

CHARLES THOMAS LONGHURST**BRIEF HISTORY OF CHARLES THOMAS LONGHURST**

Charles Thomas Longhurst was the 5th child and 3rd son of William Henry Longhurst and Ann Preston, born 19 Jan 1855 in Deptford, Kent Co., England.

A search of the early Church records of England, in the Historians office in Salt Lake City, showed where the family was put on record Feb. 25, 1855 in Poplar, Kent Co., England, having come from Bermansey.

His parents received the Gospel in Deptford as records show they were baptized there by Elder John Griffeth in June 1849, moving to Woolwich in Dec. of the same year and back to Deptford in 1851, then to Greenwich in Feb. 1853, to old Kent Road in April of the same year, then to Bermansey in Nov. 1854, then to Poplar in Feb. 1855, back to Deptford in Sept. 1862, from which place they immigrated to America in June 1864.

The reason for frequent moves is due to the fact that his father was a Shipwright and lived where he could obtain work at his trade.

The family sailed on the ship *Hudson* to New York and paid 42 lbs. English money for their passage. There were 604 passengers aboard. The family consisted of the parents and the following children, Amelia Ann, Clara, Mormon (known as Thomas), William Henry Jr., Charles Thomas, Mercy Marintha, George Heber, and Joseph. Edwin and Warren were born in Utah later.

During the summer of 1866 Charles worked for Alfred Burningham at \$10.00 per month.

In 1867 he worked on a railroad grading between Salt Lake City and Stockton, Utah, now known as the Denver and Rio Grande.

In the winter of 1869 he worked for John Lewis burning charcoal and then for him at a logging in Mill Creek Canyon, east of Bountiful, Utah. He worked off and on for 3 or 4 years. The work was dangerous, owing to the steep hills and the frequent snowslides in the winter.

He and Leonidas S. Murray, (a son of Charlotte Ann Davis and John Murray, before her marriage to Daniel Davis, the father of Charlotte Vilate Davis, the



Charles Thomas and Vilate Davis
Longhurst

CHARLES THOMAS LONGHURST

wife of Charles T.) were working together hauling logs down Mill Creek Canyon, and in coming down a steep hill the team was unable to hold the load so all he could do was to try and out-run it, but the rear end finally swung off the road and the team and load landed in the water of the creek, the team with their feet up in the air. Charles fell free from the load and called to Leonidas who came with oxen and they soon had the team out and the load right side up again.

In the fall of 1871 the family moved to Woodruff, Rich Co., Utah. There he worked for Phineas Daley hauling baled hay to the coal mines at Almy, Wyoming.

The next spring he worked for Sheriff Smith who was operating charcoal kilns and he and his brother Wm. H. Jr. hauled cord wood that winter for use in the kilns, which was very hard work, he says. He helped make adobes for 40 more kilns, as the demand for charcoal was great, it being used in the smelters at Salt Lake City and Midvale, Utah.

The next work was for Booth and McDonald, who had a hotel at Evanston, Wyoming doing odd jobs in the hotel and butcher shop. They had the contract to build the Court House at Evanston and he hauled rock for the building with 2 yoke of oxen.

In the winter of 1873 [age 18] he returned to Woodruff where he attended school with Wesley K. Walton as his teacher.

His mother died there Dec. 11, 1873. He and brother Wm. H. took a team of Ed Tolman's to go to Evanston for burial clothes. In crossing Bear River they got stuck and Charles had to get out in the stream to lift on the wagon so the team could pull it up the icy banks. He had to run behind the wagon until they got to Almy, Wyo. where he was taken into a saloon and his frozen clothes were cut off him, and he had to stay there the rest of the night.

He worked for William C. Rounds (who married his sister Amelia) and Bybee at their saw mill in Weber Canyon the rest of the winter...

