Biographical sketches and genealogical data for
Thomas Jefferson Howell and
Mary Jane Heaton and
their forbears

Compiled by Grace H. Baugh and Ida H. Harris
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INTRODUCTION

In compiling this brief history no attempt has been made to produce a work of literary value. Our purpose has been to select some of the most basic facts from the information we have accumulated in our years of research.

Included in this volume are biographical sketches for Thomas Jefferson Howell and Mary Jane Heaton, their parents, and the paternal ancestors of Thomas Jefferson Howell; a pedigree chart and family group sheets for convenience in referring to the ancestors mentioned in the sketches; and a map of the migration of these people as far as we have been able to trace them. They were always on the frontiers in the westward movement across this country.

Southern research is extremely difficult but following the trail of our southern ancestors has provided many exciting as well as frustrating experiences for us. The earliest land records in every locality where they lived; wills and deeds; census records; war records; local histories; private record collections; cemetery records; and visits with kinfolk have produced bits and pieces of evidence in putting the puzzle together.

In following the migrations of these families we find that while some came west, many of our kinfolk stayed behind at the various stopping places along the trail shown on the map of their migrations.

Copies of this volume will be placed in the family history sections of the Salt Lake and Logan, Utah Genealogical Libraries. Also a complete copy of all of the family records of Thomas Jefferson Howell and Mary Jane Heaton and their ancestors, will be microfilmed in the Salt Lake Genealogical Library, along with our Four Generation Program. They will be submitted by Grace H. Baugh, our Howell Family Genealogist. We are happy that the library will now accept these records and provide a permanent repository for them. Being able to refer inquirers to this collection in the library should save us time in answering the many queries we receive.
1. Rowan, NC--Enoch Osborne b1750
2. Halifax Nova Scotia Chas Copeland b abt 1757
3. Grayson, VA John Hash Enoch Osborne Hannah Osborne and Chas Copeland Jane Copeland born 1789
4. Bledsoe, Tenn 1808-1817
5. White, Tenn 1808-1817
Copeland and allied families
6. Crawford, Ind 1817-1825
Chas Copeland, Wm Hall and allied families
7. Greene, Ind-before 1825
James Howell family
8. Vermilion, Ill 1825-1840
James Howell and Jane Copeland and allied families.
James Howell d 1829. James Jr. b 1829
9. Bates, Mo 1840 to abt 1850
Jane C Howell and allied families
Wm Hall d 1840
10. Decatur, Iowa--Thomas J. Howell b 1860
11. 1863--all migrated to Utah
12. Howells to Woodruff, Idaho About 1883
My grandparents were James Howell and Jane Copeland. Grandfather died in Vermillion County Illinois from cold and exposure from diving in the river to recover the body of a drowned boy. Grandmother Jane Copeland came to Utah in 1863 with her son James Howell and his wife, Rosannah Monk and their first three children. She died at East Portage, Box Elder County, Idaho, in 1869 and was buried on the hillside a few rods north of the Utah-Idaho line and just east of the free-way on the east side of the valley.

My father, James Howell, was born in Vermillion County, Illinois, October 15, 1828. He died at Woodruff, Oneida County, Idaho, June 11, 1906, and was buried at Portage, Utah. Mother, Rosannah Monk, was born at Mulberry Gap, East Tenn., February 1, 1842. She died at Logan, Utah, February 23, 1920, and was buried beside father at Portage, Utah, two days later. Their children were: Sarah Jane, Thomas Jefferson, Nancy Minerva, James William, Mohonni Moriancumer, John Cromwell, Leroy, and Annie Rose.

I was born March 7, 1860, in Franklin, Decatur County, Iowa. At the age of three, with my parents, I left Council Bluffs, Iowa, with the William Patterson Company of pioneers, and with ox and cow teams, came to Kaysville, Utah, on August 29, 1863. We located in Portage (then West Portage) in 1873, where we lived for seven years, then went to Woodruff, Oneida County, Idaho, which was then known as Muddy Creek.

The year before this, my father had homesteaded 160 acres of land, and built a large log house and prepared to move to it the next spring. He lived there until his death. After he died, mother bought a little house in the Sixth Ward in Logan, where she lived the remainder of her life. The greater part of her time was spent in doing Temple work.

Nephews old, I was born of goodly parents, who taught me the way of life, more by example than by precept, though the latter was not omitted. They were not overly blessed with the material things of the earth, having sacrificed the greater part of their lives for their children and mankind in general. It was said at their funeral services that they were scrupulously honest. Thus ended two beautiful lives.

My life was much like that of most children of that day. Of necessity, I learned to do a man’s work early. Although we were particularly happy, we were particularly happy. I went to school for a few months each winter, when there was school, until I was thirteen, and by that time had finished the schooling provided for the grade pupils.

Reading was always a pleasure to me and the teachers had a hard time providing me with enough new readers from their meager supply. I took part in church, school, and community affairs, as did the others of my family.

In the spring and part of the summer of 1877, I worked on the Logan Temple, after which I went to Kaysville, Utah, where I worked in the harvest field for wheat to make flour for the family for winter. In the middle of the summer of 1878, I hired to a freighter to drive a team to Deer Lodge, Montana. Upon our arrival there, my team was unloaded and I was released to get back home as best I could, although I had been promised the round trip. I went from camp into town, where I heard some Indians selling ponies. I bought one for $20.00, and got on it and started for home. About eight miles from town, I met an Indian who produced a paper describing the pony that I was riding, and some others, too. He drew the paper quickly out of his back pocket I felt, as though it were real, a bullet pass right through my body. I rode with him back to Deer Lodge, where the Indian with a local Indian followed the thieves, got the horses, and brought me $14.00 out of my $20.00, the other $6.00 having been spent.

I then started home with a man from Samaria, David D. Williams. On getting about half way home, we met a freight outfit which was short handed. One of their men had been run over and killed, so I turned back again and drove a team to Indian Ferry on the Missouri River, a little South-east of Helena, Montana. The boss turned his freight over to another man there, and I was left again. I, with Peter Camp of Salt Lake City, now of Pleasant View, Idaho started home where I arrived with 25c and the pony which Peter Camp and I had bought together, having traded a coat for his part of the horse.

On April 19, 1869, I left with William Sinclair, Azriah Moss and Jonas Heaton, to go to Eagle Rock, now Idaho Falls, Idaho. The railroad was completed that far. There we loaded our ox-teams with freight for Montana. I had six yoke of cattle, and three wagons, while the others had fewer cattle and one wagon each. Our first trip was to Butte, Montana. The second to Helena, and the third to Virginia City. We arrived home on the 23rd of November, 1879. It had snowed several days before, and the weather was extremely cold. An unusually hard winter followed and on account of feed being scarce, most of our cattle died.

In the spring of 1879, I was invited to a dance held in the new log house of Willard Gibbs at Portage. During the dance as I was leaving the floor looking for a seat, I came to the side of the wall where slab benches had been provided and there was a vacant seat between two girls. As I looked down at one of them, a voice spoke as though I was speaking myself, and said, “This is m’wife.” I sat down beside her and talked with her awhile. A light courtship followed. We wrote a few letters back and forth that summer while I was away from home. But in the fall we became real lovers and soon were engaged to be married.

During that summer her mother, who was a widow, was married to William John as second wife. This was in 1879. The next spring I worked at odd jobs and didn’t get much money, for there wasn’t much to be had. That fall, I was hired to teach school at East Portage, but after two months, contagion got in the school, and it was necessary to close it.

The time for marriage to Mary Jane Heaton had been set for early spring. Then about the middle of March, 1881, her mother, Janet Heaton John, died in childbirth. She and her boy baby were buried together in the same coffin, the child having died a day later than she. After this, there was no home for Mary Jane, so we decided not to wait as we had planned, but to go to Salt Lake City for April conference and be married there.

We didn’t get there with out some trouble as there was no railroad closer than Collinsville, Utah. One of our young horses gave out and we had to leave it and borrow another to get us to the railroad, where we went by train the rest of the way and arrived in time for the conference sessions. On the 7th of April the day after conference closed, we were married in the Endowment House. Thus we started on our matrimonial career with less than $20.00 on which to subsist. At times we almost went hungry, but little by little we gained.

I went to school at Washakie that fall and taught school at Plymouth, Box Elder County, that winter for a few months, until contagion again broke up the school. By this time, I was not satisfied with the teaching. I traded to Hyrum Smith, the eldest son of John Smith, the church patriarch, for his right to a homestead of 160 acres of land at Woodruff, Idaho. I worked on that farm some during the summer, then went to school at Washakie. It was August 2nd of this year, 1882, that our first child, Rosa Janet was born. We lived in the vestry of the meeting house at Washakie, which was also used for school.

During the summer of 1883, I built a one room log house on my homestead, and planted about two acres of lucerne, about the first to be planted on the west side of the river.

I taught school at Portage part of the summer and fall, and all of that winter. There were seventy pupils of all grades, yet not graded except by readers, from Primer to National fourth. The pupils advanced quite rapidly, and of course I learned some, too. My wife attended during the first part of the winter. My oldest sister, Sarah Jane and an older woman, Martha Hale, also attended. The older woman had a boy Howard about seven who may have known little words like ‘cat’ or ‘dog’ when he started school. At the end of two ten week terms he could read well in our highest reader and was about the best speller in school, and other things practically the same. He was one of the most brilliant students I ever knew. He now is a bishop in one of the Salt Lake City wards and is teaching school too, which he has done for years.

The next April, a son, Thomas Leslie, was born to us. We then made our home entirely in Muddy Creek, now Woodruff, where eleven more children were born. Two of our children died with Bright’s disease; Lillian Heaton at the age of thirteen, and our oldest son, Thomas Leslie, he leaving a large family. His wife was Margaret Gibbs, daughter of William H. Gibbs of Portage.
I taught school from then on at Woodruff for some years. Then one year at Henderson Creek, two years at Mink Creek, Idaho, 1896-97. Before leaving Mink Creek to come back home, I received a call to go on a mission to the Northern States. My farm was not in the best of shape due to my absence from home, so my request to wait until fall for my mission was granted, that I might leave my family better prepared. I worked very hard early and late, getting our posts and poles to make corrals and stock yards, and a place for our animals. I plowed and prepared over 100 acres of ground and planted it into wheat. On the twelfth of October, 1897, I started for the mission. It started to rain that day and continued to rain at intervals until about Christmas time. At home the wheat came up like a lawn for winter and the next season we were blessed with a wonderful crop, at least twice as much as ever before. I paid all expenses at home and in the field. Of course, my good wife was very careful and saving and went without some comforts that would have been nice to have but she never complained or asked for help. I came home on the 21st of December, 1899.

Immediately after my arrival home, the man who was teaching school at Woodruff took sick and died, so I was asked to take his place. I may be mistaken in this date for there were two schools I took in mid-winter. I took the other school, because a young lady failed in her exam.

Our first meeting house was a log building and was used for school, too. When a new frame one was made, I taught the first school in it and for several years after. I didn't teach school after this until 1907, when the superintendent of the county told me he had a broken school and wanted me to take it. The pupils had run the teacher right out. I told the superintendent that I hadn't been in the school room for so long that I wouldn't know how to begin. He was offering good money for the times so I agreed to try it if I could get a teacher's certificate, which I did quite easily. The school was at Rockland, Idaho. I boarded with Hyrum Frosham. I asked the three trustees to go to school with me the first morning, two men and one woman, who told the children I had come to teach them. About all I said was that I expected each one to assist me in governing the school so I would have nothing to do but teach them. I gave them no rules to break, and was kind but firm with them in all that I did or said. Just a few days after I began teaching them, I called a few of the larger ones into the school so I would have nothing to do but teach them. I gave them no rules to break, and was kind but firm with them in all that I did or said.

One more school experience, then I am through with school teaching. One year went by without school as usual, then the same superintendent came to me with the same story as the last one. He told me he had a broken school and wanted me to take it. The pupils had run the teacher right out. I told the superintendent that I hadn't been in the school room for so long that I wouldn't know how to begin. He was offering good money for the times so I agreed to try it if I could get a teacher's certificate, which I did quite easily. The school was at Rockland, Idaho. I boarded with Hyrum Frosham. I asked the three trustees to go to school with me the first morning, two men and one woman, who told the children I had come to teach them. About all I said was that I expected each one to assist me in governing the school so I would have nothing to do but teach them. I gave them no rules to break, and was kind but firm with them in all that I did or said. Just a few days after I began teaching them, I called a few of the larger ones into the school so I would have nothing to do but teach them. I gave them no rules to break, and was kind but firm with them in all that I did or said.

Eventually the log school house was torn down and a more suitable building was erected. The new building was larger and more comfortable. I taught there for a few years and then moved on to another school.

I taught school for several more years and then decided to take a break from teaching. I started working on my farm again and spent my time there until the fall of 1899. During this time, I met my future wife, Hulda F. Christensen. We met in a dream that showed in no unmistakable way, the woman I should marry. This woman was Hulda F. Christensen, and I knew I had found my lifelong partner. She was the one I was made for, and I knew it from the moment I met her. We were married and started our lives together in a small cabin near my farm.

Years passed, and we built a bigger and more comfortable home. Our family grew, and we were blessed with many children. We were a hard-working family, and we took pride in everything we did. We were members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and we lived our lives according to the principles of righteousness and faith. We were active in our community, and we helped those in need as much as we could.

Years later, I was called to serve in the A Aaronic Priesthood. I attended the Elders quorums meetings, and at an early age I was ordained an Elder by John S. Morris at Portage. I served as a deacon, and later as a Seventy. I was called to serve in various positions in the Church, and I was blessed with the opportunity to serve my fellowman in many different ways.

Years went by, and I continued to serve in the Church, and I was eventually called to be a high priest in the Malad Stake. I was a devoted member of the Church, and I was proud to be a part of its rich history.

In the end, I was called to leave this earth, and I passed away peacefully. I will be remembered as a man who lived a life of devotion and faith. My wife and I were a devoted couple, and we lived our lives together with love and respect. Our children were a source of great joy to us, and we were proud of the lives they lived. We were a family who loved each other, and we were blessed with the love and support of our Church and community.

In my memory, I will always remember the love and devotion of my wife, the joy of my children, and the many blessings that came from serving in the Church and community. I will be remembered as a man who lived a life of devotion and faith, and I will be remembered with love and respect.
Sister’s and as I took her home in the car we talked of the purpose of our meeting. In a day over one month we were married and had some of her children sealed to us afterwards. I told her of my dream, which made her doubly sure that I was to be her man. We lived happily together for a few days less than five years, when she passed away under very unusual circumstances. We had visited all of our children on both sides excepting one. We had left the hospital where her daughter Lillian was sick, and had come to main street, where we should turn south, when she said, “Aren’t you going down to Laura’s?” (My daughter, E. H. Sorenson’s) wife.) I said, “If you want to, we will go there.” So we had a good supper and a fine visit there. As we were about to go, she was talking of the good time she had had, and that she had never felt better in her life. We got in the car, turned around and as we were turning the car slid over the little slope and as there was a little snow, the wheels would turn and not move us. She said, “Now what are you going to do?” I said that I would get a shovel and move a little snow. Then I saw Ernest coming and called to him to give a little push. At that moment, I heard a little strange sound and saw my wife (Hulda Frank Christensen) slump back in the seat. Earnest and I carried her back into the house, but there were no signs of life. Dr. C. J. Daines came as quickly as possible, but he could not revive her. After our visit to her, I was very much impressed with the great need of a home where those who were working on the dam could work and live in the same place. I was living alone at the time and could not possibly look after her. Our few belongings were divided up and arrangements were made for me to live in her house by paying a small rental. Fred B. Baugh, my son-in-law and daughter Grace came and lived with me, or I with them. I lived for about eighteen months. In the meantime, Fred had bought the place from the Christensen heirs, and I went with my son-in-law Ernest H. Sorenson and daughter Laura.

Before this time, however, I had been introduced to a nice middle-aged widow, Mrs. Corrilla Talbot, of Lewiston, Utah. We were real pals for about two years. We talked of marrying but I said that it wouldn’t be fair to her to marry a man of my age. She said that it wouldn’t be fair to me to marry a woman with so many children. She said further that she had plenty of means to support her family without being a burden to anyone. I said this of her as some seemed to think that she wanted to marry me because she thought I was well off. We never had a falling out at all but I said to her several times and she agreed that we were just wasting our time, and we better be friends apart.

About this time, I had a dream wherein I was shown a nice young willow tree lying across my path. It has several green limbs at the top I had to step over, go around or push out of my way, so I put my foot under the tree and did this thing looked to me very queer. I had an old friend and I thought I was well off and I thought weather and somewhat beaten. It’s top was broken off and not a limb on it. As I watched it for a moment the outer scale became very thin and practically disappeared and just like a telescope the whole tree arose out of it and stood clear and white without a spot or scar. Was this all I can remember was Isaac D. Zundel who lived at Plymouth. He and Oliver C. Hoskins of Portage were the two leading men of the company at that time. Robert Ashton had been appointed timekeeper for the workers or possibly as secretary.

