

MORMON THOMAS LONGHURST***HISTORY OF MORMON THOMAS LONGHURST***

Written by his daughter, Verda Longhurst Peterson

My father was born April 8, 1851 at Deptford, Kent Co., England. His father worked at the shipyards on the river Thames. He loved to play near his father's work. As a very small boy he would carry his father's hot lunch from home to him and quite often it would be a beefsteak pie which was meat with vegetables with a crust on top.

One day while playing in the sand near the shipyard, he found a beautiful Onyx stone, amber color. He gave it to his sister, Marantha. Three years after his death, she gave it to his four daughters and we had a nice ring made for each of us. He would meet the ships and Omnibusses and would call out, "Carry your parcel, sir?" or "Please buy a paper, Sir". On one occasion a lady dropped her purse just as she was entering a bus stage coach. He ran for many blocks to catch her, only to see her take it with not a word of thanks or a few cents to this little honest barefoot boy.



His parents joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day-Saints in 1849. They worked and saved the next few years and with the help of his grandmother, who had previously come to America and lived in Denver, Colorado, they came in 1864. My father's mother was asked to sing for the first time the Hymn "Oh Ye Mountains High", by the composer, William Penrose. It describes beautifully the mountains in Utah and the yearning in their hearts to come to Zion at that time. Because of their interest in the church at the time of my father's birth, they named him Mormon. He wanted to be called Tommy, which was actually the second name of his brother, Charles.

Father's grandfather, Richard Preston, was very much disturbed with his daughter's plans to come to America and warned her that he would never leave her a farthing, if she came to America. He kept his word. She went through many hardships and almost starvation, while he, as a miser hid his money he had sawed in a hole in the floor. His estate went into the government sinking fund when found after his death.

My father was thirteen when they left England. It was a thrill for him to get on this big boat and take off. They had a little difficulty when a storm at sea tore off a portion of the ship's rigging. Rations were given on the ship, but food was

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very poor. His mother and sisters did the cooking. The Civil War was in progress and they were stopped at sea about a week before landing in New York. After necessary papers were signed they sailed on. After landing, they were directed to railroad cars. They traveled slowly as bridges and tracks were torn out by the Confederate armies. On reaching Joseph, Missouri, they were placed on a river boat to Nebraska. Here they were busy loading wagons with freight for nine hundred people, 200 wagons, two to four yoke of cattle to each wagon. Captain Hyde was in charge. They traveled real close together as they were afraid of Indian attacks. They stopped now and then for half a day while the women washed the clothes and hung them on the bushes to dry. Captain of the ship, Brother John Kay, died on the plains. Grandfather made the box to bury him in. They arrived in Salt Lake at eight-ward square where the City and County Building now stands, Nov. 2, 1864, five months and one day after leaving England.

In 1869 my grandfather and father went to Echo Canyon to work on the railroad, which was the first in Utah. In 1865 the family moved to Bountiful where they lived for five years. They moved to Woodruff, Utah in 1870 and father's mother died in 1873, Dec 11, at the age of 48. Her husband was away at the time of her death. My father was with her. He said he heated the old-fashioned iron to put on her feet as she was passing away and circulation was failing. Father told me of the great disappointment he and his brothers had when their mother died only two weeks before Christmas. She had cooked over an open fire and little fireplace in the house. She only saw her mother once when she visited her in Bountiful. Her mother did send her money now and then which was a great deal of help. She had two daughters married at the time of her death. There were seven boys, the youngest not quite six. Their sister, Marantha, was fifteen. She cooked for the family for three years until she married in 1876. Father worked at a sawmill in Logan Canyon and narrowly escaped being covered in a snow slide one winter. He rescued a man that was completely covered except for fingers he saw sticking out of the snow. He worked on the Salt Lake and St. George Temples. He and his brother Charles played in a dance band that traveled to little towns. They were called "The Bear Lake Boys". Charles played the Fiddle and father some kind of horn. He also was their soloist singing comic songs at their dance parties. It was when on one of their trips to Randolph, Utah that he met my mother, Emma Brough. He often came on snow shoes in the winter to see her. They were married Oct 14, 1880 in the Salt Lake Endowment House.

