

HISTORY OF VALENTINE LOUIS ACORD

Valentine Louis acord, son of Zurr Acord, descendant of Pennsylvania Dutch family and Martha Luister, a Scotch Irish, who was born in Virginia in 1793. Valentine was born in Vincennes, Indiana, August 3, 1832, where his mother died when he was only two years old. The family moved to Sidney, Iowa, where his father died leaving him an orphan at the age of four years.. He lived with his grandmother and an aunt, Mahalia Acord, who later became Oliver and lived to be one hundred and four years old.

His grandmother was a devout Methodist and taught him to fear the devil, she showed him great pictures of the fiery punishment little boys recieved if they were not good. When he was very bad he was made to go to church as a punishment. He grew up with the idea that church was a place of punishment rather than worship.

He began making his own way at a very early age. When he was sixteen years old he was employed by the government as a scout to carry supplies to the soldiers at a post in St. Louis. At one time when he and his partners were sent out with supplies, they were sighted by Indians who were on the war path. The Indians chased them for three days, at last they had to drop their pack-horses and take only a canteen, frypan and a little bag of flour. They would take turns, one would run ahead, build a little fire and stir a batter of flour and water to fry flap jacks. He would then take the rifle and fire at the Indians while his partner ran ahead and fryed himself a flap jack. They would think they had lost the red men and then they would show up in another place. Finally they ran into some friendly Indians and the other tribe fell back.

The Friendly tribe were having dinner out of a great pot of soup and they were asked to join them, which they willingly did. After dinner my father said, "Good soup Chief, what kind?" The Chief answered, "Annimiso," which meant dog in their language. My father went to the fire and lifted the lid and there the teeth of the dog grinned up at him. He walked a little way from the group and emptied his stomach, hungry as he was he just couldn't take that. That was just one incident of many that he had while among the Indians.

In 1846 he went to the Black Hills and mined silver. Later he worked for an old Spanish rancher who owned a 20 mile grant of land stocked with cattle. He made a trip to Spain with the Spaniard who wanted to adopt him and have him marry his daughter. He objected and joined the gold seekers of 1849.

In 1856 he went back to St. Louis and began freighting into Utah. Mostly carrying supplies to General Johnson, but also sold to others, getting \$10.00 for a barrel of flour, \$1.00 a pound for coffee, sugar and bacon. He also sold other household goods. He sold many of the Saints their first cook stoves. For these he took whatever the people had to exchange, which he later sold or traded.

He went back to Iowa and married Sarah Georgina Frost. They moved to Utah in the year 1861 in the Company of Wm. McKissack. (an independent company). They lived in Salt Lake City for a short time and then mover to (Camp Floyd) Ceder Valley. Later on he moved to Spring City, Utah. He had money to buy but it was impossible to buy the necessities of life.

I have heard my older sisters tell of gathering soda from the ground to make biscuits and of taking quaking-asp ashes for soap making and to soften the water. We all gathered and dried bull berries and the children ate them as if they were raisins.

Father was considered the best judge of horses in the State and was often called to Salt Lake City to judge horses at a fair or a horse show. While in Spring City he wnt into the cattle business and raising of thorobred horses. His own horses were always ready for anyone to use.

His wife died while he was in Spring City, leaving him with a family of six children. His own health was very bad at this time, as he was recovering from a cancer he had which had been caused by exposure to freezing.

He moved his family to Levan, Utah where he married Mary Amelia Poder (my mother), daughter of P. C. Poder. He recieved a contract to build a railroad between Carra and Holdbrook, New Mexico. While the family lived there he buried his second son Zurr, who was not quite two years old.

He returned to Utah and moved to Sevier County where he again took up stock raising. He financed the first bank in Richfield, The James M. Peterson Bank, who started out as a broker.

He settled in what was known as Prrattsville, where he lived until the doctor instructed him to take his wife to a lower climate for her health. He moved his family to Stillwater, Oklahoma in 1893, where his wife died leaving him with four children. to care for. His oldest daughter, Ida Bell Acord Jacoby came to help bring the children back to Utah on the train. They lived in Sevier County, later moving to Castle Dale in the year 1896.

Father bought a house in Castle Dale, Utah where his daughter Minnie and her husband Lou Ungerman lived with their children. He brought Ida, who had separated from her husband, to care for the children. There he lived, farming a little and traveling back and forth, always waiting to pioneer a new place. Never content to remain settled.

Aunt Minnie, sixth child of the first wife, Sarah Frost, was instrumental in getting Father to do his temple work. On 26 April, 1919 he was baptized a member of the Church. He was endowed 10 December, 1919 in the Manti Temple, and had his wives and baby son, Zurr sealed to him.

After his money was gone and he grew old, it became hard for him to remain in one place. The older he grew the more often he would want to get up at three or four oclock in the morning and leave for some imaginary errand.

