

# Jesse Noah Rowley

## Documents relating to the life of My Grandpa, Jesse Noah Rowley

Compiled 2002 - by a grand daughter, April K R Coleman

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## The Life Story of Jesse Noah Thomas Rowley An Autobiography

[I have a hand written copy in Jesse's writing of this story-  
written April 2, 1955, 566 S Olive D., Mesa, Arizona -  
This is a little bit different format - no paragraphing. -  
This version has additions for Jan 1956 - akrc]

I was born February 18, 1874, in Nephi, Juab County, Utah. My father was **John Rowley**; my mother was **Mary Ann Gadd Rowley**.

My first recollections were of living on a homestead north-east of the city of Nephi. I grew up along with the rest of the children and being the second son, I was closely associated with my older brother, John S Rowley who was about four or seven years older than I. I went with him into the woods for wood and posts. On one occasion, father was making a ditch to carry water to the farm. When the ditch was completed and he turned the water into it, the ground sank about 18 inches so that he had to begin again and dig a ditch in higher ground. In the lower ground where the first ditch was, one of the horses suddenly dropped into a hole when the ground sank under him. I helped put a chain around the horses body, then by hitching a team to the chain, he was pulled out. Even now, I can almost see the marks of the chain on the horse's backbone. After the ditch was completed, the ground was irrigated and plowed and alfalfa planted. By this time, I was large enough to ride the mowing machine day after day, cutting hay.

We had quite a tumble one day while hauling hay. About six of us boys and girls were riding on a load when it fell off the wagon, and some of us went under the hay. Later as we were finishing a large stack of hay, I climbed the ladder to get on top in order to stack the hay, but at the top of the ladder was a large swarm of flying ants, so I couldn't get up.

We had a large sled that we hitched a team to, to go sleigh riding. One day, after a snow storm, John and I went with it into the hills for some wood. While we were there, the sun came out and melted the snow so much that when we came back, we had dry ground or mud to pull the load through, so we were late getting back that cold night.

Another day, we went up on the mountain known as Plaster Hill to get a load of gypsum rock to make plaster of paris. When we came down the road was wet. The head wheels being rough-locked with a chain, it made the road rough. When we came down the next time, it was frozen hard and rough. One big rock bounced off the wagon and hit one of the horses as he slid down the hill trying to hold the wagon back. It was a rough ride for me.

I had another rough ride when Heber and I went up to take food to the men working in the hills. We were riding colts that were just half broke. Just before we got to camp, the horse I was riding got scared and jumped, and off I went with the provisions. The men were making and laying pipe to carry the water to the land to be irrigated. From the end of the pipe, it ran about a mile and a half to a reservoir where there was a fish pond. One hard winter all the fish were frozen. This water was added to that which came from the ditch that father built (or dug.)

**Father [John Rowley]** then built a lumber flume to carry the water out onto the top of a 30 foot water wheel which was used to create power to run machinery which he set up to make plaster of paris which in time he shipped to Salt Lake City and other parts, much of it being used in the temples. I went with Father to take a load of plaster of paris to the

Manti Temple when I was too little to "comb my hair before breakfast." I afterwards drove a team for Mother over the same road which went up Salt Creek Canyon. We were taking water-melons over into Sanpete County to sell them in the town of Moroni. One day I was in front of the wagon and some of the town boys came and traded me a pocket knife for melons, while others stole melons from the back of the wagon.

In the course of time, Father [**John Rowley**] attached a cane mill to the water wheel to press out the juice to make molasses. He traded the molasses for about 1000 pounds of ripe peas which he ran through the plaster mill. Then we had cracked peas in abundance to eat. Father also ran a thrashing machine to thrash his wheat. He made other uses of the power also. He had me help him much of the time in the shop and the mill, while my brother John worked mostly with the teams, so that he became known in time as one of the best teamsters in Blanding, Utah.

Well, back to the mill again. With me as helper, Father [**John Rowley**] made a large vat or boiler and set it over the furnace built of adobe in which he cooked a half ton of plaster of paris at a time with scrapers going back and forth across the boiler to stir it while cooking it without any water. It boiled very much like a big batch of gravy and when it was done, we opened the gate and let it run out into an underground bin, then elevated it up into the second story where it went over a sieve and into sacks of 100 pounds each and was stacked up there ready for shipping. Then my brother Heber C Rowley and I would take a team and wagon and load on 20 sacks at a trip and take it and load it on the railroad cars.

When I was 10 years old, Father went on a mission to England. He had his brothers Thomas Rowley run the mill while he was gone. He returned in about one year, at which time the Church was being persecuted because of plural marriage. Therefore, Father was not known in Nephi any more, so Mother and I had to run things.

My two sisters, Zina and Lizzy, would tend the boiler sometimes all night long. At first we fired the burners with wood, then we changed to coal which cost \$4.00 a ton by the carload. Father [**John Rowley**] came home often to see how things were going, and one day while he was away, my Mother [**Mary Ann Gadd Rowley**] was working in the garden and my sister Lizzy was there tending the baby. I was plowing the ground with a team, between the trees of the orchard, when Deputy Marshall McClellan appeared, coming on foot for a distance over the fences to where Mother was. He started to serve papers on Mother and Lizzy. Mother winked at me and I plowed as fast as I could down to where Aunt Ozella and Orissa, two of my Father's wives, were also working in the garden. I told them that the deputy was after them. They, with their sunbonnets in hand, ran across the road into the house just in time to close the door before the deputy got to it. He opened it and went in, but he was too late to find them. He went through the house but did not find them. He then went up on the house and from there he saw a girl up toward the hills. He ran up toward her. She became frightened and ran for her home which was on the edge of town, near where we lived. She told her father that "Old Man Rowley" had been chasing her, so her father came up to see about it and met the deputy at our house. So they had quite a time over it. He told the man that he had reason to believe she was a woman who he had papers for. About that time Lorenzo Zelle's oldest boy came home from town, and the deputy served papers on him and then left.

I, and a number of the kids, came out of our hiding places then, and the women came out and talked with Mother [**Mary Ann Gadd Rowley**] about what to do. Mother told me to drive for them. We went up Salt Creek Canyon about six miles and camped for the night.

They all slept in the wagon, and I slept on the spring seat with the horses eating hay out of the front of the wagon. At day break, we started on and over the divide to Sanpete County, through Manti and on down to Richfield on the Sevier River. We got permission to camp in a vacant house where father [John Rowley] found us the next day. He took me in his one horse buggy that he had been using to keep away from the deputy and drove home where Mother and my sister Lizzy and Lorenzo were to leave for Provo, Utah, at 11 PM to Attend court. But instead of letting Lorenzo go to court, he took him and went back to Richfield. He left Lorenzo and brought the team back home and took me with him up to Salt Lake City, bought two new wagons and returned home and loaded up by night and about daylight, we were about three miles out of town on the way to Arizona.

Father [John Rowley] gave me instructions as to how to take care of things, bid me goodbye, and I walked back to town along the railroad and from there home, where I assisted Mother [Mary Ann Gadd Rowley] in taking care of things, and I ran the mill with the help of the rest of the children. My sister Lizzy was the only one older than me. Mother would sit up nights and make sacks to put the plaster of paris in while we kept the mill running as mentioned heretofore.

It a year or so, Father [John Rowley] returned again, sold the home, got some more horses and wagons and a bunch of cows. He loaded Mother's things in the wagon, and Mother drove one of the teams. Father put a saddle on the fastest horse we had, hung a 44 Winchester rifle on it which he used to keep out of the way of the deputies. I had a saddle and a gun on a Pinto mare which I rode to drive the cows all the way from Nephi to Central, Arizona.

I will go now back and tell some more of the things that happened at home while Father [John Rowley] was in Arizona when he was well on his way south. One day I was across the road that ran between the house and the orchard, where the folks were working in the garden. On that eventful day, through the trees, I saw two men coming up the road from town. They each had a one horse buckboard or a two wheeled cart with a saddle strapped underneath the seat on which the man rode. I ran across the road to get to the house before they did, but they saw me, they put the whip to their horses and came up to the house on a dead run. Mother [Mary Ann Gadd Rowley] met me at the door. They told her they had come to search that "Burg" again. Mother opened the door. They went in and looked around and came out looking like whipped dogs, got on their cart and left without saying goodbye, but we never saw them again. They were prepared this time to chase the women clear into the hills if it got too rough for the carts, they would saddle their horses, leave their carts and go on. They did not mean to be beaten by only women this time.

Back to our trip to Mexico. About the first day out, I was with the cows, but they tell me that while the outfit was stopped at noon, there came two horsemen and asked Mother if they came from Nephi. She said, "We came through Nephi." I suppose that Father had left the camp on his fast horse. Anyway, they did not get him.

So we went on our way. We had all the milk we could use on the way. One day, when we stopped for dinner, we found butter in the milk. The shaking of the wagon had churned the butter. Another day, at noon, I was up in the wagon cleaning my gun, and it went off and shot through two or three sacks of flour, but it did not go through the bottom of the wagon. And Father was under the wagon fixing something.

On one occasion, I went to a fort to get the mail while the outfit went on, and it got dark before I got back on the road. As I went through the timbers, I heard two Indians

coming up the road behind me. It made my hair stand up, but they passed on and passed the camp not too long before I got to it. The next morning there were some of the horses missing, and I had to hunt them. When we got to the Colorado River, we crossed at Lee's Ferry, and one of the cows jumped off the boat into the river. The only place that I remember driving the team was when I pulled the wagons off from the boat and up over what was known as Lee's Backbone and down on the other side onto a good road. We finally reached the Gila River and Father took the other families and went on to Mexico and left me with Mother [**Mary Ann Gadd Rowley**] at Central, Arizona, to help her to care for the children. My brother, John, and Parley Johnson and my two sisters, Jane and Zina, were there, so I went and hauled freight along with Parley Johnson. Through the winter and on into Spring, Father came back from Mexico and took Mother and family to Mexico. I spent my 17<sup>th</sup> birthday sick in a covered wagon by the side of a one room adobe house that Mother lived in. My sister Zina took sick on the way to Mexico and died soon after we arrived there, in camp among the mesquite bushes. So you see our introduction to Old Mexico was not a very pleasant one, but I lived through it, as you will see, if I go on with this history.

The whole family was now in Colonia Diaz, Chihuahua, Mexico, and Father [**John Rowley**] went about building a mill to grind corn meal and whole wheat and flour, and with me to help him most of the time, we built a limestone building, 20 feet by 20 feet. We built a wind mill and put it on top of the building to run the mill. Then he left me to run the mill and he took all the family except Mother [**Mary Ann Gadd Rowley**] and the children and went to Pacheco. I ran the mill a year or two then discarded it and bought a blacksmith shop and went to work in it and made good money. At the age of 22 years, I married Lucy Alvina Norton. We were sealed for time and eternity by Apostle George Teasdale in Diaz, Mexico, where I built a good three room brick house and a large blacksmith shop where I fixed wagons and plows for the Mexicans and the people of the town.

In 1904 I was called on a mission to the city of Mexico City, and I was set apart for that mission by A. W. Ivines. He gave me a starting point to bear testimony to the divinity of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and I found it always opened up[ the way for me. I was on one occasion called "Paul" because of the power of my speech in the Spanish language.

I had spent two years and seven months in the mission. I had charge of the mission while Hyrum Harris, the Mission President, went to South America, and then I was released and returned home and found my wife and children all well. My wife had the heavy end to carry in taking care of the children and things at home. She met me in El Paso, Texas, where she and others also bade me farewell when I took the train for Mexico. Then the next day we took the train to Gurman and by team from there into Diaz and found the folks gathered together to welcome me home.

Here is where I had a hard time getting started with my bare hands to make a living for myself and family. I went down in the river bottom known as Butenvillas Flat. I got a 12 horsepower gasoline engine and pump and set it up on an 80n acre tract of sactine sod which I plowed and planted and at wheat harvest I had more wheat than I had room for, so I hauled about half of it and put it in the bedroom in my house in town. About that time the word came from the Stake President to leave that evening for the USA on account of the rebellion against the government or the approach of the rebs, so in July 1912, we left Mexico and came out across the border at Hachata. So I landed in Tucson bare handed again with my wife and six children to care for.

I got a job blacksmithing at Flowing Wells, \$90.00 a month where I worked 11 months. From there I moved to the Rieito and, having lost my two best horses that I had when I left Mexico, I borrowed a horse and started to work clearing the land. I cleared and leveled and got water to 20 acres of land and planted alfalfa, corn and peach trees. Then one Sunday afternoon, Fred Ronsted hunted me up and offered me 11 head of heifers on time without note or anything. I took them, and aid for them as soon as I could and bought more.

Clarence was born at Flowing Wells and Laura here on this little farm. When she was about one year old, her mother took sick and never did recover, but after a sickness of about two to three years, she died, leaving me with 8 children. However, Vernell was married, so Veda had to help me take care of the children, until the 24<sup>th</sup> of August 1919 when I [**Jesse Rowley**] married **Martha Haws**. Veda and **Martha** soon became good friends, and they took care household affairs while the boys and I took care of the cows and the farm. But my financial troubles were not over with yet. The rainy season came and the river overflowed and came around my adobe house, So we moved out onto higher ground and built a one room frame house with a sleeping porch. It was surrounded with trees, but one hot summer day, it caught fire and burned down. [I remember someone telling me Jesse burned his hands when he went into the burning house too get their money which was hidden over a door way.] So we moved into a one room adobe house that I had built for Vernell when her husband left her. It was quite a walk from there to the corral where we were now milking about 30 cows. Things were going OK and on the low lands I had 10 acres of watermelons ripe and doing fine. Then the river came higher than it had done before and ruined the melons. [Grandma told of seeing their melons floating down the swollen river.]

Veda was married now and living in Mesa, so **Martha** and I [**Jesse Rowley**] went to Mesa and rented a place, went back and sold our cows and a big stack of hay and moved to Mesa. We bought 30 acres of land and turned everything we had on the land and forgot to pay our tithing, Then the real estate man came and told us to move off. I then went to town and leased a blacksmith shop. I did OK. I bought a house and lot and made payments on that, about \$900.00 then the depression came on, and I could not pay the rent on the shop nor the payments on the house, and so down I went again.

Then Edwin and I [**Jesse Rowley**] got a chance to buy some land on South Olive Drive and pay it on the installment plan. I bought a \$10.00 house and moved it out there. We got some baby chicks and the shed burned down and burned them all up. Then, after the chicks all burned up, we bought a team and horses from Christenson and rented some land and went to work and planted 20 acres of wheat. We built a shed and covered it with wheat straw and got some more baby chicks. They grew up and laid eggs in the straw, and in time, we built the adobe brooder house and went on raising chickens and building chicken fences and boys came and stole the chickens and thus it went.

Then one day our sons, Heber and **Var**, were on their way to school on the 7<sup>th</sup> of November, 1933. As they were crossing South Mesa Drive, north of 4<sup>th</sup> Avenue, Heber was struck by a truck. The driver of the truck picked him up and took him to the hospital, and when we got word, we went to the hospital just in time to see him die. Then, when he was buried, things went on about as before, but Var had to go to school alone. In time Edwin and I dug a well, then made adobies [abode bricks] and built a house for Edwin as I and the family were now living in a one room house on lot 29 on South Olive Drive, and in the course of time, we raised more chickens. Then Edwin moved out onto some land on the Beeline

where he took sick and after a long sickness, died. Then we divided up the chickens and his wife, Rose, took her share over to her mother's place. I went on raising chickens until a disease struck them. I sold all those that were left and cleared away the yards and planted the land and went into the dairy business.

A number of cows died, and I also got a hay baler and baled hay for people. I took a cow, on the work, a nice one, and I had extended the corral out where the chickens had died, so in about one week, this new cow lay down there and died. Then I cleaned up the corral and cleansed it, and bought some more cows and did quite well for a while, but I got ill, so that I could not milk, and the boys did not want to, so I closed out. Then I made two apartments out of the brooder house and rented them out. About that time, or before, I had bought 10 acres of land from Frank Anderson and farmed it until they extended the City of Mesa out and took it in. Now, when we quit baling hay, Ervin took Mother and me up to Utah for a trip.

We went to Roosevelt, Utah, where Clarence lived. We had a good time and in a few days after, we came back. Ervin left again and never came back. He worked a few days in Roosevelt, then he went up into Wyoming and got a job on a dam where they used a derrick to lift the materials up on the top of the dam. When a lead went up, he would go up with it to unload it, but they put on a heavy load and when they started to lift it up, the cable pulled out and dropped the boom on him. Then they took him to the nearest hospital, But he died before they got there. Then Clarence went up and got him and brought him home. We buried him by the other two boys, Heber and Edwin.

Then, in a year or so, I bought three headstones and set them there. Edwin's wife paid some on his headstone, and then I bought a half of a lot for Martha and I when the time comes for us to go up there. Having thus prepared for the future, we decided to take a vacation. So we got some camp cots and loaded our bedding and cots in the car and provisions for three days. We went down the river and went to bed, but when the clouds began to gather, we moved camp to higher ground. Then the next morning we went down to the river to where they were building a bridge for the MacDowell Road to cross the river. From there we went to Granite Reef Dam and spent two nights there and enjoyed ourselves. Then we returned home and no one knew we had been gone. So much for 1955.

Now January 1956. Elda, who lives in Phoenix, was operated on for appendicitis, so Martha and I went over to care for her and the two boys for about two days, then came as usual to home.

On January 27, Narvel, who also lives in Phoenix came over in his shiny new station wagon and we got in and started for Las Angeles to see the temple before it was closed to the public. He drove until 10 PM, then he found a place in which to stop for the night. We started early the next morning and drove into L.A. and to the temple where we had to stand in line about 30 minutes. Then they gave us a guide to show us through that beautiful building. After we got through, we went down to the coast, the first time I ever saw the ocean. It was wonderful to see those great waves come in, and we went north about ten miles then turned back through the city and visited Belva, Veda's daughter; then on south until dark and stopped at a motel until morning. We left about daylight and traveled along where we could see the waves roll in and beat against the sand. About 8 AM we stopped and went about 25 yards down to the water's edge. As we were picking up sea shells, the tide came in and Martha, my wife, had to run to keep out of the water.

From there we went down and crossed the boarder line into Mexico in the city of Tiajuna. This city is a pleasant resort. Among other things, they have a place where we got into a big basket and went up 200 feet high where we could see all over the city and part of the ocean. We spent some time looking around, but Mother had a cramp so we did not stay very long. She was quite ill all the way home where we arrived about 10 PM.

We had good dry roads all the way, though there had been terrible floods all along the coast that had done much damage.

This is February and we got word from Robert that he cannot come home as he had been expecting, so we are just at home, as usual.

"The Life Story of Jesse Noah Thomas Rowley An Autobiography," Jesse N Rowley

**Genealogy of Jesse N Rowley**  
**Genealogy Survey of LDS Church 1924-1929**  
**In his own Handwriting**

Page 320-323

Genealogy of **Jesse N Rowley**

Date of birth **Feb 18, 1874**

Place of birth **Nephi, Juab County, Utah**

Home Address **Tucson, Arizona, R.F.D. No2 Box 33?**

Your Father's name in full **John Rowley**

Date of birth **July 14, 1841**

Place of birth **Worcestershire, Eng.**

Your Mother's name in full **Mary Ann Gadd**

Date of birth **Sept 6, 1849** [note this is 1848 on the 2<sup>nd</sup> half of this page.]

Place of birth **Orwell, Cambridge, Eng.**

Her Father's name in full **Gadd**

Give the names of your ancestors on your father's side in a direct line...

1. **J. N. Rowley** Born Feb 18, 1874  
married 25 May 1896 to Lucy Alvina Norton Born, May 1, 18\_\_
2. **John Rowley** Born July 14, 1841  
married 10 Sept 1864 to Mary Ann Gadd Born Sept 6, 1848
3. **William Rowley** Born about 1785  
married to Ann Jewell born 5 Dec 1807
4. **William Rowley** Born about 1760 Cradley, Hereford, Eng

If you are married, give the full Christian name of your Husband/Wife **Lucy Alvina Norton**

His/Her father's name, in full **Jacob Wesley Norton**

His/Her mother's maiden name, in full **Lucy Jane Marble**

Give full date of your marriage **May 25, 1896**

Place of marriage **Diaz, Chihuahua, Mexico**

Give names of your children in order of birth with complete dates of birth and place; also death of those who may have died.

Emily Vernell Rowley	21 Sept 1897	Diaz, Mex.
Edwin Jesse "	12 July 1899	" "
Allen "	10 May 1901	" "
Veda Alvina "	30 Nov 1903	" "
Loretta ___uley "	18 June 1908	" "
Cecil Jane "	24 Feb 1910	" "
Clarance Marion "	12 Dec 1913	Jaynes, Pima Co, Ariz.
Lora Ann "	23 Oct	Binghamton [Tucson, Arizona]

Give here your biography, the prominent facts in your life, your occupation, etc.

I went on a mission to Mexico City in May 1904 where I spent 2 years and 4 months. And in 1913 was driven out from the Colonies with the rest of the Saints.

[I think this is part of Edwin's Genealogy Record] Page 319

Give here your biography, the prominent facts in your life, your occupation, etc.

Edwin J Rowley - Born in Colonia Diaz, Chihuahua, Mexico on July 12, 1899. Lived on the farm near and in Diaz until July 28, 1912 when the Mexican Mormon Colonies were ordered by church authorities to go to the United States on account of the \_\_\_\_ of rebel forces against the government and the stealing from and killing white people.

Lived in Hatchita, New Mexico for about one month. Settled at Tucson, Arizona, Aug 28 1912. Went to school and passed grade school at the age of seventeen. Attended High School at Thatcher, Ariz. In 1916-17. Attended High School at Blanding, Utah in 1921-22 at Moroni, Utah in 1922-23. Graduated at Moroni 1923.

Attended College at B.Y.U. at Provo in 1923-24.

Trapped in Utah and Colorado in 1924-25. Got married and settled in Mesa, Arizona on the farm in 1926-27.

"Written by Jesse Noah Thomas Rowley"

July 1960

Important Event, takes me back to Nephi, Utah where I was born Feb 18, 1874. I was fourteen and had the responsibility of managing a plaster paris business, shipping it to Salt Lake City by car load lots, which I continued to do while my father came to Arizona. The first time by team took 30 days down and 30 days back. Then he sold our home in Nephi and I came down with him in 1890. I had the responsibility of driving about 15 head of cows all the way. One day we past near by Fort Apache, so while my father was going on with the wagons and cows I went to the fort and got the mail, late in the afternoon. So in the evening

about dark as I was on the way to catch the wagons, two Indians came up behind me and my hair stood on end, but they pasted me by and about an hour later I reached camp, so much for the journey to Arizona. My trip to Arizona landed me at Thatcher on the Gila River.

My first mission was a Y.M.M.I.A. Mission in Diaz, Chihuahua, Mexico about 1902 and to Mexico D.F. 15 of May 1904. I was set apart by President A.W. Ivens. I went to the City of Mexico where I labored 2 years and 7 months, while there I had some very interesting experiences. I met A O Woodruff, son of President Woodruff. We walked from one town to another in the District of Ozumba where I stayed for the night, while A O Woodruff and wife went to mission headquarters in Mexico City. On the next day I, with other missionaries went through the city on the way to our field of labor. A O Woodruff's wife had come down with smallpox, we went in and administered to her, she had a hot fever. The next day we Elders went on to the City of Toluca, the next day we got word that Sister Woodruff was dead, and wanted Elder Lorenzo Taylor to go back home with the body. By the time they got to EL Paso, Texas, A O Woodruff had died, too, of smallpox.

I was still in the mission in Mexico where they appointed me to oversee the mission while Hiram Harris took a trip to South America on church business. One person whom I met in the mission was Arvil L Pearse, our late President of the Arizona Temple. He was released to return home because of the poor health of his father. SO many missionaries went and returned while I was in the Mexico Mission. Bert Whittion was also in the mission, he helped much with the singing of the hymns in the Spanish language. Jim Mabin, a good Spanish speaker, I also met here in Mesa a few years ago when I was running the T F Burns Blacksmith Shop on south Robson St. He had me fit and cork horse shoes for him for large government mules. This will do for my personal accounts.

