

Two brothers, John and Thomas Ewart, came from England to fight with the English army in the Revolutionary War, but they deserted England's army and joined Washington's troops and fought under Washington for four years. After the Declaration of Independence was signed, John and Thomas Ewart settled in Washington County in the Southwest corner of Pennsylvania.

Joseph Ewart was born in Pennsylvania. He came down the river and located in West Union, which is south of Columbus, Ohio, at age 13. There was Grandfather and Grandmother Peterson. Mary Jane was the oldest of the family. The other children in the Peterson family were Uncle George, Uncle Jim, Uncle Joe, Aunt Sara, Uncle Curtis, and Aunt Hannah. Some of the Peterson children went down into Kansas to homestead but turned and came back again settling in North County in the county seat of Grant City.

The father and Uncle Joe freighted with horses and wagon from St. Joe to Izadora, a little country town sixty miles from St. Joe. They freighted until the Chicago Great Western came down through from Chicago, St. Joe, and Kansas City. It is now known as the "Corn Belt". When the railroad was completed, father, and Uncle Joe bought up three carloads of horses and shipped out of the country saying they wouldn't have any more use for horses in that part of the country.

Joseph Ewart married a McIntire girl. James McIntire, Mother's "Uncle Jim" owned and operated a store at Tranquility, Ohio. There were 13 children in the Joseph Ewart family. My father, John Barr, the youngest, was born in 1840.

After Joseph Ewart's stretch in the war of 1812, he built and operated a linen mill; and he operated it until he went blind at the age of 60. After he went blind, he could hitch up a team of horses; drive his team six miles to town; tie up his team to a hitching rack; go about his business; un-tie the team and turn them toward home; and upon arrival at home he would un-hitch the team and turn them out to pasture.

My father and his Mother came down the Ohio River when he was 15 years old to Independence, Missouri, to visit Uncle Will. There were no railroads west of the Mississippi River at that time. After they returned to Ohio, my father served in the Union Army.

Bayliss, Alfred, William (Bill), brothers of my father, also fought in the Civil War for the North. Their names are recorded in the War Office Department, Washington, D. C. All three brothers were officers. Father went in at the age of 18. When he went into the army, he was given men, horses and a wagon. They went through the countryside gathering eggs and cattle, taking vegetables, and anything that they could find for the soldiers to eat as the army was supplied only with beans, salt pork, and hardtack, bread cooked without rising (yeast).

My father married Mary Jane Peterson, my Mother, in 1869. Father and Mother came to Arkansas and lived there for two years after they were married; and, I think, one child was born in Arkansas. They moved to Lawrence, Kansas, for one year, and one child was born there. The other children were born in Worth County, Missouri.

To John Barr and Mary Jane Ewart were born nine sons, John Calvin, Edward, Earl, Artellis "Tell", and Marcellis, twins, and Rodney Bronson, of which I am the youngest. Three of the boys passed on before my time. The names on the markers were Dayliss, Alfred, and "Infant" Ewart, and their graves are where my Mother and Father are placed away at the old Izadora Cemetery. Another brother, Marcellis, passed away at the age of 22 with Typhoid Fever.

Daniel Boone came as far as the high hill where the cemetery is located, but he was not interested in trapping the prairie country to the Northwest.

My father followed the carpenter work, building quite a number of houses, and three large barns. My brother helped to build one of the barns after he had built two other large barns. To build these barns, they went out into the timber, cut the logs, got them on the ground, hewed and cut for the braces. Braces were mortared. In general construction, it was called dowel with pins where they would bore holes and drive small pins for lack of big nails and the cost of large nails necessary.

An old fellow walked up to me in 1932 when I went back to the Izadora Cemetery on Memorial Day and whether he knew what I looked like to make him think that I was a Ewart. I told him I was Bronson Ewart, son of John Ewart. He said your father built my house twelve miles north of Izadora.

When I think of how little my Mother had for housekeeping, it fills my heart with pain. She had a four lid cook stove - wood burner - and a little old cupboard with two doors - what would be the countershelf - and two below, and an old log house. My father made her a washing machine. You might call it a cradle type.