Some interesting antedotes about Grandfather Valentine (Louis), I laugh every time I think about this loveable old man, in his 80's after he joined the Church, tramping off to Sacrament Meeting summer and winter in a heavy old overcoat, pinned at the neck with an oversize saftey pin and SITTING ON THE STAND NEXT TO THE BISHOP though he held no position in the ward. They said the Bishop used to get annoyed. hahahahahahaha! I also interviewed Oscar Allred who knew him (Valentine) when he was visiting Art Acord in California. Oscar said Grandfather was anxious to get back toUtah to sell his silver mines. Oscar asked him why. Grandfather (then an old man) said he wanted to take the money and buy some land in California and set out some walnut trees. They of course take at least ten years to bear. Typical no? What we need to do is find some of the gold Grandfather is rumored to have buried to take the genealogy work along. (This paragraph was given by Mary Diane Acord, gg granddaughter of Valentine who is doing research on the Acord line).

Father became such a chore to take care of, not being able to keep track of him, that the children admitted him to the Provo Old Folks home, here he died 22 April, 1922 and was buried at his children's expense. Age 90 years.

With the exception of the New England states he had visited nearly every state in the Union. He was the father of eleven children, three boys and eight girls. Six children by his first wife, Sarah Georgina Frost and Mary Amelia Poder, his second wife had five children.

1. Ida Bell Acord Jacoby
2. Martha Rebecca Acord Gladhill
3. Mary Ashton Acold Zufelt
4. Sarah Emily Acord Barton Lindsey
5. Samuel Valentine Acord
6. Minnie Estella Acord Ungerman
7. Mary Ann Eliza Acord Jennings
8. Zurr Acord (died before age 2)
9. Dora Janet Acord Larsen
10. Adelia Marie Acord Jensen
11. Artmus Ward Acord.

TO MY FATHER VALENTINE LOIS ACORD
*By Ida B. Jacoby, Jan. 31, 1939

Dear Father you were to me
A man of fine perception
Unlettered as you were,
Truly you were without exception
A real philosopher.
The plackets were your playground,
By them you were led in all your deals
In milking, cattle raising, and fields.
The weather you'd forcast
The time to reap and time to sow.
And jealous eyes your neighbors cast
Upon your cabbage row.
Your potatoes, likewise pumpkins
Were the boast of all the town.
Unlike the country bumpkin
You had wisdom's great renown.
All vegetables grew by the moon
And in springtime we were able
To have green corn from off the cob
Upon our dining table.
Your mares brought forth their foals
In months best for their health.
As stars had warned to make your deals
'Twas thus you gained your wealth.

Doubly orphaned at a tender age
Schooling you had none.
Yet when our venerable school master
Was stalled by a certain sum
From out Raye's Arithmetic
You sat down by the fireside
And neatly did the trick
From which several had shied.
Teacher said, "You kept not the rule
By which this sum is done.
'Tis by long division, as we in school
Are taught to do this sum."
Said Father then, "The short way now hark,
Should ever be approved, so says Dr. Park." *

The metals within the very earth
By you weighed to a caret
As you cross-legged sat by the hearth
Or sometimes worked up garret
With wee small scales and phials
Which contained ultramarine or cobalt
Were to we children trials.
We coveted each vessel small.
So few toys we owned.
(I had read one story book
And that to me was loaned.)

Our Dad was ever good and kind.
We children fared right royally
And when we erred or played wild pranks,
Defended us most loyally.

We lived in a small country town
Where food was by hard labor wrought.
No railroads there, nor for years
Until gold from the hills was brought.
Our town then grew a pace
And school too by the score
Instead of one small market place
Had many and many a store.

In fall first beef you'd kill
Was by our neighbors shared
Without price of pound.
The next was in our larder stored
Where winter's foods were found
With sacks of coffee, tea and rice,
Dried apples, peaches, candles, spice,
With vegetables our store house did abound.

Altho you were of german stock
You were in type a Roman
Fine of stalwart physique
Fine skinned as any woman.
When as in age you grew
Your white hair of silken sheen
Strait of limb and body too,
No senator of finer mein
E'er stepped abroad than you.

Some asked if you'd been Governor
Must be some noted man.

So proud was I, your daughter
As we walked down the strand

* At Venice, How I loved to have you
With me; But you couldn't understand,
"Old age don't like new places," tis true.

*-Seth Pynn was an English teacher.
Dr. Park was an early Utah Educator of note.
When Pynn extracted the longer mentod by
which to work the sum, Father asked Dr.
Park his idea. He said, "Of course, the
shorter way would be correct."

*- Venice, California, He vilted Ida when
he was an old man.

*Ida, Valentines oldest child was
78 years old when she wrote this poem.