

EVAN HOMER HANCEY
1894-1964

Evan Homer Hancey was born on Christmas day in 1894, to James and Annie Marie Christophersen. As there was no hospital in the area, the baby was born at home which was located at 33 West 2nd North in Hyde Park, Cache County, Utah. Evan was the 7th of 11 children born to James and Annie Marie. There were 4 brothers and 2 sisters on hand that meager as far as gifts were concerned, but there was love and peace and the baby would grow and be nurtured in this environment. His mother Annie Marie, served the community of Hyde Park as a nurse and midwife, in addition to caring for her home and many children. His father, James, was a builder, carpenter, machinist, inventor, doctor, dentist and veterinarian. Some of the homes that James built in Hyde Park are still standing at the present time. (1987) Truly these parents led lived of dedicated service. They loved their children and taught them to work, to share, and to care about others.

The baby born on Christmas day was christened Evan Homer Hancey by William Balls. When Evan was born, his eldest sister, May was only 13 years of age and Mary Menetta (Nettie) was 9. They had many responsibilities in the home including the care of the younger children. Nettie had a special attachment for Evan, for it is true that those you serve most you love most. When just a young child, Evan had a out-break of sores that started on his cheeks and then spread all over his face and arms. The doctors didn't know what it was or what to do for it. Of course, it made him irritable and he needed special attention. Nettie remembered carrying him around on a big pillow so he could be with her and she could provide for him. During this period, Nettie took care of him at night. When he wanted to turn over, he would call out "tarn, Hettie, tarn" and she was there to help him.

Evan was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by William A. Seamons in the Logan Temple on 3 March 1903 and was confirmed the same day by Thomas Morgan. He was ordained a Deacon by J. W. D. Hurren on 25 Jan 1909. An incident regarding this was told by Nettie. It seems that all of Evan's friends had been ordained to the priesthood, but still Evan was not. His mother wondered why, and one day when the ward clerk was walking by, she asked him about it. He said he would check to see why. Later he reported that Evan was a girl's name and was on the female records, so of course he had been passed over. He relieved himself of any blame by saying he couldn't understand why mothers gave girls names to their boys, all it did was confuse the records.

Evan was about 12 years old when he had a severe case of pneumonia. As abscess formed on his lung and Dr. D. C. Budge came to care for him. Although there was a hospital in Logan, the family did not have the financial means to go there. Because Dr. Budge had so much regard and respect for James and Annie Marie, he agreed to come to the home to lance the abscess. Annie Marie scrubbed the kitchen table with lysol and boiled sheets to cover it so everything would be as sterile as possible. Chloroform was administered and the surgery performed. The doctor had to insert a tube through his back and into the lower lobe of his left lung to drain the infection. When it was over, Dr. Budge said he was glad it was over, but he would never perform such surgery in a home again. It took Evan a long time to regain his health and it left a nasty scar on his back. His weakened lung contributed to his health problems for the rest of his life.

Evan went to school in Hyde Park. He was a good student and enjoyed learning. Mary

Ann Grant was his 1st grade teacher. George S. Daines and J. W. D. Hurren were teachers in the upper grades. Upon graduation from grade school, he went to North Cache High School in Richmond, Utah.

Evan shared in the household chores while growing up. He milked the cows, fed chickens, chopped wood and pulled water from the well. He hired out to farmers to thin sugar beets, and harvest beets and other crops. He was not as strong as some boys, but he knew how to work and kept at it until the job was done. Evan used to tell how he hoed and topped sugar beets at a very early age. Every time he would tell the story, he would be younger and younger. I used to tease him that if he kept telling that story he would soon be too little to walk into the beet fields. He went with his brother, George, to Cornish, Utah, and worked for the Amalgamated Sugar Company, receiving and weighing beets. Later he worked Weston, Idaho, for the Amalgamated Sugar Company receiving beets, and doing book work for them. For extra work he kept books for the Fifield Wheat Co. Bookkeeping seemed to be a natural for him.