Blasting rock was necessary in many places and that held up that work at times. On one occasion I volunteered to carry the rock from the canal at the place where we called the “point” near Samaria. We accomplished the task all right but left the canal filled with the dirt and rock from blasting. I was appointed the task all right but left the canal filled with the dirt and rock from blasting. I was appointed the foreman for the supervision of a man appointed by the L. D. S. Church and the earliest one I can remember was Isaac D. Zundel who lived at Plymouth. He and Oliver C. Hoskins of Portage were the two leading men of the company at that time. Robert Ashton had been appointed timekeeper for the workers or possibly as secretary.

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Even though the canal was scarcely started, I helped turn the water in from the dam to try it out. Digging was very hard because of the mud and clay so plows and scrapers had to be discarded and shovels and spades used most of the way through the “meadows”. People owning land along the way began using the water as it came past their places and years after the canal was completed claimed water rights that they never had. This continued until there was trouble with Mesach Williams, one of the water users. The water company then sued him for using water for twenty acres of land and he claimed he was using water for eight acres. He threatened to non-suit the company for accusing him of using too much water. When the trial came up, he produced witnesses who testified he had used a full stream continuously since the canal had been in use. Before the trial had proceeded very far, our attorney Mr. Stone, was angered because attorney Hunsaker had been hired to aid him and before most of our important evidence had been produced, he turned to the judge and said, “I rest the case.” Naturally the judge decided against us and Mesach was given a continuous stream, eight six inches of water under pressure. It had been necessary for Mr. Williams to mortgage his home to pay the attorneys who had won the case for him so now we were able to buy his water rights and home from John
Frederickson, who held the mortgage. Mr. Frederickson first asked $2000 for this property but after some discussion I succeeded in buying it for $1750. The Indian mission paid half of this and the whites paid the other half. This was the end of any serious trouble.

I was a young man and married by this time. Finally the canal was dug the full way and it was discovered that he had made the second survey had deliberately turned the line of digging toward the east and thus the finished canal at Washakie was about six feet higher than at its source, making it worthless. More discouragement and an interval of waiting. When the canal was started again, I was appointed timekeeper, and afterward, when the canal was finished and in use, I was appointed secretary of the company with Moroni Ward as President.

It was understood in the beginning that the canal was to be built to Washakie, which it was. When the water got to Moroni Ward’s north house, he had a six-inch plank across the canal and when the water flowed, dian’s use and the whites and the Indians received equal credit on their taxes for pay.

The canal was a lifeline and progression came with it. The branch line of the railroad was put through the finished canal at Washakie was about six feet higher than at its source, making it worthless. More efforts have not been in vain.

The greater part of Malad Valley was under cultivation after the canal came through. At least all that was redeemable or that water could reach. People were not only getting a living from the land but were fairly prosperous. The canal was a lifeline and progression came with it.

One morning, Mother waked me and told me to hurry and get ready for school. I said to her that I didn’t believe that there would be any school today and she wanted to know why I thought so. I told her that I thought Mary Ann was dead. (Mary Ann Hall was a distant cousin of mine and the wife of Levi John. She had been confined with a baby boy and it was too her I referred.) Mother told me to go away. Then I told her that I had dreamed that I was half way to school that morning when I met Mary Ann in the street and she had told me that Mary Ann had died. In my dream I went with her to her house and saw that Mary Ann was still in the bed where she had died. In the north-west corner of the room. I went out with the children for awhile and upon returning, she had been laid out in the south end of the room.

The next time I saw her, which in my dream seemed about two days later she was in her casket in the center of the room. I saw her next being taken through the east door of that room into the east room (a slope) and out of the south door and placed in a light wagon. I saw the wagon cross the valley about three miles and go to the cemetery west of Portage. After a while I saw the teams coming back, some turning north at Portage and some coming back across the valley. I could even see the dust flying quite freely.

Now this actually happened after I had dreamed it. I don’t know how long I was dreaming this but it took two or three days to fulfill it. If I hadn’t seen it before in a dream, I could not have remembered half of what happened.

I always believed the Gospel to be true but on one occasion I wanted more light. I went to an old cow shed where no one could see or hear me and there asked the Lord to help me. I went to meeting that night and one brother speaking in the meeting made plain to me the thing I had asked the Lord about. Afterwards, whenever I doubt would try to make an inroad in my mind, it seemed the Lord would shout straight to the old shed. Now, if all this be imagination, it has helped me keep the faith anyway, for which the Lord is praised.

Once, while speaking in one of my meetings at Woodruff, I was trying to encourage the saints to be in keeping the commandments of the Lord and assisting the authorities to carry on the work in the ward. At one time, as if from the unseem world, a voice said, “I almost stopped speaking, but gathered myself and finished my talk. Soon afterward, Bishop Thomas A. Davis chose me as his First Counselor and I remained such until he resigned. Soon after, I was sustained Second Counselor to Bishop Joseph R. Harris and served with him for quite a number of years.

At a time when my brother William and his wife Martha had three children, a boy and two girls, I had a dream in which I saw a nice looking man come into my house and go straight to the bed in which these children were lying. He turned the covers back and looked at the children for a moment then reached over the boy who was nearest him and took the girl out of the middle and went with her. A short time after, this girl sick and the folks did all they could for her, but she didn’t improve. They were about to send someone to Malad for some medicine they thought might help her. I felt all the time that if I told anything of this to the Bishop’s counsellors they would shout straight to the old shed. Now, if all this be imagination, it has helped me keep the faith anyway, for which the Lord is praised.

After this was written, I read it to Father and he said, “As far as I know, this is correct and the main events are written.”

Except for the two years I was a missionary for the church, I was secretary and treasurer for the Samaria Lake Irrigation Company continuously for fifty years. During that time it became my responsibility to take care of all the legal transactions and there were no checks made for the company by anyone else. I having signed them alone, except the one made to John Frederickson, this Moroni Ward signed with me. Through these years I have made many mistakes, but not any were intentional. When I have discovered them I have tried to rectify and make retribution for them. It has always been my greatest desire to discharge my duties well in fairness to all and with favors to none.

I now write somewhat about manifestations that have come to me in different ways.

When I was a boy, about eleven years of age, I was going to school at what was then known as Oregon Springs. We lived about a mile from the school. One morning, Mother waked me and told me to hurry and get ready for school. I said to her that I didn’t believe that there would be any school today and she wanted to know why I thought so. I told her that I thought Mary Ann was dead. (Mary Ann Hall was a distant cousin of mine and the wife of Levi John. She had been confined with a baby boy and it was too her I referred.) Mother told me to go away. Then I told her that I had dreamed that I was half way to school that morning when I met Mary Ann in the street and she had told me that Mary Ann had died. In my dream I went with her to her house and saw that Mary Ann was still in the bed where she had died, in the north-west corner of the room. I went out with the children for awhile and upon returning, she had been laid out in the south end of the room.

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Once, while speaking in one of my meetings at Woodruff, I was trying to encourage the saints to be in keeping the commandments of the Lord and assisting the authorities to carry on the work in the ward. At one time, as if from the unseem world, a voice said, “I almost stopped speaking, but gathered myself and finished my talk. Soon afterward, Bishop Thomas A. Davis chose me as his First Counselor and I remained such until he resigned. Soon after, I was sustained Second Counselor to Bishop Joseph R. Harris and served with him for quite a number of years.

At a time when my brother William and his wife Martha had three children, a boy and two girls, I had a dream in which I saw a nice looking man come into my house and go straight to the bed in which these children were lying. He turned the covers back and looked at the children for a moment then reached over the boy who was nearest him and took the girl out of the middle and went with her. A short time after, this girl sick and the folks did all they could for her, but she didn’t improve. They were about to send someone to Malad for some medicine they thought might help her. I felt all the time that if I told anything of this to the Bishop’s counsellors they would shout straight to the old shed. Now, if all this be imagination, it has helped me keep the faith anyway, for which the Lord is praised.
I received a letter once inviting me to a High Priests' meeting at which the quorum was to be reorganized. As I read the letter, I was so impressed that I was to be the President that I at once selected my counselors, Samuel D. Davis and William E. Hawkins. The impression was correct. We worked together until Brother Hawkins moved to Logan, after which I selected Leonidas H. Kennard. While we were in the Presidency, two of our quorum members were having trouble between themselves. These men were very strong in body and mind. Brother Kennard and I decided to visit them and try to get them reconciled to each other. The Stake President Milton H. Welging gave us a letter authorizing us to use all the rights in the Presidency and High Council in settling the affair. This made our decision final. Some may question the method but worked very well. We began with those men in the evening and continued until four o'clock in the morning, at which time the brethren felt in each other's arms, begged forgiveness of each other, and wept like children. Thus the Lord blessed our feeble efforts. I went home feeling amply paid for our little service rendered.

On the twelfth day of October, 1897, I started on a mission to the Northern States, Chicago being the headquarters. As the train stopped in Omaha, Nebraska, I had a passing thought that I might be sent back there. After leaving the train, the clerk climbed into the window where we had our fields of labor. As he read off the list he came to my name and stopped. He had me booked to go to Michigan and back over the names again with the same result and the third time the same. He then changed my field to Omaha, Nebraska, and sent another young man to Michigan. Then all went smoothly. He finished reading the list. On reaching Omaha, I was within a few miles of quite a number of my relatives whom I had been promised to take to the gospel. Some were in Iowa and some in Nebraska. After I had been in Omaha for about six weeks, I got a letter from home, stating that my grandmother and some uncles and cousins were living at Hamburg, Iowa, about sixty miles away. We had received word from this that my grandmother had died about twelve years before and that nothing was known of the other folks. As soon as I got my appointments filled I went to see these relatives and they were glad to see me. I visited them with a few days and preached the gospel to them. After coming home with one uncle I joined the church and came west. Grandmother lived in my parents home the rest of her life. Uncle John Carr lived the latter part of his life at McCammon, Idaho, he died about 1939.

One other uncle, George Carr, and family were living on a large farm belonging to the banker of Hamburg. He had a good job as foremost. One night I said to him, "Uncle George, I have been visiting for a few days now and before going back will go down into the field of labor, and I want to preach the gospel to you." He answered at once and said, "Yes, go, go, you have told us of the gospel all his life except the last. We don't understand. He said that he had read of them in the Bible but he didn't know whether they were on earth now or not. For a moment I was puzzled about what to say but all at once the thought came to me—call inspiration or what you please—I began to tell him his life's story in short. I told him that he was religiously inclined, that he had gone home with one uncle and joined the church and came west. Grandmother lived in my parents home the rest of her life. Uncle John Carr lived the latter part of his life at McCammon, Idaho, he died about 1939.

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W hen the boy fell, the older boy put him on the wagon and started on south. Oliver Cromwell was hurt so badly that the jar of the wagon nearly killed him, so they could go only a little way at a time. By the time they got to my Father's house it was nearly midnight. They stopped there and sent for their mother and when she came, things were talked pro and con. It was here where I saw more and could tell more than anyone who was there at the time. Later, my wife told me that she was sure she saw the team just about where the boy fell off the wagon. It was between sundown and dark and only about one and a half miles from home across the valley. When I got the letter telling of the accident I told the folks there at Iowa that if the boy was alive the day specified in my dream I had no fear of his recovery. I soon got the letter placing him beyond that date and I fell satisfied. My wife told me the boy was hurt so badly that few, if any, had any hopes for his recovery. He went to the Lord and told him that, which ever way it went, he would try and be reconciled to it. That night the boy was administered to again. His mother had been up with him day and night since the accident and was quite worn out. During the night some of the neighbors induced her to rest awhile and at daylight she went in to see Cromwell, who had slept all night. He awoke and said, "Ma, I want to get up, for I am well." She answered, "You got up and fell again. You don't have a hand or foot, and you have kicked your feet out. She got him quieted down, being afraid he would hurt himself, and went out of the room for a few minutes. Soon she heard a noise in the room where he was and hurried into find him out of bed and helping himself to a chamber. When he was back in bed, she told him to be careful for he might hurt himself, but he still said he was well.

Cromwell had had his leg so badly hurt that he would scream when being moved, which could be done only by rolling him in a sheet. His mother dressed him and as the sun was shining on the south side of the house, she set him in a rocking chair on the porch. A short time after, she went to see him and found him about 100 yards away at the corral. He had caught a lame horse, had her bridled and was just boosting a forty pound saddle on her. He wasn't tall enough to push it all the way, so someone ran to him, fixed the saddle on the mare, put him on her and he rode to the house. His mother said, "If you don't do all right your going to do worse". So he rode the horse away, having been healed by the administration of the Elders and the faith of his mother. He was seven years old in March before this happened. He is an honorable business man, a live church worker and a living witness of the restored gospel with its varied gifts and blessings. At the present time, he and his wife are fulfilling a mission in the Northern California Mission.

Another dream or night vision. A short time before returning home from my mission I got a letter from my brother John saying that my oldest sister, Sarah Jane Tims, had given birth to a fine baby boy (LeRoy Tims of the sixth ward of Logan) and was feeling better than ever before. Not long after this, in November, I dreamed that I met my sister as she was alone walking south as it seemed to me. I shook hands with her, put my arm around her, kissed her and asked her where she was going. She answered that she didn't know. I asked her if she could stay and she said "No" that she was going over the hill to where she saw she was to report. I saw various people at my Father's house and heard some of their conversation. Two well-known women, standing in the doorway between two rooms were saying that they would spend their last dollar for a doctor. I saw their faces scowl as I saw a figure like a dark shadow leave the room. This shadow, or whatever it was, represented the doctor whose services were not needed. While the people were talking about the boy—how badly he was hurt etc.—I heard a voice speak out quite clearly, "If the boy is alive by (I think he said Tuesday) he will get well.

I got a letter from home as soon as one could come, stating that the boys, Thomas Leslie and Oliver C. had been sent to the saw mill above north Malad City for lumber to make a granary for the crop of wheat. Our home was on the west side of the valley and the main highway was on the east side. As there was no road across the valley near our place, the boys had to go about two miles south on zigzag road, then come back north. After the boy was hurt, the older boy put him on the wagon and started on south. Oliver Cromwell was hurt so badly that the jar of the wagon nearly killed him, so they could go only a little way at a time. By the time they got to my Father's house it was nearly midnight. They stopped there and sent for their mother and when she came, things were talked pro and con. It was here where I saw more and could tell more than anyone who was there at the time. Later, my wife told me that she was sure she saw the team just about where the boy fell off the wagon. It was between sundown and dark and only about one and a half miles from home across the valley. When I got the letter telling of the accident I told the folks there at Iowa that if the boy was alive the day specified in my dream I had no fear of his recovery. I soon got the letter placing him beyond that date and I fell satisfied. My wife told me the boy was hurt so badly that few, if any, had any hopes for his recovery. He went to the Lord and told him that, which ever way it went, he would try and be reconciled to it. That night the boy was administered to again. His mother had been up with him day and night since the accident and was quite worn out. During the night some of the neighbors induced her to rest awhile and at daylight she went in to see Cromwell, who had slept all night. He awoke and said, "Ma, I want to get up, for I am well." She answered, "You got up and fell again. You don't have a hand or foot, and you have kicked your feet out. She got him quieted down, being afraid he would hurt himself, and went out of the room for a few minutes. Soon she heard a noise in the room where he was and hurried into find him out of bed and helping himself to a chamber. When he was back in bed, she told him to be careful for he might hurt himself, but he still said he was well.

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said, "How is it you have to go and leave your children?" She said she didn't know. As she went on I saw her children scattered in different homes, as afterwards they were.

Not long after my brother John again wrote me saying that Sarah Jane had died the night of my dream. Of course, it took some time before things were adjusted as was shown to me in a few seconds. My visit with my sister that night was just as real as it ever was in life, and the future bore witness of the reality of such visitations.

While I was in Salt Lake City in January 1926, at the time my wife Mary Jane was in the L.D.S. Hospital in which she died the 27th of January 1926, my son Cromwell's wife Esther, was in the Budge Hospital at Logan for an operation for gall stones. Her life was being despaired of. I saw her in a dream at the very time when she was the worst. I saw one doctor holding her hand and watching the pulse, another Doctor on the other side watching her and some of the others at the foot of the bed. Her husband was there too. I saw the doctor who was holding the pulse turn and give a knowing nod as much as to say 'It's all over.' They all stood for a moment or so and all at once I saw her flesh begin to quiver and to show signs of life. Word came to me at Salt Lake that the doctors didn't hold any hope for recovery and in answer I said that she was not going to die but is going to get well. I felt she had passed and while she is not very strong she is going to get well. She passed away and lived and lived and lived in the Logan Temple for many years and lived a seemingly normal life. At present she is with her husband Cromwell in the Northern California Mission.

Although Father made his home in Logan after his second marriage, he still was much more interested in Idaho, the Malad Stake, the Woodruff Ward, and his farm and the home on it. He was a High Counselor for a long time after coming to Logan and would return to Malad for his regular meetings. He felt it very important to vote each year at Woodruff. This, he said, because most of his property was in Idaho.

Except for a few years just prior to his death, he always went to Woodruff to help with the grain harvest. He felt it so much his home that he often invited many of the families of his second wife's children to spend Sunday there not realizing the imposition it was on Merlin and Mildred who lived there. They were always kind and gracious to him and those who came with him.

