

A BRIEF LIFE HISTORY OF GEORGE ALBERT FORDHAM BORN 29 JUNE 1889' DIED 2 APR. 1962,AGE 73

This life history is written in Mar. of 1995, some 33 years after father died and is nearly all from memory. It is how I remember my father and is purposed to give some insight into this mans life for the benefit of his posterity. This may contain errors and if so the reader is free to make corrections. Father was born in the small town of Escalante, Garfield Co. Ut. which is near the south east corner of Utah. Dorothy and La Mar visited Escalante for their first time in Oct. 1994. It is a rather pristine area, noticeably dry with not an abundance of farm land. The town is still small. His fathers name was Joseph Elijah Fordham and his mothers name was Emma Barbara Graff. It is not known what Joseph Elijah did for a livelihood. Joseph Elijah Fordham was born 21 Nov. 1846 at Nauvoo, Ill. a son of Elijah Fordham of Church history. Those familiar with church history know what was happening at Nauvoo at that time. Emma Barbara Graff was born 6 July, 1861, in Relstein, Switzerland. She being 15 years younger according to record.

While George Albert was young, the family moved to Santa Clara, Ut. Having visited both areas, that had to be a good move. Not much is known of his childhood and teen years. He did complete high school and then attended and graduated from the old Utah State Agriculture College at Logan, Ut. He attended from about 1912-1917.

It appears his major was animal husbandry due to personal knowledge he performed ~~veterinary~~ veterinary work in Beaver Co. Ut for many years, always without a charge. He did teach in the public schools for a few years in Grace, Ida., Orderville, Ut. and Greenville, Ut.

It was while at Greenville, that he met and married our mother, Jeanette Caroline, Calvert.

World War I erupted. He married our mother on Sept. 6, 1917 and enlisted Sept. 3, 1917 according to records. Anyway he must have left a new bride to serve his country, which took him to France. Father suffered shell shock and poisonous mustard gas while in France which affected his nervous system for the remainder of his life. All thru our growing years we were aware of these afflictions, and upon our arising early in the mornings often would see father trying to relieve severe head aches by applying steam towels. Countless were the aspirins he took over the years. He was for life a very patriotic man and during World War II he felt every ones son should be in the military.

<sup>2</sup> A point to consider: How did his parents travel from Escalante to Santa Clara around 1893. Hardly a road, no automobiles and the distance of about 150-175 miles. How did he travel from Santa Clara to Logan, Ut., some 300 miles, around 1912? There was hardly a dirt road. How long did it take him? Where did he stay at nights, no motels? How many trips home during his college days? Few men and less women obtained a college degree around 1915. He believed in education. Howard, Ralph, Bessie and Dean each attended the Utah State Agricultural College in Logan, Ut. Dad was dirt poor and there was also the Great Depression at that time.

After returning from France at the end of the war, he returned to Greenville and somehow obtained some farm ground, some farm animals and a small dairy herd and began farming. Mother also helped him in the farming and caring for the cows and animals. Because of what we call today, poverty, father never owned newer farm machinery, tractors nor an automobile. The plows, wagons, horses harness' seemed to always be in need of repair. Work on the farm was totally manual. Shovels, axes, picks, forks, were used daily. The fields were irrigated and the water regulated with a shovel. Memory serves seeing father walking with a shovel over his shoulder followed by the family dog. He always wore blue denim bib overalls and most of the time knee high rubber boots. He was highly interested in practicing safety and he taught his family this principle. When he would hear one of his sons fire a rifle, usually from the attic porch on the north end of the house, he would become highly excited.

After returning from the war, he and mother were married in the St. George, Ut. Temple. He and mother always kept their covenants of the Temple although there was years he did not attend church. His life evidenced that he was always a God fearing man. There was always prayer over the food and he would from time to time express his dependance upon the Divine. He believed in the Priesthood administering of the sick. His years of church absence seemed to stem to conflicts that arose with his father in law and possibly others in the small town where everyone knew every one else's business. His noticable return to God seemed to take place in 1946 with the passing of our youngest sister Glenna Rae at age 6. After that he corrected his life and he and mother later served as ordinance workers in the St. George Temple.

In his prime he seemed to be a fearless man although he stood about 5 feet

seven inches and weighed 140-150 pounds. In his later years he mellowed. During our growing years, he would regularly walk to Beaver to take care of business. Neighbors driving their cars would stop to offer him a ride. He would quip: "NO thanks, I'm in a hurry" He was a defender of his childrens teachers. When there was any conflict between teacher and student, he always defended the teacher. Years after his death people in Beaver would remind us of their remembering father coming to school to correct a problem.

His health at times was marginal due to the problems of the war and at times would spend time in the Veterans Hospital in Salt Lake City, trying to correct the problems. Vivian Edwards was taking him to Salt Lake City and father seeing the oil guage pointing to 40 thought it was the speed ometer and he asked Vivian, "Can't you make the car go a little faster?"

By todays standards, father may have been in trouble with the law. He didn't mind diciplining his children. We all knew and respected his razor strap. But with all of this we survived and none of his children ended in jail or prison and all have become honorable citizens. He taught each of his children to work and always had work that needed to be done. Looking back, it was the best remedy for todays juvenile dilinquency. His sons worked the farm and milked the dairy herd. All of our fuel for heating the home was hauled from the surrounding hills of five or so miles away. That was always done in the fall and thru the winter. His daughters learned to work with their mother in all of the household chores.

None of the sons chose to stay with the family farm for a livelihood and as father approached retirement time he chose to sell the farm to Vivian and Bessie. He lived the balance of his life in Greenville. The last year or two his health began to fail more rapidly spending time in the Veterans Hospital. He died April 2, 1962 at home presumably from cancer. He was buried in the Greenville cemetery. Because he was firm and diciplined the children possibly a little to excess, some of the sons were at variance with him to a degree. This however melted and vanished in later years. Each of his children look upon their father as a fair man and one who had their best interest at heart and who did truly love him.

With warmest memories, La Mar, a son