

JOSEPH PORTER JONES

1881 – 1959

MARTHA LAVERNA TOLMAN

1882 - 1954

TESTIMONY OF J. PORTER JONES

By request, I am writing a few incidents which occurred during my life which were of a spiritual nature. My first recollection of there being people or beings other than those who live on the earth and that we can see with our mortal eyes, was when a lad of but three or four, my mother took me in the bedroom and told me to pray to my Father in Heaven. When she got through telling me what to say, I was very disappointed to look around and see no one beside my Mother, and of course, she explained to me about not being able to see Him, but I thought I had pretty good eyes and should be able to see Him were he there. My mother was a very spiritually minded woman, and told us of many impressions and experiences she had with the unseen world. Of course, I believe my mother because I never caught her in a lie.

One thing that she and Father did do was call us in from play to hear her read a chapter from the Bible. Then we were to tell her what she read. To save my soul, I could never tell her anything, and was much aggravated to be called away from a ball game or some other game with neighbor boys. As a matter of fact, I didn't want to do anything but play, and did a lot of griping when she asked me to get wood, coal or water. One day when I was cleaning up the house and was alone with father and mother, they began to talk about religion and how we, their children, applied ourselves to it. Mother said they all seem to drink deep or love to hear about it but Porter here, and it's just like pouring water on a duck's back to talk religion to him. I thought to myself, "You can bet your life when I get married, there won't be any Bible or religion in my home," when Father spoke up and said, "Don't you worry about Porter; he will turn out to be one of the best boys you have." A different feeling altogether came over me, and I felt like going and throwing my arms around them, kissing them and telling them I'd be different, but I didn't, and I have often felt since that I robbed them of a joy they were so much entitled to. I did, however, change my attitude and from then on, I did not allow my mother the task of asking for coal, wood or water; instead, I watched them carefully and kept a good supply on hand at all

times.

One day when I was on my way to the coal house for a bucket of coal, and Mother was coming in, she stopped me, put her loving arms around me, and said, "Porter, my boy, I have noticed your wonderful change of heart. The Lord up above is watching you, too, and I want to make you this promise and feel impressed to say that if you continue as you are now, the Lord will bless you, and you shall live to see three score and ten years."

At about seventeen, I was working with my father prospecting for gold in Hardscrabble, Utah, a short distance from Porterville. We were sinking a shaft between a quartzite and a lime formation. We were about fifteen feet down. Father was breaking the dirt and loading it into a bucket. I pulled the bucket up and dumped it. Father stood up for a moment and asked me if I knew the Gospel was true. I said, "Yes." He said, "How did you find out?" and I said, "You and Mother have always taught me so." Then father spoke in a more solemn voice and said, "That won't do, my boy. You must get down on your knees and ask God for a testimony."

He then began to pick at the dirt. I knew I had quite a little time, and thinking about the way the boy Prophet Joseph Smith gained his testimony, and seeing a patch of oak trees close by, I walked over, and in the midst of the trees, knelt down and asked God for a testimony. Immediately I felt surrounded by and filled with the most glorious light and feeling of extasy and a complete assurance of the truthfulness of the Gospel. I felt like I would like to shout Hosannah and tell all the world about this wonderful Church of Christ which had been restored. I have nearly reached age seventy-five, and this testimony stands out as being the most important one in my life, and I have had many glorious assurances.

Shortly after this, I went to Patriarch Judson Tolman for a blessing. He said, among other things, that I would take a companion to my bosom who would be one of the choice and valiant daughters of God, that my posterity would be

like the vine of Joseph whose branches would run over the wall, and they would become as numerous as the sands on the seashore.

The daughter whom he said I would marry turned out to be his own grand daughter. She was all that he said she would be, a jewel, and oh how I loved her. Our ways, likes and dislikes were similar, and so we had no trouble. She loved the Lord and her family, and worked valiantly for both all her life. She truly was a choice daughter of God. We have nine children, thirty-eight grand children and fourteen great grand children.

There is an experience which I think worth while mentioning, and which occurred when I was about 71. My brother Aaron came up from Price and wanted me to go to Hardscrabble with him to look over the mining property once owned by my father. We had found quite a lot of iron ore, and he had talked with one of Geneva Steel Corporation men who encouraged him to see how much and what grade of iron there was on the claims. He wanted me to go with him. We drove as far as we could with his car, then walked up to the claims. I took him to the shaft where father and I had worked and pointed out the patch of oak trees where I had received my testimony. We walked over the property pretty much, and then he suggested that I go back to the shaft while he walked to the edge of a canyon and would return to the shaft. When I got to the shaft, I sat down on the edge and thought it would be nice to have another manifestation.

I therefore closed my eyes and prayed that I might, and when I opened my eyes, I saw a light that looked similar to these search lights they run around in the sky, except it didn't go into the sky, but it was round and ran from the ground up to the height of a pretty good sized man. It passed in front of me, and was in my view for some fifty feet or more. I was in the hills miles away from any business district. The more I have thought of this, the more I am convinced that some spiritual being passed in front of me, but I was not privileged to see or talk with him.

I had another experience while administering to the sick. In my life,

I have officiated many times in administrations, and have seen the power of God manifested in several of them. I mention this particular one because of the nature of it. A niece of mine, whose husband* had been accidentally shot, called me to go to the hospital and administer to her husband who was fast losing ground. I felt there was no hope for him, and I was afraid that out of sympathy, I might say something to give her hope of his recovery, and yet I wanted to appease her mind. When I laid my hands on his head, I said to myself, "I must be careful," but a power came over me, and I made the promise definitely and strongly that if he would pledge his efforts to help the cause of truth that God would heal him. There was no doubt in my mind, and he did get well. He was shot through the bowels.

