

DAVID AUGUSTUS RICE (1879-1956)

HANNAH PRISCILLA PARKINSON (1884-1964)

The life review of David Augustus and Hannah Priscilla (Parkinson) Rice represents the ninth generation of Rice (Royce) families in a sequence from the immigrants, Robert and Mary (Sims) Royce (1-1). Robert and Mary are the seventh great grandparents in a direct paternal line back from David Augustus. All of the direct ancestors, both paternal and maternal, extending as collateral lines of David and Priscilla are too numerous to mention here. Their stories, however, as many as were found recorded, have been compiled by the author and included as follows in an orderly arrangement of chapters, patterned in a father to son or daughter, sequence. Every chapter that follows continues the lines of direct ancestors of this couple, David and Priscilla, as they have been introduced at each of the nine Rice (Royce) generations in this first chapter.

No life sketch can compare with a subject's own autobiography. Both David A. and Hannah Priscilla, left their personal record to posterity. Included here is their own stories as they would have it told. David's autobiography was dictated to a daughter and Priscilla's was recorded in her own handwriting.

#### DAVID AUGUSTUS RICE

I was born in Georgetown, Bear Lake County, Idaho, October 5, 1879, the third son of Leonard Babbitt and Martha Jane (Stoddard) Rice. My first recollection was the particular event of my family's move from my birthplace to a place now called Parker, on Egin Bench, Idaho. Father had made two little wooden wagons for my brother, Scott, and me. We tied the little wagons to trail behind the packed and loaded wagon and joined the family seated for the journey. By this time there were three boys and a baby girl in the family. As we stopped for our lunch, we noticed that our little wagons were gone, which left Scott and I sorely saddened.

When we arrived at Parker, we found only a few houses dotting the area. The land was covered with buckbrush, rabbit brush, sagebrush and bunch grass. Good old Snake River was wending its way through the country. Egin Bench was a flat, level area waiting for more people to take up homesteads. Father took himself a homestead that cornered on the town of Parker. There were four homesteads whose town corners met at what became a small town settlement; namely, the Rices, Parkers, Davenportes and Stoddards.

I surely remember those days. The families were all large and together they became the center of social life. Our house was a good three room dwelling with a shingled roof, the only shingled roof in the area for a long time. The others were all dirt roofs and dirt floors. People had a hard time to make a living for a number of years. Father had to go away for work helping build railroads and telephone lines in the area. Finally the men living in and around Parker and other small settlements on Egin Bench completed the Egin Canal for irrigation. After putting water into the canal, the farmers had trouble getting it to travel through the ditches because the water would sink

so fast that it would only run a short distance each day and trying to flood the land was effortless also because of the sudden disappearance of the sinking water. This difficulty made it hard to get alfalfa started and wheat would smut at intervals of flooding and drying.

The canal traversed father's land within five rods of our house. We had dug a well down to the depth of solid lava rock but did not reach water. With the advent of irrigation water, the well began to fill. We could hear the water running into the well. All the farmers came to investigate and were jubilant when they realized that the land would respond to a condition of sub-irrigation. As the bench land gradually became saturated from below the surface of the ground, crops grew and farmers prospered.

One day, as a youth, I was playing with a group of other children on the Egin Canal bank. All at once I saw little Charlie Stoddard floating down the stream. I ran as fast as I could to our house screaming, "Charlie is in the canal!" His father was nearby and he ran and got him out of the water. They thought he was dead, but after rolling him back and forth over a barrel, he finally came to life. That experience was both a scare and a lesson for us children.

At first the crops included alfalfa, wheat, corn and potatoes and every family had a good garden. More ground was cleared by burning brush and farms grew into larger tracts of land. By night the piles of brush could be seen burning over areas for miles. Piling and burning was hard work and we would get very tired.

Schools weren't very good when I was a boy. They were held in the Meeting House that had been built in the middle of Bishop Parker's field, one-half mile from our home. This was the place where I learned to read and write. Edward Carbine was my first teacher. He let the children have their own way most of the time and I had a good time playing ball and running races. I remember that seldom was I outdone in any sport. We played a lot of "Steal Sticks" and in the winter we did a lot of ice skating. I made me a sleigh-boat out of an old rocking chair. When my father realized how anxious I was for a sleigh, he got Nels Henrickson to make me one and because father wanted to surprise me, he hid it in the grainery where he had a bin of corn. After all the chores were done one morning, he sent me with the hired girl to the grainery for some corn to parch. When I saw the sleigh, I forgot about the corn. I was a real happy boy.

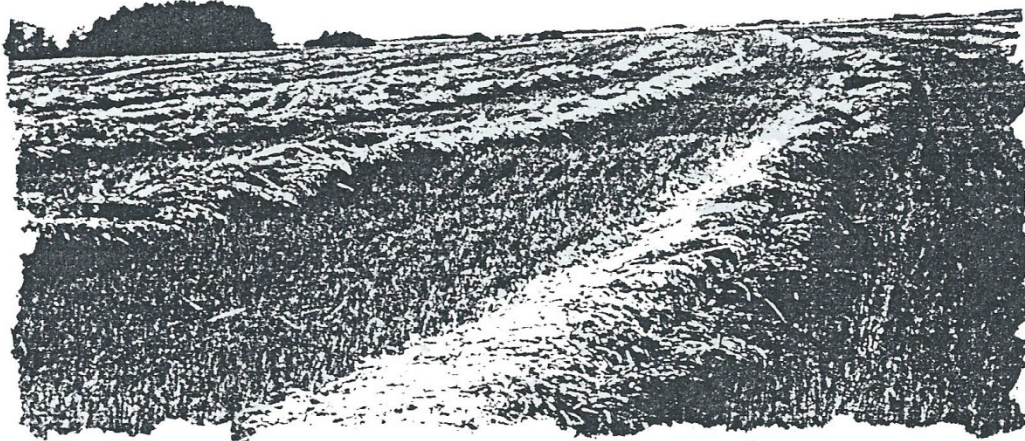
We had real hard winters in Idaho. The snow fell three to five feet deep. With repeated thaws and freezing, the snow covered land would freeze so deep that we could drive teams across fields rather than follow the road. I made some sails for my sleigh and in the winds they would take me across the country on the crusted snow for long distances. Of course, that meant walking back against the wind, but I was always dressed warm so I didn't mind.

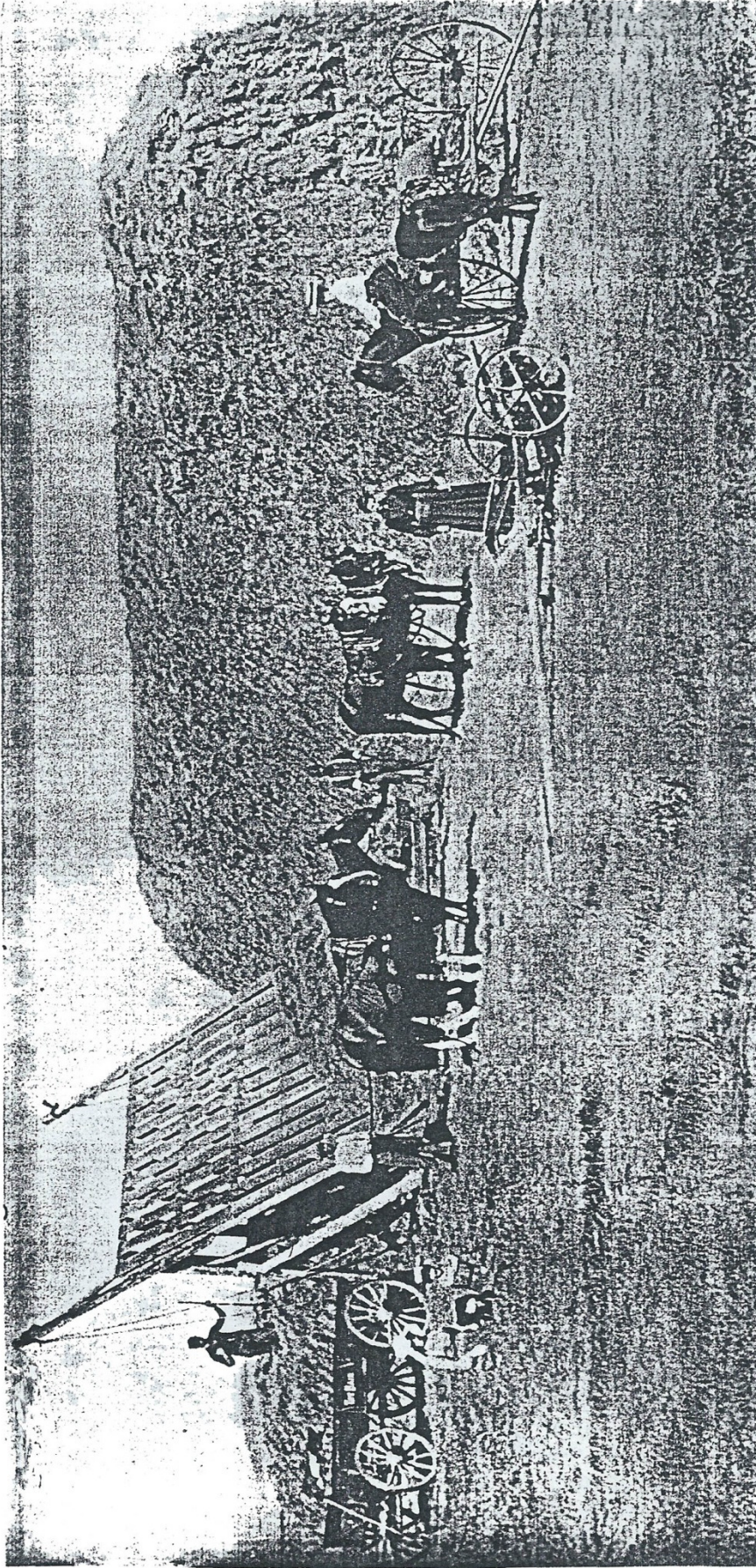
The summers were a delight for I loved to see things grow. Many wild flowers grew along the Snake River where gangs of us boys loved to go fishing and swimming. Cows pastured in the land bottoms near the river. We would

drive them in the water where it was deep, hold on to their tails and swim to the other side and back. We thought nothing of swimming the river at its widest place. Bringing the cows home to milk was not an easy task for the entanglements of brush and grass made it difficult.

Father had a large band of horses and gave me the job of taking care of them. That job lasted about seven years. There was hardly a day passed that I didn't have a band of horses in the corral for I was breaking them to ride, wear a harness and to work. Sometimes I saddled up wild horses just to see them buck. One very exciting time that I shall never forget was putting a saddle upon a big, brown horse and while a friend, Nowell Carlson, who was astride a gentle mare, held my wild horse, I climbed aboard. On the moment he was high in the air, knocking down the gentle horse and his rider. I was alone on a wild horse outside the corral and on a bucking, running horse. Over a ditch we went, then back to the Egin Canal. Then he broke into a wild run for about a mile up the street of Parker. I finally got him turned and he ran back straight for a low shed we had built outside the corral. I called for father to run to the shed which he did in time to keep the horse from going further. I guess that may have saved my life.

Father needed lots of good work horses. He and his sons took contracts putting up hay on the Carter ranch for two or three years. The ranch was out on Camas Creek near old Camas town. We then contracted areas in Montana where there was even more wild hay. This averaged us around two thousand tons each year. This gave me a chance to train good work horses. On the job, four mowers and two rakes were kept going long hours. Each man had two teams but only worked one team in shifts of work and rest, as they were kept trotting all the while. It was preferred that I spend most of my time caring for the teams and keeping the mowers repaired and the knives sharpened. On occasion I was working as the others at mowing or raking. We never stopped work unless it rained, then we had great fun playing ball and often we donned boxing gloves



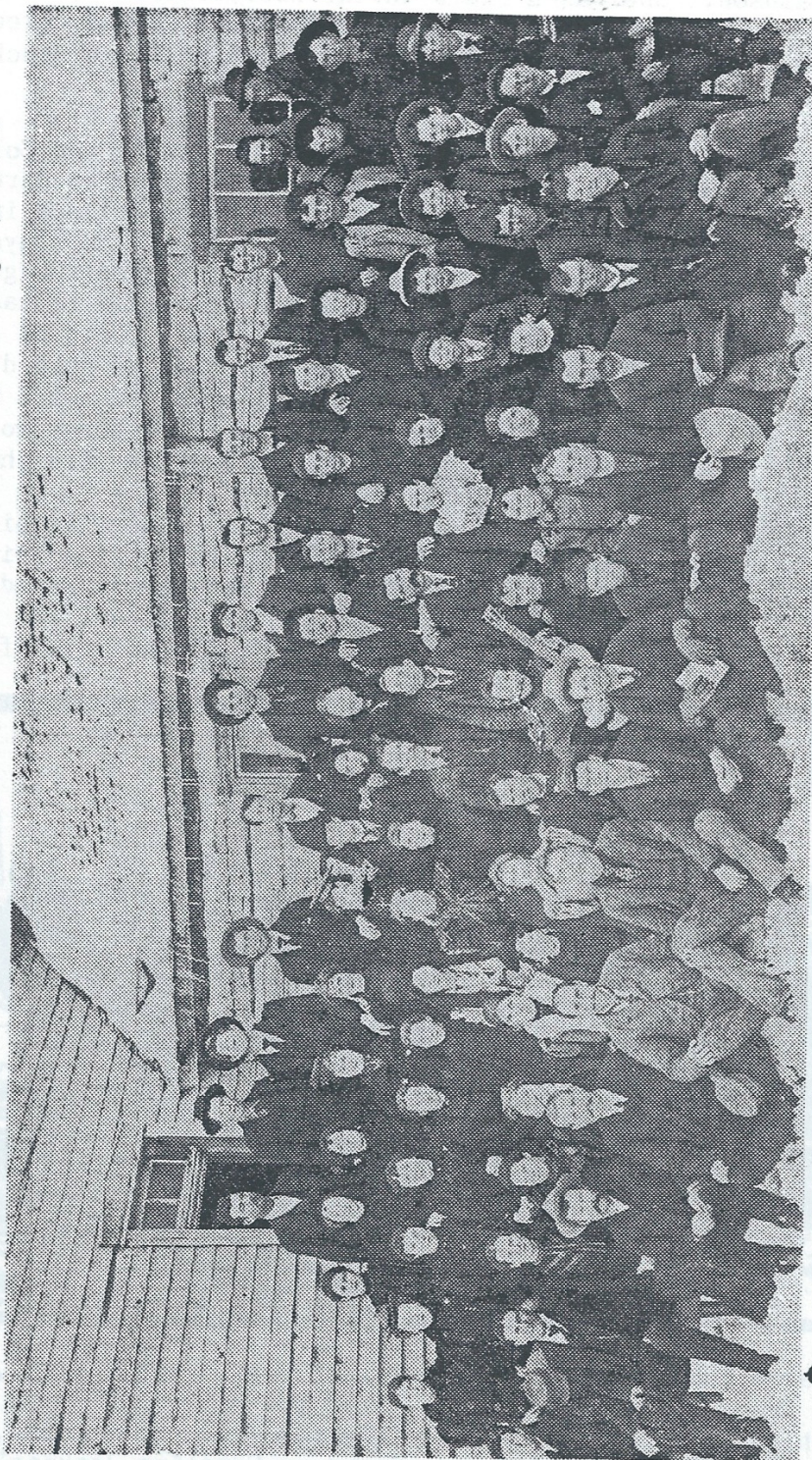


for that sport while the grasslands dried.

My brother, Sarge, and I decided to save up some money, so we purchased each a small toy bank and placed them in the rafters of the grainery loft. We saved until we had about twenty-five dollars. I gave Sarge my saddle for his share of money and bought some sheep. I sold a fine saddle horse to Jed Stoddard for forty dollars and bought more sheep. I traded further to enlarge the herd.

