

LEONARD GURLEY RICE (1829-1886) ae.57
 (1) ELIZABETH ALMIRA BABBITT (1830-1907) ae.77

Leonard Gurley's parents, Ira and Sarah Ann (Harrington) Rice, were living in Northville, Wayne Co., Michigan, when he was born September 3, 1829. Missionaries came to their home in Michigan while Leonard was a young child, and the family became members of the newly restored Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and soon joined the body of the Church at Nauvoo, Illinois. Leonard remembered well watching his father and other men helping on the building of the Temple there. The Rices built a nice home not far from the Temple and were living in comparable comfort.

Leonard was the third child of eleven in his mother's family. He had two older half-brothers, Asaph and William Kelsey, who were Ira's sons by an earlier marriage. By the time they left Nauvoo in 1846, these two brothers were 29 and 24 years respectively, and were farming with their father, Ira, on lands they had acquired in and around Nauvoo. Evidently the Rices were well-to-do people, having come from Michigan with much moveable property, including many fine horses and machinery that could be exchanged for wagons. The reports of incidents that followed the exodus from Nauvoo make it very evident that the Rices lent no small amount of material assistance to the westward migration of the persecuted Saints from the time they left Nauvoo until many years after they arrived in Utah. The reports that have been written are very modest in giving full credit to the contributions and sacrifices made by Leonard's father and brothers, as well as by Leonard himself and his pioneer mother, Sarah Ann. This can be said with an assurance not here-to-fore expressed.

Leonard had two half-sisters, also, who had probably married earlier and remained in the area with their husbands.

Leonard remembered those sorrowful days surrounding the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother, Hyrum Smith, and stood with the thousands of Saints in that hot summer sun when their bodies were returned to Nauvoo in an open wagon. The Rice home was burned by mobs the year that the Mormons crossed the Mississippi River in 1846. ¹

"Ira Rice is listed among the pioneers of 1847 in Edward Hunter's Company who entered the Great Salt Lake Valley September 29, 1847. His wife, Sara Ann (Harrington) Rice never made the full journey. The pioneers of 1848 list six of his children who came alone in Heber C. Kimball's Company. They were Leonard G. Rice, the oldest, age 18; Oscar North Rice, age 13; Adelbert Rice, age 9; Hyrum Smith Rice, age 4; Adeline, age 11, and Caroline about 7 years of age..." ²

Leonard's father and his two older half-brothers, Asaph and William Kelsey had preceded the children to Utah to prepare ahead and had hurriedly built a house north of Salt Lake City, near what became Farmington, to accommodate Ira's wife, Sarah Ann and family. It was a great disappointment that not all of the family came. Sarah Ann, the wife and mother, had no doubt died for no mention was made of her. She had given birth to twelve children by this time

and it was known that her health was failing. She had remained in Des Moines, Iowa to be with her older daughters. The motherless children that came to Utah with Leonard were put in the custody of family members until they were old enough to sustain themselves.

Leonard had proven himself to be an expert horseman and one who could drive an ox team with skill. He had learned the advantages of friendliness and patience with people and he had an empathy that made him humble, as well as noble, and he knew how to keep a wagon train moving. These attributes of leadership put him in high demand as a wagon master for many trips back and forth over the Pioneer Trail. One writer estimated that he made seven trips through the years before the covered wagon gave way to the iron horse.

"Leonard (Len) had seen but a glimpse of the growing Salt Lake Fort and the surroundings in 1848 before he was assigned as a teamster to drive straight back to Kaneshville to bring passengers and freight to the "Valley" in 1849. He hoped he would find that the others of his family would be there with plans to come to Utah but they had remained in Des Moines.

"It was late in the fall of 1848 when Len began his winter stay in Kaneshville, but eventually he met many Nauvoo friends and among them was a girlfriend, Elizabeth (Libby) Almira Babbitt. They walked and talked and laughed about happy days in Nauvoo...

"Their association at this time led them to the home of Brother Orson Hyde on a Sunday evening, March 18, 1849, and he pronounced them man and wife—Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Gurley Rice..." 3

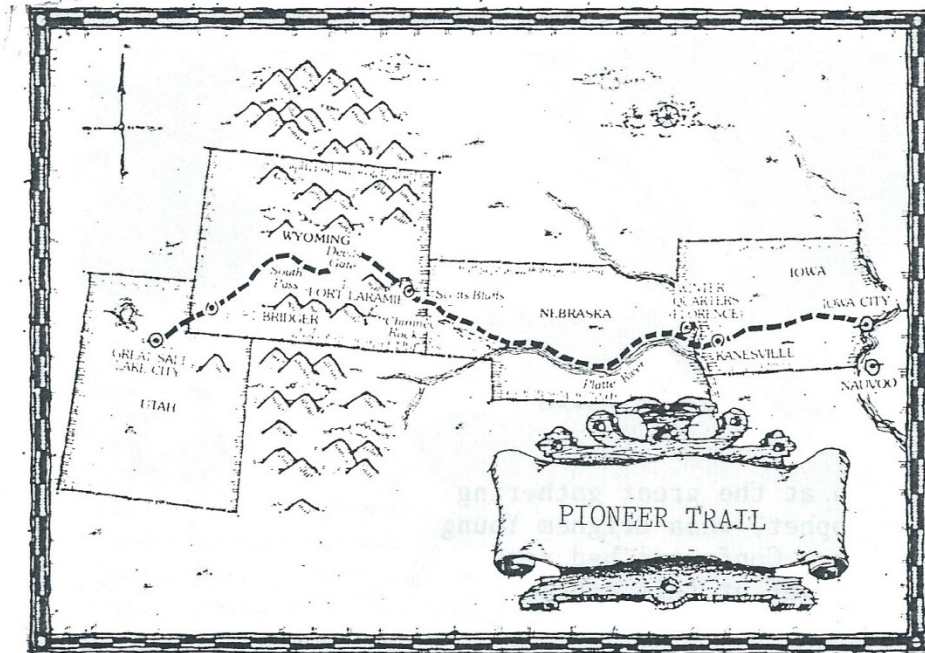
The writings of Eva Rice Howell were colorful as she detailed the personal incidents of Elizabeth's life, but by avoiding too many direct quotes, this sketch can be seen from a newer viewpoint.

Elizabeth Almira Babbitt was the first child of her parents, Lorin Whiting and Almira (Castle) Babbitt (7-6). Her parents had met and married in Pompey area, Onondago County, New York, where the Castles (7-83) were residing at the time. They had moved to Painesville, Lake County, Ohio, to be near the Church at Kirtland. Elizabeth was born at Painesville on May 18, 1830. Her father helped to build the Temples, both at Kirtland and Nauvoo. In Nauvoo Elizabeth saw her family's home burned by mobs. In fright she saw her sick mother pulled out of the house on her mattress and left in the yard as the house burned. Elizabeth ran with the younger children to hide, putting her little sister under the big brass kettle. Her father was away at the time and her mother died shortly after this incident. Libby assumed the mother role of the family until she married in 1849 and crossed the Plains with her husband, Leonard Gurley Rice, at which time her sister, Martha, took over the role of helping her father in household tasks.

This new married couple took part in the many activities of preparation for the long journey westward. Soon their wagons were loaded; wheat made up a large part of Len's cargo. Libby had a part in helping to see that their prescribed list of required necessities were ready to be taken across the Plains.

Leonard looked at his bride's delicate hands and small feet, then wondered out loud what kind of a pioneer's wife he had. She assured him she would grow

and indeed, as she declared, her feet were a size larger when they reached the "Valley" months later. She had walked much of the way, driving their two steers and two cows ahead of her. Every night and morning she milked those cows and did the many chores required of the women as they camped along the way.



Len was a Scout traveling ahead at times and herding horses and cattle at other times. At such intervals, Libby had to do the driving of one of the teams. Len took his turn at night guard. As Libby lay alone under the stars beside one of their wagons, she thought of the faces and places they might never see again. Many an eye had glistened with tears as farewells had been said. She wondered if she would ever see her father, Lorin Babbitt, her sister Martha, or her two brothers, Jerome and Lamoni, again. She remembered her father's assuring words that "we shall meet again" as he said they would follow later. She recounted her most unforgettable experience that took place in Kirtland when she was about five years old.

On the street near her home, she was skipping along, hoping to walk back to the house with her father, when he left work on the Temple. A handsome young man, about the age of her father, came by. She looked up and smiled in recognition. Then suddenly she was swept off her feet, hoisted upon his shoulders, and he galloped along with her down the street. Then, just as suddenly as it began, she found herself standing on her own two feet right where the Royal ride began. It was such a delightful surprise that she forgot to say, "thank you", to the Prophet Joseph Smith.



JOSEPH SMITH (1806-1844)

She had been at the great gathering of the Saints, after the death of their beloved Prophet, when Brigham Young stood ready to address a distraught, distraught people. Confusion had reigned, apostacy and bitterness gave evidence of Satan's power at this crucial hour of questioning the claims made by others to elevate themselves into the leadership role of the Church. All ears and eyes were centered on Brigham Young as he arose to speak, but their ears heard not the voice of Brigham Young, nor saw his face. It was Joseph Smith, just as they had seen and heard him in life. Libby at first had thought it was the Prophet resurrected. For sure, she had seen it made manifest that Brigham Young was God's chosen leader. She never questioned the authority of Brigham Young to carry on in the work destined for the Church.



BRIGHAM YOUNG - 1850

She recalled the time that Leonard had come to see her at her father's little log cabin in Nauvoo. Elizabeth had gone out to gather the eggs and was bringing them in in her apron. As she came around the corner of the cabin, she saw Leonard sitting there on his riding horse. Completely forgetting her eggs, her hands flew to smooth her wind-blown hair and the eggs tumbled to the ground--scrambled eggs on shoes!

Libby, the pioneer bride of 1848, would fall asleep in her bed beneath the wagon box with a prayer in her thoughts for her poverty-stricken family back in Winter Quarters, and in her heart she made a promise to remain faithful in her testimony of the gospel, which she did for the remaining fifty-eight years of her life. Crossing the Plains was Len's and Libby's honeymoon journey.

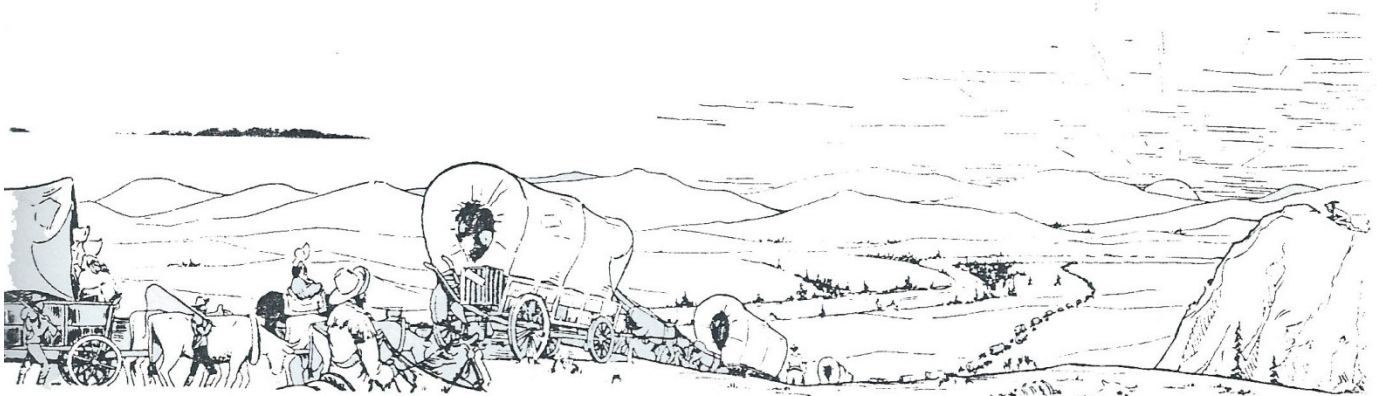
"Oh! Leonard and Elizabeth, did you know that you were living in a day predicted by Daniel the Prophet who said-- In the last days the God of heaven would set up a kingdom that would in time fill the whole earth? (Dan. 2:27-44) ...Did you know that Isaiah predicted a temple should be built in the tops of the mountains, in the last days, and all nations shall flow unto it? (Isaiah 2:2, 3; and Micah 4:1, 2)" 4

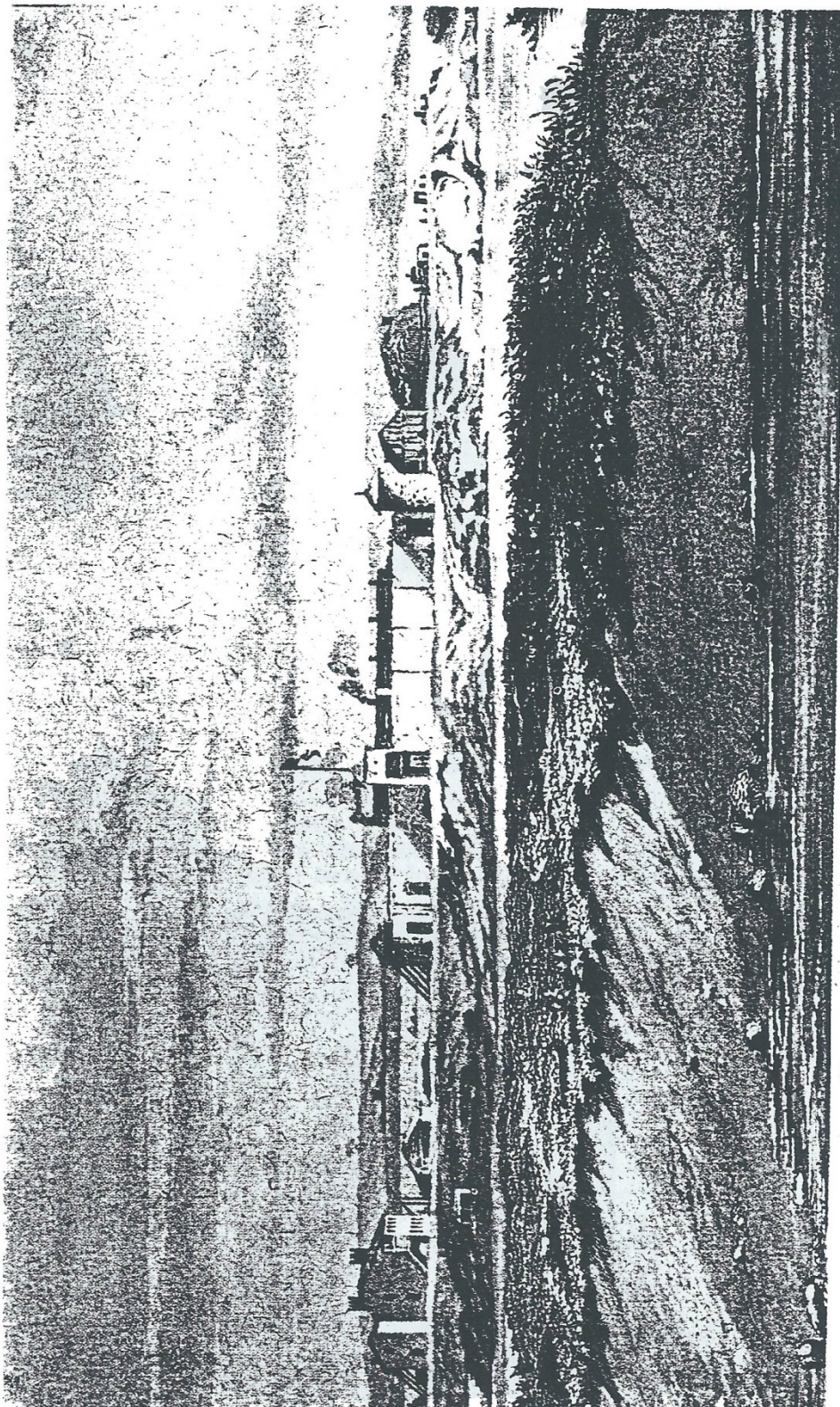
Those who had a testimony of the restoration of the fulness of the gospel and in the divine mission of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, crossed the Plains, as did Leonard and Elizabeth, and faced the problems and trials ahead unflinchingly.

"The best part of each day was the eventide when people gathered around many campfires, sang and danced gaily, and then were lulled to sleep by night sounds.

"In the streams people bathed or did a washing and then hung the clothing on bushes to dry...

