

## HISTORY OF CHARLOTTE LOUISA GUYMON ANDERSON

I, Charlotte Louisa Guymon, was born 26 February 1885, at Huntington, Emery County, Utah. My Grandma Guymon owned and lived in the log house when I was born. Another house now stands, September 1938, and is owned by Alvin Young.

My father, John Wesley Guymon, was born 7 August 1860, at Springville, Utah County, Utah. He died 16 April 1916, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County, Utah and was buried at Huntington. His father was Noah Thomas Guymon, born 30 June 1819, at Jackson County, Tennessee. His mother was Louisa Rowley, born 8 May 1831, at Mars Hill, Suckley Parish, Worchestershire, England.

My mother, Mary Ann Roper, born 23 February 1867, at Gunnison, Sanpete County, Utah. She died 14 February 1902 and was buried at Huntington. Her father was (John) Henry Roper, born 9 February 1836, at Toynton Bridge, Lincolnshire, England. Her mother was Charlotte Elizabeth Mellor, born 16 January 1842, at Leicestershire, England.

When I was born I was so small and delicate that my parents feared for my life, as I was born premature, so they had me blessed and named Charlotte Louisa Guymon, the same day I was born. I was blessed by my father's Uncle Samuel Rowley.

My sister, Mary Marinda, was born 9 May 1887 and died 24 May 1887, at Huntington. My sister, Nellie Melissa, was born 19 August 1888 at Huntington, Emery Co., Utah, and died 21 May 1935.

When I was three years and eight months old my parents went to the Manti Temple in October 1888, following the dedication of the temple in May 1888. They had their own endowments and sealing and had my sisters, Mary Marinda and Nellie Melissa, and myself, Charlotte Louisa sealed to them. I remember a lady dressed in white caring for us and then taking us up the winding stairs to our parents. I remember how nice and soft the carpets were and how quiet it was all around the temple.

My father had a yoke of oxen, and I remember he used to haul lumber from the Bradley Lumber Mill in Huntington Canyon, and how the yoke fit over the oxen's neck.

My father hauled logs and built one room with a porch on the front of it, and this is the first home I can remember and later he built a brick room on the back for a kitchen, and he put a fire place in the front room, and the mantle was painted to look like white marble.

On Christmas eve I would hang my stocking by the fireplace, and one Christmas morning I found a little glass boot, which I still have.

My mother had a flower garden in front of the house and I remember the Sweet Peas, the big Poppies, Bachelor Buttons and Yellow Marigolds.

Father planted an orchard of fruit trees, and by the house he planted three walnut trees, and they were all doing fine, the mineral began to rise and the lot went to swamp and all the trees and flowers died, so we moved from there to the farm, out Southwest of town.

The following brothers and sisters were born in the house I have pictured before:

Mary Marinda Guymon, born 9 May 1887, died 24 May 1887. ✓

Nellie Melissa Guymon, born 19 August 1888, died 31 May 1935. ✓

Wesley Guymon, born 28 October 1890, died 28 October 1890. ✓

Uzell Guymon, born 12 December 1891, died 24 March 1895. ✓

While living in the above house on one Christmas I got a big wax doll and a set of dishes, then Father made me a little cupboard to put the dishes in, and I still have one of the plates to the set. I had a rag doll that Mother had made for me before this time, and I called it "Diner", and I thought more of "Diner" than I did of my big wax doll.

When my Grandpa Roper would come to our home he would tease me by putting my doll or dishes in his pocket and saying he was going to take them home with him, so when I would see him coming I would run and put all my play things away so he could not find them. When my mother wanted to go some place I would not go until I had put all my play things away. My parents bought me a little rocking chair and I was small that at the age of two years I could not get in it.

My Grandma Roper died 26 June 1886, ✓ so I do not remember her at all.

I have the remains of a little white dress, and Mother said it just touched the floor on me when I was two years old, and she always kept me in white dresses at that age, and this one is just 15 1/2 inches from shoulder to the bottom.

I knew my A B C's before I went to school, so I did not have to go in the chart class, but started in the first grade. My first teacher was Mr. Poge. My second teacher was Ann Rhine, and we just had one room for all the children in the town to go in. Then they built on to this building and made it so there were four rooms. My next teacher was Lizzie Brasher, and on Friday afternoon she would often tell me I could go visit one of the other rooms, as I had been so good during the past week, and that was the reward we got for being good in school. I was never punished in school at all, except one, and that was just hit on the head with a pencil for playing Tit, Tat, Toe, in the class, and I was so humiliated that I never did it again.

