

Granddaughter, Darlene Hamblin Anderson

I spent many summers as a young girl with grandma. She was so glad for me to come and she spent many hours telling of her life and that of her families. Each morning she would grind some wheat and we would have delicious cracked wheat cereal. She would grind it in a little coffee mill. I slept with her in her feather bed and how wonderful it was to sink into it up to your ears. I loved that bed, and I know grandma loved me.

Ida Minerva Rollins Hamblin passed away the 5th of October 1947, just three days after her 87th birthday. She died rather suddenly.





History of

WENLOCK
WHEELER FREE

Written by his
Mother and Sister,
Rachel Wheeler Free
and Rae Free Empie

Wenlock Wheeler Free, born August 18, 1909, parents Wenlock Ammon Free and Rachel Dibley Wheeler.

Wenlock was born in Pioche, Nevada, about 3:30 am, in the first home owned by his parents. He was delivered by Dr. Campbell and Mrs. Ethel Middleton. He tipped the scales at a little over six pounds. He was a cross, fretful baby and was three months old before he was ever taken outside. He was walking by the age of one year, and started talking while quite young. His brother, Darell Hicks was born 18 months later. These two little boys were very close and remained that way throughout all Wenlock's life. They played well and were always together. Their toys were boxing gloves sent by Aunt Tan from Salt Lake City, and tricycles. Mother always knew where they were because

Granddaughter, Lorene Hamblin Bradshaw:

When grandpa died of a massive heart attack, I immediately went to Lyman to be with grandma. She asked me to help her dress him in his temple clothes. I considered that to be a great honor. It was a difficult task as grandpa was such a big man; but when we were through he looked so handsome. Grandma stood by me, crying and telling me how good he had always been to her, and how handsome he was as a young man. As I looked at him, I noticed that his hair was very thick and dark brown, with just a touch of grey at the temple. He had died at 77 years of age.

Grandma was always beautifully dressed, and her hair was thick and dark brown. On some occasions she was accused of dying her hair, which was considered a sin at that time, but she told me her only secret was rinsing it in vinegar water to bring out the color and shine. It still works. Her hair didn't turn white until she was in her eighties.

Granddaughter, Geraldine Hamblin Bangerter

Grandma and grandpa had a feather bed and yes it was so much fun. This bed was in one room of their house along with two big chairs, grandma's sewing machine, and everything else they owned. The other room in the house was the kitchen. I never felt that their house was too crowded, I enjoyed the coziness of being with them in their last little home.

While working in Green River, we bought a two-room house and a lot in Lyman. On December 14, 1931, Wallace and I were married 50 years and our children got together and planned a celebration. All of our children and grandchildren and two great grandchildren were present. Our son Eugene and three grandchildren had passed away.

We lived in Green River nearly 10 years. My husband was laid off on his 70th birthday. He received a railroad pass for us and we spent two months travelling around the states of Utah, Idaho, California and Nevada visiting family and friends.

We lost our daughter Addie, mother of eight children, quite suddenly in May 1932. It was a great sorrow for us.

We were living in our little home very comfortable when my husband's health began to fail. We did everything we could for him and took him to Salt Lake thinking the change of climate might do him good. But it was too late. We returned home on the 30th of September 1937, and he passed away that evening at 7 p.m. while sitting in his chair. He had enlargement of the heart. I have lived alone since then. This is February 1939. I have five sons and two daughters living, one son and one daughter dead, 38 grandchildren living and 4 dead, 14 great grandchildren.

MEMORIES OF WALLACE AND IDA HAMBLIN FROM THEIR
DESCENDANTS

Wenlock always hummed. No special tune--just m-m-m-m-m-m-m. He always loved to sing and in later life taught himself to play a mandolin.

While Darell was still a small baby the family moved to Salt Lake City. The following year was a difficult one as their Dad was in a cast with a broken back. Finally Dad had his brother Joe cut the cast off and he took him to a chiropractor who said his back wasn't broke at all just dislocated. After a few treatments Dad regained his strength and was fine again.

While in Salt Lake City they were frequent visitors to Liberty Park. One day Dad took Wenlock uptown. The stores frequently displayed their goods on the sidewalk, and Wenlock just walked up and picked out a little red wagon and walk on up the street with it. Dad caught him and brought him back and payed for the wagon. The two little boys had lots of fun with this wagon. They would fill it with canned goods and sell it to Mom. Many hours were spent in this fashion.

The family moved to the Snake Creek Tunnel when Wenlock was four or five. There was a lot of snow and Dad made skies and put on a box to pull the boys around in and let them go down hills. The family moved back to Pioche, and then to Newhouse, Utah, where Lory was born, August 11, 1916.

Wenlock attended first grade in Salt Lake City. Didn't have a school at Snake Creek. When they moved to Pioche it was actually out to Highland where Wenlock attended school for a short time. Then he attended school in Newhouse. They

moved back to Salt Lake City, and then on to Leadore, Idaho. Wenlock finished grade school and high school in Leadore.

During this time the boys had a trap line. They checked their traps early in the mornings before school. They wore a great amount of clothes-- even wrapping their feet and legs over their overshoes with burlap as it was extremely cold - at time 40 degrees below zero. There was also two to three feet of snow. The boys did real well on their trap lines earning enough to outfit them in clothes for the winter. During the summer they worked in the hayfields.

Wenlock was an avid basketball player. He and Darell were always on the main team. School was easy for Wenlock and he was very popular with boys as well as girls.

We moved back to Lincoln County in 1929, and Wenlock got a job working on the highway helping to build the road over the hill from Pioche to the Prince Mine. Wenlock still played basketball for the Pioche town team. He went to Wendover to work for a year, then came back to Pioche where he worked with Dad doing assessment work for different mining companies.

Wenlock was baptized by Myron Standley and confirmed by J. E. Peterson, on August 21, 1921, in Leadore, Idaho.

When Lory was so ill in Pioche (age 19), Wenlock spent a great deal of time at his bedside. He participated in blessing him and spent all one night at his bedside praying for him.

Wenlock was always happy, or at least if he was angry it didn't last long and was promptly forgotten. Many are the snow

eggs, and vegetables and go to Spring Valley and Cumberland and peddle them. So with all of us working, we managed to keep him.

My baby girl Lucille was born on the 29th of August 1906 at our ranch home. Our son Rollin, was called to go to Australia on a mission in October 1908.

In the spring of 1909, Lee leased a hotel in Elko, Wyoming, a coal mining camp near Kemmerer. He wanted the girls to go and run it for him but I would not let them go unless I went with them. We rented our famr and moved over there and kept boarders for the company. We had as high as 60 boarders at a time. Lee was married in the Salt Lake Temple on November 11,1909.

Addie married Levi Blad November 15, 1911 in the Salt Lake Temple, and made their home in Panaca, Nevada. Eugene married Pauline Zabriskie, April 9, 1912. Rollin married Cora Roberts, February 28, 1912. Ida married Eugene Eyre, June 5, 1912, so that left our home kind of desolate. My mother was still living with me. However, my mother passed away September 25, 1912. She was in her 90th year.

In November 1922, my husband obtained work in the Union Pacific shops in Green River. I stayed in Lyman that winter with Robert and Lucille in school, but in May, 1923, we moved to Green River.

priesthood through the Elders was my life spared. I was a long time gaining my strength.

Time went on and we kept on improving our farm and every year getting a little more land under cultivation and fenced. But the men folk would have to go away from home and work when they would get a chance. In the year 1901, Cumberland coal mines had just opened up and there was a lot of work over there. Engene and Lee went over and obtained work. Along in the summer I decided I would go over and cook for the boys. I was not very well and would consult the doctor there about myself, as there was no doctor here at that time. When the crops were all gathered and taken care of, my husband came over to Cumberland and obtained work in No. 2 south mine.

October 7, 1901, I gave birth to a premature and very small and delicate boy. We named him James Robert. I was confined to my bed from then on until the middle of December. We still lived in Cumberland until the next spring, when we moved back to the farm.

In April 1903, Eugene was called on a mission for the LDS Church to what was then the Colorado Mission. We only had two weeks to prepare him. Sometimes we did not know where we were going to get money to keep him on but somehow by scheming and working it came. Lee and Rollin worked out most of the time and helped to keep him, and Wallace, would take care of the farm. Then to help out, every week I would take a team and buggy and go around the Valley and gather up butter,

banks he pitched his sister Rae into. He also taught her how to make kites and fly them. As she grew older and had problems, it was Wenlock she went to. He always had time to listen to her, and offered good advise.

Rae states, "He gave me more self-confidence than any one else in my life. I remember going to their house many times as a late teenager to find Wenlock on top of the house with a number of rubber guns standing off all the neighborhood children as well as his own in a game of cowboy and Indians, or cops and robbers. For a year or so I worked down the mine with the three boys and Mr. Hansen. During lunch hour we would play games--tag and hopscotch. There was always something--we were all crazy. I could always borrow his car, and if I needed money he always gave it to me. When he had his fingers cut off I stayed with him while the doctor fixed them and he worried about my being there, but was glad I was. Squeezed my hand so hard my fingers were blue. I love him very, very much.

This was written in April 1975
for Joseph Carl Free, on his 40th birthday.

Night Thoughts
by Wenlock W. Free

Each night through the dismal city
Where misery abounds untold;
He stretches hands of infinite pity
O'er the sheep of His suffering fold.
We witness in the shining glory,
The myriad wounds layed bare,
Through the trials of day's sad story
Are clothed by His gentle care.
So at last, if a soul is ready
For that glorious mansion above,
His hands kind and steady,
Open the gateway of love.
And whether worthy of highest reward
Or strayed a little, the while,
He holds the traveler fast and hard
By the glory of His welcoming smile.
So, though life's stairway of trials be high
And the best of it's steps too few,
Let us merit the best there is in His sky,
His smile for me and for you.

Whenever the men could get a job working out, they would do so to get money to buy feed for their teams. Rollin, who was 11 years old after we came, hired out for 8 dollars per month. He obtained enough money to get him a suit of clothes and other things to attend school with. Lee hired out as a sheep camp tender. Eugene worked for a Mr. Marchasault. They all managed to attend school in the winter. We had been married 15 years when we moved to Wyoming.

After my brothers and myself moved from Minersville and left our parents, they were not contented. They sold their home and came to cast their lot with their children. They arrived on the 8th of July 1898 and made their home with me. Father's health had been very poor for several years and this climate was very severe on him. He was suffering with Brights Disease and he passed away on the 7th of February 1899 -- just living seven months after he came. He was the first man buried in the Lyman Cemetery. Father would have been 83 years old the following May.

My husband's mother came to Wyoming that same winter. She came as Doctor and Nurse. She filed on 160 acres of land just below our place.

Wallace and Lee were away working on the railroaad at Spring Valley in November 1899. Before he left, he brought his mother to stay with me as we were expecting the stork that afternoon. On the 22nd of November, I had a terrible hemorrhage and gave birth to a fine baby boy, but it never lived. My life was dispared of and only through faith and prayer and power of the

folk decided to leave the women and families there and go and see if they could find a more suitable place to locate.

One week later, they returned and told us they had staked out 160 acres, filed on it, and bought the Carter Canal for \$1500 in Bridger Valley. Wallace had filed on a place three and a half miles northeast of Lyman located on the Blacks Fork River. We soon packed up and moved right over. We were just a week coming over from Lucerne Valley to Bridger Valley. There was a big snow storm that came on us enroute. We arrived on the 9th of November in a terrible blizzard. We stopped at the first place we came to which was Steven's ranch. We never forgot the kind hospitality of the Steven's family.

The next day we all found houses to live in at Mt. View. My brother Watson and our family rented a small two-room house and each family had a room a piece with no door between us. We put our sewing machines against the door for a partition but the children would climb over them. We managed fairly well with our sheep wagons for the boys to sleep in.

On the 9th of March, 1898, we moved into our two-room log house before it was shinked or daubed with a dirt roof and dirt floor. There was a terrible blizzard on. We had quite a hard struggle clearing our land of sage brush and getting it fenced. All hands would have to work making ditches and plowing the land. They got a few acres of wheat and oats in and some potatoes. They also put in several acres of lucerne. They bought the lucerne seed on the road out here.

This poem was written in Salt Lake City, on the first night after Wenlock left his father at the hospital. His father had been seriously injured in a mine accident.

Tribute to Wenlock Wheeler Free

written by his brother Darell Hicks Free, May 1975

He was a brother who was always the dominating playmate. In school he was an exceptional student. He was an accomplished athlete. He made friends easily and could have had any girl he wanted. Wenlock was an avid sportsman excelling especially in hunting, fishing, and trapping.

He learned at an early age the value of work from his father. He courted, and married the special girl of his dreams. They became the proud parents of a very nice family. Wenlock was very proud of and dutiful to his wonderful father and mother.

History of
WENLOCK WHEELER FREE
by
Jeanne Blad Free Robinson

COURTSHIP

It all began at a Lincoln County Fair, held in Eagle Valley, about thirty miles from Panaca, Nevada, where I had spent my childhood. The new fellow who came to town occasionally, and whom I had not yet had the opportunity to meet was taking my sister, Phyllis, to the dance, which was the closing event of the fair.

My two sisters, Phyllis and Genevive, and I were scheduled to sing a trio on the program sometime during the day and we were staying for the dance that evening. Eagle Valley boasted one public building, which served as school house, church house, and in this case dance hall.

I had spent the summer away from home, visiting my Aunt Lucille Long and helping her when her second child, Donald was born. Three months away from home and at the ripe age of almost fourteen, I felt, and even looked very grown up.

The highlight of the evening was renewing old acquaintances with the young kids, and meeting and dancing with my sister's date. He might be described (in the words of a fourteen year old) as handsome, darling, good dancing cousin of

in cotton and a shawl until we were able to get some clothes made for them.

Their father did not see them until they were three months old. When he returned home from Salt Lake he had been working for a furniture man and brought home two high chairs and a baby buggy and a nice rocking chair for me.

After the twins, came our 4th son, William Clark, born on the 20th of September 1893. In three more years our 5th son, Henry Marcene, was born on the 18th of November 1896. These children, seven of them, were all born in Minersville, Utah.

In September 1897, we left Minersville with 9 families - a total of 52 souls. We were heading north to find more land for our growing families to make a living from. We had heard Lucerne Valley in northern Utah had all that we wanted. The little band struggled along for five weeks. Much of that time there was sickness in the company. In the evening, at the bedside of the sick, prayers were offered up for the afflicted and the sincere supplications were heard and answered.

Our family had 9 souls, 3 wagons, 7 horses, 2 cows, and a dozen chickens. Lee, 12 and Rollin, 10, drove two of the wagons, and Eugene, riding a saddle horse, helped to drive the cattle and loose horses. At night these three sons slept on the ground under the wagon.

When our company finally arrived in mid-October, we were all very much disappointed with the surroundings. I think we women folk were more disappointed than the men. The men

conference, I returned home with them, and Wallace stayed in Salt Lake to work. We were expecting the stork to again visit us.

One day early in February, I was returning home from mother's with little Rollin a hold of my hand. As we were passing our corral, a cow that had just been brought up off the range with a young calf took after us. We just escaped her horns by crawling through some bars close by.

The next morning I was quite sick. I continued being ill for three days. On the 6th of February 1891, I gave birth to twin girls. They were very tiny and no one had any idea they would live. We put them both on the scales together and they just weighed 7 lbs. My husband was still in Salt Lake. My brother Watson and his wife were all with me when I was in trouble. He went for the Elders and brought them to bless and name the babies. We all thought they would die because they groaned every breath they drew. We gave them the names of Ida Melissa and Addie Minerva.

They were so small and delicate and quite a care for a long time. My husband being away made it quite hard for me to care for them in my weakened condition. But my dear old mother would come up every day and do all she could to help me and would stay with me until the babies would quiet down for the night. Mother would help me with them until they got so they were better and easier to take care of. After the babies were five months old, they seemed to thrive and grow from then on. By the way, when they were born I did not have anything to put on them as they were too small to dress. So they were just wrapped

Ted Deck, with the most unusual and romantic sounding name, Wenlock Free.

High school was beginning, there were ever so many fun boys, and dates. Just think, three older classes of boys. Whenever at dances, I should be fortunate enough to be asked to dance by Wenlock, I would float on air for days, and somehow the boys at school seemed immature by comparison. He had already graduated from High School in Leadore, Idaho. His family had returned to Pioche after being away for many years. He was working at the mill in Pioche when we first met.

Very soon after the dance in Eagle Valley, there were other dances and picnics. It wasn't long until we were having dates together. He often came to visit his cousins, James and Ted Deck in Panaca. James was still in school and involved in sports, and often his cousin, Wenlock was involved and interested. There were not any sports events that surpassed those at the County High School in Panaca.

Incidentally, my sister, Phyllis, fell in love with a Dr. Bhueler and never seemed to mind my taking over her beau.

Within the year we were dating quite steadily, much to the alarm of my parents. Wenlock was six years my senior, and at my age they felt that this was too much of an age gap.

Our boy friends were always invited to share meals with us. We did not have a large house, but had a large dining table, eight children, one grandmother who lived with us, and, a piano with lots of music since the piano was an old fashioned player-piano

so any one could play. There was always a game of cards or checkers going on in one of the corners, fun and laughter predominated over disappointments and deprivations of a "depression" romance. The generous spirit of sharing what we had and in a family the size of ours, the cooperation that was necessary in order to live comfortably under one roof made an atmosphere that was congenial. Wenlock seemed to be as much at home at our house as he was at his Aunt Esther's home.

As already noted these depression years were not without their fun times. At home in the evening, dishpans of popcorn were consumed, uncountable pounds of sugar boiled up into homemade fudge and taffy candy. There was a card game that adults and children alike enjoyed and the only name I can recall is "Pete". This game kept kids and adults matching wits. Even grandmother Blad was quite an expert in beating the others. Our dates were always included, if they cared to be, and many times one would have a hard time stopping them. Chinese checkers was one of the favorites, and could be shared by little ones, also regular checkers.

