

RECOLLECTIONS OF  
THOMAS GRIFFIN HUMPHREY  
BY HIS GRANDDAUGHTER,  
EDITH SCORUP CLINGER  
JUNE, 1988

What was Grandpa Humphrey really like?

This is no history of Grandpa---it is simply my impression of Grandpa as I remember him. A history ought to come later, when I have checked available records and dates and then assembled them in as interesting a fashion as I can.

My first recollection is of Grandpa and Grandma sitting at their kitchen table eating breakfast. Their table was as small as it could be made. It was spread with a white tablecloth printed with blue butterflies and flowers in varying shades of blue. Sunlight from the east door was flooding the room with warmth and light. I mention this recollection simply because it presents a contrast between the calm peace and tranquility that Grandpa and Grandma gave up to come to look after the four of us Scorup orphans.

An assortment of people said things to make us children think that we did Grandpa and Grandma a favor by letting them live in our larger, more comfortable house. But with some maturity and the perspective time gives to all of us, all the favors were given by Grandpa and Grandma. The reasons for the situation were complex. Grandma always gave a simple reason: Poppa, James Halvor Scorup, willed us children to the care of Grandpa and Grandma. (The will said nothing about where or with whom we were to live.)

Grandma had her own reasons for the sacrifices she made for us. I can never know exactly why she did what she did. Grandma never criticized my father's sisters. She never said any more than that Poppa willed us children to her. When I was grown, Grandma told me that before Poppa bought the rock house where we children were born, Jane Gates (If my memory serves me well) lived there as a widow. She went through her husband's sizeable estate legally in a relatively short time. My opinion is that my grandparents, knowing the hardships Poppa endured in San Juan, wished to see his estate so managed that we would have necessary funds to provide for an education for us as young adults. They were also interested in seeing that we grew up to be genuinely good people.

I marvel that my grandparents were willing to give up their home, garden, time, independence, hobbies, personal pursuits, and to some extent their other children and grandchildren for Ruth, age 11; James Marden, age 9; Ellen, age 7; and Edith, age 4. Grandpa was 70 years old when he came to live with us. He had pure blue eyes, wavy hair and a full beard. The following is the description of Grandpa Humphrey recorded by my mother, Elmina Humphrey Scorup in a bound book, "Pencil Record":

"Thomas Griffin Humphrey, Born December 6, 1849 at Fayette, Georgia. Baptized by K. Green May 6, 1871. Confirmed by L. North May 6, 1871. Married to Ellen Maria Bailey December 21, 1874 by Wilford Woodruff in the Endowment House. Mission to England April 4, 1891 to April 27, 1893. Height 5 ft. 11 in. Weight 150-180 lbs. Chest size 44 in. Color of eyes: blue. Color of hair: light brown."

Grandpa never seemed as large to me as Grandma. I never thought much about his physical prowess until I turned seventy. He farmed one half of a city block in Salina and seventeen acres in the field north of town. Nothing half-hearted about what he did! The flower garden was gorgeous. Ruth and I compare the flowers south of Grandpa and Grandma's house to an English formal garden. Such marvelous remembrances of smells, colors and textures.

On the south ditch bank was a profusion of single and double buttercups growing in the midst of lawn grass. A path went between two flower gardens. The outer borders were evergreen trees and large shrubs. I remember the east side garden better than the west. Next to the sidewalk were dwarf iris. Somewhere there were perennial phlox, "rockets", memorial daisies, peonies (not only in the garden but also around the hedge), Heliotrope, mignonette,

gaillardias, Canterbury bells (great for catching bees), columbines, Marguerites (pink daisies), blue "flags" (Iris).

Planted by a trunk of a dead plum tree was a red-cerise rose that we called a "clay" rose. It was in its prime when Uncle Ray and Aunt Christy were married.

The shrubs in the garden were syringa (mock orange), lilacs, white and pink honey suckles, bridal wreath, and japonica.

Beyond the woodpile where Grandpa had kept the kitchen stove supplied with pinion or juniper wood, there was a double yellow rose of gigantic proportions.

Irrigation, weeding, cultivation of such an area was a real accomplishment.

After Grandpa was looking after us, he did a "rabbit dance" to entertain us. With his feet on the floor, his knees bent, his hands on the floor under his shoulders, his chest and abdomen up as he moved across the floor, he slapped his buttocks alternately. "Break dancing" when he was past seventy years of age! (In the movie "Yip, Yip, Yap Hank" there is a short shot of a "rabbit dance.")

Grandpa loved trees. On the south side of his house he had raised and cut down some Lombardy poplars. The remaining stumps made wonderful platforms for miniature sand play houses. Those trees were replaced by some good quality hardwoods.

When the first cement sidewalk was laid in Salina, a row of Lombardy poplars was felled. Grandpa and Marden sat on the trees and had their picture taken. He captioned the picture, "The Day after the Cyclone." Although he was in his seventies he planted a beautiful row of hardwood that beautified the city while I live in Salina. (They were cut down to widen the highway later.)

Grandpa loved walnut trees. He explained to any interested adult how the blossoms of the walnut appear in one spot, but the fruit appears in another spot. He planted mulberry trees to nourish Grandma's silkworms and provide shade. In the first crotch of the one by the granary Ellen and I sat and sewed doll clothes.

He had ordered an Ohio Buckeye tree which he nurtured with pride and care as long as he lived.

At our home he planted an apple tree that was special. Onto the main stem he grafted three or four other varieties of apples, a real wonder to me. He knew how to pick and store apples so that we always had something good to eat.

Our orchard at home never equalled [sic] in quality or variety his orchard across the street. Maybe no apples taste as good to an adult as the apples of our memory. Red June and Yellow Transparent are vivid memories of summer. A wide variety of apples ended with the largest and most beautiful Rhode Island Greenings. White currants and red currants, were in a sizeable patch. Grandma taught me about "picking clean" on them. Gooseberries and strawberries were in a row in the vegetable garden along with tame sage.

There were three or four pear trees. Between the "workbench" apple tree and granary there were two or three rows of grapes. (Somewhere there Grandpa indicated the place where the bees and hives were buried when they caught "foul brood.") "Pie plant" (rhubarb) was in two double rows west of the house. Parsley grew in wild profusion. Green gage, Rein Claude, Damson and some red plums added variety. There were two mulberry trees grown large and tall since Wilford and Rhoda picked leaves for Grandma's prize winning silk worms. Three or four black walnut trees finished the row.

Grandpa did many things to make our home and yard a better place to live. Soon after my grandparents moved over to our place, Grandpa made us a swing. As I remember, the swing

was made of peeled poles. A crosspiece supported two rope swings. The uprights that supported the crosspiece were braced with poles set at angles. The poles were the best Grandpa had, but they did not last many years.

To protect the sidewalk that led from the back porch to the corral, granary and garage, Grandpa planted a row of old fashioned roses. The equipment to plow, harrow and mark off the garden could not bump and chip the concrete with a rose hedge buffer. White and pink moss roses were my favorites. No exotic patented roses of today match those common roses for durability and perfume.

Two shrubs Grandpa transplanted from his home to ours was a most fragrant rose and cream flowered honeysuckle that Grandpa planted near the south door. Ah, the perfume of spring! The trumpet vine that made such exotic, pointed orange fingers for children graced the northeast corner of a small shrub garden.

Every spring, Grandpa dug the long skinny roots from horseradish, a perennial. Grandma washed it carefully, I am uncertain whether she peeled it or scraped it. Grandpa then fastened the food grinder at the west end of the table that held flour and bread in two big drawers, with shallower drawers over them holding knives and assorted tools. He opened the front door and the north door for ventilation and started to grind the horse radish. A crust of bread held in his teeth to prevent him from crying from the strong fumes failed to keep the tears from streaming down his face. Grandma added vinegar to the jars of ground root. What a wonderful springtime treat.

For as long as Grandpa was able, "we" raised pigs. I learned how to clean pigs' feet. Grandma showed us the mysteries of making head cheese and the pleasure of eating it fried in a pancake and topped with Dixie sorghum. I am sure Grandpa exerted himself to raise and kill pigs that we as children might know the joys of a pig bladder football and the delight of biscuits made with cracklings.

Someone said that peonies could not be started from seed. "Our" early-blooming dark red peony came from seed that Grandpa coaxed to grow.

Grandpa never told me much about life in Georgia or Alabama. Once when we were in the granary in Salina he said, "Do you see the size of this bin?" (12' x 15', my guess) "Yes Grandpa." "Well, when I was in Georgia, I filled a bin this big with peaches and tromped them with my bare feet. They fermented and I make them into brandy."

