

*didn't want to put
all these questions by
you may it was with
John Baker!
more 1/18/6
Petter some photographs but
best I have on hand.*

VICTOR EMANUEL BEAN

Feb 5, 1864 - July 26, 1913

Victor Emanuel Bean, son of George Washington Bean and Elizabeth Baum, was born in the town of Lehi, Utah, on February 5, 1868. As a young man he was called to fulfill a mission in the Eastern States (Penn. etc.). At the time his call arrived from Salt Lake City he had only eight dollars and the horse upon which he was riding, but as it was customary then for missionaries to travel "without purse or script" he sold the horse to apply on train fare and was soon on his way. Many and varied and sometimes difficult were the experiences of that mission among prejudiced and hostile unbelievers. There is much evidence to the fact that he performed his work faithfully, and that he increased his own ability in so doing.

About a year and a half after his return he married a Richfield girl - Hannah Baker. (Dec. 7, 1887 at Logan Temple). Both he and Hannah had grown from childhood in Richfield. At the time of his marriage he had ten acres of ground and a hundred dollars. I once asked my mother if Victor was the first boy she had ever "kept company" with. Her answer was "Good Land, No! - But he was the last."

The following ten years Victor taught school, with the exception of one year (1892-93) when he was attending the Academy in Provo. That year, his wife kept eight boarders in order to bear the expense of his schooling - they had three children.

Most of this teaching was done in Richfield. He was principal of the grade school. Two years he taught in Annabelle, a near-by town. He also served as County School Superintendent, resigning this position when he went to Provo.

Two older brothers of his wife had gone into the Boulder country to engage in cattle raising. They were enthusiastic about the opportunity



The Bean Home - Richfield

there and persuaded Victor to move. There was no town at Boulder and the country was almost inaccessible because of cliffs and deep sand. It was about one hundred and twenty

(Vict. Bean - 2)



School - Escalante

six miles southeast of Richfield and the nearest store was thirty-five miles away - over roads undescrivable - often only the scratches on the sand rock indicated the direction of travel.

In June 1898 they started in a covered wagon. There were then six children, the youngest was six weeks old. Arriving there, he was offered the principalship of the Escalante school at seventy-five dollars per month, and that of the Panguich school at one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. The latter offer was considered a very flattering one at that time - so much so that his wife declared, "It seemed like the Devil's temptation". In the end he chose the Escalante school, as it was much nearer Boulder, where he had bought a

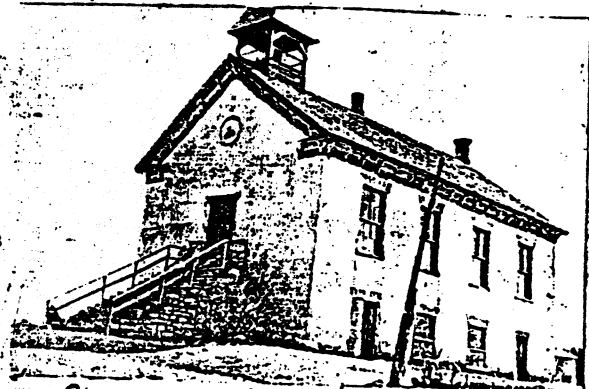
farm. For five years he continued to go back and forth, spending the winters in Escalante, where he bought a brick house of four rooms with a lumber kitchen built on at the back. This house was just across the street from the school in which he taught 8th and 9th grades and acted as principal.

In Boulder, with the help of a young brother of his wife, he established the first Sunday School organization there. The people were widely scattered, but they responded to the effort and so far as I know, the organization has been in existence ever since. (40 years).

The next few years proved that the indoor life of a teacher was threatening his health and he and Hannah decided to make a complete change of location and occupation. This must have been a difficult decision for he had been unusually successful as a teacher and was strenuously urged to remain there in that capacity. In early summer 1903 he went to Oregon to look for a place. The family remained, meanwhile, in Escalante. Soon after his departure, I, his daughter, then nine years old, was sent at the usual time of day to get the mail. On the way to the post office I was stopped



Boulder country



Church at Escalante

(Victor E Bean - 3)

about three times by adult neighbors with "Well, well! I hear your father has bought a place in Oregon" I was puzzled, as we had heard nothing about it. However, when I called at the Post Office window I understood it for as the postmistress handed me a post card she said, "I see your papa has bought you a new home in Oregon" The post card merely said, "Put on your bonnets!". Just that and nothing more.

He soon returned to take his family. They traveled to Richfield by wagon, and from there to La Grand Oregon by train, (first train ride for the children). There were now seven children.