YOUTH

Some of the things that I learned from Wenlock about his youth had a definite bearing upon the kind of a man he became. Since he was the oldest child in his family, he took responsibility very well. He was of pleasant disposition, keen sense of humor and very courteous.

were again presented with another fine son. On the 3rd of December 1884, Claudious Lee was born. We were trying to keep one of the first commandments to multiply and replenish the earth. I thought that was our mission here. There was no race suicide in those days especially with the Mormon people.

Summer of 1885, we began building a two-room brick home on a lot, with an apple and pear orchard, in the center of town. However, the house was not finished until Jan 1887 and we moved into it just after our third son was born on the 19th. We named him Edwin Rollin.

We enjoyed being to ourselves very much, although it was hard for me to leave father and mother to do for themselves. They were getting along in years. We were only two short blocks away, and we would help them with the hardest work.

Wallace's mother, Mary Ann Corbridge Hamblin, moved to Salt Lake with her two daughters, Effie and Essie, and took up obstetrics and became a very efficient doctor and nurse. This was during a building boom in Salt Lake, and as work around home in Minersville was very scarce, she sent for Wallace and his brother William to come to Salt Lake with their teams to work. They took their families with them. They obtained work hauling rock and building material.

Both families lived together until the fall of 1890. We wanted to find a house of our own, but every time we asked about a house to rent, they would not rent to us with children. When my parents came to Salt Lake to attend October

My brother Watson, his wife, Wallace and I all lived at home with my parents. The men folk spent the winter freighting and hauling ore from the Lincoln Mines to Milford. In the spring and summer the men spent their time farming.

Our first child was born December 12, 1882. We were made happy parents of a fine son, Wallace Eugene. Naturally he was the nicest baby ever born. My brother and his wife had a son born in September of the same year. The two boys grew up together and as far as affection goes I think two brothers could not have loved one another more than they did. After our babies came, my brother and his wife moved to a place of their own and Wallace and I remained with my parents.

In May after we were married, I accompanied my parents to the St. George Temple and assisted them in doing work for their kindred dead. While there, Sister Lucy B. Young had my Aunt Mary Lightner, my mother and I accompany her to a room several stories up which had an altar in it. She then gave each one of us a blessing in tongues and then she interpreted them. One thing she said in my blessing was that I should have a son and that he would go to the nations of the earth and preach the gospel. When Eugene was 21 years old, he and his cousin, Watson Loraine both, went on missions in the same year--both fulfilling honorable missions.

The years went on and we were struggling to make a living and trying at the same time to build us a home. During the summer of 1884, Wallace and Henry Hall of Minersville made a kiln of brick to burn them. While he was thus employed, we

His athletic build had been developed on the basketball courts in school, the summer haying jobs on Idaho ranches, and keeping up with trap lines in winter. This often times yielded fine dividends to help his family coffers. His father at times was seriously afflicted with rheumatism to the point of being semi-invalid, so Wenlock and his brother, Darell, helped a great deal with their trap line projects.

Their pelts were muskrat, beaver, some ermine and weasel. A trapline meant walking through frozen meadows and swamps in zero and below weather, checking traps, resetting, carrying their catch, and preparing their pelts for market. It meant miles of early morning before school hikes, changing muddy wet clothes into school clothes, then back again after school, changing again, and gathering up their catches. The physical discomfort of Idaho winters and lack of modern transportation made this a rigorous activity.

Aside from this their family also depended on them to cut and chop all of the firewood to do the cooking and heating. All this natural challenge developed a wholesome boyhood, where responsibility and self esteem were the results.

Wenlock was a good student in school, was an avid reader, as a result had a very fine vocabulary. One of his favorite stories was "Lady of the Lake" by Sir Walter Scott. This is in poetry, so this tells something of his varying tastes in literature. Later in his life he collected the complete works of several western authors, Grey, Wright, and many others. There were several

unfinished manuscripts where he had begun some writing on his own, but nothing was ever completed.

During his early teen years, the Mormon missionaries, who were laboring in Idaho, baptized Wenlock, Darell, and his mother into the church. His father having grown up in Salt Lake City, was already a member. Wenlock's mother had never been baptized, altho her parents were both converts to the church from England. She had grown up on their ranch outside of Pioche. In those years there was not a branch of the church there, but the nearest one was in Panaca. This was quite a distance with the mode of transportation of that day.

He had a great spiritual heritage. His father's mother, Annie Hicks Free, an English lady, had joined the church in England, immigrated to Utah via the well-known and heroic Martin Handcart Company. She and her companion, Emmaline B. Wells, pulled a handcart from Council Bluffs, Iowa, across the plains, were caught in an early snowstorm in Wyoming and almost perished, but eventually arrived in Salt Lake Valley. She later married Wenlock's grandfather Absolom Free. His father, Wenlock Ammon, was their youngest child.

On his mother's side of the family, his grandfather, James B. Wheeler and Rachel Talmage, joined the church in England and were disinherited because of this. They made their home in Beaver, Utah, and eventually in Nevada.

Great sacrifices were made for the gospel on both sides of his family. As a product of these interesting circumstances, he always felt deeply spiritual about the church, but was never

accompany them and make it a double affair. My brother obtained a white top buggy and Wallace a light spring wagon and we set off for St. George one Sunday morning. It took us three days to get there. We were married in the St. George Temple, Wednesday the 14th of December 1881. We stayed over on Thursday and took in the sights of the city.

A very strange thing happened to us while in St. George. The man where we stopped, a Bro. Hall, wanted us to take a 60 gallon barrel of wine to Milford to ship North to his son. It was decided that we take it as we had a wagon. We had not traveled very far until a boy came riding up and said something was spilling out of our wagon. On investigating, we found some of the hoops had broken off the barrel so we tipped it on the other end and we went on and pretty soon the hoops broke off that end. Then we turned the barrel on its side thinking we could save some that way, but the staves broke in the center and it all leaked out, and all our bedding was soaked with wine. We tried in all the settlements to obtain a barrel or keg, but could not get one. Bro. Hall was very angry about it and wanted us to pay for it. We could not help it, and of course we did not pay for it.

We arrived home on Sunday just as church was dismissed and they gave us cheers of welcome as we passed by them. Our parents had a fine reception for us after our return. We had very gay times in our early wedded life. It being the winter holidays, there was a dance or some kind of amusements going on every night, and in those days they would last until the wee small hours of the morning.

them and attend the B. Y. A. in Provo. They consented to let me go so I got ready in a hurry. This was my first trip away from home alone. Sometimes I would get very homesick, but that wonderful old man, Karl G. Maeser, was so kind. When he would find a student that was blue and homesick, he would put his arms around you and cheer you up and make you feel alright. I only stayed there in Provo until the April conference. I attended conference and then returned home on account of being short of funds.

While there, I boarded with one of Heber C. Kimball's wives, Lucy Walker Kimball. I assisted in the kitchen mornings and evenings as part pay for my room and board. She allowed me \$1.00 per week for my work and I paid \$3.00 per week cash. I roomed with four other girls. Part of the time I roomed with J. Golden Kimball's mother who lived in another part of the house. There were several boys boarded there also. Golden was the senior over the house. We all had to be in the dining room at a certain time of the morning for prayers. Several times some of us girls would not get in there in time for prayers and Golden would always report us to Pro. Maeser. We would be called onto the carpet, but he was very kind to us and would say, "Don't let it happen again." Those were very happy days for me.

After I returned home, Wallace Hamblin, my boy friend or beau, as we then called them, returned home from a trip to Wyoming where he had been assisting in driving some cattle to the market in Cheyenne. My brother Watson and Harriet Eyre were preparing to get married in December so we decided to

radical. When I first knew Wenlock, his family was active in the Pioche Branch. He taught a Sunday School class, later he became Sunday School Superintendent. His mother was secretary in the Relief Society.

MANHOOD

Wenlock and his father owned a black model A Ford car together, so there were times, when the gasoline was available, that we had fun transportation when we went out on dates. Many times he shared rides with other couples or other members of either family.

There were nearly always Saturday night dances somewhere in the county where we could go on a date. Sometimes, in the summer, and if we could rake up the price, we would have a swim at the Caliente Hot Springs, or we would just ride over to Caliente and watch the passenger trains come in, noting what the people were wearing and catching the feeling that there was a big world awaiting at the end of that railroad track.

There was not even a soda fountain in our little town. We often had homemade ice cream however, especially on special occasions. There was sometimes homemade root beer in the cellar. In the summer, watermelon busts, picnics, Cathedral Gorge hikes, we knew every cave and crevice. If we were real lucky, we could go to a movie in Pioche or Caliente.

Wenlock and his father, Wenlock Ammon, had leased the Apex mine from the Salt Lake-Pioche Mining Company. He and his father worked the mine by themselves for many years. He would go down the mine each day, dig out the "muck" (miner's term for broken ground and waste), then he would drill a round with a single jack hammer, then shoot the round.

They followed small veins of high grade ore. At times it was a small stringer and at times larger. It glistened in the light of the carbide lamp, and with its gleam were dreams of aircastles from the reward of what it would bring. It took a long time to get a railroad car of ore to the surface and especially by hand without benefit of electric equipment. For a long time Wenlock worked underground alone, his father would "run hoist" on top and "sharpen steel" making it a two man team.

Through this daily work he developed a mighty fine set of shoulder and arm muscles. These went on display when he would enter the annual Single-Jack competition on Labor Day in Pioche. Wenlock would practice speed for months before the big contest. That \$300 first prize always looked like a fortune to us. Only once did he get first prize. Other times he would be an almost winner, taking second or third place.

As our courtship deepened into romance, we were considering marriage when I graduated from high school, and when the shipment of high grade ore was ready.

Wenlock always at least had one champion in our family, and that was my grandmother Blad. She responded to his courteous manner, and helpful attention to her whenever he

would get the skimmings and make candy of it. The women folk would make vinegar of it also. We never knew what it was to buy vinegar. Mother had a 5 gallon keg and she always kept it full.

Mother made candles out of tallow. I remember the first coal oil lamp we ever had. Mother was afraid to light it for fear it would blow up. She had a spinning wheel and loom to weave cloth on. She spun the yarn and dyed it. I remember she made me a plaid woolen dress, and herself and the other children clothes. She made yarn and knit all our stockings. She also gathered saleratus from the ground (we call it alkali now) and would make soap of it to last all winter. Thus the pioneers would work and save everything. To make a living she would also gather straw and braid our hats. We felt very proud of our straw hats.

I attended the schools which were held about three months of the year called a quarter. The teachers would charge three to four dollars apiece for each student, which they would take in produce of all kinds and some would have wood to pay for their tuition. I attended these schools until I was in the 5th reader. That was how the grades were determined in those days.

We had several teachers that came from the B. Y. Academy at Provo. They enthused me so much telling me what a wonderful school it was, that I was so thrilled about it I wanted to go there. At the Christmas holidays in 1880, Apostle F. M. Lyman and his son F. M. Lyman Jr. came to our house on their way back from a holiday vacation to Parowan. F. M. Jr. was a student at the B. Y. A. I asked my parents if I could go back with

I was my mother's tenth and last child, four of them dying while small. I spent my childhood days in Minersville. I attended school there and learned my ABC's there, as it was then called. The first school that I remember attending was taught by my father's sister, Mary E. Lightner. She taught in an old adobe meeting house which was used for church and all kinds of amusements and a school house.

My grandmother Walker lived with my mother's sister, Dionitia Walker Lyman. The night I was born, mother sent my brother Watson up to stay with grandmother. When it was time for him to come back home, grandmother pleaded with mother to let him stay there. So he lived there nine years until grandmother died. I stayed there a great deal of the time as I liked to be with my grandmother. When I was seven years old, my sister Melissa got married to John N. Lee of Panaca, Nevada. After that, mother and I would try and make a trip to see her every year if she did not come to visit us.

My father was the first postmaster in Minersville. He also kept the first stage station and a tavern, as a hotel was called. I first learned to read writing as I was handing out letters in the Post Office when Father wasn't in.

Father installed a molasses mill and the people in town raised sugar cane. They would bring their cane and he would run the cane through a mill and get the juice. They had several large vats which were built over a furnace. They would put the juice in these vats and boil it down to molasses. As it boiled they would have to skim it. We children would have a great time. We

came to our home. I found her making comments in his favor whenever possible. My parents were always afraid there was too much difference in our ages for a good match, and I was so afraid they would never give their consent to our marriage.

During my last two years of high school we had a very steady courtship. We wrote daily notes to each other; they were hand-delivered by his brother Lory, who came to school on the bus. These daily love letters kept our romance blooming. He had asked my father if we could get married after I graduated from high school.

On the Sunday of our high school graduation, we held my wonderful mother's funeral, May 14, 1933. Our plans for marriage were temporarily shattered beneath the great need of my family of brothers and sisters and father. My two older sisters each had their wedding day set. I remained at home for another year to help care for the five younger brothers and sisters, as my father's work took him out of town most of the time.

After about a year, once again we made wedding plans. Since we were both active in our church, he in his branch and I in the ward, we preferred to be married in the St. George Temple. However, because Wenlock had been so long without paying his tithing he was unable to meet the requirements for a recommend, so we were unable to achieve that goal at that time, but February 10, 1940, we went to the St. George Temple and were sealed as a family.

When the long awaited shipment of high grade ore was on its way and not until, did we make plans for that special day. We were married on April 7, 1934, in the home of our Bishop, Ronnow Lee, in the presence of both our immediate families. There was no reception or even a shower. During depression years, people just could not afford them, especially without a mother to take care of it. The Pioche Branch had a kitchen shower for us when we moved to Pioche.

As I reflect back upon my feelings about such things, I can recall no regrets or any feeling of loss. The joy and happiness of being in love and ready to work together to build a home, left no room for the slightest disappointment. I had worked on household linens putting together a simple trousseau, and grandmother Hamblin had made me a lovely quilt, so with that we began our housekeeping.

Since Wenlock and his father were partners in the mining endeavor, each depending upon each other, it was decided that we would live with them until we could get a home built for ourselves. They had an extra room in their upstairs which we fixed up fresh and comfortable and began our life together there, sharing other facilities with his family, which consisted of Darell, Lory and Rachel.

Mother Free never showed any form of resentment at having a daughter-in-law around, in fact, she tried in every way to take the place of my own mother. This made a congenial atmosphere, and complete harmony always existed, this being the exception to the rule that two families cannot peaceably



History of
IDA MINERVA
ROLLINS
written by herself

I was born of goodly parents in a very primitive cottonwood log house with a dirt roof on the 2nd day of October, 1862, in a small pioneer village situated on the banks of the Bear River in the southwestern part of Utah. The place derived its name Minersville on account of there being so many miners in that locality. My parents were James Henry Rollins, born in Lima, New York, on the 27th of May, 1816; and Eveline Walker Rollins, born the 16th of May, 1823, in or near Dayton, Ohio. They were very early pioneers of Utah immigrating from Nauvoo to Winter Quarters in February 1846 --- lived there through the year 1847 and from Winter Quarters to Salt Lake City --- arrived there in October 1848.

up our minds to be married at the same time. I suggested that we go to the St. George Temple to be married. He said he was afraid he could not get a recommend, but he had no trouble getting one.

When my girl chums and I were together talking of our fellows, as we sometimes called them, some of them were keeping company with some outsiders, as we called them. I remember I made the remark that I would not marry an outsider and one of girls spoke up and said, "Shucks you don't know - you might fall in love with one." I said I would not go with them at all and then I knew I would not marry them.

Wallace rustled a spring wagon and a pair of mules and my brother Watson took a white top buggy and we started for the St. George Temple and were married Wednesday the 14th of December 1881. We left Minersville on a Sunday and returned the next Sunday so we were just a week making the trip. It will be just 54 years since that time and I have never seen another man I would trade him for.

The rest of Wallace Hamblin's history is written in the history of his wife, Ida M. Rollins

coexist under the same roof, even though there were still economic challenges.

Working conditions were not the best at the mine. There were no air ventilators to clear out the gas after blasting with the dynamite. Wnelock spent most of his working time underground, drilling the daily round of holes ;for the dynamite, shovelling the muck, breathing the bad air. He often suffered the remainder of the day with a "powder" headache.

In spite of youth, strong muscles and great motivation, these conditions began to take their toll on his health. The "powder gas" having a poisonous effect upon the body caused a heart condition to develop. This brought forth constant prayers for help. Each morning we were grateful for another day for him after he had suffered heart attacks in the night.

His generous and unselfish nature, along with his extreme family loyalty made of him an unusual person. When most men and boys were pulling away from their parents he was being more helpful and supportive. He had a way of putting others before his own needs. Staying with his father in the mining business still seemed like the best way for us to get ahead, and it also made a way for his father to still make a living and feel like a successful person, so he stayed with him and by him in the mining endeavor.

"Honor thy father and thy mother" was a way of life for him. This philosophy drew me, his wife, who felt so keenly the deprivation of mother, and eventually father, into his circle of warm family love and respect. Support and encouragement,

with every one concerned working together eventually had its rewards. Our hopes and dreams were that the vein of high grade ore would widen and we could accomplish the things materially we so much desired.

Wenlock would laughingly quote, "We never know if we are a foot from a million dollars or a million feet from one dollar." But the hope was there, and it spurred us on to patiently strive and keep on. If I could coin one word that most accurately describes Wenlock's adult life, it would be the word Persistence. As in Og Mandino's book, *The Greatest Salesman*, he symbolized, "I will persist until I succeed! I was not delivered into this world in defeat nor does failure course in my veins. I am not a sheep waiting to be prodded by my shepherd. I am a lion and I refuse to talk, to walk, to sleep with the sheep. Failure is not in my destiny. I will persist until I succeed."

