

Sketch of the Life of Justin Abraham Knapp

JUSTIN ABRAHAM KNAPP

BORN: AUGUST 4, 1857 — FARMINGTON, DAVIS CO.
UTAH

MISSION: BEFORE 1879 — STONE MASON FOR LOGAN
TEMPLE — LOGAN, UTAH

MARRIED: OCTOBER 9, 1879 — ANNA ELIZA LEMMON —
ENDOWMENT HOUSE — SALT LAKE CITY

DIED: NOVEMBER 21, 1918 — HIBBARD, FREMONT CO.
IDAHO

BURIED: REXBURG, IDAHO

PARENTS: ALBERT KNAPP AND ROZINA SHEPARD

The name Knapp is of Teutonic origin which might mean, "an esquire or body servant to a knight or Noble — or a place name meaning a hill" and is spelled in various ways.

The Knapps of America came to Massachusetts from Suffolk Co. England. Among whom was William Knapp, who came with Sir Richard Saltonstall in 1630, bringing his seven children with him — his wife having died in England. Among the members of his family are: seaman, soldiers, writers, ministers, teachers, millmen, and farmers.

The sixth generation from William was Silas Knapp, who married Lydia Mann. They moved from Massachusetts to New York and on to Nauvoo, Illinois with other members of the L.D.S. Church. Among their children there was one Albert, born at Antwerp, Jefferson Co., New York.

Albert was a member of the Mormon Battalion and made the long march from Leavenworth to California. His name is on the Mormon Battalion Plaque at the State Capitol grounds in Salt Lake City, Utah. He returned to the Great Salt Lake Valley from California in 1849 and married Rozina Shepard. Later he went back to the west, where he and John Hess were the first to discover gold and silver leads in the Eldorado Canyon. He sent for his family to come to him in California. His wife refused to leave the body of the Church and stayed on in Utah with her children. Albert lived for a time in Las Vegas with his brother, later he was with his sister in Sinole, California where he died late in 1864. Of this union there were six children, Justin being the second son and fifth child.

Justin Abraham Knapp was born in Farming-

ton, Davis Co. Utah, the 4 Aug 1857. When he was five years old he had scarlet fever, which tightened the cords in his left foot and left him crippled for life. He often said that as a child he longed to run and play as other children did. When he was thirteen years old he worked in a grocery store. After the family left Farmington they lived in Richmond, Utah.

Justin enjoyed hunting and spent many hours tramping along the banks of the Bear River where there were many geese and ducks. He often told of a time when he brought down three geese with one shot. Later he continued to enjoy this pastime, with his shotgun on his arm he would hunt ducks on the sluices and river on his farm — and wild chickens in the nearby sage country in Hibbard, Idaho.

While working for a Mr. Brown in Park City, Utah he learned the trade of stone cutting. After the days work was over he would stay at night and experiment on scraps of stone, which he polished and decorated with letters and designs.

These he laid carefully away. One day Mr. Brown saw them. He was surprised and pleased with the work and encouraged Justin to put them on exhibition at the Fair in Logan, which he did and won some prizes.

As a stone mason he helped to build many important buildings in the communities in which he lived. One of these was the Logan Temple — for three years he worked on that beautiful edifice, a monument to the skill and craftsmanship of the pioneers. A building of which all Church members are proud, indeed, "thing of beauty is a joy forever." His initials are cut in one of the stones. He prepared the cornerstone which forms the box where the records and etc. are sealed. Another building which stands as a mark of his skill and workmanship is the Flamm Store Building which he helped to build of native stone — as the walls were raised, stone and mortar were drawn up by a horse.

There are many others he helped to build throughout Cache and Snake River Valleys. He also made a violin which he played at many parties and dances.

While working on the Temple, he met Anna Eliza Lemmon, who was attending school in Logan. She was the daughter of Willis and Anna Eliza

Sketch of Justin Abraham Knapp

(Homer) Lemmon. Many hours of their courtship were spent gaily walking around the unfinished walls of the Temple. Who can guess the beauty of their dreams, the hope of their future. They were married in the Endowment House 9 Oct. 1878. Twelve children were born to them: Anna Rozina, Mabel, Jennie, Justin Willis, Lydia Malinda, Clara Leona, Elsie May, Warren, Esther June, Alice Eveline, Edmond Raymond and his twin brother Adrian Leroy.

They suffered the loss of six children before death came to separate these two. At first they made their home in a brick house which he built in Richmond, Utah. There, beside working at his trade, he played in the local Brass Band and served a term as town Marshall.

About 1888 he bought a relinquishment of one hundred and sixty acres in Snake River Valley in what is now known as Hibbard, two and a half miles west of Rexburg. He hired a man to take his furniture and stock. His wife and four children went on the train to Market Lake — now Roberts — where he met them with a team to continue their journey to their new home. There was no bridge across the Snake River there so there crossed on a ferry boat operated by George Hibbard, Eliza's brother-in-law and their first Bishop. They lived in a log house in Rexburg, owned by Nels Nelson, while their own house was being built down on the farm. He had indeed come to a hunter's paradise for there were coyotes, badger, porcupine, and for food: deer, antelope, and hundreds of wild chickens and ducks and plenty of fish.

The winters were hard and long. The land had to be cleared of sagebrush which was pulled out and burned, ditches and dikes were made. Every now and then, Justin would plow up a rusty gun barrel, arrowheads or a smooth stone used to ground meal by the Indians.

With the help of his children, he fenced his farm with green posts and poles. This was hard work lifting the green timber all day. Some nights after a hard day's work, sagebrush fires were built and potatoes roasted. This new cleared land fine crops and on this farm there was fine pasture, lots of grass and plenty of water and timber for their own firewood. In addition to farming, Justin continued his work as a stone mason and did some bricklaying and plastering.

Some of the few neighbors were Parks, Berrys, Stathoms, and Parkers. Some few pioneers graves were marked by stones fashioned by his hands. Sometime about 1899 he, with his brother Morgan, built and ran a sawmill on Moody and Canyon

Creeks for about two years.

He was a lover of horses and always had fine teams, and sold many good ones. He raised black, bay and bolley-faced horses. Almost every farmer in the area had a team of Justin's horses. An epidemic got among his horses one spring and he found thirteen little dead colts in his field. He sent to Belgium for a beautiful registered horse which he called Mathun. He also kept a few head of sheep.

He also enjoyed wrestling and other feats of strength because of the nature of his work he himself developed strong arms. One day he went to the old grist mill east of Rexburg. There were some boys from Ricks, lifting and trying to "out-do" each other. One boy held out a sack of flour on his wrist. Justin said to him, "Why don't you put it on your hand?" The boy retorted, "You can't do it." Mr. Knapp jokingly asked "What do you have to say I can't?" So the fellows gathered about \$4.50 for a bet. Justin held out his hand and said, "Put another on this hand," which they did. He raised both hands upward. The boys offered him the money. He laughed and told them he did not want their money.

The first school held in Island Ward (or Hibbard) was in the "Knapp grainery." It was built of logs covered with factory and white washed, when furnished with seats and desks it was very comfortable.

In his Church he served as first superintendent of Religion class, organized in Hibbard by Karl G. Maeser. He also served as councilor to Bishop Joseph E. Rigby. In January of 1914 he went to Southern California and there filled a short term mission. After his return in late spring, his health failed rather fast. For years he suffered with Hay Fever and Asthma. In November 1918 he was stricken with a stroke and died 21 November 1918. At that time the "Flu" was raging and public gatherings were not allowed.

