



TO OUR DEAR NIECE, JOANN:

this book of

MOTHER'S AND DAD'S BIOGRAPHIES  
AND FAMILY HISTORY

(in memory of our beloved brother,  
ARTHUR)

with

C O M P L I M E N T S

and

L O V E

1974

Ida and Nina

VICTORIA JOSEPHINE SANDGREN HARRIS  
FAMILY  
1830 - 1974

Compiled and edited by:  
Nina,  
daughter.

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\* \* \* \* \*

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(Note: A separate statistical record is not added hereto, but births and deaths, so far as known, are given in the Biographies and Histories)

The extra pages interspersed herein are for your convenience in adding additional pictures and/or data if and when you may desire.

## DEDICATION

\* \* \* \* \*

This book is dedicated to our very dear sister, Ida Harris Peck, who originated the idea of a Biography of Mother and history of the Harris family nearly a decade ago, and whose untiring, persistent efforts to gather pictures, histories, individual tributes, comments and data have, in the past three years or so, resulted in the culmination of this Biography-History book, which, we trust, will be a source of information and of inspiration to this and to future generations. Much of the history was taken from Dad's family record.

Ida is the eldest child of the family now living. She will be 84 this coming December, 1974. We wish her many, many more happy birthdays and God's blessings.

We sisters who helped Ida in co-ordinating information and pictures and in compiling this record book, etc. consider it a privilege and rewarding experience. We have done the best we could with the material available, and trust we have not failed to get everything correct and that no one has been left out.

Ida has been a second Mother to us since our Mother died in 1949 and has kept in touch with each of us from time to time. Her physical health is quite good and her mind is active and alert and memory excellent. Her home is and has been the hub of the family wheel, and relatives and friends coming from any direction stop there to visit and listen to her words of wisdom.

She likes to go places of interest, keeps active in her Club, her Alma Mater, and in the lives of her own family and the health and activities of her brother and sisters. We, of course, are most interested in her welfare and keep in touch with her by periodic telephone calls, letters or visits.

We are grateful for your insight and intuition to create this book and your determination to complete it, and we are sure it will bring great interest and knowledge and appreciation to and from those who read it.

Everyone loves you.

Shorland, Nina, Effie, Lydia and Viola.

## PREFACE

\* \* \* \* \*

This book is in loving memory of our beloved Mother,  
Victoria Josephine Sandgren Harris,  
and father, George Henry Burraston Harris.

Most every person has a desire to know from whence he came, from what nationality he sprang, and the character of his ancestors, and this Biography of our much loved Mother and father, together with commentaries and histories of and by members of the family and their progeny, will, we trust, be not only informative but a source of interest and inspiration to the descendants of present and future generations.

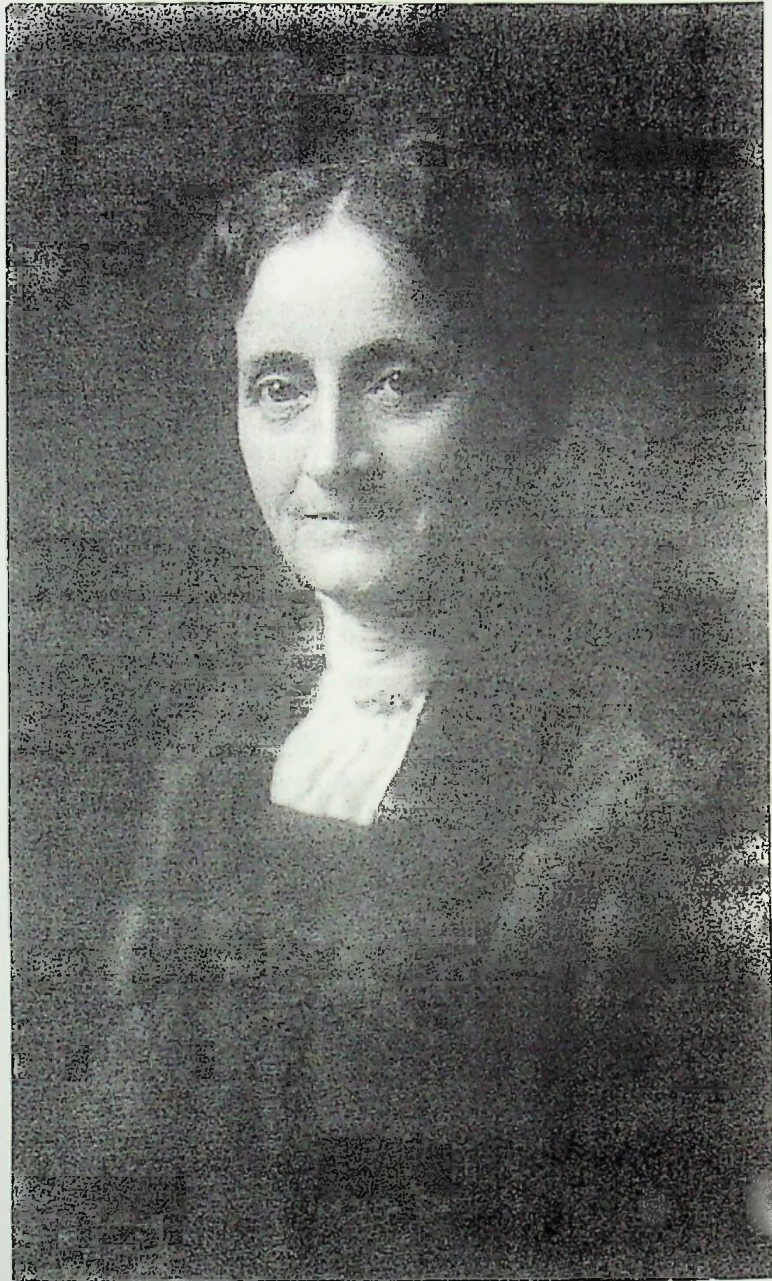
Unfortunately, fires and misfortune have destroyed many of the pictures, and we don't have some material needed, to set forth the full perspective, but we hope the book will portray at least a brief synopsis of the immediate ancestors and the descendants of our endeared parents. Our sincere thanks to all who contributed to it.

We, the living members of the Harris family, pay tribute to our beloved and revered Mother and Dad, whose high principles, implicit integrity, understanding, abiding love and faith in God have always been and will continue to be an inspiration to their children and all who knew them during their lifetime and to the generations thereafter.

We think the following writing by Helen Farries is symbolic of Mother's love:

"This morning when I wakened  
And saw the sun above,  
I softly said, "Good Morning, Lord,  
-- Bless everyone I love!  
Right away I thought of you  
And said a loving prayer  
That He would bless you specially  
And keep you free from care!  
I thought of all the happiness  
A day could hold in store;  
I wished it all for you because  
No one deserves it more!  
I felt so warm and good inside  
My heart was all aglow -  
I know God heard my prayer for you,  
-- He hears them all you know! "

Ida, Shorland, Nina, Effie, Lydia and Viola.



Victoria Josephine Sandgren Harris  
1865 - 1949

PREAMBLE

. . . . .

Victoria Josephine Sandgren Harris

July 5, 1865 there was born to Victor and Christina Larson Sandgren, in the beautiful, quiet city of Ursula, Sweden, a blue-eyed, fair haired daughter, whom they named Victoria Josephine.

Victor and Christina were ambitious, happy and pleasure-loving, and brought their daughters, Victoria and Amanda, up in an atmosphere of sunshine, clear lakes, beautiful flowers and immaculate cleanliness. Victoria loved her parents and sister and especially admired her father in his high black silk hat, white gloves and long-tailed coat which he wore as an Inspector on the feudal estate. She later said of him "I thought of him as one of high position and importance and I was proud" and "I never knew my Mother to wear an apron with a spot of soil on it." She was bewildered by the bewitching waterways of Sweden and the waving of multitudes of handkerchiefs that welcomed the coming and the parting of guests at Swedish homes and festivities. She was taught to be courteous, friendly and charming, to speak only when spoken to, and to love all things God had made.

When Victoria was nine years old, she left the beauty of her beloved Sweden and, with a heart full of hope that everything would be all right and with only a vague idea as to what was ahead, she, with her parents and sister, boarded a screw-propelling, iron-hulled steamer, about 100 feet in length, to cross the vast Atlantic to that land "where, as she had been told, "God was everywhere and He would protect everyone from harm." (To one accustomed to ocean liners of this day, the steamers of that time seem like toys.) Said Victoria: "The voyage was long. I was frightened; afraid of the water; afraid the ship might sink; afraid when the sun went down and darkness came. But we prayed and I listened to people talking and telling about the wonderful opportunities in America -- God's country, with its wide, open spaces and with freedom and justice for all.

As we finally reached New York, my heart stopped pounding and I realized I was a young lady of nine in a great new land and I should be unafraid for a Mormon God was with us and He would protect us in this blessed America."

Soon, her gay, colorful Swedish costumes were replaced by the more simple lines worn by the American girls, and her pigtails were coiffured into soft, flattering styles. She enjoyed having a good time but was never boisterous nor insistent on having her own way; was immaculately clean and dressed with taste and refinement. Her soulful eyes bespoke the love in her heart.

She attended the public schools in Utah and was fascinated with the American system of learning and the books used. Her Mother, a gracious and lovely lady, spoke only Swedish, and Victoria often translated the Swedish into English for family and friends.

Not far from Pleasant Grove, Utah, was a mining town where a tall, broad-shouldered, dark haired, self-sufficient gentleman worked. His hair was heavy, his eye-brows bushy and he wore a mustache across his lip with the tips of it twirled into tiny endings. Handsome he was and proud. His main social attraction was to dress in his best suit and attend the dancing socials in town. He would sing most any time he felt like singing and dance whenever he felt like dancing.

When Victoria was in her late teens, she attended one of these dancing socials and there was this tall, handsome man, she had formerly met at school, named George Henry Burraston Harris, all dressed up in his party clothes. He saw her from across the room. They talked and danced and fell in love and Victoria knew that those "wide open spaces of America" had a new meaning and a new purpose and that God would be with her all the rest of her life.

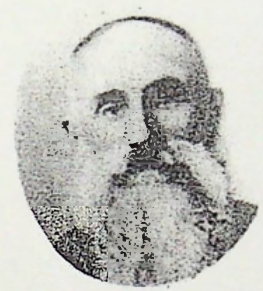
The continued lives and destiny of Victoria and George are revealed in their respective Biographies, herein.

the Harris family





George Henry Burraston and Victoria Josephine Sandgren  
Harris  
taken at the time of their marriage in 1884



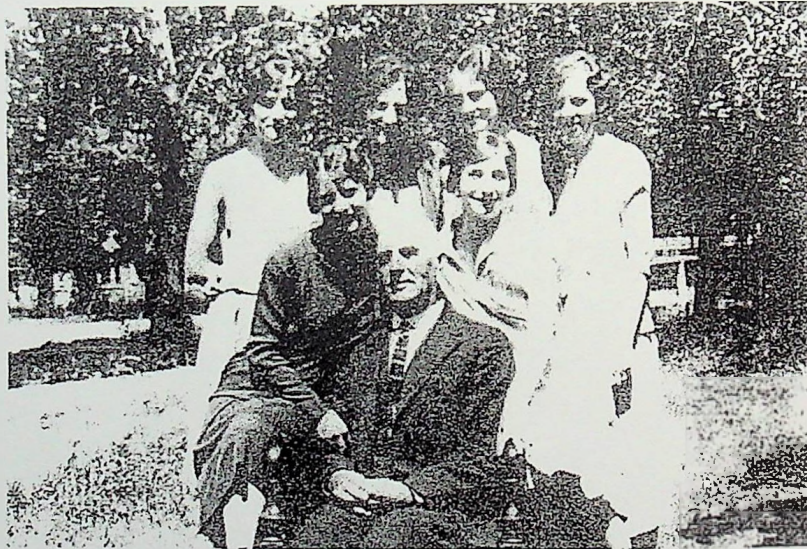
George Henry Abbott Harris      Victor Johanson Sandgren  
(father of George Henry, above)      (father of Victoria, above)  
1855



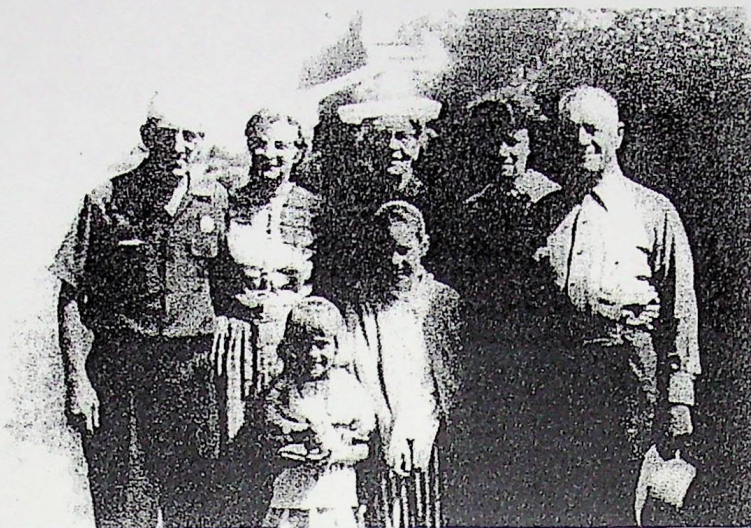
Ann Eliza Burraston Harris      Christina Larson Sandgren  
(Mother of George Henry      (Mother of Victoria  
Burraston Harris)      Josephine Sandgren Harris)



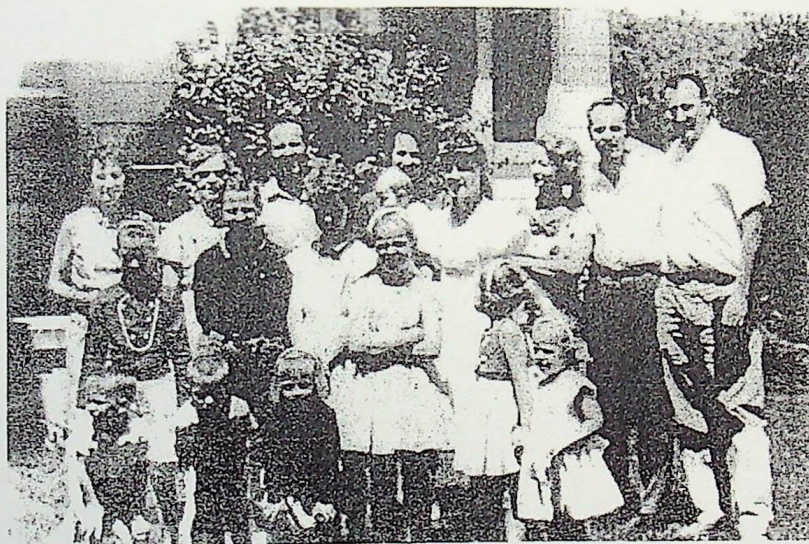
The George Henry Burraston and  
Victoria Sandgren Harris family:  
Top row l. to r. Cyrus Arthur, Ida Christina,  
Alvin Edward, Lillian Eliza, Geneva Victoria,  
George Victor. Middle row l. to r. Nina  
Josephine, Edna Viola, Victoria Josephine  
Sandgren Harris, George Henry Burraston  
Harris, Shorland Abbott. Front row l. to r.  
Effie Amelia and Lydia Eva



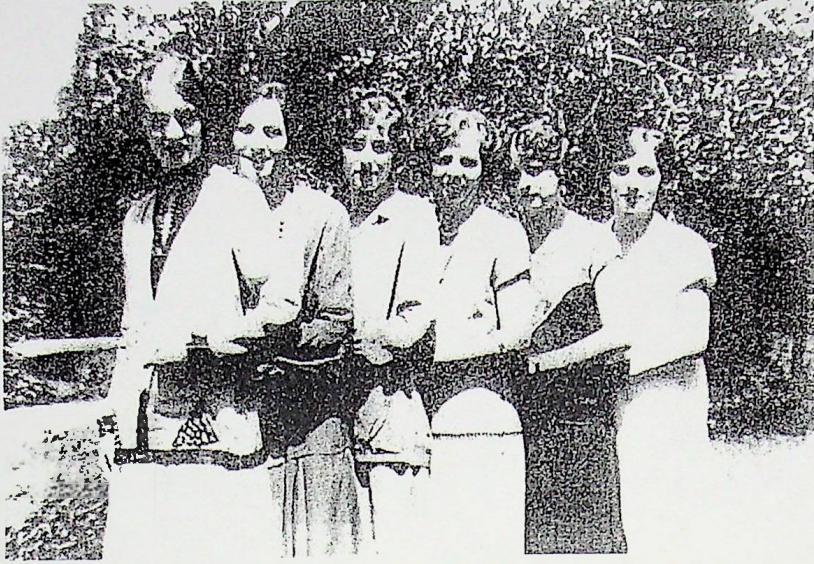
George Henry Burraston Harris  
and daughters, except Lillian:  
L. to r. Effie Percival, Lydia Redford,  
Geneva Johnson, Nina Rockefeller,  
Ida Peck and Viola DeLay



Top row l. to r. Roy Franklin Percival and wife, Effie Amelia Harris Percival, Ida Christina Sandgren Harris Peck, Amelia Dennison Johnson, George Victor Harris, children of Dr. Robert R. Johnson: Peggy Jo Johnson and Carolyn Johnson



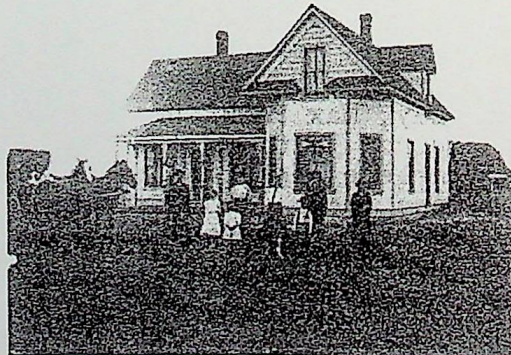
Top row l. to r. Nina Harris Rockefeller, Ida Harris Peck, Keith Peck, Esther Peck, Diana Peck, Viola Harris DeLay, Max Peck, Dr. Robert R. Johnson. Middle row l. to r.: Carolyn Johnson, Howard Peck, Sharlene Peck, Jeannette Peck, Sharon Peck, Alene Peck. Front row l. to r. Gregg Peterson, Scott Peterson and Peggy Jo Johnson.



Daughters of  
George Henry Burraston Harris and  
Victoria Sandgren Harris  
l. to r. Nina Rockefeller, Geneva  
Johnson, Lydia Redford, Ida Peck,  
Effie Percival and Viola DeLay



Harris family home at Rexburg, Idaho



Harris family residence called "The  
Big white house" at Salem, Idaho.

Biography  
of  
George Henry Abbott Harris  
(1830 - 1919)  
father of  
George Henry Burraston Harris  
(Copied from The History of Pioneers and  
Prominent Men of Utah and Idaho)



HARRIS

HARRIS FAMILY NAME

- ORIGIN - England, counties of Devon @ Cornwall-abt.1860  
ARMS - Sable, three crescent argent  
CREST - An eagle displayed or with wings outstretched  
MANTLE - Sable @ argent-black on silver-constancy @  
virtues - gold for honor and generosity  
CRESCENT - is mark of cadency, in indicating the  
second son

## Biography of George Henry Abbott Harris

(Pioneer of 1852)

George Henry Abbott Harris was born in Devonshire, England, December 7, 1830, a son of James and Eliza Rawlins Harris, natives of Cornwall, England, numbered among the aggressive Pioneers, members of the Methodist Church in that section of the British Isles.

His father was a man of deep religious strength of character, and served as chaplain and preacher in the Methodist Church, thus instilling a deep religious background in his children. He died at the age of 49 and his talented and devoted wife died of a broken heart six months later, leaving two sons, George and William. Left an orphan at the early age of 13, George shipped as a sailor in the Merchant Marine service, sailing, during the seven years he was on the ocean, to nearly all of the commercial ports of the world. At the age of 20, he left the Marine service and attended school in Devonshire, England.

One day as George was walking down the street, he heard preaching in a building. He entered the building and became very interested in the sermons given by Mormon Missionaries. He attended the meetings regularly, and one day took his brother, William, with him, who made fun of the sermons.

George was baptized and became a member of the Mormon Church in 1849, and expressed a desire to migrate to America. That desire was fulfilled on January 10, 1852, when he sailed with the 56th company of immigrants on the ship Kennebec, from Liverpool, England, with 333 passengers on board, under the direction of John S. Higbee.

Some Irish Immigrants were taken on board the ship because there were not enough Saints to fill the ship. They did not have sufficient supplies to last them until the end of the journey so they stole supplies from the Mormon Immigrants, who, consequently, had to subsist on half rations the last four days of their voyage.

Peace, harmony and good health prevailed among the Saints. The voyage was a safe, pleasant one, with the exception of one terrific hurricane, which swept the deck clean of cook houses, water barrels and everything else that could be washed ashore. Stored in the ship were small portions of bacon and oatmeal, which the Saints lived on during the rest of the journey.

On the 14th of March, 1852, the company arrived in New Orleans, where three boats, called the Pride of the West, Saluda, and the Isabel, were anchored to take the immigrants to St. Louis, Missouri.