There was a period of time when we stayed down in Panaca, in our old home, taking care of the four younger children left at home. My father had employment as a caretaker out at the Comet Mine and was away from home except on weekends. This worked for awhile, with Wenlock driving back and forth to the mine, but after a few months we moved back to Pioche. From this though we learned an important fact. His heart attacks were less frequent in the lower altitude of the Panaca Valley than when we were in mile high Pioche, a difference of about 3400 feet.

An example of the loving and accepting attitude that prevailed in the Free family that first year after our marriage, was

thought it was terrible for her to call him and make him put those horses up.

Our next ride was in a wagon with three or four spring seats in, and about three or four couples, with four horses on the wagon. Then we would go for a ride in the field or up the canyons for an hour or so after church on Sunday.

In the winters our sports were dancing and sleigh riding. Wallace always went on the ranches in the summer time working for Murdocks, his brother-in-law. While he was away so much, I kept company with a home town young man and I thought at the time he was very nice, but he visited the saloon and played cards or gambled and one time he took me to a dance and he became intoxicated and was very sick and could not take me home, so that settled it with he and I.

Wallace had made a trip with cattle to Wyoming (this was in the year 1880) and before he left he asked me for my hand. I told him I would have to think it over and give him my answer later. We were both 18 years old then. I went off to Provo to attend the B.Y.A. I heard from him occasionally while there. When I returned from school he had gone on another trip with cattle and he did not get home until about October of that year so when we met again he wanted my answer.

I thought he was such a nice, large, good-looking young man and he had no bad habits and was a good living young man that he would be the one for me. Consequently, I gave my answer in the affirmative. My brother Watson and Harriet Eyre were going to be married the following December so we made

One night a bunch of us children about 10 or 11 years old were invited to an old fashioned candy pulling party. We had them in those days very often. The candy was made out of molasses. My father had a molasses mill and of course it was not very hard to obtain it. When this party ended, Wallace accompanied me home as far as a bridge over a large ditch some distance from the house. I told him I could go the rest of the way home alone alright. I was afraid if he went any closer my brother Charles would see us and he would tease me about it. That was the first time he had ever taken me home.

We continued playing together. He would spend most of his time in the summer on a ranch assisting his mother, milking cows and making butter and cheese. I visited a ranch of his step-father's as I and their girls were great chums. Some boys came riding up where we girls were one day and Wallace was one of them. He had a very nice little riding pony named Jack Knife. Well, we girls all spoke up and said we claimed a ride on the pony. Well, of course, I got the first ride and I had not been used to riding. The horse started to trot and I clung onto the horn of the saddle and the horse stepped into a hole and I fell off and somehow or other the horse fell on me. I was not hurt, only badly scared and my face and clothes were black with dirt. Well, that settled the horseback rides for that day.

Another time Wallace and I were out riding. We were older then, and he had their work horses, and his mother didn't like that, and as we rode past their place she called to him to go put those horses up. I was like most thoughtless young people are. I

when my brother Carl came to stay for awhile. Carl, and Wenlock's brother Lory, are the same age, in high school together, both good athletes and basketball stars and incidently buddies. During one of the games, Carl hit the gym wall accidentally and broke his leg. Without a mother or very solid care at home in Panaca, mother and dad Free, with full sanction of Wenlock insisted on Carl coming to stay there in their home until his leg was well again. With two families already living under one roof, they could ill afford one more soul, but that was never questioned. Carl was treated like one of their own children.

After Carl's recovery, he and Lory worked weekends and summers with Wenlock down the mine. They became expert muckers, at the same developing muscles for their athletics. With three working underground, the vein of ore widened and new hopes were kindled that we could soon begain a little house of our own.

One year and one month after we were married, Joseph Carl was born, May 14, 1935, in Cedar City, Utah. He was born in a maternity home belonging to Ella Holyoke. The cost in birth was \$25 for the doctor's fee and \$25 for the maternity care. (Eat your heart out) Interesting enough, I was there one month before the birth and two weeks after.

The frame work for our first home was up when I returned home from Cedar City with the new baby. It didn't take many weeks with Wenlock and his father working from early morning to late evening to finish it up. A few facts about our first home.

It was financed by a \$300 loan from the Bank of Pioche. This purchased a building lot and lumber enough to build it. Dad Free was a mill carpenter and guided his inexperienced son in this construction project. It consisted of a combination kitchen and dining room, one bedroom, one closet, and a sun room with windows on the three sides. It had pretty clean wallpaper, nice fresh paint, and shiney linoleum floors.

One unique thing about our life style of that day was that we didn't ever go in debt for anything. We had the money for things or we didn't, in which case we went without. The money we had borrowed at the bank weighed heavily upon us; although the Apex lease was still being worked, we had to make case payments at the bank, so at the time Wenlock took jobs for short periods on road construction or building projects to help our cash flow. There were a few shipments of tailings from the old mill at Bullionville that helped.

Our little son grew and developed into a beautiful child. He was our pride and joy, also to his three grandparents.

After we moved into our new home, my teenage sister, Theda, came to live with us. She rode the school bus daily to high school. The sympathetic understanding shown by Wenlock, and his helpful attitude toward my unfortunate and bereaved brothers and sisters, is something for which I shall be eternally grateful. Theda lived with us until her marriage.

At one time we moved out of our cute little house and rented it while Wenlock took a lease on part of the Prince Mine. This was over the mountain from Pioche. There we lived in a

In that same year, in September, Oscar Jr. died, twenty-one years old.

The passing of their older brother and sister now made the twins at seventeen years of age the oldest at home. Another year would find Wallace married. Let us read of his courtship through the eyes of his wife, Ida. Perhaps this is a good time to interject a story she used to tell illustrating the identical appearance of the twins. William Hamblin came to see them at the hotel in St. George at the time they were married. Ida saw him there in the lobby and came up to him and said as she put her arm around him, "Come on Wall, let's go eat breakfast."

THE COURTSHIP OF WALLACE HAMBLIN AND IDA M. ROLLINS HAMBLIN

written by Ida M. Rollins

I can't tell you when we first met, but it was when we were both babies. My brother Charles had me in his care and Ephraim Marshall had Wallace and William Hamblin twins taking care of them. They were all playing together and I think perhaps that was our first introduction. As we grow older, as children often do, we single out certain persons and claim them among our school mates as our beau or boyfriends. So of course, I claimed Wallace as my beau.

of that marriage--Solomon, 14 years old, and Hyrum Alonzo, 12 years old. Her fourth marriage took place in Tooele to George Marshall and she left him to follow Mary Ann and Oscar south. While married to Marshall she had George, now seven years old and Ephriam, five years old. These were the key figures in the life of Elizabeth Walmsley Corbridge Walker Marshall at the time Wallace was born. They all must have lived in close association.)

Oscar passed away in November 1862, when the twins were seven months old. Oscar was 29 years and seven months old when he died. The two husbandless women and their brood of small children did everything imaginable to provide for and raise their families. Each of their lives is another story.

When Wallace was seven years old in 1869, his mother entered into polygamy, marrying Albert Leonard Stoddard. He already had a family of six children. To this marriage were born three children: Effie May Stoddard, Ellen who died the day she was born, and Essie Maud Stoddard born in September 1873, when Wallace was eleven years old.

No other children were born from this union and Mary Ann withdrew from the polygamy situation about 1874. This would make her about thirty-eight years of age. Elizabeth was sixteen, Oscar Jr. fourteen, the twins twelve, Effie four, Essie one, and the Indian daughter Fannie.

On January 14, 1879, Wallace's sister Elizabeth, now twenty-three years old, died at the birth of her second child, who lived only four months.

large house and shared the kitchen with Darell and his wife, Lena.

We moved back into our house a short time before our first little girl, Rhea Jean, blessed our home on February 15, 1937. She was born in our home there in Pioche. Plans were made to go to the hospital in Cedar City, but a severe snow storm had closed the roads and we couldn't get there, so she was born at home in Pioche. What a darling little daughter she was.

Wenlock's heart condition did not improve. His responsibilities had increased with family, and hard underground work. His mother and father moved to Panaca. Always the big dream kept beckoning on. The Apex with its tantalizing stringers of high grade ore kept the hope alive that sometime they would strike into the main vein and then financial troubles would be over. The idea never occurred to quit.

A few shipments of ore eventually were produced. This gave justification for financing by the Salt Lake-Pioche Mining Co. Soon better working conditions were developed. Another shaft helped to improve the circulation and cleared out the gas. Better equipment eventually was possible, like pneumatic drills, also more help was hired.

The damage to Wenlock's health from the years of struggle in the poison gas, brought on more heart attacks and eventually the move to Panaca. We sold our little home, reluctantly, but Wenlock's health seemed more important. My father made available to us a nice piece of property and we began a larger, more comfortable house, our second home. It boasted of a

fireplace, a bathroom, a den, three bedrooms, a nice back porch and front porch, no end of space in the yard for the children. We built a fine cellar, in which was stored two years supply of food. Dreams came true in that second home. Health improved, the mine improved, we were happy and hopeful.

Lory and Carl enrolled at Brigham Young University. They worked at the mine in the summer so that they could pay their way. When Lory accepted a call to serve on a mission for the church, his big brother Wenlock was the one who said, "We will pay you wages while you serve the Lord." And he saw that this was done.

Wenlock always made the decisions concerning the mine. He was an expert at following the vein and breaking the ground to the best advantage. They soon had about fifteen men working there, so this took management skill, which was no problem at all. Eventually his brother Darell came into the partnership as mine mechanic.

As great a satisfaction to Wenlock, besides having the mine produce, was being able to help others. Especially the men who worked there. He was willing to give the shirt off his back, if he thought it would help him. Never did he pass up a hitchhiker. As he made many long trips hauling ore or doing business with the smelters in Utah, this caused me some concern, for many times he travelled alone. But I could never dissuade him from giving any one a ride who might need it. Things were really looking up at the mine.

Wallace's father, Oscar, had worked for a season at Vegas Springs (Las Vegas, Nevada) teaching the Indians to farm and grow corn and wheat. He had been on his mission with his wife at that time for about six years. He knew the Indian language both from working with them on his mission and from his life in Tooele before he came. It is thought that while working among the Indians he contracted consumption (tuberculosis). This had a dire effect upon the lives of the entire family.

With the discouragement of Oscar's health and the disappointment of having lost some of what they had in a great flood that destroyed the Santa Clara Fort, it seems they were enticed to move to Minersville.

So in May 1862, when the twins were only one month old, they moved to Minersville. Accounts tell us that they lived in dugouts along the river banks until a home could be built. It is said that Mary Ann and her mother had the first school in Minersville. It was held in their one-room home during the day and after the beds were rolled up from the night.

Wallace's mother now had a dying husband, two small babies and two other little ones, but she was not alone, for moving with her was her mother and her mother's younger children who were not much older than her own. They would grow up with Wallace and William and be more like brothers. (Wallace's maternal grandmother was Elizabeth Walmsley. Her first husband, James Corbridge died in Nauvoo and left her with Mary Ann and William Corbridge to care for. Elizabeth's third marriage was to John Walker and now she was rearing two sons



History of
WALLACE
HAMBLIN

Compiled and
written by Geraldine
Hamblin Bangerter
a granddaughter,
January 1983

Wallace Hamblin was born after his twin brother, William, the 27th of April, 1862, in Santa Clara, Utah (Washington County), to Oscar and Mary Ann Corbridge Hamblin. These parents were sent as missionaries to help Jacob Hamblin, Oscar's brother, 14 years his senior. At the time of Wallace's birth the Indian Mission had been established eight years.

Wallace's mother has her own story, but she was a large woman approaching six feet in height and was heavy and strong. She had just turned 26 when the twins were born. Also at home was an older sister Elizabeth, six years old, and a brother, Oscar Jr., four years old. He also had an adopted Indian sister, Fannie.

One peak experience came to him and his father after receiving the cash returns from one of their shipments, one of the first ones. They walked into the store of the Jewish merchant, Ben Cohan, who had given credit to the family during many long months. A sizable bill had accrued, like \$4,000. They were able to pay the full amount of the debt. He often spoke of the unforgettable joy this brought to this aged Jewish merchant, and from then on there was unlimited credit available there, which we didn't ever have to use again. He didn't ever leave an unpaid debt. If money was unavailable, we did without.

We had made it over the hump. With a family of two lovely children, and a home with plenty of room for them. Whenever there was a day away from the mine, or a special time of rest and relaxation after more help became available, Wenlock loved to go prospecting. This often became a family activity. We would load the children in the car, take a lunch and leave organized work behind and head for an outcropping or rock that look interesting. To me this was a time of abandonment, roaming the desert and mountain, enjoying increasing appreciation for its creation and organization. Sometimes we investigated old mines and mill dumps. To him, these times were most productive. He would come home with samples of rock and dirt from here and there, and over the years, he became quite a student of planet earth.

Although he had not had the opportunity to have formal training in mining engineering, he had learned from a more demanding and unforgiving school, that of experience. His

understanding of the types of ore and rock formation made him quite an expert. He was able to make decisions when needed concerning any mining activity underground, from this responsibility he never flinched. The ore from the Apex mine contained rich lead, and silver with enough gold content to pay for the shipping. Our years of earnest prayers, work, and dreams, became fulfilled. We paid all of our debts, were able to help others, both in our families and among our friends, also the church. We kept brother Lory on his mission, until ill health forced him to return home.

At last he was able to realize a desire he had always had, to become an aviation pilot. He took private lessons, soloed and got his pilots license. The next step was to purchase his first plane. He had a partner in this, Dean Thiriot. Before too long he had sold his share to Dean and got his second Piper Cub. This was an exhilarating hobby. A landing strip was bladed off above Panaca, and many exciting hours were spent in the air. I often went with him, and handled the controls also, but I never did take formal lessons or solo.

Wenlock was interested in community activity and leadership. He was a charter member of the first civic organization in Panaca, the Volunteer Fireman. They organized a very active department that was a blessing and credit to the community. At first, there was not even a water system, but through stimulation from this organization a cullenary water system developed. They purchased fire fighting equipment, trained volunteers, and enjoyed much good fellowship. He was

living childrn. They were a happy family and lived in this house (in Panaca) until all the children were grown up and married.

In the year of March 6, 1925, Gustavus had a paralytic stroke which proved fatal and he died.

Minnie Blad lived there in that house for about three or four years after he died, then she went to Salt Lake to visit her brothers and sisters. She stayed there for six months. After returning from Salt Lake, she continued to live with her daughter Shanet in Caliente, Nevada, and there she still remains.

She is now 83 years old, (will be 84 in August) and is almost perfect in health. She will probably live for some years to come.

The following is taken from the book, "A Century in Meadow Valley."

"She was a thrifty little Norwegian lady with the merriest blue eyes in the world, a good housekeeper, a wonder cook and loving Mother. Her door was always open to her grandchildren. They have lovely memories of someone always sleeping at Grandma's house or stopping after school for those good pastries she always had waiting. She died December 6, 1933, at Panaca, Nevada."

The following comes from notes written by her granddaughter, Mina Jean Blad Free Robinson:

"Grandma was 5 feet tall, weighed 125 pounds, and wore a size 32. Her hair was light brown. "

worked for Brigham Young's son's second wife, keeping house. She worked ten weeks for \$2.50 a week.

From there she went to work in a hotel, washing dishes at a \$1 week, then the cook wanted her to be second cook, so she did; she got \$5.00 a week for it. When she got this wage, she paid the debt she owed for her fare over here and saved money to send for her sister Olina. She worked here about 2 years.

Right after her arrival, she met Anders Gustav Blad (Swede). She had known him about 2 years or more when she married him, 26 Nov 1879, and about 1881 they came to Nevada, where they lived in the hills where he and his partner burned wood for charcoal and hauled it to Bullionville. Then they moved to Bullionville, where Gus, as he was called, worked with his team and then they moved to Panaca and bought a lot where they lived for a year, then they moved in the house across the street from there, where the house still stands.

They moved into their house in the hills the first part of February and their first child named August Wallace was born that same spring. He died when he was two weeks old. He was born 31 March 1881 in the hills (Oak Wells).

May 29, 1882, a girl, Anna Matilda, was born to the couple and when she was 17 months old she too died. She was born in Bullionville. May 8, 1884, another boy was born to them, named Angus Gustavus and he lived. August 13, 1886, Carl Levi was born and he too lived. June 7, 1890, another girl was born, named Mary Shanet. She was their last child, thus making three

also a member of the IOOF Lodge in Pioche, but after moving away from Pioche, became somewhat inactive.

A second little son blessed our home, April 6, 1942. I elected to give him one name and insisted that it be Wenlock, the interesting family name.

Wenlock chose the name of Duane. They sounded well together and seemed to wear well on this bright, wonderful second son to bless our lives. The name, Wenlock is the only claim that I am aware of to any relationship to royalty. I understand that Annie Hicks Free had a cousin who was the Earl of Wenlock, in England. The only other time I have seen referenc to it was at the time of the coronation of Queen Elizabeth, when the cousins from Wenlock Road were listed as quests at the Coronation.

Before Duane even learned to walk, tragedy struck our mine. This shattered the rainbows reflected in the bright bubble of prosperity. There was an explosion at the mine. Four men were killed and Wenlock, the only survivor, severely burned. One of the men killed was his Uncle James Wheeler, another was the Bishop who had married us, Ronnow Lee. Another was a dear friend, Mason Price, and another a life-long friend, Lafayette Mathews.

In a small town the size of Panaca, five stricken families touched the lives of almost every soul. One mass funeral was held and for days it was touch and go with Wenlock. His arms, head, face, and neck were burned. They eventually healed, with almost no scars on his face. The greatest scar he bore was the severe depression because of the responsibility he held as

superintendent of the mine. Besides the physical and mental scars, there were five years of law suits against the mining company. These were a great drain on the profits of the mine.

