



CHARLES SHUMWAY

Born Aug. 1, 1806, Oxford, Mass. Came
to Utah July 24, 1847, Brigham Young Co.
Missionary. Member of first Legislature.

CHARLES SHUMWAY, A PIONEER'S LIFE

BY

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DE DICATION

Having never met her but always wanting to, the author respectfully dedicates this book to Sarah Elizabeth Shumway, my Grandmother Godfrey, a daughter of Charles Shumway, son of Charles Shumway about whom this book is written. She passed away suddenly when my father was just two years old.

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CHARLES SHUMWAY, A PIONEER'S LIFE

INTRODUCTION

His eyes, set deep in the head, between a large nose almost completely surrounded by a full beard peppered with gray, look sad in one of the few pictures of Charles Shumway in existence. His forehead, resembling a wash board, gradually becomes uncombed hair not quite brushed behind the ears. His clothes betray some prosperity, but the eyes draw our attention again and again. What had they seen? Among other things, a prophet of God, a slain martyr, people he loved driven from their homes, hunger, sorrow, pain, sickness, hope and love. Yet, many eyes have seen the same things. So why are his different? What kind of man did they provide sight for? What was this man really like deep inside when he was alone; or what thoughts came into his mind as the oxen plodded day after day facing the afternoon sun? Perhaps we shall never know the complete answer to these questions because his only surviving writing is, for the most part, a small diary and two or three letters to Brigham Young.

The town that bears his name consists of only a few homes in various stages of decay, some apple trees, an unused church house, and a little creek which greens a narrow strip of land surrounded by the dry raw beauty of the Arizona desert. A small sign says "Shumway" and an even smaller arrow points the way. This is all that remains of a town he founded at the request of a prophet. His grave is in another small town a few miles away. How can a community more ghost than town and a grave help us find the answers to the questions asked above?

It was late August when I walked those short unpaved streets and thought historical thoughts-- thoughts of moving, building, moving, building, plowing virgin land, sowing seeds in a soil that

had never before known planting--and I felt him close to me, and suddenly realized in a strange way that I knew more about him than I did about a lot of people I had met and spoken with, and said goodbye to, and never really got behind the facade that keeps us so alone in a world crowded with people. In that way the town helped me find him and later, as my wife and I stood by his grave, he drew near once more, and I thought the world deserves to know more about this man and why he did what he did in the way that he did it.

Charles Shumway spent much of his life alone, with just the stars, the animals, the quiet stillness and his God as companions. He knew the terror of the raw elements, the beauty of a spring rain, the simple whiteness of a winter night and the colorful changing of the leaves following an autumn frost. Perhaps even when Shumway, Arizona is completely a ghost town and his grave in Taylor is "blown dust on the desert of the centuries," to borrow a phrase from Morris West, he will still have left behind more than most men.

Chapter II

THE BEGINNING

Interestingly enough it was another August, this time in Massachusetts, the year being 1806, that our story begins. Parley and Polly Shumway were looking at their second child, a boy, just born. Charles, they named him, and were undoubtedly proud that both mother and child were strong and healthy. One author described himself as being fascinated by the ties existing between New England and Cleveland, and between New England and England.¹ Certainly there were ties for Charles Shumway though he was hardly conscious of them that first day of August in 1806. All of his immediate ancestors came from England, in spite of the fact Shumway, or Chamois, itself is of French origin.

His religious roots ran back into the Huguenots who for more than one hundred years had been the despair of royal authority in France. In the 1500's leather-clad Huguenot troopers had sung psalms as they went into battle to the amazement of less zealous soldiers. As a group they forced the Catholic French crown to recognize them as a virtual state within the state with special privileges. This lasted until 1665 when Cardinal Richelieu, acting for King Louis XIII, revoked the Edict of Nantes which withdrew from them the last vestige of toleration. The persecution that ensued caused many Huguenots to emigrate to other places. Most that came to America settled in South Carolina with an ease that must have surprised the ministers of the French King.²

¹Louis Fischer, Men and Politics (New York: Harper and Row, 1941).

²J. C. Furnas, The Americans (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1969), p. 76.

The ancestors of Charles Shumway moved from France to England long before trouble in France became severe. Still perhaps it is worth noting that these ancestors had known what it was like to be a religious minority in a country with little toleration. Charles, in a country known for its toleration and religious pluralism, would spend most of his life as a member of a persecuted minority. Thus the lives of his ancestors in a way helped prepare him for the life he would live and the parallels are strikingly similar.

From England, Peter Shumway moved to Massachusetts as early as 1660. Valiant service in the King Phillip War and in many Indian battles won for him the nickname, "Peter, the Soldier." He married a girl named Frances and she bore him three children, one of which they named Peter. This Peter Shumway moved to Oxford, Massachusetts in 1714, raised seven sons, and died.

Parley, one of the seven sons, became the father of Charles Shumway. Had Charles been able to speak that August day, he could have told of princes and kings through whose lineage he came. The world renowned writer Chaucer was also one of his ancestors. But perhaps in later years, as his conviction that the Gospel had in fact been restored grew stronger, he was prouder that he was a second cousin to the founder of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Joseph Smith. He could also count some of the same ancestors as every president of the Church, save only David O. McKay and Harold B. Lee, at the time of this writing (1972).

Nothing is known of the childhood and youth of Charles Shumway. That he was taught honesty, the value of hard work, morality and thrift would be consistent with the puritan-American heritage of New England youth. So it is probable that his parents, not unlike others in that part of America, instilled within him the above traits plus a love of America as God's chosen land.

What sort of religious training did he have? We have already seen that his ancestors suffered for their religious convictions and were men who

could stand for belief in the face of danger. Charles, too, believed that principle was more important than life and was willing to risk the latter in defense of the former. If he was like most early Mormon converts, he probably grew up believing the Bible was the word of God. Accompanying such a belief was a strongly held view that churches should be patterned after the one established anciently by Christ. Such beliefs led many Americans to a kind of Christian fundamentalism which most often included a belief in the literal second coming of Christ, the settlement of the Jews in Palestine, the return of the ten lost tribes of Israel, the need for revelation and apostles plus the value of revealed authority. That Charles so readily accepted the teachings of Elisha Groves seems proof that he had come to believe such doctrines from a rather thoughtful acquaintance with the Bible. In his youth he also learned to work with his hands, build saw mills, and to care for animals. Like the Master who led his church, Charles also learned the carpenter trade. This he used to great advantage the rest of his life. His letters witness that his schooling was just average. His use of English and his spelling indicate that he was not extremely well educated. His was to be a life of building not studying, of pioneering not writing, and of seeing the grand beauty of natural areas not of painting landscapes.

We do not know his feelings as he first saw Julia Ann Hooker. Nor do we know how he felt when she consented to be his wife. He was twenty-six years old, still living in Massachusetts, and the year was 1832. No picture of Julia Ann has survived, but we do know she was twenty-four years old when she said yes to Charles' proposal. We can only guess at the feelings of their hearts as their wedding day, March 26, 1832, approached. Wedding vows were solemnized in Sturbridge, Julia Ann's home town, and the newlyweds began a married life that could accurately be called nomadic. They moved often, searched for a religion that could satisfy their souls, and began a family. A son, Andrew Purley, was born February 20, 1833. Perhaps his birth was the catalyst that led them to become churched, because in that same year they were baptized

into the Baptist faith. The Baptist church at this time was second only to the Methodists as the fastest growing church in America. Their system of farm preachers, local men who ministered after the farm work was done, was a tremendous factor in stimulating this growth.

Kill Buck, Picatonic River and Nauvoo were places they called home the next eight years. Charles loved to travel, pioneer, and build in wilderness country. He first went west leaving Julia Ann living with her parents in 1835. A brother drew him to Illinois where Julia Ann, Andrew and a new daughter Mary Eliza joined him in October of 1836. They farmed, built a home and grew dissatisfied with their Baptist faith. Something was missing. Was it authority, apostles, new revelation, or more revealed scripture? Perhaps we shall never know.

After considerable sickness, which included the whooping cough, Charles moved his family near the Picatonic River about forty miles from Galena. Here he not only farmed, but also built a saw mill and became a wealthy man. Still he was not at peace with himself. Little did he realize that at this time peace was coming in the person of Elder Elisha Groves.

Elder Groves, by 1840, was a man well seasoned in missionary work. As early as 1835 he had helped organize a branch of the church in Bedford, Illinois while serving on a mission with Wilford Woodruff and Elijah Higbee. In the month of June alone of that year, the three elders mentioned above baptized 33 people into the newly restored church. In reporting his missionary labors in December of that same year, he indicated that he baptized sixteen in Calhoun County, Illinois and then travelled in company with Amasa Lyman to Madison County, Illinois where they held twenty-five meetings and had some additional success.¹ It is highly possible that Charles Shumway's first meeting with Elder Groves occurred at this time.

¹See Journal History under dates from November 2, 1835 to April 7, 1838.

That Elisha Groves was considered to be a promising member of the church is not only attested to by the number of people he baptized into the Kingdom of God, but also by the fact that he replaced Parley P. Pratt in the Kirtland Stake high council.

The baptism of Charles Shumway did not come until 1841. Following a hasty journey to Nauvoo, and his return home, Joseph McConnel caught Charles, beat upon, and physically abused him until he lost consciousness and almost his life at the same time. While still in critical condition, he was administered to by Elder Amasa Lyman, who had accompanied him home, and "remarkably healed." That McConnel could do this to him, in a way attests to the man's strength. At Charles' funeral, years later in Taylor, Arizona, Bishop Hunt remarked that Charles Shumway was the "nearest a fearless man of any man I have ever known." Continuing, and further illustrating his point, the Mormon Bishop declared that:

"An armed mob had assembled at one time and berated the leaders of the Church with some vile epithets. Charles listened to them for awhile, and unarmed, walked up to the leader of the mob and grabbed his nose between the two forefingers of his right hand and gave it a vicious tweek, and said 'shut up' and he shut up." ¹

However, on this occasion he was neither so bold nor so lucky and almost gave up his life for the church he had just barely joined. According to family tradition, when he regained consciousness, he said to his family, "This is the time for us to move." Loading their belongings upon a huge raft, he floated down the river, soon arriving in the Mormon capital. Returning to complete his business affairs, he was soon found traveling, in a two horse wagon with his family, destination Nauvoo.

¹William Shumway, a grandson of Charles Shumway, who was present at the funeral of Charles relates this story.

That he had done well financially prior to the move to Nauvoo is attested to by the fact that when he arrived in the "City Beautiful" he was considered a wealthy man. Furthermore, that his conversion to the church was a true one, is strengthened by the fact that he gave all his money to Joseph Smith to help in the construction of the Nauvoo Temple. Building a two-room cabin with just the necessities of life, he began to live among the people with whom he had chosen to spend time and he hoped eternity as well.

Almost immediately after barely providing for his family he was called by the Prophet, it being the spring of 1841, to fulfill a mission in Northern Illinois. He was to go back to where he had come from in an attempt to influence his friends, and perhaps his brother, to join the church. This was a pattern that would be a part of Mormonism for years to come. Taking with him Amasa Lyman, who had been engaged in constructing a house and repairing guns for Asmyn M. Duel, the two, traveling without purse or script, departed by boat for Galena, Illinois, performing their missionary labors in and around Galena and in Wisconsin until October of 1841 when they returned to Nauvoo and their families.

Chapter III

CHARLES SHUMWAY BECOMES A MASON

In the early summer of 1841, after considerable urging by Judge James Adams, a number of Mormon Masons petitioned Bodley Lodge at Quincy for permission to establish a lodge at Nauvoo.¹ This petition was apparently signed by all the known Masons in the church. It was refused on the ground that these persons were unknown to the Quincy Lodge as Masons, but on October 15, 1841, a recess dispensation was granted by Grand Master Abraham Jonas, a prominent Illinois Jewish politician, to George Miller, John D. Parker, and L. N. Scovil. The Masons in Nauvoo began to hold meetings almost immediately. These meetings were conducted for the most part early in the morning one day a week. According to the minutes kept by secretary John C. Bennett, the dues were fifty cents a week. Another twenty-five cents was added to the regular dues if a member was late.²

Joseph Smith became a Master Mason on March 15, 1842. As a part of his initiation he swore that he was entering the Masonic order of his own volition and with pure motives, and also pledged that his motive for joining the order was to be of service to his fellow men. He was told that his entrance into the Masons would affect

¹Dr. James J. Tyler, John Cook Bennett (n. p., n. d.) A copy of this pamphlet, a reprinting from the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Ohio, is found in the Utah Historical Society Library, Salt Lake City.

²Mervin B. Hogan, Founding Minutes of Nauvoo Lodge, U. D. (n. p., n. d.) Bennett's last minutes were dated May 6, 1842.

neither his religion nor his politics.¹ He then promised to never conceal and never reveal any parts, art or arts, point or points, of the secret arts and mysteries of ancient Freemasonry, which he was going to receive, except to brother Masons or within a body of just and lawfully constituted lodges. He further pledged that he would not take part in initiating, passing, or raising a candidate at one communication without a regular dispensation from the grand master lodge. He swore further that he would never initiate a woman into the lodge. (Probably because a few Mormon women received their endowments, the Masons charged the Prophet with violating this oath.) He also said that he would not violate the chastity of a Master Mason's wife, mother, sister or daughter, knowing them to be such, nor suffer it to be done by others if in his power to prevent such an action.

The officers of the Nauvoo lodge were George Miller, Hyrum Smith, Lucius Scovil, William Clayton, Newel K. Whitney, Charles Allen, Heber C. Kimball, William Felshaw, Hyrum Clark, Samuel Rolfe, Asahel Perry, Daniel S. Miles, and Hezekiah Peck. Under the leadership of these men the Mormons recruited, in the space of five months, about five Masons a day. According to Joseph E. Morcombe, the Saints were "finding in the plan of the lodge something which could be bent to their own uses...and at once overstepped the bounds of prudence."²

¹"Description of the Ceremonies Used in Opening the Nauvoo Lodge of Entered Apprentice Masons" (n. p., n. d.). The ceremonies are dated March 15, 1842, in that document. The owner of the document wishes to remain anonymous. It is probable that the document is not authentic, but the vows are not atypical.

²Joseph E. Morcombe, "Masonry and Mormonism: A Record and a Study of Events in Illinois and Iowa Transpiring between the Years 1840 and 1846," New Age, 2 (1905), p. 451.

Like so many other Mormons then, Charles Shumway joined the Nauvoo lodge of the Masonic order. Thursday, April 21, 1842, was the date he offered himself as a candidate for the "honors of masonry." His petition like that of twenty-seven others on that date was referred to the Committee of Investigation and that committee was instructed to give a report of their findings at the next meeting. The minutes of the meeting on April 21 are signed by John C. Bennett, lodge secretary, and Hyrum Smith, Master P. T.

On May 5, 1842 Charles became an Apprentice Mason. After his initiation in a meeting which saw twenty-eight new members added to the Nauvoo lodge, he plunged into Masonic activity with all his vigor. Because Masonry created so many problems in Nauvoo and was one of the forces that led to the murder of the Prophet Joseph Smith and because Charles Shumway was a full fledged member of the order, it is appropriate to trace some of the activity of the Nauvoo Masonic lodge.

At a grand lodge meeting held in 1842 at Jacksonville, Jonas reported the granting of dispensations to brethren at Nauvoo, Illinois and at Montrose in Iowa Territory. The Committee on Returns reported that the work of the Rising Sun Lodge (Montrose) was correct, and recommended the granting of their charter, which was ordered done. But the lodge at Nauvoo was under investigation, and there was heated debate about its activities. As a result, the grand lodge appointed a committee of three to examine the books and papers of the Nauvoo lodge. After several days, this committee reported that though the papers were in order, the Nauvoo lodge should be suspended because something might be wrong. At this time Jonas made a "flaming speech on behalf of the Nauvoo lodge in which he said they were the clearest books and papers that had been brought from any lodge."¹ He firmly believed, he

¹Handwritten copy of the proceedings of this meeting made by Henry Sherwood, dated Nauvoo, 1844, Unclassified Letter File, L. D. S. Church Historical Department.

said, that if the Nauvoo Masons "were not Mormons that lodge would stand the highest of any lodge." H. G. Sherwood, the Mormon delegate, took the floor after Jonas and said that he had "long been of the opinion it was by reason of being Mormons that we are kept at arms length."¹ Following a prolonged debate Jonas appointed a committee to study the matter further and examine these irregularities: (1) balloting for more than one applicant at one and the same time, (2) eliminating the privilege of balloting for or against an applicant, (3) receiving applicants into the organization on the basis that they reform and make restitution in the future, and (4) making Joseph Smith a Master Mason on sight.

After an investigation the committee reported:

There is some reason to fear that the intention and ancient landmarks of our institution have been departed from to an inexcusable extent. The facts of the case, however, your committee are of the opinion, can only be satisfactorily explained by careful inspection of the whole proceedings. Such a course, your committee believes, is due as well to the brethren of Nauvoo as to the grand lodge and craft generally. Should our fears prove groundless, as the committee hope they will, none will be more benefited by the investigation than the lodge under consideration.²

Following additional debate, the injunction suspending the activities of the Nauvoo lodge was continued until the next regular communication of the grand lodge.

When the majority of this special committee reported at the next meeting, its spokesman said that the Nauvoo lodge was not an autonomous group, but a recognized part of the religious community. Its hall was a public building, and its accounts passed, like several other quasi-public funds, through the hands of the governing authorities of

¹ Ibid.

² Morcombe, pp. 448-49.

the Church. (The Iowa Masonic Library has preserved a daybook used by Joseph Smith in keeping track of various accounts. A thorough perusal of the daybook does not substantiate the Masonic charge. There are, it is true, a number of entries involving the Masonic order, but they are for goods purchased by the order from Joseph Smith's store or for people to whom he owed money requesting that he pay their dues to the fraternity and credit their accounts with the payments.)

The majority of the committee also found that the grand master had been indiscreet in conferring a great Masonic honor on Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon. A minority of the committee reported that they felt no irregularities existed and recommended that the Nauvoo lodge, which had been functioning under a temporary dispensation, be given a charter at once.

A special meeting was held on July 16, 1842, to consider the case and on August 11 the lodge was suspended. The suspension seems to have been based on the irregularities that might have existed and on the fear that the growing Mormon lodge would soon dominate the entire Masonic organization of the state. That this fear was not ungrounded becomes evident when the number of Masons in each lodge is examined. Bodley Lodge had 25 members; Harmony, 23; Springfield, 43; Columbus, 16; Macon, 22; Joliet, 25; Rushville 20; Western Star, 23; Case, 12; Saint Johns, 10; and Warren, 8. All of the non-Mormon Masons in Illinois totaled about 227, whereas Mormon Masons by January, 1843, totaled 330. If all Mormon Masons both in Illinois and Iowa are counted, then there were 506 Mormons involved in Masonry. If elections had been held on a one-to-one basis, Mormons would have held the balance of power. James C. Bilderback, himself a Mason, has concluded that the charges against the Mormons were minor offenses, of which many other lodges were guilty. Therefore, he argues, fear of Mormon domination of the Masonic order was probably the primary factor in the decision to

suspend the Nauvoo lodge.¹

The suspension of their dispensation was accepted by the Nauvoo Mormons without hesitation, and all activities ceased immediately. Following an extended inspection, the grand lodge removed the injunction and again authorized the Nauvoo lodge to operate under dispensation. The grand master, furthermore, granted additional dispensations in Nauvoo and another for a lodge at Keokuk.

It seems that these dispensations were granted as a result of the 1842 Illinois election in which the Mormons displayed great political power. The dispensation, it was believed, would placate Mormon political ambitions. Many of the state's leading politicians were Masons, and it was evident by this time that the Mormon vote could aid a candidate in obtaining a political office.

A number of Masons in Illinois were still not in agreement with the grand master, however, and continued to work against the Mormons. By April, 1844, these anti-Mormon Masons had enough power to forestall dispensations for two new lodges, requested by George Watt and Horace Eldridge.² In October, 1844, only four months after the death of Joseph Smith, the grand lodge resolved that all fellowship with predominantly Mormon lodges be withdrawn. Masonic associations in these lodges were declared clandestine, and all members were suspended. Even the Rising Sun Lodge at Montrose, whose practices had never been questioned--indeed its activities were usually commended--had its charter revoked. The reason for the suspensions was the anti-Mormon feeling that swept the state of Illinois.

¹James C. Bilderback, "Masonry and Mormonism in Nauvoo, 1841-1847," Thesis State University of Iowa 1957. p. 65.

²Juanita Brooks, ed., On the Mormon Frontier: The Diary of Hosea Stout (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1964), I . 18, N. 41.

On April 10, 1845, Brigham Young advised Scovil to suspend the work of the Masons in Nauvoo, but meetings were still being held in June. Activities were probably not suspended completely until after the general exodus of the Saints to the West.¹ And thus Charles Shumway's association with Masonry came to an end. He was never again identified with the Masonic order. Like so many other things, he left it behind when he crossed the Mississippi River on his way West.

¹Ibid. There is some evidence of Masonic activity while crossing the plains, so this statement may not be wholly accurate.

Chapter IV

BODYGUARD AND MISSIONARY

His skill in the building trade helped him become a valuable part in the construction of a new city. Not only did he build houses, but helped erect the Nauvoo Temple as well. He also found time to serve on the police force, and frequently found himself protecting the life of the Prophet Joseph Smith. According to family tradition he was once forced to kill a man in order to save the Mormon leader's life, but this story has not as yet been verified by reliable records. However, historical research recently uncovered an adventure he had as a bodyguard of the Prophet in December of 1843. This is one of the few documents in existence in his own handwriting, and for this reason alone becomes significant. In his own words, written shortly after the experience, he recalled:

I, Charles Shumway, was called to go on guard December 21, 1843 on the banks of the River in company with George Langly. While H. Carnes, Hosea Stout and nine others crossed the River to bring Ebenezer Richardson to Nauvoo to prevent him from going to Mo to give testimony against Daniel Avery who was kidnapped about 1, o'clock at night. Joseph appeared on the side walk with his holsters on his arm walking very fast. he hailed us asking, who was there, we answered the guard, he then asked where was that gun fired, we told him that we had not heard any, he seemed much surprised that we had not heard it. Said he heard it when he was asleep and it waked him up, and says O dear, I wish I knew the situation the boys are in, for I know that gun was fired in Montrose, we sat down on the Bank of the river we soon heard the sound of oars and Joseph jumped up and said they are

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coming they are coming, they soon landed, they had been and got Richardson and was returning to the boat, when they were coming towards the tavern they saw a light when Richardson struck spurs to his horse and rode up to the tavern and called murder, murder, a number of gamblers came out of the tavern and one gun was fired. The boys broke for the boat except bro carnes and all but him was on the boat. Joseph gave orders to me to go and raise 50 men as quick as possible for bro carns should be found. Let it cost what it might, tell them to meet at the upper room in the store --when I returned from raising them they had been there and started. just as they were starting over the river bro carns came down the river bank. He had slipped by them gone up the river left his horse on shore a mile above Montrose got a boat and came acrost and just got back. bro Joseph and carnes shook hands jos blessed him then dismissed the company and we all went home.

I and George Langly was in a skift and about 1/3 the way to the island when they hailed us and told us bro carnes had come we went over but could not find out anything. all was quiet no one knew anything. all was hushed up Richardson had been there but no one knew what for.

Charles Shumway¹

The incident reported above perhaps does not represent a typical night in Nauvoo, but does indicate that there were some rather exciting experiences for members of the guard.

Though the Saints had many good times in Nauvoo, a dark cloud ever hovered near the horizon. Joseph was frequently hounded by

¹ Affidavit found in the Historical Department of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Unclassified Letter file, zerox copy in possession of the author. Spelling and punctuation left as found in the original document.

Missouri officers attempting to extradite him to that state for trial. That his bodyguards had many adventures would not be a misrepresentation of the facts. It is sad that more of Charles Shumway's experiences were not preserved for his numerous posterity.

We do know from other historical sources that the Saints in Nauvoo had corn-husking parties, dinners in private homes, quilting bees, house raisings, swims in the Mississippi River, and dramas; saw at least one circus, and frequently attended mock battles and parades of the Nauvoo Legion. There were also after dark cruises on the Mississippi River on the "Maid of Iowa," captained by Dan Jones, and dances in the Nauvoo Temple. Attending sermons given by the Prophet Joseph were also experiences that thrilled devout Mormons. As to whether Charles Shumway danced, heard the King Follett discourse or went boating on the Mississippi, we do not know. But we may assume that he did. At least large numbers of Nauvoo Mormons did so, why not Charles and his family?

We do know from a document that has been preserved that he was sued and taken to court for non-payment of a debt. But we do not know why the debt was not paid nor the outcome of the trial. That many in Nauvoo had similar problems is apparent from only a cursory glance at the bankruptcy list.¹

Leaving financial difficulties behind, let us now turn our attention to some of his other experiences in Nauvoo. That he was a loyal follower of the Prophet Joseph, unaffected by the charges of John C. Bennett and other apostates is attested to by the fact that on February 24, 1844, he volunteered to go to Oregon and California, together with Seth Palmer, Amos Fielding and John Fulmer,

¹For a rather thorough study of the economic problems the Saints had in Nauvoo, see Robert Bruce Flanders, Nauvoo Kingdom on the Mississippi, (Urbana, U. of Illinois Press, 1965), pp. 144-178.

to find a place for the harrassed Saints to settle. Because of serious problems developing between the Mormons and the non-Mormons in Hancock County, the brethren discussed moving the Saints to another gathering place. There was even some talk of establishing an independent country between Texas and Mexico. The Oregon territory also looked promising, if governmental help could be secured, and such talk was probably the catalyst which prompted the four men to volunteer to undertake such an arduous exploring venture. Certainly men who doubted the prophetic calling of Joseph Smith would have made no such overture. Willing to risk death to secure the Prophet's physical safety, Charles was also willing to risk his life in Joseph Smith's service. There is no evidence that he ever faltered or had doubts regarding the divinity of the movement he had joined.

Though his heart was willing, he was not asked to go to Oregon, partly because governmental help was not obtained and partly because his prophet-leader was murdered. Yet plenty of pioneering was in store for Charles, though he was perhaps unaware of its magnitude at this time.

We wish he would have recorded his feelings when the Prophet was slain that June of 1844. Where Charles was at the time of the murder we do not know, but we do know he and Andrew attended the funeral of their slain leader and that he grieved and his sorrow was real. Before leaving the year 1844, we should mention another event which would have an impact upon him for the remainder of his life. On March 11 of that year, under the Prophet Joseph Smith's direction, the Council of Fifty was organized. Designed to be, depending upon which authority one wants to believe, the nucleus of a world government, the legislature of the Kingdom of God, or merely a group of practical men selected to help move the members of the Church to the West, or perhaps it was all three. That it was to be a significant and important organization under Priesthood leadership is attested to by the number of times this body met and the kinds of men which held membership therein. All of the faithful members of the Quorum of the Twelve belonged and a list of its members reads like a

list of who's who in Mormon history. That Joseph Smith was crowned king over the "immediate House of Israel," by this body also attests to the grandeur of its design. Actually, Charles was called to be a member of this special council, shortly after the revelation commanding its inception was received in April of 1842.¹ He remained a member of the Council of Fifty most of his remaining life.

In April of 1845, Elder Phineas H. Young, brother of Church President Brigham Young, Jonathan Dunham, Lewis Dana, S. Tindale and Charles Shumway left Nauvoo, "starting west on a mission to the Lamanites." Characteristically Charles did not keep a diary of this mission, but Phineas Young did. Historical research recently discovered the diary made by Elder Young. Because Charles Shumway traveled with Elder Young and shared the same experiences, the history of this short mission is included in this biography. The Young account is also significant in that it shows that very little actual missionary work as we know it was done with the Indians. This is typical of many of the early missions to these people. There may be a number of factors which contributed to this lack of significant proselyting effort, but in this case it is appropriate to let the record speak for itself.

April 23, 1845---This day I took the parting hand of my friends in the City of the Saints, and turned my face towards the Western worlds, when at the Seventies Hall I met my brother Brigham, who said to me go and the blessing of God shall attend you, and you shall accomplish a great work among the Lamanites; this gave me great comfort and I feel more composed for the thoughts of leaving my friends, and taking a journey in the wilderness among strangers had quite put me down. for I had anticipated a pleasant time with my brethren this summer, but disappointment the common lot of men. I here parted with my brothers, and went over

¹ Juanita Brooks, John Doyle Lee (Glendale: Arthur Clark Co. 1962), p. 56.

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the river and stayed six miles west of Mt. Rose with my son in law and daughter. The next morning the three brethren who were appointed to travel with me came up. And we forwarded on our journey, traveled through the rain most of the day, and about 12 o'clock the hail covered the ground some of the stones weighing nearly a pound; we crossed the Desmain at farmington and took the divide for the draggoun trail traveled five miles and stoppt for the night.

25---the rain continued and we traveled twenty five miles and campt out for the night, nothing of importance having ocurred during the day we commended our souls to God and had a good nights rest.

26---This morning the weather is much more favorable and we drove twelve miles and struck the old Mormon trail, at half past one o'clock, here we turned to the left followed the trail one mile and camped on the bank of Tose (?) river where we smoked the carcuse of a deer that brother Davy killed in the morning and had a great feast.

April 27---this day we followed the old trail thirty miles, found the country thrifty inhabited with only here and there a cabin in the timber, the inhabitants living to appearance mostly by hunting, we stayed this night on a branch of the Chariton River Cullie Shoal Creek this place is the same on which I had spent a cold night in company with twenty men in nov. 1838 withouth food, and almost without rament, having been driven by our enemies from our home, to wander and perish but God has spared me yet to suffer while some who had been made perfect through suffering he had taken to rest, among these was my brother in law Elder John P. Greene.

April 28th---this day we had heavy rain with thunder and lightning, for considerable part of the time, consequently drove but fifteen miles and camped by a small stream in the prairie here we shot a fine turtle, and had a

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soup in native stile. Slept sound through the night and awoke to see a clear sky and fair weather for the first time on our journey.

29th April. This morning being much encouraged from the appearance of the weather we proceeded on our journey in high spirits. Traveled eight miles to Louis Creek another branch of the Charton, found a house of entertainment and a black smith shop, thirteen miles to the big Madison, found a very bad hill but got down in safety and crossed to a public house kept by one Reynolds from Vermont. From this place we traveled four miles and stoped for the night on the little madison these streams are tributories to the big Sharton River. here we witnessed a heavy thunder storm with rain during the night.

April 30th. this morning the rain continued to fall till ten oclock in the morning, we then, proceeded on our way only as far as big muddy creek over a hilly road and without inhabitants, found the bank of the stream full from the great rain-fall we had the night previous. here we spent the night of the last day of april and the first day of may. and on the morning of the second of may we ventured to ford the stream having laid poles across our wagon lease and placed our baggage on them we effected a passage without damaging our load. this done we pushed on to James Weldons mill on the east branch of the east fork of Grand river a destance of six miles. here we ferried our wagon in a small boat and swam our animals, traveled on twelve miles to Thompsons bank being the west branch of the east fork of Grand river, here we pitched our tent for the night and on the morning of the 3rd of May crossed the river on a piece of a raft left by the oregon trains who were about ten days before us. we traveled about fifteen miles this day and stayed in the neighborhood of Diamon. here on the little creek now called the Cyprus, I had spent a day and night with my brethren on our flight from Missouri in the fall of 1838.

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I felt as though we were on ground once dedicated to God, and the home of the Saints, but now polluted with their enemies, and stained with the blood of martyrs; here also lay the remains of a beloved son, whose grave I have not visited because of our enemies.

May 4th being the Sabbath we passed along without any interruptions from Cyprus Creek to big creek here we passed doctor Patton's old place and went on to Taylors ferry. passed Grand river, followed up the grand stone fork twelve miles to the little Bushey a branch of the (word unclear) and camped for the night here we spend Monday the 5th day of May. Brother Davy killed a deer and brother Shumway shot a monstrous turkey with one of his pistols. I visited the old house where I spent part of the winter of 37, 38 and walked round the old Jememiah Pryons place and returned to the camp with a heavy heart, my mind flew back on tuesday the 6th to the time when I could see my family around me in this place and offer praise and thanksgiving.