He was buried after a short grave-side service in the Rexburg Cemetery, where the bodies of six of his children had been laid to rest.

Compiled by Mabel F. Hale Knapp October 1943.

Anna Eliza Lemon Knapp

ANNA ELIZA LEMMON KNAPP

BORN: NOVEMBER 18, 1860 — GRANTSVILLE, TOOELE
Co. UTAH

MARRIED: OCTOBER 9, 1879 — JUSTIN ABRAHAM KNAPP
— ENDOWMENT HOUSE — SALT LAKE CITY

DIED: DECEMBER 12, 1931 — REXBURG, MADISON Co.
IDAHO

BURIED: REXBURG, IDAHO

PARENTS: WILLIS LEMMON AND ANNA ELIZA HOMER

Richmond, Utah

Patriarch Thomas Richardson

Patriarchal Blessing Given to Anna Eliza Lemmon Knapp

Patriarch: Brother Thomas Richardson
Richmond, Utah

A Patriarchal Blessing given by Brother Thomas Richardson upon the head of Anna Eliza Lemmon Knapp; daughter of Willis and Anna Eliza Homer Lemmon, born in Smithfield, 18 Nov. 1860. Sister Anna, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I lay my hands upon thy head to give thee a father's and a Patriarchal Blessing. Thou wast with the Father in Heaven before the world was and thou wast chosen and elected when the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted with joy, and thou came down of thy own free will and choice that thou might gain a greater salvation, for the Lord, thy God, had had his eye upon thee ever since thou came into existence and thou shalt become a mother in Israel for thou hast a companion that will stand by thee through all afflictions and you shall labor together in the House of the Lord in redeeming your ancestors and you shall sit together on Mount Zion for the Lord knows the very thoughts of thy heart that it is to do. Thou shalt wear a righteous crown and thou shalt have a noble family which shall give thee great satisfaction in thine old age for thou art of the real blood of Joseph, which was sold into Egypt, and thou shalt help redeem thy father's household and through thine obedience to the Holy Priesthood it shall be your privilege to go hand in hand with your companion, the Holy Ghost shall be your guide and your eyes shall be single to the glory of God. Put confidence in God, your Father, and kings and priests shall come through thy loins for thy Father has great respect unto thee. He has already brought thee through thine afflictions

and the Lord will bring thee through all the rest of thine afflictions.

I bless thee with life and health that thou wilt continually rejoice in the God of thy salvation and shalt live and thy tongue shall be heard amongst thy sisters, and when thou has finished thy mission on earth thou shalt sit down on the throne with all the Holy women, with a glorious crown upon thy head and a scepter in thy hand. I seal upon thee power to come forth in the morning of the First Resurrection, and I seal thee up unto Eternal Life, even so--Amen.

November 21, 1920

Rexburg, Idaho

Patriarch Andrew J. Hansen

Blessing given to Anna Eliza Knapp Nov. 21, 1920 Patriarch: Andrew J. Hansen Rexburg, Idaho

A blessing given under the hands of Andrew J. Hansen, Patriarch, upon the head of Anna Eliza Knapp. Daughter of Willis and Anna Eliza Homer Lemmon, born at Smithfield, Cache County, Utah, Nov. 18, 1860.

Dear Sister Anna Eliza, In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I seal upon you a patriarchal blessing, that in your lonely hours of meditation, seeking comfort from the Lord you may receive inspiration and strength, and know that the Lord liveth and loveth you. Yea, and know that your life and your future is precious unto the Lord, yea, and know that you are loved even as you love, and that the Bonds of the Holy Priesthood in the Holy Patriarchal order and chain encircleth you, and that you are safe in the keeping of the Lord. Your sins and imperfections shall go to judgement before you, they shall be blotted out from the book of your remembrance. A crown of glory is laid up in store for you, even celestial glory and eternal lives which cometh through an eternal increase, for all that has been sealed upon you, and that shall here after be sealed upon you shall come unto you.

Yea, verily, you shall be a queen and a priestess in the Kingdom of God forever, for this is the purpose of your being, the Sum Total of life. Wherefore be not diverted from this, your goal, by the cares of life---but praise the Lord with prayer and a song in your heart, yea, with words of en-

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Biography of Anna Eliza Lemon Knapp (1860-1931)

Anna Eliza Lemmon Knapp was born on November 18, 1860 in Smithfield, Utah and was the first girl born there. Her parents were Willis and Anna Eliza Homer Lemmon. Just before Eliza was born, her father was called to go to Iowa to help a train of pioneer immigrants cross the plains. During his absence, there was an Indian uprising in Smithfield and some fighting took place. Two town boys were shot and one died. All of this excitement occurred while Eliza's father was away and she was born before he returned.

Eliza was the eldest of ten children and shared the responsibility and work of caring for a large family. One particular evening, her parents went to visit some neighbors leaving her in charge of the house and the other children. There were no electric lights or lamps so they cautioned her to be very careful with the candle and to take good care of the baby. On their way home, Eliza's parents saw weird, flickering lights in the window of the house causing them to think the house was on fire. They ran like mad only to find Eliza and the other children up having a good time. How thankful they were to find their family safe and sound!

Eliza attended school as often as possible as did other pioneer children. She was left-handed and one school teacher she had become very cross with her and one day he whipped her severely because she did not do her lessons with her right hand. When her father learned what had happened, he waited by the gate until the teacher came by and proceeded to thrash him as he deserved.

Every fall after Eliza was old enough, she would go to the home of her father's parents who lived just south of salt Lake City in the Mill Creek area. There she would gather and dry fruit for the family as their own orchards had not yet begun to produce.

Eliza loved to sing and became well-known for her beautiful soprano voice. She was often asked to sing solos in public and in private.

While she was attending college in Logan, Utah, she met Justin Abraham Knapp. Many hours of their courtship were spent around the unfinished Logan Temple walls where Justin was working as a stone mason. They were married on October 9,

1879 in the old Endowment House in Salt Lake City, Utah. For their wedding present, Eliza's father gave them a beautiful horse.

Their first home was a brick home which Justin had built in Richmond, Utah. Their first four children were born there. They are: Anna Rozina md. William Widdison, Mable md. Heber Ward, Jennie md. Francis Walters and Justin Willis md. Mabel F. hale.

In 1888, they bought 160 acres in Hibbard, Idaho, two and one-half miles west of Rexburg. Eliza and the four children traveled by train to Market Lake, now Roberts. Justin met them there with a team. They settled on the farm which was on the Teton River, called the Island Ward.

Eight other children were born after moving to Idaho. They are: Clara Leone lived seven years, Elsie md. Charles Larson, Warren lived nine years, Esther Jane md. Leslie Robertson, Alice Eveline md. John Hillman and twin boys, Edwin Raymond and Adrian Leroy. Edwin died at birth and Adrian lived two years.

Eliza knew the hardships of pioneer life. She did not have many of the material comforts of life. She must have craved the prettier things because later in life when all of her children were grown and married, she would buy little trinkets that would delight a child.

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couragement and kindness to all of your associates. Speak of the goodness and the greatness of God, and of the good and the pleasant things in life, that others may rejoice with you.

