

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HECTOR THOMAS EVANS

A Marvelous Event.

On the 4th day of May, in the year 1874, mid joy and tears, my spirit left the courts of Heaven, bidding goodbye to my Heavenly Father and Mother, in whose bosoms I had been loved and cherished, to enter an earthly tabernacle, fashioned in the image of my spirit body and in the image of the God, my Heavenly Father, who created my body, to dwell in mortality and to become the earthly son of my earthly parents, to be loved and cherished and guided through an earthly journey, that I may be added upon, to gain the knowledge and experience of an earthly life.

I am sure that in the Courts of Heaven, I had looked forward for a long time for this glorious privilege, and my heart has rejoiced and I have always been full of gratitude to my Heavenly Parents for this great opportunity.

So on the day heretofore mentioned my eyes were opened to see and to reside upon this beautiful temporal globe and became the Eleventh child, all boys (sons of Isaac Robert Evans and Catherine Thomas Evans). I was born in the industrial village of Abercanaid, in the suburb of Merthyr Tydfil, Glamorganshire, South Wales, Great Britain, the great industrial town of Wales, May 4th 1874.

I have ever been thankful that I was born of Goodly Christian parents, who were honest in heart -- devout Latter-day Saints, for in this I was tutored in my early life in the principles of the true and ever - lasting Gospel, of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Previous to the time of my birth and previous to becoming members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, my parents had been devout members of the Methodist Church, and had affiliated themselves in the musical organizations of our native land, (the Land of Gwalia "Wales" the land of song and of bardic lore), and both were famous soloists in the great competing choir organizations of that beautiful land, father being a bass-baritone of three octave range and mother a lyric soprano of renown. Beside my father being a great bassoon player affiliated in the royal band of Wales. Thus, my brothers and I were reared in that musical environment, that became in later life of lasting benefit to us as a family, and I am proud to say that all our lives we were liberal in using our talents and musical knowledge for the benefit of our- as I now recall that I as well as my brothers had all been choir leaders in the Mormon church. [1]

I recall with much delight and gratitude my early musical association with my parents and the family, when we gathered together and sang the beautiful songs and

anthems that my parents were so well tutored in, when as a family (alone we entertained our neighbors and audiences with our well-trained voices, in secular as well as religious masterpieces), for we did not come short of singing and studying the works of the great music masters. Also we would accompany in street meetings drawing larger crowds giving the Elders opportunity to preach the Gospel. More or less, when my parents became affiliated with the Mormon faith, they were ostracized from many early associations, not withstanding that they counted unprejudiced friends by the host.

"The Steel Lockout"

About the time when I was but a child, industrialism in South Wales took a back-set. My father and older brothers had been expert iron and steel workers, my father having had to do with the manufacture of the steel used in the keel of the *Great Eastern*, the ship expressly constructed to carry the first cable (a great feat) to carry it and which was laid under the ocean (Atlantic between England and New York.) The works closed, throwing thousands of men out of employment, most of them taking to coal digging, or forcing the steel workers to look for other employment, our family taking to coal mining, the trade they followed until we emigrated to America and for many years after we reached the land of Zion.

A Crucial Event In My Life

My mother had among her acquaintances, some very prominent people, among them a very fine highly educated Scotch lady, known as Lady St. Claire, a leading actress of the British Isles. She used to visit my mother quite frequently, and she became very much infatuated with me as a child. My mother, being an expert seamstress, used to dress me up in a Scotch Kilt suit, that she had made to be very beautiful, and on one occasion I was attired in this nice suit, when Mrs. Saint Claire came to visit us. She immediately became so infatuated with me, being childless herself, that she begged my mother to adopt me to her, with the promise that she would have me tutored in the Dramatic Art to become a great actor in Great Britain. She was considered the greatest actress in Great Britain, and had made her part as (Isabel in the English drama "East Lynn" nationally renowned.) She was a lady of great financial means having become rich as an actress and we were very poor, and the family being large, it may appear that the opportunity was a great one --- But no, Mother could not part with her baby boy, who she loved with all her heart, to go away from her. So in my way of looking at it, it was a crucial point in my life, for which [2] not to be, she was a gracious lady a beautiful artist, and without doubt she would have been a great foster mother. But it was not the way the Lord desired for me, which I have discovered through more gracious opportunities that have come into my life, it was not the course for me.