The bottom part being constructed of 2 foot 1½" wide pine with 1½" square rippings cut in notches in the bottom of this radius. The pieces being about 22" to 24" long and fit in good and tight and the bottom covered with zinc. That zinc came up and fastened to a little shelf that was probably 3" wide and higher than the circle. The purpose of the shelf was to hold the soft soap that they had to use. Then he made another radius with just the slats across with a pin, broom handle, that went through joining the two together so that this radius with the cross pieces was set down in places cut out in the main structure forming cradle notion. They poured in the clothes in the bottom, the soap and the water, then she would stand and rock that cradle over the clothes.

The soft soap was made out of ashes where we had a large box affair sloping from the top and to the bottom forming a 'V' shape into a trough in the bottom. The wood ashes were dumped in there during the winter; and in the springtime, the buckets started getting water from the spring about 100 yards away. That same spring is where we get the water for the house use.

My father bought the land - 80 acres. It was covered with Oak, Hickory, some Walnut timber, and wild Filberts, known there as Hazel nuts.

My father was County Commissioner of Worth County. He was elected in 1890, and his term ended in 1892.

My Mother died in 1892, March 14. Uncle George and father took Mother because of her poor health with a lady nurse to Sureka Springs, Arkansas. They took her around the first of November, and she lay there all those months waiting to die - away from her six boys, and I had just passed my eighth birthday, January 7.

I was switched from pillar to post, and it was hard to get much education as a boy. I worked for a farmer for two summers; and at the end of the second summer, I had earned enough money that I had a team of ponies; good folding top buggy, with rubber tired wheels; and no sweetheart.

Our first telephone was around 1895. I read an article by a woman, who wrote on the telephone, so many words to simply speak them into the receiver - it was impossible - just say the word in the speaker. I don't remember how many poles were hooked to the line. As soon as your phone rang, you could hear receivers come down all along the line, 5 or 10 lines into the exchange. A man operator made \$30.00 per month. The cost of the telephone was \$12.00 to \$14.00 per year. My Uncle George Peterson kept up his own share of the line.

In the fall of 1900, another young fellow and I went up into the neighborhood of Rex Co., Iowa, to husk corn. I averaged 75 bushel for 29 days. I husk and unbinded with a seven staves 104 bushels of corn the day Teddy Roosevelt was elected president of the United States. (No wonder I hated Franklin Roosevelt so.)

Now think of it, they have machinery for all that kind of work. My wife, Ida, and I were back there visiting. The hired man was hauling in corn as fast as they husked it with machinery. They could haul in more corn in one hour than I could husk in a day.

I said to Vick Birdfield, the cousin, "How do you have corn fields so clean?" He answered, "Oh, we just spray it".

The man, who I husked corn for around Red Oak, Iowa, wanted me to come back and work for him the next year for \$25.00, and I had been only getting \$18.00 per month. They had bought 80 acres that is how they came to need me. These two men were twins, and they married twins. Al about the last of July, they sold this 80 acres; and I didn't know when to go, as they just let me go because they had no use for me. They told me of a man that would be needing hay hands and thought he would put me on to be sure to have hay hands so I went to see this man. Now I had a team, a buggy, but no home or no place to go when I got through with the hay.

I read an article in the paper that Highland Park College, Des Moines, Iowa, which said, "If you can read and write, we can place you", and that is about as far as I ever got at that time. I wrote to my cousin, Vilas Peterson, that we should get more education if we expected to get along in this world. He came, and we went to Highland Park College in the fall of 1905 and took a business course.

Billy Bryan was to speak on his trip around the world in 1905 at Des Moines, and I and my cousin, Vilas Peterson, had to hear Billy Bryan both being good Democrats. We were the first two in when the doors of the doors opened in in that day and age. My wife to be and five other girls came down from Drake University to hear Billy Bryan talk of his around the world. She and one other girl were the last two to get in they closed the doors. Billy Bryan lacked from Des Moines to Lincoln, Nebraska, of completing his trip around the world.