I have held every office in the Priesthood from Deacon to High Priest, and have enjoyed my work in these quorums. My greatest joy, however, has been to live with my jewel wife and help raise these wonderful children of ours. My greatest sorrow has been to lose her.

Written by

JOSEPH PORTER JONES

Contributed by Cumorah Jones Brinton

* This was Robert Nebeker, a relative on the Tolman side of the family, who is still living in 1973.



HUSBAND Jones, Joseph Porter

Birth 27 April 1881
Place Wasatch, (S-Lk) Utah
Chr. 12 June 1881
Married 14 February 1901
Place Salt Lake City, (S-Lk) Utah Salt Lake Temple
Death 24 February 1959
Burial 27 February 1959
Father Jones, Evan
Mother* Porter, Cynthia Canness
Other Wives
(if any)



WIFE Tolman, Martha LaVerna

Birth 24 October 1882
Place Bountiful, (Davis) Utah
Chr. 7 December 1882
Death 16 June 1954
Burial 19 June 1954
Father Tolman, Jaren
Mother* Briggs, Emma
Other Hus.
(if any)
Where was information obtained? Martha Jones Porter



*List complete maiden name for all females.

FAMILY PORTRAIT



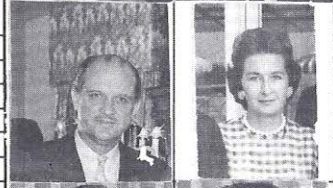
1st Child Jones, Porter Tolman
Birth 13 February 1902
Place Salt Lake City, (S-Lk) Utah
Married to Barksdale, Alice
Married 21 October 1921
Place Los Angeles, California



6th Child Hall, Florence Jones
Birth 24 August 1914
Place Bountiful, (Davis) Utah
Married to Hall, Elmer Rushforth
Married 10 December 1934
Place Salt Lake City, (S-Lk) Utah (Salt Lake Temple)



2nd Child Hatch, Mildred Jones
Birth 3 June 1904
Place Salt Lake City, (S-Lk) Utah
Married to Hatch, Israel Barlow
Married 15 August 1924
Place Salt Lake City, Utah (Salt Lake Temple)



7th Child Jones, Wilson Tolman
Birth 15 July 1918
Place Bountiful, (Davis) Utah
Married to Jones, Muriel Ruby
Married 9 May 1940
Place Salt Lake City, (S-Lk) Utah



3rd Child Brinton, Cumorah Jones
Birth 1 October 1906
Place Bountiful, (Davis) Utah
Married to Brinton, Clark Pack
Married 10 May 1930
Place Salt Lake City, (S-Lk) Utah



8th Child Jones, Stanley Dean
Birth 13 December 1923
Place Salt Lake City, (S-Lk) Utah
Married to Laxman, Norma
Married 21 June 1946
Place Salt Lake City, (S-Lk) Utah (Salt Lake Temple)



4th Child Jones, Jaren Lloyd
Birth 26 November 1909
Place Bountiful, (Davis) Utah
Married to Callister, Alice Betty
Married 13 September 1934
Place Salt Lake City, (S-Lk) Utah (Salt Lake Temple)



9th Child Campbell, LaVerna Jones
Birth 26 September 1926
Place Salt Lake City, (S-Lk) Utah
Married to Campbell, Vere X
Married 20 December 1945
Place Salt Lake City, (S-Lk) Utah (Salt Lake Temple)



5th Child Jones, Carter Evan
Birth 5 May 1912
Place Bountiful, (Davis) Utah
Married to Platt, Frances Elizabeth
Married 15 October 1935
Place Salt Lake City, (S-Lk) Utah (Salt Lake Temple)

Place Picture of Child in Left Blank

Place Picture of Wife or Husband in Right Blank

Or Wedding Picture To Cover Both Blanks

10th Child
Birth _____
Place _____
Married to _____
Married _____
Place _____

A SYNOPSIS OF THE LIFE OF MARTHA LAVERNA TOLMAN AND
JOSEPH PORTER JONES

Verna, as she was always called, is the daughter of Jaren Tolman and Emma Briggs Tolman. She was born in Bountiful, October 24, 1882. Her family lived at an address which would be 524 North Main, if the house was still standing. Her father took up a homestead on the Bountiful Bench, built a house and moved his family while Verna was yet a young girl. He raised fruit and vegetables, hauled logs, put up ice and taught school. Verna was one of a family of 25; her mother was wife No. 1 of a plurality of four wives. The children were taught to work while they were young, and most of them carried the idea that if you are sick, you can work it off--and that has been their way of doing.

Verna was full of life and liked to work out on the farm or in the garden better than in the house. She liked to play ball and other outdoor sports. She was jovial, witty and very good looking. She was popular with the girls and boys, and never knew what it was to have to stay home on account of not having a date. She preferred being with a crowd rather than with a boy. At age 17, she was going steady with a young man who wanted to restrict her attentions to himself, but Verna could not do that and so they broke up.

Joseph Porter Jones was born April 27, 1881 at Wasatch Little Cottonwood Canyon, son of Evan Jones and Cynthia Canness Porter. His father had been called to help get out stone for the building of the Salt Lake Temple and had moved there prior to Joseph Porter's birth.

