



GEORGE ALBERT FOOTE & LEANAH BELL JONES

Persons #6 & #7 on chart #1
The following history was written Feb. 2, 1953, in Salt Lake City, Utah

Dictated by her mother to Lillian F. Petersen

I was born in Oxford, Oneida Co., Idaho, Aug. 2, 1875. My first remembrance of my father's family was when we lived in Glendale, Kane Co., Utah. There were six of us children, two girls and four boys. I remember of having the mumps while there, I was outside with a shawl over my head. It was cold weather. My uncle Oscar Beebe saw me and said, "Go in the house Leannah, you will take cold." He was a good man, I loved him very much, especially in later years.

One day my father and mother went away some place and left us children alone for a few hours. I cannot remember who did the job, but someone took a long bar of soap and melted it in the frying pan, cutting it in small pieces first, then they emptied a can of buttons in it and stirred it. When my parents came home, my father asked, "Who did that?" No one seemed to know. Father got us all together in a line and said, "Now the one that blinks when I start to hit is the one that did it." I don't remember any more of that.

The next I remember, we were living farther up the canyon. It was a very hard winter with 12 feet of snow. Then it froze later so hard that one could walk right over the fences. The men on horses could ride over and not break through. Trails were kept open around the houses and corrals, and I remember looking up at the snow banks so high.

My sisters and I use to go to the neighbors to play when warm weather came. They had two boys, one named Fred, the other one Frank. One day while playing there, the youngest boy had a hatchet and he said to me, "Now where shall I hit?" I put my foot on a log and said right there. He didn't wait for me to move my foot. He came down with a whack and cut my big toe badly. Of course I was bare footed. I went in the house and his mother sat me on a chair and gave me a big lump of sugar to eat while she bandaged my toe.

While still living in Glendale, at this time I was about seven years of age, my grandmother, Louisa Newton Beebe, was living a widow in a log room by herself. She used to let me stay over night with here sometimes. The log house had a dirt roof, and when it rained she would roll up her bed to keep it from getting wet from water that came from the roof. One night I remember going to her house. She wasn't there, but I got in her bed and expected to stay all night. I was sleeping very contentedly when she came and brought Sister Swap to stay over night. She woke me up and I had to go home. I didn't like Sister Swap on account of that. I wished very much that she had stayed home.

Later on my father moved his family up the canyon where there was a nice clear spring of water. He and mother would drive their ox team and wagon down to the little town of a few people. He had put up a stack of hay. One day while they were gone, the little boys got some matches and built a fire close to the hay stacks and burned it down. Father was discouraged and sold the little two room house for a yoke of oxen, put his family of six children, with mother and grandmother in the wagon, and moved to Castle Valley, (Emery Creek). That was a real joy for us children, riding behind those two yoke of oxen. While going through Salina canyon, the oxen went off the road and against a stump and knocked a tire off a wheel.

When we got on Muddy Creek, (Emery Creek) where there were a few families living in log houses, they had no room for us, except a dugout that a Mr. Strong let us move into. My mother had an old fashioned bedstead high enough for a bed underneath. My mother gave birth to a baby girl there (Emily, born 6th Feb. 1883). Mother took a back set. She didn't get well until father built a place by putting post in the ground, weaving willows for walls, and plastering with mud and wagon covers for a roof. My dear mother never did get very well. Her legs kept swelled and sore, but she gave birth to five more children and several miscarriages.

Father would hunt deer and take it to Salina to sell. On one of these hunts, one of his horses fell off a ledge and broke its back, leaving him with one horse. Grandmother lived with us for a long time, she was quite blind. I was crying because she was blind and she said, "Don't cry, I can see a little. I can see the flowers in your dress." It was my job to lead her to the toilet. We were all bare foot, even mother, and she was stung by a scorpion on the toe. There was no help of any kind, so my mother sucked her toe and it got well.

I was about eight years of age, and a boy whose name was Strong called to me one day and said "Run fast Lena, Let's see your rags fly." My dress was worn and old.

He asked me to sin and I said, "No! my father taught me not to be wicked."

My uncle Oscar Beebe moved to Emery Creek. Casper Christensen and Mr. Hune lived up the creek also. My uncle Oscar thought a lot of me and gave me a dollar bill now

and then. We moved from the Muddy Creek to Gooseberry (a place in the canyon somewhere between Emery and Salina) into a house owned by Mr. Mott.