July 1960 Mesa, Arizona J.N. Rowley.

Name: **Jesse Noah Thomas Rowley**  
 Father: **John Rowley**  
 Mother: **Mary Ann Gadd**  
 Born: **18 Feb 1874**  
 Where: **Nephi, Utah**  
 When Blessed: **26 Feb 1874**  
 By Whom: **John Rowley**  
 When Baptized: **26 Feb 1882**  
 Where: **Nephi, Utah**  
 Baptized By: **John Rowley**  
 When Confirmed: **2 March 1882**  
 By Whom **John Rowley**  
 Priesthood Ordinations

Endowed: **Salt Lake Temple**  
 Date: **8 Oct 1919**  
 Sealed: "  
 To Whom: **Martha Haws**  
 Patriarchal Blessing: **Henry Lunt**  
 Mission: **Mexico D.F.**  
 Date: **15 May 1904**  
 Returned: **26 Dec 1906**  
 Special Appointments **Y.M.M.I.A.**  
**Mission in Mexico at Colonia Diaz,**  
**1902**

Office:	<b>Deacon</b>	Date: <b>1891</b>
By Whom	<b>John Rowley</b>	
Office	<b>Teacher</b>	Date <b>1892</b>
By Whom	<b>John Rowley</b>	
Office	<b>Seventy</b>	Date <b>2 Dec 1895</b>
By Whom	<b>Evens Stevens</b>	
Office	<b>Bishop's Councilor</b>	Date <b>1943</b>
Office	<b>Elder</b>	

By **At Temple**  
 Married to **Martha Haws**  
 Where Married **Tucson, Arizona**

Date **1934**  
 Date **24 Aug 1919**

By **H. E. Farr**

**Personal Record Form filled out by Jesse N Rowley - July 1960**

Name in full **Jesse Noah Thomas Rowley**

Father's Name **John Rowley**

Mother's Name **Mary Ann Gadd**

When Born **18 Feb 1874**

Where Born **Nephi, Utah**

When Blessed **26 Feb 1874**

By Whom **John Rowley**

When Baptized **26 Feb 1882**

Where Baptized **Nephi, Utah**

Baptized By **John Rowley**

When Confirmed **2 March 1882**

By Whom **John Rowley**

Priesthood Ordinations

Office **Deacon**

By Whom **John Rowley**

Date **1891**

Office **Teacher**

By Whom **John Rowley**

Date **1892**

Office **Elder**

By Whom **At Temple**

Date **1934**

Office **Seventy**

By Whom **Evans Stevens**

Date **2 Dec 1895**

Office **Bishop's Councilor**

By Whom

Date

Married to **Martha Haws**

Date **24 Aug 1919**

Where Married **Tucson, Arizona**

By **H. E. Farr**

Where Endowed **Salt Lake Temple**

Date **8 Oct 1919**

Where Sealed **Salt Lake Temple**

Date **8 Oct 1919**

To Whom **Martha Haws**

Patriarchal Blessing by **Henry Lunt**

Date

Departed for mission to **Mexico D.F.**

Date **15 May 1904**

When Returned **26 Dec 1906**

Special Appointments **Y.M.M.I.A. Mission in Mexico at Colonia Diaz, 1902**

Where Died **I am not dead yet.**

Date **July 1960**

**Jesse Noah Rowley**

**Records of Members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints**

**Diaz Ward Records - 1886-1907 - Film #035126**

Name	Father	Mother	Birth
	Blessings	1 <sup>st</sup> Baptism	1 <sup>st</sup> Conformation
Jesse Noah Rowley	John Rowley	Mary Ann Gadd	18 Feb 1874 Nephi, Joab, Utah
		2 Mar 1882 - John Rowley	2 Mar 1882 - John Rowley
Lucy Alvina Norton	J W Norton	Lucy J Marble	1 May 1874
		1882 A M Holden	
Emily Vernell Rowley	Jesse N Rowley	Lucy A Norton	21 Sept 1897 Dist Gaalian, Chich, Mex
	2 Nov 1892 Chas Whiting	21 Sept 1901 A Andrews	1 Oct 1901 W W Johnma...
Edwin Jesse Rowley	"	"	2 July 1899 Dist Gaalian, Chich, Mex
	2 Aug 1899 A C Johnson	12 July 1907 A C Johnson	4 Aug 1907 Jesse N Rowley
Allen Rowley	"	"	



The Rowley and Haws families were in The Mexican Colonies  
The following describe parts of the experience  
*Excerpts from*  
**No Time for Tears**

This story experienced and written by Lily Norton Scott Hortnagl  
[The Norton family on Mexico. **Jesse Rowley** married Lucy Avina Norton.]

When I saw the big freight wagon with the heavy canvas stretched over the bows and the big mules feeding in the corral, I knew my sister [Rosetta] and her family had come. When my sister married, they moved to Colonia Oaxaca, Sonora, Mexico, about one hundred miles from Colonia Diaz, Chihuahua, Mexico, where we lived. When her husband came over to get freight, she came along to pay Mother a visit. They stayed only a few days, but it satisfied that longing for mother and home.

[Rosetta asked if her sister Lily could go back with her, and her four children to help while she had her fifth.] ...I collected my clothes and few belongings and packed them in a small chest that was made from a dry goods box. I highly prized it as it was a gift from my father. ...we donned our sun bonnets and climbed into the wagon. ...I could see my home with its tall chimney and adobe walls. How fresh and clean the inside had looked with the newly white washed walls from the lime my father had made just before he died. There were tall cotton wood trees around the outside of the two acre lot: a nice garden of vegetables, chickens and cows.

It was in July 1906, hot and dry. Frank had two freight wagons, one a trailer. He was driving six big mules. There was a yearling colt that had been given to Joseph, the oldest child, and he felt very grownup as he trotted along beside of the wagon. When he was tired riding Gray, he would tie him to the back of the wagon and climb in the wagon. On our way Frank had to load up at the flour mill. My brother John was a miller and was located by a big stream of water about six miles out of town. I loved to watch the flour as it fell in the big bins, after it was separated from the bran and shorts that fell in other bins. They packed the sacks of flour in the bottom of the two freight wagons, and we rearranged the bedding and camping equipment on top, making it as comfortable as possible. The best was not so pleasant in traveling such a distance.

The big barrels on either side were filled with fresh water. The watering places were so far apart, we had to supply water for the mules and for camping purposes.

"Take a run in to see Mother," I called as we bade them adieu and were on our way over the vast prairie.

At noon the sun beat down very hot. We unhitched the mules for a couple of hours and gave them each a bucket of water...

**Excerpts from**  
The Life Story of Mary Ann Gadd Rowley  
By Jesse Noah Thomas Rowley

*"Father [John Rowley] died in Pacheco & I was on my way out on the desert to cut wild hay when Mother sent for me to come & take her to the funeral. We drove all night & the next day at Juarez we got a fresh team from George Haws to go on up to the burial. When we were ready to return, Aunt Ozella gave me Father's watch & his family record."*

*"We traded the old rock house (the mill) for a house in town where Mother lived and raised chickens and made butter. When she got a few dozen eggs and some butter ready, she would walk to the store & trade them for other things she needed."*

*"While Mother [Mary Ann Gadd Rowley] was living in Diaz, Aunt Ozella's oldest daughter, Emma Sylvania, lived with her & went to school. This showed that there was peace & harmony in the families. Mother lived in peace in Diaz until the exodus from Mexico. Then she went to Blanding to live in 1912."*

*...One time my [Jesse N Rowley] brother Samuel had typhoid fever. Charles Fillerup and I administered to him, & Bro Fillerup promised him that he would walk again. The next day he did get up and walk, then a few hours later, he died." [3 Apr 1897] Colonia Diaz, Mexico*

*"We traded the old rock house (the mill) for a house in town where Mother [Mary Ann Gadd Rowley] lived and raised chickens and made butter. When she got a few dozen eggs and some butter ready, she would walk to the store & trade them for other things she needed."*

*"Mother [Mary Ann Gadd Rowley] lived in peace in Diaz until the exodus from Mexico. Then she went to Blanding to live in 1912."*

**"History of Mary Ann Gadd Rowley" Excerpts**  
by daughter Mary Luella Rowley Laws

*Samuel Gadd "heard and received the message of Mormonism. He decided to immigrate to Utah. Mary Ann was seven...when they left Eng. Although her mother had not joined the church, her father and the three oldest children had, and rather than separate the family, her mother decided to come to America with them.*

*Samuel & Eliza Gadd -"They left Liverpool, 4 May 1856, on the ship 'Thornton' and, after 6 weeks on the ocean, arrived at New York, 14 June 1856."*

*Samuel & Eliza Gadd -"They left Liverpool, 4 May 1856, NYC, USA on the ship 'Thornton'and, after 6 weeks on the ocean, arrived at New York, 14 June 1856."*

*1856 July 15 Samuel & Eliza Chapman Gadd & family of 9: ages: twins not yet 2, 5, 7, 10, 12, 14, 17, & the oldest turned 19 today. Most of the children had a birthday on the trail.*

*"...left Iowa City ...in Captain Willies Handcart Co. for the long trek across the plains. Mary Ann passed her 8<sup>th</sup> birthday on the Platt River. The company expected to reach Salt Lake before winter set in but it came much earlier than usual & was very severe. Many hardships were endured.*

*Rowley & Gadd - "**Mary Ann**, with rags covering her feet, led her snow blind mother for three days as she pulled the handcart. During this time she carried an ox hoof & at each camp she would roast it & eat the part that was roasted. This was all she had to eat during those three days."*

*1856 Oct 4 "**Mary Ann [Gadd]**, with rags covering her feet, led her snow blind mother for three days as she pulled the handcart. During this time she carried an ox hoof & at each camp she would roast it & eat the part that was roasted. This was all she had to eat during those three days.*

*"On Oct 4, 1856 her brother Daniel, age 2 died, when they were 6 miles from Cassa, Platt, Wyoming. Her father and two of her brothers died during the trip to Utah. Her father contracted a cold while on guard duty at Iowa City & was never completely recovered. The lack of proper food & the constant walking & pulling of the handcart made him so ill he was placed in a wagon; when his family next saw him, he was dead. He and one [of his sons] were 2 of 13 who were buried in one grave.*

***Eliza Chapman Gadd** "was set apart as a midwife. She was very capable and willing to do the work. She would take care of a delivery & care for the mother & baby during the time the mother was in bed for the small amount of \$2 or if they did not have money, she would gladly take whatever they could give. On one occasion, ...after her last call ...the father [of the baby] said, 'Well, **Sis Gadd**, I don't know when I will ever be able to pay you for your services.' [Eliza] turned to the table, on which was lying 2 eggs, picked one up & said, 'I'll take this egg for my breakfast & consider it paid.' She brought a total of 2,00 babies into the world in 35 years..."*

*"In 1893, her [**Mary Ann Gadd Rowley**] husband died leaving her with a large family to raise. The youngest was 5... Thru her hard work & faith in God, they were able to live & prosper. Although she was not set apart as a mid-wife, she brought many babies into this world. ...Her own children seemed to think a baby couldn't be born with out Mother Rowley."*

*"The little town of [Colonia] Diaz grew & prospered. In a comfortable home, amid beautiful surroundings, she was happy with her children about her. ...She worked as a Relief Society teacher. ...always willing & on hand in sickness & trouble.*

*"In July 1912, she with the rest of the saints, was driven from their homes by Mexican bandits. **Mary Ann**, in company with some of her children, returned to Utah.*

*"She lived in Provo for a few years & then went to Blanding, San Juan, Utah. ...In May 1924, she returned to Provo to visit some of her children. Here, her health failed her & at age 76, she died of cancer of the liver..."*

*...In May 1924, she returned to Provo to visit some of her children. Here, her health failed her & at age 76, she died of cancer of the liver..."*

## ***AUTOBIOGRAPHY of Ann Jewell Rowley - Excerpts***

*The sea voyage took 6 weeks and several deaths occurred and once the ship was in a calm and the Saints fasted and prayed and the Lord showed forth his power in our behalf. He also came to our deliverance in a terrible storm, when the ship caught fire and we called on Him for our preservation. Food was at a premium. One week was so stormy, the ship was driven back 500 miles. Six weeks was a long time to live aboard ship, in cramped quarters. However, our Captain didn't ill treat us, but he was a very cruel man and we were many times pained by witnessing his abuse to his crew. In a way, this experience strengthened us for our more severe trials ahead.*

### ***"History of Samuel Gadd," Excerpts by granddaughter, Mable Gadd Kirk***

*"In 1855, Pres Brigham Young sent a communication to Pres Franklin D Richards of the British Mission urging the Saints to emigrate to the United States and travel to Iowa City by train where hand carts would be provided to carry provisions and clothing... The Saints... were to walk and push their handcars. Wagons were to be furnished to haul the aged, the infirm and those who were unable to walk. A few good cows would be sent along to furnish milk and some beef cattle for the people to kill along the way. He urged them to gird up their loins and come while the way was open. This was published in the Millennial Star on Feb 23, 1856, and when grandfather [**Samuel Gadd**] received this message, he felt the urge to join the Saints in the Valleys of the Mountains."*

*"Grand mother had not joined the church, but she decided to come rather have her family separated, and they sailed from Liverpool May 4, 1856 on the ship Thornton with 764 Saints on board. They were six weeks on the water and arrived at Iowa City, Iowa, June 26, 1856. While in Iowa City Grandfather [**Samuel Gadd**] worked with others getting their carts and tents made and supplies bought. And it was late in the season before they were ready to start. He also served as a guard at Iowa City and helped in every way possible to get ready for the journey.*

*"The first few companies who left arrived in Salt Lake safely and had fewer deaths and made better time than those who traveled with ox teams, but Grandfather's [**Samuel Gadd**] family did not leave Iowa City until July 15, 1856 under the direction of James G Willey."*

*"On October 4 when the company was near Cass, Platte County, Wyoming, my father's twin brother, Daniel, age 2, died and my Grandfather [**Samuel Gadd**] was ill but continued to journey. A cold he had contracted at Iowa City never cleared up..."*

***"History of Eliza Chapman Gadd," Excerpts***  
*by granddaughter Mabel Gadd Kirk*

*"When Grandfather` [Samuel Gadd] accepted the Gospel and wanted to come to Utah, Grandmother [Eliza Chapman Gadd] decided to come to Utah with him, although she had not joined the church. However, the older children had and she did not want to separate her family."*

*"Grandmother's son Daniel, aged two, one of the twins, died when they were about six miles west of the present town of Cassa Platte, Wy."*

*"Grandmother was very quiet and did not care much for the social side of life, but loved to go to the church whenever she had the opportunity. ...She was able to do for herself and take care of her own home until she was taken in just one week before her death on Jan 10, 1892. She proved herself a faithful Latter Day Saint and earned the respect of the entire community. Many people alive today are proud to say they were one of her babies."*

*"History of Eliza Chapman Gadd," by granddaughter Mabel Gadd Kirk*

*The Mexico Colonies excerpts from  
Rowley Family History,  
Encyclopedic History of the Church of LDS, Andrew Jenson,*

*"According to the plan laid down by Church authorities, the colonies were expanded to include four locations about 50 miles farther south in the Sierra Madre Mts along the border of Sonora State. John Rowley was among those called to go to Colonia Pacheco, to help build up the colony.*

*"...**Jesse Noah** recalled that the evening before John & his wives left for Pacheco, **John** showed **Jesse** how to do some basic arithmetic so the boy could figure out how much flour & bran to give in return for the wheat he took into the mill. Jesse had never attended school.*

*"With the move to Pacheco, the families of **John Rowley** were spread throughout the colonies - **Mary Ann** in Diaz, **Belinda** in Dublan, & **Ozella & Orissa** in Pacheco. He built each family a home & built mills in both Diaz & Pacheco, enabling each family, by hard work, to be self sustaining."*

*"The mill in Pacheco is described as being on the point of a hill. John dammed a nearby creek, furnishing water to drive the big mill wheels." He built a portable molasses mill that he took around the area & worked "on shares" earning part of the finished product.*

***John Rowley** "a man who was always willing to sacrifice to support his children in events of importance to them. ...**Martha Ann** remembers her father traveling 46 miles over rough mountain roads, in a horse-drawn wagon, to allow her to take part in a Primary Conference.*

*Rowley Family History, p 167*

*"Pacheco (Colonia Pacheco), Juarez Stake, state of Chihuahua, Mexico, is situated in the Corrales Basin in the heart of the Sierra Madres Mountains in the headwaters of the Rio Piedras Verdes, 35 miles south west of Colonia Juarez... The colonist of Pacheco raise corn, potatoes, alfalfa, fruits, cattle and hogs, and also manufacture a very fine grade of cheese. All three of the L.D.S. mountain settlements raise a very fine quality of vegetables. The lands surrounding Pacheco, are as a rule, fertile and productive, although in places quite rocky. The altitude of the settlement is about 7000 feet above sea level and only a small part of the land adjacent to the river is irrigated from that stream, while other lands are irrigated from small adjacent to the town-site. Dry farming is carried on successfully in the valley both above and below the settlement.*

*"Pacheco was first settled by L.D.S. colonists in the spring of 1887... The mountain slopes are covered with pine, oak, juniper, maple and other trees. ...The Pacheco Ward was organized Feb 12, 1890... the settlement being named in honor of General Carlos Pacheco, who had used his influence in the interest of the saints... in the early days of Latter-day Saint colonization in Mexico."*

*Encyclopedic History of the Church of LDS, Andrew Jenson, p 627*

## Jesse Noah Rowley - Patriarchal Blessing - Nephi, Utah

Name: **Jesse Noah Rowley**

Date: [about 1889 - age 15?      He was in Mexico by the end of 1889]

Place: Nephi, Juab, Utah

Patriarch: Samuel Claredge

A Patriarchal Blessing by Samuel Claredge on the head of Jesse Noah Rowley, son of John Rowley and Mary Ann Gadd. Born Feb 18, 1874 at Nephi, Juab Co, Utah.

Jesse Noah Rowley, I place my hands upon your head and bless you as a father and patriarch in Israel. You are a child of the covenant and have been borned(sic) under favorable circumstances. Notwithstanding you have had your trials and difficulties to contend with, and at times your pathway has been pritty(sic) well edged up. But the Lord has had his watch care over you and your way has been opened up before you in a way that you did not look for. And all that you have passed thru will be sanctified to your good and all your deeds are recorded in heaven. You are a child of the covenant and highly favored of our Heavenly Father. The Lord has blessed you in your family and will continue to do so and they will receive of the spirit of the gospel and take an active part in assisting to build the Zion of our God upon the earth. And the Lord will continue to open up your way before you and bless you in your labors. There is a great future before you. You have already seen a portion of the fulfillment of that prophecy that said, there would be an overflowing scourge go through the land. And you will witness fearful calamities take place among the wicked. And you will be called upon to exercise much faith in administering to you brethren. And you shall see the power of God made manifest in restoring them to health and strength. And you will be made a comfort to many of your brethren. You are of the blood of Ephriam and made a good record before you came to this earth. And there is still a great mission for you to perform on this earth and I say unto you, Bro. Rowley continue to seek the Lord with a prayerful heart, for you will need all the faith and strength to stand against the trying times that are coming. And I Bless you that the destroyer may pass by you and that you may live to accomplish every righteous desire of your heart. And all these blessings I seal upon you through your faithfulness and in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

## Jesse Noah Rowley - Patriarchal Blessing - Diaz, Mexico - 1904

Colonia Diaz  
State of Chihuahua  
Republic of Mexico  
16 Apr 1904

Scribe: Roxie J Jackson

A Blessing,

by James A Little, Patriarch

upon the head of Jesse Noah Rowley - son of John and Mary Ann Gadd Rowley. Born February 18, 1874 at Juab Co, Nephi, of the United States of America.

Jesse Noah Rowley in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, I lay my hands upon your head to give you a patriarchal blessing, which ~~shall~~ or may be a great comfort and satisfaction to you in time of affliction and sorrow.

You are an Ephriamite of the house of Joseph who was sold into Egypt. Through the covenants of the fathers, you are an heir to all the blessings promised to the patriarchs of the house of Israel. I confirm upon you all the blessings and ordinances of the gospel, that you have received. If you are faithful in your callings in the Holy Priesthood, and, a lover of righteousness and a hater of iniquity in due time you will receive in Holy Places all the blessings and ordinances that are for man on earth. And you shall grow in knowledge, and, in principles of life and your mind shall spread out and grasp the principles of Eternal Truth. And you shall (sic)

Learn attributed of your Heavenly Father until you will be fitted for his presence by becoming like him. The Lord will open the way for you to live in the New and everlasting covenant of marriage in due time in it's fullness. Be in no hurry on the subject. The time the place and the opportunity will come in the Providences of God, when you will be better prepared to live in it, than you are now.

As you are now about to start on a mission to the Lamanites, - If you are faithful, you will be very successful and be a great assistance in bringing salvation to this people, and return to your family with joy and satisfaction, and find them in health, peace and prosperity. this mission is but the beginning of your labors in preaching the gospel. I bless you with faith in God, and power to overcome great obstacles; and with health and strength of body and to endure your labor and fatigue in the lines of your duties.

I seal you up against the powers of evil, that they shall not be able through temptation to lead you down to darkness and death. You shall also come forth in the morning of the resurrection clothed with immortality and the powers of eternal lives.

Amen

**John and Jesse Rowley**  
**Missions and Appointments**  
 Pages out of a Temple Record Book

John's entries appear to be written in his hand writing - Jesse's in his own

Name	Birth	Field of Labor	When & Where Appointed	
By whom set apart		Departure	Release	Arrival Home
<b>John Rowley</b>	12 July 1840	Juab Stake home Mission	22 July 1883 - Nephi	
Pres William Paxman				
<b>John Rowley</b>	12 July 1840	Great Britian (sic)	4 Dec 1883 - Salt Lake City	
Apostle Heber J Grant	7 Oct 1884	11 Oct 1884	9 Mar 1885	6 June 1885
<b>Jesse N Rowley</b>	18 Feb 1874	YMMIA Missionarie (sic)	Diaz 1902 in Diaz, Mexico	
<b>Jesse N Rowley</b>	18 Feb 1874	Mission to Mexico	15 May 1904	Diaz, D F
Pres A W Ivens		18 May 1904	16 Dec 1906	23 Dec 1906
<b>Jesse N Rowley</b>	18 Feb 1874	Stake Spanish Mission	Maricopa Stake	
<b>Jesse N Rowley</b>	18 Feb 1874	Stake Spanish Mission Second	Maricopa Stake	
		30 Oct 1938	28 Sept 1941	
<b>Jesse N Rowley</b>	18 Feb 1874	Stake Spanish Mission	21 Feb 1947	Mesa Stake
<b>Jesse N Rowley</b>	18 Feb 1874	Mesa Stake Spanish Third	Dec 1950	Mesa Stake
Pres Brown	abt 1 Jan 1951	1 Jan 1951	3 Apr 1953	

## Notes while talking to Martha H Rowley 21 Dec 1980 akrc

I asked what families lived in Pacheco. G-Ma Martha mentioned the following:

Her brother Rass married Kate Rowley - She was John & Mary Ann's?

Two Cooley wives / one Brother - was like a father to them

Eldon Cooley's g father (Free Cooley is G ma's age)

Haws (one lived in Chuachupa) only Martha

Hancock's one family

Hardy (one of her sisters married a Hardy)

**Martha H Rowley** says teachers probably called her twin "Mary." She had trouble saying her "r" sound, so she called her sister "Mame," and everyone else called her Mame, too, all her life.

My Dad, **Var Rowley**, looking at papers of his dad, **Jesse**, picks up a bundle of letters tied with a shoe string, says, "This is typically Papa. He always tied important papers with a shoe string. ... We didn't have rubber bands."