Evan Jones took up a forty acre homestead on the bench in Bountiful, and Porter started school at the age of nine in the second grade; his parents were paying one dollar per month then to send their children to school. Porter was the seventh child of a family of eleven and funds being low, he was taught at home to read and write by his darling Mother who had been a school teacher and was well equipped to teach. His Mother and Father were devoted Latter-day Saints, they had family prayer regularly, home night meetings, and they called on the children frequently to read a chapter from the Bible.

Verna started corresponding with Joseph Porter Jones who was away earning money with which to attend the L.D.S. College. When Porter came home, they found in each other just what they wanted for a husband and wife, so they were married on February 14, 1901, in the Salt Lake Temple. They moved to Mercur, a mining town where Porter had been working. Verna had no trouble in settling down to make a good housekeeper and a wonderful wife. She was put to work in the Primary and always loved to work in the Church. Her husband got tangled with a trolley wire while at work, which affected his nervous system, and necessitated their moving to Salt Lake where their first child, a son, was born February 13, 1902.

During the next nineteen years, they moved many times trying to improve their conditions. They finally settled at 990 South 5th East, Salt Lake City, where she lived thirty-three years.

During her married life, she gave birth to nine children--five boys and four girls. Although she raised a large family, she never neglected her Church, having been a Primary President, a Relief Society Magazine Saleswoman, a Relief Society Teacher Supervisor, a Sunday School teacher, and a pinch-hitter wherever she was called to work. She was Chairman of the Memorial Fund and Captain of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers. She was a Minute Woman in both World Wars; she was also active and interested in the affairs of the State and Country, always taking an active part in politics. She was always busy at something. When her housework was done, she was out pulling weeds or cutting dandelions. She liked to have others around her working. On different occasions, she has taken

her class as a group of boys and cleaned off someone's lot; she saw to it that her own children were at work at a job as soon as they were old enough to work. At one time she took one of the boys to a store and asked for a job. The manager said, "I'm sorry, Ma'am, we are full up." She replied, "Give him a job; you won't need to pay him. I don't want him idle." The manager then said, "Well, if that's the way you feel about it, send him down in the morning." He went to work and got paid right from the start.

She always had one or more old ladies she was looking after, giving food and clothing to people with large families or those in need. She could never go to conference or anywhere much without arranging to take a carload with her. Doing something for others was her sole delight, and she loved to have relatives come and stay. She has prepared 30,000 meals for company, more or less, and has arranged for at least 10,000 sleepers.

She took sick in July 1951 with a heart condition which neither she nor the doctor were able to throw off. After much suffering, she died on June 16, 1954, at the I.D.S. Hospital in Salt Lake City, and was buried in the Bountiful Cemetery. Joseph Porter Jones died February 24, 1959. He was buried February 27, 1959, in the Bountiful, Utah, Cemetery.

TO MY BELOVED ON HER 71ST BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY

Dear wife of mine, you are seventy-one
Approaching the eve of the setting sun.
You have always had so much vigor and vim
Until the last two years, you have gotten thin.
Thin from an ailment of a tired heart,
Caused, I fear, from overwork.
Now, if you'll be content and careful, too,
There's a lot of years in store for you.
My thoughts of the past seem a beautiful dream
A life of love with my angel queen.
I see you with a little one at your breast,
With others cuddled in their nests;
Of their growing up and off to school,
Learning to talk and act by rule.

With you eager and wanting to know
What they were doing and where they'd go.
Then of their marrying one by one,
Until you and I were left alone.
Alone, did I say! Not at all,
We have 44 grandchildren, large and small,
Some that we have never seen
And still I have my angel queen.
May the Lord bless you and make you well,
I love you more than tongue can tell.
When the Lord decides to call you home,
I hope he will let me come along;
Or vice-versa, whatever it be,
I am not without you and you're not without me.

Your loving husband,
J. PORTER JONES

BRIEFS FROM THE LIFE OF EVAN (T) JONES

By his son, J. Porter Jones

The few facts which are presented here concerning Evan Jones have come from various sources. Many are from the memories his children have of him; some have come from his brother Ben Jones, who worked with Evan Jones after they were both in Utah; and some from two Mormon converts, who crossed the Atlantic Ocean in the same ship as did Evan Jones, these two being Mrs. Ada Bryson and Mr. William Hill.

*

Evan Jones was born October 16, 1841, in the little village of St. Asaph, Flintshire, Wales. He was the fourth child and second son of a family of nine. Thomas Jones, his father, had been a dairy farmer; but by the time Evan was six or seven years of age, he had become a leaser of mining properties or was employed in getting out ore by contract. In such a situation, every son of working age could be of assistance to the father. Letitia Thomas Jones, his mother, was a shrewd woman who had been left some money through an estate, and had invested it in a grocery store, which she managed.

Young Evan was a healthy and vigorous child and grew rapidly in strength and stature. At the proper age, he was enrolled in school; but since attendance was not required, and since his mother was busy with the store, he was neglected somewhat. He and another boy his age were often truant from school and might have been found on the beach playing in the sand and water.

At the age of eight, he was taken by his father to work in the mine, and thus his formal schooling was brief. What the mines had to teach, he learned quickly and well, and he spent practically all his life as a miner. Even after he was seventy years of age, he worked regularly his eight hours each day of the week, each week of the year, with only Christmas and the Fourth of July as holidays.

