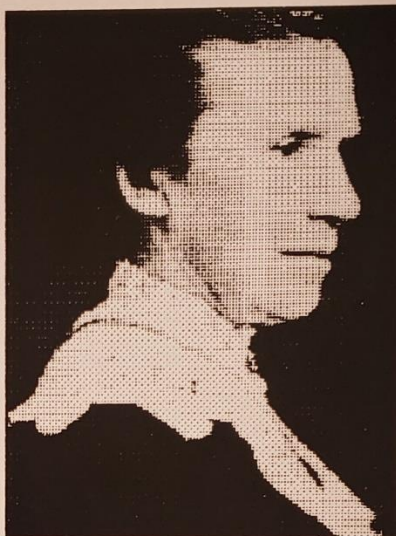


CLARA LONGHURST TENNEY**SKETCHES OF THE LIFE OF CLARA LONGHURST TENNEY**

By Callie Bryant Harris
copied by Wm E Rounds

When I was a little girl I used to stay with my grandmother a lot, and I believe I know some stories that no one living except maybe Aunt Winnie or Uncle Hebe know. If I don't write them, they will be lost to the family. I hope I can write this so it can be understood by those who love and honor Clara L Tenney.

To begin with, Grandma told me how her father and mother and their family were converted to the Gospel in England. There was so much hatred and persecution of the Church their family had to be baptized in the middle of the night in the river Thames. Their friends, and even their families turned against them. When they crossed the ocean they had to travel in what they called "steerage". It was where they kept the animals and was very poor accommodations. Grandma Clara had always been a frail child and her mother feared the journey would be hard on her, or even fatal, so she fixed some little nice things Clara could eat. But Grandmother said she wasn't sick, ever, on the trip and she could eat anything but it was her sister Amelia who was sick. When the family arrived in New York they were poor, and they suffered terribly. Great Grandmother Longhurst had been raised in a well to do home, the only child; she didn't know how to cook the things they could get. It was cold; they really suffered terribly, especially g grandma. It was here Clara, who was 15, went out to work for people, and she told me she learned to cook beans, potatoes and gravy and bake bread, but especially they learned about gravy. Her brothers were young men and hungry. They used to say to their mother, "Let Clara cook, she knows how to cook something that will stick to your ribs."



The only thought in the minds of this family was to come to Zion, or Utah. They had to come with one of the handcart companies. My grandmother told me, again mother said they left wealth and comfort for the Gospel. Grandma told me that, for her it was quite a lark and she didn't mind it, and that they had a lot of fun. At night they danced around the campfire and sang, but of course the burden was on her parents. She felt safe because she had them. There was another family in this handcart company; the Standifird family, and later, my

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grandmother and grandmother Standifird, as we called her, were neighbors in Taylor, Arizona when I was a girl. On the 24th of July celebrations—until they died— they always had grandma and grandpa Standifird and Bro. Wakefield stepdance.

I don't know too much about their life after they went to Salt Lake City, but when grandmother was young she married Warren Tenney as a second wife. Warren was called to Arizona to bring and put up the first grist mills and saw mills.

Grandmother had nine children, one dying when a small boy. Grandmother was such a tiny woman. She was about 5 ft 2 in tall. I out grew her when I was about ten or 11 years old. She wore a size 2 or 2 1/2 shoes. I could never get my toe in her shoes.

When Heber, her last child was six weeks old, grandpa died. He realized he was going to die, and he told her to leave Flagstaff and take the family to Snowflake or get where she was nearer to

the Church, and he tried to instruct her in what to do. Grandma asked him if he wasn't afraid to know he was going to die and he said, "No I'm not afraid, I have never done anything in my life I am ashamed of and I am not afraid to meet my Maker". Grandma said, "Well, I would be afraid and I want you to promise me that when I die You will be there to meet me." Now he said, "I can't promise you that because I don't know whether I can or not but I will promise you this, that if it is possible I will be there." Now he said, "I want all my family to gather around my bed and sing; I want to hear their beautiful voices once again," which they did. Then he asked them to promise that there wouldn't be any weeping or mourning for him. Shortly afterward, when grandpa almost passed away, grandma screamed out and grandpa opened his eyes and said, "Clara, what did you promise me?" Then he died. Grandmother had nearly died when her baby was born and everyone thought she couldn't live, but she told me she had a dream and saw grandpa dead and everyone who looked at him said he looked just like Jesus. When he was dead everyone remarked how much he did look like Jesus. When I was a little girl, I used to look at his picture and really wondered if he was Jesus. Grandmother's children, Tory, George, Eliza, Sarah, Emma, Read, Jesse and Hebe had the most beautiful voices, as did Grandma. We wondered what they could have done if they'd had a chance in music. Grandma



