

LILLIAN HANCEY DAINES  
1902-1983

I was an older girl before I discovered I belonged to a real large family and was the 30<sup>th</sup> child of my father James Hancey. Polygamy was a thing that was rarely spoken of in our family life and the fact that mother, Annie Marie Christophersen, was a 3<sup>rd</sup> wife, who underwent persecution and poverty at the hands of government marshals for a religious belief, was a thing I learned later in life. Born the 26 June 1902, I was the 10<sup>th</sup> child of my mother, 9 living, as one baby girl, Georgena, born in 1899, died at 9 months of age from pneumonia. Aleda (Leda), the last child of the family was born 2 years later.

My first recollection of home were happy but busy ones. My mother was an immaculate housekeeper and a hard worker, having to help finance the immense task of raising 10 children.

Our house was not large, but to me, who at this time saw so many smaller ones, it seemed quite adequate. There was a kitchen, a dining and living room, 2 bedrooms, an east porch and closets, a pantry, and later, a bathroom. A cellar room under the house was amply supplied every year with a supply of food consisting of flour, sugar, fruit, jelly and jams, apples, barrels of cured pork and honey. The root cellar was filled with potatoes, vegetables and some fruits. How like our year's supply now, that the church endorses. It was supplemented with milk from 2 cows, which supplied butter, cream and cheese, together with a small milk check to buy coal oil, salt and a few other necessary items.

I was only 4 years old when my father met with an accident breaking both legs and injuring his body. He really never fully recovered. This is about the first real incident that stands out in my mind. Now that I am older, I thank my mother with all my heart for teaching me to be clean and to work hard. She once told me she was sorry she could not give me more of the gifts of life, but I later realized the one great gift of everlasting life and a testimony of the gospel was beyond all material gifts.

At 8 years of age I was baptized 28 June 1910, in the Logan Temple and was instructed in the meaning of this ordinance by my mother.

I must remember the part Aunt Lena, as we lovingly called her, (Mother's sister, Pauline Josephine) played in our life. Each Christmas boxes of material, candy, story books, dollar bills etc. would arrive by mail. Birthdays brought dresses, stockings, petticoats, etc. which were like "Manna from heaven." May she be blessed for her generosity.

There were many young people in our neighborhood, the Cook's, Perke's, Waite's, Nielsen's and Woolf's, so summer evenings were spent playing hide and seek, run my sheep run and winter sleigh riding and building snow forts for snowball fights. Evenings we cut out paper dolls from Sears catalog, made doll clothes and, if we were good, we could look through a large book called "The Worlds Great Nations."

It wasn't long until I had to start assuming responsibility in the home, while my mother was away nursing and delivering babies, so she could continue to support her family. I remember I had to stand on a little red chair to mix bread and bake from 6 to 8 loaves of bread every day or so. I also helped as a baby sitter for the children of my older brothers and sisters who were married.

During the flu epidemic of 1918, I helped mother care for many families because we had the flu earlier. Our family spent many happy evenings together around the large old family dining table eating apples, popping corn, making honey candy and listening to mother tell of her

native country Denmark. Her word-was law, but it was not easy to deal with 6 grown sons full of mischief and very little to do during the winters. Children raised with only one parent misses a part of life that can never be filled by anyone else.

Leda was the baby of the family and spoiled terribly. She was rocked to sleep, when her legs were so long they touched the floor. She was babied and I was pushed ahead, sometimes too much. Evan was the one who always helped me with the work, then with my studies after. I knew the house had to be spotless when mother came home as she would be too tired to start cleaning. After the summer of working in the fields, the boys would buy Leda and me a little gift and give us some money to call our own.

Mother instilled in us the necessity of being independent and never to accept charity, and to this day I am thankful there was no welfare program. We made it by ourselves and were all stronger for it. In spite of the responsibilities of raising her family, my mother did not have very good health and sometimes was down sick for a number of days at a time. We all deemed it a pleasure to return to her some of the love and devotion she had given us.