I started my church life in Iowa by attending Sunday School and singing in the choir in the Baptist Church. When I came to Colorado, was soon singing in the choir and teaching a Sunday School Class.

The next year I went to North Dakota to work for \$35.00 a month. 1906 at the Purth Church in North Dakota, I was introduced to a Methodist Minister, who had just arrived from Ireland. This was his first charge in the United States. When we were introduced, he said, "Ewart", - "We have lots of Ewart's in North Ireland". "Do you know how the name came about?" I told him that I knew nothing about my family history whatever. He said when the Protestant Stewarts pulled away from the Catholic Church, they dropped the first two letters so their names would not be confused with the Catholic Stewarts. I don't know how many times when folks don't know how to pronounce the name, I tell them to drop the first two letters of Stewart, and you have Ewart. I worked for several months, and then I returned to Des Moines, Iowa, to attend Old Highland Park College.

In the fall of 1906, I went back to school at Highland Park. When I returned home, they were having a Protracted Meeting at our little old Baptist Church at Athelstan. During these services one evening Brother Artellis "Tell" and his wife came forward and made confession. Three nights after Brother Earl and his wife gave their hearts to the Lord. I was so pleased with both of them.

My cousin, Vilas Peterson, and I collected laundry at the Highland Park School from the kids, sent it down to the IXL Laundry at Des Moines and our commission earned us a little spending money. He and I helped harvest the garden tract, that they raised on 40 acres joining the college grounds, and stored cabbage, potatoes, turnips, carrots, onions and beans. Everybody called the place "H.P.C." (Hash, Prunes, and Cabbage". They had one room where you could get board for \$1.50 a week. The place where we boarded we paid \$2.25 a week, and they had a basement room fixed up real nice where they charged \$3.00 a week. Mind you this is 1905-06.

I came west to Palisade, Colorado, in the spring of 1907, and I went back to Athelstan, Iowa, at Christmas time. I returned to Palisade in 1908 and lived there for five years.

Ida Elizabeth Smith and her family came to Palisade in 1909. I met her at a party, which we young men were putting on to entertain a Tri M Club (Merry, Match Makers), that had just initiated three new members. I and two good friends were the three ladies to be initiated and one of them brought Ida to this party and gave me an introduction to her. The fellow, who handled the ritual, wore just simply his Mother's kitchen apron. The other three of us wore dresses.

A true experience in my life. While working in Price, Utah, in 1909 I had read in the Grand Junction paper about a hypnotist, who was performing for a three day stretch in Helper, Utah. The hypnotist had a boy sit on a bicycle with the hind wheels propped up and then told the boy he just to win this race. I don't remember how many hours the lad pedaled that bicycle. Long enough that the people called in the police to stop the deal. When he lifted the boy off, he asked him if he was tired, and the boy said, "No".

Now this show was billed for Helper, Utah, and I had to see this show because the show people had a big sandstone rock out front with prizes to be given the last night to the one guessing closest to the weight by the closing night. The hypnotist hypnotized a woman then he and two other men picked up the woman, and they laid her on the horses with both shoulders resting on one sawhorse and her legs just above the knees resting on the other sawhorse. He then told her to stiffen her back real stiff and hold it that way.

The three men picked up the 360 lb. rock and laid it on her stomach. He steadied the rock and then called for a man to volunteer to come forward, take a 16 lb. sledge, and break the rock resting on her body. After giving a number of calls, I knew "the philosophy" of the rock deal so I walked forward, took the sledge, and I have no idea how many times I swung with all my might. The minute the rock broke or cracked, he had the two men step in immediately and catch the three pieces and hold them until the showman could get in and help take the pieces down. The hypnotist brought the woman out of the trance, stood her on her feet, and began to say, "No ill affects", "No ill affects". She began to walk slowly from the stage, and he asked her if she was all right. She said, "Yes, I'm all right", and continued off the stage.

I never knew who got the prize for guessing the weight of the rock.

