

## BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF WILLIAM HARTFORD AVERY

My parents were very sincere Latter-Day-Saints. They were poor and worked very hard for their living. My father had no particular trade, but seemed to have a desire to make his living on a farm. He was also desirous of owning his own farm home. He kept almost entirely out of debt and did so far as I can remember always own his home. He lived an honest, honorable, upright life. He and Mother were both very good church workers, each one filled many responsible positions. There is a great deal of credit due each one for their faithful work. A member of the stake presidency who was well acquainted with Father said at his funeral that he had lived and died a thorough Latter-Day-Saint. I hope the same can be said of me when I am called home and be said as truthfully as it was said of my Father. My parents did not live long in Payson. After I was born, they moved to Springville, Utah, where they lived a little over two years. The winter I was three years old, they left me with my Grandmother Avery while they went and worked with Father. My Grandmother taught me to count one-hundred. While they worked on the St. George Temple, Mother cooked for the men that worked with Father. My Grandmother assisted me in the learning to spell in three letters. I was quite sick with Measles this winter; by living with her so long, and living near her afterwards caused me to dearly love my Grandmother Avery. My parents moved around quite a bit in my young days. The next place I remember was on the Utah Lake shore, called Indian Farm. It was here I took my first lesson as teamster. I helped drive the team, consisting of four bulls while Father held the plow in preparing the soil for spring crop. We moved from there to Northbend, San Pete County, Utah. We had not been there long when Mother was called to Emery County to help settle that dry desert country, but conditions were so unpromising the company most all backed out. Father asked the Bishop for advice for he desired to get a farm there if released from the call. The Bishop advised Father to buy the farm, which he did. The farm was about seven miles north of Northbend. This was about the fall of 1877. The following spring, I went with Father to build a house on the farm, and clear some of the ground to plant a crop in and make the necessary preparations for Mother and the rest of the family to move up. There was a spring of very good water on the place which Father prized very highly. As I look back, over my past life, it seems that Father was closer to me at this time than any other time of my life, though I was a very small boy. I slept, played, cooked, ate, and worked with him. He sang some songs and I surely learned to love my Father. The following fall, 1878, Father's call to settle Huntington, Emery County was renewed. Father was very much disappointed, and probably, if it had not been for his faith in the Gospel and the persuasion of Grandmother Avery, he never would have gone and left his new home which had to be sold at a sacrifice. We packed up, and with four other families and two men, we went making our road part of the way, and settled on the Huntington River, a chain of the Rocky Mountains separated us from all civilization until the next spring. Without any mail, supplies, or word from those behind until the winter had passed. No railroads, telephones, or any other way to get help only as we helped ourselves. There were others on different creeks both South and North of us. From twelve to twenty miles away surrounded by these conditions. My chance for an education was very much limited, but as years passed, rude schools were provided, but as this was a hard country to make a living in, developments were very slow. Even after we got schools, there was so much work to do I had to help Father many times when I should have been school, for he was raising a large family.

I received my first blessing in 1870. I was baptized August 1, 1880 by William Wimmer and confirmed a member of the church the same day by my Father. About this time, Huntington Ward was organized. Father was councillor to Bishop Elias Cox and I was ordained a Deacon. Mother was Secretary and Treasurer of the Relief Society. Some years later, the Ward was reorganized. Father was set apart as one of the High Councillors to Emery Stake. I was told by different ones that Father was a strong power for good in this capacity, as he was so firm and had such a

strong will power for good. Father built the first home in Huntington. Others lived in **Dugouts** for years. Our house was the only one with a floor, in the county, and they came to our place to dance sometimes. Sometimes it took three or four days to make a trip, as they were slow teams. Some of them were oxen or ox teams. I well remember what big times they had. They were all as one and surely enjoyed themselves.