In the spring, I made warm sheds for lambing and my increase was ninety percent.

The herd grew fast until there were too many to keep at home, so I let Charley Brown take them with his herd to the mountains for pasturing. I sold the wool and lambs in the fall which gave me enough money to start attending school at Ricks College in Rexburg, Idaho, where I spent two winter terms. Then I went to the A. C. College in Logan, Utah.

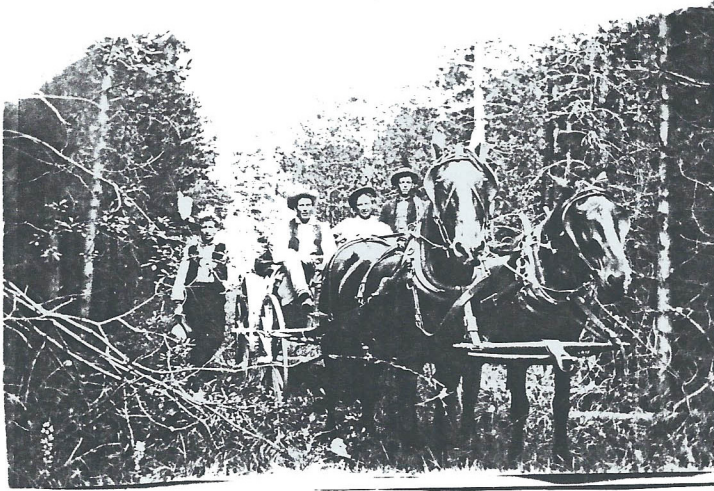


↑ STUDENTS OF RICKS COLLEGE, REXBURG, IDAHO, ABOUT 1898 OR 1899

STUDENTS OF RICKS COLLEGE, REXBURG, IDAHO

David Augustus seen 2nd from left,  
seated on chair, 2nd row front

During these school years, I was keeping company with a girl by the name of Priscilla Parkinson. She was a clerk in the Rice General Store in Parker that belonged to 'Rice and Sons'. My brother, Riley, never cared too much for farming so he became a fine salesman, keeping the store stocked with merchandise.



During the College term of 1903-04, James Harmon and I attended college in Logan, Utah together. He played the violin and I played the guitar and we were invited to take part in programs, both at school and church. We sang duets and participated in ward choirs and when I returned to Idaho I joined the ward choir at home.

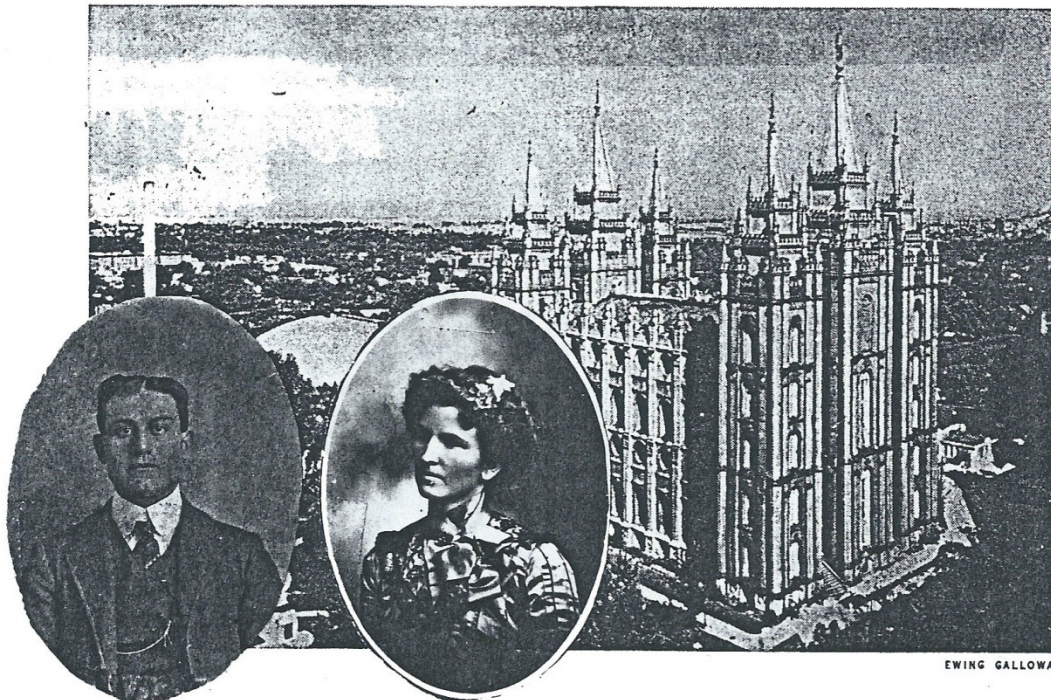
Seen here is picture of David A. driving team and wagon. David is seated at left and the others are unidentified friends.



Seated at organ, Caroline Rice Workman; seated front right, conductor, Frank H. Mason; standing front row at right, David A. Rice; third row, center, Harriet Celestia Rice; fourth row, back, far left, Caroline (Rice) Jenkins; and to Caroline Jenkins' left, Martha Jane (Stoddard) Rice. --PARKER WARD CHOIR, ABOUT 1904

James Harmon and I took over my father's haying contract that next summer and we cleared seven hundred dollars each. I deposited my money in the bank at St. Anthony that fall and returned to Logan for another term of school. (1904-05) I was then 24 years of age. I wrote a letter to Priscilla telling her that I would be home for Christmas to see her. She had another boy friend from Grantsville, Utah, who had the same intentions, so she had to make a choice. Her choice was in my favor.

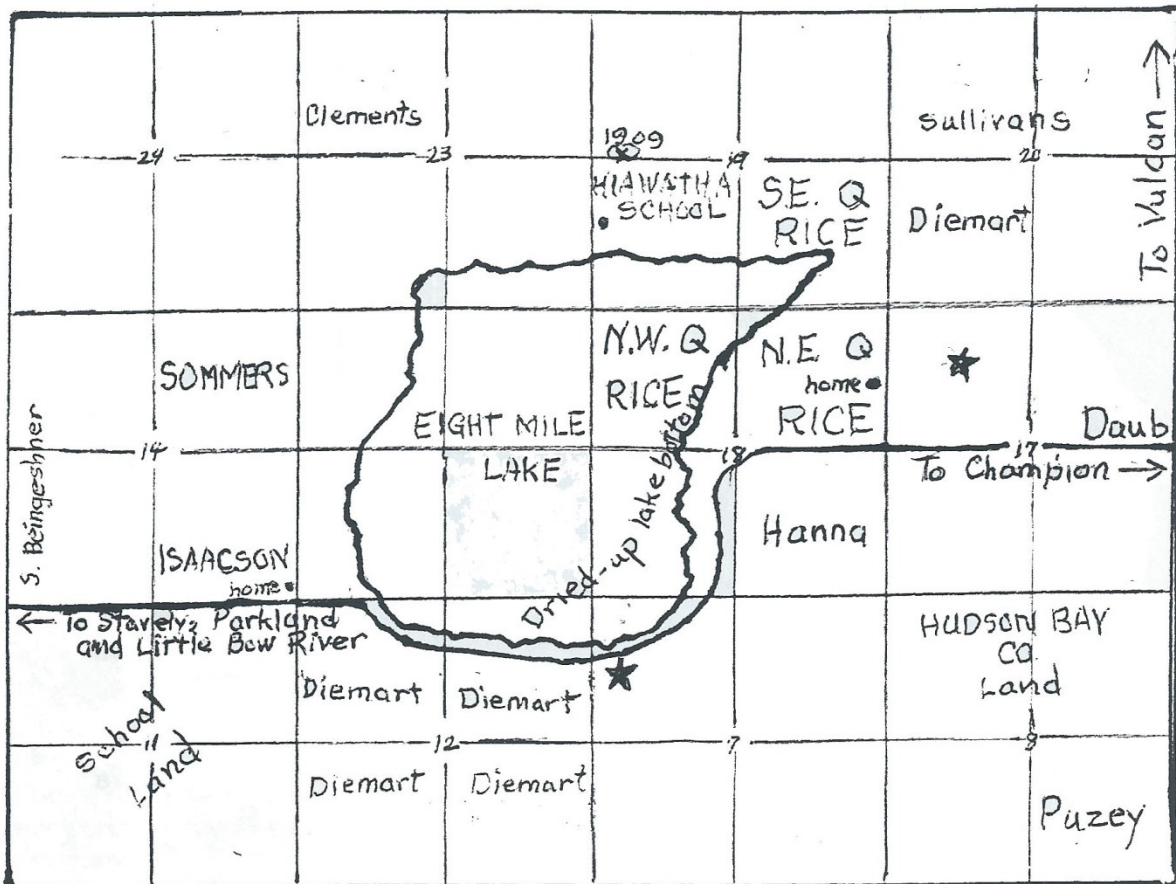
I had taken up a homestead three years earlier that was about 15 miles west of St. Anthony and had put a fence around it. I worked on the Egin Canal that was being extended to the farms of Plano. Brother Parkinson had bought land adjoining mine and we worked together making ditches. One evening after supper at the Parkinsons, when all was quiet and the younger members of the family had gone to bed, I asked very timidly, for his daughter, Priscilla. The answer came in these words, "Yes, my boy, I wouldn't lay a straw in your way, and her mother feels the same way."



On January 3, 1906, Priscilla and I were married by John R. Winder in the Salt Lake Temple and made our first home in my father's first log structure in Parker. That summer, Leon Carter, my brother-in-law, a carpenter, built us a three room house on our own farm in Plano, but we did not move into it until after the birth of our first child, a son we named David Eldon. In the spring of 1907, I sold the farm and 20 shares of water right to my wife's parents and made plans to move to Canada, to join my Rice family that had already gone to Claresholm, Alberta, in a big venture on new lands. We hired a train car to carry our furniture, a sulky plow, and a man to go along to handle a cow and other livestock. Then we took the passenger train to our destination.

I purchased a half section of land near Stavely that had 40 acres of fall wheat already planted. I bought a tent and took a plowing job that summer that brought me three hundred dollars. I purchased some lumber and built a small one room house on the place and plowed 25 acres of the ground. The plowing of the required amount specified in the sale agreement was not enough. I had no fences yet to keep my horses at home. They found a way to stray and sometimes it took days to find and round them up. The real estate men could see a way to make themselves some profit, so I was ordered to leave the place. We moved back to Claresholm determined to file a suit against the heartless crooks, which I did, and was awarded three hundred dollars of the seven I had paid as a down payment, but lost the house.

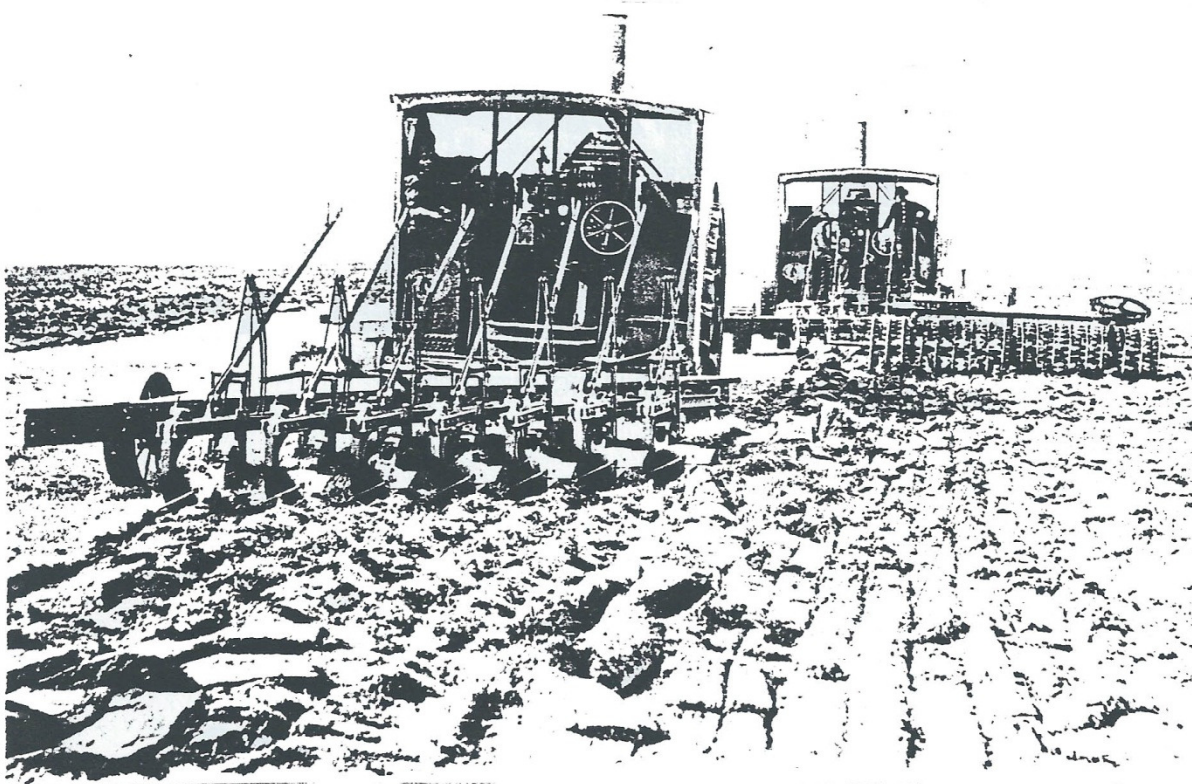
In the meantime I had filed on another homestead twenty miles to the east, and kept on working for 'Rice and Workman' endeavors at Claresholm. We were living in a grainery that had been pulled in from the field and on June 4, 1908, we had a baby girl we named Venis Elaine. It had been raining for three weeks steady, the grainery leaked, but we made out all right.



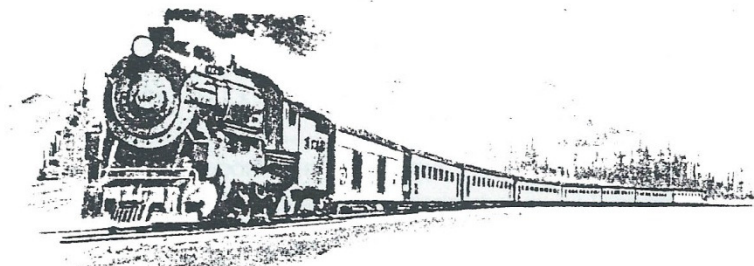
Shown here is the properties owned by David Augustus and Priscilla Rice and those of their near neighbors. The map represents part of the Municipal District of Harmony #128 in the Champion area. The star in Section 17 shows the position that the house was moved to after about 1920. The star at the south end of the lake on the Champion-Parkland road shows where the Hiawatha school was moved to in 1930.

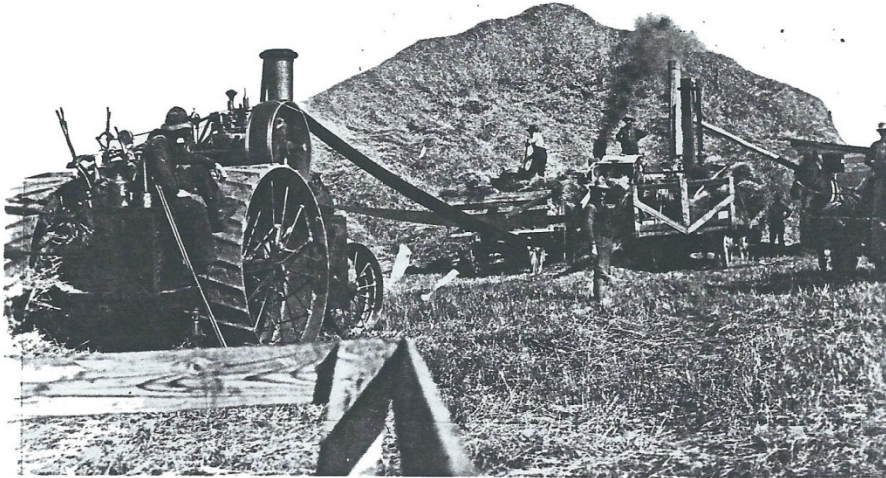


That fall, after harvest, I bought two loads of lumber and hauled it to the new homestead. I was content that 'This was the Place' just as Brigham Young had spoken when the Salt Lake Valley came into view. I built a twelve by fourteen shack and returned to Claresholm for my wife and two babies. I worked on for 'Rice and Workman' while Priscilla remained at the homestead in order that we could meet the 'proving up' requirements of such homestead ownership. The next year 'Rice and Workman' did 40 acres of plowing on my land with their big steam engine. They plowed large tracts of land for other farmers of the area. My wife cooked for their crew of men while I hauled coal for the outfit from Parkland, fifteen miles away.



