

## TAMER LOADER RICKS

Sep. 8, 1838 - Feb. 2, 1924

by Irene Smellie Redd, a granddaughter

Tamer Loader was born in Aston Rowant, Oxfordshire, England September 8, 1838, in a cottage on the estate of Sir Henry Lambert, a wealthy land owner, where her father labored as head gardener.

There was a public park just across the street from her father's small cottage, which stood on a hill so that the green lawn sloped down to a lake. In its shallows the children of the surrounding countryside sailed boats. Tamer's boat boasted of sails made from her mother's white apron.

Another sport, as a child, she loved to do, was to roll hoops. This was her recreation week days. On the Sabbath afternoon, they filed along the walks of the park. She and her brothers very sedately dressed in their Sunday clothes.

On week days, Tamer wore her hair in two long braids which hung in long strands down her back. On Sunday, it was allowed to be unbraided, and fell in flowing waves as she walked.

Her father and family belonged to the Church of England. He was very strict about keeping the Sabbath Day holy. All work must be done the day before. The shoes were polished on Saturday, and stood in a row, the clothing was laid out, that would be worn on the Sabbath. For, on the morrow, the bells would toll, summoning the family to morning services.

A song which Tamer learned in church at Aston was, O, WON'T THAT BE JOYFUL WHEN WE MEET TO PART NO MORE, which she sang to her grandchildren in her latter years.

It was here, on the Lambert Estate that the Mormon Elders found the Loader family.

Tamer's father believed the principles they taught, but hesitated, because Sir Lambert objected to the new religion, and informed Tamer's father that if he joined the church, he would lose his position.

Her father had been gardener for Sir Lambert for thirty years.

At this time, Tamer went to work in London as clerk in a store. Her employer was kind. She had her own private little room up over the store.

Jonas and Marshal, her two older brothers, had gone into the meat market business in London at this time. Their business prospered.

(Page 2 from the manuscript is missing. I will try to find it.)

My memory is that when the Loaders were driven off the estate, these boys brought the family to London and took care of them. Tamar began to work for a lady, I think sewing.)

Her brother-in-law, John Jaques, went back to St. Lewis, soon after their arrival, to assist in bringing up another company, also hand carts to join in the journey to the vally. Her father's family was assigned to Edward Martin's company.

At Florence, Nebraska, she was taken sick, brought on by exposure and hardships. At this time Apostles John Taylor and Franklin Richards visited her, and blessed her that she would be able to walk before she reached the valley of Zion. At that time, she was bent over and could not straighten up.

In Nebraska, the Indians were troublesome, they were cautioned as to the selection of their camping grounds. They were to choose them where the grass was not high enough to conceal Indians who were always on the alert for an attack.

At this time, her sister, Zelpha Jaques, gave birth to a son who was given the name, Alpha. She (Zelpha) was so weak that she barely escaped with her life.

Her father was now fifty seven years old, and was small in stature, and not very robust. Unused to hardships such as drawing loaded handcarts during the day, and often called to stand guard at night.

He began to fail in health. Still, the love of the gospel burned bright in his soul, and he looked forward to their safe arrival in the valley of Salt Lake.

As he carried her, (Tamer) weak and ill, from the wagon each night to their tent, he endeavored to cheer her with these words, "I believe I will yet see my dear daughter safely reach the valley."

On the eve of September 23, 1856, he was carried into prayer circle and assisted in singing, COME, COME, YE SAINTS. The following day, he lay unconcious, and during the night he died, and was buried in Ash Tree Hollow, a spot well known to the pioneers.

The company proceeded on its way, as deaths were frequent.

The following evening, the wolves howled, telling the family that they had scented the new grave.

Tamer's mother was prostrate for some days after her huband's death, and was unable to walk. She was placed in the supply wagon to ride.

On account of lateness of the season, they were subjected to frequent storms that grew in severity. They often had to sweep the snow from the frozen ground before making their beds.

One night, while making camp after her father's death, they were unable to drive the tent pegs into the frozen ground. They tried several times to pitch their tent, but found it impossible. Tamer's mother gave the command, "Girls, try again." They did, and the tent was filled with wind and froze in place. They were protected from the elements that night.

Added to these discomforts, their provisions became scarce. They were rationed more closely than before, many lives were lost before arrival in the valley. Some froze to death, others losing their lives through having been frozen.

