printing the preceding narrative. However, because I am a descendant of Sarah Jane's first marriage to William Evans, I am taking the liberty of adding my reminiscences. This marriage produced two remarkable children—the first was Joseph and then my mother, Ethel.

Sarah Jane, the only grandmother we had the privilege of knowing, was everything a Grandma should be—she wore a sunbonnet, she had a crock full of sugar cookies, a strawberry patch, a musty basement, a big barn full of hay to play in and usually a little gift of knitted mittens to give her grandchildren. It was, indeed, a special occasion when we would go to Raymond for a visit to the farm and even more so if we could stay for a few days. The first thing I would do upon arriving there would be to run to the parlor and ask if I could view the pictures in the stereoscope, which was, to me, a wonderful instrument. To this day I keep watching in antique stores to buy one.

Her husband, Henry Holmes, died Christmas Eve 1924, so I do not remember him at all, but have heard the older siblings tell about his strange mannerisms. He was continually patting the top of his head, muttering "Oh my, Oh dear." He was "Grandpa" to us even though our natural grandfather had been killed in a mine disaster when my mother was an infant.

In the summer of 1995 we took a trip to Almy, Wyoming, specifically to try and locate the Number 4 mine where our grandfather, William Evans, lost his life. We were fortunate to find a lady who had written a book for the centennial of Evanston and she was most gracious about sharing her knowledge about the mines. In fact, she took us to the spot where the explosion occurred January 12, 1886. Today there is no evidence that the hillside, at one time, was a series

of mines. Mrs. Rufi also pointed out where the miners' houses had been, approximately ¼ of a mile west of the bluff where the mines were located. In my mind I could see Grandmother waiting for word about her husband as she described it. Catherine Perkins Evans, Will's mother, and two more children also lived in the settlement along with her son, Joseph, and his wife. Joseph was also killed in the explosion. [Who would have ever guessed that another kind of tragic accident would claim the lives of two of Sarah Jane's grandsons, Robert and Tom Holmes, killed in an airplane accident in 1973.] *Grandmother identified her husband's body by a sock she had knit and a webbed toe that she had often teased him about. She purchased eight burial plots in the Ben Lomond Cemetery in North Ogden and the two brothers were buried there, as well as their mother when she died in 1889.*

It has been a great source of regret that we didn't have the privilege of knowing Grandfather Evans, for having met several of the Evans family I have realized they were very hospitable, family-oriented and good people. Grandma once said, "I never met an Evans I didn't like." On one occasion when I accompanied my mother to Utah and California, she was able to become reacquainted with some of her father's people. Though she was apprehensive about meeting them after such a long separation, she needn't have been, for they were all pleased to see her and made they me feel especially welcome.

Grandma was a widow for seven years, then she was once again courted by Henry Holmes and they were married. Her son, Joe, was about 10 years old at the time and was very reluctant to have a stepfather. Henry, apparently, was also reluctant to have two stepchildren and was often demanding and impatient. My mother, Ethel, told me that when Henry was dying, he begged her forgiveness.

Reading the story of Grandmother's life we recognize how hard she worked all of her life, scrubbing clothes at age 8 and still making quilts at 88. One year when my mother and dad spent the winter in Raymond, caring for Grandma, Dad wrote that he was afraid to take off his pants at night for fear they would be cut into quilt blocks by morning. In 1947/8 Mother, who was a widow by that time, spent the winter with Grandma. She would write me often lamenting about being away from her beloved Taber, friends and family. She wrote, "If I had known the weather was going to be so good I would not have come over, as Mother could get along nicely when she doesn't need the furnace. She is pretty well and still has a will of her own, so it is just live her way while I am here."

The children of Grandma's second marriage were all dear to our family. Uncle Myron is remembered for his loud voice, his political and religious arguments; Aunt Ellen for her talents and poetry. How we loved those Sunday afternoon visits! After getting out of Sunday School we could see, just a block away, if Uncle Albert's car was in front of our house and we would race home for a delightful day with the Winklers and Grandma. Aunt Margaret, for whom I was named, taught school at the little country school that my older siblings attended through grade 8, and although she moved to Chicago, I remember her with love and admiration. Uncle Godfrey, with his hearty laugh, was always kind and gentle. Whenever Mother and I visited Utah we stayed with Aunt Martha in Bountiful who made us most welcome.

Grandma outlived her first two children. She was devastated at Joe's tragic death in 1926 and grieved with his wife and children, three sons and a daughter. At the funeral of her daughter, my mother, Ethel, (May 31, 1950, Grandma's birthday) she wept as she gazed at her, saying "Oh, my little girl." It was only seven months later that Grandma passed away, December 23, 1950. At her viewing I remarked that she didn't look quite natural. Aunt Martha was quite indignant until I said, "She should have some knitting needles and yarn in her hands." That is the way I remember Grandma—always busy baking bread, picking strawberries, sewing, making quilts or knitting, never idle.