I seal upon you the blessings of life and say unto you, put your trust in the Lord, for by faith you shall live, give the Lord your whole heart. I seal you up against the powers of the destroyer, both seen and unseen. Remember this sacred promise, that you may see it fulfilled, for unto this end is it given.

I seal you up unto eternal life, and to take your place in the Patriarchal Order in the House of Gods. Thru Jesus Christ, Amen

A.J.H.

Biography of Anna Eliza Lemmon Knapp

Her home on the farm consisted of two log rooms, the one with a little lean-to shanty where the stove was kept in the summer. The other room was used as a storeroom where Justin kept the stones and markers he was working on. This room also held the barrels of salted meat and the large flour bin which held one thousand pounds of flour. Between these two rooms was space enough for two bedrooms.

Eliza's cooking was done on a woodstove and water was heated in a large boiler for washing and bathing. Baths were taken in a number three round tub in which two or three children would bathe at the same time. She did the washings for her husband and twelve children on a washboard, one piece at a time. She made her own soap. She crocheted and knitted and did all of the sewing for the family. She was known for being a fine seamstress. She was very fussy and never bought a pattern. She had the talent for seeing something and could make it like she wanted it by cutting and fitting her own patterns.

Her daughters remembered that she was the first one up in the morning and the last one to bed at night. Bedding used in her home was all home-made quilts. She always raised a garden, canned and dried apricots, apples and corn. She raised her own chickens and would take a big basket of eggs to town to trade for her groceries. She made her own bread and butter and her tithing was paid in products raised on their farm. Threats for her children were homemade ice cream, molasses candy and taffy candy.

She helped to milk the cows by hand. Water was pulled up in buckets from the well with a bucket on each end of the rope. She could really handle horses well and liked ones with spirit, not any "dead heads." She braided rugs and put straw under them for padding. Her house was as neat as a pin. She didn't like playing cards; she thought it was a waste of time.

Her home in Idaho was so far away from her family home in Smithfield that in those days of slow travel, many homesick days passed before she again saw her parents. It had been eight years since she had been home for a visit. Justin prepared a covered wagon and gave her a good team of horses. With her sister Julia, she visited her parents. They were gone two weeks, most of the time spent in travel.

When Justin needed to buy a water right to the canal for their farm, they did not have enough cash. He asked Eliza if they could sell the horse her father had given them for their wedding present so

that they could get the money they needed. He told here he would look around for a nice gentle horse she could drive on a buggy. He found just the right horse, a little brown mare, which Eliza named "Baby Birdie." She would curry and brush her and she kept the little buggy neat and shiny. Everyone knew Sister Knapp when she drove into the town of Rexburg.

Eliza was about 5'8" and weighed about 150 pounds. She had beautiful eyes and long, dark brown hair which she braided and bobbed in the back. It was always neat, never a hair out of place. Her personality was very dignified and sincere.

Whether working on the farm or at Justin's sawmill, she carried her share of the burdens cheerfully and with a song on her lips.

Her oldest daughter, Anna Rozina, died a few weeks after her first child was born. Eliza's own baby, Lydia, died a few months after they reached Idaho. Typhoid fever took her daughter Clara Leone and her son Warren. Then in August of 1903, her twin babies were born. One died at birth and the other died in an accident when he was two years old. Thus half of her children were taken from her. Then when the rest of her children were married, her husband too passed away, leaving her alone in her home.

Through all of her trials, she did her duty as she saw it. She had a strong testimony of the Gospel and walked in faith and prayer all of her life.

She was a school teacher as well as being active in the Relief Society of the church. She was the first secretary in the first Relief Society organized in Hibbard and later served as president. She went from place to place with "Baby Birdie" and her buggy visiting the sick and cheering the sad. She made many quilts, did Red Cross work and knitted socks for the soldiers during World War I. She also served as chorister in Relief Society and was asked to sing at many gatherings and socials. Much need help was given to her children at different times especially at the births of her grandchildren or in times of sickness.

After she had suffered about three strokes, she left this life on December 13, 1931. She was seventy-one years old. She is buried in the Rexburg Cemetery.

A Tribute to My Mother — Memories Picture

By Elsie May Larsen, a daughter

Often and often my thoughts go back,
Like wonders over a time worn track,

To the day when I knelt by my mother's knee,
And she sang in the twilight time to me.

Oh those dear old songs, I can see her eyes aglow
With the gladness of Paradise.

As I fancy, she sings in the streets of gold
The same sweet songs as she sang of old.

Hebron, and Merer and Sweet Salome,
Telling of rest and of hope and of home.

Over and over she sang to me
Dear, Rock of Ages and Bethany.

And as she sang them her eyes grew bright
As if God's city was just in sight.

She saw the Angels and heard them sing
Their songs of praise to Christ the King.

But over her grave in the Churchyard old
The grass grows green and the moss and the mold

Have almost hidden her name away,
On the stone that crumbled to dust today.

Still as of old when the twilight falls the
Voice of Mother, her children calls.

We come to her bidding o'er league of space,
To hear her sing in the old home place.

Those songs my mother made dear to me,
The heavenly songs can no sweeter be.

In God's city I hope some day to hear
Them sing in My Mother's way.

My dear grandmother, I did not know you personally, but I feel very close to you as I read histories and talked to people who did know you personally. Your beautiful Patriarchal Blessings, Tributes paid you and the life of hard work and sorrow you bore. It will be a special time in my life to meet you and enjoy your association. Your life is a beautiful example unto us, your posterity. It will help us through many difficult times. May we walk by faith and prayer and knowledge as you did is my prayer, Amen.

*A granddaughter, Verna Jean Larsen
Humphries. Compiled and Typed December 1980.*

Ross Walters Sharing Memories of Abraham and Eliza Knapp

Ross Walters gave this account at the Knapp family reunion - June 9, 1988 at Park in Ucon, Idaho

I have been watching some of these TV programs and the other day they were interviewing a lot of old people. Some of them had seen everything. I was born about right after the turn of the century in the horse and buggy days. There were no cars or pickups. About the only transportation they had in Rexburg was either horse and buggy or wagon or trains.

I was about two years old when Grandpa Knapp died and I don't remember too much about him personally. He did bless me. I do know quite a bit about Grandma because she lived until I was a freshman in high school. I think it was then when Grandma Knapp died.

For the benefit of the younger generation I will tell a few stories like you wouldn't remember them, but you might not even know how things were. There was no refrigeration, no electricity, no telephones. The clothing was a lot different.

Grandma Knapp had a bunch of beautiful daughters. They were all pretty things and they would wear a dress with maybe a half dozen slips under it. They always wore an apron. Grandma always wore an apron and huge, big bonnets. I don't know how they did the work in that hot weather, just like it was today, with all that clothes on. They made their own clothes. Grandma had a big pocket in her apron and she kept her sewing in there. She kept a little pair of scissors in there. They would go to the store and buy the cloth in what they called bolts, which was a great big roll of cloth. The way they used to measure the cloth was to get hold of the corner of the cloth and pull it out arms length to their nose and that was a yard. That's the way they had to measure.

Now, of course, you washed your clothes on a washboard. They bathed in a number seven tub. You can imagine running a bunch of kids through a number seven tub. They would throw a handful of sulfur in there once in a while to keep you from getting itchy. They didn't always have it. They ironed their clothes with an old gladiron. There was a kind of a duel purpose there. They would keep the irons hot on the back of the stove and then, on cold

winter nights, someone would wrap a piece of muslin around them and take them to bed with them to keep their feet warm. They heated rocks to put in their sleighs in the winter time.