In Logan he lived with his second wife Hulda Christensen in her home at 140 West 5th South. After her death, we rented the house and Father lived with us. A few months later, we bought the house from Wilford Christensen who had bought it from the Temple regulars doing ordinance work then later called it the Woodruff Temple. Father went to the Temple regularly doing ordinance work and was later called to be an officiant. This work he did diligently and efficiently. He always was neat and clean and was very particular how he looked, especially in his temple clothing. I did my best to keep his clothes clean and pressed. He walked to and from the temple most of the time, as he needed the exercise. However, very often and during cold weather, he rode with Fred to work in the mornings but insisted on walking the rest of the way to the temple. He always tried to get home early enought on Sunday to realize the imposition it was on Merlin and Mildred who lived there. They were always kind and gracious to him and those who came with him.

He moved to Laura and Ern's home in the late summer of 1933 and stayed there until his marriage to Verena Staufier, Dec. 23, 1933. He then lived at her home on first east and 4th south. Here he was very happy and contented, driving to the temple with his wife several times a week, he officiating and she doing ordinance work. He was so glad she was involved in this work. He looked after his own health and that of Grandma, his wife. Previous to this marriage, he had married another woman at different times, who were younger than he and he had been worried about the intentions of these women. We were very much satisfied with Mrs. Staufier. She took very good care of Father and seemed happy as he. She told me more than once that she was happier with Father than she had been all in her life.

In December of 1945, father had a severe attack of shingles and even with the doctor's care he was extremely ill. This nervous trouble affected his stomach until he was unable to eat enough to give him the strength he needed. Mary Young was then living in the north apartment of Grandma's house. She tried to help with the house work, the laundry and the care of father. One evening in February, Laura and Ern went to Ogden to the nurses casing ceremony for Donna so grandma went with them as far as Willard to visit her son and Mary rode to Brigham with them. I stayed with father while they were gone. That night he asked me to write some of the things he wanted to tell about the early history of the Samaria Lake Irrigation Company so as he talked I wrote until about one o'clock in the morning. After I was through, I read it back to father.

Soon after this, grandma had a bad fall and severely hurt her back and hip so she was almost invalid for some time. As she could no longer take care of father and needed help herself, it was necessary to move them to our home. Cromwell was home for a few days from his mission and we had some of the other family members decided that under the circumstances that was the best thing to be done. We were crowded but all of us, our children included, were willing and glad to have them with us so they came to our home on the 19th of March, 1945.

Grandma's condition slowly improved, but father never was much better, although he received temporary strength he needed. Mary Young was then living in the north apartment of grandma's house so she could go to Relief Society. Fred Jr. would always be asleep but I appreciated having Father with him. Father was very fond of Fred Jr. and often would hold him on his lap and sing to him. On the baby's first birthday Father said to him, "How about a kiss for your Grandpa on your birthday?" Fred came running to him and threw his arms around his neck and kissed him. This pleased Father so much that he gave Fred a dollar saying the kiss was worth that much. That was Fred's first dollar.

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Although Dr. Hansen attended him and prescribed for him often, he never gained much. His eyesight became very poor because of cataracts and even specially made glasses gave him no help. He greatly missed being able to read as he had always done. Grandma often read out loud to him or our boys would read a little to him. He enjoyed the radio and loved to play Rock if anyone had time to play with him. Ern and Laura visited him often and would play Rock with him. He looked forward to these visits. When he was able to, he liked to go for a walk but because he couldn't see so well and often felt dizzy, our boys walked with him. When Aunt Nan was moved to the nursing home at Provo, Father missed going to see her. There were times when he would say, "Oh, I would like to live longer if only I could get well but there isn't much pleasure in being so helpless."

Until he was released as a temple officiant he looked forward to getting well enough to go back again. Afterwards, he didn't feel very useful or needed.

He didn't want to be a burden and so I told him I changed his bed too much or washed his clothes too often or used too many extra dishes on the table. His whole interest was in cutting down my work.

Even during the warm summer weather, he complained of being uncomfortably cold, as his circulation was so poor. He often wished for a coal stove to sit by. Hot water bottles and wool clothing were necessary to keep him warm at night. He was even willing to wear pajamas, something he had considered unnecessary up to that time.
For awhile, Dr. Hansen came regularly every other night and gave Father a shot to make him sleep. Always the doctor was trying new drugs on him. During the last few weeks, except for the times he was in pain, Father was drowsy, practically unable to keep awake unless moving about. The week before his death we took him to see my father-in-law, F. H. Baugh Sr. who was ready for burial. As Father looked in the casket, he said, "I really envy him."

Soon after that, Father seemed to get a cold and had a little cough. The doctor prescribed for him but his condition got no better. With his rising temperature, sufla tablets were prescribed to be taken with a full glass of water. It was very hard for Father to swallow the tablet and to drink that much water at once but he would do it without complaining. Finally his pulse became so fast that the doctor felt it necessary to come. It was then he discovered that father's heart condition was causing the cough and high temperature. Ultimately, digitalis was administered, but it was too late. He passed away Tuesday afternoon, October 2, 1945.

He was prepared for burial by the Ken Lindquist Mortuary and the funeral services were held in the Sixth Ward Chapel, three days later, October 5, 1945. The services were almost as he planned himself about a week previous when he discussed it with me, saying he didn't think he would live much longer. He said he would like Ernest to be one of the speakers but only if he felt he could do it. He mentioned Brother Yeates, his early missionary companion, President Daines from the temple and he would have liked to have had Brother Kennard to be a speaker but Father knew Brother Kennard was too ill.

The funeral services were as follows:

Organ prelude and postlude .......... John H. Taylor
On My Father .......... Choir
Ernest G. Earl, counselor to Bishop Laurin E. Crookston, conducted the services and gave a short account of the life of Thomas J. Howell and spoke of the acquaintance with him and Sister Howell.

Speaker .......... Joseph B. Daines,
Counselor in the Temple Presidency
Jesus Lover of My Soul .......... vocal duet
Elizabeth Thorpe and Pearl Rice
Speaker .......... Noah A. Larsen
The Lord's Prayer .......... Fred B. Baugh
Speaker .......... J. Owen Yeates
Though Deepening Trials .......... Choir
Benediction .......... John H. Thorpe

At a short graveside service at Portage, Utah, Benjamin Lundberg was the speaker and George M. Ward conducted the services and gave a short account of the life of Thomas J. Howell and spoke of the acquaintance with him and Sister Howell.

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first day Beth went to school she was sitting by a window and saw a dog running along holding up an injured leg. "Oh there goes a three-legged dog!" she called out in excitement. The children laughed loudly and she was embarrassed, as she remembered she shouldn't be talking aloud in school. Father just held out his hand and said, "children, please be quiet." He gave her an understanding smile and nothing more was said. She never needed to be reminded to keep quiet in school.

The children and their father often rode horses to school, the littlest one riding behind his father, with a protective arm put back around the child for security. Sometimes they went in a sleigh, taking enough hay for the horses. At noon the large black bag or satchel of lunches was brought out and the teacher and his children would gather together to eat. Sometimes the other children would look enviously at those privileged to eat with the teacher, and the teacher would offer them a sandwich. There always seemed to be enough lunch to share.

In the springtime we had watercress. For breakfast we had germade or cracked wheat mush with fried or boiled eggs and fried or warmed over potatoes. Sometimes there was bread coffee made from browned bread. Mother made perfect biscuits and sometimes cottage cheese. Mother would go out into the fields in the springtime and bring back her checkered apron full of mushrooms or redroot greens which we ate with sour cream. In the winter we had watercress. For breakfast we had germade or cracked wheat mush with fried or boiled eggs and fried or warmed over potatoes. Sometimes there was bread coffee made from browned bread. Mother made perfect biscuits and sometimes cottage cheese. Mother would go out into the fields in the springtime and bring back her checkered apron full of mushrooms or redroot greens which we ate with sour cream. In the winter we had watercress. For breakfast we had germade or cracked wheat mush with fried or boiled eggs and fried or warmed over potatoes. Sometimes there was bread coffee made from browned bread. Mother made perfect biscuits and sometimes cottage cheese. Mother would go out into the fields in the springtime and bring back her checkered apron full of mushrooms or redroot greens which we ate with sour cream. In the winter we had watercress. For breakfast we had germade or cracked wheat mush with fried or boiled eggs and fried or warmed over potatoes. Sometimes there was bread coffee made from browned bread. Mother made perfect biscuits and sometimes cottage cheese. Mother would go out into the fields in the springtime and bring back her checkered apron full of mushrooms or redroot greens which we ate with sour cream. In the winter we had watercress. For breakfast we had germade or cracked wheat mush with fried or boiled eggs and fried or warmed over potatoes. Sometimes there was bread coffee made from browned bread. Mother made perfect biscuits and sometimes cottage cheese. Mother would go out into the fields in the springtime and bring back her checkered apron full of mushrooms or redroot greens which we ate with sour cream. In the winter we had watercress. For breakfast we had germade or cracked wheat mush with fried or boiled eggs and fried or warmed over potatoes. Sometimes there was bread coffee made from browned bread. Mother made perfect biscuits and sometimes cottage cheese. Mother would go out into the fields in the springtime and bring back her checkered apron full of mushrooms or redroot greens which we ate with sour cream. In the winter we had watercress. For breakfast we had germade or cracked wheat mush with fried or boiled eggs and fried or warmed over potatoes. Sometimes there was bread coffee made from browned bread. Mother made perfect biscuits and sometimes cottage cheese. Mother would go out into the fields in the springtime and bring back her checkered apron full of mushrooms or redroot greens which we ate with sour cream.

Like her mother, Janet Sinclair, our mother was an excellent seamstress, and she made almost everything the family wore except shoes and father's suits. She knit automatically while giving instructions to the children on how to knit. She knitted for the Relief Society and made comforters to be carried to the families whose homes had been burned by fire. She made beautiful Sunshine and Shadow and Log Cabin quilts. Between quilt-making and rug making, all scraps of new and used material were used up.

The backs of the chairs were turned toward the table and the family knelt by their chairs before breakfast and supper. Each member of the family was called on to take their turn in saying the prayer as soon as they were hungry and ready for it. After the dishes were done, the milk and buckets taken care of, the bread mixed and fried or warmed over potatoes. Sometimes there was bread coffee made from browned bread. Mother made perfect biscuits and sometimes cottage cheese. Mother would go out into the fields in the springtime and bring back her checkered apron full of mushrooms or redroot greens which we ate with sour cream. In the winter we had watercress. For breakfast we had germade or cracked wheat mush with fried or boiled eggs and fried or warmed over potatoes. Sometimes there was bread coffee made from browned bread. Mother made perfect biscuits and sometimes cottage cheese. Mother would go out into the fields in the springtime and bring back her checkered apron full of mushrooms or redroot greens which we ate with sour cream. In the winter we had watercress. For breakfast we had germade or cracked wheat mush with fried or boiled eggs and fried or warmed over potatoes. Sometimes there was bread coffee made from browned bread. Mother made perfect biscuits and sometimes cottage cheese. Mother would go out into the fields in the springtime and bring back her checkered apron full of mushrooms or redroot greens which we ate with sour cream. In the winter we had watercress. For breakfast we had germade or cracked wheat mush with fried or boiled eggs and fried or warmed over potatoes. Sometimes there was bread coffee made from browned bread. Mother made perfect biscuits and sometimes cottage cheese. Mother would go out into the fields in the springtime and bring back her checkered apron full of mushrooms or redroot greens which we ate with sour cream. In the winter we had watercress. For breakfast we had germade or cracked wheat mush with fried or boiled eggs and fried or warmed over potatoes. Sometimes there was bread coffee made from browned bread. Mother made perfect biscuits and sometimes cottage cheese. Mother would go out into the fields in the springtime and bring back her checkered apron full of mushrooms or redroot greens which we ate with sour cream. In the winter we had watercress. For breakfast we had germade or cracked wheat mush with fried or boiled eggs and fried or warmed over potatoes. Sometimes there was bread coffee made from browned bread. Mother made perfect biscuits and sometimes cottage cheese. Mother would go out into the fields in the springtime and bring back her checkered apron full of mushrooms or redroot greens which we ate with sour cream. In the winter we had watercress. For breakfast we had germade or cracked wheat mush with fried or boiled eggs and fried or warmed over potatoes. Sometimes there was bread coffee made from browned bread. Mother made perfect biscuits and sometimes cottage cheese. Mother would go out into the fields in the springtime and bring back her checkered apron full of mushrooms or redroot greens which we ate with sour cream. In the winter we had watercress. For breakfast we had germade or cracked wheat mush with fried or boiled eggs and fried or warmed over potatoes. Sometimes there was bread coffee made from browned bread. Mother made perfect biscuits and sometimes cottage cheese. Mother would go out into the fields in the springtime and bring back her checkered apron full of mushrooms or redroot greens which we ate with sour cream. In the winter we had watercress. For breakfast we had germade or cracked wheat mush with fried or boiled eggs and fried or warmed over potatoes. Sometimes there was bread coffee made from browned bread. Mother made perfect biscuits and sometimes cottage cheese. Mother would go out into the fields in the springtime and bring back her checkered apron full of mushrooms or redroot greens which we ate with sour cream.
When she looked into the sky just over the east mountains, she saw a person whom she felt was the Savior, come very close to her and smile. Although she could remember nothing of His features, she said she could never forget the radiance of his countenance nor the peace she felt from His presence. Whether He spoke to her or not, she felt she received a wonderful message from Him. It seemed He knew of her sufferings and labors and promised that her efforts to serve would not go unnoticed and that all would be well. She felt strengthened and encouraged to continue to do her best and live her life for the Master.

We were raised on proverbs and adages. There was a moral hitched to every tale. Mother read Pollyanna to us and I'm sure all of the mothers of our generation longed for their children to fit the Pollyanna pattern. Some of the plaintive folk melodies our parents used to sing were sent to me by my older sisters. Ruby remembered two: (we all remember the first one)

A Song My Mother Used To Sing (No title)

I've a tender recollection that I'll cherish all my life,
And 'tis age that makes it dearer day by day.
It's a memory of a mother- a mother whose smiles in days gone by
Drove all my troubled childish fears away.

Chorus
She was gentle and so kind, and I'll always bear in mind
The many golden lessons she taught me.
I have wealth and earthly power, yet I'd give all for one hour
Of the lessons that I learned on Mother's knee.

II
How her loving smile would cheer me, when at evening I returned
From toiling in the meadow all the day.
Each gentle word brought comfort, but the voice is silent now
The mother that I loved has passed away.

III
I remember in the evening when the fire was burning bright,
She would call me to her side and say to me,
"Be brave, my boy and truthful, and never be ashamed
Of the lessons that you learned on Mother's knee."

STEP MOTHER

Last night I heard her singing the songs I used to love
When its sweet notes were uttered by her who sings above.
It pained my heart to hear it, and the tears I could not smother,
For every word was hallowed by the thoughts of my dear mother.

II
They took my Mother's picture from it's accustomed place
And hung beside my Father's, a fairer, younger, face.
They made her dear old chamber the bode there of another,
But I shall ne'er forget thee, My own dear angel Mother.
For I haven't any Pa. songs for minstrel shows in the nineteenth century: Old Dan Tucker was a part of Father’s repertoire. Dan Emmett, the writer of Dixie, wrote this and many other names I don’t know. We beg from those with plenty And those to us unknown. Little Robin Sing; Babes In The Woods; and Purple Pansies. Mother used to sing Sing Little Robin Sing; Babes In The Woods; and Purple Pansies.

BABES IN THE WOODS Oh don’t you remember a long time ago, When two little babes, their names I don’t know They strayed far away, one bright summer’s day, and were lost in the woods I’ve heard people say. They sobbed and they sighed, and they bitterly cried, And the poor little babes, they laid down and died. And when they were dead, the robins so red Brought strawberry leaves and over them spread And all the night long, they sang their sweet song To the babes in the woods. Poor babes in the woods.

Old Dan Tucker was a father’s repertoire. Dan Emmett, the writer of Dixie, wrote this and many other songs for minstrel shows in the nineteenth century:

Old Dan Tucker was a funny man (or a fine old man), He washed his face in a frying pan, He combed his hair in a wagon wheel, And died with a tooth-ache in his heel.

Old Mrs. Tucker was big and fat. Her face was black as my old hat. Her eyes stuck out, her nose stuck in, And she had whiskers on her chin.

Old Dan Tucker was a fine old man, He used to ride a derby ram He rode him down to the bottom of the hill, And if he’s not got up he’s lying there still.

There was an old English ballad we think of as Rosemary And Thyme which Father taught us. It is now being resurrected as a popular song (1981) entitled Scarborough Fair. We loved Yankee Doodle. Dad rode the little ones on his foot to this. Some of the songs from the early part of this century which we younger children heard our older siblings sing were: Reuben and Rachel; In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree; Just Before the Battle, Mother; Come Josephine in my Flying Machine; Come Lucille in my Automobile; You Need Sympathy.

Some of the hymns that seemed to be favorites with Father were, Truth Reflects Upon Our Senses; Let The Lower Lights Be Burning; Make the World Brighter; and The Feast of Belshazzar.