There are many grandchildren who have a quilt made by Grandma. My appliquéd tulip quilt was made when she was 87 years old and given to me as a wedding gift. It is a treasure and is promised to my granddaughter, Brynn, who would be Grandma's great-great-granddaughter.

Another great-great-granddaughter, Kay Shaeffer, is the recipient of the quilt Grandma made for Ellen Claire Weaver. Sarah Jane made the blocks, but her daughter, Margaret, finished the quilting in 1957 for Ellen Claire's marriage to Marty Shaeffer.

Photo left: Kay Shaeffer and the quilt.

A green wool sweater, made for Ellen Claire's 6th birthday, is still in perfect condition and is here worn by Ellen Claire's grandson, Christopher Shaeffer, in 2006:

Alice Holmes Harding:

Grandma Holmes was one of the dearest persons I ever knew and we as grandchildren visited with her often. She had raised an exceptional family who were each strong, highly intelligent, hardworking individuals. They all cared deeply for their mother. Of course those of us in Raymond would often get together and we enjoyed many "arguments"—discussions about various subjects—and I can say that we Holmes girls were right in the middle of it listening to it all. Grandma always sat quietly just listening.

We used to love it when Aunt Ethel came from Taber to visit with Grandma and later I learned from my husband, who also was from Taber, that his mother was a dear friend of hers.

When I think of Grandma I picture her busy sewing quilt tops for her grandchildren or other people. Also, what a gardener she was—planting all those vegetables and berries! I can see her now wearing her pioneer bonnet as she worked. Her cookie jar was always filled with huge sugar cookies.

When I was in Grade 12, I had the chance to visit her at home and help her clean her house one morning a week. She told me a lot of stories about her early life. I even got to sleep with her once in the bed with the feather tick.

Percy Poulson, the husband of her granddaughter, Una Evans (daughter of Joseph and Irene Evans), would come every other day and fill Grandma's coal buckets so she didn't have to go down to the basement herself.

I also remember my mother saying to Dad, "Myron, it's time you went to visit your mother." She always reminded him about that.

I got home for Christmas during my first year at Brigham Young University just in time to see Grandma before she passed away. I have always regretted that my husband, Leonard, didn't have a chance to meet her.

Betty Mitchell Empey:

I'm not sure how early in my life I realized how important Grandma Holmes was to me. I was born at the Holmes farm in Raymond, Alberta, Canada on a stormy, cold Sunday afternoon February 1st, 1925. Grandpa Holmes had died the prior Christmas Eve and I think it gave Grandma some joy to assist in the birth of her youngest daughter's first child. So from the

beginning of my life I was destined to have a close relationship with Grandma, even though we moved to Utah when I was quite young.

Grandma always appeared when I had an illness or there was a special occasion. I don't know how she did it. Most of these times were before air travel, so she usually came to Utah by train or was brought by her brother, Melvin Godfrey in his automobile. Melvin lived in Cardston, Alberta. As I was growing up I always looked forward to summer vacation when we'd go to Canada to visit Grandma and all the Holmes and Godfrey families that lived there.

One memorable visit took place the year I was diagnosed with rheumatic fever. I was kept out of school for the year, so Grandma and Uncle Melvin came to Utah early in the spring and took me back to Canada with them. This turned out to be quite an experience. We made stops to visit relatives all along the way from Salt Lake to the Holmes farm. We first stopped in North Ogden, Utah, where there were many Holmes and Price relatives. Grandpa Holmes had two brothers and a sister in the area. We stayed with his sister Maggie Holmes Hill. Grandma had three brothers and a sister in North Ogden, Josiah, John, Jeremiah and Charlotte. Of course we visited them all.

We then traveled from North Ogden to Preston, Idaho to visit two more of Grandma's sisters, Jemima and Josephine. We were then off to Yellowstone Park and over the mountains to Byron, Wyoming to visit another relative. I don't recall who those folks were. Our last stop before arriving at our final destination was a stop overnight in Helena, Montana to see Maggie Davis. Again, I'm not sure of her relationship to Grandma. Everyone we visited welcomed us warmly. I came to realize early how loved Grandma was everywhere we visited.

Four months on the Holmes farm were both wonderful and for me, an eye-opener. Life on the farm was quite different from my life in Salt Lake City. Grandma didn't have running water in her home until that summer. Water was heated by the well attached to her large kitchen coal stove. We bathed in a large round washtub. The houses there didn't yet have electricity. Oil lamps were our source of light at night. Summer days on the farm were long and I looked forward to the cool nights and the brightness and color of the Northern Lights. Each day I'd check on the farm's old workhorse, Bawley, the colorful water snakes around the pond, the eggs that had been laid in the barn.