Wenlock recovered, a serious, more mature individual because of this experience. As Shakespeare wrote, "Sweet are the uses of adversity which, like the toad, ugly and venomous wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

On July 18, 1944, another little girl was sent to us. She was a special spirit who was sent to us for only a short while. She sustained a birth injury which left an intercranial pressure. Her life here was brief, just two and one half years, but from her dear little spirit we learned the most about the true meaning of life. We named her Karel Marie.

The joy and enthusiasm for mining went out of Wenlock's life. The sorrow at the loss of his fellow workers, his beloved Uncle Jimmie, the suffering of the bereaved families, plus the physical pain from extensive burns took their toll on his indomitable spirit. In the face of every reason to do so, he began looking at other means of making a living.

During those prosperous years at the mine, the Free brothers had purchased the Panaca Mercantile and a Texaco Bulk Plant, farm land and water rights in and around Panaca. No one in the family really wanted to be a store keeper. After the exhilarating mining successes, it seemed a little dull. My brother, Carl, and his family had returned to Panaca after spending time in the military service, and he was hired as manager of the store and plant. Wenlock and Darell purchased

for about 2 years. From there she went to work for another family where she did all sorts of work, in the kitchen, out in the fields and etc., with a salary of \$20 a year at first. Later her wages were raised. She was here a year.

She left there and started learning how to cut and fit dresses. In 1875, she started work in a sewing shop in Christiania (now Oslo) as a dressmaker, where she got twenty cents a day. She worked here about 2 years.

It was here that she met the Mormon missionaries and became converted to their church. She was baptized in the dark of night in an icy river, but said she couldn't remember being cold. (Aunt Genevieve later added that when she was baptized her father disowned her.) She borrowed the money to come to America and came to Salt Lake City. They arrived there at 12 o'clock one Saturday night and had a place reserved for immigrants where they ate supper and laid on the floor at night for a bed.

The next day she went to the tithing house and saw some friends. A Swede came up to her and proposed (marriage) to her. He wanted her to marry him for a home. He wanted to buy her but she wouldn't marry him. He had other wives, because he was a polygamist.

She went to work on Monday morning for a family, keeping house, but she was only there three weeks because the woman worked her too hard. She then stayed with a Norwegian family and stayed up with the woman's mother until she died. About that time Brigham Young died, she attend his funeral. She



History of
MINA ALBERTINA
OLSEN

by
Genevieve Blad,
granddaughter
written 1929

Mina Albertina Olsen was born in Eidsvoll, Akershus, Norway on August 12, 1847. She was the oldest one in a family of six children and she started to work by tending babies when she was ten years old. She started to keep herself when she was 13 and she has been on her own hook ever since.

In the country where she worked, (Norway) she had to milk cows, work in the field, keep house, take care of cows, etc.; she received a few clothes and her meals. When she was 15 she started to work for a farmer and in two year was paid \$22.00 cash, some wool for stockings, 1 pair of shoes and a dress.

From there she went to the city and worked in a dairy for \$20 a year, she was 17 years old. She milked cows, fed them, carried water on her back (with yoke) to them. She worked there until she was about 21 years old. From there she went to work in a kitchen for a big family for the same price. She worked here

the Wilson Creek Ranch about 40 miles north east of Pioche along with a few head of cattle. Wenlock's heart was not in ranching and he soon sold out his interest to Darell.

In 1944, Wenlock stepped into the political arena and filed for the office of Lincoln County Assemblyman in the Nevada State Legislature. A job he held for two full terms, a period of four years. In 1948, he tried for State Senator. This shift was unsuccessful due to many reasons. Legislative work was a stimulating, challenging, educating and most developing experience. He thrived on the challenges and never backed down from opposition. Since most of Nevada is a rural area, many of the representatives were of rural background also, and Wenlock gained respect and admiration from fellow legislators that enriched the remainder of his days.

After the 1946 election, our little Karel Marie was called home. Her brief stay with us had taught us, her parents, so very much. The "empty arms" feeling for me was overwhelming, so when we moved to Carson City for the three month session of legislature, I joined Wenlock in the Assembly as an attache and secretary to the Chairman of Education, Jack Higgins. (They rewrote the Nevada School Code that year, and it turned out to be a very busy and stimulating year in education) I also served as "proof reader" for the Bill Drafter's Office. Arrangements were made for the care of little Duane, who was about four years old. Joe and Rhea were in school during the day.

This experience together in the law making process was a delightful one for us both, and one I shall always remember. The

Carson City branch of the Church was presided over by an old Panacaite, Henry Lee. We felt right at home there and had many opportunities to teach and help out.

After two years, and time to go through another campaign, Wenlock's health had deteriorated increasingly. No longer was he bothered by an ailing heart, but the effect of his severe burns had caused Brights Disease (a disease of the kidneys). Complete bed rest and diet were the main treatment. There were many quiet hours spent together. At last he could spend all the time he wished with his oil painting and pencil drawings, listening to his favorite music, enjoying the children. As mentioned before, he tried his hand at writing western fiction. Interestingly, the name of his hero always had the name of Duane. None of this ever came to publication.

Along with this disease, his eyesight deteriorated to the point of near blindness for many months and eventually complete blindness. His courage kept up. After what he had previously suffered, he was sure that the medical doctors had made a mistake about him, and he would recover from this physical affliction also.

We had many long talks about our lives here on the earth, and through it all Wenlock felt very close to his Heavenly Father. He had a strong testimony of his many blessings. Each night he requested that some one from the Priesthood come and ask the Lord to bless him through the night that he might sleep without medication. After this ordinance had been performed he would sleep like a baby without medical help.

It seems he was a man of many trades and talents, for in later years, as he became more and more crippled with rheumatism, he was the town cobbler and shoemaker.

He will forever be remembered by his grandchildren as a kindly man who always had time to dance them on his knee to the tune of an old Swedish folk song.

It wasn't until his son, Levi, was baptized, at nine years of age, that he too became a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, June 12, 1895. Two years later, Sept 14, 1897, they traveled by team and wagon to the St. George Temple to be sealed as a family.

At the age of 81 he suffered a stroke and passed away March 5, 1925, and is buried at Panaca, Nevada.

Notes from his granddaughter, Mina Jean Blad Free :

"Grandpa was 5'10" tall, weighed 200 pounds, chest size 44. Eyes were blue, hair dark. "

He worked for a freight line, hauling freight between Salt Lake City and Pioche, Nevada. After about two years, in February 1881, he moved his wife to Nevada from Salt Lake City.

Their first home was a sort of camp in the area of what is now Oak Wells, where Gus, as he was called, burned wood for charcoal. This he hauled to Bullionville for use in the mills. While still living at Oak Wells their first son, August Wallace, was born March 31, 1881. He lived only two weeks, died April 15, 1881.

That same year they moved to Bullionville where Gus worked hauling ore, tailings, etc., with his team.

On May 29, 1882, their daughter Anna Matilda was born. Soon after, they purchased a lot, built a house on it and moved to Panaca. Anna Matilda died with whooping cough November 4, 1883. Three more children were born to them:

Angus Gustavus, May 8, 1884

Carl Levi, August 13, 1886

Mary Shanet, June 7, 1890.

Gus provided for his family by farming and selling vegetables, eggs, poultry and beef to the nearby mining town of Bullionville. At one time he also had the contract to carry mail to Pioche. With fast horse and buggy, it only took two hours one way.

After nine months of rest homes, hospitals, blood transfusions, doctor's offices, the merciful Lord called him home, April 18, 1949. He had not yet reached his fortieth birthday.

Wherever he had labored on this earth he had lifted others. His parents and brothers and sister, his wife and children, his friends and associates, his church, community and state. How much more fully can one fulfil his earthly estate.

The following is from a song sung many times by me which he loved and made so much a part of his life here.

My Code

I would be true, for there are those who trust me,

I would be pure, for there are those who care.

I would be strong, for there is much to suffer.

I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would look up, and lift, and laugh and love.

This history was written in May 1975, for Joseph Carl Free, on his fortieth birthday, by his mother, Jean Blad Free Robinson, who died suddenly one year later, April 22, 1976.



History of
MINA JEANNE
BLAD

written by herself
and her son,
Joseph

It was on a ranch in Wyoming, one cold November night (November 27, 1915 to be exact), that I was ushered into the world to enrich the lives and home of loving parents and two big sisters, Phyllis and Genevieve. It never was mentioned in my childhood, but since being grown, I have wondered if my parents were not disappointed in having a third girl. But although the weather was cold, the reception was warm and loving.

My parents were Addie Minnerva Hamblin and Carl Levi Blad. Our home was actually in Panaca, Nevada, but my mother returned via railroad to her Wyoming parents at the important arrival time of a new baby.



History of
ANDERS GUSTAF
BLAD

as recorded in the
book "A Century in
Meadow Valley"

Anders Gustaf Blad was born in Skattegarden, Hangelosa, Sweden, July 21, 1844, the son of Sven Anderson Blad and Eva Marie Palmgren.

He was the oldest of a family of five children and spent his young manhood following the fishing industry in Southern Sweden and as a sailor on the fishing boats. He came to America about 1868.

Little is known of his life between the time of his arrival here and his marriage. He married Mina Albertina Andersen, of Eidsvoll Akershus, Norway, November 26, 1879, in Salt Lake City, Utah.

matter time, but he took a turn for the worse and Thursday word was received that he had passed away.

Mr. Wheeler was born in Newbury, Berkshire, England in 1863 October 22nd. He joined the Mormon Church when he was 18 years old, along with five other young folks, one of whom was Rachel Talmage, later she became his wife and to this union eight children were born. One son died in infancy.

After residing in Salt Lake for some time they moved to Beaver, Utah where they bought a home and resided there for several years. In 1889 Mr. Wheeler came to Pioche where he accepted a position with the old Raymond Ely Mining Company, as master mechanic, machinist and boiler maker, which were the trades he had learned in the old country. This position he held for several years finally moving to Highland in 1896 where the family has lived since that time. At Highland he built a five stamp mill and treated ores from the local mines, with some success, engaged in the cattle business for some time, became interested in mining and was president and general manager of the Black Prince Mining Company at the time of his death.

Mr. Wheeler died at the LDS hospital in Salt Lake City, April 3rd, after a two weeks illness. Undergoing a major operation and contracting pneumonia. A daughter, Mrs. W. A. Free, and James H. Wheeler, the only son, were in Salt Lake at the time of his death and the body was accompanied to Caliente by his son Jas. H. Wheeler.

My sister, Phyllis, brother Carl, and I were Wyoming citizens by birth, while my sister Genevieve and my other brothers and sisters were citizens of Nevada and Utah. Since these all had much in common, mainly all being part of the Golden West, we never as a family had any problems of integration as each little new citizen joined our group.

Assisting at my birth was of course my capable and stalwart Grandmother Hamblin, and a country doctor, whose office address was Lyman, Wyoming, a little country town where surrounding ranchers might purchase their needs, go to church, educate their children and socialize with distant neighbors.

The doctor's transportation was the faithful horse and buggy. His long and patient vigil was rewarded by a comfortable place to rest for him and his horse, with hearty farm food at intervals.

If my arrival had been delayed just two days, I would have been born on my oldest sister Phyllis' third birthday, and Thanksgiving day.

My mother's father and mother, Wallace and Ida Hamblin, pioneered Wyoming establishing a home there to which nine children came--six boys and three girls. My mother, Addie, had a twin sister named Ida. Their father, Wallace was also a twin.

Grandmother Hamblin's oldest sister Melissa Lee lived in Panaca, Nevada. The sister's families would visit back and forth, and it was upon one of these visits that my mother and father met. A romance blossomed. Father was called to fill a mission

for the LDS church in Australia about 1905. At the same time, mother's older brother, Rollin Hamblin filled a mission there. They sailed on the same ship, but spent their missions in different parts of Australia.

Not long after my father returned from his mission my parents were married, November 15, 1911, in the Salt Lake Temple, Mother and Father made their home in Panaca where eight children were raised.

My father, was the second son of Anders Gustavis Blad from Sweden, and Mina Albertina Anderson from Norway. A wonderful couple, who were converts to the LDS church and met in Salt Lake City after immigrating to Utah.

My father, Levi, was born in Panaca, Nevada, August 13, 1886, and my mother, Addie, was born in Minersville, Utah, February 6, 1891.

Farming, and animal care, and household responsibilities filled my childhood. Phyllis, Gen and I took our share of responsibility in the home as our family increased and we grew and developed in unselfishness and thoughtfulness for others. Childhood illnesses came along and scarlet fever left my sister Gen a semi-invalid for a few years. It was difficult for her to keep up with her school work, and in the fourth grade I caught up with her. From there on we went to the same classes together, making us close companions. There was only 18 months difference in our ages, and I being a robust, healthy child, grew rapidly thus closing the gap between us in size. Our childhood

in the year 1881, and immigrated from Liverpool, England in 1883. Upon arrival in Salt Lake City, Utah she worked for Mrs. Charles Crismon and later Mrs. N. C. Morris.

Their children were:

Rachel Dibley Wheeler Free: born Beaver, Ut., Jan. 31, 1886

Esther Jane Wheeler Deck: born Beaver, Ut., Dec 13, 1888

James Talmage Wheeler: born Beaver, Ut., Sept 1891, died Sept 1892

Cassey Lena Wheeler: born Pioche, Nev., Aug 16, 1892

James Henry Wheeler: born Pioche, Nev., Sept 15, 1894

Leah Elizabeth Wheeler: born Pioche, Nev., Dec 14, 1896

Juanita Clara Wheeler: born Pioche, Nev., July 3, 1898

Priscilla Chrsitina Wheeler: born Pioche, Nev., July 24, 1905

Newspaper Clipping 1940. Salt Lake City.

JAMES B. WHEELER BURIED IN PANACA

Respecter Citizen Died Following Operation. Was Active in Mining in Pioche District. Large Funeral -

Mr. James Bevins Wheeler, one of the highly respected citizens of Pioche was buried at Panaca Friday afternoon.

Ms. Wheeler was operated on at the LDS hospital in Salt Lake City a couple of weeks ago and after the operation he was doing nicely and it was thought that his recovery was only a

And he made up his mind that they would get married. He thought she would have saved some money which, of course, she hadn't. Anyway they decided they wouldn't be apart any more as mother was being pressured to go into polygamy. They were married on the 7th of April in 1885. They went to Beaver where they all got work at the Woolen Mills. All but Charlie Mossdale, he stayed in Iron County where he married and raised a large family.

Father (James Bivence Wheeler) seldom talked of his family. The only two he mentioned often were his brother Tom and his sister Ellen who was a nurse. Tom wrote in late years and wanted to come and live with his brother and family, but mother didn't feel that they could afford it. And also she felt that since he was in his later years, and she had not been too happy in her first years in the new land that Tom would not be happy here. It was true that the family didn't have very much. They lived at Highland still - otherwise known as Wheeler's Ranch.

James Bivence Wheeler was born October 22, 1863, at No. 1 Prospect Place, Newbury Berks, England. He was baptized February 7, 1881. He was married to Rachel Talmage in Salt Lake City, April 7, 1885, by Bishop Thomas Taylor and they were endowed in the Manti Temple by Daniel H. Wells, February 5, 1890. He migrated from Beaver, Utah to Pioche, Nevada, February 14, 1889.

Rachel Talmage Wheeler was born November 6, 1862 in Burghclere Hamp., England. She was a convert to Mormonism

was happy and wholesome with loving parents, brothers and sisters.

Elementary education began at Panaca grammar school and continued at Lincoln County High School. From childhood Phyllis, Gen and I sang together or alone. There was always music and laughter in our home and a piano. Piano lessons were begun but not continued. As we reached teenage years we sang many times at weddings, funerals, and programs of all kinds. In high school I achieved dramatic skills as well as vocal, and commercial and domestic science were the courses which I followed.

During high school years, I served as a teacher and secretary in Primary. The first church assignment I remember was serving as an office in my Beehive class. Our little church group in Panana was proud of their choir. While in high school, I sang in the choir along with my sisters, mother, and dad. I represented our MIA in ballroom dancing and retold story contests.

In the summer of 1931, I went to Las Vegas to work, and lived with Dad's oldest brother, Uncle Gus and Aunt Marie. I also studied voice under the able direction of Elizabeth Martin. I secured a position as cashier in the Boulder Drug Co. The year of 1931 was an outstanding year in my life. I went on vacation with my Aunt Marie and Uncle Gus. We took a trip through Reno to San Francisco, and down the coast to Los Angeles. I had never been in Reno or San Francisco before so it was exceptionally interesting to me.

I began my Junior year at Las Vegas High. I enjoyed it very much because the native students in that school made me feel very welcome. I liked their spirit, but I returned home to my family after Christmas.

On December 28, 1931, my grandmother and grandfather Hamblin held their golden wedding anniversary in Lyman, Wyoming. This was more or less a family reunion. My mother's eight brothers and sisters were there with their families. The celebration lasted for three days. Our cousins showed us a glorious time despite the cold weather.

So far my life has been happy adventure. I hope I may always be able to look upon it as such.

On one of the last days of school in my senior year, word came from St. George, Utah, where my mother was undergoing surgery for kidney ailment, that she had passed away. This was May 12, 1933. She was only 42 years old, leaving behind eight children and a distraught husband. Being third from the oldest caused me to realize that there were many others in the family to think of and to help get along without a mother. This was the beginning of my learning to seek my Father in Heaven for help and strength.

The year 1933, was the middle of the economic depression, and college was out of the question for me. My youngest sister was four years old with other brothers and sisters ranging up to 14 years of age. My older sisters, Phyllis and Gen, were both engaged at the time of mother's death and they married within a

CHURCH CHRONOLOGY by Andrew Jensen, page 113.

August 1883

Wed. 29 - The steamship Nevada sailed from Liverpool, England, with 682 Saints, including 29 returning missionaries, in charge of Peter F. Goss. The company arrived at New York Sept. 7th, and at Salt Lake City Sept. 17th.