My next teacher was Elias H. Cox, and each Friday afternoon we would have a Spelling Bee, and I was one of the best spellers, and we would get to the top of the class and then leave off and go to the bottom and start over again. One day I left off and went to the foot of the class and one of the words given by the teacher was "chirp", and no one in the class could spell it, until it came to me, and I did spell it, so the teacher gave me many other words and I spelled them, so he took one of the higher grade books and gave me words from it until I missed one.

The school put on an entertainment on some occasion and each one in my class had to say a verse and mine was as follows:

"When I'm a woman grown,  
I'll be a housewife neat you see,  
I'll keep my house so tidy and neat,  
I'll bake nice bread and cookies sweet,  
And invite all the little girls over to Tea,  
For that's what Mamma does often for me."

The next teacher was Charles Johnson, and later Alonzo Leonard, J. Fleming Wakefield, D. C. Woodward, and James W. Nixon.

When I was about eight years old, each Sunday in Sunday School they would give us a little card with a verse from the Bible written on it, and these are some I got then. (See on picture sheet) When we would get a certain number of the little cards with the verse from the Bible written on it, we would exchange them for another card about 2 x 2 inches, then again when we got so many of these, we would again exchange them, and this time we would get a large card like the next card on the picture page. The big card was called "A Reward".

They finally started the Seminary School in Huntington, and I attended in 1898-1899, 1900-1901. David Prior was the principle, with the following teachers, Alonzo E. Wall, David Prior, C.B. Johnson, and J. Fleming Wakefield.

While I was still quiet young, Mother was ill so she had a hired girl, Lizzie Shaw, working for her, and she was doing the washing, and I had been turning the wringer for her, and I turned around and was looking out the window, but still had my hand on the cogs of the wringer. She did not see my hand on the cogs, and thought she would play a joke on me, and wring the piece of clothing she had ready to wring, before I knew it, but my little finger on my right hand caught in the cog and mashed it so bad that just a little skin was all that held the end of my finger to the rest of my hand, but Mother jumped up and put the finger back in place and bandaged it up, and it grew back, but has always been crocked on the end.

After we move to the farm, Uzell and Mike Truman lived in the house we owned before, and Uzell, being the daughter of Harriet Guymon Crandall, my father's half sister, invited us to have dinner with her one Sunday, and she served Ice Cream for desert, and that was the first ice cream I had ever tasted.

I was eight years old 26 February 1893, and the following April 6th was the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple, and the Church Authorities requested all wards to hold a special fast meeting that day, so in Huntington, Utah they had a meeting at 10:00 a.m. until 12:00, then went to the river where several persons were baptized. I was the first one to be baptized that day, and was baptized by Martin L. Black. I remember that my half Uncle Albert Guymon, and Josie Laird were re-baptized that day, for it seemed to be the custom in those days for many to be re-baptized. We then went back to the old seminary building where the meetings were held, as they had no church at that time, and at the afternoon meeting we that had been baptized were confirmed. I was confirmed by James W. Nixon.

Up to this time the play mates I remember were: Mamie and Lottie Hale, Lottie and Jim Barnes, Bessie and Pearl Riley, Bessie Collard, Tamer and John Gale, Mark and Ada Cram.

When I was young and went to the District School I had a friend named Josie Brotherton, who had moved to Huntington from Los Angeles, California. On one Valentine Day, Josie gave me a valentine with a picture on it of a little girl dressed in a pretty dress, with a shawl and a bonnet on and holding some flowers.

It used to be the habit of the neighbors to have corn shucking bees, and quilting and rag bees, and the neighbors would get together and have a good time while they were working.

When my parents moved to the farm, we lived in a one room log house, with the door facing the East, and there was one window at the north side of the door, then there was three logs sawed out just the size of a small window, in the back of the house, and in the summer we would take out these logs, then in winter, put them back. This house had a dirt roof, but Mother sure kept it nice and clean, and she would scrub the floors, casings, and the chairs till they were white. It was sure hard times then, and I remember folks saying they would be glad when Grover Cleveland would get out of office, so we would have better times, as this was his second term. I know butter was 10 cents a pound, and eggs 8 cents a dozen, so it was hard to get enough money to buy a broom at 35 cents each. So more than once I had to gather rabbit brush and tie it together and sweep the floor for Mother. We never bought food from the store, but had to raise our own. Gooseberries, black, red, and white currants, and tomatos were all we had in jars for winter. Then we had potatoes, carrots, beets and cabbages in the cellar, and we dried corn for winter.

