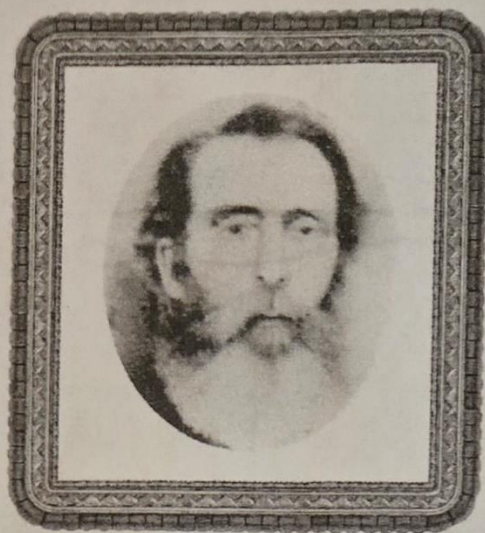




**HELLO THERE
I'M YOUR GRANDPA**



A sketch of the lives of
William Henry Longhurst and Ann Preston Longhurst



This work represents the collective efforts of a number of the descendants of William Henry and Ann Preston Longhurst. This edition was published in June 2010. For further information contact G. Reed Longhurst, 1363 North 3700 West, Cedar City, UT, 84721



Littlehampton, Sussex, England

Hello There, I'm Your Grandpa!

①

I have something to share with you. You may not know who I am, but I know you. I can see you, and I know something of the problems you have to struggle with. They are different than mine in some ways, but in many ways they are the same. I want to tell you about me and about the things I experienced. In that way, perhaps, you will come to understand the things I found of most worth.

THE EARLY YEARS

I came into this world in the usual way on January 22, 1817 in Littlehampton, Sussex, England. Littlehampton is a seacoast town about 25 miles east of Portsmouth. It has long been the home of seamen and shipbuilders. My father, Thomas Longhurst, like his father, was a shipwright.¹ My mother, Mary, of the Budd family, married Father on December 24, 1815 at St. Thomas Church² at Portsea, one of the districts of Portsmouth, on the east shore of the channel to Portsmouth Harbour. Like most young couples of the time, there was no waiting around to start a family. It was just over a year from their marriage that I made my appearance. I was born when Mother was about 27 years old and Father 31. They named me William Henry Longhurst.

About the time I turned two years old our family of three had moved about twelve miles east of Little Hampton to New Shoreham near Brighton. Then my brothers and sisters started coming in rapid succession. The oldest of ten children, five girls and five boys, I was not quite eighteen years old when my youngest sister, Ann, was born. By that time I had grown rather tall for the times, though I was of slender build. My eyes were blue, and my fair hair was turning light brown. I had many opportunities for quarrels with my brothers and sisters and the local bullies, but I was never given much to fighting. I learned early that it was far better to talk my way out of trouble.³

By that time, too, my parents had become affiliated with the Non-conformist Independent Church in Shoreham.⁴ Perhaps I learned to walk my own path on matters of religion from them.

Though I was the God-fearing sort, my innate curiosity and free thinking were to lead me down some merry paths in the course of my life. I was always on the lookout for something better.

It was customary for young boys to become apprenticed at a trade. Since my family had been shipbuilders, and I had been around the shipyards with Father and knew a little of this craft already, I decided to make it my life's work as well. I became an apprentice shipwright. I specialized in finish carpentry. The work for an apprentice was difficult at best, but after I completed my apprenticeship and became a journeyman, things took a turn for the better. I found time to do those important things that spark a young man's fancy. My social life was probably nothing to brag about, but I did have some friends including a few lady-friends.

FAMILY MATTERS

At age 23, I was married to Miss Ann Harris who was a year older than I was, but that didn't seem to matter. Our marriage, on August 5th, 1840 took place in the Little Hampton Parish Church. She was the youngest of five children.⁵ Her father, Robert, was a shipwright as I and Father were. I suppose had he not been, I would never have met his daughter, for working hours were long, and we usually mingled with folks we knew from work. I loved Ann dearly, and it seemed as though we would be so happy together. But then, tragically, just after our fourth Christmas together, on December 27, 1843, my sweet wife died, and I was left alone, for we had no children.⁶

The loss was devastating. It was several years before I really got over it. Partly to cope with the hurt and partly for better working conditions, I moved to the London area settling in Deptford. While working at the shipyards there, I became interested in a young dressmaker, eight years my junior, from Efringham Street in the St. Paul's area of Deptford¹ by the name of Ann Preston. She had been born at Southsea, hardly a mile from the place where my parents were married. Her father, Richard Preston, was a rope maker.¹ Ann was their only child, and they were fairly well to do.⁷ We became better and better friends. After a suitably long courtship, I proposed, and she said yes. We were wed on New Year's Day, 1846. The ceremony was performed according to the rites and ceremonies of the Independents in the High Street Meeting House, in Deptford, which is in the District of Greenwich.

Deptford frequently came to the attention of Royalty. King Henry IV lived there while afflicted with leprosy. In 1513, King Henry VIII "fixed upon it as the Royal Dockyard", and so it was for 450 years. He gave his third wife, Jane Seymour, a residence there called "Deptford-le-strand". The Royal Residence was at nearby Greenwich. From there Queen Elizabeth came to the Royal Dockyard at Deptford, boarded the ship "Pelican", and knighted Sir Francis Drake.⁸

The Greenwich area is one of great importance to seamen. It is the home of His Majesty's Naval Observatory. Time kept there sets the standard for all the world. What better day to be married in that important place than the first day of the year, just before I reached the ripe old age of 29. I had been a widower for two years. It was good to have a wife again.

We settled in Deptford for a while. In only nine and a half months our own family started coming along. First came Amelia Ann, our solid foundation. Then it was Clara who filled the house with cries for attention when her sister was barely two.

CHANGES

Shortly after Clara was born, Ann was called to visit her sister-in-law at Shoreham on the coast.⁷ She was gone for quite some time. While she was gone, something happened to me that completely changed my life. I went from Deptford two or three miles down to Old Kent Road, that separates Walworth from Bermondsey in the southeast part of London. It was a place of interest because some ancient Roman ruins were found there in 1685.⁸ But it was not to see the ruins that I went. Several American gentlemen were there preaching to any who would listen. They spoke of strange things. They said that God had appeared to a prophet over in America. An angel had given this young prophet a golden book from which he had translated new scriptures. The heavens were again open, the power of the ancient Apostles had been returned to the earth, and it was needful for every person to be baptized by someone having authority to do so.