It never occurred to me that Grandpa had any desire to return to Georgia. What he told me about life in Georgia made me think he felt revulsion remembering life in the South. Living before the day of pesticides, Grandpa told of picking worms off tobacco plants, mashing them on an apron he wore until the apron was stiff enough to stand alone.

When Grandpa was about twelve years old, he was bitten on the right toe by a cotton mouth moccasin snake as he was walking barefoot. He made a crosscut on the toe with his pocket knife and sucked the blood and poison out.

Grandpa referred to slaves only once. In a loud voice he mimicked the overseer calling the slaves on Monday morning:

"Six o'clock Monday morning!  
Tomorrow's Tuesday,  
Day after's Wednesday,  
Half a week's gone,  
And not a damn nigger's up yet! "

Grandpa had some southern folklore that he shared with us. Perhaps he planted the root crops---Potatoes, carrots, beets, turnips and rutabagas---in the "dark of the moon" and the things that produce above the ground---peas, beans, lettuce and cabbage---in the "light of the moon".

One year, Grandpa planted some castor beans. The resulting plant was beautiful and ornamental. Grandpa said that in the South, people would feed castor beans to their chickens. If any animal which had been born with its eyes shut caught a chicken and ate it, the animal would die.

Snakes were another subject of southern folklore. According to Grandpa, non-poisonous snakes have pointed tails and their venomous brothers have blunt tails. There may be exceptions, but numerous pictures of snakes proved Grandpa correct.

Funny sayings came from the South or from Grandpa's own creativity.

Once when we had made cinnamon rolls and used what raisins we had in the house, Grandpa looked at them and said, "It looks like you hung these on the fence and threw the raisins at them."

If any of us cut the bread in thin slices, Grandpa would say, "This is thin enough to read a newspaper through."

The following seemed like a tuneless song, but it really wasn't. I can remember the rhythm. Maybe Ruth can sing the tune.

"Hop light, lady,  
Your cake's all dough.  
Never mind the weather  
So's the wind don't blow."

On tolerance: "Everybody to his own notion said the old lady when she kissed her cow."  
Either Grandpa or Grandma said, "It will be better when it quits hurting"  
"This is like the old lady's dishrag: It will look better when it gets dry."

A verse to "Old Dan Tucker" that said or sang went:

"Old Dan Tucker came from Guinny  
Stopped a little while in Ol' Virinny  
Ate so much meat he got so fat  
His belly got so big he couldn't wear his hat."

Either Grandpa or Grandma quoted, "You can't tell how far a frog can jump by the length of his legs."

A few more of Grandpa's unique sayings:

"You get nothing for nothing, and very little for five cents."

"Open your tator trap and lick out your lollicker' (An English mission quote?)

"Scrook" (Setting hen, Salina colloquialism)

"Crooked lane" (Alimentary canal)

"Hooverize" (Clean up your plate; Don't waste food)

"Look to the stock" (Check the parents and grandparents of prospective mates.)

"Hell fire and damnation! Dickens and Tom Walker!" (Grandpa's swear words)

"There's more than one way of skin a cat."

Part in hair: "Crooked as a dog's hind leg."

To giggling girls: "Did you trip over a haw-haw's nest and step on some hee-hee's eggs?"

Grandpa's prayers were impressively sincere. One quote from the Bible is the only scripture I remember Grandpa quoting: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." 1 Cor. 2:9.

Grandpa was always the "mouthpiece" in family prayers. After nearly seventy years his words still ring in my ears. He was thankful for "life, health and strength", blessings I took then as part of my basic right, and he expressed gratitude for living when the Gospel had been restored. He was thankful for his conversion to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He must have also rejoiced in the good life he made here in Utah.

He prayed for "those who are near and dear to us by the ties of nature and the bonds of affection." "Bless the poor and the needy and those who have just cause to mourn." He and Grandma did what they could to help the Lord "bless the poor and the needy." Grandma, when I questioned her about "just cause to mourn" pointed out that some people mourn without real reason; some people have real reason to mourn. "Bless the missionaries that they may gather the honest in heart from the four quarters of the earth." More questions to Grandma about the division of the earth in quarters.

Two stories from Grandpa's mission to England, 1891-1893, are all that I remembered at first.

He and his companion were holding a street meeting as was a common practice for Mormon missionaries. They were singing a song to begin the meeting. A man listened attentively, then said, "Them sure are pretty words; but it's the damndest tune I ever heard."

Grandpa laughed so hard that he cried when he told this simple story. He and his companion were out in the country tracting. A hostile dog came at them. Grandpa took the umbrella he was carrying, pointed it at the dog and opened the umbrella quickly. He said, "I scared the piss out of that dog."

More recollections have come to my mind. Grandpa said he was able to cross the ocean without getting seasick. The captain said, "You will never be seasick, because you eat in rhythm with the motion of the ship." He was fortunate!

Grandma Bailey sent money for Grandpa to buy her a set of English china. The colors and design are beautiful. No real reason to be unhappy about the colors and designs, but Grandma Bailey never liked his choice. I think she wanted some "bone" china from what Grandma Humphrey told me. Some dishes were passed on to the women of the family.

From England and his mission, Grandpa brought a few souvenirs [sic]. A blind beggar, "Blind Tom" sold cups and saucers with his picture on the cup. Grandpa brought at least two of them home with him.

His picture album of Leeds, England, was well worn. Some of his missionary companions are in photograph albums unidentified.

One of his missionary companions, Joseph Ogden of Richfield, Utah, was a friend for life. "Uncle Joe" and "Aunt Hannah" visited in our home and we in theirs. One of their sons had lost a wife in the influenza epidemic. The couples did some mutual comforting.

A missionary journal was kept by Grandpa. Uncle Ray told me that it was in a box of Grandpa's things that were given to him. Since Uncle Ray's death, Marguerite has not been able to find the journal. Some of Grandpa's little notebooks were also in the box.

Aunt Rhoda expressed the opinion that Grandpa shooed Grandpa on his mission. Studying Mormon church history and histories from Herschel's side of our family leads me to the conclusion that Grandpa's mission was a typical Mormon sacrifice of that particular era.

The first day of Spring, March 20, 1988. As I came home from supper at Elaine's, the second robin of the season was sitting in our maple tree singing his evening song against a backdrop of pale bluegreen, orchid and peach clouds. It reminded me that years ago while the Lombardy Poplars still marked the western fence line of the Pioneer Cemetery, Grandma described the beauty of a similar scene in the Pioneer Cemetery. I feel certain that she and Grandpa had much to do with the row of poplars and with the double row of hardwood trees that lined the roadway from the east side of the cemetery.

A time of great stress for Grandpa was 1925-1926. Uncle Tom died in April, 1925. In August or September of the same year, Ruth came home from a trip to Provo with a bad case of diphtheria. Possibly she contracted it while on a swimming outing at Park Roshe Pool in Springville. Aunt Rhoda felt that David and Lee, who were on the outing, had mild cases at the same time. Marden, the other member of the group did not get sick. Another possibility was that Ruth had contracted it while on a trip to Parowan with J. A.'s daughter and Marden had had a light case.

Grandpa had lost his eldest son, George John in 1878, his daughter Ellen Maria (Nellie) in 1902, and Charles Ethelbert (Bert) in 1897 to the scourge of diphtheria or membranous croup. Ruth hovered near death. Antitoxin came in time to save her life, but not until she had muscle and heart damage. Grandma stayed with Ruth and nursed her. Grandpa was our liaison. We must have had some meals in the house, but I have no recollection of anything but playing in the orchard on Marden's merry-go-chute and on the cow shed. Grandpa must have checked on us.

He must also have supervised us as we repainted the picket fence that had been shortened. Missing pickets had been replaced in the shortening process.

Worried as he was by the critical condition of Ruth, the horror stories Dr. C. E. West told when he came to quarantine us only added to what Grandpa knew from past history, the sympathy extended by a Danish brother, Hans P. Ditlevsen, who came to give Ruth a blessing, reinforced Grandpa's opinion, "Diptarya [sic] sure am a treacherous disease."

Somewhere in this same time frame other events occurred. I am unsure of the sequence. Grandma was sick! She came to breakfast in a robe and her hair braided as it was when she went to bed. A most unusual occurrence! Grandma told me years later that when she got sick, Grandpa, who was suffering from a prostate problem, went to Dr. West who inserted an oversized catheter. This precipitated the necessity then or later for an opening to be made above his penis for the urine to come. I know none of the details of how Grandpa had any control. The echoes of his moans from the bathroom came back to haunt me after Herschel had bladder surgery.