The Rice and Workman outfits took big threshing contracts to harvest many fields of grain that fall, hiring thirty-six men. The weather permitting, we worked until late in the fall. My wife and I managed the cooking for this crew. In 1910, I planted 40 acres of wheat, built a good fence around my land and a badly needed barn and grainery. On June 24, 1910, another girl, Isla (pronounced Ila) Jane, was born. 1910 was a very dry year and the grain shriveled and burned to the ground. That fall, Priscilla and the three little ones made a visit by train to the folks in Idaho.





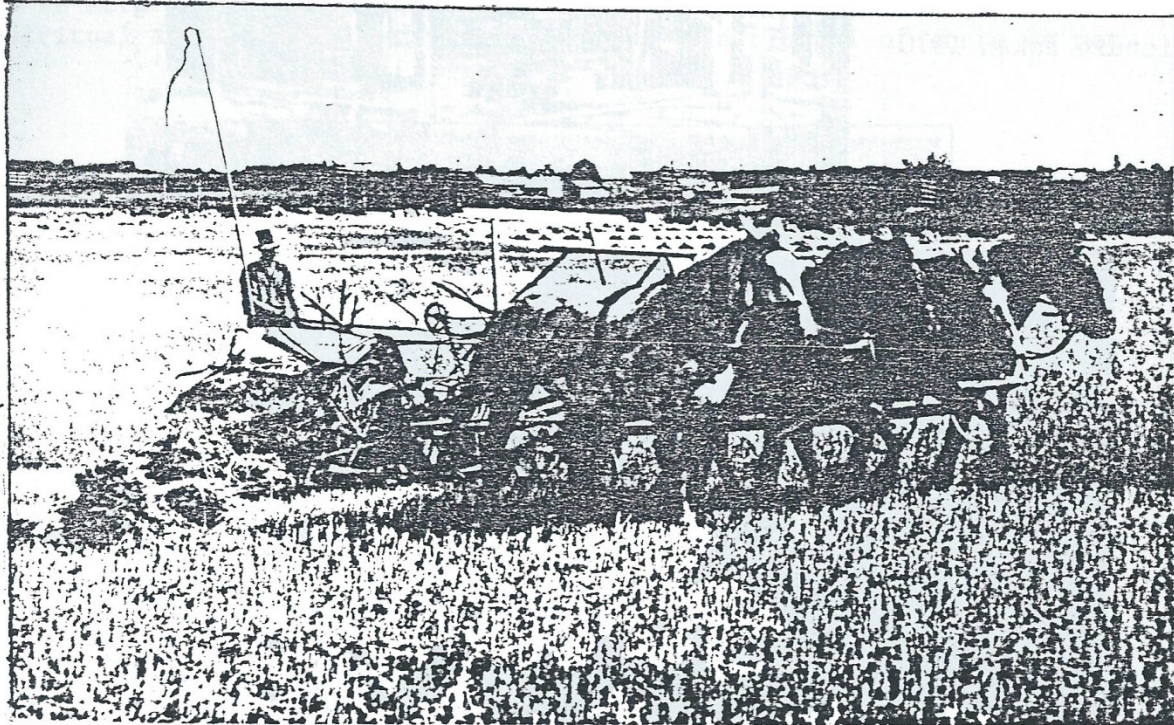
RICE THRESHING OUTFITS



COOK CAR AND CREW  
In doorway: David A., Priscilla and son, Eldon

While the family visited in Idaho, I went with the threshing outfits further south around Cardston, but we were all back on the homestead for the winter.

More neighbor settlers moved into our area. The year of 1911 brought us a good crop and I was busy binding for some time, having to hire a man to do the stooking. After the threshing, I hauled the grain seventeen miles west to Parkland for market. Things were looking up.

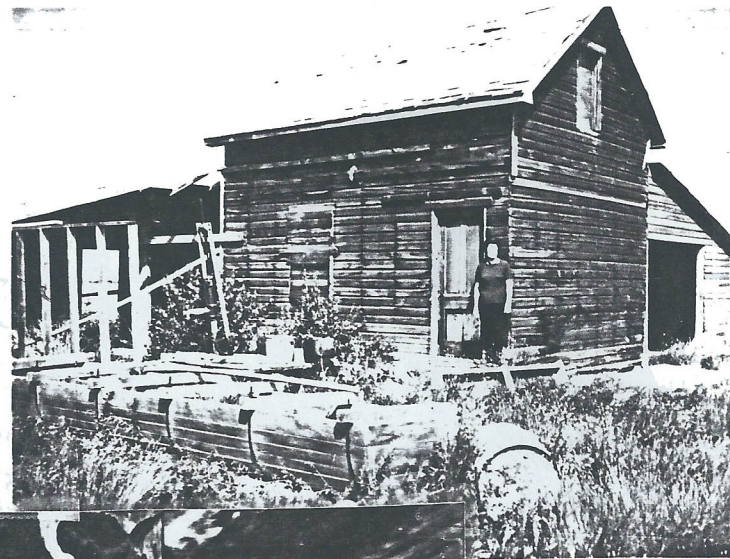


BINDING THE GRAIN

In 1912 I rented a half section of land one mile west of our little home. The ground was all prepared for planting. I built a fence around this land and bought a quarter section east of the homestead. I did all my fencing alone, except for some help from Priscilla. That year the rain came just when it was needed and I had crops like I had never seen before. One of my neighbors remarked that all I needed to do was board up my fence. I was hauling fifteen thousand bushels of grain that winter to the elevators and opened a bank account. (On the next page is a picture of the activities at grain elevators during the harvest season. Hauling grain sometimes lasted all through the winter.) That fall my folks sold out and went back to Idaho. I bought their horses, cows, hogs, chickens and piano.

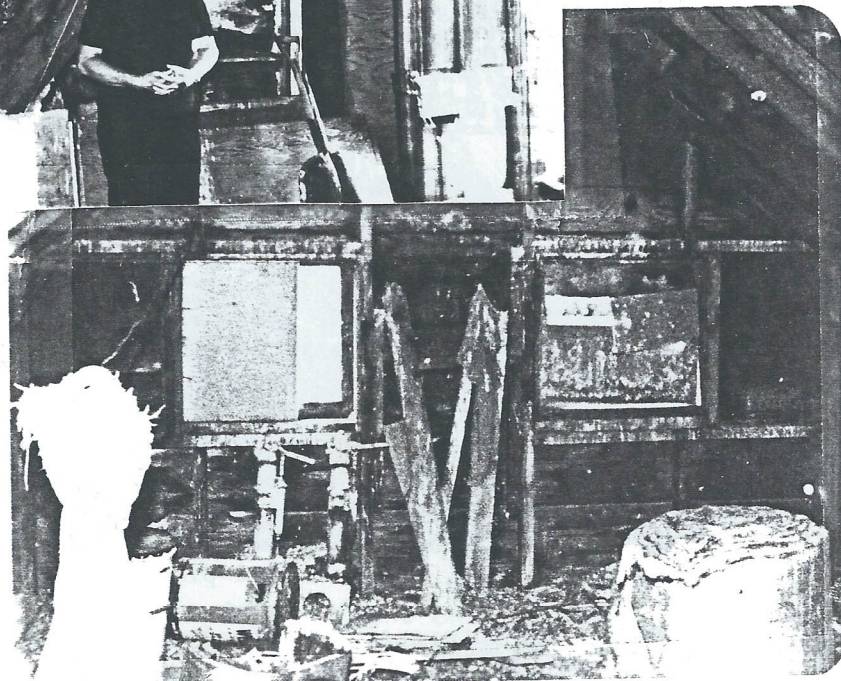
My brother, Riley, was interested in Nevada land speculations. He was selling land to people flushed with money. My wife and I visited the area, leaving the children in the care of their Parkinson grandparents on Egin Bench, but the Nevada land did not appeal to us. On our way back we visited relatives in Farmington, Utah. On returning to Canada, another harvest awaited us which yielded as abundantly as the year before.

Champion House  
Picture taken 1970



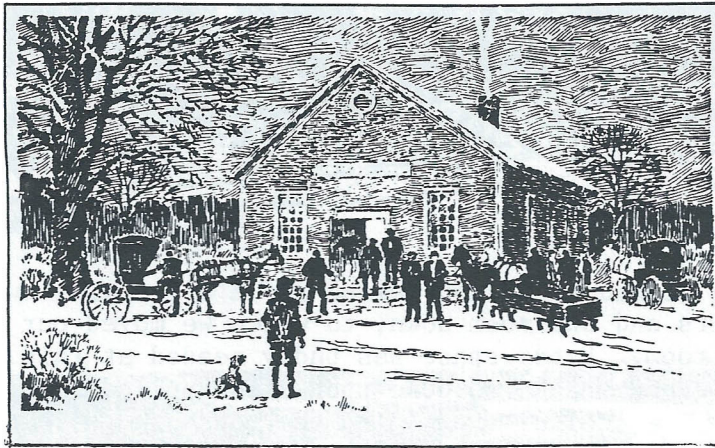
Downstairs  
At left center

Upstairs  
At right bottom



During these years, church members were gathering to form branches and wards in Southern Alberta. President Woods, of Cardston, with others, organized the Champion Branch of five families. We only held Sunday School for a while, but soon were holding Sacrament Meetings. I was at first the Sunday School Superintendant, then became the first Presiding Elder. We were a branch of the Starline Ward in the Alberta Stake which extended as far north as Calgary. Brother Toone of Starline was our Bishop.

Our meetings were held every Sunday in homes. I later arranged to hold our meetings at a school house situated on the road to Champion. This proved to be more satisfactory and our meetings and church socials provided many spiritual and pleasurable times. Seen here is typical of where we met,



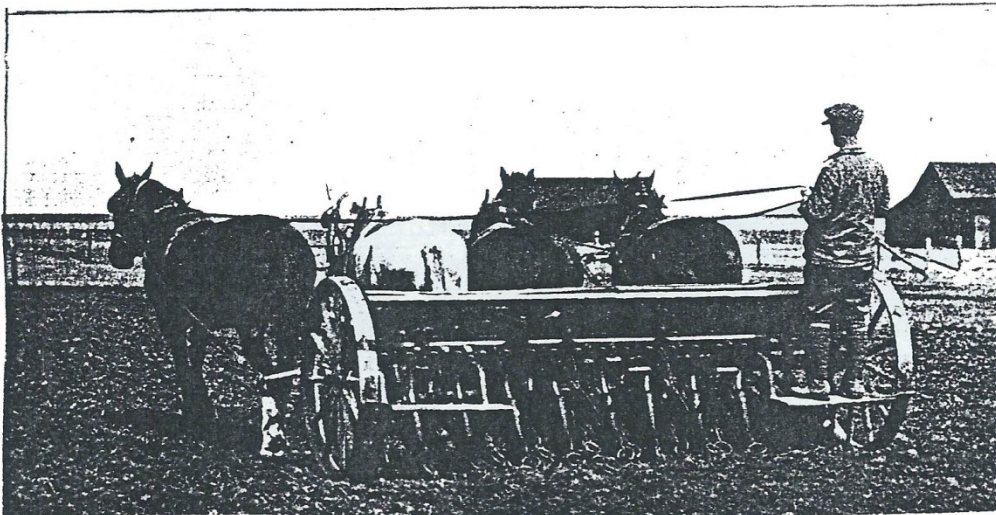
We looked forward to the visits from the Brethren of Cardston. President Woods and Sterling Williams were special speakers and we knew that the Lord approved our faithfulness. President Woods made over our two little girls, Elaine and Isla, in such a special way. Their mother had taught them to sing duets, soprano and alto, and he marvelled at the talent of such young children. They often came to our home after meetings. At one such time we were riding over the snow in a box sled that tipped over in a drift of snow. We had to gather ourselves and shake off the snow to be on our way again.

The house would be cold, a fire must be built in the kitchen stove, and while I did the chores, my wife prepared the eats. President Woods gave our family prayers that lifted our spirits before retiring, and early the next morning, I left to take them to the train. My testimony of the Gospel's truthfulness was made sure while we strove to gain a foothold in Canada, and I knew that our blessings were coming from the Lord.

In the spring of 1914, we were blessed with another baby girl we named Alberta. I was left with the care of our three children for a month so that Priscilla could be near a doctor in Carmangay where she stayed with my sister, Hattie Carter. We were happy to meet that wonderful mother with a new baby at the train station in Champion, and bring them home where we all could feel the love of family and the security that only a mother and father, together, can give to their children.



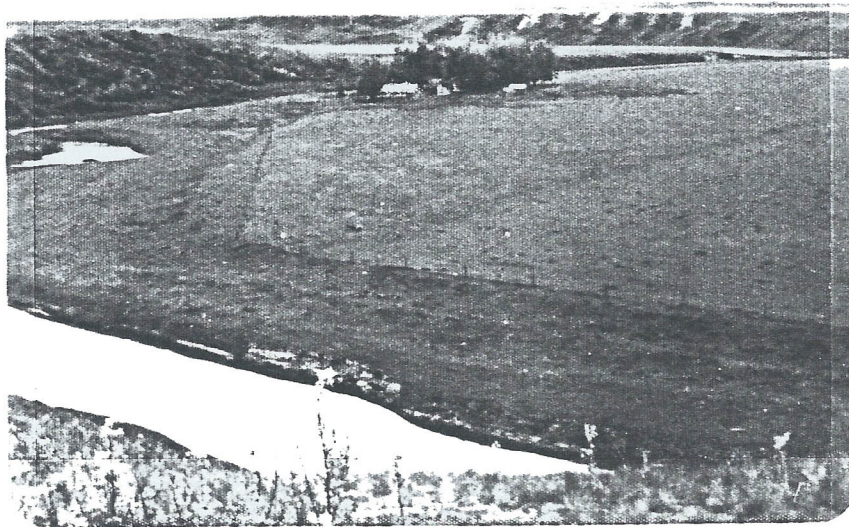
That spring we had traded our piano for a well-built two room house, one room upstairs and one room down, to which we moved our lean-to shack, making a third room. Extra space was badly needed at this time. The moving of the house and shack was done upon skids pulled along by teams of horses. I had dug a cellar over which the house was settled. I also hired a well driller and we soon had better drinking water. A well pump meant we didn't have to pull the water from an open well hand over hand any more. Much time in early spring had to be spent preparing for crop planting. Harnesses must be fixed and greased and machinery must be readied. I rented land joining mine to the south from Mr. Hanna and worked steady from early morning 'til late at night to plant crops.



PLANTING CROPS WITH GRAIN DRILL

My sister, Hazel, and William Isaacson, were married in January of 1913, and they came to stay with us. He was a handy man with horses and I let him take a team and a buggy to travel on a Rawleigh Products job. This proved unsatisfactory because of the long distances between farms and the poverty that he saw at so many homes. I persuaded him to rent himself an acreage and I would help him get started. Together we worked preparing ground for both of us for fall seeding.