My Dad, **Var Rowley**, says his brother, **Ervin**, was by far the tallest and the thinnest in the family. About 2 inches taller than dad, about 6 foot 4 inches.

My dad, **Var**, said they would take loaves of bread and a bunch of bananas for their lunch. I didn't know they had bananas in Mesa in the '20s/'30s]

My dad, **Var**, the second child, said he didn't play football because he didn't have shoes to wear. I thought he meant football shoes. I now think he meant, he didn't wear shoes to school, at all. Besides he had too much work to do at home.

They were poor? In money ways.

My dad, **Var**, said

Jesse Rowley's sister  
Excerpts from History of Amy Elizabeth Rowley Mortensen,  
Daughter of **John & Mary Ann Gadd Rowley**

On the 7<sup>th</sup> of April 1886, Grandma [**Mary Ann Gadd Rowley**] gave birth to her 11<sup>th</sup> child, Wilford Marion. This made six little brothers in the home now, that were younger than Mother. But on the 21<sup>st</sup> of July 1888, Grandma [**Mary Ann**] gave birth to a little girl. This was something different, having a little girl in the family after six little boys. Mother loved all of them when they were small, but now a baby girl in their home too love. Mother was 16 and she could really love and care for a baby. There was a bond of love started here that lasted for many years, in fact it lasted as long as Mother lived. The name they gave this little girl was Mary Luella.

Persecution was very strong against the church, because of the practice of plural marriage, so Grandpa [**John Rowley**] had to hide out most of the time. He had a tunnel dug from the cellar under the house to a cellar in the mill. The tunnel had secret doors at each end and Grandpa could take care of a great deal of work in the mill without being seen. Many times the Deputy Marshall tried to serve papers on Grandpa [**John Rowley**] because of polygamy, but his family would notify him and he could leave by one of the secret doors.

Sadness came to the home of Grandma [**Mary Ann**] and Grandpa just before Christmas of 1888. Little Jacob Leslie was taken from them and all the family mourned the loss of this little boy. He had died from diphtheria. Gloom seemed everywhere that cold and bleak Dec 21<sup>st</sup>. Mother missed little Jacob Leslie very much, for she had helped feed him and change him and care for him the past four years and nine months. He was buried in a lonely spot in the corner of the farm near Nephi City cemetery.

In the Spring of 1889, when Mother was 17, she was helping Grandma [**Mary Ann**] with the planting of the garden and looking after little Wilford Marion, who was three, and Mary Luella nearly ten months old, a man came up to the fence with some papers and started to talk to Grandma [**Mary Ann**] and Mother. **Jesse Noah**, Mother's brother who was two years younger than she, was plowing in the orchard so the garden could be planted. He had just arrived at the top of the garden and was about to return to the bottom end where two of grandpa's wives were. Hey were Orissa Jane and Emma Ozella. The man asked Grandma what her name was and she told him it was **Mary Ann Rowley**. Then he turned to Mother and asked what her name was, and she told him it was Amy Elizabeth Rowley. The officer thought mother was one of Grandpa's [**John**] **Rowley**] wives and started to serve papers on them to appear in court. Grandma [**Mary Ann**] knew there would be trouble if the officer was to talk to Grandpa's other two wives, so she winked at **Jesse Noah** and he got the message, He plowed down to the bottom end of the garden and told the two women they better get out of sight. The two women took their sunbonnets in hand and ran for the house. Grandma [**Mary Ann**] convinced the Deputy Marshall that Mother was one of her daughters and not a wife of Grandpa, [**John**] **Rowley**] but when he saw the two women running toward the house, he started running after them. The women arrive at the house before the officer did and they went directly to the secret hiding place in the cellar. The Deputy went into the house but was unable to find them. He went out to the back of the house and still he could find no signs of the women.

From the back yard he could see a girl walking some distance away and he thought it may be one of the women, so he started after her. The girl saw him coming, so she started

to run for her home about half a mile away. When she arrived at the house she told her father that "old man Rowley had been chasing her." The Deputy returned to where Grandma [Mary Ann] and Mother were, and the girl's father immediately came to the Rowley home. He was soon informed it was the Deputy and not Grandpa that had been chasing his daughter.

After the deputy had completed his search of the place and was unable to find more than one wife or Grandpa, [John Rowley] he left. Grandpa was in Salt Lake City on business at the time, so Grandma assembled the three families together in council and they decided it was best that Ozella and Orissa move to some other place for now. They all began making preparations and soon a wagon was loaded with provisions, and Jesse Noah took the two women and their children up through Salt Creek Canyon and on to Richfield, Sevier County, Utah. Conditions kept getting more complicated for the families in Nephi and Grandma [Mary Ann] needed to get in contact with Grandpa [John Rowley]. She didn't know when he would be back, so she wrote to Grandpa in care of Elder Francis M Lyman, Salt Lake City. Grandma knew Grandpa was a very close friend of the General Authorities and that Elder Lyman would get the letter to Grandpa.

When Grandpa [John Rowley] received the letter about the happenings in Nephi, he went to the General Authorities and asked them what they would advise him to do. They told him it would be best to take his families to Olds Mexico where several of the polygamous families were moving to. Grandpa [John Rowley] returned to Nephi and consulted with Grandma [Mary Ann] and then went to Richfield to talk to his other two wives. Grandpa then married another wife, Belinda Kendrick, the 28<sup>th</sup> of July 1886, and she lived in Sanpete County. They all decided to take the advise of the General Authorities, so they made preparations to leave for Old Mexico.

When they arrived in Central, Arizona, a small village on the Gila River, they stopped and Grandpa [John Rowley] set up a blacksmith shop, where he worked for several months. This gave them enough finances so they could continue on to Mexico, and they arrived in Diaz, the 11<sup>th</sup> of Nov 1889.

While Grandpa [John Rowley] was in Salt Lake City before he left for Mexico, a Deputy Marshall served papers on Grandma [Mary Ann] and Mother and they had to go to Provo to comply with the law, and they were put on trial because of polygamy. Nothing could be proven against them, now that Grandpa had taken all his other families to Mexico, so they were released to return to Nephi.

A great deal of responsibility was placed upon Grandma [Mary Ann] and her children now that Grandpa [John Rowley] was in Mexico. The sorghum mill and the flour mill had been sold, but the gypsum mill and the farm land was left in charge of Grandma and her children. Mother was the oldest of the children at home. Eliza Jane had been married for 7 years; John Sylvester had gone to Central, Arizona, and was working there for himself; and Zina Cardilia had been married for three years. Mother was 17, and she had to work hard in the gypsum mill sacking and lifting heavy bags of plaster of paris, and the dust at times was almost unbearable. There seems to be no doubt that Mother's bad health was brought on because of the hard work and the air she had to breath in the plaster of Paris mill. Jesse Noah, the oldest boy at home, was a strong boy but he was only 15. Heber Charles was 13 and James Albert was 11. Most of the money made from the sale of the plaster of Paris was sent to Mexico so Grandpa could get started there.

Grandpa **[John] Rowley** returned to Nephi from Diaz in the spring of 1890 and sold all his property there. He bought three new wagons and loaded all their possessions in the wagons, and along with the stock, and Grandma with the seven children that were at home, started the long trek to Diaz.

Grandpa **[John] Rowley** drove one team that pulled the heaviest load, and Grandma **[Mary Ann Gadd] Rowley** drove the team that pulled a smaller wagon. She held Mary Luella in her arms, who had not learned to walk yet, and Wilford Marion, age three sitting in the seat beside her. **Jesse Noah**, age 16, was in charge of the stock, with Heber Charles, age 14, to help him. Mother was 18, and she had to drive the team that pulled the third wagon. Some of the smaller children rode with her.

When they arrived at Lee's Ferry, on the Colorado River, they had to camp there for several days. It was a slow trek getting the thirty head of stock and the three teams and wagons on the south side of the river. Only one team and wagon could go on the ferry at one time. When the team that Grandma **[Mary Ann]** was driving reached the south side of the river and was to drive off the ferry on the bank, they discovered the ferry was not anchored securely. The team was on the bank of the river and the loaded wagon, with Grandma **[Mary Ann]** and the small children was still on the ferry, which was beginning to float down the stream. Grandpa **[John]** was standing on the bank near the horses. He could see in his mind the wagon with Grandma **[Mary Ann]** and the small children floating down the river and pulling the horses into the water Grandpa **[John]** slapped the horse he was standing by on the hip and said, "Hold it, Prince." The horses responded and slowly pulled the ferry back to the shore, where it was anchored safely. Grandma **[Mary Ann]** has said that it was only through faith and prayer that they were saved, because it was too large a load for one team of horses to pull without some other help. Such examples as this of faith and prayer had a great impact in Mother's life, and it helped to build faith through prayer in her life and the lives of her children. It was at this camp at Lee's Ferry that Mother and Grandma **[Mary Ann]** taught Mary Luella to walk. She took her first steps in the deep gorge, on the sandy banks of the Colorado River.

The road was rough and dusty, the summer heat was hard to endure; but that fall, 1890, they arrived in Central, Arizona, where they spent most of the winter. Grandpa **[John]** and young Heber Charles, who was fourteen, took the stock and a team and wagon on down to Diaz.

Christmas spent in the little settlement of Central on the banks of the Gila River, was not a pleasant one. Grandpa **[John]** and Heber Charles were in Mexico, and the place where they lived was a make-shift home consisting of a house with two small rooms, a tent, and a covered wagon. Things were not too pleasant for Grandma **[Mary Ann]**, but she knew how to manage with conditions like this...

Arizona's Pioneer Trek from Utah  
Lee's Backbone - Heart Throbs of the West -  
Section from the book by K.B. Carter - p 480-481  
They Pioneered In Arizona [1878]  
By William R Teeples and Harriet Betsy Cook Teeples

We traveled through Utah past Johnstown settlement on down to the big Colorado. The people had told us that we would have to cook enough food to last four or five days as there was no wood near the river, as everything was petrified to stone. There appeared to be plenty of wood, but when one tried to pick it up, it was solid rock.

As it was in the fall, the Colorado River was low and some men had a large ferryboat that could take a wagon and team on at a time, so we got over in one day, there being ten or twelve wagons in all. But when we were ready to go over the mountain called, "Lee's Backbone," we found the road up the side of it to be a series of stone stairs and so steep and high we had to use all the teams in the company to take one wagon up.

It was one mile to the top, and on the top there was a dugway, one mile long and so narrow that the wagon wheels would be within six inches of the deep edge in places where we could look down and see the river five hundred feet or more below. We dare not have more than one span of animals on a wagon for fear they would go off into the river.

I drove a gentle team around the dugway with my baby in my lap. When we got around this, there was a flat place where we stopped and locked all wheels with chains in order to go down the other side, "Now you wait here until I help the others down and I will come back and get you," I waited until the rest were out of sight and then I started down, and as the road made a sharp turn around a big rock the wheel stuck and stopped, but I did not want to stop there as it was nearly dark so I sat my baby down in the bottom of the buggy, got out, untied the wheels on that side, got in and backed the team far enough so that I could pass the rock by turning them against the hill on the other side, and I got out and tied the wheels again, and went on all right.

Just after that my husband met me and said, "How in the world did you get around that rock?" I told him and he said, "You will do." We camped at the foot of the mountains that night and started south the next morning over very rough roads and wild country. Water was very scarce and we had to haul it in barrels and many times our cattle were very thirsty. We crossed the little Colorado River by fording it as the water was low, but we had to hurry across it as it had a quick sand bottom. When we came to Brigham City, on the west side of the river, we were invited to have dinner in the large dinning room of the United Order, as many of our Utah friends were there. We went up the river past Snowflake and Showlow Creek, and finally we stopped at a place, Cluff's Ranch, on Christmas Day.

They Pioneered In Arizona by Betsy Cook Teeples [1878] found in Heart Throbs of the West

... another story pp 498-499

To cross Lee's Ferry was indeed a big day's work and one that we felt we would be thankful to have over. The boat was a big flat one, and we drove the horses and wagons on, dropped the tugs, one man standing at the horses' heads, four men rowing, one guide. ...

**Jesse Noah Rowley**  
**Deceased Members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints**

Mesa 5<sup>th</sup>, Maricopa - Records - Film #884,307

**Rowley, Jesse N**                      Head of Family                      H P                      Male                      1874  
 Current Address                      566 S Olive

Father's Full Name	<b>John Rowley</b>	Mother's full Name	<b>Mary Ann Gadd</b>
Born	<b>Feb 18 1874 Nephi, Juab, Utah</b>	Citizen of	<b>U S A</b>
Blessed	<b>Feb 26 1874 By John Rowley</b>	High Priest	<b>[yes]</b>
Baptized	<b>Mar 2 1882 By John Rowley</b>	Patr Bless	<b>Mar 2 1895 Henry Lunt</b>
Conf	<b>Mar 2 1882 By John Rowley</b>	Endowed	
Deacon	<b>Aug 30 1890 By John Rowley</b>	temple Marr	
Teacher	<b>Mar 29 1891 J H James</b>	Child Seald	<b>May 25, 1896</b>
Priest		Sld to Parents	
Elder	<b>Oct 8 1901 George Teasdale</b>	Mission	<b>May 1904 Mexico</b>
Seventy	<b>Dec 2 1895 Even Stevens</b>	civil marr	

Wife	<b>Alvria Norton</b>	member
Children	Born	Married to
<b>Vernell Rowley</b>	<b>Sept 21 1897 Diaz, Mexico</b>	<b>Louis Chlarson</b>
<b>Edwin Rowley</b>	<b>July 12 1899 " "</b>	<b>Rose Allen</b>
<b>Allen Rowley</b>	<b>May 10 1901 " "</b>	<b>Mavle Allen</b>
<b>Veda Rowley</b>	<b>Nov 30 1903 " "</b>	<b>H S Scott</b>
<b>Loretta Rowley</b>	<b>Aug 2 1908 " "</b>	<b>M Nelson</b>
<b>Cecil Rowley</b>	<b>Sept 3 1910 " "</b>	<b>Marvin Curtis</b>
<b>Clarence Rowley</b>	<b>Apr 6 1913 Tucson, Arizona</b>	<b>Adella Porter [later Madalyn]</b>
<b>Laura Rowley</b>	<b>Feb 6 1916 " "</b>	<b>Wendel Dispain</b>

Ward to Ward record    **Spanish AM Branch, Maricopa - 5-15x32 - 11-25- 43??**  
    **Mesa 5<sup>th</sup> Maricopa    11-17-45 ??-25-45**  
    **Mesa 11<sup>th</sup> Ward - Mesa Stake**

Other Wife	<b>Martha Haws Rowley</b>	not dead or divorced
Date of marriage	<b>Aug 24, 1919</b>	<b>Binghampton, [Tucson,] Arizona</b>
Children	Born	Married to
<b>Heber L Rowley</b>	<b>June 18 1920</b>	
<b>Var H Rowley</b>	<b>Aug 21 1921</b>	
<b>Velma Rowley</b>	<b>Sept 12 1922</b>	
<b>Elda Rowley</b>	<b>Nov 15 19233</b>	<b>Lyle H Morrow</b>
<b>Gene H Rowley</b>	<b>June 28 1925</b>	<b>Alva Jean Farnsworth</b>
<b>Narvel H Rowley</b>	<b>Apr 27 1927</b>	
<b>Lela Rowley</b>	<b>Aug 17 1928</b>	<b>Lester W Carpenter</b>

Date of Death **10-27-66**                      Place **Mesa, Arizona**  
 Cause **Old Age**

[Note 3 children missing - several child spouse missing]

## Jesse Noah Rowley Martha's story

[This history is taken from a small brown book found in the possessions of **Martha H Rowley** after her death - April 1984.

It is now in the possession of **Melvin H. Rowley.**]

Compiled 2002 - by a grand daughter, April K R Coleman

A history of **Jesse N Rowley**, born 18 of Feb 1876, at Nephi, Utah. He is the son of **John and Mary Ann Gadd Rowley**. I didn't know that family of Rowleys at all. **Jesse's** father and mother came to Arizona when **Jesse** was about 17 years old. Jesse and his brother Heber drove a herd of cattle from Utah to Arizona. They stayed in Arizona for some time. From there they went down to Diaz, Mexico. They made their home There. **Jesse** met Lucy Alvina Norton. They were married the 25<sup>th</sup> of May 1896. In 1904 **Jesse** was called on a Spanish Mission down in the city of Mexico. Leaving his wife and four children: Vernell, Edwin, Allen, and Veda. **Jesse** was gone for two years and seven months. I guess they had a very hard time. I didn't know that Rowley family at all. They had two more children: Loretta and Cecil. In 1912 all of the white people had to leave Mexico. **Jesse** and his family went to Tucson, Arizona. Two more children came to them, Clarence and Laura.

Laura was about three years old when their mother passed away. She was sick for a long time. She died Oct 7, 1918. I never knew Alvina. From what I heard, she was a wonderful person. Her children are good. Vernell and I were like sisters.

**Jesse and I [Martha Haws Rowley]** were married the 24<sup>th</sup> Aug 1919. Veda was the oldest girl at home. I don't think she took to me at first. I don't blame her. **Jesse** was a farmer and had a dairy.

**Jesse** didn't do much mission in Tucson.

[This history is taken from a small brown book found in the possessions of **Martha H Rowley** after her death - April 1984.

It is after a history of her mother **Martha Barrett Haws.**

It is now in the possession of **Melvin H Rowley.**]

[Story starts with page 21]

...where we had our cows. So **Jesse** got busy and put up a two room lumber house and our second boy was born. He was born on the 21<sup>st</sup> of Aug 1921. [This was my dad, **Var Haws Rowley.**] Heber was only 14 months old. We got along all right for a long time. We had two more babies, two little girls. Velma was born the 12<sup>th</sup> of Sept 1922 and Elda was born the 15<sup>th</sup> of Nov 1923.

On the 18<sup>th</sup> of June 1924, our house burnt down. It was on Heber's birthday when he was 4 years old. We sold out and came to Mesa. We left Tucson the 21 of Sept 1924 on Vernell's birthday. Vernell was living over here. [In Mesa?] She had 4 children. Well, we rented a farm we had down on some land. We stayed in that white house for some time. Gene was born there. He was born on the 28<sup>th</sup> of June 1925. Then we moved in a one room house. While we were in the white house, all of our older children left home. I guess I was

to blame, but **I** never did know they we did it. We never had any trouble until we came to Mesa. That just lasted a little while and they all came home again. We all lived in that one room for a long time. Then we went o another place and that's where Narvel was born on the 27<sup>th</sup> of April 1927. We lost all we had.

Well, **Jesse** had a chance to work in a blacksmith shop so we bought a place in town. That's where three of the children were born. Elda was born the 17<sup>th</sup> of Aug. **1928**. Then two years from that date Ervin came the 17<sup>th</sup> of Aug **1930**. We built that place up and had a very hard time.

At last we bought a place out here east of Mesa. **Jesse** lost the shop. He walked out here and worked all day and come home at night. We didn't have much to eat. Melvin was born here. He was born the 6<sup>th</sup> of Dec **1933**. **Jesse** bought an old lumber house for \$10. Well, **I** [**Martha H Rowley**] tried to picture what kind of a house it could be for \$10. It wasn't quite as bad or it really was. Well, when **I** saw it, it made me sick. Narvel helped me clean it. When we got it all fixed up, it didn't look so bad. **Jesse** had to cut one corner off the table to get it to fit in the house. **Jesse** made that table when we first came to Mesa in 1924.

When Melvin was first a little fellow, oh I would say about 6 months old. I had him in his buggy quite close to the stove. I had just built a fire and went out doors for something. The house caught fire. The fire didn't get to the baby but the heat from it burned his legs very bad. He was sick for a long, long time. After this we moved over to John Ray's place. We were living there when Heber was killed. This was on the 7<sup>th</sup> of Nov 1933. We had a little girl. She was born dead. We moved back over here. We lived in the big [adobe] "dobey" house we used for a chicken coop. From there we moved over to this house. This is where Robert came. He was born at Sister "Estle's Maternity Home." He was the only one born away from home. I had a doctor for two of my children.

At this time we didn't have water nor the lights. It was a long time before we got them. We had to carry water for every thing.

### Heber Rowley's Baptisms and Endowments - for the dead Filled out in Jesse's own hand writing

Name **Jesse N Rowley, Gen Delivery, Mesa, Arizona**  
Heir **John Rowley** [Family temple work always had an Heir listed.]  
**Heber Larence Rowley** - father **Jesse N Rowley** - Mother **Martha Haws**  
Born **18 June 1920 - Binghampton, Pima, Tucson**  
Died **7 Nov 1933** Baptizes **30 June 1928**  
Endowed **15 June 1934** [Date stamped at the temple] Proxy **Jesse N Rowley**

## History of Martha Haws Rowley

[This history is taken from a small brown book found in the possessions of **Martha H Rowley** after her death - April 1984.

It is after a history of her mother **Martha Barrett Haws** and a history her husband **Jesse N Rowley**.

It is now in the possession of Melvin H Rowley.]

Compiled 2002 - by a grand daughter, April K R Coleman

I was born the 3<sup>rd</sup> of Aug 1894, in Carralis, Chihuahua, Mexico. My **father** was **William Wallace Haws**. My **mother** was **Martha Barrett**. My **father** died when we were 7 months old. I was a twin. Our names are Mary and **Martha**. Father named us. We were named after **Mother** and her twin sister. I was named after mother. **Mother** said she didn't want twins. But when we came I am sure she was happy. She said that father was very happy. Mother told me that I was thrown in for good measure. I am very happy because I think we had the best **father and mother** in the world. I love them.

When we were 4 or 5 years old, our oldest brother, Wallace, was killed. A few years later, Charles died, the second boy. **Mother** had her share. She was left with 9 children.

On her 8<sup>th</sup> birthday, it was on a Sunday, we were baptized in the river and also confirmed, the 3<sup>rd</sup> of Aug 1902. We never had a party on our birthday, but always had a family dinner. Every Christmas we got a pretty doll. I remember one, it was a China Doll, with a China hat and a bow ribbon on it. It was very pretty. I just don't know where **mother** got the money to buy those things.

The year 1950, the day January 4<sup>th</sup>,

I got up this morning at five a.m. and built a fire in the wood stove to get hot water to take down to the milk house so Jesse and the boys could use it. Ervin and Melvin went to work this morning at six-thirty a.m. They haven't come home yet. It is six-thirty p.m. They bale hay.

January 26

I cooked dinner over at the apartment today on a gas stove. It is quite different from wood.

January 28, 1950

We are still in the apartment. I baked bread and made some cookies in the gas stove for the first time.

[**Martha Haws Rowley** kept a journal from this time, one for each year. They have been divided between her children.]

A Blessing given on the head of **Jesse N. Rowley**  
by Apostle Cowley, Oct 617, 1904. At Ozumba, Mexico

Found in Martha H Rowley's papers.

I bless you that you may become more enlightened in mind. And say unto you if you will remember when you feel suppressed and as though you had nothing to say, bare testimony to the mission of Joseph Smith, your tongue shall be loosed and you shall be filled with the spirit of inspiration. You shall be blessed in your mind, and shall be able to use the language to your heart's content in explaining the Gospel. You shall become a power for good among this people, not only in this mission, but at other times in teaching them the plan of life and salvation. You shall be an instrument in the hands of the Lord in opening up new fields of labor where the gospel has not yet been preached, and many shall say that you were among the first that brought the gospel light to them. And you shall have joy in your labors, and these blessings shall extend to your family at home, and all that you are personally interested in. You shall have the revelation of the spirit that thy word shall be scripture to this people.

The LDS Binghamton [Tucson] Cemetery  
"Arizona cemetery opens doors to past"

Found in The Church News, 31 Mar 1979

By J Malan Heslop

Tucson, Ariz.

...the Old LDS Cemetery at Binghamton, near Tucson, Ariz.

It is an interesting cemetery, hidden in the chaparral and sagebrush and protected by small hills around it.

...