Housecleaning time took many hands working together. It involved taking up home-made straw and stretching the carpet and tacking it tightly down. Straw ticks were filled and put under feather ticks serving as mattresses. I think the reason we had to paint so often was that we scrubbed it off with handmade soap. When mother had a rag-tearing bee, we considered it a real party. She would cook dinner and visiting and talking were enjoyed, sometimes in Danish so we kids with big ears could not understand.

My brother had one of the first phonographs in town. One with a big horn and cylinder records. We would carry it out on the lawn in the summer and all the kids in the neighborhood would congregate to listen. Then, when we were tired and ready to go to bed, Sam Stockdale, an old underprivileged neighbor, would start playing his accordion. Oh, they were real musical times

Alfred, my oldest brother, was so good to me. He was much more like a father and gave me some good advice, and always told me it was a shame that all girls did not have a father. Henry Hancey, my half brother, was real good to us and gave my brothers work, and came to see mother. My father's first wife, Grandma Rachel, as we lovingly called her, had several girls living in Idaho Falls and they would come and stay at our home and mother loved each one. It seemed Grandma Rachel's son, Jesse, was her favorite and when he died mother could never have cried mor, if it had been her own son. Are we that good today? Would we go out and meet our husband's first wife and kiss her and help her in the house as she became aged?

When I was about 18 years of age, I went with Orma Christensen to Newton to cook for the headers. These men would cut the grain tops off getting it ready to thresh the grain out. We were way out on Junius Christensen's farm. There was no store close by and we made a refrigerator out of a dry goods box covered with burlap, stood it on end and inserted 2 shelves, then placed a large pan of water on top with burlap strips running from the water in the poan onto the wet burlap. The evaporation really worked and kept butter, milk and meat cool. I used this same kind of refrigeration in my own home after I was married until we could afford a refrigerator. After they finished his grain, Mike Anderson hired us and we cooked for his crew of men. This was a good experience and we both were glad for the money.

Spring always meant trips to the hills. We would walk as far as we could and then sat down in the shade and ate our lunches, visited and talked and planned just like any group of young girls would. Then come back home as the sun was setting with a few wilted curly flowers,

buttercups, etc., exhausted but happy.

I always loved to sew. A machine fascinated me and my first articles were just common tie aprons made out of calico. From then on, I progressed until I worked at the Union Knitting Factory making sweaters, bathing suits and some dresses. I made all the clothes in my trousseau including my wedding dress, and I have never stopped. The instructions I received from my teacher at North Cache High were so very valuable to me as I learned fitting and pattern adjustments. Also, my cooking classes there have never been forgotten. I graduated from the Hyde Park Elementary School and North Cache High School.

I weighed beets at the old Greenville dump and earned my first big money. We would start the first of October and not finish until in January sometimes, as they piled a big part of the beets, then reweighed them into beet cars to go to the factory.

Now I started buying my trousseau starting with a new cedar chest. It cost \$50.00 and I fairly worshiped it.

We associated in large groups, danced with everyone, went home with different boys, and were just one big group of friends. There were about 10 couples who had canyon parties, candy pulls and car rides. We were allowed to go to Smithfield to a dance once in a while, but no farther away. I was going with Delmar Daines mostly in these groups and we were getting more serious and going steady. Delmar and I were married 4 June 1924, in the Logan Temple. I had a Trousseau Tea at my home the 30 May and received many beautiful gifts. Lila Perkes, a very close girl friend and her boy friend Melvin Purser were married the same day. The 4 of us honeymooned at Lava, Pocatello and other places up north. Little did we realize the pain, sorrow, heartache, love, fun, learning and growth of our testimonies that were ahead of us.

When I think back to what little money and material things we had, when we were married, and how really happy we were, I am sure our marriage was meant to be. HAPPY because we had to work hard for everything we got and because we loved each other so much.

Our first home was Uncle Erastus Lamb's old home just one half block east and across the street from our permanent residence here in Hyde Park. Leda helped me clean it, and it was filthy. No one had lived in it for years and sheep had run through it, but a good scrubbing, new paper and paint made it cozy. James Daines built us a clothes closet that really looked more like an oversized coffin than anything else, but it served the purpose. Our new furniture consisted of a coal range, a second-hand kitchen cabinet (which are both still in use in our basement), a large round table, 4 chairs, a steel cot, a rocking chair, wash stand, bed and dresser. I really thought I had the world by the tail. The floors were all linoleum and I crocheted rugs from rags my mother gave me.