Warren Tenney

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sang alto in the choir until her death. When Grandpa died, they were living in Flagstaff. Her little boy, Jesse, was so sick with typhoid (I believe) he wasn't expected to live. They didn't want to bury grandpa in Flagstaff, so some friends brought his body to Woodruff and buried him there. When they went to carry the coffin out of the house, Grandma fainted and everyone believed she was dead. She laid there for several hours; she said she could hear what people said and tried her best to move a finger or blink and eye. She could hear talk about burying her and trying to get word to some of her folks. She finally made some move(ment). This was an experience she never forgot. She made her family promise they would be sure she was dead before they buried her. She was afraid she might be buried alive.

She was left so destitute with seven children that the next day, after things were over, she and the big girls, Sarah and Eliza, took in washings. My mother, Emma, would take the baby to grandma to nurse. Aunt Tory was married and living in Mexico at the time.

I am not sure how long they stayed in Flagstaff, but Clara did bring her family and come to Snowflake as Grandpa had asked her to do. The family went through terrible times. Grandma told me she didn't know what would have become of them if it had not been for a good man Locy Rogers. He let grandma help his wife who was in poor health. He let grandma live in a little house and helped her with food. There was always as strong tie between this Rogers family and the Tenneys, and I love them all because they were so good to my grandmother in her time of need.

I know Grandmother moved to Taylor. She and my mother put in a little store in the house where aunt May Tenney now lives. My mother had been in Salt Lake City where she worked in a milliner shop and she was a wonderful hatmaker and seamstress. They did real well in this store. The years in between, when her family was young were hard. Many times they were completely without food. Grandma was always cheerful and her trust in the Lord was just about absolute. They set the table with their best dishes and sat down to their meal of nothing. They passed the meat, bread, potatoes and etc., each pretending to take a helping. When they had finished they all felt they had had a wonderful meal and experience.

Some time during these years Grandma got a cataract in one of her eyes. She went to Salt Lake City where she underwent surgery. They removed her eye, and in those days it was more butchery than surgery. She laid at the point of death and no one expected her to live. One day her dear friend, Sister West, came to see her and told Grandma, "Sister Tenney, you aren't going to die. I've been permitted to see the mansion that is prepared for you and it is beautiful beyond description, but your mission on earth isn't fulfilled now." I am telling

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you this story because it has significance later on. Grandmother did pull through and wore a glass eye from then on. This eye would get turned over. It was my job to make a sign whenever it was turned. I am sure other grandchildren did also. Grandmother used to get so sick she would have those fainting spells which was the horror of my life. I was so afraid she would faint that I always stayed pretty close to her, and when we walked down the street I always had her by the arm because she couldn't see very well and I was afraid she would fall.

I don't know when grandmother sold the store but I think it was soon after my mother, Emma, was married. Then she bought the home I knew and kept a hotel. She was a wonderful cook and she made good at this. She began to develop a cataract over her other eye and it grew steadily worse, so she could look forward to almost being totally blind, but she was never anything but happy and pleasant. She loved to read, and she said she intended to see everything she could, as long as she could. One Doctor told her she would be blind in six months. Grandma Standifird went with grandmother to visit her friends many times. Grandmother Standifird, Aunt Hilda Lewis, Aunt Martha Lewis and the Minerley ladies who lived right by the Coopers; these people had gone through the worst hardships and yet they praised the Lord for his goodness. My Grandmother talked to the Lord as if He were present and she expected Him to hear her.