Of course, Grandma was a real good cook. She made these big drippers full of bread about once a day, great big loaves of bread. She could really cook wild life. We never had a turkey-Aunt Mabel told me this. Course, turkeys are kind of dumb anyhow and about that time there were lots of skunk, badgers and coyotes in that rabbit country, rabbits and sage hens, and they would have eaten them. But they had what Aunt Mabel said was a, they called it a shoat (small pig). It was, after the weiner size, and it weighed twenty or thirty pounds. They would put them in the oven. That's what they would have for Christmas. The only turkeys I remember at that time, well, Aunt Elsie, I think they lived up toward Moody, they had a few around there. I don't know if they lived to get eaten on the table, or not.

Refrigeration they did not have and so they had a doodle in the community to get together and get the ice out. They had a big, old saw with teeth on both sides and they had big old tongs and in the winter when the ice was frozen solid enough to hold a team and sleigh they would go out there on the ice and cut it up into big chunks and bring it back to store in a special ice house they had made. Grandpa was, at one time, involved with a sawmill and, of course, they would get sawdust from the mill and cover up the ice with it. Oh, usually on the Fourth of July, that's when they would dig some ice out and bring it to where they were holding their social and the ladies would bring their ice cream freezers and they would turn those old freezers until the ice cream was froze and everybody would have ice cream.

I think maybe Uncle Jesse was probably involved — I can just barely remember, I suppose Grandpa Knapp started it but they had a canal that run across in front of the house and there was a drain ditch across that and Warren can remember it, I'm sure, it ran down the side of the hill along the slough there and they put a fish trap in there. There was kind of some slack across there and the water would run over it kind of like a small water fall, the fish would come down that ditch and hit those slats and water would go through the slats

and those big old trout would lay there out in the open and we would go pick them up. Grandpa Knapp was quite a hunter. They had those big muzzle loaders. You could load a handful of shot in it and blast into a bunch of ducks, then of course, it was up to the women to pick them, I think, most of the time. I wound up with that featherbed that Grandma and Grandpa had. When grandma died my Mother got the featherbed. I added a lot of feathers to it, Mother had made a lot of pillows and added to the featherbed and when she passed away then I got it. I had that feather bed until 1962 when we had a flood in Ammon and I had it in the basement and it got ruined. But the folks had the featherbeds and us kids, we got to sleep on straw. They had what they called a tick. It was a great big, bed-size bag with a slit in it and you would fill that thing full of straw and it would last so long and then all get broken up. Then you take it out to the nearest straw stack and dump it and fill it up with fresh straw again. They made pretty good beds.

Then I'll have to tell you a little bit about Grandpa — this involved me some, too — well first, I better tell you about the transportation. The first airplane I saw was when we came to town in the old white-top buggy for the Fourth of July celebration at the Rexburg fairgrounds where Uncle Ross Covington, Aunt Esther's first husband, kept his horses. They flew over it in an airplane and dropped a bunch of baseballs into the crowd. I crawled around until I got one and I held onto it for dear life. Later on when I was about twelve Lynn Covington and I went up on the Rexburg Bench, that's where the airport was, and for one dollar we got a ride on an airplane. Boy, that was a rickety old thing that had wire wheels, no wheel on the back, just a curved piece of iron that drug in the dirt. We got in that thing and they strapped us in and put goggles on us — we were sitting right in the wide open. The struts between the wings were wire and when they started that thing up it about scared me to death. I wanted to get to but they had us strapped in so I couldn't. They started down the runway and our stomachs just came right up into our mouths. Was quite an experience! You very seldom saw airplanes around for a long time. After the war a few of the World War One pilots used to come around the country barn-storming and put on quite a show. I was trying to make the point, there was a lot of difference between the way it was then and the way it is now.

We have gone through the airplane age and the automobile age and the atomic age and watched man land on the moon on T-V and now we have the computer age and it just makes me mad when

someone tries to do my figuring for me. Well, anyhow, like I say, you think you have seen it all — radio, record players and lighting. I could say something about lighting. Most of the lighting was with kerosene lamps and lanterns, of course we had candles too, but they used to run out of wax so they had just a bunch of GRICKS grease in a bowl. They would take it out and put it in the gricks, light a match to it and it would burn to beat heck. I did my studying by coal oil lamp until I was most of the way up — until I was in high school.

We went through a lot of hard times, I don't suppose half the hard time Grandma and Grandpa had coming to this country. I remember hearing Mother tell about cutting sage brush. You see this asparagus and stuff scattered around the country — the pioneers brought the seed and the winds blew that around. The ditch I was telling you about that came down through Grandpa's and Grandma's place — somebody dumped some horse radish and berries there that started along the bank there. There were lots of wild berries, different kinds of wild berries and choke cherries. I don't know if the old timers ever got up to the old Tucker place but there are wild currants all through the river bottoms. Men got to messin' with the river — puttin' dams out there and changed Mother Nature and now the jack rabbits are all gone. You never used to have to go to the hills to hunt for berries because there were so many in the valley.

They used to have what they called GRITS and they would take a bunch of sacks of all kinds of grain into town and have it ground and they would trade that for their winter flour. They had root cellars.

Grandpa was crippled but he had strong arms. They tell a story of a bet he made one time. He bet somebody four dollars and fifty cents that he could hold up a fifty pound sack of flour on the wrist of each arm. He stretched out his arm and they put a sack on it. He held that one all right and then he stretched out the other arm and they put another bag of flour on it and he held that one also.

He was a stone mason by trade. That is how he made his living. If you go up to the Rexburg cemetery you can see his work. There are many headstones that he carved there with beautiful writing just like it was printed. I am involved in this a little bit because I had heard my mother talk about they used to go to the chautauqua, and that is a fresh name for vaudeville. There is the old Flamm building up there and I don't know how many other businesses had been in there at that time but I went up there to help build that. That was in '69. We

were working away back there and the building we were working on was a sort of a warehouse where we had a cut-off saw and our stuff in there and did some of our ripping in there, and I saw these great big stones — oh, they would weigh a couple ton apiece and they had numbers, put on in Braille, they stuck out from the surface of the rock — oh about an inch. That struck me and I thought, "I bet that's Grandpa Knapp's work." I talked to my mother about it and she said she bet I was and she asked me, "Why don't you talk to Aunt Mabel about it?" Aunt Mabel told me that building was started when she was five years old and it took them seven years to build it, to complete it. I checked the dates and found that that was right. Those walls were six feet thick, foundation and basement walls. Imagine those walls were all done by hand. Those rocks are still there and that's been pretty near a hundred years ago. Aunt Mabel told me that was all done by hand. They used slip scrapers and they used greased big ropes to hoist all that material up there.

When the banks were about completed some guys came in from St. Louis to do the finish work. They hung around there for two or three days and my boss came up to me and asked, "How would you like to fix this?" So I transferred over to the regular crew to help these guys fix these banks. It made me feel good, it was almost like Grandpa Knapp walked up to me and handed me a hammer and said, "Here, I started this job, you finish it." That's just about how it wound up.

Oh, there are a lot of other things I could tell about them but I think I have taken about enough of your time.