Mr. Mott loaned father his team. Grandma Beebe married a Mr. Johnson, and they lived in Huntington for a time. Here Mr. Johnson had fixed a wire from the house to the toilet for her to follow.

While we were in Gooseberry, my father raised two pigs. The Lady who owned the house came and took the largest one for pay on the rent. We moved from Gooseberry to Lost Creek (about four miles south of Salina and about one and one half miles up Lost Creek Canyon). Mr. Johnson finally brought grandmother Beebe to live with us. My father homesteaded some land. Here grandma Beebe died about 1886. My mother said she just slept herself away. They had a coffin made and covered it with white material and chiffon trimmings. My father paid the expenses. She was buried in Emery, Emery Co., Utah. They did not have good markers. The neighbors had a funeral at the home and then took her to bury her. I was twelve years of age at this time. My father had a hard time to pay this expense. He had to get extra work here in Lost Creek. He farmed, raising grain, hay, corn, and vegetables. Here again his little boys burned the hay stack down. Grandma Beebe had a feather bed that my mother was using when some of Grandma's folks came and took it with all her other belongings.

My Grandmother at one time had a chicken, she called "Polly," she could call it and it would come to her. Uncle Oscar took care of Polly for a while. One day when he came to see grandmother he said, "Mother, your little Polly is dead". Grandmother was sad about it. This ends the dictation of my mother, Leannah Belle. I will add a few of my own words.

They moved from Lost Creek (or Aurora) to Salina. As I remember my Grandmother Sarah Alice Beebe Clements Jones. She was short and quite chunky. She was always kind to us children and her large loaves of white bread tasted so good. Grandpa Jones would give us a slice of his dried venison, and my mouth waters every time I think of how good it tasted.

After we had moved to Emery, I went with my father over the mountain to Salina and Axtell to sell his property. In Axtell he received \$600 for it. We stayed at Salina Jones' home in Salina over night. She told me she had had many trials, and at one time had seen the devil. I do not remember of seeing Grandpa at this time. I thought a lot of my uncles, and I remember especially Ebon and Edgar and all of my aunts.

Manti, Utah

May 25, 1977

By Artemisia Foote Johnson

I will add a little more to what my sister Lillian has written about the pig the lady took for rent. It was a mother pig and was about ready to have little ones. Grandfather asked her to wait until the baby pigs were born and he would pay her. She would not wait and took the mother pig. She lived farther up the canyon and one day a few weeks later, here came a group of small pigs down the canyon and came right up to Grandfather's pig pen. Grandfather opened the gate and let them in so he got his pigs back. (Mother gave a little chuckle as she told this to me.)

Mothers life from the start was one of poverty and sacrifice, raising a large family with little of this worlds goods. Marrying at the age of 15 years and 9 months to a man much older than she. Nursing eleven little babies from her own little body. I remember at one time, I think the baby was Viola, that the nipple on mothers breast was so sore it almost came off. I cried more than once as I saw her nurse the baby and watch her go pale with pain, but no complaint.

Father was good to help tend the babies, but it seemed we were always poor. They were a faithful couple and taught us all to pray and be thankful for what we had. I used to wonder why Father could never succeed in trying to get something around us so we could make a living. I think father sensed my feelings and one day took me aside and said, I want to tell you something. "I married your mother when she was very young. I was 15 years older than she. Our babies came fast. When our 2nd baby was born Mother was very sick and they thought she would not live. I went out into the night and made a covenant with the Lord that if he would spare her life I would be willing to live in poverty all my days. Mother got well.

At that time I had a band of horses and a good chance of making a living but bad luck struck and I lost every thing. Since that time I seem to fail in all I try to do. Maybe I did wrong in what I did. I have wept many times to see my family in such conditions but I could not give them the things they needed." Father seemed to think he was supposed to live as he had promised. (Right or wrong I don't know.)

Mother never complained. She took in washings and went out to care for the sick. Our lives were hard but it has not hurt us too much. Mother was very neat and clean and she could make a meal out of very little and it would taste so good. Her board floor was scrubbed so clean the boards were almost white. It was said that Sister Foote's floor is clean enough to eat off. She would put the cucumbers from the garden in salt brine to keep them. As we used them she would soak out the salt and put them in vinegar. Oh they were so crisp and good. With some bread and butter that would a meal.