The missionaries had assured the boys that they would have no trouble finding work in their trades. Mother was seasick all the way across, and they encountered a bad storm and were thrown off their course for three days. The boys didn't get sea sick. But when they landed and got on the train they were all sick and were glad when the journey was over. Of course, they were very much disappointed when they got to Salt Lake City. Dad was the youngest of the four, but he was also the leader. They all depended on him. And they had to go to work at anything they could get. Two of the boys were carpenters and the other a carriage maker. Dad being a mechanic had the hardest time and just got odd jobs. Then he got a chance to go to the iron mine and work, but they had just paid them in script, and they had to go to the tithing office and get what they could.

Mother went to work for a family as a hired girl and never worked so hard before in her life. She had brought lots of clothes with her and the women were always borrowing some of them. And they didn't pay her. When the boss of the iron mine was making a trip to Salt Lake Dad decided to go with him as he hadn't heard anything from mother and was anxious about her.

their folks very unhappy, because they began planning to go to America.

Mother's father (Henry Talmage) was a very religious man. Every Sunday morning he started out for Sunday School around six o'clock. Guess he had quite a ways to walk. He put in the whole day going to meetings. Then in the evening he would go and preach for the Salvation Army.

Father's mother (Esther Bivins) belonged to the Church of England. Mother's father belonged to some other religion. I don't suppose they would have been so upset over my parents joining the Mormons if they had stayed in England. Buy they didn't want them to come to America.

Mr. Dibley died while mother was still with them. Miss Dibley had some sisters and one was Lady Achers. And there were children so she wouldn't be all alone. Miss Dibley and mother used to go to Yarmouth to the seaside every summer. Once while there the Prince of Wales was there, and he was having a big time. Mother passed him on the sidewalk one day and winked at him. He stopped and told her her eyes would be the ruination of her someday.

Miss Dibley offered mother and father every kind of inducement for them to stay there in England: offered to give mother part of her estate, and they could live in the home with her, having their own quarters. But they just had to come to America. They saved until they had enough to pay their way. Father converted three of his chums, so they decided to come with them. They came on the "Nevada" in 1883.

year after, so I did what I could with the children at home. It was my desire to study nursing but this was never realized.

On April 7, 1934, I was married to Wenlock Wheeler Free. We had met four years previously when he had escorted my sister Phyllis to a dance in Eagle Valley. We had dated for four years, the last year quite seriously.

Wenlock was born in Pioche, Nevada. However, he was reared in Leadore, Idaho, where his father was mill superintendant. After he was grown, he returned to Pioche. Pioche was a rich mining area and his maternal grandparents lived at Highland ranch near there.

Bishop Ronnow Lee performed the marriage ceremony in his home at Panaca. His wife was one of our dearest family friends.

Mining was the occupation of my husband which he understood very well and loved. The first year of our marriage was spent in the home of his parents in Pioche. The following year, May 14, 1935, our first son was born, Joseph Carl Free. A serious, thoughtful child that brought joy and happiness to us all along the way. It seemed that our life began with our children.

The first home of our own was almost ready for occupancy when I came home from the hospital with our little son. The interior decorating and the woman's touch were accomplished, and within a month we moved in. The house was high on the hill above the town - bright and new, as were our hopes and dreams for the future.

Because of so much time spent underground breathing bad air and powder gas, my husband developed a heart condition that needed rest and care. He kept on with his mining as it was developing into what he had worked so long and hard for. He and his father were able to get better equipment and ventilation for the mine as it began to show a little profit from the ore.

After our marriage, my brothers and sisters lived with the three older girls. My sister Theda, lived in our home until her marriage a few years later. She and my brother Carl had a double wedding in the Salt Lake Temple, June 8, 1938. Carl worked down the mine with Wenlock in between school terms. He attended BYU at Provo for one year where he met his wife. Wenlock had a brother Lory, the same age as Carl. They worked in the mine together, attended the Y together, and after the first year at the Y, Lory was called to the Western states mission.

On February 15, 1937, just one hour after the enchanted St. Valentine's Day, our daughter, Rhea Jean, came into the world with her grandmother Free and Dr. J. H. Hastings to aid her entrance into this life.

Soon after Rhea's birth we decided to move down to a lower altitude in hopes it would benefit Wenlock's heart condition. We sold our beloved little house, and ground was purchased from my father to begin a new home. As the mining developed well, we were able to build our new home as we had always desired and it became the cradle of our hopes and dreams. Wenlock's health improved greatly in the lower altitude.

The Dibleys loved mother and treated her like their own. Mother started going with father (James B. Wheeler) right after she went to live with the Dibleys. And father never had any other sweetheart. Mother went with some other boys but when they began to get serious she always went back to father. They both came from large families, ten in mother's family and twelve in father's, he being the youngest. He had a good voice both for speaking and singing. He was a very good musician. He played the cornet and piccolo most. His mother always took him to church with her, and the ladies wore hoop skirts at that time, and he said several times when going up the stairs (he was just a little fellow and his mother would hold his hand) he got covered under the skirts.

He went to school a half a day and to work a half a day til he was eleven years old then he went to work all the time in a foundry where he was a boiler maker. After he finished, the company sent him to Wales for a time. Then he came back to the foundry. He joined a fife and drum band and had to walk three miles to get to practice and went three times a week. That made six miles after a hard day's work. He broke his foot by having some heavy equipment fall on it, and it was never taken care of. So he was lame all his life and had to have a shoe made especially for that foot.

When he was about seventeen years old he heard some Mormon elders preaching and became very much interested. They held their meetings mostly in the homes of friends. Mother took it up too. So did several of his friends, which made

colors on one bush. Friends sent him slips from America and different parts of England. Mother seemed to have been her father's favorite.

I believe it could be said that mother was typically English. The English are very proud of their King and all of the royal family. It was amazing to me how she would follow the lives, loves and happenings of the Princess Elizabeth and the others of royalty. Her stories of life in rural England are extremely interesting. I remember her telling about the bread ovens. The bread for a full week would be cooked in large stone outdoor ovens. Of course, it was impossible to run to the corner grocer and buy a loaf of bread in those days.

When mother was eleven years old she went to Newbury to be a companion to Miss Dibley. Several of her older sisters lived at Dibleys til they were married. There were just Mr. Dibley, the eldest of the family and Miss Dibley, the youngest. They had both been disappointed in love so never married. They were wealthy people. They only used half of the home which consisted of forty-four rooms; the rest of the place was rented part for stores and part to a family. They had a kitchen garden and a flower garden all surrounded by a high brick fence and a large compost pit also made of bricks. In this every bit of waste and leaves were placed to decay and be used on the gardens. They had a gardener who took care of these things. There were fruit trees that were espalared so the fruit grew on the walls to save space.

On February 10, 1940, we went to the St. George Temple with our two children and were sealed for time and eternity.

These were years of service in the church. I served as president of the Young Ladies, in the Primary presidency, and as a teacher in all the organizations. Wenlock worked in the Sunday School presidency. He loved to do ward teaching. Many times he did his own beat and those of any others who were not able to complete it themselves.

Our third child was born April 6, 1942, bring added sunshine and happiness into our home. He was named Wenlock Duane Free.

As the rich mine ore was developed, we became the highest producers of silver during one of those years. These were days of fulfillment. One day at the mine there was a terrible explosion. Four men were killed. Wenlock's Uncle Jimmie Wheeler, Mason Price, Ronnow Lee, and Lafe Mathews. These four and Wenlock were all underground together at the time. Wenlock was the only one who survived the burns. There were many months of misery, heartache for those bereft families, medical treatment, and finally a nervous breakdown for Wenlock. His health was affected for the rest of his life.

Our fourth child, Karel Marie, was born after the mine accident. Unlike our other three healthy children, she was injured at birth and the first year of her life was spent mostly in hospitals. It was war time and we were restricted in our travel, so much of that time was spent away from her. The year and a half that followed was a time of vigilance and prayers for her

welfare. On December 27, 1946, she passed away in Las Vegas, Nevada, and was buried in Panaca, Nevada.

Wenlock was elected to the Nevada State Legislature in 1945, and again in 1947. When we went to Carson City for the legislature the following year, I worked as an attache in the legislature, finding it an educational and enriching experience.

On April 16, 1949, Wenlock passed away as a result of Brights Disease (a kidney ailment). This disease probably resulted from the burns sustained during the mine accident. Because of his blindness and extensive treatment, our circumstances warranted selling our home and moving to a place where I could find the employment to sustain our little family. Joseph was 14, Rhea 12, and Duane 6. We moved to Las Vegas, where I was employed by my Uncle Gus Blad, Justice Court. There we made a new home for ourselves and the two older children finished their high school education.

Joe went on to college at BYU. Rhea Jean married Eddie Boyd on December 12, 1953.

On August 8, 1954, I married Willis Robinson. A former high school teacher and Bishop of Panaca Ward. He had suffered a tragedy in his family, and thus we decided to face life together. We resided in Las Vegas enjoying our church work. Joe and Willis' daughter, Pat, were both students at BYU. Duane was 12 years old. Joe married Isabel Worthen, September 9, 1955. We accepted missionary calls in August of 1956 for a two year stake mission. Pat and Joe both graduated from college. Joe

having earned the respect of his friends and neighbours. In addition to his ordinary occupation as a machine driver, he was clever at making baskets and beehives and at budding roses. He was a member of the Primitive Methodist Society at Burghclere. He leaves a widow and several children and grandchildren to mourn his loss, and these followed him to the grave when his remains were laid to rest at Burghclere Churchyard on the 18th. by Canon Blunt.

Mother (Rachel Talmage) was the fifth child in a family of ten and spent her youth in a rural community in England. Her father (Henry Talmage, see above newspaper clipping) was a machinist on the estate of the Earl of Kanarva. Her father also was a botanist of some renown. His specialty was flowers and specifically roses. Some of his roses were famous even in America.

Mother (Rachel Talmage) didn't get much schooling as they had to go quite a long ways to get there and of course had to walk. And when they went to class they had to stand til the class was over, and mother couldn't stand still so long without fainting. Then the teacher would send her home with her brother George to take care of her.

She often spoke of her father taking her to Sunday School and to visit her grandparents, and he always carried her piggy back. Her father loved flowers and especially roses and peonies. When he went through the field he always looked for wild roses that he could use to graft other roses on. He would have many



History of
JAMES BIVENCE WHEELER and RACHEL TALMAGE
as told by Rachel Free, daughter

Newspaper Clipping 1908

BURGHCLERE

Death of an Old Inhabitant. - There has recently passed away one of the oldest inhabitants of the parish in the person of Henry Talmage, who had reached ripe age of 82. He was a native of Burghclere, and was for a great many years employed as engine driver at Burghclere farm. Although only treading the more humbler paths of life he faithfully served his day and generation in his own particular sphere, and died full of years,

receiving a BES degree in engineering, and Pat the BA degree in Psychology.

This is the end of mother's written record of her life. She has given more detail about her home life as a youth in Panaca, and also more about her married life to Dad in his history which she wrote for me.

Mom and Willis and Duane built a lovely home in Las Vegas with a swimming pool. They were always in service to others, and pursuing their personal development. After their Stake Mission, they decided to make a radical change in their life style. They decided to obtain the education Willis needed to fulfil his life long dream of becoming a college professor.

They studied at the University of California for two years where Willis received his master's degree in Psychology. During this period of time mother enjoyed the intellectual climate of the Berkeley area and showed her willingness to serve by reading to the blind. Duane managed to make the transition from a being a big wheel at Vegas High, to an unknown student in a much bigger high school, where the thing to do was to take violin lessons in the summer. He developed his artistic talents with the creation of a unique wood carving he called Old Moe.

From Berkeley Mom and Willis went to Purdue University in Lafayette, Indiana, where Willis worked on his PhD in Psychology. During that period of time mother served as president of the Relief Society, and was a beautiful example of

loveliness and concern for the young women attending the university ward. Mother's hair turned totally white very early in her life--in her forties, and this combined with her vibrant spirit gave her an angelic appearance. Many people remarked that she seemed to glow.

Duane went to the BYU, and filled a mission to the Southern States. He married Janalee Peterson, December 26, 1964. Willis' daughter, Pat, was lost at sea in an airplane accident while visiting Hawaii. Mom was a great comfort to Willis though this painful ordeal.

Two years later, Willis completed his degree and they moved to San Diego, California, where Willis accepted a position on the faculty of Cal Western University. Mom served in the Stake Relief Society Presidency for many years in San Diego, and at the time of her death was serving as the Merrie Miss B teacher in the Primary. For several years, she was picking up four elderly ladies for Sunday School and Sacrament meeting every week, and taking them monthly to the Los Angeles Temple.

During these golden years in San Diego, Willis successfully carried out teaching and research responsibilities at the university. Mother actively participated with him, and was President of Cal Western Women for one year. They made opportunity for adventure together, driving to Alaska, flying to Hawaii, Europe and Mexico.

Mom's home in San Diego was a special place for all her loved family to visit--brothers, sisters, children, and especially grandchildren. The pleasant surroundings, lots of tender hugs,

company arrived in Salt Lake City on Nov 30, 1856 after more than three months on the journey, it had been reduced to a handful of people. Their handcarts had been left scattered along mountain and plain and many, many graves dotted the prairie and range, where a devoted people had joined the great majority in their effort to reach their Mecca in the Mountains.

Relief parties had been sent to meet the several companies of the handcart brigade and the one under Captain Martin, which was afterward known as the belated company, was reduced by death to a handful.

Daniel W. Jones who was a member of the relief force said, "They had given up all hope, their provisions were exhausted and most of them sick and worn out. That night several members of the company died." And this was what this aged Pioneer who has just passed on went through in order that she might worship her God as her conscience dictated. Her memory will always be cherished.

"As I Remember"

by Albert Philips on August 31, 1926

She was a pioneer of Utah. Seventy years of her life had been spent in the Salt Lake Valley. When a girl of nineteen years, she left her home in England, leaving father, mother and all that she might come to the Promised Land. On that long journey she endured hardships that are almost unbelievable, for she was with the last company of Handcart Pioneers under the command of Captain Edward Martin.

Monday she was laid to rest in the City Cemetery. This was Mrs. Annie Hicks Free. She had aided in every way possible to make the Salt Lake Valley and Utah what they are today and she lived to see the City, to which she came as a girl, grow from a straggling hamlet to one of the most beautiful cities in the land of her adoption.

The story of the handcart brigade has been told and retold and yet it can never be told as it was, of the horrors of the long 1300 miles. The story is pathetic in the extreme. Take the history of Mrs. Free. It is similar to others told me by the pioneers. The company of which she was a member, when it left Florence, Nebraska on Aug the 25th, 1856 consisted of 576 persons. They had 146 handcarts and 7 wagons. When the

great interest in what we were doing, delicious food, and the proximity of the zoo and beach provided the opportunity for many fond memories.

Mother died after a week's illness on April 22, 1976, in San Diego. On the day of her death her three children, Rhea, Duane and I, were at her bedside, and although she was in great pain, and very tired from trying to breathe, her mind was clear and her concern was for her children and grandchildren. She was only 60 years of age.

Mother's handwritten life story was found after her death among her records, and was compiled and completed by her son,
Joseph, May 1976



History of
RACHEL DIBLEY WHEELER FREE
as told by herself

I was born in Beaver, Beaver County, Utah, on January 31, 1886. I was the oldest child of James Bivens and Rachel Talmage Wheeler. There wasn't a doctor but a midwife when I was born. When I was born Mother had been cooking and doing for the other boys who came from England with them, but quit when she had me to care for.

when he was 75. So with all those little kids around, he probably needed a few moments of peace.

6. Other sources indicate Annie made her living in England by knitting socks.

7. See item 5 above. The story of her sweetheart has several twists. The one I've heard most often is that he was a member of the Martin handcart company and died on the way. I see no way to verify this.

8. Annie Hicks Free was aware she was a Wenlock on her mother's side and seemed to believe she was connected to gentry at the least if not nobility, even though her family lived in extreme poverty. Her father and mother both died in the Romford poor house. See this story in one of my newspaper articles in the book *It's All Relatives Columns*. However, Frank Smith and other professional researchers not only could not find any connection to any upper crust Wenlocks, they had a very difficult time making any headway on the Wenlock line. With all the additional data available online, it might be possible to do so now.

So, as Uncle James Wadsworth's family in the Hunt Baggage Company was fulfilling it's assignment to stay behind the handcart companies and help them, Annie was doing what she could to help others within the Martin Handcart Company, including helping to save Brother Bleak's life.

4. Fifty cents a week was a huge sum at the time. The Utah pioneers were so poor themselves, that when the 1856 pioneers first looked over the valley they saw only snow-covered hovels. This was the Great Salt Lake? This was their salvation? Their dream? By 1856, the Utah citizens had suffered drought and several terribly destructive cricket infestations. They had very little coinage and dealt in barter. And yes, the seagulls did rescue them but not until substantial losses had occurred. In other words, it was out of extreme poverty and with no place to get more supplies that the Utah Saints gave their all to save the handcart and baggage train Saints. This included healing them, feeding and housing them, teaching them how to live in the desert and providing jobs for them.

5. That many wanted to marry Annie is almost certainly true. It is another eternal gift the Utah Saints gave the “handcart” girls. After saving them, nursing them to health, teaching them to live in the inhospitable environment of Utah, many of the rescuers, their neighbors and friends took handcart girls as their second or third, etc. wives. Thus the first wives essentially “cared” for the handcart girls for eternity. How grateful I am that Betsy Strait Free, Absalom Pennington’s wife, was willing to welcome Annie Hicks as her husband’s new wife. After polygamy was abolished, Betsy Strait did live with her son and care for him. From time to time, Absalom P Free would visit her, sitting on the porch in their rocking [?] chairs. After all, APF was forty years older than Annie, and our Grandpa, Wen, was born

I don't remember much about the house, but there must have been four rooms. Dad worked in the Woolen Mills in Beaver until they closed down. They bought some property and must have had cows, because I remember an old red and white cow with horrible long horns bringing mother through a fence. The milk would go one way and the bucket the other, and mother would go through the fence. Mother had never done anything with animals until she came to America. She had such chubby hands. I don't know why she didn't get some man to milk the cow. I was always afraid mother would never make it through the fence and get away from the cow. I guess Dad was away hunting work.