6th we proceeded on our journey, missed our way at old Mr. Hunters mill and crossed lost fork and went towards St. Josephs on the Missouri--In the morning before we started I went to my postmasters and gave each a the brethren a package of the best kind presented me on my departure from nauvoo by my Sisters p and A in addition to them I found four neat little bags, one full of sugar, one full of pepper, one full of salt, and one full of flower a spoon, a fork, some fine soup and four over night caps and a pillow to lay my head on at night and I exclaimed who hath gotten me these seeing I am a stranger and the words of the saviour to his disciples came to my relief if any man forsake father and mother and wife and children house or lands, he shall in this life receive a hundred fold and in the world to come everlasting life. We traveled twenty three miles this day and camped on the 3rd fork of the little platt. --

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May 7th this day we travelled thirty miles and camped on a hill in the woods one mile from a little town called Sparta, the county seat of Bukhannan County; through this day I felt an unusual degree of the spirit of peace.

May 8th this day we past weston on the Missouri six miles above Fort Levingworth a town of considerable note and passed on down to the ferry and crossed over to the fort went down to Thomas Hendricks the chief of the stock bridges, arrived at four o'clock and were cordially received our only trouble was on account of Brother Davy who left us on Tuesday and we expected him to be here before we arrived.

May 9th--have heard nothing of Brother Davy feel much afflicted on his account, this day I visited many of the natives in company with Brother C. Shumway and Thomas Hendricks the chief, and visited the family of doct. Pratt and the baptist missionary for the stock bridges from the city of Boston Mass. all treated us very well and we felt quite at home when we got our supper and had prayers for the spirit of the Lord was truly among us. This tribe are mostly in possession of the English language, but do not use it among themselves. their numbers here is about sixty souls in all, they have an english school supported by the missionary boards.

May 10th this day at half past twelve Brother Davy arrived in safety to the joy of us all and feels well. the weather continues fine and dry. rather cold nights for this time of the year, but still not cold enough to injure vegetation for they abound with strawberries, and the fruit is very good.

Sabbath day May 11th--we are still with our friends the stockridge, but run yet no meeting. there are some who appear to be willing to hear and inhance the gospel but others are not, this morning I visited the most splended sublime and romantic scenary that my eyes ever beheld after our morning devotion we got up our horses and proceeded to the north

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west about two and a half miles, then turning due west we began to ascend the hill towards the table land at the summit of which we arrived in about a half a mile travel from the (word unclear) of the hill which brother Shumway, both youngs tower in consequence of the hight and (word unclear) of the place and in honor of his (word unclear) on the top of it are these ancent alters. fine points of defense overlooking a vast extent of country with a solid wall on three sides.¹

Here the diary abruptly ends and the reader is left to speculate regarding the activities of the missionaries after this time. However, we do know from the Journal History that Phineas H. Young and Charles Shumway returned to Nauvoo on June 18, 1845 and reported favorably to the Quorum of the Twelve regarding their experiences.²

Charles undoubtedly rejoiced in the presence of his family again, but his stay in Nauvoo was not to last for any length of time. Continuing his work on the yet uncompleted Nauvoo Temple, his efforts were interrupted on August 4th when in the company of Daniel Spencer and Joseph Deering he was called to go on a mission designated only as a mission to the west. This was a mission of special significance and was not to be one of proselyting non-members to the church.

Rumors had reached Nauvoo that Elder Jonathan Dunham had been killed. Those who were concerned about him wanted to ascertain the truth or falsity of such stories. As early as June 23, 1845, while serving on his mission to the Lamanites, we know that Elder Dunham was notified by Indian Agent Roves to immediately leave the county, but the exact reason is unclear.³ That he was not physically present in Nauvoo was

¹Handwritten diary of Phineas H. Young, found in the Unclassified Letter File in the Historical Department of the Church.

²Journal History, Wednesday, June 18, 1845.

³Ibid, June 23, 1845.

apparent to all. Charles was one of those chosen to verify those awful rumors. Traveling with few provisions and with great haste, the brethren returned to Nauvoo on Monday, September 1, 1845, with the tragic news that Brother Dunham's death was an unalterable fact which had occurred on July 28, 1845. Charles also reported that they had learned Jonathan had passed away just shortly before daylight.¹

¹Ibid, September 1, 1845.

Chapter V

PREPARING FOR THE JOURNEY WEST

Fall came to the kingdom on the Mississippi and as the leaves turned so did the eyes of the Saints. What did the future have in store? What was the west really like? The Council of Fifty met often, studied in depth the western half of the continent, at that time under Mexican rule, and discussed the future. According to some witnesses including Wilford Woodruff, Pauline Lyman, Leman Shurtliff, and Orson Pratt, Church leaders had considered going west at least as early as 1833. There are several references in diaries and journals regarding the Prophet Joseph Smith's predicting that the eventual gathering place for the Saints would be the Rocky Mountains. As to whether the bulk of such references can be disposed of as being nothing more significant than historical hindsight, written after the migration to the "valleys of the mountains," or in fact reliable predictions before the fact is still a matter of conjecture. In light of the many places considered in Nauvoo by the Prophet as future homes for the Saints, it would probably be accurate to say that the Great Basin, as the only home for the Saints, was not as yet an established doctrine of the Church.

By 1845, after studying almost all the books, journals and diaries written by people who had explored the west, President Brigham Young had pretty well concluded to migrate with his people to that place. In fact, according to the diary of Mosiah Hancock, the course the Saints would follow was mapped out upon a floor by Joseph Smith before his death and then given to Brigham

Young.¹

Thus when Charles Shumway arrived back in Nauvoo that fall of 1845, things were happening. There was a great effort on the part of the Saints to complete the temple as a last monument to their slain leader. At the same time, hammers pounded molten iron, only interrupted by great hisses of steam, as the Saints constructed wagons that would be strong enough to carry them a thousand miles further west. Food had to be stored, clothing secured, and agreements reached with "Illinois mobs." In the spring when "grass grew and water ran," their new Prophet, Brigham Young, told them they would be on their way.

Charles was appointed captain of fifty men, which involved directing them in preparing for the journey west. He erected a shop for the manufacture of wagons while his son Andrew hauled corn and other provisions from the country, together with wood for the fifty men and their families to burn.

On Saturday, October 11, 1845, Charles Shumway, thirty-nine years old, met with the Council of Fifty. After joining in prayer, at the home of the almost well Apostle John Taylor, he saw Brigham Young write a circular for the agents of the church "to take abroad with them."² Other matters were discussed, and the meeting adjourned until 7:00 p.m. Meeting again when the hour arrived, Charles was called to be captain of the twelfth company of Saints scheduled to go west. He must have rushed home and broke the news to his wife. Perhaps he did not sleep well that night as he contemplated the great responsibility that lay ahead. Not only was he responsible to see that his wives and family were

¹For a rather thorough discussion of the issue of Mormon knowledge of the west, see Lewis Clark Christian, "A Study of Mormon Knowledge of the American Far West Prior to the Exodus," Master's Thesis, Brigham Young University, 1972.

²Journal History, October 11, 1845.

safely transported to the Great Basin, but other Saints and their wives and children would be depending upon him as well. Still, thirty-nine is a good age...backs are still strong, eyes keen, and intellect sharp. And with the Lord's help it could be done.

At this time in his life, Charles was not only trusted for his physical power and his courage, but also for his spiritual powers as well. He was frequently called upon to lay hands on and administer to the sick.¹ Phineas Young, his missionary companion, for example, had been healed by the Lord through the power of the Priesthood which Charles held.

In the fall, Charles came down with a sickness that almost took his life. He was blessed by Hosea Stout and a Brother Harmon on September 8, 1845, but on the 15th, Brother Stout records that Charles was still very ill. Again on the 18th, Stout took with him the soon-to-be Apostle Charles C. Rich to visit an even sicker Charles Shumway. As late as September 30, 1845 Stout was able to report that Charles was still "very sick." That he must have recovered shortly after this time would seem a warranted assumption in that Hosea Stout never mentioned his sickness again.

All of the Shumways' time was not taken up in preparing for the journey west. From a rather thorough perusal of diaries, it is evident that they frequently had guests for dinner. Much visiting usually accompanied such meals, and this good conversation often lasted far into the Nauvoo night.

As a member of the police force, Charles had better firearms than the average Nauvoo citizen. Men frequently borrowed his pistols to use as they made their rounds in defense of the city.² His sword, dating to this period, is still a cherished family heirloom.

¹ Juanita Brooks (ed.) On the Mormon Frontier, the Diary of Hosea Stout (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1964) Vol. I, p. 49.

² Stout, Vol. I, p. 61.

Dissenters tried to thwart the move west and furthermore attempted to sow seeds of discord. That Charles was not immune to such attacks is evidenced by the fact that some dissatisfied Mormons attempted to convince him that he was cut off from the police force. Thus for a time he and Chief of Police Hosea Stout were at odds with one another. Months later, on Shoal Creek, Charles told Hosea that supposedly good men on the police force had convinced him that Stout was wrong in the matter of the dissension and thus for a time he sided with them. Only weeks later he learned that those men were in reality aspiring to overthrow Stout, and "rise on his ruins," and thereby weaken the security of Nauvoo.¹

Police Chief Stout, and Charles had a confrontation on December 30, 1845, at which time Hosea attempted to show him why "those reports had been set afloat by those who were my enemies to turn him against me."² When Charles finally saw the light and turned against those "evil men" they quickly turned against him and attempted to stain his name. A full reconciliation with Stout was not made until the spring of 1846. From that time on they were close friends again.

Thus the year 1845 drew to a close. It had been a busy year for Charles Shumway, but it ended on a rather sad note finding him at odds with his Police Chief and preparing to leave his home to once more become a pioneer.

In August, he had entered into plural marriage. This tells us something about him. In the Nauvoo period of Church history, the practice of plural marriage and for the most part even a knowledge of this principle was reserved for the faithful. Both prophets, Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, were very careful regarding who learned about this part of the restitution of all things. That Charles was so honored is a testimony to his loyalty and his devotion to the Church. Brigham Young himself performed the ceremony

¹Ibid., p. 144.

²Ibid., p. 100.

sealing him to Louisa Minnerly. Louisa had been identified with the Church since its inception in 1830 when her parents were baptized. She frequently attended meetings of the Colesville Branch. The record is silent regarding her first meeting with Charles and her reaction when he proposed that she become his plural wife. She was the first, but would not be the last. Nor do we know the reaction of Julia Ann when she was told, but it was undoubtedly similar to that of other Mormon women and was probably accompanied with much fasting and prayer. That he was a fair and just man in family matters is attested by the fact that he had few troubles with his wives and great love seemed to pervade his homes,

But as December of 1845 drew to a close, he was not looking back as much as he was looking west, and probably wondering what the year Bernard Devoto would call "The Year of Decision, 1846," had in store.

Chapter VI

TO WINTER QUARTERS

Then it happened! His name would always be mentioned in Mormon history. The day was February 4, 1846. Why that date, historians would ask, and then seek an answer. Perhaps it was the threatened arrest of Brigham Young, or the rumors of mob action, or a fear that governmental officials might try to stop them if they waited any longer that prompted Brigham Young to send the first Mormons west. What is more important to our story is that Charles Shumway's was the first wagon to cross the Mississippi River, and with his crossing the exodus had begun.

Certainly the weather was not entirely conducive for a journey in a wagon, but it was better than it would be two weeks later when a larger number of Saints went west. Charles went by ferry, only later would the "father of waters" freeze over so that some of the Saints could cross on the ice. As the oxen plodded west, he must have thought about his life in the Church thus far. He was probably grateful that he had received his endowments in the Nauvoo Temple before leaving, and was thankful that he had been sealed to his wives and family for all eternity. Regardless of what happened to them on this journey they would have each other after the resurrection. His family at this time included his wives Julia Ann and Louisa, Andrew, a son, and two daughters Mary Eliza and Harriet.

Charles camped that first night on the Mississippi River still able to see the lights of Nauvoo, and the gleaming white temple illuminated by the early setting afternoon sun. What were his thoughts? Did he suffer periods of sadness, as he realized that never again would he walk the streets of the "city of Joseph," or was he glad to leave the

state whose people had slain his prophet and patriarch brother? Then darkness covered the land, beds were made, and only the steady flow of the water interspersed with animal noises broke the crispness of the winter night.

He afterwards selected, laid out and organized the Mormon camp at Sugar Creek. This camp which bore the stamp of his own hand, would hear the moans of mothers giving birth to new life under the most trying conditions. Babies would cry for the first time, nine in one night, while the snow mixed with icy rain, fell upon the backs of those holding blankets trying to protect mothers in travail. How much worse might it have been if Charles had not come first and made some things ready?

On Wednesday, February 18, 1846, he and his family were still camped at Sugar Creek. President Brigham Young had, by this time, joined those who had left before him. Calling the group together, he gave them instructions. Charles and the others, including Apostle Parley P. Pratt, were told that it would be their duty to prepare roads, locate camp grounds, dig wells and ascertain where hay and corn could be purchased. "Prayers must be said both morning and night," continued the Mormon leader and then concluding remarked that when he "wanted to see the brethren together, a white flag should be hoisted, and when the captains are wanted together, a blue or colored flag should be raised."¹

Charles, according to previous instructions, called out his company, gave them directions and then settled down for an approximate two weeks stay in camp.

Saturday, February 18th, found the weather turning quite cold. At six o'clock p.m. the camp recorder wrote that the thermometer stood at 20 degrees above zero. The wind was blowing toward the north. Orders came to continue west and obedient to instructions, Charles, Daniel Spencer and a Captain Bent, broke camp and traveled four

¹Journal History, February 18, 1846.

miles west of Sugar Creek where they camped for the night.¹

On March 8, 1846, according to the diary of Hosea Stout, Charles and his company were still well ahead of Brigham Young and the others. In fact Stout records that "Bishop Miller and Charles Shumway and some others have taken what corn was left and gone on leaving President Young and his company to shift for themselves."² That Stout was traveling with Brigham Young may in part account for the tone of this diary entry.

Bishop Miller, Parley P. Pratt and Charles Shumway were camped on what was described as the Chariton Bottom by March 14, and were at that time forty-five miles ahead of the main body of Saints. Those purchasing corn at this point in the journey were paying thirty cents a bushel.³ Sunday, March 14, was spent observing the Sabbath with song, prayer and sermon. Cattle were fed on the wet grass which, because of the flooding, was partly covered with water.⁴ Still the Chariton Bottoms must have been a welcome respite for the travelers who had already been on the road for more than a month. Remaining on the Chariton River until Brigham Young's company caught up, peace and harmony were restored and misunderstandings healed. President Young was quick to forgive, though those who felt his wrath were not soon to forget. Apostle Erastus Snow, once severely chastened for going to sleep and losing the prophet's telescope, wrote in his diary that never again did he wish to be the brunt of Brigham Young's anger.

Leaving the Chariton Bottoms on March 27, in the company of Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, John Taylor and the other leaders of the westward movement, Charles saw those on horses and those in carriages pass through one mud hole

¹Journal History, February 28, 1846.

²Stout, Vol. I, p. 136.

³Journal History, March 14, 1846.

⁴Stout, Vol. I, p. 142.

that was estimated to be six miles in length. Assembling at Shoal Creek, the brethren met in council, in the tent of George A. Smith. Reports were given, instructions heard and decisions reached. President Young, for example, told the various captains that they should not pay more than twenty-five cents per bushel for corn. It had previously been discussed and concluded that a considerable number of people along the way were raising the price of goods to take advantage of Mormon needs.

On April 27, 1846, Charles was asked to go to Fort Leavenworth, with his former missionary companion George Langly. There he was to notify another missionary companion of his, Lewis Dana, that he was to proceed immediately to Council Bluffs. Charles was to then go two hundred miles south and notify George Herring, that he too was to travel to Council Bluffs. When they arrived, at what would be known as Winter Quarters, they would act as Lamanite interpreters. Letters were written to be given to each of these men by Brigham Young. Charles and Langley departed on "their mission," May 1st. According to Hosea Stout these brethren were to also preach to the Cherokees when the opportunity presented itself.¹

That there was considerable hardship on this journey is evidenced by the fact that one entry in the Journal History describes Charles Shumway and George W. Langly as arriving at Mt. Pisga, "having been out nine days, mostly without food."² Later Charles would report that they had sustained life, with but a few kernels of corn. While recalling those hardships, he is said to have remarked that "none but the stoutest hearts, the tried and true would have endured such privations voluntarily and without compensation."³

¹ Stout, Vol. 1, p. 152.

² Taken from the life story of Charles Shumway, copy in possession of the author.

³ Ibid.

Characteristically, Charles fails to further describe this mission and we are left to conjecture regarding the suffering and the pain he endured. That his "mission" was very important is evident when one considers the difficulties the Saints were having with the Indians at Council Bluffs. Reliable interpreters who could be trusted were needed. It would finally take the United States Government to arrange a treaty, partly resulting from the Mormon response to the call for men to fight in Mexico, before comparative peace with the Lamanites was achieved and the Mormons were allowed to remain on their land.

Upon his return to Mt. Pisgah, the terrible physical abuse he had given his body proved to be too much, and Charles came down with chills and fever. Recovering, he was waiting with his family for winter, when late one evening Jack Redding and Solomon Case rode into the fort with special instructions from Brigham Young that the Saints immediately move to Winter Quarters. The reason for their sudden departure was a war between the Sioux and Pawnee Indian tribes.

The journey to Winter Quarters was not an easy one for the Shumway family. Julia Ann was so sick she could hardly get to the wagon. Her condition was further weakened by her diet consisting entirely of cornmeal and dried buffalo meat.

Finally they reached the main body of the Saints where Charles, at great personal cost, finally constructed a log house. There the families' sickness increased until there was no one in the family able to "hand a dish of water to another."¹

Thus there were few pleasant Winter Quarters memories for Charles, and he would later recall that his experience there was filled with tragedy of the worst sort. Still, his wives tried to make things as comfortable as possible while watching

¹ Taken from the Life Story of Charles Shumway, copy in possession of the author.

the men lay out the streets. They were probably in attendance at the meeting where consent was sought for the proposition that the "city" be divided up into wards. Approval was unanimously granted, the clerk reported, and soon each ward had a bishop to help care for the temporal needs of the Saints. Shortly thereafter, Julia Ann and Louisa could see a stockade rise to protect the Saints from the Indians and the whole family must have felt greater security. Charles, now healed, with a committee of twelve was asked to construct a grist mill and council house. This task was immediately begun. He was also placed on a committee, partly because of his knowledge of the language, to help keep peace with the Indians. Though the Indians were sometimes hostile, at least the Saints were free from Illinois "mobs" and this contributed to their happiness.

Then it struck, forgetting wealth, position, or faithfulness. Black Canker they called it, though today we would probably diagnose it as diphtheria. By November Julia Ann was seriously ill. Being unable to breath, she struggled each moment for life. Soon the Canker had eaten through her throat making it almost impossible for her to swallow. Charles looked on helpless as the pain increased. The elders were called, the administration took place, still she grew worse and the only comfort Charles had was that if she died, she would die unto the Lord and they would be reunited in the resurrection. Never before had his temple sealing meant so much to him. Then on the morning of November 14, 1846, Julia Ann hastily called her family together and told them she was going to die. Each one was tenderly embraced, after which the suffering ceased, as did the breathing; death came and it was sweet. Mary Elizabeth, the older daughter, in remembering her mother's suffering, years later, would always cry.

Charles, not by choice, was a monogomist again, and yet the grief was still there, still intense, yet comfort finally came through the gospel he had embraced six years before.

So 1846 came to an end. It began as Charles left his home in Nauvoo, now in Winter Quarters he would soon leave a wife, her silent grave a crude monument to her faith and devotion. His eyes turned west once more.

Chapter VII

PIONEER CAPTAIN

Sometime during the winter of 1846-1847, Brigham Young concluded that he would take a small select group to the Great Basin where they could prepare a place of settlement for the thousands of Saints who would follow. The editor of The Salt Lake Tribune would, years later, call this trek "one of the greatest movements in history ever undertaken by men, women and children. It was a trek by indomitable people that could not be stopped, nor even slackened by natural barriers, by the lashings of the elements, or by opposing man." Charles Shumway would ever be a part of this saga. As to the exact date he learned he was to be one of the "pioneer" band we do not know. But we can accurately conjecture that when he first told his family, problems developed. Only three of the brethren selected to go west were allowed to take their wives with them. The rest of the women were required to remain in Winter Quarters. The three women, Ellen Sanders Kimball, Harriet Wheeler Young, and Clara Decker Young were taken to care for the sickness that might arise in the camp. Only a few of the brethren were allowed to bring any of their children.

Andrew, just thirteen years old, had probably felt the tragedy of his mother's death more keenly than anyone except Charles himself. Now he was faced with the prospect of living with a stepmother who had only been in the family for just over a year, while his father alone braved the dangers of the west. We can only imagine what his faithful mind conjured up. Perhaps he saw his father scalpless lying on the dry prairie, or drowned in dark forbidding streams, or dying of thirst in a hot parched land. We do know that he could not resign himself to remaining in Winter Quarters. His pleas struck a responsive cord in

Charles who soon found himself facing Brigham Young and asking for permission to take Andrew along. Years after, the writer of a Sunday School lesson on the life of Charles Shumway, would state that Charles used the death of Julia Ann, together with the boy's extreme sorrow, as an arguing point with the Mormon leader. That Andrew was a good, responsible son also added force to his contention that he be allowed to accompany his father west. President Young finally gave his consent, and Andrew too was destined to be a part of Mormon history. He was one of the youngest to make the journey and his presence alone must have given comfort to his father who left Louisa and the two girls behind. John D. Lee gave them a span of mules and a light wagon and they were ready for the journey.

Excitement must have permeated their wagon home those March days in the Nebraska territory. Andrew was probably more excited than the others. As to what adventures awaited this thirteen-year-old, he could only guess.

On April 5, 1846, Apostle Heber C. Kimball moved west four miles and camped for the night. His leaving marked the beginning of the final leg of the journey that would culminate on the shores of the great Salt Lake. Tuesday, April 6, 1846, the Church in general conference gathered together to commemorate the organization of the Kingdom of God upon the earth. On this occasion all of the general authorities were sustained, with Brigham Young as president of the Twelve.

April 7, 1846 found many of the pioneers traveling west with the expert fly fisherman, Wilford Woodruff, and the great hunter, Porter Rockwell, among their number. That night the wind made sleeping uncomfortable and many in the company found themselves wishing the journey was over.

Charles left on April 14th, leaving his wife Louisa, his daughter Mary, and little Harriet who was extremely ill. This was the reason for the Shumway's late departure. April 16th came with the news that Harriet had passed away. Her grave would parallel her mother's, as the westward

movement again took its toll. Sadness ripped through his body again. He was physically ill also, and it was all he could do to harness his mules. Yet he was willing to risk all he had left for the church he had so wholeheartedly embraced.

Assembling at the rear of President Young's wagon, the pioneers formed a circle and were counted. It was still April 16, 1846. The count showed 143 men and boys, three women and two children, making a total of 148. Charles Shumway was then chosen captain of the sixth ten, which made him responsible for Andrew Shumway, Thomas Woolsey, Chauncey Loveland, Erastus Snow, James Craig, William Wordsworth, William Vance, Simeon Howe, and Seeley Owen. As captain he was not only responsible for all of the men under him, but also for carrying out orders and instructions from Brigham Young and other leaders. Thus the captains, for the most part, were loyal and obedient men. With these added responsibilities upon Charles, his trek west continued.

While camped for their noon meal, approximately seventy-five Indians visited them, including the chief of the Pawnee nation. He felt that the powder, lead, salt, flour, tobacco and fishhooks were "heap too little" presents. He then declared through an interpreter that the whites were rich and had tea and coffee and sugar and an abundance of everything, and yet had given the Indians only a little. " Urging the pioneers to turn back because they would drive off the buffaloes, he refused to even shake hands with Brigham Young. The Mormons concluded that traders, Missourians and others had used "their influence with the Indians against the Mormons, " and the Saints were put on their guard.¹

¹ Andrew Jensen, A Driven People Settle the Far West, (Salt Lake City: Merlin G. Christensen, 537 Sherman Ave., 1970), April 24, 1847. This book contains a reprint of a series of articles written for the Salt Lake Tribune by Jensen, which gives a day-by-day account of that first group of pioneers.

The night was filled with cold wind and rain. During the long darkness, when the storm was at its height and an Indian attack was expected at any moment, the weary guards "had ample time to peer into the future and it is possible that they fully realized for the first time the dangers that confronted them."¹ Charles too, brave as he was, must have wondered and pondered his fate.

By May the emigrants frequently had antelope and buffalo to supplement their evening meals. Though very lean at that time of the year, one buffalo produced enough fat to make two candles which were said to burn very clear and pleasant. They also found Indians using buffalo chips for fuel as the timber was scarce.

First glimpsing Chimney Rock, which was to become a very important landmark, on May 22, the band heard Elder Orson Pratt estimate that this landmark was still twenty miles in the distance. Andrew's day must have been more exciting than many others for he was able to observe a young gray eagle that had been caught and brought to camp by Horace K. Whitney and George R. Grant. For a thirteen-year-old, there were few things more enjoyable than seeing wild things at close range. Only a few days later a minor tragedy occurred when one of the wagons backed over the bird crushing its head.

Snakes became a part of the journey as early as April 27, 1846, because on that date one was killed by Luke S. Johnson. The oil taken from this reptile was rubbed on Zebedee Coltrin's black leg and reportedly did it much good. After this time, snakes were frequently encountered. One man, Nathaniel F. Fairbanks, was bitten by one and his life was for a time in danger. Dr. Luke S. Johnson administered lobelia to him, which soon caused him to vomit. For some time he complained a great deal of sickness in his stomach and dimness in his eyes, but lived to reach the Great Basin.²

¹Ibid.

²Ibid. June 27, 1846.

May 30th found Charles participating in a very unusual prairie meeting. The members of the Twelve and those belonging to the Council of Fifty, following the sacrament meeting, went with Brigham Young to the "Bluffs." After selecting a small circular spot, they put on their temple clothing even though threatened with immediate rain, and offered a special prayer "to God for ourselves, this camp, and all pertaining to it, the brethren in the army, our families and all the Saints." President Young was mouth, after promising the brethren that rain would not fall until they had finished their petition to God. His prediction came true, and the rain only began after they had changed back into their regular clothes. Thus Chimney Rock (this is where this event occurred) became a sacred and hallowed place for Charles Shumway and the others.

On June 27th Charles heard Moses Harris, a Mountain Man, speak unfavorably about the Salt Lake Valley. "From his discouraging description" the pioneers had little to hope for. Charles also heard him speak favorably regarding a small region under the Bear River Mountains called Cache or Willow Valley, where the trappers were in the habit of caching their robes to hide them from the Indians. "He represented that valley as being a fine place to settle."¹ Charles little realized then that he would play an important part in settling the region he now heard described to him. Just a few years and he would be colonizing Cache Valley, but in June of 1846 he was only thinking about Harris' negative report of the Salt Lake Valley. This experience would be repeated the next day when the pioneers met and talked with the famous James Bridger. Still they all seemed to have faith that Brigham Young knew what he was doing, and as their most famous song asserted, "All is well."

In late June and early July several of the brethren came down with Rocky Mountain Fever. On July 3rd Erastus Snow had his turn. From his diary we have an excellent description of what this

¹Ibid. June 27, 1846.

disease was like and how it was cured. Apostle Snow wrote:

The day we reached green river I had a violent attack of Mountain fever, and within the week past about one-half of the camp has been attacked by the same complaint. Its first appearance is like that of a severe cold, producing soreness of the flesh and pain in the back and head becomes almost insufferable, but an active portion of Physis and pepper, cayenne, etc. taken freely before and after the operation of the physis, seldom fails to break it up, though it leaves the patient sore and feeble.¹

Erastus Snow, it will be remembered, was a member of the Shumway ten and Charles must have had moments of concern regarding his recovery.

Soon this concern was increased when his own son Andrew caught the disease. Charles may have thought, "Will I walk to another grave and stand head bared while they bury another child?" It is highly probable that he prayed and pled with the Lord not to take his only son. Then Brigham Young came, and this man he sustained as a Prophet of God, laid his hands on Andrew's head, rebuked the illness, and made him well once again. The Lord had answered Charles' prayers. What relief and happiness he must have felt that night.

That there was considerable happiness and a number of good times in the pioneer camp is apparent when one reads about the fun that was had in the evenings. One evening, for example, Luke S. Johnson transformed a buffalo skull into a chimney in such a way that the smoke passed through two holes between the horns. Following the viewing of this strange sight, and the laughter that accompanied it, several of the brethren danced with one another while Hans C. Hansen played his violin. Some evenings vocal solos added much to the camp's enjoyment, while still other nights the brethren would establish a mock court complete with judge, prosecuting attorney,

¹Ibid. July 3, 1846.

defense attorney, defendant and jury. Then members of the camp would be tried for such hypothetical things as walking in front of particular ladies, etc. The camp recorder states that these trials added much to the enjoyment of the group. Frequently the Book of Mormon was read aloud to the camp until darkness made it impossible to see the print.

Sunday, July 11, 1847, must have been a day all of the pioneers remembered. That was the day they met Miles Goodyear and were told that he had an excellent garden on the Weber (or Ogden) River which produced all kinds of vegetables. Thus it became apparent that they could expect to mature some crops in the cold valleys of the mountains.

Another day Charles would always remember was July 22, 1847. That day he arrived in the Salt Lake Valley as part of the second group who reached this destination. Again, we are at a loss regarding his reactions. Some of the pioneers thought the valley desolate and foreboding, while others remarked that it was a beautiful place. But from Charles we hear nothing. Appointed a member of a three-man committee on July 23, 1847 to "stock plows and drags," he was authorized to call others to his aid as needed. Soon land was plowed, seed potatoes planted, and the settlement of the Great Basin commenced.

While crossing the plains Brigham Young and Wilford Woodruff had seen in dream-vision a great temple majestically illuminated against the eastern mountains and soon this dream would be shared by all loyal Mormons. But this July the main thoughts of the pioneer band related to providing shelter and warmth against the cold winter they believed was lying ahead.

At nine o'clock on August 7, the Council of Fifty met and unanimously concluded that all members of the church then residing in the Salt Lake Valley should be rebaptized as a sacred symbol of their desire to start fresh and new in this their mountain Zion. Charles Shumway was selected together with four other men to perform the ordinance. This holy ceremony was to commence the next morning at six o'clock. Thus a new day

symbolized a new beginning in a new land for new settlers; and so August 8th became a day sacred to these hearty frontiersmen in an extra special way. As Charles went to bed that night he was perhaps conscious that he was now a part of a great American epic. Movies, books and articles would, in years to come, be devoted to immortalizing what had and would be done. Perhaps then he did not realize the special significance of what he had participated in and only felt the pangs of loneliness that were caused by Louisa and his daughters being so far away. But already movements were underway that would allow him to be with them sooner than he expected.

Brigham Young announced on August 30th that eighty men had been selected to return to Winter Quarters. When the eleventh name was read, it was Charles Shumway's. And so he was traveling east again. At Rocky Ridge the company of Saints led by Jedediah M. Grant was met on their way to the valley. Charles was happy to learn that his wife and family were numbered among the group. A happy reunion took place and they were told by Brigham Young that he could return to the Great Basin with them.

Chapter VIII

THE FIRST YEARS IN THE VALLEY

The winter was mild and the Saints were glad. Charles and his family were once again caught up in the activity that accompanies building a civilization from a wilderness. There were homes to be erected, livestock to be cared for and public buildings to be constructed. Because of his past experience working with Indians, he was called as a president of three to go and trade for needed goods with them.¹ The Saints were instructed to hand to the committee all of the articles they wanted to trade and the committee reserved the right to decide whether or not the articles would in fact be traded. This could be called the first bazaar in the valley; but with the reorganization of the Relief Society a few years later, it would hardly be the last.

