Joseph Arthur Jardine, son of Bishop Richard Franklin and Luna Caroline Ellsworth Jardine was born in Lewisville, Idaho 21st May 1888. He was the 9th child and the 5th son of the family of 13 children. His birthplace was a log cabin built by his father on the corner lot now owned by Neal Erickson. Except for 7 years residence in Buhl, Idaho, the small community of Lewisville has always been his home.

His was a rich heritage, not in a monetary sense for he was raised amidst humble surroundings, but never by word or action was he ever envious of the possessions of others. His legacy was courage with which his pioneer parents were so richly endowed. Courage to push back another frontier to make a new home, where the only roads were the trails made by the pioneers themselves as they guided their horses to the locations they had chosen to call home. No conveniences or comforts awaited them, only a land filled with hope and a promise for a better life to come.

Richard Franklin Jardine visited this valley in 1882 in company with Brigham, Edmund and John Ellsworth. They were looking for land to homestead, and the fertility of the soil and abundance of water told them this was a good land. The height of the sage brush told the pioneers the fertility of the soil and the sage brush grew tall in this part of the valley.

Returning to their homes in West Weber, Utah, Richard Jardine and Brigham Ellsworth prepared their families for the move to the valley in Idaho. They came in wagons, making the trip in 2 weeks, extra horses and cows were driven in a herd. The first winter was especially hard.

Soon after coming to the valley Richard F. Jardine was ordained as Bishop. He served over 20 years. In Joe’s personal history he has written of his father—“He was always very good to the sick and the poor.” This notable characteristic was inherited by Joe, for many, many miles Joe and Luella have traveled visiting the sick, the lonely and the home bound. These visits will be missed by many.

Joe’s early life was spent working on the farm, he has commented to me on numerous occasions of the good times they had in their home, of the long winter evenings when the family would gather in the front room, one of the girls would play the organ and the family would join in song. In reminiscing Joe would say with a twinkle in his eye—“My father couldn’t sing, but he was a good listener.”

He grew to manhood knowing the experience of hard work, small pay, but being full of the love of life, he enjoyed the many activities and sports that provided the entertainment for the youth of his day. He took part in all types of sports, enjoying every moment to the fullest—his life-long friend, Uncle Preston Ellsworth made this comment of Joe’s ability as a ball player—“If the big baseball leagues we have today had been in existence in our youth, Joe would have been one of their most valuable players.” Each little community had their race horse, foot racer and a baseball team. Competition was keen and it was with great zest that each group encouraged their champion to win. These things made the happiest memories for Joe.

He possessed a likeable disposition and he had the ability to gather many friends around him. This was evidenced during his stay in the hospital—for on one Sunday alone, 60 people visited the hospital to inquire about him. Later in the evening he roused from the medication long enough to ask why noone had called to visit him, when told by Luella and Jennie that
friends and neighbors literally by the dozens had called by his door, he seemed content in the knowledge that those he called friends had not forgotten him—for friends always were a precious commodity to Joe. Literally he believed the words of the poet Emerson—“The only way to have a friend is to be one.”

And perhaps Joe followed the thinking of Abraham Lincoln—“Most folks are about as happy as they make up their minds to be.” For he was happy with his humble lot in life, keeping his home and yard looking nice, helping Luella, passing the time of day with his friends and neighbors, doing a small favor for someone homebound, he progressed in his thinking, he liked the challenge of living in this so-called “Jet-Age.”

In 1909 Joe was called to serve as a missionary in the Southern States Mission. Here he served faithfully for nearly a year until he became ill with Malaria and Typhoid. He was desperately ill for many weeks and physically unable to complete his mission. He was honorably released to come home. The fever settled in his leg and for the rest of his life Joe walked with pain at his constant ever-present companion.

On 14 Sep. 1910 he was married to Luella Eliza Green in the Salt Lake City Temple. She was the daughter of Bishop and Mrs. Peter Green. This coming Saturday will be their 53rd wedding anniversary.

To this union 6 children were born: Dinah born 16 April 1911, Joseph Richard born 15 May 1912, Florence born 1 May 1914, Carl Green born 3 June 1916, Jennie born 6 Oct. 1918, and Oscar Bertelsen born 2 Aug. 1924. Another beloved member of the family is their nephew, Franklin G. Kinghorn, son of James Franklin Jardine and Elsie M. Green, Luella’s sister-whose mother passed away, when Frank was born. For 10 years they loved and cared for him as their own. His father and step-mother have graciously shared “Frankie” and his family with Grandpa Joe and aunt Luella, for they realize his deep and abiding love for them.

All 4 of the boys answered the call of their country by serving in World War II.

As a husband and father, Joe was beloved by his lovely companion and their sons and daughters. This has been shown by them during his illness. To Florence, Jennie, Carl and Helen goes a tribute for their tender care during his last weeks with them. He was grateful for every attention they gave to him, no matter how small.