Move to Another Village

Due to convenience, as to employment, the family moved from Pentrabach (little town) interpreted from the Welsh, to a mining town across the mountains to the Aberdare Valley, known as "Penrhiwceiber" a new coal mining district, where my father was offered employment for himself and boys by his acquainted friend, Superintendent Mr. Bevan. So when I was about 9 years of age, the family moved to their new location. However, we had several relatives at Pentrabach, and so bid them goodbye and started into a new career among strange associates.

Satan Rebuked

I shall go back about two years while we were living at Abercanaid, while at a cottage meeting of the Mormon Church at the home of Levi Reese, who with his family later came to Castle Gate, Utah, I was possessed with the evil spirits, according to the inspiration of my father, which influence seemingly wrought to destroy my little body, which influence and power I have always remembered through my life. Through the priesthood that my father held the evil ones were rebuked and I was immediately delivered from apparent destruction. For years following this destructible power and influence, I was under the necessity to sleep with my father for the fear that was wrought in my little being. This has always remained with me as a great testimony of the power of the priesthood, and has been added to in many miracles that I have seen performed throughout my life by the power of the Almighty through the channel of the Holy Priesthood. This incident has been a great testimony to me, implanting within me that great' power of the Almighty over the power of Satan, as was the case in the time of our Savior when he was among me, which power was also delegated to his Apostles, who performed many marvelous miracles, showing to me that the signs follow the true believers of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Father Made Branch President

While living at Penrhiwceiber my father was set apart as President of the Penrhiwceiber Branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and the meetings were mostly held at our home. The family would sing their well tutored [3] hymns and anthems using their talents to help make the meetings interesting and also accompanying the Elders from Zion with music on the streets bringing large crowds to hear the music and Mormon elders preach the Gospel, who stood in amazement at the street comers to hear the message of the much despised Mormons in that day in Great Britain as a man by the name of Jarman, a Mormon apostate, had scattered many lies about the Mormon people throughout the British Isles. Father, because of ill health, not able to work, spent most of his time writing -- and being a non-deplumed bard (Poet of Wales), having received his title (Peralaw or Pure Bard), interpreted to the Welsh, having competed in many of the Eisteddfods of Wales, which organization competed in song and prose, in which father won very many prizes, making him a noted bard of

Wales. I was placed in school and here I attended until I was Eleven years of age, when I was taken out of school and put to work in the second deepest pit in Great Britain, being 800 yards deep (perpendicularly) before entering the level tunnels of the mine which reached perhaps a couple of miles before reaching the point of work. At school I was very studious and passed through the 6th Standard or about the eighth grade of our American Schools. I became a fine freehand drawing student, as also in music and won highest honors of the school in those studies. Thorough Tonic-solf, a system was taught in that school, making of the students fine music readers, a much neglected music system in our American Schools.

Filled With The Holy Ghost

Being of a religious temperament and having been taught the principles of the true and everlasting Gospel -- on the 3rd day of March, 1883, I was baptized by my brother Elder David T. Evans into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (Mormon Church), and I had no sooner come out of the waters until a spirit of joy and satisfaction entered my soul, to think that tomorrow we were to go to Merthyr Tydfil, to the Welsh Conference to be held at that place. So the next morning being Sunday I and two of my brothers started bright and early to walk across the mountain, a distance of about 12 miles to be there at meeting time of the conference, where we were listed as a family with others to sing at the session of the conference and we arrived in due time. Traveling through the beautiful woods laden with ferns and flowers of all description I cannot express the feeling of joy in our hearts with the thought we would there meet an Apostle of the Lord, Brother John Henry Smith, a father of President George Albert Smith of the Church, the son then a boy like myself living at Liverpool with his parents, and who has become later the President of the Church. And then that I was to be confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. There were many there to be confirmed, I prayed to my Heavenly Father that Apostle Smith would lay his hands upon my head, as he appeared to me little short of an Angel of Light, when I looked at his beautiful [4] countenance and massive structure of a man, being large of statue. To my great satisfaction when my turn came around, my prayer was answered when he laid his hands upon my head and confirmed me a member of the Church of Christ. I want to bear testimony to all the world at this time of confirmation, I was filled with the Holy Ghost and there and then was burned into my soul the testimony of the Holy Ghost, and there are no words that I can use to express the exquisiteness of those moments of my life, and I thank my Creator that I have that testimony firm in my soul that the Gospel that we espoused is truly the Power of God to Salvation and Exaltation, and I want here to bear testimony in all earnestness to my posterity and to all the world that it is true, that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God, that Jesus was our Redeemer, That God lives, in whose image we are created, and testify that by keeping God's commandments we shall be saved and exalted in the Kingdom of God. May this be the happy lot of all of my children I pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