His brother William and he moved their sister Marantha (who had married George A. Whittington) to Bountiful, Utah, taking a yoke of oxen and a covered wagon. In crossing a slough, the bank gave way and they were bottom side up in the mud and water. Will had frozen feet so could do nothing in the water, and by the time Charles had freed the oxen from the wagon and pulled the rest of the folks from under the load, they were more dead than alive, as he expressed it. They made a fire, dried their clothes, cooked their dinner and then proceeded on their way. Charles stopped at the sawmill of Rounds & Bybee in Weber Canyon and Will went on to Bountiful.

CHARLES THOMAS LONGHURST

He worked again for John Lewis in the winter of 1874-75 getting out saw logs. On Feb. 2nd he had a thrilling experience and a narrow escape with his life.

This is the story as he related it:

"I and John Duncan of Bountiful were hauling saw logs for John Lewis out of what was then called North Mill Creek Canyon. The three of them had gone up the canyon that morning for logs and were returning with their loads. Mr. Lewis was quite a distance ahead and out of sight. I was walking ahead of my oxen, my dog was behind the load and Mr. Duncan behind my load. The day before about 18 inches of snow had fallen, yet they were making good time with their loads. The sun was shining and it was not very cold. We were talking of two men who had been caught in a slide some few years ago but were not seriously hurt, when all at once Duncan said, "Snow slide, whoop 'em up Charley." I lost no time in getting my outfit started and looked back just as the slide struck the road and seen Lewis jumping over his team.

I had a race for my life for about 200 yards. We went back on the slide but all was still, no signs of the team or anything. Mr. Lewis had heard the noise and came back on a horse and I got it and rode to Bountiful for help. Two men at the sawmill, Leonidas Murray and Edgar Dalrymple, went back to the slide. In two hours there were about 100 men and boys on the scene. By poking in the snow with a long iron rod I had made at the blacksmith shop the outfit was finally found where the snow was 32 feet deep by measurement and nearly as hard as ice around the outfit.

(The foregoing was prepared by a son, Charles George Longhurst. What follows was added by Glen Reed Longurst, a great-grandson, based on information in other histories, written and oral.)

Charles was married on October 2, 1879 to Charlotte Vilate Davis. Children born to Charles and his wife included Olive Vilate, Charles George, Daniel Kelley, Lester, Grant, Bessie, Myra, and Drucilla.. Their first home was at Garden City, Utah, near the shores of Bear Lake. Besides farming, Charles served as the town postmaster.

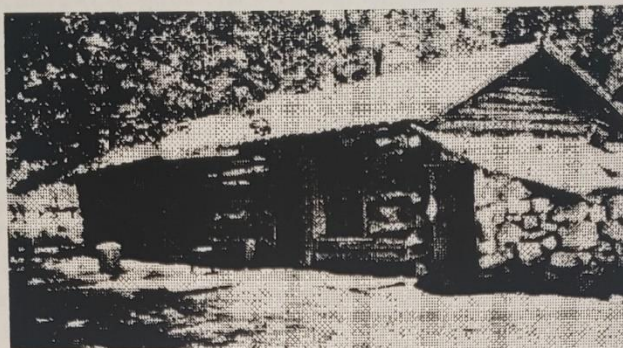
Nora Longhurst Nielsen recalled that

Wm. Henry and his sons Charles, Joseph and George, rode horseback to the Snake River Valley in Idaho and took up land. This was the

CHARLES THOMAS LONGHURST

spring of 1884. Wm. Henry chose the quarter west of what is now Iona, on the south side of the road. [This is between where what was the Lincoln sugar factory now stands and the town of Iona.] Charles took the quarter south from him and Joseph the quarter west of Charles. Charles afterward traded for the quarter he developed and lived on. The boys rode back to Utah, Joseph returning to Iona in November, Charles the next year and in 3 or 4 years, George came.

Charles was a particular help to the family of his brother Joseph, who contracted cancer, being hospitalized for that ailment in 1892.



The Longhurst home in Iona, Idaho

Nora Longhurst Nielsen recalled that when Lydia (Joseph's wife) went down to Salt Lake she took Verda, the baby, and Sarah who was only two years old, with her. Charles accompanied them on the train. He returned to Idaho while Lydia remained in Salt Lake City to be with her husband. The older children stayed with Charles and George's families. Later, when Joseph was not expected to live, Charles took the older children to Salt Lake to see him. After Joseph's death, Lydia returned to Iona, and she and the children lived in two rooms of Charles' home, and he looked after them and their five cows.