I Remember Grandma

By Marjorie Knapp South

They told me how she lay in a coma for 10 days before she died. Was she reviewing all the things that had happened in her life? Then at last that waiting was over too. Her waiting. She looked lovely. Friends came to the funeral home and said how much they'd miss her. Finally all but her daughters left the room where she lay — her daughters and me. One daughter tied the ribbon under her chin into a bow. It was quiet and the room was musty and heavy with memories. Part of the things she had meant to all 6 of us rushed around in our heads as we secretly said "Good-bye". I couldn't tell what the others thought but I kept thinking she was the first to see me here, she'll be first to see me when I leave and go there. She will be, too.

If Heaven's style permits she'll have a neat waist apron on with a little pocket for a handkerchief and a small fold-away pair of scissors. Her hair might be the way it used to be. Parted in the middle but combed directly back above each ear and in a knot at the back. Maybe it will have a crinkly curl at each side of the part because every day will be festive then.

She will have pretty shoes then too, not the long laced boot[s] — like ones she used to wear.

Maybe she will guide me through one of the gardens off the golden street the way she used to back in the old orchard at her home out behind the house where their rose bushes grew, where the iris grew, (Grandma called them purple flags), and the ribbon grass. There was a big tree of lilacs, too. But they had to be carefully saved for Memorial Day when I looked at them with her.

She used to wonder if anyone would remember the graves after she was gone. But with all the roses in Heaven for her to look at maybe she won't mind that sometimes we forget. Half her family already was marked on the homey gravestones in the cemetery. A lot of markers had been made by Grandpa.

Then I started thinking of the headstones, with the little sunken areas where the roses he had chiseled stood in relief. And of the bellows behind

the house where he worked. And pictures of birds he had sketched in a big old book. Beautiful birds he had made with elaborate wings and flowing tails like penmanship.

Grandpa laughed a lot and was lots of fun to be around. As some memories come others rush in also and I find myself seeming to see a long procession of past events.

Breakfast was a ritual.

Often, everyone was there. Before it was eaten every one had to be seated. Thanks was given. A bowl of cooked cereal sat in a plate with good rich milk and sugar on the table. Everyone had a fork and knife but all the spoons were sticking up in a spoon dish. When the cereal was eaten a large platter of eggs and bacon or eggs and sausage was put on the table with a plate of toast. When I first remember, there was a cup of tea at Grandma's place but once she went up to Rexburg, [Idaho] to Quarterly Conference and heard Apostle Ballard talk, and then there was no more tea.

Already her home would be a relic. It was built of logs with all four rooms in a row with a "shanty" at one end. The roof was sod and stems stood up there forlornly wiggling in the breeze. Inside it was lined with "factory" (a cheap grade of muslin) and white-washed. Blue and white linoleum squares were on the floor. A coal range stood against one wall between the big wood box and huge flour bin. Behind the stove hung a shelf with a 40 year-old clock that had a tower on each side. One knob from one tower had broken off when Grandpa tried to dislodge his gun one morning. The Clock Chimed and was very musical. If at anytime in the night you, couldn't sleep you could hear your time ticking away. And at night in the winter after the pop-corn or honey-candy was eaten and the coal oil light was "put out" you could see a little red eye of fire through a little hole in the stove. It probably made a necessary air current but it also looked very cheery in the dark. And the wood crackled and snapped making you feel protected and warm.

On the shelf with the clock sat some glass tumblers with embossed colored polka dots and miscellaneous glassware that had been gifts. Several red glass cream pitchers were there sent to her by Annie Miles who owned a Mercantile store in Smithfield; Utah. They had been girl friends and had grown up together.

Calendar pictures were all around the room. Japanese Calendars with lovely frosted pictures painted on tiny slats of bamboo were on the wall.

In her bedroom wall hung the pictures of the children who had died. Aunt Annie who was a

young bride with only a year-old son when she died. Leona who was almost 8, and who had one desire — to be baptized before she died — but the Doctor told her she would not. Baby Adrian was in an oval picture. He was dressed very properly in a dress, although he was three years old. He had asked to have the picture taken and had walked 2½ miles to Rexburg with Grandma to have it done. It was not long after that a Billy goat attacked him and injured him. He died soon afterward. His twin had died at birth — leaving no picture. There was no doctor and after the birth of the first twin the contractions stopped and he was in the birth canal too long. A baby sister also died.

Then there was the picture of Warren.

Warren had been the second son in the family. He had been a very happy boy and much loved in the big family of girls. But when he was nine he became ill with typhoid fever and was very sick. His older brother was stricken at the same time. For weeks the mother was not only cook, washer-woman, ironing woman housekeeper and all the normal things but a very scared and devoted nurse. It saved the life of the older one who was in bed 13 weeks and 3 daughters. The younger son, Warren, kept going to school. Then he, too, took the illness and in 6 weeks, he died.

One night she stood at the foot of his bed as he asked her if she could hear the music. He said he could hear people singing and music playing, then before morning the call was too great.

She used to tell me that the children had small home programs. Some would recite some would sing but Warren like to be Master of Ceremonies.

When Dad's [Justin Willis] fever was 106 they brought in a tub of water, put ice in it and wrung cloths from it to bring the fever down. Then Grandma would wring her hands from the pain of the cold.

An older daughter, Jennie did not get the disease so she helped, too.

Not many visitors came — as the neighbors were afraid. When Dad was well enough Grandma and Aunt Jennie on each side helped him to learn to walk again.

Until Grandma was in her sixties she washed her clothes in a tub on a wash board. The water was carried in buckets from a pump in the yard and poured into a big oval container called a boiler which sat on the kitchen range and heated. Then lye was added and it was poured into a tub. The clothes were then scrubbed across the board downward into the water, spread on the board, rubbed

with cakes of homemade soap and turned over to the soapy side and scrubbed some more. Then the white clothes were put into the boiler and boiled a few minutes to bleach them, dipped out, rinsed and hung on a clothes-line in the yard. For many generations before her, this had been the way American women had washed their clothes, but her daughters had washing machines in their life-times — propelled by hand, then by electricity, and finally they do their washings in Automatic washers and dryers that do the clothes so well and automatically that they only need to be handled at the damp dry stage and when they are completely dry All of this came about in the next 40 years.

Grandma told me how she met Grandpa. She said she went to Logan to Conference and saw a man up in the balcony watching her. They watched each other on and off through the meeting and then as she walked out at its close she came face to face with him. She thought he was very handsome but he was crippled. When he was a small child — 4 or 5 — he had been stricken with a fever. When he was well the cords on one side were drawn up and twisted his foot which was turned and twisted. He walked on his instep with the use of a cane. He had to have a special shoe made. Not long after Grandma met him he was called on a work mission or a real one. He chose the work mission and for 3 years was a stone mason on the Logan Temple. He cut the cap stones you see from the front.

Once when Grandma was still unmarried, but grown, a gypsy came to the door and wanted to tell her fortune. She told her she didn't have any money. Then the fortune-teller said "You have some coral beads you could give me those." When Grandma refused she became angry and said, "You can't have them either then, I'll curse them." Very soon afterward the string broke, and they were threaded again, and few by few they were lost.

While Grandpa was on his mission at the Logan Temple, Grandma sometimes visited him. They walked around the wall of the temple at different stages of its height. If they could have looked into the future they could have seen several Grandchildren coming there to be married. And three of their children came back and were married there.