The Spirit of Gathering

The spirit of gathering to Zion possessed us as a family, so we all set our minds toward that end. However, our income from the mines was not so great, so we had to economize as much as possible. So the plan was outlined by the family, that we would send first to Utah my brother David T. Evans and then later Richard T. Evans, my other brother with the view that they could earn faster here in comparison to the British Isles, the wages here being greater. So this was done. They in turn came here. David took to working at Almy, Wyoming where he with our help soon sent for Richard who emigrated to Utah a year later. For some time David T. and Richard T. worked for Samuel R. Bennion on the latter's farm at Taylorsville, Salt Lake County, but the wage not being remunerative enough they later went to the coal mines at Winter Quarters, near Scofield, Utah where they were able to earn money to send for our adopted sister, Mary Ann Davies, who came to America, with the understanding that she would marry David T. Evans, who had become engaged before he left for America, and so they became joined in matrimony immediately on her arrival here. So with the cooperation of the two boys in this country and our efforts in Wales, and surely the Lord opened up the way in Wales so we procured the means very fast as my brother Harry procured a track laying job on a contract and made a nice amount of money to bring us to Zion. During the time we were making all these preparations, many were the happy expectations and anticipations that passed through our minds. Father realizing we were soon to part with our native soil, my father set to work to gather genealogy of our people in Wales as also some short history of our forefathers, and indeed his labors were of inestimable value to us with our genealogical work here in Utah, and hundreds have been worked for in the temples here. Father also had been translating many of the church works into the Welsh [5] language, being a great linguist of the Welsh language. He did the work gratis, while David Williams, formerly Superintendent of the Pleasant Valley Coal Company of Scofield, Utah, and formerly Bishop of the Pleasant Valley Ward at Winter Quarters, Scofield, Utah paid for the cost of publication and who at the time was on a mission in Wales and presiding over the Merthyr Tydfil conference of the Church.

A Remarkable Incident

As told to us his family, my father received a visitation from John the Revelator. While translating the works of the church [Hector first typed that he was translating the works of B. H. Roberts. A pencil change recorded it as written above.] into the Welsh tongue, he happened to be out of a certain sort of paper used by the printer at Mountain Ash, two miles from Penrhiwceiber, our home, who had been hired by Elder Williams to do the printing, and father being very anxious to continue the work of translation, being also a semi-invalid at the time, he was alone in the house when a rap came at the front door, and he answered and to his great surprise, there stood a stranger, a very unusual personage, with long white hair and a knapsack hanging to his side who accosted father and asked if he, father desired some paper. So father said yes, if you have the right kind.

Lo and behold the stranger brought out the paper, the exact kind that he wanted. So father went to the room and all the money he could find was two pennies, so he told the stranger that all the money he had was the two pennies and so the messenger said that is all the paper I have, the two pennies worth, so father rejoiced to be able to continue the important work. Father was so impressed with the visit of the stranger, that he immediately returned to the door, but the stranger was not to be seen or found, so he was full of the conviction that the messenger was from the unknown and the promptings of the spirit made known to him it was the beloved John who had come to his aid. On another occasion my father invited the stranger in and asked if he would take a lunch with him, and the messenger was glad to do so. So father made a lunch for him. When the messenger departed he rose his hand to the square and with a voice of exquisiteness lifted his hand to the square and uttered these words:

"I promise you in the name of Jesus Christ that you and your posterity will never see the want of bread." Father followed the stranger to the door and immediately he was gone. Father up to this time had been despondent regarding whether he should live to come to Zion, but that feeling entirely left him, and he was later permitted to come and he gained his health and lived to be 74 years of age and died in the year 1900 in Castle Dale, Emery County, Utah. [He would have been 74 years old on Feb. 21st, but died on February 11, 1901. He was alive when his two sons were killed in the 1900 mine explosion at Winter Quarters in May of 1900 .] [6]