Joseph Longhurst, Jr., a son of Joseph and Lydia spoke with particular fondness of the care given Lydia and her family by Charles and Vilate:

Uncle Charlie lived quite close to us and he was very good to us at all times. He took care of us to help my mother out.

I remember my grandfather, (William Henry Longhurst) some. When we was living at my Uncle Charlie's place, when my father was gone to Salt Lake to the doctors, he was a carpenter, he was a mechanic man, doing some work in my Uncle Charlie's house and I was trying to hand him tools or whatever he would ask for....

Then, referring to his father's hospitalization, the younger Joseph continued:

By doing that we had to move. So we moved over into a part of my Uncle Charlie's house. He had a large house he was building, he

CHARLES THOMAS LONGHURST

was rebuilding. My grandfather he was a carpenter at the time. He was doing all the work on the house and we was living there. I remember him some.

The things I want to tell you about is the kindness that my Uncle Charlie and my Aunt Charlotte [apparently she was known by both given names] showed toward us in the absence of my father. They was really good to us. They was good to my mother. Some of these things (crying) that I really would like Uncle Charlie's folks, that's left, to know about, just how I feel about that. Anyway, we was staying there being taken very good care of. The end was coming that we knew nothing about. So, we was called down to Salt Lake, I and my sisters, and my mother to go to his bedside. Uncle Charlie Longhurst, it fell to his lot to take us down there. He did so, and as I remember he was on hand from the time we left until we got back to his home where we lived. He was very good to us all the time.

Alverda, daughter of Joseph and Lydia said, "Mother was a widow now, 28 years old with 5 children. She rented her farm and went to live in a part of the house of Father's brother, Charley. It was hard for her to make a living for her family." George C. Rounds, a nephew also recorded, "In the spring of 1894, my Uncle Charles Longhurst came to Salt Lake at the death of his brother Joseph; and soon after this time he brought me back to Idaho, a boy of fifteen years."

Charles was kind and gentle, and he loved children. He was generous, giving anything he had to one in need, especially those of his family. His widowed father, Wm. Henry Sr. lived with many of his children from time to time, but he spent a little more time with his son Charles and his family than with the others. He lived with them in Garden City, Utah before they moved to Iona, and for many of his remaining years there in Iona, passing away while living with them.

An interesting story about Charles was told by his nephew, Willard Leslie Longhurst, at a family reunion in Iona in 1984. When Charles' father, Wm. Henry, Sr. passed away, apparently there was no one available to dress the body in the temple robes in the proper way. Charles, himself was apparently not active in the Church at that time. Several days after the burial, Wm. Henry appeared in a dream or vision to his friend Tom Nixon and told him that someone needed to correct an error that had been made in the arrangement of the robes. This so disturbed Tom that he went to Charles and asked what they should do. Charles contacted the authorities in Salt Lake City and asked for directions, which were sent. Then, several weeks after interment, it was the doleful responsibility of Charles and Tom to go to the cemetery and retrieve the body. Sure enough, there had been a mistake made, and it was corrected.

CHARLES THOMAS LONGHURST

Charles said that removing his father's body from the ground and making that change for him was the hardest thing he ever did.

Another illustration of his willingness to help was given by Mary M. Longhurst, wife of Charles' younger brother George. She was telling of the time they first arrived in the Idaho Falls (Eagle Rock) area. When they came to Eagle Rock, the weather was still very cold. They arrived at 1:30 a.m. in the south end of town and walked one mile to the present LDS Temple site where her uncle Charles Moore lived, where they stayed the remainder of that night, Mar 3, 1890. His brother Charles came the following afternoon and took them to his place at Iona, Idaho in his wagon.