The Saints, having settled on a kind of no man's land, a sort of buffer zone between the Utes and the Shoshone Indian tribes, attempted to pacify the savages around them. That Charles Shumway was an essential part of this policy is a credit to his name.

Erecting a carpenter shop that first winter, Charles and his services were constantly in demand. He thus became one of the more affluent members of the group.

Spring came, bringing with it a deluge. The Saints, having read reports that it seldom rained in the valley of the Great Salt Lake, were hardly prepared with their flat top houses for the ten-day downpour. There was mud everywhere, on stoves, beds, chairs, and clothes. The mud following the rain was in turn followed by mice and snakes. The

¹J. H. October 11, 1847.

mice were so plentiful that cats were for a time the most valued animals in the Mormon settlement. That there were at least two cats in the Great Basin is attested to by the fact that one had kittens. Then a mouse trap of sorts was invented by rounding the ends of a stick which was flat in the middle, and placing just a trace of grease in the middle for bait and placing both the stick and grease over a half-filled bucket of water. When the mice ran to the grease the stick turned and the rodent drowned in the water. Soon the colony had the mice under control. But the snakes were more difficult to manage, until finally they, too, were no longer a menace to the settlers. A deer that strayed into the fort that first winter was a more welcome guest than either the mice or the snakes, and when killed helped supplement the meager diet of the Saints.

Food was scarce because they desired to keep much of what had been brought with them as seed for the summer's crops. Charles, it is reported, hired Elam Cheney, a young man, to help him plant crops that first spring. A person, probably Andrew, saw him boiling some corn in a little tin cup. Duty bound to report what he had seen although he probably knew Elam had been driven to break the law not by greed, but by extreme hunger, Andrew heard the boy defend himself by saying that he had only taken corn which had had the chit eaten out by mice so that it would not have grown anyway.¹ In spite of the young man's defense, five lashes were administered at the whipping post, bearing witness to all that thieving of any kind would not be tolerated in the settlement. In a country where it was still uncertain as to whether or not crops would mature, it was of paramount importance that everyone cooperate with everyone else, or they might all perish.

Finally it was a time for planting, and a time for faith. Grain and vegetables were sowed by the

¹ Joseph Fish, The Pioneers of the Southwest and Rocky Mountain Regions, Provo, Utah: Seymour P. Fish 980 East 268 North, 1972), p. 180 FN No. 1.

Shumways. While their crops grew, they built a home and suffered much anguish as they watched the grasshoppers and crickets destroy some of their crops. They also witnessed the miracles of the gulls. Mill roots, herbs, and sego lilies became their daily menu, according to Andrew, and who would remember more accurately what was eaten than a fourteen-year-old boy. Many suffered, but few if any starved because they shared their food with one another.

They danced in the winter, went sleigh riding, attended meetings and knew peace from guns and mobs. These were happy days for Charles and family because they were together. And only occasionally would he remember those two graves in Winter Quarters, and then the sadness would come. This togetherness would not last long, because in the summer of 1849, Brigham Young called upon Charles to leave home once more and establish a ferry on the Platte River. In March of 1849, he was also appointed to be a deputy marshal, placing him again in the law business. He was also appointed that same spring as a Lieutenant in the Second Company of the newly reorganized Nauvoo legion. But still his prime responsibility was the ferry, and May 3, 1849 found him on his way to the Platte River where he had just received a letter from Brigham Young instructing him to tarry until all the men and wagons who were going east had arrived.¹ On May 27th he wrote to Brigham Young and reported the activities of his company, in the words of Brigham Young's clerk, as follows:

Charles Shumway wrote from the Upper Platte Ferry, that his company arrived there on the 27th raised their boats, and found them in good order. Brother Hambleton, having got out of sight of the wagons, was assaulted by four crow indians, who pulled him from his horse, took possession thereof, with the saddle and bridle and gave him a bow and three arrows in exchange. Lorenzo Young, Dr. Bernhisel and Shadrack

¹J.H. May 3, 1849.

Haldoway had passed on for the states. On the 29th the first company of emigrants for the California gold mines reached the ferry, who stated that the road thence to the Missouri River was lined with emigrants wagons for the same destination. Thomas Williams left Fort Bridger with two men, and he was robbed of his horses, arms and ammunition by some crow indians, who gave the party three small ponies in exchange.¹

From this record it is evident that the immediate reason for sending Charles and the others to the Platte was the discovery of gold in California and the influx of emigrants it brought with it.

From the Platte River ferry back to the shores of the Great Salt Lake and participation in what was called the "Great Contest" was to be the lot of Charles Shumway the fall and winter of 1848. To rid the valley of mice, magpies, skunks, bobcats, and other destroyers, the Council of Fifty decided to make war on them and President Young nominated John D. Lee and John Pack as captains. After this nomination was unanimously approved, the two men were instructed to choose up sides among the brethren and agree upon the way the contest was to be conducted.²

Charles was selected to work with Captain Pack and his group. On December 28, 1848 the articles of agreement were drawn up. Pack and Lee agreed that the count should be made on the morning of February 1, 1849 at ten o'clock. The side which earned the most points should be entertained at a dinner provided by the losing side. The two men then devised a point system ranging from fifty points for a bear or panther down to two for a magpie or hawk. Isaac Morley and Reynolds Cahoon were to act as judge and counter, together with Thomas Bullock as recorder. The individual who amassed the most points would receive a

¹Ibid. May 27, 1849.

²Juanita Brooks, John Doyle Lee (Glendale: The Arthur Clard Co. 1962), p. 141.

public vote of thanks at the dinner. "Later the council voted to give a reward of one dollar each in tithing for a wolf or fox skin. President Brigham Young declared he wanted a "sleigh robe made of some of those skins and trim it neatly and present it to Colonel Kane by Dr. Bernhisel, that he was of the opinion that the colonel would prize it higher than a thousand dollars."¹

Charles, meeting with the Council of Fifty, voted on January 20th to continue the hunt for another month. Thus on March 1, 1849 the count was made, and John Pack's group was declared the winner by over 1,000 points. Lee would not accept the decision because some of his hunters lived so far from the central settlement that he had been unable to contact them. Thus on March 5th another count was made which found Lee the winner by over 2,000 points. But now Pack would not accept the decision because the rules stated that the final count was to be made on March 1st, not the 5th. To further complicate things, it was found that the individual with the most points was Tom Williams who had an unsavory reputation in the community. He was known as a thief and a counterfeiter. His conduct in the Mormon Battalion had been publicly condemned so he could hardly receive a great public honor. Thus the dinner was called off and the two captains were blamed for the entire mess. In April Hosea Stout recorded:

...one circumstance took place today which I never saw before. John Pack and John Lee were each put in nomination for majors by regular authority and both most contemptuously hissed down. When any person is thus duly nominated I never before knew the people to reject it. But on this occasion it appeared that they are both a perfect stink in everybody's nose.²

So the year 1849 began with some excitement for Charles Shumway. Yet it would end with an even greater adventure in store.

¹Ibid. p. 141.

²Quoted in Brooks, p. 142.

Chapter IX

SOUTH TO SAN PETE

Early in the summer of 1849 Chief Walker and a number of other Indians from his tribe arrived in Salt Lake to request that Mormon colonists be sent to the Sanpitch valley. The Ute war chief wanted these white settlers to teach the natives how to build homes and till the soil. In response to his request an exploring party, consisting of Joseph Horn, W. W. Phelps, Ira Willes and D. B. Huntington left in August and with Walker as a guide, entered the Sanpitch Valley, reaching the present site of Manti, August 20, 1849. After being entertained royally by the Indians they returned to the Mormon capital bringing a favorable report on the area.

October came, bringing with it not only bright autumn colors, but also the semi-annual conference of the Church. This was a time of spiritual feasting for the hearty Mormons and a time of excitement. Mission calls were read over the pulpit, which could disrupt families for years. Calls to colonize, which could and often did change a family's environment forever, were also read without prior warning. It was October 6, 1849 when Charles Shumway heard his name called and then saw himself unanimously approved, together with Isaac Morley and Seth Taft, as the presidency of the "new settlement in the Sanpitch valley."¹ For some reason their names were presented again the next day and again unanimous approval was given. Soon Charles and his family would be on the road again. If he complained, we do not know it; but we do know that he was ready to go by late in the fall of 1849. Along the way the company cleared roads, built bridges and

¹J. H. October 6, 1849.

successfully passed through Salt Creek canyon on their steady move south in quest of a suitable location to settle. Some wanted to make their permanent home at what is today known as Shumway Springs but after consulting together the group pushed on to the present site of Manti. The first camp was made there the evening of November 22, 1849.¹ Not all of the settlers were happy with the place Morley decided to call home. Seth Taft, third in command, wanted to go on to where Gunnison is now located, declaring rather heatedly, "This is only a narrow canyon, and not even a jack rabbit could exist on this desert soil." Isaac Morley and Charles Shumway declared, "This is our God's appointed abiding place and we will stay though but ten men stay with us." Thus because of their strong stand, a crisis was averted.

Their first camp was made on City Creek and soon a small town composed of houses made from wagon boxes was visible from a distance. Hoping for a mild winter so as to be able to feed their stock on the open range, the settlers, to put it mildly, were disappointed. Winter came early, and it snowed almost incessantly until the ground was covered to a depth of three feet or even more in some places. In fact the snow was so deep and the weather so harsh that the settlers were unable for a long time to send teams to Salt Lake for provisions. Three feet of the white stuff lay on the ground, many of the cattle starved, and Charles' strength was taxed to the maximum as he slowly made his way through the drifts to his cattle and then spent most of the day shoveling down to the dry winter-weary grass, so that the stock could have something to eat.

Before snow came, Charles explored the area around his new home. While on this expedition he found coal, salt, and iron deposits. He also accompanied Parley P. Pratt, Dan Jones, and D. B. Huntington, at the Ute war chief

¹ Manuscript history of Sanpete County, found in the Ephraim, Utah library, pp. 12-13. Special thanks to LeMar Hanson for furnishing this information to the writer.

Walker's request, on an expedition to pray for the Indians who were suffering from an outbreak of measles. Apostle Pratt and the others continued on and explored much of what is now Southern Utah.¹

Not wholly deterred by the deep snow, the settlers built a few houses, mostly made from logs and rock, during the winter months. Wood had to be hauled on hand sleds because the animals were too weak to work. Adding to their misery, Indian troubles were reported in Provo. They had come to settle San Pete at the request of Chief Walker, and they depended to a great extent for their safety upon his good will. Just as things were about to get out of hand, the before-mentioned measles struck the Indian camp. The new settlers saw the hand of the Lord in this sickness. Their kindness to the Lamanites during the outbreak and their willingness to administer to the sick helped alleviate the difficulties between them. The Saints also helped bury their dead in this time of need. Still, the Indians, according to Andrew Shumway who was there, "died like rotten sheep." Perhaps this so weakened their numbers that they were unable to be hostile.

Then with spring just weeks away, another crisis raised its head. A council of the Saints was called and their possible starvation was discussed. Charles Shumway was chosen to take a few brethren, and go on snowshoes to Salt Lake and there make the circumstances of the San Pete Saints known to the brethren.

Leaving, according to Andrew, the last of February, the small yet hardy group walked for eighteen hours and traveled thirty miles that first day. Camping under cedar trees and building a huge fire, the first night was spent with some comfort. On the second day the group crossed the divide into Salt Creek Canyon to find Daniel Henry, his wife and three children snowed in,

¹ John H. Krenkel, (ed.) The Life and Times of Joseph Fish, Mormon Pioneer, (Danville, Illinois: The Interstate Printers Inc., 1970), p. 37.

living in their wagon. The evening and night of the second day was spent with the Henrys. The third day found the group in Juab Valley with little snow. Snowshoes were hung on a cedar tree and the journey was continued with little difficulty. Andrew, who accompanied his father on this journey, describes the remainder of the trip as follows:

We camped at what is now known as Santoquinton (sic) in Utah valley over night and proceeded the next day but found it very muddy traveling. After crossing the Spanish Fork River on a fallen tree our Indian guide left us and went up river to an Indian camp. We soon saw a train of them running after us, on their coming up we gave them a little Johnny cake and tobacco and they returned leaving us to persue our journey. We arrived at Spring creek just at sundown, which we found much swollen on account of the melting of the snows and we stripped off our clothes and plunged in up to our chins, the water was very cold, but it freshened us up and made us feel like traveling for we were nearly exhausted and our Johnny cake was all gone.

We trudged on till a little after dark when we arrived at Provo Fort near where Provo City now is. Here we were kindly entertained and the next morning my father and myself were provided with a couple of horses which we mounted and the next night found us in Salt Lake City.¹

Perhaps Andrew in remembering this journey years later was somewhat confused in his dating. Hosea Stout records in his diary that Charles Shumway and eight or ten others arrived in Salt Lake City on March 24, 1850. He also tells us Charles reported that over one hundred cattle had starved and that the colony had only fifteen pounds of breadstuff and no meat.

¹The Life of Andrew Shumway, copy in possession of the writer.

The day after their arrival, being a Sunday, Charles was asked by Brigham Young to address the Salt Lake Saints. In his discourse he reported that Walker, the Ute war chief, had been baptized into the church and that he was desirous of going on a mission. Charles detailed the great hardships the San Pete colony had gone through because of the harsh winter. Having given Brigham Young a letter from Isaac Morley, colony president, Charles had the Mormon leader read to the group assembled:

....that his (the Morley) company had spent the winter mostly in wagons and tents; a few had built log cabins. The snow had been two and three feet deep during the winter. They had lost 71 oxen, 38 cows, 3 horses, and 14 head of young stock. Some had helped to keep their teams alive by shoveling snow off the grass. Brother Morley had baptized Walker, the Ute Chief, on the 13th. The settlers notwithstanding their limited supply of provisions, could not refrain from administering to the Indians, who would sometimes cry with the hunger.¹

After Charles had talked and the Morley letter was read, Brigham Young continued proposing that assistance in the shape of cattle, wagons, and means be gathered and forwarded immediately to the suffering brethren in the south San Pete valley. The clerk was able to report that the response to this call was full-hearted and general.

The rescue party under the leadership of Charles Shumway spent the next few days shelling corn and loading wagons. Their journey home was fraught with danger for at Spanish Fork they were attacked by fifty hungry Indians who charged the wagons, guns blazing. Fortunately, no one was killed by the first firing; and finally with their wagons corralled, and their guns cocked, the Mormons waited for the next attack. Riding within ten yards of the circled

¹J.H. March 24, 1850.

Same etc Dec 14th 1850

Most Loving I thought I would drop
you a line expressing of my mind
pertaining to the Saw Mill I am
now building. I have the Timber
all cut & on the spot for framing
and as for the Mill Irons which
Bro Leonard was to furnish he has
failed in fulfilling his contract the
Irons were to be made & sent here some
time ago and as it is quite uncertain
whether he will send them in time
I thought I would propose to you to
purchase the Irons & have an interest
in the mill or rather at your choice
You said to me last summer that I had
better not have a partner in the
mill, and as Bro Leonard has failed
in his agreement I do not consider
myself in the wrong in making
this above request. If I had
known I would have the Irons made
here but still I think they will
be made better at your City.
Father Mother have written you and I
suppose he has written you all
important news

Yours Respyc
Prest B Camp

Chas Hamway, Paid

P.S. Will you please send me
an answer by the bearer

Chas Hamway

wagons, the Indians were suddenly unwilling to continue their assault. Such an action suited the fifteen men of the rescue party very well, Andrew Shumway would later remember. After parleying with the Indians for hours and giving them some provisions, the party was allowed to continue on. Without further incident, they arrived in San Pete, much to the relief of the starving Saints.

Spring finally arrived, Seth Taft left for greener pastures and the rattlesnakes more than took his place. Some of the settlers, having camped on rocks, found they had spent the winter on snake beds. Warmed by the spring sun these creatures began to stir, much to the fright of the Saints. Charles was bitten by one, but taking out his pocket knife he cut out the infected part, thus saving his life.

Soon the entire colony was busy planting crops and the cold of the winter was forgotten in the summer heat. Charles spent that first summer constructing a grist mill which was put into operation the week of December 14, 1850. Morley, in his semi-annual report to Brigham Young, declared that Charles Shumway was also engaged in constructing a saw mill. Continuing, he wrote:

We have had a very busy time in building houses and mills this fall. We have been blessed this far with good health; union has existed among us and the spirit of the Lord has been manifested in our midst for which I am truly grateful.¹

Charles also wrote a letter to the Mormon leader on December 14, 1850 (see page 56a) in which he proposed that Brigham become part owner of the saw mill by furnishing the irons. That the prophet was amenable to such a proposal is attested to by the fact that on December 23, 1850, he wrote in a letter to Morley that the "iron for Brother Charles Shumway's mill starts immediately."²

¹J.H. December 14, 1850.

²J.H. December 23, 1850.

President Young also informed Morley that some thieves were on their way to San Pete, and warned the settlers to watch their animals very closely. The group was also instructed by the Mormon prophet to destroy all of the wolves, foxes, and bears that they could. We also learn from this letter that the Saints in San Pete were building a school, a state road, and a bridge to span the river.

Winter found Charles engaged in police work again. A murder had occurred in San Pete when M. D. Hambleton, a former member of Joseph Smith's Nauvoo guard, killed Dr. J. M. Vaughan because of Hambleton's belief that Vaughan had been intimate with Hambleton's wife. Charles brought the accused to Salt Lake City for trial before the Supreme Court. Finally, a private hearing was held. The guilt of Vaughan was not firmly established, yet strangely Hambleton was freed and lived to become sheriff of San Pete County from 1867 until his death in 1869.¹ This incident is evidence that Charles Shumway was largely responsible for legal matters and practices in his Mormon settlement.

¹Stout, Vol. II, p. 393.

David Spence, Will. Young, John P. Johnson,
Vooley, Phineas R. Smith, John P. Johnson,
Stout, Amos C. Smith, for the purpose of representing the
territory, John Storer, William Kay; for Weber county, councillors, Loren Farr, Charles R.
for representatives, James Brown, David B. Dille, James G. Browning; for Tooele, repre-
sentatives, John Rocherry for Utah county, councillors, Alexander Williams, Aaron Johnson; repre-
sentatives, David Evans, William Miller, Levi W. Hancock; for San Pete county, councillor, Isaac
M. May, representative, Charles Shumway; for Iron county, George A. Smith, councillor, Eliakim
for representatives.

And whereas, by the said 4th section referred to, the Governor is authorized to convene the said
 members elect at such time and place as the Governor may direct,—Now, therefore, I, Brigham
Young, Governor of said Territory of Utah, by the authority invested in me, do hereby appoint
 Monday, the 22d day of September, 1851, at 10 o'clock, A.M., the day of the Legislature Assembly to
 meet, at the Council House, in Great Salt Lake City, the same having been procured for the purpose
 by the U. S. Marshall.

Given under my hand and the seal of said
 Territory, at Great Salt Lake City, this
 day of September, 1851, the
 thousand eight hundred and
 Independence of the United States
 seventy-sixth.

By the Governor,
 B. D. Harris, Secy.

Chapter X

LIFE IN SAN PETE GOES ON

The responsibilities of Charles Shumway were soon to be increased. Meeting in secret session, as was their custom, the Council of Fifty nominated him a member of the Territorial House of Representatives. That his name was put in nomination by the Council of Fifty made his election sure. On September 18, 1851 in a proclamation issued by Brigham Young, he was "duly declared elected a member of the Territorial House of Representatives for Iron County."¹

Therefore he became a member of a body consisting of such famous Mormon figures as Heber C. Kimball, Willard Richards, (both members of the First Presidency) the apostles Ezra T. Benson and Wilford Woodruff, and others destined to achieve fame in the annals of Mormon history.

The legislature met in January of 1852, becoming the first in the newly created Territory of Utah. Thus Charles Shumway played an important role in the enactment of laws for the infant territory. He introduced a bill calling for the establishment of a library so that the Saints could become more learned, which perhaps demonstrates his interest in education.

January of 1852 found him not only a new member of a new legislature but caring for a new wife and baby as well. In January of 1851, just as the sun was setting, he had brought his bride-to-be into President Young's office and she was sealed to him for time and all eternity. Her name was Henrietta Bird, and the date was January 31. This new wife had straight brown hair, a rather broad nose, and was perhaps heavier than his other wives. Now he was a polygamist again; soon his family responsibilities

¹JH, September 18, 1851.

would be greatly increased.

At the request of his prophet, Charles moved to Payson that same year, where he constructed a saw mill. Having completed his work by fall, he then built the first adobe house in that community where he lived during the winter months while working on a grist mill for the community. Andrew and the other children survived the mumps that winter; with the exception of this malady, the family enjoyed good health.

Spring brought not only the birds from the south and the renewal of plant life but President Brigham Young, his 1st counselor, Heber C. Kimball and several other Saints from the Salt Lake Valley. On their way to visit the Mormons in Manti they stopped and spent the night of April 24th with Charles and his family. Their visit must have been a very joyous occasion for the Shumways.¹

In October Charles enjoyed a fine evening with Hosea Stout, his friend from Nauvoo. They talked about old times and rejoiced in each other's company.² The next morning after enjoying a hearty breakfast, Hosea was again on his way and Charles was left to continue his work.

The year 1853 was filled with excitement for the residents of Payson. It was calm enough the first six or seven months, but after July 15, 1853 there were only a few peaceful days. An Indian village located just two miles from the community, up Payson Canyon, was the source of the unrest. Frequently visited by Indians, the residents of this small Mormon community thought there was nothing unusual about the Indians who came to town on July 17. Yet just at dusk, on their way out of town, these Utes stopped and killed Robert Keel. The news of Keel's death spread like dandelion seeds in a summer wind, and soon every

¹Journal of Eliza Partridge Lyman, April 24, 1852, original in the LDS Church Historical Library.

²Stout, Vol. II, p. 457.

man and boy in Payson had gathered with their guns ready to battle. With a rather large influx of Lamanites in the camp just before the killing, it was not all that certain that the Mormons would prevail. An attack, which never came, was expected before morning. Women and children were all gathered into the school house, leaving the town dark and very quiet with only the night sounds and the occasional bark of a dog breaking the frightening silence. Men patrolling the streets waited in vain for the attack.

As the weeks passed, houses were pulled down and rebuilt in the form of a fort, just as Brigham Young had counseled in the beginning. Andrew believed that all the Mormons' difficulties with the Indians could be traced to the Mormons disregarding the counsel of their prophet, President Young.

Frequently Andrew thrilled the family as he told of fighting the battle of Salt Creek and of his adventures carrying dispatches from one settlement to another. He also saw Colonel Stephen Markham undertake an expedition against the Utes and accompanied Dimick Huntington to Fillmore to retrieve the bodies of Captain Gunnison and his surveying party who were killed by the Indians. When the war ended, it found Mormons dead, many others wounded and thousands of dollars worth of property destroyed. Thus, October saw the end of what would be known in history as the Walker War, so-called after the Ute Chief Walker who led the Indians in the hostilities.

The year 1854 found Charles Shumway and his family living in South Cottonwood where they had purchased a farm and a threshing machine. There Charles built another grist mill, and lived in comparative peace and much happiness until 1857. In November of 1856 his oldest son Andrew was called on a mission to England. Knowing the love Charles had for missionary work, it must have filled his heart with great satisfaction to see his own boy obtain his endowments and depart for two years in the Lord's service. Losing his hat and almost drowning in the South Fork River on his way East,

Andrew took passage on the A. C. Gordon, at the Missouri River, for St. Louis. Finally he was greeted in New York by Apostle John Taylor after a journey from St. Louis by car. Andrew spent a few days visiting relatives in Massachusetts and then sailed for England on the steamship Arrobia. There he did the things missionaries do until January 16, 1858 when he was called home because an army sent by President James Buchanan camped in a wild Wyoming winter, threatened the security of the Saints.

Meanwhile, before the Saints knew of the approaching army, Charles Shumway was attending the April 1857 sessions of the Church's general conference. Suddenly, very quietly, and without emotion, he heard his name called to serve a mission to Canada. April 25th found him being set apart by Apostle Franklin D. Richards, and by May 10, 1857 he was in Fort Bridger on his way to that foreign city. That he was a Seventy and therefore by right of ordination obligated to do missionary work, probably prompted this call. Being very ill most of the way east did not seem to lessen his zeal in responding to the prophet's request.

It seems that one group of Elders left earlier than the rest, traveling by handcart. This group departed, after hearing instructions from Orson Hyde and President Brigham Young, and having the Brass Band accompany them two miles out of the city. Theirs was a journey of hardship, pain and sickness, but they made rapid time, largely because of their great desire to get to the mission field. Charles Shumway and John Wimmer were sent ahead on horseback to the handcart missionaries to make certain all were safe. Finding they were, he and Wimmer continued to travel with the group until they reached Omaha. There they took a boat to St. Louis where they stayed two days, then went by rail to Toledo. It was here Robert Gardner, one of the handcart missionaries, and Charles took the steam boat by way of Detroit for Canada while the other missionaries went down Lake Erie to New York.

Thus the account in the Mormon, published by John Taylor, is probably in error when it

reported on July 18, 1857 that Charles Shumway had arrived in New York. Because, by that time, Charles and Gardner were going up the St. Clare River to Port Sarney, a town on the Canadian shore. There they visited an old church which had been used for an army barracks in the McKinsey War, where they met two sectarian ministers and engaged them in conversation. When the ministers found out where they were from and what they were doing in Port Sarney, they brought up the subject of polygamy. Trying to prove to the ministers that plural marriage was scriptural, they heard the two men declare they believed father Abraham was an adulterer. Gardner then said, "Gentlemen, if that is your opinion of the father of the faithful, you do not believe the Bible, and that is the standard we wish to go by."¹

While Elder Gardner went to London, a town thirty miles further on, Charles traveled to Milwaukee and visited a brother. After a week he returned and he and Elder Gardner continued to do missionary work. Gardner describes their labors as follows:

Brother Shumway came back from Milwaukee. No one came to the meeting except two men and two women, whom we were pleased to meet, and learned that they were Mormons. They took us home with them and treated us very kindly. They were families who had been as far on their way to Salt Lake as St. Louis, and on account of being short of means with which to fit themselves out for the trip had turned back to Canada.

There were eight in number of grown persons and quite a few children and one old lady named Mrs. Graham. She had a son named Sandy and three daughters, one married and two single. Her son-in-law was named

¹Journal of Robert Garner, Jr. 1819-1906, written by himself at St. George January 7, 1884, published by L. Robert Gardner at Cedar City, Utah, July 31, 1973, p. 21.

James Smith. They were all very glad to meet us, and after we had preached to them they were re-baptized. Their home was our headquarters. We would leave there and travel out in the country from one to two weeks trying to get a chance to preach, and then return and hold a meeting with them. It was a very hard time to get to preach the Gospel. The people did not want to hear...

In this way we spent the summer and in the early part of the fall we went north of London about two days journey and were received at a home near the Sable River. That night a sectarian minister was to have held a meeting there that evening and the folks invited us to accompany them to the meeting. We accepted the invitation. The congregation met and waited a long time, but the preacher failed to come. Our host told the people we were preachers and they asked us to fill the appointment. We occupied a short time and by permission made an appointment of our own for Sunday which was the next day. When we presented ourselves the house was locked and quite a crowd present.¹

When one of the ministers got angry, the elders told him to be calm because they did not wish to force their religion upon anyone. Thus they gained a few friends and several people read the books they handed out.

Elder Gardner, one night, had a dream in which the two missionaries were instructed to return to London. On the way they came to a schoolhouse and after locating the trustee, received permission to preach there only to hear the man say that he would attend the meeting to oppose them.

Gardner describes this nocturnal experience as follows:

I told him alright I would be glad to see him there. School was yet in session so I asked the trustees to be kind enough to ask the

¹Ibid., p. 22.

teacher to request the children to tell their parents of the meeting, which was done. When the hour arrived the house was lit and filled. It was my turn to preach. Shumway could not sing and I couldn't sing much, so I asked if someone in the congregation would be kind enough to start a hymn from their own books with which they were familiar. No one sang so I started one myself and it seemed to me one third of the congregation began to laugh, but it did not daunt me. It only gave me courage and strength, and I know I never sang as well before or since, and you could have heard a pin drop in the house. I called on Shumway to pray, and I then addressed them on the first principles of the Gospel. When winding up felt impressed to leave my testimony with them, that Joseph Smith was a prophet, and that the Gospel with its blessings was again restored to the earth and sighted scripture where it was promised... I called on Shumway to speak and when I looked at my watch I had spoken for one hour and a half. This was very uncommon for me. Shumway only bore a testimony to what I had said and then he closed.¹

The trustee, true to his word, then stood and declared that he wanted to oppose what had been said that evening. Turning to Charles Shumway, he said, "I am ashamed of you, an old grey-haired man near your grave to bear testimony to what the other fellow has said. Anyone can tell by his countenance that he is a rascal, and he has told us that Joe Smith was a prophet, and you bore testimony to it."² He then cited much anti-Mormon literature and before he fully knew what was happening, the crowd had dispersed and gone home. Charles and Elder Gardner left with the people, leaving the man still talking. That night the two elders slept in some unthrashed barley and were very "beardy" when they crept out in the morning.

¹Ibid., p. 22.

²Ibid., p. 23.

When the two elders reached London they were greeted with the news that they had been called home by decree of Brigham Young.

Joined by an Elder William Twitchell, they made their way to Iowa City, subsequently traveling to Council Bluffs by stage and from there to the home of Brother Joseph E. Johnson at Crescent City, a community located on the Missouri River where Charles was joined by his son Andrew. Lacking financial means, the missionaries worked for Brother Johnson cutting hay and taking care of his corn and potatoes. They spent the entire winter there and finally, after having obtained a light wagon and mule, started for Zion in the early spring. Approximately 100¹ men and women were in their company. They had a very pleasant trip, according to Gardner, and were finally told at the Seminal Cut-Off by Brothers Hatch and Bernheisel that the Saints had left their homes and had gone south because of the impending occupation of this territory by a United States army. What affect this news had on the travelers, Gardner fails to mention.²

At the Big Sandy the sixty men and their wagons, with Andrew driving the only six-mule team, left the main road so as to avoid the army. It being spring, travel in the hills made rugged going, and the Bear River was so high that the only way they could cross it was to take the wagon boxes, cork them tight and use them as ferry boats. Horses were forced to swim the swollen stream. Halting for the night just below Cache Cave, men were sent on a reconnaissance mission and reported that the company had successfully avoided being seen by the Gentile army. The next day, the Mormon party was not as successful as they had been on previous occasions. Coming around a bend in the trail they were upon a party of soldiers before they realized what was happening. Andrew reported that the enemy "seemed

¹Andrew gives the number in this company as sixty.

²Ibid., p. 25.

perfectly paralyzed and struck with amazement at our boldness and impudence in driving past them without saying a word. " Probably thinking they were an advance party scouting for a larger army, the returning missionaries were allowed to continue their journey without incident.

Their arrival in Salt Lake City on June 21, 1858 found the city, for the most part, deserted with only a few Mormons left as guards. The Saints were tent dwelling in Provo, forty miles south of Salt Lake, anxiously waiting to see what the army would do when it arrived in the Mormon capitol. Many authorities agree that the Mormons stood ready to burn the entire city and start again somewhere else if the army committed any hostile acts. Soon peace was restored in the valley of the mountains and Charles moved his family back into their South Cottonwood home.

There personal tragedy struck. The wife he had married just a few years before became infatuated with one of the soldiers and deserted him for her Gentile lover. Charles never mentioned her, and few in the Shumway family know of this incident in his life. Also, in his absence, a dispute had arisen regarding ownership of a pony between himself and a J. P. Rose. Brothers Hosea Stout and J. Houtz were agreed upon by both parties to arbitrate the difficulty. Both men decided for Charles and the horse was once more his.