I guess I was sixteen months old when the folks moved out to the Sulpher Beds. Esther was born out there (December 13, 1888). But before Esther was born mother was peeling apples. I would take the peelings and drop them down to an old cow that was there. I had on a pretty little red pleated dress. Mother said, "Now you be careful because she could catch you on her horns." And almost before I knew it the old cow had caught me on her horns and kept tossing to get me off and then dumped me in a pile of rocks. I lit on my ankles in a way that it must have bent them, and I couldn't walk. Mother was able to take care of me until I was able to walk. (Cows have such beautiful soft brown eyes, but they always look so wicked to me.)

I don't know just how long we stayed there before we moved back to Beaver when it closed down out at the Sulpher Beds. Dad went back to farming. He bought some cattle and

pigs and chickens. They must have stayed with the farming until Esther was past two years old. The men helped each other. But there wasn't much money. They took a very active part in church work, Father in the choir and band and playing for dances, taking part in home dramatics and going to night school.

Quite a few of the men from Beaver went to Pioche to work, so Father decided to go to work there too as he could work at the machine shop. Before Father went to Pioche, Mother and Father went to Manti and went through the temple (February 5, 1890). I can remember a woman dress in white giving Esther and me some raisins to eat while we were in a room waiting for them.

Then my baby brother was born which made my parents very happy. I was about five and a half years old. Mother would milk the cow, and I'd rock the baby in the cradle while she did. I could see her through the window and many times I saw her barely get through the bars before the cow would hit them. This frightened me so I've always been afraid of cows.

While Father was gone to Pioche my baby brother took sick with cholera phantom. Nearly every family lost one or two children. Everything passed out of them, blood and all. The doctor kept telling Mother he would give her plenty of time to call Dad, but he passed away (November 1893) before Dad got there. Of course, they had to come by team and wagon.

There was a young girl who was going to stay with Mother all night. She said as she was coming that she saw this big white bird up on the chimney. She had to come through the block.

db:MM_MII/t:passenger/id:44009/keywords:jemima+nightingale

The event of saving Brother Bleak is attributed to Maria Jackson Normington in the book Tell My Story, Too by Allphin 8th edition. p 179. But the information about Annie Hicks is so specific and correct I suspect Annie and Jemima assisted with the finding and saving of Brother Bleak, especially as I see no other way Grandma Free could have known of this event in 1967 – certainly not from any current handcart books.

Brother Bleak, age 26 in 1856, kept a trail diary as well as other records which can be found online in the Mormon Pioneer Overland Trail database. Knowing that Annie Hicks knew him should make reading his diary interesting and useful to Annie's biography. [Is he the Brother Bleak of southern Utah? Yes, he is the James Godson Bleak who settled in St George. Allphin p180.]

3. As the ragged, hungry, handcart and baggage train pioneers entered Salt Lake City in Dec 1856, people lined the streets to welcome them and to be assigned to take them home and care for them. The people in Salt Lake City had literally taken the clothes off their backs and thrown them into the rescue wagons. So if all of Annie's clothes were her own, they would have been in tatters. If she were wearing some of the clothes donated by Salt Lake City citizens, they could have been ill-fitting. It's entirely possible that she did not have the strength to get out of the wagon unassisted. In addition, the pioneers were so crowded into the wagons, that some of the rescuers were afraid they would suffocate.

1. Everyone shared handcarts. The young single women regularly shared one handcart among five of them. They could each have a maximum of 70 pounds as I recall. But that meant there would be 350 pounds on each handcart plus their ration of foodstuffs. The wagons that accompanied the handcart companies carried more flour and food plus the tents, so they were never to have had more than that much weight per handcart. However, it was a tough pull, and everyone was very tired. When 35 buffalo robes were provided, the handcart pioneers jettisoned them as well as many other items to lighten the load – just before they hit the snows the robes would have saved them from.

2. There was a Jemima Nightingale, age 21, in the Martin Handcart Company along with Jane Nightingale, age 57, and Sarah Ann Nightingale, age 31, and Joseph Nightingale, age 16. Jane Nightingale is the mother-in-law of Ann Barlow's oldest son, Oswald, already in the SL valley. Jane Barlow "left at Ft Bridger to recuperate, married John Long there, Mar 15, 1857." Could this be a member of the John Verah Long family? The connections just astound me. See the Wadsworth revision. All these people were born in England, as was Annie. Would like to know more about Jemima Nightingale, but except for her name, nothing more is given about her in Allphin, Jolene S. Tell My Story, Too. Dingman Professional Printing. 8th Edition. Jul 2012.

Jemima Nightingale did sail on the ship Horizon <http://mormonmigration.lib.byu.edu/Search/showDetails/>

Mother was sitting in the chair with the baby in her arms and when the baby got so bad she sent the girl for the doctor. And sent for Father. Mother held the baby in her arms.

The doctor said, "Oh Rachel, lay the little fellow on the bed and let him pass on," but she wouldn't lay him down. I guess they took him from her when he died.

Esther and I were in the bed in the next room. The door was open to the room where Mother and the baby were. I could see a bright white light come and go over our bed and then go in the other room and circle around the room. I was only seven and too old to be superstitious. It has haunted me all my life.

When Dad came home Mother had never shed a tear. She had bought the material for his clothes and made the other preparations. He was a cute little fellow and was eleven months old. They were very much broken up over his death. Dad said he would never be separated from his family again, so we just left everything except personal belongings and went with Dad to Pioche.

The trip from Beaver to Pioche took three days. It was hot in the wagon. The coyotes howled so, I was afraid.

Dad finally sold the property and water rights and so on in Beaver. He bought us a nice home in Pioche. They needed mechanics in Pioche and Dad worked twelve hours a day, so we saw very little of him there. He was gone in the morning before we were up; we did have supper with him, but he often had a meeting at night.

Dad was teaching a lot of the boys band. He always had a good band in Pioche. He taught everyone else, but couldn't teach his own children. He was a good singer and also took parts in dramatics. He love to sing comic songs and act them out. He had brought a stove pipe hat from England with him which he used very much. He enjoyed making people laugh and was very popular.

It was sure nice when he got so he only had to work eight hours a day. We always looked forward to getting his lunch pail to see what he had left in it. Many of the men that worked with him and boarded at the restaurant would give him fruit or something else that they thought we would like so we were always anxious to see what it was.

On my sixth birthday, Mother gave me a birthday party and invited a lot of children. We had home made ice cream and cake. I started to school in the fall, but the winter before there was a bad epidemic of diptheria and so many children died. I had it real bad. Mother never went to bed for sixteen nights, just stayed with me most of the time. She kept Esther in the back part of the house and she didn't get it. When I got over it I had St. Vitas Dance. I couldn't walk or feed myself, and I was very nervous for a long time.

At the 4th of July celebration I was Goddess of Night. I had a black dress all covered with stars and wore a crown. We rode on a wagon all decorated up and went all over town. The band led the parade. The next 4th of July both Esther and I were on a float with a lot of other girls. We were all dressed in white and a

1. Annie Hicks shared handcart.
2. Edward Martin handcart Company – Annie and Jemima Nightingale saw Brother Blake, whose feet were frozen, crawl off to die. In evening Brother Blake was missing, so Annie and Jemima went back, cutting across the trail and found him. They pulled him to where they were met by wagons.
3. In SLC Annie had very tattered clothes. Skirt in ribbons and had black quilted horsehair [stiff and shiny] [alpaca?] petticoat, stayed in wagon on arrival till finally someone remembered her.
4. She worked at various homes 5 am- 12 pm for 50 cents a week, such a good worker.
5. All the men wanted to marry her, but she wouldn't because there were too many people in the houses already.
6. Had to knit by fire and gump, a bowl with rag through holes and lit.
7. Finally to Brigham Young. He took her to Grandpa Free's and former wife went to keep house for son Oliver and Annie married him. A week later a fellow who had followed her from England came to claim her – too late.
8. She could knit really fast, very efficient. People said she was uppity. Grandpa Free always called her, "my lady."

After just having written the chapter on the 1856 handcart and baggage trains for the revised Wadsworth history, the above notes make all kinds of sense as shown below.

case to the Lord. I knelt beside my bed and I prayed with all my soul that our Father would hear and answer my prayer. I said, "Dear Lord, do not let me do wrong. Let me know tonight, Dear Father, let me know tonight." I believed with all my heart that I should be answered. And this is what I dreamed. I dreamt I stood in the door of the house where I lived and at the end of the street was a large crowd of people and in the midst a tall man with a stand like a music stand before him and on the stand a large record book and it seems to me that I can still hear the swish of the heavy leaves as he turned them. He held up the book with its leaves as white as snow not a mar on them. And his voice rang out clear and strong: this is the way walk ye in it. When I awoke I laughed for joy to think I had been heard and answered. My folks in the morning wanted to know what I was going to do about Mormonism. I said I have had the knowledge given me that I am right and I will stay with it till I die. That is 61 years ago and I am here (meaning Salt Lake City, Utah).

Annie Hicks Free died August 27, 1926, 89 years of age.

Annie Hicks

by LaRae Free Kerr M ED 12/12/2012

Item 5371 in LFK file drawers

Notes from Grandma Rachel Free taken 7 Nov 1967 probably by my Mom, Myrtle Joy Wadsworth Free, because I was still on my mission on that date and rewritten by me.

wide ribbon of blue that went over our shoulders and fastened at our waist, with the name of a state on it in gold. Mine was Delaware, can't remember what Esther's was.

I liked school very much and I learned easily. When spring came we children used to go up on the hill among the rocks and make play houses. The trail was real steep up a cliff of rocks; then there were some nice places for our houses and lots of wild flowers. One day when the bell rang we were all running to get down, and there were a lot of larger kids there too, and they pushed the small ones, and I went over the cliff and landed in a lot of big rocks by a spring. It broke my arm, and I was badly bruised. In August my sister Cassie was born (August 16, 1892).

There were four grades taught in one room (1st thru 4th), and four grades taught in another room (5th thru 8th). I remember a teacher, Kate Courtney, who was so hard on Esther. She would make me go out of the room, and I would sit outside and cry. She would try to send me home and say there is no need for me to punish your sister and have you sit out here. She was always just lovely to me, but cross to Esther and many of the others although Esther was always better looking than I and full of fun.

We would have Spelling Bees on Friday afternoons and choose sides. There would be two of the older ones who would be the Captains, and they would keep choosing until they had chosen everyone in the room. I was nearly always one of the second ones chosen. I was often the only one left standing at the end of the bee. On Friday afternoon when parents would

come to the school, some of the kids would sing and some play the organ, and I was always called on to read. I never missed a time. I was a good reader and had a good voice and LOVED to read. This was in the upper grades after we returned from California.

Dad got interested in a kind of venetian blind with some other men, and they decided to take it to San Francisco and have it displayed at the Fair. Mother had got \$1,000 from Miss Dibley when she died. Mother and Dad saved some money, and against Mother's wishes they sold our home, and we went to San Francisco. First when we got there we lived quite close to the ocean. The fleas nearly ate Mother up. I can remember her sitting on a chair with her feet in a tub of water. We got a house farther away and the fleas didn't bother us.

The other man, Joe, hired a secretary. He and Dad took turns staying at the show. Dad woke one morning to find he had no money left. Joe had got away with it all and married the secretary. Mother had a necklace with English silver coins that she had gotten when she was in England. Dad took all those coins even though they had holes in them and used them for street car fare.

Dad hunted for work for quite some time and finally got on at the ship docks working on repairing a ship. As he had not done any hard work for quite some time, he sure suffered with blistered hands. Mother became quite ill, could hardly get around and knew if she could just get back to the mountains she would be all right. So Dad began making preparations to move

had started across the river with his handcart but the current was so strong that he was borne down stream. Seeing the boy's condition I ran down the bank of the river and went out into it in time to catch the boy and his handcart. I helped the boy to shore but he was almost frozen. In the evening when the company made camp, the boy's mother was going out to gather chips of wood but the boy insisted upon going himself. When he had been gone a long time, a search was made for him and he was found frozen to death with his sticks in his arms.

ANNIE HICKS FREE TESTIMONY

Testimony of Annie Hicks Free written at the age of 61 years - about 1898 - probably at Salt Lake City in possession of Helen Free VanderBeek.

"Ask and ye shall receive, knock and it shall be opened unto you," was the promise of our great Redeemer, though I at the time not knowing that the promise was in the scripture. But I will tell you of the knowledge that was given me of the saving power of baptism for remission of sins or the entering into a new life. I was baptized on the 17 of January 1853 and was to be confirmed on the Sunday following. My people heard of my baptism and sent me the vilest books against Mormonism. Told me that I would be ruined for life if I joined the Mormons. I was afraid I had done wrong but having no earthly friend I took my

faithful band on the road. I reached the valley on the last day of November 1856, with not a friend to meet me--but I am still here with the saints and many friends in the valley of the mountains. (Annie Hicks was taken to the home of Brother Ellerbeck where she did housework for which she was paid 75 cents per week. She also did their knitting, sewing and embroidery work. This insert was taken from, Our Pioneer Heritage, page 184.)

I was married to Absolem Pennington Free, a Patriarch of the Church on March 5, 1857, and am the mother of seven children, all of whom are living. I am also proud of my thirty-four grandchildren and the thirty great grandchildren.

(Annie was a gifted writer, she was the author of many beautiful poems. For many years she was secretary of the Farmers Ward Relief Society and her records were kept beautifully. A sacred hour was held in her home every Sunday to which all of her grandchildren were made welcome. Always she was dressed in her best gown with a white apron. Then she would play on the organ and we would sing, after which she would read the Scriptures. These were wonderful experiences to me as a child and it was then I learned to love and to read the Bible. This insert taken from, Our Pioneer Heritage, page 184)

I have been asked to relate an incident or two that might be of interest to you. One which I recall very clearly, occurred as we crossed the Platte River. The stream was very strong and the water bitter cold, making it very hard to cross. In the company was a widow with her family. Her oldest boy, a fine young chap,

back to Pioche. He had to borrow the money to do it. But as soon as we began to get close to the mountains Mother got much better, and we were all happy to get back to Pioche. Not long after we got back my brother, Jimmie was born (September 26, 1894).

Esther and I went to school and I love it. Dad decided to build a mill and a house for us at Highland when I was about eight. He hired two or three men to help. We lived up at the old Brewery while they were building the house and the mill. We stayed there about three years. We had a lot of fun at Highland - ran wild like Indians. Then we moved down to the house. Dad ran the mill. I helped at the mill, used a rake to take slime off the water to keep it running through. Dad called me his "right hand man." How that mill clomped, very noisy. Dad had five stamps in the mill. He had his own assay office. Jimmy was a baby when we moved out there. We stayed til after Leah was born in December (December 14, 1896). It was the hardest winter we had out there. Lots of snow, deep and cold. The mill wasn't too much of a success, so we moved back to Pioche.

We started to scholl again and Cassie was old enough to go too. Dad worked at the machine shop at the Number One Mine. He had leased the mill to some men. While there he got very ill. When they brought him home he was unconscious and was very sick for a long time. I went to school one half of a day and stayed with Dad the other half. We had to feed him and do everything for him as he couldn't do anything himself. When he started finally to get well, he would lay on the edge of the bed and swing

his arm until he could get his arm working. The Odd Fellow Lodge members were very good to come and help with him. They brought a big bath tub and would put him in that. Then he went to Fay, a mine out of Pioche.

My sister Juanita was born July 7, 1900. All of us had whooping cough in the summer. It was awful. It was another hard winter - so cold all the water froze. Everyone had to go to the tanks to get water, and they carried it on sleds. We lived close to the tanks so it wasn't bad. Nita was about two and half year old when we moved back to Highland. That is where we lived the rest of the time. Priscilla was born July 24, 1903.

I was about fifteen when I went to Pioche to live with Mrs. Sawyer. She was supposed to help me with my schoolwork. I open my books once. I helped Mrs. Sawyer with her babies and worked hard for \$10 a month. I also worked at the Ida May Mine where I helped Mrs. Murphy. I waited on tables, made lunches and washed dishes. At sixteen years I started working for some friends of ours named Carmen. I was working for her when I met Wen Free. Then I didn't see him again til I was twenty. A Chinaman came from Salt Lake and taught me a lot about cooking.

Father took a contract for new ore and hired thirty men. Esther and I did most of the cooking for three shifts. Esther made the bread and pies and I did most else. I don't know how we had the nerve to do it, two girls only about sixteen and seventeen. We \$20 a month.

I was alone, or rather away from my own people at the time I first heard the Gospel and I think I loved it the first time I heard it; it seemed so quiet and pleasant to me. I embraced the Gospel and was baptized on the 17th of January, 1855, in the White Chapel Branch in London. Shortly after my baptism, before I had been confirmed, my relatives sent me a terrible book against the Mormons, marking it in places for me to read. The tales were so wicked, I was afraid I had done wrong and decided to ask the Lord to direct me aright. I fervently pleaded with our Father to answer my prayer that night as my confirmation was to take place the following morning.

I immediately was comforted by a wonderful dream. A book (The Book of Life) was opened to me and the leaves were turned in rapid succession until the page with my record was found. On the page was my name without a mark or blemish against it. A loud clear voice spoke to me saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it." I was overjoyed at this revelation and have never doubted the gospel from that time on. You may be assured I was confirmed the next day feeling perfectly happy and satisfied. From then on my relatives were unkind and cruel to me. I worked very hard to obtain enough money to come to America. I would knit from early morning until evening in the London workshop.

