George Ernest Hancey was born 17 Jan. 1888, in Hyde Park, Utah. His father was James Hancey and his mother was Annie Marie Christophersen Hancey. He was the 4th child of 11 children. After he was born, his mother fled with him to Franklin, Idaho, to try and protect his father from the Federal Marshals, who were rounding up those who had more than one wife and family. James Hancey was a polygamist with 3 wives and families.

George was always a good student in school. He was the valedictorian when he graduated from the 8th grade. George Daines was his revered teacher at this level. George attended the “A.C.” (Now Utah State University) for a couple of quarters. He lived with George Ashcroft and Lael Peterson in an old shack on the edge of the campus until small pox broke out in an adjoining shack and all were evicted. They then moved down near the 7th Ward in Logan. They would hike home to Hyde Park to wash their clothes and stock up on needed food supplies. George was often put in charge of the college class taught by Prof. E. W. Robinson, when he had to be away. Too bad George didn’t have the opportunity to continue school, but he had to help earn a living for himself and his family. Besides, the $5.00 tuition was something to be concerned about.

George was always interested in baseball and had a crooked finger to prove it. He was the catcher and Evan Christensen was the pitcher for the local team. George, George Ashcroft and Evan Christensen made a trip to Bear Lake one summer to get a barrel of fish. They traveled by team and wagon and it took 3 days to get to Garden City via Logan Canyon. When they arrived in Garden City, a big baseball game was on tap with the formidable Lake Town team, which Garden City had yet to defeat. So George, George and Evan offered their services and were gratefully accepted. They helped Garden City win the game and were fully accepted. They helped Garden City win the game and were hailed as conquering heroes, Lake Town was “mad as hops” about the “Salt Lake Ringers” that had been brought in. The town was theirs and they turned down several dinner invitations from the admiring Garden City people. Their return trip was via Blacksmith Fork Canyon and took another 3 days. They got home with their barrel of fish and they “sold like hotcakes” in Hyde Park and Smithfield, 2 for 25 cents.

George worked at many and various jobs. He was often away from home for months at a time when his work in the fields and the Lewiston Sugar Factory took him miles away. He started with the sugar factory in 1912, working there in the fall and winter months. He would work for Jesse Hancey building homes in the summer time. He helped build the school house in Hyde Park.

George married Florence Clair Ricks on 11 June 1914 in the Logan Temple. They and Rob and Vilate Christoffersen were married the same day. They all 4 rode the Interurban Train to Logan, were married, all went to W. F. Jensen’s Candy Kitchen for ice cream sodas, and them back to Hyde Park on the old reliable Interurban.

George and Florence moved into 2 downstairs rooms in the Tommy Perkes’ old house–rent was $4.00 per month. From there they moved to Harriet Woolf’s house (115 North 100 West in Hyde Park) and the rent was $6.00 per month. After their first child was born, they moved across the street into the home they lived in for many years located at 174 North 100 West in Hyde Park. This house was brand new, built by Fred Elswood and then sold to Chris Mickelsen. George bought it from Chris Mickelsen for $1100, including the large lot on which it
was located. There was a chicken coop on the lot and later George built a barn and a shed. In 1930, the house was sold to Clinton Perkes for $1700 and George and Florence purchased a home at 218 South 1st East in Logan, Utah. The purchase price was $3,000. (How times have changed.)

In January 1915, George was elected Cache County Treasurer and was there until 1921, when he went to work at Thatcher Brothers Bank in Logan (later known as First Security Bank). These 2 jobs overlapped for a short time. George worked at the Bank until his retirement in 1953. At this time, N. D. Salisbury, Bank Branch Manager made this statement: “As our chief note teller, George has been a faithful and efficient employee, conscientious in his work and an excellent bookkeeper. We have appreciated his association and his services.”