The boats were filled with the Immigrants and set sail. After sailing all day, the water boiler on the Saluda exploded, killing many Saints. The scene was described as a horrible sight. Mutilated bodies were strewn a great distance from the explosion, and cries for help from the wounded were heart-rending. It was considered the greatest tragedy in the history of the Mormon Immigration. The other two boats reached St. Louis about the latter part of March, from where they were to start the journey across the plains to Utah. Some of the saints remained in St. Louis. George was among those, and later joined the Henry Miller Co., driving the oxen of one of the wagons. They arrived in Salt Lake City on October 2, 1852.

President Brigham Young welcomed them and said, "May the Lord God of Israel bless you and comfort your hearts, and may you work diligently, building homes, tilling the soil, and raising crops, being ever mindful of God's promises, in keeping the faith."

Shortly after George arrived in Utah, he operated a fish market as a livelihood, and later worked in a notions store. In 1853 he moved to Pleasant Grove and established the first mercantile store in that community, taking some produce for pay and giving credit to many of his customers.

On March 27, 1855, he married Ann E. Burraston, an Immigrant from Ashton, England, who came to Utah in 1855. From this union five children were born - three boys and two girls: George Henry, Cyrus Richard, John William, Eliza Jane and Marianne Desdenory. The latter died shortly after birth, and Anna, her mother, died two weeks later, September 13, 1861, from childbirth, at the family home at Pleasant Grove, Utah.

On May 30, 1862, George married Sarah Loader, an Immigrant from Oxfordshire, England. She crossed the plains with a hand cart company in 1857. Five children were born of this union - three boys and two girls. He and Sarah Loader were divorced.

In 1866 he married Mariah Loader White, a sister of his second wife, and a widow with three children. Three sons were born of this union.

George was a devout reader and taught the neighbor children in an independent grade school in his home, without pay. The wife of his son, George Henry, attended this school, and said the students learned each lesson thoroughly before starting the next one.

He was considered one of the leading teachers in Utah. Karl Maeser said his pupils advanced faster than those from any other school in Utah.

He was big-hearted and gave freely of his means. On one occasion he gave his bishop \$250 toward the Immigration Fund. He loaned money to many who never repaid him.

He was deputy recorder under Lucus Scoville, taking his pay in produce. He was a member of the first Militia Co., organized in Utah, holding the office of Adjutant under Mayor Vance, and of Post Commisary.

In 1884 he bought a 40 acre farm in Pleasant Grove, which he operated four years.

In 1888 he moved to Salem, Idaho, where his eldest sons lived. He located 160 acres of land of which two-thirds was laid out and plotted for the town of Salem. On the remaining land he built his home and a mercantile store, which later became one of the largest business establishments in Fremont County, and which he operated with the assistance of his sons.

In 1893, a Post Office was established in Salem, and he was commissioned the first Post Master by President Harrison, holding the office for nine years, then resigning the office in favor of his son.

George was vitally interested in and prominently connected with the establishment of schools and also in irrigation, giving of his time and energies to the construction of canals and ditches, which brought water to the fields of the county.

Inheriting the religious nature of his parents, he ever dwelt upon the important subject connected with the problems of life, death and immortality and had in his possession a Bible which he purchased before he was 12.



He had a strong desire to prove the truths of the Mormon doctrine and compiled a compendium of the history of the Church records, consisting of nine volumes.

The worthy gentleman whose name appears at the head of this biography had a diversified and eventful career and by honest toil, industriousness, economy and shrewd business sagacity, he met with outstanding success.

He was the father of 13 children.

He died April 3, 1919 at Salem, Idaho, at the age of 89, and was buried at Pleasant Grove, Utah.

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"God Left The Challenge In The Earth  
by  
Dr. Allen A. Stockdale

When God made the earth, He could have finished it. But He didn't. Instead, He left it as a raw material - to tease us, to tantalize us, to set us thinking and experimenting and risking and adventuring: And therein we find our supreme interest in living.

Have you ever noticed that small children in a nursery will ignore clever mechanical toys in order to build, with spools and strings and sticks and blocks, a world of their own imagination?

And so with grown-ups, too. God gave us a world unfinished, so that we might share in the joys and satisfactions of creation.

He left oil in Trenton rock.

He left the electricity in the clouds.

He left the rivers un-bridged - and the mountains un-trailed.

He left the forests un-felled and the cities un-built.

He left the laboratories un-opened.

He left the diamonds un-cut.

He gave us the challenge of raw materials, not the satisfaction of perfect, finished things.

He left the music un-sung and the dramas un-played.

He left the poetry un-dreamed, in order that men and women might not become bored, but engage in stimulating, exciting, creative activities that keep them thinking, working, experimenting, and experiencing all the joys and durable satisfactions of achievement.

Work, thought, creation. These give life its stimulus, its real satisfaction, its intriguing value."

Biography  
of  
Victor Johanson Sandgren  
(1837 - 1901)  
father of  
Victoria Josephine Sandgren Harris  
and  
Christina Lorsdotter Sandgren,  
Mother

Biography  
of  
Victor Johanson Sandgren  
(1837 - 1901)

Victor Johanson Sandgren was born February 10, 1837, in Langsbraten Skaraborg, Sweden, to Lena Kajsa Anderson and Johannes Larson. (Name later became Johanson).

He was a member of the Lutheran Church, and was a farmer. He married Christina Larsdotter in Sweden in June, 1864. Two daughters were born of this union: Victoria and Amanda.

Some time after his marriage, he was made an inspector on a feudal estate called Storahoo, where living quarters were furnished for his family. He wore a black silk stove-pipe hat and rode a white horse during inspection hours. His associates were of high rank in the government, where it was a custom to have names pertinent thereto, so Victor's name was changed from Johanson to Sandgren.

During this time, he heard the first Mormon missionaries who were sent to Sweden to preach the gospel and became very interested in the Mormon doctrine. On May 14, 1873, he was baptized and confirmed a member of the L.D.S. Church by Elder G. Ossman.

On Wednesday, September 2, 1874, with his wife and two small daughters, Victoria 9 years old, and Amanda, about 7, he set sail from Liverpool, England, on the ship Wyoming, together with a large number of Saints, under the captaincy of John C. Graham. They landed in New York City on Monday, September 14th, and then continued by rail to Salt Lake City, Utah, arriving on Wednesday, September 23rd, where they received a warm welcome from the officials of the Church, and were told to make their home in Pleasant Grove, Utah. There, Victor bought a thirty-five acre farm. It was covered with sagebrush, which he cleared away and then farmed the land.

During this period of time, polygamy was allowed by the Church and practiced in Utah. Christina, believing it to be a contribution to the cause of Mormonism, encouraged Victor to take a second wife. He acceded and married Rebecca Johnson. To this union were born:

Amelia, Victor Edward, Melinda, Ida Louis  
and Victor Mansel. Amelia died about 1929 when she was 52. Id

Victor Mansel died when small babies. Amelia was 18 when her Mother died, and Melinda was just a baby.

Christina and Rebecca had separate houses close together on the same farm. They got along as one family. When Rebecca died, Christina took care of the two small children of Rebecca's - Victor Edward and Melinda.

Victor was a devoted husband; a kind, considerate father, and worked very hard to support his family.

He was a devout member of the L.D.S. Church.

He died August 22, 1901, at Pleasant Grove, Utah, and was buried there.

. . . . .

This Biography by Ida Harris Peck, daughter of Victoria Sandgren Harris, whose father was Victor Johanson Sandgren.

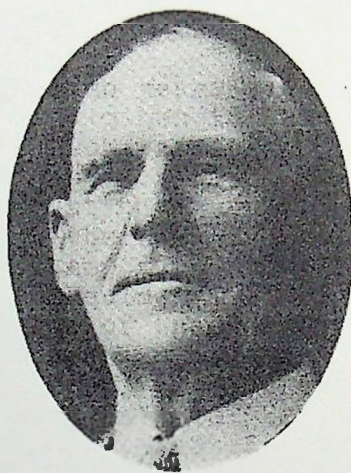
With appreciation to Victor Edward Sandgren and Melinda Sandgren Newby for information they contributed.

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"Grant that each one I see today  
 Goes happier for it on his way;  
 Help me to enter each mind and heart,  
 With sensitive kindness to do my part;  
 Give me perception to feel others' needs --  
 And to carry my thoughts into friendly deeds."

H.B.S.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
of  
GEORGE HENRY BURRASTON HARRIS  
as written on December 27, 1937  
(1857 - 1953)



( This Autobiography made for Ida  
Harris Peck, daughter, from copy  
loaned by George Dudley Harris,  
grandson)

Autobiography  
of  
George Henry Burraston Harris

December 27, 1937

If I live until April 10, 1938, I will be 81 years old. This is my first attempt to write anything of my life's history. I was born of goodly parents, at Pleasant Grove, Utah County, Utah, April 10, 1857, the eldest son and second child of five of my father and Mother's children. (My father was George Henry Abbott Harris and my Mother was Ann Eliza Burraston Harris). From my infancy I was a strong, robust, healthy kid 'til about five years old, then I was stricken with what they called mountain fever and lay several weeks on the balance between life and death. From that time on for a time I was stricken from time to time with measles, chicken pox and such things as children are subject to. My health was poor so I was not able to attend school very much 'til I was a young man.

When I was eleven years old my father took me to work with him in the mines in American Fork Canyon. I got a position as dish washer and waiter on the tables at the boarding house for \$1.00 per day for about two weeks, then worked at the mine packing empty sacks from the bottom of the hill to the mine up snow steps where it was too steep for the mules to climb and to this day my right shoulder is two inches lower than the other on account of these heavy loads of ore sacks up those snow steps about a quarter of a mile. It was at the old Miller mine. The foreman was a little Englishman. One day he said "Can't you do better than that?" I said "No Sir, that is all I can carry." He said "You had better go at once." So I did.

Going back to when I was between four and five years old, my Mother died in child birth and left four children: Elizabeth Jane, George Henry Burraston, Cyrus Richard James and John William Shorland, and took the baby Marion Desdimona with her. About a year or so later my father married a little English girl by the name of Sarah Loader, who came across the plains in 1856 with the hand-cart company who lost by hardships and fatigue about 250 souls out of about 600 that started. This lady proved to be a very good step-mother to us. She is still living at the age of 93.

When I was about fourteen my father took the town cow herd, about four to 600 head. We would drive them from six to ten miles and return each day. We were very scantily dressed, with very poor shoes. Sometimes we had but dry bread and a few green apples for lunch; once in a while we would kill a jack rabbit, which would help some.

When I was 18 my younger brother, Shorland, said to me "George, let us try and rig up a team and wagon and get out of here." "There is nothing here for us."

So we got a team of ponies and a light second-hand wagon and started south, to find somewhere to locate to make a home. We traveled a week or ten days and found the land and prairies parched and dry except where there were small streams for irrigation of small farms. In fact, hardly enough grass to turn the team on to graze, so we landed in Frisco where the Horn Silver mine is located. There were two smelters there. They needed lots of charcoal so we went out in the Wawa hills and Shorland said "George, you do the hauling and I will do the burning of the coal." So we took our little ponies and dragged the nut pine wood together and piled it in a long rack five or six feet high and covered it with limbs, bushes and dirt. We set one end afire and had fairly good luck for new hands at the business. We were very careful with our expenses so saved enough to buy us each a good suit and some money to be with the younger folks for the winter. We stayed with that kind of work and wood chopping, road building and mining around Frisco for five or six summers. I worked one shift in the Horn Silver mine. The wages paid were from 3 to \$4.00 per day. When the foreman came around where they put us to work, which was a very bad place, he said "We will give you \$2.50 a day." I said "Are you butting wages?" He said "That is orders." I said "I am no Daigo", so I didn't go back. A few weeks afterward, right where I worked that shift, the whole surface of the ground, about a quarter of an acre, broke loose and caved down about 20 feet, crushing everything beneath. I think all who worked were lucky for it caved in at night when there was no one working under the cave in.

When we first went to Frisco, after getting my brother started to burning coal, he thought he could manage the burning and take care of the team and put another pit while the first one was burning. I went back and got work feeding the furnace with ore and charcoal for \$3.00 per day. I worked eight days and got \$24.00 check. I walked along the side walk and every other place was a gambling place with cards. I walked in and watched. The dealer would have the

face of the cards down then he would turn them over one by one so you could see them. I thought I stood as good a chance to guess whether the third card would be a red or black one as the dealer, so I showed him the \$24.00 check. The bar tender told the dealer it was good and gave me change in silver for it. So I started to get rich quick and laid some money on black or red cards which lay on the side so the dealer would turn the cards in the deck over one by one and if the third card was like the one I placed my money on he would pay me the same amount; if the third card was the opposite color, he would take my money. I played for about ten minutes and he had all my money. So I said to myself "You damn fool, you had better lost that than won \$100.00. I found out that this was his game and not mine. I have never gambled since.

I worked on the railways at one time for George Mason of Springfield, Utah, and Wm. Simpson in Spanish Fork Canyon, and in American Fork Canyon for George Richards and on the Utah Southern west of Pleasant Grove near the depot. While in Frisco one winter, I with three other young men, my brother James, the oldest son of my stepmother, John Malcom of Spanish Fork and Wm. McMarty of Monroe, Utah, took the job to build a wagon road down into Copper Gulch, about three miles north of Frisco, to haul coal up the hill to the smelters. The price we asked was \$400.00. After building part of it, it proved to be too steep for pulling wagons with loads, so it was used only for pack animals to pack thousands of cords of wood over the hill to the mine. The water in and around Frisco is very black and mineral and not fit for culinary purposes. All the fresh water needed for the town and the mine had to be shipped by rail or hauled in. There was a fresh water spring, cold, eight miles north of town. I got a job to haul water from there to the mine with a four horse team and wagon in fifty gallon barrels at sixty dollars a month. While working hard in the open air, I developed to be a strong, husky lad and could take one of those barrels nearly full of water and set it on the ground without spilling it.

One day I was meditating and asked myself the question "What religion do you believe in?" Since I had listened to several ministers I thought to myself that Mormonism seemed to be the most reasonable; then something that seemed to be a still, small voice whispered to me "Then support it". This made such an impression on me I have never forgot it and every since that I have been impressed that whatever I believed was right it made me duty bound to support it both for my own good will and for my fellow men.



While in Frisco I bought a 3½ Winona wagon on time from Grant Oda and Co. for \$145.00 and hauled wood to pay for it in monthly installments. I paid it perfectly according to contract. While at Frisco, I purchased 10 acres of land on time, near my father's home at Pleasant Grove, which kept me obligated so I didn't spend my earnings in more riotous ways. I paid \$300.00 for it.

In the spring of 1882, having had some ups and downs in the routine of working hard and not being afraid at venturing out on a frontier career, I made up my mind to go north, so about April 10th, I took my team and wagon and started north for Idaho. When I got around the point of the mountain in Salt Lake valley, the grass was good on the side of the road so I let the team graze until noon, then proceeded north thru Salt Lake City then through other small places north, then Snowville. Thence northwest over lava and desert to Albion and called and stayed a couple of days with my sister, Mrs. Tremaine, a year and three months older than me. Then I went from there north across the ferry on the Snake River and up to Wood River. There were three small settlements there Belvue, Hailey and Ketchum, about three miles apart, all rivaling to outdo the other. Hailey took the lead. There were two or three small mines opened up and several prospects being worked. The grass was good so I turned my team out while waiting to find something to do. I only got a small choring job occasionally to keep me going, but a little later I hauled and sold some wood to the residents, and thus I spent the summer of 1882. In the fall I returned to Pleasant Grove with a little money to winter on. I spent the winter with my father on his farm. He had a cow, a few chickens and a pig or two. He was not able to work much because he had been leaded working in the mines. Thus I spent the winter of 1882-83 - associating with the young at dances and socials.

I was chosen as president of Y.M.M.I.A. in the spring of 1883. I traded the 10 acres of land I had purchased for a team and notes for the balance of \$500. and Idaho was my choice as a pursuit. When I first struck Idaho the spring before and found grass everywhere that could be mown but for the greasewood and sagebrush so thick in it, I thought this is no place for me, so I went back to Hailey on Wood River, with two span of horses and my favorite Winona wagon. As soon as I arrived I got a job hauling ore (iron) for Charley Moor and Fram McKay (as I remember it) from the Minnie More mine. When I hauled a few loads, Mr. Moore stopped me, for what reason I know not, and he refused to pay me. I walked up to him and said "Mr. you will pay me and mighty dear if you don' look out." His partner spoke up and said "What's the matter with you Moore, why don't you pay the man?" Mr. Moore then paid me - I think about \$50.00.

In the meantime, my brother, Jim, came from home hunting for work. We got a few odd jobs and saved a little money. In the early fall I went over the hill to Kellog and bought a load of mellons and sold them in and around Hailey and did pretty well. There came a man from a mine at the head of the Salmon river wanting some wood hauled to the mine at Vienna and would pay nine dollars a cord. I took the job and hired Jim to chop it while I hauled it. The road up the hill to the mine was very steep and my four little ponies were good to pull. I put a cord to a load. One day I stopped at the foot of a steep place to give the team their wind. A man said to me "How in the world can you pull such a load up such a steep place?" I said "My wheelers could pull it up that pitch once in a pinch." He scorned the idea so I won \$2.50 from him when they did it. I think if there had been a few pounds more on I would have lost the bet. This was late in Sept. and the company was anxious to get as much wood in as possible so they stopped us from chopping more and got us to haul some that was nearer the mine they had chopped during the summer. They paid us \$4.00 a cord for hauling that in. We hauled in 9 cords a day until the 2nd of Oct. We turned one of our hind wheels inside out and broke every spoke in it. There was no wheelright there so we just straightened it up and put some braces in it so we could get out of the country empty. That night it snowed about a foot and continued to snow and rain for about a week.

Here I will relate a circumstance that happened just before the wood hauling. My brother, Jim, and I had just located a place near Hailey for a chicken and hog ranch and had decided to file on it and while discussing it a thought came to me that we would be settling in a community that was not favorable to the Mormon people, so I said "Jim, I have heard that the Mormons are settling up on the Snake River. I believe that we can get a place and live by the people who believe as we do." Jim said "George, I believe you are right". So we decided to go up there and look at the community and see if it looked like a good place to settle. In the meantime while we were hauling wood, my brother, Shorland, a miner who was on a vacation called on us. I told him our plans. He said "George, as I am out for recreation, I will go up there and look over the community and see if I can find a location to suit us." I said "All right, if you find a good location there here is \$300.00 you can buy some stock with and Jim and I will come there as soon as we are ready to leave here for the winter." He took the money and when he got there the old settlers advised him not to buy any stock until spring. They told him some winters were very severe and he was liable to lose his stock. So he reported when I came in October, 17, 1883. He had located a ranch for each of the three of us.

Another incident happened about August of that summer. I received a letter from a young lady whom I got quite well acquainted with the winter before, inquiring if I was coming home to spend the winter with the young folks. She hoped I would. Of course, I did not forget that, so about Christmas time I found myself back in Pleasant Grove for the winter. I enjoyed the festivities of the season with it's anxieties and wonders. So went the winter of 1883-84. After spending the winter as such one evening this young lady and I were strolling on our way home. At one of the neighbor's homes we heard a crowd of young folks merrymaking. We ventured to call in and were welcomed by the crowd accordingly. I was asked to sing a song. I sang one of my favorites "Will you Love Me When I'm Old". I was told it was very much appreciated. Of course, that was when I was young. Now I must tell you that on the way home from that party either I asked her or she asked me when we could get married. I told her I was going to Idaho to make a home and asked her if she would go with me. She said yes, so after some persuasion Victoria Josephine Sandgren, with her parents' consent, on the 3rd of April, 1884, we were married by Daniel H. Wells in the old Endowment House in Salt Lake City, Utah. A day or two after we were married, Brother Lalinquist, a Patriarch, called at my father-in-law's where we were and gave us a Patriarchial blessing and some of the things he told me included that I would be kind to the poor and for that reason the Lord would be kind to me. I have had three other blessings, one from Ersey E. Hinckley, Andrew J. Hanson and one from Patriarch Tomlinson, all of which have given me much comfort and consolation.

After coming to Idaho in the spring of 1884, I was called and set apart by Pres. Thomas E. Ricks to preside over the Salem Ward as Bishop of the then Bannock Stake, Nov. 23rd, 1884. I held that position until January, 1900. While presiding over the Salem Ward I worked hard to keep the different Quorums and organizations in good running order. The Presiding Bishop Peterson said we had one of the best wards in the Church. The High Priests of the Rexburg Stake were asked to offer a resolution to be adopted by the quorum. I offered the following along with 30 or 40 others: Resolved that we the High Priests of the Stake be more like Christ, our advocate with the Father, in being more charitable to our fellow men. This was accepted and stands on the High Priests record today.

I filled a short mission to the Northwestern States. Johnathan G. Kimble set me apart and among other things he said "The people of the world would be led to exclaim I was a servant of the living God." That prediction was filled to the letter while I was there. Now, to all whom it may concern: I feel a

strong burning within my soul and a strong testimony that the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as taught by the Prophet Joseph Smith, if followed up by the people, is the power of God unto salvation to all who combine faith and obedience thereto. This is my solemn testimony to all men.

George Henry Burraston Harris.

December 28, 1937.

Since writing yesterday, I have a few important items that have come to my recollection.