We attended our little branch meetings regularly. Hazel was a faithful member too. After one of our very spiritual testimony meetings, Will asked me for baptism which had to be arranged through our Bishop of the Starline Ward. Then one day our branch members and a group from the ward met at the Little Bow River, June 24, 1914, on our daughter, Isla's fourth birthday, and baby, Alberta, was about 4 months of age. Several children of age, as well as Bro. Isaacson, were baptized and confirmed that day. Will was to be a strength to our Branch. He, too, had gained a testimony that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was guided by a true Prophet of the Lord.



LITTLE BOW RIVER

After the 1914 crop was harvested, we turned our horses and cattle out to the straw stacks and hauled our coal from the mine that was nine miles from home. Our winters were long and sometimes very severe and when spring came there was no time to lose. The spring of 1915 I bought the quarter section of land joining us to the north. This land was low and moist, but I put a good page fence around it so I could put sheep and calves there to pasture. (see earlier map)

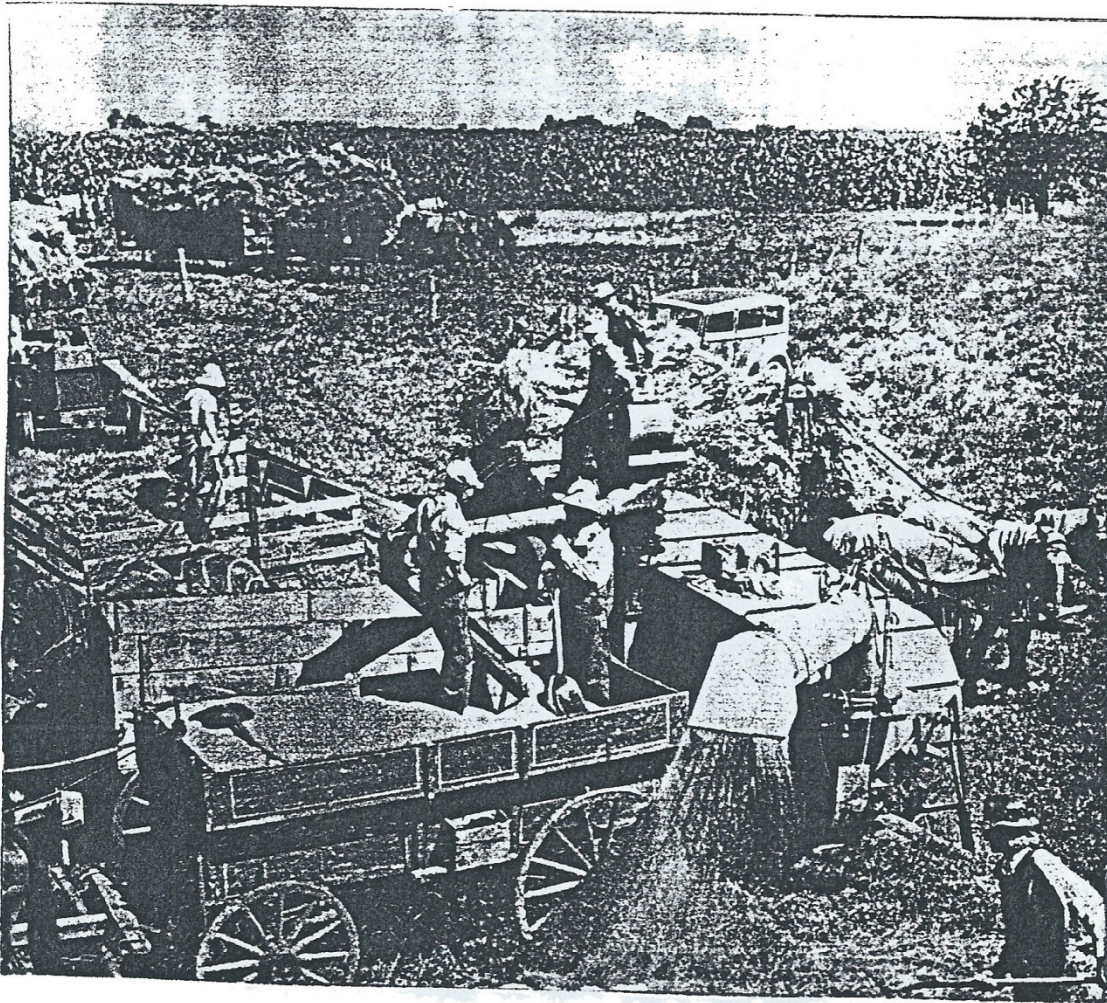


PICTURE OF THE ACTUAL COAL MINE OF MENTION

On August 20th, 1915, a fine baby boy was born to us, Ether J., making five children in our home. 1913 was the year that the railroad came through the area causing the little shopping area of Cleverville to move one mile to the tracks. The town thus established was called 'Champion'. Champion grew fast and soon it had a general store, a hotel and three or four elevators. By 1916 I was able to sell livestock as well as grain with good returns. I found myself short of water for my stock, but drilled another well in the pasture costing me one thousand dollars.

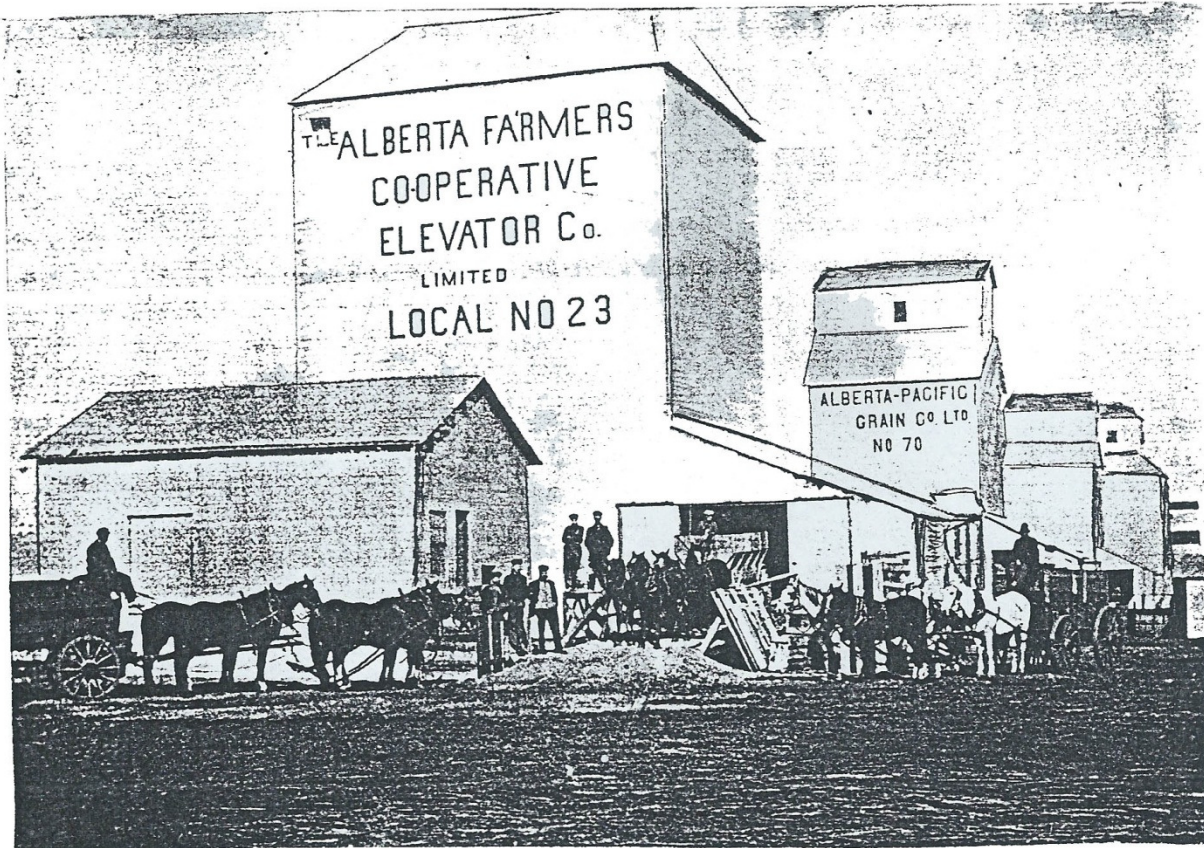
On March 30th, 1917, another welcomed baby came that we named Clarence Cleone. That year I rented another half section of land across the Little Bow River, bought a Case Tractor, a threshing machine and hired help. I guess you could say I was farming on a big scale. It made more work for the Mrs. since in those days hired help had to be housed and fed. Threshing crews, however, moved from one farm to the next and a cook car traveled along with the outfit.





### THRESHING ON THE PRAIRIES

Harvest time kept crews of men very busy for long hours each day. Stooks were lifted into bundle wagons from the fields and taken to the thresher. Driving the teams close to the tractor and passed the screaming pulleys and whirling belt to stop beside the threshing machine was a tense performance which always excited the nervous horses. The teams stood still while the bundles were forked gradually into the mouth of the machine where the grain and straw chaff was separated by rows of teeth and screens. A funnel delivered the beads of grain into the grain wagons to be hauled to graineries or town elevators. The larger funnel belched the straw from the blower to the straw stack. The above picture needs a close look to see all of this threshing process.





Shown here is an actual photo of the Champion elevators where grain was hauled at the time.

Tilla (Priscilla) and I were satisfied with our present state, but we became concerned about educational opportunities for our growing family. The children had been going to a small one-room school through the section from our home. It only kept in session for a short time each year, so we felt this to be a problem. The more we pondered this problem, the more we realized we must get ourselves nearer a bigger center. Perhaps the time was right to make another move.

We listed the farm with a Real Estate Company in Lethbridge. It was soon sold. An auction sale took care of our cattle, sheep, hogs, machinery and household goods. I only kept a few of our best horses. The sale, plus what I had in bank savings, netted us thirty-five thousand dollars; a modest fortune for that time.

My registered branding irons are shown below:

Name	Cattle Brand	Location	Horse Brand	Location
Rice, D. A.		LT.H.		LT.TH.

My cattle brand was an A, backward D above a bent bar, on left hip.  
My horse brand was a bar over lazy A and D, on left thigh.



IN THE PASTURE.

The family waited on the farm while I went to Cardston to confer with Real Estate Agents there. I bought a home in Cardston from Hugh B. Brown, and bought and sold six sections of land making a small profit on the deal. A few days later, I purchased three sections of land near the town of Kimball on the St. Mary's River. (map #33)

Returning to Champion, I hired a railroad car and shipped whatever had not sold to Cardston and I took the family in our automobile, and we became settled in a modern town home.



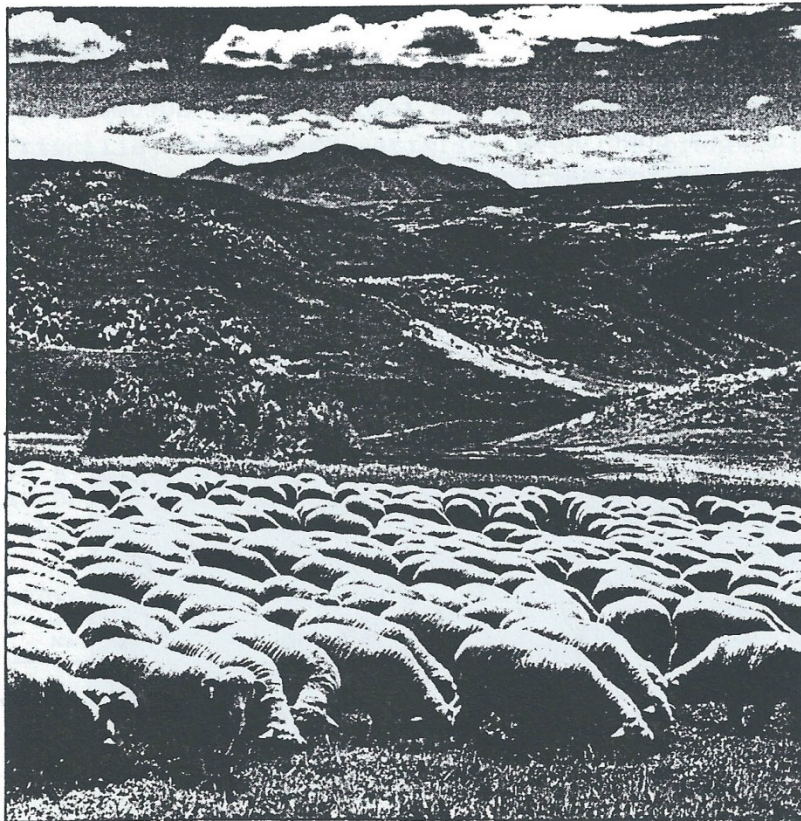
Cardston Home  
Front View



Back View

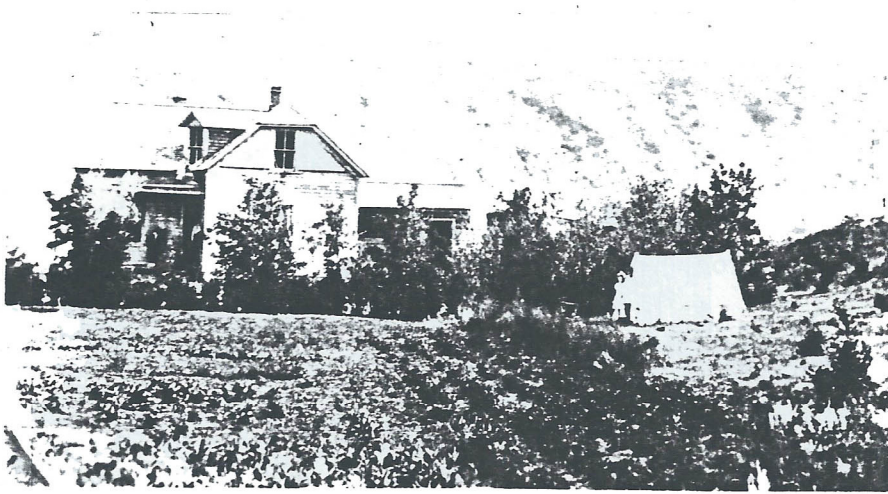
(The pictures from the front and back view shown of the Cardston home, were taken more than fifty years later.)

My first venture was buying six hundred head of sheep at a very low price. I wintered them through in good shape, the lambing was good and pasture on the Kimball ranch was favorable. The next winter was severe and I would have lost a great deal had I not sold the sheep.

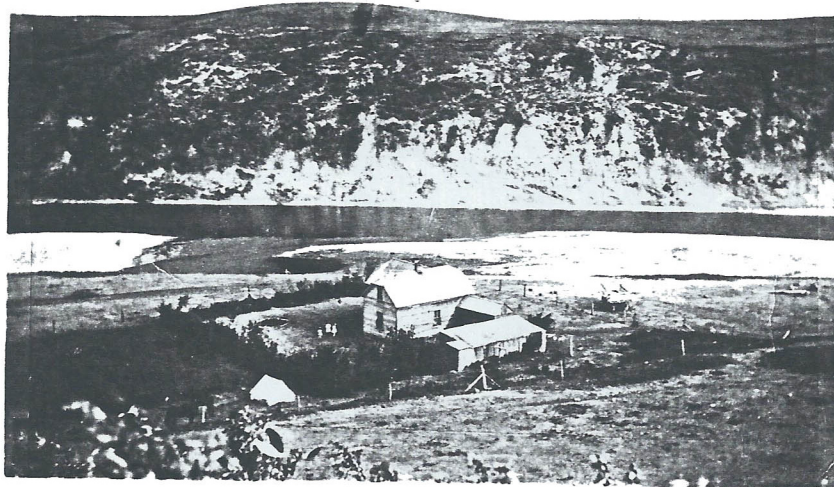


The next year I hired a man to plow some of the land at Kimball. I contracted a haying job on the Indian reservation and put up six hundred tons of hay by hiring men to run my outfits and teams. I cleared around five hundred dollars on that job.