Delmar was in debt for the dry farm, 160 acres northeast of here, and working day and night to produce crops to meet the payments. In the fall of 1924, the crops were good and we had planned on buying so many things we needed, but Clyde (Delmar's oldest brother) was leaving for the east for medical school and talked us into buying his old home on the lot we now live on. Only 4 months had passed, and again it was scrubbing, painting, moving, making curtains. This deal also consisted of the 7 acres along the North Logan road and 10 acres down west which we sold to Earl, Delmar's half brother, during the depression. Clyde's 1918 Hupmobile was included in the deal, along with 4 horses and 2 cows. I don't believe we had sense enough to worry about that \$16,000 debt, some of it carrying a mortgage of 10% interest. I did get an electric iron out of it.

Delmar promised me a new home as near to 10 years from then as possible. That promise

was kept pretty close but only by working from 5 in the morning until 8 and 9 at night. In the meantime, the old home gave me more room, the original large one-room house had been divided, so I had a nice front room or dining room, with a shanty on the back that I used for the kitchen. There was a slant on the west where I washed and the space used for storage. This was nice in the summer, but we nearly froze in the winter in this make-believe kitchen. We would have to take the milk and eggs down the old cellar dugout beneath the east part of the house to keep them from freezing. But that old dirt cellar was a godsend to us, keeping things cool in the summer and our bottled fruits, meats, jams and vegetables perfect all winter.

The depression was slowly closing in, our interest was high, prices for crops were disastrous, eggs ten cents a dozen, wheat forty cents a bushel and milk wasn't worth the feed we gave to our cows. I canned everything I could lay my hands on and we had flour, milk, butter and eggs. Our milk checks were sometimes as low at \$2.50, our light bill was \$1.00, and the rest bought salt, sugar and medicine when necessary. I hate the name Herbert Hoover to this day. The government was over-flowing from taxes and no spending, yet all he did was yell "Good times are just around the corner," that became a pass word. This was when we had to sell Earl the 10 acres which about broke my heart.

In November 1924, I was operated on for appendicitis by Dr. D. C. Budge. He only charges us a minimum price, I think \$40.00, because he was working with mother and she had a way with him.

That winter Lila and Melvin Purser would come over in the evenings and we would pop corn, eat delicious apples and play cards. We had fun and those cards were a life saver.

Things were really getting serious, but we were all in the same boat. We were being threatened with foreclosure and people were up in arms. This was election year and Pres. Roosevelt came into office—bless his heart. Now you know I was born and raised a Democrat. He organized the "Federal Land Bank," where farmers could borrow government money on lower interest charge, starting creating jobs for the laborer and things began to change and progress.

We had been married a year now and Lila and I discovered we were expecting our first babies at the same time. Our sewing preparations were done together as Delmar had bought me a Singer Sewing machine and she didn't have one. All of our little dresses and slips were of white batiste, hand embroidered and crocheted and tatted on. Mother hand knitted me a shawl, sweater and cap, and we were, oh, so happy. Dorothy, Lila's little girl was born 1 April and Ray was born the 2<sup>nd</sup> of April 1926 in our homes. We loved our little boy and I made him suits and coats out of clothes I had saved and enjoyed every minute of it. As Delmar was working in the field all day, I cared for the lawn, garden, and flowers, gathered eggs and canned for the coming year.

We are now increasing our dairy herd, raising more chickens and, in the meantime, were buying a few necessities. 20 months after Ray was born, a beautiful little girl, we named, Afton was born 22 Nov. 1929. Mother delivered me alone and I got along much better than before. Ray got his dad's blue eyes but looked more like my folks; Afton got my brown eyes and a much darker skin and her daddy's curly hair.