George and Florence were the parents of 3 children-Mae Hancey Schaub, born 3 April 1915; Dennis Rex Hancey, born 10 August 1918; and Donald Ricks Hancey, born 1 June 1925. Dennis and Donald both served in World War II. Don was a sergeant and a top turret gunner on a Flying Fortress with the American Air Force in Britain. In October 1944, he was reported “Killed in Action” over Germany when the B-14 Bomber was shot down. He was buried in a Military Cemetery near Liege, Belgium.

Florence died in May 1943. George met Luella Jensen, a widow from Tremonton, whom he married in December 1945. They lived in George’s home in Logan until he passed away on 19 Oct. 1979. He is buried in the Hyde Park Cemetery.

Quotes from Mae about her Dad.

My first recollection of fun with my dad was when we would go up to the barn and talk. I was 3 or 4 years old and thought it a real treat to sit on the straw, on the south side of the barn, and discuss things with him.

I have fond memories of hiking up to “Oles” in the spring and picking lilacs. It was a big adventure and seemed a long ways away. I especially remember the wondering feeling I’d get when we went passed “Mud Castle’s” place. The lions on the porch used to really make me nervous. I remember bringing our pony Old Dick home in the backseat of the car, with the help of Uncle Clarence and Dennis. Quite a car load.

Dad would read the funny papers each Sunday after Sunday School. He made them so much more interesting than just the ordinary funnies that all my friends used to come home with me to hear them, too.

We used to live for Dad’s 2 week vacation each summer. What a thrill to start out, loaded to the bows, for Lava, Bear Lake or Yellowstone. I remember our first trip to Yellowstone. We camped at Warm River the first night. I surely was disappointed when I found the water was very cold in Warm River. I would help Dad plant potatoes. He would shovel out the hole and I’d drop in the cut potatoes from my little bucket.

Dad always had a great sense of humor, and also has been somewhat of a prankster. One April Fool’s Day he sent me down to Uncle Lee’s place for a quart of vacuum. When I handed the bottle to Uncle Lee, with my request, he really laughed and said I’d been caught in an April Fool’s joke. (Only one of the many Dad caught me with.)

When I graduated from the 8th grade in Hyde Park School, it was quite an occasion. I remember Dad came home from the bank early (almost unheard of) so we could hurry to Ogden and buy my graduation dress. It was a beautiful-apricot-colored georgette with a Bertha collar of matching lace and 3 flounces on the skirt. Oh, happy day. As I grew up and started to have boy
friends, even from out of town, it used to irk and amaze me how much Dad always knew about them and their whole darn family.

Dad has always been a wonderful father–never once did he forget a birthday. I always looked forward to his returning home on my birthday. There was always a beautiful surprise.

Quotes from Leda about her brother George.
I first remember George when I was very young and he would rock me to sleep. My legs were so long they dragged on the floor. When I would sit next to him at the big family table, he would slip mustard (which I hated) on whatever I was eating. I would bawl and mother would have to move me away from him. I didn’t help much because then he would wad up little pieces of bread and throw at me–another bawling spree. Poor mother.

One of the favorite songs he would sing to me was “Once upon a time there were three bears, Gwena Gwina-do, and it’s for me, can’t sing raising just twist”–no sense, but I liked it.

Mother was so glad when he grew up and would pack his suitcase and go to Salt Lake City. This was at Conference time, but I’m afraid Conference was skipped and he would meet his boy friends, and a good time was had by all.

Everyone (almost) had a nickname in Hyde Park, and most were named by George and Lee. These names stuck with them. Examples: Evander Waite–“putter;” George Reeder–“Mugs;” Clarence Hancey–“Keggy;” Lee Hancey–“Pinder;” Evan–“Hike;” and so on.

One thing we can remember about George is the way he always kept his automobiles shines up, his car was the cleanest one in town.

