

Nicholson at Filer. I worked for him all summer and took a civil service examination for R.F.D. carrier and got my appointment effective November 1, 1919. In January of 1921, an examination was announced for railway mail clerks, and thinking that such employment was more suitable to my ability I took it and passed and received my appointment the following May 13. I had to work as a substitute, taking out runs for regular clerks when they were sick, or off on annual leave until February of 1924 when I was appointed a regular clerk on the Pocatello and Buhl RPO. (Railway Post Office).

In 1926, I transferred to the Green River & Pocatello RPO because of the higher classification and consequent possibilities for promotion. In 1930 I transferred to the Ogden, Utah, terminal RPO because mother had died while I was so far away that I could not come to see her in her last illness and father's health was not very good and he seemed so lonesome. But terminal work seemed very monotonous after so many years of road work and in 1931 there was a vacancy on the Salt Lake & Marysvale RPO to which I transferred, and then after eight years on that line saw more opportunity for advancement on the main line so transferred to the Denver & Ogden WD RPO, and there I intend to stay all the rest of my active life.

While living in Buhl I was Ward Clerk and very active in church work, holding six different assignments for a while. While living in Pocatello I became president of the elders' quorum, and again when I returned to Provo. I am proud of my church work and have found the greatest happiness of my life came from following strictly church teachings.

## LIFE OF LEWIS OLSEN CROWTHER

BY HIS BROTHER, ARTHUR

Lewis Olsen Crowther was born at Fountain Green, Utah, January 16, 1893, and shortly after returned with his mother to their home and his father in Sanford, Colorado, where he grew in usefulness and attended the district schools there. His father had quite a lot of farming land, but being justice of the peace, postmaster, and manager of the co-op store, he could not spare much time to farming, so at a very early age, Arthur and Lewis were sent out to work the farm. They had a good team of gentlemares, Polly and Pet, and when Arthur was about to turn nine years old and Lewis was only six they would go out and Lewis drive the team and Arthur hold the plow and the land was cultivated. In the fall when the grain was ripe, the father was called to the county seat for jury duty, and the children, Grace, Arthur and Lewis had to look after the store. They received the butter and eggs from the farmers and delivered the goods and had a real big day of it. At night they were standing by the tobacco and remembered how it looked to see some older people chew tobacco and shock up grain with great ease, and knowing they had five acres waiting for them to shock up the next day, they supplied themselves with a liberal quantity of both chewing and smoking, and next morning they started out early to shock up the wheat. But the tobacco made them so sick that all they could do was lay down on the bundles in the hot sun and vomit all day long. In the evening after the father had closed the store, he went down to the field and found them in their misery and took them home and gave them some good fatherly advice which they remembered all their lives. They do not recom-

mend tobacco, neither chewing nor smoking, to any one.

In the year 1909 they moved with their parents to Provo where they both attended and graduated from the high school department of the Brigham Young University, Lewis going out in agriculture. He took up wrestling for recreation and was presented in many meets and prize money he got that way helped support his brother, Arthur, while on a mission in Japan.

After finishing high school at the B. Y. U. he married one of Provo's nice and beautiful girls, Winnie MacDaniel, and they moved to Richfield, Idaho, where he engaged in farming and stock raising. Also family raising, for to them was born two sons and a daughter: Raymond Lewis, Frank McDaniel, and Mary Louise. He loved his family and always saw to it that they had proper recreation and spent much time with them in the search of proper recreation. This led him into the job of being supervisor of the 4-H club of that district and all the young boys of the neighborhood would look forward with longing for the night when they should meet at his home and hold their 4-H club meetings. The most striking case of co-operation between father and son I ever saw in my life was when I visited him one summer at his sheep camp on the banks of the Middle Fork of the Snake River.

#### PERSONAL SKETCH OF ESTHER JANE CROWTHER LONG

May 5, 1942

I was born in Sanford, Colorado, October 1, 1895, daughter of James F. and Mary Olsen Crowther. My schooling began in Sanford. In 1909, my parents, with their children, moved to Provo, Utah, where I con-

tinued my education and where I have lived ever since.