Jim (Marden) told me that when he was fifteen years old, 1925, Grandpa had run away from home. Grandma had asked Jim to find him. "How did you find him? Where did you find him?"

Jim said, "It was not hard to track him because he had left a mark with his cane. He went north along the road until he came to the railroad tracks. He walked along the tracks till he came to the Redmond Station. Then he started walking west. That's when I found him." (Grandpa may have been after medical help.)

Ellen Scorup had her first hip surgery somewhere in this same period of time. Ruth, who had been too ill to start college in the fall, looked after the house. Not easy for any of us. It was a real blow to Grandpa and Grandma to have their bright and beautiful grand-daughter, Ellen, become a cripple in spite of all the best medical care that could be obtained.

I think that the spring before Ruth's bout with diphtheria, Uncle Tom Humphrey had a hernia operation. When he came home from the hospital, Grandma had made a bed for him on a long couch Grandma bought at a second hand store in Salt Lake. He was pleased to see crocheted edges on the pillowcases and sheets. Now I am guessing or supposing, remembering a remark from one of his siblings. "Why did Uncle Tom die?" I said, "Because he did not take care of himself."

Uncle Tom was 46 years of age. He lent some advice, encouragement and support to Grandpa and Grandma in our care and will being. Uncle Tom died of pneumonia.

At the same time the administrator of my parents' estate was changed from two uncles, Pete Scorup and J. W. (Will) Humphrey to one uncle J. A. (Albert) Scorup. Crisis in the cattle industry coupled with J. A.'s inherent desire to show his power through control of money made looking after us considerably more difficult for our grandparents. Uncle Albert expected the impossible in the running of our household. Grandparents did the impossible quite well.

Taking good care of everything was Grandpa's way of life. A bright brass bucket filled with nuts, bolts and nails was brought from the granary. A large grinding wheel was nearby. I thought the wheel was most wonderful because it was mounted so that Grandpa could sit on a seat and using two pedals could make the stone turn. What a song the grindstone made with a hoe! What beautiful sparks flew! What a lively, lovely rhythm the sharp hoe made as Grandpa cut the weeds or unwanted grass.

Two wonderful hoes are associated in my mind with Grandpa. One was heavy and unwieldy when I was a child, but with muscle it was a wonderful instrument for getting rid of an occasional burdock or sourdock. Grandpa's "grubbing hoe"--how many sagebrush, rabbit brush, and willows fell under that hoe? And then there was the three-cornered hoe. Grandpa could make lovely furrows in the garden he planted so well.

I do not remember seeing Grandpa use his sickle, but with his scythe he trimmed the ditch banks to perfection and cut alfalfa on a small scale to feed the cows and pigs. Very even strokes, poetry in motion.

A rectangular light brown tin box with cream letters held the magic of Grandpa's garden seeds. "Broad Beans" like some from Grandpa's box were something I had looked for and had the pleasure of planting this spring. He saved seeds from year to year. More work, more care.

When Grandpa was still farming half the city block, I remember his picture-perfect shocks of corn. They seemed perfectly even and much larger than a bushel basket in diameter. One frosty October morning I remember walking across the street with him and having him recite, "When the frost is on the punkin' and the fodder's in the shock."

"Wheelborrow" is the word that conjures up the lightweight, metal-tired vehicle that Grandpa gave me rides in when I was small and I hauled grass and weeds in when I grew too heavy to be pushed. We have had several wheelbarrows here, in Lake View, but I have never pushed a wheelbarrow as well-balanced and as easy to push as Grandpa's.



Things of note of Grandpa's accomplishments are that the Humphrey home was the second home in Salina that had wooden shingles. Red clay from Redmond was of such texture as to make a layer of 8-12 inches on a roof water proof, "Redmond shingles", one more local expression.

"The Big Ditch" was enough of a monument to Grandpa's efforts that the family and neighbors were called together for a picture in front of the house with the canal in the foreground.

A field "over the river" (Sevier) came to Grandpa's possession because of all the shovel work he did to make a canal channel (Rocky Ford). (While we were riding around why didn't Grandma show Ellen and me the field Grandpa owned?)

Ruth remembers more songs that Grandpa sang. I remember "Hop Light Lady" and a Sunday School song, "Sabbath Home". Because I did not understand the words, it sounded like "Sabbath Foam" to me. The tenors and basses echoed "Sabbath Home" that the sopranos and altos sang. Grandpa sounded wonderful to my childish ears.

A tender heart beat in Grandpa's sizeable rib cage. One morning in the fall, Grandpa, returning from some of his (our) morning chores found a small strip of orange crepe paper covered with frost. He walked up behind me and put it on my neck. I screamed. Grandpa was upset. I said, "I thought it was a snake!" His feelings hurt, Grandpa said, "I would never do anything to hurt you."

Ellen and Ruth had long, thick, beautiful hair. Mine was cut "Dutch" after Mama died. When "bobbed" hair came into fashion, Ellen had her hair cut. Grandpa looked at her at the supper table and started to cry. He felt very sorry to see her lose her hair, "the color of molasses candy" according to Miss Beulah, our neighbor and school teacher.

Ruth also had her hair "bobbed". Mary Herbert, a neighbor, took the scissors to Ruth's hair. Tears came again from Grandpa. He said, "My girl, don't you know that a woman's hair is her crowning glory?"

Ellen gained a lot of weight as she approached puberty. No doubt some unkind remarks were made about her fat. Grandpa said, "Ellen, fat is a pretty color." Ellen replied, "Fat is a pretty color for bally steers and babies."

Then there was the morning when we had the mother cat and her new kittens in the middle of the living room floor. Grandpa was hurrying to go to Manti and stepped on one of the kittens. I don't remember what he did, but I do remember that he was really upset.

The swing that Grandpa had made for us (I was going to say "made for me") was the focal point for the only scolding Grandma gave Grandpa. I remember it was the night before Thanksgiving. Grandpa and Marden (Jim), had been doing chores, which must have taken longer than usual. The night was dark and cold. Grandpa came in moaning. His shin was purple, maybe bloody too. Marden had been holding the Thanksgiving turkey while Grandpa wielded the axe. Grandma said, "How did it happen?"

"I was trying to kill the turkey and the axe slipped."

"Where were you trying to kill the turkey?" Grandpa said, "Out by the swing." "Griff! You know better than to try chopping on a log like that! What were you thinking about?"

Grandpa fought a losing battle against weeds and advancing years. There was an acre and a third of ground on our lot and enough garden spots to require more weeding than Grandpa and us children could do, or did do. Grandpa found idleness difficult and did not like to see anything go to waste. A fine ball or two of twine string was always available. When apples fell, Grandpa

peeled them, tied them with twine and hung them on the south porch to dry. They went into fruit cake and mincemeat.

It makes me sad to think that I was ever "sassy" to Grandpa. Poached eggs on toast was one of our favorite breakfasts. Grandpa put sugar on his eggs. I made a disparaging remark about sugar on eggs. Grandma's words were to the effect, "Hush, Edith! You have sugar on eggs in cakes!"

Another time Grandpa was saying something and I repeated one of the expressions I had heard some of the older children say, "Listen to the wind blow." Grandpa said nothing, but Grandma let me know my remark was unacceptable.

"Clean up your plate!" was the rule. Grandpa helped me occasionally by asking me to look at something on the east side of the kitchen. As I looked, part of a slice of bread disappeared from my plate without a word.

While we were eating, Grandpa was the only one who ate pepper on his food. In response to a query about the pepper, he said, "Pepper will keep the worms from eating you when you're dead. Buzzards wouldn't touch the Mexican's that died in the Mexican War."

Books were important to Grandpa. Instead I ought to say continual learning was important to him. Grandma gave me Grandpa's copy of "Hurbut's Story of the Bible" if I would read it through. He had a new large Bible, "Bible Encyclopedia," "Diseases of Horses and Cattle", "Josephus", and some story books." "A Great Year of Our Lives", was published by a magazine, "Youth's Companion". There was also a sequel. "Furrow", and "National Geographic" from Uncle Dave and Aunt Rhoda are some that I remember.

