

## AMMON FOOTE (1881-1950)

Written by James Lanell Foote, a son  
Compiled by Michael Lanell Kafton from Lanell's writings (2017)

Ammon Foote, son of James Franklin and Emaline Minchey Foote, was born in Glendale, Utah January 23, 1881. He had blue eyes and dark curly brown hair. He was medium built as an adult, he was about 5'8" tall and weighed about 165 pounds, but he was very active and strong. He had generally good health, except at times he had inflammatory rheumatism, which was very painful.

Edna Loretta Anderson had a boy friend that she liked very much, they had a quarrel and she started going with Ammon Foote. They were married in the Manti Temple February 6, 1902. They traveled to the temple in a covered wagon. She was sixteen years old and Ammon was twenty-one.

Dad was even tempered, he didn't swear very often. He loved mother very much and wouldn't tolerate us kids to ever talk back to her or disobey her.

He was quite musically inclined but didn't do much to develop his talent. He played the harmonica, accordion, and started to learn the coronet. He played for dances occasionally.

He left home when he was 15 years old to fare for himself. He herded sheep and did a little farming. He homesteaded 80 acres 3 miles south of Emery. The family had to live on the farm every summer for 5 years. This was one of the homestead requirements. This meant a house had to be built. Dad and his 3 boys made adobe bricks and built a one room house.

I learned quite a bit from my dad, even though he was a sheepherder. He had a pretty nice looking one room house with a board and mud roof. The corners were square and the walls were straight up and down and the floor was level. I have to give him credit for knowing a little more than just sheep. He built a pretty nice house. We lived in that house for 3 years during the summer. On the north side of the house we had a little runway. A little walk about 4 feet from the house. Dad put up a 2x4 frame and put up a 9'x12' tent. It had wood floors. Leone, Oran and I slept out in that tent. It was our bedroom.

Dad planted a large alfalfa field, we had some very beautiful alfalfa. We had a good vegetable garden, plenty of milk, eggs and pork. Dad raised a lot of potatoes, an awful lot of them. He built a grater and would grate the potatoes and make potato starch. He would sell the starch and was able to get a little money out of that. Dad tried farmng, but could never make enough money at it.

Dad had a few setbacks, one of the biggest was when I broke my leg and wrist. It cost dad more money than he could afford for the doctor bills and three months in the hospital. Dad had to mortgage the farm to pay for it. He finally went back to herding sheep.

He loved horses and dogs and would train them to work for him, but not for everyone else.

The last 10 years of his life he stayed home most of the time helping mother in her health food store. He died at the age of 69 (24 June 1950) worn out and discouraged.

Ammon loved his wife and his children and did whatever was necessary to provide for them. He

was a man of honesty and integrity, he loved the Lord and had a strong testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel. He had his struggles, like all mortal men, but he strived to live faithful and keep the commandments. He is loved and respected by his descendants.