During his lifetime, the mines had not become mechanized, and the tunnels had to be driven and shafts sunk with hand labor. Swinging a heavy hammer with one hand, while constantly turning the drill with the other, or swinging a much heavier hammer with both hands while another man turned the drill was the usual method of drilling the holes for the charges of dynamite which were exploded to break the solid rock at the face of the tunnel or bottom of the shaft. To bring his mother and his brothers and sisters from Wales and to rear a family of twelve children by such labor was a task which only the loyal and true could endure.

While growing to manhood, he frequented the taverns with his father and with other young men of the village. In addition to drinking ale and telling tall tales, the young men at the taverns spent much time in boxing and fist fighting as part of their entertainment.

Evan Jones was tough, strong and quick and had success at boxing from the start, so he obtained training in that manly sport. His reputation grew and before long, he was known as an A-1 boxer. He was matched with the best in the country around his home and usually got his man. He never picked a fight; but he permitted no one to mistreat him.

He stood very erect at about six feet. His posture was his pride, for he walked with his head erect, shoulders back, and his arms swinging. From somewhere, probably the taverns, he learned to step-dance very well, and there was never a family gathering or meeting that his children did not call on him to dance for their entertainment.

At nineteen he married a young dressmaker, Miss Martha Price. To them two children were born; a son whom they named Miles and who died in infancy, and a daughter whom they named Letitia, after Evan's mother. Not much is known about his first wife, except that the marriage ended in separation, Evan taking his daughter home to his mother. The necessity for him to be away from home so much in order to find work may have been a contributing cause to the separation.

Soon after the separation, two Mormon Elders came to the village where Evan and his parents lived. The message they carried appealed to him and his father's family, and they were soon baptized. His father, Thomas Jones, was baptized first, and thus the family records show him as the heir. In order to distinguish our Evan Jones from so many others with the same name, the family records list him as Evan T. Jones, the "T" being chosen from his mother's family name of Thomas.

To Evan Jones, Mormonism became the "Pearl of Great Price," more precious to him than any other thing. He was firm in his conviction of its truth and spoke often to express the burning testimony he had in his heart. Its influence was to make him less the ruffian and fighter and more of the tender and loving man his children knew him to be.

The missionaries advised him to leave Wales and go to Utah in order to be with the Latter-day Saints there, and to help him forget his unhappiness over his marital failure. In June 1868, he took ship from the Emerald Isle * for America and was on the ocean nine eventful and terrible weeks, for sickness broke out and forty-seven of the passengers died and were buried at sea. The ship finally reached Castle Gardens, New York, where the passengers were placed under quarantine. One hundred seventy-five passengers were taken to a hospital or pest house, where one hundred twenty-five died.

The three Mormon converts finally left New York and traveled by train to Omaha, Nebraska. From there, they traveled by team to Salt Lake City, arriving there in September 1868. That year, the Union Pacific Railway Company was extending its road from Omaha to Ogden. Because of his mining experience, Evan obtained work as a shift foreman at the Echo Tunnel. The men working there were rough and ready in those days, and many of them carried firearms and knew how to use them. Among these was a big

[The ship was called Emerald Isle. They left from Liverpool.]

Irishman who was abusive in his treatment of one of the Mormons in the force, on several occasions calling him a Mormon son of a bitch. The worker so abused was too small and timid to retaliate.

Evan said to him, "Why do you allow that man to talk to you as he does?"

The convert asked, "What would you do, Evan, if he spoke to you in that way?" Evan replied, "I'd make him eat it."

Soon after this, the Irishman again was abusive to the timid convert, who said, "You wouldn't dare use those names on Evan Jones."

"What could he do?" the Irishman asked hotly.

"He'd make you eat your words," the convert answered.

"Like hell he would," blurted out the Irishman and he started out in search of Evan. He found father standing on a lift built for a black smith's forge, busy at work.

"Hey, Jones," he yelled, "I hear that if I called you a Mormon son of a bitch, you'd make me eat it. Did you ever say that?"

"Yes," replied Evan.

The Irishman quickly drew two guns from his belt and aiming them at Evan, said coldly, "You are a Mormon son of a bitch."

Evan could feel the hair standing straight on his head; but this was soon followed by a feeling of calm. Quickly as a cat, he kicked the Irishman under his chin, sending him crashing to the floor. Evan jumped on him and took away his guns. Some other Irishmen started to crowd around him, but he ordered them to disperse or he'd kill every man of them. They reluctantly obeyed. The offending Irishman was sent from the camp.

The Mormons of the camp on Sundays sought a place of worship, and found one at the little village of Porterville, five or six miles away. Evan often told that during his first visit to this church he noticed a good looking dark-eyed girl singing in the choir. He asked the man sitting next to him who that girl was, and was told that her name was Cynthia Porter, and that she shouldn't be of interest to him because she was already engaged to be married.

Evan said firmly, "I don't care if she is engaged: she is my future wife." After the meeting he made it a point to meet her and she responded to his attentions. Probably there were several contributing causes that led to their marriage; such as the fact that he wore store clothes while the village men wore home spun and home made garments; the fact that he outdid the best wrestlers and boxers in the area round about, that his

possession of several tanned and lined buffalo robes made him appear wealthy, and that he had hard cash to jingle in his pockets. But more important than this, Cynthia often told, was Evan's great love for the gospel, for in this they found mutual cause for appreciation of each other.

At the time of their marriage, Evan was twenty-nine years of age and Cynthia was nineteen. In spite of her youth, she was a polished leader among her people, she being a teacher in the village school. Evan was unlearned in his own Welsh language and spoke English very poorly. He learned to read English under the tutorage of his wife many years after they were married. His stature, carriage and bearing more than compensated for his lack of education in her eyes. They were married in 1869 and lived in or near Porterville until 1880.