I was teaching primary when we were married and now I was teaching Zions Boys and Girls. We bought a new rug, drapes, baby bed, a new washing machine and were really comfortable. Sunday, was spent in church and visiting with our folks and friends. I just wonder if people were not happier in those days. We trusted everyone, never locked a door, worked hard, paid our tithing and donations and never seemed jealous of other people. We were making

progress on our farm payments, loved each other, had 2 beautiful children and was expecting another. Our 2<sup>nd</sup> daughter, a little black headed 10 pound girl with her dad's blue eyes was born 11 Oct. 1929. We named her Georgene after my sister just older than I who died of pneumonia at 9 months of age. She was a good baby and was the first baby delivered by Clyde, Delmar's oldest brother, who had just returned from the east and was practicing in Logan.

Our children grew up in a good neighborhood. There wasn't too much recreation for them, though, and now I can see where we could have enjoyed them more if we had planned better. They were taught to work, loved to go the fields with their dad and were soon in district school. I made all their clothes except Ray's overalls, even his shirts when he went to Jr. High School. It wasn't until 28 Jan. 1934, our 3<sup>rd</sup> little girl arrived. I was so sure she was going to be a boy. I could hardly believe it. She was fair-skinned, blue-eyes and looked more like Ray. We named her Marva..

Here it is 1936 and my dream has come true. We are now in a new home. Delmar logged the lumber out of the canyon and made arrangements to pay Claypool Lumber Co. In Smithfield every other milk check. George Ashcroft, Leslie and Clarence, my brothers, and Golden Cook built our home and I was the happiest person on earth. The cost was about \$3,000, the lowest price ever. We later remodeled and every bit of paint, paper and such have been put on with our own hands. Delmar hauled 40 loads of dirt with the team of horses, shovel and wagon to build up our lawn and although it was no mansion, I loved every inch of it.

In 1943 I was called as 2<sup>nd</sup> Counselor in the Primary with Sister Hannah Seamons and Maida Balls. I had spent 7 years teaching the children and Teachers Trainer. The year 1946 found me working in the Relief Society as Literary Class Leader and a Visiting Teacher. These jobs I held until 1947, when I was called to the Relief Society Stake Board of the newly-created East Cache Stake. Orma Thurston, a close friend, was called as music director and I as visiting teacher director. Some of the best times of my life were with these women at Relief Society Conference in Salt Lake City. Inid Reese from Benson was very close to us and we loved each other dearly. I held this position for just short of 7 years, still being a Visiting Teacher in my own ward. Sometimes it wasn't easy as there was so much to do at home, but I did enjoy it too.

Our children soon grew up and Ray was married to Cathryn Cleo Woolf in the Logan Temple 23 Jan. 1947. We have always loved Cleo and she has seemed to be one of my own daughters. Then Georgene was married to Wesley Astle Baer on 16 Nov. 1948 in the Logan Temple. The following 28 June 1949 Afton married Clyde Keith Hirst in the Logan Temple. The day after Afton's marriage our first grandson, Terry Ray Daines, was born. Ray was so thrilled and his heart so full, when he called me that morning he could hardly talk. He had always wanted a brother and this event would fill a void in his life. Marva was married to Don Richards Cook 17 Sep. 1954 in Logan Temple.

It was while Afton and Keith were living in the Northwest, stationed at Ft. Louis, Wash., we had a wonderful trip up there visiting Seattle, Tacoma, Victoria B. C. And Yakima. All 4 of our boys were service men as Wesley served in the Navy sailing around the world. Ray served in the Navy, mostly in Hawaii, Keith in the Army, and Don in the Air Force. Delmar served in World War I.

I was called as a counselor in the Hyde Park Relief Society Presidency with Leora Seamons and Ronda Hyde. This position I held for 4 years. A very pleasant thing that came to our lives was when we started going fishing with Leda and her husband J. W. Earl. Our first trips were just up to Preston in 1965, then Blackfoot, Idaho, then into Wyoming. These were the

fun days as our fishing pictures will show. There is nothing on earth more thrilling than to bring a 2 to 5 pound trout in that fights through the water, and I have accomplished just that. Delmar reached the 7 pound ones.

We are doing more temple work now, both sealings and endowments. Our religion means more to us every day and beyond a doubt it is true. It stabilizes our life, which is really very short

We have taken many wonderful trips to Southern Utah, to Flathead Lake, Montana, Canada and down to the 4 Corner's in Arizona. We also visited Mesa Verda and the Indian Ruins. They only prove the history of the Book of Mormon to be true. These trips were almost all taken with Leda and J. W.