Jessie said that when Father was helping with some blasting on the Samaria Lake canal he was severely injured by a blast. While checking on a fuse that was thought to have gone out, it exploded unexpectedly. He was struck on the left side of the face and that eye severely injured. They were working at the “Point”. When they came home, Grandfather Howell had made a poultice of chewing tobacco and bandaged the wound. The family was shocked to see how terrible he looked. The seriousness of the injury was never determined because they did not have a doctor, but Father was ill for at least a week before the pain eased. Some feared for his eyesight but he recovered without any damage to his eye.

You will know from Father’s autobiography, how important the building of the canal was to him. He was secretary and treasurer of the Samaria Lake Irrigation Company for as long as we could remember, and their board meetings were held at our place. (The white house we remember as home.) The big roll-top company desk in the corner behind the kitchen door, irked mother because it took up so much room. We children sometimes fell asleep under the desk or in the corner by the stove and had to be carried to bed upstairs. That desk would be a collector’s item now.

Once Father made the girls wash the powder off their faces before going to a dance, saying people would think they had fallen into the flour bin.

Our parents were very strict about our table manners. Once when Jessie was in the hospital three of the children stayed with us. Dad told Gerald to be patient and wait for the food to be passed around. One day there were a lot of us at the table and the food had been passed around and everyone had started to eat. Gerald, who was seated at Father’s right, said “Grandpa, the butter is surely taking a long time coming around.”

One of the family stories we all enjoyed, except perhaps Herald, was about the time he was a teenager. He had a crush on Sarah Ashton. He was in the granary and stood a broom up against the wall and bowed to it, saying “Sarah, May I have this dance?” He then took the broom in his arms and waltzed around the room, practicing his dance steps, then returned “Sarah” to her seat, thanking her politely. It was beautiful, only Cromwell or one of the older ones was watching and published the incident and thereafter made his life miserable by teasing, “Sarah, may I have this dance?”

One Saturday mother got Lillian, Ida and Grace all bathed, and their hair washed and curled with ribbons on and clean dresses and they ran out barefoot and played in the deep dust in the road. She was so frustrated she switched their legs with a willow and cried.

One of the faith-promoting stories we heard as we grew up, happened during the time Father was away on his mission. Beth says it was in the spring and the snow was still heavy on the ground but had melted around the south side of the house. She and Herald were playing there in the sun. Herald picked up an old rusty ax with most of the handle gone and as Beth reached out to pick up a shiny can, Herald hit the can with the axe cutting and mashing off her ring finger completely diagonally between the first and second joints and cutting each finger joint half off. It bounced on the tin and I thought “just like cutting a chicken’s head off.” I kept my hand on the can and pushed the finger back on before I moved to get up. We both screamed as we ran to the door. The blood was squirting everywhere. By the time we got to the door, the blood was coagulating where it ran down my arm and I was still holding my finger on and both of us still screaming. It seemed ages before mother...
was 'very good, but don't let her fall or do anything to knock it loose, or unwrap it for three days, and let it turpentine, and white rags, she bound up my finger then the other two fingers separately, and soaked them all account of it in his biography is probably the most accurate so we will refer you to this. wagon Les was driving. Each of our sisters had included a version of this story in her biography, but Father's answers our prayers. Mother always had the spirit of the Lord with her. She depended on His help in This has always been a great testimony to me. We all prayed. My Mother's faith instilled faith in me. This was and I felt nauseated. My hand looked pale but there was very little swelling and no infection, and I have had the full use of my hand all of my life.”

“Uncle John Carr came in soon after this happened. Mother related what had happened and he told her it was ‘very good, but don’t let her fall or do anything to knock it loose, or unwrap it for three days, and let it turpentine, and white rags, she bound up my finger then the other two fingers separately, and soaked them all account of it in his biography is probably the most accurate so we will refer you to this.

In the spring of 1893 Father and Mother attended April Conference. Father took Mother in a wagon to Cor­line from Woodruff and got on the train there. They attended the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple right after the Conference. Beth (Sarah Elizabeth) was born May 27 and we used to talk about it, saying that Beth might have very little formal education. During the school year 1892-93 Father took her to school with the Church. Elizabeth Green Harris; First Counsellor, Jane Comish Ashton; Second Counsellor, Rosannah Monk Davis and Jane Ashton as counsellors. Mary Jane Howell and Christina McCrary were chosen as visiting teachers on the west side of the river.

In 1892 Thomas J. Howell was chosen as First Counsellor to Bishop Joseph S. Harris and Robert Green as Second Counsellor. New members in the Relief Society in 1896 were Annie (Bigler) Howell, Martha Heaton Howell, Sarah Carr (grandmother) Rosa J. Howell Yearsley. Mary Ann (Minnie) Yearsley was set apart as Relief Society President January 4, 1903 with Mary Jane Howell and Charlotte Moon as Counsellors.

Mary Jane Howell was set apart as President of the Woodruff Ward Relief Society 1904 with Julia B. Zundell and Sarah L. Harris as Counsellors. Elizabeth C. Bell Secretary and Elizabeth Ward as Treasurer. Mary Jane Howell was released in 1919. The new President, Eunice A. Harris and Counsellor Rosa J. Yearsley and Ellen Ward, Julal Zundell and Elizabeth Bell as Counsellors. Henrietta Yearsley, Secretary and Annie Wells, Treasurer in 1919. Mary Jane Howell was set apart as President of the Woodruff Ward Relief Society 1904 with Julia B. Zundell and Sarah L. Harris as Counsellors. Elizabeth C. Bell Secretary and Elizabeth Ward as Treasurer.

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Mother was a very quiet, kind, unassuming person. She didn’t want to be out in public or make a big
But Mother would walk over to her bed and say "Lizzie, you behave yourself and lie down." She’d have (we used to say) hallucinations but I know now they weren’t, because one day when I was there, she’d see people outside and no one else could see them. She’d say "There comes (I don’t remember what she called her brother), Brother Harris. There he is coming again, and call him every vile name she could think of. But when she was alright she was calm and quiet. Mother had lots of experiences of that kind. It seemed as if her touch would go right through you when you were sick and you would feel that healing spirit. She had great faith.

Much of the time we had only one change of clothes and mother would wash them after we went to bed and iron them in the morning for us to wear to school. She knitted all of our stockings, big long stockings above our knees for the girls and socks for the men.

We would gather the wool from the fences after herds of sheep. We would put it in tubs of suds and tramp on it then hang it on the barbed wire fence to dry. We would pick the wool to pieces and let the weeds fall out. Mother would then cord the wool into batts for quilts.

She wanted to learn to sing. She had a sweet, clear voice. She felt inadequate in many ways yet she was one of the wisest people I have ever known. When my brother-in-law, Ben Lundberg was bishop, he made long trips to talk with her. He said he could get wisdom from her that he could get from no one else.

Our ancestors were pioneers for many generations. Their records are among the earliest in every community they lived in. They were a part of the great westward movement and they traveled with many relatives for safety from the Indians. Our father told us this and the land, census, and marriage records, etc. along the way confirm it. Alvin Harris can remember his great grandmother, Lucinda Howell Hoskins (sister of James Howell) who died in Portage, UT when he was eight years old. She would gather the children together when she was old and hide them under the beds for safety from the Indians.

James Howell, the father of Thomas Jefferson Howell, was born 15 October 1828 at Oakwood Township near Danville, Vermilion County, Illinois. He was the tenth child of James Howell and Jane Copeland. Eliza Ann, the youngest child in this family, was also born here in 1833. The family had migrated to Vermilion from Greene County Indiana. Their eldest daughter, Nancy was married to William Irwin, 10 March 1825 in Greene, Indiana. Their daughter Lucinda, was born there 26 August 1825. Their move from Greene, Indiana to Vermilion, Illinois was made between the birth of Lucinda and the 15 June 1826 when James Howell’s first land deed was recorded in Deed Book A as one of the first Vermilion land records.

Vermilion County was formed 18 January 1826. The first land deed recorded in Deed Book A was in May 1826.

William Hall and Ann Copeland and family and the Charles Copeland and Hannah Osborne family came to Vermilion from Crawford County, Indiana at this time also. Charles Copeland and Hannah Osborne (parents of Jane and Ann Copeland) were in the 1820 census of Crawford, Indiana. They do not appear in the records of Vermillion, but we assume they were there as the marriages of their younger children are in the marriage records of Vermillion for this period.

The first eleven years of James Howell’s life were spent on the frontier in Vermilion. The Howells and allied families lived in Vermilion from 1825 or 1826 until 1839, when there was another mass migration of these kind-folk to Bates County, Missouri. James Howell’s (1828) father, James Sr. (1784) died in Vermilion in 1839. The widow, Jane Copeland took her son James and her unmarried daughters and went along to Bates, Mo. with William Hall and Ann Copeland; Jefferson Copeland and Louisa Johnson; Jesse Copeland and Arrita Keath; Mary Howell and Daniel Landon; The Hoskins; Hales, Halls, and many others. Andrew Howell and Mary Ann Witsil and Elizabeth Howell and Sampson Trimmed stayed on in Vermilion. The Trimmed’s died there—we have their death records. We do not know where Andrew and Mary Ann went from Vermilion. They were in the 1840 census there but no later ones.

The 1840 census records of Bates and Van Buren Counties (Missouri) list most of these people and other relatives we have not identified. By 1850 most of these people were in Decatur County, Iowa and other Iowa counties.

(The Saints had been expelled from Jackson County, Missouri in 1838) Bates is in the same area. James Howell and Rosannah Monk were married 29 January 1857 in Decatur, Iowa. Rosannah was born in Mulberry Gap, in East Tennessee, February 1842. (See Family Group sheets) She was 28 and she was 14. When they crossed the plains in 1863, Rosannah was twenty-one and had three children, Sarah Jane, Thomas Jefferson (our father) and Nancy Melvina. James’ mother, Jane Copeland Howell came with them. Father was three years old. I remember his telling us how hungry they were. He said people in Wyoming gave them some apples, and he had never tasted any food so good in his life.

They arrived in Council Bluffs in late summer of 1862 with three children: Sarah Jane, born March 16, 1858. Thomas Jefferson, born March 7, 1860, both in Franklin, Decatur County, Iowa, and Nancy Melvina, born February 26, 1862 in Harrison County, Iowa.

It is evident that the family was some time traveling to Council Bluffs and possibly settled temporarily at least in the two counties where their children were born. Many who were pioneering were forced to settle long enough to find work or plant a crop in order to increase their supplies. Severe winter weather made traveling impractical and such a lay off gave opportunity to work for their much needed supplies.

Although history of her early life is sketchy, it is known that Rosannah was three years old when her father John Monk died in 1845, leaving his widow, Sarah Hatfield Monk with five children, the youngest about a year old. Life was not easy for the family during the next ten years but with the help of relatives and work she and her children could do, Sarah managed. About 1854, she married William Carr, a good man who provided for her and her family as well as he could.

As the children grew up they learned to work hard and at an early age they were doing hired work. When Rosannah was thirteen she was living with another family doing housework for her board while she went to school. This was some distance from her own home in Decatur County, Iowa, and because of distance, bad weather, and lack of traveling facilities, she expected to be away from home all winter. Finally, when the opportunity came and she went home, to her dismay she found her family had moved away and she knew of no way to locate them. Years later it was discovered that they had only moved into the next county of Davis, expecting to return for their daughter in the spring. Returning to her employer she felt the necessity of providing
for her own future and is possible that she had this in mind when she married at the early age of fourteen.

Now in Council Bluffs with her husband and children and his family, she had opportunity to hear more of the Mormon religion. Very soon she felt a kinship with these people and was ready to accept their doctrine but to her husband Jimmy the desire for the Church came slowly. However, his sister Lucinda and her husband Oliver Hoskins were baptised before the year was out.

Very early in the spring of 1863, a group of saints under the appointed leadership of William Patterson, left Council Bluffs on their long anticipated journey to the Salt Lake Valley. James Howell, his family and mother Jane Copeland Howell and many friends were in this company and endured the expected hardships and adversity as did all who were with them.

Walking most of the way and carrying one of her children practically all of the way as she shared in the responsibility of driving or guiding the ox team that pulled their wagon of worldly goods, Rosannah showed courage necessary for a pioneer woman.

Although they were not baptised members of the L.D.S. Church they loved the people they were traveling with and were willing and ready always to give assistance or share what they had. Folks soon discovered that Aunt Rosie, as Rosannah was then called, had a special ability in caring for the sick, in preparing herbs for tea or applying poultices. In the era of sickly and fainting women, Aunt Rosie was not the fainting kind and when others were swooning at the sight of blood, she could very well handle the situation. Little is known about her appearance when she was young but her youngest daughter Annie describes her as being about five feet six inches tall, rather heavy set, medium fair complexion, brown hair and blue eyes that were always smiling. All who knew her, remember her for her neat and clean appearance, her almost majestic bearing, her poised and friendly manner and for her systematic organization of work.

A freshly ironed waist apron usually covered the dark dress that she almost always wore.

Jimmy was six feet tall and carried his 175 pounds very well. He was of medium complexion. His gray eyes twinkled. His dark brown hair was always well kept and his person was neat and clean. By nature he was quiet and unassuming and exhibited the patience of Job.

Jimmy Howell could fix a broken axel or a split wagon tongue as well and as fast as anyone. His ability to tan leather and repair harnesses, saddles, or shoes, kept him very busy. He had an iron shoe last that he used to put shoes on and always managed to mend them. Scarcely ever was there a time when he was not singing or humming as he went about his work. He and his wife were friends to everyone.

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It certainly was a joyous day when the Patterson company arrived in the Salt Lake Valley. James Howell, Rosannah Monk and children Sarah Jane Howell, Thomas Jefferson Howell, Nancy Melvina Howell came across from South Africa, England, Canada and the States. They left Florence, Nebraska 30 June, 1863. Elder Martin Willard, Utah, where the family lived a short time, then to East Portage in the Malad Valley when the family moved there in 1868.

In each small community where they lived they were in close contact with members of the L.D.S. Church and were helped to understand the principles of the gospel. Also, they received help and encouragement from the converts in their own family. Thus, James and Rosannah were gradually convinced of the truth of the gospel. However, Rosannah had been ready to join the church soon after she first heard its message but patiently waited for her husband to more fully understand it, all the while teaching its saving principles to her children.

In November 1869, while they were still at East Portage, they were baptised in the Malad River. Rosannah was baptised first on the 15th of Nov. The two children, Sarah Jane age eleven and Thomas age nine were baptised on Nov. 23 and on the last day of the month, James made up his mind and entered the waters of baptism. The inclemency of the weather held no fears for them once their minds were made up. The only cloud on their happiness was that James’ mother Jane Copeland Howell had died in April of that year before she was baptised.

Now they began to prepare themselves and looked forward to the time when they could go to the endowment house and be sealed for time and all eternity and have the work done for their loved ones who had passed on.

They were at East Portage for five years before moving to West Portage across the valley. They stayed there seven years before moving to Woodruff, Oneida County, Idaho, then called Muddy Creek, only a few miles north of West Portage. They moved there in 1880 as they had homesteaded 160 acres of dry land the year before.

The log house they built here had two rooms downstairs and two upstairs. At first there was no staircase but a ladder served the purpose until more important things were taken care of. Apple and plum trees were set out in orderly fashion and quick growing poplar and cotton wood trees were hopefully planted to help shield the premises from the merciless summer sun. They proved to be a wonderful windbreak in winter, too. Currant and gooseberry bushes were added with Rosannah and her older children doing a lot of the work. A small porch was made along side the south side of the house, windows and doors were painted a sort of yellow or natural color but the house itself was never painted. Along with his successful farming, Jimmy raised a fine garden and always kept it free of weeds. They had a covered well with two buckets for drawing water. It was south west of the house.

A well-built pole fence was made without nails and encompassed the house and out buildings. These cedar posts, along with fire wood and other fence posts, were cut and hauled many miles from the canyon. The front gate was of the swinging type and was an accomplishment. The fence was always in repair and the gate in good working order. A shanty on the north west was added and was used for a summer kitchen and a place for storage in winter. He had a well tended garden.

Latches were used on the doors at first but in the later years a good metal lock was put on the front door. The doors were as smooth as boards could be made by planning and sanding with the very crude tools available. Carpets about a yard wide were made from hand torn strips. At first only one strip was used through the center of a bedroom but later as they could be made, strips were sewn together to cover all the floors except the kitchen. Small braided rugs were placed at work centers in the kitchen. Each fall at threshing time the carpets were taken up, washed and fresh straw put underneath before tacking them down again. Mattresses were of ticking filled with oat straw which was replenished yearly.

Jimmy Howell was very proud of his tool he called a ‘‘turning lathe.’’ With it he made elegant four poster beds, chairs and tables with evenly carved rings which were very decorative. He never knew an idle moment and was always improving what he had as much as he could. He built a granery and made a tool shed in one part of it. When farm work was through or when the weather wouldn’t permit farming he was always doing some kind of carpenter work. He was as painstaking and happy making a bird house or a windmill or a whistle for his children or grandchildren and their friends as he was in making a very fine and much needed rocking chair.
Untold until a stove could be bought, a metal stand was used to put over an outside fire. This had hocks to hold iron pots for cooking and a sort of grate was put over the fire to set a frying pan on. Naturally all the cooking things were blackened by the smoke. The first stove was low built with the top shifted to one side far enough to add fuel and a small door at the bottom for removing ashes. It was really a prize.