Uncle Godfrey came to the farm most days to do the usual farming chores. Sometimes he'd bring his sons, my cousins Robert and Tom. We'd have our large meal at noon time. Uncle Godfrey and the boys would join us. Grandma always cooked something wholesome and very

tasty. In the evening when we were again alone we'd often eat homemade bread with milk and fresh berries from the large strawberry patch behind the house.

I loved walking through the deep windbreaks around each 20 to 40 acre plot where Uncle Godfrey would grow feed for his stock, wheat or sugar beets. The windbreak consisted of 5 or 6 rows of different kinds of trees and bushes intended to keep the cold winds from harming the crops. These areas were full of different kinds of birds and small animals. Magpies used to fly from branch to branch keeping me company as I walked along.

I have always cherished that special time in my life which came to an end in late August when my parents came to take me home and back to school. I was sorry to leave Grandma and the wonderful time we'd had together.

I am now 81 years old with grandchildren of my own, but Grandma Holmes is still a part of my life. I think of her often and how much she has meant to me all these years.

Carol Holmes Warburton:

I've thought about Grandmother often and thought how different things are now where grandmothers bond so closely with their grandkids. At least, I do. I have so much fun with my grandkids, lots of hugs and kisses and games and cookies. As a youngster I was discouraged from associating (Mom called it bother!) Grandmother Holmes. We went as a family every Sunday after church to visit her. Children were to be seen, not heard, as I remember my parents telling me. So I always sat quietly and listened. I was never allowed to go by myself to visit, though I did once without telling my parents.

1. *I remember sugar cookies. Grandma always had some to give us.*
2. *I remember her wearing old dresses that hung down to her ankles*
3. *I remember gray hair worn in a bun at the base of her neck. She also wore glasses.*
4. *I remember that her kitchen was in the front of her house, unusual in those days.*
5. *I remember her quilting, always putting together a patchwork quilt.*
6. *I remember the squeaky turnstile gate in her front yard.*
7. *I remember one time on a hot summer day asking her why she had all the windows in her house closed. "To keep the heat out," was her reply. That sounded illogical to me at that time, but I was among her youngest grandchildren and was still very young when she died.*

My parents were not physically demonstrative, nor was Grandma as I recall. But I make sure my kids and grandkids know I love them so I give them lots of hugs and squeezes.

Enid Hall Kinniburgh

I remember as a child coming home from Sunday School to find that Aunt Ellen and Uncle Albert had brought our Grandma Holmes to our home in Taber. This only happened a few times a year and usually there were some small gifts for us children. It might be a pair of mittens or a few hair curlers, nothing very elaborate but always loved and appreciated because it came from Grandma. I don't ever remember Grandma staying over night with us. They would always go home the same day.

During our holidays in the summer we would spend some time in Raymond. The only thing I ever remember about our visits to the farm when Grandma lived there was that Uncle Myron's family lived in a little house in the same yard and I had such fun playing with Kathleen and all of her sisters. There always seemed to be strawberries to pick, eat and enjoy with lots of cream. There was a stereoscope on Grandma's dining room table and it was interesting to look through it at the pictures. As I remember it now, it gave the impression of three dimensions. After Grandma moved into town I could never get over the fact that the water tap needed a strainer to keep the wigglers from coming through since the water supply in Raymond was not that pure. Grandma was always busy, knitting, sewing, quilting, you name it and Grandma could do it.

The winter of 1942-43 Grandma was aging, well past eighty and Mother was concerned about her living alone so she and Dad stayed with her. The two ladies were busy making quilt blocks and I remember Dad saying that he was afraid to take his clothes off at bedtime for fear they would become quilt blocks by morning. Grandma gave Mother a quilt she had made and it was a beauty, I believe it was bluebells appliquéd into each block and now I wonder who the lucky recipient was of that quilt after Mother passed away. These are a few of my memories—Grandma was an exceptional lady, she suffered a lot of hardships, worked hard, lived a long life, had never been a patient in a hospital until the time of her death. Something I do remember was that at the time of my mother's death [Ethel Evans Hall 1885-1950] *we asked Grandma if she would mind if Mother's funeral were on her birthday, May 31st. She said that in a few years it*

wouldn't matter anyway, and as it happened Grandma died just eight months later. At Mother's funeral she said something else that I can certainly relate to now that I've had the same experience. She had lost two husbands and two children. She said, "Nothing is worse than outliving your children." I wish I had known her better.

