

Arthur Claudius Hancey

To start this history, we believe that we should let our Father tell the first part in his own words. Then, we, his living children, will add a few observations.

On the morning of 14 April 1876, I made my first appearance on this stage of life at almost the cost of my dear Mother's life. She was so ill I was nursed by my Aunt Eliza England, Mother's sister, for 3 months. At the time of birth, the doctor, Dr. Ormsby of Logan City, Utah, said if I lived I would be an idiot. Smart Doctor.

My first remembrance of anything of value was a trip with Mother. I was near the age of 6 years. We went to Ogden, Salt Lake City, Rockport and Coalville, all in Utah. There we visited Mother's sister, brother and some old friends from England.

One thing I distinctly remember on this trip was I would just get acquainted one place and we would leave for another. I would cry to go back to the place we had just left. This got tiresome to my Mother, so while in Rockport, she spanked me and put me to bed. I rolled over and fell between the bed and the wall and skinned my head.

We walked about a mile from the railroad in the rain and mud to get home and then we found out the rest of the family had the mumps and, of course, I got them too.

When as a boy of 6 to 8 years, we would spend much of our time on the foothills near home digging segos, trapping rabbits and picking berries for foot. The converts who were sent to our town were given the town cows to herd to help them until they could get started. My first job with pay was helping a Mr. Cook with the cows. I received \$4.00 and my dinner per month.

We used to have fun with our work. I knew where all of the nice flowers grew. So when May Day came, I would find the most and best flowers and would have the honor of crowning the Queen. There was some danger involved with this job in the hills. There were lots of snakes in them, blue racers, blow snakes, and of course, the diamond back rattle snakes. I killed 22 rattlers in one summer.

At 8 I was baptized by Elder Benjamin Hymas. It was snowing and I had to ride quite a ways to get home. I was cold and skinned from riding.

In the early spring of 1888, I was called upon to make my own choice of what I wanted to do. I was offered a place in a fine home in Salt Lake City and a chance for an education, as well as music lessons. The other was to go out on a ranch to herd cattle and ride horses. My choice was the latter. I think I made a mistake, but I don't regret the good things that have come my way in the life I have had, but possibly, with an education, I could have done more good.

I spent the summers of 1888, '89, and '90 at Riverdale, Idaho working for my brother-in-law, John A. Woolf, with the cattle and horses. I never was a good rider, but in breaking the horses to harness, the meaner they were, the better I liked it. Wages for the first year was board and clothes, and not many clothes. The second year was \$37.00 and board for per month. The 3<sup>rd</sup> year, one half of the colts raised. My share was 3 colts.

In the spring of 1891, I came to Idaho Falls, it was then Eagle Rock, to work for another brother-in-law, W. H. Price, and I have lived in or near ever since. My first day at work for him was plowing. This ranch consisted of 640 acres and was run by R. L. Bybee, who later became my father-in-law. It was then known as the Anderson Ranch

I spent a number of years at farm labor for several different men, including 6 years in the home of John Seedall, an English convert, and as fine a man as I have ever met."

Later in life Dad and Mother wrote this and left it to their children. "We the undersigned being of sound mind and bodies, being schooled in the College of "Hard Knocks", and not having any material things to leave to our children, and in order to fulfill our mission on this earth, wish to leave something of lasting value for a future life. Therefore, we, the progenitors of those gathered here today, wish to leave you the following: The desire for building strong bodies and keen minds, for your ancestors are doctors, educators, musicians, patriarchs, religious leaders, carpenters, home builders, leaders in dramatics, music, and leaders in community life."

Arthur C. Hancey and Minnie Bybee met when Arthur came to work as a young man in Iona for Minnie's father, R. L. Bybee. I believe I worked for my wife, Minnie, as long as Jacob worked for Rachel. Minnie was the daughter of Robert Lee Bybee and Harried Raymond Bybee and was born Sep. 1882. We were married 6 Dec. 1901. We had a family of 8 children, 5 girls and 3 boys, one boy which was stillborn. We lived in the same vicinity for several years. It was then known as "Leorin." It is now Milo. We raised our family in that area.

We were always involved in community life, dramatics, bands, orchestras, the building of churches, schools, recreation areas. We made our own entertainment which included: dramatic shows, baseball and dances. We even furnished the greater number on a girl's baseball team.