Grandma's sight steadily failed and it was getting so her family felt she couldn't and shouldn't be alone there running her hotel and doing all the cooking. She was 72 years old. One night, in the night, she woke me up and said she was sick. She got up and fainted in the middle of the floor. I couldn't get her back into bed so I covered her with a blanket. She would come to and tell me to get her something, which I would, then she would be out again. After hours, I got her back into bed. I was always the biggest coward in the earth when it was dark so I just stayed on until daylight came then went after my mother. Grandmother nearly died then; all the kids came, yet she pulled through it, but she never did get completely over that fainting spell. One day Grandmother told me if she ever did faint she wanted me to promise her I would not pour water all over her like Helen did. Helen was alone with her once when she fainted and she poured water all over her and bawled to the top of her voice, "Grandma, Grandma." Well it was a bad experience for anyone. Well, I didn't pour water on her, but, as much as I loved her, I wouldn't go out in the dark for help.

After this she had to give up her hotel. She rented it out and mother fixed her up a nice room in our home. She went and spent a few weeks with every one of her children, which she really enjoyed. At Quarterly Conference in Snowflake which she attended shortly after, Apostle Richard R. Lyman was the visiting authority. He gave a wonderful promise to everyone there. After the meeting, Grandma said to Uncle Frank Campbell and Aunt Eliza that she would like to

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have Apostle Lyman give her a special blessing. Uncle Frank said that he would ask him, if it was her wish, which he did, and Bro. Lyman said he would be glad to do it if she could be up to President Samuel Smith's home later on, so she stayed down to Snowflake and we went home.

It was a day or two before she got home but then she told us that Bro. Lyman had given her a wonderful blessing and had promised her just what she wanted. "He told her that her door had always been open to strangers, that she would never be blind and that she would never taste of death; that she would live as long as she wanted to live and when she was ready she would be changed from mortality to immortality in the twinkling of an eye."

It was only about a week later that on Thursday night, we had been to choir practice. As we were walking home she began to talk about what a beautiful place this was and can you see that wonderful mansion and what beautiful flowers and streets. We nearly died laughing as the houses we were passing were little log cabins. She kept on telling us what she could see and we would laugh. The next day she said to my mother, "Emma, I want to tell you that I have seen everything I told you of last night and lots more, in fact, she said, "I saw the same thing last night that Sister West saw when I was so sick in Salt Lake City." She told mother, I have seen all my children but George, and I'll never see him again in this life." Carvel Tenney was there. (Uncle George's son) She told Carvel, "I'll never see your father again in this life." Mother tried to tell her, "Oh mother, George will soon be home," but Grandma said again, "No, I will never see him again in this life."

It was about the next day that my mother was making a black silk dress for grandma. One thing about grandmother; she was always real up and coming. She always dressed nice. She cooked dinner. Pearl Smith was up visiting at our place and we woke up that it was Pearl's birthday, so grandma baked some cookies for Pearl. She even got some fresh vegetables out of the garden. She had dinner all ready. Mother tried the dress on grandmother. Grandma then said, "I don't think I'll eat any dinner as I don't feel very good. Mother said, "Why mother, if you didn't feel good you know you didn't need to cook dinner, I could have got this dress done later."

Grandma went and laid on the bed and we hadn't eaten a bite when she called, "Emma, come quick, I'm awful sick." When mama got to her she said, "Send for Read, he may have time to get here," and she was gone. Her blessing was fulfilled and I always (believed) grandfather was there to meet her.

Just before grandmother rented her hotel out, two salesmen had stopped overnight. They were so impressed with the wonderful meals they had and the fact that grandmother was over 71 years old and was doing all the cooking and

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her own work that, when they got ready to leave the next morning, they asked to take a picture of her. They stood by her side and said they would be proud to have a picture of her; a picture was taken of such a wonderful lady. I have this picture and I prize it. I feel I should have one each made for all of her other grandchildren.

There are a few things she ground into me that in my life have always been my guiding stars. One was the tithing. Every penny she ever took in was never touched until the Lord got his share. One time when she was still running her little store she made a trip to Holbrook. They had to go by team and wagon. I am not sure whether it was Uncle George's, but seems to me it was. Anyway it was one of his boys who was driving the wagon. I don't know who else was along, but before they had left home several of the neighbors had given her money to pay their taxes and some for her to get something for them. They built a fire and fixed lunch on the way to Holbrook. When they got nearly to Holbrook grandma found she had lost her purse. They decided she left it where they had eaten their lunch. It had several hundred dollars in it and, as I said, some belonged to neighbors. Of course her son was disgusted and upset with her. Grandma said, "I am not worried about the money, I have paid tithing on every cent in it and the Lord will take care of it for me." Her son said, "I wouldn't be surprised if he did."

