

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF EMILY MARIA REES THOMAS

Emily was the first of nine children, born April 29, 1871 to Emily Vaughan and Moroni Rees, in Cherry Creek, Idaho. Emily was married at the age of 17, to Joseph Hyrum Thomas, February 5, 1889, before her youngest brother Thomas was born.

Emily was a beautiful woman. She resembled her mother and worked hard all her life. She reared a large family under some very trying circumstances. She gave birth to 13 children. The first two were stillborn, one was 1 month old when it passed away and another was three years old. Joe and Emily raised nine children, three boys and six girls on a farm north-west of Malad, Idaho known as Elkhorn.

The Farm had good soil, good drinking water from a spring near the house, and a stream of water for irrigation. They raised everything any family would need to eat. Also plenty of hay and other feed for the animals. Emily, her daughter Ethel, and son Leonard used to milk the cows and they always had quite a herd. They were independant as far as food was concerned. They raised everything that was needed except salt, sugar and spices. Shoes and clothing were the only things they had to buy and they would get them from a pedler that came around twice a year.

Emily was one of the sweetest, sincere persons that anyone ever knew. She was never known to be other than that. She was always the same, with never an unkind word for anyone. She never wanted a conflict and she was ready to concede rather than have an argument. Some say she didn't get enough fun out of life when she was young. She did have to work hard before and after she was married. She used to go to dances and parties quite regular in the winter time with her husband and children. She looked forward to the St. David's Day celebration at Samaria in the spring of the year. They would go with relatives and friends.

During the summer they visited relatives and friends in Ogden, Provo and Orem. They took trips to Salt Air with friends in the early days of their married life when Salt Air was at its best for entertainment and had a lot of fun. They lived for some time on a farm between Malad and Arbon valleys where it was handy for people to stay over night. Many relatives and friends stopped to eat and stay over night. Emily always made them welcome and fixed beds, and meals for all who called. They always had a lot of company. Many men came at hunting time to stay for a week at a time to go hunting with Joe. Emily always

made them feel welcome.

Everybody liked and respected Emily. She could have been a leader wherever she happened to be and in any group. Although she was quiet and retiring, she was satisfied to let the other fellow, including her husband have his own way. He was a good manager and a good provider and also a leader among people and a good hard worker. They both were honest and members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. The two of them with their hard work and fine qualities had the best farm in the country.

Emily was very devoted to her children, she stayed right at their bedside when they were ill and didn't leave, only to wait on them until they recovered from their illness. She was perfectly contented with life as it was. She got her greatest pleasure out of her children and grandchildren and never complained. She always seemed to enjoy her home and family. She was a wonderful cook and always kept her house neat and clean. She seemed to enjoy going out in the garden and hoe the weeds, dig potatoes, pick peas and fruit. Everyone that ate at Emily's and Joe's raved about the good bread and butter and other tasty food she prepared.

When they moved to Malad City, her work was a little easier. She could attend church more and was a Relief Society teacher for many many years. For a few years her husband was very ill and she cared for him. The children would come as often as they could to help her. On February 5, 1948 her husband Joe passed away. Later the house in Malad was sold and Emily lived with a daughter Edna, in Ogden and visited the other children often.

She went to the Salt Lake Temple with her sister-in-law Eliza Rees, for her endowments and was sealed to her husband. Some of their children was sealed to them.

Emily went on an airplane with her daughter Emma and a train ride with her son Leo, to visit her daughter Leone, in California. Emily had a stroke at Edna's home in Ogden and after being bedfast for six weeks she passed away February 13, 1957. Her eldest son Leonard passed away May 8, 1966. She now has eight living children with many grand children and great-grand children. Her loving memory will live in their hearts forever.

Submitted by her son, Leo Thomas

Moroni Vaughan Rees was born in Provo, Utah on June 14, 1873 to Moroni and Emily Vaughan Rees. He was the first son having a sister Emily older than he. His mother and father lived in Cherry Creek on the area near the Malad river, what is now known as the point. It is about seven miles from Malad.

The family were pioneers in the valley and were of humble circumstances. Emily went to her parents in Provo to have her child.

Moroni Vaughan attended school in Cherry Creek in the winter and herded their cows along the banks of the river when a very small boy. As soon as his Father could trust him with a team he would go to the canyon for the family supply of wood to use for cooking and to warm their home. He also cut and hauled cedar posts from the hills to be used in fencing their property. When Moroni was in his early teens he would go with his father freighting from Collingston, Utah, up through Idaho, and Montana. They were able to take two wagons, and Moroni Vaughan would drive one of the teams. Often he would tell his children of the experiences they had with the Indians, especially the one of the Indians driving their horses off and how they hunted for days before they could find them and move their load. They would obtain loads of produce, etc. to haul going both directions. His father earned good money and made great strides financially at this time.

When Moroni Vaughan was a young man he played a cornet in a dance band with the Jones boys, with Esther Jones (Mifflin) playing the organ. He liked to sing and had a good voice.