Our Emigration

As heretofore stated we united our efforts in saving enough to emigrate us to Utah and we came to Winter Quarters, a mining village up the canyon from Scofield, Carbon County, Utah, and became employed at the Pleasant Valley Coal Company, later known as the Utah Fuel Company except for Hector T. Evans, who had contracted with Samuel R. Brough of Porterville, Morgan County, Utah, to go and live with his mother, Mrs. Jane Brough, a widow, her son and Mrs. Brough paying my emigration transportation. So I wended my way to Porterville in October 1888 and remained with Grandma Brough for two years and went to School during the period, with Emily J. Brough being my teacher, and I helped to do the chores for Grandma Brough and helped some chores for Samuel's family. So with hearts bounding with joy we all, except my oldest brother William T. Evans, who emigrated a year later with his family came to share the Gospel in the land of America of which we had heard a great deal about from the Elders (Missionaries) who had come to Wales to preach to us. I shall never forget the parting with my schoolmates, how we shed tears, and a loving companion Tommy Rowe, son of the master mechanic of the mining company, who gave me a pocket knife, a beauty, to remember him by and I surely will remember him because while on the voyage over while on the ship in whittling a piece of wood I cut my finger to the bone and had to be taken to the ship doctor who put some black ointment that healed the finger by the time we reached New York. I still carry the scar and every time I look on it, it makes me remember dear little

Tommy Rowe, a sweet little boy, as well as my other associates in that school. This was a memorable trip. We left Liverpool, England, in September of 1888, on the old reliable ship "Wisconsin" who had carried many thousands of Mormon emigrants across the Atlantic. We landed in New York in 13 days after leaving Liverpool, and from New York we took the Roanoke Line ship and went along the Atlantic coast to Norfolk, Virginia, and from there took the train on the southern route by way of Pueblo, Colorado, and thence to Utah on the Rio Grande Railroad and was met at Scofield by my brother Richard T. Evans. What made the trip so memorable was my father and older brothers with the Daniel boys of Alma, Wyoming, who came on the same ship, formulated an orchestra and played music on the ship and on our trip to Pueblo, where the Daniels family left us and went to Wyoming on the Union Pacific Railroad So they were able to procure some money on the trip by their music. It happened first when my brother Harry who was sick all the way on the ship, decided to go aboard on a starry night after eight bells which was contrary to the rule, and he went to the forepart of the ship and played "Beautiful Isle of the Sea" an English melody, and it so captivated the captain, he had him and the Orchestra play each night. The captain told them if he had known there was an orchestra on board they would not have had to pay their Ship emigration fares. [7]

A Trying Ordeal

During the October Conference of the Church at Salt Lake City in 1888, at 14 years of age I left home all alone to come to Salt Lake from Scofield to meet the Broughs to accompany them to Porterville. The parting with my Parents and family was very trying to me, as I was the baby of the family and it was very hard for them to let me go, especially alone without an escort. So with my carpet bag I left and I was very sad, but I figured that a contract was a contract, but to leave the musical association of my family and all it was a hard thing to do. And when I reached Salt Lake I wended by direction to the old tithing yard, that was located on the corner where the Utah Hotel now stands, and when I got there the Broughs were not available that evening and I landed there about midnight. I entered the tithing office and the caretaker was there. I was crying bitterly, as I felt so lonesome. But the caretaker soothed me and said I will find them in the morning and so he made a bed for me in the office. He was a kindly man and I would give thanks if I could have gotten his name so I could have recorded it. However if any child ever wet a pillow with tears I surely did that night, and I would have given the world if I owned it to be just in my Mother's arms. So for two years I lived with Grandma Brough and her two sweet daughters Emily and Alice, and they grew to me to be almost like my own sisters, and lovely Grandma Jane Brough, an angel of mercy, a midwife, a godsend (to the mothers of Porterville), ever to be remembered with gratitude for their goodness and tenderness to me. I had lovely schoolmates, especially a little girl Maud Phillips, who through a child love was kind, who appreciated my loneliness so much and made me very happy because of her companionship.

While staying at West Porterville, the first Christmas I was there I went on the

train to Evanston, and from there to Almy, Wyoming, by sleigh in one of the worst snow blizzards I ever was in, to visit my brother David T. Evans and family. He was employed in the coal mines at this place. I was there over a Sunday night, and on that night they had a conjoint session of the Mutual Improvement Association, and my brother being in the presidency, he listed me on the program, for a recitation and I gave the pathetic one of "Little Jim, the Collier's Dying Child," in which elocutionary art I was very well trained. The result was that there was hardly a dry eye in that time I was re-baptized and my name recorded on the books of the West Porterville audience so effective had I put the reading over. So impressed was my brother with my rendition, he went on Christmas Eve and bought a beautiful elocutionary book, full of the choicest recitations titled of the book being "Crown Jewels" from which volume I memorized and recited many times since I received the gift.