Evan enjoyed music and learned to play the clarinet. He played with the Hyde Park Band for several years and enjoyed their activities and association with the band members. He also played the mandolin and enjoyed strumming it for the family entertainment as they had to make their own fun in those days.

Baseball was a favorite sport and pass-time and Evan participated whenever he could. He and his brother, George, played on some of the winning Hyde Park teams.

Friends were an important influence in his life and Evan had many boy friends and girl friends. In fact, his brother, Leslie, said that every girl had their eyes on him. He always liked fun and found ways to play jokes on people. Melba Olney Seamons, one of his friends said, "We loved Evan, he was lots of fun. He was a friend to everyone, and everyone who knew him, loved him." She also gave us this verse that he recited to friends on occasion.

Electrical appliances have superceded steam.
The old-time sailing vessel is an antiquated dream
We have our horseless carriages driven by the rich
The women wear silk hosiery that never need a stitch.
The belly ache we used to have, is appendicitis now,
We are eating creamery butter that has never seen a cow.
We have out wireless telegraphy, we sail through air and sea
We play machine pianos and never touch a key
Progress is our motto, modern times have come to stay,
But thank God we get our babies in the good old-fashioned way.

World War I broke out and many young people enlisted in the Army. Evan's brother, Leslie, joined in March of 1918, and in May, Evan, decided he should also serve his country. He resigned his job and he and his friend Arlo Hyde enlisted in the U. S. Army on 15 May 1918. He spent from 15 May to 15 July 1918 attending a radio communications school at the University of Colorado in Boulder. On or about 15 July 1918, he was shipped to Campo Dodge, Iowa, where he stayed until the first part of August. On 8 Aug. 1918, he was shipped to Camp Mills on Long Island, New York, and then 14 August 1918 they set sail for Europe. They were in a convoy of 16 transport ships and 2 destroyers. They landed in Liverpool, England, on 28 August 1918. After several overland trips and marches, they arrived in France where Evan's unit was assigned

to the 88th Division. He served as a radioman with that Division.

In a letter to his sister, Nettie, written 4 Nov. 1918, he mentions that he had not written for a month as he had been in the hospital and had no stationery. Sometime in October, Evan was stricken with severe Spanish influenza and hospitalized in France. This left his once-damaged lung possibly useless. Evan said the hospital was just a huge bar-like building filled with beds of the sick and wounded. It was very cold and when they turned the lights out at night, rats the size of house cats, would jump from the rafters down onto the beds. He felt that if he stayed there, he would not live to return home. He left the hospital and found a friendly French family that took him in, nursed him, gave him a clean place to stay and decent food to eat. He recovered and returned to his Division.

In a letter dated 25 Nov. 1918, to his sister, Nettie, Evan mentions that the war was finished. The Armistice was signed on 11 Nov. 1918. Upon Evan's release from the section, he visited Southern France and Northern Italy. He left France on 20 May 1919, from St. Nazaire and landed in New Port News, Virginia, on 1 June 1919. He was honorably discharged at Fort D. A. Russel in Wyoming 18 June 1919, and arrived home to Hyde Park on the 19th of June. Evan enjoyed his 2 trips across the Atlantic Ocean. He used to say that the most beautiful sunsets were out on the ocean and in Utah.

His sister Nettie kept several letters that Evan wrote home while he was in the service. They not only tell of his activities, but he includes his feelings of love for America and the freedoms he was fighting for. He also indicates some goals and aspirations he had for his life. It is quite common to read about service men reflecting on their lives, what they have done, and what they want to accomplish, and it appears Evan was one of those who did.

After his return, he worked at a few odd jobs, including farm work for his half-brother Henry Hancey. He also worked on the construction of the road from Logan to Bear Lake. He helped build the bridge at the west end of the "Horse Shoe Bend" towards the top of Logan Canyon, just west of Rock Springs.