When school was out in the spring of 1919, we rented our Cardston home to be on the Kimball Ranch. We loved that place. It had a nice home of several rooms and, like the church in Cardston, we were among many good people in Kimball where we loved to attend church. The soil was rich and fertile and we raised a beautiful garden.



TWO VIEWS OF KIMBALL HOME



TAKEN FROM TOP OF HILL



L. to R., back row: Priscilla, Isla, 9, Elaine, 11,  
Eldon, 13, David A.  
L. to R., front row: Clarence, 2, Ether J., 4, Alberta, 5  
Picture taken 1919



Interior of front entrance  
taken of Elaine, 1970.

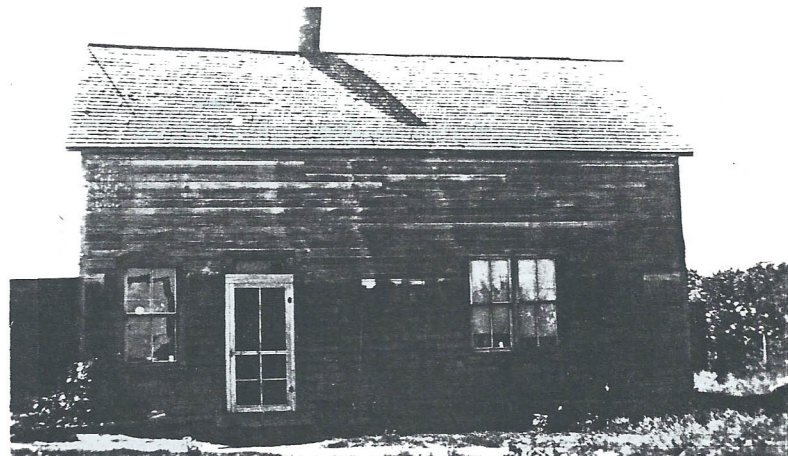
House was vacant.

We had enough money coming from our Champion home to finish paying for the Kimball ranch but affairs took an unexpected turn. Champion had had two dry years and our buyer there had walked away from the homestead. That meant a re-sale, but at that time a sacrifice had to be made in order to sell. I traded the homestead to a Mr. Heninger for a three quarter section farm three miles north of Cardston on the St. Mary's River and sold the Kimball Ranch to a Mr. Frodsham. We, therefore, did not stay long in Kimball but moved then to the Cardston farm, selling the home in town. The pendulum of the economy swung to a far left, playing untimely tricks on people in general during the next few years. With each move, thinking we might better ourselves, only sacrifices had to be made.



FARM HOME  
SIDE VIEW  
FROM  
THE EAST

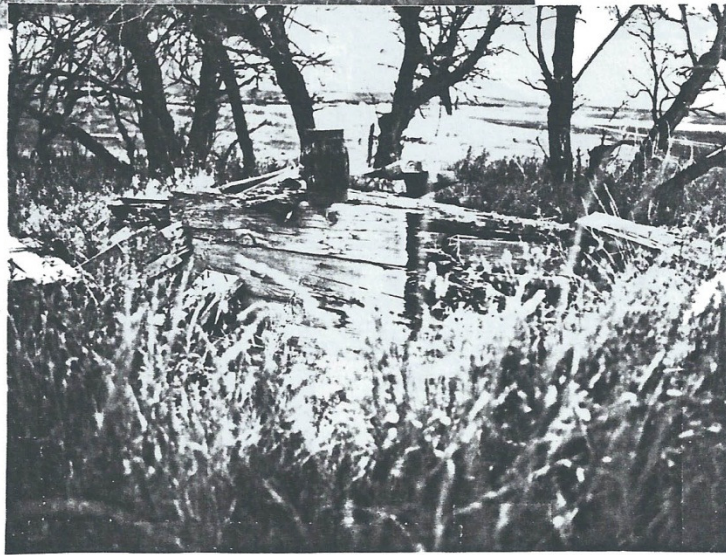
FRONT VIEW  
FROM THE  
NORTH



VIEW OF BARN  
AND SHEDS  
FROM  
THE EAST



WHAT WAS LEFT  
OF  
THE OLD FRUIT  
AND VEGETABLE  
CELLAR



THE UNKEPT  
REMAINS  
OF THE TOPPLED  
HOUSE-1970

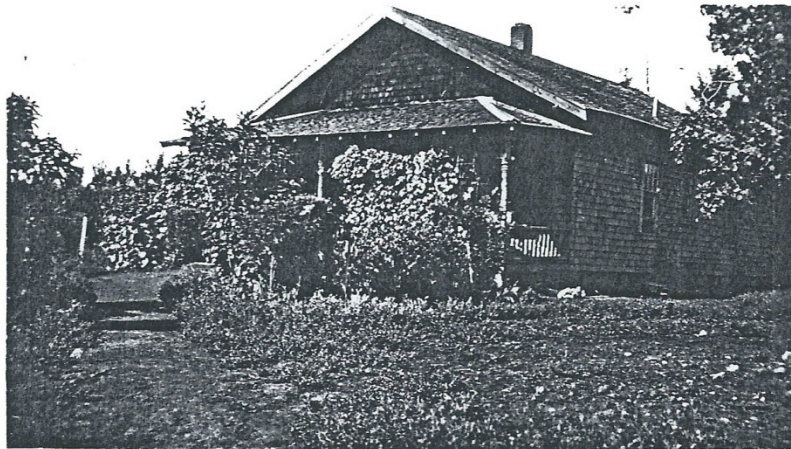


TREES WERE UNCARED  
FOR AND DYING



We lived on the farm during the summer months, but rented a place for Priscilla and the children in Cardston during the school months. In the spring of 1920, I started farming with a new determination, but by fall we only had a yield of 8 or 9 bushels to the acre. Our greatest profit in 1921 was another baby son, Sargent LaMar, born May 29th. Crops were not good again. It seemed that irrigation was the only solution to the unpredictable years that were bound to come. There was a Church Ranch about 20 miles north-west of Cardston where irrigation canals and ditches were being built to convey water to farms.

I traded our Cardston farm for a three-quarter section farm three miles out of the town of Hillspring along the Kooteney River. The children were now old enough to handle a team and buggy or go horseback to school.



VIEW OF HILLSPRING HOME

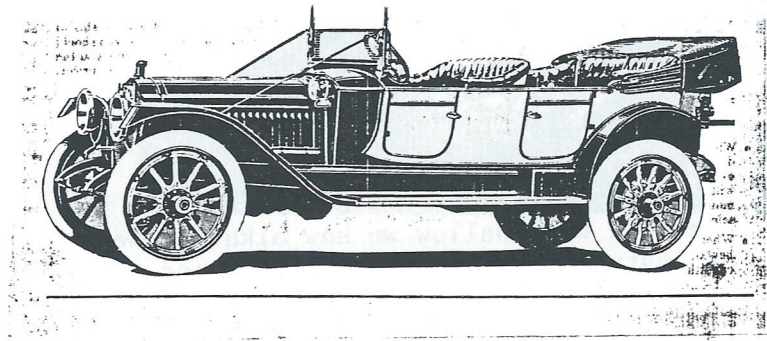
Crop yields were not as good as expected for with the irrigation came weeds and where the soil was shallow we saw alkali. We had a fine herd of milch cows that we pastured on the river bottom land and selling milk to the Cardston Dairy and cream to the creamery gave us a pay check each week.



The people of Hillspring were Mormons and we enjoyed working with them in church. We sang in the choir directed by Bro. David T. Gibb. Priscilla became President of the Primary. N. E. Tanner was Principal and High School teacher of the Hillspring four room school.

The railroad came from Cardston to Hillspring and Glenwood in the year 1924. We thought that would make times better and bring up the valuation of our land, but it didn't seem to make a difference. People still had a hard time to make payments on their farms and many liens were put upon graineries for taxes. We raised and sold lots of hogs which helped when crops were failing. By 1926 we were getting discouraged. We wrote to our kin on Egin Bench who were doing well on their farms. Potatoe crops had proven to be a specialty of the area. It wasn't long before I had a prospective buyer. The Butler brothers seemed interested, but they took all summer to make up their minds. Once we decided to move back to Idaho the harvesting that fall became very difficult. We had had a drought and then it rained until the binding was almost impossible. When the binder would start to kick the bundles, the bull wheel would slip over the wet ground and the bundle would have to be pulled out by hand before the binder could go on. Some of the grain could not be cut. My hogs made quick work of what was left, so there is no big loss without some small gain.

When Butlers bought the place that fall, they took over my bank obligations, gave me five hundred dollars in cash and signed notes for three thousand dollars that I never received.

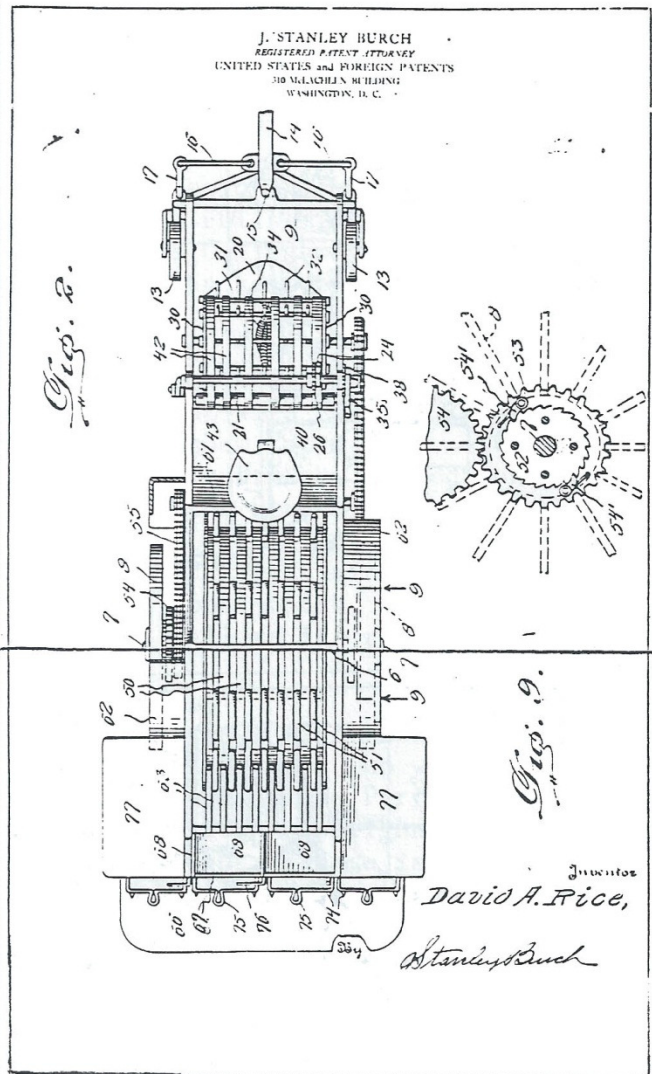
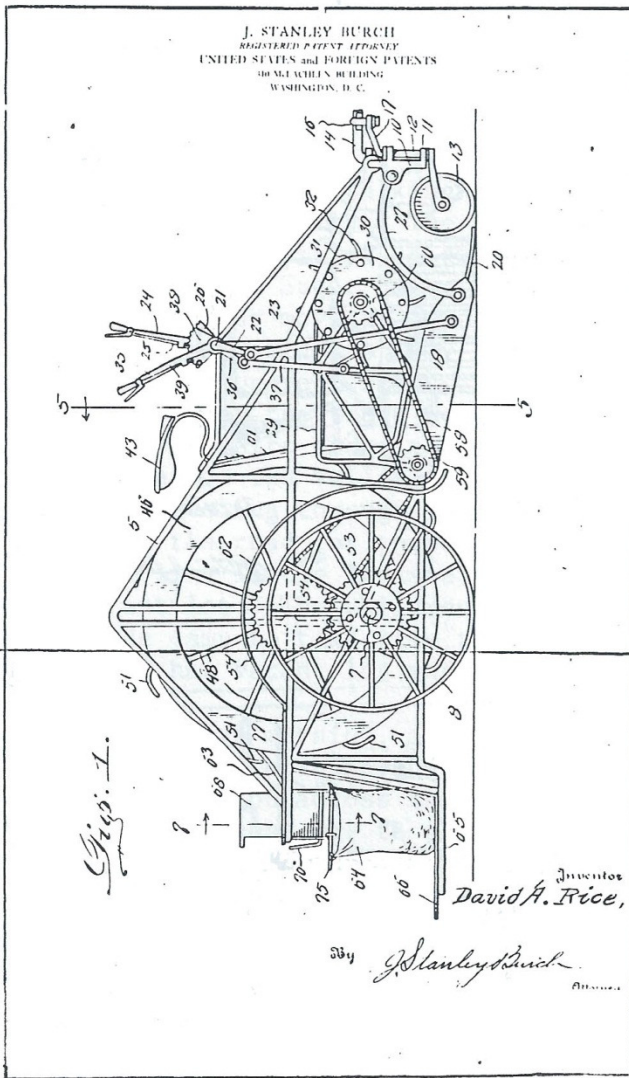