One especially interesting volume is "The Holy Scriptures". The title page reads, "The Holy Scriptures, translated and corrected by the Spirit of Revelation by Joseph Smith Jr., the Seer." Published by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. Joseph Smith, I. L. Rogers, E. Robinson, Publishing Committee, 1867. (Reorganized LDS)

On the opposite page is inscribed, "Given to T. G. Humphrey at Bro. Lapis's Death by his Daughter. A stamp is in blue:

Joseph Lapis,  
Salina  
Sevier Co, Utah  
January 28, 1893  
Bought of H. N. Hansen  
Josephite Missionary  
(In pencil: price \$2.25)

Thomas a. Humphrey, Grandpa Humphrey, was unselfish, sincerely religious, loving, energetic, skillful in agriculture and horticulture and a grand father.

My thanks to my sister, Ruth Scrup Clegg, for her help.

## **Biography of Thomas Griffin Humphrey**

By

J. W. Humphrey, a son (1)

In writing this short account of my father's life, I have had to rely on such material as was available in my father's records, and my recollections of what I remember hearing my parents mention, also what I could get by being inquisitive on the incidents that stirred my curiosity. I have as yet made no search of government records, nor state and county records. Aunt Delilah, Uncle Bird, and Uncle Joe, also from cousins Nancy M. Allred, and Jane H. Adams I have secured some information. I will have occasion to refer to the information contained in a write up of the life of my grandfather John Humphrey, by Jane H. Adams, and Maud Odd, the former a daughter of R.M. Humphrey, and the latter a daughter of Aunt Rebecca H. McClatchie. Jane had the benefit of a diary kept by her father to refer to, and Maud had the word of mouth from her mother. Uncle Charles and Uncle Richard were never available to me for any information they had relative to the early Humphrey family life.

My grandfather John Humphrey was born in Walton, Georgia on February 13, 1824. His parents were William Humphrey, and Nancy Stephens. William's father was John Humphrey, and his mother was Susan Bradford. John was born in Marionshire, Wales in 1765, and Susan was born in Pennsylvania the same year. John died in Georgia in 1837, and Susan died in Georgia in 1856. Through Susan Bradford, all the Humphreys became eligible to membership in either the Sons of the American Revolution, or the Daughters of The American Revolution organizations. In the event that it is shown that John Humphrey was a soldier in that war, they would be eligible through him.

William Humphrey had a family of five sons. John, Joshua, Richard Bradford, Josiah, and William. I am not sure of the order in which they came into the world. I am sure my grandfather John Humphrey was younger than Richard Bradford, at least he married a younger daughter of Simon Murphy than Richard's wife. One of the boys joined the church and moved to Independence, Missouri. I recall Uncle Joe visiting him once when he went back to Kansas City with sheep, (I am inclined to believe it was William.)

Getting back to grandfather John Humphrey. He died in Salina on June 26, 1879. His wife, my grandmother, Agnes Elmina Murphy, died in Salt Lake City, July 22, 1875, and was buried in the City Cemetery. She was born near Spartanburg, South Carolina, October 22, 1822. Jane says she was born near Union, South Carolina. The two places are perhaps in the same locality.

Uncle Richard Humphrey always maintained that the Humphreys came from Ireland, or at least were of Irish decent. The records in the Salt Lake Genealogical Office show most of them coming from England, with some of them coming from Wales, particularly my great-great grandfather John Humphrey. Jane Adams says that our great-great grandfather John Humphrey was in the Revolutionary war, and much as I would like to believe that story, I still have my doubts as he could have been only eleven years old when the war started and only 18 when the war ended. It is quite possible that very young men were participants in the war of the Revolution. William Humphrey, my great

grandfather was born in 1796, too late to be a soldier during the Revolutionary war, however, he could have well been a soldier in the Indian wars which followed. It seems strange that I never heard my father say anything much about his grandparents, possibly because they died before he was old enough to remember them. John Humphrey, my great-great grandfather as mentioned above was born in Wales. I have no record as to how or when he came to America, whether he came with his parents, or whether he came alone as a boy, or a very young man. He married Susan Bradford from Pennsylvania, perhaps that is where he landed in America. My great grandfather William Humphrey born in Walton, Georgia married Nancy Stephens, who was born in Oglethorpe, Georgia. She died the 16<sup>th</sup> of May, 1834, since she was born in 1796, she was taken by death in her 38<sup>th</sup> year. As to the number of children born to William and Nancy, I have no account other than the five boys mentioned above. I do remember hearing my father mention one of his uncles, who moved to Louisiana or Texas. Either Nancy Allred, or Jane Adams had a picture of an engineer from Texas by the name of William Humphrey who they thought was from our Humphrey stock. The name Nancy, or Nan is common among our female relatives.

Except for what Jane Adams had to say about grandfather Humphrey in her write-up of his life, relative to his skill as an axeman, and his fighting propensities, little is known of his life until he was about 21 years of age. In April of 1846, President James K. Polk declared war against Mexico, and called for 50,000 volunteers. John hurriedly made his way to New Orleans where at 21 years of age joined with others of the volunteers to fight Mexico. The excuse given for the declaration of war was the slaughter of a company of American soldiers who were left to guard the southern boundary of Texas. The U.S. claimed the Rio Grande River as the boundary, while Mexico claimed the line to be the Nueces River. A shipload of these volunteer soldiers, embarked for Vera Cruz. When the ship reached Mid-ocean it ran into a terrific tropical storm. The ship became completely disabled, many of the soldiers, as well as the masts, spars, and sails were washed overboard and lost in the fury of the storm. Those who survived on board the ship were faced with a shortage of water especially, and foods of all kinds. There was no drinking water, not even rain. As a result of the days of suffering for food and water, there were only nineteen of that ship load of soldiers that were rescued alive. Upon arriving at Vera Cruz it required some time before the rescued soldiers were physically fit for service, and before that time came, General Scott had captured Mexico City, and the war was over. To me grandfather's services were just as acceptable as a war veteran, as they would have been had he marched with his victorious comrades into Mexico City, certainly they were less exciting and glamorous. The nation recognized this and in May 1879 he received his first, and only, pension check. My mother had a dime that he gave her out of the check he received. I do not know who got this keepsake, which mother had kept all those years. He died in Salina, Utah June 26, 1879. An amusing incident happened in Salina. A stranger entering town learned that Grandfather was a Mexican War Veteran, bought a bouquet of flowers and went out to the cemetery and placed them on his grave. Upon his return to town he met up with W.H. Rex, an ex-soldier for the Union, who told him that John Humphrey was a damned rebel, having fought with the Southern armies all through the war. The stranger immediately walked

back to the cemetery (about two miles) removed the flowers, spat on the grave and walked back to town.

When John got back home in 1847 (dates not known for sure) he courted and married Agnes Elmina Murphy, January 6, 1848. Their first son Richard Miles was born October 22<sup>nd</sup> the same year. His older brother Richard Bradford Humphrey had married Merriam Murphy, an older sister of Agnes Elmina's. Grandmother Humphrey was a real gentle woman of the aristocracy of that part of the south. She was a devout Methodist. She had a rich contralto voice and played on a dulcimer. The old instrument minus part of the strings layed (laid) as long as I can remember in the attic of the old home. It was next to sacred to the family members. After the folks moved across the street to care for the children of my sister and her husband, Elmina and James Scrup, both victims of influenza, I recall seeing the old instrument lying in the yard broken up. I have often wished that I had gathered up the pieces and had it rebuilt as a relic of the Old South. Grandmother also was a good horse woman, owning her own thoroughbred riding horse. Jane said she often took her three little boys and rode over to her old home in South Carolina to visit. I would like to believe that story also, but according to my geography the nearest South Carolina border is more than double the 18 miles distance from Fayetteville, so that ride is out. Then 18 miles ride with three little boys on with the rider, you will have to tell someone with less experience than I, to get that over, lets reduce the 18 miles to 3 or 4 miles. Janie, and Maud Odd, recount that Grandfather had no slaves at the time the war began, but I distinctly remember hearing my father talk about the time when they had slaves.

Uncle Tom Murphy, Grandmother Humphrey's brother, was a Mormon missionary to their home in the south. Grandmother was very favorable to the L.D.S. teachings, in fact she was converted. Uncle Tom tried to induce grandfather to sell his slaves and his farm and join the Mormons and go to Utah. He argued that Joseph Smith had prophesied that there would be a war between the states, and that there would be terrible suffering among the southern people. To this Grandfather replied, "That when Joe Smith's prophecy came true that would be soon enough for him to join the Mormons."