We made it a habit never too old or too busy not to find some time for our children. Many a time we hitched "Old Dobbin" to the white-topped buggy or sleigh and drove miles to a dance, where we joined others of the community in having good wholesome fun. Many a time in our own home the evenings were spent with neighbor's children making up shows for our entertainment. The younger children & the older folks were the captive audience.

One of the homes we lived in was fondly known as the "Mansion of Aching Hearts."

We left the community of Milo in the year of 1924 and moved to a community called Osgood. It was a strip of land northwest of Idaho Falls. Here we built a life for ourselves and family, a new community life. Here we strived for the same good things we had proved as essential in the building of churches, schools, social and recreational life of a worth while community.

Over the years we served in our church as teachers, musical directors, organist, and secretary in various organizations. We served on school boards, as athletic directors, in political activities and were leaders in our communities. We were never rich in terms of world goods, but we were rich, indeed, in love, understanding and parents with children we could spend time with.

Now a few observations by his now living children.

Our father, as we knew him, was hard-working, honest man. He was a farmer, although he never owned a farm of his own. He was what was known in those days as a "share cropper". This simply means that he farmed other people's farms for a share of the crop. The crops varied, Alfalfa, Hay, Sugar Beets, Wheat, Oats, Peas, and Potatoes.

He loved horses and cattle. He always had at least 4 head of a good breed of horses, usually Clydesdale horses. Sometimes he had a very nice pair of driving horses which he used to drive a white-topped buggy in the summer and a bob sleigh in the winter. During the winter he would enter his draft horses in pulling contests & his driving horses in sleigh races.

For cattle, we always had 2 or 3 good milk cows. Usually, we would raise a few calves for meat during the winter. We remember at times the farmers would hold a meeting at one of the places where they would kill a beef, a few pigs, and maybe a sheep or two. All of these would belong to one farmer. They would then divide the meat according to the size of the

family. When it was all gone, another farmer would furnish the animals to kill.

There was no refrigeration in those days. The only way to keep anything cool was in an underground cellar. Sometimes in the winter we would go to the Snake River and cut blocks of ice and put them in an underground pit and cover it with straw, willows and dirt. This then would be used during the summer for cooling things. During the winter the meat would be hung outside in a tree or on a pole high enough so dogs could not get to it. We always had chickens and rabbits for summer meat.

We churned our own butter, always had milk to drink, and made our own cottage cheese. There were other times that Dad would kill and butcher one of our own cows and would peddle the meat to his neighbors to get a little money for food and clothing that was needed by the family. While we had an orchard, he would pick apples and winter pears and go to Idaho Falls and sell them from door to door. He would also have potatoes to sell at times.

One very important thing that Dad taught us was how to work. Living on a farm there was plenty of that to do. During the early spring and the summer months, the ground had to be prepared for the crops. Everything was done by hand and horse power. We never knew a tractor or any of the modern equipment that is used now.

Potatoes had to be cut into sets. The planter took two persons to operate, one would drive the team which pulled the planter, the other would sit on the back and as the sets of potatoes would be fed on a turn table, one had to make sure there was a set in each space. If not, you had to put one in place.

All summer there would be cultivation for all the crops needing it. Beets to thin, weed and cultivate. Hay to cut, rake and pile in preparation to haul to where it was stacked. Wheat, oats and other grain crops to harvest and made ready for the thresher. Irrigation had to be done at all times of the day and night when it was your turn to take the water.

The threshing was done by a cooperative effort of all your close neighbors going from one farm to another. Potatoes and beets had to be dug from the ground, hauled to cellars and railroad sidings. They were sent to be processed. All of this was done by hand and horsepower. All of this was back-aching work and took many long hours.

There was a time when influenza hit very hard among the people. Dad and Mother spent most of their time helping their neighbors with whatever was necessary, preparing meals, doing chores. They went from family to family to help. Finally the disease subsided.

In spite of all of this, Dad found time to play, sing and dance with his children.

He liked music. He was the ward chorister in the Milo Ward near Idaho Falls, Idaho, for 35 years. Our mother was his organist. He worked in ward musicals and plays. He worked with the young people of the wards. He taught them games such as baseball, basketball, and tennis. At all celebrations, each ward usually held their own, he could be found organizing games, foot races, rope pulling contests, three-legged races, and anything to have clean wholesome fun.