About forty years ago, one night as I lay awake, something entered the room at the southwest corner and passed out at the northeast corner. As it passed over the bed, in an audible voice it said "Sporie is dead." I called my wife, who was lying beside me, but she was asleep. I awakened her by placing my hand on her shoulder, and asked "Did you hear that voice that just came over the bed?" She answered "No." I said "A voice just passed over the bed and said Magdalene Sporie is dead." The next morning I went to Rexburg, 2½ miles south, and met Pres. Thomas E. Ricks, who asked how I heard that and I answered that a voice came over my bed in the night and told me so. Patriarch Hinckley was sitting there and said "Brother Harris, that is all right". I went from there up town and met Brother Alma Hess who had been Stake Pres. of M.I.A. Something took hold of him and he turned out to be an awful blasphemer. We said hello. He then spoke up and said "Bishop, the God of the Bible is an unjust God." I said "What makes you think so?" He said "He is a murderer and I want you to read a certain chapter in the Bible and when you see me again tell me what you think of it." I said "I haven't been much of a reader of the Bible but let me ask you a question. What was it that came over my bed last night and told me that Sporie's daughter was dead?" "I don't know" he said. I said "You've heard the girl is dead?" "Yes" he said. I said "It comes to me that you are referring to the Lord being unjust when He destroyed the people at the time of Noah. He said "Yes". I told him I thought the Lord was justified as he had warned them through Noah for fifty years to repent and the Lord did it to keep them from going worse into sin. Forty years later, Mr. Hess had repented and returned to Rexburg to visit his relatives. He came to Sunday School and came up to me and called my attention to our conversation of forty or more years before and acknowledged that he was wrong and asked me to forgive him. I had felt sorry for him rather than revengeful. He came to the Stake Priesthood meeting and made a similar confession. I have heard that he and his boys have been very active in donating hundreds of dollars in building a stake tabernacle and other public buildings in LeGrand Stake, Oregon.

Another circumstance which I wish to mention: When I was fourteen years old, my father asked me to go to the farm, a forty acre tract he owned  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles north of Pleasant Grove, to water some potatoes. Brit Jaques, a cousin, went with me. While watering, we took our shoes and stockings off. I was running along in the dry weeds and ran a stem of dry weeds in my foot, between my toes. I could not pull it out and got Mr. Jaques to do so. It had broken an artery and blood spurted out. I had an old red handkerchief and wrapped it between my toes as tightly as I could. It clotted the blood after some minutes. We sat around talking awhile and then I said in a boyish way "I think the water will soon be thru; if you will stay here, I will go and turn it off". He said "All right." Now to the point. I went hopping off on the hoe, to keep my sore foot off the ground. I went about 6 or 8 rods and fell on my face. I had fainted from the loss of blood. My Mother, who had died ten years before, came and said "There, there, boy. You will get over this." She picked me up and stood me on my feet. I knew her and went to embrace her but she backed away and disappeared. What I wish to convey by this is that when we are what we call dead, the spirit still lives and just leaves the body and, as the Savior was resurrected on the third day, so we will be in the own due time of the Lord. I don't think my Mother was resurrected when she came to me. According to the revelation in the Doctrine and Covenants, it is contrary to the plan for a spirit to shake hands with a mortal being. It shows, however, that the spirits have power to do some things and I don't know who would be more concerned for my welfare than my Mother.

Another time of interest: Shortly after filing on my homestead, I went up to Meeting Hollow to cut logs for my home. I cut three sets of house logs, hauled two sets down, killed a faun deer, built one log room for my brother, Shorland. We were camped in the brush southeast of where Sugar City now stands. While sitting around campfire eating breakfast, a large beautiful deer came up within about 75 yards and stopped. We didn't dare reach for the gun. He stood about a minute. We admired him.

We started and built a log house 12 logs high to the square on my ranch. At this point I took leave of the boys for home, by train. I had received a letter from a young lady hoping I would return to Pleasant Grove and spend the winter with the young folks. A severe snow storm came on and my brothers had to take the wheels off and put logs under the axels to pull the wagon over the snow as far as Blackfoot.

After our marriage in Salt Lake City, we spent a few days receiving greetings, visiting relatives and friends and then we set out for our new home. When we came to the ferry on the North Fork of the Snake River, the water was over the banks for half a mile. After ferrying across the main stream, I led the team a half mile to high land at Carter's Ranch. At this point, Mother said "Law me, George, where in the world are you taking me. Will I ever see Mother again." My father-in-law gave us a cow as a wedding present. I sold the cow and bought dried apples to sell here to buy another cow.

We bought a city lot in Rexburg but, by request of President Ricks, sold the lot to James E. Fogg. We moved to the farm in Salem and dug a well 40 feet to water. When we started to irrigate, the water would sink like milk through a strainer. The condition now has completely changed. Lands that we could scarcely get water over in 1884 now sub and need very little surface irrigating.

### George Harris Rites Slated Today At First Ward Chapel

Funeral services for George H. B. Harris, 96, one of the oldest pioneers of the Upper Snake River valley, will be held Friday at 1 p.m. in the Rexburg First L.D.S. ward chapel, with Bishop Russel Flamm officiating.

Mr. Harris, a resident of Madison county for more than 70 years, died shortly after noon Monday at the Carlson Rest home in Rigby. Death was attributed to hemorrhage.

He was one of the early homesteaders north of Rexburg, and served one term as county assessor.

Mr. Harris was born April 10, 1857, at Pleasant Grove, Utah, a son of George Henry Abbott Harris and Annie Eliza Burreston Harris. He was married to Victoria Sandgreen on April 3, 1884, in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. He first came to Idaho in 1863, with the first pioneers to settle on a farm in the Salem community.

Active in the L.D.S. church, he was ordained bishop of the Salem ward Nov. 18, 1884, and held that position for 15 years. About 1917, he moved his family to Rexburg, where he has since resided.

His wife died in 1948. Ten of their 13 sons and daughters survive as follows: George Harris, Alvin E. Harris, Portland Harris and Mrs. Effie Percival, all of Rexburg; C. A. Harris and Mrs. Ida Peck, Salt Lake City; Mrs. Nina Rockefeller and Mrs. Lillian Smith, both of Altadena, California; Mrs. Lydia Redford, San Francisco; and Mrs. Viola DeLay, Palo Alto, California.

The body will be taken to the Roy Percival home, 148 North First East, Friday morning until time for the funeral services. Burial will be in the Rexburg cemetery under the direction of the Flamm Funeral Home.

Biography  
of  
George Henry Burraston Harris  
(1857 - 1953)

husband of  
Victoria Josephine Sandgren Harris

**EARLY PIONEER  
OBSERVES  
90TH BIRTHDAY**

PLAYED PROMINENT  
PART IN BUILDING  
UP OF THIS  
COMMUNITY

Today, April 10, 1947, is the 90th birthday of our townsman George H. B. Harris. Rexburg pioneer of 1883, L.D.S. bishop for 15 years, energetic community worker. Independent in nature, Mr. Harris has led a life of industry and rugged pioneer activity. As one of the first settlers of this valley he has taken an active part in developing irrigation, road building, agriculture, and community building. He was county road supervisor for a number of years while this area was building its first roads. He was county assessor of Fremont County in 1905 and 1906.

He was the first bishop of the Salem ward. Appointed in 1884 he continued in the position until honorably released in 1900. He is the only surviving official of the first L.D.S. church organization in what is now the Rexburg stake. He filled a short term mission in the Northwestern States in 1913-14. He has been an active church worker all his life.

At his present advanced age he still does the odd jobs around the home grounds, raises a good garden and transacts his own business affairs. He goes out in the field to help with welfare and other community projects. Sundays he walks to church to every meeting, studies the Sunday school and priesthood class lessons and takes an active part in the class discussion. Every month he visits a district as a ward teacher.

**Honored On Birthday**



George H. B. Harris . . . reaches 90th birthday . . . is early pioneer.

Today his family held open house in his honor, and hundreds of people called at his home to congratulate and honor the community's oldest citizen.

George H. B. Harris was born at Pleasant Grove, Utah, April 10, 1857, the son of George Henry Abbott Harris and Ann Eliza Burraston. His father was born at Ilfracomb, Devonshire, England December 7, 1830 and died at Salem, Idaho, April 3, 1919. His mother was born at Bringstey, Hereford, England, March 20, 1830, and died at Pleasant Grove, Utah, September 13, 1861, when her son, George, was only four years old.

Biography  
of  
George Henry Burraston Harris  
(1857 - 1953)

Born at Pleasant Grove, Utah, April 10, 1857, to Henry Abbott and Ann Burraston Harris, pioneer emigrants from England, who came to America in 1852.

At school age, he attended classes at his home, taught by his father, for the neighborhood children. At age 14 he went with his father to Pinoche, Nevada, to work in the mines. Later, they returned to Pleasant Grove, where he became active in the Church auxiliaries. He had a good voice and entertained the audiences at the recreation meetings, singing the hymns and the popular songs of that time. Mother said he was the life of the party.

On April 3, 1884, he married Victoria Josephine Sandgren, daughter of Victor and Christina Larsdotter Sandgren, in the old Endowment House in Salt Lake City, Utah.

After their marriage, he decided to make a home in Idaho. They left Pleasant Grove by covered wagon, with necessary provisions, and stopped at Lewiston, Idaho, where they spent three months. While there, he hauled freight from Pocatello to Lewisville. The mosquitoes were so thick where they camped, they had to wear wide-brimmed hats with netting around them to protect their heads, so they decided to find a better place to live and set out in their covered wagon and traveled north-east to a small settlement later called Salem. Here they homesteaded on a 160 acre plot of ground covered with sagebrush. They lived in the covered wagon that winter and the next spring father hauled logs from Canyon Creek and built a four room log cabin, where nine of the thirteen children were born. A little while after that, a large new house containing thirteen rooms was built on the same property, and the rest of the children were born in this new house.

On Nov. 23, 1884, the Salem Ward of the L.D.S. Church was organized and father was unanimously elected to the office of Bishop, and was set apart by President Ricks. His councilors were Henry Wilson and David Nelson. He served as Bishop of the Salem Ward from 1884 to 1900. During that time, he organized the Relief Society, Feb. 7, 1885, with Martha Ward President and Victoria Harris, my Mother, as first councilor.



That same year, the Sunday School was organized, with Arvis C. Dillie, Superintendent, and Joseph Jensen as assistant. The Primary Organization was also organized. Father hauled all the rocks from the hills, where Ricks College now stands, to build the Salem Church.

He had absolute faith in his religion and in it's principles and served his office faithfully, visiting the sick and helping the Saints with their work when they needed help.

In 1900 father asked to be released as Bishop of Salem Ward and his resignation was accepted, after which he filled a six months mission in Seattle, Wash.

He belonged to the Genealogical Society and did sealings and baptismal work for the dead in the Salt Lake City, Logan, St. George and Idaho Falls Temples.

He worked for Spaulding Buggy Company for two years, traveling over most of the western states; served as assessor of Madison County two terms under the Republican administration; served as Sargeant of Arms two terms during the convening of the State Legislature at Boise, Idaho.

Father was a tall, large-frame, handsome man, a conscientious, hard worker, with unquestioned integrity and sincere honesty. He placed principle above all else. His handshake in a spoken agreement was as binding as his signature on a written document. He attended Church faithfully, usually going to meetings three times on Sundays, and believed in paying his full tithing to the Church. He was a believer in family unity and prayer was said before each meal and at bedtime. Although a strict disciplinarian, he enjoyed a good time with young folks and the elderly. He liked most to sing "Come, Come Ye Saints" and "When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder, I'll Be There". He was often affectionately referred to as "G.H.B." and was highly respected and loved by his family.

He was proud and thrilled when his daughter, Geneva, (who became an opera singer) sang opera numbers and some of the old Gospel hymns and "America", "The Flag Without a Stain", "Perfect Day", etc., and he was most elated when she sang in the Salt Lake Tabernacle.

He sincerely believed the Lord had blessed our family. His two sons, Alvin and Shorland, served in the first World War and several Grandsons were in the second World War, and all had returned safely and well.

About 18-19 father rented the farm at Salem and moved the family to Rexburg, where he and Mother resided the remainder of their lives. Nearly all of the children attended Ricks College and actively participated in the activities of the school and of the Church.

Father died December 14, 1953, at age 96. His funeral was held in the Ward Church he had so faithfully attended during his many years in Rexburg and where his wife's funeral was also held four years prior to his. Both were buried in Rexburg cenetery.

He was the father of thirteen children, of which ten were living at the time of his death; also 21 grandchildren and 39 great-grandchildren.

Data concerning his wife and his children is given in the Biography of Mother, Victoria Josephine Sandgren Harris.

By Ida Harris Peck.

IN MEMORY OF

GEORGE H. B. HARRIS

April 10, 1857 — December 14, 1953



Rexburg L.D.S. First Ward  
Friday, December 18, 1953  
1 P.M.

Bishop Russel Flamm, Officiating



PALLBEARERS

Doyle Harris	Don Harris
Byron Harris	Don Percival
Dee Harris	Ross Harris
Quinton Harris	Alvin Harris, Jr.



FLOWERS

First Ward Relief Society



INTERMENT

Rexburg Cemetery

FLAMM FUNERAL HOME

SERVICES



Prayer at Home .....	George Harris
Organ Prelude .....	Alice Tout
Duet .....	Mildred Mortensen, Ethlyn Shirley
Invocation .....	Leland Raybould
Vocal Solo .....	E. A. Hansen
Obituary .....	Quinton Harris
Speaker .....	Walter B. Muir
Solo .....	Mildred Mortensen
Speaker .....	Vernon Mortensen
Remarks .....	Bishop Flamm
Duet .....	Ephraim Willmore, E. A. Hansen
Benediction .....	Ed. S. Covington
Dedicatory Prayer .....	Enochiel Halmon

Arthur Harris

BIOGRAPHY  
of  
VICTORIA JOSEPHINE SANDGREN HARRIS  
(1865 - 1949)



"LOVE is the key which unlocks the  
door to prayer, harmony,  
happiness, and to God's blessing  
of peace on earth and eternal joy".

Biography  
of  
Victoria Josephine Johanson Sandgren Harris

Born July 5, 1865, in Ursla, Sweden, to Victor Johanson and Christina Larsdotter Sandgren.

Her father was an Inspector on a feudal estate called Storahoo, owned by the Swedish Government of Lords, etc., where living quarters were furnished for his family of four, consisting of two daughters, Victoria Josephine and Amanda Christina. The girls were permitted to attend school with the children of the Royal household inasmuch as their father's associates were of high rank in the government.

Her father was a member of the Lutheran Church but, after hearing the Mormon missionaries preach the gospel, he joined the L.D.S. Church and was baptized May 14, 1873.

On Sept. 2, 1874, he, with his wife and daughters, Victoria 9 and Amanda 7, emigrated to America, arriving in New York City Sept. 14th, and then continued by rail to Salt Lake City, Utah, arriving Sept. 23rd.

He and a number of Saints were sent to Pleasant Grove, Utah, to establish homes. There, he bought a 35 acre farm, which was covered with sagebrush, which he cleared away and then farmed the land. Victoria helped with the housework and farm work as she and her sister, Amanda, were the only children in the family. Victoria also attended a private school conducted by George Henry Abbott Harris in his home, who later became her father-in-law. He was an excellent teacher and every lesson had to be learned thoroughly before the students started on the next lesson. She was at the head of the spelling class most of the time. It was at this school that she met her future husband, George Henry Burraston Harris, son of George Henry Abbott Harris.

As they grew older, they both attended the meetings of the Primary, Sunday School and Mutual and took part on the programs. George had a good voice and was asked to sing at most of the entertainments. He also was a leader of the games at parties and Victoria thought he was quite wonderful.

Later on, George's father took his son to the mines to work. While he was gone, Victoria went out with a boy named Bloomquist, who was very fond of her, but she didn't seem to care enough for him - her heart was for George.

When Victoria was 17, she came to Salt Lake City and worked as a waitress in a restaurant. Many of the traveling salesmen asked her for dates but she was afraid to go out with them. When she went back to Pleasant Grove, George had returned from the mine and they went steady for a while, and George decided to find a place to make a home. He went on an exploratory trip to Idaho, where he located a farm. While there, he received a letter from Victoria (they had been corresponding) inviting him to come back to Pleasant Grove and spend the winter with the young folks. So, at Christmas time, George returned to Pleasant Grove for the winter.

One evening, as he and Victoria were walking home, they passed a house where some young folks were merry-making. They decided to go in and were welcomed by the crowd, who asked George to sing a song. He sang the song titled "Will you Love Me When I'm Old", and was told he had a good voice and his song was very much appreciated. On the way home from that party, George proposed to Victoria, and said he was going to Idaho to make a home and would she go with him. She said yes and, after the consent of her parents, George Harris and Victoria Sandgren were married April 3, 1884, by Daniel H. Wells, in the Old Endowment House in Salt Lake City, Utah.

After the wedding, they spent a few days receiving greetings, visiting friends and relatives and preparing for their trip to Idaho. They started on their journey in a covered wagon and team and a cow Victoria's father had given them as a wedding present. When they came to the ferry on the north fork of the Snake River (there was no bridge) the water was running over the banks for half a mile. After ferrying across the main stream, George led the team a half mile to high land. At this point Victoria said "Law me, George, where in the world are you taking me? Will I ever see Mother again?"

They pitched camp on Bear River and stayed there for 3 months while George did odd jobs. The mosquitoes were so thick they put cheese cloth around their hats so they could work. Then they set out again for their home in Idaho. Victoria was frightened and wondered if she could live in such a wilderness.

When they finally arrived in Rexburg, Idaho, George bought a city lot there but was advised to sell the lot to James E. Fogg, so George and Victoria moved on the farm he had bought before they were married, at Salem.

George built a large log cabin and was going to put a dirt roof on it but Victoria told him she wouldn't live in it if he put a dirt roof on, so he put a board roof on it. One day, as he was nailing some boards on the roof, the hammer fell and hit Victoria on the head, and that scar remained on her head throughout her life.

Victoria was a devout reader of the scriptures and the principle closest to her heart was that of prayer. George traveled long distances to get logs for firewood and spent two or three days at the saw mill and Victoria always prayed for his safe return. George's Mother, Ann Eliza Burraston Harris, died when he was very young and he did not have the understanding and love or care of a real Mother as he spent a great deal of his time in mining camps. So Victoria tried to fill in this void as best she could.

A year after their marriage, George was set apart as Bishop of the Salem Ward of the L.D.S. Church, and he set out to fulfill every detail of his calling, while Victoria took care of the family and did the chores, such as milking the cows, feeding the pigs and chickens and sometimes chopping wood for the fire to heat the house. She was left alone a lot and always prayed for protection from harm. Many times when she was alone the Indians came to her door and begged for food. She was a good cook and made delicious biscuits, which she shared with them, and they went away without harming her.

She loved her children and believed each additional one would bring her that much nearer to the Celestial Kingdom; took good care of them, cooking the proper food, sewing and mending their clothes and creating a home abounding in love, laughter and gaiety, work, study, individual accomplishment and religion. She was an excellent housekeeper and outlined her work for each day of the week: On Monday she mended the clothes; Tuesday was washday; Wednesday, ironing day; Thursday, Relief Society meeting (she was First Councilor in the first Relief Society organized in the Salem Ward); Friday was cleaning day and Saturday was baking day for Sunday dinners, and Sunday, of course, was the Sabbath day and all went to church.

When the Stake Presidents came to visit the Salem Ward, they always wanted to come to her home for dinner, which she cooked to their liking. President Basset complimented her on the food several times and before he ate a meal he always removed his tie so he wouldn't spill on it. After dinner he would ask Victoria to tie his tie.

Victoria was thrifty and busy, never wasting a moment. When she was sitting down she always had crocheting or knitting in her hands. She knit stockings and mittens for most of her family and did all the sewing for her daughters until they were old enough to do it for themselves.

Victoria was a true psychologist in rearing her family. She spoke to them in low voice, never yelling at them or calling them threateningly. When any of the children argued with each other over articles each claimed to own, she never interfered or took sides with either one; she let them settle the dispute themselves. She had the greatest respect for everyone's rights and wouldn't do or say anything to hurt any one. Her motto was "It is better to suffer a wrong than to do a wrong"; also "silence is golden."

She was very generous to everyone and would share her cookies and food with the sick; had high ideals for her children and wanted them to have the best possible education. When she received \$600.00 from her father's estate, she gave a large portion of it to her eldest daughter, Geneva, to go to Salt Lake City to study music, which Geneva did, and studied with the best teachers of voice and piano in the city. Geneva sang in the L.D.S. Tabernacle choir. She also went to Los Angeles, Calif., where she became a member of the then Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles Grand Opera Association, and sang in several operas, some with Claudia Mutzio and Tito Scarpia, under the direction of the renowned Gaetano Merola, who died in 1953 while conducting in San Francisco. Her Mother attended some of the operas and was thrilled, especially when she heard Geneva sing in La Traviata in that immense auditorium.