I found this intensely interesting. I had learned something of the teachings of the Bible as a boy at Mother's knee. I knew that God had spoken to prophets anciently and that when the Apostles worked miracles it was because of the special power given them by the Master. I wasn't much on the Church of England. Our family had followed more to the Methodist faith. I had spent some time studying for the ministry in that church and was actually serving as a lay-minister at the time I heard these gentlemen speak, but I didn't let that out while I was listening to them.¹⁰ Somehow, what they were saying made sense to me, even though it was contrary to many of the things I was trained to teach.

But how could I tell Ann about this. In the short time that these missionaries had been in England, considerable opposition had been aroused to them and their views. These Mormons were hounded and ridiculed mercilessly. I would be shut out from my own congregation and possibly even from friends and family if anyone knew I believed what these Americans were saying. It would not be fair to Ann to have such an outcast for a husband.

When she came back from Shoreham, I was afraid to say anything to her of my new-found excitement. I would quietly excuse myself from home or stop on the way from work and go listen to more of what these Mormon elders had to say. The more I listened, the more certain I became of the truth and importance of their message. Finally I came to the point where I could no longer go on in secret. I had to tell Ann!

One night I went to her and said somewhat reluctantly that I had something that I just had to tell her. I couldn't keep hiding it from her. "Why William," she replied, "I have something rather shocking I need to share with you as well." She then related to me that while she was in Shoreham she had gone to listen to the preaching of some Mormon Elders. After returning to

Deptford, unbeknown to me, she had continued to listen to them and to read from tracts that they made available. She was convinced that they were servants of God, but she had been afraid to tell me for fear of bringing trouble into our home. Imagine our joy when each of us learned that the other had embraced the same new religion.¹¹ Our investigation eventually bore fruit, for on June 6, 1849, Ann was baptized along with John Sprager, and I followed on the 30th of the same month together with Elizabeth Follet and Rosina Jones. Elder John Griffith baptized both of us, and we were each confirmed by Elder Thomas Bradshaw.¹² We were baptized in the Thames River, but it had to be done in the middle of the night because of the persecutions we were under.¹³ Just over a week after my baptism, the Deptford Branch was organized, and we were among its first members.¹²

After we joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, things changed dramatically for us. Those who had been our friends and even our families turned against us. Because of the persecution we were subject to, we found it harder to get work, harder to keep on good terms with neighbors, and more difficult to be accepted in the circles we once enjoyed. On the other hand, we quickly developed new friends. Our zeal for the truth seemed to grow from day to day, and we were soon busy in spreading the word. We were so taken with our new-found faith that we named our next child, a boy, Mormon. He later proved to be less enamored with that name than we were, and he eventually dropped it in favor of Thomas, my father's given name and the second name of his brother, Charles. He like to be called Tommy.¹³

Those were vibrant days for Ann and me. We were busy spreading the word of the Gospel we had just received. A year after we were baptized Ann made the following entry in her journal:

It is now 12 months [since] the 6th of June 1849 (now 1850) that I was baptized into the Church of Christ, (Jesus Christ). And I must say that I have rejoiced much ever since. For I have proved for myself, that this church is the Church of Jesus Christ and that I have embraced the truth. I have knowledge of it by the manifestations of the power of God. In healing and by dreams and by the spirit.

I trust that I shall yet be made useful in my day and generation and I now intend to write my proceedings. Elder Griffith proposed that the sisters should take the tracts from house to house, and put it to them to volunteer. Accordingly, I offered my services and was accepted. I commenced from this day¹⁴ in April 1850 and I am determined by the grace of God and assistance of his Holy Spirit to carry it out faithfully. I rejoice in the progress I have made. Already many are concerned if these things be true and are determined to seek for the right way. Some shut their door in my face, others had burned the tracts. One young man, when I presented the tract, refused to take it on account of his having so many books of his own not read, and I told him he would oblige me greatly if he would read it. He said he would, so when I called for it again he liked it very much and took the pains to go up to Kent road to hear them preach and liked it very much. I have not seen anything of him since, but I intend to call on him shortly and lend

him the "Voice of Warning", and I trust I shall have more to write concerning him and his obedience to the Gospel of Christ.¹⁵

A short time later, in May of 1850, she added the following thoughts:

In my second district¹⁶ I was by a small court having but two small houses in and I for the moment thought it was not much consequence to pass them by, but no sooner had I got by them, something told me; that will you pass them by when it is the poor that shall have the Gospel preached to them. I then immediately repented and went back to them. The first house the poor person asked me in and I read the small handbill to her. She immediately burst into tears and told me she was seeking the right way and that it was her continual prayer that the Lord would let her know. I then unfolded the Gospel. She told me she belonged to the Methodist Church, but had not yet these two years, received knowledge of her pardon of sins. She thought there was something more to be done and she promised me that she and her husband would go and hear the preaching. Accordingly they did and liked it very much, but when they made known to their class leader where they had been, he told them it was all nothing and not to go any more. But the woman is still uneasy, knowing she must embrace one and deny the other. I pray that she may shortly obey the Gospel of Jesus Christ.¹⁵

ON THE MOVE

Because of our scanty means, the transient nature of the shipbuilding work I could get, and in part because of the distaste people held for the Mormons, we were somewhat accustomed to moving around. And for all our many children, seldom were we in a home long enough to have more than one. When Amelia was born, October 10, 1846, we were living in the Chatsworth Buildings in the St. Paul's subdistrict of Deptford.¹⁷ Clara greeted us at 200 Evelyn Street in that same area.¹⁸ In December of 1849, only six months after receiving baptism, we found it advisable to move about four miles east to Woolwich. We stayed there for just over a year and then moved back to Deptford in 1851, just before Mormon's birth in April.¹⁹ We lived at 4 Emily Place on Tanners' Hill in Deptford.²⁰ At that place Ann made the following entry in her journal:

Well, as providence had seen fit, in a short while I had a son and named him Mormon. I could not now perform the distributing tracts, so I gave it up reluctantly. I desire, when I can go, to take it up again and make me a blessing yet to thousands. I regret not attending to this journal as I ought this past year or two, but we have been exhorted of late again to keep a journal. I again take up my pen. It is now June 1852, that we have had many trials and difficulties to encounter. Being tried by some after doing them all the good I could, clothing and feeding them. Now I thank the Lord that I have been enabled to stand faithful in the Church with my partner; my dear children have during the past

winter been afflicted with the whooping cough. I am thankful to state it left them in April. They had the measles just before the cough, but thank the Lord were restored again to full health and strength about September 1851.¹⁵

Ann was really devoted to spreading the Gospel message, but that did not take up all her time. She had several business pursuits. Of these she wrote:

I opened a shop in the haberdasher line. It did not seem to answer as I should like so I added to it sweet meats and toys. Did not answer, so I bought and sold clothing. Unfortunate so I resolved with my husband to give up shopkeeping and have commenced keeping a school having Father²¹ staying with us.¹⁵

On June 27th of 1852, a Sunday, Ann and I and our three little ones went over to Portsmouth, a distance of some 70 miles. A local festival was in progress that we very much wanted to participate in. Elder Griffith was also staying in that region at the time, and he invited us to stay with him while there. We enjoyed ourselves very much and were most happy to make and renew acquaintances with the Saints who were there. Times were on the whole quite difficult for us then. We suffered from the poverty that so many others were enduring. It was all Ann and I could do to make ends meet and pay everybody their own.¹⁵

We will claim here an important first for something that happened while we lived in the Deptford area. Elder Charles W. Penrose was serving a mission in his native England. He had heard of the glories of the mountains of the Western United States and their significance as a place of refuge for the Saints. While contemplating their grandeur, he wrote a hymn entitled, "Oh, Ye Mountains High." In it he beautifully described the mountains of Utah, the place that had become a Zion for the Saints. The words were later set to music by H. S. Thompson. The first time that song was ever sung in public was to the tune of "Little Blue Bonnet". It was at a conference of the Church where my wife, Ann, was asked to sing it.¹⁰ She had a beautiful singing voice. She sang it so well. It has since become very popular in the Church.

That residence at New Town Emily Place in Deptford was home for a few years. Our fourth child, named William Henry after me, was our second one born there. He arrived on April 6, 1853. It wasn't long till we moved again, though. In November of 1854 we moved to Bermondsey, and the following February to 11 Union Street in Poplar. These towns are all close together on the south bank of the Thames. Ann and Amelia were entered into the records of the Poplar Branch of the Church on February 25, 1855. I had a problem with the Deptford Branch leadership and had been "cut off" from the Church two years before. Thirteen of our 100 members in Deptford had a similar experience in that two years. But I got the problem cleared up by May of 1857.²² At that time we lived at 53 Cole Harbor in Poplar. Charles Thomas was born at our new lodgings on January 19, 1856.²³ We later moved to another home a short distance away, to 8 Tomlin Terrace on Chrisp Street. Mercy Marantha joined us there on March 23, 1858.²⁴ By the time I baptized and confirmed Mormon, on May 4, 1859, we had moved to 2 Hillifs Street in Poplar. We rather liked it in this historic area. Poplar is only about three miles due east of the Tower of London.

George Heber was born on March 7, 1860 in yet another home. This one was at 2 Neilis Street in Bromley. This home was on the outskirts of greater London, lying about eight miles south and a little east of our homes in Poplar. It was there that our son William Henry Jr. (we called him Bill) commenced his apprenticeship in the shipyards at age eight years.²⁵ One day while distributing wooden pegs to the workmen, Bill fell about forty feet and was picked up for dead. Later he contracted smallpox and was very sick. His sister, Clara, scrubbed him, breaking the pustules and letting out the poison. With administration and faith he was healed but he always had the scars.²⁵

I was saddened to learn of the death, on January 6, 1859, of my father, Thomas Longhurst. At the time he was living at 10 John Street in St. George in the East, Middlesex. He had worked hard for most of his years, and though he had not joined the Church at the time of his death, he was a good man. He died of carcinoma of the bladder and an enlarged prostate.²⁶

The children liked playing around the shipyards. Often Mormon would bring me my lunch from home. Frequently that would consist of beefsteak pie, a mixture of meat and vegetables cooked in a piecrust. One day Mormon found an onyx stone in the sand near the yards, in color like amber, which he gave to his sister Marintha. She carried it with her from then on.²⁷

Finally, it was back to Deptford, at 75 New Street where we lived at Joseph's birth on September 15, 1862.²⁸ It was only about two years later that we were to realize our long-time goal of emigrating to Zion.

We did our best to provide enrichment experiences for our children. Occasionally something happened that would be memorable for them. One such experience happened to our daughter Marintha. She was able to visit Buckingham Palace and had the privilege of kissing the hand of Queen Victoria. She was also able to visit nearby Westminster Abbey.²⁹

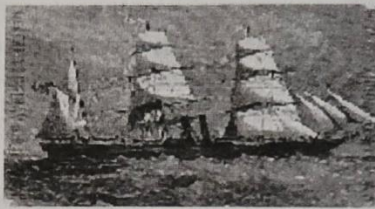
GOING TO ZION

45 **T**he great ambition of all the Saints in England was to emigrate. The Prophet had issued the call for all, as fast as they could manage to do so, to come to Zion and build up her strength. Soon after we joined the Church, we started saving money to make the trip. We had a tidy sum, too, until one night some blackard broke into our home and stole it. So we had to start again. It was disheartening to loose the fruit of our toil, but we had faith that the Lord would enable us to fulfill his commandment through his prophet. We struggled with money. Times were hard, and it was really difficult to save much when it took all we could manage to live.

Ann's family, particularly her father, had been very bitter about our joining the Mormons. Mr. Preston, had at first disowned her.³⁰ He warned her that he would never leave her a farthing if she came to America. He kept his word. Though she and our family went through many hardships, coming close to starvation more than once, he was a miser keeping the money he had

45 → saved in a hole in the floor.^{27,31} But, to her credit, my dear wife remained steadfast and resolute. Her mother, who had joined the Church, left her father, migrated to Utah, and was married to Mr. Governor S. Briggs within six years of our own conversion. Through her thrift and industry, she was able to acquire some money there and sent us some which greatly helped us to finally be able to leave.³² As a last resort we decided to sell one of our most valuable possessions, a treasured painting of Joan of Arc, in order to complete the fund.³³ We needed 42 pounds, about \$200, for the trip.³⁴ In the 15 years from the time we were baptized into the Church until we were able to finally fulfill that dream, our family had increased from two to eight. We had lived in at least seven different homes, and we had endured strong opposition from our former friends and loved ones.

On June 1, 1864, we boarded the sail-boat "Hudson", chartered by the Church to bring saints from England,³⁵ and began our journey to America and Zion.



Sailing Ship Hudson

Our passage was hardly first class, indeed we were listed as third class. Our accommodations were in what was called "steerage". It was the place where animals were usually kept.⁷ It was cramped and lacked in creature comforts and there were no conveniences.³⁶ No matter, we were anxious to finally be on our way. The ten of us, Ann, our eight children ranging from Joseph who was almost two to Amelia in her eighteenth year, and myself, were only a few of the 604 Saints led by Brother John Kay.¹⁹ After boarding the boat we were delayed for two days before the ship sailed. During that time the Saints were singing the songs of Zion and demonstrated great expectations for their journey to the West.

