

An Incident in the Life of VICTOR EMANUEL BEAN

Having been asked to write just a little with reference to my acquaintance with Victor E. Bean, let me say first that during my many years of intimate association with him he was always held very high in my estimation, and I can truthfully say that I have never known a better, a more dependable, a more lovable man.

Victor E. Bean has been in our home many times as our guest. I am sure our home was blessed and our lives made better because of his presence.

What I say of this splendid man I can also say of his good wife, whom I knew quite as well as her husband. My esteem of them both carries on down thru and to each and every son and daughter of these good people. I am sure Erother and Sister Bean were justly proud of their family, and just as sure that each of their children is positively grateful for their heritage.

At one time during the life and labors of Ero. Bean within the Union Stake, I was serving as Bishop of the Union Ward. At the time of the incident I have in mind, Victor and his family were living on a farm near North Powder some fifteen or eighteen miles south from Union. One Sunday about noon Ero. Bean came to our home at Union. He was on his way to Cove, which is another nine miles north from Union. I met him with a glad hand and heart, feeling that he had come to visit with our ward, but he said, "No, Bishop, I am on my way to fill an appointment this evening at Cove." He was at this time Stake President of the YMMIA. Then I said, "Ero. Bean, that's fine. You don't have to be in Cove until evening, so I presume you will be with us here this afternoon in our Sacrament Meeting?" He replied, "I would like to very much indeed, Bishop, but I have walked already some fifteen or eighteen miles and I have yet nine to go, so I presume I shall have to visit with your ward at some other time." He had dinner with us and went on his way.

Twenty-seven miles on foot to fill an appointment, to do his duty, and twenty-seven miles the return trip back to his farm the next day, Monday. And he enjoyed all of it, the walk, the visit, the satisfaction of knowing he had done his duty, and done it well, I assure you.

Numberless praiseworthy things could be said of Victor E. Bean, but it is not my purpose to undertake the mention of them. But instances like the one I have referred to above are always fresh in the memory of those who know of them.

Long since Bro. Bean departed this life. His death thru accident has always seemed to me an untimely one. It so happened that I was in LaGrande, when the word came of the accident which took his life. In company with Bishop Charles J. Elack I went to the home of Bro. Bean, picked up Sister Bean and her daughter, Erma, drove to the foot of the mountain near Ladd Canyon, walked up the mountain side to the scene of the accident. Bro. Bean was placed on a stretcher made of two small poles and a strip of burlap and carried down the mountain. It isn't a picture I am in any way anxious to recall, but I am happy in the thought of knowing that I was sufficiently near at the time, and the little that I was able to do was of at least slight assistance.

I have known the children of Bro. and Sister Bean almost from their infancy and can honestly say that I love them all. Sons and daughters to be justly proud of, now all splendid men and women. May they continue to carry on in the worthy examples of their splendid parents and eventually be rewarded in the Celestial Glory of our Father's Kingdom along with their beloved parents, Victor E. and Mary H. Bean, is my hope, my desire, and my blessing.

A Friend and Neighbor

/s/ Wm. D. Hanks

(Copy of letter from William D. Hanks, President of Union Stake.)

(Ero. Hanks died early summer of 1951.)

Copied - REB

Victor Emanuel Bean