Her mother's family of children arrived safely, the promise to Tamer was fulfilled, made by Apostles Taylor and Richards, that she should be able to walk straight before she reached the valleys of Utah.

Joel Parrish and Thomas E. Ricks were two of the teamsters in the rescue company. They had been pioneers since 1848, and were residents of Centerville and Farmington. As it had been the custom for the early residents to share and divide their homes and substance with the newcomers, she was offered a home in the family of Thomas E. Ricks. Her mother, and four daughters and one son going to Pleasant Grove to a son-in-law, John Dalling, where they located. Her mother remained there until her death in July 24, 1886.

In the following spring, on March 27, 1857, she (Tamer) was married to Thomas E. Ricks, being in her twenty-fourth year. She made her home in Farmington for two years where her eldest daughter was born.

In 1858, Cache Valley was being settled, and on hearing of the facilities for farming and stockraising, they moved in November of that year. Six children were born to her in Logan, (Cache County) one son and five daughters. Her little son died in infancy, and some years later, she laid away her little daughters, Clarinda and Annie, both buried at Logan.

She remained in Logan 25 years, and saw it prosper, thrive and become a small city. Her husband, at this time, was given the contract to build the railroad from Franklin to Helena, Montana. This work gave all his children employment. They were to build good homes.

After completion of the railway, they planned to rest in their comfortable homes and educate their children.

The church needed, at this time, a man to colonize in Idaho. Her husband became known as one who was adapted to colonizing. He was called upon to take his family and move to Idaho to settle that part of the country, which was known as Oneida County, in the Upper Snake River Valley. In response to this call, they moved, May 1884 and located at the place now known as Rexburg.

It was a homesick family that Tamer had the task to help adjust themselves to their surroundings. Sage brush stretched across the plains and hills. When the rainy weather came, the roads were impassable. Down by the river, mosquitoes were almost beyond endurance.

Her husband built a nice four-room house for the family, which stands quite modernly on the corner of First and Second North. With Tamer's ability, it was soon changed from house to home. She was an exceptional lady. Well trained in homemaking, very sincere and sympathetic. An inspiration to other home makers who came after her to settle in this frontier country.

Her friends respected her for the sterling qualities she possessed. She was a good citizen of the state, willing at all times to sacrifice for the good of the country.

In a short time, the wilderness was subdued, the land that had held nothing of great value became of treasure unto many seeking homes.

Her husband built a saw mill, grist mill, store, knitting factory and several canals.

Tamer, as second wife of Thomas E. Ricks, having buried her only son, naturally turned her affections to the sons of her husband, whom she loved dearly.

At this time, there was an epidemic of diphtheria, which at that time was called membranous croup, caused from so many of their cattle dying, and the water became impure.

Her youngest daughter died on March 24, 1891. This was a great sorrow to her. She said, "I could not have survived this separation had not God sustained me."

Just previous to Lou's death, she called her family around her and told them she had no fear of death. She was assured of her work on the other side. She had been shown the beautiful sphere of action assigned to her, and she had seen a number of children over whom she was to have special care.

Tamer was a prompt observer of the law of tithing, and faithful Latter Day Saint. Her grandchildren looked to her for counsel and guidance. She was their example.

If you chanced to knock at Tamer's door, you were always asked to have a bite with her. A dainty lady greeted you. There was a rose color in her cheeks, and she had twinkly blue eyes. She loved to dress neatly. One of her practices was to change her dress every afternoon.

Her husband died in 1901, having founded the Ricks College.

After his death, Tamer lived in the house he had built for her until she was eighty years of age. At this time, her daughter, Sarah Ellen Dalling, moved her to Sugar City where she resided until her death, February 1, 1914.

She has left a large posterity of children.

When Brother Eli McIntyre came to Raymond to organize the sugar factory, he was in our home for dinner, and told me Aunt Tamer never said a word against the authority of this

church, or allowed any to do so in her home.

I never heard her say a word against any of Grandfather's wives or their children. Loyalty was her outstanding virtue.

They used to call me her pet grandchild. Mother always sent one of us to sleep with her, and most of the time it was me.

It was in the days when they paid their tithing in kind. Her home was across from the Tithing Office so I received my first lesson in tithe paying from her. No matter what she had, she always sent the first of it to the Tithing Office. I was the conveyer of it much of the time.