In 1914, I was married to Ernest Long of Provo and we have been blessed with one daughter, Cleo Long Martin, and two sons, Jesse and Richard Long. I am of light complexion with blue eyes and blonde hair, about five feet eight inches tall and weigh 165 pounds. I have always enjoyed good health. I have always worked in my church, having held the following positions: primary president in the Pleasant View ward, secretary of the YLMIA in the Provo Fifth ward, Religion Class and Primary teacher in the Manavu ward, and magazine agent and relief society block teacher in Manavu ward.

I have seen my son, Jesse, fill a very successful mission in the southern states, which is a joy to me. My daughter, Cleo, is a graduate nurse.

I have always been proud to be a member of the Crowther family and never cease to be thankful that my grandparents joined the Latter-day Saint Church in England and came to Utah to make their home.

The Crowther family feel that they have been greatly blessed of the Lord and believe that if they serve him to the best of their ability he will bless them with everything they ever need. They have sent many sons on missions for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Jesse Long, a great grandson of Thomas Crowther, being on a mission when this book is published, wrote a letter to his mother which seems to portray an attitude which is typical of the Crowther missionary. To show the enthusiasm and devotion that letter is quoted herewith:

Abbeville, S. C., May 1, 1942

Dear Folks:

This has been the very happiest week of my entire life. Words just cannot seem to say what I want to tell

you in this letter. I received your letter Wednesday with the money in it, and I was very glad to hear from you and know that you are all right. Thanks a million for the money, it just came in the nick of time for me.

Last Saturday we left for Newberry to work over there, over the week end. When we got to Newberry we made arrangements to have a baptismal service for Sunday and baptize those three people in Newberry that I had been teaching the gospel to. But when I got up to our only member's house, I found that she had been sick in bed all week and it would be impossible to baptize her family unless she could go with them. My hopes sank at this news, but I never gave up. I promised her that she would be made well and would be able to go and help with the baptismal service and see part of her own family baptized. That night she got out of bed and the next morning, my companion and I and Sister Donalds and her two oldest children, and Sister Cordle, who is a jeweler's wife, left for Winnsborro, S. C., and there held a service, and I baptized all three of them. It was a happy day, both for them and for myself. They are all strong members in the church and it was harvesting the fruits of my three months' labor in Newberry. It was through the power of God, and not any power of my own that I was able to do this thing. I came back to Abbeville Monday and was the happiest boy in the entire Southland. But I still had more to do. I had four more baptisms coming up right here in Abbeville.

This past Wednesday at five o'clock, on the banks of a large river near Abbeville, we held a wonderful open air meeting. We had about forty non-members and about forty members there to see a "Mormon Baptismal Service." It was a very hot afternoon and it really

made everything fine. President Shea preached at the meeting and then I went into the water and baptized four more of my own converts. That makes seven this week and eighteen for my mission so far, and I think that I still will get some more before I return to you. It really made me happy to baptize these people this week. I contacted every one of them and have been the instrument in the hands of the Lord in teaching them the fulness of the gospel of Jesus Christ. All seven of them are very prominent people in Abbeville, and Newberry and that is a great help to the church. The four I baptized in Abbeville were all old people. Sister Pruitt was seventy-two years old and was made well and strong as she came out of the waters of baptism. Sister Boswell was seventy and she is one of Abbeville's most brilliant women. Sister Boswell's daughter is thirty and she is a very good piano player and a very smart young lady. I then baptized Sister Pruitt's son, who is fifty and that made the four of them. I also confirmed five out of seven members of the church, at their request, and permission being granted me to do that.

But the saddest news of all is that I am leaving Abbeville this Saturday. My work in this town is finished and I am leaving for Greenville, South Carolina, tomorrow morning. Greenville is about the largest city in South Carolina and I am going up there to work with the local missionaries and try to get them on the go before I go home. President Shea gave me my transfer yesterday and I am busy today packing and getting ready to leave town. I have worked in this town for nearly a year now and have seen forty of my contacts baptized into the church within that year's labor, so you can see that the Lord is greatly blessing me and I am harvesting the fruits of my hard labors in the mission

field. I know that this is in answer to both your prayers and mine. I am grateful and thankful that the Lord has answered our prayers and I want to thank you for helping me to put over the biggest thing that ever happened in my life.