The following paragraph is copied from the Autobiography of George Henry Abbott Harris, father of Victoria's husband, George Henry Burraston Harris:

"A blessing by Pat. O. M. Liliquest (Apr. 21st, 1886 upon the head of Victoria Josephine Sandgren Harris (daughter of Victor & Christene Sandgreen) born at Ursal, Sweeden, Europe July 5, 1865. Sister Victoria In the name of Jesus Christ I place my hands upon Ur head & seal upon U a Patriarchial Blessing, with the blessing of Ur Father & the blessings of Abraham, Isaac, & Jacob, that it may rest down upon U, & be a shield & protector unto U, against the sins & evils that ar in the world & against sickness & death, that U may drink freely of the fountain of eternal life, & enjoy the spirit & power of Ur mision & caling, on the earth, & be ful of faith, of hope, & charity & the love of God dwel in Ur heart, & his peace is Ur habitation. Be of good cheer for the Lord is thy friend. His eyes has been over thee ever since U came upon the earth. His

blessings will be with thee, & his angels around about thee, to guide U safely thro the hour of trial & temptation. & U shal live til U hav finished al the work that the father has appointed unto thee, even before U was born, Thou art of the elect of God, & thy name is written in the Lamb's book of life. Listen therefore to the stil smal voice, be pure & virtuous, & Ur name shal never be blotted out from the records That ar continually before the Lord. Be kind to the poor, the sick & the afflicted, And the Lord shal forever be kind to thee.

He wil hear Ur prayers & give U what U ask of Him, inasmuch as it is for Ur good. Ur of Ephrain & with Ur companion an heir to the fulness of the Holy Priesthood with a numerous posterity, & shal occupy a position of honor among the Mothers of Israel, & do a great work in the redemption of the Dead, & have power to be faithful to the end, & shal come forth in the morning of the 1st Resurrection arayd in the robes of righteousnes, & be a worthy guest at the great weding super of the lamb. & a glorious crown shal adorn thy brow, al of which blessings & seal I seal upon U in the name of Jesus, Amen"

and the following quote:

"A blessing by Patriarch O. N. Lilinear upon the head of Geo. H. B. Son of Geo. H.A. & Ann Eliza Harris, born at Pleasant Grove City, Utah Co., Utah Apr 10th 1857, given April 21st/86.

Geo. H.A.Harris Reporter.

In the name of Jesus Christ I place my hands upon ur head, & seal upon U a Patriarchial Blessing, with the blessings of Ur Father, & the blessing of Abraham Isaac & Jacob, that they may rest down upon U from this time forth, & be a power of life unto thee, in al of thy administrations here below. Thou shalt be ful of faith, yes thy faith shal be like unto that of the Bro of Jared. The love of God shal dwel in thy heart, & peace in thine habitation. U shal labor in the ministry, & preach the gospel with power & demonstration. U shall bring many into the paths of duty, & the path of life. U shall be ful of the testimony of Jesus. & U wil be kind to the poor, to the widow, & the fatherless, to the sick & the afflicted, & seek earnestly to releive them. Hence the Lord wil be ever kind to thee, & He wil withhold from thee no blessing, & what soever U ask of him in meekness & in faith He wil bestow it upon thee with pleasure as soon as it is for thy good. U shall pre- side in various positions in Zion with honor & with dignity, & thro thy meekness & thy charity that shal be in U, U shal hav power to feed Ur flocks with the bread of life, & the smiles & aprobaton of the Lord shal be upon thee & wil continue so. The spirit of wisdom & prudence shal rest upon thee & U shal lead 100s of the young, in the paths that leadeth unto life



eternal. Yes also those that ar coming home from the 4 yrs of the earth. And if U wil continue to listen to the stil smal voice & be pure & virtuous U shal labor in the Lords vineyard until the Master shal come & reward U among the faithful of his servants. Thou art of the House of Joseph thro the loins of Ephraim, & an heir to the fulnes of the High Priesthood, with numerous & a righteous posterity. U shal live to see the over turn of Babylon & the end of Gentile rule upon this land, & a hapy position of the Saints in being delivered from their oppressors. U shal se the introduction of the United Order in its fulness, & U shal with Ur brethern comence the great work of building up the New Jerusalem. For the angels of the Lord shal accompany thee from this time, until Ur work is finished. U shal also do a great work in the redemption of the dead & stand as a Savior upon Mount Zion. U shal with Ur Father's house come forth in the morning of the 1st resurrection, & atain unto Ur position as a King & a Priest unto the most High God. Al of which seals & blesings I seal upon U in the name of Jesus. Amen."

Victoria and George Henry Burraston Harris were the parents of 13 children and at the birth of their last one Mother said she loved it just as much as she did the first one. All the children loved and adored her and wanted to live up to her expectations of them.

Following is a numbered list of the names of the children in order of their births, data concerning each, and with personal comment concerning Mother and Dad by those living:

1. The eldest child, George Victor Harris, was born July 23, 1885; died March 30, 1963. He fulfilled a mission for the L.D.S. Church in Kansas City, Mo; graduated from Henegers Business College, Salt Lake City, Utah, in Business Administration, then worked as secretary in the St. Anthony Assessor's office.

2. The second child, Geneva Victoria, was born Sept. 25, 1887; died April 4, 1932; married Ross Frank Johnson; was a professional musician in both voice and piano and sang in grand opera.

3. The third child, Cyrus Arthur, was born Mar. 31, 1889; died Nov. 1, 1962. He graduated from Ricks College in Business Administration and was district sales manager for the International Harvester Company for over 30 years, after which he went into business for himself.

4. The fourth child, Ida Christina, was born Dec. 16, 1890, and wrote this biography. She graduated from Ricks College in Home Economics. After marriage

to Ernest Peck she moved to Utah and lived at Magna where she was Supervisor of the Gleanor Girls in the Y.W. M.I.A. for five years and then served as President of the Primary Organization before moving to Farmington, Utah, where she served as president of the Y.W.M.I.A. for 2 years. She also was active in civic affairs and served as president of the B.P.W. Club. Was a member of the L.R. Literary Club, historian, and second vice chairman of the Elizabeth Burgess D.U.P. Camp.

Ida (Ida Harris Peck) wrote the following:

"A tribute to our dearest Mother on Her Sixtieth Birthday:

If there ever was a Mother  
Who deserves praise near and far  
She's the one who braved life's stormy path  
To make our lives complete.

With implicit faith in God Divine  
You humbly knelt in prayer  
And asked for strength and guidance  
To aid you through life's cares.

Your love and patience were superb  
And could not be surpassed  
By any other Mother known  
In nation, creed or class.

We love the smile that lights your face  
And gentle words of cheer  
As you wrapped your arms around us  
In kind, protecting care.

You reared us in all righteousness  
With honor, faith and trust  
To do our part unfalteringly  
Wherever called to serve.

So on this day, our Mother dear  
We do honor to your name  
For your inspiring example  
And for the sacrifices you made  
We extend congratulations for the  
sphere you occupy.

And we see in your completeness  
A Mother's gentle sweetness  
As your name we magnify.

May God watch over you, dear Mother  
Through life's remaining span  
And give you health and happiness  
Un-measured here-to-fore.

Then when that silver lining  
 Unveils beyond the skies  
 And God calls you back to dwell  
 In that magnificent realm  
 May He crown your head with glory  
 For your glorious life on earth.  
 Then when our span of life is ended  
 From this earthly toil and care  
 May we all be reunited  
 In that heavenly sphere up there  
 And dwell with you in love and peace  
 Throughout eternity."

5. The fifth child, Alvin Edward, was born Feb. 22, 1893; died Oct. 14, 1955. He graduated from the University of Utah in Civil Engineering and served with that group in France during World War I. After the war, he was chosen with four other engineers to study at the Sarborne University in France (which was then the largest engineering university in the world) from which he graduated with honors. He also served in a secret capacity for the U.S. Government during World War II.

6. The sixth child, Annie Florence, was born Nov. 15, 1894; died March 14, 1904.

7. The seventh child, Lillie Eliza (known as Lillian) was born Jan. 13, 1897. She attended Ricks College and sang and acted in plays put on by the school; was an A student and was outstanding in her literary ability. Since leaving Rexburg, she has lived in California. She graduated from Ricks College in 3 years and taught school in Idaho and Utah.

Says Lillian (Mrs. Lillian Harris Smith):  
 Mother worked so hard raising her family and assuming the responsibilities of the home, I wanted to make it possible for her to enjoy some of the luxuries she had not had and to take her on trips to see places of interest in California, etc. but all the time I knew that the greatest gift I could give her would be some funds which she could use to not only help her family obtain an extracurricular education, but to help the sick and the poor. There never was a more precious jewel."

8. The eighth child, Shorland Abbott, was born Dec. 7, 1898. He studied mechanics and worked for the International Harvester Company in the east and other states for a number of years; served overseas during the 1st World War and worked as a mechanic after his return to the States.

Says Shorland (better known as Steve): "In every way, I think Mother was one of the most wonderful women to be born on this earth to every one who knew her, especially to her family".

9. The ninth child, Nina Josephine (Nina Harris Rockefeller) was born on the farm in Salem, Idaho. After the family moved to Rexburg, she attended Ricks Normal College (now Ricks College) where she was Secretary to George S. Romney and taught shorthand and typewriting for a few years. She then went to California, traveled quite extensively and became a permanent resident there. She married Wm. V. Rockefeller, who was V.P. and Trust Officer of the Citizens Bank, Pasadena, etc. Both were kept very busy with his many affiliations and her connection with various social and civic organizations. Their daughter, Cheryl Ann, attended U.C.L.A. Says Nina:

"Mother was the epitome of grace, beauty, understanding and wisdom; had great tenacity of purpose and compassion. Her staunch faith in the Mormon doctrine, prayer, trust in God's protection and subtle persuasion were a blessing and influence for good over the lives of her children and those close to her. To me, her most unique attribute was the power of her inimitable love. It permeated the very soul of her children to such an extent that our love for her was automatically reciprocal and we tried to live in such a way as to bring credit to her name. She looked at the brighter side of life, feeling everything created had a purpose and was beautiful in its own way; praised us for our good deeds and minimized our faults; made us feel that our opinions were important; couldn't tolerate idleness -- kept us busy with constructive activity; she never gave less than her best to create a home abounding in love, laughter, gaiety, work, study and individual accomplishment. We are all proud of our heritage and our lives have been enriched and blessed by the principles taught by our father and the love and guidance of our dear Mother. It is wonderful to believe that we shall all meet again sometime, somewhere."

I wish to express here my personal appreciation and that of other members of the family for the untiring and wonderful assistance our dear sister, Ida, rendered to Mother from the time she was old enough to help with the many responsibilities and duties of a growing family. Geneva (Peggy) was away from home much of the time in connection with her musical career, leaving Ida the oldest girl at home. As each new baby arrived, it was Ida who pitched in and helped with the washings, ironing, cleaning, baby care, etc. She was Mother's right hand, so to speak, and indispensable. Thank you Ida dear for all you did for Mother and for us.

Also, we all wish to acknowledge the consideration Effie and her husband had in moving from Chicago to our Rexburg home to take care of Mother and Dad during their declining years. Both parents wanted to live in Rexburg and we were concerned and often worried about them being alone. Effie took good care of them and we are grateful to her and her husband for their understanding and love.

I think it apropos to portray here a conversation I had with Dr. Robert R. Johnson, only child of our sister, Geneva, a long time ago, which impressed me with the fact that Mother's love affected not only her immediate family but her grandchildren as well. I later asked my Nephew to put his experience into writing, and I quote it below:

"Grandmother's (Victoria Sandgren Harris) tremendous sensitivity to other people's feelings was a characteristic which even I as an immature 13 year old boy fully recognized. Following the death of my Mother (her eldest daughter) she came to Bingham Canyon, Utah, to stay with my father and me for over four weeks even though the altitude, over 6000 feet, caused her some discomfort and distress. Few women of her age (67) with her many responsibilities would give of themselves so fully and unselfishly.

Sixteen years later I visited with her in Rexburg. The "inexorable course of nature" (to quote Herbert Hoover) had added to the weight of her years. Now, at 83, she knew with incredible accuracy that she soon must pass on to a new life. On the day I remember so well, she was resting on her bed. Laying neatly over a nearby chair were her burial clothes. "Grandma, I smiled, "Why are you in bed?" She returned my greeting with a wan, tired smile of her own. "Bobby, please tell me truthfully - Do you think I might be accepted in the Celestial Kingdom?" I was almost dumbfounded that she would ask my opinion of something so utterly a part of her entire existence. But she was deadly serious, completely in earnest. "Grandma" I said quietly. "All my life I have known you. All my life I have loved you. All of my Aunts and Uncles and Cousins have also known and loved you. I have never - not even once - heard a voice raised against you by any of them. Why is this, you may ask. The answer is that you loved them and me and others as fellow human souls notwithstanding our foibles and shortcomings. There isn't the slightest doubt in my mind that you will be among the radiant leaders of the Celestial Kingdom." She smiled and closed her eyes to rest a while.

A few months later Ida and I rushed through the night hours from Salt Lake City to Rexburg, Idaho, to be with Grandma as she passed into the Valley of the Shadow before entering her new life. Effie told her we were coming and I can't help but think she waited for us. We held her hand and were with her when she left us -- to begin anew."

10. The tenth child, Effie Amelia (Effie Harris Percival) was born June 22, 1904, the first child of the G.H.B. and Victoria Harris to be born in the new 'big white house' on her parents' farm in Salem, Idaho.

Effie says: "I remember as a girl of 13 we moved from the farm in Salem to Rexburg. Mother always allowed us to have our friends at our house. She would make cookies and cake for the whole crowd. She let us make candy, have slumber parties, etc. She never complained about anything, and every one who knew her loved her. In 1945 my husband, Roy, son, Don, and I moved in with Mother and Dad to take care of them. Mother was 80 and Dad 88. Mother wasn't very well but was up and around. She had neuritis in her gums and nothing could be done to eliminate it. She suffered from it all the time but never complained. Mother always believed in prayer and I think her prayers helped her endure the pain.

She always said that when her time came to go, she hoped to be taken suddenly - she didn't want to ever be a burden to anyone. I hope she knew how much we enjoyed every day we were with her. She suffered a stroke and passed away Oct. 29, 1949, about 8½ hours after the stroke. She was 84.

Am very thankful I had the privilege to be with such a wonderful Mother during those last 4 years of her life. I know it will help me to live a better life for having had this experience. The three of us loved her very much. After Mother died, we continued to take care of Dad until he died in 1953 at age 96."

11. The eleventh child, Lydia Eva (Lydia Harris Redford) was born March 4, 1906, on her parents' farm at Salem, Idaho. She graduated from Ricks College, Rexburg, and taught in the grade schools. She married John Vernon Redford. They had one child, Don. Lydia says:

"I am very proud and happy to express my deep appreciation and gratitude for the wonderful heritage given to me by my father and Mother and in doing so, pay them the highest possible tribute.

Born of Saintly parents, who were strong in body, mind and character, into a life of many treasures, such as an immaculately clean, comfortable home, healthful foods of all kinds, plenty of hard work and play in an abundance of fresh air, where there was music, laughter, sorrow and close companionship between all, helped me so much as I became older and began to obtain my school education for which both parents sacrificed so much.

Dear Mother represented everything good and wonderful. Her life was one of unselfish sacrifice for all, filled with warm love, respect and kindness that shown in the beauty of her face and soul. She did not need to ask for these to be returned, for I (and all people who had the good fortune to know her) gave them freely and in abundance, because she had filled my heart so full of her true self.

A very worthy religion I began to learn early in life while kneeling with Mother and father at my side, has been a great help and guide during each day of my life. It has given me strength, courage, faith, humility and the knowledge of the power of prayer.

I look forward, dear, gracious Mother and Dad to another precious gift, that of a glorious reunion with you and all of our loved ones, in your Royal Home in Heaven, for -- "Truth is Reason, Truth Eternal, Tells Me I've a Mother There."

My husband, John Vernon Redford, knew Mother and father well. I have asked him to join me in a tribute: "My memories of your Mother and father are filled with respect and fond affection. Upon each visit to her home her friendly smile and welcome hospitality were deeply appreciated. As I became acquainted with each member of the Harris family it was evident each one returned her love and affection in the fullest. Her influence impressed others to find and live the better kind of life. I join you in remembrance and reverence of her."

12. The twelfth child, Edna Viola (Viola Harris DeLay) was born Aug. 16, 1908, on her parents' farm in Salem, Idaho. Viola graduated from Ricks College; took a course in beauty work and was proprietor of her own Beauty Salon in San Francisco, California, for many years, and has had other Salons in California.

"I shall always remember Mother as the one and only perfect woman I have ever known -- humble, kind, good and so unselfish; always giving away (or trying to) anything nice that was given her, with the comment "this is too pretty for me". She never had much money of her own but whatever you sent her she

thought it was too much. A truly remarkable woman! Have always disliked being around a deceased person but the night I sat up with Mother after she had passed away was one of the few times I have had that "Cathedral" feeling. She was all good things rolled into one."

13. The thirteenth child, Norma Beatrice, was born Jan. 7, 1911. She died when she was two weeks old.

Our beloved Mother died Oct. 29, 1949, at age 84, and was buried in the cemetery at Rexburg, Idaho.

Most of the history of Mother was taken from the family record book kept by her husband, George H. B. Harris.

by Ida Harris Peck, daughter.

*In Memory Of*

VICTORIA JOSEPHINE HARRIS

July 5, 1865—Oct. 29, 1949

Rexburg First Ward

Bishop Russel Flamm, Officiating

October 31, 1949

Interment in Rexburg Cemetery

*Pallbearers—Grandsons*

Ross Harris	Joseph Harris
Don Harris	Dee Harris
Byron Harris	Doyle Harris

*Flowers*

Rexburg First Ward Relief Society

PROGRAM

✦

Prayer at Home	Arthur C. Harris
Prelude	Lera Thomson
Relief Society Chorus	"Sister Thou Was't Mild and Lovely"
Invocation	L. Y. Rigby
Cello Solo	Dee Harris
Brief History	Bishop Russel Flamm
Speaker	W. B. Muir
Vocal Solo	Ephraim Willmore "Oh My Father"
Speaker	H. A. Wright
Vocal Solo	Mildred Mortensen
Speaker	Alma B. Larsen
Relief Society Chorus	"Beautiful Home"
Benediction	Edward S. Covington
Dedicatory Prayer	George V. Harris



BIOGRAPHIES AND HISTORIES  
of the  
POSTERITY OF  
GEORGE HENRY BURRASTON HARRIS and  
VICTORIA JOSEPHINE SANDGREN HARRIS  
(1885 - 1974)



George Victor Sandgren Harris    Olive Harriett Dudley Harris

and their son, George Dudley (Dee) Harris,  
and his family:



From left to right: Back row - Victoria,  
Jerry Rudd (her husband), Todd, DeWin,  
Kim, Jill. Front row: l. to r. : Harriet,  
Wanda Murphy Harris (wife), George Dudley  
(Dee) Harris, Neal, and Linda on Wanda's  
lap.

GEORGE VICTOR SANDGREN HARRIS  
1885-1963

Eldest child of George Henry Burraston Harris and Victoria Josephine Sandgren Harris.

Born July 23, 1885 in a log cabin on the farm of his parents at Salem, Idaho.

Baptized by his father, Sept. 7, 1893 and confirmed by Hans Madsen same date; ordained as Priest by V. C. Hegsted Feb. 27, 1902 and Seventy by Joseph F. Smith, Jr. June 26, 1910.

He grew up on the farm; helped clear sagebrush and plant the crops. When he was ten years old he operated a cultivator and other machinery.

He attended school at a one room building in Salem, Idaho, which was used for Sunday School and other Church meetings and such recreation as Christmas parties and the playing of musical instruments, mostly boy's drums.

As he grew older and finished grade school he attended Ricks Academy (now Ricks College) the first year it was opened. He and his sister, Geneva, attended the first year or two together. He took a missionary course there and then went on a mission to Kansas City, Mo. from Feb. 1, 1907 to Jan. 20, 1909. While there he was made Editor of the Lihana Journal, which the Church published in most missionary fields. When his mission was completed he returned and attended Hennegar's Business College, Salt Lake City, Utah, and, after graduating, he worked as Secretary in the St. Anthony Assessor's office, where his father was County Assessor for a number of years.

After this, he came home and helped his father on the farm and, later, was bookkeeper for James Webster for ten or more years.

In 1938 he was a candidate for County Clerk, Auditor in the General Election. He listed his qualifications as: Life long resident and tax payer of Madison County; Graduate of the American School of Law of Chicago; Thirty years' experience in bookkeeping and accounting; Twenty-five years' experience preparing Federal and State Internal Revenue reports for farmers, business firms and cooperatives; appraised farm land in 1934 for the Federal Land Bank during the loan rush; During the 1934 drought in Madison County, was appointed to make a report and survey of the water conditions in the county to the State Water Commission. This report was considered by the Commission as one of the best reports and surveys submitted by any county in the state. It also helped the farmers of Madison County to get water through diversion of water in the Jackson Hole Basin; Spent 3 years as deputy assessor and collector; Am familiar with county records and procedure; Know the needs of the farmers, business men and laborers."

It is interesting to note that George was ambidextrous -- he could use either hand with equal readiness. In his bookkeeping business, he often used very large ledgers divided in the center and columnized all the way across for miscellaneous data and figures. He would begin on the left-hand margin and write with his left hand to the divided center, then quickly change the pen to his right hand and continue on the same lines on the right side of the page to the margin. The writing and figures by both hands looked identical. He was an expert penman and enjoyed writing. Incidentally, George's grand-nephew, Gregg Peterson, now seventeen, is also ambidextrous. He writes with either hand, plays baseball with either right or left side batting and does other things with equal dexterity.

George had a good memory. When asked by his employer, wherever they happened to be, about amounts of money spent for various things or about other details concerning the business, he could answer without referring to his ledgers and was outstanding in speed and accuracy.

George was quiet spoken, kind and compassionate and ever-thoughtful of his Mother and her needs.