About 1885, I was ordained a Priest in the Aaronic Priesthood, and about this time I was set apart as a chorister in the Deacon's Quorum. I was kept quite busy in the Church activities. We had no coal in those days, and the few Deacons did all the janitor work in the meeting house, including chopping wood, etc. I also assisted in Ward Teaching after I was a Priest. In the spring of 1886, I started to herd sheep and drew a man's wages. I herded most of the time, my Father taking my place for short intervals. This kept me from Church activities, but I did not neglect my prayers and kept my name of the Tithing Record. My parents saw that I was kept in Church books to read. There was never any other kind of literature in my camp. My parents received my salary for the maintenance of the family. When Father took my place, he and Mother saw that I had spending money, but as I remember, I did not spend but very little foolishly. I had to work too hard to get it. My parents were very good to me, and taught me correct principles. About 1889, I was ordained an Elder in the Melchizedek Priesthood. I assisted in building the first meeting house in Huntington, also the second and then in remodeling and repairing it later. On the 29th of June, 1890, I was ordained a Seventy by William Burgess, and the Prophet, Joseph Smith, ordained him. The spring previous to this, I was Secretary of the Y.M.M.I.A. I might say here that Father opposed the idea of ordaining me a Seventy so young, telling them they would send me on a mission at too young an age, but after promising they would not, Father consented. Father had me pay tithing at an early age, and I tried to make it a habit ever since. When I was twenty years old, I began to think seriously about getting married, and probably would have done in the spring of 1891, but Mother said I was too young, and they needed my help at home. I quit herding sheep and took my team and wagon and went to haul lumber to earn a wedding stake. I worked all summer until November and they paid me \$106. I asked Mother again about getting married. She told me they were owing a bill in each of the three stores and she did not know how they would get along. I went to each store and paid their bills and had \$40 left. With Mother's and Father's consent, I was married to Sarah Jane Rowley November 25, 1891 in the Manti Temple. I had known Sarah Jane for years. She was a very good girl and proved to be a very good wife and mother. My property consisted of a cow, calf, team and wagon, with no home or land, but we were young and not afraid to work and both knew how to save, and so we started out in poverty, but very happy. The first winter I did not have steady work but earned a few dollars at odd jobs and we made out very nicely. The next spring, I rented forty acres of ground from Brother Wood who also farmed fifteen acres of Father's ranch. We both worked, schemed and saved so our income was more than our expenses so we were both contented. That fall, 1892, Brother Reuben Miller, who later became President of Emery Stake and was also my former employer and boss while with the sheep came to get me and my wife to go and work for him on what was known as the Winter house ranch. We consented so on what was known later we left Huntington and went fifteen miles on the ranch. Sarah Jane cooked from two, to at times, fifteen men. Of course when there was a crowd we had a girl. I fed sheep and cattle in the winter and raised hay, potatoes, garden and so on in the summer. On May 10, 1895 we were blessed with a fine baby girl which we named Eliza Ann. We worked 25 months on this ranch being very careful all the time, we saved nearly all we earned as Miller Bros. furnished the ranch with both board and furniture. So on November 5, 1894, we went back to Huntington. We had saved almost enough to pay for eighty acres of land and house and lot. The following spring, May 23, 1895, Milton was born. We were still very happy. We were now able to work entirely for ourselves and soon we saved enough to finish paying for home. We were back in the Ward busy with Church activities. We both