The community was named after the Bingham family. Nephi Bingham settled in Tucson in the spring of 1900, ...Tucson had one street at the time, which was unpaved. Jacob Bingham and his family also settled in the area and soon they moved about six miles away to the south side of the Rillito River where farming was better. Members from Mexico joined them so that enough members were present to organize the branch.

The Binghamton Branch chapel was the first Latter-day Saint meeting-house in the Tucson area. Construction was started Sept. 15, 1927, and the building was dedicated Feb. 26, 1936. The cost was \$40,000.

..."In the year 1901, an old man, living on the south side of the Rillito River, passed away. His friends asked my father, Nephi Bingham, if he would pick a place to bury him. He picked the place that is now called Binghamton LDS Cemetery.

[**Jesse Rowley's** first wife, Lucy Alvina Norton is buried there.]

## Life History of Cecil Jane Rowley Curtis

Written January 1982

I was born the 24<sup>th</sup> of February 1910 in Diaz, Chihuahua, Mexico, the sixth child of **Jesse Noah Rowley** and Lucy Alvina Norton. I have four brothers and three sisters.

My **father** had come to Mexico with his father. They had to move his fathers' [**John Rowley**] four families from Nephi, Utah because of the plural marriage law they were living. This law had been given as a commandment to the Prophet Joseph Smith, but had been outlawed by the Government. To be able to care for all his families he had to sell out and move to Mexico. My **father** was only 15 years old when he had the responsibility of driving the wagon with his mother's [**Mary Ann Gadd Rowley**] family and keeping watch over the herd of cattle and horses on the way. It was a long hard trip, but with faith and prayer they all arrived in Mexico to start a new life.

My **father** [**Jesse**] helped his **father** [**John**] build and operate a grist mill. It was in this settlement that my father met and married Lucy Alvina Norton on May 25, 1896. Her family had also come to Mexico to avoid the persecutions the U.S. Government was heaping on the Mormons who were practicing Polygamy.

Pioneering was hard on all of the people in the colony, and when her third child Allen was born, Mother became very ill. She was so ill, she couldn't nurse him very well, so when he was a few months old, she let a friendly Mexican woman take him and nurse him along with her own baby. They also gave him goats milk. Allen later said it was no wonder he was as stubborn as a Billy Goat. When they brought him home again, he was speaking some Spanish words and no English.

Mother always had a beautiful flower and vegetable garden besides all the other things Pioneer women had to do. One year, mother raised a bull calf on a nipple and he was quite a pet. When he got older, though, he became vicious. One day when mother was feeding him, he attacked her and got her down in a ditch and was trying to kill her. **Papa** ran for his gun and was able to shoot him.

After years of hard work and hardships, my **father** was able to build a nice brick home. This was the house I was born in. It was one of the first brick homes in the area. It was a home where there was much faith and love. I grew up knowing we were expected to have family prayer night and morning.

My **father** filled a two year and seven month mission in and around Mexico City. It wasn't easy for my mother to be left with four children to care for. Edwin and Allen were still young and mother did most of the milking and chores and kept up the garden. She was very faithful and with the help of the Lord, she was able to support the family and send **Papa** a little money from the income on the farm. We raised chickens, hogs and cows. She made large cheeses and sold them. We ate a lot of whole wheat bread and honey and mother made lots of delicious jams and jelly. She used to put flowers on the dinner table almost all year round.

My **father** completed his mission and although he hadn't had much schooling, he had learned to read from the Bible and the Doctrine and Covenants. He learned to speak the Spanish language from the native people.

My sister Loretta and I were born after my **father** came off his mission. Mother had lost a pair of twins between Veda and Loretta because she had worked so hard and run her health down while Papa was on his mission. After he came home and Edwin and Allen

quarreled or fought, **Papa** would get three willows and give one to each boy, then he told them to whip each other or he would whip the one who didn't.

I had measles when I was very small and came close to dying, but I pulled through by the faith and prayers of my parents.

We had a big cattle ranch at Button Willows. Every week, **Papa** went down there to work. He always took a big grub-box that mother prepared for him. It contained home made cheese. Bread, jelly and every good thing to eat she could fix for him. **Papa** used to catch wild range cows to milk and Allen and Vernell used to go out and look for wild horses to break. One time on the way home, a bunch of coyotes spotted them and came running. Allen's dog, Shep, fought them off until they got up a tree and finally the coyotes left.

Once, when Allen took the cows to the pasture to herd them, he brought them back at noon. **Papa** got after him for coming back so early and Allen replied, "It doesn't take me all day to herd cows." **Papa** laughed about that and didn't give him the whipping he said he deserved.

The good life didn't last many years, because of the Mexican Revolution. They were beginning to persecute the white settlers in Mexico. One day when Vernell took the cows to the pasture, a Mexican tried to catch her, but she out ran him, and got home before he could. Once when Allen took the cows to the pasture on his horse, he met a Mexican boy who had gone to school with him. He had had trouble with this boy several times and had had to fight him. Allen usually won. ON this day the boy rode up to Allen and grabbed the halter on the horse and said, "I am going to kill you." Allen said, "Oh, no you're not." Then he hit the boy so hard on the hand that he lost his grip on the reigns and Allen kicked the horse and got away as fast as he could. The Mexican boy had a piece of iron in his hand and threw it at Allen and hit him in the back of the head. Cutting a bad gash. (Just two days before, the Mexicans had killed Brother Harvey.) Mother bandaged his head when he got home. And **Papa** took him to the Mexican police to show him what had been done. The police just laughed.

On July 26, 1912, word came by messenger on horseback from President Romney, the President of the Mormon Colonies. He told the people to get together what they could carry in their wagons and flee for safety over the border. The Mexicans had given us just 24 hours to get out. My **father** [**Jesse**] wasn't home at the time. He was seven miles away working on one of the farms, so word was sent to him. Mother was making cheese at the time and she had a churn full of cream when she got word. My brothers were down in the melon patch when several Mexican soldiers rode up. They asked for some melons, and the boys gave them some of the very best ones because they were so frightened, but the Mexicans only ate part of what they gave them, then they ran their horses back and forth through the patch ruining most of what were left. The frightened boys ran home where Mama was busy getting things together while waiting for **Papa** [**Jesse**] to come. There had to be bedding, food and clothing enough for a family of eight, for an unknown period of time.

The Bishop had sent out word to all the families to prepare any kind of wagons or buggies and assemble at the church. There were about one hundred families in the Diaz area and they all left together in one large caravan. President Romney gave the signal and everyone started down the dusty road.

It was a long, hot journey. The heat was so intense, and the dust was almost unbearable as it rose from the feet of the horses and wagon wheels. The hot July sun beat down on babies, children, women and old folks alike. Some were riding with no protection at

all. I was 2  $\frac{1}{2}$  years old at the time and they said I was so sunburned it was awful. I guess that it why I had so many freckles when I was small. **Papa [Jesse]** used to say they were sun kisses. Even though we escaped the rebels, it was a long, exhausting trip. Allen rode a little mule **papa [Jesse]** gave him and his dog, Shep, followed. Allen said later that mule jumped every sage brush between Diaz and Hachita, instead of going around them.

Because of the haste to leave, there were many treasured things left behind. All the lovely things my mother had made to make our house look nice, several new cheeses and fruit in the cellar as well as in the orchard. Everything that was left were either taken away by the Mexicans or destroyed. Many people were so bewildered, they took the wrong things. **Papa [Jesse]** turned the livestock, pigs and chickens loose to take care of themselves, but they didn't have much of a chance. The Mexican soldiers who occupied the town destroyed homes, fields and broke up the farm machinery. They also killed cows, hogs and chickens for food and turned their horses into the grain and hay fields. They also invited other Mexicans from other towns to come and help themselves to whatever they wanted.

As the sun beat down and we grew thirsty and tired, Mother gave us buttermilk to drink, for she had grabbed the churn full of cream and it had turned to butter as we traveled. About six o'clock, we crossed over the border line. Our first stop was at a ranch near a windmill and water tank which both people and animals appreciated very much. The owners of the ranch gave us a fat beef and **Papa [Jesse]** killed it, skinned it and cut it up for everyone to share. He had been an expert butcher at one time.

The next morning, we were told to go to Dog Springs, nine miles away and to wait there for word from the Government. The word we received was that things were quiet in Colonia Diaz, but it wasn't safe to return. Several days later **Papa [Jesse]** and some other men took wagons and went back to get more supplies. Mama asked **Papa [Jesse]** to get a box of baby clothes because she was expecting a baby. By mistake he picked up a box of carpet rags, and when Mama saw them she cried., but later she made a quilt with them. **Papa [Jesse]** brought back eggs packed in sawdust, fruit from our orchard, which wasn't quite ripe, some chickens and other things we needed. It was pretty hard on him to see what the Mexicans had done to our home. He had a feeling that he would never see it again, and he was right. It was a very dangerous trip, but the Lord was with him and they were able to return safely. The government had put up tents for the company and that night as everyone sat around the campfire, they gave thanks for what they had and sang songs. My sister, Veda, remembered that one of the songs they sang was, "Hard Times Come Again No More."

Everyone hoped that in a month or so they could return to what was left of their homes, but after a month, things were no better. They then decided to travel further into the States and try to find work. While at Hachita, New Mexico, the government gave us aid. This was very much appreciated. Besides a small tent, some canned food was rationed out.

There was no work to be found in the area close by, so finally the families left for different parts of the USA with free transportation given by the government. That was my first train ride. **Papa [Jesse]** was very anxious to get settled somewhere because Mama was expecting the baby in about three months. All this was very hard on Mama, loosing all they had worked for all their married life and no home to have her seventh baby in. **Papa [Jesse]** took us to Arizona where he found work in a blacksmith shop. This was in a place called Flowing Wells. This was the year Arizona was made a state. My second brother Allen was 11 years old this year.

About a year later, we moved to Binghampton, five miles out of Tucson, Arizona. **Papa [Jesse]** and the boys built a house, cleared land and made ditches. The house was made of a combination of clay dirt and straw. We children thought it was fun to tromp the straw into the mud with our feet and help set the adobe brick out in the sun to dry after they had set in the molds to partially dry and set up. **Papa [Jesse]** ran a molasses mill and we always had plenty of molasses. Mama let us make candy and stretch it. She always gave us a birthday party.

I remember this house very well. It had one large room with a fireplace in one end, the roof was of tin, which made it very hot in the summer time, and when it rained it was so noisy we could barely hear each other talk. The dirt floor had to be sprinkled constantly because of the dust, but we were thankful to have a roof over our heads. Later **Papa [Jesse]** put in a floor with rough lumber it wasn't much of a house, but Mama did all she could to make it a home. She used to tell us about the time she and **Papa [Jesse]** went all the way to Salt Lake from Mexico to be sealed in the temple. She also told about the beautiful Black Stallion he used to ride in the 24<sup>th</sup> of July Parade in Diaz. He was named General and was the leader of the Parade. She told how proud of him she was as he was on his horse so straight and tall. They used to go on picnics, away from town, to the tall Walnut Groves. **Papa [Jesse]** always took a rope and climbed a tree to make a high swing for the children. Sometimes he would take the boys coon hunting in the hollow trees. One time **Papa [Jesse]** reached in a tree and came out with no fingers on his glove.

I remember many times we had what we called "lumpy dick" for supper. The bugs were so bad around the kerosene lamp that we children took our dishes and sat in the corner to eat. We didn't mind. It was sort of a picnic for us. As I remember "Lumpy Dick" was made by heating the milk and stirring in dry flour mixed with a little salt. AS it cooked it formed lumps. We sprinkled a little sugar on it and ate it. When there was a party, Mama made wonderful box lunches. She always made lots of apple and mince pies, so there would be some to give away. My sister, Laura, was born in this house. She worked very hard to make this shack a home for her brood.

Mama was never well after Laura was born and with the loss of everything she loved in Mexico and the hard times of starting over again, her health broke and after a long illness she died on the 7<sup>th</sup> of October 1918. I don't remember much about my mother, but there are two or three things that stick in my mind. I took part in a pantomime of "Nearer my God to thee," dressed in a blue dress my mother made and wearing pink socks that my sisters had dyed. I remember singing in a program with a friend. We sang the song, "Playmates." I remember her sitting me down and teaching me a poem. It went like this:

Our blue eyed darling baby May,  
Thought she'd take a ride today:  
She pulled off her stockings  
And pulled off a shoe and harnessed  
her toes with a ribbon of blue.  
'Get up, Get up,' said baby May and  
Shook the lines with laughing glee,  
And cunningly looked around to see  
If anyone was watching her ride away  
With her little pink toes for her horses gay.

I also remember one day when **Papa [Jesse]** was gone a long time in the wagon and Mama was worried so she started out to meet him. Veda called to me and said, "Cecil, go with Mama." So I ran and caught up with her and she took hold of my hand and we walked until we met **Papa [Jesse]**. He stopped and helped us up into the wagon.

I remember one day when she was cleaning out the cupboard and she gave me a pretty little dish to keep for myself. I kept it for many years, even after I was married. I don't know what finally happened to it. I sure wish I had it too show my grandchildren now.

The day they took her to the hospital, I remember how she cried and begged to take her baby with her. The hospital was about one hundred and fifty miles away from Tucson [It was in Phoenix.] **Papa [Jesse]** took one of us children with him each time he went to see her. I remember the train ride and how Mama hugged me and cried. That was the last time I saw her alive. She died of hardening of the arteries. In those days they didn't understand about hardening of the arteries or what to do for it.

I was eight years old when she died. I remember her coffin, in one end of the big room. We were all standing by the coffin and **Papa [Jesse]** held Laura up and she said, "Poor Mama." She was buried in the little cemetery east of town.

My oldest brother, Allen, was very close to Mama. She always took him with her when she was away from home. He says it was because he was always the one who got into trouble. Her sister, Rosetta, was coming down for the funeral, so they sent Allen to get her. They were late and didn't arrive until everyone was leaving the cemetery. The next day he ran away from home. It was just too hard on a 17 year old boy who was so close to his mother.

Years later, **Papa [Jesse]** came to Utah and visited the old mill his father had left in Nephi, and he picked up a round mill stone where his father's plaster mill used to be before they went to Mexico. He placed it at the head of Mama's grave for a head stone. I visited her grave in 1971. That was the first time I had been there since I left in 19\_\_ ... [In about 1995, I visited the cemetery at Binghamton, which is now in the Fort Lowell part of Tucson. I met, Mr Abegg, the man who takes care of the cemetery. I walked around the desert grounds looking for some sign that my father, **Var Rowley**, and his father **Jesse N Rowley's** family had been here so many years ago. I hadn't read this story, yet, and didn't know if there would be anybody I knew buried there. I found the mill stone marking Alvina's grave. It was exciting to see it. akrc]

When I was eight years old, my father [**Jesse**] baptized me in a pond near the pump house which pumped the water for irrigation. The water was very cold at that time of the year. It was this year they kept me out of school to take care of my sister, Laura. My older sister, Veda could finish school if I did this. We got pretty lonesome when **Papa [Jesse]** was in the field and the others were in school. I used to take Laura and go down to the gate which was quite a ways from the house and swing on it and wait for the others to come home from school. This was the year my mother died also and I used to try to fix dinner for **Papa [Jesse]** when he came into the house from the fields with my older brother, Edwin. I don't remember what I fixed, but I remember them bragging on me.

As time went by, **Papa [Jesse]** and my older brother built two more rooms on the house. We had to walk about a mile to the mail box and thought it was fun because we played on the way, and some days we had to wait for the mailman, so we built a playhouse in the Chaparral trees. Sometimes, we had to hurry home as soon as the mail man came. Sometimes we saw rattlesnakes or Gila Monsters on the way. We stayed clear of them.

Another thing we liked to do was, if we saw a tarantula hole, we would pour water down it until it crawled out, then we would kill it. We made our own fun. "Annie I Over," "Hide and Seek," "Run, Sheep, Run," and many others.

It was a lovely farm, my father [Jesse] built. I remember the lane from the house to the road, lined with fruit trees of every kind. There was a special cling stone peach tree we children loved to climb and eat the juicy peaches. The other fruit we knew we must not bother. I also remember the old fashioned roses near the house and the large hay field and pasture we used to rive the cows to. **Papa [Jesse]** also raised sugar cane and made molasses. We had a forty gallon barrel full every fall. We loved to make candy and it was fun to take joints of cane to school and treat our friends. We would peel the cane and chew the juice out, then spit out the pulp.

Some days for lunch, we would take a small bucket of milk and some bread to school and have bread and milk for lunch. We walked about two miles to school and liked to take our shoes off, but some days the sand was so hot we had to run from tree to tree or brush to cool our feet off.

My sisters were very good at sewing, like my mother. And I remember the school dress they made me and the pretty taffeta ribbons to match. I wore my hair in braids and sometimes they braided it so tight it almost hurt to smile. Sometimes I went to "Dear Sister Nelson," who lived not far away, to have her comb my hair. I don't remember the reason for this but I know I loved her a lot. I guess it had something to do with me losing my mother so young.

When I was about nine years old, my uncle Ben, my mother's only brother worked at a mine some distance from Binghamton. He came and asked if **Papa [Jesse]** if I could go back with him for a while and be company for Aunt Grace. **Papa [Jesse]** said I could go, but before I left he took me aside and warned me about being around those men at the mining camp[, just as my mother would of done if she had been there.

There was a log house they used for a dining room and cook house for the workers. Aunt Grace cooked for the men and I helped her a little and tended her baby, Bonita, who was nearly a year old. I played with her a lot and got her to walk by herself in the yard.

We slept in tents and I remember so well hearing the robins chirping when I awoke in the mornings. There were so many of them around. There were also a lot of Centipedes that we had to watch out for. They were an inch wide and six or eight inches long and very poisonous. Where they crawled they would leave a bright red streak. One day when I was taking a bath in an old wash tub, I looked up and saw one on the ceiling almost over my head. I jumped out of the tub and called Aunt Grace. She threw some hot water on it and it dropped to the floor. Then she got a shovel and took it outside and cut it up in about a dozen pieces and each piece crawled in a different direction. They have legs all along both sides. One evening, the men were sitting around the porch and one was leaning back in his chair against the wall, and he let out a holler and jumped up. The centipede had crawled up his back. The men got his shirt off in a hurry and knocked it off and killed it.

They used to haul the water from a spring under a big ledge some distance from the camp. They used pack burros with barrels fastened on them to haul the water in. Uncle Ben put me on one of the burros they rode. There was only a trail to follow and it was steep and narrow and rough. I got frightened so Uncle Ben told me to trust the burro and let the reigns loose and the burro would pick the way, that I didn't need to be afraid. After that,

the ride was fun. The spring was beautiful and it was cool under the ledge. I stayed about six weeks at the camp that summer.

My father [Jesse] married Martha Haws on 24 of August 1919. She didn't want us to call her mother, just "Aunt Martha." During all my life, I never knew her to be jealous of my mother. As I write this, I remember when my father [Jesse] died at 92 years of age, she said, "I want your mother to have at least two years Papa [Jesse] before I go to be with them." She always treated us as her own, and I cannot remember Papa speaking a cross word to her. She was about the same age as my oldest sister, Vernell, who was married. We were happy to have a new mother. My brother Edwin was also married. He and my father and their wives went to Salt Lake City to be sealed in the temple. They took me with them to Blanding to live with my Grandma Rowley [Mary Ann Gadd Rowley] She was very lonely and wanted one of us children to live with her. I became very homesick, so far from home and my brothers and sisters, but I stayed with her two years. I will always remember how cozy her little log house was and how she always reminded me to say my prayers. One night, I dreamed I was getting ready for school, I had shoes that laced, and in the morning, I found my shoes all laced up, so I had to undo them before I could put them on. I figured I had done it in my sleep. They weren't laced very good.

I loved the smell of fresh baked bread and beans cooking when I came home from school. I enjoyed sitting in the evenings with her and listening to her tell about crossing the plains. She was about my age (9) at the time. She was sit the Willey Handcart Company \_\_\_ was one of the worst journeys in history because winter caught up with them in Wyoming and many froze to death and others got sick and died. My grandmother [Mary Ann Gadd Rowley] wrapped rags around her feet to keep them from freezing and had to lead her mother by the hand when she became snow-blind. They were so hungry that when she found an ox hoof she roasted it over the camp fire each night and ate what she could. She had a hard life, but stayed faithful even through the journey to Old Mexico as one of Grandfathers [John Rowley] wives. She hated to leave their home in Nephi, Utah. She went to Mexico with him and came out again at the time of the Exodus in 1912. My Grandmother also taught me to work. I had my chores to do every night after school. I remember scrubbing the back step and she stood there and made me get down on my knees and do a good job of it. I also had to get the chips and wood in each night. If I forgot before dark, I had to do it anyway, even if I was afraid of the dark. One of those nights as I went through the back porch a cat jumped out and nearly scared me into fits. I never forgot to get my chores done before dark for years after that. Even after I was married I'd take a chill if I came upon a cat in the dark.

Indians lived very close, and at night we could hear them beat their drums. Sometimes all night they would beat them while they danced because of the death of one of their tribe.

After two years I was very homesick and one of my cousins was going to Tucson, Arizona and said I could go with them and they would take me home. I was eleven years old now and I will never forget my Grandmother standing in the door of the house that had been home for me for two years, with tears in her eyes and waving goodbye. I never saw her again. I hated to leave her but seeing my brothers and sisters was uppermost in my mind at that time.

I was happy to be home again in the adobe house with my family. In the fall of 1921 it rained hard for two weeks without letting up. [Martha would have had two young children

at this time, a boy, Heber, almost 1 year old and my dad, **Var**, would have been only a few months old!] During that time we were all worried because the river, about a mile away, had overflowed it's banks several times. One day we children were down by the river. We were told to run home fast because the water was rising fast. Before we got home, we saw the water coming down the road behind us. All that night, it lapped at the door step. We were all up watching it, except my little sister, Laura. I wanted so bad to wake her up and keep her with me. I was so frightened, I wanted to keep her close. By morning, the water had covered the floor and we had to put everything on the table and chairs to keep dry. We were anxious for **Papa** to get the wagon so we could load up and move to higher ground where **Papa** had corrals. I guess after all the forced moves he had had to make in his life, he wanted to be sure it was necessary. About noon, **Papa** hitched the team to the wagon and before we got everything out, the water was up to our knees. My oldest sister had a house on higher ground. She and her husband were living in Phoenix at the time, so we moved in her house until **Papa** and the boys could build another house. I and Loretta went out and caught a sitting hen and her chicks that were floating in the water. We put them in a box in the wagon. We walked to higher ground where **Papa** had the corrals, and on the way, we saw watermelons and all kinds of things floating by. We caught some melons and busted them on a post and ate the core. We were walking in the water up to our knees most of the way. That night, we all bedded down in crowded quarters because the house was very small. We all knelt down for family prayer, which **Papa** never forgot, especially in times of disaster. **Papa [Jesse]** must have felt very blue because of the condition of the farm. He had raised everything from potatoes, fruit, prize melons that he sold by the truck load, to hay and pasture. Now they were all under mud and water! But the dairy was safe on higher ground. Near by there was a grove of trees that **Papa [Jesse]** and Mama had planted before she died. They had made plans to build a new house some day and because the walls of the adobe house had become so soaked up that they crumbled and fell down, **Papa** decided it was time to build the new house. It wasn't long before **Papa** and the boys had a two room house of lumber. Later **Papa** built a screened-in porch along the back which we used for bedrooms.

We children slept outside most of the time, under the trees. **Papa** built a screen fence around our beds to keep us in safe. There had been some mad dogs around that summer, and this way we were protected from them. It even had a door for us to go in and out, so we felt like we had our own little apartment. It was for Loretta and myself. [Cecil] Clarence built a platform in one of the trees and made his bed up there. One night he fell down. He woke up very suddenly, but it didn't hurt him much.

