JAMES KINGHORN
1864-1935

Father was born 30 Oct. 1864 in Salt Lake City, Utah. He was the 3rd child of Alexander and Jane Campbell Kinghorn. Alexander was born in Greenidge, Scotland, in 1839. Jane was born in Coatbridge, Scotland in 1842. They migrated to the United States, both settling in Belleville, Illinois. They had previously met in Scotland so began courting and were married in August 1859. 2 sons, George and David, were born in Belleville. In the spring of 1862 the family traveled to Utah by ox team, arriving in October of the same year. 8 more children were born in Salt Lake. There is no record of father’s activities or what he did for a livelihood. It is assumed he did common labor. His father was a railroad engineer. The boys may have worked for the railroad laying ties.

They later decided to pull up stakes and move to a new territory. They traveled by wagon to the Upper Snake River Valley, where the father and 3 sons homesteaded 640 acres of land just 3 miles west of Rigby, Idaho and 2 miles east of the Lewisville townsite. This was 1884.

The Jardines had arrived in the valley in 1882, breaking up land and building a home in the Lewisville area. Luna was the eldest child of Richard Franklin Jardine and Luna Caroline Ellsworth Jardine. She and father met and after a 3 year courtship, they were married in the Logan Temple 9 Jan. 1889.

Father built a 3 room house of log construction on 120 acres of the most fertile ground in the valley. They furnished their home with the best they could afford. On 24 Nov. 1889 their first son, James Franklin, was born. They were so proud and happy with this lovely boy. Father was a very ambitious man and did much of his work with a shovel and a hoe. Farm implements were few, but he managed to work the ground and make it produce. Very little was realized from any source in those days, but father managed to keep us well fed and clothed as well as the average. William Ray was born 2 aug. 1891. This made their lives doubly happy.

Father was called on a mission to the Samoan Islands, departing in Nov. 1891. His missionary certificate was signed 7 Nov. 1891 by Wilford Woodruff, George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith. Leaving a wife and 2 small children, a baby of 3 months, is proof of his devotion to the church and his desire to preach the gospel. He kept a daily journal while in the mission field. He recorded his daily travels, which required going by boat to many small places. They were out early in the morning and returning late at night. Their daily menu was very limited and the description of the food provided didn’t sound very appetizing. In fact, it made him sick to the extent that many days he was unable to go tracting.

After 2 1/2 years he became very ill. They attributed his illness to eating too many bananas. According to his journal, bananas seemed to be the most predominant of their menu, which probably tasted good after eating some of the things put before them. He was released from his mission, arriving home in July 1894. His health was soon restored after partaking of a few good home cooked meals. He had been very fortunate having a wife so dedicated and totally happy being a wife and mother. She had moved to the Lewisville townsite taking a job as Postmistresses. Her wages were meager and with very little coming in from the farm, which she had rented to father’s brother, Will, she still kept the children and sent father money to keep him on his mission.

In November after his return home, he was elected Constable of the Lewisville Precinct. Duties of a peace officer in a town or village had powers and jurisdiction somewhat more limited
than those of a sheriff or policeman. Living on a farm 2 miles from town no doubt created a problem where peace and order had to be maintained. There was surely a wage for services, how much noone knows. There isn’t any mention of money on the certificate given to him when he took the oath of office.

On 20 April 1895 Wilford was born. He was a handsome boy and a joy to the folks. On 14 April 1897, Leland came along, another half and healthy lad and a blessing to all. Father was very happy with 4 sons. Very soon they would be able to do many of the chores and ease the burden, which was now facing him. He walked behind a hand plow pulled by one horse, day after day. The harrow was wide and covered quite a strip of ground. It also had a seat, making it much easier and less tiresome. As there were no manure spreaders, fertilizer was spread over the field with a pitch fork.

Father worked hard to grow crops. With so little to work with and farm prices so los, very little was realized from his labors. Both he and mother were very good managers, what money they received from the farm was used wisely. They paid an honest tithing and always enjoyed what they had because it was paid for. They never bought anything on time.