belonged to both the Ward and Stake choir which provided us with many very good times. On July 28, Idona was born. We prospered and done fine in every way until May 29, 1900, our little girl, Mary, was born. She only lived long enough for me to give her the name of Mary. My dear wife never got well after that. She took care of her work but was not well. The night of December 4, 1900, she took a very sudden change for the worse, spent a terrible night and died at 10 minutes to nine the next morning. Words cannot express my feelings. She had been by my side continually while I was around home and when she was well met me at the gate, opening it for me when I came home from the canyon or field with a loaded wagon. She seemed always without exception looking and anxious for my return. When I made short trips from home, if possible, she went with me and when she did not go, I was just as anxious to get back home as she was to have me, so we were nearly always together. During our nine years of married life, we were together nearly all the time, there was never a cross word spoken between us. It took a long time for me to realize fully what had happened. It seemed the world was as empty for me, as my own house was. I had many relatives and friends, but I felt like I was alone with my three little children. When I looked at the orchard that she had helped me arrange and plant also the garden but all had such a lonely expression. I could hardly stand it to be there. When I went to the corral, there were her favorite cows, and in the barn was the team she prized so highly. In the field every thing was so quiet I could hardly stand it. I could see marks wherever I went that reminded me of her. There was her place in the choir but I could no longer hear her sing. Only those who have had similar experiences know how I felt. It seemed the joy, the love, the happiness for me had so near all gone. I was led many times to think, Oh what is home without a loving wife and Mother. I did not know which way to turn or what to do. Ever so many asked me to let them have each one of my dear children, but I would not think of separating them. Sarah Jane's father and mother kept them for a while and bakes bread for me while I batched it and tried to take care of our home and the things we had worked so hard for, but it seemed I was making a failure. I will never forget the many good friends who befriended me in my great trial. They did all they could and I appreciate it. One day followed another until about six weeks had passed when Grandmother Rowley took very sick and died in a few days. What was I to do with my dear children now. I was very much surprized to have my mother come to my rescue as they lived in Idaho. I was very glad to have her with me, but she was not there long until she told me I must to to Idaho with her. I had never thought of such a thing. The idea of me leaving our home farm, cows, horses, chickens, pigs, our all, I should say not. It just seemed my trouble was more than I could stand. I had never wanted to leave Huntington before and now I felt I could not thing of it and didn't want to try. Mother stayed for three months and helped me with my children. She did all she could to help me in every way. By this time I could see I could not make things go right and Mother soon had to go back to her home, however, she had never given up in trying to convince me I had better go to Idaho. I was partly converted that maybe I'd better go. So I rented all I had and landed at Father's and Mother's dear home with my children April 7, 1901. I fully intended to return to my dear home in Huntington. When I got to Idaho, I was restless. I visited a few days then wanted to go on. I hired out to Davis Bros. to work with sheep and as I had had some experience with that kind of work and it gave me a chance to travel and change from one place to another. It seemed best for me to continue with this work. I was soon promoted to foreman-ship, but this kept me from my children. I went to see them every few weeks but they had practically lost the association of both Father and Mother. My Father and Mother was taking care of them with the help of my sisters.

In May, 1902, my Father died there, by breaking up my Mother's home, I decided I should find another home for my children. I had got acquainted with Mrs. Joyara Smith, a music teacher, whom I thought much of. I made it my business to see how

she handled the children whom she taught. She appeared so very kind to them, I thought she would be kind to mine and be a good Mother for them. I also asked my Heavenly Father to guide me right. So we were married in the Salt Lake Temple, June 18, 1902, for time and all eternity. She had been married before by the law of the land, from this marriage she had one son, Ulysses, eleven months younger than my oldest child. We had him sealed to us in the Temple. I kept working with the sheep until the spring of 1903. I went back to my old home in Huntington but things looked so changed and I had such a blue feeling came over me that I decided to sell my home and farm, also part of the horses and cows. I sold in a hurry and made the poorest bargains I think I ever made in my life. I shipped the balance to Idaho. I bought a larger farm in Salem, Idaho. I was only able to pay part down so went in debt the heaviest I ever was. I quit working with sheep and went to farming but it seemed luck was against me. All my work horses died excepting one. In driving a pipe for a well, I got one thumb so badly smashed that I had to have it taken off. It did not get well as it should and blood poison set in and I nearly lost my hand. I could not use my right arm for a long time. My wife had earned quite a bit of money, but now the family being larger and farm life being so much different than town life and me not being able to work and there was so much to be done on our new home. We found ourselves living on heavy expense and not enough coming in to meet the debt, so we mortgaged our home, a thing I thought I would never do. Things ran on this way for years, even after my arm and hand got well, we continued to get behind. The wife and I did not get along as well as we ought to have done. I had been fairly active in the Church but not quite so much so as in days gone by. We lived one mile from church and sometimes could hardly get there for bad roads. I was feeling terrible. In the fall of 1905, I hired out to Austin Bros. Assn. to work with sheep again. In the spring of 1906, I was promoted to foreman. This took me from home most all the time. I only went home about once every four months. We bought the wife a sury buggy with shaves so she drove the horse and buggy all over that part of the country teaching music lessons. She had never stopped teaching but from this time she taught most all the time. We rented most of our 120 acre farm keeping only enough for pasture and garden. I regretted being away from home so much but I could not do justice to my work without. We had been going behind so long with no prospect of a change it looked like the only thing to do. I was able to draw a good salary but was not happy being away from my children. My wife was also away from home teaching a great deal leaving the children alone so much. My home was so much different from what I had intended. I could not attend Church I loved so well. Our tithing continued to grow smaller. My check went home each month but there were so many ways for it to go that the Lord did not get his share. In time, however, we did begin to get out of debt and things were getting better. I insisted strongly on paying more tithing. In January, 1910, while in Nevada, I received a telegram telling me to hurry home as Idona was very sick. It seemed Providence was against us again. Idona was in Dr. Shoop's care. The wife blamed the Doctor severely for his carelessness. I had a talk with him. He promised to do all in his power but he failed miserably and my dear girl continued to get worse and on January, 20, 1910, died an awful death. Her suffering was unbearable to the last. She was, I believe, the most faithful, patient, loving, kindest girl of her age I ever seen. Those who knew her said she never complained and always saw the good things of life. She begged for life to the last. She was surely one of the Lord's choice ones. Taking it all in all this loss was a greater blow to me than when her Mother died. If it hadn't been that I knew they were both mine for time and all eternity, I do not believe I could of stood it. How thankful I am that the Lord gave me such choice gifts. My prayer is that I may be worthy to go back to his presence when I find my work finished here upon earth, I am sure they are in Heaven, worthy to meet our Heavenly Father, and I know they are waiting for me. I might add that Dr. Shoop's conduct with women was such that