Dora Perry, granddaughter of Charles' brother Wm. Henry, Jr. was impressed by the appearance of all of Charles' siblings. She said she remembered "seeing [Charles' brother Edwin] for the first time when she was 10 years old and he came to Woodruff to his brother Bill's (who was her grandfather also) funeral, She remembers Great Aunt Marantha and Great Uncle Charley being there also, although she had seen them before. They seemed to all stand so tall and straight and how they impressed her so that she has never forgotten them."

Nora noted that "Charles was a good violinist and played for all the dances and entertainments. He also led the Iona Choir for years." She also told Ornealo Lee and Helen Bloxham:

Charles dropped his membership in the Church as many did, in order to be qualified to vote. That was the law then. In recent years his son, Charles G. cleared this matter up by discovering that it had not been made of record in Salt Lake City. He went to the ward records and found where they had proposed to do so, but could find no minutes where it had been done.

In speaking of this to his family shortly before his own death, Charles G. said that he had conferred with Elder Spencer W. Kimball, then a new member of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles about how to deal with this matter. By direction from Elder Kimball, he went with his wife Margaret and their son J. Glen to the Logan temple in October of 1946 to have temple blessings restored to Charles and Vilate. Shortly thereafter, whether it was the same evening or a few days later is not clear, Charles G. was awakened from sleep to see his parents standing by his bedside, dressed in white. He said they had the look of sweetest contentment and pleasure on their faces. They stood there for some time, smiling at him. Then his mother bent over and kissed him. Charles G. wept as he said that kiss was as real as any he ever had in his life.

CHARLES THOMAS LONGHURST**CHARLOTTE VILATE DAVIS LONGHURST**

Charlotte Vilate Davis was born 15 Aug. 1860 in Salt Lake City, the first child of Daniel and Charlotte Ann Davis (nee) Murray. She was named Charlotte after her mother and Vilate after the wife of Heber C. Kimball. Her father Daniel, at about the age of 17 left home and worked for quite a period of time as a carpenter and farm hand to pay off some family debts. During this time he met the Kimball family and became very close to them, especially Vilate and her family. After he joined the Church and they were in Nauvoo, he was adopted (sealed) into the Heber C. Kimball family. This accounts for his great love and admiration for Heber and his wife Vilate. He looked on them as his parents.



Front: Myra, Charles Thomas, Bessie, Charlotte Vilate, Sarah Davis (Dee); Middle: Lester, Drucilla, Charles G. Murray; Grant, Daniel Kelley.

Charlotte Vilate attended school in Bountiful and also learned there the art of housekeeping, sewing, etc. During this time, she purchased a sewing machine with money earned picking beans. Daniel refused to let her have it, saying that if it was good enough for your mother to sew by hand, it's good enough for you. She kept it at the home of a friend until she married.

On 2 Oct. 1879 she married Charles Thomas Longhurst in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. They went to Garden City, Utah, where Charles' father and brothers had some land. During this time he worked on an irrigation canal and also served as the first postmaster in Garden City, the post office being in their home. Their first four children were born while they were here. Their first child, Olive, also died here when she was just a little more than a year old. The newspaper notice about her death reads that she died of inflammation of the lungs, which would probably have been pneumonia.

In the spring of 1887, they moved to Iona, Idaho (Idaho Falls area). Here they homesteaded land with Charles' father and some of his brothers. While

CHARLES THOMAS LONGHURST

here, the rest of their children were born. There was much work to be done. The land had to be cleared of sage brush; irrigation canals had to be built. Vilate helped in burning the sage brush at night after the children were asleep.

In 1908 they bought a ranch from Braxil Clark in Leslie, Idaho, and moved there by train. They raised cattle, sheep and horses, grain and hay. They sold their ranch in Leslie and moved to Salt Lake City about 1920, where they lived for the rest of their lives, at 157 Williams Ave.