Nearly every family in early Utah had some stories to tell of their relations with Indians, and the Evan Jones family was no exception. Indians were frequently in the villages near the Jones home. In fact, Cynthia's parents had taken a couple of orphaned Indian girls to raise and Cynthia had looked upon them as sisters until they married into their tribe and left with the Indians.

While Evan was working in a coal mine near Coalville, he and his family lived in Grass Creek. The mining community was surrounded by hills rich with game and Evan loved to hunt. One day a lone Indian came to the house and Evan tried to talk hunting and marksmanship with him. The Indian could not understand well, so Evan picked up a bucket lid, held it up to his heart, and then pointed the gun at the Indian. At this the Indian grunted and left hurriedly.

The next evening six big Indians came to the house, all dressed in their feathers and armed with guns and tomahawks. They asked Cynthia where Evan was. She, knowing what their actions and dress meant, was terribly frightened. She knew that Evan would soon be in from doing his chores. She did not dare leave her babies to warn father, and she felt they would kill him if he came into the house.

When he did come in, the Indians began to talk rapidly among themselves. Cynthia understood enough of their language to know that they intended to do harm to Evan, and she made him understand his danger. They prayed secretly and earnestly for help. To their great joy, it was not long until they heard the voices of approaching friends who called out, "How are you, Evan? These friends, eight in all, were invited in and the Indians left in silence.

"Thank God you are here," exclaimed Cynthia, "but how did you know we needed help?"

"Well," said one, "We were on our way down town when Tom here suddenly desired to see Evan, and he talked us all into coming with him." In this way, what seemed to be a day of terror turned into one of rejoicing

for Evan, Cynthia and their little family.

Shortly after this, the family was moved back to Porterville where Cynthia could be near her people; but Evan's work could not be found there, so he had to be away from his family for long periods of time.

In the year 1880 the Church sent out a call for drillers and stone cutters to work at the Temple Quarry up Big (Little) Cottonwood Canyon. One such call came to Evan, and he moved his family to the village of Wasatch, near the quarry. By this time, six children had been born to them. In the family then, there were Evan Warner, Cynthia Estella, Lydia Eliza, Annie Lunette, Omni Benjamin and Thomas Orville. Besides providing for his wife and children, Evan had managed, with his wife's help, to save enough money to send to Wales to bring his daughter, Letitia, his mother, his brother Ben, and a young lad who had been left on his mother's doorsteps, to Utah. For a time, they had lived near them in Porterville, but now Evan moved his mother to Salt Lake City, and Ben went with him to Wasatch to work in the quarry.

The drilling was all done by hand, mostly double-jack work. Evan was an unusually good hammersman and he attracted a lot of attention among the bosses and officials of the quarry. At drilling contests on holidays, Evan and his partner were usually victors at double-jacking.

On one occasion while Evan was striking and Ben was turning the drill, some mining men from California came looking for men. They stood and watched these two workers for a while and then one said to Evan, "You are quite a hammersman. What wages do you get here? Are you satisfied? Would like a better job?"

Half of the very poor wages these quarry men were getting was paid in script on the Tithing House in Salt Lake City. Unless the men could spend it for what was in the Tithing House, they had to accept a large discount on the script elsewhere.

After Evan had told them what his wages were, they said, "Mr. Jones, if you'll come to California, we'll pay your way and give you eleven dollars a day in gold coin."

Such an offer almost took Evan's breath away. He had never heard of such fabulous wages, and pictures of what he could do with such an income flashed into his mind. His face shone with the eagerness and delight with the offer; but as other thoughts forced themselves to his attention, he soberly replied, "Gentlemen, your offer is very generous, and I wish that I could accept it; but I cannot. I love whiskey, and if I were to go with you where there is plenty of it and I with all that money, then I would become a slave to my appetite, I'd lose my family, my standing in the church, and everything which I hold dear. No, gentlemen, I cannot accept your offer."

Many were the happy days this little family had among the granite hills, the pines, the chokecherries, service-berries, the flowers, and cool summer breezes which were there for them in their canyon home. But life is not all joy, and when there are children, there will be sickness. In quick succession, every child became desperately sick with diphtheria. In other families with the dread disease, the death rate was appalling. It looked as if Evan and Cynthia would lose their entire brood; but the most serious among them was Omni. These parents fought desperately and prayed continually. After many days and nights of anxious watching, Evan lay down exhausted and sought a little rest. In his fitful slumber, he dreamed that a voice said to him, "Get up and administer to Omni and bless him, and he will recover." He awoke instantly, jumped to his feet, asked for the holy oil and anointed the head of Omni. Then he and Cynthia laid their hands on his head while Evan sealed the anointing and blessed the child with health and life.

To their great joy, all the children recovered from the dread disease, and all knew that God had indeed been kind to them.

While they lived at Wasatch, a fourth son was born to them, and they named him Joseph Porter. Before completing the work at the quarry, the family moved down the canyon to Granite, and there a fifth son, Alma Moroni was born.

When the work was over at the quarry, the family moved to Salt Lake City for a short while, and then to Centerville, Utah. Here on March 29, 1885, a baby girl was born and they named her Martha Arvina. During most of the time that the family lived at Centerville, Evan worked for prospectors at Dry Canyon and at Park City. It was not until after this that rich quantities of ore were found in these locations.