In 1852 Grandfather with his family moved to Randolph County, Alabama. They stayed there until 1856. Uncle Joseph and Aunt Rebecca were born in Alabama. Upon their return to Georgia, Carrol County, near Fayetteville, Grandfather went security for friends, and through this, and mismanagement, he was forced to sell his home and farm to pay off the obligations. After that they rented and moved around from one place to another. I read this from father's journal. Apparently they secured another home before the Civil War started. As I have always understood they owned the home they were living in when the Union Soldiers passed through. When the war came John enlisted, and served all through the conflict and while he fought in several battles, he came out unscathed.

During the early days of the war, rations were issued to the Southern soldiers, and Grandfather being skillful at cards, helped materially in the support of the family by supplying them with bacon, sugar, coffee, and other supplies that he won from other less lucky soldiers. This condition did not last too long, as supplies for the soldiers became

limited to a bare existence. When the war was over the carpetbaggers from the north made life unbearable for the southern people. Justice was out of the question for the "Johnny Reb" as they were called. No provisions were made to care of the freed slaves who were homeless, and without food. They robbed and pillaged their former owners, and were given protection by the courts in all their lawlessness. The situation became intolerant, that as a measure of self protection, the organization of the "Ku Klux Klan" came about.

Just a word about the reported conditions in the Andersonville and Libby prisons. Grandfather had a cousin who was a war prisoner in one of the Northern prison camps. This man said, "If the Northern prisoners were treated worse, or received less food than he, it was a miracle that anyone survived." After his return from the war, perhaps not too long after, he suffered a paralytic stroke, which incapacitated him from manual labor. He had to walk supported by a heavy hickory cane. This gave him an excuse to get around and enjoy the sports he was so fond of, cock fighting and horse racing and gambling with cards of course. This latter form was so distasteful to grandmother that she made her boys promise never to gamble, and I do not think any of them did. My father never would allow cards in the house, and was much opposed to all forms of gambling.

The story is told of one of grandfather's experiences with cockfighting that came near costing him his life. He had a wonderful fighting cock that he called Stonewall Jackson, he matched this bird with another equally famous fighter and for high stakes. Stonewall drove his spur right through the head of his antagonist, killing him instantly. His owner attacked Grandfather and was felled by a blow from his heavy cane. When the man came to, he had Grandfather arrested for assault with intent to kill. The man later decided he would try to get his money back by dropping the charge, and he called at Grandfather's home, called him out to the gate, and offered to drop the case for a stated amount of money. His offer was rejected, whereupon, the man pulled out his six shooter and tried to shoot Grandfather. At this point one of the boys came running out with a rifle and the man after snapping his revolver all the way around without it firing, turned his horse and made a hasty getaway. Grandmother had tried to dissuade Grandfather from going out to meet the man, as she felt the man would try to kill him.

It was on horse racing that finally wound up Grandfather's gambling, and left him on the rocks. He had a horse that was a record breaker for the half mile, he bet \$4,000 against another horse whose distance was a mile, by out running the horse 144 feet. John thought with that much lead in the half mile, the other horse could never overtake his horse, so he doubled the stakes and lengthened the distance to a mile. The day of the race came and John's horse led the other horse even more than the 144 feet at the half mile, but the second half of the mile the other horse caught up with John's horse and beat him easily at the outcome. Grandmother was more opposed to John's gambling at cards, his friends came to their home and they gambled, and drank, setting a very bad example before the public, as well as the family.

Broken in health, and spirits, as well as in worldly goods, he had plenty of time to reflect. He was unable to support the family, and that was no worry, as his son Griffin was supporting the family running a government still. A profitable business at that time, and the other boys were getting old enough to help on the place, raising corn and picking

fruit used in the manufacture of liquors.

It is my understanding that practically all the family with the exception of Griffin had been converted to the teachings of the Latter Day Saints. Uncle Tom Murphy, and Jesse Murphy, and other missionaries had been frequent visitors at the Humphrey home. John, remembering his promise to join the Mormons if Joseph Smith's prophecy concerning the war between the states (War Between the States) came true, was ready and willing to go to Utah. The harsh treatment inflicted upon the conquered and broken Southerners by their hated Yankee conquerors, no doubt helped them to make up their minds to get away from the land of their birth, and start anew where the past, if not forgotten, was at least overlooked.

It is my opinion that the Humphreys were a proud family, and even after coming to Utah they felt that they were superior to the emigrants that made up the common people they were among. The family with the exception of Richard, came to Utah in March 1870. Uncle Richard came in 1869 with the last pioneer emigrant company to reach the valley, the trans-continental railroad being completed, at Corrinne in 1869. The family was all baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in May 1870. Uncle Richard was baptized in Georgia in 1869. He brought Grandfather and his youngest son Booth down to Salina in 1877. Grandmother Humphrey died in Salt Lake City July 22, 1874 and was buried in the city cemetery. Aunt Rebecca was married to John Murphy April 13, 1874, the first of the family to be married. She had five children with Murphy, and after his death she married Edmund McClatchie and moved to Star Valley, Wyoming. With McClatchie she had additional children. I only knew Maud M. Odd, and Clarence. I must mention Aunt Rebecca's oldest son Thomas. When quite young, I can remember seeing him once, when we were visiting them in Ogden, while only 7 or 8 years old, he was leading a colt out to the ditch of water. He tied the rope around his waist so it couldn't jerk away. The colt became frightened and ran away dragging the boy to a frightful death. Uncle Charley's son Joseph told me that Johnny Murphy was a locomotive engineer, and through his good offices, Uncle Charles secured a job with the railroad.

John's youngest son, John Wilkes Booth, was born August 2, 1865. He died of diphtheria July 20, 1878. I never remember hearing the folks say much about him, he died in Salina and is buried in the old Pioneer Cemetery. His father is buried beside him.

As mentioned above, Uncle Richard with his two families, and Uncle Charley with his two families, moved away from Salina about 1888. Aunt Ella had four children, Lulu, Orson, Cyrus and Addie, the baby when they left. I don't think his second wife Aunt Sara had any children other than her daughter Janie. She had lost a small boy who is buried in the Pioneer Cemetery in Salina by the side of another infant which I always thought was Uncle Richard's. Uncle Charley's family consisted of his first wife Delilah, and five children: Nancy, Fred, John, Delilah Floretta, and Wilford. His second wife, Aunt Giddie, had only one boy, Doyle, who passed away January 14, 1963 in Safford, Arizona. At the present time, 1963, Aunt Delilah has three children living, Delilah Floretta, Claud and Henry. The fourth Joseph Humphrey died in Los Angeles in August 1963. Aunt Giddie also has three children living. Lenna Webster of Thatcher, Carlos of Globe, Arizona and Heber of Sawtell, California. There are of course many grand and

great grandchildren belonging to the various couples.

Both of Uncle Charley's families were driven out of Old Mexico by the notorious Pancho (Poncho) Villa, at the time of his revolution, or raiding spree.

At one time in the early days of Salina, the three Humphrey brothers, Richard, Griffin and Charles, owned most of the fields north of Salina. Uncle Richard and Uncle Bird owned a store on Second East and Main Street where Richard operated a hotel. The extra wives of Richard and Charles caused them to leave a very promising financial set up in Salina. Years later they both returned to Utah, Richard first, when his first wife, Ella left him, and he was no longer too much married, and Charles when he could leave one family in Southern Arizona.

Uncle Joseph Humphrey came to Salina in 1876, Richard Booth and Grandfather in 1877. My father Thomas G. had moved to Salina in 1876 with his wife and a small son, so Uncle Joe had a place to stay when he was out of a job, which was not too often. I have a letter written by him in 1876 in which he said Griff was so homesick to see his boy, and his wife, who were in Mill Creek, while Griff was digging the Rocky Ford Canal across the top of his claim. This canal was 2 feet deep and 12 feet wide. All claim owners had to dig the canal across their property, as there were no team drawn scrapers at that time. Uncle Joe worked with livestock, both sheep and cattle. Large cattle owners had a lot of hard nuts working for them, and while Joe was a small man, he could hold his own with the worst of them. It is said that he and Sam Gilson were working for Jennings over on the East Desert. The snow was deep, and they took turns crawling out of bed to start fires in the sub zero mornings. One morning when it was Sam's turn to start the fire, he boosted Joe out into the snow and said, "Make a fire Joe." Joe put on his clothes as quickly as he could and then picked up the needle gun, and in very forceful language told Sam to get up quick and start the fire. Knowing Joe as he did he replied, "Yes Joe, I'll do anything you say if you will just take your finger off that trigger, that gun goes off awfully easy." Other men trying to run over Joe, did it to their sorrow. He was later a Pony Express Rider between Green River Utah and Salina. He married Sena Johnson of Redmond, and raised a large family. They lost three boys with Diphtheria in about a week in the early 80's. His oldest boy, Joseph Jr. was the first child born in Redmond.