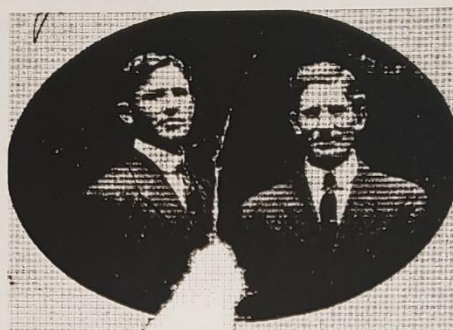
Preston Bushman drove the mail to and from Holbrook. He came into Holbrook right shortly behind them. Grandma asked him if he had seen a little black bag. Preston said "Such as this?" and pulled it out of his wagon and placed it on her arm. Her trust in the Lord was just complete. To me, this story has always had two sides; one, Grandmother's faith and the Lord taking care of her, and the other a lesson in honesty. Preston Bushman was as poor man; he had a big family and money was hard to get. I always loved Preston Bushman and I don't believe his family knew this story. We heard his beautiful voice in our home; as he drove down the road in his wagon or on horseback you could hear his voice ringing out through hill and dale.

Grandmother wasn't naturally a brave woman; she was frightened to death of a lot of things besides death itself. My mother was only ten years when grandpa died and she always took it upon herself to be the last one to bed at night so she could put out the light. Nights my grandmother couldn't sleep and the noises would frighten her until she was paralyzed. She told me my mother would get up and go and investigate. Sometimes it would be an owl or cat, or a skunk. Many nights when I was with grandma she would try to keep me awake to talk to her but I couldn't stay awake no matter what. The wind upon the hill where she lived would be so bad she would think the house was going to come down. She was tiny and just plain plucky, but not brave, really.

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She was all for progress. When electricity first came to Taylor you can find that it was first put in the A. Z. Palmer and Sons store and then in grandma's house. When the short sleeved and knee garments were approved by the church, she was the first to wear them. Some of those old pioneers stuck to their home made muslin garments as long as they lived. She bought oil stock, rubber stock, or anything else she thought was going some place. She lost quite a bit in the Snowflake Bank and she made it all with her two hands and her little back.

I can't close this without mentioning her dancing. She used to go to the dances and dance every set. I remember Uncle Hebe, Uncle Jess, Uncle George and Uncle Read all danced with her and would tell her she was the best dancer on the floor. Then the Pearce boys and others would all dance with her. She went to a dance just a few weeks before her death and hardly missed a set. And by way of the plain truth, my uncles were the best dancers that ever hit the floor. I loved just to sit and watch them glide around the floor.



Jess Milo and Heber Chase Tenney

Grandma always took an active interest in politics and had her say. The Tenneys were all pretty radical Republicans, including my mother. My father, Charley Bryant, was an old, dyed in the wool, southern Democrat. I'll never know which was wrong or which was right, but I have gone out and wept many times because I thought they were all mad at daddy or that they were going to fight.

There was something between my mother and grandma I never could understand. We lived on the ranch and seldom came to town, but I have had grandma tell me, "Emma is coming today," and she would prepare meals even, and mother would come. Here is one story: When Aunt Sarah's son, Ralph was born, Aunt Sarah was very sick. Grandmother couldn't leave at the time so mother went to help Aunt Sarah and grandma kept the older children. I was the baby. My brother got very sick with the croup and they thought he was going to die. Uncle George said one morning that he was going to call mother and tell her to come home and Grandma said, "You won't need to, Emma will be home today." Mamma had said that just all of a sudden she felt she had to go home and it was snowing at the time. She didn't want to leave Aunt Sarah but just had to go home so she made some arrangements and caught the mail wagon, and again Preston Bushman was driving the mail. Mother said they had a terrible trip

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home and it took all day long, but she got home. I have seen that thing happen several times. They just seemed to have some special help.

Grandmother was just naturally a spirited young person. She never grew old. She even squaw wrestled with me at a Beehive outing when I was 12 or 13 years old. She died when I was 16. She was always happy and strong in faith. She trusted the Lord implicitly and loved life, and I always knew she loved me and knew I loved her.