Luna Caroline was born 7 April 1899. She was so lovable and mother got so much pleasure dressing her so pretty. It was quite a change after 4 boys. Ruby Belle came along 9 Dec. 1901, she too, was a joy to all. She had to wear glasses at an early age. An abscess had formed on her eyelid. When the doctor lanced it, the eye turned and she couldn’t control it. She wore very strong lens which kept the eye straight. She was very self-conscious over this and would never let anyone see her without her glasses. Miriam came along 27 April 1904. She became ill with pneumonia and died 12 May 1904, just 2 weeks after her birth.

Wilford had just turned 9 and finished the 3rd Grade, when he became very ill. He had complained of a stomach pain for several days. He came to mother one day and said, “Mama, something in my side popped and now I can walk straight.” Very shortly he became very ill. Father took him to Salt Lake City where Dr. Anderson operated. His appendix had ruptured the day he said he was better. There was absolutely no hope, gangrene had set in. He passed away very shortly 11 June 1904. Mother’s heart was heavy when they boarded the train. She had a feeling Wilford would never return. He was a handsome boy and a joy to all who knew him. Always doing good, being obedient, loving and being loved by his family and friends. His teacher Lewis Brossard wrote this poem

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF WILFORD
You have laid him to rest, your beautiful boy,
God called him to dwell with the angels above.
A bright little darling, your pride and your joy,
The light of your home and child of your love.

When suffering he lay, how your hearts were bowed down
How anxious you watched, while you hoped for the best,
You prayed in your anguish, his life might be spared,
But he left you to dwell in that home of the blessed.

Your heart string were breaking when called on to part
From the dear little treasure, you all loved so well,
But the angels of death hurled his unerring dart,

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From the dear little treasure, you all loved so well,
But the angels of death hurled his unerring dart,
And his pure spirit fled, with our Savior to dwell.

He had said, “Suffer all those to come unto me,”
For such is the Kingdom of Heaven above.
Wilford now from all suffering and sorrow is free,
For he dwells in that land filled with joy, peace and love.

We’ll cherish his memory, those bright happy days;
Till we meet him again, when our earth’s work is o’er.
God help us to serve thee and learn of thy ways,
Till we greet him again on that beautiful shore.

Although mother and father were grief stricken after losing a baby and a 9 year old boy within a month, their faith never wavered. The church meant more to them and their testimonies grew stronger. The following 5 May 1905 Jane ElReita was born. I was very small and delicate and for sometime they weren’t sure I would survive. On 23 May 1903 Darrell was born. He seemed strong and perfect in every respect. It being a rainy season and much dampness caused by water seeping through the dirt roof, he contacted pneumonia and died 12 June 1908, just 3 weeks after birth. Father made the casket and mother lined it with white satin. All the children were buried in the Lewisville Cemetery.

Frank was called on a mission with headquarters at Springfield, Ill. He was gone 2 years and when he returned we had moved into our new home, which had been under construction for some few months. Also another little girl, Ellen Viola was born 2 Jan 1911, she brightened our home. She was loved and also very spoiled by her brothers. After 7 years on 29 March 1918 Evron was born. Father used to come in from the field, sit down by the rocker, where mother had propped the baby and enjoy her to the utmost.

He was surely a family loving man. We were his pride and joy. He was always so kind and considerate of our daily needs. When we were sick, he brought us something from the store, like a can of tomatoes or some little thing he thought might make us well and happy. He spent most every Saturday afternoon in town. I liked to crochet. He would ask if I needed crochet cotton. I would tell him the color and size, and he would get exactly what I needed. It thrilled him so much to see us girls do creative things. He and mother had trained us well to use our time wisely and make the most of it.

Father was never known to work on Sunday. He always shut down the headgate on Saturday night, remarking how the Lord would take care of his crops, if he would but serve Him and keep the Sabbath Day Holy.

He was so considerate of mother’s parents. Grandpa raised chickens, which were their only source of income, from the few eggs they gathered daily. As they were unable to buy grain for the chickens, Grandpa Jardine would come with his little one-horse shay, every 3 weeks, and father would give him wheat from his storage bin, with never a thought of pay.