In the concluding paragraph of his personal history he wrote of his appreciation for the gospel and his testimony of the truthfulness of it. For over 50 years he held different positions in the church. He served in the superintendency of the Sunday School, also as one of the 7 presidents of the Quorum of Seventies in the Twin Falls Stake, Sunday School Teacher, Ward Teacher and many other ward positions. He especially enjoyed his stake missionary work, having served 3 2 year terms in the Rigby Stake. He was ordained a High Priest by Patriarch Josiah Call in 1938.

Tragedy came to Joe and Luella early in their married life, when their first-born, a daughter, Dinah, died of prematurity when 2 days old. Richard, their eldest son was wounded while in maneuvers with the Marines in World War II, he recovered from this and on the day he was released from the hospital, he was struck by a car and killed. Adding to their burden of sorrow was the untimely death of their younger son, Oscar, on 20 June 1956, at Wells, Nevada of Cancer.

In 1934 he went to work as a custodian of the Midway High School. Later he became the supervisor of Jefferson County School custodians. He made friends with all the students and many of them remembered him in various ways during his last illness.
For 10 years Joe faithfully cared for the Seminary Building at Midway, keeping it clean and warm for the students. This was done without pay or the knowledge of his family. When approached by Pres. George Christensen about payment for his services, Joe’s reply was “If you folks can give your time free, then I can give mine.”

He entered the hospital 16 August 1963 undergoing surgery the following Monday. On the advice of the family physician he was released to come home, for that seemed to be his desire, that he be allowed to return to his beloved home. Last Sunday Morning he passed away at 3 o’clock in the morning, 8 Sept. 1963.

He is survived by his widow, Luella, a son Carl and 2 daughters, Mrs. Florence Taft and Mrs. Jennie Sallee all of Wells, Nevada. 18 grandchildren and 4 great grandchildren, a brother Lester Hamilton of Rigby, and 3 sisters, Mrs. Ruth Norton of Inglewood, Cal., Mrs. Minnie Belle Fisher of Oxnard, Cal., Mrs. Mary Mildred Birch of Blackfoot, Idaho

‘Me above history was the obituary given at Uncle Joe’s funeral by Elva J. Ball. Services were held on 10 Sep. 1963 at the Lewisville Church and he was buried in the Lewisville Cemetery. Sister Elva Ball had added a personal comment. “We could always count on 3 special visits a year to our home by “ Uncle Joe.” We shared our birthdays, he and I, his was on the 21st of May and mine the 22nd. There was always a birthday present or going-out to dinner to some place really nice. When the gladiolas or peonies were in bloom, Joe would appear at the door with a beautiful bouquet-this was something I always looked forward to. The 3rd visit was in December, when a gaily wrapped gift was left at my door. Joe and Luella were very Special Friends.”

We are indebted to Elva for keeping the obituary and then sharing it with the family so we as a family might always remember how great Uncle Joe was and keep fresh in our minds the many things he did. May we appreciate him more.

A tribute from his sister Ruth Jardine Norton 8 Sep. 1990

Joe, often called Joe Hawley–He went out to the Hawley ranch to work for the summer and Jim Wilson started calling him “Joe Hawley.” He was the tease of the family–everyone loved him but his 2 kid sisters, Mary and I–we thought he was so mean to us. He was leaving for a mission and Ellen was going to get married the same time so we kids were crying and Joe said “don’t cry kids, I’ll be back” and Mary said “I’m not crying because you are leaving, I’m crying because Ellen is getting married.” We got over it though and thought a lot of him. He was only gone a short time and had to be released. He hardly had a well day while he was gone and then he took malaria fever and had to go home. I still have the cutest little set of dishes he gave me when I was 10 years old. In later years he was custodian at Midway High School, for years until it burned down, everyone there loved him. He and Luella, his wife, received so many wedding invitations to high school students weddings they couldn’t keep up with them.

I think he was about 5 ft 10 in. Tall. He had blue eyes and mouse colored hair.

Tribute to Uncle Joe by Kathleen Jardine Woolf

Uncle Joe always seemed happy go lucky, yet they had a lot of sorrow in their lives. They lost a young one. Rich while in the service, and Oscar while he too was still a young married man. They took Frankie Kinghorn for a while after his mother died who was Aunt Luella’s sister.
Uncle Joe was loved by so many. He was a custodian at Midway High and all the kids liked him. He did them too. They knew he would help them if he could. He and Aunt Luella loved their kids. They would and did do anything they possibly could for them. They were very loving people.

Uncle Joe had a contagious laugh and he used it a lot. I wish I could remember all the pranks they played on each other in their circle of friends. They would sit and recall all the good times fishing and having company and all the fun they had.

Uncle Joe worked in the church. There again he did a good job. People just seemed to think a lot of him and he had a lot of compassion for everyone. I remember his kindness and friendliness. A lot of pleasant memories of him and Aunt Luella for the good people they were. Preston and Edna Ellsworth were 2 of their best friends. Dod Casper and Gertie were also. Good people that were great friends.