Grandma first was in love with a tall, dark man with very rosy cheeks who had quite a lot of money. Her father liked him very much. His name was Johnny Gibbs. He was called on a mission in the South but an angry mob killed him.

Her father seemed to think he would have been a better husband than grandfather.

She and Grandpa were married at the Endow-

ment House.

Grandpa liked music very much. He played the Base horn in the Richmond Band. Once he made a violin by carving the wood. He played it for years. he used to play for dances. He also played an accordion. And Grandma sang. People asked her to sing at church and socials. She belonged to the local Choirs, too. And taught her children to sing and to recite. She told me that Grandpa had been a Marshall once. Once when a man held up a train going from Logan to Richmond Grandpa had the responsibility of catching him. The man left the train at Richmond and went down on Bear River. Grandpa deputized a man by the name of Richmond and they left to go get him. They were very careful because they knew he was dangerous.

My Memories of My Wonderful Grandparents

Written by Donetta Walters Swendsen

I have wonderful memories of my special grandparents, Justin Abraham and Anna Eliza Lemon Knapp. My memories are not so clear of my Grandpa because he died when I was seven or eight; but I do remember him vividly!

My grandfather was a jolly, kind and wonderful man. Many times he would hold me on his lap as he sat in his special chair out under the trees. That chair was special because he cut off some of the length of the legs to lower it to fit his short body. He loved to whittle and carve with his pocket knife. He made the neatest whistles out of green willows.

Grandpa played the violin beautifully and he made his own violin. We grandchildren would sing songs for him and then he would play them for us and we would dance.

He carried whole cloves in his pocket to chew. I never smell cloves that I don't remember his sweet spicy kisses and feel his tickly mustache!

I remember he died of a stroke in the autumn. I remember wishing he would wake up and hold hands with me!

Then there was Grandma! She was a beautiful, kind, loving pioneer *lady* with the singing voice of an angel. She was a truly great homemaker. When my mother, Jennie, was four Grandpa and Grandma moved from Utah to Hibbard, Idaho and helped settle that area. They cleared the land and built a lovely log cabin. They raised all twelve children in that cabin. Year by year Grandpa made improvements on it until by the time I came along they had real wood floors. Grandma kept them immaculate by scrubbing them with homemade lye soap. The walls and ceiling were covered with white muslin which she whitewashed. Everything smelled so sweet and clean. She painted the furniture and woodwork, including the big woodbox behind the stove which was filled with wonderful smelling quaking asp wood. I always wondered why she always painted everything that funny "brindle" brown.

Every fall after the grain was harvested she would empty the old straw out of the mattresses and put new fresh straw in them. Her mattress,

however, was filled with down feathers from the ducks and geese Grandpa had hunted and shot. Also she would take the home made bedroom carpet up and wash it and hang it on the clothesline to dry. While she would throw away the old straw she would put down new straw and tack the clean carpet over it onto the floor. Everything smelled so good and clean and the straw padding was so nice to walk on.

I loved to sleep over at Grandma's house. I remember beautiful, white, ruffled, clean-smelling nightgown and white cap. Always we would kneel down beside the bed and say our prayers. I can still feel her arm around my shoulders. Then into bed we would go! It was great to sink into that soft feather mattress and cuddle close to my warm, soft, wonderful grandma.

Grandma could do anything! She could catch an old hen in the yard, chop off its head, clean it and put it in the big pot of water, simmer it a long time until it was tender and smelling — oh, so good! She would add milk and thicken it. That was my favorite dish, along with boiled potatoes, corn or beans, fresh delicious bread and butter; and dessert — boiled raspberries that she had gathered from the bushes in the orchard. Her kitchen always smelled so good of baking bread, soup and other food cooking. Mingled with this — the clean, wonderful odor of burning quaking asp.

Grandma was a fine seamstress. She made all her own and her children's clothes. I remember her starched big apron with a big pocket in which she kept her thimble, her little folding scissors, always a hanky and lots of other goodies. I remember her home made bonnet with the stiff, cold starched pokes. As I grew older, I remember, she would let me iron with the iron heated on the stove. That bonnet was the hardest thing I ever tried to iron!

Grandma had a phonograph with lots of records, especially Hawaiian. She also had a clock, a very special clock and she would let me clean it. She directed the cleaning; for this I used a feather which had been dipped in coal oil and I could wind it for her. (I have that clock. 1975)

About the time I became a teenager "Grandpa Bramwell" came courting Grandma in his little

My Memories of My Wonderful Grandparents

Ford coupe. Until this time Grandma was well known up and down the valley for her shining, black buggy with red wheels — pulled by her beautiful, shiny, black mare named "Baby Birdie." Every Saturday she would pick me and my brothers up and drive the three miles into town to watch another chapter of the show "Tarzan." Tickets were ten cents.

After Grandma married "Grandpa Bramwell" he built for her a lovely gram house and she moved out of the log house into their new home next door. She had nice modern conveniences.

One year they invited me to go to Utah with them. "Grandpa Bramwell" bought us new hats out of the catalog. Grandma loved pretty hats. That year Grandma was honored in the celebration at Smithfield as the first white girl born in Cache Valley! We stayed with her sister, Great Aunt Evy Sheen, in Smithfield.

As Grandma grew older and her health began to fail she needed help so after I graduated from high school I stayed more often with them. They moved into town into the Carlson apartments on Carlson Avenue. By this time she was in a wheel chair.

Grandma never lost her sense of humor but she hated being dependent on others. We still had fun together. I remember one year I pushed her wheelchair clear up town to Kings Dime store shopping. She had saved enough money to buy each grandchild a Christmas present. She bought each granddaughter a pretty, flowered hanky. I don't remember what she bought the boys. We bought Christmas wrapping paper and ribbon and took it all home and I helped her wrap each present. By this time here poor hands did not work very well but she never complained.

When I was about twenty she had her last stroke. My mother, some of my aunts and I were there when Grandpa Bramwell knelt beside her bed and said a prayer asking Heavenly Father to bless her and soon she passed away very peacefully.

It was winter and the beautiful flowers froze stiff on her grave.

We Knapp children are very lucky to have such a rich, pioneer heritage. I learned a lot from my wonderful Grandmother. It has been so easy and wonderful to have someone special like her to follow in being a Grandma to my grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

We should all be very proud and grateful to our Grandparents for the rich heritage they have given us — Grandpa's musical talent and Grandma's beautiful voice we have been blessed with — and all

the wonderful, good things we can pass on down. I am sure they must be very pleased for the rich blessings in the Knapp family.