From now on I will write every few months which will seem to you much more like a diary. I will be 72 in June and Delmar 78 in September. We will celebrate our Golden Wedding this coming 4 June 1974. It is February 1974. We left for California to visit Marva and her family, living at LaPalma, California. Marva and her daughter, Suann, came after us, and we drove back in one day. We had a wonderful month's visit and they did everything to make our visit pleasant. We visited the Queen Mary, Wax Museum, Huntington Library, the beaches down south and all there is to possibly see in one month of that beautiful part of the state. Our first airplane trip was coming home from that visit.

4 June 1974 was our Golden Wedding and the children honored us that day. First beautiful flowers arrived, then they took us to Maddox Ranch House in Brigham City for a family supper, giving us flowers to wear and some nice presents. When you are first married you never realize how much a family will mean to you in your later life. The old saying that "what you work the hardest for means the most to you later" is certainly true.

We have just returned from a wonderful trip to the Northwest where we attended the World's Fair in Spokane, Wash. Wesley and Georgene rented a motor home for the trip. They Steven, their son, and the 2 of us went down through the Yakima Valley and out to Mt. Rainier. We had our first ski lift ride, camped in the Washington Pines, and came home more rested after a trip than ever before. This mode of traveling is really great, thanks to the Baer's.

Don, Marva's husband, came home from California the last of February. He drove our car and we went with him to stay with Marva and family. I had been sick with the flu, but California sunshine soon fixed me up. Delmar is a better traveler than I am; it seems he never tires. We stayed 5 weeks as the winter in Cache Valley was so bad and they also had an earthquake. Delmar drove back and we took 2 days, staying at St. George the first night, then drove to Salt Lake to Ray's and stayed there a couple of days to rest.

It is the National Centennial year, 1976, and everyone has been asked to clean and paint. We did our share by painting the house. We were all against Delmar painting the high gables because he is 79 now and with arthritis, but the 2 of us did it again. Now this fall he is pulling down our old barn and scaring the neighbors, when he gets up on those high places as he's 80 years old.

I am sewing like mad for Christmas. Prices are real high, especially ready-made clothes, and how I do love to sew, especially for Julie and Caro, Marva's 2 youngest. We never want for a thing. Our kids are conscious of our needs all the time, and I hope we have sense enough to handle our money carefully so we will never be a burden on them financially.

What a year 1977 started out to be. There is an old saying that it never rains but what it pours. I was operated on the last of June and cancer of the ovary was discovered. I recovered

real good, but just a week later our youngest daughter Marva was operated on for cancer of the colon. I felt my faith slipping and some bitterness creeping in, but again the Lord blessed us, and after a hard ordeal for both of us, we are on the road to recovery. I can never write on paper the love and devotion shown by Delmar and my entire family. My blood doesn't take the chemotherapy very well and my platelets and white count go down, making me very tired and sick.

1978 has been a cold and dry winter, barely any snow and the outlook for summer water is very poor while the east is experiencing terrible storms and hardships.

Delmar and I spent the summers mostly home. He has grown a beautiful garden every year and I have tended my roses and flowers. We have taken short trips. It seems, we are slowing down and enjoying home more all the time. We have some great grandchildren now and they are beautiful. I am so thankful for everyone of them, and all my family.

This summer 1978 we sold the back lot next to ours to Lynn Thomas to build a home. I can hardly believe this is possible. Times have changed so during our life time. Property is at a premium, homes are being built for thousands of dollars, people are plunging in debt, and price of groceries are out of sight. What it costs for the 2 of us to live, to pay bills and church donations is unbelievable. During my life time it has sometimes been hard to go without to meet church obligations, But I bear testimony that the Lord never fails in his promises, if we keep ours too.

On 15 March 1979, Delmar and I attended the dedication of the remodeled Logan Temple. Because of a large crowd, our tickets were to the broadcast in the tabernacle. We then went to dinner downtown. It was a beautiful day and something to remember.