In the year 1886 the family began homesteading forty acres of land on the bench east of Bountiful. The home that was built was a one-room log cabin with a beam running across the center on which curtains were drawn to make a bedroom. It also contained a loft, accessible by means of a ladder, where beds could be made for some of the children. Bunks were built along the walls of one-half of the main room. The land was hilly and covered with a thick growth of oakbrush. The most level parts of the land were cleared for an orchard and gardens, but at no time were more than four or five acres cleared. The water rights for irrigation were woefully inadequate, even for the few acres which were cleared, although a clear stream of water flowed through the land along one side of the homestead. The creek was in a deep gully, which was filled with willows, birch, maples, scrub oak, poison ivy and even wild raspberries, thimble berries, and strawberries. There was also an abundance of service-berry and choke cherry bushes to provide their fruits in season. In the early spring the hillsides were carpeted with sweet smelling blossoms of daffodils, buttercups, cowslips, bluebells, and larkspur. For the children in such a setting, there was never a dull moment, except when they had to carry water from the creek to pour at the roots of the fruit trees in late summer in order to save them and their bounty.

When not at work, the boys could get amusement and help procure food for the family by hunting cotton-tails, pine hens, quail and often even deer without at any time leaving the forty acres. The wild oak and the maples furnished wood for the stoves the year round and gave the boys of the family much to do of wholesome and muscle-building work.

It is difficult to understand why Evan chose such a homestead, for there was a vast amount of level and extremely fertile land open to homestead in Davis County in those days; but whatever were his reasons, it is doubtful if anywhere could he have found a more picturesque setting for his new home.

In this log cabin, another daughter, Sarah Jane and a son Aaron Eugene were born.

In 1893, Evan was instrumental in getting the Fisher Vein Mining Company organized to proceed with a mining prospect at Hardscrabble, Morgan County, Utah. The principal backers of this project were Aaron Porter, Philander Hatch and Parley Hatch, but stock was sold to a few other interested persons. The cause for all the interest by these men and Evan Jones was the finding by Evan of some very rich samples of gold and silver bearing rock on or near the top of a hill there. These were found between a quartzite foot-wall and a lime rock hanging wall, which is a condition often accompanying rich veins of ore in the best of metal mines. Evan reasoned that if he started a tunnel into the hill from a point lower down, he would eventually strike the rich vein of ore and have an inexpensive way of getting the ore to the surface and to shipping points.

In this prospect, Evan found employment for his sons. They were taught to hold and turn the drills, to fire several holes of dynamite, to shovel up the blasted dirt and rocks and take it out to the dumps where it was thrown away. Here the sons really had a chance to become acquainted with the father while working underground eight and ten hours a day, with nothing but darkness outside the small radius of light which was supplied by a wax dandle. They found him to be a real father, trustworthy in his dealings, working the full shift or more each day, and full of faith in God's goodness and in the truth of the gospel he had espoused. Very definitely his children were taught to obey; but he struck them but seldom. In the home, their mother was their queen and no child dared to disregard or disobey her.

Evan had great hopes of striking it rich in Hardscrabble. Many times after blasting, he would go back into the tunnel, not waiting for the powder smoke to clear away, to see if they had broken through into pay dirt. After several years of hard work and scanty grub-stake, and after driving over six hundred feet through solid rock, he was disappointed not to find the vein of ore he sought for between the quartzite and limestone formations. He found nothing but worthless talc. Not only had the family been deprived of the father's earnings, but three sons of an age for profitable labor and who might have helped build up the family income were held by the mining prospect from such opportunities.

Evan was light hearted and playful with his children. All of the older ones can remember riding on his back as he tried to buck them off, boxing with them, and watching him step-dance, jump, or stand erect and kick his forehead. All remember the family nights when they told of their love for each other, thanked God for their parents and for the Gospel. Such meetings usually ended by each child doing what he or she could to entertain the group with recitation, song or dance.

The beauty of her face and the richness of their mother's voice as she sang to them, told them Bible stories, or bore her testimony were things which none of them could forget. Each marveled at the ease with which she spoke and the beauty of her expression, for indeed she was a gifted speaker and teller of interesting stories. Each of her sons and daughters remember, too, the rich deep voice the father had as he joined in the hymns with them or sang some Welsh songs in the strange guttural language of his native land; but best of all were the duets he and their mother sang, for he had a natural sense of harmony and sang a beautiful bass part along with her clear and rich soprano.

To the frequent reading of chapters from the Bible or Book of Mormon, the various children responded in various ways. Some drank in the messages with eager hearts while others, who probably had rather been playing were resentful.

One such rebel was Joseph Porter who developed a serious disrespect for the Bible or anything relating to religion. He says, "I recall that I became resentful and complained whenever mother asked me to do any work, and these requests came often." Evan was thoughtful of his wife and often had the boys help with the housework if the girls were away.

Porter tells us that one time while he was doing work in the house, he heard a conversation between his father and mother. His mother said thoughtfully, "All of the children partake of the Gospel, except Porter; but it's just like pouring water on a duck's back to talk religion or read the Bible to him. I'm worried about him."

Porter thought to himself, "You can bet your life that there won't be any Bible in my home when I get married." His thoughts were broken by the words of his father, "You don't need to worry about Porter. He'll turn out to be one of the best boys you have."

"A different feeling came over me when I heard these words of confidence of my father," Porter explains, "for I said to myself, 'I'll show mother that what you said of me will come true.' From then on, I began to study the gospel and to look for things to do in the house so that mother wouldn't have to ask me for help."