Grandmother Knapp

By Silda Eliza Covington

Whenever I think of my maternal grandmother I remember amber celluloid hair pins holding a dark-brown braid in a round mound high on the back of her head; an old gray log house — and just outside the kitchen a gray board shanty to keep milk, butter and cream and lemonade cool and fresh in the summer; a brook that gurgled and twisted and hurried near the shanty, past the house and down through the pasture on to the Snake River; a tall thin bottle of little red peppers soaked in vinegar to sprinkle on my green string beans; oval multicolored hooked rugs; button onions gone to seed in the garden; blackbirds sounding as if they were in complete privacy in the cattail pond down in the pasture; on the bedroom wall a big picture of her boy who had died when he was twelve, but whose eyes were always watching me regardless of where I was standing in the room so that it was not easy for me to believe that he was dead; giant sunflowers towering above hollyhocks, their faces turned toward the sun, looking like wise old men with their arms folded and their heads bowed; a currycomb and a brush on the wall of the small log barn out behind the house; the sleek black horse; Birdie, that pranced so proudly when my grandmother hitched her to the little black cart with the red wheels; the gold watch with the name “Eliza” engraved on the back of it, and the little knob to be pressed so one could see the picture of the man with the moustache inside it; a mahogany rocking chair where I sat and ate rich yellow chicken sop the day after my tonsils had been removed; dainty pink and red rickrack for my doll’s dresses; bird’s eggs on a string: robin, canary, Chinese pheasant, blackbird, sparrow, oriole, magpie, mourning dove and bluebird — “Just take one, “ she’d say when we found the nest, “or you’ll make the mother bird sad;” a big black clock on the shelf in the front room, with the gold hands, that struck every hour and that always seemed to tick so loud when my grandmother and I took our nap; the funny little puffs my grandmother made when she breathed if she went to sleep before I did; miniature candy balls with perfume inside them; soft cool grass in the pasture and a bright green watercress bed down in the river bottoms; white lace collar against dark silk; a green plush photograph album with a hairy-looking cylinder in the back that played a tune when you wound it; long, long hatpins to fasten a hat to the dark mound

on her head; and, after her first stroke, the ebony cane with the gold handle to support her right side. If I think too long about my grandmother, I remember the second stroke and the brown leather chair that would enfold to make a bed when you pushed the button on the arm; and the third stroke and the wheelchair and tears on my grandmother’s cheeks when she tried to sing “I’ll take you home again Kathleen;” and Mother tying the wide white satin ribbon into a bow under my grandmother’s chin just before a man closed the casket; then her casket sitting over her grave while another man dedicated the grave and how I remembered something she had said long ago, “No, I’m not afraid to die,” and the little wink she gave Mother when she continued, “But I always shudder when I think about those six feet.” I’m sure she thought I was too young to understand.

Albert Knapp

ALBERT KNAPP

BORN: JULY 10, 1825 — ANTWERP, JEFFERSON CO. NEW YORK

MORMON BATTALION: JULY 1846 - JULY 1847

MARRIED: JANUARY 7, 1848 — ROZINA SHEPARD — SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

MARRIED: APRIL 3, 1857 — JUDITH OVIATT

DIED: LATE IN 1864 — SUNOL OR CENTERFIELD, ALAMEDA CO. CALIFORNIA.

PARENTS: SILAS KNAPP AND LYDIA ACKERMANN

ROZINA SHEPARD

BORN: JUNE 12, 1829 — DENMARK, LEWIS, NEW YORK

MARRIED: JANUARY 7, 1848 — ALBERT KNAPP — SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

MARRIED: NOVEMBER 1, 1862 — FREDERICK NELSON FRANCIS

MARRIED: FEBRUARY 15, 1869 — CHRISTIAN LARSEN HYER

DIED: OCTOBER 23, 1882 — RICHMOND, CACHE CO. UTAH

BURIED: RICHMOND, CACHE CO. UTAH

PARENTS: ISAAC SHEPARD AND SARAH LACKORE

NOTE: ALBERT KNAPP LATER WENT BACK TO CALIFORNIA AND NEVER RETURNED TO ROZINA. SHE DIVORCED HIM AND REMARRIED.

nia some time in January 1847. We were then stationed at San Louis about 6 weeks. We were then ordered to Puebla De Los Angeles (City of Angels) where we remained until we were discharged. That was on the 16th of July 1847.

"I with 5 others namely Calvin W. Moore, Christophor Layton, Walter Barney, Albert Knapp and Shadric Holdaway, went to work for a man by the name of Julian Williams. I worked for this man some 5 or 6 months when I with C. W. Moore, A. Knapp, W. Barney, S. Holdaway, went to Monterey Cal. worked at this place until August 1848 we then went to the gold mines which had just been discovered on the South fork of American River.

"I worked in the mines 12 days and washed out 1800 dollars. I then started for Salt Lake. I traveled over the California Mountains in Ebenezer Browns Company. After we got over the mountains we made up a little Company of 10 namely B Stewart, R Stodard, M. Weaver, C. W. Moore, J. Reed, A. Breedingburgh, L. Fifield, J. F. Mead, Wm Beers and J. W. Bates. We came on ahead of E. Brown's Co. We arrived at the old fort at Salt Lake on the 7th of Oct 1848 where I found my Mother & Step Father....

Melinda's Note: The following I found in an autobiography of a man who served with Albert Knapp. From the Autobiography of Joseph W. Bates. Joseph W. Bates Son of Joseph and Mary Bates was born Jan. the 16th 1827 in the town of Dudley Staffordshire England. Original spelling has been maintained for interest.

"...on the 7th of July I started for Council Bluffs to join the Mexico army and on the 16th day of this month I joined Company E. Capt Daniel C Davis' Company and was organized with the 2nd mess.

"Our messes names was as follow T.C.D. Howell, Jacob Earl, Jesse Earl, J. W. Bates, Lot Smith, and Harlem McBride. We went from Council Bluffs to Fort Leavenworth where we received our outfit for Mexico. The outfit we received was in the shape of musket cartridge boxes, Haver sacks, Knapsacks, and wild Mexican mules and Pennsylvania Schooners. We left Fort Leavenworth about the middle of August and traveled to Santafee which took about 7 weeks stayed there sixteen days.

"Then started for California we got to Calaforn-

Letter from Albert Knapp after he had returned to California, asking her to come and live with him.

Soonyol, Valey, Dec,
the, 11th, 1863,

Dear Daughter,

I received your kind Letter last Saturday while on my way to the City on Business. It found me in better health than I have been since last January, the cause I will tell you before I got through. I saw Sarvina and John, she and little Johnny were well but his Father had been verry Sick. But he was getting better. They have a-plenty to ate ???him, and to wear. You say you are all well and a-gowing to school, and your Stepp Father is kind to you. I tell you I was truly glad to hear of that and to get those little tender lines written by my own Daughter's Hand, Can I read it? Yes I can and I could read it if there was not but a-worde between two thoughts, not an eye doted in the whole letter. I can read it as well as I can your Mother's now, and I wante you to right as ofton as you can and I will answer them. You say have I forgot the Ean ??? Kings I answered you and Armina Have you got the Coleydnies ????? I cent by Hiram Judd to make sette of to fee ????? in them if you have keep them until I see you and I will performe my fraad?????. Again you aske did I think that your Mother would Robb from Children of the Moneyh I???? cent, I will tell you I did not know what to think for she never sayed thanke you and I find that she and Mr. Francis had A Bigg Spree when they got that Money and further she had broken hur vowe with me and tacon and other and Survina told me that she never yoused to mention my Name in you presance because it maid you feel so bad, These one the reasons for my askeing but I do not think your Mother is a much to blame as others are, for if Survina tells me the truth Brigham has leyed to hur and influanced hur against me, and further, Birhaph Hess and Lott Smith framasical me before I left Home that my Famaley should not suffer while I was gon, but survina tels me that they left you to Poverty and wante and your Mother worked verry hard to get along and things looked prety darke abought the time she got Married, which was abought two Months before I had the Money placed in my hands to helpe my Famaley with your Mother Wored verry harde I have know daght, but what do you think my feelings were and what was I a dooing. I will tell you A little I was A Prospecting for Money to cend to you