On the 25th of May, 1856, I sailed for America on the ship Horizon, beginning our journey to Zion. I crossed the plains with the belated Handcart Company of Edward Martin. We underwent numerous hardships and lost many of our good and



History of

ANNIE
HICKS FREE

written by
herself, April 9,
1931

I was born in Barking, Essex, England, on the 8th of January 1837, the younger daughter of Daniel Hicks, a sailor, and Hannah Wenlock Hicks. I knew very little of my father's family. My mother was born of Scotch and English parents.

Father being a confirmed invalid, I had, as it were, to keep and care for myself, assuming the responsibilities of a woman when I was a mere girl. As a child, I was very devout, praying and asking God for guidance and firmly believing that he would protect me from all wrong. And surely, I have been saved many times from most certain evil.

When the contract ended we went home and started a school out at Highland just for the five of us. I sure did hate it - no competition or anything. It never had the fascination. I always wanted to be head of the class, but I was in a class all by myself. We only had it for three months in the summer and had to learn what the rest did in nine months. I quit in the seventh grade.

When I was working for Carmen's, Wen was working with his brother Joe out at the Ida May Mine, and they came to Pioche for the Christmas holidays. I was at Garrisons with five or six other young folks; we had been popping corn and had strung popcorn and cranberries to decorate the tree and had mints and candy. Laura was passing the candy when Joe and Wen came. When she passed it to Wen he took it from her and passed around with it; when anyone went to take some he would go to the next one.

I was sitting in a corner in the far side of the room. When he came to me I said I didn't care for any, thinking he would apss on as I was kind of afraid of him. He seemed so sure of himself and so different from anyone else I had ever met. And I was pretty self conscious. He gave the candy to the next person and sat down by me which bothered me very much. He kept moving his chair closer to me til he had me penned in the corner. I said, "If you don't stop I am going to move from her!" He said, "Do you know what would happen if you did that? You would land right on my kjnees and get kissed." I didn't stop to think but jumped up to get away. And did land on his knees and got

kissed. Of course, the crowd all took it as a joke and got a big kick out of it which embarrassed me very much. He held my hands so I couldn't slap him.

Finally the crowd all left but Wen and Joe. Laura proposed that we go to her aunt's and see how their tree looked. Before this Mrs. Garrison showed a piece of handiwork I had given her for Christmas, and Wen said when he looked at it, "Won't it be wonderful when we have a home of our own to have work like that in it?" I just didn't know how to take him. When we went to get our coats, I made Laura promise she wouldn't let them know but what I was staying at her place. We went down in Chinatown and to their boss's house. And then to the aunt's place. We had a nice time.

When we got back to the house, and they were about ready to leave, Wen said, "Let's see, there is a dance tomorrow evening and you are going with me." I said, "I already have a partner." He said to just tell him to go bump his head because you are going with me. Well I did go to the dance with him and had a lovely time. Everyone seemed to like him. When he took me home he said, "How come you let me think you were staying at Garrison's?" I can't remember what I said; he put me inside the gate and closed it. Then he said, "Don't you think you ought to kiss me good night?" I said, "No!" And so we parted.

I didn't see him again til the 22nd of April. Esther was going with Ed Deck, and Dad had promised us we could go to the dance. We got up early and went to find the horses. We walked and hunted til about 4:30 pm when we found them away

planning for the welfare of the Saints in this fast growing town, Brigham Young decided the best location for a large park would include the Free farm. This property was traded for several lots nearer the center of Salt Lake to the satisfaction of all.

Absalom was a farmer and stockraiser throughout his lifetime. He was active in the church and served as a Patriarch for many years. He loved his family and was proud of them. He was the father of twenty-one children.

March 5, 1857, Absalom was sealed to his third wife, Annie Hicks in the Endowment House. Annie, born January 8, 1837, in Barking, Essex, England, was a convert to the church of only two years, and had arrived in the Salt Lake Valley with the belated Edward Martin handcart company the last day of November 1856. She was only 20 years of age when she married Absalom who was 59 years of age.

To this marriage was born seven children: Elanor, Louisa, Absalom, Frances, Joseph, Irene and WENLOCK.

Absalom's 4th and 5th wives; Sarah Jerrold Hyder and Betsy Jerrold Whitehead were widowed sisters with families. He respected and cared for them and their families but had no children by them. He died in Salt Lake City on July 22, 1882, at the age of 84 years.

they were enroute to the Rocky Mountains. One of them: One day as the wagon was being laboriously drawn over the bumpy land, an extra sudden jar sent one of the little girls tumbling from the wagon seat where she was riding. Seemingly the wagon wheels had passed right over her little head. To the amazement of the horrified family, the child jumped up unhurt. The child's head had apparently fallen directly into a hole in the ground allowing the wheels to pass safely over without hurting the child.

Another story was of a runaway team. As the wagon train neared the Platte River, the animals who had not had a drink in a long, long time went crazy with the smell of water in the air and ran wildly and without control toward the water. Absalom, on horseback some distance away, sensed the danger to his son who was desperately trying to hold them back, and to his little daughter who was riding with him. He raced in front of the animals whipping them in the faces with his hat to startle and stop them. And not a minute too soon - for in a short minute they would have been in the river and all would have been lost. Absalom was given the steam and power to perform this feat by the Lord and he thanked God all the days of his life.

The majority of the Brigham Young Company arrived in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake September 21, 1848. Each family received land when they arrived here on which they were expected to provide a home and a living for themselves. The Free family was located in and on the east side of what is now Liberty Park. They worked hard to clear the land, build a home and improve the property for farming. Some years later, in

up in the mountains. When we got them almost home they ran over the hill as hard as they could go, and we were so tired we couldn't go after them so we stayed home. The next day Wen got a team and buggy and came out home. We had a nice time. He just seemed to take it for granted that I belonged to him. I didn't see him again till the 4th of July when we went to a dance and sat on Garrison's porch and watched the sun come up.

I was home most of the summer, and went to work at Middleton's in September. Wen was working in Pioche and would come to see me every day, but never stayed long; just seemed like he came to see if I was still there.

We planned on being married on his birthday, the 11th of December, but Mother was very sick so I stayed home to help take care of her. We were married on the 25th of December 1906. I was twenty, almost twenty-one; Wen was thirty-two. Wen shook so he could hardly put the ring on my finger. And in all the years I have known him this is the only time I have ever seen him afraid. He often told me that he knew the first time he saw me that he would marry me.

In ten months my first baby was born but did not live. He was so tiny. We had planned on him so much; he was such a pretty little thing.

Wen worked in Pioche. Wen sold his property in Salt Lake, bought a house in Pioche, and Wenlock (August 18, 1909) and

Darell (February 7, 1911) were born there. Wen worked at assessment for a lot of companies, he did a lot of hunting.

Wen was driving a wagon near Pioche with a heavy load. He put his foot out to pull on the rope to secure the load and the rope broke. Wen was very agile and did a back flip to get out of the fall, but he landed across a hole and broke his back. We went to Salt Lake then. Five or six doctors said he had TB of the spine and had only a short time to live. He was in a cast for five or six months. He was miserable. One day he said he could stand it no longer. He got his brother, Joe, to cut the cast off. Joe said the only thing I can see that we can do is to go to a chiropractor. The doctor came and examined Wen and said he could do nothing. He went out and walked to the gate, then he turned and came back. The doctor had them sign a paper absolving him from responsibility. Then for about six times he came back and very carefully pushed Wen's vertebrae back together. Apparently the spinal column was intact because within six weeks Wen was up and working. I couldn't imagine why he was so discouraged and blue. I said, "God wouldn't take you away from me with these two little kiddies." Wen's folks were real good to me.

We went to Snake Creek Tunnel. We lived in a tent between two streams. Wen was there to run the compressor while the mine ran. I was scared. Wen's first shift was at night. I just prayed I would live through the night so I could go back to Salt Lake. In the morning it was all sunshiny. Squirrels would run in and out and take the bread. The two little boys loved it.

For a couple of years while in Nauvoo, things were a little better again for them. Absalom built another home (we have always understood it was near that of Brigham Young's) and they again began to prosper. Once again persecution drove them from it and from Nauvoo. The mob forced them to flee in 1846. Before leaving Nauvoo, Absalom went to go to the Nauvoo Temple and receive his endowments on February 6, 1846.

Andrew Free was in Nauvoo at the time they were driven out by the mob. He was regarded as too old (72) to make the trip across the plains even though he had a great desire to do so. The best information I have is that his wife, Mary Pennington Free died in 1839 possibly at the time they were driven from Far West. Andrew Free died in Nauvoo in 1850.

They crossed the Mississippi river on the ice in the cold winter of 1846 with hundreds of other members of the Church. They finally arrived at Winter Quarters where the homeless refugees made preparations to journey to the Rocky Mountains.

In Volume 9 of Heart Throbs, Absalom P. Free, age 50, his wife Betsey Strait Free, age 48, and their children are listed as being part of Brigham's First division of 1220 souls who left Winter Quarters, Nebraska, May 26, 1848 on their way across the plains. This company was well organized for safety and efficiency. It was divided into smaller companies. The Free family traveled in the 7th Company and Absalom was captain of a group of ten wagons.

There are several interesting stories that have been told in the family about experiences and/or events that took place while

Once when the girls were on guard on a ridge, they saw part of a mob harrassing an aged prisoner. They were shocked to find that it was their grandfather, Andrew Free, who the mob threatened to shoot unless he would renounce, as they said, "Old Joe and his d--md religion". The faithful old Mormon bared his chest and told them to shoot, but he would never deny his religion which he knew to be true and of God. The leader declared with an oath that any man who could be that brave and true to his religion deserved to live. The mob released him and he returned to his home.

After the saints were driven out of Missouri in 1838 and 1839, the Free family returned to St. Clair County, Illinois, and remained there until they went to Nauvoo, Illinois, in 1845. During this time they rented farms, probably near their old home. The period between 1834 when they joined the Church and 1845 when they went to Nauvoo, was a difficult one for this family. In addition to the heartache and sufferings and financial losses brought about through the severe persecutions in Far West, Betsey gave birth to six children, and death claimed four beautiful children--a son, 12 years old, a daughter, 14 years old, and twin girls, 1 year old. These experiences were very sad for them for they had great love in their family. The death of the twins possibly had a greater impact in the lives of the older children for they watched these little babies struggle for a year and finally die as the result of not being able to get the proper nourishment for them.

Snake Creek Tunnel is up in the canyon above Midway, Utah. I never saw such a beautiful canyon, the columbine and the fern grew up so high. Joe Free and Mr. Ed Tylor had the contract to run the tunnel through to tap the Park City Mine to drain the water out of it. Mr. Taylor taught at the University. He was an engineer and a stone cutter.

After the mine closed down we were there all alone as watchmen in those mountains - oh, the snow and the skiing! We were so happy. Wen had to go down as far as Midway every day and drag a tree behind the horse, had to put snowshoes on the horse, to keep the road open so we could get to Midway and back and to Heber to get our provisions. There were fourteen feet of snow. It just mashed one of the buildings right down (the commissary) and sent the pool table right through the door. My how the snow did come down. Just like feathers.

If the horse ever got off the trail he would go right out of sight, but he was a wise horse. He had worked in the mine. We had Wenlock and Darell. Wen made such a nice pair of skii for himself (when he sold them he got \$25 for them, a lot of money then). He also made skii for the boys and I. Why, we even had to use them to get out to the toilet. Wen could really ride those skii - just like a bird flying over those hills, and he kept them so shiny and nice. Wen never did anything but what he did it so well. He had been such a good and fancy ice skater, and I guess that helps when it comes to skiing. I don't know how many times he sprained his ankle when he was skiing up there.

Steps had to be made from the house up on the snow to get to the outhouse and then back from the top of the snow down to the outhouse. The snow was so high there was just a little light coming through the tops of the windows. I finally got on the skis Wen made for me. I could stand and go forward a little, but I couldn't stop. I had to sit down to stop. It wore out my skirts - sitting in the snow.

A letter written September 11, 1913, by Rachel to her brother in Pioche stated: "We've just got through building a room and a cellar on our place, and Wen put the lights in yesterday so we are real comfortable."

This winter was so wonderful because we were together and were all well. Wen made skis and put them under a big box. We would wrap the boys all up in blankets and put them in the box and take them to the top of the hill and let them go down, and was it ever fun for them. They thought it was the best ever. Wen made a little teepee tent like the Indians have. After the snow had hardened they could play out on the hard snow. They had a little red table and chairs. The soft snow would make whirl puffs of snow. I had just told the boys to come or a whirlwind would come and take the hair right off their heads. Just then a whirlwind came and took their little tent right up in the air and set it down farther over. Wenlock came running to the house holding his hair with both hands.

Some days we couldn't get outside and Wen would chin himself and turn himself right over and around the bar. He surely kept himself in shape. He would insist that I do it too, but

neighborhood, so it was natural that meeting preparations should be made in their home. They listened, asked questions and visited, however they did not accept the gospel at this time. They became very fond of him and invited him to return if ever he was in their neighborhood again.

It was not long until this Elder did return, but he came with the chills and fever and needed care. Betsey tenderly nursed him back to health. During the two weeks he was convalescing he talked to her about the gospel and by the time he was well enough to leave, she was ready for baptism, but not her husband nor any other member of the family. However, the seeds were sown and when Elders Simon Carter and John Brown called on them in 1834 they were ready to listen. Andrew and Mary P. Free, Absalom and Betsey, and a large number of other relatives were baptized and became members of the Church at this time.

As soon as they became members of the Church they were eager to join others of their faith in Far West, Caldwell County, Missouri. They sold their property and moved to Far West where Absalom purchased land and built another lovely home. They were considered well-to-do. Persecution was great during this time in Church history. The Saints had been driven out of Jackson Co. in Missouri and the mobs were ravaging Davis Co. but there had been peace against the city of Far West. This was the beginning of trouble for the Free family. When Absalom joined the forces for defense of the city he left a sick son at home with the women folk who, with five other families, had to defend their homes and their lives.

were born after arriving in Illinois--namely, LeRoy, born 1817; Isaac, born 1820; and Marjorie, born 1822.

Here in this new area, the family worked hard to clear the land of the dense growth and large nut trees native to this place. It is a tribute to their industry and determination for they became very prosperous farmers. Four years after arriving in Belleville, Absalom eloped with Martha Belcher, a pretty little girl of sixteen years. The family has enjoyed telling of this fairy tale like romance through the years. Absalom put a ladder up to her second story window from which she descended into his arms. Their happiness was to be of short duration however, for she died three years later leaving him with two baby boys, Andrew and John Belcher. This marriage took place in St. Clair Co., Illinois in 1818.

On August 3, 1823, Absalom took Betsey Strait to be his bride. She was the daughter of Hannah Thomson and Israel Strait, who was a teacher and had a school for boys. The Free, Belcher and Strait families were neighbors and had been close friends for years. Absalom and Betsey were the parents of twelve children.

The Free family was devoutly religious and worshipped God. It is easy to understand the enthusiasm they felt when word reached them that an angel was coming to visit their community. This term 'angel' was commonly used when referring to the Mormon Elder. This was in the summer of 1830, soon after the organization of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The Free home was the largest in the

it was so hard for me. We moved the pool table over into the big dining room, and Wen and I learned to be expert pool players. Wen took Rene (his sister) and I up there awhile back to the mine and you couldn't see that there had ever been a thing there. The floods had just washed out everything. That winter was so wonderful. We were just completely happy.

We moved to Pioche. Wen worked at Highland Queen where he struck ore. He and my Dad did good for awhile till all pinched out. Wen went to Salt Lake and met a friend who helped him get a job at Newhouse, Utah. That is where Lory was born. We moved back to Salt Lake in time for another hard winter. Wen was a carpenter; he put the big windows in the college there.

We lived with Wen's sister Rene, her husband Wren, and Grandma Annie Hicks Free. She thought all of Wen's boys were the most wonderful ones in the family.

Then Wen got a job to go as a boss of a mine that was losing money up at Leadore, Idaho in 1918. In Leadore we had picnics and a good time. We worked there two years and the mine made good money off Wen. Then they laid Wen off, lost money and shut down.

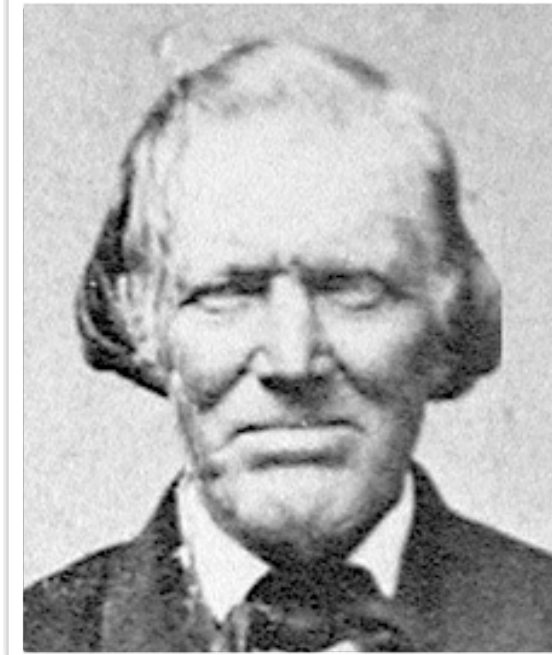
Lory writes the following: Mother made the children feel happy. She would read to us and do things for us. In the winter we boys would hurry with our chores, get huge piles of wood, help get dinner, eat, clean up and then we would start the lantern and all get around the pot-bellied stove and Mother would read. Dad was as excited as we were. We talked and

laughed. We read Peck's Bad Boys, The Mine with the Iron Door, The Voice of Johnny Winter and lots of Kerwood and Zane Gray books. Mom and I were baptized in Leadore, August 1924, at the Bohannon Hot Springs.