Early in the year 1895, Father began making preparations to build a new home. He got the foundation dug by the first of March. On the fifth of March 1895, my brother John Oliver Guymon was born, and when he was ten days old, my sister Uzell and I came down with the diphtheria, and on the 24th of March Uzell died. While we were both sick, I made a little rag doll for her, and when she died she had on a string of beads that I wore when I was a little child, and I have them now. We were quarantined so none of the family could go to the cemetery, but the quarantine officer, Frank Earl, had to take my sister and bury her, for the disease was so bad that they had to take every precaution to avoid spreading it more. In those days they did not have any disinfectant as they do now, so our clothes and bedding had to be buried in the dirt for three weeks to draw out all germs.

On 1 May 1895, Brother Christensen with his boys Charley and Niels, started to make the adobes for our house, and as money was so scarce and they needed some help, James Case, my cousin that lived with us, and I had to help all we could. I even helped mold out some of the adobes, and carry them out on the yard and turn them out, turn them over, rack them up, bring them so the Christensen's could put them in the kiln, then after they were burned to brick, I had to help pitch them to someone in the wagon, or stand in the wagon and catch them, then help unload them and carry them to where the Christensen's wanted them, as they were laying up the brick and adobes, and I have pitched brick from the wagon up to the second story of the house, and also stood up there and caught them when someone would pitch them to me. And in between times I had to help mix the mud and mortar to lay the brick and adobes with.

I had to help on the farm too, and many times I have gone out at night by moonlight and helped pile hay or shock up grain. I often wonder how I could work so hard when I was only 10 year old then.

The 1st of August 1895 was the day they started to lay the brick for the house, and by the 7th of August, they had them up so they were just about ready for the irons over the fireplace. It was Father's birthday, and mother had made a 35 gallon barrel of root beer, and 10 gallons of ice cream, for we had plenty of milk and cream at that time.

William Hunter and Oliver Harmon did the carpenter work on the house, so they were there working, and Mother had ask several relatives and friends, so the masons told Father they had to have those irons for the fire place right away, so he rushed off to town to get them made, and by the time he got back home the crowd was there, and the workmen called out and said "John, it's you treat", so Father said alright come on right this way, and they came and he led the way to the cellar, for he knew the root beer was there, but he did not know about the ice cream and cake, so when he opened the cellar door the room was filled with people, and they all hollered surprise, and Father turned around and said "Does Mary know this?" for he knew Mother had not been away from the place, but the workers had helped her about it all. Everyone had all the ice cream and root beer and cake they wanted.

The house was up and finished on the outside and two rooms plastered, so we moved into them between Christmas and New Years that year. (See picture of the house as it looked from the outside, and picture shows the mountains west of the home of John Wesley Guymon. The trees at the foot of the mountain where John and his family lived.)

In April 1896, my father went to the Latter-day Saint Conference at Salt Lake City, and when he returned home he brought one banana with him, the first I had ever seen, and it was divided between all of us, so we did not get much of a taste, I was eleven years old at that time.

The Sunday Father spent in Salt Lake City was Easter, and even though Father was away, his brother, Willard Richard Guymon, with his family, and Jimmie Washburn with his family, spent the day at our house, and our chickens were laying so good, and eggs were so cheap, so we had pans, buckets, and jars filled with eggs, so we had all we could eat, cooked in different ways. My Uncle Benjamine Franklin Roper was living with us then, and after dinner all of us children went out to play, and Uncle Frank would throw eggs at us and then run away, but once I threw an egg at him and it hit him on the back and run down into his trousers.

Our school only lasted six or seven months a year, and I had to walk or ride a horse to school, no matter how cold or rainy, or how much snow there was, and Uncle Frank and I used to ride the same horse, then later I rode a little black mare named Bess, and then a sorrel mare called Doll.

My brother, Wallace Guymon, was born 20 October 1896 and died 24 October 1896 with spasms, which was going around among little babies at that time, and most all the small babies in town at that time died with it.

My sister, Florence Isabelle, was born 6 February 1898, and my sister, Inez, was born 25 December 1899. ✓

Father used to raise a lot of hogs, and we had big flocks of chickens and turkeys, and I had to help dress as high as eight hogs in one day, and other days it would be a lot of chickens or turkeys, for father would take them to the mining camps and sell them.