Not too much is known of my Grandfather's father, William Humphrey. I remember that my father mentioned that one of his relatives, possibly a brother of William's, was a soldier in the war of 1812. He was in the Battle of New Orleans, fought after peace was declared. The British captured New Orleans in that Battle. This relative either remained in Louisiana, or moved to Texas. The war records could clear this question up.

On the Murphy side, I knew Uncle Tom Murphy mentioned above as a missionary. He lived in Salina when I was quite young, later moving to Idaho. I also knew his son Tom, who I called to see in Saint George on one of my visits there. I was too dumb, or in too much of a hurry, or I might have secured some information from him relative to the Murphys in Georgia. The Murphys in Salina, and Mill Creek, I knew quite well. There was Uncle Columbus (Lum), Uncle Hyrum, Uncle Gaden and their families who settled in Salina. They were supposed to be my fathers cousins, perhaps only second cousins. Bud, Bird, Jesse and Ran Murphy lived up in Salt Lake County and I only meth



them on our occasional visits with Grandfather Bailey and family in Mill Creek. Then there were two John Murphys. The one in Salina married Lizzie Hugentober, he did not live too long. He left two boys, Will and Ed, he may have left a girl but I do not remember. His widow married Solomon King and moved to Canada. The other John Murphy (Johnny) married my Aunt Rebecca as already mentioned, as she was a plural wife, I believe they came and stayed with us while on the "Under Ground", so I was well acquainted with the children, then when they were grown I occasionally met up with them. After Aunt Becky moved to Wyoming, I do not believe I ever saw her again. Her son Miles Murphy worked on the Bamberger R.R. between Salt Lake and Ogden, so I saw him on many of my trips between Ogden and Salt Lake.

Uncle Richard, and Uncle Charley moved away from Salina with their families in 1888, and Uncle Joseph moved to Idaho in 1904, so that left the families of Uncle William Bird and my father remaining down in Sevier County. Two of my brothers, Ray and Leone, and two of Uncle Bird's boys, Lester and Isaac, were in World War I. Uncle Charley had three boys, Joseph, Henry and Heber, and possibly Carlos in the last World War. I am not sure but I think it quite likely that Carlos was a soldier. In the second World War, and since that time four of Leone's boys by his first marriage have been in military service. Rhoda's son David was in the thick of the conflict from "D" day on until the end of World War Two. He was decorated for bravery in action. Her son Lee was also in the Air Force. Wilford had three sons in this war also, Mark, Tom and Howard. Mark was in the Aleutians and Howard in the Air Corps. Guess I had better lay off on the war story, there are too many to mention, and I do not remember dates etc.

Of Uncle Joe's children, his son Young Joe, went to Idaho with his folks, was married and lived at Twin Falls. I spent a full half day trying to find him in 1956. I found him in a Rest Home, unable to even feed himself, dying from chronic arthritis, according to one of his pals in the rest home, he was deserted by his wife and family. Three of Uncle Joe's girls married and lived in Rexburg. Kate married a man by the name of Ricks. She had a family of boys. Grace married a man by the name of Curtis, she also had a family. Rebecca the oldest daughter, married a man by the name of Chambers, and lived at Marysville, or Marysvale, near St. Anthony. She later moved to Independence or near there. Elnora, the youngest girl married and moved to Nampa, Idaho. I spent an hour or two trying to find her once when I was going through here on my way to Walla Walla, but I failed to find her.

Just one more story of Uncle Joe, he used to get liquored up a little and would come in and confess to my mother, that he had taken only three drinks of "Rot Gut" whiskey. One day I asked my brother Tom, a big man six foot four, but only eighteen years old, if he ever drank with Uncle Joe, and he replied, "No I won't drink with the damn cuss. He always insults me when he sees me in the saloon." He went on further to say that one time he went in the saloon and Uncle Joe was standing at the bar, he said, "Have a drink Tom" and when the liquor was poured in our glasses, he raised his glass to mine and said, "Tom here is hoping that you will have sense enough to stay out of such places as this, and to let such stuff as this alone." Tom lived to learn the wisdom of that advice.

Of all the Humphreys it was Uncle Bird that I knew best. He helped to take care

of our farm when my father was on a mission in England. He not only advised Tom and I what to do but he did a lot of the work himself. I helped him in return with his farm work but I was just 12 years old so could not do too much. When I was grown, I went prospecting with him for coal mines in Salina Canyon. Later when there was no work, especially in the winter, I went up every day cutting cedar posts. We could cut a load of posts and bring them home each day. I remember I was big and strong, while he was small. It was gall and wormwood to me to have cut two posts to my one the first day out, and while I did better as the days went by, I never could cut as many as he. He died when in his fifties, and at a time when he was most successful financially.

Perhaps I have missed much that I should have mentioned, and perhaps I have included too much of non-essentials.

With that introduction to the Humphrey's and the Murphy side of the family I will proceed with the story of my father, Thomas Griffin Humphrey, known as Griff. He was born in Fayetteville, Georgia, December 6, 1849, so he had just turned eleven years of age on December 6, 1860 when South Carolina seceded from the U.S. and 14 years five months of age when the war terminated. Griffin was of the athletic type, and while younger than Richard, he assumed more responsibility around the home in caring for the farm and providing for the family. His father was proud of him, and his physical stamina. Not too long after Grandfather's return from the war he and a friend made a wager of \$50., that Griffin could walk the twenty miles to Atlanta in less than four hours. That was thought to be quite a test for a 14 year old boy, grandfather, and the man he bet with rode horses to see that everything was as agreed upon. Father said that he kept the horses on a jog-trot all the way, and he made the 20 miles in 3 hours and 57 minutes.

During Sherman's march to the sea, the soldiers rode past the house. The children sat by the fence watching them go by. One of the soldiers called to Uncle Charles saying, "Hello Johnnie" (Johnnie Reb) a very distasteful salutation to the southern people. Uncle Charles called back, "Go to hell you damn Yankee." One day father said he was munching on a large roasted yam when one of the soldiers rode over to him and offered to trade all the hard tack he had in his haversack for the yam. The trade was made, and father got a large pan full of hard tack for the one yam.

When it was learned that the soldiers were coming, every one tried to hide everything of value, especially foods. The Humphreys placed all their groceries and other foods in a large can which they tried to bury in the garden. So quickly however, did the soldiers arrive, that they did not get the can deep enough to hide it from view. They quickly threw some turnip tops on the part of the can sticking above the ground and it was overlooked by the marauders who visited in the garden more than once, as they passed along. The thing that broke their hearts was the killing of their only milk cow, right in their dooryard. "Cows make beef," the soldiers said. The soldiers also ripped open the feather beds and made a careful search for money, or any other thing of value they could find. By the time Griffin was 15 years old he had, with the help of the family, been established as the operator of a government still, and he was soon known as one of the most skilled whiskey manufactures in that section. He made not only whiskey, but brandies and other liquors, from fruits, as well as corn. According to Aunt Delilah, Griffin supported the whole family by this work, which was considered quite legitimate

in those times.

Whenever, and this occasionally happened, a sufficient over supply of liquors accumulated over local demands, father would take a load of his kegs and barrels of whiskey, and would go over to Alabama and dispose of it. He would stop at plantations along the way and leave a barrel of his product, and in this way dispose at a good profit, his surplus supplies. By the time the family were ready to start for Utah, Griffin had become well established in a fairly lucrative business. Each month he would buy enough revenue stamps to take care of the amount of liquor he expected to manufacture until the revenue agent came around the first of the next month. His parents had warned him to get out of the business, and go with them to Utah. However, he decided to stay and follow his business until he had enough money to take him to California. It was only a short time until the revenue agent came to see him as usual, he purchased the stamps he needed for the next month. The agent told him that he was quitting his job, and offered to sell him the remaining revenue stamps in his possession at greatly reduced prices. Griffin said no he had all he needed for the present. The agent sneered, and told him that he was only a kid, couldn't raise the money and continued to stir his pride, so he finally bought the supposedly remaining stamps off the agent at a real savings, so he thought. However the next two days other federal agents came along and had him arrested for conspiracy to defraud the Government. A clever scheme, one of the many used by the federal agents to harass the people of the south. The agents were accommodating and permitted father to coop up the rest of the mash he had ready. They asked for some whiskey and father drew a coffee pot of his oldest brew which his captors proceeded to drink with avidity. By the time father was through for the day the agents were completely out. Father told his helper to take care of the still, and send him the money he could realize from its sale, after he reached California. The man tried to dissuade father, telling him he could beat the rap in any court if he secured a good attorney, but father knowing the attitude of the law officers, said no, "I will be in South Carolina when these men wake up, I never liked the whiskey business, and I am glad to get out of it." I hope to find something better out west. Griff made his escape and stopped over in Utah with his folks and other relatives. He was treated so well in Utah, and liked the country so he was persuaded to remain in Utah where he joined the church with the rest of the family in May, 1871.