They lived in Randolph, Utah. Father worked a great deal for my grandfather in his brick kiln where most of their homes in Randolph were built of brick. In winter time he and my grandfather worked in a coal mine in Almy,

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Wyoming. On one occasion 100 men were buried in the mine, shortly after they finished their shift. Eleven children were born to them at Randolph.

They lost their first baby with measles. The other ten grew to maturity. In 1904 father moved his family to Iona, Idaho. They had two wagons loaded with children and household belongings. They forded rivers several times. Father worked as a mason having built many large houses of lava rock found in that section of Idaho. He also built the brick chimneys. This was hard work. It took all he could make to support his large family.

In 1907 his oldest son died, at the age of 24. He was kicked in the hip by a horse and hip bone decayed. His wife, Emma was in bed a year with rheumatism. This was a great expense to them and such a trial. The older children cared for the younger ones. The older boys helped with the finances as they were old enough to take jobs.

Father was very devoted to his children. He would play on the floor with the little ones. He told us such interesting stories and so many songs. We spent many lonely evenings in winter time singing songs. He would teach us parts. This helped us to pick out parts and sing in harmony in any group singing. He loved to sing love songs to my mother. She was a little more reserved and would say, "Now Tom, don't be silly." They celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary Oct 14, 1930 in their little home in Iona. The family gave them \$50.00 in gold coin and many other lovely gifts. In their earlier years they had sung duets and on this occasion they were persuaded to sing "Dear Heart, Now We Are Growing Old". Father died October 6, 1933 of a stroke, just 15 months after mother, July 8, 1932. They had seven children in Idaho, two in Randolph, Utah and 35 grandchildren. As of 1963, there are five in Idaho and two in Utah.

Song written for their 50th Wedding Anniversary

by Verda Longhurst Peterson

It was with the team and wagon
That they drove down Weber
Canyon,
On their honeymoon, these two
And the wedding was the reason
That they journeyed in the season
When October breezes blew.
The horses got excited,

The spring seat it alighted
And they all went sailing in the air.
With the wagon damaged slightly
They went on singing brightly
Joys and sorrows they did share

Chorus:
The knot was tied in Utah

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They lived in Randolph, Utah
Happy times with friends they had a
score.

Daper parties they missed never,
And the songs Tom sang were clever
And they always wanted more.

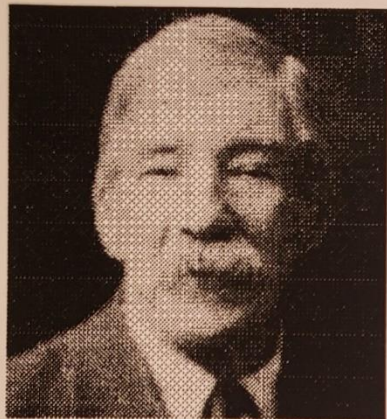
2nd verse:

To their house the stork came steady
The work it brought was plenty.
Yet each was welcomed with a smile.
It took great patience and endurance,
A great deal of assurance,
To think it was worthwhile.
The children all remember those cold
nights in December
They would sit around the kitchen
fire and sing.

Mother sang the high notes
Father sang the low notes
Trying happiness to bring.
Now mind you they're not braggin'
They had ten kids in their wagon,
With pots and pans and furniture
galore.