The new home was a sixty-nine acre tract (mostly pasture and orchard) on the foothills south west of La Grand, near the mouth of a canyon. The house was within the city limits.

There Victor engaged in various ways of making a livelihood for his family - dairying and running a retail milk business, selling wood and ice. He said, "I will sell you wood to keep warm in the winter and ice to keep you cool in the summer, thereby getting your money the year around." He had charge of the chain wood yard of the Stoddard Lumber mill at Parry - the yard was in La Grand.

In 1909 he rented a 900 acre farm near North Powder. He remained there three years, but as there was no L.D.S. church organization, we were all glad to return in 1912 to our home in La Grand, (rented during our absence.)

In June, 1913 Ethel and Vern, oldest children, married. Vern married just before he went on a mission.

Victor took a logging contract at the Lambert Mill. He was to be foreman of the middle camp. It was a job where the boys could work with him.

On July 26, 1913 he was killed by a falling tree. Workmen at the upper camp had left a partially sawed tree standing, Victor was unaware of this fact and was in its path when it fell without warning.

At the time of his death his ten children ranged in ages from four to twenty four. Ariel, the oldest unmarried was twenty one years old.

Victor E. Bean was a man of such interesting and impressive character that his memory is still fresh in the minds of those who knew him. Even yet (twenty five years after) he is quite frequently quoted or held as a pattern to the young people. There are some living in Weizer who knew him and not infrequently speak of his influence on them as young people. He was a gifted speaker--a rare mixture of spirituality, optimism, and humor. His quick mind was schooled in the truths of the gospel. A young man once said to me "have you noticed that when your father is called upon to speak all the young sit up and begin to 'take notice'?. His gift is beautifully and accurately

Victor E. Bean

told in his Patriarchal Blessing---I shall quote a paragraph: "Thou art as firm as a rock and the storms of adversity will not move thee out of thy place if thou wilt continue to harken unto the Lord. Thy judgment is sound and thy perception clear as the noon day. The gift of discernment will be thine. Thou shalt read the thoughts of men who will not deceive thee. Thy councils shall be just and in the hours of trouble thy brethren will look unto thee and be guided by thy councils. Thy mind shall be a treasury of truth which will remain in thee and from which thou wilt draw to feed souls. Thy temporal wants shall be supplied and thou shalt have sound judgment therein. Thy decision shall be in equity "And again "Thou art highly favored in thy birth and when strong men fall, thou shall stand."

During the winter of 1904--5 he labored six months as a missionary in the Wallowa country. at the time of his death he was stake president of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association. I have no record other than memory of the Church work he performed (I was 15 years old when we moved to North Powder and his death occurred soon after our return) But I do remember his influence upon his family. He was very careful never to neglect family prayers. He and the boys read much in the Book of Mormon during the evenings in North Powder, He filled speaking appointments frequently while living in North Powder, going to Baker and Union quite frequently. He delivered a number of funeral sermons while in North Powder.

His physical build and features were Lincoln like. Tall, (about six feet two), thin, but agile, active. Not long before his death, the boys called him out to see the feats they could perform and to our amusement he sprang into a hand spring and continued turning them around the yard, then walked on his hands many times across the yard. Not one of his basketball and football sons could equal his performance. It was the first we had known that he could.

I remember hearing him say, "It is a fact that I have bended my knees in humble prayer that I would never be rich. It was when, as a young missionary, I witnessed the stiff-necked hardness of the proud and haughty toward the young humble messengers of the Lord who sought shelter and food at their doors. Out there I was convinced in my mind that wealth and human sympathy were strangers and it was then that I prayed - sincerely, too - that the Lord would see to it that I never grew rich." He then added in his droll way, "I don't know that I really meant for Him to take me so literally - I sometimes think now that I may have been a little too urgent."

One month before Victor's death, he finished paying his debts - that \$2100 place was at last paid for. It was now much improved for he had remodelled and enlarged the house, installed a bath tub and piped spring water into the house, rebuilt the barn - built a good new chicken house, a buggy shed, brick cellar, wood house and wash house. He had also set out a good sized cherry orchard, several hundred acres and purchased ten acres more land - had sent Ethel away to school one year and Vern had had a year in Provo school. Ariel and I had the promise of a year at school. We hoped to go the following winter. His death seemed a tragedy of horror to us all. He was forty-nine years old at the time.

Pictures of my father are scarce, but those available will be added to this sketch.

ERMA B. CHADWICK

(Copied by Mae Bean 7/1/39
at Portland, Oregon)