We experienced some opposition to our leaving even then. There was a Mr. Pardo who seemed particularly opposed to our emigration. When he and another man heard the news of our sailing they borrowed a tugboat and followed us down the Thames clear to the English Channel trying to stop the Hudson. But we had too big a start, and they finally gave up the chase.³⁷

We had a fair amount of difficulty crossing the great Atlantic. Once a storm arose and tore off part of the ship's rigging. Food was rationed at regular intervals, but it was poor of quality. Ann and our girls did the cooking. Ann, who had been raised in wealth and therefore was of limited training in cooking, struggled to make it appetizing for us. But we were grateful for it.²⁷ An epidemic of measles broke out after a few weeks in such cramped quarters. We were extremely concerned over this possibility, since Clara had always been of a sickly nature.⁷ The sickness was very bad. Nine children and one woman died from the effects of the measles, and

they had to be buried at sea.³⁸ Little Joseph, our baby, and Amelia had the measles bad, but Clara was not ill with them, probably because she had them as a small child back in 1851.^{7, 39}

#6 The American Civil War was in progress as we undertook our journey to join the Saints in Zion. When we were about a week out from New York, the Hudson was stopped by a Confederate Man-of-War, the "Georgia".⁴⁰ They suspected us of being collaborators with the North. After a thorough inspection of the ship, and the signing of proper papers we were allowed to proceed.²⁷ At last, after six weeks and three days, we landed at New York City.

When we arrived in New York there had to be an inspection, and then we were directed to railroad cars to take us to the frontier. It was slow travelling, for bridges and railroad tracks had been torn out by Confederate soldiers. Freight had to be carried across rivers. At St. Joseph, Missouri we were placed on a Missouri river boat, which carried us to Nebraska, a place where we were busy for two weeks making preparations for the journey across the plains, loading wagons with freight. It required 120 wagons and from two to four yoke of cattle each for the 900 people who were making the trip west. Finally one train of 60 wagons including our family started under the leadership of Captain Warren Snow.⁴⁰ On account of Indians we waited for the next train to overtake us so we would be stronger in case of attack by the Indians. Even then we travelled very close together. Occasionally we stopped for half a day while the women washed the clothes and hung them on the bushes to dry.²⁷ Captain Hyde was in charge of the overall movement. While out on the plains, a little before we reached Fort Bridger, Brother John Kay, president of the company on the ship Hudson died. I was called on to make a coffin to bury him in. It was only a rough box, but it was the best I could do under the circumstances.³⁷ And his was not the only one. Since I had woodworking skills, I was called on frequently for such service. Because of my services to the dead and the almost constant repairing of wagons that broke down, I had to let Mormon and Bill do most of the driving of our wagon.²⁵



Crossing the Plains

→ We travelled only five or ten miles a day. Food was scarce, and the Saints were often hungry and cold. We used buffalo chips to make fires. Most of us walked. Amelia walked the whole way except for crossing the rivers. Ann was pregnant again, and was not feeling well at all, so she rode.

Not all was somber, though. There was often singing and dancing around the campfire, and Clara later said she thought the trip was a lark.⁷ One night while baking bread by the fire, our eighteen-year-old Amelia was startled to see the pan with the bread in slowly move from the fire and into the undergrowth, apparently under its own power. An enterprising magician had attached a wire to the pan. Her revenge came a few days later when the magician reached into his pocket and discovered a live toad, courtesy of Amelia.³⁶

Winter was upon us when we got to Fort Bridger. It came much earlier than expected that year. We were marooned by eighteen inches of snow. There was no food for the oxen, so we were unable to travel further at that time. Had President Young not sent help, who knows what would have become of us.⁴⁰ It was November 2, 1864 when we finally entered the Salt Lake Valley, five months and a day since we had boarded the ship in England. We parked the Longhurst wagon about twenty feet from what would later be the northeast corner of the Salt Lake City and County building.²⁵ Ann, pregnant and feeling miserable, was sorely disheartened by our circumstances there. No family was there to welcome us. Her mother, who at one time had lived in Salt Lake City but moved away when Johnson's Army came, had since moved to Denver, Colorado.³² Poor Ann sat on one of the wooden boxes and cried, "Is this really Zion?"³⁸

DIGGING IN

There we built an earthen dug-out where we lived for five months. In that dug-out on January 22, 1865, my 48th birthday, our ninth child, Edwin John - we called him Teddy - was born. When he was only ten days old, the roof of the dug-out fell in, and the ridge-pole fell across the bed where Teddy was lying. It was a miracle he wasn't hit. To make matters worse, I had mountain fever and couldn't do much to fix the roof for a while.⁴⁰

That first winter in the valley was somewhat trying of our faith. I was able to get a few jobs, but there weren't many ships being built in the valley at the time. I worked some on the Temple. Food was very costly. Flour was \$26 per hundredweight, tea \$5 per pound, and sugar 25¢ per pound. Clara, who was fifteen, hired out to work in homes of others who had come to the valley. While there she became a fairly respectable cook.⁷

Bill, who was barely twelve, found work at Ft. Douglas washing dishes and running errands for a Sergeant Wingate who gave him food that the soldiers didn't eat to bring home to the family. That was a real blessing, and especially so since mountain fever had me down.^{40,41} One time Bill was given an army coat, and when he got home, in going through the pockets, he discovered a \$10 bill. You can bet we went through the pockets of that coat more than once hoping to find more.¹⁹

When spring came in 1865, several changes came in our lives. The Josephite (Reorganized Church) missionaries were active in the area. They maintained that the leadership of the Church rightfully belonged to the Prophet Joseph's son. We joined with that group in January of 1865, and in March we moved to Bountiful. We soon discovered the error of our ways and were re-baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. We were able to get 20 acres of

land at the mouth of the canyon.⁴² We partly cleared it of trees to get wood for fencing.⁴³ I got a job working for Harry Walton building threshing machines.¹⁹

In April of that year, not long after we got to Bountiful, our Amelia, only eighteen, was married to Thomas Hewlett in polygamy. It was a brief and sad marriage. She sought annulment when it became apparent that her only role was to be a seamstress for his large family. Back she came to us and stayed until about three years later when she met and married William Carmer Rounds, a lumberman and convert from Michigan who was widowed with three children.³⁶

In 1866, the year after we arrived in Bountiful, Charley got a job working for Alfred Burningham at \$10 per month. Not too bad for a boy of 11 years. The following year he went to work on a railroad grading between Salt Lake City and Stockton, Utah. That later became known as the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad.¹⁹ It was on March 2, 1868 our youngest child, Warren, was born in Bountiful. I worked on the railroad in Echo Canyon with Mormon, or Tommy as he preferred to be called, in 1869.²⁷ He had previously been engaged to help build the fence on the Tabernacle grounds.⁴⁰

In 1867, my mother died. After Father's death, she had moved to 4 Broad Street, Mile Town, Sheerness in Kent. She died on February 4th. They listed the cause of death as "chronic bronchitis and exhaustion". My youngest brother, Charles, was with her when she died.⁴⁴ Though she had not openly approved of my joining the Church, I still loved her. She was my mother.