Jimmy raised hogs and chickens and had a cow or two but he himself would never do the milking. His first team was oxen but later he had fine teams of horses. In his later years he had a team he was very proud of, called Queen and Flor.

While living at West Portage they, with the full recommendations of their Bishop, traveled to Salt Lake City to the Endowment House where they received their endowments and were sealed to each other for time and all eternity. This was on October 2, 1876. The trip was made in a spring wagon pulled by two strong farm work horses. Although the journey was slow and without the comforts of a lighter traveling conveyance, it held all the thrills and happiness of a honeymoon trip. Their bed for two nights both going and coming was made in the wagon box by the two of them and they were so much as mentioned discomfort if they ever thought of it. There naturally was some anxiety over their six children who were left at home, but Thomas age 16 and Nancy age 14 were very capable and able to manage alone. Their sister Sarah Jane had married Levi Thornton the year before so was in her own home.

The trip to Salt Lake City was accomplished without incident and it was good to be home again especially after having accomplished the desire they had had for many years. Now they planned to have the children sealed to them as soon as possible.

The next year, 1877, work was commenced on the Logan Temple and it was completed and dedicated May 17, 1884. Attendance at the dedicatory services was one of the most prized and appreciated experiences in the lives of James and Rosannah Howell. Two years later, April 16, 1886, they with seven of their eight children were sealed together in the Logan Temple. Their youngest daughter, Annie Rosa, then eight years old, was the only one born under the convenant.

Even at this time they lived in fear of the Indians. Chief Washakie and a small band of his braves often traveled through that part of the country. Although no act of violence occurred, the white settlers knew it was wise to give the Indians food or whatever they wanted rather than to have them steal it, and a feeling of wary friendship was built up. One of the unusual and curious pieces that Chief Washakie had was a long lasso rope made from human hair. It was long enough to be used.

On January 25, 1885, the Woodruff Ward Relief Society was organized and Rosannah Howell was made Second Counselor to the President. In 1890 she was sustained as president of the Society. She held this position until 1903. Not only did she serve efficiently as a president but she was always serving where there was sickness or death. She was never too busy or too tired to lend a helping hand. Soon Aunt Rosie was in demand by those having sickness or death. She helped sew the burial clothes and prepare the bodies for burial. Rosannah took the youngest, a boy only a few weeks old and raised him until he was about ten years old, doing for him everything she could along with caring for her blind husband and her aged and invalid mother. However, she never once indicated that she as burdened but was always cheerful and happy.

After the death of her mother in 1905 and the death of her husband in 1906, she began nursing again and continued to do so for many years after she moved to Logan, in 1909. She lived below the Logan River bridge on the south side of 6th south. However, in Logan she became interested in genealogical research and Temple work and finally left nursing to go to the Temple regularly as long as she was well enough. Roy Tims lived with them for a while. As she became feeble and ill, her daughter, Nancy Cobbleedick, came from Montana to care for her. On the 23rd of February 1920, at the age of seventy-eight, Rosannah Monk Howell passed away in Logan, Utah and was buried beside her husband at Portage, Utah.

James and Rosannah Howell, converted to the L.D.S. Church, left but little of this world’s goods to their children but they did leave them an inheritance far greater: that of the teachings, both by precept and example, of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. They left this world having spent their full lives doing good to all they met.
We think James and Jane were married in Grayson Co., VA in 1804. The date was on our family records left to us by our father and Aunt Nan Cobbledick. Jane’s sister Ann was married to William Hall in Grayson in 1802, and their father, Charles Copeland owned land and was in the records of Grayson from 1790-1825, although he and Hannah Osborne and their family moved to Bledsoe Co., Tennessee in 1807 or 1808 where their son, Jesse was born in 1808 and Jefferson in 2 May 1810. Charles Copeland’s brothers in law are also in the first land records of Bledsoe Co. Land was opened up there in 1809 and there seems to have been a land rush. We have not found where James and Jane were between their marriage in 1804 and the marriage of their first daughter Nancy to William Irwin in Green Co., Indiana 10 March 1825, and the birth of ninth child, Lucinda 26 Aug., 1825 in Greene.

Andrew Jackson Hall, son of William Hall and Ann Copeland, says his family moved from Grayson to Kentucky then to Tennessee (Probably Bledsoe & White Counties where the Charles Copeland Family were) and then to Crawford County Indiana in 1915. The James Howell family were probably moving along with the Copeland and Hall families at this time, but do not appear in the records.

Vermilion Co., Illinois was formed in 18 Jan. 1826. The first land deed recorded there was in May 1826. James Howell had a deed from the Land Commissioner 15 June, 1826 for 80 acres in Oakwood township, Vermilion, Ill. From Lottie Jones History of Vermilion Co (F896894) p 95 “About the year 1827 Jesse Ventries and James Howell came from Kentucky into the neighborhood of Middlefork which was afterward Newtown (near Danville) Mr. Ventries bought a piece of land a half mile SW of New Town from Mr. Indicutt who is supposed to have come to this locality at perhaps a time not far distant from the discovery of the Salt Springs. The community of Friends which settled early about Vermilion, was strengthened and increased in numbers in the years immediately following the establishment of Vermilion Co. by others of this faith coming from North Carolina and Tennessee. Their life was calculated to form a high standard of living and their influence was long a strong factor in the development of Vermilion Co. There were but 9 families in Vermilion in 1828.”

P. 286 Lottie Jones History of Vermilion: Mr. Whitsil built a mill on Middlefork about 1832-33. He operated it a few years and it fell into the hands of the McGees. Another old mill on Middlefork was built by James Howell, who operated it a short time and died, and his son (Elijah) then operated it and he died. Then Mr. Downing took it, then next Mr. James Cunningham ran it until it became useless. This was a sawmill at first, but it finally had a corn cracker added before it was abandoned.”


Deed Book F—p 325, 9 Oct. 1839—Between James Howell and Jane Howell of Vermilion Co. & James Cunningham—for $1200, sell two tracts of land. Signed by James Howell and Jane Howell (her mark) Filed for record 20 July 1840 and recorded 27 July 1840. Also on p. 347 more of this: James Howell agrees to make good and sufficient title within 5 months from date. (His son, Andrew & Mary Ann Howell also sold land to Cunningham for $500 the same day.)

It looks as if they were all selling out in 1839. Andrew was in the 1840 Vermilion census. The first land record for James in Vermilion is recorded in History of Vermilion Co., by Williams: James Howell from Land Commissioner, 15 June 1826, 80A. The first deed recorded in Vermilion Co. by anyone was May 1826, so he was among the first settlers.

We have two more land patents from U.S. to James Howell in May 1831 and Nov. 1839, for 40 and 80 A. Deed Record 289 p 256 & 258. We have land descriptions and locations for 6 tracts mentioned above.

MARRIAGE RECORDS OF VERMILION CO., ILL.

Andrew Howell and Mary Ann Witsel, Sept. 10, 1829, permission for the marriage being given by James Howell, father of Andrew.


VERMILION CO. ILL., SUPERVISOR’S RECORD BOOK A P 143, JUNE 1830:

William Hall member of Grand Jury, also Eliza Hoskins (Oliver’s father)

p 115—ordered that James Howell be allowed sum of one dollar eighty seven and one half cents for three days service in viewing a road leading from Danville toward the rapids of the Illinois River—and that the clerk grant an order on the county treasurer for the payment of the same.

p26—ordered that James Howell be appointed supervisor of all the roads in the following bounds: All west of range twelve west and north of an east and west line dividing sections 7 and 18 T 19 N as far as the west boundary of Range 14 East. June 1827.
VERMILION COUNTY'S SUPERVISOR'S RECORD BOOK — (Vermilion's earliest record book)

p 240, Mar 1832: Ordered that Andrew Howell within 20 days from date hereto give bond and security for $8 to treasurer, etc. . . be allowed to keep a certain estray by him taken up.

p 240, Mar 1832: Ordered that the following persons be and are hereby selected as grand jurors for the next term of the circuit court to wit: James Howell, (one of 24) and that the clerk deliver to the sheriff a writ to summon the above named persons.

p 77: Wed morning, Mar. 4, 1829—Commissioner’s court met—ordered James Howell be one of a number selected for grand jury (Halls, Osbornes, Copeland's in these records Trimmels).

James and Jane’s daughter, Elizabeth and her husband, Sampson Trimmel stayed on in Vermilion, and died there, Sampson d. 24 Jan. 1861 in Middletown, Vermilion, Ill.  (b. Jefferson Co., Ky) Elizabeth d. 28 Apr 1904, Middletown, Vermilion, Ill. Buried in Parlow Cemetery. Their son (James and Jane) Andrew & wife Mary Ann Witsel, did not move to Bates and Van Buren Missouri with Jane Copeland and her family, but were in the 1840 census records of Vermilion. But not in the 1850 record of the census there.

James Howell was living Oct. 9, 1839 when he and Jane sold two parcels of land to James Cunningham, evidently in preparation for the move to Bates, MO with their many relatives. Our family records say he died in 1839 in Vermilion. Our father told us he died of exposure from recovering the body of a drowned boy from the river. His brother-in-law, William Hall, died in Bates, Missouri in 1846. Both Anna Hall and Jane Howell were left widows about the same time. Anna d. in Decatur Iowa July 1858. Jane in Portage U in 1869.

CHARLES COPELAND & HANNAH OSBORNE

Search 77 Enc. 34


Grayson Co. Va Deed Bk I (Films 7550 S.L. Genealogical Library) p. 160, 28 Mar 1798 CHARLES COPELAND D appointed Job Cole atty. to collect a debt from Jesse Robinette. Other names on document, John, Samuel, Solomon, Joshua, Ann, Jesse, Enoch, Mary, Reuben, and Andrew Cox, and John Whitesil, and Doswell Rodgers.

Same film: 25 Mar. 1802

CHARLES COPELAND & ENOCH OSBORNE bought 400A in Grayson Co. (In the 26th year of the Commonwealth) from George & Christine Elmer. Wm. Bourne, Clerk of the Commonwealth. No witnesses. Signed by Enos Osborne and Charles Copeland. Ashe Co. N. Carolina (just across the state line from Grayson, Va.) Deeds, 26 Jan 1801. George Reeves to Joseph Doughton, deed 100A. CHARLES COPELAND & Samuel Robinette witnesses. Same day another deed from Geo Reeves of Grayson Co. Va to Joseph Doughton of Ashe, NC witnessed by CHARLES COPELAND, Francis Sturgill, (Hannah Osborne’s uncle) Samuel Robinette (Charles Bro-in-law) (Geo Reeves also bro-in-law) F 7550 SL Gen Library- Grayson Va. General Index to Deeds, 1793-1914

Grantor, CHARLES COPELAND of New River—Grantee, Webster Copeland of Iron Mt. No date F 7552 -- Order B K. Grayson, Va: 9 May 1793

CHARLES COPELAND APPOINTED CONSTABLE IN CAPT. GEORGE HOWELL’S 3rd Co. Grayson, Militia. (Geo Howell was Charles Copeland's bro-in-law. Enoch Osborne made Ensign of same Co. 22 May 1793.)

9 May 1793, CHARLES COPELAND VS John Harmon.


Grayson Co. Deed Bk 4, p 424–27 Oct 1821—Charles Copeland & wife (no name) are listed with Enoch Osborne heirs 1816—proved 25 Mar. 1823. (I will give this document in Enoch Osborne account).

In 1808 land was opened up for settlement in Bledsoe Tenn. Apparently Charles Copeland moved there at that time and many of his associates from Grayson took up land there but also continued to own land in Grayson and in Ashe Co NC. Jesse Copeland was born there in 1808 (I think) and Jefferson Copeland says he was born in Bledsoe, Tenn 2 May 1810. High Priest's Record, Cottonwood Stake, Salt Lake. He was 'Cut off' from the Church 1 Dec. 1867. Baptised Feb. 1851. In Bledsoe, Mo (or Decatur, Iowa) Charles is found in the Court records of Bledsoe, White, & Warren Co’s Tenn up to 1819. In 1820 he is in the Crawford Co. Indiana Census with Wm. Hall who married his daughter Ann. He and his son Zachariah are mentioned in Crawford records about making The Roads. His sons M. in Vermilion, Ill. J. Wilton Johnson says he died 1836. (I haven't found Chas. Copeland or Hannah in Vermilion or Ill records with the Wm. Halls or James Howell families - but the marriages of Jefferson and Jesse were there.)

(J. Wilton Johnson, 36 ON Mathilda Ave. Sunnyvale, CA 94086 Apt K6, gave us 1757 as the year of Charles Copeland's birth and 26 Nov. 1836 as his death date, and 1758 as Hannah Osborne birth date. He did extensive research in Grayson, Va. records, Bible records, etc. His wife Laura Rose Johnson was an Osborn descendant. She is now a member of the Logan First Ward.)

#465402 SLC Orange, & Perry CRAWFORD IOWA Families History Vital Statistics (records) Formed from Harrison Co in 1818. Indiana became a state in 1816. A poor Co. English, is Co seat. P 3 Roads 1818—On list of those to work on roads: CHARLES COPELAND & ZACHARIAH COPELAND, many Osbornes, WILLIAM HALL.

p 8 Nov. 10, 1818—Brice Patrick, agent for Crawford County made return of the notes of sale of lots in Mt. Sterling from 26 of June 1818 (near Boonesboro) Hiram C. Boone lot 88 CHARLES COPELAND WAS SURETY FOR Richard Osborne for lot #196 and for Joseph Bradford for lot #80.

Commissioner’s records for 1818 lists all men in the county. CHARLES & ZACHARIAH COPELAND among them. (OLIVER HOSKINS says Charles & Hannah had sons named Andrew and Zachariah. They are not on our family group sheet with them, though Father, THJ did baptism for Zach in Logan Temple. Jefferson Copeland says his parents had 13 children. Zachariah and Andrew should be added to this family.) Many Osbornes and Halls and Sturgills and other relatives of Crawford Co. Ind in records.

The Charles Copeland family is listed in the 1820 (first) census of Crawford County Ind. From 1824—1826 a large group of these kinsmen had migrated to Vermilion, Illinois. The Copeland children are in the marriage and land records of Vermilion, so Charles and Hannah must have accompanied the William Hall Family in their migration from Crawford to Vermilion in 1824. Charles and Hannah do not appear in the 1830 census of Vermilion, Ill. Jesse Copeland made his own affidavit for his age when he married Aretta Keath there in 23 June 1831. Jefferson Copeland married Louisa Johnson 23 March 1834 in Vermilion also. Lydia Copeland and her husband, Joseph Osborne, went on with the group to Bates and Van Buren Illinois with Anna, Jane, Jesse, & Jefferson and their families did. If Charles Copeland died 26 Nov. 1836, (as Wilton Johnson says he found in a bible in Grayson, Va.) It would almost certainly have been in Vermilion, Ill. 18
The new information about Charles Copeland being born in Halifax Co Nova Scotia, turned our attention there, and Grace, Michael and I have searched the Halifax, Nova Scotia records and histories from 1750-1775, for the parents of Charles. We have found Copeland and Hass families there. Down the coast a way from Halifax, German immigrants settled Lunenburg. All of the Hass families in the SL archives were from East Prussia. Michael says Hass is a common name in Bavaria, so we suppose Abigail Hass and her family were German. We have no idea where she and her family settled in Virginia or when her son, Charles met and married Hannah Osborne, but it must have been in Grayson, VA because that is where the Enoch Osborne family had lived since 1773 when Enoch and many others had their first land records from the Loyal Land Grant Co. there. Charles first appears in the Grayson Records in 1790 and is found among the heirs of Enoch Osborne in settling his estate until 1825, although he had been gone from Grayson since 1808.

Jefferson Copeland - From History of Page Co., Iowa

Jefferson Copeland, the father of Mrs. Phillips, is a grandson of Charles Copeland who came from Scotland to Halifax, Nova Scotia, long before the war of the Revolution. Charles Copeland married Miss Abigail Hass, and they had one son, Charles. The father returned to Scotland to recover some property belonging to his family estate, and while there broke his leg, and was detained a long time. The means of communication were very meager, and as his wife did not hear from him for such a long time, she moved with her father's family to Virginia, where she married again. After a long time her husband abandoned all hopes of gaining his part of the estate and returned to Nova Scotia, where he again broke his leg; the wife hearing of his return traveled all the distance from Virginia to see him, but he passed away before she reached his side. Her son Charles, the father of Jefferson, was a native of Nova Scotia, and a soldier of the war of the Revolution. He married Hannah Osborne, and they had thirteen children, of whom Jefferson is the youngest and the only surviving one. The father was a member of the Baptist church. Jefferson was born in Bledsoe Co., Tenn., in 1810, and was seven years of age when his parents removed to Indiana. (Crawford) There he learned to read and write, and at the age of 18 years he learned the trade of a blacksmith. In 1834 (Vermilion) he married Louisa Johnson, daughter of Patrick and Annie Morton Johnson, both of Scotch descent. They became the parents of five children: Charlotte, Charles, Lydia A., Martha, and Julietta. Since 1868 Mr. Copeland has been a resident of Page Co., Iowa: He is not (1890) 80 years of age. He is a diligent student of the Bible and preaches the Gospel as it is revealed to him by reading the Word. He has suffered many hardships in his career, but has been of innumerable benefit to his country in clearing a path through the wilderness for the advance of civilization. There is no more honorable record in the life of any American citizen.