Purchasing another threshing machine, Charles was soon back doing the same things he had done before. That winter a different experience awaited, for in March of 1859 he witnessed the sealing of his son Andrew to Amanda S. Graham. For faithful Latter-day Saints nothing brings them greater joy than seeing their sons go on missions and their sons and daughters married for time and eternity by those holding the keys of sealing. Within two years Charles was able to see Andrew do both, and he must have been very proud and very thankful.¹

¹ Autobiography of Andrew Shumway

By 1859 Charles had fathered fifteen children by three wives. He had buried at least five of these children, leaving him with ten still living. He was fifty-three years old, and before death would father seventeen additional children and would move his family four or five more times. Though he was settled and happy in South Cottonwood, the call would soon come and the Shumways would again be on the move.

Chapter XI

THE CALL TO CACHE VALLEY

March 7, 1859 found Charles Shumway, his large family, and numerous cattle, slowly making their way north. Cache Valley was thought by many of the mountain men to be the best possible place for settlers. Still the pioneers had been in the Salt Lake Valley for twelve years and only a few families had established themselves in the valley greened by the Bear River. At least part of the reason for this was Brigham Young's belief that the country north of Ogden was too cold for farming. Had the Mormon leader only known the fertility of the southern Idaho Snake River Valley region on west to Twin Falls, and the comparative mildness of the climate in these regions, he would undoubtedly have seen to it that they were colonized much earlier. As it turned out, he did call Peter Maughn to lead a group into Cache Valley in 1859, which eventually led to the colonization of the entire valley.

Passing through what would later be known as Sardine Canyon, Charles drove north from Wellsville six miles and became one of the original founders of Mendon, Utah. May 10th saw him working in the fields, plowing and sowing grain. Soon the Indians, angered by the intrusion of the white settlers, began to demonstrate hostile feelings. Presiding Bishop Maughn ordered all of the families to move back into Maughn Fort until the difficulties were alleviated. Almost immediately Charles moved his family as instructed. In what is now the town of Wellsville, he and Andrew built two houses and spent the winter with their families.

In November he had the thrill of being part of an escort for Apostles Ezra Taft Benson, Orson Hyde, Lorenzo Snow and John Taylor. Together with Peter Maughn, he helped pilot these brethren

and their party over the summit into Cache Valley in the midst of a terrific snow storm. Under his watchful care the group was soon comfortably lodged in Maughn's fort.

The next summer the Shumways moved back to Mendon and began to make permanent homes. On August 1, 1860, Andrew traveled back to Cottonwood where he worked the fall and winter running a threshing machine. Called into the office of Apostle Ezra Taft Benson, Andrew was informed that a stake had been organized in Cache Valley and that he was being called as bishop of the Mendon Ward. Ordained by President Brigham Young, he was back in Wellsville by February 22 and shortly thereafter began his ecclesiastical duties.

Charles, responding to the call of his son, was soon engaged in building a chapel in Mendon. Made from rocks, under his skilled hands, it was soon erected and, according to family tradition, became the first completed chapel in that part of the valley.

With financial help from Brigham Young, Charles soon erected another saw mill and was back in the lumber business. Charles also continued farming and would both log and farm for the next decade. March of 1862 found him taking another wife in the person of Elizabeth Jardine, a girl who had been working in his home, just fifteen years old. Now he had an additional wife to support and soon additional children would depend upon him for sustenance. That the demands upon his resources were great is evidenced by the fact that as soon as they were able, his boys were expected to pay their own way. Wilson,¹ for

¹ According to members of his own family Wilson was not a particularly good-looking man. He was small and his face was thin. For most of his life he had a thick head of hair and wore a beard which concealed a very small chin. Once he shaved it off, and it made him look so awful that his wife Mariah told him, "For heavens sake, grow the beard back." This story was told to Robert Owens by a member of Wilson's family.

example, worked for the railroad, in logging camps, and for farmers from the time he was a teen-ager until they moved to Southern Utah. When he reached the age of twenty-one, he had to pay food and lodging when he stayed at home.

In May of 1873, while traveling to Salt Lake City on the train, Wilson met Charles and learned that his father had taken a contract to cut logs for the McMurdy sawmill,¹ and was on his way to Salt Lake City to purchase supplies. After securing these necessities, the two returned home where Charles once again turned the farming over to the son which bore his name, and was soon found traveling to the mountains with Andrew, Peter, Norman, Wilson, and his wife Louisa. Their saw mill destination was forty-five miles to the south east amid a field of splendid grass and white pine timber. Five yoke of oxen were used to drag one tree down the mountain, and their contract called for them to deliver all of the trees in one grove. Only logs that would square eight inches were acceptable. Andrew and Norman worked as bull whackers, Peter moved the brush and dry logs that blocked their way, and Wilson and a man named Cunningham did the chopping. Charles paid them fifty cents per thousand feet. When Cunningham was afflicted with sore eyes, Wilson had to do all of the chopping, but still managed to stay ahead of the loggers.

¹ From the journal of William McGinnis, as published in Kate B. Carter's, Our Pioneer Heritage on page 28 we read: "I assisted in making the first mill race to the first sawmill in Blacksmith Fork Canyon. I helped cut brush and build the road in white pine country. My brothers Octavis and Alvin McGinnis cut the timber and I snaked the logs to the mill with three yoke of cattle. The lumber was beautiful." It is highly probable that this was the same sawmill that Charles had taken a contract with to cut logs. Wilson, the son of Charles, also describes the beauty of the white pine lumber, and the white pine itself. This would help disprove the charge that all the Mormon pioneers were insensitive to scenic beauty.

Charles delivered 563,000 feet of lumber and was paid \$2.75 per thousand feet. By September the job was completed and the Shumways were back home.

To secure a wagon to bring their personal belongings home, Andrew and Wilson walked the forty-five miles from the camp site to their Mendon home in one day. Arriving home at ten o'clock, the two were fed by Elizabeth Jardine and put to bed. Wilson was in good health the next morning, but Andrew was sick for several days from the exertion.

Having done so well financially that summer, McMurdy paid Charles just over \$1500 for his work. Charles then decided to go into the saw mill business on a permanent basis.

Thus the Shumways were found moving again, this time to Franklin, Idaho where plenty of red timber awaited their axes. Soon Charles had his family securely settled and was in the process of hiring Indians to build a two-mile road to the timber, with a man named Jim Hill acting as interpreter. The saw mill purchased by Brigham Young was brought from Soda Springs by the Shumway boys, a distance of over fifty miles. Soon the mill was assembled and the work of cutting timber was begun. Charles had also made a contract with a Brother Lowe, who resided in Franklin, to secure lumber for his shingle mill. A happy winter was spent in Franklin with a few visits to Mendon where the Shumways still had a home and where some of the family remained.

We are now to the year 1875 in our narrative. Charles was prosperous in spite of the great family demands upon his resources. Things looked good financially for the Shumways and they were happy together.

Chapter XII

THE SHUMWAYS MOVE SOUTH

Though they loved their Cache Valley home and would leave several of their children permanently in that area, something made Charles uneasy and unsettled. Perhaps it was premonition or just his natural wanderlust that caused these feelings. After all they had lived in Cache Valley for over a decade and it was almost true to say, like it was said of Daniel Boone, that their chickens laid down every spring and put their legs together so they could be tied to the wagon. Charles felt the urge to move and plant and build take over his person once more. While meeting with President Brigham Young, he heard the Mormon leader say that he desired to see Charles further south. As Wilson later recalled, "Father considered that a call and he believed in being responsive to all calls when they came from the right source, and as that was the right source, he decided to sell out at once and go to the land of cotton."¹

By fall he had sold most of his holdings and was ready to colonize once more as part of the Arizona mission. The Shumways, like most Mormons, were conscious of the value and a need for education. Levi, a son, born November 15, 1859, was left behind to attend school in Logan. He lived at the home of a Bishop Preston the winter of 1874-1875 and, while attending school, proved to be a good student. In fact, the next year he taught school in Johnson, Utah and was considered one of the best educated men in all of Southern Utah.

¹Wilson Shumway, An Autobiography, copy in possession of the writer. pp. 6-7.

Andrew, a full grown man with a family of his own, was left in Franklin, Idaho; and Charles, another son, remained in Mendon, only later he would move to Clarkston, Utah where he lived the remainder of his life.

In September, as the trees grew impatient to change colors, the Shumways turned south. Wilson, aided by his two brothers, drove the loose stock; Spencer guided the four-mule outfit; Norman "geed and hawed" the oxen and a trailer; and Charles, in a buggy with Elizabeth, Louisa and the rest of the children, completed the caravan. Henrietta was left in Mendon. Driving all day, never stopping for a noon meal, but camping rather early in the evenings, they soon arrived safely in Kanab, Kane County, Utah.

Kanab, at that time, was inhabited by about sixty, mostly Mormon families, or about three hundred people. The Shumways, from Salt Lake City, traveled in company with L. John Nuttall, recently called to preside over the Kanab Stake, and secretary to at least four Presidents of the Church. George Albert Shumway, one of Charles' sons named after George A. Smith, was particularly pleased to travel with the Nuttalls. Elizabeth, John's daughter, and George Albert soon developed a more than passing interest in each other. Perhaps they enjoyed the journey south more than all the rest because love knows no season, and when romance is in the air, happiness is not far behind.

Charles found the people in Kanab constructing a grist mill. This was one of the reasons Brigham Young had wanted him to move south, for who had built more mills in more locations than Charles Shumway? Soon the one in Kanab was added to his growing list. Before the machinery arrived for the mill, a great dance was held in it and the whole community turned out en masse to participate in the festivities.

The Shumways, new and quite wealthy by Utah standards, were thought to be rather aristocratic by the young men of Kanab. After all, the Shumway boys wore better clothes and Charles even had a buggy. The young men called them "Cashlitters" because they had come from Cache

Valley. Charles allowed the older boys to take the buggy to the dance. On the way they encountered a bullwhacker driving some oxen, very drunk and very ill-mannered. He ordered them out of the road and to avoid trouble they complied with his request. Soon they were at the dance and as it turned out Wilson found himself dancing with a Miss Averett. Just as the quadrille reached its crescendo, someone tapped his shoulder and told him his brother was fighting outside. Wilson later recalled subsequent events as follows:

"I asked Miss Averett to excuse me and went outside. There were half a dozen fellows who were drunk, wanting to fight and shouting, 'to hell with the Cashlitter.' Tom Dobson, who was a stranger to me, but a Cashlitter, was holding the crowd back while Norman and the bullwhacker (? Potter) fought. Norman had his antagonist on his back and was choking him. I started to pull Norman off, but Dobson, thinking I was one of the Kanab mob, hit me. Then the whole crowd jumped into the fray and we began to roll down the hill together. We landed in the basement of the mill. This stopped the dancing and everybody went home."¹

The following morning Charles witnesses his sons' arrest for breaking the peace. The country judge, allowing no plea nor a trial, fined the boys \$7 each and gave them the privilege of either paying cash or working on the road. Wilson, using his ingenuity, hired another man for less than the \$7 to work on the road for him, thus saving himself some expense and exertion.

Charles bought a city lot in Kanab, hauled lumber and rocks from the nearby forests and mountains and spent the winter of 1875-1876 building a home for his large family. He also purchased twelve acres of ground and a house in Johnson, twelve miles from Kanab, where he moved Louisa and her children. The spring of 1876 found the Shumways busy planting grain and

¹Ibid. p. 10

potatoes on the Johnson farm and sowing a garden in their Kanab lot. In May, Charles' thoughts turned to Henrietta and his Mendon family and soon he was on the road once more, making his way to Utah's northern-most county. Before he left, he gave Wilson \$10.00 as a marrying stake. Apparently the quadrille had been more significant than one would think, because May 28 found Wilson and Mariah Averett saying vows before Kanab bishop, Levi Stewart. The wedding stake might have been larger, but Charles did not at first approve of Mariah as a bride for his son. Following the marriage, Wilson, who was left in charge of the farm, spent the summer moving back and forth between Kanab and Johnson, taking care of his responsibilities.

The Shumway home in Johnson¹ was located in "Meadow Canyon." The log cabin built by Charles stood on the east side of the meadow near a spring. Soon it was surrounded as was all the Shumway land by a "stake and rider" fence constructed by his son Wilson. According to Robert Owens, a lawyer well known for his knowledge of Shumway family history, this type of fence was basically a tangle of juniper trunks and branches, and was sometimes called a "rip-gut" fence. In 1971 a part of what may have been the original fence was still standing in what is now called Stewart Canyon.²

Perhaps an incident which took place during the years 1876-1877 gives us our most insightful look into the character of Charles Shumway. We find that he controlled his family in monarchical fashion. His judgment and decisions were not to be questioned. Those children who resided under his roof, even after they became adults and married, were still subject to his domination. Wilson, married and the father of one child, still working

¹Johnson was first settled in 1871 by four Johnson brothers at Brigham Young's request.

²Owens, Robert, A Search for Sites Mentioned in the History of Wilson G. Shumway. (Tempe, Arizona: October, 1971), p. 10.

for his father, records how difficult it was to live with and be employed by him. He had to have permission and ask for money to buy furniture for a home of his own. Charles refusing the original request, gave him instead one and a half acres of ground and permission to pick out the lumber he needed to construct a house from the saw mill. Before the house was even begun, Charles sent Levi early one morning for the oxen and wagon that Wilson was using. Wilson became angry and confronting his father, asked why he was taking the animals and equipment. Charles replied that he was doing it because Wilson had hired a horse to a man without his permission and further declared, "that while I was under his roof, he controlled me and all I had."¹ Wilson was then told to find work on his own, and while his wife and child could stay until he found a job, that he "must never eat another meal under my roof."²

Years later Wilson would write of this event with tear-filled eyes as he recalled his disappointment, his discouragement and his depression. Charles could be a stern father when he felt the occasion demanded it and was known in later life as a man possessing little humor. The harsh life he had led made him into a man of discipline who could control himself and those around him, a man fearless before other men and before his own family. That he was sometimes difficult to live with is attested to by a perusal of the documents preserved by those who closely associated with him.

¹Life of Wilson Shumway, p. 13.

²Ibid.

Chapter XIII

HIS LIFE ENDS IN ARIZONA

With the spring of 1877 came the death of Brigham Young and the problem of settling his estate.¹ A committee of three, comprised of George Q. Cannon, Albert Carrington and Brigham Young Jr., was selected to take care of matters pertaining to the holdings of Brigham Young and the Church itself. Charles became involved in this matter in 1879 when he called on L. John Nuttall, secretary to President John Taylor, and requested that he see Elder Carrington on his behalf. The conversation in the words of Nuttall went as follows:

"Brother Chas. Shumway called to see me and requested me to see Bro Carrington in his behalf pertaining to a debt due him from B. Young and who requested that Bro Carrington would devote 1/2 an hour with him in behalf of Bro. Shumway--I did so and was much insulted by Bro. Carrington who answered me very ungentlemanly and walked away leaving me standing there--I suggested to Bro. Shumway to return to Br. Young and request a settlement and if he could not get one to tell him he would call on Pres. Taylor in the matter--he said he would call again.¹

The next day, June 10, Charles was able to tell Nuttall that Brigham Young, Jr. had settled with him, giving him \$200 in cash and the balance in lumber. Charles left satisfied, declaring that Brigham Young Jr. was also satisfied.

Remaining in Salt Lake City until June 23, 1879, Charles, on that date, his wagons loaded

¹Diary of L. John Nuttall, Vol. I, p. 297.
(Original in the Brigham Young University Library.)

with provisions, started home after bidding good-bye to his friend President Nuttall. Upon his return to Johnson, he established a freighting business to the Mormon capitol. His sons, George A. and Mormon, drove the wagons between the areas, often loaded with wool and other commodities. While in the city of the Saints, they would often attend the theatre and take an active part in other recreational activities. The Shumways were paid $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents per pound for their freight and the record shows they hauled 8,549 pounds.¹

They did, of course, fill up their wagons and transport supplies south on their way home which added to their profit. Thus the Shumways continued their active participation in the business world.

The year 1879 was eventful in that George Albert Shumway and Elizabeth Ann Nuttall were united in marriage. Her father, President L. John Nuttall, performed the ceremony and gave George A. the following instructions: "George, take our daughter, and that she may be a good and dutiful wife, you be a man after God's own heart and may the Lord bless you both." This must have been a happy time for Charles and his wives. That the return to Kanab from St. George was filled with difficulty in that one of the horses became extremely ill and the wedding party had to camp until the animal recovered, did not seriously dampen their good spirits. The horse was soon well and the party arrived safely in Johnson on April 9, 1879.

Shortly after this time Charles Shumway and his wives received what must have been exciting news. They were asked to come to the St. George Temple and receive their second anointings. There are those in the Church who are convinced that this holy ordinance makes one's calling and election sure and seals one up to eternal life. If this is so, then it must be considered another evidence of the faithfulness of Charles Shumway. Peace of mind must have come to Charles as he

¹Ibid., p. 309.

participated in this most sacred of all ceremonies.

Earlier in the same temple Charles, as part of a solemn, sacred experience, became one of President Brigham Young's adopted children. This was a rather common practice in the early Church and was not at all unusual. Charles, then, was eternally sealed with his children and his children's children into the family of the Mormon leader in the patriarchal order and his destiny would be forever linked with that of his prophet.

Not only was Charles engaged with his family in the freighting business, but he was also the owner and operator of a shingle mill located in upper Kanab. The pine logs after being taken from the forest were cut into short blocks which were cooked about four hours so as to make them soft and pliable. Then they were fed into a saw blade which moved up and down, shaving off a tapering shingle each time it came down. The blade looked like a guillotin in operation and was powered by water from the Virgin River, carried through a flume and over a water wheel connected to the machinery.¹

Some of the sons sold the shingles along the Sevier River traveling as far north as Richfield. They were usually paid in groceries, cloth, and other staples.

Though business was good, events were transpiring in the Arizona Territory that would affect the Shumway family forever. Early in 1878 James Pearce, one of a group of Indian missionaries who had been laboring under the direction of Jacob Hamblin, only recently released, settled on Silver Creek, just a short distance from the present site of Taylor, Arizona. On the 7th of March John H. Standifird, after exploring the region, purchased a small tract of land claimed by Felix Scott, a non-Mormon who was living on Silver Creek about six miles above what is now known as Taylor. Pearce and Standifird joining forces planted crops and encouraged Joseph C. Kay, Jesse H. Walker and William A. Walker, from

¹Owens, p. 2.

Woodruff, to also homestead near their own holdings. In July of 1878, John Standifird and his daughter Ann arrived in Kanab proclaiming the advantages of settling in Arizona.¹ It is highly probable that Charles talked with Standifird and was influenced by him to move south. In fact only a few years later Ann, who was only 13 years old in 1878, would become the wife of one of Charles' sons and the families would forever be woven together.² And thus through the influence of these good people the Arizona sun seemed to beckon the Shumways. At least it beckoned to most of the family. One wife, Henrietta Bird, not wanting to move again, was left with her children in the Meadow Springs log cabin. Meanwhile Charles, in 1879, sent a herd of cattle to Northern Arizona with his sons Peter, Spencer and James, who grazed them near the Grand Falls on the Little Colorado River. Fearing the boys were too young to stay alone for the entire year, Charles asked Wilson, now the father of several children, to take two span of mules and two wagon loads of provisions and travel to Arizona and the other children.

Little did the Shumways realize that this would be their last major move. Still Charles was seventy three years old and some in the family must have hoped they would never have to move again. Charles, promising that he and the rest of the family would follow the next spring, further told Wilson that if supplies ran low he was to obtain provisions from Arizona stake president Lot Smith, an old friend, and Charles would pay for them when he arrived in the spring.

With three thousand pounds of personal property, the advance party soon found itself on the Colorado at Lee's Ferry. There they faced a delay because the ferry boat was in such poor condition. Finally, bailing water furiously and

¹History of the Taylor, Arizona Ward found in the LDS Church Historical Department, Salt Lake City, Utah.

²Ibid.

watching the uncontrolled mules kick some of the floor from the ferry, the anxious Shumways were on the other side and miraculously still safe. The next leg of the journey over Lee's backbone was almost as hazardous as the river crossing. Many good wagon masters found they were no match for the rugged mountain terrain. That day they made two miles and would afterwards consider this the toughest day of their journey.

Meanwhile the younger boys were safe herding the stock near Grand Falls. Here they also built a cabin and spent the winter caring for the stock. Joseph Fish records in his diary that he visited with them on November 5th and found them, together with their animals, "safe and dutifully performing their tasks."¹

The boys did not realize that help, companionship, and supplies were on the way. Though the weather was cold and water and wood scarce, the other Shumways, captained by Wilson, were making good progress.

December 26th, the day after Christmas, found the Shumways united again. Glad to be together once more, they hardly found time to rejoice because the work of building anew lay ahead. Back-breaking work consisting of cutting trees, building fences, herding animals and grubbing soil once more became their daily routine. On the open range a yoke of oxen was procured and soon dragging cottonwood logs raised thick dust that quickly blended into the clear desert air. With the chinking and mudding of the outside, a warm comfortable home was a reality. Shingled with large thin rocks, the Shumways who just months before had owned an entire shingle mill, were now forced to use nature and their ingenuity to make their home secure. Nature also provided them a floor and the dirt soon grew hard as the fourteen-foot square room felt the weight of many feet. Their home, built near the road, became a center of activity as the travelers, greater in number than one would think,

¹Fish, p. 198.

went to and from the surrounding communities.

One experience the Shumways had helps illuminate some problems peculiar to Mormon history. On one excursion to the "village of Sunset," located forty miles from the Shumway home, Wilson was surprised to meet the President of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, Wilford Woodruff. He soon learned that the Mormon leader was in hiding, on the underground it was called, because of his practice of plural marriage; and was traveling under the name of Mr. Allen. The Mormon leader could only stay in one place for a short time and soon the Shumways were host to "Mr. Allen" and Lot Smith for an impromptu dinner in their own home. Continuing to call him Mr. Allen, Wilson was informed that within the walls of his own home he could call him Brother Woodruff. When he discovered that the Shumways had sugar on the table, President Woodruff immediately sampled the product, stating that it had been so long since he had tasted real sugar that he had almost forgotten what it was like. After the noon meal, the Mormon apostle requested that Wilson cut his name deep into a rock.¹ This was done, together with the date, and then Brother Woodruff traveled on to Utah.

With the spring came Charles and the rest of the Shumway family. Almost immediately a dispute arose between Charles the father and Wilson the son, regarding the payment of a flour debt to Lot Smith. Charles argued that Wilson was a mature man with a family and should be responsible for any debts incurred while settling

¹Robert Owens looked for this site near the rock outcroppings and ledges near the Grand Falls and was unable to find the inscription engraved there by Wilson. Dr. Charles Peterson believes he has located the rock on which Wilson placed Wilford Woodruff's name and inasmuch as the rock was decaying and flakeing Dr. Peterson brought home with him part of that desert inscription. This information was obtained by the writer in an interview with Dr. Peterson on July 1, 1973.

in Arizona. Refusing to pay Wilson contended that he was in the employ of his father at the time the debts were incurred and that he should not be required to make the payments. Soon the difficulty was settled and Wilson paid the bill.

Learning that people could purchase land from the Mexicans at Concho,¹ Charles traveled there and bought twenty acres of land. Soon the entire family was chopping cedars which were used to construct a fence around the entire property. Following his usual life pattern, Charles soon began to search for a place where he could establish a grist mill. Remembering what Standifird had said a year earlier in Kanab he was shortly found traveling to Spring Valley, which had an ample supply of water. Wilson remained in Concho with Peter, who would soon be called on a mission to the Southern States,² both boys buying their father's land, and soon Charles moved the rest of his family to Spring Valley, a kind of oasis in the Arizona desert. He and his family were not the first white settlers in Spring Valley because in 1879 Nathan C. Wanslee and Jessee Wanslee located on a mill site in the valley, constructed a few small cabins and made other improvements. In 1880 Charles bought out the claim of the Wanslee's, imported machinery from the east, built a flour mill and, whether he knew it or not, had at last found an earthly home. No longer would he move from place to place, but would die in Arizona.

While he lived there, Spring Valley went by

¹Concho means "Shell" in Spanish and refers to a Basin-like setting. It has an elevation of 5,000 feet and was settled by the Mexicans in the late 1860's. The Mormons first came to Concho in 1879 and a ward was organized there in 1880. This ward was one mile west of the community and named "Erastus" after Apostle Erastus Snow. The first post office was established in 1881 with Sixtus E. Johnson as the postmaster. This information was given to the writer by Robert Owens.

²Taylor, Arizona Ward History.

several names including "Spring Town," and "Mill Town." However, in April, 1883 when the settlers were organized as a branch of the L. D. S. Church the place was officially named Shumway in his honor.¹ After all the places he had helped in founding only Shumway Springs in Sanpete County bore his name and thus this honor was justly deserved.

Soon after making their home in Spring Valley, Charles constructed a three-room house on the north side of the "lane" which "lane" led from what Albert called "the center of the settlement eastward to and across Silver Creek and on across the valley to the mesa."² At the mesa the road turned and followed southward along the head of the fields to the mouth of the canyon and through it to the Solomon ranch about one and one half miles above Shumway.³

Sometime after Charles had moved to Spring Valley, Wilson and his family followed. While Wilson was in the process of purchasing some land from Charles a dispute arose between the stern father and the sometimes stubborn son. Charles asked for payment of the purchase price of the land and Wilson countered by contending that he had already paid for the land and refused his father's request. As was the custom in those days, when disputes arose among church members the case was taken before the High Council; the one having jurisdiction over this case was located in Snowflake where a hearing was held regarding the matter. Both Charles and Wilson presented evidence pertaining to the difficulty and then awaited the church court's decision. It must have pleased Charles and disappointed Wilson when the court judged in favor of the father.

To Wilson's children, who respected both their father and their grandfather as honest men,

¹History of the Shumway Ward, found in the L. D. S. Historical Library, Salt Lake City, Utah.

²Memoirs of Albert M. Shumway, copy in possession of the writer.

³Ibid.

it was always a great puzzle as to how such a controversy could have arisen in the first place. But nevertheless it did, showing that even honest men are human.¹

Life in Shumway though perhaps rather predictable and dull most of the time must have also known some very exciting moments. First of all it was not entirely easy to belong to the Church in that area because the bishop of the ward to which the Shumways belonged in the early 1880's was described by the ward clerk in his official report to church headquarters as being of "Stubborn (sic) and rough disposition," which "brought him in contact with the people and their feuds," and has "impeded the growth of the work."² Nevertheless he was further characterized in the same report as being "a true Latter-day Saint and a man of energy."³

Then in the fall of 1881 the Navajo Indians went on the war path, attacked Fort Apache, killed an M. Robinson on Silver Creek and committed other depredations in the Shumway area, which included running off some horses and cattle. Thus for a time there was both fear and havoc among the white settlers.⁴ But gradually things

¹The account of this dispute was furnished the author by Robert Owens. That Wilson was honest is attested to by the fact that he would not let his children pick up stray sheep found in the hills. When his daughter Christine found eggs at the fence between the Shumway farm and the Pearce farm, Wilson resolved the doubt as to whose hens had laid them in favor of his neighbor and had Christine take them to Sister Pearce. Many years later in Salt Lake City, Christine met a man named Wes Palmer, who commented to others present, "This girl's father is an honest man. I'd loan him a thousand dollars without a scrap of paper."

²History of the Taylor, Arizona Ward.

³Ibid.

⁴Ibid.

returned to normal and the Indians became peaceful again.

By now it has become apparent that Charles Shumway held few if any really important ecclesiastical positions in the church. His was a life of building and pioneering, not one of counseling and pastoring. Though he was always active in the Church and served many missions, he was not called to any heavy ecclesiastical responsibility. He was now thought to be an old man even though he would live another eighteen years. So it must have been a great comfort for him when he was asked to be a member of the High Council with the organization of the Snowflake Stake.¹ He was the third member named and was set apart to that office on November 7, 1880.

Part of Charles' family still resided in Johnson, Utah, so the fall of 1881 found him on the road again bringing the remainder of his own family to Arizona. The next year, Charles ground flour, peddled the finished product from town to town, and expanded his holdings.

Little is known regarding Charles Shumway the last years of his life. He grew older but did not seem to tire, as he continued to actively direct his business. Some of his children and grandchildren considered him to be rather stern and sometimes onery. Legends persist in Arizona that he was not as cheerful and kind as others wanted him to be.

A few years before his death Charles, an accomplished carpenter, made his own casket which he stored in a granary surrounded by currant and gooseberry bushes. Kept wrapped in a white cloth, the casket became an object of superstition and mystery and even some awe for the young people in the neighborhood. Some evenings the children would sneak up to the window and look in, almost certain that they would at least glimpse a ghost.

¹ Pearl Shumway, Memories of Charles

Pearl records the following humorous incident regarding the casket:

The road from the railroad town of Holbrook south to Fort Apache went through Shumway, Arizona. Since there were no hotels in Shumway, travelers (then called "transients") who stayed overnight in Shumway would seek lodging with one of the families living there. One winter night, a transient knocked on Charles Shumway's door and asked for food and a place to stay. He was given his supper and Charles explained that there was no room in the house, but that he could stay in the granary. The transient no sooner got to the granary and saw the casket prominently displayed by candlelight, than he took off into the night.¹

Albert, a grandson, informs us that Charles would frequently take the casket out and "try it out to see if it was still the right size."² He also remembered Charles during this period of his life as having the first, and for a long time the only, one-horse buggy in the entire community. The Shumway buggy was black and was pulled by a very beautiful mare. Charles always kept it clean and polished and it was probably the finest conveyance in the entire region. Charles made a fine figure of a man as he drove back and forth to Taylor in the new buggy at a time when many people could not even afford one second hand.

On another occasion Albert, a very young boy at the time, recalled:

Another time, my brother Lige and I were at grandfather's place, watching our Uncle Howard trim grandfather's toe nails. One of these nails had evidently been untrimmed for a considerable time and was rather large. Because Lige showed a boyish curiosity, the old man did him the honor to present him

¹Pearl Shumway, Memories of Charles Shumway, p. 2.

²Albert M. Shumway, Memoirs, p. 6.

with the toe nail, telling him to take it and keep it to remember his old grandfather by. I am afraid Lige didn't have the proper sense of appreciation, as he hastily threw it away as soon as we were outside.¹

We know that Charles remained active in the Church because Joseph Fish records that on May 9, 1886 Charles Shumway and Mark Kartchner visited his home in their capacity as home missionaries. That Charles was diligent in performing his Church functions is attested to by all who knew him. The next written account of Charles Shumway's activities comes from the diary of Lorenzo Hill Hatch, who reported the following incident:

Monday (1895) I went to the mill with my grist. Spent an hour with old Father Shumway. He was quite bright. He told me about coming into Nauvoo one day and finding our men in prison held on false charges. One was Joseph Holbrook and one was Brother H. Reid. He (Father Shumway) attended the trial and when the name of Brother Reid was called, he went to him and in the midst of a great crowd of Gentiles, they shook hands and wept as only tried and true friends can weep. Brother Holbrook told the crowd that he had prayed in the old jail for four days and that an angel would come and deliver them. And here he has come. These men were fined fifty dollars each and Brother Shumway paid the fine of \$200 in cash and took the brethren and gave them food at the hotel. Here a ruffian came in and swore fearlessly and demanded ten dollars for some service he had supposedly done for the prisoners. He said they should not go to their homes until he got the money. Brother Shumway gave him the ten dollars. These were hard times, but Brother Shumway was not wed to his gold.²

¹Ibid., p. 6.

²Reminiscence of Lorenzo Hill Hatch written in 1895. Original in the BYU Library.

Charles, always a full tithe payer, gave much natural sustenance to the Church and Kingdom of God. He did everything he was asked by the prophet to do and was never heard to complain.