In these days there were no
highways
So they took the sagebrush by ways
To Iona, Idaho

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Mormon Thomas Longhurst



Emma Brough



Lewis Leroy



Emma Edith



Luella Vilate



Clarence Edwin



Benjamin Franklin



Lester Samuel



Ralph Lavern



Amelia Blanche



Olive Alverda

MORMON THOMAS LONGHURST***LIFE HISTORY OF LUELLA VILATE LONGHURST HELLSTROM***

Luella Vilate Longhurst was born September 17, 1888 in Randolph, Rich County, Utah. She was the fifth child of Mormon (Thomas) Longhurst and Emma Brough Longhurst. She was one of eleven children, five girls and six boys. She had black hair, hazel eyes and a round face. When telling of some of the experiences of her early childhood she said,



Luella Vilate Longhurst
Hellstrom

We didn't ever have Christmas trees because we didn't have room in our house for one, and most people didn't have Christmas trees at that time. Usually the boys would get a small tin horn or a mouth organ and the girls a cloth body doll. I always wanted a doll with hair, but didn't ever get one. My parents just didn't have the money to pay Santa Claus for a doll with hair.

Sometimes we would each get a cup or a mug as we called them and sometimes a homemade hand sleigh. We always got a nice new dress and ribbons for our hair. We could get up early, but the house was always cold because we didn't have a furnace. We would stand shivering, trying to open up our presents and eat a little hard candy. If we ever got an orange we were really, really happy, but we usually would get an apple. After opening our presents we would get dressed and then hurry down to Uncle Ben Broughs to try to get "Christmas Gift" on him first. We used to be really quiet and sneak around and get up to his door so he wouldn't hear us coming; but sometimes he would surprise us and call out, "Christmas Gift" first. We loved to go to his place. After that we would go all over town to our friends and cousins to see what they got, and we would gather up the kids as we went, and sometimes we had quite a crowd. There was always a Christmas dance where we usually got a sack of candy and nuts. We didn't ever have birthday parties or gifts. The only thing we got was a spat from the kids for every year old we were and then an extra hard spat to grow on.

We used to have fun on the Fourth of July, there was usually a parade with the floats pulled by horses, and some of the kids rode on these. There was always a brass band which we thought was grand. And there was always a program. A bowery would be put up on the town square and everyone would go there. There would be a barrel of lemonade here. They would go to the store and get a new shovel and clean it good and then stir the sugar into the lemonade, the lemon rinds would float

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around on top. Tin cups would be chained to the barrel and anyone could dip a cup into it and have a free drink of lemonade as often as they wanted. If we were lucky, sometimes we might have a dime to spend. That was really something. We would have a hard time deciding what to spend the dime for. The refreshment stand usually had hard candy and popcorn sticks for 5 ¢.

The fall I turned sixteen we sold our home in Randolph and on the 20th of October 1904 we started for Iona, Idaho where we planned to live. We had two wagons and a few extra horses. The kids had to walk most of the time, but once in a while got a ride on one of the horses. We camped out along the way and it was cold and frosty. We had no tents, our beds were made under the wagons and a canvas was hung down from the wheels to the ground to give us a little protection. We had to take all of our food with us because there were no stores along the way where food could be bought. I remember mother baking a lot of bread the week before we left. She filled a big can with bread enough to last us. We cooked over a camp fire and often had a big kettle of potatoes cooked and mashed with butter added. Us kids called them "sloppy potatoes."

There were no roads, but we cut off at Soda Springs and went to Bancroft and on to Blackfoot. We arrived in Iona on October 28th. The first winter my dad worked for wages on odd jobs. Will and Clarence, my brothers, got jobs at the sugar factory.

We rented a house with one big room; there was a bed in one end. We would pile a mattress on this bed during the day and pull it off at night and put it on the floor by the bed for extra sleeping room. The two beds filled the whole room. The next winter we found a house with two rooms.

One day I had been scrubbing the floor on my hands and knees. I had worked hard and had just finished when Frank (a younger brother) came to the door and started in to get a "piece" to eat; a thing he often did. I screamed at him not to get on the clean floor, but he didn't pay any attention to me and started on in. I took the wet mop rag and threw it at him. The rag hit him in the face and wrapped neatly around his neck. We laughed until we were sick; but Frank stayed off the floor.