Wen worked as sheriff for two years in Leadore. He did hay, mowing and raking and the three boys helped. He also did blacksmithing. Rae was born there. She was six years old when we left, Lory was thirteen.

We moved back to Pioche in 1928-29, and Wen worked down at a mill in Pioche. Darell did odd jobs; Wenlock worked too. Then the Depression came. Wen and Darell both married. Wen and Jean lived here with us. Wen, Wenlock, and Lory worked in the Salt Lake Pioche Mine. We were so in debt during the depression. They worked on this mine seven years. They finally did strike ore and made big money on the Salt Lake Pioche Mine. Darell went in with them. Once more than thirty men worked there. They made a lot of money. They all got homes out of it.

This is the end of Rachel's writing. She lived the rest of her years in the home built for her in Panaca. She had a large and lovely flower garden and did many hours of beautiful handiwork for her family and friends. She fell and broke her hip in March 1966, but was able to make a complete recovery. She so loved to have her family come to see her, and she made everyone feel so welcome in her home. September 8, 1955, she was sealed to her husband and three of her children in the St. George Temple.



History of
ABSALOM
PENNINGTON
FREE
by
Mae Biesinger
Rose

Mary Pennington and Andrew Free lived in Burk Co., North Carolina. Land had just opened up for expansion in St. Clair Co., Illinois in 1814 when they moved their little family to Belleville, near East St. Louis, Illinois, in St. Clair County. Absalom was their eldest child and would have been sixteen years old at the time. There were eight children in the family when they moved to Illinois. Their names were: Absalom Pennington, born 1789; Betsey, born 1799; Allen, no date; Joshua Perkins, born 1803; Mildred, born 1805; John Page, born 1808; Joseph, born 1811; and William Hart, born 1812. Three children

and love blooms while great quantities of food are consumed. There, ponderous religious and social problems are discussed and sometimes resolved. They also sound off in other ways; many weddings, funerals, and choral services of various kinds are brightened and sweetened by a Blad solo, duet, trio or other ensembles.

One Blad gene also seems to have some sporting blood involvement. These people are great competitors, all in fun, they will do their utmost to out do you in baseball, ping pong, football, track and field events, as well as fishing, hunting, or tiddlewinks.

This same day, her grandson, Joseph Carl Free, Wenlock's oldest son, was married.

She often stated that she wanted to be useful as long as she lived, having the use of her eyes and hands. This hope came to pass. She lived alone (her son, Darell and family lived next door to her) until she was taken to the hospital, where she passed away a short while later. .

She died in the Caliente hospital at the age of 94, on October 21, 1980, and was buried in the Panaca Cemetery. Her passing coincided with the birth of a great granddaughter, Kara Marie Christensen, granddaughter of Wenlock's. She was preceeded in death by her son Wenlock (April 1949), and her sweetheart Wen (October 23, 1953).

Obituary of Wenlock Ammon Free

October 1953

Wen as he was known by his friends was born in Salt Lake City on the 11th of December, 1873, the youngest child of Absalom Pennington and Annie Hicks Free. He had two brothers and four sisters. Two sisters survive him. His father died when he was eight years old. He spent his youth on the farm where his mother and brothers and sisters lived and had a happy childhood. He loved his mother devotedly always. He has told how he remembered sitting on his mother's knee watching

the funeral of Brigham Young going by. He was very fond of horses and usually had a fine span. He was very fond of children, and his nephews and nieces and grandchildren adored him.

He tells of the time when State Street and Main Street in Salt Lake City consisted of a wagon track in the middle of the street with weeds and brush on each side. His father, a southern farmer, came to Salt Lake in 1849, and his mother came from England and crossed the plains in the Edward Martin Handcart Company, arriving in Salt Lake on the last day of November 1856.

Wen got his schooling in the Salt Lake schools and when seventeen years old went to work for the street car company operating some of the early street cars of Salt Lake City. Then he learned the barber trade, but he didn't like it so he took up mining which he found so interesting that he made it his life's work. When twenty-one years old, he was foreman of a large mill with a great many men working under him. He could do anything around the mine, hoisting, blacksmithing and carpentering. He was an expert timberman. He was a hand driller and won in many contests. He like swimming and all kinds of sports. He once won a \$50 bet by chining himself ten times with one hand.

He came to Pioche in 1905 where he met Rachel Wheeler. They were married on Christmas Day 1906. They had three sons born in Pioche. The oldest died shortly after birth. Wen had his back broken and had to go to Salt Lake for treatment and was in

BLAD MAGIC - A TRIBUTE

by Willis Robinson

A high schoolteacher to most of the Blad children,
A Bishop to the whole Blad family,
and, second husband of Jeanne Blad

The miracle begins when you shake hands with a Blad. The handshake usually turns into a hug but is always accompanied by twinkling eyes and smiling face.

I remember when Father and Mother Blad and daughters would walk into an otherwise calm and cool choir practice, being held in the little old church in Panaca. The Blad spirit took over and nothing was ever quite the same again; the music was sweeter, the refreshments tasted better and the spirit of love filled the place.

Blads come in many shapes and sizes but often, after being run through the Blad press, other lives become more open, honest, and well rounded in depth.

Every person influences every other person in the world by their personal radiation; with this family however, the positive is accentuated, "put downs" and criticisms are held to a minimum; love blooms with creativity and production following.

A Blad family get together is something. Instead of the usual formal greeting, male Blads often end up in a wrestling match on the floor or lawn. In the open society of Blads, peace

Thus continued the family expansion that made possible the perpetuation of this heritage of love to another choice generation, one that has become a credit and a blessing to those wonderful, diligent sowers, Levi and Addie.

Father was prominent in law enforcement work in the County, also working in the mines at Pioche, Caselton, and Pan American. In 1936, he married Athella Osborne Lee, a cousin of mother's, who was at that time a widow with five children of her own, most of them grown. They continued to make their home in Panaca, and it was blessed with the birth of a beautiful daughter, Gayle.

He always enjoyed little children. During his later years when he had many grandchildren, he often donned his Santa suit and paid them all a visit on Christmas Eve, enjoying their screams of delight and laughter.

Carl Levi died August 27, 1948, at Pioche, Nevada, and is buried in Panaca Cemetery.

a cast for some time. He was not expected to live, but when he was able to work again he went to work for his brother at the Snake Creek Tunnel above Midway and Heber in Utah. He spent one winter there as watchman; the snow was twelve feet deep that year. The family had many wonderful times skiing. Wen loved it and was very good at it. After leaving there the family came back to Pioche and stayed about one year. Wen then went to work at Newhouse, Utah at a large copper mill. While at Newhouse, a son, Lory, was born. From there they moved to Salt Lake, and he worked as a carpenter helping to build the University of Utah. The following spring he went to Leadore, Idaho to take charge of the Sunset Mine and mill. It was here the youngest child and only daughter was born. It was a wonderful country for hunting and fishing, but the winters were very cold, once being 50 below zero on Thanksgiving night. The family stayed there about thirteen years. Mr. Free served as deputy sheriff for four years in Lemhi county. In 1929 he moved his family back to Pioche and has remained in Lincoln county every since being very active in the mining business.

Mr. Free was industrious and honest. He had many severe illnesses and accidents in his life and periods of bad luck. There were times when the bills mounted and difficulties seemed insurmountable. After one such time, during the depression, when one of the family went into Mr. Earl Godbe to pay up the lingering bills, he watched while Mr. Godbe added up the bills owing by Wenlock A. Free, and noted that most of the bills of others were crossed out. He said, "Well, it looks like we're about

the last ones to pay our bill." Mr. Godbe said, "No, most of those bills were never paid, and never will be paid, so they were just crossed out, but I knew that Wen Free would pay his bills."

Mr. Free has had poor health for several years, but managed to enjoy life and do many odd jobs to help his family. But just about a year ago now, he had a severe case of pneumonia which left its mark on his already failing heart and body. About six weeks ago he became completely bedfast and after considerable suffering passed away at 7 am, October 23, 1953, at his home in Panaca.

He is survived by his widow Rachel Wheeler Free, two sons, Darell H. and Lorymore Free, a daughter Rachel Free Empie of Big Springs, Texas, two sisters, Ireme Young of Salt Lake City and Eleanor Jones of Los Angeles, six grandsons and four granddaughters. Two sons and one granddaughter preceded him in death.

surgery in the hospital in St. George, Utah, but did not survive the operation. She passed away on May 12, 1933, and was laid to rest on Mother's Day.

Our family was in a state of shock for many months. Mother's life had been such a pillar of strength, and we all floundered, trying to continue doing the same things without that loving support. Elaine, our youngest, was four years old. We had been given lessons in faith, problem solving, love and trust to help us through these dark years. Now the time had come for us to put it into practice. She had left us a legacy of love that would sustain us throughout our lives.

Aunt Ida Eyre, (Mother's twin sister) in Lyman, Wyoming, took Elaine to live with her, but after less than a year she returned to Panaca and her family, spending the rest of her childhood and high school years there. Mother's youngest sister, Lucille, stayed with us a great deal during the first few years of mother's absence.

In the years that followed, we three older girls fell in love and married fine young men from our local area. Carl attended BYU, where he met his love. Theda had also fallen in love with a fine man from Enterprise, Utah. A double wedding performed in the Manti Temple, united this brother and sister and their spouses for time and eternity.

During their high school years, both Jack and Norman made their home with Phyllis. Theda lived with Jeanne.

and the door was always open for creativity and the discovery of beauty.

Baby Norman joined our family, and later Elaine, swelling our ranks to eight children. By this time mother had some real help on the home front from her oldest children.

With his enlarging family to provide for, Dad was sometimes kept away from home in his employment. He was an expert cement worker and construction often took him to other communities, but at home there was always "business as usual" for us children in carrying out our responsibilities there.

Always there was opportunity to share our singing talents. Mother with her trained soprano voice was an example of discipline and control to us. Never would she let us turn down chances to sing in school, church, and community activities. There was "The Blad Sisters", trio, Phyllis, Gen and Jeanne; Carl with his sweet tenor, Jack developed into a shy bass and Norman became a smooth and popular crooner. Theda sang with a group of girls and tapped danced as well.

The athletic prowess of the three boys, has only been equaled by their sons of the later generation.

There were also times of sadness in our family. A ninth child was born, a little boy, whom we named Rollin L., but he lived only two weeks and was tenderly cradled in the Panaca cemetery.

Approximately two years after the loss of her baby son, mother was stricken with a kidney infection. She underwent



History of

ADDIE MINERVA HAMBLIN and CARL LEVI BLAD

written by their daughter, Jean Blad Free

Carl Levi Blad was born August 13, 1886, a son of Andrew Gustaf and Mina Albertina Andersen Blad. He spent his childhood in Panaca and attended the local schools.

As a young boy he helped his father on the farm, being the main salesman for their truck garden produce at Bullionville. He later followed the carpenter and mason trade, working mostly for Syphus Construction.

Addie Minerva Hamblin Blad was born February 6, 1891, in Minersville, Utah, a twin daughter of Wallace and Ida Minerva Rollins Hamblin.

They first met about 1905 in Panaca, Nevada, the home town of Levi, when Addie, accompanied by her twin sister Ida, had come to visit their Aunt Melissa Lee and their Lee cousins, who lived there. These must have been times of fun for them, mingling with the young people of that little farming community; there were parties, hayrides, singing, dancing and much laughter on these visits.

The twins, Addie and Ida, were from Lyman, Wyoming. Their home was a ranch, which was shared with many brothers, where the western way of life was the real thing. This life style no doubt was influential in Addie's development into a capable, strong, beautiful girl; who could drive a horse and buggy or sew a pretty feather on a bonnet, as the need may be. Her trained soprano voice, her dancing feet and her happy disposition kept her in demand in the small town social circles of that day.

Romance developed between Addie and Levi, but was interrupted in 1908, when Levi accepted a call to serve a two year mission in far away Australia. Love continued to blossom through beautiful letters exchanged between them during these years, while they were miles apart, letters which were kept and cherished and even shared, years later with their children.

One year after Levi's return, November 15, 1911, in the Salt Lake Temple, they were married and their home was established in Panaca.

of vegetables were raised so that our needs were always filled. General good health resulted from this healthy life.

Father was a kind, thoughtful father and spent much time with his children. He had a good-natured laugh and quick wit that endeared him to his family.

Mother's smiling face and pleasant personality cheered many as she sat with the sick, and in spite of her own large family had time to help those in need. She had a lovely singing voice and will always be remembered as "the voice in the old village choir." She was a good mother and insisted that her children be responsible members of the family. One of her strictest rules was any job worth doing was worth doing well.

Grandfather Blad was the town cobbler, as long as he was alive, where we, as children learned there were certain tools that were not to be touched, but were allowed to wax his strong thread with which he sewed the leather, and thread his funny needles.

Many times the Elders of the Church were called to our home to unite with us in prayer for one of the family who became ill or injured. Faith in God was a daily part of our lives coupled with pride in our heritage as His children; learning to solve problems as they arose with what was available, being cheerful and happy about it. From these childhood experiences we learned skills and attitudes that have strengthened us all as life unfolded before us. Music and singing sweetened our tasks

with chunks of cream on top; her fluffy feather beds, into which we were tucked, always with prayers and goodnight kisses.

Shortly after our arrival home from Wyoming, baby Jack was born, in Caliente. When fall came and time to begin school again, our family moved back to our home in Panaca, where the remainder of our childhood was spent. Dad commuted to Caliente to his work.

Theda had recovered from her long illness and Jack was such a beautiful healthy baby, we all loved them and shared responsibility in their care.

Along with her rapidly growing family, for whom she sewed, cooked and cleaned, mother did professional sewing for many people. She tailored lovely coats, dresses and hats. As little girls, we eagerly anticipated the discarded pieces of pretty material that we were allowed to have for our doll dresses, practicing femininity and domesticity after the pattern set by our mother.

As the years of "the great depression" came, we didn't feel poor, and we made our own fun. Dad worked for years for the City of Caliente Water Pumps and commuted to work. He was a most resourceful provider. We owned and raised our own farm animals, providing us with dairy products and meat, but more valuable than food, taught us responsibility and dependability. He mastered the art of barbering, keeping the many heads well groomed, and he also did barbering for the neighbors. He also owned a dental kit, including forceps, with which he pulled teeth when they became loose. On our garden plots the year's supply

During the following twenty-two years, nine children blessed their home:

Phyllis Minerva, born November 29, 1912;

Ida Genevieve, born June 8, 1914;

Mina Jeanne, born November 27, 1915;

Carl Hamblin, born November 1, 1917;

Theda Arlene, born March 9, 1920;

Jack Andrew, born January 7, 1922;

Wallace Norman, born September 14, 1925;

Elaine, born April 24, 1928;

Rollin L. born September 24, 1930, died October 7, 1930.

Panaca had many advantages, it was a stable community, where everyone knew each other on a first name basis. The shady streets, lined with lovely trees, added beauty and shelter from the hot sun in summer and gave exploratory adventure to children. School and church activities contributed much in the way of recreation and amusement, with athletics, music and drama. The church house, town hall, post office and two or three grocery stores made up the civic center.

In the winter, snow often covered the ground, ponds and meadows froze over, giving opportunity to learn to skate and slide down the 'peak' on our homemade toboggans.

In summer, there were gardens to weed, tend and harvest, skills to learn in sewing, cooking and homemaking arts, along with piano lessons and singing practice. We went swimming in the Big Ditch and Hick's reservoir, horseback riding, picnicing, dancing in our town or often in Caliente or Pioche. For the boys there were farm animals to care for, wood to be chopped and carried, hay to be harvested and stacked along with many other tasks that helped teach responsibility and accomplishment. While a new haystack was in the making, we sometimes persuaded our parents to allow us to make our beds on top, and sleep out under the summer stars, often with some of our friends joining in the slumer party, steeped in the aroma of the fragrant new mown hay.

Our home was a busy happy place with music and laughter in abundance. Love and acceptance mingled with affection and unselfishness were always before us as an example set by our parents and grandparents. Encouragement in improving talents and cheerfully sharing them in service to others, was a major lesson in our development.

As our house and property joined our grandparent's we were greatly influenced by our immigrant Grandfather, Andrew Gustavis Blad, from Gotesborg, Sweden, and Grandmother, Minnie Albertina Andersen, from Oslo, Norway. They were jolly, ambitious, and non permissive, but loving and helpful. As children we hardly knew the difference between parents and grandparents when it came to obedience and respect. An example of this unconditional love showered upon her

grandchildren was shown when one of the first crises arose in our family, Grandmother Blad took us three oldest girls into her home to live with them for an entire school year.

Father was employed by the Union Pacific Railroad and we had moved temporarily into a Company house in Caliente. It was the first year of our baby sister Theda's life when she contracted what the medical doctors of that day termed Cholera Infantum. For months her tiny life hung in the balance. There was no hospital care there then, her condition was very critical. A cooler climate, in a higher altitude was recommended by the doctor, so mother took her little family of five, boarded a train and went to Wyoming, where Theda gradually overcame the illness that had nearly claimed her life.

Mother's parents, Grandmother, Ida Rollins, and Grandfather, Wallace Hamblin, lived on their ranch near Lyman, Wyoming. I shall never forget the six months spent there, meeting and associating with numerous cousins, aunts, and uncles, feeling the love and security of belonging to a big family.

In the fall of 1922, we returned to Caliente, Nevada. Our parents objected to some conditions in the Caliente schools so we three older girls, Phyllis, Genevieve and Jeanne, were placed in Panaca, to live with grandparents and attend school there.

Grandmother Blad took such good care of us, nursing our bad colds, loving us through the daily problems of six, seven, and nine year-old girls. It is still pleasant to recall her watching at the gate each day for our return from school. How we enjoyed her good cooking, especially the cherry pie, Norwegian "rugritt"