Marilyn Holmes Kearl:

My sisters and I were very fortunate to live close to Grandma Holmes when we were growing up. We could walk west from our farm for half a mile to the original Holmes farm where she lived alone for a long time after Grandpa Holmes passed away (just before I was born). We took this walk often as we loved our grandma very much.

She would always take the time to sit down and visit with us, asking about our schooling and our friends. Her cookie jar was always full—until time to go home! Her sewing machine was forever piled high with quilt blocks and she couldn't stay away from sewing them together for long. We would watch her sew for a while, then we would find her stereoscope at look at her pictures. When we tired of that, we'd dash out to the barn to play.

Grandpa had had dairy cows there for a few years, so it was equipped for such. It had a large bucket which could be pushed along a trolley throughout the barn, into which the manure would be shoveled and disposed of at the barn door. We would turn the bucket over and some of us would straddle it while one of us pushed it along the trolley. A fun ride! Then we would go up to the loft. Standing on a ledge, we could grab a rope and swing out over the hay, finally letting go of the rope and falling down into the hay. Another adventure was climbing up the ladder alongside the tall silo—seeing who would dare climb the highest—our mother's nightmare!

It those days the neighboring farm families would meet monthly at one of our homes and have a Ward Teaching lesson and social. Grandma always played an important role there, being the senior person present.

By the time we were teenagers, Uncle Godfrey and Aunt Virginia and family had moved to the farm and had exchanged houses with Grandma in Raymond. There we would visit her often during our lunch hour at school, to enjoy her company and her cookies. There was a rotating gate in front of her yard and we'd have fun swinging on it.

I remember Grandma's sweet wrinkled face (I have inherited those wrinkles), her hair pulled tightly back in a bun, an apron always on over her dress. I remember sleeping on her feather-tick bed, and before I fell asleep my eyes would be drawn to a picture on the wall of two white horses in a powerful stance. I wonder who has that picture now.

Alice, my sister, and I had the wonderful experience of traveling with Mom and Dad and Grandma out to Vancouver, B.C., to my sister Kathleen's graduation from the university there. Grandma was such a delightful traveling companion. While Alice and I would sometimes complain, she was a stoic. But she was fun too—teasing me about missing my betrothed, Harold. We were to be married the following month. And what an honor: Grandma helped me pick out my wedding dress and shoes—she was so excited! It was so much fun being with her in the car, in the hotels and restaurants, in the shops and at the graduation.

Grandma sat on the front row at our wedding and reception in Raymond. (We went to the temple a few months later.) After Harold and I moved to Calgary we visited Grandma as often as we could. We were devastated when she passed away at Aunt Ellen's house just before Christmas in 1950. I was expecting our second child at the time. Oh, how we missed her and still miss her!

After receiving the request to jot down some of my remembrances of Grandmother, I got out her story written by Aunt Ellen and Aunt Margaret and read it aloud to Harold, dissolving into tears many times. This prompted me to bear my testimony the following Sunday at church and to thank my Heavenly Father for such a rich heritage and for such a kind, courageous and loving grandmother.

Marjorie Hall King wrote:

I remember many summers spent at Raymond with my Grandmother Holmes and my aunts and uncles there. They had an irrigated farm with lovely trees, lawn, fruits and vegetables, an irrigation ditch to swim and play in on a hot day and even a tennis court which was a real luxury in those days. My Grandmother Holmes was never very demonstrative but I knew she loved me—actions speak loudly. She could sew well, and made many nice dresses, etc. for me over the years. Sometimes they were make-overs, but always so well done, and such a treat and thrill whenever a parcel from her came to our house.

She was a very practical and independent woman, but was wonderful company and I remember with great pleasure her visits to our home as a child and later to my own home when I had a husband and children. She lived to be almost ninety and was bright and active until the last few weeks of her life.

My mother's death a few months before her own was a cruel blow to her. Mother's only brother, Joseph Evans, of Magrath, had been killed in a grain elevator accident in 1926 and so her two children by her first husband were both gone from her. She died at Christmas time in 1950. Life was never quite the same without her. I am glad my children were old enough to remember her well during the last years of her long and useful life.