CLARA LONGHURST TENNEY***THE LIFE STORY OF VICTORIA BRYANT McLAWS***

As written by her sister, Callie Bryant Brewer Harris

"Tory" as she was fondly and lovingly known was christened Victoria by her parents, Charles Coleman and Emma Tenney Bryant. The child was named for Queen Victoria of England. Tory's maternal grandmother was an immigrant from England who treasured the memory of the ruling monarch of her native land. Grandma Tenney was very proud to have a daughter and grand daughter bear the glamorous name of Victoria.

Tory was born Dec. 29, 1900 in Taylor, Arizona. She was the eldest of her mother's nine children. The first seven years of her life were spent in Springville where her father, a native of Texas, found employment. Sensing that there were favorable possibilities of getting established in the cattle business, Charles Bryant moved his family to a ranch near Claysprings. This ranch was known as the Cross-I-L Ranch and the Bryant family prospered.

Tory loved life on the ranch. Its rigors and its pleasant features were taken in their stride and the young girl matured rapidly, even beyond her years. The loneliness of ranch life had its charm and for Tory it had no fears.

She was happy and ambitious in her role and learned to ride horses as well as the best cow hands. In the house she was her mother's main stay, for Emma Bryant was often sick and Tory could take over the home responsibilities with zest and enthusiasm. When she was only twelve years old her mother was taken to Phoenix for surgery. There alone on the ranch, Tory cared for her infant brother, managed the other children, baked bread, did all the cooking, and washed all the clothes on the washboard and in short, proved herself to be a womanly woman.

Charles, Tory's brother by her father's previous marriage, was always her protector and admirer. He promised his step-mother he would always take good care of his pretty attractive sister, of whom he was justly proud. There was always a bond of affection between Tory and this understanding older brother.

Emma Bryant loved music and culture and sought to have it expressed in her home. She must have a piano even though such an instrument was a rare possession. Studying the Montgomery Ward catalogue for the best piano the firm had to offer, Emma wrote up her order and her willing husband gladly paid the bill. It was wonderful, perhaps the first piano in that part of Arizona. A book of playing instructions was purchased along with the piano, and Tory taught herself to play. Her sister, Collie, could play by ear all the tunes she ever heard.

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With such a remarkable talent, Tory was in demand as an accompanist for the fiddlers who played while the mountain people danced the happy hours away.

There were home parties, socials and candy pulls when the scattered ranchers got together for an evening of relaxation and fun.

Tory's father was a friendly hospitable man and many came to him for small loans. He was a good manager with money and treated everyone with fairness. He supported his good wife in all her efforts to train the children properly and was happy for any of them to accept public responsibilities. Often there were occasions when Emma Bryant was called to assist the sick and help deliver babies. These arduous tasks never brought forth one bit of objection, no murmur of complaint from the big-hearted husband. He even urged his wife to give all the needful help she could. Also, her gifted mother used her healing skills in behalf of others, and Tory managed the home affairs. Charles Bryant provided well for his family and gave to them all tender and fatherly affection.

For a time Tory lived with her Grandma Tenney in Taylor. This was a rich experience for the young girl. Her small but wiry grandmother knew life from many angles. She was a pioneer and a widow. She had had to make her own way or perish. She had no welfare checks or Social Security. Grandma Tenny was a proud, independent woman who kept a small boarding house. Many a traveler in the early days of Arizona's development stopped to enjoy a frugal but tasty meal prepared by her capable hands.

Often in my youth, our family visited friends and relatives in Taylor. I frequently noticed the tall, dark girl with the dancing mischievous brown eyes and the white beautiful teeth, who was so attentive to her grandmother. This girl whom everyone called Tory claimed my attention, for even then she seemed to be a striking and interesting individual.

Mr. Bryant later moved his family to Taylor where the children were privileged to attend school. His attractive daughter Tory was married to Perry Willis of Taylor when only sixteen years old. Perry worked for the railroad and the couple lived in Seligman, San Bernardino, Flagstaff, Winslow and Holbrook. While living in Holbrook, Tory became seriously ill with typhoid fever. She was taken by her parents to their home in Taylor on July 3rd and it wasn't until the following Christmas day that she was able to leave her sick bed. For days she ran a fever of 104, which sapped the strength of the sufferer. In spite of all the competent efforts of a skillful mother, the fever thermometer crept up to 107. When the hemorrhaging started, Dr. Brown of Winslow was called. The doctor's verdict was certain death in just a short time. Secretly the doctor was hoping for death because he feared serious brain damage resulting from the long periods of high fever. There were prayers and silent manifestations of great faith. Tory

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went to sleep and awakened with a certain knowledge that she would live and be the mother of children of her own. Sometime later when the good doctor saw his patient walking down the street, he could not refrain from giving her a tearful hug and exclaiming through the tears, "My dear girl, here you are. You were so far gone no human power could have helped you. You are a living miracle."