We lived in this house only two years when it caught fire from a faulty chimney and burned to the ground. The only water on the place had to be pumped by hand, so there was no chance of saving it. Everything burnt except a few old clothes and some bedding we managed to save. This happened two days after I had my tonsils out. I was fourteen years old. [1924] I screamed and cried so much they took me to the neighbors. They were afraid I would hemorrhage from my throat. It was an awful feeling to see our home go up in flames. How we were all very sad and homeless, again. We even lost some beautiful plates **Mama** had had for years. I will never forget them. They had a scalloped edge that looked like lace and pictures painted of fruit on each one. Each plate was different. I just loved them. Even now, I wish I could have them.

We moved back into my sister's small house again. **Papa** had worked so hard to build up the farm again. He tried to get a loan and found out that because of some legal

difficulties, he didn't really own the farm, so he sold the equipment and cows and moved to Mesa in 1924. Here he went back to blacksmithing.

I went to Mesa High School a year and a half. My sister Veda who was married was moving to Provo, Utah and she said I could go with her. I worked out doing house work for about a year. Veda then moved to Heber City. I was sixteen years old now. I got sick and had to have my appendix out. Veda and Hunter didn't have a car that would run, so a neighbor took Veda and I to the hospital five miles away. She stayed until the operation was over, then had to go home. I didn't see her again or any one else I knew for two weeks. I was pretty lonesome and homesick. In those days, they kept patients two weeks after surgery. A lady who was visiting someone else, heard about me and came in to see me. She felt sorry for me and said when I got well I could come and work for her. She also mailed a letter for me that I had written home to my family and didn't have a stamp to mail.

About a month later, I did go to work for her doing housework. I ironed and washed for her. My room was in a vacant house next door. It was up stairs in an attic where some furniture was stored. I remember it all around my bed and I was frightened up there in the house alone. It was getting close to conference time and I was homesick. Again. I wondered if someone from Mesa would be there. I found a way down to Provo and by chance, or rather in answer to my prayers I saw Brother Young from Tucson, a man I had known while living there. He was going home the next day and said I could go with him to Mesa.

I got home in time to help Aunt Martha when Narvel was born. This was her sixth child. She let me pick out his name. I took care of her and the baby and did the washing on the board. I remember how hard it was to do the sheets. I used to punch them with a plunger in suds, then put them into a boiler with water and lye soap, then boil them for a while. Next I would lift them out into cold water and rinse and wring them with an old ringer fastened on to the tub.

They were building the temple in Mesa, at this time. My father with his team of horses and large scraper worked to help level the ground. When the temple was dedicated I was happy to be able to sing in the choir. It was in October 1927. I felt so proud and happy on this occasion that I made up my mind that I would be married there. I moved to Utah, again, however, and was sealed in the Manti Temple. My father, not only helped building the temple, but put in many hours as a worker there. He was called to be a special worker in the Spanish Missions.

After Aunt Martha was able to take care of her self and the home again, I got a job helping a lady make pies for an eating place. I saved my money and with some help from Papa, took the train and went back to Provo where Veda lived again. She was expecting her third baby and wanted me to help her.

Later, I worked in a home or two and also a laundry. Then I worked in a café for a dollar a day and a meal a day. It was in this café that I met Marvin. ... Marvin and I were married on January 7, 1929, in Provo, in the court house. Aunt Luella and Aunt Louise had a shower for us the night before. Aunt Luella was Papa's [Jesse] sister and Aunt Louise was a sister in-law of his. They invited their friends and neighbors and some of my cousins who were living in Provo. [She adds many details of farm life in the 30s in Utah here.] ...

In the fall of 1930, after the crops were in and the turkeys and pigs were sold, we moved down town and lived in Marvin's mother's basement for the winter. In February we went to Arizona to see my folks. They had never seen Marvin or our baby. We still had our Star car which didn't have a heater. Going through the Kaibab Forest we got stuck in a

show drift. I was so afraid Joyleen would get too cold. I wrapped her in everything we had and prayed a lot while Marvin worked to dig us out. It was quite frightening in that snow covered forest. All by ourselves it seemed. In those days there wasn't much traffic. No one came along. But it wasn't long until Marvin got us out. It was good to get down to a warm climate in Phoenix and Mesa. We visited the folks a while then Marvin got a job for a company making cement pipes, and we rented a house in Phoenix. We stayed there three months. ... [Their children were Joyleen and Rowley Curtis.]

In October of 1952 we bought a lovely home in the outskirts of Springville. It had coops and five thousand laying hens and some milk cows. Rowley milked the cows and Marvin took care of the chickens. I helped with the eggs. I got my first electric stove. Many of the family have enjoyed this lovely home with us. [My family, **Var and Buena Rowley**, visited them about this time. I remember the chicken farm. I think we have a picture.] ...

[An addition to her story starts...]

In 1982, Mother became very anxious to get her story together with some additions to it. She had gotten some information from various sources, including a letter from Uncle Allen. I [Joyleen?] helped her reorganize and add to it. Less than a year later we found out she had cancer.

A week before she died, she had a stroke. ...When Janette and I [Joyleen or Rowley?] were in the room with her, she awoke from a semi-coma, looked just beyond Janette and said, "Veda! Veda!"

I know Veda came to take her home.

**Clarence Marion Rowley**  
Eulogy given at his funeral  
Mesa, Ariz. 8 April 1991  
By his son, Edward Marion Rowley

Dad was, as we all are, born with his own set of problems and talents for coping with them. He couldn't remember his mother's loving presence in the home. His most vivid memory of her was that of seeing her lifeless body when the casket was opened momentarily for the benefit of late arriving family members just before it was lowered into the earth. By the age of fifteen he was on his own, herding goats for a living and, in his loneliness at night, crying himself to sleep in the little tin-covered herder's shack on Prescott Mountain. Before he was eighteen years of age, he had the responsibility of providing for a wife and child. Over the years, in addition to the usual trials of family life and working for a living, he was hit by Mom's illness and death, serious personal injuries and the fiery destruction of his home and it's contents.

I mention some of his trials to emphasize his methods of coping with them. The first is prayer. He learned about prayer when very young. He told of being in a field on the farm near Tucson and often kneeling by a large tree while his **Papa [Jesse Rowley]** poured out his heart in prayer. ...

**Clarence M Rowley Obituary**

Services for Clarence Marion Rowley, 78, of Mesa, will be 10 AM Monday at Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Mesa, Mountain View Stake Center, 1550 N Val Vista, Mesa. He died Thursday, April 4, 1991, at Mesa.

Visitation will be 6 to 8 P M Sunday at Bunker's Garden Chapel, 33 N Centeniel Way, Mesa, and Monday one hour before services at the church. Burial will be in Skull Valley Cemetery.

Mr Rowley was born in Tucson and moved to Arizona 28 years ago from Utah. He was a self-employed backhoe operator in construction.. He was a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Survivors include his wife, Madeline, sons, Edward of Roosevelt, Utah, Thomas of Preston, Idaho, Allen and Steven, both of Mesa and Ned of Germany; daughters Rebekah Heaney of California, Phyllis Christiansen of Texas, and Suzan Brown of Mesa, 38 grandchildren; and 42 great-grandchildren.

## **"Dad's Way With Enthusiasm" Life history of Clarence Rowley**

a eulogy given by his son, Ed Rowley  
only parts are here, I have entire story.

...Dad [Clarence] always shared his thoughts. That seemed to be one of his requirements for satisfied living. I guess that's why, over the years, I had learned so much about his life. And his feelings about it. As we explored the site of his employment as a fourteen-year-old goatherder, many of those feelings returned.

Like the juniper stump. He hardly went anywhere without finding something "pretty" to take home. He also took home a little pinyon pine seedling that day. And his enthusiasm reached such a high pitch that it seemed, if he could, he would have taken home the whole mountain.

Dad's mother [Lucy Alvina Norton Rowley] didn't live long enough to tell her grandchildren about when his enthusiasm began but his family had some favorite stories. Like the one about his coming from outdoors when he was still learning to talk. His oldest sister asked if he could get some firewood for the stove.

With all the enthusiasm of a little boy grasping every opportunity for praise from older folks, he replied, "At's ist what I comed in for." As fast as his little legs could run, he was away and soon huffing and puffing his way back, arms loaded.

Another favorite occurred when he was nine. Returning from hunting with all of his shotgun shells unused, he was asked if he got anything.

"I almost saw a jackrabbit," was his quick reply.

Many of his achievements began as something he almost saw. He'd say, "If they can do it, I can do it." And, after talking it over with his Heavenly Father, turn circumstances into something he could see.

Perhaps his confident enthusiasm was strengthened when, within just a few years, he saw his father maintain a forward-looking attitude after the family home was destroyed in a flood, the new home was left without a mother, then destroyed by fire. So a few years later at age ten, Dad [Clarence] demonstrated his determination by driving a team of horses, pulling a wagonload of family possessions when they moved from Tucson to Mesa, Arizona in 1922.

Dad [Clarence] took his enthusiastic determination with him when he left home at age fourteen to make his own way. He was soon riding fence on a large ranch with a six-shooter strapped at his side. Although he never used the gun on anything bigger than rattlesnakes, he would encounter situations that would challenge the enthusiasm of people with much more experience in life. ...

Dad [Clarence] and Mom were an attractive teenage couple with a baby daughter when I was born, in the middle of the great depression. It was a dusty twenty-five miles to the doctor. He'd traveled the same road many times to peddle vegetables from his garden. But this time the old Star auto lost its oil plug when it hit a rock. And Dad roused a man from a drunken sleep just in time to help get Mom to my Aunt Loretta's house in Prescott for my birth. ...

Dad could almost make us see things that were not even there. He did it with the corn dolls. Often our corn would produce a miniature ear alongside the main one. And, Oh Boy howdy, it was a corn baby! He'd separate the husk a little, exposing the cob, which was the doll's head. Then he'd describe the beautiful little corn doll with cornsilk hair, wrapped in it's cornhusk blanket. By the time he finished, it was like we were seeing a real doll.

Sometimes we didn't have much to eat, but when he got to the table with his spirited, "boy, oh howdy's," it seemed that we were sitting to a king's banquet. ... Dad's gardening enthusiasm was contagious. ...

At times it was hard for Dad [Clarence] to work with other people. They were too slow, and that's why he quit his WPA job in the thirties. [During the depression, the US government set up Work Project A?? to provide jobs and a living for men who couldn't get work. They built dams, sidewalks, etc. and stayed off welfare. Many sidewalks in Mesa were stamped with WPA as I was growing up in the 50's.] He [Clarence] said he, "got fed up, just standin' around an' leanin' on the shovel an' hearin' those guys shootin' the bull."

So he got a Model T truck for fifteen dollars. With some tools and the family dog in the back, he headed out after firewood to sell. The route to the woods took him right past his old WPA gang. He felt, "so proud to be drivin' past those guys leanin' on their shovel handles. ..."

I often think of the garden on the first land Dad could call his own. We needed a well, so he dug one, with help from Mom's little brother. When the hole was so deep we couldn't see Dad's head, we heard a bunch of "boy oh howdy's" and went over for a look.

"Look! Clay! Boy oh howdy!"

"What's clay good for, Daddy?" we asked.

So he threw a few shovelfuls out and climbed up to show what it was good for.

"You can make dishes with it. Boy oh howdy, you can really make nice dishes. An' tables to put 'em on! Chairs, too. An' if you have enough, you can even build castles and fences an' all kind of other things.

So after showing us how to make toy plates and dry them in the sun, he went back into the hole.

After the hole was too deep to throw the mud out, they rigged a pulley on a beam over the hole and one of them pulled a bucketful up each time the other filled it. By the time the last load came out, Dad was standing way down there in water up to his waist. It took a few days for the water to clear, but not as many as it did to dig the hole.

After the well was dug, the big garden spot was next. Dad never heard of a rotary tiller, and he didn't have a tractor, or a horse and plow. But he had a shovel he'd used on the well. And a rake and hoe.

Back and forth they went, spading all day long. After a couple of days the ground had been raked smooth and furrows were made with a hoe. While Mom and Grandma sowed the small seeds, I helped Dad with the corn, beans and cucumbers. Melons and squash, too.

Willows were cut from the creek bank and made into little four-cornered teepees for the beans to climb on. There were lots of bucketfuls of water drawn from the well for the garden before Dad got a hand pump and finally traded for a gasoline powered one. ...

Then Dad discovered, in the creek bank, the same layer of clay that was in the well. Boy oh howdy! Now we could make adobe to built a brooder house and raise some chickens.

SO he built a wooden mold and we kids spent hours walking in the mud, working the straw into it with our bare feet. He and uncle Rowe set the mold on the sand bank and filled

it with the stiff mud. When they carefully lifted off the mold, three large adobes sat on the sand. After a few weeks we had a large stack of sun-baked bricks.

We built the brooder house and raised a thousand chickens the next spring. Later we moved our brooding operation, added a few rooms and fireplace to the adobe building and lived in it. ...

When Dad got a farm, we all worked in the fields. Mom baked bread for us. Then arthritis pains made kneading difficult. Dad was willing to help. All Mom had to do was to catch him. That wasn't always easy, because it seemed he didn't know how to move slow when he worked. ...After completing the kitchen task, he took Mom's hands in his and rubbed them a while. Gently. A real contrast to what had just happened in the mixing pan. ...

At age forty-four, Dad's enthusiasm couldn't cure Mom's cancer... he attended her funeral in a full body cast with a broken back,... A month later, his house burned.

But it was his own cancer that gave dad's enthusiasm its greatest test. ...Twelve years have passed since Dad should have died of cancer. ...

Well, I can testify that he still isn't dead. Only living in a different state of existence. And perhaps already in joyful reunion with the mother of his first seven children, his mother, father and all brothers and sisters who preceded him. ...

## Life History of Gene Haws Rowley Sr.

This is an autobiography written / or begun 1981.

1925 June

My parents, **Jesse Noah Rowley** and **Martha Haws Rowley**, moved from Tucson, Arizona to Mesa, Maricopa, Arizona where I was born on June 28<sup>th</sup> 1925 (56 years ago today). I was born a farm boy in a small one room red brick house in a big field. The house was located on the southside of Broadway (then called Creamry Rd.) just West of Stapley Dr. (then called Powerhouse Rd.) At that time it was about half way between Mesa and Gilbert. It is now bounded on the West by Stapley Dr., on the East by Lazona, on the North by 6<sup>th</sup> Ave. and on the South by 8<sup>th</sup> Ave. The house which is now nearest the spot where I was born was built by Ralph Jones and is presently inhabited by Clyde Harmon Jr., at 1264 E 7<sup>th</sup> Ave., approximately one half block East of Stapley Dr.

I was the 13<sup>th</sup> child born to a family of 10 boys and 9 girls. **Papa** was married once before to Lucy Alvina Norton. From this union came 8 of the 19 children. After his first wife died, **Papa** married my **mother**, **Martha Haws**, and from their union came the other 11 children. My half brothers and sisters are:

Vernell, Edwin, Allen, Veda, Loretta, Cecil, Clarence and Laura

My full brothers and sisters are:

Heber, **Var**, Velma, Elda, Gene, Narvel, Lela, Ervin, Melvin, Eva (stillborn) and Robert

1927 April

When I was just short of being two years old, we had moved to a house on the Southeast corner of Broadway and Stapley. It was here that Narvel was born on April 27<sup>th</sup> 1927, just two months before my second birthday.

My earliest recollections are some of the things that happened while we lived in a house West of the old Chandler Highway, (Now Country Club Dr.) about one and a half blocks on a nameless dirt road (now 1<sup>st</sup> Ave.)

1928 August

On the 17<sup>th</sup> of August 1928 I was playing in the front yard and I heard a baby cry. I started to go into the house to see what was going on but they wouldn't let me in for some strange reason. I was only three, I remember wondering how it had happened. After all, I had been playing in the front yard all morning and I hadn't seen any storks flying around. About a year later Velma, Elda, Narvel, Lela and I were playing across the road from the house on Scharnick's bridge. The ditch was full of water so Velma found a stick and struck it under the bridge from the east side. I went to the west side of the bridge and stuck my hand under to see if I could feel the stick. I got ahold of something and pulled it out. Lo and behold! It was my little sister Lela. Nobody knows how long she had been under there but needless to say that was the end of that game.

1929

One time, when I was about four years old, the family decided to go on a picnic in August. We drove about 3 miles past the end of Alma School Rd. across the desert, out to the Salt River bed. We found an old mesquite tree on the southside of the riverbed which offered a spot of shade. After we got tired of pushing each other out of the shade

someone spotted a big cottonwood tree about a quarter of a mile away. Mother [Martha] grabbed Lela and Papa grabbed Narvel and headed out across the desert with Heber, Var, Velma and Elda hot on their trail, and I do mean hot! They left me there beside that mesquite tree jumping from one hot rock to another to keep from blistering my feet in the burning sand. I got scared being left behind so I took off running to try and catch up. I got about a third of the way across when the sand got so hot up around my ankles that I started jumping up and down and screaming for help. Someone came and got me but I don't remember who and I don't remember the picnic under the cottonwood tree.

Another time when I was about four, we went to Tucson to visit my Aunt Laura Haws Hardy (Mother's sister.) While we were there I tried to pet their cow. It butted me on the chin and I still carry a scar, 52 years later. On the way home we came through Apache Junction which was at that time, a service station on the south side of the road and a saloon in the north side of the road, with a zoo behind it. As we rounded the curve there, some guy nearly ran us off the road. I used to wonder where they got all the monkeys, hyenas and other wild animals for the zoo. Thinking back on it now they must have come from the saloon.

1930

One day I was climbing an old Chinaberry Tree and I pulled myself up to the first fork which was about 7 or 8 feet off the ground. There I had a good view of the world. However, there, just inches from my nose, was a monstrous tarantula. It is a good thing I was young and innocent and still had my angel winds 'cause I sure flew out of that tree in a hurry.

On April 27, 1930 I had my first of many arguments with my brother Narvel. It was his third birthday and he thought he was really grown up. He really insulted me. Imagine the nerve of that kid trying to boss me around and I was just two months away from the ripe old age of five. We were playing in an old junk can in Tony Coury's Junk Yard and Used Car Lot, which was in the Southwest corner of Main and Robson. I decided to teach that upstart a lesson he would never forget. I grabbed him by the hand and drug him before the Supreme Court, which just happened to be my father's blacksmith shop next door. My father, being the Chief Justice! But I soon found out there ain't no justice in this ol' world. Instead of giving Narvel the 30 lashes he deserved, Papa just laughed. After that I handed out my own justice with my fists until when we were 15 and 17 years old I decided he had been punished enough. Some folks say it was just 'cause he had gotten bigger than me by then, but I know better.

On the 17<sup>th</sup> of August 1930, two years to the day from when the stork sneaked Lela into the house, he did it again. Only this time it was a baby boy. We named him Ervin. That made 16. One thing about it, that stork wasn't prejudice. Ervin's birth gave us 8 boys and 8 girls.

About the time that great depression was just getting started. A lot of times Mother [Martha] would put what little food there was, usually turnip stew, on the table for us kids then she would go out into the yard and eat grapes. I guess I felt sorry for her 'cause one day I was standing on a bench trying to help her with the laundry. She had to go into the house for something, I don't remember what, but it wasn't the phone cause we didn't have phones back then. Anyway, while she was gone, I decided to run some clothes through the ringer. Nobody had invented the automatic washing machine, but I think one of

our neighbors must have started on it when they heard me scream. I got my hand caught up to the wrist. They took me to a Doctor Brown who was an uncle of Bishop Phil Brown of Mesa 3<sup>rd</sup> Ward. The doctor poured hydrogen peroxide on the wound to disinfect it. It seemed like the foam piled up a foot high but it sure didn't kill the pain.

One Sunday afternoon **Var**, Heber, Velma, Elda, Narvel and I were playing "kick the can." Because we didn't have any shoes, we used a baseball bat to hit the can instead of our bare toes. It was **Var's** turn to hit the can and it was my turn to chase it. I got over anxious and ran right into **Var's** bat. He must have hit me awful hard because when I woke up I was laying under some trees at a friend's house 3 miles away; just across the road from where I was born. It's a good thing he didn't hit me any harder. He might have knocked me clean past where I was born and back to where I came from.

1931

In September 1931, I started first grade at Alma School. We had to walk three fourths of a mile to school. The distance wasn't bad, but the half mile of sharp rocks along the railroad tracks sure was rough on bare feet. Papa was working long hard hours in his blacksmith shop, but because of the depression, people couldn't pay him. He had a sign in his shop which read:

"Since man to man has been unjust, I know not which man I can trust.

I have trusted many to my sorrow; So, pay today and trust tomorrow."

A freak snowstorm in January 1932, left 2 to 3 inches of snow on the ground. We never missed a day of school and on about the second day of the snow on the ground, Mr Orin Fuller, the principal, saw me running around barefoot in the snow. He took me to a store downtown called The Toggery and tried to put some shoes on my feet. My feet were bleeding and swollen so bad that I could not wear shoes. So Mr Fuller bought 12 pair of heavy cotton socks for me. I wore 2 pair at a time until they were all worn out then I went back and got the first pair of shoes I remember having. Because it was such a novelty to kick a rock without breaking my toe, those shoes didn't last as long as they should have.

1928-1932

At [**Jesse Rowley**] **Papa's** blacksmith shop there was a table in the back with lots of scrap lumber stacked on it. I used to like to climb up on that and pull myself onto the rafters to get a birds eye view of the world. It seemed though that every time I jumped down someone would put a board with a big nail in it under me to break my fall. But that was still better than standing by the hot forge turning the blower to make it even hotter, then holding a piece of red hot iron with a pair of tongs while Papa hammered it into shape. Papa used to make most of his tools. He made hammers, chisels and tongs. One time he built a wagon for an ice cream peddler, Tony Escalante. Tony had an old bay horse that pulled him all over town and kids used to like to ride on the back of the cart and beg for ice cream. Alva Jean used to watch **Papa** work in the shop. Little did she know that someday he would be her father-in-law.

1934 & 1933 & 1936

I guess things were tough all over in 1934. Nobody had enough of anything. On the 9<sup>th</sup> of February that year the stork even brought us a dead baby sister. **Papa** had to borrow a shoe box from the neighbor to send her back in. In 1933 my brother Heber got hit by a

truck and it tore him up so bad, we had to send him back. Then in 1936, the stork brought another boy. Seven months later we almost sent him back. I didn't if the stork decided we didn't want any more or just plain went on strike after 19 deliveries. Maybe he just couldn't find us anymore since we were moving around so much, but, I doubt that, 'cause how could you hide 19 noisy kids? [It was only 17 by that time.] Any way I never saw any sign of that weird bird again.

1932/33

When I was about 7 years old we moved onto our new farm. Olive Drive was just two wagon tracks through a forty acre cotton field. Papa had bought an old frame house from Uncle Rob Beecroft. We lined it with cardboard to help keep out the cold. One day Mother [Martha] put too much wood in the fire and while we were all out working in the field working, the house caught fire. Mother got there just in time to drag a burning baby buggy out with my 3 or 4 month old brother Melvin in it. He still has scars on his legs.

When I was in 3<sup>rd</sup> grade at old Irving School on North Center, we had a favorite game we played. We would pair off and one partner would be the horse and the other the rider. The idea was to try to knock the other riders off their horses. My best friend, a little curly headed Mexican boy named, Glenn Ramirez, and I were nearly always the only ones left standing at the end of the game. (That is where my son David Glenn got his middle name.)

1934

Shortly after our house burned down we rented another fire trap from John Ray. I was about 9, Narvel was 7, Lela, 6, and Ervin was 4 when at one time we were all sick and I was left in charge while the rest of the family went to Sacramento Meeting. Sometime about sundown, I had just lit the kerosene lamp and when I was trying to put the chimney back on, I accidentally knocked the lamp on the floor. There we were, four little kids, in that firetrap of a house with burning kerosene running through the cracks in the floor. My first impulse was to get the kids outside but then I started thinking what Papa would do if he came home and found a pile of ashes. He had already lost 4 homes, one to flood, [in Tucson] two to fires and one to Poncho Villa in Mexico. So instead of running outside, I grabbed a blanket off the bed and smothered the fire out.