it broke up his home and the report was that he went to the bad, I do not know. My home troubles got no better. I prayed with all the faith I had asking for the Lord's assistance to make things better at home but there was no improvement. I decided to send Annie and Milton to Huntington, Utah, and paid their Aunt to take care of them. They were there about five or six months, and then I had them come back. I took Milton out to work with me and in time, Annie and Milton got happily married.

November 4, 1934, just three weeks from the day my beloved Father was buried, I his daughter, Annie, attempts to finish his life's history beginning where he left off. The next chapter is the saddest part in his life and I am sure it is because of this that my Father dreaded to refer to it or go on with his history.

After Milton and I were married, we both lived in Kenilworth, Utah. My Father's wife, Zora, moved in Rexburg Second Ward. Father had the sheep close in that winter so that he could be home two or three times each week. This day was a cold stormy day. Father came home about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. That evening he and Zora had just finished supper and were sitting at the table when a knock came on the door. Zora answered the door. It was a neighbor lady with a shawl around her shoulders. Not knowing my Father washome had come to chat a while with Zora. When she came in, Zora introduced her to my Father and they all chatted for a brief time, then Zora excused herself, and went into the front room. She was gone for an uncomfortably length of time which was embarrassing for Father and the neighbor. Finally Father called to her but she didn't answer so he went into the front room, found the front door open a little and she was gone. Father went back to the kitchen and told the neighbor lady. She thought of course, it was very strange and so left at once. She had only just left when the phone rang. It was Zora. She told Father she was leaving and for him not to try to follow her that she was too far away, then she hung up. Father called Central and asked if she could trace that call, but she could not. Father found out later that at that very moment Zora was in the Telephone Office. Father was out all night in the storm trying to locate her. He went to her son's place, also each of her sisters, but they would give him no word of where she was. And so several days weeks passed and still no word from her. Father was in the worst trouble. He had never known any trouble worse than this. He was advised to enter suit for divorce, a thing my Father felt was terrible. I know my Father would have had a divorce years before if it had not been for the attitude he held toward a divorce. But this time, it seemed the only thing to do, so he entered suit for divorce on the grounds of desertion. And as soon as this action was taken, Zora made her appearance, appearing against him suing Father for divorce on the grounds of non-support. Let me say here this all but got my Father down. After the entire period of their married life a check for his full earnings had been sent to her direct from the main office of Austin Bros. sheep Assn. in Salt Lake, and Father always made very good wages. Father felt too terrible to fight the case and so the divorce was granted her, and gave her half the property, and then later she entered suit again and claimed still another half of his share of property. I will not try to tell the misery and heartache she always tried to give him. But regardless of what she did no one can ever truthfully say he ever spoke disrespectful of her. He seldom ever mentioned her. Father worked with the sheep from then until one winter he had the sheep up in Teton and he visisted Aunt Minerva as we all knew her. Her first husband was my Father's uncle, Thomas Cheney. At this time, she was a widow with six children the oldest of these was married, she was Areatha. I don't know how long it was after this meeting before they were married. As he only kept me posted on the different things of interest by writing a letter about twice each month, I did not know of this. But I well remember the June of 1919, Father and Aunt Minerva were married and came to visit us in Kenilworth. Leora and Dick were just little tots and we had told them that this was Grandpa and so they called him that and I remember how pleased