Olive Hall Johnson:

When the Hall family lived on the homestead north east of Taber Grandma Holmes made a couple of short visits which were always welcome. Her husband was not well at the time and so the visits were short so she could get back. Grandpa Holmes did not last long. We as children were always aware that he was not our mother's real father and when he passed away we really did not mourn for him. He was very stern and I was quite afraid of him. When grandma was left alone and our family had moved into town and I was a few years older I spent a few days of summer holidays visiting with her. It was a treat to go to her farm home where along with every thing else she grew strawberries. Unlike Taber, Raymond at that time had irrigation, so strawberries were a rare treat. Also grandma milked a cow. I helped her store the pans of milk in her cool damp basement. At noon we would go down and skim the thick yellow cream off the top of the milk pans. Pure luxury! Grandma also had homemade sugar cookies and bread. Her dainty kitchen curtains made of white lawn with embroidered morning glories, done of course by herself, adorned the charming curtains. I really admired those curtains. There was also a large old Morris chair in the kitchen which had been Henry Holmes favorite spot.

Another attraction in the parlor was a stereoscope with many slides which would show three dimensional pictures. I have never seen another one. I spent hours admiring the pictures of Niagara Falls, the Rocky Mountains and Yellowstone Park etc. The best time was when Grandma would bring out a piece of fabric to make me a dress. The one I remember best was made of some pink and white gingham. She told me to look in Eaton's catalogue and pick out a

style I liked and she would make the fabric into the dress I liked. Grandma was a fine seamstress and she did an excellent job. She also made beautiful appliquéd quilts from a fabric which she called Indian Head which she purchased in the U.S. where she sometimes traveled. She braided rugs and they adorned the floors of her home. Another of her projects for which she never received recognition was the work she did on the sack of wheat which won for Henry Holmes the title of Wheat King of Canada. Evenings by lamplight she would select the best grains of wheat to put into the sack and it paid off. She was patient and not afraid of work.

Dear Grandma, you were an example to your large family and posterity. You were never pretentious in your calico home-made dresses with always an apron that was removed when you went to town to buy groceries. I remember you with a grateful heart.

Mary Winkler Wood

I was raised on a farm close to where Grandma lived on the original Holmes farm, so we visited back and forth often. After my cousin Alice Holmes graduated from high school I took over the task of mopping Grandma's floors every week. I would also go to the library for her to get her reading material. I remember on her 80th birthday, Aunt Irene sent her a two-tiered birthday cake. She left the next day to fly to Chicago. Airport officials asked her what she was carrying and she laughed, "It's my birthday cake and you're not having any!"

I received a beautiful quilt from Grandma when I turned 16. Didn't all of the granddaughters? Grandma lived the last four months of her life with us. She had a stroke and was in bed a few days and then passed away. I loved her dearly.

*** * ***

NOTES & COMMENTS

The following words were sung to the tune, "Those Endearing Young Charms," and was one of Sarah Jane's favorites. When daughters Ellen and Margaret were in Primary, they sang it together on one occasion:

Little Blue Apron

Before the bright sun rises over the hills
In the corn fields poor Mary is seen
Impatient her little blue apron to fill
With the few scattered ears she can glean

She never leaves off or goes out of her place
To idle, to play or to chat,
Except now and then just to wipe her warm face
And to fan herself with her straw hat.

Why don't you leave off as the others have done
And sit with them under the tree?
I fear you will faint in the beams of the sun.
How tired and warm you must be!

"Oh, no, my dear mother lies sick in her bed
Too feeble to spin or to knit,
And my poor little brothers are crying for bread.
But yet I can't give them a bit.

"How could I be idle and merry or play
When they are so hungry and ill?
Oh no, I would rather work hard all the day
For my little blue apron to fill."

* * *

Sources:

1. Family History Library Catalog Call No. for original "Just Jane": 0547075, item 10 [please note error in title: Sarah Jane Godfrey Evans Holmes died 23 December 1950 not 1945].

2. Personal letters of Rae Hall Eller, Alice Holmes Harding, Betty Mitchell Empey, Carol Holmes Warburton, Marilyn Holmes Kearl, Olive Hall Johnson, Marjorie Hall King and Mary Winkler Wood.

Footnotes:

1. Abigail Adams to John Adams, March 8, 1777, Adams Family Papers, Massachusetts Historical Society, Boston; spelling modernized.

2. Personal History of Joseph Godfrey, edited by E. C. W. Shaeffer 2006

3. Wood, Steven Utah Historical Encyclopedia, University of Utah Press, 1994.

4. Extracts from Pitman Shorthand Journals Nos. 1 & 2 of Henry Holmes (1837-1876), Transcribed by Thelma Hill, granddaughter, 1966; Edited by E.C.W. Shaeffer,2006

5. GODFREY HOLMES "AG-EXPO BRINGS BACK MEMORIES OF BIG VICTORY," From an undated news clipping: [possibly the Lethbridge Herald, about 1986]: By Garry Allison of The Herald

It was 1912. It couldn't be grander. Lethbridge was playing host to the world, or ata least the British Empire, at the Dryland Farming Congress. New exhibition buildings and a brand new grandstand greeted the world.