He never received a dime for his still, which he said was worth \$6000, and he never had a chance to go back and visit his old home in Georgia. He planned on his return from his mission to England, to run down and visit his old home, the hills of his childhood, however, he was in charge of a company of emigrants and could not leave them until they reached Zion. It was thoughtlessness on the part of his children that they never arranged to send him back to Georgia before sickness broke him down in health in his last years.

As a boy, and a young man, he was proud of the work he had to do. He had the reputation of being one of the best mule skimmers in the locality where he lived. He told of a contest he entered of plowing a straight furrow with one mule and a plow, across a half mile field. There were several contestants, Griffin's furrow looked a straight as a string; it was the best of all the entries, but he said when they looked through a transit, they could see many kinks in the apparently straight plow furrow.

Occasionally father would sing some of the little ditties common in the South. I remember one song that my mother would stop him when he reached a certain place in the wording. It went as follows: "It's over the fence and through the field they yellow gal caught me by the heel, and it's run nigger run, you can't get away, it's run nigger run, for it's almost day." There was another song that went like this, "If I had a scolding wife, I'd whip her as sure as you are born, I'd take her down to New Orleans and trade her off for corn." Another one was, "Hop light lady your cake's all dough, never mind the weather so the wind don't blow." Another song with several verses, of which I can only remember one: "Big dog bow wow whoopee doodle do, the old hen flew in the garden ooh, big dog bow wow whoopee doodle do, the missus went to catch her, she flew against the gate post, and then she didn't fetch her, big dog bow wow whoopee doodle do." On leaving Georgia, Griffin had planned on going to California. He had not been converted to the teachings of the Latter Day Saints, as had other members of the family. He stopped over in Salt Lake City to visit with his family, and other relatives before continuing on. He was treated so well by every one, especially his family, and relatives, that he stayed on and on, finally at the earnest solicitation of his mother he stayed and joined the Mormons and cast his lot in Utah. They rented a farm as a family unit that year, and the next. In 1873 Griffin was on his own, he had a wonderful garden, and five acres of the finest corn in Utah. His brother Richard suggested that he enter his corn in the Territorial Fair in Salt Lake. Richard took the corn in and entered it for him, supposedly, but it turned out that he entered it in his own name, and he brought out the judges and showed them Griffin's corn patch as his own. Richard received a prize on his brother's corn and other vegetables, and he also became a member of the territorial fair organization. In fairness to Richard, I will say that he no doubt did a lot of work with the fair that year, and that perhaps exhibitors had to offer their exhibits in person. All the neighbors, and relatives knew of the deception, and while Griff did not have too much to say, the others, especially Ellen, Griffin's wife, brought the matter up after her marriage, and Uncle Richard never liked her because of that.

In the winter time, probably in 1871, Griffin worked at a saw mill in Big Cottonwood Canyon, and came near being killed in a snow slide that destroyed the mill. On December 21, 1874, Griffin was married to Ellen Maria Bailey in the old "Endowment" house in Salt Lake City. The following summer 1875, with Joe Bailey, Hyrum Murphy, and Freeman Gates, he went down to look for a new country in which to make a home. They visited Sevier County as far south as Elsinore. He was favorably impressed with Salina where he spent the rest of his days, with the exception of two years, 1891 and 1892, which he spent in Great Britain as a missionary for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. On arriving in Salina with his wife and baby in 1876, he rented a one room house located on the south west corner of the block south of Main Street and east of the road that goes south from where the highway goes west on Main Street. I believe the George Bird home is just back of where the house stood. In my earliest recollection this house was used as the Post Office. Upon moving to Salina, Griffin secured, in addition to four city lots, 40 acres of land joining the city limits to the north of Salina, 20 acres on each side of the highway. In 1875 when Griffin was looking over Salina as a place to locate, he was advised not to stop in Salina as they had 30

families, and not enough water for their needs, however, they liked the country, and bought their city lots for \$7 per lot, and they could pay that amount to the Sunday School. In the fall of 1876 father bought 7 cows from John Fenn for \$10 apiece. The winter that followed was terribly cold, no hay to be purchased, and the snow was so deep that grass was all too deep to be reached by the cows, so they all froze, and starved to death.

The Humphreys stayed in Salina that winter and worked until February when they moved back to Mill Creek. On their return to Salina in the spring, they found the roads so muddy that it took them seven days from Mill Creek to Salina. Fleas and bed bugs were a terrible trial at that time.

When he first came to the Sevier, Griffin filed on a homestead in Lost Creek. He borrowed \$19 to file on the land and by the time he had the \$19 dollars paid off, the interest and principal was \$30.00. He relinquished this homestead to Al Blood for the 20 acres lying east of the road, north of town. He had also drawn a claim under the Rocky Ford Canal. On this project each claim owner had to dig the canal across the top of his holdings. The canal was to be two feet deep, 12 feet wide, and the excavated material was to be placed on the lower bank, thus making the canal an extra foot deeper for carrying water. After completing the canal across his claim he felt he had more land than he could take care of, so he found a man by the name of Lawrence Dastrup with 9 children, and with no farm or other means of supporting them. This family had just moved to Salina. To this family he presented the farm, later considered one of the best farms in the north Sevier Valley. He never received a single penny for the work of digging the canal across the claim.

When he went on his mission to England, thru the perfidy of one of the Stake Presidency, he was forced to sell his land to the west of the highway to pay off an unjust claim to Samuel H. Clark. Clark could not collect legally because the account was long outlawed, and father had never been charged with a shortage, but Clark said he would stop father, through Church channels, from going on a mission until it was paid up. President Seegmiller told father that if he paid the account, and it was dishonest on the part of Clark, that father would prosper and Clark would lose all he had, and that is just what happened.

Shortly after their arrival in Salina they were invited to a house warming down to J.F. Mortensens, the first shingled home in Salina. A few years later they completed their home, and had the second home in Salina with a shingled roof.

The Griff Humphrey home in Salina was home to Joseph Bailey until he married Ann Crane, to Uncle Joseph Humphrey until he got married. I should mention that Uncle Joe was working for livestock outfits most of the time, so did not spend too much time in Salina. Uncle Bird was a guest occasionally between jobs, and Abe Casto, always Uncle Abe to we children, boarded with the Humphreys when in town, up to the time of his marriage.

In 1874 the Gate's moved to Salina. Grandpa Gates, with his fourth wife, a midwife of much experience, and the following children: George S., Alma S., Gary, William, Henry, Lucius S., Hyrum S., and Alva the youngest. They had one girl, Vilate, who married Henry Ivie. William Henry, and Alva died when I was quite young, but I remember them. The Gates's were close neighbors, and among our best friends. Grandpa Gates was very closely associated with the Prophet Joseph Smith, I believe he was a cousin. I have

often heard him bear testimony of the divinity of Joseph Smith's mission. He was a member of the Nauvoo Legion, and the Prophet's body guard. He came to Utah with the second company of Pioneers in 1847, and brought the first apple trees to Utah. They were planted in Mill Creek. Freeman, and John Gates, and Mrs. Marion Jackson, children of his other wives, moved from Mill Creek to Salina, as did also fathers cousins, Uncle Hyrum, Uncle Gaden, and Uncle Lum Murphy (Columbus) with their families.

Among their other neighbors were the Charley Herbert family. Charley, known as Chas. Rynearson when I first knew them, moved from Mill Creek to Redmond. At that time there were the four children, Frank, Tom, Ernest, and Sarah Ann, possibly Florence, and Mabel. I don't remember them as they were too young at that time to get out and play. The Herberts lived on the corner a block north, and across the street from our home. They were always Uncle Charley and Aunt Martha to all the Humphrey children.