Most of the memories that people have of Charlotte Vilate are of her goodness in helping others. She was always there when there was sickness or death. While in Leslie and Iona, she helped whenever there was a new baby in a family, often doing much of the sewing for the little one. She always shared what she had even though she might have had very little for

herself. There is only one instance where she is remembered as having denied someone something that she had. A neighbor had some chickens that laid a few eggs, but when she was ready to market them they never came out in even dozens and she could not sell unless there was a full dozen. So she decided that she could borrow from Vilate enough eggs to make up an even dozen. This went on for some time with no effort to repay, and finally Vilate lost her patience and no longer "borrowed" eggs to this neighbor.

She worked very hard, helping on occasion with the farm work. Her daughters remember how she cooked for the threshers and those who came to help with the hay. There were often 20 extra hands to cook for and she would rise early to shape into loaves dough that she had set the night before, so that these men would have fresh bread and rolls for breakfast. Their farm was known far and wide as having some of the best food in the area. One day after cooking some rice pudding, she set it out on a screened porch to cool. Hearing some noise and thinking the dog was getting into the pudding, she grabbed her broom and threw open the door to get after the dog, only to find J. Golden Kimball standing there. He was in the area on church business and had dropped by to visit.

She made do with what she had, never throwing anything away that could possibly be used in any way. She was an expert seamstress and pieced and quilted many quilts as well as making many yards of knitted lace to rim pillow cases and petticoats. During World War 1, she did much knitting for the Red



The home in Leslie, Idaho

Cross. Nights would find her knitting by an oil lamp while reading the paper. The Red Cross chairman said she knit(ted) more socks than all the other knitters in the country. Also at this time, flour was rationed. For every pound of wheat flour, you had to accept so many pounds of other types of flour -- corn meal, rice and potato flour, graham, whole wheat and rye. Many families referred to these as hog feed and refused to use them. Vilate's family enjoyed the bread made from these flours.

She was active in Relief Society and Y.L.M.I.A. and served as an officer in both. She did not seek the limelight and found it very hard to be asked to speak in public. Her son Charles remembers: "The only time I can recall of mother appearing in public was in a meeting of some kind where a report of the Relief Society was called for. Mother was second counselor to Mary Herbert and it fell her lot to give the report. That she was frightened there is no question, but she did her best, which is all anyone can do".

The following are excerpts from memories written by some of her children:

Her daughter, Sarah Davis (Dee) Narkaus:

As to events in the life of mother and father that influenced me I can't recall any single thing that changed my life, but all through the years of my growing up, I, like all children I guess, thought mother the most gentle, sympathetic and understanding person. She, like other parents of that generation, showed very little affection, she was not demonstrative, but when she put us to bed, I'll never forget the few times she kissed me for being extra good.

I knew her neighbors in Iona, Leslie and Salt Lake City all considered her more than a neighbor. In Leslie she went to help when every baby came. Did much of the sewing for them. Mrs. Donohue said she would never have raised her big family without the help mother gave her. I've wished many times that I had such sincere friends as she had. I remember in Iona, I would have been about 7, mother took Myra and I to Relief Society meeting with her. We kneeled in the bottom of the buggy and she drove which was a great effort for her as she was so afraid of horses and what they would do if frightened.

She had a wonderful testimony of our Church being the true Church and I have wished many times she had been more strict with us in regards to living the Gospel. But I realize what she had to contend with, living in such out-of-the-way places, no Church, and father feeling the way he did. I would consider it a great compliment if I could be like her.

Her son, Murray:

CHARLES THOMAS LONGHURST

In 1915 while I lived in San Francisco, I gave mother a trip to see the 1915 Exposition. She was in California about two weeks. She experienced a very bad earthquake in the old "Trolley" opera house. She wanted no more of California. I met mother at Sacramento and rode on the train to San Francisco. She did not know I was on the train. I sat next to her without her knowing it as she was looking out the train windows. And after about a half hour, she thought I looked like someone she knew. Well, it was almost an hour before she could talk. That was without a doubt the trip of her life. (Vilate suffered greatly from motion sickness and any trip by car or train was a great trial for her.)