In the spring of 1870, at the request of the Brethren, our family moved again. Along with S. C. Putnam, William T. Reed, and Charley Card we moved to Woodruff, in Rich County.²⁵ We sold the place in Bountiful. For that 20 acres we got one team of old mules, one linch-pin wagon with a Government harness that was brought to Utah by Johnson's Army, and five gallons of black sorghum. That wasn't much for 20 acres. The fellies and tires of the wagon had to be wrapped with rawhide to get to Woodruff.²⁵ I built another dugout cabin there from logs and used the native red dirt for a roof. I chose a location on the east side of the road midway between Dry Creek and Green's Creek. It was a cozy place, but no mansion. We used tallow candles for light, and though it was not like our homes in England, it kept us warm when the cold northern winds blew.³⁸

I spent the first winter in Woodruff working with my fellow settlers on houses in the area. The next year we were able to move into a one-room log house. That house was later torn down to build a chapel. After the first year, we worked for our livelihood in a small store, but during two or three of the winters Tommy, Bill, Charley and I went to Hilliard to work in the tie camp and charcoal kilns.²⁵

We also had chances to further the work of the Lord. In accordance with the revealed principles of celestial marriage, I was sealed to Eliza Rowland on April 25, 1871 in the Endowment House. A common practice in that time was for women to become sealed to a good, already married man for eternity without actually living together as husband and wife. So it was

with Eliza and me. The next day I was baptized for my father and grandfather and for my brothers Richard and John who had died in England. Ann wrote the following to our daughter, Marintha.

Well, father and I have been to the Endowment House and were baptized for our dead relatives and sealed for his first wife, Ann Harris, and his third, Eliza Rowland, who you have heard so much about, and my Aunt Janet and Father's mother and grandmother and his first wife, Ann Harris, and father's Aunt Jutten.⁴⁵

MAKING DO

It was on December 11, 1873 in Woodruff that our family suffered another great loss. My dear Ann passed away just two weeks before Christmas, at the age of only 48. Regrettably, I was not there when she died. Tommy was, though. He heated the iron to put to her feet in an attempt to improve her circulation, but to no avail.²⁷ My sons Charley and Bill took a team of Ed Tolman's to Evanston for burial clothes. In crossing the Bear River they got stuck, and Charley had to get out in the stream and lift on the wagon so the team could pull it up the icy bank. He had to run behind the wagon until they got to Almy, Wyoming, where he was taken into a saloon and his frozen clothing taken off him, and he had to stay there the rest of the night.¹⁹ We buried Ann in the first woman's grave in the Woodruff cemetery.²⁵ She had suffered from heart palpitations which made it difficult for her to have breath to walk very far. How she must have suffered.⁴⁶ How could we possibly go on without her?

Since Amelia and Clara had married and left home, fifteen-year-old Marintha assumed the responsibility of caring for the remainder of our ten children including three older brothers. She was a great help. She cooked and kept house, carded wool, spun it to yarn and wove cloth. She made, by hand, all of the clothes for the boys, their coats, pants, and underwear. She gleaned wheat, cut the heads from the straw, braided the straw and made hats. She gathered leaves, bark and roots from the hills to make dye to color some of the straw with. But I was determined that she should be as educated as our meager circumstances would permit and was able to see her through the fourth reader. To her credit, she took her knitting to school and during lunch and recess knitted socks for her brothers.⁴⁷ Marintha was also trained as a midwife and performed that service regularly.⁴⁸

I really struggled there. Being a shipwright, I had no real flair for farming and found it rather difficult to adjust to the frontier conditions and provide for my family. As a consequence, I am afraid they were not well provided for by way of clothing or much education. Neither did we get much church attendance.³⁸

When Marintha was sixteen she fell in love with a young cowboy from Texas who was not a Latter-Day Saint. Because he was an "outsider" he was not allowed to attend Church parties or dances, and most such festivities were Church functions. They were very much in love, so I told Marintha that she wouldn't be left out of any dances if I had my way. I took her to the dances and the cowboy stayed home. He was as fine young man, though, and it was not long till we cut

through two feet of ice in the Bear River and George A. Whittington was baptized. That was in the winter of 1874. They were married in January of 1876.²⁹

About a year later I joined the Order of Enoch. That was an attempt to live the full law of consecration.⁴⁹ It was being tried in several different locations around the West. But I was determined to rid myself of the tobacco habit first. I had used this weed most of my life. Everyone did at the shipyards in England, and many of the saints considered the admonishment against it merely good advice. One morning I announced to the family that I was going to quit using tobacco. I had recently bought a new pipe and a fresh supply of plug tobacco, but I went out into the field, dug a hole, and buried it. It took a great deal of faith to do that, but somehow, my craving for the stuff was instantly removed. I never again felt the need for a smoke or a chew.⁵⁰

One of the places where the saints were establishing Zion was in northern Arizona. On April 8, 1877 I was set apart by George Q. Cannon, then of the Quorum of the Twelve, to go to Arizona on a mission to further the cause of Zion there. After I had been there a short while, I wrote to Bill to come to Arizona and bring the family. He got four head of horses, harness and wagon and went to each member of the family, but no one would come.²⁵

GOLDEN YEARS



One of the privileges of a family patriarch, as I was, is the giving of blessings to your children. While living in Arizona, I gave the following blessing to my youngest son, Warren:

Warren, my Son,

This blessing to you I give which I hope you will keep as long as you live. May it be a guide to your feet in life, what ever you may be called to pass through. The blessings I pronounce upon you in the name of Jesus Christ, are sure if you live for them.

You, my son, are one of a family that the Lord has dealt bounty with. You shall, if faithfully you live, go forth and proclaim the Gospel in many nations. Men and women shall follow you from place to place, wishing you to show them the path of truth. You shall never lack food or clothing, your way shall be opened up before you, you shall see the hand of the Lord manifested in your behalf, in your deliverance from your enemies, and they shall flee before you in great dismay. Your name shall be known in many nations, and shall be handed down to your children, which shall be many, and they shall honor you and call you blessed. You shall live to see the dealings of the Lord God with the wicked nations of the earth in their destruction. You shall become great in the kingdom of God, shall hold many responsible positions on the earth. You shall eat and drink with the

noble of God's creation. You shall be a saviour to your relatives, who are behind the veil. You shall officiate in Temples for the living and the dead. They shall appear to you in dreams and in visions, and make known unto you the kindred of your fathers and their names. This blessing I pronounce upon your head, in the name of Jesus Christ.