When Moroni Vaughan was a young man he purchased a farm in Cherry Creek. To help pay for it he would hire out. It was during the time that he was herding sheep for William H. Chivers that he met Marianne Chivers. A romance grew out of this friendship. His parents were very concerned because Marianne, like her mother and sisters, was a beautiful girl. The Rees family were afraid that she would not make a good wife for a farmer, but that was not true. She proved this later. They were married January 1, 1898 at her parents home. That evening after the wedding supper he took his bride to their home, a two room house just south of Malad that he had rented and furnished. Two years later they moved to Cherry Creek where he had built a two room log house. Five years later they moved into a beautiful new frame home, the first frame home in Cherry Creek.

Moroni Vaughan had a good disposition. He loved life. He had no enemies. There was nothing he would not do for anyone.

He was an ambitious man and a devoted father. He gave his children every opportunity they desired. He adored his mother and father; also his brothers and sisters and their children. Their home was always a stopping place. There was always a bounteous supply of food ready to serve. He was a good provider and Marianne was a good companion.

Some of Moroni Vaughan's brothers lived with them for many years, also a nephew of his wife's who lived with them the first fourteen years of his life having lost his mother at birth.

In his farming days they milked a large herd of cows, had a large herd of sheep, also a herd of cattle. He had hogs, turkeys, and always a large coup of laying hens. There was much work to be done on the Rees farm. There was much happiness in his life for he loved to work.

Moroni Vaughan was more commonly known as Noan, a name he gave himself. He was the father of five children. The first passed away when she was 11 days old. He was the father of four living children, Hazel-Elizabeth, William Chivers, Emily Vaughan, and Marietta Chivers. He had eight grandchildren.

During his farming days he met with two accidents. While bringing wood from the canyon he pulled his gun from the load of wood to kill a rabbit, the trigger caught and shot him thru the hand. Several years later he was seriously injured in a car-truck accident near Tremonton. For six months he lay in a hospital. He didn't complain. Patiently he waited for his broken body to mend. Other patients were brought to him so he could cheer them up. He radiated good cheer and fellowship. After he returned home they purchased in Malad. They had lived in town from 1916 to 1925. They had sold that home and returned to the farm when their children were thru school in Malad.

Moroni Vaughan could not be idle. He was probate judge for many years, and also City judge. A position he held at the time of his death.

Moroni Vaughan's long life of 76 years was spent in Malad Valley. He dearly loved the valley with its green fields, its pleasant homes, and its protecting mountains. This was his home. He was vitally interested in the affairs of his town, his state and his country.

He passed away on the 21st of March in the Malad Valley Hospital. He was buried March 24, 1950 in the Malad cemetery.

Submitted by a daughter, Emily Rees Jones

HUSBAND

MILLWARD, Albert Henry

Born 28 Jan 1904 Place Chesterfield, Caribou, Idh
 Chr. _____ Place _____
 Marr. 3 Feb 1923 Place Pocatello, Bannock, Idh
 Died _____ Place _____
 Bur. _____ Place _____

HUSBAND'S FATHER _____ HUSBAND'S MOTHER _____
 HUSBAND'S OTHER WIVES _____

WIFE

REES, Hazel Elizabeth

Born 27 Mar 1900 Place Cherry Creek, Oneida, Idh
 Chr. _____ Place _____
 Died _____ Place _____
 Bur. _____ Place _____

WIFE'S FATHER REES, Moroni Vaughan WIFE'S MOTHER CHIVERS, Mary Ann (Mae or May)
 WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS _____

Husband MILLWARD, Albert Henry 1904

Wife REES, Hazel Elizabeth

Ward 1. _____
 Examiners: 2. _____
 Stake or _____
 Mission _____

NAME & ADDRESS OF PERSON SUBMITTING RECORD _____

FAMILY REPRESENTATIVE _____
 RELATION OF F.R. TO HUSBAND _____ RELATION OF F.R. TO WIFE _____

TEMPLE ORDINANCE DATA

BAPTIZED (DATE)	ENDOWED (DATE)	SEALED (Date & Temple) WIFE TO HUSBAND
HUSBAND		
7 July 1912	22 Aug 1963	22 Aug 1963
WIFE		
6 July 1916	22 Aug 1963	SEALED (Date & Temple) CHILDREN TO PARENTS

SEX	CHILDREN	WHEN BORN			WHERE BORN			DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE	WHEN DIED		
		DAY	MONTH	YEAR	TOWN	COUNTY	STATE OR COUNTRY		DAY	MONTH	YEAR
M	List Each Child (Whether Living or Dead) in Order of Birth										
F	SURNAME (CAPITALIZED) GIVEN NAMES						TO WHOM				
1											
F	MILLWARD, Mae Marie	1	June	1923	Malad	Oneida	Idh	2 Aug 1942			
2											
M	MILLWARD, William Rees	9	July	1925	"	"	"		4 Oct 1925		
3											
M	MILLWARD, Albert Henry	4	Oct	1926	Bancroft	Caribou	"		11 May 1936		
4											
F	MILLWARD, Dau		Jan	1928	"	"	"		Jan 1928		
5											
M	MILLWARD, Gordon Von	13	May	1932	Cherry Creek	Oneida	Idh	20 Sep 1952			
6											
M	MILLWARD, Son	16	Mar	1934	Malad	"	"		7 Apr 1934		
7											
8											
9											
10											
11											