On Nov. 15, 1922, he married Olive Harriet Dudley, a very lovely, gracious, capable and ambitious lady, cheerful and kind, and we all loved her. Born of this marriage were

George Dudley (Dee) Harris, born Dec. 7, 1923, at Rexburg, Idaho. (Dee married Wanda Murphy in the Idaho Falls Mormon Temple Sept., 4, 1947.) They had eight children. Dee sent a history of this family, which follows separately.

Joseph Dudley (Joe) born Feb. 7, 1926 at Rexburg (address unknown).

Olive Harriet Dudley Harris died March 19, 1926. She was buried at Sugar City Cemetery.

Later, in May of 1947, George married Hanna Graham. She died Feb. 5, 1962.

George Victor Harris died in the State of Washington Mar. 30, 1963, and was buried in Sugar City Cemetery.

He was a devoted husband and wonderful father.

Dee's history of his family, sent in Sept., 1973, is substantially as follows:

"Thank you for writing and inquiring about my family.

As you know, I feel more like one of Grandmother's children than a grandchild. After rearing eight children, I can more fully appreciate what she went through rearing all of her own then, in her old age, taking care of Joe and me.

I don't remember anything about my Mother. I have often wondered, however, if subconsciously I haven't been influenced a great deal in my latter life because of her death. A few years ago I had to give a Mother's Day sermon in church. I could hardly get through the talk because of the trouble I was having with my emotions. I remember very vividly the feeling of longing I had for a Mother on those cold winter evenings in Idaho after Grandmother had gone to California.

The most vivid recollections I have of my Dad are the times I spent with him repairing and working on the threshers. I was so little when my Mother died and Dad was always very busy taking care of the dryfarms, bookkeeping and with other responsibilities, we couldn't spend much time together, but he was a good father and did his best to make life pleasant for Joe and me.

Unfortunately, we had a fire also and most of our pictures were destroyed so I don't have one of Dad nor one of Mother or Hannah.

I have been trying to think of where I could begin with the history of my own family. I could write pages and pages of things but since I am keeping a diary to pass on to my kids, I'm sure you would be interested in generalities.

I met my wife, Wanda, at Ricks College. She was just out of high school and I had just returned home from the South Pacific after WWII. We were married in the Idaho Falls L.D.S. Temple on September 4th, 1947. In the fall of that year, we both returned to school, at Utah State College, Logan, Utah. We graduated together in 1949.

We both taught in Arce, Idaho for a year, then I got a job in Bancroft, Idaho. Then went to Emmett, Idaho as supervisor of Strings. We spent three years there and then moved to Vancouver, Washington. Taught there for 10 years and then moved to Southern Oregon, where I have been since.

During the course of these years we have had eight children: We are all active members of the L.D.S. Church.

Vicki, the oldest, graduated from Montana State University and taught school for two years in a small town about 25 miles from us. She is now in Beaverton, Oregon, with her husband, who is a manager of a Household Finance office. They have one son, Jeff, and are expecting another any day. She is a fine pianist and played clarinet in my Junior High band.

DeWin returned a year ago from his mission in Colorado. During his mission he was given the great honor of being assistant to the president of the mission. He is a real brain. Last year he received a 4.2 grade average on a 4.0 scale. One professor gave him an A plus. He is now in school at BYU and plans on a career in medicine or business. He is a cellist and played trombone in my High School band.

Kim will be home in another month from his mission in Mexico. He also is assistant to the president. He is a very good athlete. The year before he went on his mission he was the leading batter at Ricks. He plans to go back to Ricks the second semester. Kim played violin and drums.

Todd is at Ricks now on a baseball scholarship. He has won many honors as an athlete. In 1970 he was the pitcher of the team that won the Oregon State Championship in the Babe Ruth League. He played clarinet, sax and viola.

Jill is also at Ricks and seems to be having a great time. She is a very lovely girl and I hope she does well. She plays piano and flute.

Harriet is our singer. She has a lot of musical talent and will probably make drama and music her career. She also plays piano and flute.

Neal is a typical eleven year old roughneck boy. He is going to be a good trumpet player. He is also studying the piano. He is also a top student. Linda, age 3, is a real joy. Last Sunday she sang in church for the first time. I can't thank the Lord enough for sending us this precious spirit.

For the past three and one-half years I have been the Branch President of the Shady Cove Branch. I was recently released and have been given the job of State Choir - Music Director.

For the past nine years here in Butte Falls we have had an enjoyable experience in many ways. Our kids have had the opportunity to participate in all sports. All the older boys have been student body president. Somehow, Wanda has managed to teach and at the same time be a good Mother to the kids.

We are looking forward to the possibility of a trip to Mexico during the Christmas vacation. We have asked Kim to make arrangements so we can tour his mission and meet the people he has baptized. This should be a great thing for him and a memorable Christmas for all of us."

#### Statistical Information:

George Dudley (Dee) Harris was born Dec. 7, 1923 at Rexburg, Idaho, to George Victor Harris and Olive Harriet Dudley; he was married Sept. 4, 1947, to Wanda Murphy, born Jan. 29, 1928, at Chinook, Blaine Co., Montana, to Thomas Hugh and Iona Williams Murphy.

Children:	Born	Place
Victoria Harris	July 14, 1948	Idaho Falls, Idaho
George DeWin	" July 8, 1951	" " "
Marlis Kim	" Aug. 14, 1952	Emmett "
Dennis Todd	" Nov. 26, 1953	" "
Jill	" Feb. 5, 1955	Vancouver , Wash.
Harriet	" Feb. 17,	" "
Neal Murphy	" Nov. 29, 1962	" "
Linda	" June 19, 1970	Medford Oregon"

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#### "PARENTHOOD

They took their first-born in their arms  
 Nor knew the earth they trod,  
 For pressing close the tiny form  
 They felt akin to God.

Pride, hope, foreboding in their hearts  
 Met lovingly in strife,  
 As came the vision of the path  
 We call "The Way of Life."

Yet, holding close their first-born child,  
 Celestial roads they trod;  
 And, gazing in that baby face,  
 They were akin to God."

A.A.Ogden



Ross Frank Johnson



Geneva Victoria Sandgren Harris  
Johnson



Top: Dr. Robert R. Johnson,  
son of Ross and Geneva  
Johnson, and children:  
l. to r. Carolyn, Peggy Jo,  
Robert Paul (Robby)



Thomas Ross (Tom), son  
of Dr. Robert R. Johnson,  
and wife, Pamela Sullivan  
Johnson.



Dr. Robert R. Johnson and  
wife (2), Margaret Eleanor  
Robinson Johnson



Geneva Victoria Sandgren Harris Johnson  
1887 - 1932

Geneva (more commonly known as Peg or Peggy) was the second child of thirteen born to Victoria Josephine Sandgren and George Henry Burraston Harris at Salem, Idaho, on the farm of her parents located about three miles north of Rexburg. She was born in a log cabin September 25, 1887; baptized by C. R. J. Harris Oct. 3, 1895; confirmed by Robert L. Roberts Oct. 3, 1895.

At an early age she was very interested in piano and singing. Dad sold a horse and bought an organ on which she took lessons. After she learned to play, she was organist in the L.D.S. Ward Church. As she grew older, she took part in plays and most of the activities in the Church. I remember her music teacher lived in Sugar City, Idaho, and Geneva had to have transportation, so Dad bought her a bicycle. She sang as she rode along and seemed always happy.

Later on, she joined the Stake Choir and sang with the others at Stake conferences and other functions; sang solos and was organist. She also taught piano for a number of years.

When her Mother's father died, Geneva's Mother inherited from the decedent's estate, \$600.00, from which Geneva's Mother suggested to her husband they send Geneva to Salt Lake City, Utah, to study music, and he concurred.

She studied voice under Emma Ramsey Morris and piano from Prof. McClellan and, later, from Prof. Lund. After finishing studies with these professors, she was advised to go to Los Angeles to further her studies. In the meantime, she conducted a Christmas cantata for the Elk's Club in Salt Lake, which was very much appreciated and applauded by the audience.

Geneva had a God-given natural voice of wide range, soft or powerful, and always thrilling. Her rendition of patriotic songs such as "America" and "The Flag Without a Stain" were rendered with powerful voice and her Church numbers with deep feeling and emotion.

She married Ross Frank Johnson Aug. 25, 1917 at Salt Lake City, Utah. They had one child, Robert Ross Johnson, born in Salt Lake City Sept. 28, 1919.

Geneva, anxious to further her career, went to Los Angeles, California, where she joined the then Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles Grand Opera Association (later known as the San Francisco Grand Opera Association) and sang lead parts in operas, under Gaetano Merola, founder, conductor and director. Her Mother attended some of the operas at the Philharmonic Opera House in Los Angeles and

was thrilled to see and hear her daughter sing solos and duets with famous Metropolitan stars. Merola suggested to Geneva that if she would learn five languages, she could join the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York. However, her husband objected to her being away so much so she did not accept the offer.

She returned to Salt Lake City with her son, Robert (then Bobby) and was active in the music field until her death, April 14, 1932.

She was always kind, considerate and understanding and gave of her talents freely. Everyone loved her and, although she was away from home most of her adult life, her singing influenced our lives and the lives of all those who knew her with an atmosphere of wonderful music which, I am sure, will live on and be in our hearts always.

Their son, Robert, wrote the following and gave it to me for Mother's History, June 10, 1974:

"Robert Ross Johnson, only child of Rosser (Ross) Frank Johnson and Geneva Victoria Harris, was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, Sept. 28, 1919. He attended elementary schools in Los Angeles, Calif., Salt Lake City, Farmington, and high school in Bingham Canyon, Utah, where he graduated in 1936. During the next 10 years he alternated between employment at the Kennecott Copper Co. mine at Bingham, service with the U. S. Army and school at the University of Utah. He graduated in 1946 with a Bachelor of Science degree in Biology at the end of his first year of medical school. Between 1949 and 1951 he worked as a rehabilitation counselor for the State of Utah and attended medical school at the University of Utah College of Medicine, earning a degree of Doctor of Medicine in June, 1951. After an internship at Holy Cross Hospital in Salt Lake City and 6 years of general medical and industrial practice in Dragerton, Utah, and Waialua, Hawaii, he entered the University of California at Berkeley, earning a Master of Public Health degree in 1958. He joined the California Department of Health following graduation and has engaged in medical administration and practice in occupational health in Los Angeles, Berkeley and Sacramento, California, since then.

From early youth to date he has worked at numerous occupations, including grocery stock boy, miner, jack-hammer operator, motion picture projectionist, assistant chemist, mortician's assistant, railroad switchman, rehabilitation counselor, electronics repairman, and physician.

He married Amelia Dennison in 1943, and had two sons and two daughters - Tom, Robby, Carolyn and Peggy. He was divorced in 1967 and later married Margaret Eleanor Robinsor from Toronto, Canada. They live in Carmichael, California, near Sacramento.

Tom, the oldest child, was born in San Francisco and reared in Salt Lake City, Midvale, Bingham Canyon, Draggerton, Utah, Los Angeles, Calif., and Waialua, Hawaii. These diverse environments gave him a wide experience with people of different racial, cultural, and religious backgrounds and contributed much to his ability to live and work with people of various persuasions. Like his father, he was an unimpressive high school student. Upon graduation from high school, however, he looked for a job and came face to face with the reality that he needed a good education. This realization altered his perspective and matured him within a matter of weeks. He entered Glendale City College, worked night and day to remove academic deficiencies, transferred to Cal State Los Angeles where he graduated and promptly entered officers training school with U.S. Air Force, from which he graduated as a 2nd Lieutenant. Assigned to Strategic Air Command as a navigator, he flew over a hundred combat missions in Viet Nam and developed unusual skill as a navigator. At Fairchild A.F.B. he was the youngest navigator instructor at the base - a unique achievement. He left the Air Force, as a Captain, to study law at Gonzaga University in Spokane, Wash. while serving as a navigator for the Washington State National Guard. He is an unusually able young man with great potential for the future. Tom and Pamela Sullivan were married Feb. 12, 1968, and have a daughter, Melissa Ann, born Feb. 3, 1971.

His sister, Carolyn, born March 25, 1953, at Draggerton, Utah, spent most of her first year of life growing up in Hawaii. She, too, was reared in many places and attended many schools. This had a beneficial, rather than detrimental, effect and she was always a good student, with a close circle of special friends. Growing up in the San Francisco Bay area during the sordid Sixties, she easily weathered the racial conflicts, radical expositions and "free speech" movements of a disordered society and matured into a personable, responsible, sensitive young woman of integrity and judgement. She has completed pre-nursing studies at Cal State Sonoma and El Cerrito Community College and is currently enrolled in the nursing program. Like her brother Tom she has worked part-time and contributes much toward her educational expenses.

Robert Paul is a special person in the Johnson family. Like his brother and his father, his school record in elementary and high school was unimpressive. His latent potential is just now beginning to emerge. Graduating from high school this year (1974) he is beginning to take his bearings on the future and develop plans to reach his goals. He is destined for significant personal achievement in the years to come. He was born Oct. 7, 1955.

Peggy is the youngest, 17, and a Junior in high school at El Camino High, Sacramento. A good student, she has not yet arrived at that moment of decision we all meet after high school. She is a creative young woman, interested in music, flowers, animals and people - not necessarily in that order. She is considering a career in one of the paramedical sciences and should she choose this course, she will be quite successful."

Because of the profound influence for good and for spiritual value Geneva's beautiful life and wonderful singing had on the family and the public during her musical career, we think it would be of interest and inspiration to the family descendants and to those of Geneva's friends and associates if we quoted here the minutes of her funeral, which follows:

" GENEVA HARRIS JOHNSON

(Died at Bingham Canyon, Utah,  
Hospital April 14th, 1932, at  
5:15 P.M.)

Funeral services for Mrs. Geneva Harris Johnson, aged 44 years, six months, and nineteen days, were held in the Rose Room of the Deseret Mortuary, Salt Lake City, Utah, on April 18th, 1932. Commissioner John M. Knight conducted the services. Program was as follows:

Tenor Solo - "Oh, Love Divine" by Leland Farrer of Salt Lake City.  
Opening Prayer by Bishop D.C. Lyon, Bingham Canyon, Utah.  
Tenor Solo - "One Fleeting Hour" by Leland Farrer.  
Opening Remarks by Bishop B. R. Harris of Salt Lake City.  
Remarks by Miss Nellie A. Deryke, who recently returned from the Eastern States Mission, Salt Lake City.  
Vocal Duet "Oh My Father" by Miss Carolyn Smith and Mrs. Lillian Carlisle.  
Speaker - Bishop Gregory of Farmington, Utah.  
Speaker - Commissioner John M. Knight of Salt Lake City.  
Vocal Duet "Rock of Ages" by Lillian Carlisle and Miss Carolyn Smith.  
Benediction by Judge Ray Kenner of Bingham, Utah.  
Dedication of Grave by Commissioner John M. Knight.  
Interment - Wasatch Lawn Cemetery, Salt Lake City.

Prayer - Bishop Lyon:

"Our Father Who Art in Heaven: We have assembled here this afternoon to pay tribute to one of Thy daughters and we pray that Thy spirit might attend us, that what may be done or said may be comforting to those who are bereaved. We thank Thee for the life of this beautiful woman, and for the good that she has done, and for the joy that she has brought to the lives of others through her talent, and for the services she has rendered to others.

Bless to our good and to the good of her loved ones, wherever they may be, her memory, that it might be a source of consolation, and that they might be sustained by the same. May Thy comforting spirit attend her loved ones, that they may realize that what is, is for the best.

We thank Thee for the hope of the resurrection, and for every blessing which we have received and which we enjoy. We ask that Thy spirit may further attend us and that we may hear the things that will build us up in our faith.

These blessings we ask, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen."

Remarks - Bishop B. R. Harris:

(Note: The remarks and speakers sermons are not given herein in toto as poems, Bible passages and parts of the sermons and remarks were not recorded.)

"My dear brothers, sisters and friends: I assure you that this is a great trial for me to attempt to address you, as only upon my arrival here late today did I hear that I was to be called upon. I feel that this is the greatest trial I have ever had in my life. Just whether I can make it or not, I am not sure.

Geneva came from a large family. She was born in Salem, Idaho. Her parents were pioneers in 1884. All of their children were born in Idaho. I was in that country and knew the family well and each child from the time it was born. I knew this girl when she was very young. She was organist in the Primary and Sunday School, and later until she went away to study music. She became a wonderful singer. In later years she returned to the ward, at which time I presided in the ward. I remember getting the entire ward to come out in mass to hear Geneva sing, and how we were thrilled! Never will I forget the thrill. I have always said (and I claim to be somewhat of a judge of singing) that never have I heard anyone who could please me in singing just like Geneva could. Bless her heart! Whenever we met, she was ready to sing for me. She would say: "Well, Uncle Bern, what do you want me to sing for you?", and I would always say "The Flag Without a Stain". She would sing that and then add a little number of her own. She was the greatest girl I've ever known. I was just thinking, why shouldn't she be? She came from wonderful parents and a wonderful family. I have heard it remarked by different people that they never have seen a more wonderful family than the G. H. B. Harris family - talented, got along lovely together - all lived at home for years and grew up together. They were wonderful children to their parents.

While it appears that death in this case was premature, at the same time Geneva has done a wonderful work in the church, and on occasions of this kind she has brought comfort and solace to many. Great will be her reward! She always seemed a little nearer to me than the other children because of her singing and my particular liking for her voice. She acted like I was her father - wanted to please me and always wanted to know what she could do for me that would please me most. The song I liked most to hear Geneva sing was "A Flag Without a Stain". How she could thrill me with that song!

I feel Geneva's death keenly, and it is a great trial for me to stand before you, but being requested, I am here

I pray God to comfort this dear family - everyone of them - the father, the Mother, the husband, and all down the line. I am positive that there is a great reward for Geneva for the great amount of good she has done. She could carry the children away by storm when she was teaching them music. She was a natural teacher and had wonderful ability, and the spirit of the Lord to guide her

God bless her family, I pray; her husband especially. I hope the Lord will comfort and bless him in his great loss. I ask the Lord to bless all that we might know the gospel and realize that it is true and live it. This is my prayer, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen."

Remarks - Miss Nellie A. Deryke:

"My dear friends: As Bishop Harris has stated, there are tasks that come to all of us daily - some of them are hard and some of them we love to do, others we dislike to do. The task I have been asked to do today, I love to do. It seems hard for me, but I love to do it because I have loved Mrs. Johnson so long as I have known her. Her death has come as a blow to our family. Everyone who knew her was inspired by the ability which characterized her life. Her presence made one feel that the world was a better place in which to live. When you see the characteristic of benevolence that was so prevalent in her life, you could not help but love her. It was the joy of her life to bring joy to others, and with the wonderful talent which she possessed she could bring joy into the hearts of those who were in sorrow and distress. Others thrilled at the sound of her voice like I did. As a girl, I have often thought when I have heard her sing, how wonderful it must be to bring such joy to the souls of God's children.

When I left for my mission to the Eastern States, Mother requested that Mrs. Johnson sing at my farewell party, which she did very willingly, and, of course, this made me very happy. I shall never forget the song she sang: "I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go, Dear Lord, I'll Be What You Want Me to Be". Many times during my mission

I was asked to do things and to go places which seemed almost impossible for me to attempt, but each time I was buoyed up with visions I had of Mrs. Johnson singing "I'll Go Where You Want Me To Go, Dear Lord". The way she sang it floated through my memory and lightened my tasks and strengthened my courage.

Sometimes you have to live near people for years and years to learn lessons from them and to have them appeal to you and impress you, and other times from an acquaintance of just a few days or a few months you are impressed to the extent that you want to live a more beautiful life. Such was the way that Mrs. Johnson influenced me. The spirit which tabernacled her beautiful body is not dead and she will be resurrected. A perfect, glorified body will cause her exceeding joy, just as it will cause us joy. The re-uniting of families will cause happiness untold. It seems a little hard to think that we have to go through these sorrows and trials, but with the hope of life everlasting, we are able to bear up under them. It is wonderful to know that the spirit is not going to die. It is comforting to know that we are going to see our loved ones again, and be with them; that we will again see Mrs. Johnson and listen to her beautiful voice. This thought makes life worth living and helps us to go on. We mourn the death of our loved ones, and it is hard to give them up, but God who gave them to us, takes them from us to fill a mission far greater than our mortal bodies can complete. It is not for us to judge whether it is just or unjust to take our loved ones, until we understand why.

I ask God with a sincere and humble prayer to bless the loved ones of this dear sister, that comfort and peace might come to their aid, that their lives might not be too empty and too bare for them to face, that they may have the spirit of God to be with them. This is my prayer, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen."

Speaker - Bishop Gregory:

My Brothers and Sisters, and kind friends: I feel it is a privilege to be called upon to say a few words here this afternoon and mingle with those who have taken part in this service.

I come from the Farmington Ward, and was accompanied here today by a number of friends from Farmington who desired to attend this service. We held the name of Sister Johnson, and do hold it in our ward, in great esteem and respect. We have felt that it is a privilege to know her as well as we do. I am thankful to hear the things of her early life which have been spoken by one of the former speakers, and which I have not known before.

