



SILVA FUNK

Person #5 on chart #2

Silva Funk was born in Sterling, Sanpete Co., Utah the third daughter of Daniel Buckley Funk and Mary Jane Pectol. Her mother was the second Polygamy wife of Daniel Buckley Funk. Daniel was a very prominent man and very successful in many of his ventures, one of which was the establishment of Funk's Lake resort now known as Palisade Park.

Mary Jane raised 8 or 11 children. They lived in a log house on the hill near Funk's lake. Mary Jane and her children were pretty well self sustaining, as were most polygamist families. The children all helped eke out a living by helping on the farm. I remember grandma Silva, telling me that they would go after school, in the winter, around the lake and on the way home from school and empty the traps her father had set. These animals were sold for fur and the money went into a family fund to help with the family's support. Grandma said she never wore shoes in the summertime because they couldn't afford them. She said they felt very lucky to have shoes to wear in the winter to protect their feet from the cold.

Their life was not all work and hardship. She told me that during the long winter nights, the young people would gather round the family table and play games. Grandma liked to play card games but she told me one time that her father didn't like them to play cards as it was an evil pastime. They surely must have had a good time living at the

famous Funk's Lake resort, but I suppose that they all had responsibilities also, to keep things going smoothly as they worked for big crowds of pleasure seeking visitors.

Silva was a very beautiful young woman. She probably had fun times at the community dances and gatherings, probably had several dashing suitors. When she was 20 years old, she married Christian Parley Henningson on New Year's day, Jan. 1, 1883. They had two children, a son, Parley Silvester Henningson, born Oct. 12 1883, and Mary Henningson Scow born in 1885. Their marriage didn't last. They were divorced and Silva helped support her children by taking up a homestead of 180 acres of land around the lake or in Sterling. On Oct. or Nov., 18, 1888 she married Ira Allen Beal. After their marriage she gave the homestead to her father for one silver dollar to make it legal. This sounds kind of unfair, but probably her father had helped her to do the homesteading to sustain her while she was single.

Silva and Ira Allen took her two children and moved to Emery as early settlers of that town. There, Ira built a good home for them, the one my mother lived in after the death of my father. I was born in that house and lived there much of my life. Also they had a ranch on Quitchupah, which Silva helped farm.

Ira Allen Beal was a successful and a prominent man in the early days in Emery. He was born June 13, 1862. He was the son of John Alma Beal. He operated a blacksmith shop there. Blacksmiths have always been in demand in small towns. When settlers began working on the tunnel in Emery, shovels had to be kept in good repair and almost razor sharp. They repaired farm machinery and fitted shoes for horses. Each shop had a forge, that heated the iron which was then pounded on an anvil, into whatever shape was required, horseshoes, tools, or machinery. The shop also had grindstones for sharpening shovels, plow points, and other tools. Ira was a good blacksmith and taught the trade to Silva's son, Parley, my dad, who took over the shop when Ira was no longer able to do the work because of bad health.

Ira Allen also was a successful photographer. The photos he took were on glass before they were developed. He took many of the early day pictures of the people and places in Emery. He was also civic minded and served as president of the Emery town board from Jan. 1, 1904 to Jan. 1, 1905 when he resigned.

Silva and Ira were deeply religious people. They were married in the temple and were active in the ward as long as they were able. Silva was a visiting teacher for many years. When teachers went visiting in those days they made a day of it. They would go in the morning and spend all day visiting with the sisters. Where ever they were at noon, they were invited to have lunch. Then they would continue on their beat, finishing around 3 or 4 in the afternoon. Another thing visiting teachers did in those days was to ask for donations to help with the Relief Society. These donations were usually an egg or two or some other kind of produce or on rare occasions a dime or some other small change would be given.

Ira Allen and Silva had four children. They were Ira Allen Jr. He was called Allie or Al most of his life. I knew him and loved him as my Uncle Al. He married my mother's sister, Irene Jensen. Next was Macel, who we always fondly called Aunt May. She first married Frank Howard and later Charles Dykes. They also had twins, Willie and Millie, who died in early infancy. They are buried in the Emery Cemetery.