he was and laughed at being called Grandpa. Aunt Minerva had a farm or two in Victor, Idaho, and Father quit the sheep and took up farming there. At last he was contented again for the first time since my dear Mother's death. Stenna and Gordon were just small children. He wrote to me to write the words to the song called "I Want to Kiss You on the Telephone" and the song "Say, What Would You Take for me, Daddy?" We wanted to teach them to Stenna. I forgot to mention that Father and Aunt Minerva were married in the Salt Lake Temple too. Well, I cannot give a very accurate account of his life even here, only that he always wrote of being very happy. He always had a keen interest in Christmas with children even though he never did spend but one with Milton and I after we left Huntington. But about the first Christmas after he and Aunt Minerva were married, I heard him tell with a great deal of pleasure as he referred to it. Cabinet graphinolas were just coming out. Well, Father bought an Edison Graphinola. With a fine selection he made a fire then put a lively record on to play. He told of how they all came hurrying out when they heard the music.

When Thomas, Aunt Minerva's oldest son was old enough, he was called on a Mission. I have heard Father express how the Lord blessed them and they prospered in farming and raising milk cows and selling cream. After Thomas returned from his mission, Naomi was called and filled a mission. During that time they lived in Victor, Father was very active in Church work. He was president of the Y.M.M.I.A., a member of the Bishopric for a number of years. While attending conference in Salt Lake, he met Mark Austin from the Austin Bros. Sheep Assn. They made him a very good offer if he would work for them again. Father decided to accept their offer and so they gave him the position of Superintendent of the Company. He and Aunt Minerva moved to Blackfoot, Idaho, so he could be close to the work. He was kept very busy but enjoyed it, as he could be home almost every night, and could attend to his Church duties too. He was in the Blackfoot Second Ward Bishopric for a number of years. Also worked in Genealogy work and did Temple Work in the Logan Temple whenever he could. His health began to fail in different ways. Once a small cancer developed on his upper lip. He had to have it cut out. The Dr. took a piece from his lip the size of pencil (or the width of a pencil) but did a very fine operation as after it was all healed you could scarcely see where it had been. Then he suffered terribly with headaches and dizziness. He complained of a constant roar in his head. This condition made it very dangerous to drive the car alone up in the hills to look after the sheep business. He was advised to come to Salt Lake to Dr. Stauffer, the head specialist, and he advised an operation taking a bone growth from his nose and in the Sianisc region which he performed while he was here. I watched this operation. It was painful but he stood it most wonderful and recovered from that and returned home to his work. But still the dizziness and the roaring in his head continued so again he and Aunt Minerva came to Salt Lake and went to the Salt Lake Clinic where they made a very close examination and came to a decision that he had a tumor on the brain. They advised him to go to Minnesota to the Mayo Bros. for this operation and go as soon as possible. This made him feel terrible and he decided to go home and have the other members of the Bishopric together with a number of the other brethren come to him home and hold prayer circle so the entire family fasted and prayed for him and after the prayer circle, the brethren administered to him and I can truly testify that the Lord did head and answer the prayer in his behalf that day because he never did have to have that operation and did get better from this trouble. But the first of May, 1932, he met with a very serious accident. was hit with an automobile and thrown down a deep grade, rendering him unconscious and cutting and bruising him quite badly but the most serious injury was to his neck. It must have been so nearly broken that it was kinked real bad and he suffered terribly with it and never did get so he could turn his head freely again, but with all this he never did neglect his work or