Soon after I reached Porterville, according to the custom of the church at that time I was re-baptized and my name recorded on the books of the West Porterville [8] Ward, and I remember it was in the dead of winter and they had to break the ice to baptize me and others at the same time. I became very active in the Primary Association and at that age of 14, I was made their chorister, which gave me a good start in singing the songs of Zion.

I have always been thankful for the association and experiences in the little village of West Porterville and I remember with fond remembrances the families of the Broughs, Carters, Florences, Rich, Whites, Porters, Smetherets, Phillips, Stoddards, and many others. Grandma Brough, Samuel and William Brough families, my foster sisters Emily and Alice.

Return Home

So the time came when I should return home to my parents who still resided at Scofield, Utah, so in the autumn of 1890, I left Porterville amid tears and caresses, for I had become attached to Grandma Brough and her daughters, Emily and Alice, for they had become as my own sisters, also the little sweetheart Maud, who had been so kind and considerate of me as a little boy far away from my parents, and their sympathy toward me shall live with me forever. So I accompanied William Brough, who was taking a wagon load of sheep to the Salt Lake market, where I was to meet my brothers David and Harry who were then residing in Salt Lake City. So I bid Brother Brough "goodby" and went to the home of my brothers. It was a happy meeting with them for a few days and then wended my way home to Scofield on the D. & R. G. Railroad train, arriving home just in time for Christmas. Oh the joy of that moment when I fell into the arms of Father and Mother. So having been away from any Welsh people for two years I had forgotten my Welsh language, so I could scarcely answer my parents in their native tongue, so my father shamed me for forgetting it and said "Are you ashamed of your Mother Tongue." Boy, did I take to studying to get back to my place to equip myself in

the Welsh tongue.

After a pleasant visit at home I soon entered the coal mines to work. My brothers soon returned from Salt Lake City and the whole family were united together again at Scofield. So many were the happy days spent in this mining town of Winter Quarters, Utah. There were assembled there many Welsh, English and Scotch people from the Old Countries and their families. Many talented in the art of music, both instrumental and vocal and also in the art of drama.

However, soon after I reached home I entered the mines to work, and I want to say that work at the mines at that time was hazardous and heavy for a boy of my age only 16 years old, but with all of that, many were the happy years spent at Winter Quarters, as the town was teeming with beautiful singers and instrumental musicians, [9] bands, and orchestras, and many good dramatists, so the time was spent in self-produced entertainments and good choirs, a happy bunch of good people, mostly emigrants having come there for the Gospel's sake.

My Brother Goes on a Mission to Wales

When [I was] about 17 years of age the family got a letter from Box B, missionary headquarters at Salt Lake City, calling my brother Taliesin on a mission to Wales, he was somewhat past 19 years of age, so for the next two years we were kept busy providing for him in the mission field, he remained two years and performed an excellent mission, being a wonderful singer and just a youngster, you may say he fell into the hearts of the saints and the people, notwithstanding he and other missionaries were mobbed three different times as the spirit of opposition to the Mormon church was rampant at that time in Great Britain, following the lies scattered by an apostate from our church by the name of Jarman, who had scattered lies about the people here in Utah. Taliesin was on a mission during the time that Thomas B. Evans, of Ogden was presiding over the Welsh mission. So after a successful mission he returned home, and we were all very proud of this accomplishment.

Busy With Our Talents In Music and Drama

Under the direction of my brother David T. Evans the Evans family became quite outstanding in Music and drama, and David T. Evans having had considerable work of the stage, we often put on dramas, in which David T. made himself famous as a comedian, and assisted by his brothers and others the Dramatic art became outstanding in the mining town. Among the plays were "Jack Long of Texas" "Waiting for the Verdict" "East Llynn" "The Girl From Klondike" "The Dumb Boy of Manchester" in the last named play my brother Harry having seen the play in Wales took the part of the dumb boy with outstanding results. I remember my first venture on the stage was in the part of the Negro shoe shine named Hector my namesake, and it was a rich comedy part and wanting to

make a hit of course, I studied the lines and made them perfect and made such a hit that I later became proficient in leading parts, so here was my start in the dramatic art, after which I managed many of the plays placed on the boards later. I became very interested in church work and in the Aaronic Priesthood, choir and Sunday School, and was installed a teacher in the Sunday School. Among other things that interest me was I put a contest in my class for good attendance and lesson preparation and offered three [or two?] prizes: a dressed doll, pin cushion very artistically made and the prizes were won by Helen Donaldson and Rose Litster, and those girls have never forgot the occasion and reminded me of the contest quite occasionally. [10]