Charlotte Phipps, a farmer's wife, who died on Jan. 15, 1881 at age of 44 years, 9 months, and 10 days. The record shows she was born in Ill, and died in Missouri Valley Iowa, and was buried in the Calkoun Cemetery, Harrison Co., Iowa on Jan 18, 1881.

This biography of Jefferson Copeland is in the History of Page Co., Iowa published by Lewis & Dunbar, 113 Adams, Chicago, Ill. in 1890. Dr. Richard Bergstrom found it in the Iowa Historical Library in Des Moines. He is a descendant of Charlotte Copeland Phipps, and his ancestors lived in Page Co., Iowa. This book is also in the Salt Lake Genealogical Library.

Dorothy Oldland's transcript of Oliver Hoskins' Journal gives Scotland as the birthplace of Charles Copeland's father and North Eastern Halafa as Charles (M. Hannah Osborne) birthplace, but we never thought to look in Nova Scotia. Oliver Hoskins lists Andrew and Zach as Charles and Hannah's sons and the 1820 census of Crawford, ind, lists 5 sons for this family, but we had "Jefferson or Andrew" on our family group chart, and Andrew and Zach were not sealed with the others. Also, baptism was done for Mrs. Andrew Copeland by Lucinda Howell Hoskins, Oliver's wife. Since we have no birthplace or date for Andrew and Zach, we cannot have them sealed yet. Wilton Johnson says he saw Charles' birth day in Clifford Osborne's family Bible in Independence, VA, as 1757. Our records say about 1760. We now need to check Nova Scotia records for about 1755-70 for ship records to Halifax records, Baptism records, etc. We are studying Halifax Co. History...Ida Harris.

From Biographical History of Pottawattomie County, Iowa F977.771 SLC: Andrew Jackson Hall

A. J. Hall, a farmer of Hazel Dell Township, was born in Crawford Co., Indiana, May 20, 1817, a son of William and Ann (Copeland) Hall, natives of Virginia, and of Irish and English extraction. They were married in GRAYSON CO. VA. (1802) then moved to Kentucky; thence to Tennessee (Bledsoe & White Counties); then in 1815 to Crawford Co. Indiana; in 1824 to Vermilion Co. Illinois, which was at that time a wild and unsettled country, the Indians far outnumbering the white men. They improved two farms in that state, and were also extensively engaged in stock-raising. In 1839 they removed to Bates Co. Missouri, where the father died in the fall of 1840, at the age of 63. His widow, (Anna) died in Decatur County Iowa, in 1856 at the age of 72 years. They had a family of eleven children, three of whom still survive. He says Miles and David were residents of Utah. (A.J. had gone to Utah and returned to Iowa as Jefferson Copeland had done) Charles & Hannah Osborne Copeland were always with the Wm. Hall family.

SLC 5796 White Co. Tennessee Court Minute Bks (Sparta) p 163 21 July 1815 WM. PRICE Vs. CHARLES COPELAND debt cer. Jury trial. Defendant owed plaintiff sum of fifty cents the debt in the (p 164) original warrant mentioned. It is therefore considered by the court that the defendant go home without pay & recover against the defendant the sum of fifty cents the debt aforesaid in manner and form together with his cost by him about his suit in this behalf expended &c.

p 164 CHARLES COPELAND VS Issued John Largent-B This day came the defendant by his attorney & declared that he intends not further prosecuting his suit against the plaintiff & therefore assumed the payment of all cost. It is therefore considered by the court that the defendant go home without pay & recover against the plaintiff the cost of his attorneys by him about his defense in this behalf expended & C $797 White, Tenn Court Minutes 1817-1818 p 70 7 25 April 1818 Thomas Crowley--CHARLES COPELAND.
They used the metes and bounds system of describing land in deeds, etc.

In Nuckolls' Pioneer Settlers, Grayson Co Va, he writes: (also A. B. Cox Footprints) "Esquire Enoch Osborne settled on New River near Bridle Creek. This for many years was known as Osborne settlement."

Ephraim, Jonathan, and Solomon, the three brothers, came to this county with their families about the same time, and settled on New River. A fort was built. (In 1860 and 61 when Grace and I were there the Enoch Osborne farm belonged to Dr. Mont G. Cox and his wife Jessie. Dr. Cox has died since then. The cemetery where Enoch Osborne and many of his family are buried was in a barnyard. They had, in 1961 piled all of the grave stones against the fence. There were two stones with E. O. carved by hand on them, one had 52 under the initials, possibly Enoch Sr's birth date. Ida)

Indenpendens were common. It was fortunate for society that the first settlers were people of moral worth and piety.

"Enoch Osborne's wife was a Miss Hash. They were Christians. Their home was the resting place for the way-worn traveling preachers. The venerable Bp. Asbury called with them, took refreshments, as he was making his ministerial tours through this newly settled country. Osbornes have lived in Grayson Co up to the present time. Some moved west-worth, industrious, citizens."

(1da) They told us in Independence, Va that the Osbornes would only marry Cookes and the Cookes would only marry Osbornes. There was much intermarriage all the way. These families migrated together for safety. When the Osborne's came into Grayson, Va. there were no roads, just Indian and animal trails. The minute books have many references to overseers of the roads and road building and maintenance. These families came in on horseback.

Daniel Boone was a contemporary of Enoch Osborne and their families were probably neighbors in Rowan, NC. Christopher Gist, a great scout and land agent and woodsman, moved the Squire Boone family from Pennsylvania to the forks of the Yadkin when Enoch was a boy.

Grayson, VA County Changes

The first land grants were in Fincastle Co which was abolished in 1776. The counties of Montgomery, Washington, and Kentucky state were formed therefrom. Wych Co was formed from Montgomery in 1790, and Grayson was formed from Wych (with) in 1792, what is now Grayson Co was formerly a part of Fincastle Co., then Montgomery, then Wych, and finally Grayson. 1793.

Enoch Osborne was born in Rowan Co., N. Carolina about 1750 (earlier I think). In 1832 Jonathan Osborne of Ash Co., NC, 80 years old applied for Revolutionary War pension. He states he was born in the forks of the Yadkin R. in Rowan Co., NC. Removed to the Hollow of Surry Co., NC in his youth after a few years with his father and family moved to Montgomery Co. Va where he lived for 83 years on one place, until three years since he moved to Ash Co., NC. In the same year as independence was declared the Cherokee Indians broke out. He served in the Montgomery Co militia under his brother Capt. Enoch Osborne.

While the family was living in the Hollow of Surry (on VA border where Mt. Airy is) "an incident occurred that tells the dangers to which pioneer settlers were subjected. Enoch Osborne and brothers, Solomon and Ephraim, went into what is now Watauga, NC on a hunting trip, deer being plentiful, and getting wet by a shower of rain, struck up camp, hung their wet clothes to dry by the campfire, and lay down to sleep. They were surprised by Indians who shot and killed Solomon Osborne. An Indian chased Enoch some distance from the camp and lost him in the dark. Ephraim after fleeing from camp, carefully crept back in the dark to his mare which was fastened with a Hickory bark halter to a tree, loosened her and rode home. Enoch returned home without shoes and in his night clothing."

This story is printed in B. F. Knuckolls' Pioneers of Grayson Co. and A. B. Coxes' Footprints On The Sands Of Time. It is our earliest reference to Enoch Osborne. Solomon's death was about 1766. Solomon's widow was remarried in 1767 to Jonathan Woods who was a great frontiersman and who kept the first record of Scott Co., Va., the Jonathan Woods Book which Grace and I found in the Gate City, Scott Co. Va Court House in 1960 and 61.

In 1809 Enoch Osborne testified that Capt. John Cox settled on the Peach Bottom in Grayson (Fincastle) 44 or 45 years ago, which would make the time about 1765. Enoch was described as "an old settler." (This was to settle a land dispute)

A fort was built on the property that was subsequently owned by Enoch Osborne, by Enoch or his father.

During the Revolution the people of SW VA had to fight the Tories on the East and the Tory incited Indians on the West. In 1776 Enoch was made Capt. over a company of men from the New River Area who were mostly his relatives. His brother, Robert refused to take the oath of Allegiance which was required of the Militia in 1777.

Enoch married Jane Hash, daughter of John Hash. We have many land records for Enoch and records of his serving on Grand Juries and as constable, etc. There is much information available about him because he was prominent in his community.

Enoch Osborne and Jane Hash were married about 1768. They had 12 children who are listed as his heirs in Grayson, Va Deed Bk 4, p 109. This deed from the heirs of Enoch Osborne to Alexander Cox was proven Oct. 1819.

This indenture made this 26th day of Nov. 1818, between George Howell and his wife Polly, Charles Copeland and wife, Joshua Cox and wife, Ruth, Samuel Robinette and his wife Anna, David Edwards and his wife Jane, John Goss and his wife Abigail, Samuel Cox and his wife Rebecca, John Reeves and his wife Phebe, Moses Dixon and his wife Sarah, Enoch Bosnrd and his wife Polly, Zachariah Osborne and his wife Charity, of the one part and Alexander Cox of the other part, of the County of Grayson, Va., witnesseth that for $1000 to them, the said above named heirs of Enoch Osborne dec'd hath given, granted and sold one certain parcel of land containing 197 acres of land by survey, bearing date, the 16 Dec. 1774, in the Co of Grayson on the west side of New River--on a hillside by a path, corner to Jonathan Osborn's--(gives description). In witness thereof, the above named heirs have hereunto set their hands and seal their seals the day and year mentioned above.

In the presence of John Elliot, Sam. Cox, John Cox.

Ruth Cox seal
John Reeves seal
Phebe Reeves seal
John Goss seal
Abigail Goss seal
George Howell seal
Polly Howell seal
Sarah Dixon seal
David Edwards seal
Charles Copeland seal
Grayson Clerk's Office, Sept. 28, 1819
(Alexander Cox married Enoch's daughter, Lydia. Hannah Osborne would have been in Crawford Ind.
From Osborne History and Genealogy by Carol Osborne Hackett and Myrtle Greer Johnson

**Part 4—Enoch Osborne**

A fort was built on the property that was later owned by Enoch Osborne. In the records it is referred to as Osborne’s Fort. Indian attacks were common on the border settlements in these early days and preparation for protection and defense was necessary. When news of an impending attack was received, all the settlers in the area would crowd into the nearest fort. Constant alertness was necessary. It was not the custom for the people of the frontier to lie still and be attacked. Scouts were kept in the woods constantly on the lookout for Indians. These men usually remained out for about 10 days at a time when they were relieved by others. They waylaid the paths by which the Indians were accustomed to enter the country, and would warn the settlers within 20 or 30 miles. The very best woodsmen were detailed for the duty, and many a life was saved by their vigilance. It would be hard to imagine a life more beset with peril than that of the scouts on the frontier.

As the Revolutionary war opened, the Indian attacks on the frontier grew fiercer and more frequent. Many of the old French Forts in what was then known as the Northwest Territory were occupied by British loyal to the King, and after 1776 incited the Indians to uprisings along the frontiers. During the Revolution the people in this area were forced to fight the enemy on two fronts, the Indians on the west and the Tories on the East. The Virginia frontier organized for action. In a book of Rev War records at the Christiansburg, courthouse, (rare records discovered and preserved by the WPA project for writers) Montgomery Co Va, we find on p 17: “At a committee held for Fincastle Co at New Dublin, April 1776 the following lieutenants swore into their commission: James Maxwell, Enoch Osborne, John Kincaid...” Shortly afterwards “David Cox was appointed Lieutenant in the room of Enoch Osborne,” and Enoch was made a Captain. It was hard to muster a company as not everyone would take the Oath of Allegiance. They were surrounded by Loyalists, but protection against the Indians was urgent. There are several lists of the soldiers under Capt. Enoch Osborne between 1775 to 1787 when he resigned.

In the Montgomery Co Court Order Book dated 11-3-1779, we find the following statement: “Ordered that Enoch Osborn be recommended to His Excellency the Governor as a proper person to be added to the commission of the peace for this county.” The Peace Commissioners were the same as magistrates.--These officials performed all the duties of our present day courts, county commissioners, and others do in the government and welfare of the county. Any problems they could not handle were handled in the state courts in Richmond. In 1787 Enoch was still a magistrate, for the Court Order Book shows that on April 4, 1787, “Enoch Osborne took the oaths of a citizen, of a magistrate of the County Court of Chancery and of Oyer and Terminer.” In 1781 and for several years afterwards the Montgomery County land records show that he acted as an assignee for persons buying and selling land.

In 1781 Enoch’s name was among those who paid a special tax levied to pay bounty to Rev. War Soldiers. In 1790 The Co. of Wythe was created from Montgomery. Enoch was included in Wythe Co., and in Dec of that year he was a Justice of the Peace in that Co. The Historian, Wade Eller says that Enoch Osborne was a Justice of the Peace in Grayson Co. This was considered a very high office in the early days of our country. Considerably more prestige was attached to it then than is the case today.

In 1800 he was made a member of the Standing or Corresponding Committee of Grayson Co. These committees seem to have been part of the party organization which Thomas Jefferson set up. The purpose of these county committees was to form a system of communication whereby the Committee in Richmond could be kept informed of sentiment in the counties and vice versa. The letter sent out in Jan. 1800, the year Thos Jefferson was again running for president, on the Republican ticket, read as follows: ‘In confidence of their attachment to the cause of liberty and desire their answers which shall state whether or not they consent to be considered as candidates on the general Republican ticket.’ Enoch was one of the commissioners of Grayson Co. to superintend the presidential election July 29th.

Enoch Osborne was married to Jane Hash, daughter of John Hash of Montgomery Co. Va. (see family group sheet for their children). Their home was on the New River where the old fort stood. This is a lovely spot. In 1796 an act of Congress put an end to the Dept. of Interior’s plans to build a dam on New River below the Grayson Osborne farm which would have covered all of the property originally belonging to the Osborne Clan. Garyson Co. people and environmentalists all over the nation opposed and defeated this plan. (When Alvin & Ida Harris were there in 1976-Oct., with Rick and Sonia Johnson in their motor home, Clifford Osborne told us there had just been a celebration on several days with picnics, campers, etc from everywhere, on his land near his house on the New River to celebrate the defeat of the dam project.) It is hard to imagine that people once lived in constant danger of Indians in this peaceful place. Bishop Asbury, the first Methodist Bishop in the United States, visited Enoch on his way north after one of his numerous trips through the states doing evangelistic work. This paragraph is taken from Bp. Asbury’s Journal:

“1792, Virginia, Thursday 23. We made an early start for friend Osborne’s, on New River, fifteen miles distant; here we were generously entertained. After talking and praying together, we were guided across the river, for which I was thankful. Arriving at Fox Creek we crossed it eleven times and tarried that night with Enoch Osborne, Sr., a motion was passed to view grounds for a proposed wagon road from the ford of New River near Enoch Osborne Sr. up the river to island Ford and thence to the N. Carolina line.”

Enoch’s children grew up and were married here. He deeded land to his two sons and they made homes nearby. Some of his daughters remained close, but others went west. (Hannah & Polly)

Enoch seems to have acquired an extensive amount of land. In 1814 he owned scattered tracts of land amounting to about 2875 acres in Grayson Co Va and in Ashe Co NC. The Historian, Wade Eller says that
Enoch, his brothers, sons and sons-in-law at one time owned nearly all of the land between Bridle and Saddle Creeks in Grayson, Va. and one third of all that is now Alleghany Co. N.C.

Enoch died in 1818 and is buried in a cemetery on his old Fort Farm on the New River in Grayson Co. Va. The cemetery is in bad shape, but his stone is still there, piled against the fence of the Cow corral which is over his grave and those of perhaps two dozen members of his family. He left no will and it is thought he must have died rather unexpectedly. He was about 60 or 70 years old at his death.

Some of his old friends and associates were appointed to make an inventory and appraisement of his personal estate. This inventory and appraisement and the subsequent sales, give us a good picture of how he and his family must have lived.

His son-in-law, Charles Copeland, was in the records concerning the settlement of Enoch's estate until 1825, though he left Grayson about 1808.

Most researchers on Enoch's line accept Ephraim Osborne and Elizabeth Howard as his parents. Jonathan Osborne and Greta Holman as Ephraims parents. James Osborne and Ann Carter as Jonathan's parents. This takes them back to Warwickshire in England. The link between Enoch and Ephraim is not well documented, and is not accepted by the DAR and SAR.