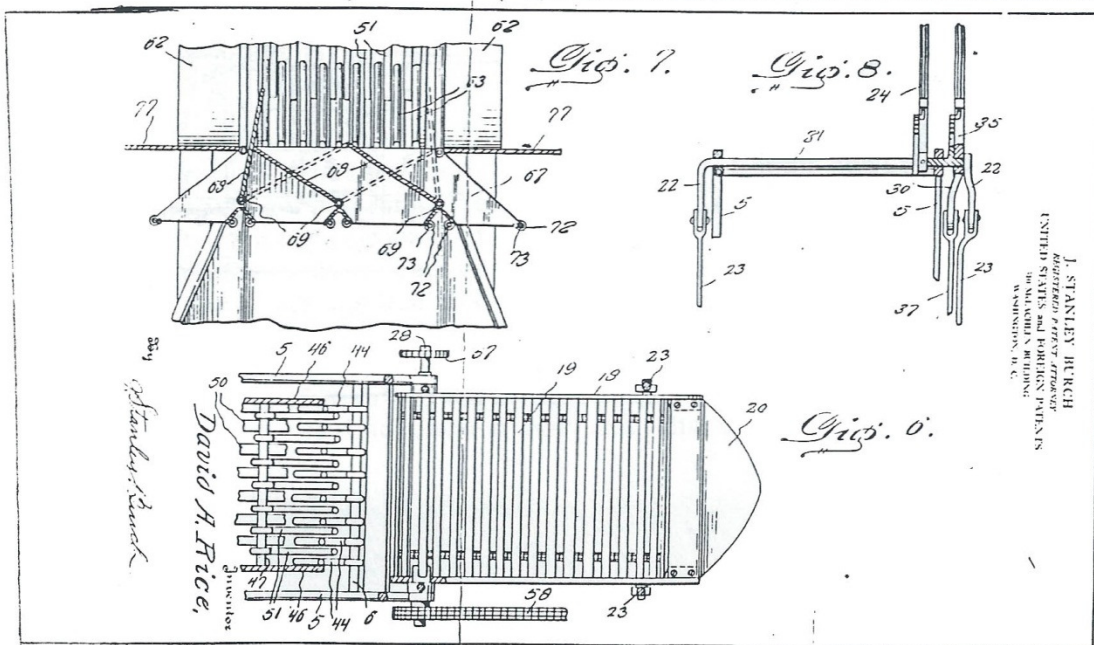
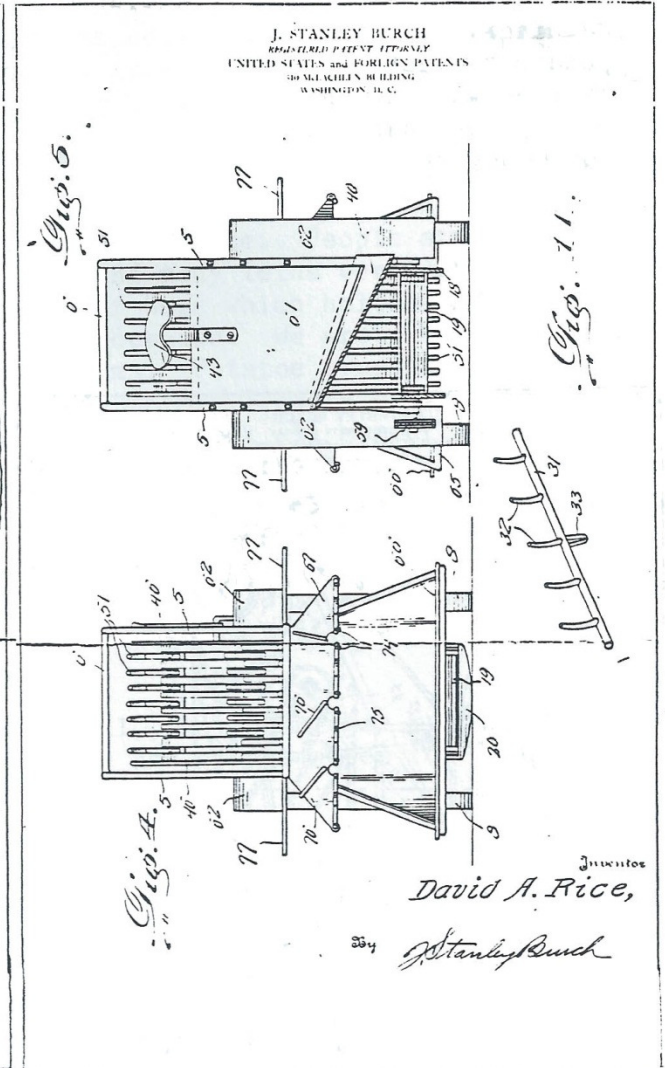
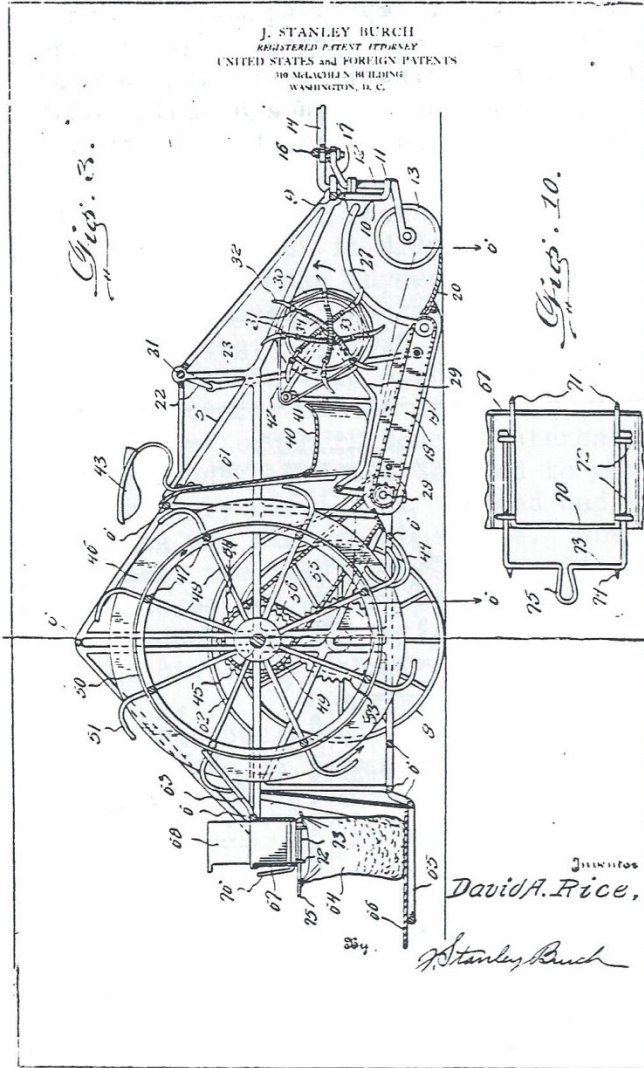
We had purchased a McLachlen car and made a visit to Idaho during the previous summer and realized how beautiful Egin Bench really looked after having spent years on the prairies of Alberta, Canada. We were happy in our decision to return to the home of our youth, taking with us only our clothes and bedding and not regretting our financial losses. At the Canadian and U.S. Consuls at Calgary, we obtained our visas and traveled by train, landing in Rexburg, Idaho, February, 1927. We were back in the United States with all of our seven children--the most precious of possessions, even after giving credence to those profitable years in Champion. In spite of our hardships and disappointments, we had each other and the Gospel, all pearls of great price.

I had always been inventing mechanical ways of improving my own farm machinery and had a blacksmith shop on the farm at Hillspring. Here in the potato harvest I could see ways to improve the machinery in use at the time. My idea was put on paper by my artist son, Eldon, and we made a small model of a potato harvester and went so far as to get it patented, but the need for money stood in our way.

RICE (1-9)

RICE (1-9)





It was not easy to begin again for the depression years were upon us. We tried renting and harvested several car loads of potatoes and moved to St. Anthony for school that winter. Two of the children, Elaine and Isla, were in High School.

Renting land for farming during the depression was an up and down affair with never the profit to be expected. Any discouragements that came my way were alleviated by the fact that I had a wonderful wife and family. Priscilla was always understanding, sympathetic and congenial, always willing and ready to help on every occasion; in fact, she took jobs outside the home to help. One reason for my down-hearted spells was the realization that I was not as able-bodied as in my prime. I began to wonder what might be the best thing for me to do under the circumstances. The Butler brothers had asked for an extension on their notes because of crop failures in Canada, so any hopes there were lost. It looked as if I had reached the place of begging for any job that could be had. In fact, we never received payment on those notes.

One day while talking to a friend, our discussion seemed to open up a probable opportunity. The fruit harvests at Twin Falls might provide work for our whole family. Elaine was attending Ricks College and Eldon was working in the Sugar Factory in Sugar City, but the rest of the children went with us in our move to Twin Falls. We found that we did not care for that part of the world, so only stayed for a few months. In 1929, after much thought and prayer, we decided to load up our truck and drive to Utah. I was not sure that the truck would make the journey, but with several interruptions for repairs along the way, we made it to Brigham City, Utah. The trees and homes of the valley, shaded by the beautiful mountains, looked wonderful after traveling through wind and dirty storms in the Stravell area. We had been on the road for three days and the children, riding on the open load, looked like little Indians. We stopped at 6th North and Main and pulled into a vacant lot. The children exclaimed, "This is good enough, let's stay here." We made camp to take time to look for work and, believe it or not, we later bought that vacant lot and made our home there.

The next morning, after camping for the night, we started looking for work. We had no home and only 50¢. Mr. Dewey Ashcroft, who worked at the service station across the street, suggested we contact the Perry Cannery for work, and on our way to the town of Perry to the south of Brigham a short distance, Milton Thorn noticed our family and thought, "There is a family looking for work," so when we stopped at the Cannery, he was there to inquire about us. He offered us work, saying, "You are just the kind of a family I am looking for to pick beans." He said he would give us work all summer and a house to live in free of charge. We settled there and started picking beans the next morning. After receiving our first pay check, I returned to Twin Falls for the rest of our belongings. The place had been broke into and many of our things had been taken. I am a great lover of home. There is no place like 'home sweet home' to me. On returning to Perry we worked all summer through the fruit seasons.

That fall we pooled our money to buy a home. When the real estate man showed us the place on 6th North and Main, we paid one hundred dollars down and moved into the house that had been built for a corner store. We planted trees, strawberries and raspberries and went about improving the store building by putting in partition walls to make us four rooms.

I received letters from eastern manufacturing companies concerning my potatoe harvester patent, but none showed interest in buying the patent until the condition of the country's economy looked better. I raised hogs to sell but lost 25 head with cholera. This loss caused us to fail to make the annual payment on the home. The former owner, Mr. Wager, without my knowledge, had taken my contract and the deeds from the bank and resold our place to Lamont Glover and Dewey Ashcroft. They intended to turn the place into a service station. Then one day, to my complete surprise, they came and asked me to move off the place. Mr. Wager had led me to believe that he would wait for the payment giving consideration to my misfortune.

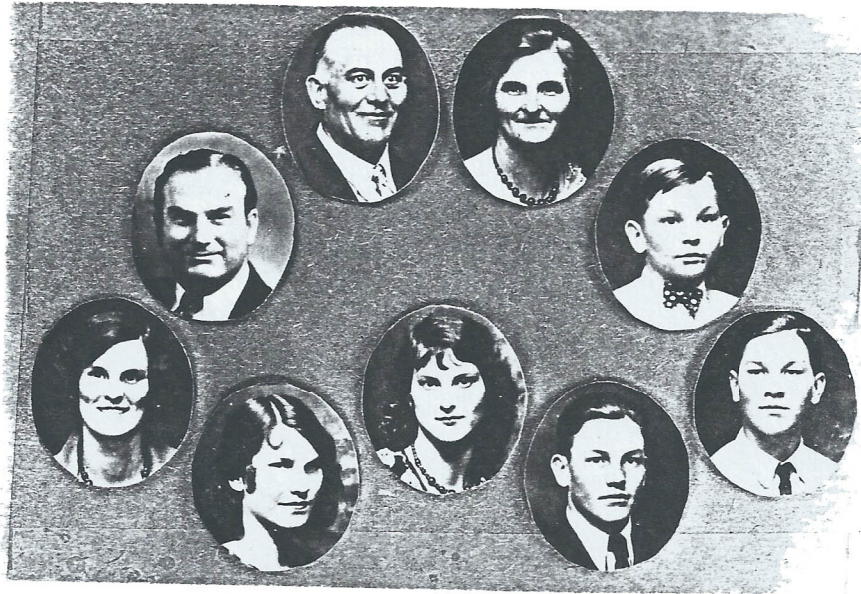
One morning I took my lunch to continue at my job with the city and that night I came home to find that Mr. Glover had hired a crew of men and a city tractor, and they were pulling trees, tearing down the chicken house, and they had started to dig for a large cesspool. This was quite a shock. I went in the house and found my wife crying. After the crew left for the night, I made it a matter of prayer and came to the conclusion to stay where I was and take the case to court. Wager and Glover came several times after the destruction they had made, to get me to move off the place, but I gave them to understand that I was going to stay right where I was. While the work continued, I was getting ready to file suit against them. Lewis Jones, my lawyer, advised me to somehow get the money for the payment.

Bill Smith owned the service station on the opposite corner. I went to him for a loan. When I promised that if he would loan me the money for a payment I would not build a gas station on my property, he gave me the money. Then I made the payment through my lawyer, went to court, and won the case. Glover and Ashcroft then wanted to buy me off, but I put the price so high they wouldn't take it.

I obtained a loan from the Home Owner's Loan Company and paid Wager off with Government Bonds, which made the cost of the place much less for me. I could see that the trouble had been a blessing in disguise. The Lord works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. I could have sued the bank for letting those men have my contract without my consent. I could have sued the men for tearing up my place, but I don't like going to court. I continued to work for the city, for two more years. During the winter I found trees that people wanted removed. I cut them down and took them to the saw mill for lumber and built a chicken coop 20 ft. wide and 46 ft. long. I took great pains in the construction of feeders, laying hutches and roosts. The Re-settlement Administration loaned me \$210.00 to buy 300 laying hens that were delivered on January 28, 1936. A government inspector came and pronounced the hens O.K. I was started in a business that would pay and I could be at home independant once again. I am sorry to say my hopes were shattered, for in just a few days the hens began dying off with what the veterinarian called chicken pox and it was not long until the coop was almost empty. The debt must be paid, however, but we were always willing to keep on working. We raised wonderful gardens and Priscilla worked at nursing jobs, both in private homes and in the hospital.

There were misfortunes, and disappointments through the hard years of depression, but the children were gaining an education and seemed always to find work. Elaine was teaching school, first at Rexburg and then at Garland,

Utah. Isla had a job in Idaho Falls as a dental assistant and receptionist. Alberta got work in a flower craft shop. Eldon always had various jobs. By this time he was married and living still, in Idaho. Ether J., began his studies at B.Y.U., and Clarence and Sargent were soon to follow in his footsteps. They received little help from home, but they were determined to find a good way of life. They never discredited their parents, but were proud of us and appreciative of life and opportunities as they came.



TOP CENTER-DAVID A. AND PRISCILLA RICE  
COUNTER CLOCKWISE L. TO R., ELDON, ELAINE, ISLA,  
ALBERTA, ETHER J., CLARENCE AND SARGENT

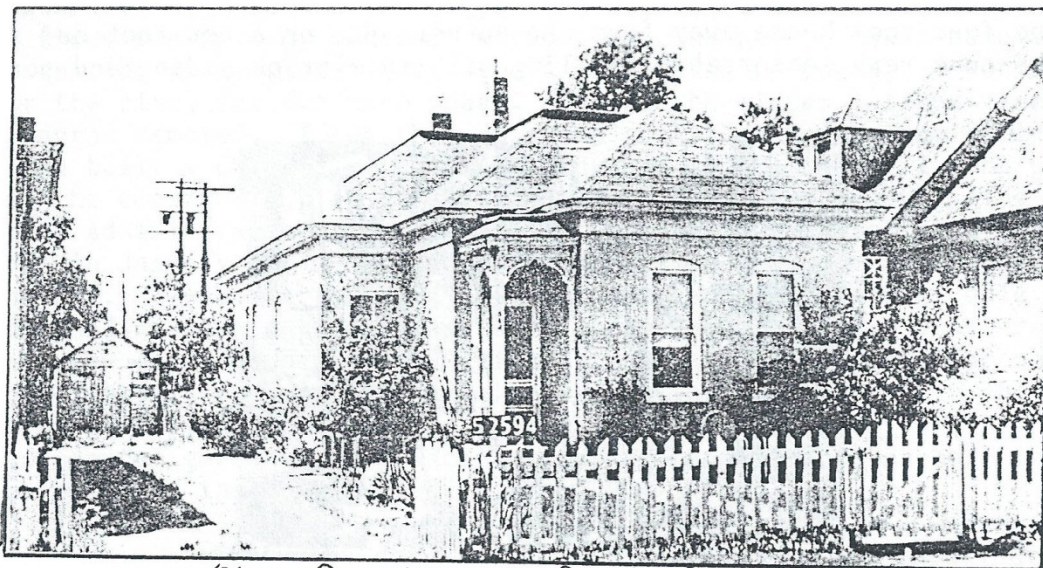
I worked at several jobs through the years, built a good basement and moved the four room house away from the corner, put on a new roof and improved the place to a very comfortable dwelling with incelbrick siding and porches.



As time went on, my health began to fail and the Doctor advised me not to do any more hard work. He gave me papers to get on welfare, but I did not take charity. During the Second World War, I helped on the building of the Bushnell Hospital and remained for several months working in the Hospital's bakery. Priscilla, too, continued to work. We were able to pay off the indebtedness of our property. We sold part of the lot where a large commercial garage was built which gave us three thousand dollars. We were being blessed in both health and strength to be able to do all the work we did. Between the warehouse garage and our home, I built a nice fruit stand and grocery business. We called it 'Rices Fruit and Grocery'. We raised much of the fruit and vegetables in our own garden. All of our children were married by 1946; all sealed in the Temples to their wonderful companions. We felt that all of them were well prepared to sustain themselves and remain faithful to their covenants.