Every year on Labor Day, George and his brothers–Lee, Leslie, Evan and Clarence, would go on a trip–usually for 3 days. They took turns driving. Sometimes the trip was planned, and sometimes they just started out. They always came home laughing and happy no matter what way they went. They were always as close as any brothers could possibly be. Not just brothers, but friends, too. Sometimes they would take a 22 and target practice. In later years, Dennis or Spencer would go with them to drive. I bet they had a great time and had some hearty laughs. Their ears may have burned a little from the “salty language,” too.

Last week (August 1976) we were on a little outing and drove through Oxford, Idaho. The fields of ripening grain reminded George of the days when he worked with Lorenzo Petersen on the threshing crew and they would go to the Walter Hawkes’ farm in Oxford and spend several weeks harvesting grain.

Quotes from Dennis about his dad. I remember how our lucern patch provided “Old Dick,” my pony, his winter feed. After it was cut and dried, Dad would pitch it into the loft of the barn, by climbing up a ladder with a fork full of hay. It would be inside the loft to smooth it around.

Dad, Uncle Clarence and I would spend a lot of good hours going up to “Berry Holler.” Usually I rode my pony while they walked and talked.

I remember many holiday trips to Bear Lake, Blacksmith Fork and different places. Sometimes we went with Uncle Evan’s family and sometimes with the Leslie Hovey family. I especially remember one outing to Blacksmith Fork Canyon, Dad was fishing when a huge rattler appeared. Dad came back with several fish and the rattlers from the big snake.

Dad always saw that we had exciting toys to play with. I especially remember a steam engine I got one Christmas. Also, every spring he made us all whistles and stilts. You don’t see kids on stilts much anymore, but we really enjoyed them.
I liked the fall of the year when all the leaves were raked into a huge pile. Dad would wrap potatoes in wet newspaper and then place them in the lighted bonfire. We ate them soot, paper shreds and all. Nothing ever tasted so good.

I, also was the victim of some of Dad’s April Fool jokes. He sent me to Grandma’s for that same quart of vacuum. Grandma laughed and told me Dad had played a joke on me. Grandma then rewarded me with some of her delicious cookies, so I didn’t care.

TO DAD ON HIS 90TH BIRTHDAY

By Mae H. Schaub

Do you remember a long time ago,
When life was much slower and friendships could grow?
When family and friends never strayed from the town–
They were born there, they stayed, and just settled down.

Hyde Park was your town, you had family galore.
A more close-knit group, I’ve never seen before.
The mischief you got in was harmless ( guess).
A brother was handy, if you got in a mess.

The fish that you caught, the baseball you played.
The cows that you herded, so your summers were made.
A swim in the ditch quenched summer time’s heat–
A horse and a sleigh, made winter a treat.

In school you excelled and made Grandma proud
With diploma in hand, you were head of the crowd.
The valedictory address was an honor you won.
It was harder to give than facing a gun.

The years rolled on by at a more rapid pace,
You settle down and add to the race.
Three kids came along, to feed and to raise–
You took it in stride and expected no praise.

At various jobs you worked hard and long.
And time slid on by, like the notes of a song.
Grief came (as it must) and left its great hole–
In your fabric of life, and the depth of your soul.

But time makes a glow of the tragic and funny.
And life flows on by, and gathers some honey.
So sit in your chair and view back through the years
Of all the events that brought laughter and tears.
I’m sure the laughter will win by ten miles
When George Hancey tells tales, who can help but make smiles?
ODE TO GEORGE
By Leda—at the Hancey Reunion

Dear George, we have gathered here
In respect and love for you,
To let you know we’re glad you’re here
And all your family’ too.

To know the happy times we’ve had
And a smile from a man who is true
The things he’s accomplished in his life,
Will brighten a day that is blue.

So, “This is Your Life” and your history
And lots more could be added here
May you live and travel life’s journey
With good health and comfort and cheer.

Written my his daughter, Mae H. Schaub and taken from the book JAMES HANCEY AND HIS FAMILY Publ. 1988
Typed into the computer 1 Nov. 2002 Kathleen Jardine Woolf Idaho Falls, Idaho