Ira and Silva were doing very well by pioneer standards. They had a nice home, a good farm, and two good businesses. Then Ira was called to go on a mission. Grandma was upset at the idea and didn't want him to go. So he didn't accept the call. It wasn't long after turning down the mission call that Ira's health began to fail. Soon he wasn't able to work and by 1914 or 15 Ira became very ill. His health declined rapidly. Soon he was not able to care for himself. Silva, herself was also not well. My parents were living in Huntington at this time and they felt they would have to move in with Ira and Silva and help take care of them. Ira's health grew worse and for a long time he had to be cared for day and night. Besides my parents helping them, people in the ward united and helped them in many ways. Finally, after two or three years of long, hard suffering, Ira passed away Jun. 23, 1917. His illness had taken a great toll on his finances. He lost his businesses. His farm was let out on shares and had deteriorated. He was a poor man when he died. My mother told me that she felt that Grandpa should not have turned down the mission call.

Grandma was left a poor widow. There was no Social Security in those days. She did receive a small widow's pension of \$3 or \$5 per month. She had a cow, and few chickens and sold butter, cream and eggs for a little money. Most of her money was required to just pay the taxes on her home. Many of her meals consisted of dry bread crumbed up and had hot water poured over it with salt and pepper sprinkled on it for flavor. Sometimes I think she like this dry bread soup as she called it. On occasion she would flavor it with a little butter or cream. She fixed it for me quite often and I liked it too.

Grandma was a very religious woman. Much of my early testimony of the Gospel was formed from her teachings and great example. I often went to church with her when my mother was not able to attend. She was a very moral woman and you knew just where she stood in her belief of the Gospel. She was a firm believer in the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and lived its principles to the best of her ability. I have never forgotten her teaching me that he who conquers himself is greater than he who conquers a nation, referring to Napoleon, who was a great conqueror of nations, but could not control his own bad temper. To this day I think of her lesson to me if I lose my temper. It has helped me to overcome this problem.

I loved my grandma Beal very much. I loved going to her house in Emery. I felt very sheltered and petted in presence. She is the only one I would allow to call me her pet name, "little Louie." Later, I finally let my brother Monta get away with it. I was sure she was named Silva because of her long silver gray hair that reached to her waist when it was combed down. She often let me remove the large hair pins from her bun on the top of her head and gently let down those long tresses and comb and comb them. I loved doing this and she let me do it often. I also know that she often suffered with severe migraine headaches. Her remedy for them was to rub her head with liniment and put a cloth around it. Sometimes she would soak the cloth in liniment then put it on her head. I knew she was in great pain. Other times she would have what she called hunger spells. She would get faint and start to tremble. When this would happen she had to have at least a slice of dry bread or some other carbohydrate to help this feeling to pass. Today, I wonder if she suffered from hypoglycemia.

I remember grandma playing hot potatoes on my back and shoe a gray mare on my little bare feet. I have passed these fun little games on to my children and grand children, telling them that my grandma used to do it to me. When Grandma lived with us my sister and I got to sleep with grandma. I always chose to sleep nearest to her in the middle. She had a feather bed that added to the coziness of being so close to Grandma. How fond my memories are of this dear lady.

Grandma spent her last few years living with us. I loved having her with us. She was fun to have there. She always did what she could to help around the house. She helped with the sewing and cooking. There were a few dishes she could make that none of us can duplicate. Some of the things she made that I liked best was sweet and sour cabbage and pottawattamie jam. I also loved the long strings of dried apples she dried hanging in front of her window, and her delicious parched and dried corn. They were all so delicious. I have tried to make some just like hers but have not succeeded yet. She used to get after us for eating raw potatoes, something she never cured us of. She was sure we would be "pizened" or at least get appendicitis.

How broken hearted I was when she died of a heart attack on January 7, 1938. She died in our home in Spring Canyon. We took her to Emery to bury her by her husband, Ira Allen and her two little twins. My father missed grandma so much. They were very close as mother and son. He said shortly before he died, when he was still well, "Oh, if I could just see mother again." It wasn't long before he did. He followed her in death September 9, 1938.

By Lois Henningson Johnson.