In July of 1919, Evan met Cumorah Hill, daughter of Frank Henry and Rose Hannah Gittens Hill, of Smithfield. They went to lots of parties and dances with a gang of friends. Evan and Cumorah were married in the LDS Logan Temple 21 June 1922. After their marriage they moved to Logan to live.

On 2 July 1924, they were blessed with a 6 pound 2 ounce baby boy with about 3 inches of black hair and huge dark brown (almost black) eyes. They named him Beltron Ramon. "Beltron" was the name of Cumorah's father's younger brother who had died at 6 years of age, along with the next 2 younger children in an epidemic of diphtheria that swept through Cache Valley. Beltron's second name, "Ramon" was a movie actor that Cumorah was fond of. 10 years later, on 13 Feb. 1934, there was a baby girl born to them, but she died the same day. She is buried in the Smithfield Cemetery next to her grandparents, Frank Henry Hill and Rose Hannah Gittens Hill. On 17 May 1935, they were blessed with a 5 pound 7 ounce girl, with very little, if any, hair and blue eyes. They named her Evonne with an "E" so her name would be more like Evan's and also so she would not be called "Yuh-von."

In the spring of 1941, the family moved to Brigham City where Evan went to work for Hunsaker Sand and Gravel as a bookkeeper. He worked for them from 1941 until about 1953, when ill health and surgery forced him to retire.

It was a tragic and sad day in April 1951, when their son, Beltron, was "Killed in Action" while serving with the U. S. Army in the Korean War. He was married to Patricia Ralphs and

they had 2 children, Kent Evan and Martha Jane. His death was a real blow to all the family. Like all fathers, Evan had many hopes and dreams for his son, and when he was killed, it seemed that something in Evan died also. Beltron was buried with full military honors in the Fort Douglas Cemetery in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Evan's daughter, Evonne married Lloyd Ray Anglesey 30 July 1955, and they have 3 children, David Ray, Judy Ann, and Larry Lynn. Like all grandparents, Evan enjoyed his grandchildren and was proud of their accomplishments. Whenever Evan would visit he would always bring some little prize for the grandchildren. Usually it would be a small bottle candy "pills" for each of them. They were always thrilled to see their Grandpa Hancey.

Cumorah Hancey died 11 Oct. 1956. During the trip to Logan to make arrangements for Cumorah's funeral, Evan became very ill. Clarence, (Evan's younger brother) and his wife Bessie Hancey put him to bed at their home and called the doctor from Logan. He was put in the Logan Hospital and later transferred to the Veteran's Hospital in Salt Lake City. After several months he was released from the hospital and went to live with his sister, Leda and her son, Roger, in Logan. Evan and Leda made an apartment in the basement of Leda's home and Evan lived there until he regained his health and strength.

Around 1958, Evan moved back to Brigham City and got a room at the Howard Hotel. He went to work as a bookkeeper for Parson Red E-Mix Co. After Evan moved back to Brigham City, we really got to know one another better and became very close. Lloyd and I (Evonne) would take him for Sunday rides and talk about everything from "how long it would take man to reach the moon" to "how farming procedures had changed in his life time." Any questions we could come up with, Evan would know the answer. If he didn't know, he would look it up and have the answer for us the next time we went for a ride. It became almost a game to see if we could come up with some 'off the wall' question and stump him. Evan always loved to read and study. During my school years, he was my 'ready reference,' and he was the world's best speller. As much as he loved to read, I believe loved to travel more. Each Sunday or holiday was a good excuse to go for a ride. His very favorite trips were when he and his brothers and a nephew or two would get together on Labor Day week end and go for a 4 day trip. They would remember their childhood days and try to out-do each other in the 'I remember when' department. He would always come home chuckling over some remembered occurrence.