I Meet My Sweetheart -- True Prediction

In about the year 1892 a friend of the family, Mr. William Powell, a bachelor, a leading blacksmith at the mining camp, went back to Ohio, and married a widow, who he had known, previously, and came back to Winter Quarters with her and the family [of] five beautiful children. One day soon after this family arrived, I was at the home of my brother Richard T. Evans, and his wife Martha said to me that Mr. Powell had arrived from Ohio, with a new wife and five children, and among the children was a pretty girl about 16 years old. "Oh is that so" I remarked, "Well, she is going to be my wife" so my sister-in-law laughed, but never forgot the remarks I made, and often called my attention to my prediction, because it became true, for I later married her. The little girl was Miss Catherine Davies, a golden haired damsel. Our engagement came about this way! I was busy at the church painting and arranging scenery for a drama we were staging, when Catherine came in to the church with Miss Emily Whimpey, who later married my Brother Taliesin Evans, and jocularly they asked me to paint their faces and make them look like real actresses. Of course this was my first meeting with Catherine, so I immediately [became] infatuated with her and soon after we became engaged. She was a talented girl in education and did considerable public reading, and soon became interested through Miss Whimpey and being of a religious temperament and had been a good Sunday School student back in Justice, Ohio, winning several prizes from the results of good attendance, she became affiliated with the Mutual Improvement Association of the Pleasant Valley ward and while we were courting each other she asked for baptism into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and was made a member of the church in the year 1893. She was the daughter of John Davies and Mary Palmer Davies. She was born in Merthyr Tydfil, Glamorganshire, Wales, Great Britain, on April 11, 1876, when but a child her parents emigrated to America and settled in the village of Pidgeon Run, Stark County, Ohio, a coal mining region, where she grew up and attended school, and where [when she was] at the age of 13 years, her father died on July 20, 1887, leaving her mother a widow with five children, two girls and three boys, and soon later Arthur was born making four boys in the family. She remained a widow until 1892, when William Powell, a friend of the family, married Mrs. Powell, and the family moved in 1892 to Winter Quarters, near Scofield, Utah, where [when she was] at the age of 16, I met Catherine and two years later married her. Her mother Mrs. Mary Davies Powell,

after losing her husband went through many hardships in rearing the children, she being a very frugal and saving woman was able to rear the children to become a wonderful family. But in [the] year 1900, on the first of May she was again called to go through a very trying ordeal in losing her two sons John Newborn and William Osborn Davies in the terrible Scofield explosion, where over 200 miners lost their lives, when soon after the family moved to Evanston where they resided until the death of Mr. and Mrs. Powell. [11]

Evans Orchestra Makes A Reputation

Previous to my parents moving from Winter Quarters to Castle Dale, Utah, the Seven Evans brothers with two of the Thomas Cox sons went over to Emery County, with the intent to file on some homestead and move out of the mining camps. They all being good instrumentalists formed an orchestra, which was well balanced as in the way of instrumentation, so they could play at dances and also out on the streets as a band, they started at Castle Gate and down along the way to Price and thence as far down in Emery County as the town of Emery staging dances in each town along the journey, and they practically set the people wild with enthusiasm, as up to that time they had not had such an organization of good musicians visit them, (as the orchestra was equipped to play the high class street marches as well as all the prevailing dance music of the times,) being very versatile in the latter respect, and I Hector T. as a young boy studied the art of professional dance calling, the lancers, waltz, quadrilles, Virginia reels, etc, so we so satisfied the public that each town along the way threw inducements for us to locate in their respective towns. So we accepted the invitation of the people at Castle Dale, where we were able to file on the sections of native soil of that place, where later we made of the barren lands -- farms to live on. For years after until the orchestra became scattered we remained the prevailing musicians of the valley. The Cox brothers also took up homestead, where their parents lived until they died at Castle Dale, Utah.

Happily Married

Being just a young lad I made most of my stay at the mining camp to procure money to help the settlement of the land, and traveled greatly by horseback between Scofield and Castle Dale, riding the little grey mare through Huntington Canyon, for I was then courting my sweetheart Catherine Davies. After a courtship of two years we were married at the Salt Lake Temple on the 19th of December, 1894, where we returned and resided at Winter Quarters, Carbon County, I having employment at the coal mines there.