Tonight the branch is having an open air picnic for me, and they are really going to have a time. I don't know exactly what is going to take place but from what I hear, they are really going to have a time. A fish fry and a steak fry. Since coming into the mission field I have learned how to eat certain kinds of fish so I will enjoy this fry tonight. I dearly love these people in this branch at Abbeville and it is going to be a hard job to leave them tomorrow morning. But I will get to come back three or four times more before I come home, so that won't be so bad.

Yesterday President Shea and I walked about twenty-five miles and held three cottage meetings and we were really tired when we got home last night. But we both got another thrill when we met a Sister Botts, that I had been teaching the gospel to, and she came up to me and told me that she wanted me to baptize her before I returned to the West. She is the leading lady in the Methodist church here in Abbeville, and would really be a great asset to our branch here. That thrilled me right to the toes to hear that good sister say those words. She is a wonderful woman, and I know will be a great missionary when I do get her baptized. So before I go home I am going to come back to Abbeville and baptize her and another lady, and that will just about wind up my converts.

How is dear old dad? Tell him hello for me, and tell him that I am doing fine, and that I am working my heart and soul out to get my work done out here

before I come home. Tell Richard hello for me and tell him that I will soon be seeing him, and for him to get in and practice on that trombone.

May the Lord's choicest blessings be with you at all times.

Jesse.

## BIOGRAPHY OF OSMOND CRANDALL CROWTHER

I was born August 13, 1898, in Sanford, Conejos County, Colorado, while my father was on a mission for his church in the Southern States. Upon hearing of the birth of his son, my father sent my name home, Osmond being the name of the first child he blessed while on his mission, and Crandall being the name of the missionary companion. Mother liked the name and I was given it. I remember of mother thanking my Uncle Thomas Crowther for the help and kindness shown her during the burdens incident to my early childhood while father was away from home on his mission.

My earliest memories are of living in Sanford and of father managing the town mercantile store. Later I remember moving to a farm north of Sanford where I spent my early childhood, walking to town to school. In 1909 I moved to Provo, Utah, along with the family, where I attended grade school in the winter and worked on the farm in the summer. I also completed high school at the Brigham Young University. In 1915 I got a job with the Schofield Auto Company, and worked as auto mechanic for over three years, working up to be head mechanic.

In October, 1918, I joined the United States Army in World War No. 1, and having had musical training,

I played in the band and was appointed company bugler and company clerk. At first I was excused from the manual of arms training, but liked bugling so much that my practicing bothered the captain and he ordered me to attend all regular drills, which I did. I was demobilized in December of 1918, having spent all of my army time in training camps.

I again entered the garage business, but in the spring of 1919 I was forcibly inspired by the spirit of the Lord with a desire to fulfill a mission. I was called to the British mission, but due to passport complications following the war, my call was changed to the Eastern States. I left Provo, in November of 1919 and worked in Brooklyn and New York City, New York, and Hoboken, New Jersey, until July, 1920, filling the position of Hoboken Branch President during March and April. In July, I was transferred to the British mission, but when I went to the steamship company to get my reservation to go to England, I was informed it would be October or November before I could get a reservation. However, upon going down to the docks, I found that SS Mauritania was short of men for its crew, so Elder Wilford Owen Woodruff and I joined the seaman's union as firemen and worked our way to Liverpool. Shoveling coal was real hard work, but we worked four hours and then rested eight. We both felt a touch of seasickness, but had to keep up our work just the same. The pleasing thing was that when we landed at Liverpool we had earned about one hundred dollars instead of spending that much for passage, which helped our missionary work considerable. In England, I labored in Liverpool, London, Scotland, and Newcastle conferences. After being released in 1922, I visited France, Belgium and Holland and Canada. I also stayed two

weeks around Birmingham, England, looking for genealogy and visiting the places my ancestors came from.

I returned home in July, 1922, and worked at accounting and selling clothing in the summers and attended the Brigham Young University, majoring in accounting and music for three years. On December 1, 1924, I was married to Idena Jensen, of Fountain Green. We lived in Provo, where I continued in school until June of 1925 when we moved to Fountain Green and I engaged in the garage business, also operating a garage in Mount Pleasant, until 1932 when I disposed of my garages and entered the sheep raising business.