SOURCES OF INFORMATION

1. Personal knowledge of Albert & Hazel--Certificates of birth, baptisms, etc.

OTHER MARRIAGES

1. # 1 Mae Marie md DANIELS, Daniel Max 10 Mar 1949
 2. # 5 Gordon divorced

NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS

1. Mae Marie first husband lost at sea in W.W.11
 2. Mae Marie & D. Max Daniels sealed 22 Aug. 1963

NAMES: WATSON, John Henry
 PLACES: Sharon, Wndsr, Vrmn
 To indicate that a child is an ancestor of the family representative, place an "X" behind the number pertaining to that child.

ENTER ALL DATA IN THIS ORDER:
 DATES: 14 Apr 1794

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF DAVID JAMES REES
1876-1951

David James Rees, the second son and third child of Moroni and Emily Vaughan Rees, was born January 29, 1876, at Cherry Creek, Oneida County, Idaho. He was followed by four brothers and two sisters. He spent his childhood on the family farm at Cherry Creek. He attended the local school, a one room school house, with a school master teaching all of the grades.

He was a small wiry child full of life and mischief. He rode horses and loved to swim with his older brother Moroni or Noanie as he called him, along with cousins, the Williams brothers.

Work and responsibility was taught at an early age to children of Welsh imigrant parents. It wasn't long before he was going along with his father and brother Noan on freighting trips to Northern Idaho to supplement the farm income. Later Noan and he were going alone, and even by himself. I have heard him tell of the time he and his mother made a trip with freight to make the final payment on her kitchen wood range, a "home comfort". These trips were hazardous. They had to ford rivers and encountered outlaws along the way, which they often did. They experienced many frightening moments as well as many amusing incidents. Such as the time they entered a mining town, dusty and tired and tried to sell their butter and were unable to. They went to the river and camped, discouraged but not ready to give up. There in the coolness of the evening and early morning they molded their butter over and took it back into town and sold it all.

This was his life until he became twenty-one and time for him to go out on his own. He got a job herding sheep for a year. He decided to spend his money towards bettering his education and left for Provo, Utah, and entered the Brigham Young Academy. He took classes in a department called "Classes for backward young men and women". These classes were for those who hadn't had the opportunity of better schooling.

He boarded in the Thatcher home, Mary Rees Thatcher being a cousin of his father. It was here that he met and married his wife, Dinah Thatcher, June 10, 1899. They were both twenty three years of age at the time of their marriage. He was very much in love with her. He claimed he grew in height after he was 21 which made him five feet-seven inches tall, weighing around 130 or 135 lbs. He had the fairest of skin, blue black hair and dark clear blue eyes. He was fun loving and had a pleasing personality.

He took his wife to Malad, Idaho, where they tried farming. She was a delicate lovely girl who had been reared in the city. She had never been on a farm. They homesteaded on 165 acres of

land north of Malad City, known as Elkhorn or the Head of Malad. There he dry farmed and endured many hardships. They had had much sickness in those short years, having had what was known as Rocky Mountain Fever or Spotted Fever. They had four children born to them. The eldest, a girl, had died a few hours after birth, leaving them two girls and a boy. In 1910 they sold this dry farm to a neighbor on the south and bought another ranch or dry farm across the valley known as Devils Creek. It was a lovely all around dry farm. The ground was fertile and yeilded abundantly.

In 1912 another boy was born to them. The family was becoming of school age and the distance of school was becoming a problem. They sold out and moved to Ogden. He spent a year in Ogden restless and unhappy. In the Autumn of 1915 he bought another farm in Altonah, Utah, a part of the Uintah Basin. He moved the family there to start a new life in another undeveloped country.

In January of 1916 another boy was born to them making them five living children. They endured many hardships as did all pioneers of this vast country. He worked hard and long tilling the soil and caring for his livestock. He also helped to build a community. He tested cream two days a week, on the side, for the Mutual Creamery for several years. He was a director and Secretary for the Farmers Irrigation Co. while living at Altonah.

In 1923 he traded his farm for another farm located about ten miles south east, in a community, called Upalco. It had a a lower climate and was situated where he could raise fruit, along with his hay and grain. He also did some truck gardening. He had been known throughout the basin for his breeding of pure-blood Perchion horses, now he was known for his fruit orchard. Choice Apricots and peaches along with other varieties were raised, a rare crop in this area. It demanded a great deal of hard work and long hours.

They lived here until 1938 when they retired and moved to Provo for the summers and Taft, California, in the winter. Both were in poor health and each spent time in the hospital at Bakersfield, Calif. He had a kidney ailment and she had a rheumatic heart condition and diabetis. On May 13, 1944 his wife, Dinah, passed away in Provo, Utah. She would have been sixty-eight in a week or so. He followed the same pattern of living with exception that he spent more time in Upalco in the summers.