On May 24, 1889 Charles was visited by President Jesse N. Smith who took dinner with him, at his home near the grist mill. They talked about experiences they had shared together and then Charles told President Smith that he was offering his place for sale. He, at this time, wanted to dispose of about 20 acres of plowed land, his pasture and the grist mill. His asking price was \$3,000.¹ As to whether or not he was successful the writer has been unable to determine. That Jesse N. Smith was a good friend of Charles is evidenced by the fact that he was appointed administrator of the entire Shumway estate when Charles died in 1898. His appointment came by probate Judge Jackson and was made on July 4, 1898.²

In February of 1890, Louisa Minnerly, his oldest wife, died at the home of her son Spencer in Linden, Arizona. Charles was not there because she had instructed him to live with his young wife so as to help care for her and her young children. Louisa, who had learned to read while struggling through the Book of Mormon, was now united with Harriet and her mother, leaving Charles and the other children to mourn. Wilson would later record how much they missed their mother, and further stated:

"She was a brave woman and always ready to advise us wisely. She always taught us to suffer wrong rather than do wrong."

Pearl Denham Shumway remembered Louisa shortly before her death living in a converted blacksmith shop and only occasionally visited by Charles who was busy with his other family obligations. She describes Louisa as being a sweet old woman who wore a dark dress and white apron,

¹ Journal of Jesse N. Smith, p. 338.

² Ibid., July 4, 1898.

and parted her hair down the middle.¹

Perhaps the crowning event in his life occurred about a year before his death. It happened back in Salt Lake City, and it was to be his last visit to the Mormon capitol. Here Charles was invited by Church President Wilford Woodruff to be one of the honored guests in the Fifty-Year Jubilee celebration. Setting aside the week of July 24, 1897 to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of the Saints into the Salt Lake Valley, the twenty-four living members of that first pioneer band were all invited to be present and receive special honors. Andrew and Charles were two of the twenty-four. The entire territory was caught up in the excitement of this great event.

The celebration began with the unveiling of the Brigham Young monument. It was made of white granite and weighed over twenty ton. The figure at the top was cast in bronze and represented Brigham Young in heroic size. That great Mormon leader is represented as being attired in his ordinary apparel of loose but well-fitting clothes, and is bareheaded. His right hand rests upon a walking stick and his left is extended at full length as when saying, "Here we will build a temple to our God." On the south of the pedestal is a bronze plate three feet long and one and a half feet wide containing the inscription in bold characters, "In Honor of Brigham Young and the Pioneers."

On the north side is another plate of the same size and material inscribed with the names of the pioneers. The monument was unveiled before a crowd estimated at 50,000. Charles, the oldest living pioneer of the original 143, was looking forward to attending this great event and was entitled to special recognition because of his advanced age. But because of poor health he was unable to travel to Salt Lake City and so the honors went to Wilford Woodruff, church president.

¹Pearl Denham Shumway, Memories, pp. 2-3.

Yet a greater honor awaited Charles as death grew ever closer. It was February 23, 1898 when Apostle John Henry Smith accompanied by Jesse N. Smith, President of the Snowflake Stake, traveled to Shumway, Arizona. There they went to the home of Charles and ordained him a patriarch. This ordination was the climax of long and faithful service to the Church and Kingdom of God. He must have rejoiced in the fact that he was now not only a patriarch to his own family, but also an ordained one to the Church as well.¹

Charles, now a very old man, little knew that he would soon be bedfast, but must have been aware that his long life was drawing to a close. When called to preach in sacrament meetings, held in the schoolhouse, he would stand at the table with one hand on it and the other hand firmly grasping his cane. While shaking and crying he would tell his audience how he had stood guard over the Prophet Joseph Smith, and would relate other experiences he had had in the early history of the Church.

But now as his life was almost at an end, he was remembered as propped up in bed in the front room of Henrietta's home, very pale, and with a long, white beard. A sheet was hung across the door leading to the kitchen to keep the flies out of his room. Not fully rational those last years he would "yell and fuss" at the flies and had illusions that bugs were crawling on the hearth. Sometimes disagreeable, he talked to himself almost all the time.

Death finally came on May 21, 1898, and he must, if he realized anything at all, have found it very sweet. Lorenzo Hatch, a very old friend of Charles who now lived in Woodruff, a town twenty miles from Shumway, was sent for to preach in the funeral. Wallace Shumway, a young grandson,

¹Journal of Jesse N. Smith, p. 428.

rode a horse bareback both ways and, according to Pearl Shumway, attended the funeral with a blistered bottom.¹

The Deseret Evening News, on June 9, 1898, published his obituary, which read as follows:

Father Charles Shumway was born at Oxford, Mass., August 1, 1807, and died at Shumway, Arizona, May 21, 1898. In his youth he learned the carpenter trade. He married Miss Julia Ann Hooker in 1832; emigrated to Illinois five or six years later; joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1841; was baptized by Elder Elisha Groves.

Soon after his baptism he moved to Nauvoo where he spent the following five years, part of the time working on the Temple. He performed in the five years two missions, one to the Cherokee Nation with Elder Phineas Young, the other to Massachusetts with Elder Daniel Spencer. The rest of the time he served on the police force at Nauvoo, until the exodus. He was captain of fifty, and was first to cross the Mississippi River for the West. He buried his wife and one daughter at Winter Quarters, they having died in a wagon box. He traveled with President Young's Pioneer Company until they arrived at the valley of the Great Salt Lake.

In 1849 he was called to go to Sanpete as counselor to Father Morley. He built the first sawmill that was built in that valley; the irons of the same were made at Brother Frost's shop in Salt Lake City by Brother Frost and I. B. Nash. The latter is still living and wielding the hammer at the age of 74.

Charles Shumway was elected a member to the first Legislative Assembly at Salt Lake City from Sanpete County in 1861. He was

¹Pearl Denham Shumway, p. 3.

called to Payson by President Young to build another saw mill, which was accomplished; after which he moved to South Cottonwood in 1854. He was appointed a member of the hand cart company of missionaries and went to Canada. He moved to Cache Valley in 1859 and settled in Wellsville, and afterwards moved to Mendon. In 1877 he moved to Kane County, Utah. After living there for two or three years, he moved to Taylor, Arizona where he built his last sawmill.

Father Shumway left, when he died, two living wives, and is the father of thirty-five children. His grandchildren were numerous, and so scattered that it is almost impossible to trace them. His great-grandchildren numbered thirty-four. He was well known among the Saints, and always was found faithful and true and a staunch friend to all the authorities of the Church, willing at all times to carry out the counsels of the Presidency of the Church.

He died as he had lived, a faithful Latter-day Saint and has gone to meet his old friends where trouble and sorrow are no more. May his body rest in peace until the morning of the resurrection.

A. D. S.

Chapter XIV

CONCLUSION

And so Charles Shumway died, leaving behind many who not only mourned his passing, but who had also been greatly influenced by his life. Though he was never a power to be reckoned with in the Mormon Kingdom, always just outside the most influential group, he lived a full life and left behind a great legacy. His commitment to the Church never wavered and some of the most influential and powerful could not honestly say that. His acceptance of the restored gospel was whole-souled and without equivocation. He, as far as written records are concerned, always responded in a positive way to each request of those prophets who presided over him. His love for Joseph Smith was as dear as life itself and he was willing to risk everything for the Mormon leader. That he gave most of his earthly possessions to the Church at one time or another attests to his devotion. Time after time he sold all that he had, and moved to other places at the request of Joseph Smith's successor Brigham Young, and not always at a profit. His response to John Taylor and Wilford Woodruff though not as dramatic was just as whole-souled.

Though of strict moral upbringing he took plural wives at the prophet's request, and presided over his family as a patriarch in Israel. Burying one wife and two children on the great American plains, he courageously drove on seeking a Zion place where his family could freely worship their God. Thus time after time he proved by his deeds the sincerity of his commitment.

He must have grown weary at times, yet he was not weary of his Church and the vision it held out to him seemed to give him sustenance when the living and the moving and the building was the toughest. He, like many other converted Mormons, could see in vision rocky soil bring forth flowers, desolate terrain become gardens, and the great

basin a zion in the tops of the mountains. Their vision was so strong that it became a reality. Such visions kept him going, and provided him with the needed courage.

That he was blessed with a fearless nature added to his commitment. No mob frightened him away from his path; no ruffian was too tough for him to confront; and anyone who sought to discredit the Church or its leaders soon felt the sharpness of his tongue. His was a courage of right as he saw it and this legacy has been left in many of his descendants.

Because of his capable hands, saw mills, grist mills, houses, barns, and churches arose and stood as silent monuments to his strength. Though others gained more recognition and are more famous, his part in building the American West is in some ways more real and lasting. His hands helped build what the mouths of others had only directed be built. His plow turned sod; his hands planted seed; and his eyes saw in reality the crops that others only saw on their breakfast or dinner table. He knew what it was like to smell the freshness of irrigation in the early morning hours while others only knew of irrigation in theory. And he, like everyone else, saw tree and body alike grow old, stoop, decay and die. With this process, while others asked why and struggled for meaning, he found the meaning that eluded them in the Church he had embraced when he was just thirty years old. Because of his Church, everything he did and said and thought had an eternal significance. It is perhaps impossible to over-exaggerate the significance of this fact in his life.

Charles became what he became because of the Church he embraced. The Church certainly made him into a pioneer, a builder, a colonizer. It probably provided him with the courage, the faith, the fortitude, and the strength to do what its leaders asked him to do. Thus we see in Charles the same qualities that Mormonism attempted to inculcate in all of its members. The value of work for its own sake, the need for sacrifice, and the worth of obedience are all Mormon values clearly magnified in the life of

Charles. Those few written records that remain and the documents preserved through the memories of his children give no hint that he ever questioned the request of an ecclesiastical superior. He worked hard wherever he was sent and gave of his sustenance in tithes and offerings all of his life. Thus in a sense he became what his Church wanted him to become in a very real and significant way.

His wives, blending their own courage with his, followed him across a continent with a loyalty that touches the hardest heart. Raising children alone, in his absence, walking the floor at night with sick infants and no doctor, they endured each hardship with little if any recorded complaint. The wives grew to love one another and frequently made sacrifices on behalf of each other. Though their lot was hard, they too were converted and stayed fast to the truth.

The Shumways were not a perfect family, large families never are. They had their quarrels, their fights and their differences. Still the sons and daughters were proud of their name, and even more proud of their heritage. Some became professional men, others blue collar workers, others ecclesiastical leaders, some patriarchs and still others wives and mothers, until today the descendants of Charles Shumway can be found in all parts of America and even on some of the isles of the sea. Thus, Charles left behind more than a small town bearing his name and a stone marker over his grave.

As we look at Charles' picture today and contemplate what he has given us, his descendants, we find that his example, his devotion, his faith and courage are magnificent monuments to his name. Though he was perhaps not as significant a figure as Peter Maughan, Isaac Morley, Lot Smith or Christopher Layton, in one sense, yet in another he was as important a figure as anyone else, because who can say that any one life is of greater significance than another? Some, it is true, make more decisions, receive more publicity, attend more meetings, have more children than others but after all are those the criteria upon which the significance of a life is based?

All attempts to make one person more significant than another are subjective and in a sense fail and so Charles may be as important a figure as anyone else. At least those who loved him believed this to be true.

And so as we in a sense walk to the graveside with his lifeless form, that day in 1898, we stand with the other mourners heads bowed not only from grief, but also in reverence and respect. And we realize that he believed he would live on as an individual and would one day preside again as patriarch over his large family. Today while only a few birds sing, breaking the silence of the Arizona desert, we pause before his grave and realize he has at last stopped moving and has finally found rest.

APPENDIX I

Report of C. Shumway

Report of C. Shumway

I Charles Shumway was called to go on guard ^{Dec. 21 1845} on the Banks of the River in company with George Langly, Abile Adams, Husea Stout & 9 others crossed the River to bring Ebenezer Richardson to Namud to prevent him from going to Me to give testimony against Daniel Avery who was killed about 10 o'clock at night Joseph appeared on the levee walk with his Holsters on his arm walking very fast, he hailed us asking who is there, we answered the Guard, - he then asked where was that gun fired, we told him that we had not heard any, he seemed much surprised that we had not heard it, said he heard it when he was asleep & it waked him up, & says O Dear I wish I knew the Situation these boys are in, ^{for I know that gun was fired in Montrose} we sat down on the Bank of the River we soon heard the sound of guns & Joseph jumped up & said they are coming they are coming, they soon landed ~~on~~ ^{on} ~~beaching~~ ^{beaching} that Dan they had been got Richardson & was returning to the Boat, when they were coming towards the launch they saw a light when Richardson struck & sprang to his house & ran up to the Tavern & called Murder Murder, a number of gamblers came out of the Tavern & 1 gun was fired, the Boys broke for the Boat except Bro Canns he ~~struck up~~ & all but him was on the Boat - Joseph gave orders to me to go & raise so men as quick as possible for Bro Canns should be found but it cast what it might, led them to meet at the upper Room in ~~the~~ ^{the} Store - when I returned from ~~was~~ ^{was} raising them they had been there in Stables, just as they were starting over the River Bro Canns came down the River bank

he had slipped by then gone up the River
 left his horse on ^{about a mile above mouth of} ~~the~~ ~~slough~~ got a boat &
 came across & just got back to Bro Joseph
 & we shook hands for ^{years} Blessed ~~be~~ to
 them & missed the company & all went home

St George Langley was in a skiff
 & went to the way to the Island when they
 hailed us & told us Bro Cairns had come
 we went over but could not find out anything
 all was quiet no one knew any thing all
 was flushed up. We had on had been there
 but no one knew what for

(Charles Shumway)

Oct 21, 1865
 Charles Shumway's statement

Copy to
 Col. Shumway
 for copy

APPENDIX II

Diary of Charles Shumway

6. Mrs. Shumway
1 word

Peter Shumway the first
Emigrant from France in
the year 1695 in Company
with Mr. Farnel of Boston
and Mr. Sagorney who settle
in Worcester Co. Mass.
Mr. Shumway settled at
Daneus Mass. - he married
an English lady by the name
of Smith whose father built
the third house in Boston
with a cellar under it. From
thence they moved to Oxford
Mass & lived where Josiah
Ripell now lives

Noah. Oct 4. 1770
 Linn Aug 27. 1773
 Parley. Nov 12. 1775
 Peter Dec 6, 1777
 Nabuccas. Nov 6 1780
 Jonah. July 1st 1785
 Polly Feb 21 1790

Died
 Apr 12, 1830

 June 20 1817
 Apr 8 1808

Peter Shumway son of
 Peter Shumway was born Dec
 6 1777 Sarah Spalding
 his wife was born Oct 23
 1782 and married Mar 8
 1803 & have the following
 Children

Stephen born
 Mar 3, 1804
 Nelson Nov 15. 1805

Died

Mary Heald Aug 23. 1807, May 1808
 Eliza Sept 29. 1809
 Mary Heald Nov 14 1811
 Nancy Spalding Nov 31 1814
 Benjamin D. Lang 11 1806
 Sarah Leavin Dec 12. 1867
 A. Son Lang 18. 1822 Died same day
 Peter, Dec 20 1822 } Oct 21. 1824
 Peter Dec 30. 1822, }
 Mrs Sarah Shumway ¹⁸⁴² Died May 20
 Stephen Shumway was married
 to Martha Holmes
 Nelson Shumway to Elizabeth
 Andrews Oct 15 1838
 Eliza Shumway married Eliza
 Ball
 Mary B Shumway married
 John C. Hunt Oct 25th 1840

They had the following
Children —

Oliver was born — 1701
Jeremiah — 1703
David — — — —
John — — — —
Jacob 1709
Samuel 1711

Jeremiah son of Peter
the first born 1703 Experience
Learned his wife was
born 1711 Married 1730

And had the following children

Jeremiah born Sept 11. 1731
Experience — Mar 28. 1733
Peter — — Apr 29. 1735
Mary — — May 28. 1737
Martha Nov. 27. 1738

Elizabeth — Nov 3. 1740
William Dec 4. 1744
Solomon Feb 17. 1747
Samuel Apr 18. 1749
Benjamin Nov 27. 1752
Mary Aug 5. 1757

Peter son of Jeremiah
was born Apr 29. 1735 Rebecca
his wife was born June
29. 1743 Married June 4
1757 & had the following
Children

Martha born Jan 20. 1760 Died Mar 25. 1769
Josiah 1760 Mar 25. 1769
Elijah Feb 6. 1764 July 2. 1821
Rebecca June 4. 1766 June 2. 1796
Elizabeth Aug 3 1763

Parley Shumway son of Peter
was born Nov 12 1775 Polly
his wife was born & married And
had the following Children

Orilla
Rebecca
Charles
Martha
Eunice
Parley
Fanny
Timothy
Erastus
Rebecca married Nathan
Wesson
Charles married Julia Ann
Hooker
Martha Samuel C. Putney

Eunice - - Wm S Turner
Parley - Mary Gibson

Charles Shumway son
of Parley Shumway born
Aug 1st 1806 Married Julia
Ann Hooker And ^{had} the following
Children
Andrew D. born Feb 20 1833
Mary E. Oct 27 1836
Charles S. died March 00
Harriet died Winter 1842
In the year 1845 Charles
Shumway married his second
wife Miss Louisa Miner

daughter of John & Catherine
minerly & by her had the following
children

Catherine ^{born} Sept 28th 1846 ^{W^a} ^{did} next day

Charles W. Aug 10. 1848

Willson Dec 8 1850

Peter Jan 20 1852

Theresa A. Apr 12 1856 ^{did} Nov 17, 1856

Joseph S. Sept 1st 1857 ^{do} Jan 13. 1859

Lovi. Born Nov 15 1857

Jan 31st 1851 Chas. Shumway

married his 3rd wife Henrietta.

Daughter of Chas And Mary

Ann Birds. By her had

the following children.

George A. ^{born} Nov 1st 1851

Morrison. Jan 1st 1854

Spencer D. Oct 23. 1855

^{Bapt} Hyrum S. Oct 1st 1857 ^{was} 1857

Samuel B. Born June 31

^{Willson} Brigham Born March 11

Feb 15 1861

Charles B. S. ^{Born} Dec 17

1863

Jededia G. S. ^{Born} April 1st 1865

Bradford B. S. ^{Born} April 10th 1867

William B. S. ^{Born} May 28th 1867

Julia Ann Chas Shumway
1st wife Died at Winter quarters
Missouri River Nov-15th 1846

Charles Shumway born
1806 in Oxford Worcester County
Mass Married to Julia Ann
Hooker in March 1832

Julia Ann was born in
Sturbridge Worcester Co Mass
We lived the first year
in Sutton Worcester Mass

During that year Andrew was
born. we then moved to Sturbridge
the following spring we joined
the Baptists Church & was very
zealous two or three years but
finally got disgusted with

Sectarianism. We lived about
three years at this place & then
moved to Illinois. Where we
were Baptized in to the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter day Saints
in the year 1841 by Elisha
Groves & moved the same
year to Nauvoo

S. Cottonwood Nov. 5, 1851.
A Patriarchal blessing by Bro
Morley on the head of Charles M.
Shumway son of Charles & Lewis
Shumway born Aug 10 1848 in
Salt Lake City.

Bro. Charles in
the name of the Lord Jesus we
lay our hands upon thy head to
bless thee. and by the authority of
the everlasting Priesthood we seal
upon thee thy Fathers blessing
which shall be a seal of union
and of promise between thee and
thy Sire Under this seal thou
wilt be required to hearken to
the counsel of thy Parents
for this is the first command
by promise and by hearing.

strictly to this counsel thou
wilt bear the keys of the gospel to
many hundred tongues & people
Thou art in the morning of life
yet in the promises that will be
extended unto thee when thou art
matured in age thou wilt become
the Lords anointed & thou wilt
see the time and enjoy the blessing
when it will not be safe for the
wicked to touch the Lords anointed
for they shall not cross thy path to
injure thee & prosper - It shall be
thy blessing & thou shalt bear the
keys to avenge the blood of Br.
Joseph & Hyrum - And upon
thee & upon thy posterity after thee
shall the keys of the holy

Riethood dwell - While thou
art young let thy mind be prayer
ful thy heart watchful & the
Lord will bless thee with an
eternal increase Thou art of
Joseph & thou wilt become a
restorer to the house of Jacob
This is the commencing of the
seal of the Riethood to be & abide
with thee; and after thy endowment
thou wilt receive a fullness
Thus far we ratify the seal by
virtue of the Riethood even
so Amen

Senora et. M.

APPENDIX III
A SHORT SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND HISTORY
OF
ANDREW PURLEY SHUMWAY

INTRODUCTION

In the journal of Andrew Shumway now deposited in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints Historical Department Library the very last entry reads:

The foregoing I have written while here at 26 Tenby at Bermingham England on a mission. And this is the 15th day of November 1869 and I find I must discontinue writing more of my history for the present as I cannot remember dates. But shall endeavor to commence again when I shall have the privilege of returning to my home in the far distant west to gain enjoy the society of family and friends which God grant may be my happy lot in the name of Jesus Amen.

Thus we can excuse Andrew if some of the material contained in his "Short Sketch" is not entirely accurate.

When he wrote this important document pertaining to his life he was, as mentioned above, serving on a mission to England. He had the great privilege of going on this mission with his brother Charles. When they arrived in the British Isles after having enjoyed each other's company for many months they were assigned to different conferences where both fulfilled honorable missions. Andrew, the eldest, who had already served as a bishop before his mission call came, became president of the Birmingham Conference and was a very respected and honored missionary.

His "Short Sketch" is written in a clear and very legible hand using green ink and reveals a man of some eloquence and great faith. It is then, very fortunate that he found time to write a brief account of his life now published as the next section of this book.

A SHORT SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND HISTORY
OF
ANDREW PURLEY SHUMWAY

Andrew P. Shumway, son of Charles Shumway and Julia Ann Hooker, was born in the town of Sutton, Worcester County, State of Massachusetts, February 20, 1832.

When I was about five years of age my father moved my mother and myself to my grandfather's (Samuel Hooker) near the town of Stourbridge, Worcester County and there left us to go to the west to visit a brother of his who went to the west some years previous. He returned soon after and moved his little family consisting of only my mother and sister Mary besides myself. We located on a little stream of water called the Kill Buck near Rockford, State of Illinois. This was an unsettled country, at least very thinly settled, our nearest neighbor living one mile from us. After erecting a hewed log house and opening up a large farm and living here a year or two, during which time we had considerable sickness, myself having the whooping cough, we then moved near to the Picatonic River about 40 miles from Galena. Here my father fenced a farm, bought a saw mill and by dint of perseverance and industry he accumulated a good deal of property. We lived here until about the year 1840,¹ when Elder Elisha Groves came through that part of the country preaching the Gospel. My father and mother believed and received the truth and were baptized by Elder Groves. Shortly after he went to Nauvoo to see and visit the Prophet Joseph, he soon returned bringing Elder Amasa Lyman with him who preached there for some length of time.

At this time my father was confined to his bed through being beaten by one Joseph McConnel

¹ Actually Charles was baptized in 1841.

on account of his religion. However he was remarkably healed through the laying on of hands by Elder Lyman. After this he loaded a flat boat with materials for a frame house and putting on the house furniture went down the river to Nauvoo and soon returned and settled up his business. He then took his family in a two horse wagon to Nauvoo.

We lived here in peace until the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith on the 27th day of June 1844, which circumstance I well remember as I attended their funeral.

I was baptized in the baptismal font in the Temple of Nauvoo in the year 1842. In the year 1845 the word of the Lord came to the Saints for them to prepare to move to the Rocky Mountains. My father being appointed captain of fifty erected a shop for the manufacture of wagons. During the winter I worked with a team of mules hauling corn and provisions from the country for the hands and hauling wood for their families to burn. I also hauled timber and etc. to the shop.

All things being ready in February 1846 my father with his company crossed the Mississippi River on flat boats and camped on the west bank of the river, his company being the first that crossed the river for the Rocky Mountains.¹ After a day or two we moved and encamped at a place called Sugar Creek where there was plenty of timber and browse for our animals. We stopped here some three or four weeks waiting for the Saints to gather together, after which President Young organized the different companies and we rolled out of camp some time in March.

The pioneer camp arrived at Mount Pisgah May 16th. We arrived at the Missouri River too late in the season to proceed across the Rocky Mountains. Therefore the headquarters of the

¹ Note that Andrew states that the company of Charles Shumway was the first to cross the river on the trek west, but does not state that Charles was the first to cross; however, Church tradition holds that Charles Shumway's was the first wagon to cross the father of waters.

Saints were established on the west bank of the Missouri River. My father and some dozen families proceeded about 110 miles to the Pawnee Missionary Station on the Loup Fork about four miles from the Pawnee Village thinking we could procure corn from the Indians for our consumption through the winter. They thought they could get it cheaper than from the whites in Missouri, which proved to be the case. At this place Abel Guar¹ and myself herded the stock belonging to the company. Most of the time we lived on Indian corn ground in a hand mill, each family taking their turn at the mill, and by keeping the mill constantly at work all managed to get enough to sustain life.

Here my father was taken with chills and fever as also a good many others. Just before winter set in and very late one evening Jack Redding and Solomon Case rode in to the fort having come from headquarters in great hurry bringing word from President Young for us to move back to Winter Quarters immediately as it was not safe for us to remain here. We therefore made everything ready and left sometime the next day. We had traveled about twelve miles when on looking back we saw that the Station and buildings we had just left were all on fire, this having been done by a war party of Souix Indians. The Sioux and Pawnee Indians had been at war with each other for sometime and had they found us living at the Pawnee Station they would have massacred our whole company. Thus were we warned by the Lord through His servants in time to save ourselves from the hostile savages.

We continued our journey in peace although many of the company were very sick. My mother among the rest was hardly able to get out and into the wagon. By this time our family was all shaking with the ague. Those who were sick suffered much for want of proper food, having nothing but corn meal and dried buffalo meat. After arriving at Winter Quarters we managed to get a log house

¹The writer has been unable to locate any information regarding Abel Guar in the archives of the Church.

put up to live in during the winter. Our sickness increased until there was not one of the family able to hand a drink of water to another. My mother gradually grew worse until the 14th of November 1846 when she called her family around her and told them she was going to die. After some friendly admonitions to her family and tenderly embracing each one, her spirit took its departure for the spirit world. She died as she had lived, beloved and universally respected by all who knew her. She was buried along with 500 of the Saints that died during the winter from disease of different kinds and through want of necessary food when sick.

The fact that 500 of our most able bodied men were called by the U.S. Government to enlist in the War with Mexico to prove our loyalty to the government,¹ left many families to look out for themselves, many of which would have suffered much only for the kindness of those who were left. However their labors were increased to the extent that many passed away through over-exertion in taking care of those who were sick. The privations of the Saints through the winter will ever be remembered by the Latter-day Saints.

In the spring of 1847 my father, with 143 others, was selected to start April the 14th to pioneer the way to the Rocky Mountains. When Father told me he was selected to go I burst into tears. My mother having just died, it seemed more than I could endure to be left alone. This affected my father very much and he went and told President Young how I felt and that I wished to go with him. The President said, "Let him go, it will be alright." This news gave me great joy. Brother John D. Lee furnished us a span of mules and a light wagon for the journey. Accordingly on the 14th of April we took our leave of my sister Mary and sister Harriet who was lying on her death

¹ Research has shown that there were other reasons for the call of the Mormon Battalion than just the one given by Andrew. See William E. Berrett and Alma P. Burton, Readings in L. D. S. Church History, Vol. II (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co., 1967), pp. 201-247.

bed at the time with the canker. We went out a couple of days journey to a suitable camping place, here we waited a few days for President Young and others to accompany us. While here we received information that my sister Harriet had died.

All things being ready we took up our line of march for the far off Rocky Mountains to seek a place where we could live in peace and be free from the persecution of our enemies. As a people we had for many years been subject to rank persecution, our Prophet and Patriarch slain in Carthage Jail for the testimony of Jesus, and being driven from our homes many times and robbed and plundered of all our possessions, many having died by the way through exposure, our leaders having suffered much through being falsely imprisoned and had many vexations, also law suits at a vast expense of time and money. We hailed the day of our deliverance with joy and felt to thank God for the privilege of seeking an asylum in the far west over a thousand miles from any mark of civilization and where the foot of white man had not trod for many hundred years.¹

Our wagons were loaded with provisions, some corn for our animals, farming implements, tools of different kinds and etc., Professor Orson Pratt with instruments for taking observations (latitude and longitude), one boat on a wagon to be used in crossing rivers, one cannon, and one Rodometer that we might measure the distance traveled each day. This we did by marking the distance on buffalo bones and skulls and sticking them up by the side of our trail for the benefit of those following after us later in the season. We lengthened out our provisions on the way by adding plenty of buffalo meat, along the Platt River and through the Black Hills there were buffalo in great abundance, so much so that we often were obliged to stop our wagons and wait for hours for them to get out of our way before we could proceed. We were forbid to kill any more than we could consume

¹ Perhaps Andrew had forgotten the number of white mountain men who had traversed the Great Basin area when he made this statement.

as it was a sin to waste that which God has created for the good of man. When we started it was as much as my father and myself could both do to harness, drive and take care of one span of mules, owing to the sickness we had passed through. But our health improved so that in a short time we were quite strong and well.

I had been sickly in my childhood, once when an infant I was nigh unto death the effects of which can be seen on my body to this day. I was also very sick in Nauvoo and my life was despaired of for many weeks, but now I began to feel better and stronger than ever.

We proceeded on our journey without being molested by Indians although we saw many tribes and bands they injured us no more than to steal two or three horses. We often traveled two or three wagons abreast in order to consolidate our strength in case of an attack by the Indians. We used the utmost precaution at night to avoid surprise attacks. Thus we continued our journey from day to day and from week to week through a country none of us had any knowledge of, being led by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit and our way pointed out by the finger of the Lord.¹

After traveling over plains and mountains and through mountain gorges a distance of 1100 miles we at length came to the valley of Salt Lake having had a difficult though a prosperous journey. I was taken sick with mountain fever while encamped on the Big Sandy, but was healed through the prayer of faith and the laying on of hands by President Young.

We pitched our tents for the first time in the Salt Lake Valley on the 24th of July 1847, on what is now known as City Creek and just below where Emigration Street crosses the creek. After holding

¹It is apparent that Andrew as a young boy did not know about the preparations that had gone into the trek west. The leading brethren including Brigham Young certainly had considerable knowledge of the West at this time. See Christian, op. cit.

a meeting and rendering due thanks to the Almighty God for His blessings bestowed upon us on our journey, we unloaded our wagons and commenced work, stocking ploughs, making harrows, etc. We immediately went to work ploughing the ground and planting corn and a variety of vegetables, which owing to the lateness of the season did not amount to much. A fort was laid out which was commenced to be built of sun dried brick and logs. After staying here a few weeks President Young took a small company and started back to Winter Quarters. My father and myself went with them until we came to Rocky Ridge where we met the rest of our family in J. M. Grant's company. Here the Indians made a raid on our camp at night and succeeded in securing some few horses. Next morning we parted with President Young and Company and started again for the Valley where we arrived in due time without any accident and went to work preparing a place to secure ourselves from the inclemency of the weather by erecting a log house covering it with sticks, grass and dirt. Sometime during the winter a portion of the Mormon Battalion returned from California as they brought no provisions with them we had to divide with them which made provisions scarce. Still we got along very well by mixing in plenty of wolves, foxes and killing a few poor cattle which we consumed to even the hides.

During this winter I assisted my father in a shop which he erected, being a carpenter, he earned a little money which came very useful. The next spring we put in grain and vegetables, commenced building and laying out farms and making preparations to establish ourselves permanently in the land which God had led us to by the power of His hand. We toiled and labored hard and accomplished after many years the desired object. We suffered much through the grasshoppers and crickets destroying our crops, thereby we were obliged to live on milk, roots, herbs, or anything that would sustain life. But God did strengthen and bless us exceedingly. Although we were subject to many trials and privations, we acknowledged the hand of God in them and He brought us safe through.