William H. Longhurst⁵¹

I was always concerned for the welfare of my children, no matter where or how far away from me they were. I wrote the following to Amelia, who was living in Bountiful, from Arizona on January 5, 1879:

Hope this will find you all well
Which I am happy is the story I can truly tell
With the exception of myself
I've been lately on the shelf
My back has been bad which made me feel sad
This is the only thing that has ailed your dad
But I hope to be able in a day or two more
To work as I have done long before.

The year 1879 if you've reconned
Brings me to my sixty second
I am toddleing along to the end of my life
And still I am without a wife
May the year we have entered on
Prove to be a prosperous one
May peace and plenty crowd our board
And we acknowledge this from the Lord
But babies come through thick and thin
Many are coming to join our ranks
And they receive our many thanks
Lend us help is the order of the day
But some they come and go away⁵²
One hundred teams have lately come
To join us in our earthly home
May they all prove faithful to the cause
Learn His will and obey His laws.

Give my kind love to William and Jane
And you yourself except the same
Your children too as well as you
Asure them that my love is true.
All my friends that in Bountiful live
My respects to them I hope you'll give

If all is well I think I'll try
Tome come and see you bye and bye
Though the journey is long and tedious too
Hope I'll be able to make it through
I want to see you all again
And make a party for the same
Clara, Warren and family too
I think will be with me if I do
So get lots of good things, as much as you can
For we shall be hungry all to a man
I hope by that time the news we shall learn
You'll be ready to go with us when we shall return
Tis the best place I assure you for happiness true
For you and your families be they many or few
No anxiety here about bread and meat
For we always find plenty for all to eat
The only thing about which we fear
Is how we before God each day do appear
We'r striveing each day to become one
And faithfully we our race may run
I now must close with this funny stuff
And I guess you think it is enough
Adué at present from
Your loveing father

William H. Longhurst

In February of that year I sent her another letter, a father's blessing:

Millville
Yavapia County
Arizona Territory

Dear Amelia,

Through the love for you I'm still proprocessing
I sit down to write you a father's blessing.
You are the oldest female of your father's kingdom
Many blessings await you if you can gain them
Many behind the vail are watching and waiting
To receive of the blessing you now partaking
A very great labor depends upon you
To officiate for them here on earth
Which to them will prove to be of great worth
If you are faithful to the end

You will prove to them an everlasting friend.
Your life will long on earth be spared
If for this work you get prepared
You'll live to see great signs appear
Men's hearts failing them for fear.
Your children around you a great blessing shall be.
And there children's children you shall see.
Your last days on earth shall be your best
Then you shall gain eternal rest.
Among women you shall shine
With a lusted that's Divine.
Your counsel and your example likewise
Many shall see and none despise.

In public you'll be heard to speak.
Among the noble and the meek.
Defending truth and virtue too
And bring deeds of darkness plain to view
Your mind it greatly shall expand
And your name be known throughout the land.
These and many blessings you will get
Also by enemies be beset.
But if you are faithful to the end.
God your father will be your friend
No good thing will be from you withheld
If for the truth you are bold
If trials here you have to bear
Seek to the Lord in earnest prayer.
Acknowledge him in all things here
And you shall see him when he shall appear,
God grant these blessings upon you may come
Before you reach your happy home.

Given by your Father, William H. Longhurst

February 9, 1879

P.S.
All well now.

Later in the spring of 1879 I returned to Woodruff, Utah from Arizona, where I had been staying with Clara and her family. When I got there, I found that my family, that is my sons and their families, had left for the Bear Lake area. So I went to Garden City, Utah and stayed with them there.⁴⁰ I helped my son, Charley, build his home, and I lived with him and his new wife, Vilate, there until we all moved to Iona, Idaho.⁴¹

While living in Garden City, I was very pleased to have a visit from Ann's mother. I wrote the following on November 27, 1882 to her third husband, Mr. Samuel Collyer who was living in Denver:

Dear Sir; I received your letter announcing that mother was coming to pay us a visit, with great pleasure though at the same was much disappointed that you would not accompany her. My two boys had started with two loads to Evanston early the morning that we received your letter at noon, the they were fortunate to meet mother there and accompany her to a hotel and next day start for our place; and made one days drive, stayed overnight at my oldest son's. Next day Sunday arrived at our place. The weather being fine and warm for the season, she did not feel much worse or ill effects of the journey, either by train or wagon. She is much surprised to see my family all grown up to manhood. I am pleased to say I think we can make her stay tolerable comfortable during her stay with us, in as much as we are better situated than when she last visited us. Mother wished me to tell you about shipping potatoes. I have to say we cannot ship potatoes at this season on account of the frost. In regard to hogs, we cannot go into that at present but we are making preparations to do so, perhaps next season. Please state in your next letter what potatoes would be worth now or in early spring. Also dressed pork, or first class flour now or anything else. We are also merchandising, what sort of a chance would there be for getting goods, such as dry goods and hardware, and what would be their wholesale prices? Please try and get a list of prices and send us, that we may compare with Evanston prices, and anything else you think of, boots and shoes for instance. Mother wants to know how you are getting along batching and whether the end house is rented, her love to Mrs. Mophet and has she got a situation yet: I am much obliged for an occasional paper which you have sent. Mother says you must be sure and write her all the news of the day, and mind a good boy till she gets home, or she won't come at all. She thinks she will find some one to tell tales. I must now conclude, with mothers love accompanied with that of myself and family, as ever yours,

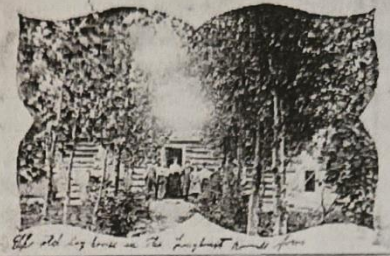
W. H. Longhurst

In 1884 we decided to move to Idaho. In June, I with Joe, George, and Charley made our way with a wagon and necessary other supplies to the area near Eagle Rock on the Snake River. We homesteaded a section of land beginning at a point near the present-day Lincoln sugar factory and extending east to the town of Iona. Once we got the land secure, we went back to Garden City for the rest of the family. Joe and his wife, Lydia, his small daughter, Lovina, and his unmarried brother, George, were the first to make it back to stay for keeps. They went in November of that year.