"...At one time some of the women in the immigrant train were bathing in a river, among them was Elizabeth and one of the wives of Brigham Young, named Harriet. Harriet stepped into a hole, sinking in the deep water. As she came up the third time, Elizabeth caught her by her long hair and pulled her to safety. As a token of her gratitude, Harriet Young gave Elizabeth a pretty white gold rimmed vase, which is at present in my (a granddaughter, Loretta (Rice) Child, now deceased) possession." 5

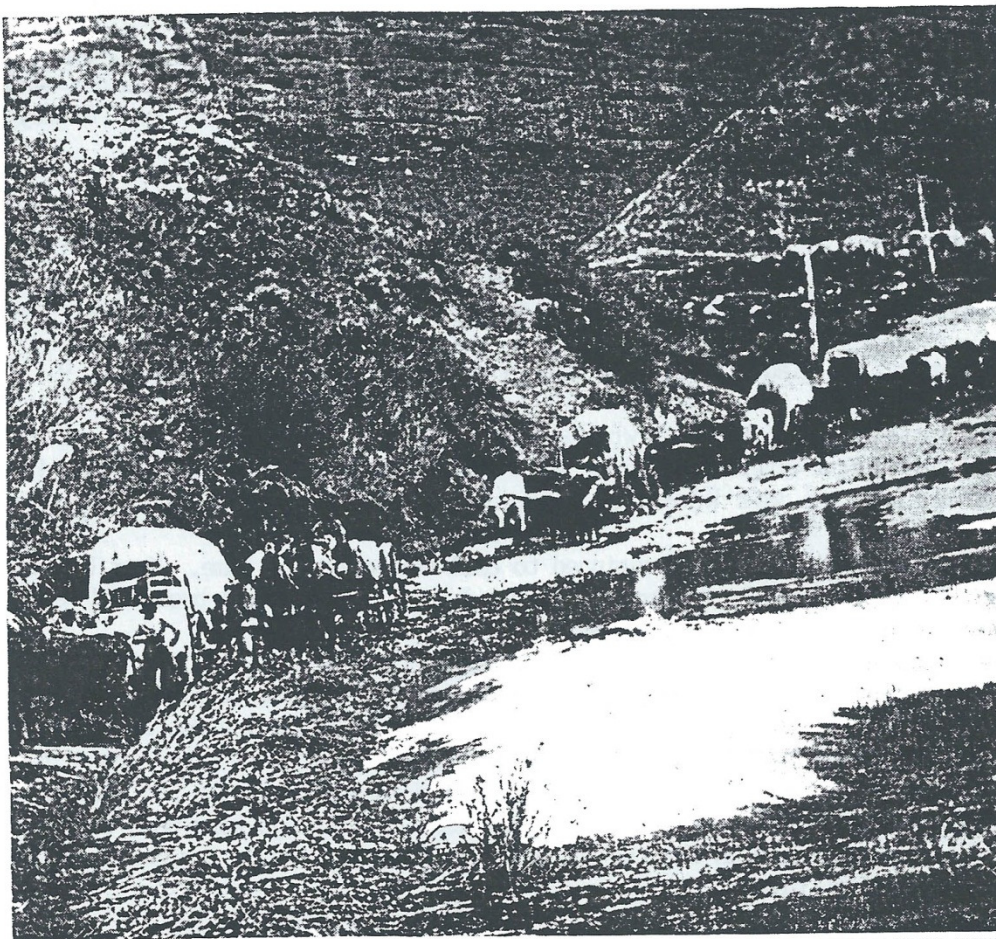




The flat, brown world of Fort Laramie, bordering on the North Platte River, was the halfway stopping point for pioneers crossing the plains.



The Old Pioneer Trail still in evidence between Register Cliff and Fort Laramie, Wyoming. Picture taken in 1975.

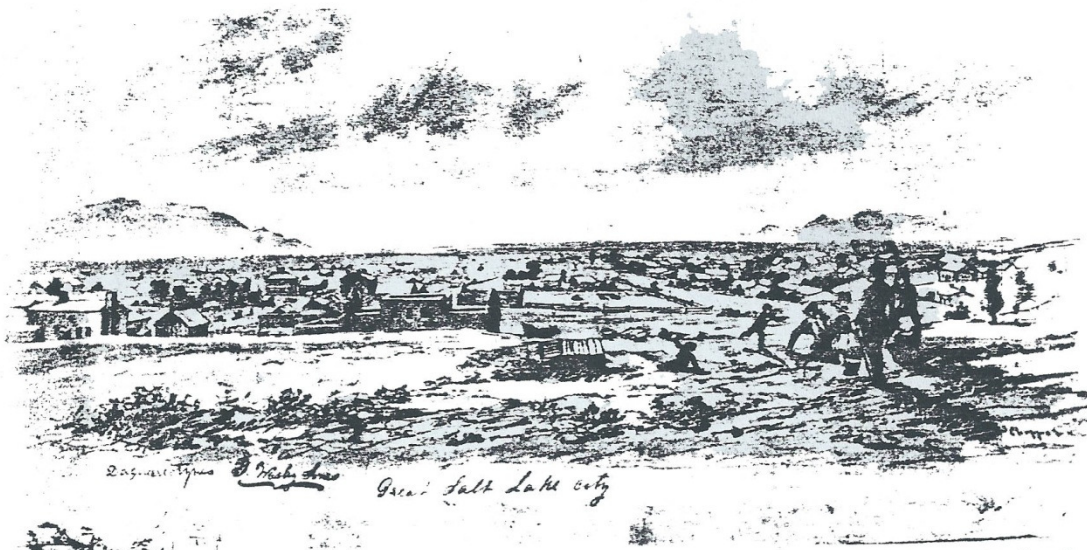


CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

A TRAIN OF MORMONS in the Utah territory. The picture is an early photograph, taken on July 10, 1878. Mormons continued to move west after the great migration of the 1840's.

Their company reached Utah in late fall of that same year.

"When they came through Emigration Canyon they beheld the Great Salt Lake far to the west. The fort was visible, a settlement had been surveyed and well defined blocks showed streets to be. Even crops showed signs of harvest.



Utah State Historical Society
Gift of California Historical Society

Great Salt Lake City in 1851, by J. Wesley Jones.

"Leonard, did you say the fort was alive with rats and mice?' asked Libby as they looked down at the fort.

"They are as bad as the Missouri mobs', Len replied. 'They take everything.'

"In that case, I'm glad I brought my kitten with me', was Libby's reply..." 6

The posterity of that pure white cat was propagated in Farmington for many years. Her pure white kittens were usually the ones to be saved and whenever one showed up, it was known as a descendant of Aunt Libby's pioneer cat.

"No house greeted Libby so she continued to call her wagon box home. Near by she went on cooking over a campfire. In a dutch oven buried in a pit she baked bread and was happy to have come to the end of a long journey.

"Len lost no time in finding timber for logs which were used to build a one room cabin in Farmington, with a dirt floor, sod roof, one paneless window, a doorless opening, and a crude fireplace in one end. Split logs were fashioned into a bed frame in one corner, ropes criss-crossed as a substitute for bed springs, and the pad used on the ground as they crossed the Plains was the mattress. Split logs were used to build a rough table, stumps acted as chairs, while the wooden chest built for her by her father, held her few dishes...

"Their son, Leonard Babbitt Rice, was born in this log cabin, April 1, 1850. It was the end of a severe winter and fresh air came gushing through the paneless window, the doorless doorway and the unplastered log cracks. Here in her crude bed, she lay with her first son, often wet, usually cold, but generally happy.

"When Lennie was thirteen months old, Libby's second son, Lorin Henry, was born, May 6, 1851. He was not more than two months old when his father left Farmington to drive back to Iowa carrying freight from Utah. He hoped to have his sisters and little brother, Ephriam, as passengers coming back. From Des Moines, Iowa, he wrote Libby saying his little brother had drowned before he got there, and the sisters refused to come west." 7

Often Elizabeth Almira was left to the full care of her children while Leonard was away on his frequent trips as wagon master for pioneers on the trail, but she was always kept in touch by her husband's frequent letters. Whenever Leonard's path crossed wagon trains going west, he would slip a letter to someone who would deliver it to his wife. One such letter was preserved for us to read; a precious document characterizing a great man concerned for his family:

"Fort Des Moines, Iowa
Nov. 21st, 1851

Dear Wife:

I take this opportunity to rite you a few lines to let you no that I am well. I received a letter from you at Kanesville in a cold snow storm. It safed a great deal of my feelings while I was crossing the Plains.

I hope that you are well and the litel boys. I pray for you night and day. I hope that you do the same by me, for there is none that I love but you. I hope that you think of all of us as often as I think of you. If you do let me no it, and that will help bare the trouble off from me, for it is increasing.

When I arrived here I found Henry and two of my sisters. My brothers were not here. I must tell you the news. One of my brothers is a sleeping in his grave, Ephriam was his name. The poor little boy drowned a trying to save another boys life. It is hard to leave one behind that wanted to come as bad as he did. He was so pleased and almost crazy when he heard that I was a coming after him; this is why my trouble is increasing. Do not neglect your children, watch the children clost, see that they do not drowned in that litel stream, I hope they don't. Well, I want to see them very much but not as much as I want to see you. Rite your feelings towards me.

I traded for a very nice bugy. I think that we can enjoy ourselves in going to meeting when I get home. I shall be there in July if I live. I shall write and send my regards from St. Louis, I hope you get it. Direct your letters to me at Fort Des Moines, Iowa.

There will be a grate emagrations thru to the Vally next Spring. Have the walls of the house put up if you can. I will fetch the nales and glass. I have a cash job of teaming. I lost one horse on the plains.

It cost me about \$20.00 for feed for my horses. I bot corn today for the horses, enuf to last a good long while they gain fast. I shall take the large ones back with me for they

are the best horses that ever I saw, they are in good trim.

Do the best you can. If Henry is mad make him pay for that five dollars I owed old man Simmans.

I neather drink, swear, nor lie, whiskey is no temptation to me, I think too much of myself for that, you no that is nothing new for me.

I hope that you can come and meat me. I will let you no what time to start, if you can have no time to come or send a teem, it maB that Aspah will come if you can't.. I hope and pray that you do not suffer for anything, tho I am afraid you do. I do not want you to suffer because I do, but I think you are willing to sufer and die with me.

Yours

Leonard Rice" 8

"The winter of 1851 and spring of 1852 were long remembered as being merciless with blizzards and deep snow, causing many horses and cattle to freeze to death in Davis County, Utah. Sometime in the late summer of 1852, Leonard returned bringing nails, glass and a comfortable rocking chair, as well as a piece of calico from which Elizabeth hand-stitched curtains for her new glass window. The new carriage and a fine team of horses brought back from Des Moines took them to Salt Lake City to Patriarch John Smith who gave them blessings, September 13, 1852. They also visited the Buckwalter friends of Nauvoo days that same fall...." 9

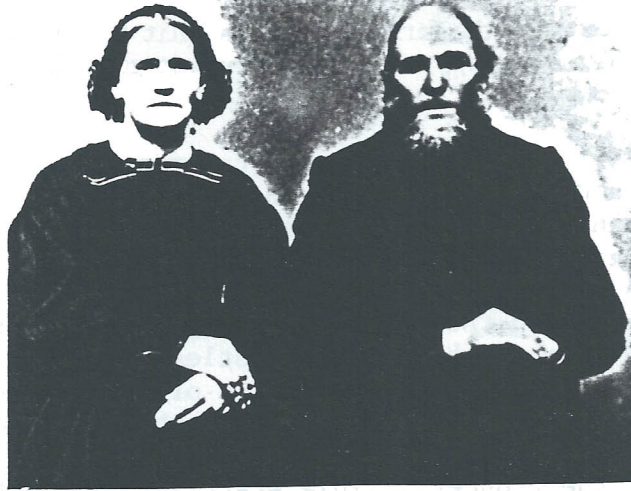
Elizabeth and Margaret Buckwalter were girlhood friends in Nauvoo. Margaret had been widowed but had remained firm in her determination to get to Utah.

On January 2, 1853, a sweet experience saw Leonard and Margaret married as Elizabeth placed Margaret's hand in Leonard's in marriage. The ceremony was performed by President Brigham Young in his home in Salt Lake City. Leonard's two families, Elizabeth's eleven and Margaret's seven (though not all of these children grew to maturity) lived close for many years to enjoy a unity seldom found in single families. There seemed to be a strong, mutual affection between these two ladies. 10

Eva Rice Howell was assisted in her writing of "Those Trying Times" by an account written by Margaret's brother, Henry Buckwalter, for her information about Margaret and the incidents that surrounded her early life and journey to Utah.

"...She (Margaret) was the daughter of John and Sarah (Shuler) Buckwalter, both of whom were born in Chester County, Pennsylvania. Margaret was born 12 November 1828 in a place called Westinantmeal, Chester Co., Penn. There were eight children in the family by 1840. Six lived to adulthood. Margaret was the oldest child...

"From the words of Margaret's brother, Henry, we learn that father and mother Buckwalter embraced the gospel of Jesus Christ in 1839. Two years later father became very ill. He



John and Sarah (Shuler) Buckwalter

told his family that the message of the Mormon Missionaries was the truth, but he passed away before he was baptized, leaving mother, Sarah, with six small children in poverty.

"Embracing the gospel did not always mean they were baptized at the same time. In this case, Henry says he was baptized in the Mississippi River July, 1842, while Margaret was baptized in the Nauvoo Temple and endowed there January 22, 1846, the same day her mother, Sarah, was...

"It isn't easy to visualize the journey from Pennsylvania to Illinois, but worth the trying. Traveling comfort was unknown, be it by stage coach, riverboat, or by ox team and wagon. There is one thing for certain—walking was never crowded...

"The city of Nauvoo was just three years old when the Buckwalters arrived to make it their home. It had grown as if by magic, from swamplands low on the banks of the Mississippi River bend. Here they found a thriving city, laid out in wide straight streets, comfortable cottages, cultivated gardens and flower patches, trees of many kinds and business houses. In fact, it was to become the largest city in Illinois by 1846. On every side they saw and admired the neatness and cleanliness of this City Beautiful. They met the Prophet Joseph Smith and in no time the Church leaders were known and admired by the Buckwalter widow and her children...

"At that time there were no school houses in Nauvoo, but in some homes the children were given lessons in the three R's. Margaret and her three brothers were listed in such a private school in 1842. Then again during 1844, except for brother William, who died in 1843. Four of the Babbitt children attended, namely; Elizabeth, Martha, Jerome and Lamoni.

"In later years, Margaret and Elizabeth loved to recall and live over their few school days together in Nauvoo...

"They talked of the Nauvoo Legion on parade and the 4th of July celebration in 1845 in which the Prophet Joseph Smith took part. It is a matter of printed history—

15,000 spectators attended that affair in the Grove. Three steamers arrived from Quincy, Burlington and St. Louis, loaded with curious visitors. Each boat was met by a gallant host or a welcoming committee who conducted the guests to reserved seats at the Grove.

"To add a gesture of goodwill, the firing of cannons split the air as people left the boat decks...How the band did play, and the Military Unit gave class and color to the dignity of that Celebration." ¹¹

The events that followed were in marked contrast to any form of celebration. The sufferings and expulsion of the Saints in Nauvoo were often recounted in conversations of Utah Pioneers. Among the many pioneer experiences that were told, none revealed more faith and bravery than the one that Margaret could tell of her family. A written record of Margaret's brother, Henry, tells us that the Buckwalters attended the great outdoor gathering when Brigham Young, the President of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, stood up to speak. Suddenly, as Henry testified, he saw the mantle of the Prophet rest upon President Young, 'He looked like the Prophet Joseph--his voice was, in tone and enunciation, exactly the same, and even his clothing had all the appearances of those worn by the Prophet'. This startling manifestation was a clear cut sign. To Sarah (Shuler) Buckwalter, it was a mandate of "Choose ye this day whom you will follow, but as for me and my household--we will follow the authorized leader and no one else."

"Governor Ford of Illinois started a whisper campaign against the Mormons. He boasted about his trick, and openly confessed his diabolical trick to mislead the Church and hasten their departure from Nauvoo. Though Ford had agreed to permit adequate time for the Church members to make preparations for a migration (one of the earth's greatest since the Exodus of the Israelites from Egypt) his campaign caused the mobs to first voice threats, and then put pressure of persecution upon the people of Nauvoo. Before the forces of evil burst over the city, Brigham Young and hundreds of others, hurriedly crossed the Mississippi River during February 1846. The Buckwalters were among those destitute families who could not leave so suddenly. They saw the forces of evil at work.