Her son Charles:

The first recollection of mother I have is after we arrived in Iona. Just before Christmas, I requested her to leave the door open a little so Santa could get in. I remember the extra work mother would go to in entertaining the company we used to have after meeting on Sundays. I marvel how she did all her home work, and made shirts, socks, mittens etc. for the family. For a long time all the washing was done on a board and it was a few years before she had a sewing machine.

Many of the people I have met, when they learned I was the son of Vilate Longhurst, never failed to say something like this: What a wonderful woman she was in helping others in their sorrow and affliction; a neighbor in the fullest sense of the word; and so kind and considerate of all who she met; willing to share what little she had with others, and many other traits characteristic of a truly noble woman. Not in the eyes of public life, but in the realm of motherhood for which her Creator placed her.

Her sister-in-law, Marantha Longhurst Whittington, moved to Garden City in 1880. She wrote the following, about the time they spent together while the men were getting timber to build a house for them:

Vilate and I helped to glean wheat for the Relief Society to store in case of famine. We all lived together in one large room and a lean-to for a kitchen. In the small kitchen was a table, cupboard, flour bin, a large stove, chairs, milk cupboard and our bed, and a trundle bed for the boys. The trundle bed was pushed under our bed in the day time.

The fall of 1880 the wheat was cut while green, for fear of early frost. After it was thrashed we spread it on the floor in the attic to dry. It had to be stirred every day. My brother Thomas and his wife Emma came to visit, and we did not have a spare bed, so one was made for them on the wheat.

CHARLES THOMAS LONGHURST

The meat we had was dried venison. We often boiled wheat and had milk on it, which was very nice. We had a hard time doing our washings, as we did not have a washing machine. Golden Kimball came and sold us a machine costing \$3.00. There were two fluted rollers about 4 inches in diameter and 13 inches long with a handle on the end. This was fastened on the tub. We spread a sheet on the table, put our clothes in a long pack, folded the sheet the width of the rollers, turned the clothes back and forth in the tub of water.

In 1882, Vilate's husband, Charles, organized a martial band, composed of fifes and drums. They had a big brass drum that was played in the Nauvoo Legion band when the Prophet Joseph Smith was taken to prison. Brother Oddekerck (sic) brought it across the plains. He later moved away and gave it to the band. It is now in Logan in the house of relics.

Vilate's life was truly one of doing and giving to all who needed help. Her guide line to living was, "If you haven't anything good to say about a person, do not say it."

In 1920 the family left Lelslie and went to Texas for a very brief period. Charlotte Vilate stayed behind in Bountiful to be with her daughter, Drucilla. Drucilla had suffered for a number of years from Bright's disease, and as the family prepared to go to Texas, she stayed to be with Drue who had become very ill at this time. Drue was married and expecting a child which further complicated her illness. Shortly after the family returned from Texas, Drue died. Thus two of her daughters preceeded her in death.

During World War 1, two of her sons, Lester and Kelly, served in the armed forces.

As an interesting sidelight to her life, these minutes of the Relief Society in Garden City give some idea of the things that occupied her life:

"Wm. H. Longhurst was the speaker at the first meeting of the organization in 1879. He made a few remarks relative to the behavior of children and the great necessity of proper education. The Sisters were advised to store grain and to save straw to make hats and see if the men would wear them. To raise and store beans to have in time of need. One sister split and sewed straw into hats. Donations were taken for our sister who was going East to study to be a Doctor.

The next meeting was a work one for the purpose of making a United States Flag. At one meeting, 48 pounds of rags were sewn for a rug for a member; she paid us in wool bats worth 50 cents a pound. We got 5 cents a pound for sewing rags. One meeting we made a quilt for a sick member.

CHARLES THOMAS LONGHURST

Donations at various meetings were usually 5 and 10 cents; a spool of thread; 10 cents worth of calico; a pound or so of beans worth 30 cent a pound; a dozen eggs or less."

Charlotte Vilate passed away on April 7, 1938. She had been visiting with her daughter Myra and her sister Sarah Riley in Bountiful. Death was caused by a cerebral aneurysm. She went instantly and suffered no pain. She is buried in the cemetery in Bountiful, along with her husband Charles.