Panic Strikes Us

We were married around the Grover Cleveland panic that has been so much heralded, but was of short duration. However for a short time after our marriage, I had

very little employment, and was in the red for about six months. However, through the aid of my wife's parents Mr. and Mrs. William Powell, we purchased a small home in Winter Quarters, and I and my wife, being energetic, frugal and ambitious for a home, we were soon able to pay for the same, also procuring a cow and some chickens, we were able, although on meager wages, to procure a home. So [12] we were very happy, having supplied our cellar with plenty of bottled fruits, stored vegetables and good things to eat, had furnished the home and were prosperous and were busy workers in the church and were very happy.

On January 23, 1896, there was born to us a beautiful baby boy, who we named Oliver Austin, and he grew to be a beautiful child, of one year of age, when death snatched him away from us on the 18th day of January 1897. This was a terrible shock to my wife and I, for we cherished the child dearer than life. So we buried the little one at Scofield, Utah.

Death Again Strikes -- A Home Broken

Sadness and sore grief seemingly was to be my lot, when on the 5th day of September, 1897, death snatched away from me my beloved wife and her newborn child, whom was named Leonard, although with the aid of two physicians and a midwife, blood poison had snatched her life away as also the child's leaving me forlorn and broken hearted. Sad was the following years without this companionship, so forlorn that I sold the home, gave most of my belongings away as it were and moved away to castle Dale, Utah, where my parents resided and where I had many friends, where I received condolence which helped to assuage my loneliness. Much comfort was given to me through a Patriarchal Blessing pronounced upon my head by Patriarch Alexander Jameson on September 26th, 1897:

PATRIARCHAL BLESSING OF HECTOR THOMAS EVANS

PATRIARCHAL BLESSING

GIVEN BY ALEXANDER JAMESON, PATRIARCH OF THE EMERY

STAKE SEPTEMBER 26, 1897, at Castle Dale, Utah

Upon the head of Hector T. Evans, son of Isaac and Catherine (Thomas) Evans. He was born 4th of May, 1874 in Wales, Great Britain

Brother Hector Evans, as a Patriarch, I lay my hands upon thy head and seal and confirm upon thee at this time a Patriarchal and Father's blessing. I say unto thee, thou art of the House of Joseph, and shall be blessed through that lineage. Notwithstanding thou has been called to pass through some very trying and sad experiences; yet hast the Lord not forgotten thee, for those sorrows and trials shall be returned upon thee with blessings. The Lord desires that His people shall be tried. But thou art young and if thou wilt hearken unto the Spirit of the Lord, and follow the course which the Lord shall point out

to thee, through this and other blessings, which you may receive, thou shalt be able to gain Eternal Life in the Kingdom of God. Therefore, I say unto thee, be of good cheer, live a pure life, keep the commandments [13] of God, and all the covenants sacred which thou hast made, and thou shalt have joy yet in this life, even in thy family; for thou shalt have sons and daughters to whom thou shalt be able to teach the Gospel, and they in turn shall comfort and bless thee. Thou art fruitful and shall have a posterity that shall be an honor to thee, and a comfort in this life; and with those that have departed, shall be as pearls in thy crown in the Eternal Worlds. Thou shalt be privileged to travel and preach the simple principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, that many who are now in darkness, shall be led from the error of their ways and embrace the truth, for the Lord desires that thou shalt become useful and an active worker in the spread of truth. Therefore I say unto thee, be faithful in all of thy covenants which thou hast made with the Lord, and the desires thy heart, which have gone up before the Lord, shall be given unto thee. And much power shall be given unto thee through the channel of the Holy Priesthood. I seal these blessings upon thy head, together with all the rights and blessings pertaining to the New and Everlasting Covenant, and seal thee up unto Eternal life, to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection, even so, Amen.

This blessing is recorded in Book A., page 185 --
No. 197. Millicent Jameson, scribe.

Also a Blessing I had previously received from my Father, Isaac Robert Evans:

FATHER'S BLESSING TO HIS SON
HECTOR EVANS
BY HIS
FATHER, ELDER ISAAC ROBERT EVANS, AT CASTLE DALE, UTAH
ON HIS SON'S MARRIAGE TO SISTER CATHERINE DAVIS
DEC. 1894 WRITTEN AT CASTLE DALE, UTAH
BY ELDER ISAAC EVANS AND SENT TO
HIS SON AT SCOFIELD, UTAH.

My youngest son, Hector: as circumstances will not allow me to be with you to have my hands lay on your head, to give you my blessing orally; I write it as if it was so, under the whisperings of the Holy Spirit.

