

# Adams Family Pioneers

## **William Erskine “Erastus” Bridges** (Grandma Marjorie Adams’ Great, Great Grandfather)

My records are found on endowment records for Nauvoo, Winter Quarters and the Endowment House. I was born in Maine in 1814. My wife was Terressa Morse and my son’s name was Worthy Franklin Bridges. I brought my son Worthy Franklin to Utah with me. Crossed the plains in 1851 at age 37 with kids Worthy 11, Juliett Ann 12, Walter 10, Mary 6.

His son **Worthy Franklin Bridges** (married to Sarah Elizabeth Squire’s daughter Sarah Elizabeth Robison)



## **Sarah Elizabeth Squire** (Grandma Marjorie Adams’ Great, Great Grandmother)



I was born in 1802 in Pennsylvania and my husband William Henry Robison was born in New York in 1802 as well. We met the Mormon missionaries and were baptized while living in Michigan at about the time my eighth and ninth children were born in the late 1830’s. My tenth and eleventh children were born in Nauvoo in the early 1840’s. My husband helped build the Nauvoo temple and we received our endowments there in 1846. We left Nauvoo when the saints were driven out in 1846. It was that year that our eleventh child, Theodore, died. William my husband also died that same year at Winter Quarters, Council Bluff, Iowa. I was expecting our twelfth child who was a daughter named after me, Sarah Elizabeth Robison. She was born at Winter Quarters in 1847. Of the eleven children only two boys and 4 daughters lived. We made it west where my daughter Sarah Elizabeth Robison met and married Worthy Franklin Bridges.

**Rachel Ann Campbell** (Grandma Marjorie Adams' Great, Great Grandmother)



My husband Reuben was from North Carolina and I was from Tennessee. We lived in Illinois where my daughter Sarah Ann Carter was born. We were introduced to the gospel and I was baptized in 1832 and Reuban in 1839. My daughter Sarah Ann Carter later married Alfred Sidney Hadden (Grandma Gladys Hadden Moore's grandparents). Sarah and Alfred had six children who were born in Illinois and Iowa before they came west. Sarah Ann Carter and Alfred had two more children while living in Council Bluffs, Iowa in 1848 and 1850. Alfred and Sarah came west in 1852. Alfred and Sarah had nine children in all.

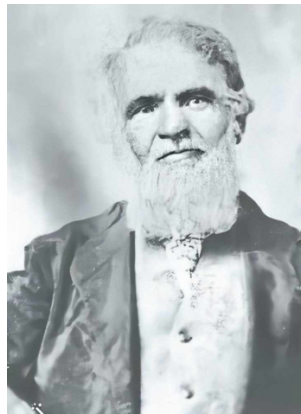
**Mary Hannah Partington** (Grandma Marjorie Adams' Great Grandmother)



My parents, Richard and Mary Ann Stafford Partington were from England and wished to be in Zion. I was 7 or 8 when I came across the plains with the Claudius V. Spencer Wagon Company in 1853. I was small for my age and the trip was very hard on me as it was on everyone. My mother was ill a lot so I had the responsibility of my two younger sisters. I made it west and married William Matthews in 1870 who came from England when he was 16. We lived in Provo at the time on a farm but moved when the farm was doing poorly and moved so my husband, William, could work in the mines. During this time we had 3 children including my daughter Adelaide Alice Matthews who was born in 1876. William was

poisoned in the mines and we moved to Indian Farms, now known as Lake Shore. Here we had 3 more children, but my husband's health was never the same after the mines and the lake climate was damp and cold so we packed our meager belongings and set out for Lost River Valley, Idaho in 1884 we expected to have a two room house on the 40 acres we had bought but when we got there another family had moved in and since it was the middle of the winter we had to share the house and both families ended up getting typhoid fever and were all very sick but we all survived. We were the 5<sup>th</sup> family in the valley. It was a very rough country with wild animals and sage brush as high as a horse. We spent summers clearing the land. My husband William was able to get a job at the Post Office which was a blessing since he couldn't do hard farm work with his health. My daughter Adelaide and son Will did all the farming. Adelaide met Jackson Moore and were married in 1897 (Grandma Marjorie Adams' grandparents). They lived 4 miles from us and started their own township in Idaho and it is still called Moore after them.