"Henry wrote, 'We witnessed the approach and attack of the mob in September 1846 upon us few remaining Saints that were too poor in this world's goods to have left earlier, but were forced out of the city, notwithstanding our stranded condition". ¹²

This last group to leave Nauvoo in September of 1846 were the ones that experienced the 'Miracle of the Quails' when starvation threatened. From readings in church history, we get a review of some incidents that were familiar to Margaret, her family, and this group of pioneers who left Nauvoo under force:

"By mid-May 1846, nearly twelve thousand Saints had crossed the river, leaving about six hundred in Nauvoo. To anti-Mormon forces it seemed that the Saints intended to keep some hold on the city and a final confrontation at Nauvoo resulted. Attacks on Mormons in outlying areas continued and in June mobbers marched to Nauvoo and demanded surrender of the city itself. City residents organized under the direction of Nauvoo Legion officers and prevented the invasion, but by September the anti-Mormon forces had returned eight hundred strong and armed with cannon. They demanded that Mormons and Mormon sympathizers leave the city.

"Residents united and armed themselves as best they could and then engaged in a two-day exchange of gunfire with the forces stationed on the outskirts of Nauvoo. On 12 September men on both sides were killed as invaders attacked the city. Mormons and anti-Mormons then sought a truce, with a committee from Quincy mediating the terms. In exchange for a promise of safety as they crossed the river, the Saints surrendered their arms and the city. Those who were able left immediately in safety, while in direct violation of this agreement, those who had to remain to get ready for the journey were forcibly driven from the city.

"Some six hundred forty destitute Latter-day Saints crossed the river that September. Having little food, clothing, or shelter, they were ill-prepared for travel. Many contracted chills and fever as they crowded into makeshift tents near the river bottoms. Relief in the form of provisions, tents and wagons was sent to this "poor camp" by the Twelve, and on 9 October 1846, the group was organized for the journey west. That same day, quail, weary from a long flight, miraculously settled near the travelers, providing them with much needed food..." 13

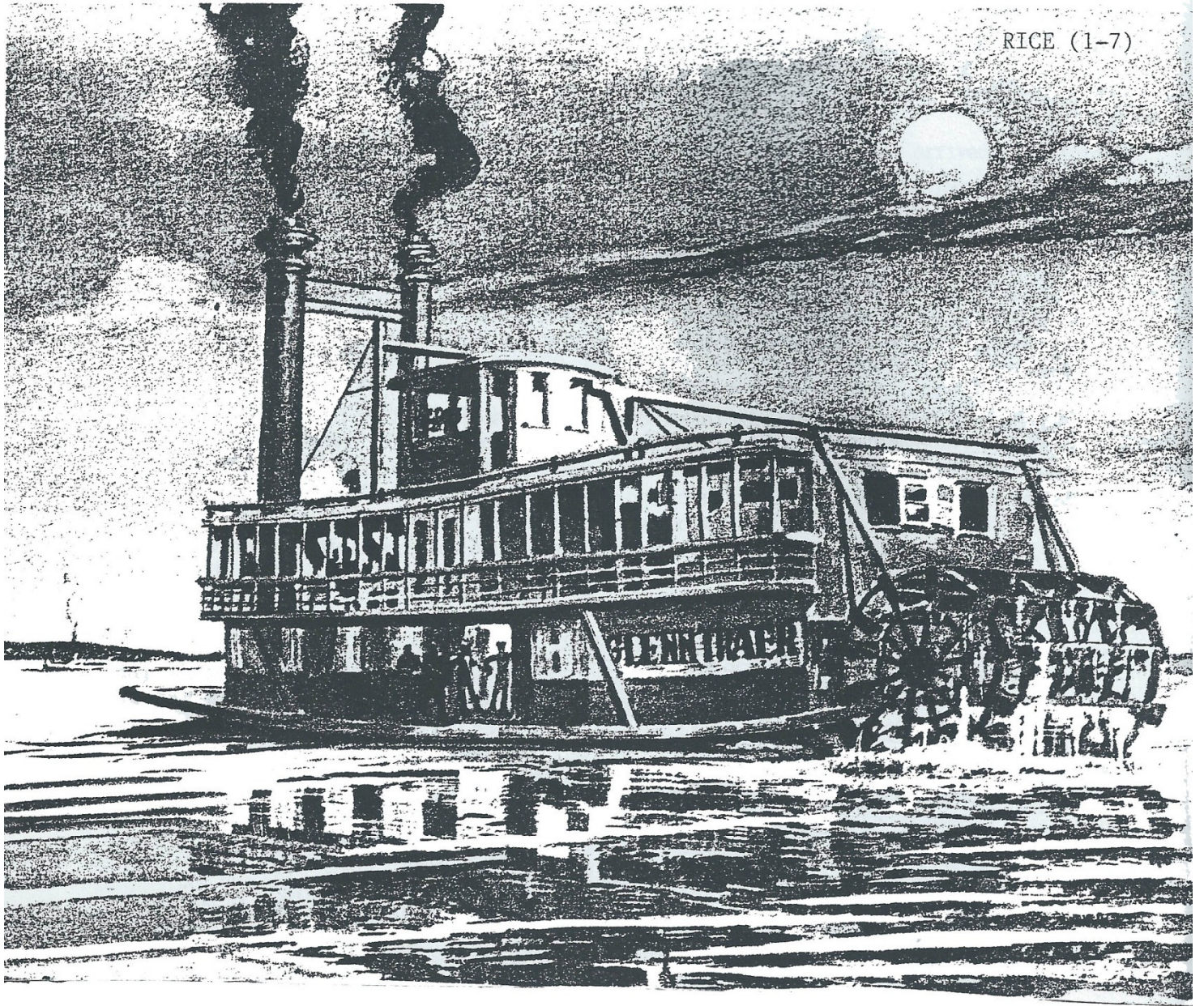


The miracle of the quail (from a painting by C.C.A. Christensen, 1831-1912)

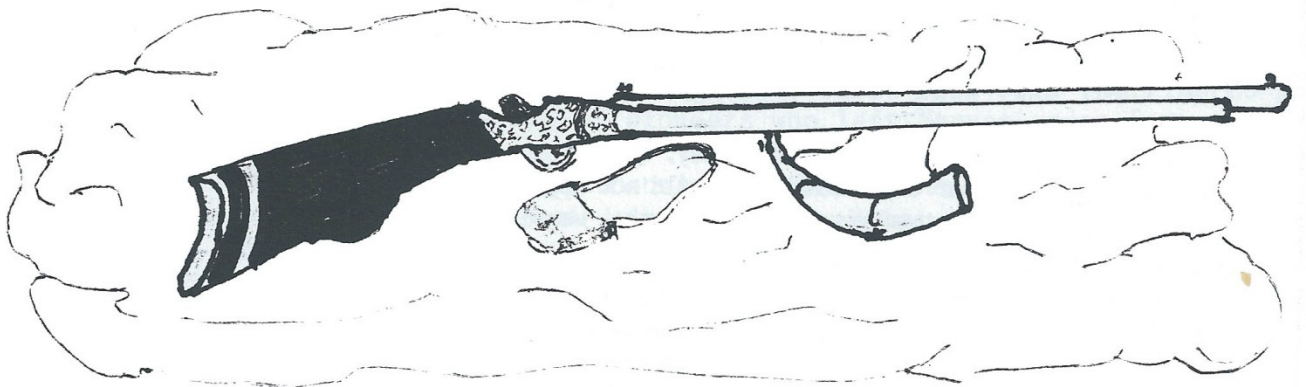
The stranded group was indecisive about what to do to be able to go on. They needed work in order to obtain needed equipment. The Buckwalters decided that their only hope would be to go to St. Louis, if possible. Henry continued,

"St. Louis was two hundred miles away. The waters of the Mississippi River were so low at that time of year that Steamboats could not approach anywhere nearer Nauvoo than the town of Keokuk, Iowa, twenty-seven miles south. We were devoid of any conveyance and no money or means to employ a team and driver. One day a man came walking through our camps. He made some inquiries of mother concerning these people...He was a farmer living 35 miles away...Mother Sarah explained our situation and tried to engage him with his team to take us overland to Keokuk. She offered him anything she had (we had no money). He refused. Days passed and we were helplessly camped in wonderment..

"When the farmer returned to his home he told his wife concerning our condition and she gave him no peace until he drove back and freely took us to our destination. At Keokuk



MISSISSIPPI RIVER STEAMBOAT



KENTUCKY RIFLE AND FEATHER BED

we found a steamboat at the harbor bound for St. Louis. Mother went immediatly and laid our situation before the Captain and tried to get passage for herself and family to St. Louis. She had not even a penny to pay passage, but such articles as we had he could take his choice, she told him. He took her feather bed and an old Kentucky rifle of father's that mother had smuggled away from the Nauvoo mobs rolled up in that feather bed. He told us to 'come aboard'..." 14 (map #19)

In 1847, Margaret met and married Lemmon Wickle. By this time Henry was about sixteen, Margaret nineteen, Edwin thirteen, Sarah twelve, the youngest seven and the mother was forty-six. Henry and Edwin got jobs working in a printing office taking subscriptions and selling newspapers. It took two years for them to save enough for an outfit that would take them West.

In 1849, they experienced the great fire in St. Louis that burned up 30 steamships on the river and consumed seventeen entire business blocks. The total loss was stated at \$20,000,000.00. This catastrophe was followed by an outbreak of cholera which lasted over four months. The Buckwalters did not avoid contracting the disease but Lemmon Wickle died at this time, whether of cholera or not has not been known. 15

"The following is taken from Nathaniel Felt's story. He was the Stake President of St. Louis in 1849:

"Every morning the 'Dead Wagon' made its rounds of the town, accompanied by the awful cry—'bring out your dead'.

There were not enough able-bodied people to take care of the suffering or bury the dead properly. Sometimes without any preparations the bodies were loaded upon the wagon and buried in trenches, hundreds a day. Out of a population of 85,000 people in St. Louis, from 2 to 3 hundred died daily.

"After remaining in the City of St. Louis from December, 1846, until the Spring of 1852, we started for the Valleys of the Rocky Mountains. We went by steamboat up the Missouri River via Council Bluffs, Iowa; stayed four weeks in camp at Winter Quarters, then took up our line of march. There were eighty-nine wagons with three or four yoke of cattle to each wagon. About 800 persons were in the company who left in the last of May 1852, comprising converts from the east and foreigners from England, Scotland, Wales and Germany. The Buckwalters were in the first company of one hundred under Captain Bay. They arrived in Salt Lake City August 11, 1852, and settled in the 9th Ward in the City." 16

Leonard Gurley had gone back to Winter Quarters the Fall of 1851 to help in the immigration plans for 1852. In a letter to his wife, Elizabeth, he had stated that there would be a great influx of immigrants that year. Such was the case; there were thousands of new faces entering the surrounding Wards that year. What a great reunion of friends and what an assembly of new converts to welcome.

Henry Lemmon Wickle was born to Margaret and Lemmon Wickle August 22, 1848 at St. Louis, Missouri. After Lemmon Wickle's death, Margaret, with her baby Henry and her parents, the Buckwalters, crossed the Plains in 1849. Following Margaret's marriage to Leonard G. Rice, she and Henry remained in the Buckwalter home in Salt Lake City for over one year. Prior to the birth of Margaret's second child, Leonard had built her a cottage in Farmington, west of Libby's home, though on the same lot. Her house faced the setting sun while

Libby's looked to the eastern mountains. By this time Libby was living in a two-story rock and adobe house that Leonard had built on the ground where her small log and sod house had stood. Henry Lemmon (called Lem) Wickle and Leonard Babbitt Rice, Libby's son, were pals, running in and out of either home.

"Margaret (like Libby) was of noble character, deeply religious and always concerned more for the needs of others than for herself. She was known by her friends and relatives as an extremely saintly woman. She loved to read Church books, and was a strict tithing payer. Her cleanliness was a legend; spotlessness was a ritual in her humble home." 17

Elizabeth and Margaret helped one another as the needs arose, especially at the arrival times of their children. The best rice grew in Farmington, was their claim, as Rice sons, (sometimes considered 'wild rice') appeared at frequent intervals. According to the mothers involved, it was good rice, none-the-less.

Between the years 1848 and 1867, numerous calls came from Brigham Young for Leonard's assistance as a trusted teamster.

"Leonard owned splendid riding horses and he spent many occasions out on Antelope Island helping to round up and brand the Church-owned horses. Because he was an outstanding horseman, he enjoyed such things even if it took him from home. He owned and drove many matched teams, had big freight wagons and freighted to distant places. His sons were driving freight wagons at an early age.



"President Young enjoyed riding in his carriage behind those prancing horses controlled by skillful hands, so he required Len's services often on his church visits to outlying Wards and preaching tours. Leonard was prepared on such trips to face Indian troubles. He took along his gun and a supply of Libby's home-made bullets to use if necessary, but such disturbances were never encountered on the many trips taken with Brigham Young." 18

Leonard was one of a party of men called to assist in the Green River Expedition to Wyoming in 1853. There appeared in the December 1853 Deseret News an account of the Green River Expedition in these words:

"It was proposed that men be called to establish settlements in the vicinity of Green River, Wyoming. The first 29 men left Salt Lake City to cross the East Mountains under the command of John Nebeker...This first company arrived at Fort Bridger Saturday, Dec. 12, 1853.

"After this company was fairly under way, Orson Hyde set about organizing a second company of volunteers to follow the first company. In less than two weeks he had 53 young hardy men well fitted out with large supplies of everything necessary—26 wagons formed the train. Two yoke of oxen for each wagon, 50 head of cattle were herded along, as well as 50 head of milch cows. Machines of all kinds and many tools, implements, clothing, blankets, leather goods and nails. Much of the outfit came from voluntary donations. One Ward gave \$100.00, another Ward gave flour, cattle and money. City merchants gave \$250.00. All was in readiness by Wed. Dec. 16, 1853, with Capt. Isaac Bullock in charge." 19

Leonard Gurley Rice was listed among the 53 young, hardy, volunteering men.

A letter written by Leonard to his wife at this time is revealing of his concern for his family and his loyalty to the Church:

"Fort Supply (on Green River)
Called Camp of Israel
Date: December 10, 1853

"Dear Wife:

It is with pleasure that I take the time to inform you that I am well. I hope you are the same. Orson Hyde arrived here yesterday. I expected to hear from you when he came through, but I was disappointed. I do not want you to neglect to write every chance. I wrote that I should come home in the Spring, but that is uncertain now. There is no noing when I shall be at home. I shall not come home to stay until this mishen is over. When that will be I do not no. This is a fine country and I expect to move here sooner or later for there is plenty of timber and good land and a good place to raise stalke. This is bound to become one of the greatest stakes of Zion. I am not at all sory I came here.

I enjoy myself very well here. The boys are, D. Lookgren out looking to see what they see. We live well in our mess. There are four men of us in one house. I wish I new you were as comfortable as I am. I never enjoy myself away from home before as I do now. I have not washed any yet but expect to soon. My cattle are doing well. All alive yet.

I would like to here from home. If I do not come home in the Spring send me a _____ (illegible) and your likeness. Get Leny's taken if you can. If you have no money and neede it send me word. I have no money for any of you now.

I expect Margaret will be up home by this time. I hope you will enjoy yourselves well together. If she is there you must both pray for me, that I may prove faithful in the discharge of my duty.

Elizabeth, you must act in wisdom towards Adelbert and he will mind you - (Del is Leonard's little motherless brother.) If Margaret stays at home you may send Adelbert out here in the Spring if you do not want him there. If there is any school fix his cloose and send him this winter and if there is no school till Spring say he must stay home and reed his book, but do not neglect the calfs. Be a good boy and do as he is told. There will be ponys to be got in the Spring. There are none here now.