That first winter in Idaho, they lived in a small one-room, dirt floor and roof, log house on the bank of Big Sand Creek, near the site of the present sugar factory. The country was in its

native state with sage brush and some patches of wild hay as far as one could see in any direction. There were virtually no trees then. After the extreme hardship, the most difficult thing they had to contend with was extreme poverty. They had only \$14 to last them through that first winter. They rented a cabin for \$2.50 a month and used the balance for food and to feed their horses.³⁸ The Indians also gave them a hard time, and they had to use considerable cleverness to preserve themselves.⁵³ Joe attended the first Latter-Day Saint meeting in Iona, one which a number of the general authorities from Salt Lake City attended.⁵⁴

I stayed in Garden City with Charley that winter and for several more, moving to Iona in 1887.⁵⁵ We got there on December 4th with a three-horse team and wagon.¹⁹ Charley filed on the section of land just east of Joe's, and I helped him build a house on that land and stayed with him there for a while. I tried to spend some time with each of the boys and their families. I also went back to Garden City from time to time.⁵⁶ I was able to help several with their homes and made several nice pieces of furniture to help them out some.⁵⁴ I also enjoyed fishing with my grandchildren on Sand Creek.⁵⁷



#7

About a year before I ended my time in mortality, I wrote the following testimony especially for you:

On this first day of April, 1889, I know in whom I have believed. In Him I have reposed all my hopes for life, health, and being, and my eternal salvation, that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation; that it is good to live by and to die by. Having embraced it in early life, it has been a safeguard to me under all circumstances through living up to its principles; a deliverance from false notions and traditions and false teachers, and from doctors. I have trusted in the ordinances of the Gospel for the healing of the sick, and have done without doctors for over forty years. My family has many times been healed by the power of God when dire diseases have taken away many in the immediate neighborhood. I desire when I am called to lay my body down that whoever of my family I may be with at that time, if possible, to be laid by the side of my kind and faithful wife at Woodruff, Rich County, Utah. At the same time, I do not want any unnecessary trouble or expense to be taken as I have no scruples on the subject as regards my wishes but rather that circumstances may govern.

I wish all my sons and daughters that can make it convenient, to be present at my funeral. I also wish that my testimony be read at the funeral services by my eldest son present. I desire that this testimony, whoever may hold it at the time of my decease, shall send a copy to all those of my family who cannot be present at my funeral, that it may be kept as a sacred record to handed down to future generations.

I feel to say to all my sons and daughters, their wives and husbands, that the last days of my life have been eased by their kindness, for which I bless you all with the blessings of Heaven and Earth, by virtue of the Holy Priesthood and in the Name of Jesus Christ.

William Henry Longhurst⁵⁸

Not long after writing that testimony, my health got considerably worse. I was living with Charley and Vilate. I had heart palpitations and dropsy. Things gradually got worse until May 17, 1890 when I was finally granted a release from mortality and returned home to the Father of us all.⁵⁸

My family buried my body in a new cemetery just outside of Iona. It was the first resident there. Having been to the House of the Lord, my body was buried in temple robes, but for some reason they were place on it backwards. There wasn't much I could do about that, but I was so concerned that I prevailed in getting permission to contact someone about it. The only one I could reach was my good friend Tom Nixon. I came to Tom and told him that there was a problem. He wasn't sure what to do, so he went to Charley and told him of the experience. Charley wrote to the Church authorities in Salt Lake City explaining what had happened to Tom and requesting instructions on the proper way to arrange the clothing. In a few weeks he got a reply. Then Charley and Tom Nixon dug up my body, rearranged the robes, and returned it to its resting place. Charley remarked later that undertaking that chore was the most difficult thing he had ever attempted.⁵⁹

SO WHAT

Now I suppose you wonder why I have taken the trouble to tell you about all of these things. From where I now stand, I can see that many of you have followed a path at least as straight as mine and led lives that both of us can be proud of. That is not to say you haven't made mistakes. I certainly did. But you are on the path that will lead you home to join me. Others of you have taken a different path. Some by choice and some because you knew no better one.

For you of my family who have taken this latter route through life, I tell you all these things that perhaps you may take a closer look at the things that were important to me. I learned in the experiences of my life, and even more since, that there is great value in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He loves me, and he loves you. He has given us a path to follow that has the sole purpose

of making us happy. I hope you will realize who you are and what a great heritage is yours, and that you will choose to follow him.

You and I will meet not so long from now. When we do, I hope your life will honor your heritage and that you will still be part of my family.

end

OUR CHILDREN



Amelia Ann
(1846 – 1923)



Clara
(1849 – 1921)



Mormon Thomas
(1851 – 1933)



William Henry Jr.
(1853 – 1925)



Charles Thomas
(1856 – 1937)



Mercy Marantha
(1858 – 1938)



George Heber
(1860 – 1916)



Joseph
(1862 – 1893)



Edwin John
(1865 – 1946)



Warren
(1868 – 1951)

REFERENCES

1. Marriage certificate of William Henry Longhurst and Ann Preston, District of Greenwich, January 1, 1846 lists profession of William's father as Shipwright and that of Ann's father as Rope Maker.
2. Marriage entry of Portsea Parish Register, page 203, No. 609 shows Thomas Longhurst married Mary Budd. Previously it was misread as Mary Rudd.
3. "William Henry Longhurst's Conversion," unsigned typed manuscript, a copy of which is in the author's possession. The Letter Gothic type font suggests it is of post 1960 origin.
4. Research by G. Clench and Brenda Perks of England of death and marriage certificates and church records identifies family members and shows the youngest child, Ann, was christened in the Non-conformist Independent Chapel at Shoreham.
5. Parish Register, Little Hampton, Sussex, England, 918462.
6. Date on film # 918462, found by Fred Longhurst.
7. Callie Bryant Harris, "Sketches of the Life of Clara Longhurst Tenney" copied by William E. Rounds.
8. Lou Dean (Grow) Boyce, "A Day in Deptford," London, September 11, 1980.
9. There is some uncertainty as to who it was she went to visit. Since Ann was an only child, it must have been one of the Longhurst women. According to an Endowment House record, William Henry's brother, John, died at sea in 1849 at age 23. No record has been found of his marriage, but Ann may have gone to visit his wife. Elizabeth Cooper Longhurst, the next older of William Henry's siblings (again no marriage record) would have been 25 years at that time, and she may have been ill. It is also possible that she really went to Portsea to visit her mother who apparently heard the gospel and joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints about the same time as Ann.
10. Research notes of Willard Leslie Longhurst.
11. "William Henry Longhurst's Conversion," unsigned manuscript, possibly by Lou Dean (Grow) Boyce.
12. Records of the Deptford Branch, London Mission, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, Film 086994.
13. "History of Mormon Thomas Longhurst," written by his daughter, Verda Longhurst Peterson.
14. She probably was referring to the sixth day of April.