On March 17, 1946, he was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Up until that time he had not been affiliated with any church.

In May 1947, he married Martha Waddell Curtis in Taft, Calif. He had spent three lonely years. On the evening of March 15, 1951, he went to bed never to awaken. The doctor set the time of his passing at about one o'clock A.M., March 16, at the home of his daughter Phyllis. He was brought to Provo, Utah for funeral services and burial by the side of his beloved wife, Dinah.

In conclusion let me say, David J. Rees was a pleasant, quiet, man. He was loved and respected by all who knew him. He was an interesting story teller as well as being a good listener. He loved music, and like his father was a poet by nature, like his mother, kind and tolerant.

Submitted by Romola Rees Rogers

o o o o o o o o o o o o o o

ORAN'S TWENTY-NINE

We went down Brundage Lane in Oran's
 Twenty nine,
 To see the fights and boy we really
 Cut a shine.
 He said she's hitting forty per, I said
 It's all of that.
 I turned up my collar and grabbed for
 my hat.
 We got down to Chester and pulled to
 a stop.
 I said, "What is the matter" and he said
 "I saw a cop."
 He said, "You know I haven't any horn,
 and I can't pay a fine.
 He felt in his pocket and never had
 a dine.
 We went down Chester and we run into a
 crowd.
 Oran got embarrassed, you know he is
 quite proud.
 The people started laughing and pointed
 at our car.
 I said, "Never mind they don't know who
 we are.
 So we went to twenty-third and turned
 to the right.

That is where we had to turn to see
 the fight.
 When we got there it was very dark,
 We went around a block or two to find
 a place to park.
 We parked the car and turned off the
 lights,
 Then we headed for the fights.
 When we got in after we paid our fare,
 We couldn't find a seat not even a chair.
 We finally got a bench, but it was by a
 negro wench.
 This isn't very good, but I will try to do
 better next time if I don't fail.
 But, now I will have to stop and get
 this on the mail.

by D. J. Rees

(written to La Jean Rees--a granddaughter,
 Feb. 15, 1946) He was 70 years old at the time.

o o o o o o o o o o o o o o

F O R S A L E

We sold the old farm home today
 The barns, the fields of greening hay,
 The little brook and waterfall,
 Bright flowers that grow by the garden wall.

We sold the kitchen white and neat,
 The stairway worn by dancing feet
 Of children, now gone far away.

We sold the alfalfa, bright with bloom;
 The hearthfire in the living room,
 The big front door that opened wide,
 To welcome all our friends with pride.

The stately trees that through the years
 Have nodded o'er our joys and tears.
 But what of gold or wealth can pay,
 For memories that we sold today! --anon.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MARY ELLEN REES THOMAS

Mary Ellen Rees was born December 29, 1877, in Provo, Utah to Moroni and Emily Vaughan Rees, the fourth child in a family of six boys and three girls. Her hair was "white as cotton" at birth, but gradually turned to a very dark brown. She was a small, lithe little lady of about ninety pounds, and her flashing dark eyes twinkled with the wit and good humor so characteristic of her. Her home was at Cherry Creek, near Malad, Idaho, and it was here she spent her entire childhood, attended school, and participated in church and community activities, e.g. giving "recitations" and dancing at the "Old Barn". She loved gathering choke-cherries with her brothers and sisters, and especially enjoyed fishing in the Malad River, provided she wasn't required to eat her "catch". She worked for a time at the hotel in Malad, helping with the cooking and cleaning. Also she and her best friend, Annie Jones, cut and sewed together balls of carpet rags, which they sold to a rug-maker for extra pocket money.

She met Daniel Phillips Thomas of Salt Lake City, who was employed at the time on a farm in the Malad valley, and on Oct. 20, 1899 they were married. They moved into a brick home that he had constructed for them on Provo Bench, Utah, and he continued work at various farms in that area. Their first child, Daniel, was born in January, 1901, and died fifteen months later of pneumonia. A year later Elizabeth arrived, followed by Laurence, Lloyd, Emily, George, Albert, Verl, Melvin, and last and also least, Nina, weighing in at two and one half pounds. Because of their prematurity, Verl lived for only two hours, and Melvin just three weeks. With the growth of the family, came the addition of two rooms to the house and more acreage to their own fruit farm.

Dan passed away in January, 1938 at the age of 64 and is buried in the Provo City Cemetery. Mary Ellen followed him in death just two years later, April, 1940 at the age of 63, and was laid to rest at his side. At the time of their passing, they had enjoyed only five grandchildren, but at the present time, June, 1967, have to their credit fifteen grandchildren, eighteen great-grandchildren, and one great-great-grandchild; have also buried two wee granddaughters and two great-granddaughters. Their son Lloyd passed away March 25, 1963, at the age of 56 in Los Angeles, following heart surgery, and is buried at Rose Hills Memorial Gardens in Whittier, California.

Dan and Mary Ellen were congenial, hard-working companions and were honest, honorable, and charitable. While they were unable to provide their children with all of life's luxuries they did give them an abundance of love and a genuine feeling of security.