When Sister Johnson came into our ward, I was leading the choir, and like all leaders I was looking for new talent; talent which could help us, and I immediately noticed the special talent in Sister Johnson which was so prominent in her life. (Quoted Matthew, Chapter 25, Verse 14)

I think that everyone who was acquainted with Sister Johnson realized that she was really a wonderful girl, and when she first came into our ward that was immediately manifest. Brother Walsh, who is one of the instructors in our local school, was better acquainted with Sister Johnson than I was, as she developed talent in his children and trained them to sing. She discovered and developed a great deal of talent in our ward which I never knew existed. Among the things that I observed in her life was the ability to teach and train little children. She loved little children. She had ability and desire to render service. Many times has Sister Johnson driven her automobile from Bingham Canyon to Farmington, a distance of some fifty miles to take part in an evening service, or to help out those whom she was training who had parts on a program.

Sister Walsh said to me today that Sister Johnson was just like one of the family when she came into their home. She would always entertain the children. She loved the children and the children loved her. She was dependable, reliable and loyal, and to give service when opportunity came, was a privilege to her. It was a privilege to have the talents that Sister Johnson had, and she did not hide them. She developed them and the people of the church derived the benefits. Surely she can go back to her Father and say that she has developed five more talents. Then the Lord will say to her, and we know He will say to her: "Enter into the joy of our Lord".

It is a great privilege to have faith that God lives and to have His spirit to attend us upon occasions such as this. Sister Peck, a sister of Sister Johnson, expressed to me a few days ago, that were it not for the faith and knowledge we have that the gospel is true, and that God has given us the consolation that we will meet our loved ones again, these trials would indeed be hard to bear. Sister Johnson will, of course, not drive her automobile from Bingham Canyon to Farmington again. She will not be here to train and teach the children, but wherever she is, she will be active. The devotion to God's work and the desire to do good will go with her, and it is our faith that we will have the privilege of hearing her sing again, and we will know her as we have known her here.

I would like to say a word about the Pecks who live in Farmington Ward. They are good people in our ward. They know their duties and perform them well. Those little boys of Sister Peck's are leaders in their Priesthood Quorums.

I am glad to know the father and Mother, and brothers and sisters of Sister Johnson. When Sister Johnson's Mother came into our Ward and was stricken with influenza, I believe it was, true to her faith, she sent for the elder and we administered to her, and we are happy to know that she is able to be here today.



May we all have faith, and may we be willing, as Sister Johnson was, to benefit others by our talents, is my prayer, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen."

Speaker - Commissioner John M. Knight:

I esteem it an honor and count it a privilege to pay a brief tribute to the memory of Sister Johnson. I am glad to have known her. My life has been enriched because of that contact. She rendered meritorious service wherever she went. Many times she has been in this place and participated in services similar to these, and brought courage and strength and peace and joy in the hour of trial to the bereaved. It must be a source of satisfaction to listen to the fine tributes that have been paid to the memory of the life of this beautiful woman. It must be a source of satisfaction to the father and Mother to hear these fine tributes. What a blessing it is to come from goodly parents and to have a good heritage. Unfortunately, there are those in the world who are handicapped by the sins of the fathers. This family may gather to themselves a great deal of satisfaction knowing that they have inherited a fine legacy. There is no finer legacy than a good heritage. Death is not a terrible thing - there is divinity in it. It is a gift of God. We were born that we might die. We die that we might live - have life everlasting. It does not matter how long we live, whether we go down to the grave at 44, as Sister Johnson has done, whether we live to the normal age of man, or whether we live to an old age or are taken when we are young, it is how we live that counts. Death is not the end for Sister Johnson. What she did before she came here determined in a large measure what she was. The wonderful talents which she possessed in mortality were brought here from a pre-mortal state and there can be no question but what her future is determined by what she did here.

One thought I would like to mention. The services here are in honor of Sister Johnson, but are particularly for your blessings and benefit. We are face to face with the inevitable. As the result of our first parents' transgression, death came into the world. Through the atonement of Christ redemption comes. The atonement is reaching in its effect upon the human family. The thought that I would convey to you is the fact that there is individual responsibility, and that every man and every woman is accountable and must answer to God, our Father, in the day of judgment for the things that he has done. The wise man summed up life as few men have been able to sum it up. He said it was better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting. Sorrow is better than laughter, for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made brighter. God will bring into judgment every secret thing whether it be good or whether it be evil. I am sure that with the experiences of the past, this family will not turn coward. The husband, the father, the Mother and the immediate relatives of this good woman, are going to battle bravely this problem and will look to God for comfort and consolation.

May I offer this word of advice. When in the darkest hours of their lives, when they need help, if they will go to the word of God there will come to them a peace and joy that surpasses understanding. I speak from experience. I know what it means. When I have needed solace I have gone to the book of books. Read Chapter 15 of First Corrinthians, which explains the resurrection. This should bring into the lives of everyone a satisfaction and joy.

God grant that the spirit of this hour may be impressed upon those who are gathered here, and particularly the family, that they may remember upon this occasion the fine tributes which have been paid to the life of their loved one, and feel in their hearts that the Lord gave and the Lord taketh away. May they have that satisfaction, and be blessed by His holy spirit, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen."

(Commissioner Knight thanked everyone on behalf of the Johnson and Harris families for their presence at the services, for the music, flowers, remarks, and all kindnesses extended)

Benediction - Judge Ray Kenner:

"Our Father in Heaven: We feel thankful to Thee for all the kind words that have been spoken and the sympathy that has been expressed, for the words of consolation and comfort, for the beautiful music and beautiful flowers, and for all that has been done to make this occasion as cheerful as possible.

We thank Thee for the knowledge of the gospel and the knowledge of the resurrection. We thank Thee for Thy Spirit while we have been here assembled.

Bless us while these services continue, that the journey to the last resting place of the body of our dear sister may not be marred by accident.

May Thy choicest blessing rest down upon those who have cause to mourn, I humbly ask in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen."

Dedication of Grave - Commissioner John M. Knight:

"Our Father and God: In humility we stand around this open grave, which is to be the last resting place of the remains of one of Thy children. We humbly pray that from this hour this spot of earth may become hallowed in Thy sight, and that the body may lie in peace until the morning of the resurrection when the trumpet of God shall sound, and the dead will come forth and have life eternal. May this spot be a place where the members of the family may assemble from time to time and receive comfort and courage. We dedicate this spot unto Thee, and ask that Thy protecting care may watch over it, that the body of this beautiful woman may rest in peace. We sanctify what has been done to the benefit of all those concerned, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen."



Cyrus Arthur Harris      Zina Cole Harris  
and children:



*Den*  
Ross Cole



*Den*  
Den Cole



Arthur Paul



Douglas Lee



Edward Byron



Helen Jane



Joann

Cyrus Arthur Sandgren Harris  
1889 - 1962

Third child of George Henry Burraston Harris and Victoria Josephine Sandgren Harris.

Born on his parents' farm at Salem, Fremont County, Idaho, March 31, 1889. Baptized by Hans C. Hegsted May 1, 1898; confirmed by John L. Roberts May 2, 1898; ordained Deacon by V. C. Hegsted April 16, 1901 and ordained Elder by Walter Hyde March 9, 1918.

He married Zina Rachel Cole on June 19, 1912 in the L.D.S. Temple in Salt Lake City, Utah. Zina was born Apr. 21, 1887 at Willard, Utah. She died Sept. 5, 1937 at Rexburg, Idaho, and was buried in the Sugar City Cemetery.

Cyrus Arthur died at Cedar City, Utah, Nov. 1, 1962 and was also buried in the Sugar City Cemetery.

The following is a short history of the Harris family written by Joann Harris Manwaring, daughter: (rev.)

"Arthur attended school at Salem and Sugar City and graduated from Ricks Academy (now Ricks College) in 1909 (in business administration). He was the first manager of "The Student Rays", the school publication, and a member of the debating team. He was active in civic affairs and served on the City Council; was President of the Chamber of Commerce; had served as Chairman of the Rexburg School Board and was a charter member and President of the Rexburg Rotary Club. He was district sales manager for the International Harvester Company for over thirty years; former president of the Intermountain Hardware and Implement Dealers Ass'n.; retired dealer of the Standard Oil Co. of California, and then established C. A. Harris Implement Co. which he owned and managed until he retired in 1949, at which time his sons, Ross, Don and Byron managed the business.

"To this union were born 8 children:

Ross Cole	born May 6, 1913;	died 6 Jun 1972
Don Cole	" Oct. 17, 1914;	" 3 Sep 1971
Zina Florence	" June 27, 1916	" 19 Sep 1916
Arthur <u>Paul</u>	" Dec. 11, 1917	
Douglas Lee	" Dec. 26, 1919	
Edward <u>Byron</u>	" July 27, 1921	
Helen Jane	" Feb. 5, 1923	" 12 Sep 1969
Joann	" May 29, 1928	

All married and had families of their own except Zina Florence, who died as a child.

"Ross Cole Harris, 1st child of Cyrus Arthur Harris and Zina Rachel Cole was born at Rexburg, Madison County, Idaho as were all of the children of this marriage. He attended school at Rexburg and was a graduate of the University of Idaho at Moscow. He married Madge Ricks of Sugar City, Idaho, Dec. 11, 1935 at Pocatello, Idaho. A daughter, Julie Ricks Harris, was born on Nov. 22, 1938. He was a distributor for Standard Oil Company of California for many years and managed the Rexburg office of C. A. Harris & Sons Implement Co. He farmed on the Rexburg bench with his brothers, Don and Byron; was active in many civic organizations; a charter member of the Rexburg Lions Club; served as a director of the Madison County Sportsmens Ass'n.; active in the Chamber of Commerce; Chairman of the Madison County Hospital Board and a member of the Elks Club, Chapter 1087. He died on June 6, 1972 and was buried in the Sugar City Cemetery.

Julie Ricks Harris, daughter of Ross and Madge was born Nov. 22, 1938. She attended schools at Rexburg and graduated from Madison High School. She married Thomas Strode May 21. A son, Griff, was born May 16, 1961. Later, she married Lloyd Griffel. They are farming in Wilford and are the parents of four daughters: Anna, Laura and Lisa (twins) and Sarah.

Don Cole Harris, 2nd child, attended the Rexburg schools and college in Pocatello and Moscow, Idaho. He married Mae Virgin Oct. 31, 1938. They had four children: Dianne, who died shortly after birth, on Feb. 6, 1940; Jeffrey Don, born Dec. 5, 1941; Dawna Mae, born Nov. 1, 1943 and Steven Trent, born June 9, 1952.

He was manager of the branch of C. A. Harris and Son Implement Co. in St. Anthony, Idaho and, later, helped establish a branch at Ashton, Idaho; spent 24 years in this business. In 1961 he farmed with his brothers, Ross and Byron, on the Rexburg bench. They converted the dry farm into deep well irrigation. He died on Sept. 3, 1971 and was buried in the Sugar City Cemetery.

Jeffrey Don Harris, son of Don Cole Harris and Mae Virgin, was born on Dec. 5, 1941 in St. Anthony, Fremont County, Idaho. He attended school in St. Anthony and graduated from Utah State University at Logan, Utah. He married Sherylyn Gailey June 6, 1966. They have one child, Jeffrey Cole Harris, born July 8, 1971.

Dawna Mae Harris, daughter of Don and Mae Harris, was born Nov. 1, 1943. She attended schools in St. Anthony and Ricks College, Rexburg, Idaho. She married Walter William Erickson June 15, 1968 and have two children: Jason Harris Erickson, born Feb. 7, 1970 and Christin Gene Erickson, born April 29, 1971.

Zina Florence Harris, 3rd child of Arthur and Zina Harris was born June 27, 1916, at Rexburg, Madison County, Idaho. She lived approximately 3 months and died Sep. 19, 1916 during the flu epidemic. She was buried in Sugar City Cemetery.

Arthur Paul Harris, 4th child of Arthur and Zina Harris, was born Dec. 11, 1917. He attended the Rexburg schools and graduated from the University of Louisville, Louisville, Kentucky, with his Doctorate in Medicine. He served in the Army during World War II as a medical doctor. He married Maxine Mary Hallstrom March 26, 1943. They had three sons: Paul Arthur, born Oct. 11, 1947, and Robert Lewis and Richard Thomas, twins, born June 1, 1951. He and Maxine have lived in Atwater and Merced, California, where he is practicing medicine.

Douglas Lee Harris, 5th child of Arthur and Zina Harris, was born Dec. 26, 1919. He attended schools in Rexburg and Ricks College and entered West Point Military Academy in 1940. He graduated as a 2nd Lieutenant in June, 1944 and served in Germany during the war. He made the Army his career and will have completed 30 years in 1974. He married Leva Mae Cameron in January, 1949 and had five children: Cameron Lee who died Oct. 13, 1949, shortly after birth; Sharman Lee, born Oct. 10, 1951; Linda Diane born May 3, 1953; Douglas Ross, born Oct. 27, 1954 and Marcie Feb. 1958.

Edward Byron Harris, 6th child of Arthur and Zina Harris, was born July 27, 1921. He attended the Rexburg schools and graduated from Madison High School. He enlisted in the Army and served in the Air Force for the entire World War II after which he returned home and worked with his father and brothers in the C. A. Harris and Sons Implement Company and on the farm. He married Janis Marlene Eck Dec. 30, 1952. They had 3 daughters: Zina Elizabeth, born Nov. 6, 1953; Janis Christine, born Dec. 19, 1955 and Tamara Ray, born Oct. 18, 1959.

Zina Elizabeth Harris, daughter of Edward Byron and Janis Marlene Eck, was born Nov. 6, 1953. She attended schools in Rexburg. She was married to Blair McCulloch and they had one son, Scott McCulloch, born April 31, 1970. They were divorced and she married Randall Peterson. They are making their home in Rexburg, Idaho.

Janis Christine Harris, daughter of Byron and Janis Harris, was born on Dec. 19, 1955. She attended the schools in Rexburg and helped keep the house for her father. She married Brian Pond Dec. 18, 1972.

Helen Jane Harris, 7th child of Arthur and Zina Harris, was born Feb. 5, 1923. She attended the schools in Rexburg where she was active in school and outside activities. She attended the University of Utah for one year and then held

key secretarial positions in government farm bureau offices and at Fort Douglas, Utah, during and shortly after World War II. She married William Russell Hinckley Oct. 25, 1945, which marriage was later solemnized in the Idaho Falls L.D.S. Temple Aug. 17, 1956. She lived in Washington, D.C., Locust Valley, New York and Omaha, Neb. where she helped her husband in the care and helping of underprivileged children, his work being with The Boys Clubs of America. They had five children: Ronald Harris, born Nov. 6, 1946; William Scott, born Nov. 4, 1948; Teri Ann, born May 26, 1952; Deborah Jane, born July 6, 1955 and Richard Shane, born Sept. 25, 1968. Helen died in Omaha, Nebraska Sept. 12, 1969 and was buried in the Sugar City Cemetery Sept. 18, 1969.

Ronald Harris Hinckley, son of William Russell and Helen Jane Harris Hinckley, was born Nov. 6, 1946 in Rexburg, Madison County, Idaho. While still small he moved with his parents to Washington, D.C. and then to Omaha, Nebraska, where he completed his schooling. He attended one year of school at Dartmouth and then went on a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints to the Franco-Belgian Mission. He returned in 1968 and completed a semester at Dartmouth and then attended the B.Y.U. at Provo, Utah, graduating in June, 1970. He married Cathy Jo Dear-dorff Sept. 5, 1969 in the Idaho Falls L.D.S. Temple. They have one daughter, Patricia Helen Hinckley, born June 22, 1972. He is presently attending school in Los Angeles, working on his Doctorage.

William Scott Hinckley, son of William Russell and Helen Jane Harris Hinckley, was born Nov. 4, 1948 in Cheverly, Maryland. He attended grade school in Locust Valley, New York, and completed his High School in Omaha, Neb. He attended college at Ricks College in Rexburg and then went on a mission for the L.D.S. Church where he served in the Northwestern Mission comprising parts of Idaho, Oregon and Washington. He graduated from Brigham Young University in 1973 and will enter law school at Creighton University, Omaha, Neb. this fall, 1973. He married Marlana Louise Bybee Sept. 2, 1971.

Joann Harris, 8th child of Arthur and Zina Harris, was born May 29, 1928 at Rexburg, Madison County, Idaho. She attended the elementary schools in Rexburg and graduated from Madison High School. She was presented the efficiency award for her work at the school. She attended Brigham Young University for one year and then graduated from Ricks College, Rexburg, Idaho, with an Associate Degree. She married David Blair Manwaring Aug. 10, 1949 in the L.D.S. Temple at Laie, Hawaii. They made their home in Rexburg where they have been active in the L.D.S. Church, holding numerous positions. Blair started his own Construction

Business and has built many homes and businesses and churches in the locality. Their three children are:

Dwight Blair      born Jan. 10, 1958  
 Bart Harris,      born Sept. 30, 1960 and  
 Sara Ann,          "      Aug. 22, 1965.

Cyrus Arthur Harris' second marriage was to Jean Fife Hodge Timmerman, in the Salt Lake Temple, in Sept. of 1938. She had three children by a previous marriage: Hazel, Betty and Floyd. Hazel was married and Betty and Floyd made their home with the other Harris children. They lived in Rexburg until 1949, when they moved to Salt Lake City, Utah.

---

"Facing Thee"

Steadfastly facing Thee, O Lord,  
 I am set free from doubt and fear.  
 I know that Thou wilt comfort me;  
 Thy mighty love is ever near.

Steadfastly facing Thee, my Lord,  
 I find all anxious thoughts are stilled,  
 My body blessed with life and strength,  
 And all my outer needs fulfilled.

Steadfastly facing Thee, O Lord,  
 I see no darkness on my way.  
 I rest secure in Thy great power,  
 Which keeps me safe by night and day."

Bernice Minter





George Ernest Peck



Ida Christina Sandgren  
Harris Peck



Ernest Keith Peck, son,  
and his son, Ernest  
Kenneth Peck.



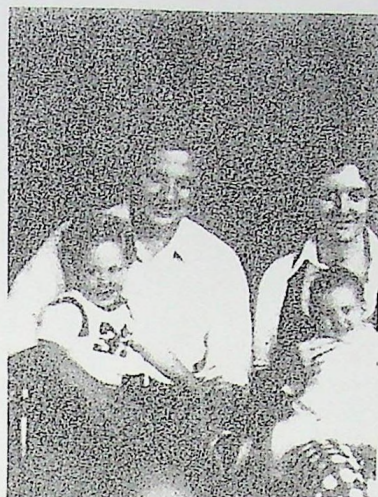
Family of Max Cannon Peck and  
Esther E. Schutz:  
front row, l. to r. Geralynn  
Leana, father, Jennifer Talana,  
Mother, Alene Marilyn. row 2:  
l. to r. Sharon Elizabeth,  
Jeannette Christine, Howard  
Cannon, Sharlene Joan and Diana  
Esther.



Max Cannon Peck, left,  
Ernest Keith Peck



Diana Esther Peck Mareth and  
William J. Mareth. Children  
l. to r. Jared and Teresa.



Howard Cannon Peck and  
Jennifer Price Peck.  
Children: l. to r. :  
Jennifer Bryant and  
Allison



Front row, l. to r. Jeannette Christine,  
Sharon Elizabeth, Middle row, l. to r.  
Howard Cannon Peck, Sharlene Joan Peck,  
Diana Esther Peck Mareth, Top row, Ida  
Christina Sandgren Harris Peck, George  
Ernest Peck, Max Cannon Peck, holding  
Alena Marilyn, Esther Elizabeth Peck  
and Esther's Mother, Elizabeth Schmidt.

## Ida Christina Sandgren Harris Peck

I was born in Salem, Idaho, Dec. 16, 1890 in a four room log cabin which my father built, located on a 160 acre farm three miles north of Rexburg. The land was covered with sagebrush so it took about ten years to cultivate the ground and plant the crops. He raised wheat, some of which was traded for flour, and had a large vegetable garden and also an orchard which consisted mainly of different kinds of apples, with patches of small fruit such as strawberries, gooseberries and raspberries, so Mother and I were kept busy putting up fruit, baking bread and canning in season. The animals were horses, cows, chickens, pigs, pet dogs and cats, etc.

The farmers helped each other during harvest season and when one couldn't come, I had to take his place, so I shocked grain, threw bundles to stack, topped beets, sacked potatoes and led the derrick horse to operate the fork which stacked the hay.

North of the farm was a large canal from which Dad watered the farm. In the summertime we went swimming in it and in the winter we went skating on the ice.

I attended school in a one room building which was also used for the L.D.S. Church sacrament, Mutual, Priesthood meetings and entertainments. A few years later a new Church was built, for which my father, G.H.B. Harris, hauled the rock from the hill in Rexburg where some of the Ricks College buildings now stand.

When I was twelve years old my Dad built an eight room frame house with five bedrooms, bath, pantry, large living and dining rooms, stairways, plenty of closets, etc., set back quite a distance from the street, which was known as "the big white house", and the last five children, I think, were born there. The place was always filled with happy, laughing children and serious study and work. Prayer and thanksgiving was a daily observance. We all loved each other dearly. Mother ruled her flock with love and Dad was a strict disciplinarian, so we children learned to carry out our responsibilities without discord.

After finishing elementary school, I attended Ricks Academy, now Ricks College. The first year I was a member of the school choir, of which W. King Driggs, father of the famous King family of California, was the director. I studied voice from Prof. Driggs and sang in the operas at school and in Church.

The second year I spent at Ricks Academy Prof. Enger was music director. His son is now the head director of the drama department of the University of Utah.