"Some time later," continues Porter, "mother poured out her heart to me and promised that I should live to the age of three score and ten years if I continued on as I was doing. Whatever virtues I possess, I owe to my darling mother and father."

Inspiration was a gift or blessing enjoyed frequently by Evan. Many instances of inspired utterance are known by his children.

One day he met a Miss Mary Murchie and said to her, "Before long, you will be my daughter-in-law." Shortly after this, she was keeping company with young Evan Warner and before long they were married.

Another example of such inspiration is told by Joseph Porter. He tells us, "Father came to my home at a time when I was quarantined out and my family in because one of the children had small-pox. When father heard of the condition, he looked at me a moment and said, 'Don't worry, my boy, none of the rest of the family will get it.' I saw the tears in his eyes and I knew he was inspired to say what he did, and sure enough, no other of the family became sick."

Still another example is told by some of the older children who remember that before Aaron was born, their father spoke of him to their mother, saying that the expected child would be a son who would grow up to be a leader among men. Aaron holds a Doctorate in Education, and has held executive positions in colleges and universities and positions of professor.

Those who were in daily contact with Evan Jones became accustomed to the dialect and peculiar construction Evan Jones gave to his English; but strangers to him could easily tell that he had been a Welshman. Occasionally even his children were aware of his original use of the English language. At one time he said, "Porter, go to the store and tell me if Aaron Porter have been there."

At another time he said, "I hear a woodtick crawling on me," and once when angry he shouted, "Omni, I say Orvill, go get them cows, Porter, or I'll whip you, Alma."

During the later years of her life, Cynthia's health wasn't at all times good. Once when she was dangerously ill, the family was called together, as they had often been called before, to each pray orally for her recovery. For many years Evan had been a heavy smoker of tobacco and he chewed tobacco very frequently. Now he felt that her sickness was sufficiently serious to demand a great sacrifice on his part if she were to be made well, so in his prayers he promised God that if he would heal his wife he would never use tobacco again. As a consequence, at the age of fifty-five he quit tobacco abruptly and never used it again. His last two children never saw him use tobacco in any form.

He had neither the learning nor inclination to take an active part in politics, except to vote at all elections; but his interests in his family were all absorbing. He loved to have them around him to talk about the gospel. He was an enthusiastic follower of the newspaper accounts of world events and since he read so slowly, each child in turn, as he or she grew up, had to take his turn in reading to him. As the news was read, their father would interject his reactions or ask questions which demanded explanations, and in this way each of his children learned to read and think and weigh what he read.

After giving up the prospect in Hardscrabble, the family moved to Mercur, a gold mining town in Tooele County. Here for some years the Mother's health seemed to improve and she became active in the church, especially in the Relief Society. Their oldest son Evan Warner, was superintendent of one of the larger mines in the community and he was, also a member of the ward bishopric. On Sunday evenings, the younger children were taken to church and required to sit with their parents and keep quiet. Evan W. was a very good speaker and an accurate student of world history, although he had had but little formal schooling. Everyone, especially the family, loved to hear him preach. Of greatest interest, however, were the testimony meetings when the father stood occasionally, and mother more often, to bear their testimonies and give thanks for the goodness of the Lord to them and theirs. The youngsters tingled with pride to hear the ease and beauty of their mother's speech and their eyes filled with tears because of the great humility and sincerity of their father's words.

At one time there were in Mercur five sons and two daughters who were married and rearing their families there, so the home of Evan and Cynthia was filled with their children, daughters-in-law, sons-in-law, and grandchildren on many Sundays and at many sundry times. Truly the cup of their pleasures was filled to overflowing for these two aging parents.

In order that the family income might be increased, it was decided to start a dairy and sell milk to the people of Mercur. Two cows which were on the farm at Bountiful were brought and before long their son Aaron was milking as many as eleven cows and peddling milk each night and morning. Hay was brought in the summer from farmers ten to twenty miles away and stored for the winter. The hills were covered with grass and the cows were turned out each summer day to graze. The dairy was economically successful for the family and a source of great unhappiness for their youngest son, who wanted more time for play.

In 1906, Cynthia took sick and the doctors said that she had dysentery and they gave her medicines to help her. For some months she was miserable, one day up and the next few days in bed; but gradually getting worse. By April of 1907, she was broken hearted because she was too ill to attend the exercises when her youngest child was graduated from the eighth grade and had a talk to give. Shortly after this, Jane and the very sick mother were placed on the train which took them to the home of Eliza, now Mrs. Irvin Fisher. Aaron and the father loaded their furniture into the wagon and while one drove the team, the other walked behind and drove their dozen or more cows from Mercur to Bountiful. Four or five days were taken for this journey. Never again was the family to be united in their own home.

New doctors were called in; the Elders, the bishops and patriarchs of the church were called to administer to the sick mother, and numerous family gatherings offered up prayers for her recovery; but nothing could stop the ravages of the disease. All too late, the doctors decided that cancer of the stomach was the cause of her illness. In August of that year, Cynthia wasted in body to a mere eighty pounds, but until the last three days of her life, clear in mind and firm in her belief in God in Heaven, sank into a coma and died August 6th.

Only Sarah Jane and Aaron were unmarried, so for a few weeks Evan tried to establish a home for them at the homestead in Bountiful. There was no sale then for milk in a farming community like Bountiful, so most of the cows had to be sold to pay doctor bills and funeral expenses. An attempt was made to buy farm produce in Bountiful and take it to Salt Lake to sell from house to house; but this venture proved unprofitable.