In the summer of 1849 (a city having been laid out and we had moved on to a lot in the 12th Ward) my father took a company of nine men and went and established a ferry at Platt River and left me at home. I spent the summer in making adobies, herding cattle, etc. Early in the fall father returned, having done exceedingly well he brought home six yoke of oxen, a wagon loaded down with the necessities of life.

President Young deeming it wisdom to establish a colony in San Pete Valley some 135 miles southeast of Salt Lake Valley, my father was selected as one of the number to repair thither. We accordingly made our arrangements for going and left late in the fall in company with 25 or 30 families and arrived in that valley without accident, pitched our tents at what is now known as Manti City in the South end of the valley. It being late in the fall we did not provide anything for our stock during the winter. We had understood from the Indians that the snow did not fall very deep during the winter and that our stock would do well on the range. But contrary to our hopes and expectations winter set in very early which prevented us from sending teams back to Salt Lake City for provisions to last us during the winter, for we could not take enough at first and take other things which were needed to establish a colony. The snow fell to the depth of three feet and laid on the ground for three or four months, the consequence was that many lost nearly all the cattle they had through cold and starvation. Some few (my father among the number) saved most of theirs by going every day and shoveling the snow off from the grass so that the cattle could get to it. We worked hard in that way for weeks and thereby saved many of our cattle, while many of the brethren left theirs in the hands of the Lord, saying if the Lord was a mind to send deep snows and cold weather to destroy their cattle, alright. But this was another instance to prove that faith and works go hand in hand together. During the winter we got a few houses built out of logs and rock. We hauled our wood on hand sleds for we could not work our cattle they had too little to eat. During this winter the war broke out between the Utah Indians and the Provo settlement which operated seriously against

us. As we were surrounded with Indians within sight, but the Lord sent the measles among them which caused them to die off like rotten sheep and through our kindness in administering to them that were sick and burying their dead and feeding them they remained peaceable most of the time. Towards spring we found that our provisions were getting very scarce and something would have to be done and very soon as we should suffer. Therefore a counsil was called of the whole of the Saints, the result of which was that my father should take a few of the brethren and go to the City and make known their circumstances. He accordingly selected 10 of the brethren myself included to undertake the journey. We went to work and prepared snow shoes and some light hand sleds to haul our blankets and provisions on. All things being ready we started on a bitter cold night about 12 o'clock and I think it was about the last of February, taking with us a friendly Indian as guide and interpreter. The first 18 hours we traveled some thirty miles, while the snow becoming soft we had to put on our snow shoes. The first night we camped under some cedars clearing away the snow and making a huge fire we passed a tolerable comfortable night, this place is near what is now known as Spring Town.

The next day we crossed over the divide into Salt Creek Canyon at the forks of which we found Daniel Henry, wife and two or three children who were living in their wagon. They having been snowed in from early winter. There were some few men with them as guards, they having been sent from San Pete Valley for that purpose when the news reached us of their being snowed in while on their way to San Pete Valley late in the fall. Here we stopped over night and proceeded next day down the canyon into Juab Valley. We found the snow mostly gone in the valley so we left our snow shoes hanging on a cedar tree and proceeded without any difficulty. We camped at what is now known as Santaquinton in Utah Valley over night and proceeded the next day but found it very muddy traveling. After crossing the Spanish Fork River on a fallen tree our Indian guide left us and went up the river to an Indian camp. We soon saw a train of them running after us, on their coming

up we gave them a little johnny cake and tobacco and they returned leaving us to pursue our journey. We arrived at Spring Creek just at sundown, which we found much swollen on account of the melting of the snows and we stripped off our clothes and plunged in up to our chins, the water was very cold, but it freshened us up and made us feel like traveling for we were nearly exhausted and our johnny cake was all gone.

We trudged on till a little after dark when we arrived at Provo Fort near where Provo City now is. Here we were kindly entertained and the next morning my father and myself were provided with a couple of horses which we mounted and the next night found us in Salt Lake City. The next day being Sunday my father by Brigham Young's request represented the circumstances of the San Pete Colony at a public meeting. A large quantity of corn and some what was subscribed and teams to haul it, and men sufficient to bring back the teams to the City. After shelling the corn and getting it ground we loaded up the wagons and started back and traveled without being molested until we were crossing the Spanish Fork. Just before sundown when all of a sudden we heard the Indian war whoop, we then discovered about 50 Indians on the opposite side and about one forth of a mile from us, they charged up within a short distance of us firing their guns, the bullets flying over our heads. We crossed the stream as soon as possible, corraled our wagons and every man to his gun awaited an attack with orders from father not to fire till he gave the signal. The Indians soon came charging up on their horses with their guns cocked to within ten yards of us, but seemed unwilling to commence an attack which exactly suited us for they outnumbered us three to one. After an hours parley and our giving them some provisions they left us and we proceeded next morning without further molestation. After a few more days we arrived at San Pete just as the last pound of provisions had been served out to the people. We put in grain this spring and in the fall reaped a very good harvest. The next winter my father built a saw mill, the first ever built south of Provo City.

The Indians stole and killed many of our cattle during the first two years but we always avoided a collision, but feeding them was a very heavy tax upon us but we found it cheaper to feed than to fight them.

In the year 1852 President Young requested my father to remove to Payson, Utah and build a saw mill for the benefit of that little settlement which he did. During the summer I worked on a farm at Payson making adobies, hauling rock and traveling to and fro moving us from San Pete. In the fall we built the first adobe house built in that place of any worth and lived in it during the winter. This winter I went to school while father was at work building a mill. I missed school while I was down sick with the mumps.

1853 - We put in a crop as spring opened and commenced building a barn, when all of a sudden an Indian war broke out which put a stop to making improvements and also to farming operations. The intimations we had of Indian hostilities were the Indians who were camped about two miles up Payson Canyon coming down to town (which was not an unusual thing) and on their way back to their camp killed one Robert Keel who was just outside of town just at dusk. It was on Sunday evening and I think on the 17th of July. The news spread like wildfire through the town and every man and boy was on hand with his gun, as it was known that there were a large number of Indians at their camp. We expected an attack before morning, orders were given for the people to leave their homes and assemble at the school house, the women and children were put inside and the men on the outside and sent in detachment to various parts of the town, thus we watched all night but they did not come. The details of this war I shall not attempt to describe but suffice it to say that we had to pull down our houses and rebuild in the form of a fort, which had we built in that form in the first place as counseled to do by President Young we would have been alright and would have had no difficulty with the Indians. Here let me say that from the first of our intercourse with the Indians in the year 1847 to the present time of writing which is the year 1869 all of our troubles

and difficulties (which have been considerable) have been occasioned by a neglect to obey the counsel and carry out the policy of President Young.

During this war, which lasted until winter set in, my time was spent in removing our house and preparing for the winter, standing guard, hunting Indians and carrying express from one settlement to another. I was in one battle on Salt Creek. The expedition was conducted by Colonel Stephen Markham of Palmyra. I also went to Fillmore with Demie Huntington to get the bodies of those of Captain Gunnison's party who were slain by the Indians. During this war eleven of our brethren were slain and many wounded and thousands of dollars worth of property destroyed.

In the spring of 1853 my father moved to South Cottonwood 5 miles south of Salt Lake City. He bought a farm and here I worked on the farm during the summer and run a threshing machine in the fall and winter and continued doing so summer and winter until about the 20th of November 1856 when I was called to take a mission to England. After receiving my endowments in the House of the Lord and being set apart by the servants of God I left home for Europe on the 13th of September. Brothers Wm. Brown, Thomas Terry, Orrin Lewis and myself each furnishing a horse traveled together in the same wagon across the plains. P. P. Pratt, president of the company (some 12 wagons), an E. T. Clark, captain. We traveled without any accident till we arrived at Loup Fork, this river being much swollen by heavy rains we were compelled to ferry our luggage over in a canoe and swim over on our horses, as well as our wagons. The last to cross the river was S. D. Huffaker, Charles Hubbard, Bernard Snow and myself, the canoe upset and spilt us all in the stream, we all came very near being drowned, but finally succeeded in getting to the shore. I lost my hat and went the rest of the journey to the Missouri River without one and some days without one until we had sold our ponies, wagon, etc.

After remaining here a few days we took passage on board the steamer A. C. Gordon for St. Louis and arrived there after a passage of

eleven days. After staying here two or three days a few of us took cars for New York. Here we were kindly greeted by Elder John Taylor (one of the twelve). After a day or two I left for Massachusetts to visit the land which gave me birth and to see my relatives for the first time for some 18 years. I was kindly entertained by them and spent some two weeks visiting them, but soon began to feel as though I ought to be off for England according to previous arrangements. Bernard Snow and myself were to sail from Boston together but on arriving at Boston he not having got through visiting his relatives and not feeling disposed to remain there on expenses I paid \$60.00 for a passage to Liverpool on board the Steam Ship Arrabis.

It was quite an undertaking for me to start across the mighty deep with no old friend along to cheer or comfort me, being young and inexperienced and never being away from home before but I felt it was God that had called me to leave home and friends to bear his message to the nations and in him I felt to put my trust. Therefore on a cold December morning I committed myself to his care and for the first time in my life put my foot on board a ship. Could I then have realized the perils of traversing the mighty deep I do almost believe I should have turned the other way instead of going ahead but that was wisely withheld from me for which I have ever felt thankful to the Lord. The noble ship cleared about noon on the -- day of December stopping at Halifax to take in coal and provisions. I was sea sick for about 36 hours. We had very stormy rough voyage. In fact I could many times depict in the countenances of the officers a great degree of anxiety for our safety. Christmas Eve I think the worst and roughest time I ever saw on the Atlantic Ocean and I have crossed it three times and hope to live to cross it once more. After a voyage of eleven days we arrived at Liverpool, on the -- of the same month. I stepped on Terra firma and felt thankful to God for the opportunity, it being Sunday I put up at the railway hotel. I went on Monday morning to the L.D.S. Mellenial Star office at 42 Islington where I was kindly received by F. D. Richards and from him received an appointment to labor in the Cheltenham conference under the direction of

Elder George Taylor. I took train next day and arrived at Cheltenham in the evening and was met by Robert F. Neslin at the station who conducted me to the conference house in Croft Street where I found E. T. Benson and brethren in council. I was appointed to travel in the Gloucester district and was shown around and introduced to the saints by Bro. H. I. Doremus. I labored here until January 16th when I was called to go home in connection with all the valley brethren in the mission on account of the U. S. Army being sent to Utah. I arrived in Liverpool on the evening of the 16th and 22 of the valley boys at Mrs. Geetings St. Crophall St. and great was our joy at meeting together again. We stayed in Liverpool until the 21st when we went on board of the Packet Ship underwriter, Capt. Robinson. There were 24 of us and one sister. We had the end cabin to ourselves and enjoyed ourselves well on the journey although we had a very rough passage and a very long one being forty-eight days on the mighty deep but finally arrived at Castle gardens all well and without any serious accident of any kind. (For particulars of the mission see small memorandum books.)

On arriving at New York, James Wilkin, James Andrus and myself were selected to proceed without delay to Burlington Iowa to assist a few of the brethren who had proceeded us across the water and had been purchasing some horses, wagons, etc. for our outfit across the plains. We found the brethren a few miles up the river from Burlington. We went to work fitting up and soon left for the Missouri River, passing for emigrants bound for California. Many were the inquiries made of us if we were not afraid of the Mormons capturing us. As the government was at war with them and had a large Army near Salt Lake City, our reply was that our numbers would considerably augmented when we got to the frontiers and being well armed we thought it was possible for us to get through all right. On arriving at Crescent City I met my father who had been sent to Canada on a mission the spring after my leaving in the fall. On arriving at Winter Quarters the rest of the Brethren met us, they having come up the river from St. Louis and being joined by the returning

missionaries from the states under the command of David Brintin and all things being in readiness we rolled out of camp on the 3rd of May for Utah with John Berry as captain and B. Snow as Sergeant of the guard. There being about 60 of us altogether and eight men to each wagon. I drove the only six mule team there was in the train. When we got to Big Sandy we left the main road and took in to the hills so as to avoid Johnson's army who were supposed to be encamped near Fort Bridger, Bear River we found very high and our only way of crossing it was to take a couple of wagon boxes and cork them tight and use them for ferry boats and swim our horses. Here James Andrus came near being drowned but was fortunately rescued by some of the brethren.

Having arrived near the main road a short distance below Cache Cave we halted for the night and sent men to reconnoitre who returned and reported that all was right. We rolled out early next morning and after coming to the main road traveled but a short distance before we suddenly came upon a party of soldiers camped by the road side and a little farther on found plenty more. They seemed perfectly paralyzed and struck with amazement at our boldness and impudence in driving past them without saying a word doubtlessly thinking we were only the advance of a large army.

We arrived in Salt Lake City on the 21st of June and found the city evacuated a few only being left as a guard. We camped in the city over night and the next day started south and on the 23rd we arrived at Provo City where we met President Young. Our Company was disorganized and every one went on the hunt for his friends and family. My family were some at Shanghai, some at Provo and the rest at Payson. Thus I found myself once more in the valleys of my home after an absence of a little less than two years, having gained much experience and traveled many thousand miles by sea and by land and bore testimony to hundreds of the truths of the Gospel.

Johnson's Army having passed through the city and from thence to Cedar Valley the word came for the Saints to move back to their homes.

I spent some time in assisting in getting the family and effects moved back to South Cottonwood and with my father bought a threshing machine and worked with it during the fall and winter and in March (the 7th) 1859 I married Miss Amanda S. Grahm, daughter of Thomas B. Grahm and Sarah Ann Grahm and in April we loaded up our effects and with my father and family started to locate in Cache Valley which valley heretofore had been settled by only a few families. We located at what is now known as the town of Mendon in company with some seven or eight families and on the 10th of May commenced ploughing and sowing grain and continued so to do until the 1st day of June when the Indians began to show hostilities to the whites. And for the safety it was considered by P. Maughn, our Presiding Bishop, for us to move to Maughn Fort. (now Wellsville) which we did and built a couple of houses in which to pass the winter, or to live in until such times as the Indians should get peaceable again so that we could return.

In August I took my wife with me and went back to Cottonwood. My wife lived with my brother-in-law Charles Westover and family whilst him and myself spent the best part of the fall and winter running a threshing machine. About midwinter I bought some furniture and went to housekeeping living under the same roof as my brother-in-law David Protor. In January I received information from Apostle E. T. Benson that himself and Orson Hyde (President of the Quorum of the Twelve) had organized a Stake of Zion in Cache County and that I had been appointed as Bishop of Mendon and I was requested to call on him and receive my ordination. I therefore settled up my business and loading my effects into a wagon and started for Cache Valley on the 19th of February - calling on E. T. Benson on the same day, who took me to President Young's office, where I received my ordination under the hands of President Young and E. T. Benson. I arrived in Cache Valley on the 22nd and put up with Bro. Charles Bird of Mendon for the night. Next day went to Wellsville where my father was living. I lived in the house with him the rest of the winter. Shortly after my arrival in Cache Valley F. Maughn

introduced me to the Saints of Mendon and I entered on the official discharge of my duties. I went to work and organized a Quorum of teachers and appointed W. Fenley Jr. as President. Also appointing a committee to superintend the erection of a house for schools and public worship, also appointing other officers necessary for peace and good order. Also a choir with Isaac Sorrensen as President.

I built me a comfortable log house and in March I moved my wife to Mendon. Soon after she brought forth a daughter which we named Julia. During this spring we had our numbers increased by the arrival of a few more families. I spent my time during the spring in giving out farms and attending to the duties of my office putting in some grain, etc. I can truly say that I was greatly blessed in securing a confidence of the saints and we were united in all our efforts to lay a foundation for a prosperous and happy settlement.

(Note: The foregoing I have written while here at 26 Tenby St. Birmingham England on a mission and this is the 15 of November 1869 and I find I must discontinue writing more of my history for the present as I cannot remember dates, but shall endeavor to commence again when I shall have the privilege of returning to my homes in the far distant west to again enjoy the society of family and friends which may God grant may be my happy lot in the name of Jesus - Amen.

APPENDIX IV

An Autobiography of Wilson Shumway

Introduction to the
Autobiography of Wilson Shumway

by
Kenneth W. Godfrey

The following autobiography of Wilson Shumway, son of Charles Shumway, is a very forthright, honest account of his life and his relationships with his father. Frequently family members tend to edit out the unpleasant aspects of documents that relate to the lives of beloved ancestors. This they do, often prompted by motives of love, charity and kindness. Yet, by doing so, both the living and the dead are done a great disservice. The dead, because by removing their warts and blemishes we make them less than human, so distorting what they really were that we may have difficulty recognizing them when we meet them again. We do a disservice to the living because, at least in part, we make them feel inadequate, unworthy, and often unequal to the challenges of life and the Gospel, leading them to believe that their ancestors were perfect, whereas they are not.

It is probably true to state that every family relationship has its ups and its downs, its stresses and its difficulties. Thus the author has prayerfully included this unedited version of the autobiography of Wilson Shumway in this appendix so that some of the above aspects of family life might be more fully illuminated. That both Charles and Wilson must have been able to forgive is evidenced by the fact that after serious difficulties had occurred, time passed, healing took place, and they would be reconciled and work together once more. That they were both basically good men is further evidenced by the lives they led and the things they accomplished. Thus, perhaps we as readers should be willing to forgive and not judge too harshly either Charles or Wilson.

I am thinking of writing a sketch of my life. It will be from memory, consequently the dates may not be exactly correct but not very far off. I was born December 6, 1850 at Manti, Sanpete County, Utah. I worked on my father's farm every day until I was twenty years of age. Then before my twenty-first birthday I obtained his consent to seek work at the mines in Cottonwood Canyon. John Graham, my partner, and I were unsuccessful in obtaining work after catching a ride to Ogden, forty miles away, and walking the rest of the way, about fifty-five miles. There was nothing else to do but to roll our bedding and hike it for home. You may think it was a little humiliating to pass through Salt Lake City, Ogden and other cities, but this was nothing at all as compared to going home broke. We had expected to return with a fortune and show the young folks what nice fellows we were. I did not need to walk as I had enough to pay my own fare, but not enough for both.

The next spring, 1872, I helped put in the crop. I was then past twenty-one and thought I had the right to do as I pleased, but didn't want to be rebellious like some of my brothers. I asked father if he could spare me until haying and harvest time which would begin about July. I promised to come back at that time and help him as usual. Lew Bird, another fellow, and I started for the mines in Cottonwood Canyon. We agreed with each other to stay together and where one got a job all must work together. We found a place where they wanted two men but not three men. I would not accept work that way, but my partners did, and I was left out. I went up the canyon farther and found a fine job where I could make better than \$2.50 a day of ten hours. The work was at a saw mill and consisted of chopping slabs to fire the engine. A stranger there saw that I was young and needed some good advice. He told me

to come to his engine when I washed and combed my hair for he would furnish me with soap and towel. Then he explained that I might get diseased if I mixed so much with the boarders. This place was called Grisley Flat and was about three-quarters of a mile from Alta City. In it were thousands of men and women, most of whom were either drunk or getting drunk and doing something worse which drinking leads to. After working at the sawmill about a month or five weeks I met an old acquaintance who had a job dragging wood down the mountain side. He said he was making lots of money and wanted me to quit the mill and join him, which I did. But the job was no good, that is, there wasn't much money in it. However, I stayed with it until I got my hand hurt between a log and a large rock. This put an end of my work there so I struck out for home. I arrived home in time to help hay and harvest the crops. I was quite wealthy for I had eighty or ninety dollars. I worked the remainder of that year for my father with the exception of a month or two in the fall when I drove a horse power on a threshing machine. When we finished threshing I went home for winter quarters. I agreed to pay my father three dollars a week for my board and lodging with the privilege of working for it at \$1.50 a day. I worked a little but not much because of the deep snow and cold stormy winter.

In the spring of 1873, I think it was in February or March, a chinook (south wind) began to blow and melted the snow. Spring came early and with it plowing and planting of wheat. This was soon finished and again I started out to hunt a job for a few weeks, always expecting to come back home to help when the rush work began. I started for Salt Lake City. After arriving there I found a man by the name of Abe Luce who wanted to hire a man. I contracted to work for him in Neff's Canyon near the mouth of Emigration Canyon and about 10 or 12 miles from Salt Lake City. I worked at this place about six weeks. I have forgotten the salary I was to receive. Old Luce went to Salt Lake to get money to pay me - so he said. But after about three days he returned with a broken head. He said he had been robbed so I did not get any money from him. But I got forty dollars from another

fellow. Luce still owes me forty dollars.

About this time I discovered the reason I was not able to sleep well at nights. I had an overdose of Gray Backs (lice) so I decided I would go home and get rid of the pesky things. This, I think, was in May 1873. I caught the railroad train in Salt Lake City. On my way I met father on the same train and he told me he had taken a contract to put in logs at McMurdy's sawmill and was going to Salt Lake to buy supplies. He wanted me to work for him on the logging contract. He promised to pay me wages for my work and I promised to help him.

When we arrived home that night he turned the farming over to Brother Charles and the other boys. With my brothers Andrew, Peter, Mormon, and my mother as cook, I started for the logging camp which was about forty-five miles southeast of our home. Our outfit consisted of one wagon, five yoke of oxen, and necessary supplies for the summer. We found splendid grass at the mill so we did not have to feed the oxen. The timber was white pine and composed of the most beautiful trees I have ever seen. The north side of the mountain was covered with about 50 or 100 acres of this timber, and the mountain was just steep enough for five yoke of oxen to snake the largest tree without logging it up. Our contract was to deliver this grove of timber (all logs that would square eight inches) to the mill. McMurdy supposed that we would cart this timber down but the contract did not state that it should be carted, consequently we dragged it. Andrew and Mormon were the bull whackers. Peter moved the brush and dry logs that came in the way, but as there was not much underbrush, his job was easy. I think the boys were all working for wages, but I and a man by the name of George Cunningham contracted to do the chopping for fifty cents a thousand. After about three days of chopping, Cunningham became afflicted with sore eyes and had to quit. He never came back. I had to chop alone, but got along fine and managed to keep ahead of the loggers. I completed my contract in twelve weeks and the boys their work a week later. Father had taken the contract for \$2.75 per thousand feet, and delivered

563,000 feet. I hadn't expected to make more than \$2.00 per day, but the white pine chopped so easily that I was able to fall two and three trees at a time. I think it was the forepart of September when we finished the job. Our wagon had been taken back home so we were left afoot and the only thing to do was to hike it for home and get some teams to move our belongings and a load of lumber that father wanted. Andrew and I started to walk home (about 45 miles) but did not expect to make it in one day. We expected to stop at Hyrum which was about 9 miles from home, to spend the night. When we arrived at Hyrum I was awfully tired as I had on a pair of high-heeled boots which were no good for walking. Andrew did not seem so tired, and after supper he asked me if I was willing to go to Wellsville about 4 miles farther. The sun hadn't set yet so I told him alright. When we arrived in Wellsville everybody had gone to bed. We didn't want to disturb Uncle Levi who lived there. Andrew was anxious to get home as he had not seen them for three months. I pulled off my boots, bathed my feet in cold water, got me a walking stick, and we started out again. We arrived home at ten o'clock that night. The folks had gone to bed, but Aunt Lib got up and prepared us a lunch and a drink of currant wine. She put me to bed in a feather bed - the first and only feather bed I ever slept in in my life. The next morning I felt fine, none the worse for my forty-five mile hike. Andrew did not fare so well. He was ill for several days.

We obtained two teams and spent two days getting back to the mill. We got our loads and took them home thinking we had done very well for one summer. In fact, we thought we had done so well that father decided to go into the sawmill business for himself. McMurdy paid father something over \$1,500. He paid me my wages except \$25 which he paid later on.

Father found a good place for a sawmill in Franklin Canyon in Oneida County, Idaho, just across the line from Utah. There was plenty of fine red timber there and it could be obtained by building a mile or two of roads. In the spring of 1874 he hired Jim Hill, an Indian interpreter, to

take some Indians and to build a road. I went with three or four other men 40 to 50 miles farther north to Soda Springs to get a sawmill. This sawmill had been bought from Brigham Young. It had been used one season. We took it down to Franklin Canyon where the road was being built. We soon had the mill set up and were making lumber.

I began chopping logs, but found there was a vast difference in chopping red pine and chopping white pine. I could not chop half as much of the red pine. After about two weeks I quit the job.

During this time father had bought a house and lot in Franklin, and it was being occupied by brother Charles. We made our headquarters there while we were in town.

Father had made some kind of contract with Brother Lowe who owned a shingle mill. He had me take a team of horses and haul spruce logs (we called them Balsam). I worked at that the rest of the season. In the fall I went back to Mendon for the winter. Brigham Young had told father that he desired to see him farther south. Father considered that a call, and he believed in being responsive to all calls when they came from the right source, and as that was the right source he decided to sell out at once and go to the land of cotton. He soon found buyers and by the next fall he had sold his property.

This winter I did nothing but read and sport and have a good time. I was thinking of getting me a wife if I could find one suitable. I often wondered how I could support a wife when I did not have means. All I had was a small saddle horse, saddle, and a small amount of money (not enough for a marrying stake). Next spring I was waiting for father to get ready to move so I did not go to seek work.

Father had not asked me to go south with him although I knew he expected me to go and would ask me to go. I remained home and helped him get ready. As he was wealthy I felt sure that he would help me when I needed help as I had worked for him all my life and I had supported myself since I had become of age. I do not remember of ever getting a dollar from him except on the white pine contract and he was still

owing me \$25 for that. I wanted to get married as soon as I could find a good girl that I suited. I believed that by going south I would find her as I had heard there were many pretty girls living in the South.

In September 1875 father asked me if I would go with him and drive the loose stock. He said the little boys (Gin and Dick) would assist me. I told him I would if he would pay me the \$25 he owed me. He didn't like to pay me but he did for he knew that if I didn't go he would have to hire a man and that would be expensive.

We started with a four-mule outfit. Spencer drove it and I think he had a trail wagon. Mormon drove an ox-outfit, and I think he had a trailer also. Father drove the buggy with Aunt Lib, Mother and the children. We made one drive a day; did not stop for noon, but always camped early.

We arrived in Kanab, Kane County, some-time about the last of September. Kanab, at that time, was a town of about sixty families or about 300 people. These people were all Mormons with one exception and he had a Mormon wife. On our journey to this place we fell in with L. John Nuttals and family who had been called to Kanab to take charge of the Kanab Stake as President. He had two grown boys, Leonard and Thomas, also a daughter Elizabeth Ann whom George Shumway married later.

At this time the Kanab people were building a grist mill. It was ready for machinery, but before supplying it with the machinery they concluded to have a dance in it. We boys decided to go as it would give us an opportunity to become acquainted with our new environment.

The Kanab people, although poor, were great sports, friendly and sociable. They won my admiration from the first, but inasmuch as we had better clothes than they and had a buggy, the boys decided we were too aristocratic. At the time of the dance we hadn't become acquainted with anybody. We started to the dance in our buggy. While we were going through a dark canyon some fellows on horses passed us shouting for us

to get out of the way. He hadn't gone far when we saw something ahead of us. We supposed it was the boys that had passed us but it proved to be a bullwhacker with three or four yoke of oxen and a barrel of Dixie wine. He was drunk but we didn't know it. Mormon shouted at him what the boys had shouted at us, "Get out of the way." He stopped and wanted to fight, but seeing he was drunk we passed on, and soon arrived at the mill.

It stood at the bottom of a steep hill, so steep that a plank 20 feet long would reach from the ground into the upper floor where they danced. The hall was clean and well-lighted. It looked fine. A fellow invited me to go with him for a drink of wine. I accepted his offer but as it was the first I had tasted I didn't like it on account of its sourness. As we started back we saw a crowd of men on a small knoll with a lighted candle. We walked up, and what should we behold but the bullwhacker we had passed in the canyon. He had his barrel of wine and a tin can, and was dispensing his liquor to all who would drink. He looked at me and said, "Who in the hell are you?" I told him I was one of the fellows who passed him at the canyon in a buggy. He handed me the can and said, "Damn you, drink." I did not feel like drinking, but to save trouble I took a small sip, then I went inside and introduced myself to Mariah Averett. She consented to dance with me. While we were dancing a quadrille someone came to me and said that my brother was outside fighting. I asked Miss Averett to excuse me, and went outside. There were half a dozen fellows who were drunk, wanting to fight, and shouting, "To hell with the Cacheites." Tom Dobson, who was a stranger to me, but a Cacheite (from Cache Valley) was holding the crowd back while Mormon and the bullwhacker (Elijah Potter) fought. My brother Spence was present also. Mormon had his antagonist on his back and was choking him. I started to pull Mormon off, but Dobson, thinking I was one of the Kanab mob, hit me. Then the whole crowd jumped into the fray and we began to roll down the hill together.

We landed in the basement of the mill. This stopped the dancing and everybody went home. The next evening my brothers and I were arrested

for breaking the peace. The judge did not ask us to make any plea or even to state whether we were innocent or guilty, but fined us and several other fellows. My fine was \$7 and I had the privilege of either paying cash or working on the road. I hired a man to work on the road and paid him cash.

Father bought a city lot in Kanab and we spent the winter of 1875-76 hauling lumber and rocks to build a house. In the meantime father went to Johnson, 12 miles away and rented a farm to which he moved my mother. In the spring of '76 we put in crops of grain and potatoes at Johnson and garden truck in the lot at Kanab. In May father went back to Mendon to bring Aunt Het (Henrietta Bird, 3rd wife) south and to attend to other business. Before he left I told him I was considering getting married that month. He asked me who I was going to marry. I told him. He didn't like my choice but gave me ten dollars for a marrying stake. This in addition to what I already had made it possible for me to marry. Mariah Averett and I were married May 28th by Bishop Levi Stewart at Aunt Lib's house. Father said that if I should stay and take care of the cattle and farm he would help me when he returned in the fall. I agreed, and spent the summer on the farm and in the garden moving back and forth; also, taking care of the cattle, etc.

About the first of October, father returned with Aunt Het and family. I expected to be congratulated for being married, but I didn't receive a word of congratulation or encouragement. He expected me to do the things he said without asking any questions. I felt very grieved, but felt that if I would continue to help him he would help me.

Really there was nothing else to do as we were far from where I could get work. The first job he gave me was to make a trip to Richfield and collect seven or eight thousand pounds of wheat which was due him, get it ground into flour, and return with the flour. It took me nearly a month to get this done.

Father traded his place in Kanab for a place in Johnson to a Mr. Cram. I spent the winter of '76-77 fencing it with a stake and rider fence. In the spring we put in crops of grain, potatoes, and truck.

A Mr. Castle had left a stove, bedstead, chairs, wash tub, broom, etc. in care of Bishop Johnson when he moved north. He now wrote for the Bishop to sell this furniture for fifty dollars. I knew this was a bargain and felt sure father would buy it for us. I obtained the key to the house where the things were stored, and took father with me to examine them. He barely glanced in its direction, turned and said it was not worth fifty dollars, consequently he would not buy it. This surprised me for I knew the stove alone was worth fifty dollars. I was discouraged and wondered what to do. My wife was doing washings for other people besides doing her own work, and we were looking for a new arrival.

Father knew something had to be done or I would leave him. He gave me one and one-half acres of nice land and gave me permission to go to the sawmill and pick out lumber for a House. I could decide on its size. We decided to build one with three rooms. I took the oxen and went to the mill for the lumber. I arranged to pay for the lumber by hauling lumber for one of the workmen at the mill. By doing this I paid for it and saved father the cash. At this time we were living with Mother in a one-room house that belonged to the Bishop. Our first baby was born April 22. By October we had the crops harvested and I had my lumber and adobes on the ground ready for the house. Mother moved to another one-room house two miles away near Aunt Het. We went with her for we had no other place to go.

One evening in November father sent Levi for my oxen and wagon. I went to see him to find out why he was doing this. He advised me that he was through with me and I could clear out and do as I pleased. I asked him what I had done to cause this. He said he did it because I had hired my horse to a man without his consent; that I must realize that while I was under his roof he controlled me and all that I had. I explained that it would be hard to leave without a penny after all I had done for him, and I wondered what I could do with my wife and baby. He said, "They can stay with your mother, but you must never eat another meal under my roof."