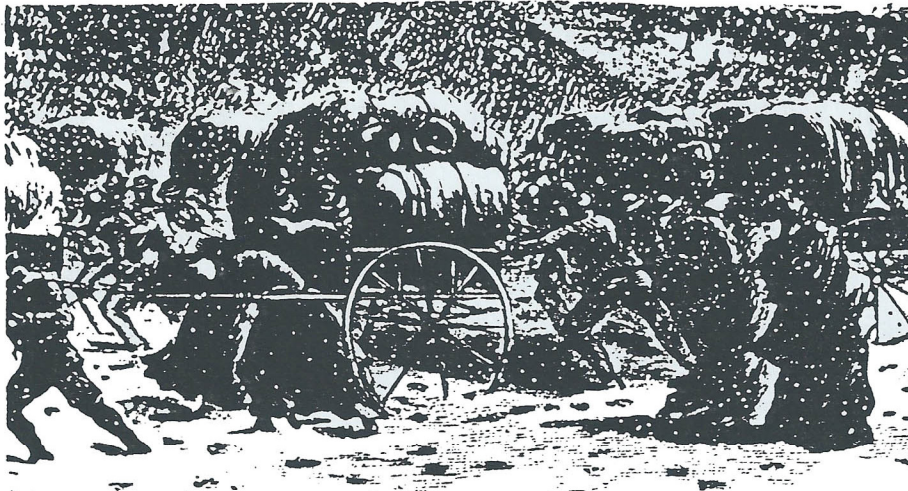
I shall close this letter soon. I honor this cause that I am engaged in. The Lord is with us and my prayer is that you be faithful and prayerful. Be ciend to the children. Do not whip Leny more than you can help for he is the pride of my heart. Do not be jelus for you say you love Lauren the best of all. I do not say who I love best but the one who proves most fathful I shall like best, no more.

Give my respects to Asaph, William and Osker.
I remain your affectionate husband forever.

Leonard Rice"

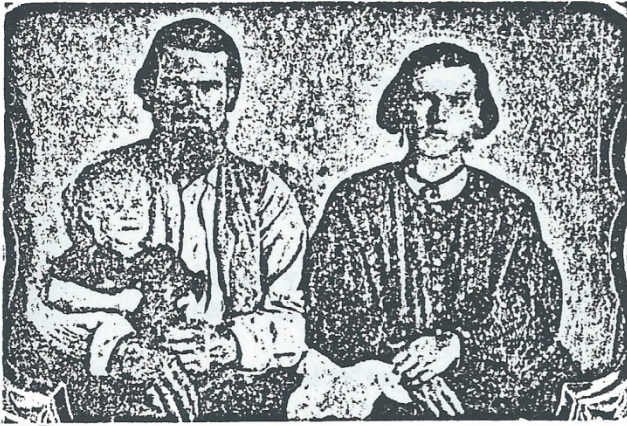
(It is said that Leonard G. Rice never attended a day of school in his life. While on a mission in England, his spelling improved.)²⁰

In 1854, Leonard again went with Brigham Young to settlement outposts of the Church in Southern Utah and into areas that later became Southern Nevada. He was a frequent companion of President Young on his many 'preaching tours' to new colonies as the Church spread to outlying areas. Because of Leonard's skillful handling of teams, wagons and people, he was in demand as a teamster. He had the faith and courage, as well as the prayers of his families in Farmington while he was away from them so much of the time, and never was a word of complaint ever recorded against his many missions of mercy and calls from the Church.



"Handcart company in a snowstorm" (from Harald Jensen Kent, *Danske Mormoner* [N. P.: *Udvalget for Utah-missionen*, 1913, p. 11])

In about 1856, his help was called upon in the rescue of the Martin Handcart Company. He, with other elders, took six wagon loads of supplies to the stranded company under Edward Martin. They found and carried men too weak to walk, women nearly frozen, and many children, through the icy waters of the Sweetwater River. Never had men witnessed so much misery and suffering. That night, bedraggled and cold, the rescue party made camp for the destitute company five miles west of the river. It took almost a month to get back to Salt Lake City. Leonard took cold and became severely ill, from which he never fully recovered.



Proud parents, Leonard and Libby,
with baby Caroline, Libby's only
daughter by birth
Picture taken, 1861

"Deseret News 1 Sept. 1862, Monday, made the following announcement: 'The day is pleasant in the Great Salt Lake City, Utah. President Brigham Young, his wife, Emeline, John Taylor and wife Mary Ann, John W. Young, Ezra T. Benson, Wm. Preston, Lorenzo Snow, Wilford Woodruff and many others went to the Southern parts of Utah on a preaching mission...Leonard G. Rice drove the carriage for President Brigham Young. They traveled first to Pleasant Grove where they held meetings...'" 21



Brigham Young



John Taylor



Ezra T. Benson



Lorenzo Snow



Wilford Woodruff

Elizabeth's responsibilities were great considering her husband's many absences, but she carried on and didn't seem to mind when everyone took her for granted. Besides rearing her own children, Elizabeth accepted into her home an Indian baby who had been brought to her by freighters who had found it beside its slain mother after a battle between U. S. soldiers and a band of Bannock Indians on the Little Salmon River in Northern Idaho. The story of Elizabeth's Indian baby was printed in an editorial space "Voice in the West" by Agnes Peterson in these words:

"Two Mormon teamsters dismounted from their heavy freight wagons to look the battlefield over—glad for a brief respite from their arduous journey from the Northwest to Salt Lake Valley with badly needed supplies. The signs of a recent battle were unmistakable—blood spots, spent cartridge cases, arrows which had missed their mark, odd bits of military equipment.

"Then they heard a sound which was strangely alien to the desolate scene near the small mining camp of Virginia, Mont.

"The two, William Rose and a Mr. Boyd of Farmington, turned wonderingly towards each other as the unmistakable wail of an infant came from a nearby clump of brush.

"Racing to the spot, they beheld a tragic sight. Whimpering pathetically from hunger was an Indian baby clasped in the arms of its dead mother.

"She had been a member of the Indian party which had fought a skirmish with frontier soldiers a few days before. The Indians had carefully carried away their dead and wounded, but the mother, hiding in the brush during the battle, had evidently been hit by a stray bullet and then overlooked by the others.

"The two men buried the mother and, even though they were hundreds of miles from home, undertook to care for the child during their journey.

"Having no milk, they killed rabbits along the way and made soup to feed the child.

"The creaking wagons finally reached Farmington after several weeks, and the child was turned over to Leonard G. Rice. Nursed and cared for by Mrs. Rice, the little girl grew up as a loved and respected member of the family.

"The babe, rescued from certain death by the kindly teamsters, later married J. F. Willcoxon and raised a large family in Farmington."²²

A very interesting story of this episode was told by one of the teamsters, William Rose, who was 89 years old at the time that he recalled the event for printing. It was included in Charles Shirley Wilgamott's book, as follows:

"In the summer of 1863, myself and one David Boyd, started with two teams loaded with freight from Ogden, Utah, to the mines of Montana. We knew the Indians were bad along the Bannock trail, and our road followed this trail through Northern Utah and Eastern Idaho into Montana. General Connor's army was in Utah and had been ordered to subdue the Indians along this route, but we were not aware of this and were making our way along and taking our chances of getting through without encountering Indians.

"After being out several days and when we were at a point about where we entered Idaho

territory from Montana; we camped on a small stream which had no name at that time. While making our camp and putting our stock on grass, we discovered that we were in the midst of a very recent battlefield, with dead Indians and Indian ponies laying around everywhere. We were startled by this discovery and somewhat frightened; our stock was too tired to travel and we figured that we were probably as safe here as any place, and curiosity induced us to look around this gruesome landscape.

"Presently we heard what we thought was the faint cry of a baby. We followed in the direction the cry came from and found an Indian woman rolled in a blanket. Under the blanket and in the mother's arms was a live baby. The squaw looked as though she had been dead but a few hours. In our haste we failed to find out what had caused the mother's death but we naturally supposed that she had been shot in battle.

"The pitiful cry of the baby as it tried to get food from the dead mother's breast was heart-rending. We decided to take the child with us and try and get it to the settlement. We thought it was about three weeks old.

"We packed the little thing on to our wagons; then we realized that we had nothing suitable to feed babies but soup made from some bush rabbits which we captured, and then with our finger for a nipple we managed to feed the child. We tore up old shirts for didies, and heated water and gave it a bath as soon as possible, and finally had it tucked away in a little bed in the wagon.

"Both Mr. Boyd and I slept soundly, neither wakening until nearly morning to remember the baby which treatment was too much for her and she might have gone to the happy hunting ground.

"We rushed to its bed and found it snug and happy. Lifting it up we prepared more soup for the little tot and were getting our breakfast when we saw a body of horsemen approaching. We thought they were Indians and we were making preparations to present ourselves, but discovered that they were soldiers. During that four minutes of suspense we realized how responsible we felt about meeting the detachment of General Connor's and they told us all about the battle and that every Indian that could be found had been killed and that General Connor had told them that the only way to subdue the Indians was to 'Kill all: squaw, papooses, and all.'

"The soldiers advised us to hurry out of this locality for our own safety. After we had heard what the soldiers told us we did not tell them about having the baby, fearing they would demand and kill it. But we took their advice and made a forced drive that day, and for several days we were fearful of Indian attacks, but we never saw an Indian, and we concluded that General Connor's mode of fighting Indians had actually subdued them.

"We finally came to where we could get condensed milk. A lady, the wife of a settler, fixed us up some clothes for the baby. We were fifteen days getting back to the settlement, and the baby stood the trip well and was lapping milk like a kitten.

"I took the baby to my home where my wife was nursing a baby of about the same age, and she fed it for ten days on the breast. It was as black as any papoose you ever saw and it looked odd nursing a white breast.

"We decided it would not be convenient to keep the baby girl, so we consulted with Mr. Boyd. He was a bachelor but thought he could find a home for it. He took the baby girl

and traded her for a horse to Leonard Rice, a neighbor, and Mr. and Mrs. Rice educated the little girl and raised her to womanhood.

"She married a Mr. Wilcox, and the young couple settled down in Farmington, Utah, where they built up a beautiful home and raised seven children, four boys and three girls. Three of the boys served in the World War, all going to France. The fourth was too young. Both Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox died shortly after the World War. I had not heard of these folks for years until some time ago, when the government, through the Indian Department, began making land allotments to the Bannock Indians.

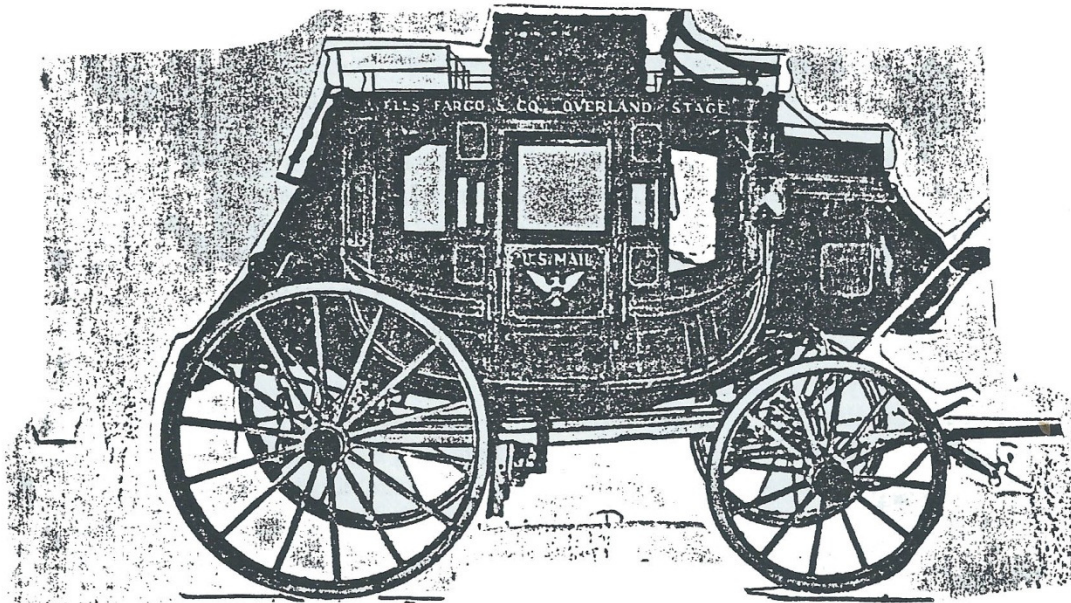
"These children could not prove to what tribe of Indians they belonged. They had heard their mother and grandmother tell the story of her rescue, and with some difficulty they located me.

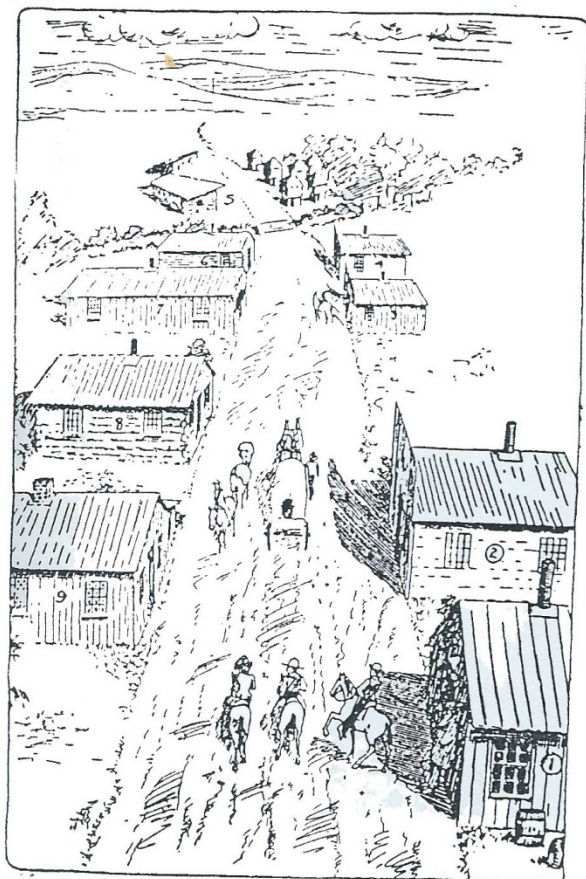
"I was glad to go with them before the Indian Department, where the identity of the grandmother was conclusively established, and the children and grandchildren received their allotments.

"Three of the boys live in Salt Lake City; one boy, Sherman Wilcox, lives in Park City, Utah. One of the girls, Mrs. Wright lives in Idaho Falls, Idaho, while the other two girls live in Salt Lake City." ²³

The Indian girl of this story was known as Ida Ann Rice and was loved as an own daughter and sister in the Rice family. As mentioned above, she married J. F. Willcox or (Wilcox) and had seven children.

On May 1, 1865, soon after the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, Leonard was called on a European Mission by the Church. He left Elizabeth Almira, whose last child was due in September of that year, and Margaret with her family of young children in Farmington, with instructions for the older children to carry on and help their mothers all they could. It was July 5, 1865, when he and Elders Nathaniel H. Felt and Aureleus Miner began their journey by Overland Stage. They reached New York August 19, and boarded the S. S. "Virginia" for England.





A typical settlement along the way

The Deseret News of Sept., 22, 1865, published a report taken from a letter written by Leonard's Missionary companion:

"From this letter we learn they had a trip of 20 days across the plains by stage coach. They met another Elder at Sulpher Springs where they were detained in consequence of the stock and horses being driven off by the Indians.

"They made the trip across the plains in safety not seeing an Indian on their way although there

were many rumors of attacks by the Red men. The station employees were in a panic stricken state at several places, with various evidences of Indian depredations along the way.

"They arrived in Liverpool, England by the 'Virginia' on Sept. 1, 1865, where Elder Miner was appointed to Edinburg, Elder Felt to Liverpool and Elder Leonard G. Rice to Norwich, England." 24

Other missionaries serving in the British mission were Brigham Young, Jr., Orson Pratt, Sr., Isaac Bullock, David P. Kimball, son of Heber C. Kimball, Charles W. Stayner, Abram Hatch, John S. Dalton and others.

The Millennial Star in a recording of the minutes of a Conference held in London Oct. 1, 1865 mentions that:

"Elder Leonard G. Rice briefly expressed his pleasure in meeting with the English Saints and bore his testimony to the truthfulness of the restored Gospel of Jesus Christ." 25

In another Millennial report of a Conference held in Manchester, England 18 February, 1866, it was stated:

"Leonard G. Rice, as speaker, said he rejoiced in being permitted to meet with the British Saints, that he had been laboring until lately in the Norwich Conference where he had proclaimed the fulness of the Gospel so far as he was able, ever relying on God for assistance in discharging the duties required of him. He said he could testify to the truth that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God—that Brigham Young was his successor. He knew the Kingdom of God was upon the earth and was growing rapidly notwithstanding the world as a whole did not observe it. His prayer was that God would bless all who desired to live a Godly life in Christ Jesus." 26



Elder Leonard Gurley Rice-1866
Liverpool, England-age 38

Elizabeth's youngest son, Hyrum, was born five months after his father left for his mission to England. Oscar South was two years of age and Caroline was five. All of her living children ranged in ages from fifteen to minus five months. Though Elizabeth's responsibilities were great during her husband's absence, the time did not pass without incidents of interesting charm.