It was a proud day for Lethbridge. Prouder even for a Raymond farmer. Henry Holmes won a tractor for having the best bushel of spring wheat. "We called it a world championship, it was the world to us," says Henry's son Godfrey, now 85 years of age. Godfrey was 12 at the time. "Dad found the spot he wanted in the field and cut it by hand," Godfrey says. "He stoked it and covered it so it wouldn't bleach and then he threshed it by hand.

"It put Marquis wheat on the market. It was almost unknown back then. "That was a great day for us, we just lived in an old two-room shack. They raised a family of five in it. "We thought Dad was a pretty famous man then."

Godfrey says the family hand picked through the wheat. So careful were they that one kernel couldn't be told from another in the entire sack of wheat. When Henry took the wheat in to enter, no one was around, says Godfrey. So he went in a side door and set his entry down with the others. A person found him in the locked building and told him to get out. That little episode added to the [excitement of the] announcement that he'd won the crown. "They came right out to the farm to announce it," says Godfrey. "The Mounted Police came out to give him the news—it scared him to death. When the police showed up he was kind of worried. He thought it was about his getting into the building."

Henry's prize was a tractor. He posed for pictures with it, then sold it. He also sold the Marquis wheat for seed. With the money the family "was put on our feet," says Godfrey. "Dad built a house and barn from the money we got," says Godfrey. "The money came from the seed Marquis wheat he sold afterwards and the $3,000 he got for the tractor. "We never used the tractor, we needed the money worse. That tractor could pull six or seven plows. My dad never used a tractor in his life. He used to keep 16 head of horses to run the farm. "I was so sick of horses that the first thing I did was sell the horses when I took over the farm and get a tractor. Horses are a lifetime, daytime, nighttime chore."

Godfrey remembers the big exposition of 1912 for more than the spring wheat championship his father won. First, there was the train ride into Lethbridge. "We kids used to get in the sleepers up top and ride the train to Lethbridge," he laughs. "The train stopped right at the grounds. I remember the fruits and trees on display from Ontario, and B.C. had lots of stuff, trees and fruit. One tree from B.C. was cut off about so high and was about the size of this room and people danced on it. It was a whopper.

"There were lots of mining displays, but mainly this was a farming congress. Hordes of people were there—I think they came from all over the world." One individual Godfrey remembers being there was Dr. Fairfield of the Lethbridge Research Station, a man his father looked up to…. He recalls trips to Lethbridge as a youth, with his Dad, to pick up coal. They'd come in from Raymond with four horses and a grain wagon to get the hard coal. They'd drive up to the mine and the company would empty a chute of coal into the wagon. Later, they started to go to the Magrath mine for their coal…

Godfrey was born in Magrath, lived in Raymond much of his life and retired to the Grandview home in Cardston. The farm at Raymond—there were no fences then—was located one mile north and one mile west of town. It's where the canal now sits, he says. The canal wasn't built until "the family" was raised.

While his dad didn't have a tractor, he did buy a car. "The first car my dad bought was a 490 Chevrolet – about 1914 I think," he says. While Godfrey was in England on a church mission, his father died and his older brother took over the farm. When he married, the farm was divided, with his brother taking the half east of the roadway and Godfrey taking the half to the west. He only entered the world wheat competition twice. "I sent samples – a bushel bag – to Chicago and Montreal, way back when I was young," he says. "I never heard from that wheat again. I registered it with the CPR and I was supposed to either get the money or the sample back. I got neither." Godfrey says he used Marquis wheat, like his father.

He took over the farm at age 21 and used it until he retired in 1955. "My dad was really taken up with Marquis," he says. "He asked for a sample when it first came out and then he got a bushel and seeded it. The exposition in Lethbridge was almost the next year."

Life on the farm was tough back then, says Godfrey. "Kids today don't know what work is," he adds. "They should shovel sugar beets if they want to know what work is." * * *

RAYMOND'S 50TH ANNIVERSARY – 1951 By Godfrey Holmes

The story of Raymond, Alberta, Canada and its agriculture is one of many changes. The early 1900's with its great grass plains, made it a cattlemen's paradise. But nature was fickle, so man and beast went to work. A canal was built to assure the needed moisture. With irrigation, new crops were added to that of grass: grain, sugar beets, alfalfa, potatoes, corn and more. New settlers moved in with a horse and plow and each began to fence off his little kingdom. Fields of crops and cultivated land took the place of grass. Cattlemen were pushed to the hills. At harvest time threshing crews of 15 or 20 hungry men and twice as many horses moved in upon the farmer, threshed his crop and moved on to another.