### **Samuel Adams** (Grandpa Robert Adams' Great Grandfather)



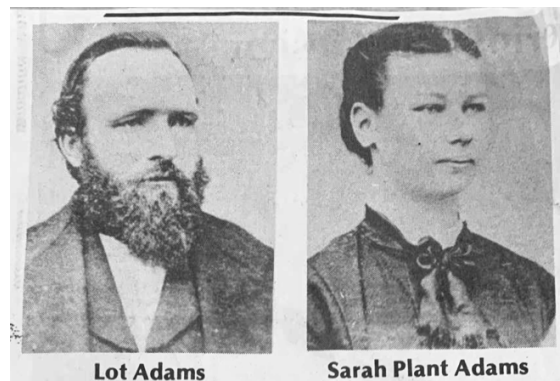
My father, John, was born in England in 1774, he married my mother Mary Day on 1798. I was the fourth of six sons. It was extremely hard in England at the time to make a living as a farm laborer. The rights to the land we lived and worked on were taken away from my father so he began to make his livelihood shoemaking in our home. Later I would help my father and grandfather make shoes. I met and married Phebe Ferry. We had seven children, including Lot in 1850, while we lived England on Thorpe Street. We were very poor, while I made shoes, my wife Phebe would make laces far into the evenings by candle light. The missionaries found our humble, hardworking family at a time when we were searching for answers of why we were here and where we had come from and what the future held for us. We welcomed the missionaries into our home and within a few years my wife and I and our children joined the church. Our son Lot was one year old when we joined. We wanted to join the saints in America. My oldest son Ferry, Lot's older brother, emigrated first since it wasn't possible for the whole family to emigrate at the same time. Ferry had been a member for just one year and was 17 years old. After Ferry left life took its toll on our family and six months after Ferry left, my daughter Christianna, who was 13, died. Soon after, right before Christmas, my other daughter, Sarah, who was 17 also died. At this time my wife, Phebe, was expecting her 11<sup>th</sup> child and two years later we had our 12<sup>th</sup>. Phebe also lost her health and after a severe sickness became blind. She died when she was 50 never realizing her dream of coming to America. My daughter Eliza was able to sail to America with another family. My son Lot and I earned enough to emigrate, we bid good-bye to some of our family

and friends realizing that we would never see many of them again on this earth. We believed in the principals of the gospel however and though our hearts were heavy we believed strongly in our future in Zion. After the ship journey, the train was taken from New York to Laramie, Wyoming from there it took 52 days of wagon travel to arrive in Salt Lake. We visited my son Ferry and daughter Eliza and their families in Richmond and during this time Lot met Sarah Ann Plant. Her family had also recently emigrated from England. My sons Ferry and Lot and their families and I moved to Riverside, Idaho as directed by Brigham Young. New settlers were given land under the homestead right which gave each family 160 acres. This was given by the government under a timber claim. Each family was required to plant twenty acres of timber. Lots family planted 20 acres known as the Adams Grove. I lived on the same land as Lot and our families were known as being hardworking and thrifty and we developed a strong family in this area. Lot and Sarah Ann and all their living children traveled to Logan in 1909 to receive their endowments and were sealed to each other. Their son, Maurice eventually owned the land that we had homesteaded and his son Bill still owns 50 acres of the original 120.

Samuel's son Lot and his wife Sarah:

### **Lot and Sarah Adams** (Grandpa Robert Adams' grandparents)

Lot came to US from England at age 17 with meet his brother in Richmond, Utah. He married Sarah Ann Plant in Richmond in 1881. They moved to Riverside, Idaho and planted the trees at Adams Grove

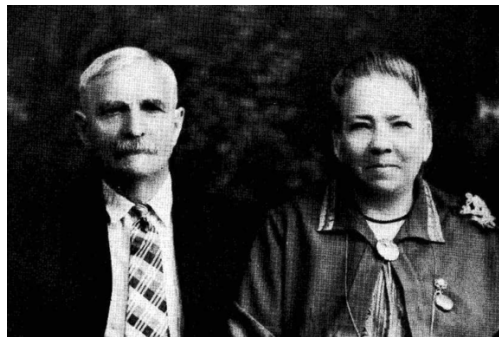


Their son was Maurice Adams (Grandpa Adams)

### **Maurice and Ellen Adams**



### **Ellen Johnson Pehrson** (Grandpa Robert Adams' Grandmother)



I was born in Sweden in 1859. Both my parents were good Christian people, members of the Lutheran faith. My mother died when I was 13 leaving my father with 5 children. I did the best I could for my father. When I was 16 I got a job on a farm with the Hanson family. He was Danish and his wife didn't like Sweden and they sold their farm and left for Demark and asked if I would come along. They paid my way and told me if they didn't need me to work for them there they would find me a job there. They ended up finding me a job with a butcher with 6 children so there was lots of work to do, but I liked work so it was just fine. I met Nels Pehrson and we married. Our first baby, Elvina Josephine, was born in 1881. I was introduced to the gospel through a women who came to the house to make me a new dress. She belonged to the Mormon Church and was a good singer and she was preaching and singing to me all day long. I thought it was just fine, so that night it was meeting and she said, "You'd better come and go with me to meeting." I sure liked the meeting fine, they opened the meeting by singing, and then prayer, and that prayer was just wonderful, I had never heard such a prayer before. I had never seen or been to a Latter-Day Saints meeting before, but I had heard a great deal about them and their doctrine. My husband asked how I liked it and I told him as good as I could what they were talking about. My husband and I both began to go to the meetings with our 2 children. We sure liked every word that the Elders told us about their doctrines and we studied the scriptures and asked the

