

WILLIAM BOUSLEY FOY 1831-1920

Written by Minnie A. Pectol 27 April 1960

Born 9 September 1831 at White Field, Indiana Co., Penn. Died 12 October 1920 in Grand Junction, Colorado and buried in Moab, Grand Co., Utah. He married Lucinda Marie Bingham 24 December 1862 at Ogden, Utah. She was born 1 June 1848 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake Co., Utah and died 21 February 1924. He was Endowed to Lucinda Marie 22 October 1882. The same day he was Endowed to Lucinda Marie, he was Endowed to Aphelia Cedina Bingham, Lucinda's sister.

They raised a wonderful family. They were raised on the Frontier where they had Indians and rough men to contend with. Their first child was born in Washington, Utah, my wonderful Mother.

He was a pioneer in the truest sense. He arrived in Utah when he was 13 yrs. Old. Like an untamed Mustang of the early west, this adventurous, restless plainman with his family pushed ever outward and onward. He was a farmer, stockman, freighter, blacksmith, carpenter and horsemen.

They went to Washington, Utah from Ogden, Utah to St. George, Utah then to Minersville, Utah. Six of their children were born in Minersville. In 1882 he married Lucinda's sister Cedena in Polygmany. The two women got along fine together.

They later moved to a ranch just outside of Milford, Utah. Here they run a boarding house called the Half Way House.

He had many good horses and raced many of them. He had the reputation of tackling any adventure that came along. He never boasted about being a good horseman but would ride anything that could be saddled. He had one of his eyes knocked out while branding a horse. He had one arm and one leg broken while working in the timber but set them himself.

They had a dairy at Fish Lake. There they use to make cheese and freight it out; he also made barrels from ten to fifty gallon. He mad molasses to sell or trade for flour or wheat. The wage scale was very low, they would work all day for twelve pounds of flour.

They moved to Thurber then to Monticello, San Juan Co., Utah. They drove 200 head of cattle with them across the Colorado River. They were the Sixth family in Monticello. They arrived the day after some of the cowboys had shot up the town. They always kept a horse tied up to a post in front of their house in case of an Indian alarm. One time the cowboys lined up his wife Cedena and a bunch of primary children, marched them down the road, shooting on either side of them. They moved from there to Gateway, Colorado where he lived the rest of his life. George and May were his two younger children and they were dear friends of my husband, Jesse L. Pectol.

He died at the age of 83, the father of sixteen children and a fearless pioneer of the west and loved by everyone who knew him.

LUCINDA BINGHAM FOY 1848-1924

Written by Minnie A. Pectol

Born 1 June 1848 in Salt Lake City, Utah and died 27 February 1924 in Grand Junction, Colorado. She married William Bousley Foy 24 December 1862. They had a wonderful family of twelve children, five girls and seven boys. To better understand these people we must understand the condition that they lived under.

They were pioneers in building up the west and lots of times Doctors and Lawyers and Schools were out of their reach. Lawyers weren't needed but sometimes guns took their place. My Grandmother had some Education, she tried hard to give her children the most Education she could but sometimes their Pioneer life had its problems, so many times it brought sorrow to the hearts of the pioneers. My Grandmother tried to help everybody in their problems whether great or small.

She was set apart to wash and anoint the sick by E.K. Hanks, 9 December 1894. This was found in the Caineville Ward, Film F, Utah C 8. She was a mid-wife. Whether called day or night in rain or shine she always went with a smile, always tried to give words of encouragement and sometimes food and clothing, but sometimes the strongest has to have an outlet for their emotion. It was necessary for me to sleep with my Grandmother when we had extra company and I found her crying in the night. I asked her why and her answer was "lots of times a smiling face moans a wet pillow."

She came and lived with us the summer I was 6 years old. We all enjoyed her so much. Her smile always kept us happy; although there were 18 to do for, she always tried to do her part. She came and stayed with us and took care of my Mother when my baby sister was born.

The year I was married she came and spent the summer with us and she helped to prepare things for my hopechest, crocheted lace for my pillow case and embroidered for me had helped Mother make my wedding dress. She always got dinner on wash day and we sure enjoyed it. She said to me, "Minnie, always have a nice clean table cloth and your knives and forks shining and your meals will always taste good." She also said, "Minnie, you are getting a good husband, he always lived a clean life and tried to do good. I always loved and respected him." That made me happy.

My grandmother was a very neat person always clean and very particular with her hair and always wore a white apron and a wonderful housekeeper and cook.

She had a wonderful family and one of the most wonderful ones was my Mother. She reflected the kind of people my grandparents were and she was raised up in truth and righteousness trying to live a good clean life.