While we were living in John Ray's house we had five acres of land to farm. The house was about 50 yards back from Marilyn Av. We had a big haystack out next to the road where the paper boy used to leave the Arizona Republic. About that time the FBI had a nationwide man hunt for a gangster named, John Dillenger. Every morning us kids would run out to get the paper to see if they had caught Dillenger yet. Then we would let Ervin take the paper and beat us back to the house. one morning we picked up the paper and the headlines read, "John Dillenger shot by FBI 1934." We ran as fast as we could back to the house with the news and left Ervin out there having a tantrum because we wouldn't let him beat us to the house. Papa finally went out and convinced him, with a stick, to come in.

**Papa** raised chickens and we had to haul drinking water for them and for us nearly a quarter of a mile from Fraley's. We hauled it in 55 gallon drums on a horse drawn cart Papa built. Between our family and all our hens we used nearly 2 or 3 hundred gallons of water a day. We had about 2,000 laying hens but between disease, heat cats and chicken thieves, **Papa** had to buy nearly that many again just to stay even every year. We were just about

helpless against the heat and the chicken thieves until a friend of mine, Francis Millett, gave us a little black puppy. We named him Ranger. We were living in an old lumber house which sat up on blocks just high enough for cats and dogs to go under. And they did. The cats used to attack Ranger when he was little. They would run under the house and fight and all I could do to help the puppy was to run into the house and stomp up and down on the wooden floor and scare the cats away. But one day I heard fighting under the house and before I could do anything about it the cat came running out with Ranger in hot pursuit. From then he was a member of our cat haters club. Whenever we found a cat in the chicken coop we would holler, "Here, Ranger, Ranger, Ranger... Here, Ranger, Ranger, Ranger." And Ranger always knew what was happening. He would head for the north side of the pen because the cats always headed that way toward the Farley's. But, they quickly changed direction when they saw Ranger coming. He would head them for a big Mesquite tree which forked about 4 feet from the ground. ...One day we treed a great big cat, as big as the dog or bigger. ...it was a wild cat. It must have had rabies because about two weeks later Ranger died foaming at the mouth. Narvel and I were lucky we didn't get bit. We had a few more days after that but none of them ever replaced Ranger. Not too long after that, the chicken thinness ran us out of business. But, before they did, Narvel and I carried thousands of gallons of water to those chickens before we finally got city water piped to our place.

1934-35

While living there we had to catch the bus at the corner of Horne and Broadway. It was really hard to get up at 5:00 o'clock in the morning in the winter time and wade bare foot thru half frozen kee deep cow manure then clean up, eat breakfast and get to the bus stop on time. We had to run over to Horne thru wet and frosty Johnson Grass, then a  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile from where 6<sup>th</sup> Ave is now to Broadway. Every time the bus driver had to wait for us, he would chastise us for being late.

Horne St had sharp gravel on it. We had the choice of running on the sharp rocks or in the stickers, in the gutter. It was hard choice but we usually chose the rocks over the thorns. In running that far, I used to get a terrible pain in my side, but I couldn't stop running because if I did, the rocks cut into my feet that much worse.

If we missed the bus, we didn't dare turn around and go home, so we ran two miles to Irving School, 'cause if we were late for school, we had to stay after school and we would miss the bus again and have to walk home, then we would catch heck for not getting home in time to do our chores on time and we would go to bed without supper. That didn't happen very often, tho. Once was enough. Later on, the bus driver's sister lived next door to us and he pastured his cow in her field. Every morning when he came to milk his cow at 5:30, Narvel and I would have 3 or 4 cows milked already. From then on he never bawled us out anymore. But, if anyone got on the bus right behind us he would growl at them and say, "These Rowley boys have a good excuse for being late. What's your excuse?"

After **Papa** got out of the chicken business, we had to work for my brother Allen on the hay bailers. Oh, man. I hated that! I always had hay fever. Besides that, we had to start bailing as the sun was going down. We worked all night and half the morning, till it got so hot the leaves were falling off the alfalfa. Then it was too hot to sleep, besides that, we had to milk the cows. Some times, when we moved from one field to another, I would try to sleep on the trailer, but that was like trying to sleep on a pogo stick while being chased by a freight train.

One day when I was bucking bales and Narvel was driving the tractor, I had a bale of hay, which weights as much as I did, up over my head, getting ready to put on top of the stack, the tractor hit a bump and it threw me off the trailer with the bale of hay in my lap. I couldn't walk for two weeks. Some people will do anything to get out of work. Then one day, Narvel and I were cleaning the corral. He was driving the tracer again, I was standing on the corner of the trailer, unloading the fertilizer in the 10 acre field on Horne when the tractor hit a bump and it threw me off. I landed on the back of my head on the draw bar of the tractor. It knocked me out for a while. When I came to, Narvel helped me get home.

1936

A lot of times, when we were working in the field and we got thirsty, we would go lie down on the ditch bank and drink out of the ditch, like the horses did. After we had been doing that for a while, Pres, Franklin D Roosevelt got polio. People around the valley started getting polio. The doctors said it was from swimming in the irrigation. That scared us a little, but not enough to make us stop drinking the water. It wasn't until something hit me on the nose, while I was drinking one day, I raised up to see what it was. There was a Meadow Muffin. I decided it was time to find a less polluted water hole. [A meadow muffin? Is that like a cow pie?]

1935

One day while we were living in Ray's house, Narvel and I were playing Tarzan in two big tamarack trees when the "Grapes of Wrath" drove into our yard; A car load of Okies with all their furniture hanging on their car. They wanted to know what we were doing in their house. I don't know what happened, but, evidently, John Ray had rented it to them with out telling **Papa**. It wasn't their fault but Narvel and I had a feud going with them until they moved to California, 6 or 7 years later. To add insult to injury, they bought a piece of land we were farming from Howard Standage.

1938

One day when Elda and I were about 14 and 1? Years old, we were picking cotton way out in one of Papa's fields, when Sister Farley, who lived nearby, started calling her daughter, Alice Faye. In a high shrill voice, she called, "Alice Faaaaaye..." After several times with no answer, Elda yelled from the fields and answered, "Whaaat?" To which Sister Farley replied, "Come home..." And Elda replied "No!" They had quite a little argument going and I often wondered what kind of trouble Alice Faye found when she got home.

When I was about 13 or 14, Allen had some hay bailers and one of them caught fire out in the field. We brought it to our back yard to rebuild it. A month later when **Papa** [**Jesse**], **Var**, and a hired Mexican fellow were pouring gas in the tank to get it ready to go back to work. Gas spilled on the hot engine and caught fire. The three of them had gas on their cloths which ignited immediately. **Var** jumped off the bailer, ran about 10 steps and jumped over a three foot high barbed wire fence and rolled around in the dirt and put the fire out. Papa jumped off and ran toward a tub full of water. I thought he was going to put his fire out so I didn't worry about it. At the same time the Mexican fellow took off running and screaming. He ran about 100 yards to the end of the road where there was a shoulder high fence and came running back towards me.(I had been chasing him, telling him to roll over like Var had done. But, he was either scared or couldn't understand English.) Anyway,

here he comes running toward me, looking like a human shish-ka-bob, coming right at me. I had to step out of his way to keep him from running right over me and setting me on fire. I tackled him as he went by and rolled him over and put out his fire. I got singed a little but he never died. He was in the hospital a month.

After I put his fire out, I ran over to help Papa put the fire out on the bailer and **Papa** was still on fire. I splashed some water on him while he was running towards the bailer with buckets of water trying to save the bailer, not worrying about himself. HE was so badly burned, he was in the hospital about ten days. They just cleaned **Var** up and bandaged a few burned spots and sent him home.

Later on a man by the name of Herschel Jewell, bought a piece of land next to Williams. He had a son Jim, about my age. One hot summer evening, Papa was irrigating, he told us if we didn't want to help him, to go to bed. So I went to bed, but I couldn't sleep. Papa was irrigation in the front yard so I sneaked out the back door and ran out behind the hay stack, across a neighbor's field, then across the road to Jim's place. I was too hot to stay in their house, also, so we sat out in the field and talked. I wish I had known how to teach the gospel, but I didn't. So, instead of doing something constructive, we started throwing clods at the Williams' house, which had a tin roof. We didn't know the clods were falling off the roof, into their beds, until Sis Williams went out in her front yard and hollered at **Papa** for him to make his boys stop throwing rocks at her house. He said, "Aw, shut up. My boys are in bed." He was only mistaken, 45 seconds. I barely got undressed and back in bed before he came to check on me.

Ervin and Heber

1938 & 1933 & 1936

One night, when Ervin was about eight years old, he woke up in the middle of the night, vomiting and sick to his stomach. He was sick all day, and all the next night, and late the next day Papa took him to Doctor Sharp (a good name for a surgeon.) The doctor told **Papa** that Ervin's appendix had been ruptured for 48 hours. His system was so full of poison, he was so near dead, there was nothing he could do to save him.

**Papa** told him to go ahead and operate. The doctor said it would be a waste of his time and Papa's money. But, Papa insisted, and while the doctor was getting ready to operate, he called in Bishop Clarence Dana and his councilors, who, I think were, Howard Millet and Leslie A Peel. They administered to Ervin.

When the doctor cut him open, he took out his (Ervin's appendix, not the doctor's) He covered him with a sheet, (the doctor covered Ervin) and waited for him to die. (Ervin, not the doctor, tho I have thought since, it should have been the other way around.) He pushed Ervin out in the hall, didn't even bother to sew him up. The next morning, on his routine rounds the doctor, who was not LDS, pulled the sheet back, to pronounce him dead. When he saw Ervin, still alive, he started trying to save him. He said, later, he should have known better than to expected a Mormon Boy to die that easy. It was 2 months before Ervin was back to normal.

Some time later, we were playing hide and seek one night and Ervin ran out into the orchard to hide and stumbled over a hand cultivator. One of the les--? Just missed his heart. That ended the game of hide and seek.

To get back to Ervin's story, he was five years younger than me, and what a pest!, I thought. Again, how things change. One day we were late for the bus again. Ervin, Narvel, and I were running north on Olive Drive, (still car tracks, in the middle of a cotton field) as

fast as we could. We had to cross 4<sup>th</sup> Ave. (Broadway) to get to the bus. I crossed first. Narvel wasn't far behind. He went ahead and got on the bus, I stopped to see where Ervin was. Just as he started across the road, here came two high school kids, hot-roding in a car. They passed between Ervin and me. Ervin screamed, I heard a thud and when the dust had settled enough so I could see, there was Ervin, sprawled out in the middle of the road. I thought, "Oh, No! Don't let history repeat itself."

1933

Just 3 or 4 years earlier my brother, Heber, who was just 5 years older than me, got killed by a truck passing a school bus, 2 blocks away, at the corner of 4<sup>th</sup> Ave and Mesa Drive. He was the first person ever killed, in the town of Mesa, by a motor vehicle. That is why it is against the law to pass a school bus while it is stopped to pick up or discharge children. The truck had a crank in the front bumper and it tore Heber's stomach. Heber was 13. My brother, **Var**, who was only 12, had to flag down a car and pick Heber up and put him in it and get the people to take Heber to the hospital, while **Var** ran a half mile to tell Mother and Papa. The man that hit Heber had already picked up **Mother and Papa**. They stopped and picked **Var** up and got to the hospital just in time to watch Heber die.

1922

Heber had been run over by a car when he was about 2 years old. It left his face twisted and dented in one ear. That's why he couldn't hear the truck coming. He was a very intelligent boy and had a lot of friends. The day he was killed, he was to have been passed from the 7<sup>th</sup> to the 8<sup>th</sup> grade in the middle of the year. I only know one other person that happened to.

1938

Ervin was lucky that time tho, he just got hit hard enough to knock him down and stun him for a while. They took him to the hospital, then released him. He was badly bruised, but no cuts or broken bones. That evening, at supper time, Ervin was laying on a blanket on the floor, as I remember it, Ervin wanted someone to bring him a drink of water. Papa, in his wisdom, not wanting to spoil Ervin, told him to get it himself. Ervin got up and started limping on his left leg. Being a con artist, myself, I started thinking out, "Hey, Ervin, you were running north. The car was coming from the east. It hit you on the right leg, how come you're limping on your left leg." He stopped and thought a second, then started limping on his right leg. It was a miracle how fast he recovered after that. I mean, it was a real miracle he didn't get hurt any worse than that after being hit by a speeding car.

1936

Going back a few years, when Ervin was about 6 years old, Narvel was 9, I was about 11, the three of us were working way back in the west end of the chicken pen, nearly 200 yards from the house, when a real strong wind started blowing all of a sudden. We almost had to get down on our hands and knees and crawl back to the house. All the while the wind was pelting us in the face with chicken dung. When Narvel and I got back to the back door of the house, I held the door open for Narvel and Ervin. I felt Narvel go by. My eyes were so full of chicken dung (besides my mouth and nose being full of it) I couldn't open them for a few seconds. When I finally opened my eyes to see where Ervin was, much to my surprise

and fright, he wasn't there. Narvel and I ran back to find him. The wind had blown him back against the fence and nearly buried him in chicken dung. (I guess that is why Ervin grew to be way over 6 feet tall. He was well fertilized.) It was all Narvel and I could do to drag Ervin to the house.

One evening, when I was about 11 years old, Narvel and I were way after dark getting home from Primary. **Papa** had to gather the eggs, and milk the cows. **Papa** made us go to bed with out supper. After a while, I got up and told Papa I was sorry for what I had done. Narvel wasn't about to apologize. After I had gone back to bed Papa came in and asked me if I wanted a bowl of bread and milk, which I certainly did.

One Saturday, about that time, just the day before Easter, some of my cousins were visiting from Tucson. We went out in the Desert for a picnic. On the way back, there was **Papa** driving, with me in the middle of the front seat, then Mother holding Robert, who was three months old. Then there was **Var**, Velma, Elda, Narvel, Lela, Ervin, and Melvin, plus Barbara, Laura and Zelda Hardy, in the back seat. As we were going thru the intersection of Broadway and Stapley, going west on Broadway, a car going north on Stapley, ran a stop sign and hit us broadside and knocked our car over on it's side in the ditch. Mother was in the water, up to her neck, holding Robert over her head. I was the only one in the family that got scratched, but one of my cousins got some broken ribs.

When we got out of the car, we found out that my oldest sister's oldest boy, George Chlarson, had stolen my brother, Allen's, car, and was trying to make his escape.

1937

To digress from Ervin a little, we had rows and rows of 1 cubic foot nests stacked on top of each other. We had to keep straw in the nests to keep the eggs from breaking,. I sure hated it when I would reach way up over my head and grab a hand full of broken eggs and chicken manure, but I nearly fell off the ladder when I reached in one nest and took hold of a snake. We were supposed to gather the eggs twice a day. One day someone, for some reason, didn't gather all the eggs at noon. It just happened that I hurt my ankle playing football at school so I tried to use that as an excuse for not doing my chores. But it didn't work. I guess that's the reason I exposed Ervin when he tried to pull the same trick, although he had a much more legitimate excuse. Anyway, my ankle was hurting and I was felling sorry for myself, And when I filled two five gallon buckets full of eggs, instead of taking them to the egg house, like an egg head, I started stacking eggs on top of the bucket. So what if a dozen or so rolled off and broke, no one would ever know the difference. Besides, I was gathering the eggs, like I had been told. As near as I could count, I had about 600 eggs, I started, I say, started to go to the house with the two five gallon buckets heaping full of eggs, severely exaggerating the pain in my mind, I was feeling so sorry for myself I wasn't watching what I was going. I tripped over a piece of bailing wire sticking out of the ground. Those two buckets of eggs flew out in front of me. (That was the first and the last time I saw eggs fly before they were hatched.) I fell on my face right in the middle of 600 broken eggs. I almost drowned in egg yolk. I found out that the horse whip applied to the back side a few times will cure a sprained ankle, real quick. I think it would have even mended a broken leg...

I mentioned the snake a while ago, which reminded me of something that happened when I was about 16. My brother, Clarence, had a Chevrolet Semi-truck. He hauled 15 tons of hay at a time. He would take me along for company. That is where I learned that a

trucking company has to work, to be a success and stay on the road. Clarence had a ranch in Skull Valley.

One day we hauled a load of hay to the Hassayampa Dairy in Prescott. Then we drove to the ranch and got his little Ford V8 coupe and went looking for something to haul back to Phoenix. There was a Mr Williams, I can't remember his first name, he was a millionaire cartoonist. He created, "Out Wickenburg way." I found out why millionaires were so hard to find, back in the 30's, they were all hiding out in the woods. We drove for two hours, it seemed, over a windy, dippy, mountain road we followed a slow semi for miles before we thought it was safe to pass. When we finally made our move, we got along side of the back end of the trailer and a car popped up out of a dip right in front of us. The truck was doing about 25 MPH we had sped up to about 40 MPH, and the car coming at us was doing about 60. We had three alternatives to a head-on collision and no time to make a decision. We could either plaster ourselves all over that cliff, or climb a pine tree doing 40 MPH or crawl under the trailer. There is a law against littering the Highways, which we surely would have done if we had taken either the first or the second choice., so Clarence decided to crawl under the trailer. He hit the breaks, and luckily the car didn't have good shock absorbers, and the front end went way down and we literally... slid under the trailer. We were under so far, we scratched our windshield on the back of that trailer... We finally found the ranch, and we drove up to a beautiful ranch house. There was a seedy old ranch hand out in the yard. Clarence walked up to him and said, "Where can we find the millionaire, old man Williams?" The old cowpoke said, "You're looking at him, mister. What can I do for you?" We were almost wishing we could crawl back under the trailer.

1940 - their horse, Molly

Back in 1935, **Papa** bought 10 acres on the east side of Horn Street from a fellow by the name of Frank Anderson. In the morning, we would drive the cows and horses to the pasture. We had 8 Holstein cows and three work horses. One bay mare named Molly, sure was a good cow pony. I would get on her bare back with a bridle and grab a hand full of mane and hold on tight, and she would round up the cows by herself. If one cow tried to lag behind, Molly would run over and bite them on the behind. In the evening, after school, I would jump on her, and she would round up the cows, drive them to the gate. The cattle would all run across the road and jump in the irrigation water and get a drink. While they were drinking, I would close the gate and go jump on Molly's back while she was still in the ditch. When they all got thru drinking, Molly would get them all out of the ditch, and head them for home. Then I would turn around backwards on her and lay my head on her hips and go to sleep. When I woke up, they would all be standing at the coral gate. Every once in a while, one of the cows would get away, and I would have to ride Molly all over the county looking for the cow. One evening I was riding east on the south side of Broadway, in the gutter, or bar ditch, as the Oakies called it, About where Mesa Jr Hi Seminary is now. Molly stepped in a gopher hole and turned a somersault and landed up side down on top of me. We were lucky we didn't both get killed or at least a broken leg. When she rolled over to get up, luckily again, she rolled toward my feet instead of my head. She would have killed me for sure. After she got up she stood there and waited for me to get enough strength to get up. At first I thought I had broken my ankle, but it was just bruised. But, it hurt so bad I couldn't jump back on her. The Lord was sure looking out for me because about that time,

her came Ray Williams, delivering papers. He helped me back on the horse, and I rode off into the sunset.

1940

One evening when I was about 15, I was taking the cows home. I stopped at Gerald Standages place to read the "funnies" in the Tribune. ("Mesa Journal Tribune" it was called then.) What happened after that wasn't very funny. Those cows must have gone home and told Papa I was reading the funny papers. How else would he know I was in Standages house? Anyway, I heard a knock on the door. I looked, and there was **Papa** with a big switch. I bolted out the door, past him, fast as I could go, he hit me twice as I ran by, then he hit me again about every other step I took. He sure could run fast for a 65 year old man. Needless to say, I never stopped to read the funnies any more.

1944??

[What year was this? Probably 1944 - It says 1934 but he says he was 29. 1925+29=1954???

Shortly after we moved onto the farm, **Papa** and Ervin dug a well 40 feet deep. After a year or so, the well went dry and they had to dig another, 20 feet deep. One day when Ervin was digging in the well, Clarence came over and told Ervin the battery Clarence had borrowed from Ervin was dead. That made Ervin so mad he came up out of the well and lit into Clarence right on the edge of the well. Papa was trying to break up the fight and I thought they were all going to fall in the well. When Ervin got thru with Clarence, Clarence's wife, Adelle, and Allen had to carry Clarence home and put him to bed.

We celebrated the fourth of July that year by setting off a few sticks of dynamite in the bottom of the well. What a firecracker! Later on, when the well went dry again, we piped water from the Farley place, then we moved our out house over the well and started to fill it back up. One day Papa dropped his billfold in the toilet. It had \$20 in it, that was a month of groceries, so we had to lower Narvel down in a bucket to retrieve it, so Papa could buy groceries. Of course it all wound up back down in the well, anyway.

1941

In 1941 I bought a Schwinn bicycle and got a job delivering the Arizona Republic in the morning, and the Phoenix Gazette in the evening. I had to pick up my papers at the corner of Main and Stapley at 4:00 AM. From there I went west to Horne, south to Broadway, east to Solomon, south to where 5<sup>th</sup> Ave is now, then back to Broadway, over to Horne, south to Southern, east to Stapley, south to Baseline, east to Gilbert, a  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile south on Gilbert, then north to Southern, west to Stapley,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile north on Stapley, then back to Southern, then back to Horne, north to Marilyn, then west to home... a total of about 11 miles. Then, I had to milk 4 cows, eat breakfast, and get to school by 8:00 AM. Then I had to do it all over again in the evening. It was all dirt road, except Main, Baseline, and Gilbert Road.

That winter, it is the first time it had rained enough to fill Roosevelt Lake. Horne and Southern were so muddy, the mud would pack under the fenders till the wheels wouldn't turn. Several times I had to pick up my bike, with 20 newspapers in the bags and carry it  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile. All that for about 75¢ a day. Some times **Papa** let me ride Molly, but that was a

long way for her, and then pull a plow all day. Some times when it was raining real hard, **Var** would take me in his car.

Allen had a little café on Main St. He used to let us paper boys have all the pie and ice cream we wanted, as long as we paid at the end of every month. I thought that was great until I didn't have enough money to pay Allen. He told me I had better pay him, or he would tell Papa. I tried to borrow some money from Clarence, but he wouldn't loan it to me. I just had to stop eating pie and ice cream. I had terrible withdrawal pains.

One day I was eating an ice cream cone while I was delivering papers. A little rock got caught in the bicycle chain. It threw me off the bike. I landed on my hands and knees and got a rock about the size of the end of your little finger imbedded in my knee. I had to go to Doctor Horace Kent and have him dig it out.

I used to ride home from Mesa High at lunch time for a bowl of Bread and milk and honey. Then on the way back, I'd grab the back of a hay truck and let it pull me from Mesa Drive to Center.

For other entertainment, Joe Barney, Leroy Web, my brother, Narvel, and myself, used to ride our bikes to the northeast corner of town, (between Main and 4<sup>th</sup> Street and Center and Mesa Drive) about 9:00 PM, where they had a lot of dogs. Two of us would ride ahead and get a dog to chase us. The other two would come up from behind and surround the dog and scare the poor thing half to death. We would do that until the people would start lighting their kerosene lamps. (We didn't have electricity.) Then we would go into the next block and start over. We really thought that was fun. If anybody did that to me now, I would call the police. My how times have changed.

1933

Going back a few years, I started milking cows when I was 8 years old. One day I was driving the cows to pasture, and one of them decided she wanted to go home. I couldn't stop her, she almost ran over me. **Papa** was coming behind me. When she tried to run past **Papa**, he kicked her on the nose and turned her around, then got after me for letting her get by me. I never let another cow get by me again, after Papa showed me how stop them.