Now we have our own entertainment such as movies, video, television and numerous other means...in this day, you made your own entertainment.

In 1895, a band was organized and Dad played a trumpet, it was called a cornet in those days. It had a membership of about 25 members. They traveled throughout the Snake River Valley playing at celebrations, political rallies and just giving concerts. Later on in his life, he became the conductor and leader of this band. It was not uncommon for the band to play at a celebration and then most of its members would take to the baseball diamond to play a game.

While Dad was chorister in the Milo Ward, he became discouraged and went to the

bishop, Parley Davis. This bishop was a very wise and patient man. He asked why he wanted to resign. Dad said, "people are talking and saying this". The bishop said, "Art, when people are talking, it simply means that you are doing something right. You come and see me when they stop talking." Dad continued being chorister until we moved to Osgood in 1924.

Osgood is a community north and west of Idaho Falls, Idaho. It is a community that was opened up by the Utah-Idaho Sugar Co. When water became available.

Dad continued his work in church music and recreation. He organized dances, baseball teams, basketball teams and other forms of entertainment.

From 1924 to 1936 he helped to organize the Farmer's Community League. This league had teams from Pocatello on the South to Rexburg on the North in the Snake River Valley. He managed the Osgood team that was a member. He was on the Board of Directors and later became the President of the league. His baseball career started in Utah in 1888 and continued through 1921 as an active player. He then became the manager of the Milo & Osgood teams.

In the late 1920's and early 1930's, he became a member of the Idaho State Athletic Commission, which regulated the boxing and wrestling profession. This lasted about 6 years and died out later because of lack of interest. Dad's political activity consisted of being Bonneville County Constable for a few years. He was also active as a Democrat, serving on various committees. At one time, Dad, Sam Eames, a neighbor, and I (Denzil), was taking the ballot box to Idaho Falls Courthouse for the votes to be counted. As we were driving towards Idaho Falls there was a 2 engine airplane that flew over us. I remembered reading in a local paper that Western Airlines airplane was flying from Seattle through the country as a courtesy trip, stopping at various towns. There they would give courtesy rides to a few people. Their goal was to start service from Seattle to Salt Lake City, Utah. As I was driving the car, I said, "let us go to the airport and see the plane." This is one time I didn't obey my Father. I turned the car towards the airport. When we got there, we were met by a few local people who knew Dad and said to him, "You are to go on the next trip." When he got back, I said to him, "Now you get Sam on that airplane." The final result was, both Sam and I got to ride the plane.

We then continued on to Idaho Falls. One interesting sidelight was the fact Sam Eames came into the Snake River Valley driving a team of oxen, then got to ride on an airplane.

Dad left Idaho in the early 1940's and moved to Utah to be near most of his children who had moved there.

Arthur C. Hancey was born 14 April 1876 in Hyde Park, Utah to James Hancey and Rachel Seamons Hancey, a family of 8 brothers and 3 sisters. He was the 11<sup>th</sup> child. He died 21 April 1945 in Salt Lake City, Utah, and was buried in Ucon, Bonneville, Idaho, along the side of his life's companion, Minnie Bybee, and 2 of their children. He married Minnie Bybee 6 Dec. 1901. Their family consisted of 5 girls and 3 boys, seven of which lived. They are in order of birth: Guinevere, Kenneth Clive, Venla, Harriet, Denzil LaVor, Donna and Wanda Marguerite. One child was stillborn.

This history was compiled by the living children and Arthur's own history as written and told by himself.

I (Denzil) am enclosing a picture of Dad with a silver spoon that has been in the Hancey family for over 300 years. I am sure that some of the Hancey family knows nothing about it. I believe it to be worthwhile to be included in such a history. The spoon is in my possession and according to custom, will go to my son, Robert, then to his son Bruce.

Lovingly, Gwynn, Denzil, Donna, and Wanda on 1 Nov. 1986.

Typed into the computer 19 Oct. 2002 by Kathleen Jardine Woolf Idaho Falls, Idaho  
Information from the book JAMES HANCEY AND HIS FAMILY published in 1988  
The silver spoon talked about in included in the book with pictures of it and the family in a  
newspaper article in 1940.