When Luella was twenty one years old she went to Randolph to visit friends and relatives. While there she met Leonard LeRoy Hellstrom and they began dating. While in Randolph, she enrolled in a dressmaking course which gave her a good excuse to stay longer. She went back to Idaho in November and didn't see Leonard again until July of the next year. Leonard made a trip into Idaho that

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year and they were engaged to be married. For Christmas he gave her a gold watch and chain which she always cherished.

Leonard went to Idaho in the spring of 1911. He and Luella took the train to Salt Lake City, Utah where they were married in the Salt Lake Temple on April 5, 1911. In speaking of this later Luella said, "It was a little frightening because there was no one to go with us because of travel expense etc. We didn't really know what to expect at the temple. I was worried and became so nervous I got sick to my stomach. They would have to hold up the temple session for me and this made me more worried than ever. I always wished that my mother could have been by my side."

Her parents were always supportive of her and had taught her many values and important things to make her a good wife and mother and an excellent homemaker.

After she and Leonard were married their greatest desire was to have a good home and a family. They settled in Randolph and became the parents of six fine sons: Reed, Myron, Delmar, Fred, Hubert, and Evan.

Luella was an exceptional seamstress and was handy in making over and making do. At one time during the depression years she said Leonard's overcoat was worn and shabby looking so she took it apart at the seams and turned it inside out and sewed it back together making the coat look almost new again. She had a talent for cutting and sewing garments without the use of a pattern, just measuring and fitting. The clothing looked good and fit very well. Her crocheting and quilting skills were superb. She was a quilter, which many people sought after. Consequently, through her life she spent many happy hours around the quilting frames. She was also very good company; happy and pleasant to be around. She had a special ability to make something nice out of things which others may throw away. She made a pretty quilt out of Leonard's old ties and she covered and upholstered an old wooden rocking chair with odds and ends of material, making it comfortable and very pretty. She also made beautiful braided rugs.

She was an excellent cook and bread maker. When all of her boys were home she would bake eight big loaves of bread every other day. She always said her family would eat most anything for the main part of the meal if they had a good "winding up scene". This meant dessert. Consequently she was a very good pie, pudding, cookie, and cake maker. She was never stingy with her family and just laughed when she came in one day and found that the boys had cut and eaten a cake that was still baking in the oven.

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Luella was a good homemaker and her home was spotless but her home was always a place where her children felt comfortable and loved. It was also a place where they and their friends were welcome and liked to be.

She was active in the church and in the community. She was the secretary in the M.I.A. for seven years and the counselor in the Relief Society for many years. She and Leonard served as stake missionaries in the Woodruff Stake. She was a member of the Randolph Literary Club and the Randolph Birthday Club.

She spent many hours doing compassionate service; sitting up with the sick and slipping through the back lot with something she had cooked for those who may be in need.

She had a strong testimony of the gospel and had witnessed the power of the priesthood. She often told her family of the time when her mother was ill with a toxic goiter and had been bedfast for quite sometime. The elders were called to administer to her. After they had administered to her and as one of the elders approached the front gate of his home he was prompted to return to her bedside. He commanded her to sit up and get up which she did. As she did so, a great deal of toxic mucous was expelled from her throat. From that moment she began to regain her health and strength and was able to go about her daily activities. This had a profound and everlasting effect on her family especially upon Luella. Luella also told of many times when she had been guided and prompted by the Holy Spirit as to the things which she should do. One time in particular was when she and Leonard were called to St. George to the bedside of their son Hubert. As they traveled, it was made known to her that he would not live, and the things which they should do to prepare for his death and burial. She always encouraged her boys to be honorable men and honor their priesthood.

She also wanted her boys to look good and spent many hours washing ironing and pressing their clothes so they would look just right. She also took great pride in her own appearance and carried herself with grace and dignity.

She was a wonderful wife and mother and a good neighbor. She died in Ogden, Utah on the 8th of January 1972 at the age of eighty three. At present her posterity numbers: 6 sons, 22 grand children, 43 great grand children and 3 great great grand children (March 1987).