missionaries to come over to our home. They were glad to come and were glad they had found such good people who could understand that the gospel was true and that Joseph Smith was a true prophet of God and that God had revealed himself to this humble boy. We kept on going to meeting all the time and both my husband and I were ready to be baptized but were waiting for our 3<sup>rd</sup> child to be born first. Nels' mother Ingeborg, my mother-in-law, also went to meeting all the time. She believed that baptism was right. Her husband Pehr was always working away from home out in the country; he came home once in a while to see us all and grandma and we told him all about Mormonism as good as we could, but it seems that he could not understand the doctrines at all. I also wanted to share the gospel with my father John Johnson we told him about the gospel and what a sermon we all got, he got angry at us and told me "Now Ellen, I have had you baptized as a baby in the Lutheran church and you have always been a good daughter so don't go and be baptized again, and if you do it, I will sure get awful angry for it is all false doctrine, I have heard about it in Sweden and they say they are false prophets, so don't you ever join them, I am older then you are and I know all about it." I said, "How do you know all about it, you just told me that you had never been to one of their meetings." "Well," he said, "everybody says so." I invited him to a meeting but he refused to go. Oh, how sorry I was, and all of us ready to be baptized, oh, how bad we all felt for we all had hoped that he could understand the doctrine like we did. After our 3<sup>rd</sup> child was born my husband and I were baptized in the ocean. Nels mother wanted to wait for her husband to accept the gospel and be baptized with him but he told her to go ahead so she was baptized a few months later. The next summer our baby boy died. The Elders helped us through this loss and we began preparing to go to Zion. We had another baby boy and my father visited. I would write him about the gospel but he never mentioned it to me during these later visits. We were sure glad that we had found the true gospel and we did the best we knew how. My husband was sure a lucky man, always good to work and we paid our tithing and went to our meetings. We sure were a happy couple, and so was "grandma" Nels' mom. She had saved a little money and told us she thought it was time to go to Zion. She had just enough to send Nels ahead and once he had earned enough money we would all follow him. Nels was worried about leaving me with 3 small children and one on the way but we knew this was the answer to our prayers and that he would soon make enough money to send for me and the children so we could be together in Zion. Nels left and got a job in Salt Lake paving Main Street and wrote often and sent money. My next son was born. Nels was happy to hear he was well. Nels soon got another job hauling rock from the canyon down town. The time finally came for us to leave for Zion. Nels' father came home to say good bye to his wife for Ingebord was coming with us. He would have liked to go with us, but had to wait until Nels could send him the money that he had borrowed. When we left it was my 30<sup>th</sup> birthday. It was a happy birthday that I could leave my native land for Zion with my children and my mother-in-law. I just felt I was the happiest person on the earth, thankful to my Heavenly Father for all the many blessings that he had bestowed upon me and my family. My husband met us at the train station in Salt Lake. We were all glad to see each other since we had been parted 15 months and our youngest son had never met his father. We were all so happy and glad to have grandma and our little children and be together again. Before we went to bed we all knelt down on our knees in prayer and we sure all were so humble and thankful to our Heavenly Father for he had been so good and kind to us, particularly being with us over the deep water and the land and now we were in the good land of Zion and we did feel happy and thankful to our Heavenly Father for all was so well with us. We asked our Heavenly Father to continue to bless us here in Zion and that we may always do what is right. Nels' father Pehr finally made it to Zion as well and he was glad to see us all well and happy. Both he and Grandma were baptized that July. We had another baby boy so we had 5 boys and

one girl, Elvina Josephine. Our little baby took sick and died. We sure felt bad to have to part with him. A year later we had another new baby boy he was our 6<sup>th</sup> boy and he was as welcome as if he had been our first. In April the Salt Lake temple was dedicated and my husband and I got recommends from the Bishop. It sure was a wonderful sermon that was said that day by President W. Woodruff. We had been in Zion for 4 years, so we could understand every word that was said. It was sure great to be permitted to go to the house of the Lord. We moved to Pleasant Grove and had our 7<sup>th</sup> boy. We then moved back to Salt Lake and Nels parents both passed away. The day before Nels mother died we had our 8<sup>th</sup> boy. Nels took the baby into his mother and said, "see grandma, here is the new baby," and she cried and was worried about how we would take care of all those children without her. "Well," my husband said, "we could take care of two times as many more if we just had them." The next year our baby boy died, he was just 13 months old and all the children felt bad. We moved to Teton Basin, Idaho to buy a place with land of our own. Before we left we went to the temple and got our endowments and had all our children sealed to us, those that were dead too. When we got home we were all so glad to have our work done for that was what we came here to Zion for, to go to the house of the Lord and do work for ourselves and for our folks and relatives that had passed away before this glorious gospel was revealed to the earth. We finally had another baby girl but she only lived 4 days so my happiness turned to sorrow. I wrote a letter to our daughter Elvina, she had stayed in Salt Lake to work. I told her I would be glad if she would come home, she was sorry we could not keep the baby girl. Elvina stayed in Idaho and met a young man named Willard George Homer and in November 1900 our first grandchild was born, a little girl and they named her Ellen Melissa Homer. Nels and I had three more baby boys but the last 11<sup>th</sup> boy was born dead, I was 48 years old. Once all our children were all raised Nels and I moved back to Salt Lake to work in the temple. Our Heavenly Father had been so good to us and blessed us so wonderfully through all these many years.

Her daughter Elvina and her husband Willard (Grandma Ellen Homer Adams' parents, Grandpa Robert Adams' grandparents)

### **Willard and Elvina Homer**