A couple of days after the show a man stopped me on the street and said, "Aren't you the man, who broke the rock on the woman's stomach the other night?" I said, "Yes". He said, "I wouldn't have done that for any thing in the world". I said, "Didn't you ever break up a large lump of coal by holding it in your hand, and hitting it with a hammer a good hard blow to break it". "Oh, hell, I never thought of that", he answered. I knew, if she could hold the rock, my hitting the rock would never jar her or hurt her. The weight of the rock absorbed the blow.

The amazing thing of the show was the hypnotic condition with all that weight. She never in the world could bare the weight if she had not been under the spell.

Like the boy on the bicycle, he never could have done such a spell of exercise without being under hypnosis.

Ida Smith's family lived on a peach orchard west of town and unknown to me she and her family left that fall or the next spring for Green River, Utah. She had gone to Idaho Falls and taught school in Ucon in 1912. She went back to Green River and taught school there in 1913. She attended summer school in Dillon, Montana.

A friend of mine and I drove a covered wagon up by the school where she was teaching in Green River, Utah, but, of course, I never knew her; and, in fact, didn't know she was teaching there until after years.

In 1914 she taught at Grays Lake, and in 1915 she got a school at Iona, Idaho, that is out from the Falls about six or seven miles.

I came to Idaho Falls arriving here the 10th. of May, 1914. We were getting \$5.00 a day for 8 hours at that time, and we worked 6 days a week. The union was organizing when I came. I joined the union and was a delegate to the State Federation of Labor three different times. I was also secretary for the Carpenters for three years.

During the roundup, Ida was attending this roundup and saw me out taking pictures in front of the grandstand.

She came by where I was working on the old post office (new one then) starting the forms for the concrete in the basement about 8 to 10 feet from the sidewalk. I was the first carpenter on the old post office. She stopped there and chatted a moment or so and then went on. Then I met her down town Idaho Falls the next Saturday Evening. I dated her, and we started going together. We were married the 29th. of April, 1917, in a double marriage ceremony with Ida's Brother, Walter Smith and Meta Clark at Dillon, Montana. She was 32, but I was 33. Rev. Humphrey Methodist Minister of Dillon, Montana, performed the ceremony.

After the marriage, we came down to Armstead, Montana, and stayed there that night. The next day we went on over to Salmon on the train. Now old Armstead is no more as there are 30 odd feet of water in a reservoir built there.

Ida filed on 316 acres of dry farm land, and we proved up on it near Kettle Butte. We lost it for taxes after World War I.

My wife gave birth to five children, and they were all born in our home except George Robert "Bob", who was born at Grandma Smith's home on Whittier Street. The five babies born to our family were Dorothy Virginia, George Robert, Mary Ella, Barbara Elizabeth, and Sara Jane. They are all married but Barbara, who is the City of Idaho Falls Pay Master.

Dorothy was married to Harry Herman Krause on May 18, 1941, and has taught school around Kalispell, Montana, Swan Lake and presently is teaching at Sommers. Two years ago she was given an award as being the outstanding teacher in the Flathead District by the A.F. and A.M. Lodge.

George Robert was married to Lois Elaine Johnson on December 29, 1942, and is now working with the A.E.C. in Las Vegas, Nevada.

Mary Ella was married to William Charles Wood on October 10, 1952, and is a pharmacist. She has worked a number of years for Whitehead Drug, 800 Main, Boise, Idaho.

Sara Jane was married to Richard K. Albano on October 3, 1953, and is a pharmacist. She works occasionally as a relief pharmacist as an accommodation to a number of pharmacists located in Pocatello.

Harry and Dorothy Krause have four children: David Rodney, Jonathar Adolf, Judy Ann, and Harry Hierman, Jr.

Robert and Lois Ewart have two children: Anne Elizabeth and George Robert Ewart II.

William and Mary Ella Wood have five children: Charles Lee, Michael Rodney, Kathrine Elizabeth, Deborah Mae, and Marcia Jean.

Richard and Sara Albano have four children: Richard K., James Steve Pamela Jane, and Robert Bronson.

At the present time, I have two grandchildren, who are married. Dan Krause was married to LaZetta Ann White on December 28, 1963. They have two children: Richard Warren and Stacia Leigh.