I had to help on the farm too, and have plowed with the sulky plow, cut hay with the mower, raked hay with the hay rake, planted and picked up potatoes, shocked up grain, both in the daytime and by moonlight, loaded hay, unloaded hay with the hay fork, and pitched bundles of grain from the wagon onto the stack, and pitched them across the stack while Father stacked the grain.

Then I have milked cows and fed pigs night and morning, and helped weed the garden and cut corn and shuck it.

I had my first Patriarchal Blessing 29 April 1899, in Huntington, Emery Co., Utah, from Patriarch Charles Pulsipher.

My Grandma Guymon died 23 August 1901 from a paralytic stroke.

My parents went to Manti Temple and had their second anointings in October 1901. When my parents went to Manti Temple for their second blessings, they left me home alone to care for the cows, horses, pigs, and the milk and butter. While they were gone, I bought some yellow lawn and made my first dress that I did alone, and it had a ruffle on the bottom and sleeves, and black baby ribbon above the ruffles.

Mother had a child born 31 January 1902, but the baby did not live, and although every thing was done for Mother that they knew what to do at that time, she died the 14 February 1902, but before her death she would often say, "The Lord's will be done", and one day she repeated the following; "We desire no riches, we desire no poor, we desire the grace of God, and we desire no more." On 1 September 1898 my Uncle Frank went to Provo, Utah to attend the Brigham Young Academy, so he was not living with us at the time mother died.

When Mother was alive, her and Father used to sing the song:

Oh where is my wondering boy tonight  
Oh where is my boy tonight,  
My hear o'er flows for I love him he knows  
Oh where is my boy tonight.

Father often sung:

Ha, Ha, Ha, you and me, little brown jug don't I love thee.  
and  
I am a young cowboy, and I know I've done wrong.

After Mother died, I had all the house work to do, for Father, my brother, Oliver, my sisters, Nellie, Florence, Inez, and myself. I cooked, baked, sewed all our clothes, washed, ironed, mended and cared for the other children.

Some of my friends up to this time were: Lottie and Harry Hunter, Almira and Melvin Harmon, Lora McKee, Sam Earl, Kate Mathie, Mary Robbins, Maggie Sweet, Laura Fowler, Almeda Gardner, Ira and Dell Marshall, Matilda Palmer, Chastie and Albina Stolworthy, and Laura Zuefelt.

We had to use coal oil lamps for light, and carry in all the water we used, and burn coal and wood for heat.

I remember that times we would run out of coal oil for the lamp, and that we would put a rag wick in a dish of grease, and then light it, and many times I had to get my lessons by this light.

I was secretary of the theological class in Sunday School, and was a member of the ward choir.

We used to go for sleigh rides many times each winter, and sometimes the wind would make big drifts at one side of the road, and be packed and frozen so hard that the runners would go on top of the snow on just one side, and it would tip the sleigh over, and we all would roll out into the snow.

I had to help on the farm and with the chores, and I had to harness and hitch up the team when we had to go to town to the store. One day as I was trying to put the bridle on old Dick, a treacherous young horse, he reared up on his hind feet, knocking me down with his front feet as he did so. He would of struck me again if I had tried to get up then, but I just rolled over and over until I was out of his way, and then got up.

On 4 February 1903<sup>✓</sup> my father, John Wesley Guymon, married Minnie Nielsen, of Huntington, Utah, daughter of Jens and Dorothy Nielsen.

I married Lawrence Nephi Anderson, son of Jens Andersen and Eliza Marie Hansen, on 7 April 1904 in the Salt Lake Temple. We also received our endowments and were sealed. After our marriage we returned to Huntington, Emery County, Utah, and my folks gave us a wedding dinner, with all the two families present.

There was not much work for my husband, as he is a carpenter, so he worked for \$1.50 and \$1.75 a day, and that is what we lived on and paid rent.

Our first child, Lawrence Wesley Anderson, was born 12 May 1905 with Marie Christensen, of Cleveland, Utah, attending as midwife. When my boy was eight months old he would say book and up, and could feed himself with a spoon.