This fall is election time, but I cannot see any great change in the future. Prophecies are being fulfilled so fast, and the world seems to be in such a turmoil. There has been so many changes in the church. We attend all Sunday meetings in 3 hours. The negroes can hold the Priesthood and little old Hyde Park has 3 wards. It makes it harder to visit our old friends on Sunday afternoon. New families are moving in real fast, new homes are being built, and I am afraid we are slipping down the drain. We hope to do a little fishing this coming summer, at least we both have our Utah fishing licenses waiting, so will hope for things to perk up.

The summer of 1981 found all our family at Willow Park in Logan for a fun day outing. All the children, grandchildren and some visitors were there. It was really fun. Thanks to the girls for planning this.

My 80<sup>th</sup> birthday was celebrated at Afton's home with all the family there. It was a lovely party and a wonderful time. It is very hard to totally express our appreciation for these events.

Growing old is just what I have heard it called sometimes, and this January 1983 has been just that. I have a re-occurrence of cancer, a horrible surgery and things do not look good for me. I still have a lot to do—more sewing, cleaning, reading, more flowers to plant, more great grandchildren to see, especially Terry's and Lindy's baby is due about our 59<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary time—sure hope to make it.

The rest of Mother's writings were few and very shaky and written directly to her immediate family—expressions of love and appreciation. Mother's condition grew worse and on 19 Sep. 1983, she was called home.

It is hard for us to put into a short statement how we felt towards Mom and how she

influenced our lives. Mother was a good example to us of what we would like to accomplish in life. She believed in teaching by example. She was a very hard worker, immaculate, a leader and an organizer. She could make pennies stretch and stretch. It was very difficult for Mom to relax and enjoy her retirement years. Her hands were always busy doing gardening, canning, cooking, flower gardening, sewing, cleaning and studying the Gospel.

As Dad did his farm work and was gone all day, Mom always made 2 lunches for him to take-one for Dad and one for the family dog, O'Boy. Mom was generous with her beautiful flowers. One example that stands out in our minds is the many choice roses she saved to take to Leah Hancey, a shut-in friend and neighbor. Mom always saw to it that Leah got the choice ones.

Dad's responsibilities with his cow herd kept him at home most of the time. It was hard to take time off, but Mom and Dad saw to it that we had a short vacation every summer. Renting a cabin at Bear Lake, rides through Logan Canyon with picnic lunches, rides to Soda Springs, Idaho, and Lava Hot Springs are some fun trips we remember. And there was always a shopping spree to Salt Lake City, which we enjoyed very much.

It was a treat indeed for all of us to pile in the old Oldsmobile and go to Mantua, Utah, to spend the day at dear Aunt Amy's place, Aunt Amy was Dad's only full sister. Mom was always willing to do what was asked of her, although it was sometimes very difficult. Such a time was when a dear friend Hannah Seamons passed away and she had requested Mom to speak at her funeral service. It was a real challenge, but Mom accepted.

When we were in our teen years. Mom organized and planted a big patch of string beans west of our house each summer. We all pitched in and helped take care of them. The money was divided equally among the 4 children to help buy our school clothing and supplies for a new year in school. She was close to us as our Mother, and was always there to help us as we approached and experienced marriage and parenthood ourselves.

Mom loved the church and lived the high standards of Mormonism. She was always active in one calling or another and taught her family to do likewise. There was harmony and love in our home between Mom and Dad and us children, and they respected one another very much.

At the time of Mom's passing away, we found in her extra bedroom, laying neatly on the bed, 8 quilt tops, appliqued or embroidered. These were to be given to her great grandchildren. They were all pressed and marked ready for quilting. She dearly loved this kind of work and was busy doing it until 3 weeks before her death.

She was a choice Mom and how we did love her. With the teachings that Mom and Dad taught us, each one of her children know that some day, sooner than we realize, we will be reunited as a complete family, if we but live according to these teachings.

Ray, Afton, Georgene and Marva

Information from the book JAMES HANCEY AND HIS FAMILY Publ. 1988  
Typed into the computer 2 Nov. 2002 Kathleen Jardine Woolf Idaho Falls, Idaho