The next morning I started out to find work. That day I rode without a saddle to the sawmill where I had been hauling lumber. When I arrived there I was tired mentally and physically. No one can know how badly I felt; I had had no dinner, and now had no place to sleep. John Seaman, the owner of the mill, gave me a job running the engine at fifty dollars a month.

I was delighted and began work the next day thinking every minute of my wife and babe. I can hardly write now for the tears that blind me. A week later while eating our meal, Seaman told his wife to prepare for company that night. He did not mention who the company would be, and I thought nothing about it. Imagine my surprise when my wife arrived that evening about sundown. Seaman had hired a Nathan Robinson to bring them to the mill. My gratitude cannot be described. I accepted Mr. Seaman as the best friend I had in the whole world. He gave my wife twenty-five dollars per month to help his wife cook for the mill hands. We worked at this place for 17 months however we didn't draw much of our money as we wanted to save all we could. In the spring of 1879 we had eleven hundred dollars due us from Seaman. He had no money and all he could pay us was two yoke of work oxen, yokes and chain. This was the payment for our labor for nearly one and one-half years.

I am slightly ahead of my story. In April 1878 we decided to go to the temple at St. George. I made a trip to Johnson to see if I could obtain a rig. Father treated me very good, and loaned me his old buggy. I obtained a mule from Brother Bucannon to hitch with my horse on the buggy. It was a queer-looking outfit, and the mule was lazy but we made the trip to the temple and went through it May 1, 1878. Then we returned to the sawmill and continued our work.

I found the running gears of an old wagon. My good friend Joe Hopkins offered to put a new axel free and make other repairs free of charge. Everybody seemed kind to us; I suppose they sympathized for me. We now had a wagon to go with our team.

Father owned a shingle mill near the saw-mill where we had worked. He offered to rent it to me for one-third of the shingles I made. As there was no house there I had to build one. It wasn't long until we had a good one-room house and were living alone for the first time in our married life. I needed a partner and fortunately I obtained a very good one in Seborn Golden. We chopped and hauled our logs and were soon making shingles. We marketed a few of them at Richfield and on the Severe River. Wallace was born May 15, 1879. Golden quit that summer and I hired a man by the name of McFater who was an extra good hand. When fall came I had my debts paid and had one hundred thousand shingles to the good.

In October I made a large rack for my wagon, loaded it with 20,000 shingles and started north to sell them. I found a good market at Richfield and sold my entire load. Then I purchased flour, groceries, cloth, and everything I thought we would need that winter. Returning I believed the winter would be very severe so we moved to Johnson. We wanted to go to Arizona, but didn't feel able. Father had recently sent a herd of cattle with Peter (next younger brother) and two of the smaller boys (Spencer, son of Henrietta and James J., son of Elizabeth Jardine) to Arizona. Pete left the cattle with the boys at the Grand Falls on the Little Colorado River. Father feared the boys would leave the cattle and the wagon and would come back to Utah on the horses. By this time we had obtained a house and were living in Johnson. Father came to me and requested that I take two spans of mules, load up my things, and take my family to Arizona. He said he would come out the following spring and we would find a place where we could make our homes. He said that if I needed supplies to go to Sunset and get what I needed from Lot Smith, telling him that he (father) would be there in spring and pay him.

This sounded good to us and we accepted the offer. December 14th we started our migration having a load of about three thousand pounds of our personal property including grain for the mules. Jim went with us. When we got to Lee's Ferry across the Colorado River we were delayed

because the boat was in a bad condition. We bailed out the water and I drove my four mules and wagon on the boat, but I considered it safer for the folks to cross on the small boat. The ferryman instructed me to drive off the boat immediately as it landed as it was not safe. We started across, the boat leaked badly; the mules became excited and tore the floor of the boat to pieces. However, we landed safely. That night we camped on the south bank of the river. The next morning we crossed over Lee's Backbone - it was a terrible bone. It was only two miles across but took us all day to do it. The remainder of the journey was made splendidly although it was cold and sometimes wood and water were scarce.

About December 25th we arrived at the Grand Falls where Levi (brother) and Charles B. (half-brother) were keeping the cattle. Levi and Jim took our outfit and went back to Johnson, Utah. Charley stayed with us although he was a mere boy he was company for us and was of assistance to me. We went out on the range and got a yoke of oxen to snake cottonwood logs for a house. Soon afterwards we had the house finished. We chinked and adobed it with mud. Its roof was composed of large thin rocks. The floor was dirt. It was fourteen feet square and proved to be quite comfortable.

It was near the road on which there was a good deal of travel. Occasionally we heard from home. The village of Sunset was forty miles farther up the river. Once during the winter I went up there and visited for a day. President Wilford Woodruff was there at the time and I became acquainted with him. He was then going by the name of Mr. Allen. Later, he and Lot Smith stopped at my place for dinner.

When I called him Brother Allen he told me I could call him Brother Woodruff now. He noticed the sugar on the table. Se sampled it and said it had been so long since he had seen sugar that he had almost forgotten how it tasted. After dinner he gave me a mission to cut his name deeply in a rock. He was on his way to Utah. I engraved his name on a rock with the date.

I rode the range nearly every day to keep the

cattle from scattering too much. I intended to drive them farther up the river later on. About the first of March, my brother Peter came with his wife Mary Johnson and her people. He decided to stop with us. About a month and a half later we gathered our cattle and moved further up the river to Woodruff.

When we passed through Sunset we got 150 pounds each of flour and cornmeal, promising Lot Smith that father would come in May and pay for it. Father came in May, but refused to pay the debt. He said I had eaten it and I could pay for it. I thought this was unfair as I had worked for father all winter for nothing and boarded myself beside.

I shall tell of an incident that occurred in June 1877 before I left my home in Utah. Sextus Johnson, Elmer Johnson, and I were deputized by the sheriff to go to the Colorado River about 30 or 40 miles above Lee's Ferry at a place called Utah Crossing after a criminal. There had been a man murdered in Provo by an outlaw named Wilkins, and he was supposed to be on his way for Mexico. It was our duty to see if he had crossed the river at this point. We obtained a pack mule, saddled our horses, and started just at sundown. After traveling all night we arrived at Lee's Ferry just at sunrise the following morning. We and our horses were tired so we rested there that day. We went swimming in the big river and I attempted to swim across, but when I got half way over one of my legs cramped and I decided it was safer to go back. The ferryman, Warren Johnson, said this was fortunate for me as I would have been drawn beneath the current and carried to the falls a short distance below there and would be finished.

The next morning we started for the Ute Crossing. We crossed the pass following the old Indian trail which was probably the most steep and crooked trail in the Rocky Mountains. We had to lead our horses all the way and sometimes we were walking along a crack in the rocks. If we had made a mis-step we should have fallen hundreds of feet and been dashed on the rocks below. We reached the rim of the canyon and proceeded in a north-easterly direction, following as closely to the river as possible, but we could not locate the crossing.

After searching quite a while my companions sent me back to a certain place to make a camp while they went farther up the river, expecting to come to camp awhile later. They got back to camp about midnight. They had found the trail but no fresh signs. The next morning I went after the horses but the mule was missing. I took my horse back to camp expecting to tell the boys, but they were sleeping so I didn't wake them. I saddled my horse, took my gun and started to hunt the mule. A mile from camp I saw four or five Navajo Indians with loose horses traveling fast enough on that rough trail down the mountain to look suspicious. I rode swiftly and when I got near I saw they had my mule. I handed one of the Indians my rope and told him to get my mule for me. He did it, and I thought nothing of the risk I ran. Later, I knew I had taken a great chance. Verily, I ran the gauntlet and came through without a scratch. We went home along another route. I didn't put in a demand for pay, consequently received nothing for my trip.

We had been in Woodruff only about three weeks when father, Aunt Lib and family arrived. We received word that our people had bought land from the Mexicans at Concho and were making a settlement. We went there and father bought twenty acres of land. We chopped cedars and made a brush fence around it. That spring (1880) we put in our crops. Father wanted to find a place where he could put in a grist mill, so went thirty miles west to Snowflake, then eight miles south, where he found a splendid site with plenty of accessible water. This place was called Spring Valley.

I gave father a horse for ten acres of his land at Concho. Peter bought the other ten and father moved to Spring Valley where he built him a flour mill. Peter and I were left at Concho without a team, cow, or other things essential to the settler. I began work on a dugout. It was three feet deep with a wall three or four feet high of rocks and mud surrounding it. Over this wall was a dirt roof from which was suspended an old quilt for a door. When all was ready we moved in. It wasn't long until several other families had

moved into the valley and made it possible for us to be organized into a branch of the St. Johns Ward with Bate Williams as presiding elder. They insisted on me joining the choir. I hesitated because I didn't desire to sing in public. Until this time I had never been asked to officiate in any public capacity whatever. I don't think I had ever been ordained to the office of priest, teacher or even deacon until I went to the temple for my endowments in 1866, at which time I was ordained an elder.

In 1881, I planted my crop of corn, beans, and sugar cane. These crops did very excellently.

That year in October father left for Johnson, Utah to attend to business there and to bring my mother to Arizona. I went with him for the purpose of securing my oxen which I had left there on the range. It took me two weeks of diligent searching to find three of them and a three-year-old broncho steer of father's. I fixed a box for my wagon and we started for Arizona. After the first day, father decided my oxen were too slow, so he and mother went ahead, but Levi who was in a one-horse buggy remained with me. We arrived home in November after a long and wearisome journey.

Concho was organized into a ward with Sextus Johnson as bishop. We divided it into lots and I purchased one. We were advised to construct a fort to protect ourselves from old Geronimo who was on the warpath and causing great alarm throughout the country. We went to the mountains, obtained logs and built a fort one hundred feet square. I built me a log room in one corner of the fort. In another corner we built a log meeting house. The following spring I fenced my lot and built a log house on it with a lumber floor which was quite rare at that time (1882). During that summer I raised a fine crop consisting mainly of corn and cane. We had lived on corn and barley bread so long that we began to long for some good old bread made from wheat flour as we had had but a very small amount of wheat flour since we moved to Arizona. What little we did have we saved for Sundays and for the purpose of making gravy.

Early in the spring of 1883, I went over to Silver Creek or Spring Valley to see my folks. Father was glad to see me for he needed a man to help him. He offered me \$1.50 a day with board and would sell me flour for six dollars per hundred. This seemed a good offer so I commenced chopping pickets and building fences. After working two weeks, father offered to sell me ten acres of land and a city lot for \$20.00 an acre. I went back to Concho and sold my place to Bate Williams for \$300.00, taking half of it in store pay. He gave me two checks for \$75.00 each, but within two hours he had one of them borrowed back, promising to pay it in a month. All I got was \$8.00. I sold my oxen and bought a span of two-year-old Bronco colts. I soon had them broke to work and they proved to be a splendid team.

In March 1883, we started for Silver Creek to build us a new home. We arrived there March 21st and moved in with mother as she had a large house. The land I had bought was rented to a Mr. Austin. This made it necessary for me to rent elsewhere. Father rented me a patch of land on shares. After attending to this, my thoughts began to turn to homebuilding. I went to Pinedale, obtained lumber, shingles, etc. and began my house on my lots. I traded my credit at the store in Concho for the building material. Before I had done much my horses ran away. I searched three weeks for them and finally found them at Concho.

My capital consisted of \$75.00. I gave father \$50.00 of this amount reserving the rest to buy windows and nails for my house. The first of April we were organized into a branch of the Taylor Ward and I was chosen as the presiding elder. John Standiferd was Bishop of Taylor. I didn't feel qualified to perform the duties in my new calling but promised to do the best I could. We held meetings and shortly afterwards Sunday School, Relief Society, and the Primary organizations were effected.

I worked at various occupations; sometimes on ditches or dams or any other job that would contribute to our livelihood. Occasionally, father gave me work which helped to pay the debt I owed him.

Our home was finally moved into our new abode - the first house we had ever dwelled in that did not leak every time it rained. I assure you we were very proud of it. Our branch meetings and relief society meetings were held in this house.

December 14, 1883, Louisa was born. During this winter I ran the grist mill every other week which enabled us to keep the wolf of hunger from our door. The following spring I obtained possession of my land and put in crops. During March having some leisure time I took my team to Holbrook for a load of freight to Fort Apache. I loaded 2,000 pounds of flour and was paid \$2.40 per hundred pounds for hauling it. The roads were muddy and bad, consequently it took me fourteen days to make the trip. After this trip I made trips with freight every time I found it possible to leave my farm. Gradually the price paid for hauling descended until it became as low as seventy-five cents per cwt., and that was paid in merchandise.

Elijah Gill was born March 31, 1886, and we continued to live in practically the same manner; farming, freighting, working on water ditches, and building reservoirs. Our land came into the market and made it necessary for us to obtain titles to it costing us more than \$18.00 an acre. Of course, the irrigated lands cost more than the lands above the canals.

October 25, 1888, Christina was born making our family so numerous that it was necessary to have a larger house. I built two additional rooms converting our home into a four-room dwelling. Our fruit trees (apple and peach) began to bear fruit of this very highest quality. It appears that this place is the best location in Northern Arizona for the production of choice fruit and vegetables, but the sorrowful part is the lack of market. However, we hauled part of our abundant harvests to Camp Apache where we readily disposed of it. We were always ready and willing to pay our taxes, tithes, offerings, and donations in any worthy cause. Our prayers were answered. God blessed and prospered us so we had every reason to be happy and contented. We

were doing our part in subduing and bringing into civilization this great western domain.

Mother died February 20, 1890 (at the home of Spencer D. Shumway at Linden, Arizona) and was buried in the cemetery at Taylor, Arizona. At the time father was living with Aunt Lib and family at Kanab, Utah. We supposed that the property left by mother would be divided among her children, but inasmuch as father was away we did nothing toward dividing her estate. We waited for him to come to divide; he came, but contrary to our expectation, he took possession of it and we boys got nothing except a few relics from the house that no one else would have. We greatly missed mother. She was a brave woman and always ready to advise us wisely. She always taught us to suffer wrong rather than to do wrong. Father needed money to obtain his deed from Brother Jesse N. Smith and in order to get it he sold me mother's place for \$60.00 exclusive of the house.

Albert was born February 7, 1891; Blanche, November 5, 1895, and Coral October 20, 1901. Father died May 21, 1898 and was interred at Taylor at the side of mother. His entire estate was willed to Aunt Lib and her family. To his other children he left one dollar each. We felt that inasmuch as mother had been deserted by him and left alone that her property should have been left to her children instead of taken from them and willed to others. However, I do not wish to judge. If wrong has been done recompense will be made hereafter. We should rather suffer wrong than to do wrong.

Now a few lines regarding my life from birth to twenty years of age, or until 1870. In the year 1849, father and mother with their family were called by President Brigham Young to go to Sanpete County. They went and assisted in building a town which they named and is still known as Manti. Mother was a second wife, I think she was married to father in the Nauvoo Temple. The first wife, Julia Hooker, became ill and died before the Saints were driven out of Nauvoo, Illinois by the mob. She left two children, Andrew and Mary (Mary Westover. Died at age 97 in Emery County;

Ferron, Utah, House of Rep., Eva Conover). They were reared by mother. When they moved to Sanpete, mother had one son, named Charles. Her other and firstborn, a little girl (Lucetta) had been buried somewhere along the long road from Nauvoo to Utah. (Louisa had four sons: Charles, Wilson Glen, Peter Minnerly and Levi Minnerly.)

When I was between two and three years old, we moved to Payson south of Manti. While we were living here my brother Peter was born. I don't remember just how long we lived at Payson, but I know that on June 26, 1858 we lived at Cottonwood, eight miles south of Salt Lake City.

The date, June 26, 1858, will always be fresh in my memory. It was on this memorable day that we watched along the state highway that bordered our place the long column of Johnson's army marching in double file coming to subdue the "Mormons." It seemed to me that this army was a mile long followed by a great train of wagons.

The following year (1859) we sold our place and moved to Cache Valley, about 80 miles north of Salt Lake City. We located in a small place known as Wellsville. I remember being baptized and remember it was in the winter and that the snow was deep, but do not remember what year it was or who it was that baptized me.

At that time the Indians were almost constantly causing trouble. Father was captain of a company of minutemen and was kept busy protecting the settlers from the redskins. The chief of the Indians was named Bear Hunter. I recall a battle that occurred between his band and Uncle Sam's soldiers from Camp Douglas. The Indians were defeated and many of them killed. I saw Bear Hunter's scalp and a barrel full of other scalps.

One of my duties was to take father's herd of horses at daybreak to the hillsides, let them graze, then corral them when night came. About sunrise I would leave them to go to the house for breakfast. One morning while I was eating my breakfast the Indians stole the entire herd of horses. Father and some other men tried to

follow the thieves, but their efforts were futile, although they searched several days.

Andrew was called to Mendon to be Bishop. This was five miles north of our home at Wellsville. Father sold his property and moved to Mendon with Andrew; procured a good farm there and lived there until we moved to Kanab in Kane County.

(Signed) W. G. Shumway

WILSON SHUMWAY AND ZANE GREY

By
Robert Owens

The stage route from the railway station at Holbrook, Arizona, south to Fort Apache and the Ponderosa forests of the Mogollon Rim country passed through Shumway, Arizona. The stage stopped at Wilson's house, and he was usually there to chat with the driver and passengers.

Zane Grey maintained a cabin under the Mogollon Rim, and was a frequent guest at Wilson's home as he traveled to and from his cabin. Wilson was an old man by then, full of stories about the old west, and Zane Grey was still in the beginnings of his career as a western writer. My mother recalls them sitting for hours on Wilson's porch, with Wilson telling his stories and Zane Grey listening.

Then Zane Grey published "Riders of the Purple Sage," which became quite popular and which was disparaging of the Mormons. Wilson was incensed. He felt Zane Grey had betrayed him by thus misrepresenting the church. All the kids of Shumway waited for Zane Grey's next visit with great anticipation, since it was expected that Wilson, as defender of the faith, would give him a tongue-lashing he would never forget.

To their disappointment, the next encounter between Zane Grey and Wilson Shumway was a quiet, apparently amicable conversation on the porch. Wilson later said that Grey had apologized for saying so many mean things about the Mormons, and promised he would never do it again in future novels.

Mother also recalls Wilson later exhibited a magazine article by Grey, retracting his libels, and praising the Mormons. (My own research has failed to disclose such an article.)

APPENDIX V

Life Sketch of Levi Minnerly Shumway
and His Wife Ann Standifird

Levi Minnerly Shumway was born at Wells-ville, Cache County, Utah on November 15, 1859 - a son of Charles and Louisa Minnerly Shumway. His early boyhood was spent in Cache Valley. His parents lived in the towns of Wellsville, Mendon, and Franklin at different times. His schooling began at Mendon. When his father moved the family southward at the beginning of the Arizona mission, Levi remained behind to attend school. He went to Logan and lived in the home of Bishop Preston that winter. In 1875 his father returned to Logan and took him to Johnson where his mother and the family were living. Having received training in one of the highest institutions of learning the country boasted at that time, he taught school in Johnson when he was sixteen years old.

In 1879 when the missionaries had nearly all pushed into the wilds of Arizona, Levi with some of his brothers left Johnson with about one hundred twenty-five head of cattle. They went as far as the Grand Falls on the Little Colorado River and spent some time there with the cattle. When the other boys came to take the cattle on, Levi and his brother James drove a mule team back to Johnson to help move the family to the new country. On reaching the Buckskin Mountains they found the snow too deep to cross over so they were obliged to take another route around by the Poreah, which of course, added quite a distance to their journey. About two days before reaching Johnson their provisions ran out. When they camped at night, a neighbor camper Levi Savage saw them build a fire but make no preparation for supper. He came over to learn their needs and supplied them with enough food to last them on to Johnson.

In the fall of 1880 Levi drove a horse and buggy to Arizona. He was accompanied by his father and mother with the mule team and his brother Wilson who drove an ox team. They reached the Little Colorado the day Levi was twenty-one years old. They came to Taylor

where some of the family were already living, but finally they all went to Shumway where they engaged in farming and cattle raising.

On April 9, 1883 at the St. George Temple, occurred a union between Levi M. Shumway and Ann Standifird. She was born at Bountiful, Utah on January 2, 1865, the eldest daughter of John Henry and Mary Ann Argyle Standifird. Her childhood was spent in Bountiful. After her father was called on the Arizona mission in 1875 the family moved to Kanab, where they resided until 1878. In the meantime the Arizona mission was postponed on account of the hostilities among the Indians in Arizona. When the mission was again resumed, Ann, then a little girl of thirteen, accompanied her father to Arizona.

They left Kanab, Utah early in January 1878 with a mule team and a wagon loaded with provisions and a milk cow tied behind. Two months later they arrived in Taylor where James Pearce and family were living. Later John Standifird and James Pearce purchased the ranch on Silver Creek from Felix Scott, now known as Solomon Ranch. An irrigation ditch was taken out the first year and the next year the Standifird family moved there from Kanab. From that time on the family spent the summers on the ranch and the winters in Taylor where the children went to school. The advantages were very meager at that time.

Ann's girlhood was filled with interesting events, typical perhaps of the pioneer girl. She possessed the true pioneer spirit and did everything she could do to help in the establishment of the new home.

The event of her marriage to Levi M. Shumway was next of importance in her life. The trip to St. George, Utah to the Temple was made by team and wagon and cost the young couple great effort and sacrifice. They first made their home in Shumway, later moving to Taylor, where Levi was employed for a time as clerk in the co-op store. This has always been the home of the family, though a move was contemplated at one time. They came to the conclusion that Taylor is home and "home is the best place after all."

Levi was always industrious and thrifty. His first thought and ambition was to provide the best home possible for his family. Twelve children were born to them, six of whom grew to adulthood.

Both Levi and his companion have been actively interested in religious and the social life of the community. He was affiliated with the Mutual Improvement Association for a good many years, being president for a number of years. Some of his duties being to manage the dances and supervise dramatics. Some very good plays were staged in the "Decker Hall," during these years. He served as counselor to Bishops James J. Shumway and N. A. Brimhall, and then as Bishop himself for two years. After his release as Bishop he served on the High Council for a number of years. He worked in the Arizona Temple until his death on April 12, 1940.

Ann was president of the first Primary organized in Shumway and was also president of the Primary in Taylor Ward after moving from Shumway. She sang in the Ward Choir for thirty-five years and was a Sunday School teacher without intermission for thirty-five years, besides holding other positions in Relief Society, Mutual and Religion class.

On June 4, 1911 she was sustained as counselor to Nellie M. Smith who was president of the Snowflake Stake Relief Society. On April 27, 1924 she was made president, which position she held until August 27, 1925. After this she worked in the Arizona Temple for a short time. She died on March 6, 1933.

APPENDIX VI

History of Mormon Alma Shumway

HISTORY OF: MORMON ALMA SHUMWAY

Mormon Alma or (Adelbert) Shumway was born 1 January 1854 at Big Cottonwood Salt Lake County, Utah. The third son of Charles and Henrietta Bird Shumway. When Mormon was real small his father was called on a short mission to Canada. When he returned he was called on to assist in pioneering Cache Valley, Utah. They settled in Wellsville and later in Mendon. By now Charles's third wife had four children; one born in Payson and three, one of which was Mormon Alma our Grandfather was born in South Cottonwood. They lived in Wellsville and Mendon longer than any place since Nauvoo. While they lived in Wellsville Mormon's mother had five more children.

In 1874 his father Charles was called by Brigham Young to help settle Arizona. The family moved as far as Kanab, Utah and lived there one year. They then moved to Johnson, Kane County, Utah and lived there two or three years. In 1879 Wilson and some of the other boys of which Mormon was one, left for Arizona with the cattle and other stock. The stock was driven across the river on the ice. They went to Concho and in the spring of 1880 the rest of the family joined them. They had only lived there a short time when they moved to Taylor, Arizona and then to Shumway, Arizona, which proved to be the ultimate place of residence. The family was soon industriously working, building homes and a flour mill there.

At this time we can't find out much about our grandfather, but he must of been about 26 years old and this was the year he married Sarah Ann Averitt. Our family records, what few we have, tell us they were married 14 May 1880, but no one knows where. The records in the Mormon Temple in St. George, Utah show that Sarah Ann Averitt was endowed in that Temple 21 May 1880 and was sealed to Mormon Alma Shumway on the same date. The records do not show whether they were married before they came to be sealed or if they were

married and sealed the same day. The next we can find they were living in Arizona and grandpa was working for the government surveying the state line separating Arizona and Utah. There first child, a son Delbert, was born here in Arizona on February 17, 1881, and passed away on the 27 of August 1882.

The next we find of them, they were living in Kanab, Kane County, Utah. That is where their next eight children were born: Elijah, Christina, Elma, Jed, Ione, Mardell, Andrew Lynn, and Vernell. Elma and Andrew Lynn died in infancy and were buried in Kanab. About all the children who are living now can remember is that there father herded sheep for thirty dollars a month in the winter and then the family moved onto Buckskin Mountain, now known as Kaibab Mountain, in the summer. Mormon worked in his father's or brothers' sawmill and grandma and the older children cooked for the men who worked in the saw mill, and they milked cows and put down cheese and butter to do them through the winter months.

About 1902 their family was large and work was hard to get so they decided to move to Nevada. They arrived at Alamo, Lincoln County, Nevada in the spring or early summer. Mormon farmed on the Dolly Ferguson ranch, now known as the Bunker ranch, the first year. The next few years they farmed and worked on several different ranches. They were living on the Henry Sharp ranch when their son Jed was kicked by a mule and died a few hours later. This was on August 11, 1903. Jed was fourteen years old.

Their daughter Thelma was born about a month later. They bought a lot in the town of Alamo. The lot now is owned by Viv. Freighner. They lived here for quite a few years. Mormon worked for the farmers in the Pahrnagat Valley in the summer and the sheep men from Utah would bring their sheep to the Nevada deserts for the winter and grandpa would herd their sheep for them in the winter. He would be away from home most of the time in the winter.

On 10, of April 1910 their last child, a daughter, Blanche, was born. A few years later

grandpa bought the Brinkerhoff place in the south end of town. It was a larger place and they had a pasture and could raise some hay for a few head of cattle.

Sarah Ann took real sick in May 1928 and even though everything was done that was possible, she passed away on the 28 of May. She was buried in the Alamo cemetery beside her son Jed. Mormon was awfully broken up and at a loss as Sarah Ann had always taken most of the responsibility of the family. He and his daughter Blanche continued to live at the family home although they did eat most of their meals at the home of his oldest daughter Christy.

One evening they had eaten supper at her house and when it was time to go home Blanche wanted to stay longer and play with the other children, so grandpa told her to stay the night, he would be all right. In the morning he didn't come up to breakfast so Christy sent Blanche and one of her children down to see why he hadn't come to breakfast. When they got there they found him terribly sick. His son-in-law Andy Richard and nephew Omar Stewart went in and took care of him and cleaned him up. He had had dysentery and vomiting all night and was too sick and unconscious to get out of bed. While they were cleaning him up, they laid him back twice thinking he was dead. He was real sick for quite some time but after he did get better he felt better than he had for many years.

Blanche married Arthur Foremaster on the 17 December 1928. They lived with grandpa for a long time and then they moved away. Grandpa spent most of his time then living with his children. He stayed most of the time at Christy's as she was a widow. I can always remember I was very happy when he would spend some time with us. Wherever grandpa stayed and in his own home, every meal started with him asking this blessing: "We feel to render unto thee the thanks and the gratitude of our hearts, Heavenly Father, for the food which is now prepared for our use, may become nourishing and strengthening to our bodies and thus to our service, these favors and blessings we ask in the worthy name of your son Jesus Christ, Amen."

As I have been writing this history I have written to most of the grandchildren. One granddaughter, Neola Stratton, said, "She didn't know much about grandpa's life, but she could remember him telling her that when he went to church he wouldn't take the sacrament if he had been cross or had any hard feelings toward anyone."

In 1938 he got real sick and went to live with his daughter Blanche. She was living in Alamo at the time. As he was real bad and needed a lot of care, the other relatives helped and took turns sitting up with him at night. As he got better he kept talking about his 85th birthday which he did celebrate on January 1, 1939.

Mother and I went to see him the afternoon of January 2nd and he kept saying, "I was 85 yesterday wasn't I?" He was in real good spirits and we had a real good visit with him. He slept good all night and the next morning Blanche wanted to bring his breakfast into his bed, but he wouldn't let her. He got up and went into the kitchen and ate at the table. After he ate he talked a few minutes then said he thought he would go in and lay down awhile. In a few minutes Blanche couldn't hear him, so she looked in to see if he was asleep and was covered up good. He had passed away, laying there looking just like he was asleep. It seemed as if he had set his goal to reach the age of 85 and when that was done, he was happy to go on.

When he passed away he had seven living children; five girls and two boys. Now there are four girls; Christy, Ione, Mardell and Thelma. He has 27 grandchildren, 82 greatgrandchildren, 84 great, great grandchildren and one great, great, great grandson.

APPENDIX VII

Life of Wilson Glenn Shumway

LIFE OF WILSON GLENN SHUMWAY
By his son Wilson Averett Shumway

Wilson G. Shumway was born in Manti, Sanpete County, Utah, 6 December 1850. He was born in a wagon box, the wagon standing on the hill, perhaps on the very spot where the Manti Temple has since been erected. He was the son of Charles Shumway by his second wife, Louisa Minnerly Shumway. Charles was the son of Purley, who was the son of Peter, the son of Jeremiah, son of Peter, son of the first Peter who was a French Huguenot coming to Massachusetts in the time of the Pilgrim fathers.

The family moved to Payson, Utah while he was a small child. They moved to Cottonwood before he was eight and there as a boy he saw long columns of Johnston's army as they marched along the road near his home. In 1859, his father and mother moved to Wellsville where the boy was baptized in the winter time when the snow was deep.

The Indians were troublesome at times. The boy's father was captain of the Minute Men and Wilson was given the task of herding the horses, which job continued from daylight til night time. One morning while at breakfast, the family discovered that the Indians had stolen the horses. They were never recovered.

The Shumways moved from Wellsville to Mendon where Wilson grew to manhood. Like most boys of those times, he knew all about hard useful work. He interspersed farm work with such jobs as were to be had on the roads, thrashing machines and saw mills.

Charles Shumway received a call from Brigham Young in 1875 to go south. He left in September, taking Wilson along to drive the cattle. They went as far as Kanab where the family made its first home in southern Utah. Here, Wilson met a seventeen-year-old girl, Maria Janette Averett,

to whom he was married 28 May 1876. Their first son was born in Johnson, Utah, April 22, 1877. A year after this in April 1878, the couple went to the St. George Temple in an old buggy drawn by an old mule and a pony. There they were married again 1 May 1878.

The winter of 1877-78 was spent working on John Seaman's saw mill at upper Kanab. This was followed by some very profitable work on a shingle mill at the same place. In 1879 Charles Shumway decided to move to Arizona. Wilson was asked to go ahead with a load of provisions for his brothers, Levi and Charley B., who were with the cattle at Grand Falls on the Little Colorado River near Sunset, an early Mormon settlement in Arizona. The start was made on 14 December 1879, with a four mule team hitched to a wagon loaded with grain, provisions and a few household things. Together with his wife, two children and a younger brother, Jim, they arrived at the Falls about Christmas. James and Lee returned to Kanab with the team, leaving the little boy Charley to help Wilson with the cattle. The two of them rigged up an ox team with which they dragged fourteen foot cottonwood logs, built a house, covered it with flat sandstones and there lived in comparative comfort till Spring.

In March Wilson's brother Pete and young wife joined them. They took the cattle up the river to Woodruff in April. There, after a period of three weeks, they were joined by their father and his wife (Aunt Lib) and her family.

About this time, the Mormon people bought the Mexican settlement of Concho. The family bought 20 acres of the land and planted crops.