Mary Ellen's most outstanding quality was an intense pride in and loyalty to her family.

Submitted by Nina Thomas Mc Ewan

O U R M O T H E R
(MARY ELLEN REES THOMAS)

She was saucy and pert, with a humorous air,
Laughing brown eyes, and dark shining hair,
With soft gentle hands and enough love to share,
She cured all our ills; our burdens she's bear.

She never refused to help those in need
Of her special talents, which were many, indeed.
She was tiny in stature, about five feet one,
With the "go" of a bullet shot from a gun.

With the courage of Nero, but afraid of a mouse,
She travelled life's road, hand in hand with her spouse.
She's been gladdened and saddened, disappointed, surprised,
Forever looking forward, new goals to realize.

She enticed one to laugh, with a funny remark,
Or by "pulling" a face, so comically stark.
She loved to tease Dad, who would laugh at her tricks.
They had not much money, but were both solid bricks.

We love her and miss her, how much we can't tell.
We regret her grandchildren couldn't know her, as well.
She seldom complained when the going got tough.
She was one in a million, a diamond in the rough.

We knew that she loved us, each year more and more,
And we knew she loved Dad, who had gone on before.
She couldn't be happy, unless by his side.
As she always had been since her day as his bride.

cont.

She left us one April, to grieve at our loss,
But she left many memories, on our minds to emboss,
Of goodness and kindness and fairness to spare,
To pass on to our children, a heritage rare.

By Emily Thomas Carter

o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o

A VOICE

If I were a voice, a pleading voice,
I would go to the haunts of crime,
And teach them of Heaven and the beauties within,
Where Jasus abides free from sadness and sin.
Where gladness and joy are sublime.

I would run--yes, fly--over chasms deep,
To the homes of distress where widows weep,
And stand in their midst as a thining ray,
And teach them to wipe every tear away.

If I were a voice, a powerful voice,
I would fly on the wings of the gale.
If I found any soul overcome in the squall,
I would uproot the evil that caused him to fall,
And tell him God's merciful tale.

I would fly, I would fly, with a leap and bound,
Over mountain and gorge to the pitiful sound.
Wars to discourage and love to replace,
Foul malice and hatred that cling on each face.

Moroni Rees

* * * * *

TO THE HATED WASTE BASKET

Thou waste basket close thy maw.
The ugliest sight I ever saw.
Ever ready to destroy,
The best man's brain could here employ.

Sometimes man racks his very brain,
For something new that may attract,
That some one else perchance has lacked,
Gets lost upon thy endless chain.

I see thy upper strands so wise.
A demon on the ebbing tide.
Thy neither end is narrow quite,
But none appease thy appetite.

Moroni Rees

* * * * *

THE COVENANTS WE MADE

With my left hand on the Bible,
And my right above my head,
I called the angels there to witness,
All the blessed words I said.

As my husband stood beside me,
Those are words he heard me say,
I will ever cling most faithful,
Love and honor and obey.

God, my Heavenly Father heard them,
Every word I spoke while there,
Standing by that blessed altar,
Free from worry, free from care.

While my husband stood beside me,
Handsome in his robes so white,
Kindness beaming every feature,
As he pressed my fingers tight.

Those are words I know he uttered,
And he meant it with each breath,
I will honor and protect you,
And will love you until death.

Now we're happy, let us struggle,
Harder than we did before,
For to shun each idle habit,
And keep discord from our door.

Moroni Rees

A kiss is something that brings two people so close
together they can't see anything wrong with each other.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF PHILLIP MORGAN REES
1880-1941

Our father, Philip Morgan Rees, of Welch descent, was born May 16, 1880, at Cherry Creek, Oneida, Idaho, to Moroni and Emily Vaughan Rees, in humble circumstances. The tiny log house where the family lived at that time was located near the Malad River, west of the hi-way at the "Point" near the road which leads to Samaria.

He was the fifth child in the family of nine. All his father had known in his childhood was hard work in the coal mines and it carried over into the lives of his children. All work and no play. The family was well provided for and were loyal and friendly. They were highly respected in the community.

During their growing up period, their father left the LDS Church, of which he was a member, and as a result, none of the children were allowed baptism at the proper time but our father was baptized April 1, 1923, received his endowments and on Sept. 23, 1923, he and Mother were sealed for time and eternity at the Logan Temple. Later he was called to serve as first counselor to Bishop Leo D. Williams of the Cherry Creek Ward and held that position for thirteen years, until the time of his death.

When Father was a young man he left his fathers farm and got a job herding sheep and spent much of his time in that capacity. All of the money he earned had to be given to his father until he reached the age of twenty-one.

Father was as outstanding penman and did very fancy hand-writing. He did a lot of secretarial work during his life. He was Secretary and Treasurer for the Malad Valley Telephone Co. for many years.