JOHN HASH (Will 1784)

LELLA GERTRUDE SAYLORS—HACHE-HASH GENEALOGY, ALLIED LINES—1970

211 Gaines Street, Sparta Tenn.

'p 7 — Andrew Baker was the first white settler in the Fincastle (Grayson) New River area, on the south side of New River. He was driven out by Indians, returned in 1765 when Ephraim Osborne, David and John Cox etc. settled on New River. James Blevins purchased Andrew Baker's tract in 1771. Fincastle Co was abolished in 1776. Montgomery, Washington, and Kentucky Counties were created therefrom. Wythe Co was cut off from Montgomery in 1790; Grayson Co., Virginia was cut off Wythe in 1792. These families on New River settled in the same location through all of these county changes

The Osborne, Hash, and Phipps families came to this section about the same time. The Osborne, Hashe, Phipps, Reeves, Ward, Baker, Cox, and Bevins families were neighbors and friends. They intermarried during the Revolutionary War and ever since.

The John Hash will is found in Montgomery Co Va Will Book B, page 63:

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN! I, John Hash, being very sick and weak in body, but of perfect mind and memory, thanks be to God for it, and, therefore, calling to mind the mortality of my body and knowing that it is

Teste: Enoch Osborn

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN! I, John Hash, being very sick and weak in body, but of perfect mind and memory, thanks be to God for it, and, therefore, calling to mind the mortality of my body and knowing that it is

Teste: Enoch Osborn

I give and bequeath unto my loving wife my manshon house and ye sole benefit of all ye land on ye north of

Teste: Enoch Osborn

I give and bequeath to my son Thomas all my land lying on the upper side of the creek so far as a small run that empties in the creek above the ford.

I give and bequeath to my son John who I had by my second wife all my land on the lower side of the above said creek after the decease of his mother whom I leave ye sole executor of this my last will and testa-

I give to Richard Hall, my Grandson, a 2 year old heifer.

JOHN HASH--Seal

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN! I, John Hash, being very sick and weak in body, but of perfect mind and memory, thanks be to God for it, and, therefore, calling to mind the mortality of my body and knowing that it is

Teste: Enoch Osborn

I give and bequeath unto my loving wife my manshon house and ye sole benefit of all ye land on ye north of

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I give and bequeath to my son Thomas all my land lying on the upper side of the creek so far as a small run that empties in the creek above the ford.

I give and bequeath to my son John who I had by my second wife all my land on the lower side of the above said creek after the decease of his mother whom I leave ye sole executor of this my last will and testa-

I give to Richard Hall, my Grandson, a 2 year old heifer.

JOHN HASH--Seal

From this will and from information given in Miss Saylor's book, we have listed the children of John Hash, with estimated dates. The names of his wives are not given in the will, nor which children belonged to each. He mentions his two sons, named John, one by his first and one by his second wife. I have wondered if the grandson, Richard Hall, mentioned in the will as receiving a 2 year-old heifer, might be the father of William Hall who married Anne Copeland. His father's name on the family records is Richard Hall. William and Anne were married in Grayson Co in 1802. This land patented Dec. 15, 1773.

From Rev. Walter A. Hashe's notes (Mouth of Wilson, Va. in 1960--Grace and I stayed with him and his wife Cornelia Halsey, in May of 1961. He gave us much information on the Hash family.)

I give and bequeath to my son John who I had by my first wife five shillings. (He probably had already been given land. I think the rest of the children belonged to the second wife.) I give and bequeath to my son

William a full share equal with all my children of all the remaining part of my estate, except one cow to Enoch Osborn and one to Francis Sturgill or the price of a cow each of them.

I give and bequeath to my son Thomas all my land lying on the upper side of the creek so far as a small run that empties in the creek above the ford.

I give and bequeath to my son John who I had by my second wife all my land on the lower side of the above said creek after the decease of his mother whom I leave ye sole executor of this my last will and testa-

I give to Richard Hall, my Grandson, a 2 year old heifer.

John Hash--Seal
Enoch’s brother, John Osborne, his nephew; Jeremiah Osborne, bro of Ephriam Sr.; and Stephen Osborne, a brother of Ephriam Sr.; and Stephen Osborne Jr.

George Howell and Polly Osborn (Enoch and Jane’s daughter) had a daughter, Drucilla, who married Thomas Hashe, a grandson of old John Hashe. They went with George and Polly and other family members to White County, Tenn. about 1801, some on to Kentucky and Illinois where they were neighbors to Abraham Lincoln (Sangamon Valley) who is said to be a kinsman of Docia Sturgill, wife of I John, Jr. Many Hases are found with the Howells, Halls, Copelands etc in every area where their records are found along the trail of their migrations.

JOHN HEATON and JANET SINCLAIR

JONAS HEATON Chr 17 Oct. 1802 M Ann Richardson Chr 25 Mar. 1805. Jonas Heaton was of Sandal Magna, Yorkshire, England. He and his wife, Ann Richardson, and their eight children, came to the US probably about 1845. A child was born in 1850. A child was born in 1851 next. Their second son, John, was born 10 Feb. 1828 in Thornhill, Yorkshire, England, and migrated with his parents’ family, to St. Louis. John (our ancestor) was baptised into the Mormon church by Elder George Margetts of the St. Louis Branch 10 June 1856. This record is on file in the Presiding Bishop’s office in Salt Lake City. John may have been the only member of his family to join the church. The family members were baptised in England and many were repubhshed when they came to the US.

It is likely that John met Janet Sinclair in St. Louis. Janet, born in Tranent, Haddington, Scotland 11 June 1843, and was 15 years younger than he. She had made the journey from Scotland with her parents, William Sinclair and Christina Archibald, and her only brother, William, who later married John’s sister Mary. John and Janet were married in St. Louis in 1859 and moved to Nebraska the next year. They began their westward trek early in 1863. It is most likely that they traveled with Janet’s parents and brother William, who came with William Archibald, Janet’s Uncle Thomas Archibald’s son, in the Thomas E. Ricks company which they arrived in Salt Lake City 4 Oct. 1863. Some of the Uncles and aunts on the Archibald side were probably in the same company as was John Heaton’s mother, Ann Richardson Heaton. It is known that two aunts of Janet Sinclair Heaton, Agnes Archibald who married David H. Kerr and Jessie Archibald who married Robert Murray, came to the Heaton’s who lived in St. Louis and various places in Pennsylvania, working in coal mines for about 5 years. They left Clinton, Pennsylvania in May 1861 with the Job Pingree company and arrived in Salt Lake City Sept. 10, 1861. That same month they settled in Weisville, Utah. Their Archibald relatives were there.

By the time John Heaton and Janet Sinclair reached Utah on 4 Aug. 1863, they had three children: Jonas born 19 Aug. 1860, Nebraska City, Neb; Elizabeth Ann born 19 Dec. 1861; in Platte, Neb; and Christina Archibald, born 1 March 1863 in Lincoln, Neb. and only eight months old when they reached Utah. They made their home in Weisville, Utah for about five years. Here on 21 Oct. 1865, Janet’s mother, Christina Archibald Heaton and her three children in the age of 43. Here also three more children were born to John Heaton and Janet Sinclair; our (Grace & Ida) mother, Mary Jane, 18 March 1864; Martha, 11 Nov. 1865, and John, 8 July 1867. By 1869, the family had moved to West Portage, Utah and lived in their own log home built on their forty acre farm. Here three more children were born to them: Sarah Agnes, 13 April 1871; and James Henry, 14 Sept. 1872.

John Heaton died of pneumonia Sept. 2, 1874. Janet Sinclair, his widow, was thirty-one. She was left with seven children and a small farm to care for. Two of the children, Sarah Agnes and James Henry had died early in the previous year. Sarah Agnes, from spotted fever. Uncle Willie, just younger than she, had the spotted fever at the same time and was left deaf and dumb at the age of two. Jonas, the eldest child was fourteen when his father died.

Janet Sinclair had dark grey eyes, a fair complexion, and dark brown curly hair which her daughters took pride in keeping in ringlets above her shoulders. She was about five feet two inches tall and weighed about 130 pounds. Our mother said she was kind, pleasant, and energetic. In addition to her many responsibilities in raising her family, she found time to do elaborate and beautiful embroidery work, and time for sewing for others. Men’s white shirts and burial clothes were her specialty. As there were no sewing machines all this sewing was done by hand. When she was widowed she sewed for nearly all the people in Portage. Our mother, Mary Jane, kept a homemade grey silk alpaca princess style dress she had made for herself, for many years after her death and also an eyelet embroidered chemise. The sewing was fine and even. The dress had clean-sewn buttons down the front and a wide, pleated ruffle around the bottom.

After her husband’s death, Janet Sinclair was invited to bring her family to live in her father’s large frame house in Portage, the farthest one south on the west side of main street. As she had no other means of support she accepted her father’s invitation, reluctantly. Although William Sinclair was a stern man, he was kind to Janet and her children. But the situation was not a happy one as Uncle Billy Sinclair, Janet’s brother, was running the large farm for his father and felt that his sister and her family were not within their rights to be living there and treated them as indentured servants. The responsibilities were too much for these children, who from necessity shared the burden of providing with their mother. They were all used to hard work, but Uncle Billy was extremely harsh and unkind in imposing too much work upon them. Normal childhood activities were mostly denied them, especially the older ones. Such things as carefree walks to the foothills to pick buttercups or wild violets, or to dig segos and crocus roots, were rare treats for these children. Mary Jane expressed the feelings of the others when she said she often wished to be dressed like other children and to be privileged to do things other children were free to do. They were grateful for the few months of school they were allowed to attend. To Uncle Billy, school work was of least importance, after farm work, cattle herding and feeding. Even running errands took precedence. Although Grandfather Sinclair was kind and protested the harsh treatment the children received, his words had little effect on Uncle Billy. Practically all of the children at one time or another, for even the slightest misde­meanor, felt the sting of Uncle Willie’s black whip, which raised welts on their bodies. Janet and her children had no respect or affection for Uncle Billy.

During the winter months, Uncle Billy fed about sixty head of cattle for the other farmers. This particular work was assigned to Jonas, fourteen, and Elizabeth (Lizzie) who was thirteen. In all kinds of weather, sick or well, they had to go to the foothills to get the large herd of cows. Uncle Billy also ran a dairy, so besides his own cows, he leased many more to provide the milk for cheese and butter making. Most everyone helped with the milking, night and mornings. Little Aunt Mary, Billie’s second wife, milked twenty cows; Martha milked ten; Johnny milked five. Lizzie worked so much out in the bad weather, that she contracted severe colds and began to have rheumatic fever and heart trouble. Although she married later and had two children, she was never well again, and died of dropsy when she was thirty years old.

Uncle Johnny had to walk seven miles barefoot sometimes for cows. If he didn’t find all of the cows he didn’t get any supper when he got home. With so many people in one house, there was always much work to do. Endless cooking, dishwashing, washing and ironing. Washing was done on a wash board with homemade bar soap. All white clothes had to be boiled. Ironing was slow and tedious with flat irons heated on the coal or wood-burning stove. After each re-heating, the irons had to be wiped free of soot before using. Handle grips were folded cloth pads. Mary Jane and Christina (Aunt Teenie) helped in the house.
In a few years Janet married again, hoping to escape from this intolerable situation. Laura Sorenson says she thinks this man’s name was Heaston. But this marriage was disappointing and ended in a few months. Mary Jane disliked her step-father very much and dreaded to come home when he was there.

While Janet and her family were living with the Sinclairs, there was an epidemic of typhoid fever in Portage. Most of the people were poor, and when whole families contracted the disease at once they had to help. There were no doctors or sanitation facilities. Janet was one of those who helped with providing changes of bed clothing, nursing, etc. She tore her double bed blankets in two and took sheets and pillow cases to help the sick families. Her brother, Billie, laughed and made sneering remarks about her giving things she needed for her own family.

Mary Howell Young said Elmina Heaton Allen (Uncle Johnnie’s daughter) told her she found a letter among her mother’s things, telling of an instance concerning Grandmother Janet S. Heaton. Once when times were very hard, Grandmother knew her neighbors had practically nothing to eat and were too proud to ask for food or to accept it even if given to them. She said “I’ll bring over something to cook and we’ll all have dinner together. She said she hoped they wouldn’t mind her coming and joining them. They said she was always doing kind and thoughtful things for others.

In 1879 Grandmother, Janet married William John as a plural wife and moved into her own home with all of her children except Jonas, who was hired by Uncle Billie and lived with him. William John was a good man and provided well for her and her family. All of the children liked him. William John’s first wife, however, made a big fuss when he married Janet and was never compatible with her.

Two sons were born of this marriage. The first died soon after birth, living only long enough to receive a name and a blessing. After the second son was born in the latter part of February 1881, Grandmother contracted child bed fever and passed away on 23 Feb. 1881. Her child named George, died a day later and was buried in the same casket with his mother. During this illness William John stayed with Janet, even though his first wife disapproved vehemently.

Our paternal grandmother, Rosannah Monk Howell, was midwife at the birth of George, and nursed Grandmother Janet Sinclair Heaton John and child until their deaths.

After Janet’s death the forty acre farm was divided into five acre strips for the children.

Christina had married William A. McCrory in July 1880, a few months previous to her mother’s death. Jonas married Laura Bell Hall in October of the same year. Our mother, Mary Jane then only 17, and Thomas J. Howell were planning to be married in the spring of 1881, but after the death of her mother she had no home, so they decided to go to April Conference in Salt Lake City and be married there in the Endowment house.
1. Rosa Janet Howell  
b. 2 Aug 1882, Portage, Utah  
d. 3 Dec 1961, Malad, Idaho  
m. James H. Yearsley, 10 Nov 1899  
b. 5 June 1877, Ogden, Utah  
d. 21 Mar 1944, Woodruff, Idaho  

2. Thomas Leslie Howell  
b. 30 Apr 1884, Portage, Utah  
d. 18 Mar 1929, Logan, Utah  
m. Margaret R. Gibbs, 8 Apr 1909  
b. 6 Feb 1889, Portage, Utah  
d. 23 Oct 1958, Provo, Utah  

3. Mary Melvina Howell  
b. 4 Oct 1888, Woodruff, Idaho  
d. 17 Dec 1965, Brigham City  
m. George S. Young, 27 Apr 1904  
b. 22 Sept 1889, Portage, Utah  
d. 29 June 1958, Logan, Utah  

4. Ruby Howell  
b. 4 Sept 1887, Woodruff, Idaho  
d. 24 May 1971, Ucon, Idaho  
m. Benjamin Lundberg, 4 Sept 1907  
b. 1 Nov 1886, Logan, Utah  
d. 29 Feb 1964, Logan, Utah  

5. Laura Leona Howell  
b. 26 Apr 1889, Woodruff, Idaho  
d. 29 Oct 1907, Logan, Utah  
m. Ernest H. Sorenson, 6 Dec 1911  
b. 6 Apr 1886, Logan, Utah  
d. 24 May 1965, Logan, Utah  

6. Oliver Cromwell Howell  
b. 7 Mar 1891, Woodruff, Idaho  
d. 25 July 1993, Logan, Utah  
m. Esther Lundberg  
b. 21 Dec 1893, Logan, Utah  
d. 9 July 1964, Logan, Utah  

7. Sarah Elizabeth Howell  
b. 27 May 1893, Woodruff, Idaho  
d. 16 April 1975, SLC, Utah  
m. Chester O. Thomas, 30 Dec 1913  
b. 21 Feb 1892, Malad, Idaho  
d.  

8. James Herald Howell  
b. 3 Sept 1896, Woodruff, Idaho  
d. 13 March 1981, Logan, Utah  
m. Martha Felix, 3 Sept 1924  
b. 5 Feb 1905, Ebnat, Switzerland  
d.  

9. Mildred Howell  
b. 30 Dec 1900, Woodruff, Idaho  
d.  
m. J. Merlin Jenkins, 8 Oct 1919  
b. 27 Nov 1894, Newton, Utah  
d. 20 March, 1967, Ogden, Utah  

10. Lillian Heaton Howell  
b. 21 Jan 1903, Woodruff, Idaho  
d. 8 Oct 1916, Woodruff, Idaho  
m. Unmarried  

11. Ida Luvena Howell  
b. 16 Nov 1905, Woodruff, Idaho  
d.  
m. Alvin Harris, 2 Sept 1925  
b. 6 Nov 1904, Portage, Utah  
d.  