My dear son, you will be blessed for what you are going to do, that is, through the course of your marriage life. You will see better days, and also your partner in life; because you have not sought worldly wealth, until you have fulfilled the work that God wants you to do first. And for Honoring your father and mother in your young days, you will live a happy and long life.

The whisperings of the spirit tells me that you will be a comfort unto us also in the future, and that will be united together with the Spirit of Charity to give unto the Lord his due, and also thy good offerings unto the poor. For this, the blessings of [14] God will be resting upon your household in this mortal life, and you will be blessed also

spiritually, when you will be rearing your children, your table will be full, with the smiles of Heaven surrounding them; free from every thralldom and sin. This I seal, in my writing to you, in the authority of the Eternal Priesthood, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

As time went on during my stay at the home of my parents, I became associated among some very fine young people in Emery County, which helped to assuage the sorrow in my heart. I spent many happy moments with my parents and brothers, becoming active in church affairs and playing in the dances with my brothers, in the Evans Orchestra. However I decided to return to the mines at Winter Quarters, Carbon having the desire to take my father and mother to the temple at Salt Lake to be sealed to each other and to their parents, so I worked to that end at the mines. When two years had passed away since I buried my wife I thought that it was wise to marry again, as I was only 24 years of age at this time, having married when I was only 20 years of age.

I Meet Another Sweetheart

I had become acquainted with several young ladies in Castle Dale, and in Emery County, but had not thought of marriage up to this time. I became very busy at the mining camp making preparations to take father and mother to the temple. One evening in company with a chum of mine Samuel Richards, son of Hyrum Richards of Winter Quarters, we went to a delightful party at Scofield which was being sponsored by the Scofield Ward, and we were introduced to some very fine young ladies, among them a very beautiful young girl who had but recently come from New England, Pennsylvania coming to Utah with her parents, having some time before [becoming] members of the Mormon Church. Miss Hannah Braddock, the charming daughter of William Lees Braddock and Mary Noble Braddock. However before our introduction to her, we had difficulty in being introduced to this very popular girl, as the boys there were very jealous of us, but through the kindness of Johnny Davis, who we were well acquainted we managed to meet her. My friend Sammy insisted he was going to escort her home, when I told him she already had an escort. So he persisted but was turned down flat. So he came to me and broke the news, so in a kidding way I told him that I was the guy who had engaged her, so he was angry at me. So when it was time to go home I said "Sam let's go home" he said "Oh No, two is company and three is none, so you take your lady home." So when I confessed to him I was [15] only kidding him, we wended our way home. However that sweet little girl never went out of my mind, as if she was the one whom I should marry. For it entered my mind that God had brought her there for me.

Soon after this first introduction to her, my brother David T was staging a drama entitled the "Cuban Spy" and incident of the Cuban War, and I was placed in the leading role, in the part Carson the American Hero of the play, so we staged the play at Winter

Quarters and later at Scofield. While performing there, Miss Braddock had come to the theatre with Mr. and Mrs. Jack Reese in whose home she was employed as a maid, and Jack being one of the musicians in the orchestra, then the hero part being such a telling part it seems to have impressed Miss Braddock that I was quite an actor.

That evening I was thrilled by her appearance at the close of the Drama, as I thought she was very beautiful, and I picked up nerve enough to ask her if I could escort her home, where I was introduced to her parents, who I found were wonderful people. So we became infatuated with each other, although she had had a casual suitor previously. Our love grew to the point that I asked her hand in marriage. However, it was to be a sacrifice for her as her parents had decided to move back to Pennsylvania, and she had close neighbors that tried to discourage the union, but her parents became very fond of me so I had the best half of the battle on my side, especially when I also had my sweetheart on my side. However, she was very young, although matured in mind and body. So we came to the conclusion that it would be impossible for us to lose each other, so we set the date of marriage and on the 23rd of August, 1899, we were happily married and sealed to each other for time and all eternity at the Salt Lake Temple. And we have loved each other dearly ever since. It was quite a sacrifice on her part for her parents not long after departed for Pennsylvania. However, according to the promise made to my parents, I had previously taken them to the temple in July previous to this time of marriage, the same year 1899, and had them sealed together for time and eternity. So I was very happy in my accomplishments and I thank my Heavenly Father that he brought to me such a beautiful, good faithful lady as Miss Hannah Braddock Evans, who has never for a moment failed to be a faithful wife and a lovely mother to her children. May God bless her forever and forever. I pray. [16]