It is said of him that he was popular with the ladies, being a good dancer and lots of fun. When he met Miss Nellie Brantzeg, of Norwegian descent, a telephone operator of Malad City, Idaho, he fell in love and knew she was the one he wanted as a partner for life. They were married Nov. 28, 1907, at Malad City. They bought the old Rees family home, a two-story rock structure at Cherry Creek, which the family had purchased after they left the "River Home" several years previously. Here they lived all their married life together. All seven children were born there and our father died there. Mother used to say that it seemed that the poem, "It Takes a Heap O' Livin' In a House To Make a Home" must have been written for that house. What fond memories of our old home!

To this union were born seven children, Maude, Marion, Erma,

Vaughan, Phil, Gloria and a stillborn daughter. Vaughan died at the age of 22 months and was buried at Malad City, as was our baby sister.

Our father was the kindest and the most tender-hearted man I have ever known. The memories we have of him are all pleasant. He inherited his good mother's patience and soft-spoken voice. He never raised his voice or used bad language, not even slang. He was fun-loving and always had sympathy for the younger generation. He wanted everyone to have fun. He loved his family and provided well. We were never refused anything that was wholesome.

Our home was always clean and our friends were always welcome. Father loved music. He played the harmonica and accordion and step-danced to entertain. He thought the radio was a most wonderful invention. How we wished he could have lived in the days of television!

On May 13, 1941, Father was thrown from the horse-drawn plow in the upper south field and received a broken leg. He was treated at the Oneida Hospital in Malad City for several days and then moved home to be cared for by our Mother. A blood clot developed and hit his heart the following evening and he died suddenly on May 18, 1941, just two days after his sixty-first birthday. He only lived to see four of his eighteen grandchildren.

To us who were left, we thought nothing could have been worse but when we saw our Mother, who had been a widow for fifteen years suffer intense pain with Cancer for more than a year before her death, we decided that our father was blessed with a sudden death.

We feel that we were blessed with a good heritage, having been children of this couple, our parents!

Submitted by Maude Rees Harris

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF GOMER VAUGHAN REES
1883-

I was born 8 November 1883, in Cherry Creek, Oneida County, Idaho, in a two room, log house on the farm by the river, one of nine children. My parents were Moroni and Emily Vaughan Rees.

When I was nearly seven years old we moved up to Cherry Creek into a rock house. My brother, Thomas, was born there. I lived there and helped on the farm until I got married and for a year and a half afterward. We engaged in farming and stock raising. My main interest was with horses. I broke many a horse to ride and work for different ones.

At the age of eleven I went with Father and Brother George to Challis and Bay Horse, Idaho with two freight wagons, fording the Snake River at Blackfoot. We were gone three weeks. When we came to the Snake River the toll charge was more than Father wanted to pay so he took the wagon which was being pulled by four horses and crossed the river. George and I were to wait until he came back to get us across, but George said if Father could make it, we could too. By the time Father had a horse unhitched to come back to help us, we were halfway across. We made it without any trouble, reaching a place on the bank some distance upstream from where Father had landed. We received quite a scolding from Father for having disobeyed him.

At the age of thirteen I started running the header (the harvester to harvest the grain). At the age of sixteen I took the binder out and did custom cutting all the way from Cherry Creek to Portage, Utah.

I helped Father on the farm until I was 21 years old, and at that age I got married to Eliza Williams on 24 November 1904. The November I turned 21 I voted in a presidential election. Theodore Roosevelt was elected President of the United States with Charles W. Fairbanks as Vice President.

Father and Mother moved to Ogden and we ran the farm until the fall of 1906. Our son, Theordore Gomer, was born 30 December 1905. In 1906 I went herding sheep with Will T. Jones down to Steptoe Valley, Nevada, for the winter returning in the spring. My wife, Eliza, lived with her folks in Samaria while I was gone. Then we went to the head of Malad and took up a homestead. I went to the East Canyon and brought the logs out and built a one room house about 12 by 15 feet for the family, then just one son, Theodore. It had a dirt roof and rough lumber floor.

In the late spring, I went with the sheep for four months through the summer. I went up through Soda Springs, returning

in the fall for harvest.

We lived there and in Malad then all our lives up until 1942 when we moved to Ogden. We engaged in farming and I bought and sold horses. I've shipped horses all over the United States.

Our second child and only daughter, Mae, was born on 16 May 1909. Raymond Clifford was born 25 July 1913. Both Mae and Cliff were born in Samaria, Idaho. Our two youngest boys were born in Malad where we lived on Bannock Street. Thomas John was born 11 November 1917 and Ray Earl on 21 October 1920.

When I came to Ogden I worked at the Utah General Depot for four months; then I went back to the ranch for harvest. After we got through harvesting I sold used cars in Ogden during war-time. From there I went to work at the Dee Hospital for eight years. I retired from the hospital in March eight years ago (1954) when I was 70 years old. After my retirement we moved to Buena Park, California for two years and returned to Ogden in July of 1956. We have lived at 516- 22nd Street since that time. I am a High Priest in the 57th Ward. I was baptized on 3 August 1929 and Eliza and I went through the Logan Temple on 23 July 1931.