12. Grace Avelda Howell  
b. 23 Dec 1907, Woodruff, Idaho  
d.  
m. Frederick B. Baugh, 5 June 1929  
b. 11 Mar 1903, Logan, Utah  
d. 10 Jan. 1977, Logan, Utah  

PARENTS  
Thomas Jefferson Howell  
b. 7 Mar 1860  
Franklin, Decatur, Iowa  
m. 7 Apr 1881  
d. 2 Oct 1945  
Logan, Utah  

Mary Jane Heaton  
b. 18 Mar 1864  
Wellsville, Utah  
d. 27 Jan 1926  
Salt Lake City, Utah  

- Thomas Jefferson Howell  
b. 7 Mar 1860  
Franklin, Decatur, Iowa  
m. 7 Apr 1881  
d. 2 Oct 1945  
Logan, Utah  

Mary Jane Heaton  
b. 18 Mar 1864  
Wellsville, Utah  
d. 27 Jan 1926  
Salt Lake City, Utah  

- Sarah Elizabeth Howell  
b. 27 May 1893, Woodruff, Idaho  
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b. 6 Nov 1904, Portage, Utah  
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Mary Jane Heaton  
b. 18 Mar 1864  
Wellsville, Utah  
d. 27 Jan 1926  
Salt Lake City, Utah
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<th>Thomas Jefferson HOWELL (School Teacher and farmer) Cont. on sheet # 2</th>
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<td>Place</td>
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<td>5 Oct 1945</td>
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<td>Place</td>
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<tr>
<td>HUSBAND'S FATHER</td>
<td>James HOWELL</td>
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<td>HUSBAND'S MOTHER</td>
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<td>M 8</td>
<td>James Herald HOWELL</td>
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<td>M 9</td>
<td>Mildred HOWELL</td>
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## HUSBAND

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<th>Name</th>
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<tr>
<td>Thomas Jefferson HONELL</td>
<td>7 Mar 1860</td>
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<td>1881</td>
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<th>Mother Name</th>
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<td>7 Apr 1881</td>
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### CHILDREN

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<td>Teacher</td>
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## WIFE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Birth Date</th>
<th>Place</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mary Jane HEATON</td>
<td>18 Mar 1860</td>
<td>Wellsville, Cache, Utah</td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Father Name</th>
<th>Birth Date</th>
<th>Place</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>John HEATON</td>
<td>27 Jan 1926</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah</td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Mother Name</th>
<th>Birth Date</th>
<th>Place</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Janet SINCLAIR</td>
<td>29 Jan 1874</td>
<td>Portage, Box Elder, Utah</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### RELATION TO HUSBAND

- Grace H. Baugh
- Grace H. Baugh
- Grace H. Baugh

### RELATION TO WIFE

- dau
- dau
- dau

### TEMPLE ORDINANCE DATA

- Baptized: 23 Nov 1869
- Endorsed: 2 Dec 1919
- Sealed: 23 Dec 1915
- Ordained: 23 Dec 1915

### SOURCES OF INFORMATION

- Family record of Thomas J. Howell now in possession of Grace H. Baugh, 493 South 100 West, Logan, Utah 84321
- Portage, Utah and Woodruff, Idaho Ward records
- Logan Temple Endowment records
- Endowment House records
- Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah P. 945

### NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS

- #6 Oliver md (2) 24 June 1914 Esther Elnora LUNDENBERG
- #8 James md (2) 3 Sep 1924 Martha FELIX
- #9 Mildred md (2) 6 Nov 1969 Roy Stephens CHILD
1- Sarah Jane Howell
Franklin, Decatur, Iowa
15 Mar, 1858-30 Sept. 1899
Md. Levi Thornton
14 Nov. 1875-Md. Thomas Marshall Tims
27 June 1890

2- Thomas Jefferson Howell
Franklin, Decatur, Iowa
7 Mar, 1860-2 Oct. 1945
Md. Mary Jane Heaton
7 Apr. 1881

3- Nancy Melvina Howell
Harrison, Iowa
26 Feb, 1862-12 Aug, 1846
Md. William Heber Thornton
28 Jan, 1878
Md. Harry Cobbedick
2 Dec. 1894

4- James William Howell
Kaysville, Davis, Utah
29 July 1865-21 Mar. 1945
Md. Martha Heaton
15 Feb. 1884

5- Mahoni Moriancum Howell
E. Portage, Box Elder, Utah
19 Aug, 1870-30 Sept. 1898
Unmarried

6- John Cromwell Howell
E. Portage, Box Elder, Utah
7 Mar, 1874-25 Nov. 1951
Md. 15 Nov. 1899
Margaret Rebecca John

7- Leroy Howell
W. Portage, Box Elder, Utah
6 Oct, 1875-30 May 1913
Md. 29 Dec. 1898
Hannah Sariah John

8- Annie Rosie Howell
(Rose Anna - Rosannah)
W. Portage, Box Elder, Utah
23 Apr. 1879-17 June 1965
Md. 18 Nov. 1900
Adam Bigler Jr.
**HUSBAND**  
James HOWELL  
Born 15 Oct 1828  
Place Vermillion Co., Illinois

**WIFE**  
Rosannah MONK  
Born 1 Feb 1828  
Place Mulberry Gap, Hancock, Tennessee

<table>
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<th>CHILDREN</th>
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<th>WHERE BORN</th>
<th>DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE</th>
<th>DAY</th>
<th>ENDOWED</th>
<th>SEALED (Date &amp; Temple)</th>
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<td>G Thomas Jefferson HOWELL</td>
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<td>H Nancy Melvina HOWELL</td>
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<td>J Mahonri Moriancumer HOWELL</td>
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<td>K John Cromwell HOWELL</td>
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<td>25 Nov 1899</td>
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<td>L Leroy HOWELL</td>
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**OTHER MARRIAGES**  
#1 Sarah md (2) 27 June 1890 Thomas Marshall TIMES  
#2 Thomas md (2) 2 Feb 1927, Hulda Caroline FRANK  
#3 Nancy md (2) 2 Dec 1894, Harry COBBLEDICK  
#8 Rosie Annie has name of Rosannah on Logan Temple record. She used the name of Rose Anna most of her life.
### Family Sheet

**Husband**

- **Name:** James Howell
- **Born:** 15 Nov 1784
- **Place:** of Grayson, Virginia
- **Marr:** 1804
- **Died:** After 9 Oct 1839
- **Place:** Vermilion Co., Illinois

**Wife**

- **Name:** Jane Copeland
- **Born:** 1 Feb 1789
- **Place:** of Grayson, Virginia
- **Marr:** 25 Apr 1809
- **Place:** Portage, Box Elder, Utah

**Children**

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<th>Child</th>
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<th>Parish to Whom</th>
<th>Death</th>
<th>Place of Death</th>
<th>Date of Death</th>
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<tr>
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<td>19 Dec 1806</td>
<td>Va.</td>
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<td>2</td>
<td>M</td>
<td>15 Dec 1808</td>
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<td>Mary Ann Witsel</td>
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<td>3</td>
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<td>14 Feb 1812</td>
<td>Tenn.</td>
<td>7 Dec 1829</td>
<td>John C. Cook</td>
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<td>7</td>
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**LDS ORDINANCE DATA**

- **Baptized:** 13 Apr 1866
- **Sealed:** 14 Apr 1866
- **Endowed:** 22 June 1892

**Sources of Information**

5. Seals for the dead LG Bk D, p. 22.
7. EH rec # 285, Bk E, p. 15.
8. SLC rec # 16016 Bk 56.

**Other Marriages**

- #3 Jane md (2) 29 May 1831
- #7 James md (2) 29 May 1831

**Sources cont...**

10. For #1, Index to mar Greene Co., Ind. 1821-1920. Film # 462,701.

**Necessary Explanations**

- Jane Howell bur in private cemetery on hillside, supposedly in East Portage, Box Elder, Utah. Later it was discovered the grave was in Oneida Co., Idaho.

**Deed Records**


**Date Submitted to Genealogical Society**

- 13 Apr 1886

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*Notes:*

- The document is a family history sheet for James Howell and Jane Copeland, detailing their births, marriages, children, and LDS ordinances.
- Sources and notes provide additional information about the family's history and genealogical research.
## HUSBAND
Husband: Charles COPELAND
Born: Abt 1757
Place: Halifax Co., Nova Scotia
![Husband](24x582)

### Wife
Wife: Hannah OSBORNE
Born: Abt 1766
Place: of Grayson Co., Virginia

## HUSBAND'S FATHER
Charles COPELAND

## HUSBAND'S MOTHER
Abigail HASS

## WIFE
Wife: Hannah OSBORNE
Born: Abt 1766
Place: of Grayson Co., Virginia
![Wife](32x546)

### Husband's Father
Enoch OSBORNE

### Husband's Mother
Jane HASH

## HUSBAND'S OTHER WIVES
1. Hannah OSBORNE
   - Born: Abt 1768
   - Place: of Grayson Co., Virginia
   - Died: Abt 1860

2. Grace H. BOWEN
   - Born: 26 Nov 1836
   - Place: Vermilion Co., Illinois
   - Died: 21 Sep 1887
   - Bur. Place: Logan, Ut, Logan Stake

3. Hannah OSBORNE
   - Born: Abt 1768
   - Place: of Grayson Co., Virginia
   - Died: Abt 1860

4. Mary COPELAND
   - Born: Abt 1797
   - Place: " "
   - Died: Abt 1856
   - Bur. Place: " "

5. Margaret COPELAND
   - Born: Abt 1797
   - Place: " "
   - Died: Abt 1850

6. Zachariah COPELAND
   - Born: Abt 1798
   - Place: " "
   - Died: Abt 1855
   - Bur. Place: Abt 1801

7. Lydia COPELAND
   - Born: Abt 1801
   - Place: " "
   - Died: Abt 1850
   - Bur. Place: Abt 1801

8. Renah COPELAND
   - Born: Abt 1803
   - Place: " "
   - Died: Abt 1850
   - Bur. Place: Abt 1805

9. Son COPELAND
   - Born: Abt 1805
   - Place: " "
   - Died: Abt 1850

### Children

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Surname</th>
<th>Father</th>
<th>Mother</th>
<th>Sex</th>
<th>Name</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Anna</td>
<td></td>
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<td>F</td>
<td>COPELAND</td>
<td>23 Apr 1786</td>
<td>of Grayson</td>
<td>Va</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jane</td>
<td></td>
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<td>COPELAND</td>
<td>1 Feb 1791</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
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<td>Elizabeth</td>
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<td>F</td>
<td>COPELAND</td>
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<td>&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ruth</td>
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<td>Margaret</td>
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<td>17 Feb 1799</td>
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<td>Lydia</td>
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<td>F</td>
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<td>19-1850 Cen Bates, Mo.</td>
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<td>Renah</td>
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<td>Abt 1803</td>
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### Sources of Information
1. "Not available."

### LDS Ordinance Data
- Baptized: 2 Sep 1835
- Endowed: 2 Nov 1887
- Sealed To: Husband

### Four Generation Sheet for Filming Only

### Notes
- The Genealogical Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Inc.

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©1972 The Genealogical Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Inc.
HUSBAND Charles COPELAND (Sheet # 2 cont—from Sheet # 1)
Born Abt 1757
Place Halifax Co., Nova Scotia
Ch. Place
Died 29 or 26 Nov 1836
Place Vermillion Co., Illinois
Bur. Place
HUSBAND'S FATHER Charles COPELAND
HUSBAND'S MOTHER Abigail HASS
WIFE Hannah OSBORNE
Born Abt 1768
Place of Grayson, Virginia
Ch. Place
Died
Place
Bur. Place
WIFE'S FATHER Enoch OSBORNE
WIFE'S MOTHER Jane HASS
CHILDREN
SEX M F
1 M Jesse COPELAND
2 F Jefferson COPELAND
2 M Jesse COPELAND
3 M Jefferson COPELAND
4 M
5 F
6 F
7 F
8 F
9 F
10 F
11 F
WHEN BORN 24-1850 Cen Bates, Mo. 1808
WHERE BORN Bledsoe Tenn.
DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE 23 June 1831 Vermillion (1) Arlitta Keith
WHEN DIED 23 Mar 1834 Louisa JOHNSON
CHILDREN #12 in Decatur, Iowa; #2 d in Portage, Ut, & is bur east side of valley north of Utah-Idaho line. #13 was excommunica ted from LDS Church 1 Dec 1867- he was a High Priest in Cottonwood Stake. Oliver Hoskins, g g son of Charles Copeland lists Jefferson and Andrew separately.

SOURCES OF INFORMATION
2. War of Vermillion Co. III., for #12 & 13.
4. Sealing of Children to parents Bk H p 533; Bap for Dead Bk G p 37L.
5. Portage, Ut. ward rec say J. Copeland bap by Miles Hall, 1854 in Leon, Decatur, Iowa.
6. Bk C p 9L3 Sealing of Children to Parents for #2,8,12; LG

OTHER MARRIAGES # 12, Jesse m (2) Mrs. Ellen MAY

NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS: 1820 Cen of Crawford, Ind. lists Charles Copeland with 3 males 10-16; 1 male 16-20; 1 male 25-30; 1 male over 50.

NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS: 1820 Cen of Crawford, Ind. lists 1 male 16-20; 1 male 25-30; 1 male over 50.

NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS: 1820 Cen of Crawford, Ind. lists 1 male 16-20; 1 male 25-30; 1 male over 50.

NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS: 1820 Cen of Crawford, Ind. lists 1 male 16-20; 1 male 25-30; 1 male over 50.
## HUSBAND
Enoch Osborne

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Born</th>
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<tbody>
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### HUSBAND'S FATHER

<table>
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<th>Name</th>
<th>John HASH</th>
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### HUSBAND'S MOTHER

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## WIFE
Jane HASH

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### WIFE'S FATHER

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### WIFE'S MOTHER

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## CHILDREN

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<td>M</td>
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### SOURCES OF INFORMATION

1. Deed Bk L p 109 SLC Lib. #0317147 F Va G 6a pt 4
2. Enoch Osborne heirs to Alexander Cox.
3. Compiled rec of Myrtle Greer John, 610 Old Orchard rd, Bel Air, Md.
4. Rec Lena ErceI Cooper, Rt 1, Box 98 B, Chandler, Ariz.
6. Rec Wilton Johnson, 6000 Orchard Rd, Sunnyvale, Calif.

### NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS CONT: Enoch Osborne farm on New River, near Independence, Va.
HUSBAND: (1) John HEATON
Born: 10 Feb 1828
Place: Thornhill, Yorkshire, England
Ch.: 1859
Died: 3 Sep 1874
Place: Wallisville, Cache, Utah
Father: Jonas HEATON
Mother: Ann RICHARDSON

WIFE: Janet SINCLAIR
Born: 11 June 1812
Place: Tranent, Haddington, Scotland
Ch.: 3 Mar 1881
Place: Portage, Box Elder, Utah
Father: William SINCLAIR
Mother: Christina ARCHIBALD

CHILDREN:
- Jonas HEATON (1) born 19 Aug 1860 in Nebraska City, Otoe, Nebr
- Elizabeth Ann HEATON (1) born 19 Dec 1861 in Platte, Lincs
- Christina Archibald HEATON (1) born 1 Mar 1863 in Lincoln
- Mary Jane HEATON (1) born 18 Mar 1864 in Wellsville
- Martha HEATON (1) born 11 Nov 1865
- John HEATON (1) born 8 July 1867 in Nebraska City
- Sarah Agnes HEATON (1) born 13 Apr 1869 in Portage
- William Sinclair HEATON (1) born 24 Jan 1871
- James Henry HEATON (1) born 14 Sep 1872

LOGAN TEMPLE ENDOWMENT RECORD
Husband: John HEATON 1828
Wife: Janet SINCLAIR 1812

RELATIONSHIP OF P.B. TO HUSBAND
1. Mrs. Grace H. Baugh 493 South 100 West Logan, Utah 84331

RELATIONSHIP OF P.B. TO WIFE
1. 10 June 1856 14 Mar 1888 14 Mar 1888

SOURCES OF INFORMATION:
- Mary Jane Heaton HOWELL family records now in possession of Grace H. Baugh, 493 South 100 West, Logan, Utah 84331
- LG record of Sealing of Children to parents Bk A p 623;
- EH rec of Sealing; Temple Index Bur Check;
- Portage Ward record 1888-1942, Serial # 6418, Film GS #26,363.
- Woodruff Ward records 1891-1912 Serial # 2560 Film GS #007,630.

NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS:
- Logan Temple endowment record of husband, John, gives his baptism as 10 June 1856.
- St. Louis Branch records searched by Genealogical Society, Mar 1942 # 1747 entry in record of Members, 1856-1862, states, "John Heaton, baptised 16 Mar 1857, St. Louis. Immersed by John Stevensen, confirmed by E. Snow, Hart and others."
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SEX</th>
<th>M</th>
<th>GIVEN NAMES</th>
<th>SURNAME</th>
<th>WHEN BORN</th>
<th>WHERE BORN</th>
<th>DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE</th>
<th>DAY</th>
<th>WHEN DIED</th>
<th>YEAR</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>F</td>
<td>J</td>
<td>Janette</td>
<td>SINCLAIR</td>
<td>11 June 1843</td>
<td>Tranent, Haddington</td>
<td>1859</td>
<td>3 Mar</td>
<td>1881</td>
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<tr>
<td>M</td>
<td>W</td>
<td>William</td>
<td>SINCLAIR</td>
<td>21 Jan 1846</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>(1) John HEATON 1857</td>
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<td>(1) Mary Carter HOSKINS 1859</td>
<td>29 May</td>
<td>1909</td>
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</table>

**Sources of information:**
1. Family rec of Mary Jane Heaton Howell, Grace H. Baugh
2. Index to EH rec # 727 Bk D for living, p 401; #3794 Bk H, p 177; #3765 Bk H, p 176 EH.
3. Index to LG temple rec # 7656 Bk G, p 211 End for Dead.
4. BK O Bap for Dead p 98 LG.

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