Since Sarah Jane was engaged to be married soon--in fact the marriage had been delayed because of her mother's sickness--Evan could see no place to reestablish his financial independence except back to the mines. Aaron was left with Porter and his wife to attend the high school which had been established the year before at Bountiful, and after a few unsuccessful attempts at various ventures, his father went to the mines at Eureka. He was now sixty-seven years of age, but strong and able to do a good day's work.

While in Eureka, he boarded with a German woman who was a Mormon convert. She had a family of four young children, and the idea of marriage was acceptable to her. The bishop of the Eureka Ward advised Evan to get married and to choose the widow with her family. The idea seemed wise to him, so they were married in the Salt Lake Temple.

As long as Evan had good health and could bring in a good income, things went pretty well with the new family; but as his health began to fail and his income declined, the new wife began to afflict him with her tongue and to lament her marriage to him. Not being able to endure her constant nagging and fault finding, he gave her his home in Tooele, which he had bought with money obtained when he sold the Bountiful homestead, and he left her to go to work at a mine in Barth, Nevada. By this time, Mercur had become a ghost city and Evan Warner had become the superintendent of the mine at Barth. In the summer of 1914, there were several members of the family working for Evan W. These included Evan, Sr.; Alma; Aaron; Newton Tuttle and Evan M. Jones who were grandsons of Evan, Sr. Surely Evan W. had been loyal to his father and his father's family in making places for them to work for his company. To compensate for this loyalty, the various members of the family who worked for him are happy in the thought that they earned their money by honest and unstinted labor.

When the mine at Barth was closed, the aging Evan lived for a while at Magna with his daughter, Estella Tuttle, and worked as a night-watchman. Then he tried to raise chickens while living with his daughter, Annie Moss, at Woods Cross. Later, when this daughter moved to a ranch with her husband in Woodruff, her father went with them and spent his time as a trapper. This was a life he loved, but it had come to him too late in his life for him to stay with it.

While living in Woodruff, an old friend Dan Crump came to him in a dream and said, "Evan, you have just six months more to live." Then Evan wrote to all his children to tell them of his dream and that his time was about up.

At the end of the six months, he left Woodruff and came to his children at Bountiful. When he went to Porter's home, Porter said, "It's good

to see you, father."

Evan answered, "I've come to die, my boy," and he seemed hurt when Porter questioned the fulfillment of the dream. He stayed one day at Porter's home, then went to Eliza's for a day or two.

On a Sunday morning, he went to the home of Aaron, who had just been married and was establishing his home at South Bountiful. They spent the morning in conversation and eating. Evan seemed well pleased with the wife Aaron had chosen, and he seemed to relish the dinner. Since Aaron had a part to take in Sacrament meeting that afternoon, he asked his father to go to church with him; but his father declined. He would not consent to either Aaron's or his wife's staying from church to be with him.

"You both go to church," he said, "and I'll be here when you get back." However, when they returned he had gone, leaving a note that he had gone back to Eliza's.

The next day he went to the home of his daughter Sarah Jane Spendlove, at Magna. By the time he reached there, a cold which had come upon him while in Bountiful had progressed into pneumonia. By Tuesday, Aaron was called to Magna and he stayed with them until Sunday, at which time their father seemed improved, so Aaron went back to his school teaching in West Bountiful. Most of the children visited with him during his week of sickness. He took suddenly worse again and died at Magna during his second week there.

Funeral services were held at Bountiful. His twelve children and their children with them were all in attendance. His six sons were his pall bearers, just as they had been nine years earlier for their mother. The speakers were Amos Cook and Charles R. Mabey, each of whom paid him tributes true and worthy.

He had lived for his family and the Gospel. He died true and valiant to both. He was buried beside his beloved Cynthia in the Bountiful City Cemetery.

At his death, he was seventy-six years old. His mother had died at an age well past ninety and his brother Ben, is still alive as this is written in 1949, and is approaching his ninety-fifth year.

NORMA LAXMAN, Dau of Carl Alfred Laxman and Josephine Lucile Hanchley, was born 11 Jan 1928, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah

Married 21 June ¹⁹⁴⁶ Salt Lake City, Utah (Temple)

STANLEY DEAN JONES, Son of Joseph Porter Jones and Martha LaVerna Tolman.

CHILDREN

BIC

JEANINE JONES, b. 29 July 1947, Salt Lake City Utah, Married 3 Sept 1968, Richard W. James.

RICHARD DEAN JONES, b 2 Mar 1949, Salt Lake City, S-Lk, Utah
Married 18 May 1958, Nancy Vera Knight

JEFFREY CARL JONES, b 15 Oct 1951, Salt Lake City, Utah
Married 8 Sept 1977 Lisa Lee Heaton

KEVIN STANLEY JONES, b 17 Mar 1955, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
Married 14 July 1977, Lori Seare

JULIE JONES, b 11 May 1960, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah

JANETTE LYN JONES, b 14 Apr 1968, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah

JENNEFER LEE JONES, b 14 Apr 1968, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah

REFERENCES

Family group sheet furnished by Afton Badger, Salt Lake City, Utah

NORMA LAXMAN JONES attended U of U, worked at Equitable Life Assurance Society, Church activities; Ward Relief Society teacher, chorister, member of Presidency, Ward MIA Presidency, Stake Primary Teacher, Stake Sunday School Teacher, Stake MIA Presidency, Stake Relief Society Board. Has had seven children and one foster daughter. Has also provided a home and loving guidance to several underprivileged children.