In 1948, a great sorrow came at news of the death of our son, E. J. He had completed his Master's Degree at B.Y.U., and was Principal of the High School in Bunkerville, Nevada. He and his wife and baby, Alonna, came to visit after the close of school with intentions of beginning his Doctorate studies in Colorado, summer term. Leaving the baby with us, they went with friends to Ogden and on returning that evening, a drunken woman driver, coming toward them, hit them head-on. E. J., who was driving, was injured critically and died the next day at the McKay Dee Hospital in Ogden on June 10.

We remained busy in our little fruit and grocery stand until 1950 when we decided upon a more leisurely life. We sold our Brigham City home for seven thousand five hundred dollars and bought us a nice home in Salt Lake City, 542 South 3rd East, for four thousand five hundred dollars. Priscilla's dream of someday having a nice brick home was finally fulfilled. We were just a few steps away from a Ward Chapel where we could attend all church functions and Ward Temple sessions. I had been ordained to the office of a High Priest in Brigham City in 1933 and always enjoyed my affiliations in the Priesthood Quorums.



*542 South 3rd East Salt Lake City*



Priscilla and I celebrated our Golden Wedding Anniversary in the above home on Tuesday, January 3, 1956. Our daughter, Isla Smith, hosted the event and all of our children, except Sargent in California, were in attendance, and many friends and relatives met with us in this open house event. (Below is their anniversary picture, with a sheaf of Rice) 1



David A. ended his own story at this point. The remaining short period of his life proved to be peaceful and secure. They did sell their Salt Lake City home for ten thousand five hundred dollars and moved to California to live near their youngest son, Sargent and his family. That same year, on October 29, 1956, David A., our father, slipped quietly away from this life during his sleeping hours at night, probably unaware of his passing.

He had lived a fruitful life of constant endeavors. Never was he found to cease his trying. As a father he was loving and kind. His family was his main concern. He loved his companion and devoted his life to her, his family, and the Gospel. In return his wife and children respected and loved him dearly.

He was ordained a Deacon by E. Z. Carbine, August 2, 1896, in Parker, Idaho; ordained a Teacher by E. Z. Carbine, April 18, 1898 in Parker; ordained an Elder by Fred H. Mason, December 24, 1905, in Parker. He labored as Supt. of the first Sunday School of Champion, Alberta, Canada, and was set apart as the first Presiding Elder of the Champion Branch of the Starline Ward by Sterling Williams, February 5, 1914. He was ordained to the office of a High Priest in the Melchizedek Priesthood by President Norman Lee, July 9, 1933, at Brigham City, Utah.

His death came October 29, 1956 at Rosemead, Los Angeles, California at the age of 77 years. He was buried beside his son, Ether J., in the Brigham City Cemetery.

#### HANNAH PRISCILLA (PARKINSON) RICE

I was born in Grantsville, Tooele County, Utah, January 26, 1884, the second child of Timothy H. and Priscilla Jane (Williams) Parkinson.



PRISCILLA

The first that I can remember we were living in a little log house by the side of a hill in Oakley, Idaho. My sister, Esther, two years older than I, combed my hair one day so that it stood straight up. My hair was very white. We ran out into the street. A man passing by called to me and said, "Who combed your hair, little girl?" I think I was about three years old.

Also, about this time, my mother sent me to the barn to tell father to come to dinner and to bring back some kindling in my apron. I was very independent, and didn't tell my father about the chips. He tried to carry me back to the house. I objected strenuously and in turn received my first spanking. But as soon as I had my freedom, I went and got the chips. My father realized then, why I didn't want to be carried to the house and was sorry he had spanked me.

Father was a band leader and it thrilled me to hear him playing the big bass horn on his way home in the dark after band practice.

When I was about seven years old, my folks purchased a home on the foothills about five miles west of Oakley. They built the house in the midst of a cedar patch. Nature furnished the materials, but our hearts and hands made the home. The sage brush, rocks and cedars, along with the segos, snakes and wild cats, the spring of water, the mountain trails and the streams full of fish, were all the play ground of the children. Many times we were frightened by rattle snakes, scorpions and wild cats.

In this home my father and mother taught us what other children get when they attend public schools. We fixed our desks out of chairs, and had our recesses and noon times during the day. My father was a wonderful teacher. After his work, he listened to us, and then assigned us some more studies for the next day. One text I well remember was a delightful book of Bible stories. Not only did he persist in teaching such fundamentals as arithmetic, reading,

writing, etc., but he also trained us in music.



Esther, Priscilla, Leslie  
Mother, John, Father

I was about fifteen years old when I first attended a public school, but was up in my studies with the rest of the children my age. I began to play the piano before my feet could reach the peddles and at ten years old, was playing for dances.

We had a white horse and a cart, that we children managed very well for hauling wood or logs for the huge fire place made by father in the large three-roomed house. I went to Oakley one time alone in this cart. A thunder storm came up just as I was crossing Grouse Creek bridge. A clap of thunder caused the horse to jump to one side. An inch more would have put me and the cart in the creek. I was certainly frightened.

My father was a Sunday School teacher, so we always went to Sunday School. We traveled to our church meetings in a white-top buggy. These trips were always such a big affair to me. I went one time in a black and red striped calico dress made in the mother hubbard style. I was so proud of myself that day, not only because of the dress, but also because I won a prize for memorizing a chapter in the Bible the best. I felt really bad that we were so far from where they held Primary that I



Picture taken about 1899

was unable to attend. One time I did get there, however, and I still remember one of the songs they sang, "Let in the Sunshine and Shut out the Rain."

In 1899, we moved to Oakley for school. There were six children in our family at this time; four boys younger than me. This was quite the thing for us children to be going to school in a real school house. My first teacher's name was Axel Frisco Oxel Nielsen, a teacher from the Cassia Stake Academy. His hair was white and his face was red. He was short and very fat, also easily angered. We were very afraid of him.

One day a little trouble arose among the children on the school grounds. We were all called into the school house for a severe little trial. While my brother, John, was being accused of something I knew he was innocent of, I arose in his defense, expressing myself in an effort to prove him not guilty, but I was immediately silenced by the teacher who told me to keep my mouth shut and to speak only when I was spoken to.

My family made trips to Grantsville, Utah, quite frequently to visit our kin folks. I enjoyed very much traveling with team and wagon and cooking on a camp fire and sleeping on the ground. We went through Brigham City where we were met by children peddling baskets of peaches. On one such trip we camped in Brigham City and a Chinaman kept walking around our camp. He had a long braid of hair hanging down his back. We couldn't figure out what he planned to do, but didn't realize any damage. There had been a wind storm and large trees were laying across the road in Brigham City.

It seemed like Grantsville was a garden of Eden in those days, with peaches and various other kinds of fruit, beautiful trees, fishes in the ponds, flowing wells, the ditches full of walnuts, grape vines for fences, all making a beautiful picture which was present with me always. Years later, when I visited Grantsville again in 1934, this picture was spoiled. It is like a desert now.

The folks moved from Oakley to Parker, Idaho in 1900. I went to school there one winter then started clerking in a store owned by L. B. Rice and Sons. This store burned down shortly after and I clerked in St. Anthony for Mr. Thompson and from there to Jed Earl's store in Parker. During these four years I was playing the piano in my father's five piece orchestra with three brothers and my father. I also played in the Orgill orchestra and we traveled to many places in the Upper Snake River Valley.

I worked in the Primary as a teacher, also in the Mutual, first as a secretary then as first counselor and later as it's president. While laboring as a Mutual President I went to Salt Lake as a Representative to the June Convention. The meetings were uplifting. I heard speaking in tongues and the interpretation thereof. This was an inspirational trip and at the time, Sister Tingey was the General President. I also took part in some dramatic work in Parker. The Hutchinson Dramatic Company wanted me to travel and sell tickets for them and I was disappointed when the folks wouldn't let me go.

I commenced financing myself when I was twelve years old. I don't remember ever receiving money from my folks unless I earned it in the orchestra.



SISTERS

PRISCILLA ON L.

ESTHER ON R.

PRISCILLA

ABOUT

1901



I loved to associate with those people who seemed to take seriously their responsibility to uphold the standards of the Church. I was never giddy nor loud in mannerisms. I liked being a lady of modesty. I was proud and held my head high but it was not because I tried to be haughty or conceited for I didn't like boastfulness and had a desire to be a friend to everyone.

Going to June conference while I was President of the Young Women's Organization in the Parker Ward was a highlight in my life. I look back now and realize that my tendency to be reverent was an inborn quality that I had inherited from my forebears. I have seen those same qualities stand out in my children and it is very noticeable in many of my grandchildren. How blessed we are to have come through a strain of blood that gave us the tendencies that make it easy to gain a strong testimony of the Saviors divinity and a knowledge that His Gospel is true. The spirit of truth in all things speaks so clearly to our hearts.

While at June Conference I had the privilege of hearing someone speak in tongues and someone give the interpretation. I determined, after those wonderful meetings, to be someone special.

I always loved to doll up. I wanted to look the part of a fine lady. To be one I knew I must act like one. My father used to chuckle as he watched me walk with such an aire. I didn't like for the wind to blow my skirts so that people could tell I had legs but felt so important that I never could walk with a slouch. My father told me I walked as if I was really going places and that he was proud of me. He, himself, walked with dignity, holding himself erect, showing the man of distinction that he was. He would never stoop to be just ordinary. He wanted to be a gentleman and so he acted like one.

(The picture shown here is of mother and her friend and Y.W.M.I.A. associate officer as they left for Salt Lake City to attend Conference. I add my poem as a bit of flair and complement to the picture.)



Here to adore  
 Are hats galore  
 With ribbons and bows  
 And lace in rows,  
 Frills and bands  
 Flowers in strands,  
 Together they grace  
 a beautiful face.



TOP PICTURES TAKEN SOMETIME  
BETWEEN 1902-1905



DAVID A. AND PRISCILLA  
WEDDING PICTURES  
1906

While working at the L. B. Rice Store, I became acquainted with one of the sons, David A. Rice, and we went together for about four years. In 1904, he came from the Logan A. C. to see me at Christmas time and gave me a beautiful engagement ring. We were married on January 3, 1906, in the Salt Lake Temple and we lived in a little log house on his father's farm near a big canal on Egin Bench.

We bought and built us a home about seven miles west of Parker and lived there until fall. On moving back to Parker we lived in a house that had been used for a school house. It was here that my first baby was born, on the 10th of Oct. 1906. We named him David Eldon.



MOTHER AND BABY ELDON

My father-in-law persuaded his boys to go with him to Canada to get more land. The spring of 1907, we sold our property in Idaho. My husband went to Canada and bought land then returned for me and the baby, a few belongings, and we emigrated to Canada by rail.

We located in Stavely, a small town between Lethbridge and Calgary. Our place had forty acres of wheat planted on it, but before we could harvest, the snow came and the crop was frozen on the first of September, 1907. We spent what little cash we had to build us a house. We had been living in a tent all summer and plowing sod.

We had to give up this place as we were practically broke. We went to Claresholm where the others of the Rice family were located. We sold part of our furniture that winter in order to live. In the spring my husband worked for Rice and Workman. I lived in a grainery pulled in from the field and on June 4, 1908, in this grainery, I had a baby girl that we named Venis Elaine. It rained for six weeks steady and we had to catch the rain in pans and buckets to keep the bed from getting wet. We hadn't seen sunshine for a month.

One time that summer, while living in this place with my two babies, my sister-in-law, Hazel, and her sweetheart were walking over to visit with me one Sunday. When she got near enough for me to hear her, she began singing a song with the message, "it's not the house that makes the home, it's the love there is inside." She had a beautiful voice and the words of that song will ever be with me. These are the words:

It isn't the size of the house that counts,  
 Whether it be marble or fir,  
 Whether it was planned by an architect  
 Or built by a carpenter.  
 A house is a house and only a house,  
 Be it covered with roof or a dome,  
 If it's a place where people love and live  
 'Tis then we call it a home.  
 There are one room shacks that are palaces,  
 There are marble piles that are styes,  
 For only love can glorify  
 The house whatever it's size.  
 Then here's to the people who live secure,  
 Away from envy and strife,  
 Who know that apart from earthly things,  
 Love is the soul of life.



In the fall of 1908, we took up a homestead about 27 miles north east of Claresholm, built us a one room shack, and went out there with our two babies in a wagon. This shack was just sitting on the prairie as if on top of the world. There was nothing else to see for miles and miles; no mountains or trees; no fences, no roads, but only deep grass. We had to plow five or six times around the house for a fire guard, as the prevalent prairie fires were dangerous in this wide, open grassy and windy country. All we had to do to get hay was to go out for it, stack it, put a fence around it and plow a fire guard. In those prairie fires we had to get out and fight them with wet sacks, whipping the grass as the fire came along. We could see them coming for miles.

On the night of our arrival, we went across the section to a neighbor to spend the night. I had raised a little pig on the bottle the summer before, and I put him under a tub, then we left for the neighbor's home. A big blizzard came up that night and when we got back to the homestead the next day, the little pig was frozen.

It was very easy to get lost in this country. There was nothing to mark the way. The large lake that was near this home when we moved there in 1908 was nearly dried up by 1917.

In order to prove up on the homestead we had to live on the place six months of the year. In the spring of 1909, my husband went twenty-two miles away to work. I stayed on the homestead with my two babies alone. For as long as a month at a time I saw no one. The neighbor across the section told me never to leave the house if there were any cattle in sight as they were wild and might destroy me and the babies. The cattle did come near the house at times and rubbed themselves on the corners of the little house. I would open the door and try to frighten them away. They would just stand there and stare at me. They seemed to be daring me to drive them away. Their horns were long. I was very lonely, but I passed the time away piecing quilts on shares.

Later I went along with my husband to cook for men that were working with a large steam plowing outfit, breaking up acre after acre of prairie sod. We had them plow some land for us and paid them with our work.

In the fall of 1909 I left my baby girl with my sister-in-law and took a cooking job for threshers. There were thirty-six men in the crew. It was too much for me to do alone as the men were working from daylight until dark pitching bundles and needed to have lunches between meals, so my husband helped me. It almost frightened me to hear that whistle blow. The men would come running to the cook car like hungry wolves. We couldn't seat them all at once, so that was an incentive for them to hurry to see who could get there first. One time we locked the door in order to finish putting things on the table, but the hungry men came through the window. We used five gallon cans to cook in and made twenty-four large loaves of bread every day. A large quarter of beef lasted about three days. Some job! I should say!! But it was interesting. Such wonderful crops of grain!



David A., Priscilla and son, Eldon,  
standing in doorway

We stayed on our homestead the balance of that winter and in the spring of 1910 we built another room twelve feet by ten feet. On June 24th, 1910, my next little girl was born. We named her Isla Jane, with a silent "s" in Isla. I was seven miles from a town and all the help I had was a Mrs. Hannah, one of our neighbor women. She was a neighbor, indeed. One time she came to the United States on a visit and carried a two quart bottle of peaches in her valice for me (#170 p.(7-83)).

That year we planted our first crop on the homestead, but it was such a dry year we didn't get anything. The wheat came up about three inches and burned so that it cracked under our feet. I hatched out four hundred little chicks, but they nearly all died from lack of proper food.

The latter part of August, my sister, Luana, died in Salt Lake City, The folks sent me word, but being so far away, I didn't get the news until she had been buried two weeks. I was so homesick I almost lived on tears. I had purchased a cow with some of my earnings as a cook, so my brother-in-law gave me the money for the cow and I came to Idaho with my three babies for a visit.

We spent another winter on the homestead and during this time my husband and I were furnishing the music for dances at different places, traveling as many as seventeen miles away with team and wagon or sleigh. We were well paid, sometimes making as much as ten dollars a night. I played the piano and my husband the violin. Often other fiddlers joined in for some of the squares. Always there was a caller who kept the dancers lively. We'd bundle up the three young ones for the journey to where we were engaged, put them to bed behind the piano and they were none the worse for the late hours of dancing. We'd travel to these dances even in very severe weather.