Tory had four children by her first husband, but only Rupert lived beyond a few years. Folks thought the young mother would be crushed by the death of her little boys, but Tory knew her mission was not complete. She must go on courageously, meeting life with a hopeful, cheerful attitude. She was married to Archie Leo McLaws of Joseph City, Feb. 19, 1927. who worked for highway contractors, being an expert with the motor blade. This kind of work meant many moves and the young McLaws family lived in Kingman, Yuma, Ajo, Gila Bend, Glendale and other places. Three beautiful daughters were born to Leo and Tory-Lelah, Ruby and Kathleen. Leo was a good father to Rupert and his daughters and he and his good wife were mutually interested in bringing up their family to be good and worthy citizens.

While living in Glendale, Tory served as Relief Society President and the women of that community were impressed with the skills of their new president. Never had they seen a quilt put on the frames, nor had any of them done any quilting. How can one belong to the Relief Society and not quilt?

When Leo's parents became old and needed attention, he moved his family to Joseph City where they took their full share of responsibility in caring for the aged. Leo was gone away from home much of the time. Tory living in the same house as her in-laws, helped the old folks by giving them appreciated and tender care. Our subject was very versatile with many abilities for performing all kinds of work. She could milk cows, take care of chickens, do all kinds of outside chores, then come into the house and cook for boarders. She did well in doing the family sewing. One day I complemented her on the lovely dress she was wearing. She had made it herself because she said, "No boughten clothes ever fit me and besides they are so sloppy one has to make them over." For about seven or eight years she worked in the hospital as a practical nurse and took many a lonely soul, after they were released, to her home to give them needful care.

She offered her home and facilities to the Relief Society to fill their assignment in canning of corn, beans and tomatoes, and expertly operated the can sealer and she loved to go into the welfare patches of vegetables harvesting them. Her front room was also used to make welfare quilts.

Depression, war and WPA programs promoted a mattress making project and they spent days pounding cotton for the ticking. Her skill and wit were always needed.

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She sang solo parts in operettas. The choir and singing-mothers groups were never complete without her. There were Minstrel shows and Relief Society programs and plays in which she happily participated. She played Santa Claus for the Primary kids and they called her Santa McLaws. She enjoyed taking clowning parts and her wholesome nonsense kept everyone from becoming too serious. Children loved her. She taught Primary and Sunday School classes and served as Junior Sunday School Coordinator. At the divisions of the Snowflake Stake, Tory had served for fifty years as a Visiting Teacher and was honored. As a young girl she went with her mother as a visiting teacher companion. Just last year she came to my home as my visiting teacher.

If there were many guests, this amusing character, with a great understanding heart could feed and lodge them. If her family members were sick, she could give succor and relief. When each grandchild arrived, she was there to assist. Even the townspeople went to her for shots which doctors had said Mrs. McLaws could give.

Only three of her seven children were permitted to live and Tory and Leo were wonderful parents. Perhaps Tory's greatest trial came when her daughter Ruby was stricken with cancer. For weeks the mother attended the dying daughter, whose suffering was almost beyond human endurance. It was an occasion of great relief and the young sufferer died in her mother's arms. The four motherless children have been a source of great concern to the McLaws grandparents. The family members have said their mother began to age and show the heavy toll of grief after Ruby's death.

To her husband, Tory has been loyal and ever helpful in his days of poor health. No one ever knew how heavy were her burdens, for Tory had a way of concealing vexing situations with bits of playful mirth. I have never seen anyone who could do so many things with the least fuss and bother. There never seemed to be a sense of frustration or worry that things would not come out all right. No one loved her fellow men more than she. She could give support and comfort without coddling. She could compliment without flattery and everyone was at ease in her presence.