15. Journal of Ann Preston Longhurst.
16. This probably refers to the second tracting district she accepted responsibility for covering.
17. Birth certificate of Amelia Ann Longhurst, Sub-district of St. Paul's, District of Greenwich, Counties of Kent and Surrey, 1846, No. 224.
18. Birth certificate of Clara Longhurst, Sub-district of St. Paul's, District of Greenwich, Counties of Kent and Surrey, 1849, No. 202.
19. Charles George Longhurst, "Brief History of Charles Thomas Longhurst".
20. Birth certificate of Mormon Longhurst, Sub-district of St. Paul's, District of Greenwich, Counties of Kent and Surrey, 1851, No. unreadable on copy.
21. The reason Ann's Father was there may have been that her mother wouldn't have him. He seemed to favor "free love".⁵⁴ Ann's mother joined the Church and emigrated to America without him in 1855.
22. Records of Deptford Branch show Wm. H. Longhurst was "Cut Off" on January 30, 1853. Records of Poplar Branch show only Ann and Amelia (who would have been 9 years old) as "Received" from Deptford on February 25, 1855. Also, William Henry did not participate in Clara's baptism at Poplar in January of 1857. Later records for the Lake of Dogs/Limehouse Branch, which had absorbed the Poplar Branch, show Wm. H. Longhurst, an Elder, "Received" from "Canceled" or what looks like that, on May 24, 1857. Ann, Amelia, and Clara were "Received" on May 31, 1857 from Poplar. On September 21, 1857 Wm. H. Longhurst confirmed someone a member of the Church, indicating full fellowship at that point.
23. Birth certificate of Charles Thomas Longhurst, Subdistrict of Poplar, District of Poplar, County of Middlesex, 1856, No 338.
24. Birth certificate of Mercy Marantha Longhurst, Sub-district of Poplar, District of Poplar, County of Middlesex, 1858, No 31.
25. Albert Longhurst, "History of William Henry Longhurst, Jr.," December 27, 1948, Woodruff, Utah, copied by William E. Rounds.
26. Death certificate of Thomas Longhurst, St. Paul in the Parish of St. George, county of Middlesex, 1859, No. 40.
27. Verda Longhurst Peterson, "History of Mormon Thomas Longhurst."
28. Birth certificate of Joseph Longhurst, Sub-district of Saint Nicholas, Deptford, District of Greenwich, County of Kent, 1862, No. 272.

29. Marantha Longhurst Whittington History by Bessie Whittington Alsop.
30. "Memories of Nora Longhurst Nielsen of William Henry Longhurst Family," as told to Helen Rounds Bloxham in 1971.
31. An 1869 will indicates he left all he had to a daughter, Maria Frye, but it was less than 100 pounds.
32. Marantha and Thomas (Mormon) Longhurst, related to Willard L. Longhurst about 1932.
33. Charles George Longhurst's notes on the Journal of Ann Preston Longhurst.
34. "Edwin John Longhurst," by Dora L. Perry as told to Helen Rounds Bloxham.
35. Nora Nielsen, "History of Joseph Longhurst."
36. Lou Dean (Grow) Boyce, "Amelia Ann (Longhurst) Rounds, The Grandmother I Never Knew."
37. Written from memory by Mercy Marantha Longhurst December 5th, 1932, retold by Charles G. Longhurst, "History of Charles Thomas Longhurst."
38. Willard L. Longhurst, "George Heber Longhurst," February 28, 1977.
39. Mercy Marantha Longhurst, written from memory December 5, 1932.
40. "Edwin John Longhurst - Also Known as Ted or Teddy," apparently by William E. Rounds.
41. Charles George Longhurst, "History, William Henry Longhurst, 1817, Ann Preston," rearranged by William E. Rounds.
42. The family home was on 3rd East between 2nd and 3rd South on the east side of the street.
43. Letter from William Albert Longhurst to Charles George Longhurst, September 7, 1966.
44. Death certificate of Mary Longhurst, Minster Subdistrict, Sheppey Registration District, County of Kent, 1867, No. 44.
45. Letter from Ann Preston Longhurst to Marantha Longhurst Whittington, May 1. 1871.
46. Letter from Susanna Vine Preston Briggs Collyer to her son-in-law William H. Longhurst, Denver, Colorado, August 11, 1881.
47. Bessie Whittington Alsop, "Marantha Longhurst Whittington History."

48. "History of William Henry Rounds," as told by his son, William E. Rounds.
49. Orson Pratt, *Journal of Discourses* 16, p. 156.
50. Related by Warren Longhurst, in personal notes of Charles George Longhurst.
51. Warren and Myra I. Longhurst's Journal.
52. The following account of the loss of Amelia's second child was written by Lou Dean (Grow) Boyce (see Ref.36): "While doing a wash (or making soap), Amelia placed a can of lye-water on a saucer to drain, turning her attention to her task. She turned in a horror to see her toddler, Matilda Ann, licking the saucer. Her husband's diary recorded the agony that ended three months later. 'Took the baby to Morgan for medicine', 'The flesh came out of the baby's mouth', 'Sat up all night with the baby', and finally, 'The baby was weary and died at 3:00 o'clock. Took her to Morgan where Bro. White made her coffin and Sis. White dressed her. I sat up till 2:00 AM to catch the train to Bountiful. Buried her at 5:00 in the evening'. I have in my possession, a sad reminder of this tragedy; a tiny beaded bracelet worn by baby Matilda; some of the beads corroded and eaten away by the lye in her saliva."
53. The following account is by Nora Nielsen in her "History of Joseph Longhurst": "One day the Indians came and demanded food of Lydia. This was a common habit of theirs and the family supplies soon became depleted. This particular day Lydia saw them coming from afar and she placed the stove poker in the fire and got it red hot. When they demanded food and she refused, they threatened to take the baby. She drew the hot poker from the fire and told them she would put out the eyes of the first one of them to lay a hand on her baby. They left when they realized she would do just that."
54. "Memories of Nora Longhurst Nielsen of William Henry Longhurst Family," as told to Helen Rounds Bloxham, copied by William E. Rounds.
55. Genevieve Burke Smith, "Things I Remember about our Mother, Sarah Ann Longhurst Burke," June 1979.
56. A letter dated October 13, 1888 from Joseph Longhurst was sent to William Henry Longhurst at Garden City, Utah, see note 38.
57. Personal history of Joseph Longhurst, (grandson of William Henry Longhurst).
58. Handwritten manuscript of William Henry Longhurst.
59. Incident related by Willard L. Longhurst at a Longhurst family reunion, Iona, Idaho, July 1984.