A few years later [1936?] when I was 11, Ervin came out in the coral, while I was milking. He got too close to a newborn calf, and the mother lowered her head and came charging at Ervin. She would have killed Ervin if I hadn't jumped between them and known how to turn her to one side. That little jersey cow was crazy **Papa** had to put a leather band around her calf's nose with horse shoe nails on it to keep her from sucking her mother. That crazy cow would stand there and bleed.

One day I was trying to feed another calf, that Jersey calf kept trying to suck on my pants leg, sticking those nails in me. I kept pushing her away and she kept coming back. Finally, I swung around with my right hand to slap her in the ribs. She jumped back and I slapped her on the nose, running one of those nails clear thru my hand. I still have the mark in the palm of my hand.

**Papa** had bought a team of horses and a Holstein cow from a man by the name of Christiansen. We named the horses, Molly and Brownie, and the cow we named Butte. Butte's first calf... The next calf was a beautiful heifer we named Pet. ...Pet's first calf was even prettier than her mother. In fact she was one of the prettiest heifers I have ever seen. I named her Becky after my favorite niece. ...Becky jumped the fence when she was 20

months old. I took us a week to find her. That's what I was doing when Molly stepped in that gopher hole (looking for Becky.) ...

Milk was one of our main sources of food and money, next to eggs. We really had to work hard to get the hay to the cows so they could produce milk. Consequently spilling milk was a no-no. They say it doesn't do any good to cry over spilled milk but we sure did a lot of when we were growing up, at least I did. ...

Narvel was almost 2 years younger than me. From the time he was 13 to 16 he was wearing the same size clothes I was wearing. He was always more physical than I was. I guess something happened to me when I was a baby that stunted my growth.

When Narvel was 15, he wanted to go to work on Allen's hay baler. That didn't bother me much, cause I didn't like hay balers, anyway, but I never could quite figure out why I had to go no milking cows and running a paper route when I was 17 and Ervin was 12 and hadn't even learned how to milk cows yet. **Var** tried to get me on with the Santa Fe Railroad, but **Papa** wouldn't sign a minor's release. It was just a matter of a few months till Uncle Sam was going to take that matter out of his hands anyway. I had to trick Ervin into learning how to milk. I told him I would pay him a dime for every cow he milked. I think it was about the time I tried to borrow some money from Clarence that I couldn't pay Ervin what I owed him, so he was going to quit. I told him and **Papa**, I had been milking cows for 9 years and hadn't been paid a dime. Besides, he was four years older than I was when I had to start milking, and I didn't think it was a bit fair, for me to pay him when he was drinking just as much as I was. So Ervin had to help me milk. Then when I got a chance to go to work at Williams Air Force Base, just before I had to register for the draft, Papa didn't see how Ervin could milk all those cows by himself. I had to remind him that Melvin was 2 years older than I was when I started milking. I know Narvel was deliberately drying up his cows when he wanted to bale hay. I think that is one reason Papa let him go. When I thought he wasn't going to let me go to work where I could earn some money, I tried to do the same thing, but my conscience wouldn't let me. I often wonder what my life would have been like if I had gone to work on the railroad for &75.00 a week, instead of going in the Army for \$35 dollars a month. Maybe I was lucky. I have seen some of my brothers and a sister drift away from the Church when they got to making a lot of money.

Another thing I used to hate was combing the desert for wood. **Papa** and I would take 3-10 gallon cans full of water, 2 - 4 pound packages of raisins and two loaves of home made bread to last us all day. We put 20 gallons of water in the radiator and drank the other 10. Papa ate a loaf and a half of bread and a  $\frac{1}{2}$  sack of raisins. I ate a sack and a half of raisins and a half a loaf of bread. We would comb the desert from Lehi to Florence Junction. It took all day to find a load of wood. I sure hated it when we found an ironwood tree. It was like chopping iron... [My dad, **Var**, said they would take loaves of bread and a bunch of bananas for their lunch. I didn't know they had bananas in Mesa in the '20s]

One day, I was trying to put a harness on Molly and she stepped on my bare foot. I was hitting her with a trace chain, trying to get her off. **Papa [Jesse]** got after me for being mean to her. I wasn't trying to be mean; but a thousand pounds of horse on my bare foot didn't exactly tickle...

When I was about 15, my cousin, Martha Hardy, got married in Tucson. Everybody in the family, except Narvel and I, went to the wedding. We had to stay home and take care of the chickens and the cows. One evening, we were staying out on the hay stack, feeling sorry for ourselves, we started prophesying about some day we were going to travel and leave

everybody else home. Years later, under President Franklin Delano Roosevelt's leadership, we got into war with Japan and Germany, ei WW II. I got drafted and went to Europe. A year or so later, Narvel joined the Navy and went to China, and everyone else stayed home.

Going back a few years, to just before 8<sup>th</sup> grade graduation, when we were rehearsing, there was a girl by the name of Alva Jean Farnsworth singing a solo. She had a real beautiful soprano voice. I remember all the kids were oohing and ahhing. Every time she hit those high notes, it would just send tingles through you.

...In 9<sup>th</sup> grade ...There was an empty desk in the middle of the class, right in front of that beautiful soprano soloist. ...One day my older sister started going with a return missionary by the name of Pershing Lamar Farnsworth. ...Several times I started to tell her I was Velma's brother. ...One day Mr Mason said, "Gene Rowley, come get your test papers." ...as soon as I sat down, she asked if I was Velma's brother. I said "Yes." She said she was Lamar's sister. I said, trying to act surprised, "Well, how 'bout that!!" We talked for a while, then I asked if I could take her home on my bicycle. She said, "I guess so." Man, I thought school never would let out that day.

We used to go to every Abbot and Costello show that came to town...

One evening just after sundown, I was coming down the lane and Alva Jean, Rhoda and **Buena** were sitting on the bridge, singing, "Sweet Lei Lani." As usual Alva was taking the soprano part. They made up one of the most beautiful trios I have ever heard sing anywhere, anytime. Mesa was a quiet, peaceful town back then. We had a three man police force, Joe Maier, Joe Leavitt and Buck Hassel, a very popular motorcycle cop. And a three man, 1 truck fire department.

**Var and Buena** got married on the second of June, 1940. Then one year later, Velma and Lamar got married on June 2, 1941. 26 days later I turned 16. June 28, 1941. Germany had invaded Poland in 1939, after Britain's Prime Minister, Chamberlain, came back from meeting with Adolph Hitler, proclaiming, "Peace in our time." France and England had told Hitler, if he invaded Poland, they would declare war on him. He did, and they did. Germany ran over France in no time. Britain threw Chamberlain out of office, and put Churchill in his place. ...

On Dec 7, 1941, Narvel and I were out in the coral, milking cows, when all of a sudden it sounded like all heck broke loose down town. Sirens started screaming all over town. The police were saying over their PA systems that the Japs had bombed Pearl Harbor, in Hawaii. ...I wasn't too worried at the time, cause the draft age was 21. I was only 16. I knew without a doubt the war would be over before I turned 21, which it was. What I didn't know was that when I turned 17  $\frac{1}{2}$  they lowered the draft age to 18. I registered for the draft on my 18<sup>th</sup> birthday, June 28, 1943.

In the spring of 1942, I got scarlet fever and flunked the second semester. In the summer of 1942, Alva's family moved to California to work in the ship yards. Then my whole world collapsed around me. My sweetheart had gone to another world, and I was facing the draft... While the Farnsworth's were helping the war effort in California, [**Jesse**] and Clarence got a contract with Apache Powder Co. in Benson to supply them with powdered straw, for gun powder. We bought up, then grounded up, all the straw in the valley, then Clarence hauled it to Benson, Arizona.

One day while I was sewing sacks on the grinder, I stepped back away from the machine to get a breath of fresh air. I put my hands on my hips to relax a second. When I did, I felt like I'd stuck a hot needle in the joint in the joint of my right thumb. I looked and

didn't see anything, so I went back to work. After a while, my thumb started swelling, and I started getting dizzy and sick to my stomach. I told **Papa [Jesse]** I thought something stung me. He told me to go to the house. I went over where **Mother [Martha]** was washing clothes. I was telling her what had happened, and how I felt. All of a sudden, I felt the same thing 2 more times on the back of my right upper arm. I started taking off my shirt, which was a long sleeved tan shirt. I pulled my right arm out and turned the sleeve wrong wide out: but I didn't see any thing, so I started to pull my left arm out, and I felt the same thing, 2 more times on my left arm. I turned that sleeve wrong side out and there was one of those long, slender, deadly type scorpions. He had stung me 5 times, unfair, like everything else seemed to be, I could only kill him once. For the next couple of hours, while I had my right hand and arm packed in ice, and was thinking about that Boyle kid, the same age I was that died 2 weeks earlier from a scorpion, I died a hundred times. I took those clothes off and never wore them again for a month. Then one night, **Mother [Martha]** was going to take us to our annual show. Those were the only clean clothes I had, so when I put the pants back on, a scorpion stung me on the knee. That time I killed the scorpion, got a couple of ice cubes, tied them on my knee with a rag, and went to the show with melted ice running down my leg.

In September of 1942, when school started, there was no money to buy books or clothes with. **Papa [Jesse]** told me if I wanted to go to school, he would have some money in two weeks. I was already going to have to take second semester over, so I just didn't see any sense in going back and getting further behind. That is when I reared-up and demanded that Papa let me go to work at Williams Air Force Base, so I could earn money to buy books and clothes for next year. But as I said, I registered for the draft on my 18<sup>th</sup> birthday, I knew it wouldn't be long.

Sometime during that year, Lyman and Rhoda Haws were living in the old George Haws house, Alva came back to help Rhoda, when Joy was born. ...

**Papa [Jesse]** said he could get me deferred to help him on the farm, but I had had enough slave labor. I got my orders on the 28 of September, to report to the Phoenix draft office on the 28<sup>th</sup> of October, and I was sworn in. When I boarded the train at the Mesa Railroad Depot at midnight, October 30, 1943, I was technically in charge of three guys, Cecil Baker, a white guy, and 2 Indians, Jonah Ray from the Salt River Indian Reservation and Chester Antone, from the Gila Reservation.

We arrived at Los Angeles Grand Central Station at noon, November 1, 1943. That place looked like it was as big as the whole city of Mesa. I didn't know there were that many people in the whole world. I thought I was going to drown in people. We got to Fort Mac Arthur just in time for supper, my first army chow. Every one in the chow hall was making fun of the funny clothes we were wearing. We still had on our civvies. ...I weighed 135 lbs. [I think he was by far the smallest of the Rowley boys. Ervin, the tallest was 6' 4". My dad **Var** was 6' 2"] ... They said if I weighed 5 pounds less they would have to put me in the girl scouts. ...My shirt was 14 neck, 35 sleeve. I got those long arms from reaching across the table for something to eat. My mother said I ate so much it made me skinny to carry it around. My first GI shoes were 7½ B. Six months later, I weighed 165, 31-30 pants, 15½ - 35 shirt and 8½ C shoe. When I went over seas, 5 months later I weighed 175, wore 34-30 pants, 16-35 shirt, 9½ shoes.

My first few nights at Fort Mac Arthur, I was afraid to go out side at night for fear I would drown in the fog, or walk off into the ocean. After I had been there a week, I got so home sick, I cried all night. ...

Note to Darlynn, It seems, ...your mother and I... were promised to each other...In reading your great grandfather, **William Wallace Haws'** diary I found that he and your great grandfather, Albert Stephen Farnsworth, worked together laying out Colonia Pacheco, where your grandpa Farnsworth lived next door to your **grandmother Rowley [Martha Haws Rowley]** when she was born. Then your grandpa Farnsworth knew your grandpa Rowley in Tucson, after Poncho Villa ran them out of Mexico, and your uncle Edwin worked and boarded with your grandpa Farnsworth. Two of your **Grandpa [Jesse] Rowley's** mission companions were your grandpa Farnsworth and your grandma Farnsworth's uncle.

Then your mother and I crossed paths several times in school ...I was sick a lot in third grade and had to take it over. ...

#### W W II - 1943-44

Now back to the army. We had a lot of fun on the b each...Before we shipped out, though, Congress passed a law that no more 18 year olds could be shipped over seas. There were 4 or 5 of us in that category...

About the middle of the month of March 1944, ...we started hearing rumors that we were going to Fort Custer near Battle Creek, Michigan. ...We boarded a troop train in Riverside. From there we went to Reno, Nevada, then to Salt Lake City, Utah, where I saw my first real heavy snow storm. From there we went to Denver, Colorado. It was snowing all the way. Going around a sharp curve in the Royal Gorge, just out of Denver, a big 10 gallon aluminum kettle fell off a shelf down over my head and shoulders. When I came too, a few minutes later... Frank Dutton ...was laughing so hard he couldn't even help me up.

From there we went to Lawrence, Kansas, ... From there we went to St Louis, Missouri. Then we hit Chicago, Ill. About midnight, March 29, 1944. For some reason we had to get off the train and walk a mile or so to another depot, carrying 150 pounds of gear. That is when I found out why they call Chicago, "The Windy City." I think that is where they learned how to freeze-dry food...

From there we went to Gary, Indiana. Then arrived at Fort Custer just after dark on March 30, 1944 and it was snowing. It snowed most of the next day.

There were about 30 men from the western states who had been in the army 5 months by that time. After 6 months you were supposed to get a 15 day furlough plus traveling time, we tried to get our furlough from California, but they waited till we got to Michigan and gave us just 10 days. It took 6 of them traveling. We had 4 days at home.

When I left Ft Custer, there was still snow in the ground. I had on all the clothes I could get on, and still thought I was going to freeze... When I got here, to the valley of the Sun, ...I wondered what had possessed me to bring an overcoat to Arizona.

It was a miserable 4 days. I was terrible restless, with Alva in California and nothing to look forward to except going back to army life. I did go visit my sisters Laura, Loretta, and Veda in Prescott. While I was there, Laura gave me an old hand cranked portable phonograph, which I carried with me until the war ended. All of my buddies enjoyed it so much, that every time we moved, the Supply Sgt. would pack it with Company equipment. That is the only way it survived. I had to leave it behind when I transferred out of the 785<sup>th</sup> M P Battalion. I did take most of my records. (When I was in my early teens, Laura

gave the family a real nice phonograph, which we played almost constantly, until the spring broke, and the family abandoned it. I took it apart and fixed it. It lasted a while longer, then the spring broke again. I fixed it again, it broke again, every time it broke, the spring got shorter... played it till the spring couldn't be fixed any more. Then I turned it by hand until I lost all the phonograph needles. Then I used most of mother's sewing machine needles and straight pins, till she realized what I was doing, then she put an end to my career as a disc jockey, at least temporarily. We had a lot of old vaudeville records which I almost memorized.)

A lot of GI's liked to go to Chicago for the weekend. As long as you were in uniform, you couldn't spend a dime. You could go to any theater any time, & take the bus anywhere you wanted to go in the city limits. Everything was free, including rooms and meals, as long as you were in a military uniform.

Detroit was a fairly good place for GI's to visit a lot. I got a free ticket to go to a concert...

On September 12, 1944, we left Fort Custer and went to Detroit, then into Windsor, then across Canada to Niagara Falls then we crossed the Niagara River just above The Falls, into New York. Then we went to Buffalo, NY. Then to Boston Harbor. Then on Sept 14, about noon, we boarded the SS Wakefield, a troop ship which had previously been a Luxury Liner called the SS Manhattan, the fastest ship afloat at that time. We had several anti-aircraft guns and anti-submarine depth charges. We were supposed to leave Boston Harbor at midnight, but a hurricane was coming up the coast, we had to wait in the harbor for it to blow over. So we didn't leave until noon on the 15<sup>th</sup> of Sept., Dewey Melton's 19<sup>th</sup> birthday. We were supposed to escort an oil tanker the last half of the way across the Atlantic. We were 12 hours behind schedule, and when we got to where we were supposed to meet the tanker, rumor had it that a German sub had beat us there and all that was left was a big fire on the water.

If it had not been for that hurricane, we might very well have gone to the bottom of Davy Jones Locker with the tanker. Again, the Lord moves in mysterious ways his wonders to perform.

Jack Dempsey was a Lieutenant Commander on that ship... ..we had to back track to Liverpool, England. From there we took about a 20 hour train ride to South Hampton. Again, rumor had it that the Germans buzz bombed South Hampton, 12 hours before we got there. Again, had it not been for that hurricane, we might have been right in the middle of an air raid. Parts of South Hampton were a real mess. I guess it was from the bombing. We stood around the docks for a while. Then boarded an old English cattle boat. They had just hauled a load of horses across the English Channel, and nobody had cleaned it out. In the 9 days crossing the Atlantic, I had a couple of waves of nausea come over me. They just lasted a few seconds. That first night out on the Channel, a big storm hit. I had to pull guard duty at 2:00 AM. I was already sick. While I was on deck, a big wave came over the ship and hit me. ...By morning I was too sick to die.

...we waited for the storm to blow over. It was horrible, I don't remember much about what went on, but I do know we sure were relieved on the 5<sup>th</sup> day when they decided to risk disembarking us. The waves were only one story high instead of two. When we disembarked, we had a full field pack on our backs, a steel helmet on our head, a full duffel bag on one shoulder & a full barracks bag on the other..... We were about a mile from shore. We had been sitting there for 4 days with the coast of France barely visible thru the fog.

We were excited about setting foot on dry land again. The barge dodged in and out between sunken ships and all kinds of snares. They took us in as far as they could, and then we had to jump into the armpit deep icy water and wade 75 yards or so to shore, then we had to walk about 50 yards to the foot of a sand dune. Then climb 30 or 40 feet to the crest of the hill, only to be greeted by the stench of dead bodies. Then we had to march, single file several miles through a field that had signs on both sides of the path which read, "CAUTION LAND MINES BEYOND THIS POINT."...

I don't recall exactly when they issued us our weapons, but our first overseas assignment was to escort 5,000 German prisoners of war from St Lo, to Cherbourg, about 90 miles. ... I asked a German 1<sup>st</sup> soldier what he thought about being captured. He said he was glad it was over. He had been waiting for two weeks. He was really when he found out we were sending him back to the United States. ...

[There are lots of good war stories here.]

One day I decided to go for a little hike around the country side. I filled my canteen full of water, and put 2 halizone pills in it, got my rifle and a few boxed of ammo, just in case. I had to wait  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour for those pills to purify the water before I could drink it. When it was safe to drink, I took my canteen off my belt and drank nearly a quart without stopping. There happened to be a farmer close by. He started laughing and said I would get drunk, drinking like that.

I said, "No, it isn't wine."

He said, "Oh, what is it, coffee?"

I said, "No. It's water."

He said, "WATER!! THAT STUFF WILL KILL YOU."

Plain water without halizone would kill you, over there.

A couple of weeks later, that seemed like an eternity, The storm broke. One morning, I heard a roar, way off in the distance. I looked up and there was a big black cloud coming toward us from the Channel. I thought, "Oh no! Not another storm, already."

It turned out to be a thousand B-17 bombers, each towing two gliders. What a sight that was! The planes were loaded with bombs, and the gliders were loaded with men and supplies. Needless to say, that broke the back of the German offensive, and the Battle of the Bulge was over. The Germans were retreating, so we had to turn the pipe line over to the French army? ...

One day they told us to pack up...they told us they were waiting for the company commander to move some people out of their house. I remember when we finally moved in. We looked around at the fabulous furnature and decided it must have belonged to some big-shot Nazi, so we weren't too concerned about how we treated it.

We moved in the first part of March and moved out the last part of April. Along the last part of March, some guy came in and tried to get us to move out. I tried to talk to him but I couldn't understand much German, then. He said something about Utah and Chicago...

You can imaging the shock that hit me when, 35 years later, I bought a book ... called, "Mormonism in Germany." ...I turned the page and there was a picture of that house, and the caption under the picture read, "European Mission Church Administration Offices in Frankfurt, Germany." And on page 120, I read:

"Although the Germans in the Soviet area of occupation received greater mistreatment, seemingly because of the extreme losses and suffering the Russians had received at the hands of the Germans, US troops were also guilty of causing Germans great

distress. In West Germany, Pres Huck said, "The American confiscation of the Mission Home in Frankfurt was done in a ruthless manner. All the linen and silverware was taken by the US Soldiers.

"Before the formal surrender, Pres Huck went to the Americans in Frankfurt on March 27, 1945, in an attempt to get the return of the West German Missionary Offices. I showed him Pres. Heber J Grant's business card, which I had received from him during his 1937 visits. I also showed him cards of American Brethren who were Officers in the Army. After 4 weeks, the troops left, and the mission officers were able to return to the home." ...

"I was on Patrol in front of the [mission] house on the 12<sup>th</sup> of April 1945, when a German civilian came by almost in tears and said the Pres Roosevelt had died. A short time later, our company commander confirmed the information...

Christmas 1945...[the day after? This would have been my first Christmas. I would have been 6 weeks old. akrc] That afternoon, we left ole Böblingen for Merry ole England. My sister, Veda, had given me the name and address of one Marion Rowley Bevin, a distant relative. Her father was a past minister in Sternford on Soar. His name was Arthur Rowley. IT only took 3 hours to cross form Le Harve, France, to North Hampton, England instead of 5 days. There was a drizzling rain when we disembarked and the Red Cross met us there. A lot of times in the army they served up "pigs in a blanket" but that time it was a "pig in a raincoat." The blanket was baked so hard, the rain couldn't penetrate it. ...

Marion was quite a heroine. She had personally shot down a German bomber over London. They were real good to me. But they must have thought I was rather strange, with my American ways. It was quite shocking to see a whole family of Rowleys smoking and drinking tea. ...

One day, Marion and I decided to go to see a movie. The bus stop wa a half block from her house. We were standing on the corner waiting for the bus. All of a sudden, Marion said, "Ear cumsa boose."

I said, "What?"

She said, "I said, Ear cumsa boose."

I said, "What did you say?"

She said, "I said, Ear cums tha boose. See."

I looked where she was pointing, and sure enough, there was one of those two story booses, I mean buses, coming. We got on the bus and sat down and after a while, a girl came down the aisle collecting the fare.

I asked her how much it was. She said, "Three pence un apney."

I said, "What?"

She said, "Oh, three pence un apney."

I dumped a hand full of change in Marion's hand and said, "Here you pay her." Marion laughed and gave her three pence and a half penny.

## N. H. Rowley's History Narvel Haws Rowley

By his daughter Candace Rowley Hazar

How do I begin to tell you the story of my father's life? I'm sure each of you here could tell us at least one very special memory you have of him. Many of you have had extraordinary experiences with him because he was certainly no ordinary man.

Last July, I was privileged to spend several hours with Dad one afternoon, asking him questions, and recording a good overview of his life. From those tapes I have compiled some of the more interesting parts. ...

Dad was born in a little house east of what is now Mesa, Arizona, on April 27, 1927. He was the sixth of ten children born to **Jesse and Martha Rowley**.

His family was very hard working. All of the children had chores to do each day, such as feeding the chickens and milking the cows. The children didn't get anything handed to them; they had to earn everything. None of them received an allowance. When they were old enough to earn money working, they were required to give half of what they earned to their mother. [**Martha**]

Dad spoke often of his parents and had great respect for them. His father, [**Jesse**] whom he called "**Pops**," was already in his early fifties before, as Dad jokingly put it, "I started giving him trouble." Dad felt Pops was exceptionally strict when it came to seeing that everybody stayed in their place. You had your jobs to do, and you did them. **Pops** would let you work out deals, though. Dad thought that was good and fair. **Pops'** only concern was that the job was finally done. Another important rule Pops strongly insisted on was, "You don't sass your mom."

Dad was close to his mother while growing up. He called her, "**Moms**." She often wore aprons that tied in the back, and dad was forever sneaking up and untying the bow. It got to where she would start to slap him as soon as she saw him coming close.

**Moms** [**Martha H Rowley**] really had her hands full raising such a large family. For instance, she would bake eight loaves of bread, every other day, in a wood burning stove. Imagine doing that all through out our Arizona summers!