In January 1906 I got pneumonia and was very bad with it, and was delirious much of the time. One night I would take hold of the covers and then raise my hand like I had hold of a string, and the family did not expect me to live till morning. We were living on the farm near my father's home, and it was a log house, but at times it seemed to me that we were living in an adobe house, and that we had a wagon box with the bows on, for a bed. One day when all the family were out of the room my heart stopped beating, and I knew I was about gone, so I prayed, "Father in Heaven, please don't let me die here alone," then my heart began to beat again. One night it seemed that I was standing in a door, leaning against the side of the door frame, and in the other room the people were all in white, and were so happy and I knew that if I had entered that room I would of been dead. I could hear music and singing, and it seemed to me that something like an automobile with the top off, but flying like an airplane, was in the air, and as it would get close by I could hear and even repeat the words the people were singing, then as it would get farther away, the words would be faint.

One night my husband went to town to get some Elders to come and administer to me, but it was Friday night and most Elders were at priesthood meeting, as it was the Stake Quarterly Conference the next two days, but he left word at the home of John Pearson asking him to come out to our house when he got home, and he did come, and brought an Elder Lars Christenson, of Castledale, with him. Brother Pearson anointed me and Brother Christenson sealed the anointing and he said to me,; Dear Sister as your faith is so shall it be unto you, and when he said that, the thought came to me, even though I am in so much pain and would like to die, to be in peace, that if I should die and it is not my time, I would have to lay there and await my time to go on, so from that time on I wanted to get well, and had faith that I would, and I recovered very rapidly. Some time after that I met Brother Christenson and he was surprised to see me, and said that I was the illest person he had ever seen get well again. The remainder of the night after they had administered to me, I was so delirious, and could hear so many noises, but when my husband and my father would sit close by my bed everything was quiet, and I could feel the power they held, but thy were afraid I would want to talk to them, and they knew I needed rest, so they would not sit by the bed, and although they did not think I knew what was going on, I did realize it, and I covered up my head and cried about it. Once during the night they had all dropped off to sleep, and I got out of bed and stood up, then I came to again and thought, if I do this I will catch more cold, so I got back in bed and covered up again.

In the Spring of 1906, Lawrence Nephi went out and herded sheep for Ferry Young, for two months, then he went to Rochester to work, so we moved over there, but we did not stay very long, Then we bought a little log house in Ferron, Utah and moved there.



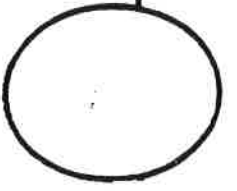
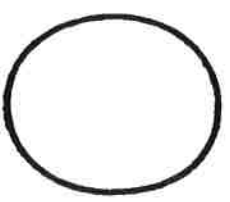
OTHER PROGENITORS



Eliza Ann Jones  
3rd wife of N.T.G.



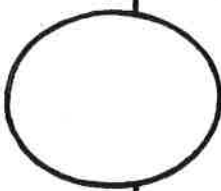
Barzilla Guymon  
Caldwell



Thomas Guymon



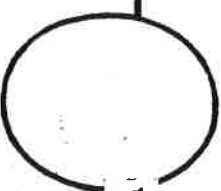
FATHER OF  
MY FATHER'S FATHER  
Sarah Gordon



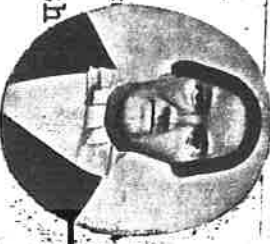
Williem Rowley



FATHER OF  
MY FATHER'S MOTHER  
Ann Jewell



William Roper



FATHER OF  
MY MOTHER'S FATHER  
Susannah Smith



FATHER OF  
MY MOTHER'S MOTHER  
Mary Ann Payne



MOTHER OF  
MY MOTHER'S FATHER  
James Mellor Sr.

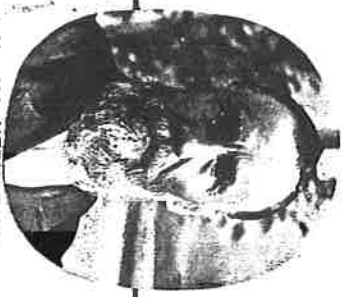
MOTHER OF  
MY MOTHER'S MOTHER



MY FATHER'S FATHER  
Noah Thomas Guymon



Rowley



MY FATHER'S MOTHER  
Henry Roper



MY MOTHER'S MOTHER  
Charlotte Elizabeth Mellor



MY FATHER  
John Wesley Guymon



MYSELF  
Charlotte Louisa Guymon



MY MOTHER  
Mary Ann Roper

Charlotte Elizabeth Mellor