and to helpe my self with Food and Traaveling the furst summer after I left home amoungst the savage Indians where my Life was in danger all of the time and maney and amaney is the day I had to go hungry and with out Watter to drink and A traveling over those hott Deserts and sum times I would get A Rabbit and sum times I would not, Thus I passed off the time when John Hess and I discovered the furst Gold and Silver, Lead in Eldorado Canion, Wee Located sum Leads for ourselves and others and formed ourselved into Cumpanies so as to get enough means to gather to prospect and from aur Leaads so that Men of Money would by A parte of our claims and give us Money so that we would have enough to helpe our selves with and to get up Mosheanory [Machinery] to get oute the Mone with, Thus I worked the Nex Summer all summer from fourteen Hours to Fiften Hours A Day and I rote to your Mother evry Oportunaty and told hur that if she could get along A couple of years longer wee would have A plenty so we would not have to worke so harde and while I was A Rideing oute to geother Grass for the Mules I received A Privat Injury that will last me as long as I live, and I have not done A days Worke in the last year

One Year ago the Eighth of this Month I sould to Levi Parsons twenty five Hundred Dollars worth of Mining Ground and started with him for San Fransisco to get my Money and cend for my Famaley to cum and enjoy it with me, after I had made all the preperations for them to cum I hird your Mother was Married to Mr. Francies and she declined cumming, Thus I am Beneffed after all my Suffering and Tiol, And who cares, Kind Provadence has seen fit to leav me to its Trasury and I am know in posession of Means to helpe my self and Children I have go it by the heard Licks the same as I always got my Living, and I intend to enjoy sum of it my self I can get with it evry thing that I want but the Society of my Famaley and Connections, and when my Children see fitt to cum and Live with me they can helpe me enjoy it while I live and and after I am gon, Tell Silas I am glad he is mindefull of his Father, O I wish I could see you all and talke with you I could tell you better how I feel than I can right, but there is one ting I wante to warne you against if you wante to live Happy donte you ever go into Pligamy nor get Married untill you are Old enough to chose for your self and know how to keepe House If you was here I could give you A better Education than it is possable to get there, there is maney A young Lady here of your age and Older that have A good

Education both in reading writing and Musich and they can set down and take the Cordian the Flu-teenah and the Piannah and entertain hur guests and they can have 'an' agreable pased time to geather, with every thing all around them to make them Happy. O my Children I can not Explain to you the Beauties of this Country and Climate, it is know A raining A slight mist and it is warme and the Grass is just beginning to starte and People are beginning to plough, I do not knowe that you will beleave the half I have writton si I wil quit so good by children, right I wante to hear from you all, Malinda will right it for you good by this from, Albert, Knapp to Malinda

SILAS KNAPP

BORN: FEBRUARY 20, 1798 OR 1797 — SPENCER, MASSACHUSETTS

MARRIED: 1821 — LYDIA ACKERMAN

DIED: FEBRUARY 10, 1845 OR 1841 — NAUVOO, ILLINOIS

PARENTS: ENOCH KNAPP AND LYDIA BEMIS

LYDIA ACKERMAN KNAPP

BORN: MAY 3, 1805

MARRIED: 1821 — SILAS KNAPP

DIED: AUGUST 8, 1881 — PROVO, UTAH CO. UTAH

PARENTS: OBADIAH ACKERMAN AND SALOMA LEWIS

Isaac M. Shepard & Sarah Lockore

ISAAC M. SHEPARD

BORN: SEPTEMBER 2, 1806 — MERIDIAN, NEW HAVEN
CO. CONNECTICUT

MARRIED: JULY 25, 1825 — SARAH LACKORE — SOUTH
CHAMPION, JEFFERSON CO. NEW YORK

MARRIED: FEBRUARY 1, 1848 — ELEANOR JANE DAVIS

MARRIED: SEPTEMBER 8, 1852 — ANNA MARIA ADAMS

DIED: SEPTEMBER 8, 1867 — AUSTIN, LANDER CO.
NEVADA

PARENTS: OBEDIAH SHEPARD AND MARY YEOMANS

SARAH LACKORE

BORN: DECEMBER 30, 1807 — RUTLAND, NEW YORK

MARRIED: JULY 25, 1825 — ISAAC M. SHEPARD —
SOUTH CHAMPION, JEFFERSON CO. NEW YORK

DIED: MAY 7, 1847 — LINDEN, CLAY CO., MISSOURI

PARENTS: NATHANIEL LACKORE AND SARAH WEAVER

The Shepard family has been on the North American for centuries. The first Shepard to come over from England was Thomas Shepard, born November 5, 1605 in England. He married Margaret Touthville in 1632. They had one child in London. Leaving him there in the grave, the immigrated to the New World.

Here they had another son, Thomas, born in Cambridge about 1635. Shortly thereafter Margaret died in Boston. Thomas then married Joanna Hooker, daughter of Reverend Thomas Hooker. She had two sons and died April 28, 1646 less than a month after the birth of the second son. Thomas with his three sons married Margaret Boradals and they had a son August 11, 1648. Thomas died a year later, August 28, 1649, leaving his third wife, Margaret alone with four sons, one hers.

Thomas Shepard the son of Thomas and Margaret Touthville married Hannah Ensign, born July 1640 in Scituate, Massachusetts.

For many a century and a half the family continued to live in Massachusetts. Thomas and Hannah's son Isaac, born May 1682 in Charlestown, Massachusetts married Elizabeth Fuller also of Massachusetts. Isaac and Elizabeth's son Isaac was born January 19, 1703-04 in Watertown, Suffolk Co. Massachusetts. He married Sarah Cheney and they had eight children, all lived to adulthood. One son, Thomas, was born January 24, 1744 in Bellingham, Norfolk Co. Massachusetts. He married Mary Baldwin and their son Obadiah Shepard was born in New Malboro, Massachusetts, November 13, 1786. Obadiah married Mary Yeoman who are the parents of Isaac Shepard, born in Meridian, New Haven, Connecticut, September 2, 1806, the first Shepard born outside of Massachusetts since their arrival in the 1630's.

Isaac was the first child born to Obed and Mary. Shortly after his birth the family moved to Copen-

hagen, Lewis Co. New York where five more children were born. Between 1819-1823 the Shepards moved to Denmark, Lewis Co. New York where five more children were born, including twins, Elias and Eli. Eli died about a month later. All the rest of the children lived to adulthood.

On July 25, 1825 Isaac married Sarah Lackore in South Champion, Jefferson Co. New York. Sarah and Isaac lived in Denmark for at least the first ten years of their married life where they had five children. Two days after the birth of the fifth child, on March 17, 1834 Isaac and Sarah were baptized into the Church.

They then moved to Rodman, Jefferson Co. New York where a daughter was born. Soon again they moved to Brownville, Jefferson Co. New York where Sarah had a son.

Between 1843 and 1845 Isaac and Sarah moved to be with the Saints in Nauvoo, living across the river in Zarahemla, Lee Co. Iowa where their last two daughters were born.

The Iowa Branch Camp of Israel Records show that Isaac Shepard was a teacher.

Notes on Sarah

Sarah Lackore was raised in Jefferson Co. New York. After Sarah's parents were baptized into The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints when she was