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This history was told to me by my grandfather on 25 August 1962, when he was 79 years old. At the time I am writing this appendage, 20 April 1967, Grandfather (who is called "Papa" by his children) is 84 years old. He has outlived three of his children and enjoys extremely good health and alertness of mind, possessing a remarkable memory. Grandpa is respected by his family and associates as a man of fine character and likeable personality. He enjoys people and is of a sociable nature, seeming to be at ease with young people as well as old. His keen sense of humor is one of his most endearing qualities.

Throughout my life I have been privileged to spend much time with my grandparents both in Ogden and Malad, and I appreciate and love them more than words can express.

Submitted by Betty Bushman

George Arthur Rees was born 25 February 1882 in Cherry Creek, Oneida County, Idaho. He was the sixth child and fourth son of Moroni and Emily Vaughan Rees.

George was good-natured and generous with what he had. He enjoyed being with people and usually had a group around him. One of his chief enjoyments was riding horses and he was quite a daring bronco rider. If he happened to be thrown off the horse, he would climb right back on for another try.

When he was sixteen or seventeen he went to work as a drover, driving cattle to Montana. In 1903 or 1904 he homesteaded a ranch in Daniels, Idaho where he farmed for a number of years. After living there as a batchelor for a time he married Pearl Palmer of Ogden. (1913 - 1915) George later sold his ranch to his brother, Gomer and he and Pearl moved to Ogden. This marriage was childless and ended in divorce.

After the breakup of his first marriage George moved to Nevada, where he lived and worked for a number of years. In Nevada he met and married Lucy Fields on 1 June 1926. Lucy was born in New York City, New York on 1 October 1892. Lucy was a very likeable person and she and George, being well-suited to each other, had a very happy marriage. No children was born to this union.

Lucy and George returned to Utah from Nevada after a number of years, settling in Sandy, Utah. He died after a brief illness in the Salt Lake General Hospital on 19 August 1940. He was 58 years old. His burial was in Ogden, Utah.

Lucy passed away in 1966.

Submitted by Betty Bushman

B O O T S

Several members of Congress were sitting on the western steps of the Capitol watching an unusually beautiful sunset. The talking and looking, however, came to a sudden halt when a stranger strolled by wearing a pair of old fashioned cowhide boots, with his pants stuffed into the tops.

"Boys," slowly remarked Uncle Joe, "That's the first pair of cowhides I've seen in Washington in dozen or so years. How well I remember the old days when I wore them and greased them every little while with tallow, and, oh, what a job it was to work up a shine on them out in the woodshed. By the way, do you realize that a considerable affinity exists between men and boots? They both have like weaknesses and good qualities, and are similarly affected under certain circumstances. Boots go on feet. So do men. Boots have soles. So have men. Boots sometimes get tight. So do men. Some boots lose their soles. So do some men. Some boots can't stand water. Neither can some men. When a boot is well soaked it is a hard case. So is a man. A boot when old gets wrinkled and hard. So does a man. A boot to be of much account must have a mate. So should a man. A boot well heeled always feels comfortable. So does a man. The less understanding there is in a boot the bigger it feels. So it is with a man."

Author unknown

Let the farmer forevermore be honored in his calling; for they who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God--Thomas Jefferson

Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself.

James A Garfield

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF GWENNIE REES MILLER

Gwennie Rees was born September 17, 1885 in Cherry Creek, Idaho. She was the daughter of Moroni Rees and Emily Vaughan. She had six brothers and two sisters. The family lived on a large farm at Cherry Creek.

Gwennie, a little white headed girl and her brothers and sisters attended grade school in Cherry Creek.

Some of the amusements she had when she was young and going to school were, riding horses in the hills to gather choke cherries, school entertainments and dances. She had to walk a long way to reach a dance hall.

Her tasks while she was at home were all kinds of housework, such as gathering eggs, making butter and cheese, washing dishes, making bread and cooking meals.

As she grew older her hair changed to a beautiful Auburn.

When Gwennie was a young woman, her parents sold the farm in Cherry Creek and moved to Ogden.

Gwennie had two very close friends who were young Latter-Day Saints. On Sundays they took Gwennie to church with them and talked her into being baptized. Gwennie was baptized into the Church July 1, 1906.

She met John Henry Miller at a dance. They were married January 9, 1907 in the Salt Lake Temple. They had ten children seven boys and three girls. They were, Leslie, Philip, Emily, Thomas, Virgil, George, Vera, Vaughn, Betty, and Kenneth.

Soon after marriage John and Gwennie homesteaded at Elkhorn, near Malad. They built a one-room log cabin and ran a farm up there. When Gwennie was to have her baby she would go down to her mother's home in Ogden. After Virgil was born they moved to Ogden.

They were living on Dan Street in Ogden when their sixth child died. He drowned in a small ditch running in front of the house on July 1st 1920. Not being able to stand it there any longer they moved to 859 - 20th st.

There was much sickness and plenty of hardships during her life, but she was a hard working woman and a beautiful seamstress. She did all her own papering and painting. She was a wonderful wife and mother.

