

WILLIAM JACKSON JOLLEY, JR. AND ELIZABETH STOLWORTHY JOLLEY

By Jessie Jolley Terry

William was born 12 Oct. 1854 in Springville, Utah Co. Utah. He was the oldest son of William Jackson and Serepta Curtis Jolley. His parents moved many times while he was young. One of his earliest recollections was carrying a bucket of buttermilk to President Brigham Young's party who happened to be passing by his home in Dixie.

Most of William's younger life was spent at Mt. Carmel, Kane Co. Utah. He worked and played and attended what school was available at that time. As he grew older, he learned to play the violin. He and his brothers had their own orchestra (Rueben played the base violin). They became so popular that they were asked to play all over the county.

When he was 21, he fell in love and married 17 year old Elizabeth Stolworthy, on the 21st of April, 1875.

Elizabeth was born 17 Sep. 1858 in Parowan Utah, a daughter of Henry Thomas and Matilda Jinkenson Stolworthy. Her parents had lost their first four children so she was very precious to them. When she became very ill with a high fever, they felt they could not let this baby go too, and while her mother and a neighbor were watching over her with a prayer in their hearts, they felt a breeze enter the house. They turned around and a strange man stood in the doorway. He entered and closed the door behind him and went over to the cradle. He wore a light suit and had a long white beard, a very pleasant face, and a nice smile. He said, "I just called to see your sick baby." Then turning to the baby, he put his hands on her head and murmured some words they could not understand. Then turning to her mother he said, "Sister Stolworthy, you have had a lot of trouble and your babies have been taken from you, but you have been faithful through it all, and God will bless you and your little girl will get well, and will marry and have a large family, and will be a leader among women." He turned and said "Peace be unto this house," as he left the house.

Her mother placed her hand on the baby's brow, finding it cool and damp. Filled with wonder, she said "My child has been healed." Her next thought was who was this man, and where did he come from? They both went to the door but there was no sign of him. From this time on they felt that he must have been one of the Three Nephites because there were no footsteps in the new snow.

Elizabeth's folks were also called to settle many places. When the Order was organized in Orderville, they joined with the others doing whatever was asked.

William's parents were very good Church members but they never chose to join the Order. It was up to the people whether they became members or not. Although William only lived a few miles away and was well known and liked by all who knew him, the Bishop objected to any girl in the Order marrying anyone that did not belong. When William and Elizabeth decided to get married, they asked the Bishop three times to marry them, and each time he refused. So they had William's brother Rueben, who was an elder and had the authority, marry them secretly. This made the Bishop very angry and he told them they would be excommunicated from the church. When the Authorities came down, the young folks were called in. When they heard their side of the story, the Apostle said that if anyone was in the wrong, it had been the Bishop. The Apostle told them to go home and forget it, which they did, and two years later when the temple was completed, they made a trip to St. George to be sealed to each other.

William and his brother Rueben bought farms close together three miles from Orderville.

The soil was good and there was lots of green grass. They called their farms Fiddler-Green because the men still played for all the dances. They made their home there until 1894 when they thought the grass would be greener in the little town of Tropic, in Garfield Co. William went over to Tropic in May and bought a three room house on ½ city block, and two farms situated a few miles from town, and then went back after his family and all his worldly goods which consisted of horses, cows and a herd of sheep.

Tropic had only been settled two years so there were only a few families living there at that time, but that did not worry the Jolleys. They brought their nine children with them and they were blessed with four more while they were in Tropic. Their children came so regularly that they had no recollection of their daughter's birth. When asked if maybe they got the child by some other means, Elizabeth said, "Oh, no, I would have remembered that."

Events happened fast the next few years. The two oldest girls married, and their oldest son William was called on a mission. Their baby Bertha born soon after they moved, lived only 15 months. William made another trip to Mt. Carmel where his father had a nursery and got an assortment of fruit trees. He set out the first orchard in town. The men also helped build the reservoir up on the mountain. They built a stone building on their lot and became the town merchant. They had a large family and had a job for everyone.

Their next project was a new home. It had 10 large rooms and three porches, and such beautiful workmanship went into it. It was the largest and nicest home that had ever been built in Tropic, and for a few years they used every inch of it. But trouble came in 1903. When 12 year old, Rose was taken with pneumonia, and two months later, little Sylvia May died with the croup.

When the ward was organized, William was chosen first counselor to the bishop. He held that position most of his life as he was called to serve with three different bishops. In the next few years, Elizabeth was chosen to be president of the Relief Society; she also had three turns. She was president most of the years she was raising her family. She was a wonderful cook and housekeeper.

As the town kept growing, a bigger store was needed. Several other people went in with William to form a co-op but the venture did not pay off, and they lost the store.

As each of the children grew to maturity, they married and left to make homes of their own. It was not long before they had extra room, and they were able to make a home for Elizabeth's parents.

In the spring of 1908-09, they took their milk cows up on east fork where there was a cabin to live in a lots of green feed for the cows. They made butter and cheese for the market. It was hard work so they gave this up and William continued working his farm.

The time came when Vaughnetta was the only one left at home, and she was not well. The doctors tried to operate but found her full of cancer. She did not suffer long. She was only 15 years old when she died on the 28th of Feb. 1918. This left them very lonely so they sold the big home and moved to Monroe, Utah where their daughter Hazel was living. They bought a three room home where they were comfortable, but it was not home, so after thirteen years, they decided to go back to Tropic to spend the rest of their days in their son Jesse's home.

They were proud of their nine children that lived to be married in the Temple. There were 85 grandchildren and more than 100 great-grandchildren.

William's health was not good but he seemed happy and content. He had lived a good life. He had always been honest and honorable. He had the respect of all who knew him. He died the 18th Nov. 1935 and was buried in the Tropic cemetery.

Elizabeth still had a lot of living to do. She not only knew every person in town, but each person was her personal friend. She loved people, and she also loved to read, and remembered what she read. She would argue politics with anyone. Her health was good and she was happy just living each day to the best of her ability. On Mother's Day in her 85th year, she stood on her feet in church and bore a strong testimony to the truthfulness of the Gospel. That afternoon she told her family, "That Nephite told me I would live as long as life was desirable. I am now ready to go." The next day she suffered a stroke and never regained consciousness.

Elizabeth died 26 May 1943 and was buried beside her husband and daughters. At the time of her death all the widows in town belonged to a club. They said, "The club died too -- it belonged to her."

The prophecy given her when she was a child had come true. She truly was a leader among women.