"When Hyrum's mother took him to church for a name and a blessing, Brother Stayner and the other two Elders had a problem in their arms. The baby wasn't used to bearded men, so in the confusion, Libby couldn't recall the chosen name (Don Carlos) so she told them Hyrum Smith Rice...

"One warm day the next summer, while Libby was busy doing chores in the barnyard, she noticed Oscar going in and out of the house. He was carrying a little pail back and forth from the ash mound. To the consternation of his mother, he had been dumping the ashes on Hyrum (Hyde) as he slept in his low cradle.

"Once four or five years later, Oscar needed a paddling. It was a trick of his to scream

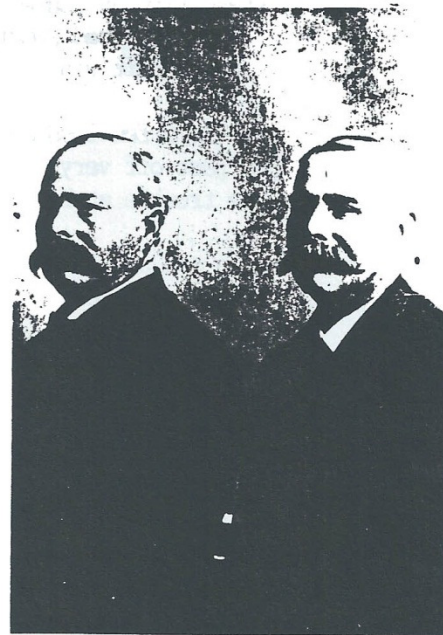
and yell as if he were being skinned alive. His final revengful move was to tell his mother he'd go off and die, then she'd be sorry she beat him so hard. Out in a corner of the hay barn he found a dark hole in a pile of old hay, so he crawled out of sight fully determined to cause his mother grief—but he backed out much faster than he entered, smelling like a dirty skunk. This time he had cause for screaming as he ran calling, "Ma, Ma". When mother appeared she called out, "My word! Oscar! How long have you been dead?" His clothing was taken off and buried in a mud bath out by the city creek and Oscar was scrubbed over and over with strong homemade soap and put to bed in the afternoon a much wiser, repentant boy than before.

"...Hyrum was Libby's tenth son. When he was a youth, he always vowed that he cried ten days and nights before birth for fear he'd be a girl, then as the tenth son of his mother, he cried because he wasn't a girl; he lived (said this story teller) in constant fear of landing in the tithing yard.

"Neither Elizabeth nor Margaret objected to the other wife's sons running in and out of the two houses. In fact, each mother was called Aunt. Oscar got lost in Salt Lake City once. A stranger saw this weeping child and asked, 'Who are you?' 'Aunt Libby's boy', he sobbed in reply. Libby, however, was actually his mother."²⁷



Elizabeth Almira and sons Oscar South and Hyrum Smith, about 1866



Oscar South and Hyrum Smith Rice years later

Leonard G. performed an honorable mission. Through prayer, his knowledge of the Gospel increased and he was able to overcome the temptations of discouragement and the things of the world. In a letter to his wife, Libby, September, 1866, he wrote:

"River Street
Ardwick, Manchester, England
Sept. 1st 1866

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Rice
Dear Wife:

I will commence this letter today because it is one year today since I first put foot on English soil but I shall not finish this letter until the 3rd of the month, as you know well, it is my birthday and so I thought I would commemorate both days in one letter. I wrote to you from Liverpool just a few days ago, but I thought I would uze this opportunity to write to you a few lines on two memorable days.

A many a sight have I seen since one year ago today, and many a feeling of sorrow have I suffered for different reasons, yet I am thankful to say that as far as myself (God be praised) I stand firm and have proved myself thus far immovable and unspotted as to the temptations of this wicked country for there is everything that can be thought of to induce a man or woman to comit sin.

I have learned some few lessons since I come here that I could never learn anywhere else. This year has past off very well. Very interesting and so wonderful swift and it might be because of the trouble at home not because of anything here. This is alright.

I think you can see some improvement in my writing and spelling. I shall not write much more until day after tomorrow.

It is now Saturday and I must go to the bath house and take a good wash. We have things nice for bathing in this country so I'll go and take a good sowes as usual, once a week.

It's Monday evening, I began this letter on Saturday with the intention of finishing it today because it is my birthday. I am now 37 years old. It is 17 years 5 months and 16 days since we were married. According to nature half of our days are past to this life and yet there is plenty of time for us to be better than we have and to learn more than we have and faster than we have. We have now a large family to look after and if they are properly raised they will prove a great blessing to us. My heart and mind is upon my children more than all things else in this world. It is for them that I perform this mission as for my own, by this I have a genuine interest for the kingdom of God. I look forward to the day when we shall be at home teaching my children what I have learned myself, the more I learn the more I shall be able to teach them.

The next letter I write will be to Leonard B. By the time you get this you will know about the chest of clothing that is on the way. I expect it is with Tom Richse's train. If so, I shall be very glad because I know the children need them, if the clothes do not get damaged they will last until I come home.

Write as soon as you find out about them. I have never heard weather you got those blankets and pistole (an English coin) and pants or not that I sent from Mysonery River by Ben Hampton and W. S. Geddis his brother-in-law.

You said you had paid for the lot in the grave yard, if so, that is the third time and if the man who has charge of it now turns it over to someone else it will have to be paid for again but that is no more than others have done and will do if you allow it as to John Snider he will not take only what belongs to him and I do not know exactly what that is but he will. If he wants hay let him have it or grain if you can. It is not such men as John that will rob a man on a mission, he is Christian.

All this has nothing to do with the kingdom and I intend to hold fast to the iron rod that heads me back home with honor and leads my tryumph over all that are trying to pull me down and those who are looking to see others do it. This is all right if not we can make it right when we churn.

My health is good most of the time. I am in hopes we all live to meet again. I have no news to write. I am getting along first rate, the Saints are kind to me as they can be. I shall never forget some of them because of their kindness towards me. I have not required as much as some have, neither do I intend to.

I hope to perform the ballance of my mission as honorable as I have what is past, with the help of the Lord I shall, but many a good man have not been able to accomplish this because of the temptations by which we are all surrounded.

I am in hopes you are more united at home, that you can all pray in faith for me as I need all the faith that can possibly be exercised in my behalf for there are a number of Christian friends praying in their hearts for me to do wrong. Let them pray their own soles down where they belong. I shall have to bring this to a close.

Tell Uncle Bill's folks to write often it will be practice for them if nothing else.

You wrote about a team for Lenny to use. I wrote Oscar about that. I do not know how it is with him. He will do the best he can. That which can't be done must be left undone so do the best you can and all will be right.

I have no time to write all the children at this time. I will think of them just as much and as often as if I wrote. Next I write I will take more time and do better.

May God bless you all the prayer of your husband and the children's father.

Leonard G. Rice

P.S. Give my love to inquiring friends and pray for me night and day that I may escape, free from disease, sin and death and all dangers.

Sincerely,

Leonard Rice" 28

Elder Rice presided over the Norwich Conference and later was appointed to preside over the Manchester Conference. Records of the Conference sessions were recorded and appear on file in the Latter-day Saints Church Historical Office. Eva Rice Howell searched the records of the Deseret News, Millennial Star and other sources as she traced the missionary activities in England during the time of Leonard Gurley's three year service. One report of special interest for this writing contained the briefs of the several speakers among whom Leonard Gurley was cited. It records the District Conference held in Temperance Hall on Grosvenor Street, Manchester, England, Feb. 18, 1866. Present on the stand besides Leonard, himself, was Brigham Young, Jr., President of the European Mission and Apostle Orson Pratt, Sr. Three choirs furnished the music. A choir from Manchester performed in the a.m., the Bolton choir in the afternoon and the Oldham choir in the evening. Speakers were Brigham Young, Jr., Orson Pratt, Elders Hatch, Russel, Smith, Gibson and Leonard Rice.

"At one of the meetings Brigham Young, Jr., reported on the growth of the Church in England. He said from 1865 to 1866 they had gained 973 members; 50 had migrated to Zion, 147 recent baptisms which were almost three times as many as any other same time period. He spoke of the open air meetings held during the summer by the local brethren and reported that the conference was entirely out of debt. . .

"Elder Leonard G. Rice said he was rejoiced in being permitted to meet with the British Saints and had always been blessed in meeting with them anywhere; that he had until lately, been laboring in the Norwich Conference where he had proclaimed the fullness of the Gospel to many as he was able, ever relying on God for assistance in discharging the duties required of him. He said he could testify of the truth that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God and that Brigham Young is his successor. He knew that the Kingdom of God was growing rapidly notwithstanding the world did not observe it. His prayers were that God would bless all who desired to live Godly lives in Christ Jesus." 29

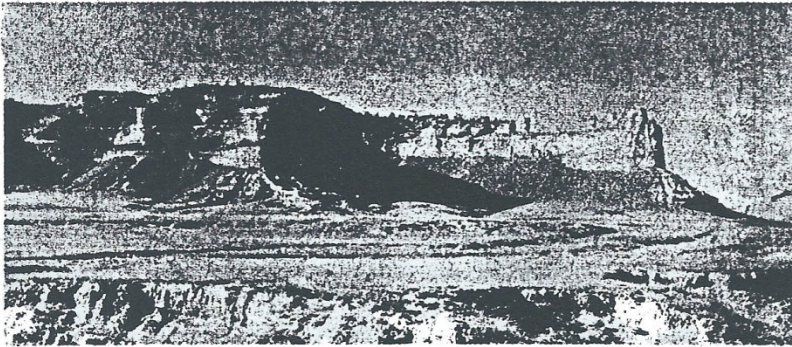
Elder Rice was released from his mission service March 21, 1867. It had been his opportunity, on many occasions, to speak about his personal acquaintance with the prophet Joseph Smith and his faith promoting experiences while in Nauvoo, crossing the plains of America to the Valleys of the Rocky Mountains and the great work being accomplished in the building of Zion. He, no doubt, bore his testimony many times of the sublime spiritual manifestations the Saints experienced at the Nauvoo Temple dedication and the faithfulness of the members through many incidents of persecution. He could bear his testimony of the love of God displayed to those faithful pioneers of fortitude in the face of so many odds. Sometimes even death might have been a way of preserving them from the evils of the time. Leonard's love for the leaders of the Church gave added strength to his already strong testimony of the truthfulness of the restored Gospel of Jesus Christ and the Book of Mormon.

As the time neared for his mission release, his thoughts dwelt upon his waiting family. He had two wives and eleven children anxiously waiting for his return. One child had died while he was away. There would be one child, Hyrum Smith, whom he had never seen, born while he was serving his mission.

Communications from foreign missions reached Church leaders frequently in Salt Lake City, and missionaries were able to keep in touch with their families.

A letter to Geo. A. Smith from Elder Brown dated July 5, 1867, at Omaha, Nebraska, speaks of the return of some missionaries in the steamship "Minnesota" and among those who reached Omaha on the date of the letter were Bishop Wm. Smith, Abraham Hatch, Elmer Taylor and Leonard G. Rice.

"Shortly after Leonard's return from England in 1867, he and his grown son, Leonard Babbitt, freighted between Salt Lake and North Platt, the end of the short rail line from Chicago to St. Joseph, Mo., which was a well-established connection between the railroad and the wagon trail going west. They arrived at this place in August 1867 where a great



To the Mormon pioneer on the vast prairie, Scotts Bluff moved imperceptibly past the horizon, an unblinking, unfeeling landmark on the trek.

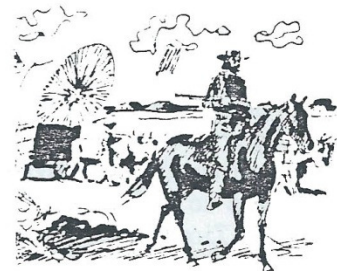
many Saints had arrived from several lands. One group had crossed the ocean in the steamship 'Manhattan' from Liverpool, England under the direction of Elder Archibald N. Hill. Among the many who were with this group was one English girl by the name of Lucy Jane Stevens.

"As is told in Church Chronology 1867-68, page 77—The Steamship had left Liverpool April 21, 1867. It arrived in New York and in July 1868, the group journeyed to North Platt, a station on the Union Pacific R.R., 391 miles west of Omaha, Nebraska. From

that place, the journey across the Plains was commenced 8 August with ox teams. The company arrived in Salt Lake October 5, 1868 with Capt. Leonard G. Rice." 30

This was the last group of wagon trains to cross the Plains. Soon the iron horse was to take over the job. Leonard had command of immigrants on this trip who were converts from several lands, speaking different languages. Ruth May Fox was in this company and expressed her appreciation for Leonard Gurley Rice as a Captain in these written words of her journal:

"No one who has not had the actual experience of crossing the great plains...can realize what it meant to be a Captain of a large company of emigrants of different nationalities, various occupations and decidedly diverse habits of life, some of whom had never camped out at night in their lives, who had not so much as seen a yoke of cattle, and of course, did not understand the language which frontier oxen were accustomed to... There were weary ones to be encouraged, the over-zealous to be held back; order must be maintained, rations measured out, and men appointed to guard the cattle and the camp; many of these had never seen an Indian nor fired a gun...With Leonard as Captain, I remember him as a fine looking man, spoken of as an ideal leader who was not known to have lost his temper the whole of the journey, and of whom I heard few complaints...Oh, what could we have done without a Captain! God bless his memory." 30a



About a year later, Leonard Gurley and Lucy Jane Stevens were married in the Endowment House by President Brigham Young, January 11, 1869, and they became the parents of four boys and three girls. Lucy Jane had been in the same Pioneer Company as Ruth May Fox whose Wagon Master for the journey across the Plains had been Leonard Gurley Rice.

The story of Lucy Jane Stevens, Leonard's third wife, is a beautiful tribute to a beautiful woman of courage and fortitude, written by her daughter, Rhoda Caroline (Rice) Barnes, from which portions are taken for this writing:

"Lucy Jane Stevens was born January 1, 1848, to Samuel Edward and Rhoda Edith Brixley Stevens, in Portsmouth, Hampshire, England. Three brothers who had preceded Lucy in the family were named Edward Samuel, Samuel Edward, and William Henry.

"Lucy Jane was born into a family of some means and affluence. her father, as had his father before him, worked as a draftsman in the shipyards for the British Government. Two of his sons followed in the same profession. This profession rated the Stevens family as upper middle class, and social caste was something rather strictly adhered to in that time and country...

"Fortune had favored them considerably by way of worldly goods. They had a nice home and all household duties were performed by hired help. This was very fortunate for Lucy's mother who was very frail. She developed tuberculosis and after bearing three more children, all of which died in infancy, she also died at the age of thirty-five.

"Their washerwoman was a Mrs. Newland, who lived close by. Although forbidden by her father to even speak to the Newlands, Lucy and her mother found them interesting, well-mannered and cultured, though poor. They also learned from the Newland family of a new religion which was being preached in England by missionaries from America. The Newlands had embraced the new Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and Lucy and her mother became interested but neither of them dared divulge their new knowledge to Mr. Stevens. When death seemed eminent for Lucy's mother, her father finally relented just a little at the earnest solicitation of his wife and allowed the elders to come and administer to her.

"It was on this night that Lucy Jane first saw the missionaries and from then on she listened eagerly to the gospel from their lips. When her mother died a short time later, Lucy was sad and lonely. Her mother's suffering had hurt her deeply and the loss of the only one who had understood her was more than she could hardly bear. She grew steadily more despondent; no one seemed able to comfort her.

"One night when she had almost cried herself to sleep the spirit of her mother came to her. She bade Lucy not to grieve so much, but to spend her time preparing to accept the gospel and go to Zion. She cautioned her to tell no one of the visit, but to live quietly and peacefully with her father, her Uncle George Brixley and her Aunt Caroline Cheverly. Her mother further advised her to save as much as she could of the money that was given her and to get as many clothes as she could and when she was nineteen she would be able to go to Zion.

"When morning came, Lucy was very excited. Everything seemed so real, yet it might have been just a dream it was so fantastic. As the day wore on, she began to wonder and by night, real doubt had entered her mind.