The third year Prof. Sardona directed the choir and the opera "The Barber of Seville", in which I sang a prominent role. During that year I also sang the first solo in the new Rexburg Stake House.

The four years I spent at Ricks Academy were some of the happiest years of my life and the wonderful association with the students there, I shall never forget.

After graduating, I came to Salt Lake City and worked in the Abstract Department for a Mr. Havercamp at the Utah Savings and Trust Bank, where I did record work. I also worked in the lingerie department in the Paris store. Miss Hart was the manager. She was a kind and considerate manager. All the clerks were congenial and it was most interesting to note the likes and dislikes of the customers. Ann Freeze asked me to be one of the judges at the polls, where I learned about the voting system. That was the hardest job I ever had. Those long hours of counting votes were certainly strenuous.

One of the activities I am most thankful for is being a member of the D.U.P. I have enjoyed the meetings so much and the association of all the members. I am grateful to Emma's Mother for asking me to join the group as I have received very valuable information about my ancestors. I hope I am still a member of the Relief Society. I have missed the fine lessons they have given.

In 1915 I married George Ernest Peck and moved to Magna, Utah, where my husband was employed at the Utah Copper. We had two sons: Ernest Keith, born March 19, 1917 and Max Cannon, born July 2, 1918, of whom I am very proud.

While at Magna I was supervisor of the Gleaner Girls of the Y.W.M.I.A. for three years. They were a fine group and I enjoyed working with them. I also served as President of the Primary Organization.

In 1928 we moved from Magna to Farmington, where we operated a lunch stand, which was on the corner of the old highway that led to Lagoon. While the horse-race season was on and people were there we did a profitable business, but when they left, business was very slow so when the depression came we got a year moratorium on our home and struggled along until that was up. While I was in Farmington, I was President of the Y.M.M.I.A. for two years; President for one year of the B.P.W. Club and a member of the Book Review Club, which consisted of twelve members and each one gave a book review once a year.

I also took a correspondence course from the Velveta School of Beauty Culture, Omaha, Neb. After receiving my diploma, I served as their district representative for four years.

In 1940, I went to work for the Paris Company, in the military department. Mrs. Florence McKenzie was the manager. She was a wonderful supervisor, kind and considerate. She reminded me of my Mother and I loved to talk with her.

In 1937 we moved to Salt Lake City and bought the house at 1228 Fenway Avenue.

When the war broke out, our sons, Ernest Keith and Max Cannon Peck, were working at the Utah Copper Company and attending night school. In 1941 Keith enlisted in the Engineer Corps and went into training. Max enlisted in the Air Corps and went to Waco, Texas, for training. Their leaving was the saddest time of my life, not knowing whether I would see them again. They both served in the Pacific and helped to re-build Pearl Harbor after the devastating bombing by the Japanese. Keith was head mechanic for the officers and Max was chief radio operator on the B25 bombers. They had many harrowing experiences and, had it not been for the bombing by the U.S. of Hiroshima, they, with many others, may never have returned home. Their return, after four and a half years, was the happiest time of my life. God had heard my prayers. Now they are continuing their work at the Copper Company.

Ernest Keith Peck and Genevieve Tree were married Dec. 28, 1955 at Las Vegas, Nev. They were divorced. She died in 1969. They had one child: Ernest Kenneth, born Aug. 7, 1956.

Max Cannon Peck and Esther Elizabeth Schutz were married Aug. 12, 1947, at Salt Lake City, Utah. They have eight children:

Diana Esther	born Nov. 13, 1948
Howard Cannon	" Apr. 8, 1950
Sharlene Joan	" Jan. 27, 1952
Jeannette Christine	" Dec. 28, 1954
Sharon Elizabeth	" Dec. 10, 1956
Alene Marilyn	" Mar. 27, 1959
Geralynn Leana	" Oct. 2, 1961
Jennifer Talana	" Feb. 5, 1965

All members of the family are active in the L.D.S. Church.

Diana Esther Peck and William J. Mareth were married Aug. 27, 1968. They moved from Salt Lake City to Corpus Christi, Texas. He has a Masters Degree in Mathematics and she has a Masters Degree in English and Music. They have two children: Teresa, 2 1/2, and Jared, 8 months.

Howard Cannon Peck and Jennifer Price were married Sept. 4, 1969. They live in Salt Lake City, Utah, and have two children: Jennifer Bryant, 2, and Allison, 5 months.

Sharlene Joan Peck graduated from the Utah State University in Interior Design and Fabric Design June 8, 1974, and is working for an Interior Design firm in Utah, which firm is sending her to New York, N.Y. temporarily, for additional experience in that field.

Now, in 1974, that I am eighty-three (84 next Dec.) and the eldest of the family living, I often recall many of the difficult and the wonderful days of the past, the sorrowing that came with the passing of my husband, of Mother and Dad, and some of my sisters and brothers and other relatives and friends. And then I think how much I enjoy the visits of my living families and how much I appreciate the kindness and medical care of my Nephew, Dr. Quinton Harris, given to me and some others of my family, over the years. How proud and blessed I am with two fine sons, lovely daughter-in-law, Esther, nine delightful grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. I know how much my husband would have enjoyed them, too, had he lived. He died May 25, 1973.

I think of our wonderful Mother, her love of family and all people, devotion to duty and responsibilities and to the doctrine and principles of the Mormon Church, her implicit faith in prayer and the eternal protection of God.

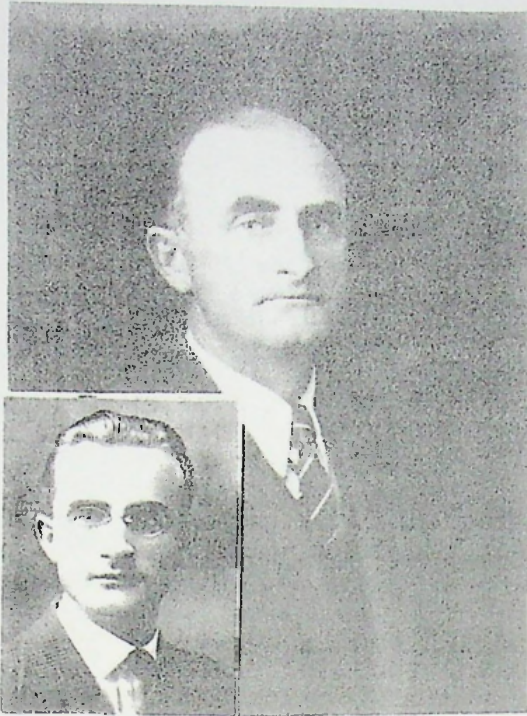
Her love was the greatest force for good in our lives and it will never die.

I am thankful that I am a member of the L.D.S. Church and believe that when the time comes we shall all meet again -- as our Dad used to sing: "On That Beautiful Shore".

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"God sends us many blessings  
 At this beautiful Easter season -  
 And why is he so good to us?  
 His love must be the reason.  
 So 'Happy Easter', Mother  
 And a sunny springtime, too  
 For if anyone deserves God's love -  
 It's someone dear as you."

Anon.



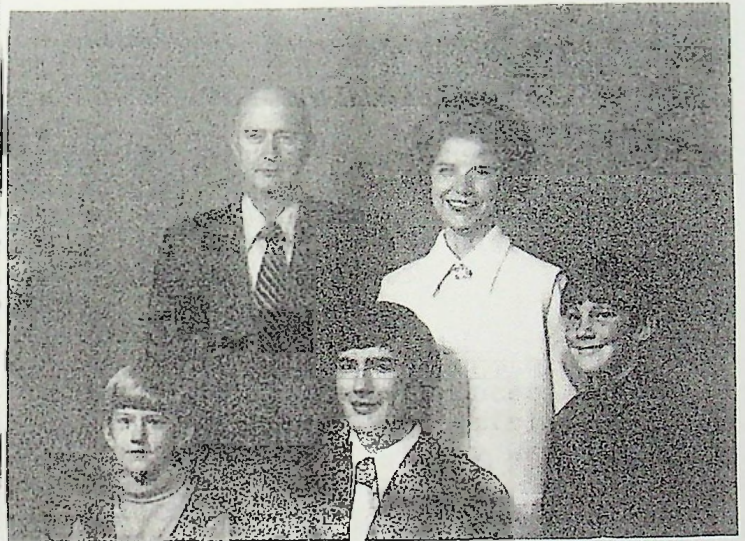
Alvin Edward Harris



Olena Smith Harris



Dr. Alvin Edward Harris,  
son



Dr. Quinton Smith Harris, son,  
Ruth Ann Harris, and children:  
l. to r. James, Edward, Richard

Alvin Edward Sandgren Harris  
1893 - 1955

Alvin was the fifth child and third son of George Buraston Harris and Victoria Josephine Sandgren Harris.

Born on the farm of his parents at Salem, Idaho, Feb. 22, 1893. Blessed by A. W. Belnap June 1, 1893 and baptized by his father Aug. 3, 1901. He was ordained an Elder by Bernice R. Harris Mar. 27, 1911.

His youth was spent as was many other lads in his day - milking cows, chopping wood, thinning beets and helping with the harvest before and after school and during the summer. He attended Salem elementary school and then went one year to Sugar City High School then to Ricks Academy (now Ricks College) where he participated in many activities and was president of his class and president of the student body.

After graduating from Ricks in 1913 he entered the University of Utah to study engineering and spent his summers with the Forest Service building bridges, roads, and establishing telephone lines through the Palisades National Forest. A year after graduating in Civil Engineering, he entered the construction of the road over Teton Pass.

With America's entrance into World War I, he enlisted and served with the Army Engineers in France, constructing bridges and railroads for the troops that followed. After the armistice he was chosen, with four other engineers, by the U. S. Government, to further his engineering studies at the Sarbonne University in France, which was at that time the largest Engineering University in the world, where he graduated with honors. Then he returned to the United States and entered the field of mining, prospecting in Mexico, Baker, Oregon and Idaho.

Though most of his life was spent in engineering, his first love was geology and mining and he worked at these at every opportunity. It was while on one of these mining trips to Mexico that he met Olena Wright Smith. They were married August 21, 1924 in the Salt Lake City Temple. Their first married years found them in Los Angeles, Baker, Oregon and Logan. As the depression began, they settled in Rexburg, where he built the Teton and Burton schools and several bridges. In 1938 he worked with the Taylor Grazing Service surveying grazing lands near Shoshone and Hailey.



At the beginning of World War II, as the demand for engineers and government service rose, he worked as design engineer at the Farragut Naval Base and next year transferred to the Associated Ship Yards at Seattle as an inspector engineer. When the Army called for civilian engineers to build up the bases in the Aleutians, he volunteered. It was a year of extreme cold and strong winds. At the end of the war, he returned to Bremerton Shipyards and designed floating drydocks and machinery to service battleships. In 1948 he transferred to Richland Washington, where he designed the new atomic laboratories. The following year he returned to Rexburg and worked as County Engineer, surveying and construction business. In '50 he worked as surveyor and engineer in the construction of a Veteran's Hospital at Miles City, Montana. In '53 he returned to Bremerton and designed the piping system for a new aircraft carrier.

Few people realize the suffering he went through his last year at Bremerton. Specialists were unable to determine the cause for his pains which constantly became more severe. The men who worked with him marveled at his endurance and cheerfulness in the face of his agony.

His plans were to retire from Civil Service on April 8, 1955 and he was determined to make it. That very night he walked home from work and began to pack his belongings to return home to Rexburg. His body, however, finally gave way to the disease that had stricken him and two hours later he was paralyzed. He was rushed to Salt Lake for an operation. The suffering and distress he went through since that time is well known. He passed away about six months later from the fatal disease, cancer.

Alvin's main objective was to give his two sons, Alvin Edward and Quinton Smith, an education. He put all his personal interests aside until that was accomplished.

He loved the great outdoors and enjoyed the mountains and forests. He had more endurance than many men half his age. It can truly be said of him that he was honest and fair in his dealings with men and generous and charitable to those in need. He was known for his dry wit. His family will always remember him as one passing on to them a noble heritage.

Alvin Edward Harris, son of Alvin and Olena Harris, was born at Los Angeles, California. He and Frances Evaline Davern were married June 17, 1950, at Madison, Wis. They had eight children:

Kathryn C.	born	Mar. 18,	1951
Barbara Ann	"	Feb. 21,	1952
Victoria Lee	"	Mar. 4,	1953
Susan Marie	"	Nov. 23,	1954
Alvin Edward	"	Dec. 8,	1955
William F.	"	Dec. 29,	1956
John Richard	"	Dec. 17,	1958
Patricia Lynne	"	July 21,	1960

He is an M.D., practicing in Utah. He, his Mother, Olena S. Harris, and his family are active in the L.D.S. Church.

Quinton Smith Harris, son of Alvin and Olena Harris, and Ruth Ann Anderson were married Aug. 28, 1953, at Salt Lake City, Utah. They had five children:

Edward Anderson	born	June 20,	1957
Mary Sue	"	May 2,	1959; died 4 May, 1959
Richard Anderson	"	Dec. 26,	1962
James Anderson	"	Feb. 4,	1966
Steven Anderson	"	June 11,	1969 died 28 Jul, 1971

He is an M.D., practicing in Salt Lake City, Utah, and he and his family are active in the L.D.S. Church. He is now Bishop of the University Ward.

Alvin Edward Sandgren Harris died in Salt Lake City, Utah, hospital Oct. 14, 1955, and was buried in Rexburg Cemetery.

His funeral was held at Rexburg, Idaho, L.D.S. Ward Chapel. It was an impressive and inspiring service and many complimentary things were said by various speakers about Alvin, his wife and sons and parental family; about his life and experiences and service in World Wars I and II, his character and integrity, etc. One speaker, Bishop Clyde P. Packer, and Alvin had been close friends for many years. One paragraph from Bishop Packer's remarks were very comforting to the bereaved:

"I believe that when Al left his body Saturday night that was the end of a day for him, and that Sunday morning was a new day, and he took on a new life, and that he took with him into that other sphere a lot of things that I think we forget that we can take with us. ... He took a fine personality and all that which I have mentioned, with him and still has them. ... Any degree of intelligence we attain to in this life will rise with us in the resurrection. ... I believe with all my heart and soul that Al still lives and that we will see him again".

IN MEMORY OF  
ALVIN E. HARRIS

February 22, 1893 — October 15 1955

✦

Rexburg L.D.S. Sixth Ward Chapel  
Wednesday, October 19, 1955 — 2:00 p.m.  
Bishop Clyde P. Packer, Officiating

✦

FLOWERS

Under supervision of Ward Relief Society

✦

PALLBEARERS

Ross Harris	Don Harris
Byron Harris	Doyle Harris
Blair Manwaring	Don Percival

✦

INTERMENT

Rexburg Cemetery  
Flamm Funeral Home

SERVICES

✦

Organist .....	Kerma Nelson
Prayer at Home .....	Victor Bell
Song .....	Sixth Ward Ladies Chorus "The Lord Is My Shepard"
Invocation .....	Delbert G. Taylor
Obituary .....	Bishop Orval S. Lee
Vocal Duel ... Mr. and Mrs. George Catmull	"I Know My Redeemer Lives"
Speaker .....	Alma B. Larsen
Violin Duel .....	Mr. and Mrs. Ray Barton
Remarks .....	Bishop Clyde P. Packer
Song .....	Sixth Ward Ladies Chorus "Peace I Leave With You"
Benediction .....	Grover Hemming
Dedication of Grave .....	D. H. Manwaring
Graveside Services .....	Veterans

"Give me a good digestion, Lord,  
And also something to digest.  
Give me a healthy body, Lord,  
With sense to keep it at its best.

Give me a mind that is not bored,  
That does not whimper, whine or sigh;  
Don't let me worry overmuch  
About a fussy thing called I.

Give me a sense of humor, Lord,  
Give me the grace to see a joke,  
To get some happiness from life  
And pass it on to other folk."

Anon.

Annie Florence Sandgren Harris

1894 - 1904

Annie Florence was the sixth child of Victoria Sandgren and George Henry Burraston Harris.

Born in a log cabin on the farm of her parents at Salem, Fremont County, Idaho, Nov. 15, 1894. Blessed by A. W. Belnap Feb. 7, 1895. Baptized by her father, G. H. B. Harris, July 5, 1903 and confirmed by her father July 5, 1903. Endowed at Salt Lake City Temple by her sister, Ida Harris Peck, by proxy, April 4, 1933.

Died at Salem, Idaho, March 14. 1904.

Buried at Rexburg Cemetery.

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"FOR YOU, MOTHER

It takes such special qualities  
 To make a lovely Mother  
 It takes a world of thoughtfulness  
 From one day to another  
 It takes real love and kindness  
 And a sweet, outgoing way  
 A smile as warm as sunshine  
 Whether skies are blue or gray  
 It takes a lot of patience  
 And a million more things, too -  
 To make the kind of Mother  
 Who's as wonderful as you."

Anon.

---

"The things that the flag stands for were created by the experiences of a great people. Everything that it stands for was written by their lives. The flag is the embodiment, not of sentiment, but of history. It represents the experiences made by men and women, the experiences of those who do and live under that flag."

Woodrow Wilson

Lillie Eliza Sandgren Harris Smith  
 (known as Lillian)  
 1897 - 1972



Seventh child of Victoria Josephine Sandgren and Geo. Henry Burraston Harris.

Born in a log cabin on her parents' farm at Salem, Idaho, Jan. 13, 1897. Blessed by Elder K.G. Measer Mar. 7, 1897. Baptized by her father, G.H.B. Harris, Aug. 8, 1905.

She attended Ricks College where she acted in plays put on by the school; was an A student and outstanding in her literary ability.

She graduated from Ricks College in three years and taught school in Idaho and Utah. While teaching in Salt

Lake City she attended High School and studied to be a stenographer and was later offered a job in California as a secretary in the largest brokerage company in the world, at that time, where she worked for a number of years.

Lillian married Albert I. Smith at Glendale, Calif. Jan. 4, 1923. He was a Hollywood movie producer during filmdom's most magical era, the 1930's and '40's. She and Nina, her sister, wrote continuity for several of his movies and went on location where the productions were being filmed. Lillian also attended many of the premieres at Grauman's Chinese Theater, meeting the movie greats of that time. She was active in the movie world and in business and social circles.

Albert died many years ago.

Lillian died at Fountain Valley Hospital, California, April 6, 1972 of a heart attack and was buried at Pacific View Memorial Park, Newport Beach, California



The Shorland and Erma Harris Family:  
 Top: Marilyn Harris Davis-Wilson. First row  
 l. to r. Erma Lucille Cooper Harris, Shorland  
 Abbott Harris, June Harris Bush (div), Doyle  
 Hyrum Harris.



Children of Marilyn Harris  
 Davis-Wilson: l. to r.  
 Suzanne Davis, Steven Davis,  
 and Melody Wilson.



Linda Mae Harris,  
 daughter of Doyle  
 Hyrum Harris.

Shorland Abbott Sandgren Harris  
(known as Steve)

Eighth child of George Henry Burraston Harris and Victoria Josephine Sandgren Harris.

Born in a log cabin on his parents' farm at Salem, Idaho, Dec. 7, 1898. Blessed by Geo. P. Ward Mar. 4, 1899. Ordained Priest by Joseph E. Jensen Feb. 13, 1916. Baptized July 6, 1907.

He attended school in Salem, Idaho, until he enlisted in the U. S. Army in Oct. 1917 at the age of 17. He had to have parental consent to enlist. He served in France during 1918. At the time of discharge June 2, 1919, he was with Co. F1104 - Ammunition Train 29th Division. He was discharged at Fort D.A. Russell, Cheyenne, Wyoming. At this time the family had moved to Rexburg.

He began work with Farmers Implement Company as a mechanic in the fall of 1919, working on farmers' equipment. Later, the Farmers Implement Company was dissolved and C. A. Harris (Steve's brother) took the International Harvester agency. Steve then worked for I.H.C. for many years, making two trips to South America as a service mechanic in the field.

In 1920 he attended Ricks College, taking a missionary course. While at Ricks he met Erma Lucille Cooper, daughter of Joseph Hyrum Cooper and the late Katie McCulloch Cooper. They were married Feb. 27, 1922 at her parents' home in Rexburg, Idaho. Peter J. Ricks performed the wedding ceremony. Of this marriage five children were born. The first two daughters were of premature birth and died. In Chicago, where Steve was working for International Harvester Company, a daughter, June, was born March 10, 1928. A son, Doyle Hyrum was born on June 14, 1929. Both June and Doyle were born at the Jefferson Park Hospital in Chicago. Steve brought his family back to Idaho during the depression of 1929 and 1930. Marilyn was born on May 26, 1935 at Rexburg in the home of her grandfather, Joseph H. Cooper. It was open day of the fishing season and all the doctors had left. Dr. Sutherland came back for his boat just in time for the delivery.

In 1940 Steve and his family returned to Illinois for I.H.C. The second world war was declared and I.H.C. began making ammunition for the government. Steve took training at the Rock Island Arsenal to become an instructor to train soldiers going overseas to handle tanks for the Army.

After the war, the family returned to Idaho, but during the war they lived at DeRidder, Louisiana, and Steve worked at Camp Polk. Their daughter, June, was married to Wm. Frank Bush in the L.D.S. Temple in Idaho Falls on May 21, 1948. Of this marriage, a son was born on Sept. 6, 1950, named William Scott Bush. Later, this marriage was dissolved.