Anne Ewart was married to Robert Lee Silverthorne, Jr. on January 2, 1964. They have one child: Robert Allen.

Before I came to Idaho and out from Price, Utah, on a Utah construction job I built an abutment made of concrete for a railroad bridge 92½ feet high. One way it was exactly on plumb, and the other was 3/8" off. I lost a man on that job. He fell 65 feet and cracked his head. Mr. Chern was his name.

I built my first house by myself on Whittier Avenue working nights, mornings, Saturdays, and Sundays. I think I sold it for \$2,200.00 - a fire room house with a full basement. My wife's family bought it, and they lived in it until Father Smith passed away in 1935. Mother Smith died in 1939. I always loved to take them with me on our camping trips.

I went down to California in the fall of 1922, and that winter I worked in one of the studios building sets for movie picture outfits. I liked the work that I had that winter. I found out a lot of pictures were made on a canvas and made to look like they are a town.

That summer I came back home, and we had five rows of strawberries a block long. I would get out and pick strawberries at daylight, wash them on a screen, crate them, and take four or five boxes to town each time. As soon as I would get home from work, I would go back out and pick berries. When I didn't get finished, my wife would finish picking. From these berries we paid off three mortgages on three pieces of property we had. One for \$800.00, one for \$400.00, and another for \$250.00 that summer. A lot of

One morning while I was out working in the strawberries I heard some hollering, "There he goes over there, over there". A moose was coming down the slope on the hill north of Cemetery Hill. He was roped by an Indian cowboy and ran into the horse barn at the fair grounds. One of his horns was broken. They called the Game Department to ask what to do with the moose and they told them to put him in a big truck, take him up to Rainey Cree and turn him loose.

I built a building for Rogers Seed Company in the south part of town for a sheep pellet factory; built a large warehouse of brick next to the subway on Birch Street and made three additional office parts at various times for the seed company.

In 1926 I was sent to Greeley, Colorado, by Rogers Brothers Seed Company to work setting the machinery of a warehouse building. My recollection is that the building was 190 feet long, and I was sent back in 1932 to build another one the same length. I supervised the construction of it, did the excavation, and was practically through with setting the machinery when the regular man, who handled the machinery setting came.

I took over the old bank building and the Samsel Clothing Store building and completed the construction there for the J. C. Penney Company building their first store in this part of Idaho. Then I went to St. Anthony and did an addition to the Odd Fellows Home. I also built and set the fixtures for the J. C. Penney Store in St. Anthony. I returned to Idaho Falls and got a contract for working over a building in Blackfoot, and in the meantime, remodeled the original building here for J. C. Penney taking in all the upstairs - building a mezzanine floor.

I built a two story garage building for Cecil Hart, Bishop Smith, and Harold Bishop, also a Bishop; built Joe Morley - Morley Chapin - a nice furniture store business; built Virlow Peterson a two story panatorium with an upstairs, and the service station on the corner for Joe Gesas. I built an addition to a small house and did the cabinet work for \$1000.00 under W. Shattuck's direction.

I built a number of service stations and an addition to the school in Firth, Idaho. I built the diesel engine plant for the City of Idaho Falls and supervised the construction of the Upper Plant Dam across the East Channel which was over 600 feet long. I didn't build the platform on the column or the driveway.

I have built a number of nice large homes in this town. One for A Poitevin, William Virkler, K. D. Rose, and Talcott "Bud" Hopkins. A co of houses in the Armon District - one of which was a nice home for Ever Purcell east of Armon. I built two nice homes for Merlin Clark strictl block construction. The first one was built on the corner of Fourth St and Higbee Avenue. The second one was built on the corner of Fourth St and Holmes Avenue, and the third one in Pocatello on Alarxia Road.