"That night her mother came again and repeated the whole message and words of advice. Seeming to sense Lucy Jane's doubt, she told her the way would be opened for her to leave England and she could be on the high seas before her family knew about it. This time Lucy was sure she hadn't been asleep and her doubts vanished.

"With the living to provide and the home and family to care for, Samuel Stevens was less able to supervise Lucy Jane so strictly and many times she slipped out for visits with the Newlands. Before long she found opportunity to accompany them to their church and to hear the elders who so fascinated her.

"Her Uncle George Brixley was also a tubercular, but he was very wealthy. Lucy Jane was often allowed to spend considerable time at his large estate, Hunting Lode. Having no children of their own, Uncle George and his wife made much of Lucy Jane and she found many desired liberties within her reach.

"She was also sent on extended visits to her Aunt Caroline (Stevens) Cheverly. Aunt Caroline had no children either and rejoiced at the visits and company of the charming Lucy Jane. Life seemed very much brighter for Lucy Jane on these visits away from her stern father who was often too strict and even unjust.

"Lucy Jane always remembered the visits from her mother, and followed her instructions faithfully. Uncle George and Aunt Caroline were very indulgent with her and she soon had a sizeable amount of money saved. The clothes provided by them and also her father were more than adequate for her needs.

"Just as her mother had predicted, when she was nineteen years old her chance to sail for America came. With two other girls by the name of Merrild she left Portsmouth for Liverpool in June 1867. On June 21, 1867, she sailed from Liverpool, England, with four hundred eighty Saints on the S. S. Manhattan under the direction of Archibald N. Hill. According to the Church chronology, they arrived in New York on July 4, and the emigrants of the party continued their journey westward to North Platte, a station of the Union Pacific Railroad. From here the trip across the Plains was begun on August 8, with ox teams, the company being directed by Captain Leonard G. Rice. They arrived in Salt Lake City on October 5, 1867.

"Lucy Jane had met Elder Archibald N. Hill before she left England. When the company arrived in Salt Lake, she went directly to his home where she lived a year and was treated like a member of the family.

"Elder Hill and Captain Rice, who had directed the two different phases of her emigration to Zion were mutual friends, having served on missions to England at the same time. Captain Rice came often to the Hill home to visit. Here he became interested in the young girl, Lucy. Captain Rice was her senior by nineteen years and he already had two wives and two families, but in January of 1869, he and Lucy Jane were married in the Endowment House.

"About the tenth of June 1868, President Brigham Young had accepted a contract from the Union Pacific Railroad to construct ninety miles of road grade for the railroad through Weber and Echo canyons out of Ogden. In the fall, Leonard Rice sub-contracted for some of the work to be done in Weber canyon. Some time between January and March of 1869, Lucy accompanied her husband to the railroad camp. Her stay there was short-lived, however.

One day while cooking in her tent she was paid a not too friendly visit by some Indians. She had been working with her back to the flap of the tent and had neither seen the Indians approach nor heard them enter her tent. When one of them spoke, she was almost paralyzed with fear. Turning around, she saw herself confronted with several wild-looking Indians who had walked right into her tent without warning...That experience so unnerved the twenty year old wife fresh from England that it was necessary for her husband to remove her to safer quarters.

"Lucy Jane must have gone back to stay with the Hills in Salt Lake City, as indicated by the following telegram found in her possessions:

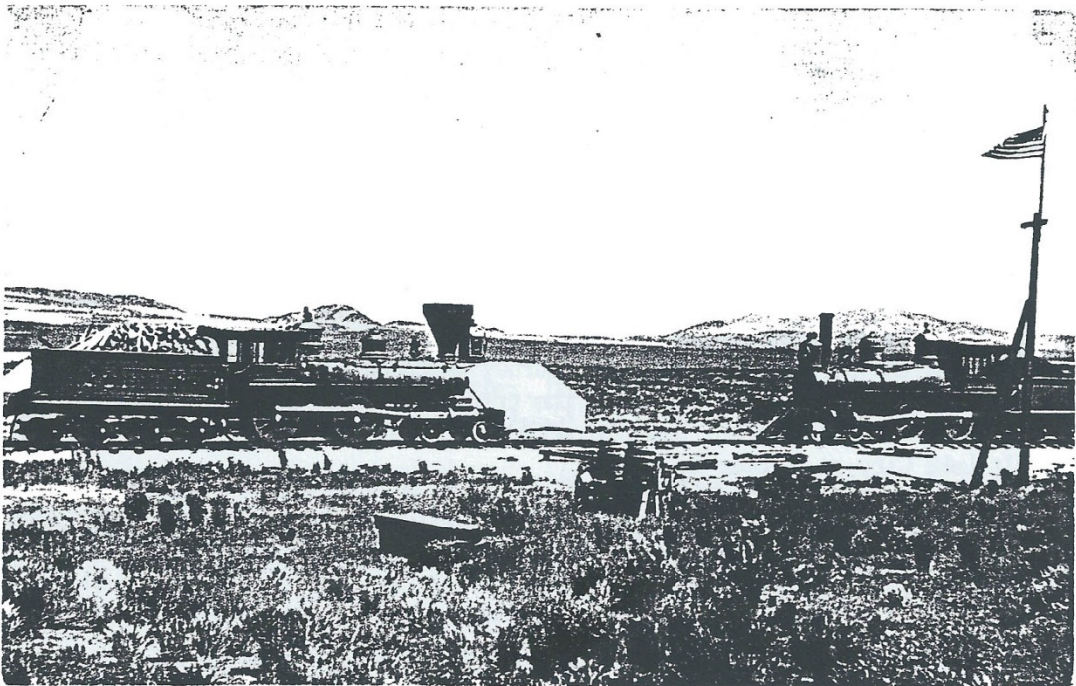
'To Mrs. L. G. Rice
Care A. N. Hill

From Brigham City, March 5th
Rec'd. Mar. 5th, 1869 P.M.

Arrived back from Promontory
Safe, be City Sunday

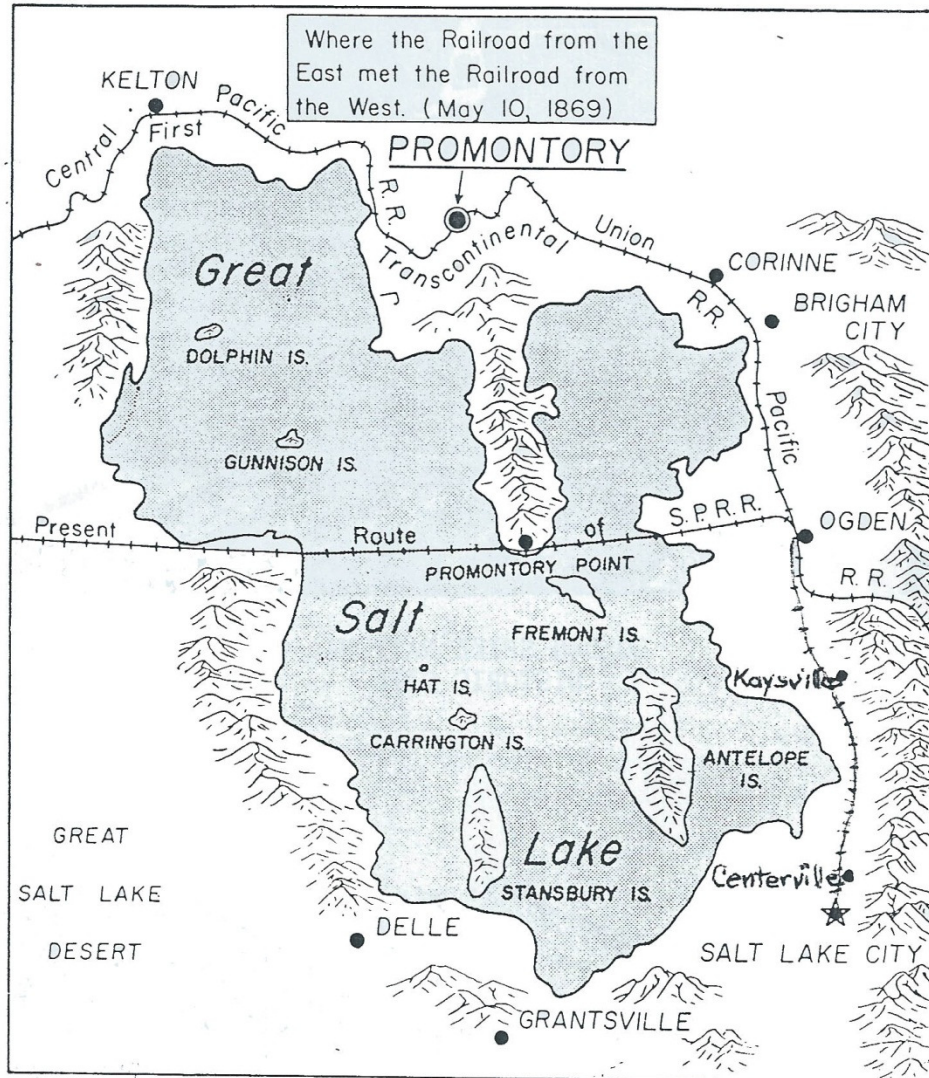
Paid \$1.50

L. G. Rice'

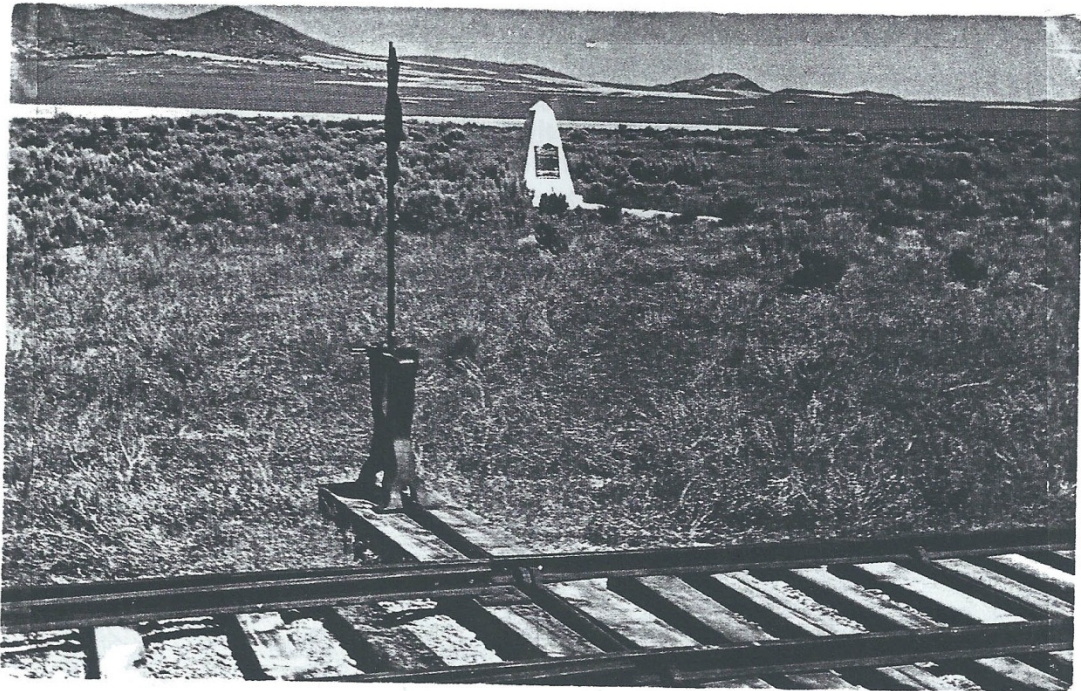


Promontory place, Utah, site of driving of the Golden Spike
on May 10, 1869, marking completion of the First
Transcontinental Railroad

"On May 17, 1869, ground was broken by President Brigham Young at Ogden for the Utah Central Railroad, a branch road of the Union Pacific, which was soon to be built from Ogden to Salt Lake City. During the summer of the same year, Leonard Rice was awarded the contract for the grading of the line between Centerville and Kaysville, through Farmington. Some time during the summer of 1869, Lucy Jane moved to Farmington, living



On May 10, 1869, the Central Pacific (now Southern Pacific) Railroad met the Union Pacific Railroad at Promontory, Utah. Shown on the map is the branch line of railroad from Salt Lake to Ogden, and the portion of Leonard's contract from Centerville to Kaysville.



GOLDEN SPIKE NATIONAL
HISTORIC SITE



Mormon volunteer laborers helping construct an extension of the transcontinental railroad from Ogden to Salt Lake City in 1870.

in a part of Leonard's first wife. Elizabeth's home. Elizabeth's home was located just across the street from the court house and Margaret, the second wife, lived on the west side of the same block.

"Leonard Rice lost heavily on this grading contract. The church was able to pay only a small percent on the dollar of the amount stipulated on the contract (though the contract demands were met in full when the road was purchased by the Union Pacific). Rice was forced to take what little he could get at the time. With the small amount he received he was not able to begin paying the men he had working for him, many of whom were badly in need of the money. Being a very scrupulous man about meeting his obligations, Leonard Rice sold his implements, most of his cattle, horses, and mules, and even put a mortgage on his property and home to make possible his own settlements with his men. Shortly after this, Lucy Jane received a legacy by Will, from her Uncle George Brixley's estate. She applied the entire amount to paying off the mortgage on the property and home.

"The road was finished, and on January 1870, the last of the rails in the road that began in Ogden on September 22, 1869, was put in place at Salt Lake City. There, President Brigham Young, in the presence of fifteen thousand people, drove the last spike.

"Nineteen years later, the Utah Central Railroad was amalgamated with the Oregon Short Line and the Utah Northern Railway Company. At that time, ironically enough, all those who had not accepted the initial low percent payment were paid in full. Leonard Rice was dead by then and the family received nothing more than had already been paid.

"On September 14, 1870, Lucy Jane's first child, David, was born to her in the upstairs of Elizabeth's home. The next year Leonard built a frame house for her on the old Rice homestead that had been established by his father in 1847/8. In her new home, Lucy Jane gave birth to her six other children." 31

Leonard had bought back his father's farm. (In the interim, this farm had been occupied by others who had built a rock house to replace the crude shelter that Ira and his two older sons had hastily erected after leaving the Fort in Salt Lake City.) Leonard sold Elizabeth's house in town and she moved to this rock house on the farm.

Margaret continued to live in her home on the lot across from the Court House in Farmington, next to the two-story house of Elizabeth's that Leonard sold in 1871. She stayed in her home in Farmington until about 1880.

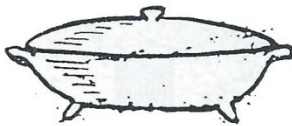
This picture to the right is the rock house (still standing 1985) that became Libby's last home.



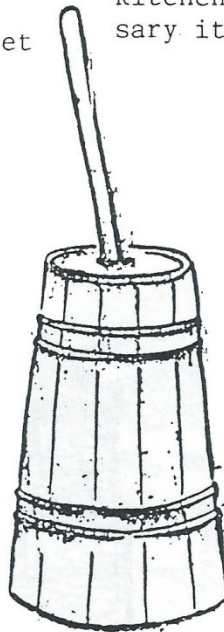


William Lewis (Bill) and Rolley Leonard (Roll) aged about 12, and 14 (1867), sons of Margaret

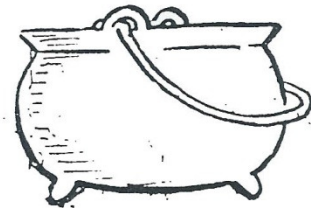
The two-story home in Farmington had been as much a home for any of Leonard's other children as it was for Libby's own, and she was 'Aunt Libby' to every child in the neighborhood. The children, and later the grandchildren, loved to be told of the many old-time appliances that were important to a pioneer mother. Libby had kept her treasures stored in an unused upstairs bedroom. There was the long handled iron dipper that used to hold the 'risen' for bread - not yeast - risen, which she placed in a warm spot waiting for bubbles to grow so she could add flour to make bread. (Her bread was delicious) The big black iron dutch ovens were pots on legs used for baking or boiling foods; they could hang over the blazes in a fireplace then stand among hot embers as well. Long ago she said she had used them in a pit out-doors, as well as in a rock oven made by her man. Later a stove was brought to her from across the Plains, but though the stove was her pride and joy, her iron fry pan and stew kettle remained in her Kitchen. They were absolutely necessary items to Libby as a homemaker.