Another cute story Dad told was how he loved to sneak into the kitchen after Moms had just taken the freshly baked loaves of bread and set them out to cool. When she was no longer in the kitchen, he would tear the whole top off one of the loaves, slap on a big helping of butter, pour in a generous supply of honey and then TAKE OFF RUNNING!

Dad played football in high school and was good at it. Though he loved football, he still had to work at home. [My dad **Var**, the second child, said he didn't play because he didn't have shoes to wear. I thought he meant football shoes. I now think he meant, he didn't wear shoes to school, at all. Besides he had too much work to do at home. He chose to drop out of school in high school so that his two sisters could both finish and graduate. akrc] The work didn't leave him much time for football practice or doing much school work. The work, and also the cost of his

books, were both factors in his decision to drop out of Mesa High School in his Junior year.

When he was 17, he enlisted in the Navy. He was in the Navel Air Squadron, and went to boot camp in San Diego. That is where he was when the atomic bomb was dropped during World War II. Dad always felt he had been lucky to still be in San Diego during that time. A few of his friends that had already been shipped out on destroyers, were sadly killed by Kami-Kaze pilots. The war then started to wind down, and he was sent to San Francisco for a time. From there he was shipped to the island of Guam. Guam was the one place he said he would have loved to return to, but never got the chance. He said he would have liked to see if he could still recognize any of the places he'd been while stationed there. He guessed that it was probably very built up now, and the beaches would be lined with many resort hotels.

He spoke of a few of the experiences ha had while on board the Navy ship. ...

He received an honorable discharge from the Navy when he was 19 and returned home singing, "Bell Bottom Trousers, Coat of Navy Blue."

He then quickly got his first real paying job driving a tractor and plowing cotton fields in Eloy. He was paid \$1 an hour and worked for 12 hours a day. However, when figuring in the drive time, he was actually working 14-15 hours a day.

He eventually quit that job and got another one, mixing mud, for a friend who owned a construction company. In that job, he worked into being a hod carrier. That job required that he sign up with the plasters union, and so he borrowed \$28 from his boss and joined. He always volunteered for the "ladder work" which few men could do, because it was so strenuous on your back and legs. He was so good at it that bosses would request him when he'd report to the union hall. Because of his abilities, he almost always had work, even when other guys were having trouble finding enough. ...

Dad had endless curiosity about everything. When faced with a problem, he would study it out and come up with practical and ingenious solutions. He was what you'd call a self-made man. Without any formal training he taught himself how to read the blueprints to a building and then place an accurate bid for the job. ...

Dad was a hard working business man through and through. ... He loved the challenges ... he said he had learned a lot from following his dad's [**Jesse Rowley**] teachings. **Pops** used to tell him, "It doesn't make any difference what you do if you're digging ditches or whatever you're doing, if you're the best at it, you'll make a good living." Dad had determined early that he was going to be best... He stayed with the work he had chosen to do and began to build a reputation for himself. From then on his hard work, creativity, honesty, and dependability all combined helped him achieve the level of success in business that he did. ...

Dad was usually so busy working, that he rarely had much time to spend at relaxing. However, when he did get the chance to be at home, he often read books. From his youth on, he had especially loved to read about history. As he read, he said he would dream of some day being able to visit many of the far off places talked about in those books. He said he never would have guessed that some of those boyhood dreams would actually come true for him. He was eventually able to travel through out many parts of the United States. He also traveled to Mexico, Canada, the Netherlands, Belgium, France and England. ...he would have loved to spend more

time "roaming the countryside" in England, because that country was his heritage and so rich in the history he had enjoyed reading about. ...one of his favorite sayings, which was, "home again, Home again, Never to roam again."

...As a young boy, Dad said that he would never have imagined in his wildest dreams that he would someday be able to go on hunting and fishing trips. ...

Dad was not with us as long as we would have liked, but in the 64 years that he was, he experienced a rich, full life. He may have started out a poor farm boy who milked his neighbors' cows for 2  $\frac{1}{2}$  cents each, per day, but through continual hard work and an abundance of good ol' common sense, he was able too achieve great success through out his life. Of course, we know that his greatest success came from possessing a tender, caring heart. Unfortunately, at times, that heart was somewhat hidden behind his rough looking exterior. One of his nicknames may have been , "The Bear," but anyone that really knew him, knew that in reality, he was only a Teddy Bear. ...

Dad never took, he always gave. When someone he knew was down on their luck, they would oftentimes seek him out for help. He was definitely very charitable. He would generously help out family, friends, acquaintances, and organizations he strongly believed in. However, he generally never just gave hand-outs.

I've been told that Dad's **mother** [**Martha Haws Rowley**] liked to use the phrase, "Short and sweet is hard to beat." I think Dad and his **mother** are probably both hoping right now that I realize the phrase definitely applies when someone in telling a person's life story. So...

## Ervin Rowley Obituary- Oct 1950

Mesa Worker killed in Wyoming - Phoenix Gazette

Mesa, Oct 13 - Ervin H Rowley, 20 year old Mesa construction worker, was killed Wednesday at Kortez Dam in Wyoming.

The steel boom of a crane fell on him while he was working atop the dam. He died on route to a Casper, Wyo. Hospital.

A native of Mesa and 1948 graduate of the local high school, Rowley left six weeks ago to work in Wyoming. He was employed by the Morison-Knudsen Company, contractors engaged in building the dam.

Rowley was active in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. He was a member of the Seventh Ward and had played on the ward's basketball team. He is survived by his parents, **Mr and Mrs J N Rowley** of 566 South Olive Drive; five brothers, **Var**, Gene, Melvin, Robert, all of Mesa; Narvel of Phoenix; three sisters, Mrs LaMar Farnsworth and Mrs Lester W Carpenter of Mesa, Mrs Lyle Morrow of Phoenix; two half brothers, Allen Rowley of Mesa, and Clarence Rowley of Utah; four half sisters, Mrs Vernell Rowley of Phoenix; Mrs Melvin Curtis and Mrs Hunter Scott of Utah, and Mrs Wendell DeSpain of Prescott.

### Mesan Killed

Ervin H Rowley, 20, of Mesa, was fatally injured Wednesday when the steel boom of a crane fell on him while he was working on a dam construction project near Casper, Wyoming.

From Ervin Haws Rowley's funeral Program:

Born	Aug. 17, 1930	Mesa, Arizona
Passed Away	Oct 15, 1950	Casper, Wyoming
Interment at Mesa City Cemetery		

## Robert Haws Rowley

A History written by his mother, **Martha Haws Rowley** - 1936

Robert Haws Rowley was born 12 Jan 1936 at 7:30 A.M. at Sister Estel's Maternity Home in Mesa, Arizona. He weighed 11 pounds.

When he was three or four days old he began waking up about 12:00 every night and he would cry until 2:00 A. M. When we got home he got over that. We went home when he was ten days old.

His sister, Vernell, came over from Phoenix to go home with the new baby. When we got nearly home we ran out of gas and **Jesse** had to go get some. When we got home the house was nice and clean for us and the baby was as good and sweet as he could be.

Robert is **Jesse's** 19<sup>th</sup> child. There are 10 boys and 9 girls. The oldest from each family is dead - Edwin and Heber.

I [**Martha**] took Robert to Sunday School on Feb 22, 1936, he was six weeks old. It was the first Sunday School they held in the new church house at the 2<sup>nd</sup> Ward in Mesa.

The next Sunday, March 1, 1936, Robert was blessed. There were three babies blessed that Sunday and he was the second one to be blessed in the new chapel, so we were quite proud of it.

His aunt Chloe was over for a few days. She said she would have to pinch him to see if he could cry.

On March 7, 1936, we took Robert on his first outing, we all went up the canyon for a picnic. He slept all the time we were there. He now weighs  $15 \frac{1}{2}$  pounds.

On the 11 of March, the day before he was two months old, he laughed out loud.

When he was three months old he weighed  $17 \frac{1}{2}$  pounds, but when he was four months old he went down a pound because he got sick. He had a big boil under his right arm. When he was five months old he went up half a pound.

On April 24, 1936 the day before Robert took sick, his Aunt Luella and her two girls came down from Provo, Utah and stayed for five days. Aunt Luella thought he was so sweet.

Bob and Vernell gave Robert a jumper when he was five months old, we don't have a ceiling in the house so Jesse fastened the jumper to the roof. He surely has a good time in it, running around and around in a big circle.

At  $7 \frac{1}{2}$  months he took 4 steps and he has four teeth. HE was 8 months old on Velma's birthday, the 12<sup>th</sup> of Sept. Velma is 14 years old.

Robert had his first haircut on Sept 27, 1936, Wendell cut it.

Oct. 19, 1936 I took Melvin and Robert to the Woman's Club today, they have nurses there to weigh the children. Melvin weighs 39 pounds and his height is 42 inches, he is three years and four months old. Robert weighs 19 lbs  $2 \frac{1}{2}$  oz. and his height is  $29 \frac{3}{4}$  inches - our balances have been right.

Robert started to walk today, before he was 9 months old.

Oct 19, 1936 - Robert walks everywhere now. He gets up all alone. We all thought it was so cute that we all laughed and then he did it all the more. He is the first one of the children to walk so soon.

At 11 months he had 8 teeth. ON Dec. 20<sup>th</sup> at Sunday School the superintendent Bro. Harvey Taylor asked everyone to bring a present the next Sunday - something to give to the needy at Christmas time, Robert took a bottle of butter.

Jan 11, 1937 - Tomorrow, Jan 12<sup>th</sup> is Robert's [1<sup>st</sup>] birthday and he and Melvin have the measles. They are quite sick. **Jesse** brought some ice cream for them. **Jesse** picked up Robert for a while, but he got tired and wanted back in his bed. He sure is a sick little boy.

[The complete story is in my Rowley Book. Robert has the original.]

## SAGA OF A PIONEER'S SON

For ninety years he's walked the land, strong and straight and tall.  
Many a trial and trouble he's had, but his faith stayed strong through it all.

He came from rugged pioneer stock, the second son of the clan,  
At an early age he had charge of a mill, and did the work of a man.

Because of polygamy and a National decree  
The families of John Rowley were forced to flee.

They packed their things and left their homes to look for a new promised land.  
They traveled down into Mexico, this faithful, united band.

A new home was built in the desert; a new mill was running soon.  
Trees and grain and grapes were grown and a town began to boom,  
For others had fled there also, seeking to find a home,  
And families now were together; hoping never again to roam,

Jesse had had no schooling, but had learned to read and add,  
So he helped take care of the family awhile, then death took away his Dad.  
He worked out now for wages, and a blacksmith he became.  
A few years more, he found a girl, and soon he changed her name.

Lucy Alvina Norton became his lovely wife.  
They started out with courage strong to face a world of strife.  
He wanted most to go to school, and worked until he could.  
But soon his Church sent forth a call, they felt a mission would be good.  
So happily and humbly, he stopped his schooling there.

"I will go," he said, "just give me time to prepare."  
Hard and earnestly he worked to pay his debts and get ahead,  
For several young ones now had come, and he knew they must be fed.  
Not only food, but the bread of life they received from their parents dear,  
For they learned to pray at Mother's knee, and to know that God was.

He left his dear ones home and answered his call from above,  
For two long years he labored hard, doing his work with love.  
Then home once more with his family to take up the threads of life;  
But the Mexicans were restless, soon there would be strife.

Two more daughters were born, to bring joy into the home,  
Then alas, once more the home was gone, and again they had to roam.  
They fled the Mexicans' murderous wrath and went to the U.S.A.  
Leaving behind the home and fruit, the animals and hay.

Camped in the desert they all had hopes, that soon they could go back,  
But the war went on, and the Mexicans army continued to burn and sack.

So turning their backs on the old life, though their hearts were heavy and blue,  
They went into Arizona to start their life anew.

A home was built, and for six years more they taught with patience and love,  
That happiness and things worth while were blessings from above.  
Another son and daughter came to comfort them when sad,  
This they knew was a blessing rare, the best that could be had.

Then sorrow came and touched them all as it never had done yet.  
For the Mother died and the little ones cried and said they'd never forget.  
His grief was great, and life looked long as he tried to go ahead.  
His little ones needed a Mother, he vowed again to wed.

He found a lovely lady, patient, kind and dear,  
Martha came into the home without a doubt or fear.  
She didn't try to take the place of mother who wasn't there,  
But gave them love and friendship and of them all took care.

Now, more children came to bless the home and swell the walls to burstin'.  
Heber, Var, Velma, Elda came, and there were more, you can be certain.  
Next came Gene and Narvel, then Lela and Ervin appeared.  
Melvin and Robert were the last to come, and the love in the home they mirrored.

Tho years flew by, the children grew and learned to work and play.  
Through fire and flood and times of grief, when some were called away,  
The parents clung to the iron rod and didn't care for the riches of men;  
But looked for the time when Christ would come and they'd see their loved again.

Humble, honest, steadfast and true to the gospel plan,  
The storms of life beat o'er him, but he, built on a rock - this Man!  
My grandfather, Jesse Noah Rowley, may our children remember his deeds,  
And never forget that God strengthens us all, whatever may be our needs.

Written by Joyleen Curtis Kitchen  
Grand-daughter of Jesse Noah Rowley

## Jesse Rowley's Birthday Article - Mesa Tribune 15 Feb 1964 "Family Birthday Celebration Set for 90 Year Old Man"

Long-time Mesa resident, **Jesse N Rowley** will celebrate his 90<sup>th</sup> birthday this weekend and will be honored at an open house being given by his children, Sunday from 3 to 7 PM.

The afternoon celebration will be held at his home, 614 S Olive Dr., and is open to all relatives and friends in the area.

Born in Nephi, Utah, Feb 18, 1874, he came to Central Arizona in 1888 with his family traveling by covered wagon. The family moved on to Old Mexico where he grew up, met and married Alvina Norton, and where six of their eight children were born.

In 1912, he moved his family to Binghampton, near Tucson, where two more children were born, and in 1918 became a widower.

Later he married **Martha Haws** and they have 10 children. He has 82 grandchildren, 109 great-grandchildren and became a great-great-grandfather last year, making a total of 210 direct descendants.

Active in the Latter Day Saints Church throughout his life and in 1904-1907 he filled a mission for the church to Mexico City and has filled three local two year church missions.

Residing in Mesa since 1924, first as a blacksmith he went into farming in 1930 and is now retired.

At age 90 he still does his own irrigation and yard work.

For the birthday celebration, activities include a family pot-luck and program on Saturday and the open house on Sunday.

## Jesse Rowley's Birthday Article - Mesa Tribune 27 Feb 1964 "Family Party Honors Mesan on Birthday"

The family of **Jesse N Rowley** honored him with a reunion in commemoration of his 90<sup>th</sup> birthday with nearly 250 guests in attendance.

The events included a dinner and program for the family and an open house at his home, 614 S Olive Dr.

Guests and family members from California, Idaho, Utah and his only great-great-grandchild from Old Mexico.

Orson Richins, a friend he had not seen since leaving Mexico in 1912, attended the open house after seeing the article telling of the event in The Tribune. Also in attendance was Mr and Mrs Arwell Pierce. Pierce was a missionary with Rowley 60 years ago in Mexico City.

His family presented him with an unusual "family tree" featuring branches and leaves for each member of his large family along with names and pictures of his 210 descendants plus those having married into the family.

The tree was prepared by his son, Melvin, whose hobby is creating bushes and trees from Mansanita branches with artificial flowers and leaves.

[Picture of Jesse & Tree] UNUSUAL TREE - **Jesse N Rowley** of 614 S Olive Dr holds up the "family tree" sporting pictures and names of his 210 descendants plus those marrying into the family at recent celebration honoring his 90<sup>th</sup> birthday. The tree was prepared by his son, Melvin.

[Pic of Jesse Rowley Family] FAMILY GROUP - On his 90<sup>th</sup> birthday **Jesse N Rowley** was honored at a family reunion attended by 12 of his 13 [living] children. Pictured are (seated) Mrs Lela Carpenter, Mrs Elda Alexander, Mrs Jesse Rowley (his wife), the honoree, Mrs Veda Scott, Mrs Cecil Curtis, (standing) Mrs Velma Farnsworth, Robert Rowley, Narvel Rowley, **Var Rowley**, Gene Rowley, Melvin Rowley, Clarence Rowley and Mrs Laura DeSpain. Not pictured is Allen Rowley, who was unable to attend. (Newt Kempton Photo)

## Jesse Rowley - Lela's Story

By April

My aunt, Lela Rowley Carpenter Abegg, called to comfort me in August 2002 after my brother, Jack died. My father, **Var** had died eight months before. We talked about Jack, although his death was a surprise, having lately said he was ready to meet his maker and wasn't afraid.

I mentioned an experience I had one night while visiting **dad** in the hospital a few weeks before he died. **Var's** stepson, Dr. Gerry Hooper, had checked him into the hospital because he had an infection that wouldn't be controlled. That night, the nurse called and told us that **dad** had turned bad. He might not be alive when we got there. I called my sister Penny. We rushed to Desert Sam Hospital. When we got there, the nurse said, I'm sorry, it was just a false alarm. He had a severe reaction to 'vitamin K' and he was now doing fine. We went in to talk to him.

When he saw me, he looked very disappointed... like I shouldn't be there... and if I was there, he must still be here, alive. He had been settled and quiet when we arrived. Soon after that, he became agitated. All his kids, April, Penny, Ken, Gordon, Chris, Roger, and his wife Zeltha were there. We had to hold his hands so he couldn't pull at the cords. He looked at us several times and said, "Release me." Several of us got the impression that he meant more than let go of his hands.

A few days later, when I was sitting with him, he was laying back in his bed. He looked up at the wall just above the door, called an old friend's name and said, "What are you doing here. Why did you come?" I talked to him and he seemed to have trouble focusing on me and the here and now. My daughter, Jessica and her family came to visit at about this time. After they left, dad again looked at the wall and said, "Why are you leaving? Don't leave me here."

Shortly after that we moved him to a rest home run by his step-daughter, Rena's, friend where he could have more personal care. He died two days before Christmas, 2001.

As we were talking about death, she mentioned something that happened with her dad, my grand father, **Jesse Rowley** just before he died. She said he was in his bedroom, with a window on the south side of the house, which opened to look at their small citrus grove. His wife, **Martha Haws Rowley**, walked in the room.

**Jesse** asked, "Why don't you invite them in?"

**Martha** answered, "Who?"

**Jesse** said, "Your **mom** and Luella."

He had never met **Martha's mom** since she died before they met each other. Luella was **Jesse's** sister. It seems they had come to visit **Jesse**. He saw them outside his window.

## Jesse Noah Rowley Obituary Mesa Tribune

### Mormon Pioneer Dies Rites Set

Funeral services for **J. N. Rowley**, 92, member of a Mormon Pioneer family from England, are scheduled at 10 A.M. Monday in the 13<sup>th</sup> Ward Chapel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

**Mr Rowley**, who had been a blacksmith, farmer and rancher in Arizona since 1912, died yesterday in Southside District Hospital, where he had been a patient one month.

Prior to hospitalization, he had been in such good health that he irrigated and mowed his own lawn at 614 S Olive.

**Mr Rowley** was a high priest, served in the Presidency of the Spanish-American branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and was an ordained temple worker in Mesa.

He had served three missions for his church, including one in Mexico. Born in Nephi, Utah, he was taken to Mexico in 1891. He moved to Tucson in 1912 and to Mesa in 1924.

Friends may call 4-8 p.m. Sunday in Meldrum Mortuary. Burial will be in Mesa Cemetery.

Survivors in addition to 67 grand children, 144 great grand children, include his wife, Martha; seven sons, Allen, **Var**, Gene, Melvin, Robert all of Mesa, Narval of Phoenix and Clarence of Buckeye; six daughters, Mrs Veda Scott of Las Angeles, Mrs Marvin Curtis of Salt Lake City, Mrs Wendell DeSpain of Prescott, Mrs Elda Morrow of Phoenix, Mrs LaMar Farnsworth and Mrs Weston Carpenter, both of Mesa; two half brothers and a half sister.

His first wife, the former Lucy Alvina Norton, died in Tucson.

### In Memory of **Jesse Noah Rowley**

Born Feb 18, 1874, Nephi, Utah

Passed away Oct 27, 1966, Mesa, Arizona

Services 10:00 A.M., Oct 31, 1966

Mesa Thirteenth Ward Chapel, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Elder Roy C Beach, Officiating

Invocation		Westley A Mullenaux
“Peace I Leave With You”		Seventeenth Ward Singing Mothers
History		Lucian Mecham, Jr
“O My Father”	Singing Mothers	Soloist, Richard L Millett
Speaker		Milton H Knudsen
“Beyond the Sunset”		Granddaughters
Elaine Baker, Sue Boyett, Maxine Brooks, Glenda Finch, Joanne Schneff, Lois Shepherd		
Reader, Rose Tenny		Accompanist, Wilma Smith
Benediction		Joseph O Stradling, Jr
Organist		Nina Hyde
Bearers		Grandsons of Mr Rowley
	Concluding Services at Mesa Cemetery	
Dedication		Junius D Bowers

## Jesse Rowley Family Reunion

### "Family get-together"

More than 500 expected to celebrate pioneer's 110<sup>th</sup> birthday

"The Zipf Code"- Feb 1984

Newspaper Article by Walter Zipf

More than 500 descendants of the late **Jesse Rowley**, a one time local dairyman and blacksmith, will gather in Mesa Feb 18 to celebrate the 110<sup>th</sup> birthday of the Mesa pioneer.

**Rowley** died 16 years ago at age 97. His widow [**Martha Haws Rowley**] still lives in Mesa.

His birthday is celebrated by the large family group with a reunion every four years. [leap year]

The reunion is one of the largest, if not the largest, of any similar event in the valley.

**Rowley** was the father of 18 children. After his first wife died, he remarried and started a new family.

Members of the Rowley Clan will come here from California, Utah, Idaho, and Colorado and from other parts of Arizona. Many of them live in Mesa.

Ken Rowley, a Mesa plumbing contractor and president of the Rowley family organization, said the mammoth reunion will be at the Third Ward chapel of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on 10<sup>th</sup> Ave. Ken is a grandson of Jesse.

The reunion will include a barbecue, updating the family's genealogy records, display of crafts and hobbies, eulogies, organized games for the children and other activities such as church services, during the two day gathering.

**Rowley**, the patriarch, was born in Parowan, Utah. [Not! He was born in Nephi.] His father made lime for buildings, including the magnificent LDS temple in Salt Lake City.

**Jesse's** family migrated by covered wagon to Mexico in 1890. The father and other family members left a few weeks earlier. **Jesse**, age 16, was the oldest male of the second group to enter Mexico.

Members of the family farmed in Colonia Diaz and Pacheco. The areas in which they lived were beautiful, the soil fertile, and there was an abundance of water.

The Rowleys were happy until the Revolution of 1912 broke out.

On a Sunday, they were told by insurgents that all of them must be out of Mexico by the following Wednesday. They fled across the border, but many thought the revolution would be short lived and they would return. Ken's **great-grandmother** [**Mary Ann Gadd Rowley**] buried her china near her house thinking she would be back to reclaim it.

But few returned, although in later years some of the Mormons colonized in Mexico. They and their descendants are still living there. **Jesse** returned in 1935 to visit the grave of his father.

**Jesse** moved to Tucson in 1912 before coming to Mesa more than 60 Reunion [p C1] years ago. He operated a blacksmith shop on South Robson eight years before moving to South Olive Drive, where he raised chickens and operated a dairy farm. He continued his work as a blacksmith.

He also liked to hunt wild game. Ken said he recalled that on the journey to Mexico, **Jesse's** party had little ammunition. Since every bullet counted when he was seeking wild game for food, he said he became a good marksman. "To this day," he remarked, "I don't waist ammunition. If I don't bag my game on the first shot, I figure there's something wrong with me."

**Jesse's widow** still lives on South Olive Drive.

About 100 of **Jesse Rowley's** descendants, in addition to holding a reunion every four years, have a camp-out at General Springs near Strawberry in the Tonto Basin country every fall.

JesseNRowley - Word - PC  
August 2002- 27 December 2002