On August 27, 1972, June died in Ogden, Utah, after suffering a stroke on Feb. 27, 1972, at the day of her parents' 50th wedding anniversary. She had shared her home in Ogden with her son, Scott. Doyle Hyrum was married to Marjory Jensen in Blackfoot, Idaho, in 1955. Linda Mae was born of this marriage. Later, this marriage ended in divorce.

Sept. 25, 1964, Doyle married Sandra Chadwick in San Leandro, California. Doyle took on the responsibility of helping Sandra raise her three children by her first husband. They moved from California to Garland, Utah, when Doyle's health failed him and he died on Aug. 12, 1969 at the age of 40.

Both June and Doyle are buried at Garland, side by side, at June's request of Doyle's wife, Sandra, when June knew she also was leaving us.

Our daughter, Marilyn, was married to Robert Davis in Kansas City, Kansas. Two children were born of this marriage: Suzanne and Steven. Later, Marilyn divorced Robert Davis and married Garth Wilson of Rexburg. They had triplets, all boys, but, being premature, they all died. Later, their daughter, Melody, was born. They lived in San Lorenzo, California, but have now moved to Rexburg.

Erma and Steve sold their home in Ogden after the death of June and Doyle and moved back to Rexburg. June's son, Scott, married and moved into his Mother's home. So, Erma and Steve decided to come back to old friends and relatives. They bought a mobile home and placed it on the rear of the Effie Percival property at Rexburg, with the consent of Effie.

By Erma Harris

### "How Old Are You?"

Age is a quality of mind -  
 If you have left your dreams behind,  
 If hope is lost,  
 If you no longer look ahead,  
 If your ambitions' fires are dead -  
 Then you are old.

But if from life you take the best,  
 And if in life you keep the jest,  
 If love you hold -  
 No matter how the years go by,  
 No matter how the birthdays fly,  
 You are not old!"

Brownie





Wm. V. Rockefeller



Nina Harris Rockefeller



Scott Burton  
Peterson, son



Ann Rockefeller  
Peterson, daughter



Gregg Steven  
Peterson, son



Top: Scott; Ann, Gregg

## Nina Sandgren Harris Rockefeller

Ninth child of George Henry Burraston Harris and Victoria Josephine Sandgren Harris. I was born at Salem, Idaho, in a log cabin or in the beautiful two-story white frame house which my Dad built on the farm there. All I remembered was the big house. Being the ninth child, I was christened "Nina". When I was eight, Uncle Bernice Harris baptized me in the cold, swift water of a canal not far from out house. I nearly froze but Dad held on to me while he and Uncle talked of Church and other things. I didn't dare say anything for fear my sins might not then be all washed away; in fact, as I recall, I was quite puzzled that I had 'sins'. I had tried so hard to be good. As I shivered and watched the water rushing by, I thought I never wanted to see the canal again, but I changed my mind as I grew a little older and groups of boys and girls gathered there each winter and had wonderful times and a lot of happy association ice skating, singing and playing games.

I was blessed by Alfred Ricks Mar. 3, 1901 and confirmed by Charles H. Larsen Oct. 3, 1909.

I attended the elementary schools in Salem, then some of the higher grades at Sugar City. When the weather permitted, we used to skip the railroad ties (used by freight cars) for the three miles between Salem and Sugar City, carrying school books and lunch pails.

When the family moved to Rexburg, Idaho, I attended Ricks Normal College (now Ricks College), majoring in business. While there I was Secretary to the President, George S. Romney; taught shorthand and typewriting for two years; took part in the plays and light operas put on by the Music Department; enjoyed being a student and a teacher and my association with everyone and in the activities of the school. Am grateful for the friendships, experiences and the perception and understanding of the College leaders, especially the late President Romney and the late Brother Manwaring, and others who gave to me spiritual values as well as academic ones.

I decided to come to California as soon as I finished at Ricks, and could get away. The first year, a friend and I traveled by car over practically the entire state. I loved it here and soon made many friends.

My sister, Geneva (Peggy) was in California singing lead roles in the San Francisco Grand Opera. Through her, I was privileged to meet many of the opera personalities, and for a few years my life was 'song and socials'. This was an impressive and wonderful experience and I grew to more and more love music and those who produced it.

My sister, Lillian, was also in California. She was married to Albert I. Smith, who was a Hollywood Movie Producer, and I met many of the movie greats of that era. We had passes to all theatres, including the extraordinary Premieres of the producer of all time, Cecil B. DeMille.

I married William V. Rockefeller, formerly of Illinois, an affectionate, ambitious man of fine character, exceptional integrity and an unusual human understanding of peoples and responsibilities. We were ideally happy and shared each other's interests and responsibilities. He was V.P. and Trust Officer of Citizens Bank, Pasadena; member of the American Institute of Banking; 32nd Deg. Mason; Past Master of Unity Lodge F & AM and member of Al Malaikah Shrine, Rotary International and the University Club; served as President of the Rockefeller Family Association, a national organization, and as Chairman (I was Co-Chairman) of the Genealogy Research of R.F.A; was a graduate of LaSalle Law University, and a compatriot of The Sons of the American Revolution, made possible because of the services of his great-great-grandfather, William Rockefeller, of the New Jersey Militia. Bill died of a massive cerebral hemorrhage, at Pasadena, California and was buried at Forest Lawn Memorial Park, Glendale. During these busy days together we lost track of many of our oldtime friends.

Our daughter, Cheryl Ann Rockefeller (Peterson) was born at Pasadena, California, May 20, 1935. As a pre-schooler she was interested in dance and belonged to The Meglin Kiddies dance group. She did very well in elementary schools. Attended Altadena Elementary and participated in sports and student government. At Eliot Junior High, she joined the newspaper club, Girls Athletic Association and scholastic organizations. At Muir High School, she was active in the drama club and in sports.

She attended Occidental College and University of California, Los Angeles, graduating in 1960 with a bachelor's degree in Elementary Education. She married David B. Peterson, whom she met while they were both students at U.C.L.A. in 1956. Of this marriage two children were born:

Scott Burton Peterson, born Oct. 19, 1956;  
Gregg Steven Peterson, born July 21, 1958.

Ann and David were later divorced.

After graduation from the University, Ann moved to Newport Beach, near the coast of Southern California. Here she joined the staff of Harbor View School in the Newport Elementary School District. As a fifth grade teacher, she began her career which has spanned over a decade.

During this time, she has spent considerable time taking post-graduate courses. Her sons attended Rancho-Mesa Pre School, Harbor View Elementary School, Lincoln Middle School and, presently, Corona Del Mar High School. They are very good students and enjoy all kinds of athletics. Scott received a trophy for excellence in volleyball and Gregg one for football.

The family enjoys activities related with the beach, surfing, volleyball and tennis. In the winter they like to ski, often going to the mountains at Mammoth, Calif., and occasionally to Utah and Colorado.

In 1967, Ann was granted a sabbatical for one year during which she and her boys went to Europe. They spent three months in Spain where she studied Spanish at the University of Madrid. Then they toured Spain and Portugal. The boys spent some time at school in Morgins, Switzerland, and then traveled to Denmark, Holland, Belgium and Germany. Ann traveled during their school months to Italy, Greece, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Bulgaria, Russia, Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Morroco. She and her boys found this experience extremely interesting and exciting, giving them first-hand knowledge of life in other lands and a greater understanding of cultures different than their own.

In 1970, Ann transferred to a new school in the now unified district, Newport-Mesa Unified. At Eastbluff school she was involved with innovative methods of teaching, and found this very rewarding. During each summer she has traveled, mostly to Europe. In the summer of 1972, she was chosen, along with 25 other teachers in Southern California, to attend a curriculum research and development project sponsored by the Department of Education, Health, Education and Welfare of the United States government. This project took them to India, where they spent two months traveling and gathering data on life in India. It was a rewarding, facinating experience and gave her a valuable knowledge and warm feeling toward that country.

Now, mid-year of 1974, my father and Mother, three brothers, George, Arthur and Alvin, and four sisters, Geneva, Florence, Lillian and Norma are deceased. Now living are Ida, eldest of the living children (83), Shorland, Nina, Effie, Lydia and Viola.

A few years ago, we in California decided to visit all the living members of the family. It was a delightful trip by car from San Francisco to Salt Lake City and Idaho. We had a wonderful visit with Ida and then drove to Effie's place in Rexburg. We went to see Ricks College. It had grown so much I could hardly believe it was the same place where I taught business in the early twenties. Then we went to the Salem Mormon Church which my Dad built and where he was Bishop for sixteen years, and found that in rubble; then to the old farm at Salem, Idaho, where I expected to see the 'big white house' where the family had lived for so many years. It had burned down. All that was left was a pile of ashes surrounded by alfalfa. I knew the many pictures, records and memorabilia I had stored there for safekeeping were in the ashes. I've seen cities torn up for highrise and highways and felt it was all for progress, but seeing that old home and church gone was like taking part of my happy girlhood away.

The years have granted me an abundant share of the good, worthwhile things of life and a heritage for which I am truly grateful.

My husband was not of the Mormon faith. However, he wrote an article titled "My Impressions of the Mormon People" and sent it to the President of the Church, in recognition of which he received the book "One Hundred Years - 1830-1930 Centennial Celebration of the Organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints", autographed with "Compliments, Mr. W. V. Rockefeller, Heber J. Grant, Salt Lake City, April 22/31", together with two pamphlets. Bill and I treasured this special book and, now that Bill is deceased, I shall keep and cherish it always.

In deference to my parents and their deep, abiding faith and because of my own belief, I shall never relinquish my faith in the principles and doctrine of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, wherever my life may lead and whatever my destiny.



Roy Franklin Percival,  
Effie Harris Percival  
and son, Donald Roy



Effie Harris Percival



Donald Roy Percival



Wanda Zollinger Percival

and their children:



Sandra Jo



Jeffrey Don



Wendi



Brenda Kay

## Effie Sandgren Harris Percival

Tenth child of Victoria Josephine Sandgren and George Henry Burraston Harris.

I was born June 22, 1904, in the big white house on my parents' farm at Salem, Fremont County, Idaho.

Baptized by my father, G.H.B. Harris, July 27, 1912. Confirmed by Walter B. Muir Aug. 4, 1912.

Lived on the farm until 1917 when the family moved to Rexburg, Idaho.

After finishing the eighth grade, I went to Ricks Academy (now Ricks College, from which I graduated in 1923. That fall I went to Salt Lake City, Utah, and took a beauty course at the Mook Beauty College, then returned to Rexburg and started my own shop.

Not too long after, I had a chance to go to Chicago with my Sister-in-law. There I met Roy Franklin Percival. Two years later, June 23, 1928, Roy and I were married at Chicago, Cook County, Illinois, by Rev. Crossman, Episcopal Minister.

Roy was born at Chicago Apr. 13, 1902.

We had one child, Donald Roy, born at Chicago, Illinois, May 19, 1935. He and Wanda Zollinger, born December 12, 1936, Rexburg, were married at Rexburg, Madison County, Idaho, June 10, 1955.

We lived in Chicago for nineteen years before returning to Rexburg to care for Mother and father during their declining years.

After Mother died in 1949, at age 84, we continued to take care of Dad until he died in 1953, at age 96.

My husband, Roy, died at Rexburg, Idaho, Dec. 28, 1968. I am still living in the Rexburg home.

My son, Don, and his wife, Wanda, had four children:

Sandra Jo	born	Mar. 12,	1956,	Rexburg;
Jeffrey Don	"	Sep. 18,	1959,	"
Wendi	"	Apr. 11,	1961,	Idaho Falls;
Brenda Kay	"	Mar. 4,	1966,	"

(Note: Jeffrey is the first-born son of the first-born son back seven generations in the Percival line.)

Donald Roy Percival writes as follows:

"The Donald Roy Percival Family: Address: 1180 Corinne Ave., Idaho Falls, Idaho, 83401.

Donald Roy Percival, born 19 May, 1935, Chicago, Cook County, Illinois, to Roy Franklin and Effie Amelia Harris Percival.

Married Wanda Zollinger, 10 June, 1955 at Rexburg, Madison County, Idaho. Wanda is the daughter of Herman Albert and Lavina Webster Zollinger of Rexburg, Idaho.

Education: Elementary schools in Chicago, 1941 - 1945, and Rexburg, 1945 - 1949. Madison High School, Rexburg, 1949 - 1953. Part time at Ricks College, Rexburg, 1953 - 1957. Idaho State College, Pocatello, Idaho, 1957 - 1959, with B.S. in Chemistry, 1959. U.S. Atomic Energy Commission fellowship, University of California, Berkeley, 1960 - 1961. University of Idaho extension courses at Idaho Falls through the National Reactor Testing Station Education Program, 1962 - 1965.

Employment history: Worked for father in whole-sale gas and oil business, 1949 - 1958. Rexburg Food Center, 1953 - 1957. Research assistant Idaho State College, part time 1958 - 1959, and full time 1959 - 1960. Chemist, U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, Health Service Laboratory, Idaho Falls, Idaho, 1961 to present. Applied research in analytical radiochemistry with experience in health physics and computer programming and operation.

Member of American Chemical Society. Secretary of Idaho Section, American Chemical Society for years 1973 and 1974. "

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"Prosperity is not without many fears and distates; adversity not without many comforts and hopes."

- Francis Bacon.

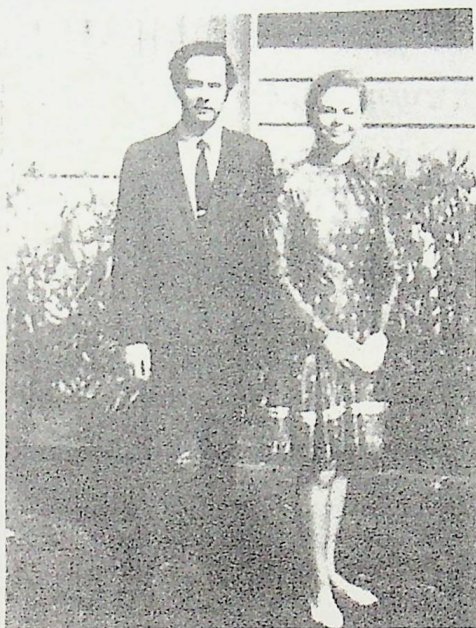




Lydia Harris Redford



John Vernon Redford



Donald Harris Redford, son, and wife, Patricia Stewart Redford.  
Children:



David Stewart



Christy Lee



Liane Dawn

Lydia Sandgren Harris Redford

Born: March 4, 1906 at Salem, Idaho.  
 Married John Vernon Redford Oct. 2, 1929, Salt Lake  
 City, Utah, Mormon Temple.  
 School: Graduate Ricks College, Rexburg, Idaho.  
 Children: ~~David Stewart~~ Redford (see separate  
           <sup>Donald Harris</sup> history)  
 Grandchildren: Three:                   "   "   "  
 Teacher in Elementary School, Rexburg, Idaho.  
 Travel: Lived and worked in most of the largest  
 cities in the United States. Visited many  
 European Countries.  
 Now living in San Francisco, California.  
 Church: Relief Society Visiting Teacher in The  
 Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints  
 (Mormon).  
 Most thankful for my heritage.

My husband, John Vernon Redford, was born  
 January 21, 1906, at Logan, Utah. He attended  
 Ricks College, Rexburg, Idaho; lived and worked in  
 most of the largest cities in the United States and  
 visited many European Countries, with me. During  
 his early life he did farm work, then began a sales  
 career in Ogden, Utah, with the Hoover Company. He  
 advanced to Supervisor, Educational Instructor,  
 Territory Organizer, District Sales Manager, Branch  
 Manager and Division Manager in charge of seventeen  
 States. He is now retired and living in San  
 Francisco. He is a Seventy in the Priesthood and  
 filled a two-years Stake Mission in San Francisco.

Son: Our son, Donald Harris Redford, was born December 29, 1934, at Salt Lake City, Utah. Lived in San Francisco and now in Concord, Calif. Married Patricia Carole Stewart October 22, 1954 at San Francisco, California. Attended San Francisco Elementary and San Francisco State College. Work: Insurance Underwriter. Army service: two years in Germany. Church: Teacher of Elder's Priesthood Class. Hobby: fishing. He and his wife have a son and two daughters. All members of the family were baptized and are members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints (Mormon).

Donald's wife, Patricia Carole Stewart Redford, was born October 30, 1937, at San Francisco, California. As a Senior at University of California at Hayward, she majored in Art (ceramics, sculpture and painting) and minored in English. She did dressmaking at home and was Credit Authorizer at Penney's; is Relief Society Cultural Refinement leader in the Mormon Church.

Grandchildren:

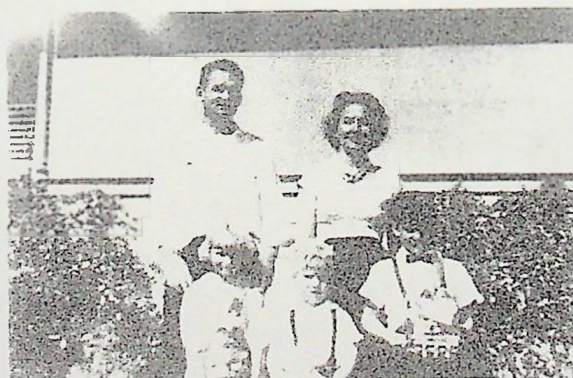
David Stewart Redford was born May 6, 1955, at San Francisco, Calif., now living at Concord, California. Attended Concord Elementary and Diablo Valley High School; had excellent grades; was teacher's aid to Biology instructor. Is Manager of snack Bar of Pleasant Hill Motor Movies, and his hobbies are metal working and fishing. Is Priest and Counselor in the Priest Quorum, also President of Explorer Troop of Boy Scouts. Will represent his Troop at a Convention (light day, National) in April, 1972, at Washington, D.C. President Richard Nixon will be guest speaker at one of the meetings.

Christy Lee Redford was born July 31, 1959, at San Francisco, California; now living at Concord, California. Advanced student in school; excellent reader; Cub reporter for school newspaper; on honor roll for grades and citizenship; enjoys singing in school chorus; is 1st year Beehive in M.I.A. Her hobbies are Art and Dancing (studying ballet).

Liane Dawn Redford was born October 20, 1961, at San Francisco, Calif.; now living at Concord, Ca. Is an advanced student; on honor roll of Principal's list; Treasurer of school class; Lieutenant of traffic Patrol; in Mormon Church Primary (Merrie Misses). Interested in Art and dancing (studying ballet). Likes singing, reading and gymnastics.



Edna Viola Sandgren Harris DeLay  
and George DeLay



Margaret Kay Hanson Hewitt,  
daughter of Edna Viola DeLay,  
Harlon Hewitt, and their children:  
l. to r. Susan, Mark, Rick

Edna Viola Sandgren Harris DeLay

I was the twelfth child of George Henry Burraston Harris and Victoria Josephine Sandgren Harris.

Born August 16, 1908 in the big white house on my parents farm at Salem, Idaho, but moved to Rexburg when I was young, and, later, attended Ricks College.

At twenty, I married William (Bill) Hanson, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Hanson, Rexburg. We had one daughter, Margaret Kay, born October 3, 1932.

Bill left Rexburg in April, 1941 to join the armed forces of the U.S. with the National Guard company. He was killed in action while fighting in Italy on Dec. first, and was the first man of this group to be reported killed.

In 1943 I married George DeLay, from Iowa, then in San Francisco, where we lived for a time, then moved to Palo Alto. We now live in Sunnyvale, California. The picture of us shown here was taken in our Beauty Salon in Menlo Park. We have had very enjoyable trips to Europe, Mexico and Hawaii.

My daughter, Margaret Kay (known as Kay) married Harlan Hewitt at age 18, while both were going to San Jose State College, California.

They had three children:

Rick, born August 27, 1954  
 Susan, " March 25, 1956  
 Mark, " August 9, 1958.

I was baptized by Heber C. Roylance June 30, 1916 and confirmed by C. W. Belnap July 1, 1916.

Margaret Kay Hewitt was baptized by Lyle Bowen and confirmed by her Grandfather, G.H.B. Harris on Aug. 6, 1944.

Norma Beatrice Sandgren Harris  
1911 - 1911

Thirteenth child of Victoria Josephine Sandgren  
and George Henry Burraston Harris.

Born in the big white house on her parents' farm  
at Salem, Idaho, Jan. 7, 1911. Blessed by her father  
Jan. 16, 1911.

Died at Salem, Idaho, Jan. 22, 1911, and buried  
at Sugar City, Idaho, in infancy.

*Lexburg*

(Record taken from family history)

by Ida Harris Peck.

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"The Golden Hour"

"I'm sending you one golden hour  
From the full jeweled crown of the day;  
Not sorrow or care shall have power  
To steal this rare jewel away.  
I'm bidding you join in the dreaming  
I had in that hour of you,  
When all of the old dreams, in seeming,  
Were gold like the hour, and came true.

So let's dream like a child in its playing  
Let's make us a sky and a sea,  
Let's change the things 'round us by saying  
They're things that we wish them to be;  
And if there is sadness or sorrow,  
Let's dream till we charm it away,  
Let's learn from the children, and borrow  
A saying from childhood: "Let's play!"

Let's play that the world's full of beauty,  
Let's play there are roses in bloom,  
Let's play there is pleasure in duty,  
And light where we thought there was gloom.  
Let's play that this heart with its sorrow  
Is bidden be joyous and glad,  
Let's play that we'll find on tomorrow  
The joys that we never have had."

by James W. Foley