I took my three children to a photographer to have pictures taken. Isla was a baby and when the three were positioned, Isla started to fuss. The photographer suggested that perhaps it would be a better picture without a squirming baby. I was disappointed not to have all three in the picture.



ELDON

ELAINE

The country was being settled more and homesteads around us were being taken. The railroad came through about seven miles from our homestead. This eliminated a lot of long, slow travel. We had been hauling our grain seventeen miles to market in large tank wagons drawn by four, and sometimes 6, horses. It made so much travel for the men in the winter and returning in the night. Another problem was to get water in Canada. Our wells were drilled about one hundred sixty feet deep on our place, and the water was far from being good. Our two wells cost us two thousand dollars.

Between the years 1911 to 1919, we were laboring in the North Branch of the Starline Ward. My husband was First Superintendent of the Sunday School. We had, for some time, just a Sunday School and went from house to house each Sunday. Later a Branch was organized and my husband was set apart in 1914 as Presiding Elder of that Branch, known as the Champion Branch. I continued as organist and also the clerk. Our Bishop was G. E. Toone of the Starline Ward, seventeen miles south and west of Champion.

Five families made up our Branch. A few more families came as time went on. Our meetings were inspirational and enjoyable. We appreciated the opportunity of holding a Sunday School and Sacrament Meeting. It gave us all something to do in a religious way. Later, a Relief Society and Primary was organized. I was set apart as First Counselor in that Relief Society.

On March 8, 1914, another little girl was born. We named her Alberta. I had been away for a month waiting for this event. I was so anxious to get home that when she was two weeks old, I carried her for about four blocks, and took the train to Champion. My husband met me at the train station with a team and buggy and my other three children. The wind and snow was blowing and it was plenty cold. We used lots of quilts and traveled the seven miles without any bad results.

On August 20th, 1915, Ether J., a boy, was born. (The following pictures of the children were taken in 1916)



L. to R., Alberta, Isla, Ether J., Elaine



To the right, Eldon and his pet goose—



Elaine, Alberta, Isla



L. to R., Ether J., Alberta, Isla, Elaine, Eldon

(The above pictures of the children were taken at our Champion home in 1916)

On the 30th of March, 1917, Clarence Cleone, another boy, was born, and during these years we were prospering financially, as well as enlarging our family. We had bought us an automobile by this time and added three hundred and twenty acres to our homestead. All we had to do to get a wonderful crop was to plow the sod, plant the seed and the sunshine and rain did the rest until harvest time. The grass grew plentifully. Fire guards were plowed on each side of the railroad, the wagon road, and around the houses and hay stacks.

Most of our neighbors were German people--Foth, Diemert, Buyengessner, Hanna, Hanover, Dunken, Daub, Coals, Fields, Clements, Sullivan, Smith, Peterson, Carnish, Pusey, Pierson, Sommers, and others, and they were good neighbors, most of them belonging to the Catholic Church.

By this time there were many large threshing machine outfits about and I had been cooking for threshing crews every year until we had four babies. One year we threshed all winter. I had been cooking for seventy-two days and it was the day before Christmas when I left to go home to my children. It had been so cold that I had been wearing big wool sox and overshoes and wraps all day.

My husband finished the cooking job and they threshed all spring. We were making lots of money but were too busy to enjoy it. We had plenty of livestock in the way of horses, cows, sheep and hogs.

Our children were growing up and we began to realize the need for better schools and advantages. Our desires moved us to sell and go to Cardston. We bought a home there from Hugh B. Brown. I commenced working on the Stake

Primary Board as chorister and play leader and enjoyed this calling very much. Later I was chosen as First Counselor in the same work.

In 1919, we purchased a large stock ranch at Kimball and lived there, but I kept on with my Stake duties and went on a ten day mission to the Northern Wards as far north as Calgary in a company of ten, with President Wood.

President Wood was a great spiritual man and believed in making use of every minute, either in worship or study, and could get along very well on only three hours sleep in every twenty-four. We traveled by automobile and held meetings in every Ward and sometimes stopped on the road for meetings. At one time I remember, while resting and taking lunch on the banks of a river, that President Wood suggested that we all kneel down in prayer. The ants crawled all over me, so I wasn't much in the mood of prayer or at least was glad when the prayer ended. We returned home in safety and rejoiced in the strength our testimonies had gained for the trip had certainly been a spiritual feast. President Wood called on me to speak in a Stake Priesthood meeting in Cardston after our return. Fifteen hundred people attended the meeting. It was a wonderful meeting with a wonderful spirit. Wherever President Wood was, you could feel that wonderful spirit.

We moved back to Cardston that fall, and on May 29, 1921, my last baby was born, and we named him Sargent LaMar. We lived on our farm in the summer and in Cardston for school in the winter.

I believe it was in the fall of 1922 we traded our property in Cardston for a farm home in Hillspring, a small town on the Church Ranch about twenty-two miles north west of Cardston. I had to resign my office in the Stake Primary. Our money was dwindling very rapidly and we had been backing up or trading to try and keep some of our earnings. The climate was changing and weeds were infesting the land and either frost or drought had been taking our crops. We were living three and a half miles from Hillspring, school and church. I was set apart as President of the Primary in Hillspring and labored in that position with about one hundred and twenty children enrolled, until February of 1927. It was then that we sold out and came back to the United States with all of our children, four boys and three girls.

We had moved twenty times in our married life and had learned what it is to pioneer in that northern country. During the twenty years in Canada, I seen the frost on the window panes an inch thick for as long as a month at a time and was unable to see out the window. The ground would freeze down five and six feet so hard that it would split open into wide cracks, then a chinook wind would come and thaw until the melted snow would run into the cracked ground. The summers were lovely, but only lasted about three months. I had cooked for large crews of working men on the Church ranch, as well as while living in Champion. I had played the piano at dances and sang in choirs wherever I lived.

During the years of 1913 and 14, there were so many mosquitoes we could hardly live. We could hardly tell the color of a horse for mosquitoes. The snows of winter always came with a wind and went with a wind. I became so discouraged and homesick for the United States that I couldn't speak or look at anyone without crying. Something was always urging me back to this country. I

believe that even if it had meant walking, I would have come.

There isn't better people living anywhere than the ones we left. They know what privation is and are humble and faithful in the Gospel. They gave us a farewell that will always be remembered.

The hardest to leave was President Wood and the Temple. He had been to our home on the prairies in the coldest weather, had rode with us and our children over the frozen roads of snow in a box nailed on two sled runners that we had used for traveling to and from our little Branch gatherings. He had gone home with us in the cold to a cold house and was just like one of the family. He always put our family up as an example to the people and as he stood in the Temple with his arms around our little girls as they sang a duet at the dedication, he reminded me of the Savior. I wish it were possible that he could speak at my funeral.

We came to Idaho in 1927, rented a farm on Egin Bench for two years and it seemed that we were in the Garden of Eden compared to the years spent on the prairies of Alberta, Canada. We drifted to Twin Falls for four months, trying to settle on a place we could buy, but gave up that idea and went to Brigham City, Utah. There was work for us all and good schools. We have never been sorry we stopped here and bought a home.

Since being in Brigham City, I have assisted in the maintenance of our home by nursing both in the Hospital and in the homes, helping to bring into the world approximately one hundred babies and doing other nursing in the Pierce Hospital. Through the war I worked as Ward Attendant at the Bushnell Hospital and saw some terrible scenes that war can do to the human body. (WW2)



RELIEF SOCIETY STAKE BOARD 1937  
At far right in back row is Priscilla  
in her calling as Stake Relief Society Chorister.



ETHER "J" RICE



CLARENCE CLEONE RICE



SARGENT LaMAR RICE





This family group picture was taken shortly after the three boys, E. J.,  
Clarence and Sargent, returned from the War.

L. to R., Back Row: Sargent LaMar Rice, Ether J. Rice, Elaine (Rice) Gibb,  
Clarence Cleone Rice, David Eldon Rice

Front Row: Alberta (Rice) Petersen, Mother Rice, Father Rice, Isla (Rice) Smith



In 1952, the family gathered in Salt Lake City for a Reunion at Liberty Park where the group picture, that follows, was taken.



L. to R., Lower Front: Donna Rice with daughter LaRene, Arlan Gibb, Darwin Rice, Gary Petersen, Marvin Rice, Annette Smith, Linda Rice, Kathleen Rice, Jessie Gibb, Alonna Rice, Maryl Rice, Leon Gibb  
Middle Row, standing: Eldon Rice, Zelda Rice, Isla Smith, Carol Petersen, Donna Rice, David A. Rice, Priscilla Rice, Ethelynn Smith, Twylla Gibb, Alberta Petersen, Zalia Rice.  
Back Row: Ralph Smith, David "J" Gibb, Vern Peterson, holding up son, Ronnie, Elaine Gibb, Sargent Rice, Clarence Rice, David "R" Gibb.

I was called to be chorister in the 4th Ward Relief Society in the fall of 1932. I have conducted the Singing Mothers and Women's Chorus in funerals and different meetings, and was also voted in as organist in the Daughter's of the Pioneers Locust Camp for five years. I worked in the Genealogical Society of the 4th Ward, and on the Relief Society Stake Board as chorister. In this capacity I conducted the Singing Mothers twice in the Logan Temple and over the Radio.

We liked living in Brigham City. Our children are a blessing to us. I have often said that I would wish for seven more. We are not blessed financially, but are all united as a family and in the Gospel.

As I grow older, I am trying to slow down as the Doctor and my body tells me I must do, but I find it very hard to do as I love life and activity. My spirit still wants to keep up.

We passed through some sorrow June 10, when our boy, E. J., was killed in an automobile accident. He was a wonderful boy; so worthy to be called as a missionary on the other side. <sup>2</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

Mother stopped writing her history at the time of her son's death in 1948. Her age was then 64 years. She lived sixteen years longer so there is much to say to fill in this gap. The two stories of my parents were their own, with only a few revisions to make the script read more smoothly, but not changing the contents.

Two more moves were made before mother lost father in 1956. They sold their home in Brigham City in 1950 to be near their daughter, Isla Smith, in Salt Lake City. Mother devoted much time to dressing up their nice adobe brick home. Though it had been built many years before, it was comfortable and much to her liking. She found time to make quilts and crochet many fancy pieces and other articles of hand work. Father and Mother had worked in the Temples at Cardston, Logan and Salt Lake, whenever they could.

In 1956, they felt that spending their later years in California might be better for them. Their plans were to live near their son, Sargent and his family in Rosemead, but that same year father died and mother came back to Utah.

To know my father was to love him. He was not one who seeks to down-beat anyone, thinking to satisfy a superficial egotism. He trusted others and was honest in his dealings. He was a sincere, plain-spoken man, knowing that the Lord is knocking at the door of the hearts of all men, and that if they will only leave the latch string on the outside, He will come in and bring peace to their souls.

I have been sick and father's hand, though rough with toil, was the most soothing medicine ever placed on my forehead. I have done wrong and father's look of disappointment was the biggest punishment he could have given me. I have done well and his look of praise was the highest pay I have ever received for any effort.

I have a famous father,  
 And the shield that he wore was bright.  
 He stood to the sternest trials,  
 As only a brave man might.

I have a famous father,  
 His honor is mine to wear.  
 He gave me a name that was free from shame,  
 A name he was proud to bear.

My mother was a tranquil, even-tempered woman of quiet wisdom, who, in a gentle but efficient way, managed her household. She lived by a golden rule:--'By expecting goodness, one has already gone quite a long way toward getting it.'

Her children were drawn closely to her by the genuineness of her affection. She was not altogether demonstrative, but we felt of her love, her depth of understanding sympathy and the warmth of her regard. This love of family reached out to a love of all people and this explains the readiness of her abiding service to family, friends and Church. One could quickly detect a deliberateness and personal dignity about her, and feel a little in awe in her presence. We loved to be near her.

From the beginning and all through my growing-up years, the love of my parents was the anchor to bring me upon a level and keep me straight. It was my defense against temptations. Of all the blessings that mother and father gave to their children, I have come to realize that one stands out above the rest--we felt the power of the Priesthood through father's appointment as an 'Elder in Israel' as it was manifest in our home.

Mother and father saw three of their sons called to serve in the Military during the Second World War and their prayers were answered in their safe return.

Three years later, the family mourned the loss of Ether J., who was suddenly snatched away June 10, 1948, in a head-on collision that he had been helpless to avoid. Mother expressed the depth of her sorrow when she wrote these words:

"Count the joys that this mother won  
 In giving the world such a goodly son.

Think of the sorrow this ending brought,  
 When a mother and son had to part."

He was such a promising son. He was to leave the next day for the University of Colorado to start his studies toward a Doctor's Degree in Education. He left a beautiful wife and a darling baby daughter.

Eight years later, after father died, mother spent some time with Clarence and his wife, Donna, in Clearfield, Utah, and one winter at Elaine's in the State of Washington. Returning to Salt Lake she rented an apartment.



David Augustus  
Rice



Hannah Priscilla  
Parkinson



David Eldon  
Rice



Zelda Sarah  
Burnside



(2) Ida "D"  
Mendenhall



(3) Delsa  
Fannin



Venis Elaine  
Rice



David "J"  
Gibb



(2) Charles Edgar  
Kimzey



Isla Jane  
Rice



Ralph Ernest  
Smith



(2) Perry Charles  
Gillette



Alberta  
Rice



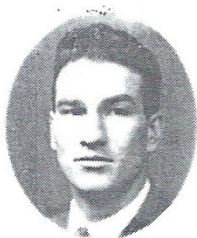
Vern  
Petersen



Ether "J"  
Rice



Zalia  
Johnson



Clarence Cleone  
Rice



MaDonna Dott  
Samuelson



Sargent LaMar  
Rice



Priscilla  
Gudmundson



(2) Shirley  
Schulthess



While living in Salt Lake, she married the widower of her Aunt Caroline (Parkinson) Anderson, Sidney Anderson, of Salt Lake City. Mother and Uncle Sid were a very devoted couple for the time still allotted to them. Uncle Sid preceded her in death. After a stroke, and getting the care Mother needed in a Nursing Home, she passed away on January 18, 1964, just eight days prior to her eightieth birthday.

Shown here is Uncle Sid and mother at their apartment in Salt Lake City, taken in 1961.

The portraits shown on the previous pages have their listing from the family record, as follows below:

1. David Eldon Rice, b. Oct. 10, 1906, Parker, Fremont, Idaho; md. (1) Dec. 24, 1930, Zelda Sarah Burnside; md. (2) Oct. 2, 1961, Ida "D" Mendenhall; died Dec. 26, 1984
2. Venis Elaine Rice, b. June 4, 1908, Claresholm, Alberta, Canada; md. (1) Sept. 28, 1932, David "J" Gibb; md. (2) Dec. 26, 1969, Charles Edgar Kimzey
3. Isla Jane Rice, b. June 24, 1910, Champion, Alberta Canada; md. (1) Mar. 19, 1936, Ralph Ernest Smith; md. (2) Dec. 13, 1980, Perry Charles Gillette
4. Alberta Rice, b. Mar. 8, 1914, Carmangay, Alberta, Canada; md. Nov. 22, 1939, Vern Petersen
5. Ether "J" Rice, b. Aug. 20, 1915, Champion, Alberta, Canada; md. Dec. 21, 1945, Zalia Johnson; died June 19, 1948
6. Clarence Cleone Rice, b. Mar. 30, 1917; md. Oct. 7, 1942, MaDonna Dott Samuelson; died Oct. 13, 1984
7. Sargent LaMar Rice, b. May 29, 1921, Cardston, Alberta, Canada; md. (1) Sept 4, 1942, Priscilla Gundmundson; md. (2) Apr. 23, 1955, Shirley Schulthess<sup>3</sup>

1. #197
2. #203
3. #170, p. (1-9)