LEANDER CHARLES NORTON
1889-1962

Charles Leander, as he was known, but blessed Leander Charles Norton was born 3 dec. 1889. He was the son of Leander David Norton and Martha Emeline Cooper Norton. Lea, as he was called was born 17 Feb. 1858 in Lehi, Utah. Martha was born 7 April 1865 in American Fork. Charles was born in Iona, Idaho, later divided and called Lincoln. He was the second child in the family of 7: Urania, called Rain, Charles, Surilda, called Rill, Baby Leola Nancy who died a few days after birth, Mary Else, called May, Greta Idell and Ruel Isaac. Charles was born in a one room home. It was replaced in 1897 with a new one, which had 2 large rooms downstairs and 3 bedrooms upstairs.

Charles grew up on the farm and attended school in Iona. He and his sister, Rain, always rode a pony to school and one day as they came out of school, an Indian was leading the pony away and would not let them have it. The store keeper intervened, telling the Indian it was the children’s pony and he would only say, “No, my pony.” He did finally let them have it.

Charles always respected his parents very much. He thought his father was just the best ever. When his folks went on trips, he always stayed home to do the chores and look after the place. He indulged in the usual activities, but dancing was his main love. Many a time he said he decided not to go to the dance, but from the outside he could hear the music coming from the dance hall, and he would go in and hurriedly get ready for the dance.

In 1912, he received a missionary call to the Western States Mission. He went to the Ricks Normal at Rexburg, Idaho, and took a missionary preparatory course and was set apart for his mission the 9 April 1912 in Salt Lake City, Utah.

While on his mission, he had some interesting experiences. At one time as he and his companion got off the train, they were met by an officer of the law and were taken to jail. They told the officers they were L. D. S. Missionaries, but were told that they resembled some robbers that they were looking for. It was only the L. D. S. Books and tracts in their valises that convinced the officers to let them go free. One time, in a hotel room, he heard a man and wife fighting. He thought the man was killing her, so he went in to help her, only to have them both turn on him. They said that it was their quarrel and none of his business. Another time in a hotel room as he was getting out of the bath tub, he was overcome by gas fumes and fell. The landlady heard him fall and she said she knew just what it was and went in and pulled him out. One time he said he was so homesick that he went to the depot with the thought of going home. He had enough money in his pocket. The only thing that stopped him was knowing how disappointed his father would be in him.

He was released from his mission on 10th July 1914, and went home to carry on with his father’s farming.

He still loved to dance and it was at a dance in Idaho Falls, Idaho that he met Ruth Jardine. They were married on 15 Nov. 1917.

(From this point their histories are the same.) Read Ruth Jardine Norton’s history that covers up to his death.

Typed into the computer 8 Nov. 2002 by Kathleen Jardine Woolf
Idaho Falls, Idaho