Evan Homer Hancey died 2 April 1964. There was a strain of influenza going around the country and there had been hundreds of older people die from it. Evan contracted this flu and it proved fatal for him. On 2 April 1964 he went to work until about noon, then, not feeling well, he left work and stopped to see the doctor. The doctor gave him some medicine and told him if he did not feel 100% better the next day the had better put him in the hospital. He went home to his hotel room and took the medicine and then worked on his income tax returns. Later that evening the owner of the hotel went up to see how Evan was feeling. He was in bed, watching TV and said he was feeling a little better, but would like a drink of water. The owner went across the hall to the bathroom to get the water and when he got back, Evan, was gone. The doctor said he had died of a stroke brought on by the influenza. Evan's funeral was held in Logan 5 April 1964, and he was buried in the Hyde Park Cemetery next to his wife, Cumorah.

Evan always said the one thing you could take with you when you left this life was your intelligence. That being true, Evan took a lot with him.

Some memories of Evan Homer Hancey by Aleda Hancey Earl. (Evan's youngest sister)

I can remember my older brothers and sisters telling about Christmas one year. They ran to the dining room to see if Santa Claus had left anything for them. Usually it was a story book and nuts and candy. Mother called them to her bed to see what Santa had left for her. It was a baby brother, who they named, Evan, he was born on Christmas day. The kids didn't think too much of that, just another baby. Their stockings and presents were more important to them.

I remember dear Evan because of how good he was to our mother and also to me. He was always willing to help out with the household duties, especially when mother was away nursing the sick and delivering babies. He made many a meal for us younger ones.

Later, when I was going to high school, it was hard for me to keep up with the friends I was going with, and he would always give me a quarter to spend for candy or whatever. There was a drug store not too far from the high school and they had excellent chocolates we liked so much. I also remember Evan working on his first car, a Ford Coupe. He would spend hours up at the corral shining and polishing it. He was a knowledgeable mechanic and could keep it in running order.

Evan would bring some of his girl friends home and they would usually sit out on the lawn east of the house where it was shady and laugh and talk and have fun.

After Evan married Cumorah and they moved to Logan, I was working at the Budge Clinic. He would always call and ask how mother was, as he knew her health wasn't too good. Many times he would ask me to stop by and he would give me a \$10.00 bill for mother to help with the expenses. Mother had been the bread winner for all of us after Dad had died, and we appreciated the help Evan gave us.

“My thoughts of Uncle Evan” by Mae Hancey Schaub (daughter of George Hancey).

I guess when I think of Uncle Evan I think of how dapper he used to look walking along Main Street in Logan with his hard straw hat slightly tipped on his head. He always looked so groomed and polished.

Since our family and Uncle Evan's family both lived in Logan for many years, we had close contact with each other. I recall many canyon outings and visits to Bear Lake—always much fun. I especially remember one time we were up Logan Canyon for a picnic and to spend the day. Dad, Uncle Evan, Dennis and I climbed up to Old Juniper. We really had a wonderful day, and I still have pictures of us in the branches of Old Juniper (we could climb it then).

I was “sitter” for dear Beltron and Evonne, when they were small. Evonne was a wee baby and such a dear. I can still see her bright blue eyes. Beltron was a joy, so smart, and he and Don were such pals. I can't believe they are both gone.

Uncle Evan was a generous person. I was candidate for Junior Prom Queen, when I was in High School. It was still depression years, so in order to make expenses, each vote cost a penny. Not a very democratic way to choose a queen, but a good money raiser. Uncle Evan contacted my best friend, Lois Hovey, and gave her a dollar to buy 100 votes. A dollar in those days was like \$25 now. I didn't win, but it warmed my heart to have such a nice Uncle.

I still have, and still use, the set of Wearever pans Uncle Evan and Aunt Cumorah gave us when we were married. Whenever I use them, I think of the times our two families enjoyed. I hope the ones from both families who have gone on are still enjoying closeness we felt in times gone by. Dennis and I were very fond and respected Uncle Evan. He was always good to us and we are glad we knew him so well. (Written by his daughter, Evonne Hancey Anglesey)

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