Raymond was made known the world over in 1912 when Henry Holmes won the International Wheat Championship with a bushel of Marquis wheat raised on dry land. The prize was a Rumley oil pulled tractor. These first gas tractors were tons of slow, noisy iron works, but with development were by 1928 replacing horses at a rapid rate as a means of farm power. With the advent of the rubber-tired tractor and implements to match a new era was born in labor-saving devices and agriculture was made more pleasant and farming more diversifies. Quick detachable implements made it possible to plow the soil, stack the hay, cut the fodder, spread the manure, load the beets or thresh the peas. The walking plow has given place to the hydraulic lift, the threshing crew to the one-man operated self-propelled combine. Rain is made to order by the sprinkler system. The cattle return from the hills to feedlots for winter feeding.

Raymond's agricultural development in the years to come will grow with the times. With rural electrification more people will live on their farms, better methods and better crops will be the theme for years to come.

6. Some of the grandchildren: L-R, rear: Jean Holmes, Joan Holmes, Carol Holmes, Ellen Claire Weaver, Kay Mitchell, Joanne Poulsen, Alice Holmes, Mary Winkler; front: David Holmes, Cecily Johnson, Jane Ann Mitchell, Carol Hall, Jane Weaver.

7. Below, left: Will & Sarah Jane Godfrey Evans about 1882; right: Joseph, Sarah Jane and Ethel Evans about 1886.

Archival Material:

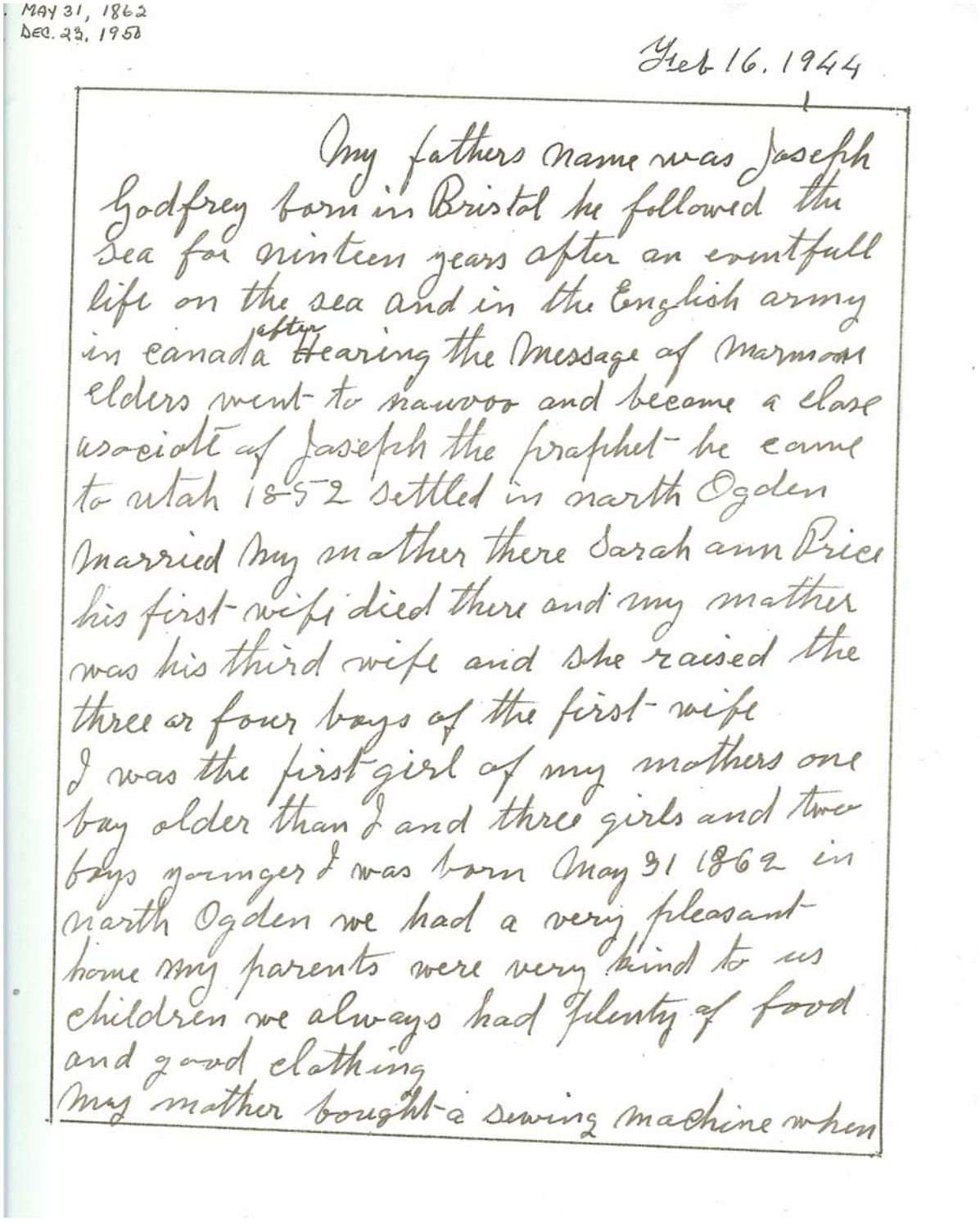
Patriarchal Blessing:

North Ogden, Weber County, Utah, September 24, 1889
Blessing given by John Smith, Patriarch, upon the head of
Sarah Jane Evans, daughter of Joseph and Sarah Godfrey
Born in North Ogden, Weber County, Utah 31 may 1862

"Sister Sarah Jane Evans, I place my hands upon thy head by virtue of my office and pronounce and seal a blessing upon thee which shall be a guide and a comfort unto thee in time to come. Thou art numbered among the daughters of whom much is expected and I say unto thee let thy faith fail not and be prudent in thy daily walk and conversation for the eye of the Lord has been upon thee from thy birth and He has a special work for thee to do and for this purpose thy life has been preserved. Therefore, seek to know His will and be obedient to the whisperings of the still small voice of the Comforter and the angel who was given thee at thy birth and will not forsake thee but will whisper in thine ear, guide thy course, direct thy mind, strengthen thy understanding and make thee equal to every task. Thou art of the lineage of Ephraim, born under the covenant, thus and heir to the blessings, gifts and privileges thereof, and thine inheritance is among the saints. Be upon thy guard and live up to thy privileges and thy mind shall expand and wisdom shall be given thee that thou shall council in righteousness among thine associates wheresoever thy lot may be cast and in thy habitation. Thou shalt complete thy mission. Thy name shall be honorable in the land and be handed down with thy posterity in honorable remembrance from generation to generation. Thou shalt be prospered in the labor of thy hands and no good thing shall be withheld from thee for thou shalt ask the Father in faith and thy petitions shall be heard and answered and all shall be well with thee, both here and hereafter, for thou shall be rewarded for the trials through which thou has past; therefore, be comforted and cheerful in thy deportment. This blessing with all which thou art heir to, I seal upon thee in the name of Jesus Christ and I seal thee up unto eternal life to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection. Even so, Amen.

Recorded in Book L – copied by M. H. W., daughter, digitized by granddaughter, E.C.W.S.

Outline of Sarah Jane Godfrey's life in her own hand:



MAY 31, 1862
DEC. 23, 1958

Feb 16. 1944

My fathers name was Joseph Godfrey born in Bristol he followed the sea for nineteen years after an eventfull life on the sea and in the English army in canada after Hearing the Message of Marmons elders went to nauvoo and became a close associate of Joseph the prophet- he came to utah 1852 settled in north Ogden married my mother there Sarah ann Price his first wife died there and my mather was his third wife and she raised the three or four boys of the first wife
I was the first girl of my mothers one boy older than I and three girls and two boys younger I was born May 31 1862 in north Ogden we had a very pleasant home my parents were very kind to us children we always had plenty of food and good clothing
My mather bought a sewing machine when

I was twelve years old and I did the family
sewing from that time till I was married
I had the small pox when fifteen years old
if my parents had not taken good care of
me would never of lived thru it
When 19 years old spent all summer
takeing care of people that had small pox
On Oct 12, 1882 I was married to
William Evans in the endowment house
in Salt Lake city by Daniel H Wells
on august 18, 1883, my first baby came a
boy named him Joseph William
Then on Oct 13, 1885 Ethel came to bless our
home when she was three months old
my Husband William Evans was killed
in a mine explasean in almy Wyoming
Dec Jan 12, 1886. and was brought to North
Ogden for buried
I bought me a home and washed and
sewed for my living and my two children
for seven or eight years

On June 8, 1893 I married Henry Holmes in the Logan Temple from this union I Had five children Henry, Myron, Sarah Ellen and Margaret were all born in North Ogden. In May 1900 we moved to canada Settleing in Magrath where Gadfrey and martha were born
in a few years after we moved to the farm near Raymond where Henry was working hard to have a good farm in 1912 he was the winer of the largest Prize ever geven for a bushel of wheat My oldest Son Joseph was killed in a grain Elevator on Oct 2, 1926
Henry Died Dec. 23, 1924 at the farm I have had many sarrows and some joys Have taught a sendayschool class in my Utah Home for many years and was a counselour in the mutal till moveing to canada and now at nearly 82 have good health and a host of good friends for which I am thankfull