Charles Shumway moved to Spring Valley (now known as Shumway) soon after and there built a flour mill. Wilson and Peter remained in Concho without cows or teams but with ten acres of land each.

Wilson started with his father back to Utah in October of 1881 to get his oxen. They hunted for two weeks but could find only three of the four oxen. He broke a three-year-old steer, made a wagon box, then started to Arizona in company of

his father, mother and brother Lee.

In Concho, he and his family lived in a dug-out. There was only a dirt floor and a dirt roof which leaked streams of water and mud when it rained. Sometimes the father held a quilt up over the bed to protect wife and babies. It was dreadful.

Indian troubles led by Geronimo caused the people of the little settlement of Concho to build a log fort one hundred feet square. In a corner of this fort, Wilson built a one-room log house which was very much better than the dugout. Concho was organized into a ward about this time. He and his wife joined the choir and other social activities which did much to relieve the monotony for the settlers who lived in poverty and isolation in those early days.

The mill Wilson's father had built in Spring Valley was in operation by 1883. He induced his son to move with his family to that place where two of Father Shumway's families were living.

Wilson Glenn Shumway lived the remainder of his life in this one place, rearing his family of nine children, four girls and five boys, on a little farm of ten or twelve acres of land. He always had plenty of field produce and garden truck as well as fine apples and other fruits in his little orchard. He served as presiding elder and was active in the branch of the church there. During the course of his life he built four or five homes for himself as well as helping his neighbors build. He was always ready and willing to help or donate on schoolhouses, meeting houses, roads, dams and other projects.

The little settlement got its first district school, post office and the name Shumway in 1891. It was named in honor of Charles Shumway who spent his last days in the little valley.

Before Wilson's health began to fail, he did some freighting in addition to running the farm. He also ran the grist mill for a number of years.

The few people of Shumway and vicinity were organized into a ward in 1915 and Wallace Shumway, second son of Wilson, was made the first bishop. From this time on Wilson did but

little hard work because of poor health.

July 22, 1924, Mariah Janette Shumway died suddenly. No one ever had a better or truer wife and help mate than she had been. After this he had no desire to live longer. Early the next year 19 April, 1925, he passed away after several years of declining health ending in an attack of the flue. He and his ever faithful wife lie side by side in the little cemetery near Shumway, Arizona.

Warm Summer sun,
Shine kindly here,
Warm southern wind,
Blow softly here.

Green sod above,
Lie light, lie light.
Good night, dear hearts,
Good night! Good night!

APPENDIX VIII

Sketch of the Life of Charles M. Shumway

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF CHARLES M. SHUMWAY

Charles M. Shumway, son of Charles Shumway and Louisa Minnerly, was born in the south-east corner of the old fort in Salt Lake City, Utah on the 10th of August 1848. His parents soon after moved to Sanpete County, Utah where they lived a short time and moved back to Payson where they were living when the Walker War broke out.

Among his earliest recollections are events in connection with that war. He remembers a man going out and climbing on a wagon and sounding a bugle. He also remembers seeing men and boys running from the fields, seeing a man who had been shot riding around his companions who were mortally wounded to protect him from the Indians.

While in Payson he received a patriarchal blessing under the hands of Isaac Morley, in which he was promised that he would be the father of children and the husband of wives, that he would be the owner of carriages and that his enemies would have no power over him. These promises have been literally fulfilled.

His father's family then moved to Cottonwood from which place his father left for a mission to Canada, taking a handcart to the Missouri. Charles M. remembers his mother packing her belongings in a wagon, when ordered to do so, because of the coming of Johnson's army; and though he was only nine years old he drove a team for his mother when they moved south, which was his first experience as a teamster. He remembers the saints going to the creek to gather greens which was about all they had to eat. One day he and his two brothers were watching their mother fry white flour cakes for them, a neighbor girl came in and told of her brother's sickness. The cakes were disposed of for the sick and corn cakes were substituted for the boys, very much to their disappointment.

In 1860 the family moved to Mendon and after the crops were harvested that fall, on account of Indian troubles the people of Mendon moved to Wellsville. Here he went to school for a few months during the winter.

Charles M. 's father had a large family of boys, but always had plenty of work for them to do, so much in fact, that they had little opportunity to get any schooling. What little he did get was in the schools at Mendon and Wellsville under the tutorship of Lawson Bradshaw and Jim Leishman, which his father paid for in commodities of corn, wheat, and vegetables.

The early settlers of Mendon, like other pioneers, were confronted with a difficult problem to harvest and thresh their first crops of grain. It was with united efforts of both men and women working in the field together, the work, though very laborious, was finally accomplished. The task continued thus from about the year 1860 to 1865 with very crude machinery, as we should bear in mind, farm machinery was yet in its infancy and that which was brought by ox-team with the first pioneers was by no means the latest improvement, even at that time.

Charles M. 's father and a Mr. Bird who lived at Mendon had a reaper in about the year 1863 which was considered a marvel and wonder. It required a driver to rake the swath off the platform and several more followed after to bind the sheaves.

The family moved back to Mendon, after spending the winter at Wellsville in the old fort, in the spring of 1861 or 62.

As a young man Charles M. stood guard a great deal of the time. One night he and Christian Sorenson were standing guard. They had all the horses on the square. James Gardener was to relieve them at one o'clock. About 12:30 they heard a noise like a thousand Indians yelling and it gradually died down until it sounded like a cow bellowing. Four others heard the noise, but when they went to find the cause they were unable to find anything.

In Wellsville some Indians came to his father and one of them raised his tomahawk like he was going to strike him, and he (grandfather) raised his bull whip. The Indian laughed and went away.

At another time he was going up Sardine canyon with Willie Simpson, who was some distance ahead, when some Indians yelled and he yelled like them. When he was out of sight of the Indians he would run, then walk when they could see him. Two days before this they had killed two men near there, when they were in the canyon burning charcoal for a blacksmith.

One day word came from Logan that the Indians were bad and his father was sent for; he sent Charles down to get the horses he was to ride which were in the pasture north of town with the other horses. The pasture was fenced, with a stick and a pole gate in the opening for the horses to come out. He rode around the horses and up to the gate, but they ran back each time when they reached the gate. He worked there in the dark for a long time but could not get them out. His father, after waiting for a long time, sent another man after him, and when the man got here the horses went out with no trouble at all. The next morning when he went to the pasture, he could see the foot prints of an Indian and could see where he had laid down in the ditch and came out to scare the horses.

In the spring of 1870 Charles M. was called on a mission to England. He labored in the Birmingham conference most of the time. One of his companions was a man named Lott Smith. While he was on this mission he baptized eight souls.

Charles M. married Sarah Wilson Jardine in the endowment house in September 29, 1873. Daniel H. Wells officiated. Soon after he went to Soda Springs and moved Brigham Young's saw mill down to Franklin which he ran for some time. To be close to his work he moved to Franklin, Idaho. Here a baby son was born, the first child, a girl, having been born in Mendon. In February this baby boy died of black diphtheria - his name was Purley. The following spring he moved up Franklin canyon and stayed the summer. In the fall he

moved to Clarkston. His possessions consisted of a yoke of oxen, a cow, a horse, a wagon, and what household possessions he could put in his wagon.

The first winter in Clarkston they lived in an old rock tithing office which stood just east of the present tithing granery. The following year he moved out onto the lot where he made his home until just a few years before he died.

In 1879, at the suggestion of the Bishop of his ward, John Jardine, he married Agnes Jardine, a sister of his first wife, and the daughter of the Bishop. This marriage took place in the endowment house in Salt Lake City on the 4th of September, 1879. His wives lived in the same house until Agnes moved to Logan to do temple work in 1916.

If difficulties arose between wives and husband they were never discussed in the presence of the children and peace, love and harmony dwelt in their home.

On 24 February 1883 Charles M. left to fill a mission to the southern states. He left with two other Clarkston missionaries; namely, Thomas Godfrey and Thomas Griffen. Only those who have filled missions know of the experiences he went through, what trials and hardships and dangers he was to face.

He filled this mission while the people in the southern states were hostile, and it was while he was on this mission that Elders Gibbs and Berry were killed by a mob. But grandfather had been promised before he left home that he should be protected and that the enemy would have no power over him.

One night near Springfield, Alabama he and Elder W. H. Jones, his companion, went to fill an appointment and they were met by a minister who told them to stay away. They stopped with a friend and the next morning before daylight they were on their way. They took the wrong road and after they had gone some distance, they went into the woods for a word of prayer. While there they saw a man on a horse pass them. He would have seen them if they had not gone to pray. They

later learned this man met a mob as he went on; this mob was hunting for the elders and asked this man if he had seen them and he told them they were not on the road. Thus they were delivered from the mob.

The next day and the day following they traveled without food. In the afternoon of the second day, they were very hungry and wondered what to do. Elder Jones crossed the road, walked up to a fir tree, put his hand under a limb and brought out an ear of corn. It was divided and they both said it was the best meal they ever tasted.

Later they were walking and had been walking many miles without food and rest. People refused time after time to accommodate them so they kept walking not knowing what else to do. At about one o'clock in the morning they came to a spring. They recognized it as belonging to the saints. It was a mystery to both of them how they ever got there.

Many times while on his missions and during his life, he was protected by his Heavenly Father by listening to that still, small voice.

He returned home from his mission in January 1885 and during his mission he had a son born to his wife Sarah. His two wives had worked very hard during his absence. They would do sewing or house work for people, and took care of their families. It had been quite a sacrifice for all of them, but as is the case always, they received many more blessings by sacrificing as they did and their families were better for these sacrifices.

During grandfather's life he has been an active worker, holding many positions in the church and in civic affairs. He presided over the Seventh Quorum of Seventy when the brethren came from Newton and Clarkston. He was president of the YMMIA for several years, also a teacher in Sunday School. He has also carried his portion of positions in the community in which he lived. He served as president of the town board for several years and was president when the electric lights

and water works were installed. In earlier years he was road supervisor for many years. I remember the discussion that went on among grandfather's children when the street lights were installed in Clarkston, grandfather would not allow them to put a light on his corner because he was the chairman of the board and any way what would people think?

Grandfather was the father of 11 children; six boys and five girls, seven of whom are still living. Both of his wives preceeded him in death, but he didn't live many years after Sarah passed on.

For many years he did work in the Logan Temple and did work for many of his progenitors whom had gone on before. He was engaged in that work when he was afflicted so he could work there no more. His greatest desires were that his children and grandchildren will live the gospel of Jesus Christ.

He was not rich in temporal blessings, yet the Lord has blessed him sufficiently that he could live comfortable and educate his children. He was rich in friends and the love of his children. His children rejoice in the life he lived and the example he set, his patience and his submission and the willingness of serving and living as his Father in Heaven asked him.

I once asked grandfather, just what he felt had helped him have faith in the church and what was the thing in his life that guided him most. He told me that through the works of his father Charles Shumway, he has best been able to keep his faith stronger in the church. Charles Shumway Sr. joined the church right after it was first organized. He was one of the body guards of the Prophet Joseph Smith. He helped to remove the prophet to an unknown grave, and did all in his power to help the prophet to keep away from the mob.

Grandmother suffered many of the trials of the plains, and grandfather said that it was by the faith of his father and mother that he has been able to withstand all of these trials and he has had many of them himself. He was persecuted by the mob who were after those people who lived in polygamy. He was a pioneer at Wellsville and Mendon and had

many trials in the mission field. When left his family for the mission he says he didn't know what his family would live on nor how he could afford to go, but he went; his family got along all right. He had the ability to face hardships willingly, uncomplainingly, and to do what he knew was right.

I often think of the many times we would go to grandfather and grandmother Shumway's home, and I would think of many little things connected with them and their home. But I didn't seem somehow to be able to put these things in writing. One of grandfather's great grandsons who was just small when we used to have the Shumway reunions at the old home, sent me in a letter some of the thoughts and memories he had at this time. They are so true and so well pictured I desire to include them in this history. This is what he wrote:

I always remembered Great Grandfather Shumway as a six foot man, but in looking through some pictures I have of the old reunions, he was about 5'11" or about Uncle John's height. And I remember he always kept the white washed outhouse as clean as the house. I remember the old emery wheel under the strawberry apple tree, the neat vegetable garden on the west of the house, the old barn farther out to the west of the house, the large hedge around the lot and the irrigating ditch that cut a diagonal line across the grass, the cottonwood trees that lined the road, the bookcase in the hall that I would give a lot to own, with grandfather's books in it, the picture that hung on the wall in the room, the hand-carved bedstead, the immaculate kitchen and shinny black stove, and the well-set table with spring potatoes and peas and grandfather eating them with, or on, his knife.

Ralph also wrote in his letter --

"I recently wrote a letter to a Mr. Calvin Wheeler in Blackfoot with hope that I could garner a few ideas about Grandfather Shumway, for his father-in-law used to live across from Grandfather's place and this is the copy of the letter that I received. I got a kick out of it and hope you do also."

"Dear Dr. Frogley: I'm sorry that I haven't answered your letter sooner, but my husband and I have been trying to get settled in our home since his release from the army, so things have been upset for us.

I never knew your Great Grandparents personally, but I remember my parents and grandparents talking about them a lot. Their home is across the street from my grandparents' place so you can see that my parents and grandparents know them well.

I talked to my father about the Shumways and he told me some thing that might be of interest to you. As you probably know, Charles Shumway had two wives. It seems he was quite a gentleman and always carried the milk buckets to the barn and held the cow's tail while his wives did the milking. He was a very talented fellow with an ax and could carve with it as well as cut wood. He was quite ambitious this way, and had a huge pile of wood always on hand for burning. His place was always neat and clean. He had the best vegetable garden in Clarkston and was the first man in town to have radishes and new potatoes in the spring. No man in Clarkston could raise better pigs than Mr. Shumway. He was on a mission with Pres. Charles W. Nibley, and he thought a lot of him. At conference time he always said he gave the best talk of all. He was the first man in Clarkston to have a hedge around his lot and that hedge is still there to this day. His children were all outstanding and were leaders in the communities they settled in. Their father gave them all an education and sent several on a mission.

I hope some of these things will be of interest to you.

Sincerely, Joan Wheeler."

(She was a granddaughter to Zeke Godfrey.)

Grandfather and Aunt Sarah's health was not too good and Aunt Sarah's eyes were growing dim, and it was deemed best for them to leave their home and live with some of their children. So for a short time they lived with Uncle Frank and Aunt Laura Shumway. Then they came to Mother and

Dad's home to stay for the remainder of their lives. This was after I was married, but I lived just next door to the folks so I know how things were with them. Aunt Sarah went first, she had concussion from a fall and slept into death very peacefully. The day of her death, before she fell, she seemed to feel somehow she was to be called, for she took her pitiful small personal belongings and told mother who to give them to. She died that night.

Grandfather lived on until the year of 1940. He was very old, and didn't realize too much what went on; but often he would say to Mother, "I love you Maud, you are so good to me." And Mother was good to him. She had a job for he was almost helpless, but she kept him spotless as she did his bed linens. When he finally became so weak that Mother knew he was slowly dying, it was on Christmas Eve and Mother's family was home for Christmas, but she told no one all evening. Just as we left to come home, she called me aside and told me she might need me before morning. And very early the day of Christmas she sent one of the boys for me and not so very long after he too slept himself into death.

Grandfather was a wonderful man. I only remember him in his older years, but I think I have never seen a more patient man, and he had such a sweet smile.

APPENDIX IX

Brief Sketch of the Life of Hyrum Smith Shumway

BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE
OF
HYRUM SMITH SHUMWAY

As I sit pen in hand, furrowed brow, sincerely earnest and desirous of writing even a small account of my Grandfather's life in order to fulfill a request that I do so, I still face the realism of how very difficult it is to write of one unseen by the writer. If only this request had been given when my mother was alive. I visualize her vividly with her entire being energized with such a responsibility. Her expressive Irish grey eyes would sparkle and dance as she would pick her pencil up and words would flow from her mind and heart all underlined by the deep love and respect she felt for her father.

As she is with her parents in the Spirit World, I will attempt to do this and pray that I may somehow impart to those born and yet unborn something of the fineness and nobility of the man known in this earthly existence as Hyrum Smith Shumway. I will call heavily upon the written words I have in my possession of his daughter--my mother--Mary Albrea Shumway Knowlton.

With this prayer as my guide, I will commence with the first record of my mother's father in her life's history and go on as I feel inspired to do so. I will use quotes as I quote directly or lengthy. Otherwise, I will blend my writing with hers.

Hyrum Smith Shumway was born 1 October 1858 in Little Cottonwood, Salt Lake County, Utah. His father was Charles Shumway, a Utah pioneer of merit. Complete faithfulness to the Gospel, obedience to any call, and with great steadfastness to duty was the standard of Charles Shumway. These characteristics seem to describe this family henceforth and radiated brightly and clearly in the lives of Hyrum Smith Shumway and his daughter, my mother.

His mother was Henrietta Bird, a woman of mystery. A shameful mystery to her descendants. A woman of such a large family yet her life's history and accomplishments a blank page in the Shumway record. But even though nothing is written, she can be greatly admired because of the faithfulness of her posterity.

Hyrum was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints 5 May 1867.

He married Anna Pixley Johnson 1 October 1879 on which date he received his endowments.

"Mother told us of a new family moving into the neighborhood. This was a wealthy family, and they were excited especially the girls to meet this family of nine boys. They arranged a public dance in the large meeting house. My mother met my father who was quite tall - being six foot. She liked him very much. Six months later, they were married. She was sixteen, and he was 21. They were married on Hyrum's birthday on the first of October 1878 in the St. George Temple."

Anna Pixley Johnson was the daughter of Nephi Johnson and Conradina Mariager.

Hyrum and Anna lived at his father's ranch and moved in a few months time to Kanab, where he obtained a job with the Powell Expedition on the Colorado River. He was able to save enough money to invest in a sawmill in the mountains near Hillsdale.

In 1889, Hyrum sold his sawmill and ranch and moved his family to Juarez, Mexico where he invested his money in a contract to furnish the commissary sponsored by John D. Young.

In the Spring of 1892 John D. Young reported the railroad had become bankrupt. The money Hyrum had invested was thereby lost. "I remember father's sad words, 'There goes my sawmill and my farm.' While moving back to Utah, we traveled through some Indian reservations. I remember while mother was folding away the bedding in our wagon we heard something snap and looking toward the end of the wagon we saw an Indian climbing into the wagon. Mother

immediately screamed for father. He was a very large and powerful man. He quickly leaped into the wagon from the front and hauled the Indian out of the wagon onto the road. He held him by the arm and brought him back to the wagon and cooked him some breakfast. Father talked calmly to the Indian all this time, but whether the Indian understood or not we never knew, but we found the Indians friendly all the rest of the way."

He purchased 300 acres of land and lived in Johnson, Utah. Hyrum sold out in 1897 and moved to Kanab in order that his children could receive better educational opportunities where he purchased a sawmill out on the Kiabab mountain at Jacob's Lake.

When traveling to Kanab, Hyrum failed to return from obtaining provisions. "Eight o'clock came, and then nine o'clock. Mother was very worried and called her six children around her to kneel in prayer for father's safe return. While mother was praying, we heard father whistling, and he seemed merry and happy. It was only an hour later that he drove into the yard perfectly alright. He had been stuck in the mud five miles from home. He recalled that he had just dug himself out and started home when he found himself whistling. It was this whistling that we children heard at our mother's knees and were comforted knowing the Lord's spirit was near."

In 1901 Hyrum was called to the Big Horn Basin, Wyoming. In the company of three other families, they traveled by covered wagons. It took one month to reach their destination.

"How we did enjoy that trip. Campfire at night would find us all singing. Father would tell stories. We would wash baby things out each night. Every Sunday we would stop and have Sunday School. We would clean the wagons thoroughly wash all our clothes, and take our baths and cut hair. We would then feel fine and fit to begin our journey the next day. As I look back on that trip, I think it was one of our happiest experiences."

He purchased 300 acres of land at Greybull and built a three-room log house with a dirt floor and dirt roof for that winter.

"Father with the responsibility of eight unmarried daughters, I wonder at his nobleness of character, and faith, and how hard he worked. He tried to farm where there was no work for his girls, and they were unhappy because of so many things that were needed. We were a happy family and tried to do the best we could."

After other movings to other places in seeking a living for his family, Hyrum moved them to Lovell, Wyoming.

"Father hauled logs from the mountains above Cody and built a five-room house which was the finest and largest in the colonies. We had lumber floors and real windows. It had a very large living room with a heating stove in the center. We had a new large monarch stove range in the huge kitchen."

"Every morning at 5:30 father would call all the family together. We would read a chapter from the four church books, sing a hymn, and would take turns praying. The same would be repeated in the evenings."

"When Sister Naomi was two years of age, in December Mother was very ill, and I could tell by the faces of the doctor and father just how ill she was. One evening the doctor brought in a specialist from the east, who was just going through, to examine her. He found that she was not only passing blood in her urine, but she was also vomiting it. The specialist said she couldn't live only a day or two. Father told us not to worry, and he traveled to Byrom and brought Brother Sessions in to bless her. Brother Sessions only annointed her, and he had father seal the annointing. He promised her that she should get well and live to see her youngest child born. The next morning she ate a light breakfast and sat in her rocking chair for a short time. In a week she was completely cured even though the doctor had told us she had cancer."

Price Johnson, son of Warren Johnson, the head of one of the three families that trekked to Wyoming, stated in his writings that "Brother and Sister Hyrum Shumway were my ideal. I had spent one winter in close association with this

family, and subconsciously I felt that they were subhuman, something like angels from heaven. If the Shumways and the Johnsons were closely associated in the pre-existent world, they will not be far apart in the eternities ahead."

My father met briefly with his wife's parents before their deaths. He has stated that Hyrum Smith Shumway was a man seemingly without guile - almost childishly so. Did not the Saviour state that we must become as little children for such is the Kingdom of God? I would state that to be childishly without guile would be a person who has achieved in her personality Christian maturity.

Hyrum moved to Salt Lake City, Utah where he purchased a home. It was declared by members of the Ward in which they lived that Hyrum S. Shumway had a wonderful gift of healing and was called on to administer to the ill two or three nights a week.

He and his wife died in a streetcar accident. They were buried in the Salt Lake Cemetery August 4, 1921.

APPENDIX X

A Short Sketch of The Life and History of
Jedediah Grant Bird Shumway

Jedediah Grant Bird Shumway, son of Charles and Heneretta Bird Shumway, was born April 1, 1866 at Mendon, Cache County, Utah.

In his early youth, he moved to Kanab with his father and mother. His mother felt the necessity of raising her large family of boys on a farm, so a piece of ground was purchased about twenty miles east of Kanab, in a small place known as Johnson.

Here in this desert country, he was raised. His opportunity for an education was very limited and thus he only had three years of formal training. Still this gave him some of the basics of an education. In an attempt to become a self-educated man he took advantage of every non-formal opportunity to learn. Being a hard worker he saved for his mission and this together with the help of his older brothers enabled him to fill an honorable mission to the Southern States.

Returning home, he married his sweetheart Mary Elizabeth Robinson in the Saint George Temple. To this union was born seven children, two boys and five girls.

The oldest child Merlin Grant Shumway, also filled a mission to the Southern States and shortly after his return married a returned lady missionary, Ruth Glazier, in the Manti Temple. They had three children, Rodan Grant who married Naomi Maxfield who is now a member of the General Board of the Primary, DeRue who married Eric Theodor Lunden and Nancy who married Max Gory Hancey.

Their second child, Lena, died when she was fifteen months old.

The third child, Nora, filled a mission to California, a two-year Stake mission in Liberty Stake, Salt Lake City, and was a guide on temple square for nineteen years. She was a teacher and set up an educational program at the Shrine and Primary Children's Hospitals under the direction of the Salt Lake Board of Education. Nora married DeAlton Frost.

The fourth child was Mary Ann. She married Hubert Bunting in the Salt Lake Temple. To this union was born five children: DeRalph who, because of his father's health, devoted his life to the responsibility of the family. Merrill married RaGene Pugh; Elizabeth Ann married Joseph Edward Jourdain; Bruce filled a mission to the Eastern States and married Leah Whitaker; Steve is now (1972) serving a mission in Ireland; Mary passed away December 31, 1966.

Their fifth child Charles Preston, married Lorna Louise Swapp. This marriage was later sealed in the St. George Temple. Preston passed away in September 1965 after having had two children, Elizabeth who married Roscoe Young and DeLynn who married Angie Marie McAllister.

The sixth child was named Grace and she married Reed Mathis. To this union was born two children, Wallace Reed who married Charlene Phelps and Barbara Gay who filled a mission to Canada and then married Kay Olsen.

The seventh child, Iva Don, filled a mission to the North Western States and married Grant Remund who is now a Bishop. To this union was born five children. Paul, who married Gwen Giles; Richard who has just returned from a mission in England; RaNae--Roy and Harold. Jedediah and Elizabeth have seventeen grandchildren and at present twenty-seven great grandchildren. All are active in the Church.

Jedediah was born of goodly parents and following in their footsteps became a wonderful husband, a kind father and a good provider. He and his wife provided a spiritual home and were anxious that their children understand the great plan of salvation. He had one of the best church libraries in Kanab and his books were read by many in that community.

Jedediah filled many callings in the Church. Successfully completing two foreign missions, both to the Southern States, and a number of Stake missions, he was also a High Councilman for many years. His later years were spent doing temple work in the St. George Temple for his kindred dead.

After his first wife passed away, he married Ella Anderson and after her death he was sealed to Ann McFarland who helped to lay him at rest. As Paul of old, he had fought a good fight, had kept the faith, and endured to the end, and was deeply loved.

by Nora Shumway Frost.

APPENDIX XI

Memories of Elizabeth Jardine Shumway

by

Elizabeth Shumway Parkes

MEMORIES OF ELIZABETH JARDINE SHUMWAY

by ELIZABETH SHUMWAY PARKES

Elizabeth Jardine was the fourth child of a coal miner and his wife, named respectively Isabelle Elizabeth White and James Jardine. She was born January 25, 1847 and died on May 27, 1935. Taught by her mother, she knew how to sew a fine seam, crochet, and early in life learned the art of netting, needle point, and Spanish lace. Those who saw her work declare that her quilts were works of art and that furthermore she was an extraordinary cook.

Her father James was converted to the Church in Scotland on March 13, 1843 and was almost immediately called to be the Branch President. Having no means of transportation, he had to walk to the homes of the saints under his charge. When the dust and darkness of the coal mines began to affect his health, he concluded to come to Zion where the air was pure and there was room enough to live. When the Jardine family first arrived in the United States they went to Pittsburg, Pennsylvania and worked in the coal industry there until they had enough money to come to Utah, traveling in the Edward Stevenson handcart company.

Elizabeth did all she could to make the burden lighter for her parents. She pushed a loaded handcart most of the way and walked barefooted for want of shoes. When the company arrived in Zion, conditions at first did not get much easier for them, so they went to Cache Valley and settled in Wellsville.

There they began to build a home and a life among the Stoddards, Nibleys, Moffets, and others from their native Scotland. Wellsville became known as the Scottish town of the North. The homes were dugout-lean-to types built in some haste and poverty. Soon Elizabeth had hired out

to help her family. She worked long hours doing household chores and was paid with flour and other produce. Though only fifteen-years-old, she cared for a mother with a new baby. While employed by Charles Shumway her good work was noticed and with the consent of her family, she became his plural wife. He was fifty-six at the time and she was fifteen. Their marriage was sealed in the endowment house in Salt Lake City on March 29, 1862.

This was a happy marriage for this young bride; I have never heard her express any thought to the contrary. They lived in Wellsville where two children were born, little Isabelle who only lived one day and Julia Ann, born April 4, 1864, who eventually became the wife of Nephi Johnson. Aunt Julia was a grand, dignified lady and Uncle Nephi was a jolly, fun person, always kidding and playing with the children. The Shumways then moved to Mendon where five more children were born.

After the birth of a daughter, May, the Shumways moved to Arizona where Grandpa built a grist mill, freighting the parts from Albuquerque. This grist mill was still in operation on Silver Creek when the writer of this narrative was a girl. It was then taken to Snowflake and rebuilt. After fourteen children were born to Elizabeth, the Shumways finally settled down at the mill and farmed. They prospered with their many sons to take care of the land. I remember as a teenager seeing the original fence they had built around the farm. It was made of live cedar posts set in the ground and interwoven at an angle. When it began to grow, no man or animal would ever attempt to go over it.

As the years went by the older boys married and went to build their own homes. Grandpa died on the 21st of May, 1898, leaving my Father to care for his Mother and Doris, a teenage sister but Dad had been going to Snowflake quite often on his fine pony to see a girl at the Janet and Jessee N. Smith home. That fall he married Lucy, joining the caravan going on "the honeymoon trail" to the Salt Lake Temple.

Many times I remember my brother Jess and I staying at Grandma's house in Taylor several days at a time. She was very kind to us, gave us lots of home made cookies, bread and home made butter...jam on it too, and all the stuff Grandmas are famous for. Home made cookies and cake, only hers had a different flavor and texture from my other Grandmas. Later I learned it was the Scotch cooking she had learned from her mother. How I wish I had asked for her recipes or learned to cook that way.

About 1919 she moved to Mesa, Arizona so she could be near the new temple that was being built there. They selected land, about forty acres on East Creamery Road which bordered on Horne Lane, and there Grandma made her home with the May Jennings family.

During the Christmas holidays, my father moved his family lock stock and barrel to Mesa, via a chartered box car. There we set out furniture, livestock and horses together with a space in the coach for a family of nine. Six weeks later my sister Margaret was born. Our forty acre cotton land spread was at the south east corner of Broadway and Alma School Road. It was quite a hike on Sunday afternoon, about five miles on foot, to go see Grandma and get back before dark, but we children often did it. When I was in high school, Grandma started giving me some of her handwork each birthday, which I cherished highly. She was a very quiet and unassuming person but always interested in me and what I was doing.

The last time I saw Grandma was in February of 1935. I was to report to the mission home in Salt Lake City on February 8th to answer a call to the North Central States Mission. I went to tell Grandma about my call and say goodbye. We had observed our mutual birthday about a week before, her eighty-eighth and my twenty-fifth. She was living on South Sirrine Street at the time. As I walked up the walk she was sitting on the porch reading the evening paper. I observed she did not have on her glasses.

When I told her I had received my mission call and would leave in a few days, she seemed

to be almost overcome with joy...very quiet-like, not many words, but lots of feeling. We visited for a while and then as I rose to go she got up and walked out to the road with me and wished me good luck and success. I had walked half a block to my corner when I looked back and saw she was still standing there watching me...I waved and smiled but the tears came, for I knew she would be gone when I returned.

Two weeks at the mission home in Salt Lake City and three weeks in Minneapolis, then an assignment to labor in the North Minnesota district, St. Paul was headquarters...about three months of all new experiences. I was trying to learn all that I must know to be a good missionary; I was praying every night for the spirit of the Lord to guide me. Then one night in late May as I knelt by my bed, things were different as if someone came and knelt beside me while I prayed, and the most beautiful spirit came over me. Long after I had gone to bed I felt her presence. The next morning I told my companion of my experience and expressed my fears that there had been a death in my family. Two days later a letter came saying Grandma had passed away.

In tribute let me say: this was a truly noble Mother and Grandmother. A faithful Latter-day Saint, enduring to the end. She taught my Dad and all her sons, in fact, all her family to honor the Priesthood and magnify the callings given them.

In later years her health did not permit her to attend church very much, but she always paid an honest tithing. She had given most of her strength in reclaiming waste places and building up Zion.

Grandma was most precise in her personal grooming. I can't ever remember seeing her messy or untidy in my life. Everything about her had to be kept in apple pie order. She was a woman of very few words. I don't know if she ever held an important position in the Church or not, but she raised a family that has held many. Her sons were Bishops, missionaries, High Priests. Her grandchildren are and have been stake presidents, relief society presidents,

primary presidents, temple ordinance workers, etc.; in fact, there are thousands of her descendants who are carrying on the work of the Lord today.

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