She used to wash and card wool for people to make quilts. To wash the wool she would fill a tub with warm soapy water and we kids would tromp the wool in our bare feet. Then when it was dry we would all sit and pull the wool apart so mother could card it into batts. She would work way into the night when all was in bed. My mother was the most self sacrificing person I have ever know. When she stayed with us after Father died, she was able to be up and around but didn't want to dress all the time. I bought her a pretty robe to wear around but she would not have it. She said it's to nice for me. I feel better in my old one, so I got a piece of material and made her a real plain one and she was happy with that.

When Father and Mother had to leave their home on account they could not care for themselves. Father was right down in bed and Mother could not care for him. My sister Nina that lived in Ferron, Utah took Mother to live with her and we took Father. He was very feeble and bed fast. He was with us one month when he died here. While here he cried and said how he suffered because he hadn't done better with mother and his family. He said I hope I can make it up to her in the next world.

I thought to myself Mother has made her own and a crown of glory should be her reward. One night in a dream I had a glimpse of her heavenly home. A voice said to me this is for your mother. The room was all soft pink, gray and lavender with chandeliers.

Just one second and it was gone. When I awoke I went to Mothers bedside thinking she may have left us, but she lived several years after that. Mother was promised in her patriarchal blessing that she could live until she was satisfied with life, and I think she did. She passed away in the Price Hospital at the age of 88 years.

George Albert Foote, son of Warren Foote
born on the 14th January, 1860, at Union Fort, Utah
died 5th July, 1958 - buried in Ferron, Utah

Leannah Bell Jones
born on the 2nd of August, 1875
died October 30, 1964 - buried in Ferron, Utah

Married 27th May, 1891
children: Alice, Delilah, Lillian, Artemisia, Arvilla,
George Albert, Florence, Louisa, Viola, Nina, Clara Caroline

My mother, Louisa Foote Black, her son Richard, and myself, Shirley
Black Jorgensen, moved back to Ferron in 1941, living with my
grandparents in their small frame home located at the top of the hill
going out of Ferron, toward Castle Dale, at 5th North, the second
house on the north side of the road.
Grandpa had an orchard of delicious apples behind the house which
still remains.

I'll never forget the wonderful smells in grandma's kitchen and
the faithful prayers of grandpa, as we all knelt by our chairs.
The love of these dear old people will live on in my heart. Grandma's
loving hard working hands, always willing to help a neighbour in
need, and grandpa singing a lullaby to baby George Robert, who was
born in 1942 to my mother and Perry Behunin.

Grandma and grandpa never had an inside bathroom until they were
very old and moved to Salt Lake City. They had to give their little
home in Ferron, Utah to the State so they could receive Social
Security. (Old Age Pension)

Grandma kept her small house very clean. She washed clothes on a
scrub board and also took in washings for her neighbours. Grandpa
carried water from the ditch for bathing, washing clothes and drinking.
I remember when they finally got running water in the kitchen sink.
It was a celebration.

Aunt Viola wrote and gave me some background on dear grandpa.
He worked in the mines for a while and was nearly killed. The men
beside him were killed and he was knocked out, but no bones broken.
(Quote)

"He took care of seven of us during the flu, after the first world
war. Louisa, me, and Nina in one bed. Arvilla and Florence in
another bed. Mother and baby Caroline in another bed in the front
room. Dad emptied pots for all of us. He never got the flu but laid
hands on all of us in prayer. Caroline was a baby and had measles
and flu at the same time. That is what left her deaf. A miracle of
love and power my father had kept him from getting the flu so he
could take care of us. No one in town would come in, but would leave
some groceries outside. Some people in town died. The little one year
old next to us died".

George and Leannah's last living child, Arvilla, died on July 5, 1999.
She was 99 years old.

GEORGE ALBERT FOOOTE SR., LEANAH BELL JONES AND FAMILY.



father



Viola



Caroline



Mina



No.8
Louisa



Mother



No.7
Florence



No.1
Alice



No.6
George Albert



No.2
Delilah



No.5
A. V. L. L. R.



No.3
Lillian



No.4
A. T. E. M. I. S. I. A.



Taken at home in Emery



Ferron, Utah