Ruby had always played the piano so well and father would accompany her on the banjo. They did much entertaining in the home and church functions. Ruby had married at an early age. Father was so concerned over her welfare. She worked so hard to help keep her family. When her baby was 16 months old, she went to the hospital for a minor operation and died on the operating table 8 Jan. 1934. This was really a blos to the family. The folks had not been told of
her illness. Father grieved so much over her passing and leaving 7 children, the pressure was more than he could cope with.

The wummer of 1935 he suffered a slight stroke. He lost much weight and really looked tired and unable to work as hard as usual. On the morning of 26 Sep. 1935 he arose about 3 a.m. and went to check the headgate. Mother became worried, dressed and went to the back door where she met him coming up the walk. She said, “You will never quit worrying.” He replied “I’m thru right now.” Mother stayed outside for a few moments and when she returned, the light was still out in the kitchen. She went to the bedroom, he wasn’t there. She called his name, he didn’t answer. She heard the cot in the kitchen move. Turning on the light, she found him lying on the cot. Thinking he had just passed out, she tried to revive him, but to no avail. He had expired without giving any indication of being ill on the 26 Sep. 1935.

His funeral was held 29 Sep. 1935 in the Lewisville Ward Chapel. The building was filled to capacity and the services impressive. He was a friend to all. His passing was keenly felt by the entire community. He was buried in the Lewisville Cemetery.

Burdett Eckersell, the Mortician, spoke of his integrity and friendly attitude. He said, “Just a wave of the hand and a bow of the head.” A greeting to all with whom he met. He will be greatly missed. 8 of his 11 children have joined him in the Spirit World.

I’m sure I speak for both Frank and Evron, when I wish all our children and grandchildren could have had the pleasure of knowing father, to be with him, to feel his expression of love. His philosophy of life was so admirable. He gave of his time to help others in need. He would have given his last penny or morsel of food to someone he thought needed it more than he. May we all so live our lives that we might be reunited in the Hereafter.

Written by daughter Jan ElReita Kinghorn Ford

Typed into the computer 13 Dec. 2002 by Kathleen Jardine Woolf a niece. Idaho Falls, Idaho

Following is the notice of James Kinghorn’s funeral printed in The Rigby Star 3rd Oct. 1935 pg 1.

Funeral services were held Sunday afternoon for James Kinghorn in the Lewisville Ward Church with Bishop Hyrum Lee in charge. The house was filled to overflowing with sympathetic relatives and friends.

The opening song “We Shall Meet Beyond the River” was sung by a mixed quartette composed of Ruth Bright, James Brown, Wm. Sharp, LaVern Jones, Phyllis Wood, Melba Kinghorn, Clifford Bright and Harvey Harper. The invocation was offered by Heber Holland. A solo “Goin’ Home” was very beautifully rendered by Mrs. F. S. Hunt of Idaho Falls. Ariel Baliff sang “I’m A Pilgrim” and James Birch of Idaho Falls (a son-in-law) sang “The End Of A Perfect Day.”

The following speakers all paid tribute to the sterling qualities of the deceased, his honesty and integrity, his generous nature and kind heart: Pres. John W. Hart, Josiah Call, Wm. W. Selck, John Sayer, A. B. Eckersell and Bishop Lee.

A duet “That Silver Haired Daddy of Mine” was sung by Hyrum and Wayne Chivers. Benediction was asked by Walter Clements.

The many beautiful floral offerings were carried by granddaughters and nieces. The pall bearers were Wm. Tall, Alex Kinghorn, O. S. Cordon, P. W. Dabell, Leonard Graham and George Christensen. Interment was made in the Lewisville Cemetery with David Kinghorn dedicating the grave.
The following out of town relatives attended the services: Mr. And Mrs. Wm. Campbell and Aesel Campbell of Salt Lake City, Utah, Mr. & Mrs. Riley Taylor of Far West, Utah, Mr. And Mrs. Alexander Kinghorn and Mr. And Mrs. Clarence Kinghorn of Pocatello, Mr. And Mrs. Lyman Birch of Challis and Mrs. Mary Raymond of Rexburg.