They were all built of concrete blocks, and we put rods through an laid the blocks on plank with reinforcement steel in each piece and the poured the floor and joist to two inches above the concrete blocks maki a complete floor job. I built a nice large block home much larger than this former one on Fourth Street and Higbee Avenue with the same kind of construction. A nice large garage with pipes laid underground to melt snow on the approach to the garage, and between the house and the garage all concrete with hot oil pipes keeping the snow melted off. The large room in the basement was treated in the same way. When they approached the door into the garage, they punched a button in the car, the doors c and they drove into the garage. After they were in the garage, they pu a button and closed the doors again. I met the lady, who lives in the house now up skiing. They have a fine resort - Taylor Mountain.

I have worked on a number of churches - finishing the north part of church at Coltman; finished the First Christian Church on Eighth Street Pocatello; and supervised the construction on the First Baptist Church John Adams Parkway, Idaho Falls. The committee told me the difficult t we had building that church, if it had not been for me, they would have r had that church built. I blasted five feet of lava without doing any c

I served on the City Council from 1927 to 1937, and in 1937 I find up the Mayor's term of Barzilla Clark, when he was elected Governor of I served a little better than four months. During my mayorship, I appx 15 prominent citizens to organize and work with the government for Pal: Dam. Over half of these fine gentlemen were dead before the dam was co

I served in the Home Guard under Les Poole in World War I.

I had always hoped to get out of the carpenter line onto a farm. Most of my life had been spent on the farm. We bought a little place c at Leadore, and I moved 11 or 12 head of cows over there and a thorough Durham Bull that I had bought as a calf. We couldn't get use of the wa we had figured on, so we thought it best to give up the place. When w the place, I brought the cows to Hamer and put them on pasture. I took Dodge car and a truck belonging to a neighbor friend of mine. I asked we could build a double deck outfit on his truck and bring those sheep

Roberts. When I asked about his truck, he said, "I will drive into the lumberyard, and we will build it the way you want". We went into the Poitevin Lumberyard, built that bed for the truck, and brought that load of sheep out. I had a couple of ewes fastened on each fender and the back seat full of sheep. One thing I had not counted on was to partition it off in four separate pens to keep all the sheep from crowding into the front end - causing some trouble. I am convinced that I hauled the first double deck load of sheep in the State of Idaho in 1934.

We had 17 head of cattle five miles north of Roberts, Idaho. It was fall time, and we had to bring them to Idaho Falls to winter them. They were on swampy pasture there. Among them was a wonderful red Durham Bull. I had bought a weaning bum. I had my two kids up there to drive them down. They got as far as one quarter mile south of Roberts when Old Jerry became so weak he layed down in the borrow pit, and Robert and Mary couldn't get him to move. Bob phoned his Dad. I was so frightened - almost beside myself I jumped in the old pickup and headed for Roberts and Old Jerry. I had no more idea what I was going to do when I got there than anything. I had no ropes - maybe a halter. There Old Jerry lay in front of the farm house. I drove in the farm yard looking for a manure pile hoping I could get him up onto the truck by climbing up on the manure pile and then onto the truck. I got backed up in good shape and turned to see what I could do. Low and behold here came Old Jerry moping along around the corner of the house and coming straight toward me and the truck. He walked straight for that manure pile, walked right onto the truck up to the front end, and layed down with his back against the front part of the bed. I can only figure Old Jerry saw load after load all summer so he knew what that truck was for.

In 1966 I visited in Independence, Missouri, with Janet Ewart, who is the wife of Troy Ewart, Grandson of my Brother John. Janet Ewart and I went back to Ohio to look up the Ewart family history.

A final word in my little life story I devote to my wonderful Mother, wife, and housekeeper. In character there are few her equal - never a fowl word or a curse word ever came from her dear lips. Her main philosophy in life - that if you can't say a good word for a person, best never to say anything. She was a wonderful companion to the day of her death. Her passing was a case of cancer. We lacked 8 months and 12 days of having been married for 50 years. After winding around in these Western States - 5 states, in all - before we were married, I always felt that God saved her for me.

One of our great pleasures was to go to the hills and camp out in a tent or sleep out in the open. This day and age it would certainly not be safe to conduct yourself so. She was really happy to get in the car and go camping. God bless her dear sole, and I ask him every night to bless her dear sweat sole.