Dutch Oven



Churn



Iron Washpot

One item left stored upstairs was "Big Black Boy", as it was called. It held fifteen gallons of water carried, a bucket at a time, from a mountain stream. A tripod held it off the ground as a fire burned under it. Black Boy could be used for scalding pigs, making soap, or heating bath water. Smaller iron kettles had three or four legs that could stand in the fireplace embers.

"Her flat irons were shiny black and heavy, heated on her stove and picked up by a detachable handle when she ironed her family's wash. Caddie, Libby's only daughter by birth, often wore skirts pleated by her mother's fluting irons.

"Libby refused to use a sewing machine, her fine handstitches held better, she'd say, and a coal-oil lamp was too dangerous. For years she continued to make candles in her mold, if she had the tallow.

"With her garden tools she raised a super-duper garden year after year...Her life was a far cry from the want and hunger she endured the first years in Farmington. Then it was wild weeds and sego bulbs that helped sustain life. Nothing of more importance grew in Aunt Libby's garden than her big corn patch - sweet corn - field corn and colorful Indian corn. The field corn was dried and cracked for the ducks and chickens, but the sweet corn served roasted was a memory of delight. She cut off corn ears at just the proper time, the husks were pulled back, then several ears were tied together and hung upstairs to dry. Here was a pre-planned "Shelling Bee" in progress. Young people came to help shell the dry corn while Aunt Libby parched it in an iron fry pan, glistening with her homemade butter. Here was a feast for sure.

"There was the usual ingredients, honey or molasses, at Aunt Libby's, and a smiling permission for a candy pulling party. No matter what the "Bee" nothing exceeded the fun if done at Aunt Libby's.

"She had a special appliance for the job of roasting ears of corn - something like her candlestick mold, only it had three sections; each with dents that fitted each ear nicely, then clamp the cover and let the oven do the roasting.

"Self-sufficiency was the word for Libby. Almost all she had was a product of her own making. Each threshing time, Annie, her Indian girl, May Rice, William Kelsey's child that she raised, and perhaps a son or two, dumped the old worn-out straw from the mattresses into the cow barn for bedding, then clean, fresh crackling straw was tucked into a clean, stripped tick on top of which would lay her feather mattress, another product from her own making. Feather pillows also came from her ducks and chickens which she had fed cracked corn from her garden as she called, "Chick-chick-chick". Her devoted fowls followed her like a dog because it might be feeding time again...

"Comforters and pieced coverlets were quilted by her small dexterous hands and many were gifts to family, friends and relatives, while not a few were made with woolen bats gathered, washed and carded. The wool was often gathered off barbed-wire fences when sheep herds passed by each spring, leaving bits of wool caught on the barbs of the fence. If lucky, she got a fleece of wool from her own sheep, raised from bum-lambs given her by the herdsman...

"Farmington's winters were usually fierce with deep snow drifts, strong winds, and sub-zero weather, yet Libby did a man's work as a neglected young wife, and even after she was past sixty years old, one could see her dressed in floor-length skirts, under which were

several floor-lengthed petticoats and overall a long, full-gathered apron. Big heavy shoes peeked out as she walked. A black and white plaid woolen shawl folded cross-wise was pinned under her chin and a woolen quilted hood tied on her head. As she walked in the snow she'd kick the front of her long skirt forward; in one hand she carried a milk-stool, in the other a milk pail. She was headed for the smelly cow barn to milk her cow. Back in the kitchen of her home she strained the milk into large pans. In and out she went feeding animals and fowls that supplied her necessary food in return...One might wonder why she was permitted to do so much. Here was a remarkable person who loved people more than things. Still she did little visiting among neighbors except as a Relief Society teacher and her church meetings were a part of life.

"Years later May recalled going with "Ma" as a Relief Society teacher and often carried the Sunday eggs, an offering among the sisters, put in a basket to be given to the poor or sold to help the Society.

"Aunt Libby used to tell about another helper, tiny Oscar South, who usually asked for a piece of bread and "lasses" the minute the "Howdy-doo's" were exchanged. This embarrassment caused his mother to shake him one day saying he must never ask for anything again. If he did, she'd leave him home with Caddie and Annie and he'd have to tend Hydie (Hyrum).

"The next month, Oscar was his mother's Relief Society companion again. This time he modestly said, as soon as he dared, "I'm starving, but I'd die before I'd ask for bread and "lasses".

"Libby loved company, but best of all the visits from her children and their families. Often there were large crowds to cook for on her small stove, in a cramped kitchen. The work involved didn't bother her - she loved it and their visits." 32

Sad times had a way of visiting every household but it seemed that Elizabeth had more than a usual share. It was fortunate that she was blessed with a fortitude that carried her through many tragedies. She was not given to tears and discouragement, at least she was always able to get up and start over when the falls came.

She lost her second child, Lorin Henry, when he was 3½ month of age. She lost a baby boy in 1854, the day it was born. Lester Kelcy died in 1867 at the age of 6 months and Luellan Ira lived only 3 months from August through October of 1859. John "S" lived 8 months of the year 1861.

"When her son, Lemuel Jerome, was a young boy (about 1864 or 5), he was watching a threshing machine being operated on their acreage near the home. Venturing too close, he was caught into the belt of the machine and before he could be rescued, he was badly injured. He was so badly crushed and broken that the crew of men on hand were surprised to find a spark of life left in him.

"Pleadingly, Elizabeth begged the men to administer to him, she could not give up another of her precious children. Kindly the Brethren explained to her there was no use hoping for his life. But as she continued to plead, an aged man came to her, offering to bless the child. He promised a complete recovery and that the boy should grow into manhood. Much to the surprise of the men gathered about, the child began to revive. When they turned to thank the old man, he was gone. No one had seen him come, or depart. His long

white hair, keen eyes and kindly manner led them to believe he was one of the three Nephites. Lemuel recovered fully, except for a slight limp. He married later, had a fine family and lived a long and useful life." 33

In 1878, she was saddened by the untimely death of her 25 year old handsome son, Lurn Gurley. He and his brothers, Leonard Babbitt and Adelbert were in Logan Canyon cutting a load of logs when a snow slide crashed down upon them. Len was saved by clinging to a tree and was able to rescue Adelbert, but Lurn was crushed beneath the snow and rocks. That evening while Elizabeth was sitting by her window, she saw the face of her son, Lurn, smile at her and disappear. She knew, hours before the news of his death was brought to her, that her son was dead. 34

Oscar South, the 9th child of Leonard Gurley and Elizabeth Almira Rice, was the father of Eva Rice Howell, who recorded the following story as it was told to her by her father many years after the incident of reference:

During Oscar's early years, he had attended a lecture by Mr. Lundwall, the father of the author of "Temples of the Most High", at which time Mr. Lundwall was telling pioneer stories about the early days of the Church. As he spoke about the untimely death of the Prophet Joseph Smith, he said that as Joseph Smith fell from the upstairs window of the Carthage jail, he was seized by a black-faced mobster who raised his arm with a sword or knife, whichever was the case, as if to cut off the head of the dead Prophet. A flash of lightning and a bolt from heaven struck his upheld arm and he dropped his weapon. When Oscar retold the story of Mr. Lundwall to his father, Leonard Gurley Rice, asking him if he believed it, Leonard replied, "Believe it, my son! I was there! I saw the whole awful affair from a corn patch where my friend and I were hiding from the mob, watching those demons at their murderous play."

Leonard told Oscar how he and his friend, both teenagers, had rode a pony to Carthage the day of the killing. They had hid themselves across the road from the jail and heard and saw the flash and bolt that shook the earth as it came down from the cloudless sky. He told how the frightened mob fled like rats from a sinking ship. No one stopped to offer help to the mobster who seemed unable to move for some time. 35 The account of this incident was told to Oscar by his father about the year 1880, when he was 17 years of age.

From written notes of Eva Rice Howell, many precious details are given as they have been remembered and heard from the lips of this great missionary and servant of the Church. We find that he told of hearing the voice of the Prophet, Joseph, speaking to the Saints on many occasions and that he felt, at those times, the dynamic spiritual strength of the man. He retold many times how, as a young man of 15 years of age, he stood in the hot June sunshine for hours with thousands of other sorrowing Saints who were lined up on each side of the street that entered Nauvoo from Carthage, waiting for the bodies of their leaders to arrive. The sight of the open wagon box, as it slowly moved along, never faded from his memory with time. The two bodies, Joseph and Hyrum, lay uncovered save for a few limbs of willow branches. He told how his young heart was deeply touched.

Eva records that Leonard's voice had a mellow base tone that was complimented by his kindly brown eyes and that few sons were more thoughtful of a mother than he had been.

"After 1870, Leonard Rice, who had spent most of his adult years directing companies of saints across the plains, colonizing, railroading and doing missionary work, all for the Church, settled down on his farm and worked with his boys, several of whom had grown to manhood.

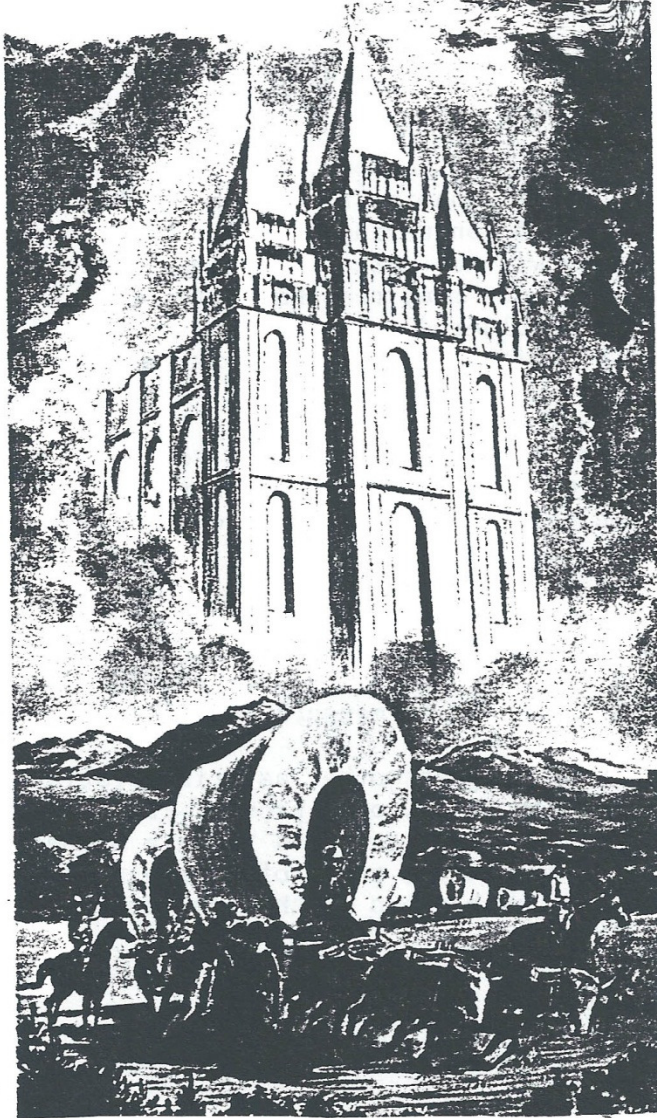
During the summer of 1886, the government's crusade against polygamy in Utah, which had begun in 1884, was at its height. There had been many cases in the courts concerning the matter. Several homes had been invaded, and many of the Saints had been indicted. Mormon mass meetings had been held and a "Declaration of Grievances and Protest" presented to President Cleveland, all to little avail. During the summer, several were taken to prison, and officers arrested every man they could in Farmington for polygamy. Hyrum, Leonard's youngest brother, urged him to go with him to his ranch in Idaho until the trouble was over. But Leonard refused to go. He said that he had done nothing wrong and would not run away.

"It was early in the morning of the first day of September that the officers came to the Rice home. Lucy was in bed. It was but fifteen days after her youngest child, Quince, was born. One of the officers, a Mr. Forada, whom Leonard G. had known for years, went out to the corral where he was milking and arrested him. He told Leonard that had it been possible, he would have notified him; and since someone had to make the arrest, he preferred to do it himself.

"Leonard G. Rice left with them for Salt Lake City that same morning in an open buggy through a blinding hail and rain storm. On the way, Leonard took off his overcoat and spread it over his and the officer's knees. Naturally, he was soaked through by the storm. And that night he stayed in the penitentiary in his wet clothes. As a result, he caught a severe cold which, of course, got worse during the few days he was there. Finally he became so ill that they were forced to move him to his home again. By that time, the cold had settled in his kidneys which had been left in a weakened condition ever since the day he had caught cold from wading with the stranded emigrants through the ice and mud of the Sweetwater many years before. Twelve days after his arrest, on September 12, 1886, he died at his home in Farmington." 36

When her husband died, Lucy Jane was only thirty-six years old, and one can hardly imagine the seriousness of the prospect which confronted her. Through her excellent management and close attention to expenditures, she was able to carry on the farm where she lived. By the year 1891, everything appeared to be going along very smoothly. Lucy had always had a way of getting a lot of work out of all of her children...Times were never prosperous, but by careful economy, she was able to build the needed hay-barn and other shed buildings for her stock. She never complained about work or hardships. She was an industrious business woman. By the year 1900, she was able, through her thrift, to remodel her home and add two much needed rooms. All during these years, she managed to keep all her children in school. Three of them graduated from the L.D.S. Business College and one went on a mission to Europe. 37

"Those who knew her well, remember her as an extremely fair-minded, loyal and industrious woman...She did much and said little. Never wasting of words, she praised only when it would be sincere and deserving. Her judgment was good and she could make up her shrewd mind without help. She had the courage to stand by her convictions and her testimony of the restored gospel never wavered..."



And it shall
 come to pass
 in the last
 days, that the
 mountain of
 the Lord's
 house shall be
 established in
 the tops of the
 mountains . . .

Isaiah 2:2.

"During the last decade of her life, after her children were all grown, she gave up her active work on the farm. In March of 1913, she left Farmington and went to Santa Monica, California, where she stayed with her daughter, Rhoda (Rice) Barnes for five years. In April of 1918, she returned to her home in Farmington which she loved so very much. She had been there but a short time when she fell from a buggy driven by her grandchild and broke her hip. She never fully recovered from this accident; and after a few years of forced inactivity, resulting from the injury, she died at the home of her daughter, Gertrude Call, at Brigham City, Utah. Death came on March 20, 1923, at the age of 75, and she was buried beside her husband in Salt Lake City." 38

During the years that Lucy Jane lived in Utah, her father in England had urged her time and again to return home, offering her money as an inducement, but to no avail. She had adjusted herself to pioneer life, and had learned the arts needed to finish raising her family by herself, which she did and did well.

She was survived by all of her children, thirty-six grandchildren and thirteen great grandchildren.

In a eulogy written by some of her grandchildren, an expression of their appreciation for her life was stated:

"...Reared in comparative ease and comfort, if not actual luxury, she evidenced unusual will power in shaping the events of her life with her own hands and later facing and conquering life in its most difficult and adverse circumstances. She was not just a polygamist wife and a pioneer woman meeting adequately all the many responsibilities of those two difficult positions - she shouldered the responsibilities of wife, mother, father and community leader with the industry, vision and fortitude of a truly great character.

"...Although her hands showed the marks of rough toil, her home evidenced the appreciation and love of the artistic and finer things in life. It was beautifully decorated and furnished for a pioneer home. Everything she had was in good taste...

"To us grandchildren she was kind and gracious; she entertained us, wrapped up a scratched finger, or kissed away a hurt. To our inevitable request for a 'piece', she just as surely countered, 'How big, as big as your feet?', and then proceeded to measure our feet...

"Some unknowing people adjudged grandmother as aristocratic and conceited. Aristocratic, yes, but not conceited, only proud. Proud of the results of years of tireless effort and sacrifice; proud to be a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; proud of a fine family and the home she had sustained and earned on her own in the new world; all of this she was justly proud." ³⁹



Lucy Jane Stevens Rice (1848-1923)

A strong, determined and gracious woman



Lucy Jane and her three daughters taken about
the turn of the century

L to R - Ethelyn Sarah Rice White, Gertrude
Lucy Rice Call (standing), Rhoda Caroline
Rice Barnes (front center) and Lucy Jane, (right)

More can be stated to give a later picture of Margaret's family after they left Utah for Idaho.

"Margaret's oldest son, Henry L. Wickel, married Elizabeth Bigler in 1871, and a little later went to southwestern Idaho to live at a place called Cassia Creek, (later called Cassia County). The stories told by descendants of those early settlers lead one to realize that all of Margaret's four Rice sons were among the earliest settlers in that area. Roll Rice had a homestead there and was soon followed by his younger brothers, Bill, Dell and Ed...