I was ordained Bishop of Fountain Green Ward in June of 1929, and was released in 1932. I was elected to the Fountain Green city council in 1938 and served until I was elected mayor in 1942. Of all the work and service I have performed, I believe I have reaped more joy and satisfaction from my services as a bishop.

SHORT BIOGRAPHY OF  
ISRAEL EARL CROWTHER  
May 6, 1942

I was born in the town of Sanford, Colorado, on August 27, 1901, the seventh child in the family of nine of James Franklin and Mary Olsen Crowther. Memories of my childhood include moving to the ranch at age two, starting to school in the old red school house at Sanford at the age of six, having my eldest sister for one of my teachers, herding cows and sheep out on the prairie, fishing for water dogs in the pond, and being tucked into bed by mother or father at night in the old log house when the blizzard was howling outside.

In September of 1909, my father sold the ranch and

moved the family to Provo, Utah, so that we might have a better opportunity for education and closer association with the church. For this move I am most thankful as I look back on my life at the age of forty. I must here also remember to give my mother credit for influencing this move and for her extreme patience and tender love and guidance during these formative years of my life.

My father again took up farming, acquiring considerable land on which we boys were kept busy until our maturity.

In 1920, my brother Lewis and I, having formed a partnership, moved to Richfield, Idaho, where we engaged in dry farming for about five years, but had only moderate success, gaining much in experience but losing some financially. My education had proceeded pretty much on schedule until by the spring of 1924 I had completed one year of college work at the B. Y. U. In April 15, 1924, I responded to a call to the California mission, where I labored for 26 months in the Nevada Conference; the last six months as conference president. Upon my return June 10, 1926, I again went to Idaho to work during the summer and attended the B. Y. U. during the winter, taking a business course and participating in football and wrestling.

On June 22, 1927, I was married to Ruth Elizabeth Wintch by my uncle, Lewis Anderson, in the Manti Temple. This was a memorable day in my life as we had been childhood sweethearts and both had filled missions for the church and now were united for time and eternity.

To bless our union, eight children have been given to our keeping. Loree, Earl James, Norma Jean, Dolores Ruth, Richard Kenneth, Glen Wintch, Lois, and Thomas

Henry. Two have died, Loree at birth and Richard, when about three years old.

The first three years of married life we lived in Richfield, Idaho, where we both took an active part in church work. In 1930 we returned to Provo, locating in the fifth ward. Here I served in the Sunday School superintendency, and as ward clerk for nine years.

I am thankful for the heritage of my parents and for the faithful devotion of my wife and the love of my children. It seems to me that these are the things that really make life worth while.

#### BRIEF LIFE SKETCH OF RAY ELDON CROWTHER

I was born at Sanford, Colorado, on June 4, 1906, and moved to Provo, Utah, when three years old. Here I grew to boyhood and manhood with the normal experiences and enthusiasms of impatient youth. Grade school, high school and college were all completed in Provo. After the third year at Brigham Young University, I had ambitions and arrangements made to enter the United States School of Aviation. A call to fill a mission to Great Britain cancelled all previous plans. I left September 15, 1928, for England. Here as a missionary, two of the most absorbing and educational years of my life were spent. My mother and father both died during this interval. Following my release, a hurried trip through the major European countries before returning home was a fascinating study of the people and customs of the old world. Enroute home a visit to the place of my birth in Colorado was made, the first since leaving some twenty years before.

Entering school again at Brigham Young Univer-

sity, I graduated June, 1931. Continued study the next year at New York University and received a Master of Science degree in business June, 1932. A short vacation afforded time to visit Utah long enough to get married to Miss Nelda Beck of Nephi, Utah, on August 17, 1932.

Anxious to make my future home near my own people, the following year found me in Los Angeles, California, and later Utah, where additional schooling in preparation for a life of teaching was completed. My teaching career began in high school at Provo, Utah, in 1934, and has occupied my greater time and interest for the past years while engaged in this profession.



Wm. H. Kirby, Emmaline M. Crowther and Family