Gwennie didn't travel very much after marriage. She did make a trip to Provo to visit her sister, Mary Ellen and her family occasionally, and to Idaho to visit her brothers and sister Emily and their families. Her first long trip was after an invitation to California with her sister, Mary Ellen. They were guests of Mary Ellen's son Lawrence and his wife Emma.

She was a Relief Society teacher and her greatest ambition was to work in the Temple. She became blind and was never able to fulfill this ambition.

She had 40 grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren.

She died December 7, 1956 at the age of 71. She is buried in Ogden, Utah.

Submitted by Emily Miller Despain

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ANSWER TO PRAYER

We ask for strength and God gives us difficulties which make us strong.

We pray for wisdom and God gives us problems, the solution of which develops wisdom.

We plead for prosperity and He gives us a brain and brawn to work.

We pray for courage and He gives us dangers to overcome.

We ask for favors; He gives us opportunities.

God gave us our lives; What we make of them is our gift to God.

Problems are the things we see when we take our eyes off our goal.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THOMAS RICHARD REES
1890-

I, Thomas R. Rees was born in Cherry Creek, Idaho, the ninth child of nine children, December 1, 1890. I spent my early life on the farms in Cherry Creek, at the point, and down by the river. (My father had four farms, none of which were too productive; one was entirely pasture.) From time to time, after I was eight to ten years old, I spent part of my summers in the mountains pulling camp for my brothers, Noan and Phil. These were great years, filled with interesting experiences with bears in New Canyon, hunting with my new twenty-two, etc.

When I was 14, and felt that I was capable of doing everything on a farm, my father fulfilled a pledge he had made to himself years before and gave up farming and moved to Ogden. I was disappointed but soon adjusted myself to city life. It was interesting to note that the school authorities in Ogden had some difficulty placing me in the grade in which I belonged. In the one-room school house in Cherry Creek I was in the "fifth reader". We had no grades. I was placed in the 5th grade at 14 years of age. Soon I skipped a grade, and from then on I was on my way.

Soon after moving to Ogden, Mother, Father, Gwennie and I became interested in the church, developed some good friends in the church, and were baptized. I graduated from the 8th grade, went to high school, then at graduation I was called on a mission, the Swiss-German Mission, on December 6, 1912. I began my mission to my great disappointment in Budapest, Hungary, stayed there 3 months, and due to the lack of interest among the Hungarian people, the mission was closed. I was then transferred to Dresden, then to Frankfort as choir leader, was banished from Prussia, and was transferred to Hanover, where I was appointed conference President. My mission ended abruptly in September, 1914 when World War I broke out.

Upon returning from my mission I received an appointment as school teacher at Daniels. I remained there but one year and then enrolled at the University of Utah. I couldn't ask my family to support me after supporting me on a mission, so I went to Salt Lake with but a dollar in my pocket. I worked at a thousand jobs from dishwasher at a fraternity house to typist until several months later I landed a night clerk job at a rooming house or small hotel. Later I got a real job at the 5th East Hotel, and still later I found a better job as night clerk at the New Temple Hotel. Even though I was spending a lot of time at my work in the hotel, my marks were good, and I was enjoying myself 100%. During my 3rd year I was elected to an honor society (skull

and Bones) and was appointed Editor of the year book (The Utonian). However, before the school year ended I received a Civil Service appointment in Washington D.C. In December 1917 Theo Irene Nelson of Mt. Pleasant and I were married. To occupy my summer vacation, and make a little extra cash I had gone to San Pete county to sell Wear Ever Aluminum. I gave a demonstration at Theo's home, and gave a \$7.00 wearever aluminum tea kettle for her. It was a great investment, but the up-keep has been terrific.

When we arrived in Washington Theo and I got jobs in the government, and I got my AB degree from George Washington Univ. I then went into medical school, graduated with an MD degree in 1924, supporting myself with Theo's help by operating an elevator at the U.S. Capitol Bldg. I interned in hospitals in Washington for 2 years and specialized in Eye, Ear, Nose, and Throat.

Thomas R. Rees, Jr. was born June 30, 1925, and in 1926 we began practicing in Ironwood, Michigan. Myrna was born Sept. 9, 1929, and two years later Dick was severely burned, but recovered 100%. We spent 16 years in Ironwood then moved back to Washington to make our permanent home. I have conducted an eye clinic for the District of Columbia, and served as Associate Member of the Board of Veterans Appeals. Dick now is teaching English Literature in Louisiana having received his AB, his MA and his PHD. Myrna graduated from the University of Michigan, receiving her AB. Dick was married to Dona Olson Dec. 28, 1957, and has one little girl, Barbara; Myrna was married to Hugh D. Logsdon May 2, 1952, and has five children, Dale and David (twins) Mark, Valerie and Hugh Rees Logsdon.

I was President of the Utah State Society of Washington; President- Idaho State Soc., President of Rotary, Exalted Ruler of the Elks Club, President of Civic Music, Pres. of the Ironwood Country Club, President Pedical Society and Pres of the Tuberculosis Society.