William (Bill) and Adelbert (Dell) Rice, sons of Margaret at about the time they left Farmington, Utah, for Cassia County, Idaho (1870).

"Ed, her youngest son, preceded her to Cassia County. With her twin daughters she spent about seven years close to her sons. She worked as a Relief Society Counselor and kept up her hobby of reading and gardening. Mary was married to Merrit Beecher and Martha married Asa Drake. This last couple moved to eastern Idaho in the Teton Basin." ⁴⁰

There is no record to confirm that Margaret ever saw her husband again after leaving Farmington in 1882, and he died in 1886, four years later.

"According to notes taken by Ella Beeher... Bill and Dell Rice went out there in 1872 when Bill was about 17 and Del was less than 15. They were said to have been the first settlers in the lower part of the Valley. They left Farmington on foot driving their two-year old steer and eight sheep all the way to Ogden where they sold them. They walked back to Farmington to say good-bye to their brother, Edwin, and twin sisters, Martha and Mary, and their mother, and then left for Cassia County, Idaho. They each had fine riding horses. Like their grandmother, Sarah Shuler Buckwalter, they, too, had energy, daring and courage enough to try anything.

"Mother Sarah Buckwalter lived in Salt Lake City, until January 1879, when she died. This was a tie that helped to hold Margaret in Farmington long after her sons went to Cassia County. Now that tie was broken she considered seriously a move to be nearer her family...She must have been fifty-four years old when she moved from Farmington where she had lived for 28 years.



Mary and Martha (twins) with Ed abt. 1877



Margaret Buckwalter Wickel Rice
Immaculate, studious and saintly

In 1889, when 61 years of age, Margaret chose to accompany her daughter, Martha, to the Teton Basin. They spent the winter there and when spring came, Margaret and Asa, her son-in-law, went to the County Seat in Rexburg, Idaho, and filed on homesteads in the Basin. Margaret's land adjoined Asa's. To "prove up", she must build a house, clear land, plant a crop and build fences. With the help of her son-in-law and sons, she was successful in this endeavor. A few years later, her son, Edwin, built her a comfortable home in the village of Victor, Idaho, where she was close to her family and could attend Church as much as she pleased. The house was still standing in 1965.

Margaret's vegetable and flower gardens were admired by relatives and friends. Her strawberry and respberry patches brought fruit enough to be shared with others. Her cookie jar was never empty and her hands were never idle. Until she was past seventy, she made her own clothes, did fancy work, quilted quilts, made rugs, and her mending was a work of art.

Years later, Asa Drake, Jr., Margaret's grandson, said, "he was a young lad but remembered a very joyous time for all the folks when Aunt Libby, from Egin Bench, Idaho, and Aunt Lucy Jane from Farmington, Utah, visited his grandmother, Margaret. Considering the distance apart, the mode of travel, and the age of these three elderly widow women, it was a mark of sincere good will.

Three sisters couldn't have expressed more joy in meeting after a long separation than those three women, the wives of Leonard Gurley Rice." ⁴¹ Checking of dates and circumstances, it can be assumed that the visit took place about 1902.

Margaret died the 10th of October, 1918. Her life was one of hard work and scripture study. She never lost faith in the Church of Jesus Christ or the Prophet leaders from Joseph Smith, Jr. to Joseph F. Smith, who died the same year she did.

The names and data of the children of Leonard Gurley are taken from the three family group sheets that have been submitted to the Genealogical Library in Salt Lake City.

Children by first wife, Elizabeth Almira Babbitt, all born in Farmington, Davis County, Utah:

1. Leonard Babbitt Rice, (1-8) b. 1 Apr. 1850; md. Martha Jane Stoddard, 22 Dec. 1871; died 16 Feb. 1920
2. Lorin Henry Rice, b. 6 May 1851; died 14 Aug. 1851
3. Lurn Gurley Rice, b. 11 June 1853; died 7 Feb. 1878, ae. 25, unmarried. (His death came as the result of a snow slide in a mountain canyon)
4. Baby son, b. 21 July 1854; died same day, 21 July 1854
5. Lemuel Jerome Rice, b. 30 Nov. 1855; md. Juliette Amelia Jenkins, 18 March 1878; died 28 Nov. 1914
6. Lester Kelsey Rice, b. 27 Feb. 1857; died 12 Oct. 1857
7. Luellen Ira Rice, b. 1 Aug. 1858; died 22 Oct. 1859
8. Elizabeth Caroline Rice, b. 13 Dec. 1859; md. Henry Evan Jenkins, 13 Dec. 1878; died 11 Mar. 1906
9. John "S" Rice, b. 24 Jan. 1861; died, 3 Oct. 1861
10. Oscar South Rice, b. 24 Apr. 1863; md. Luella Annette Robinson, 20 Apr. 1884; died, 30 Mar. 1924
11. Hyrum Smith Rice, b. 25 Sept. 1865; md. Laura Louisa Smith, 14 Nov. 1888; died 15 Feb. 1934

Children by second wife, Margaret Buckwalter, all born in Farmington, Davis County, Utah:

12. Rolley Leonard Rice, b. 20 Oct. 1853; md. Sylvia Desire Beecher, 11 Oct. 1875; died, 19 Dec. 1920

13. William Lewis Rice, b. 10 Dec. 1855; md. Mary Jane Weir, 4 May 1875; died, 1 Feb. 1926
14. Adelbert Leo Rice, b. 4 July 1859; md. Agnes Weir, 11 Dec. 1877; died, 25 Aug. 1933
15. Edwin Rice, b. 20 Dec. 1861; md. Sylvia Lovina Drake, 3 Mar. 1884; died, 5 Oct. 1939
16. Margret Rice, b. 5 Nov. 1865; died 24 Apr. 1866
17. Martha Rice, b. 28 June 1868; md. Richard Asa Drake, 21 Oct. 1887; died, 2 July 1920
18. Mary Rice, b. 28 June 1868; md. Merrit Edwin Beecher, 12 Oct. 1886; died, 16 Dec. 1931

Children by third wife, Lucy Jane Stevens, all born in Farmington, Davis County, Utah

19. David Leonard Rice, b. 12 Sep. 1870; md. Olean Smith, 2 Sep. 1891; died, 14 Feb. 1945
20. Ethelyn Sarah Rice, b. 13 Oct. 1872; md. John Stout White, 10 Jan. 1890; died, 14 May 1939
21. Gertrude Lucy Rice, b. 8 May 1874; md. Rufus Vosco Call, 22 Mar. 1894; died, 6 Apr. 1940
22. Rhoda Caroline Rice, b. 7 July 1878; md. Levi Barnes, 2 Feb. 1903; died, 27 Feb. 1957
23. Samuel Edward Rice, b. 31 May 1880; md. Alma Janette Rose, 10 Apr. 1901; died 30 Apr. 1965
24. Lyman Stevens Rice, b. 24 Mar. 1884; md. Florence May Todd, 14 July 1911
25. Ira Quince Rice, b. 16 Aug. 1886; md. Myra Winegar, 26 Mar. 1908; died, 13 Mar. 1955 42

The available portraits of
the foregoing families are
shown on the following pages



Leonard Gurley
Rice



Elizabeth Almira
Babbitt



Leonard Babbitt
Rice



Martha Jane
Stoddard



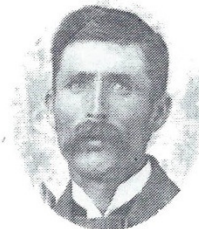
Lemuel Jerome
Rice



Julietta Amelia
Jenkins



Elizabeth Caroline
Rice



Henry Evan
Jenkins



Oscar South
Rice



(1) Luella Annett
Robinson



(2) Adeline Estella
Rose



Hyrum Smith
Rice



Laura Louisa
Smith



Leonard Gurley
Rice



Margaret Ann
Buckwalter Wickel



Rolly Leonard
Rice



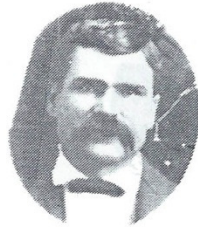
Sylvia Desire
Beecher



William Lewis
Rice



Mary Jane
Weir



Adelbert Leo
Rice



(1) Agnes
Weir



(2) Harriet
Saxton



Edwin
Rice



Sylvia Lovina
Drake



Martha
Rice



Richard Asa
Drake



Mary
Rice



Merrit Edwin
Beecher



Leonard Gurley
Rice



Lucy Jane
Stevens



David Leonard
Rice



Olean
Smith



Ethelyn Sarah
Rice



John Stout
White



Gertrude Lucy
Rice



Rufus Vasco
Call



Rhoda Caroline
Rice



Levi
Barnes



Samuel Edward
Rice



(1) Alma Janette
Rose



(2) Gayle
Daugherty



Lyman Steven
Rice



Florence May
Todd



Ira Quince
Rice



Myra
Winegar

"Leonard Gurley Rice was comparatively young when he died, being only fifty-seven years. Most of his days he had spent in the service of others. To the last he thought little of his own welfare. Almost his last words were that he was not afraid to die, but he was worried about what would happen to the little children of his youngest family. As Mr. Eardley stated, he was one of the most capable and fearless defenders of the Gospel that he had ever known and he lived a life as full as fifty-seven frontier years would permit." 43

He had lived to see the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints grow from small beginnings to be well established in the valleys of the Rocky Mountains. He was 14 years of age at the time Joseph Smith, Jr. prophesied that "the Saints would continue to suffer much affliction and would be driven to the Rocky Mountains...and some of you will live to go and assist in making settlements and build cities and see the Saints become a mighty people in the midst of the Rocky Mountains." (D.H.C. Vol. 3 p.85) He was eighteen years of age when Brigham Young said as he entered the Great Salt Lake Valley, "We will divert the streams and make the desert blossom as a rose." It is a testimony to know that an ancestor of ours lived to see such fulfillments and was among the many who participated in that fulfillment.

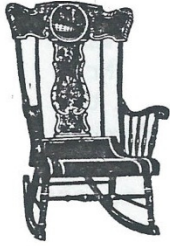
Leonard Gurley Rice left a large posterity that would become numerous, and bore a strong testimony in word and deed of the divinity of the restoration of Christ's Church on the earth. The mothers of his children were no less characters of strength, as was Martha and Mary of biblical times - lovers of truth and servants of humanity.

Elizabeth was a mother to every child who came her way, and her house was always a sort of refuge for the needy ones. Her heart went out to Ira's children because she knew the sorrow of being motherless. In fact, Leonard's brothers, Oscar North, age 14, and Hyrum, age 5, lived with them at the time they arrived in Utah until they were old enough to be on their own. Elizabeth raised May Rice from infancy, a daughter of William Kelsey, whose wife had died when the baby was three weeks old. She took into her home the Indian baby she named Ida Ann, who was raised as one of the family. Again later, when her son Oscar lost his wife, she went to his home in Hooper, Utah, to help with the care of his children and she kept the youngest, Lurn, for several years. She had been a loving mother to five children other than her own eleven. She had bore ten sons, one other was a still-born, and an only daughter, Elizabeth Caroline. She had lost five of her sons in infancy, and a 25 year old son in a snow-slide.

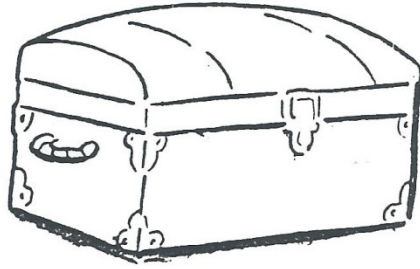
Through the years Libby made visits up to Parker, Idaho, taking May and Lurn with her. Three of her married children, Leonard Babbitt, Lemuel Jerome and Elizabeth Caroline had moved to that area, and when she had no children left in her home, the big rock house began to see less and less of her.

Finally, she must decide that to live alone was quite impossible. Her strength was soon spent, so her last days were lived in Parker, Idaho.

Her epitome would reveal her greatest treasures; the worn little rocking chair and the curtain material that her husband had brought to her on one of his trips across the plains; the times she had sat rocking her babies to sleep or had sat empty-armed thinking of the ones she had laid to their heavenly



rest. There was the brass kettle that had shielded her little sister from the mobs; the little wooden chest that had been built by her father's skilled hands, that had carried her precious pieces of china across the plains; the vase given to her by President Young's wife, Harriet, who would have drowned in the river if she had not saved her; the cherished key to the Nauvoo Temple door that her father had given her for safekeeping (it finally fell into the hands of Larn who presented it to the Church), the little trunk where the books and letters she prized were kept. All these and more, the value of which only a few seemed to recognize.



Trunk

"As Elizabeth grew older, she seemed to live entirely in the past. She loved to tell her pioneer experiences over and over again. Many of her stories were never recorded; most of them are lost with the passing of time.

"Elizabeth never wavered in her testimony of the Gospel. She was a good neighbor and friend to all; an efficient home maker, an excellent cook, and a good seamstress." 44

She was the first of the three grandmothers to pass away. She lived 21 years after Leonard's passing, and died at the age of 77 at Blackfoot, Idaho, June 27, 1907, and was buried at Parker, Fremont County, Idaho, where she had been living to be near three of her children.

Margaret was the next of the three wives to pass away. She died, as stated, in Victor, Idaho, 10 October 1918, at the age of 90. Lucy Jane, who was younger by twenty years, died March 20, 1923, at the age of 75.

"The friendship of these three Rice mothers brushed off onto their families. This fact is proven by pictures showing different members of each family taken together.





L-Leonard Babbitt Rice,
son of Elizabeth Almira

R-Ira Quince Rice,
son of Lucy Jane



L to R-Hyrum Smith Rice, son of
Elizabeth Almira; William Lewis
Rice (standing), son of Margaret:
(seated right unidentified)

"There is no evidence left that these three good women were less than friends, or that they envied one another, or were not interested in each other and their children." 45

A close and genial relationship was always had, though they became quite separated in distances apart during their later years. Elizabeth and Margaret chose to be with their families in Idaho. Leonard remained in Farmington to assist Lucy Jane and her young family, but he did not live to see them grown. Leonard Gurley and his wife, Lucy Jane, are buried in the Salt Lake City Cemetery, Plot A, Lot 7 where a tomb stone marks the location of their graves.

A minor item, out of a special interest, was researched by Eva (Rice) Howell. In a book, "To the Consideration of Churches, Ministers and Schools", she found listed a Doctor by the name of Leonard Gurley, who had lived in the same area as the Rices in Michigan. Traditionally a vague story had survived concerning the name of Leonard Gurley Rice. The traditional part of the story, it seems, was that Dr. Leonard Gurley was a friend of the family, and, shortly before Sarah Ann was to give birth to our special ancestor, he had stopped to pay the family a visit. Sarah Ann, who was always fearful of Indian intruders, became frightened when she heard him approach the door. On recognizing who it was, her fright subsided, but Dr. Gurley was a fine gentleman and was very sorry that he had frightened her. Leonard had claimed, years later, that his "Ma" and "Pa" had selected his name because Dr. Leonard Gurley had frightened his mother so.

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|---------------------|-----------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. #191, pp.522-530 | 16. ibid, p.5 | 31. #193, pp.1-4 |
| 2. #178, pp.16,17 | 17. #161 (1-7), p.18 | 32. #178, pp.36-45 |
| 3. ibid, pp.17,18 | 18. #178, p.30, 31 | 33. #180, p.3 |
| 4. ibid, p.19 | 19. #186 | 34. ibid |
| 5. #180, p.2 | 20. ibid | 35. #174, pp.4, 5 |
| 6. #178, p.21 | 21. ibid | 36. #193, p.5 |
| 7. ibid, pp.22,23 | 22. #181 | 37. ibid |
| 8. #186 | 23. #182, pp.1, 2 | 38. ibid, pp.6, 7 |
| 9. #178, p.24 | 24. #186 | 39. ibid, pp.7.8 |
| 10. #188, p.24 | 25. ibid | 40. #18, p.19 |
| 11. ibid, p.1, 2 | 26. ibid | 41. #ibid, p.24 |
| 12. ibid, p.3 | 27. #178, pp.31, 32, 49 | 42. #170, pp.(1-7) |
| 13. #183, p.26 | 28. #186, Ltr. Sept. 1,1886 | 43. #193, p.5 |
| 14. #188, p.4 | 29. ibid, p.3 | 44. #180, p.3 |
| 15. ibid | 30. ibid | 45. #18, p.24 |
| | 30a. ibid. | |