On the lot to the west of us the John Anderson family lived, Uncle John and Aunt Edla. His father Andrew and the children lived until about 1886 or 87, when they traded their home for Uncle Charley Humphrey's farm in the north field. In addition to John's father, who lived alone when I first remember them, there were Josephine, Oscar, Carl, Joseph, Alma, Orson, and Clara. Oscar and Clara died when quite young. The Andersons were very close friends all our lives.

On the corner a block west of us lived the Jonas Mattsson family, all boys. They were never close associates of the family as were the others mentioned. On the corner a block south of Mattssons and across the street, the George E. Casto family lived before they moved to Colorado. They too were always close friends. They moved to Manasa, Colorado about 1888, but after a few years, Sarah, the first wife, bought a home on the corner of the block north and west of us, left her husband and with her six children moved back to Salina. There was Sadie, the age of my brother Tom, George, Emma, Ella, Clive, and Pearl. Pearl died not too long after returning to Salina.

Griffin held the office of Justice of the Peace for a few years. He was also Deputy Sheriff for several years. I remember he had a pistol called the "British Bull Dog", but when he went over to Casto's to apprehend a "Peeping Tom," I noticed he took his rifle instead of the six gun. To his great amusement the peeping tom turned out to be a stray burro that had found oats in a deep box sitting on the porch under the window. It would reach down in the box for a mouthful of grain, then raise up to masticate it. The kerosene lamp gave only a flickering light, and the ladies, Sarah and her niece Malone Casto, thought it was a man raising up to watch them.

Father used to tell of an incident that happened to him which shows how polygamy was encouraged by parents. A certain unnamed man with a girl past usual marriage age came to father and said, "Brother Humphrey, Trena is a good girl, and she has an 80 acre farm," but he rejected the lure. Two of his brothers had had to move out of the U.S. because of having plural wives.

In 1891 father went to England on a mission for the L.D.S. Church. Upon his return home in 1893, his family met him in Salt Lake City, where they all had the pleasure of attending the dedicatory services for the Salt Lake Temple. I remember hearing Grandpa Bailey say, that a flock of sea gulls flew and alighted on the temple on the first day of the services, a very unusual occurrence, and grandfather likened the incident to the Holy Ghost alighting on the head of the Savior on the occasion of his baptism in the River Jordan.

Upon Griffin's return from England in 1893, he bought a twenty acre claim from Will Murphy for \$400.00. The lands were located under the Vermillion Extension canal. It was called the "Windy" canal because water was short in the late season, and it was nearly always windy over there. The year before he bought the land a large flood had come down the Denmark Wash, and completely flooded all the farms along on both sides of the wash, leaving quite a heavy deposit of soil over most of the farms. On this farm at the time of purchase, there was

approximately 12 acres of alfalfa. We harvested more than 100 tons of hay the first year in the three crops harvested from that acreage. To prevent damage from future floods from the Denmark Wash, the farmers constructed a deep water course down the side of the road to the river. Under the Rocky Ford canal they constructed a flume, about 5 x 6 feet, this was lined with two inch plank. My brother Wilford while herding the cows along the road went down into the flume and discovered that a colony of bees had made their home in the opening back of the plank lining. The following day, father after investigating the situation, went equipped with a large tub, and the necessary paraphernalia used in working with the bees, filled the tub with the most luscious comb honey. There must have been 75 lbs. at least. A short time later a large flood came down the wash and completely destroyed the bee colony.

The Humphrey family visited the relations in Mill Creek at least once a year, or were visited by Grandfather and Grandmother Bailey, and usually with some of the children. Every time upon his return from Mill Creek, father would bring something; bees, fruit trees, or other items needed in a newly settled area. From a start of bees he brought to Salina on one of his visits, he built up quite an apiary .He had to buy the necessary equipment to extract the honey from the comb. Many other bee owners would employ father to extract their honey. The common practice among some of those owning bees, was to take the comb honey out and melt the fluid honey from the comb (bees wax.) This practice left the bees to replace the comb before refilling it with honey, and the honey was dark colored.

As mentioned before, Griffin had purchased four city lots when he first visited Salina. He fenced two of them with a pole fence, four or five poles high. Aspen poles were used. He would have to go up in the mountains in June and July, when the sap was up, and the bark would peel easily from the poles. They would soon dry and become light, and easy to handle, especially in hauling the long distance from the mountains. The poles were placed between two cedar posts, thus making a reasonably long lasting and substantial fence. He made his own adobes from suitable clay found on one of the north lots and these were used in the building of his four room house, the home in which all his children grew to maturity.

Up until the time he was called on a mission, he had worked in the Sunday School. The morning he left for England the entire Sunday School came down to the home to bid him goodbye, and wish him God Speed on his journey. Later they presented him with a large family bible, now belonging to me. He was also presented with a Congress chair, as it was called at that time. It had side arm rests, but no padding other than the cushion mother made for it. It was my opinion that this chair, and the Bible, mentioned above, were gifts of the Sunday School. He worked in the Young Mens Mutual Assn. Not too long perhaps, but I remember when I was secretary , we drove to Glenwood one Saturday morning in 10 below zero weather to attend a Stake Mutual Meeting.

When father was called on a mission, the D & R. G. Railroad had extended their line only as far south in Sanpete as Manti. Prior to that time we went to Juab to reach the train service. My brother Tom, and I went to Manti with father. We stayed over night at the Bench Hotel, and after seeing father leave for Salt Lake on the train, we drove the team and buggy back to Salina. Father in his journal has this to say concerning his trip to England. I quote, "I left home April 5, to fill a mission to which I had been called in January. Just as I was ready to leave, the whole Sunday School, 127 in all came down to the house and bid me goodbye. They sang the song "The Spirit Of God Like A Fire Is Burning" and wished me God Speed on my Journey. I then kissed my family goodbye, all but two, Thomas G. Jr. and Joseph William., who went as far as Manti with me. We stopped at George Bench's over night. The boys went with me to the R.R. Station where I bid them goodbye on Monday morning April 6, 1891. Then I went by train to Salt Lake City over the Denver and Rio Grand Western Railway. Arrived in Salt Lake at 3 P .M. Then

I go out to Mill Creek to my father-in-law, G. B. Bailey, stopped with them off and on until Saturday morning, then I go to Salt Lake City, set apart for my mission by Heber J. Grant, and John H. Smith to a mission to Great Britain on April 11, 1891. Go by Union Pacific to Omaha, Neb. there were 15 of us in the company. We reached Council Bluffs, Ia. on Monday at 4 P.M. 2 1/2 hrs late. At 6:30 P.M. we left for Chicago arriving there at 9:30 A.M. the next morning, the 14th. Leave there at 3:30 P.M. for New York City, a distance of 987 miles. Arrived in N. Y. 6 hrs late due to a wreck on the road, 2531 miles from Salt Lake City. Arrived in N. Y. at 1:30 A.M. Thursday the 16th after a sleep of 4 hours, had breakfast at the hotel Smith and McNeely, on Washington St. This hotel has 475 rooms, and they serve 1400 meals every day, average. I was told they served 28,000 meals the day Gen. Grant was buried. I visited Central Park, the museum, the Art Gallery and the World building, the largest of its kind in the world. It is 22 stories high. Had supper in Brooklyn, crossed the Brooklyn Bridge, the largest suspension bridge in the world. Saturday the 18th we visited around town until 10 A.M. when we went to King Street where we were to sail at 12:30. We had Dinner on board the S.S. Arizona at 1:30. At 3:30 we left Sandy Hook. Weather fair, and out of sight of land. Sunday morning it was clear but by noon it was so foggy you could not see anything. At noon we were 307 miles from Sandy Hook. Some very sick elders, Otley and George B. Martin did not eat a bite. Made 376 miles since noon yesterday, made 380 miles in the last 24 hrs. Thursday, all better but Otley and Martin. I am well so far. Made 361 miles, then Friday we made 353 miles. Are now passing ships, not too close. Sat. the 25th the sea was very rough, waves ran clear across the lower deck. Food is good. Beef, Mutton, Ham and eggs, all kinds of vegetables, all served in different ways. 297 miles last run, and I am well and enjoying the food. Sun. morning the 26th clear. All well but the two sick elders. 334 miles since yesterday. We are 131 miles of Queenstown, Ireland. We went to hear the Captain rehearse Church services of the Church of England. Sun. night at 8:30 we stopped at Queenstown to let passengers off. Monday we arrived at Liverpool at 1:30 could not get off until 2:30 and then had to go through the customs office. Met Elders Robinson and James H. Anderson who showed us the way to Islington where we partook of a good supper of fish, bread and butter, and good sweet milk. The 27th day of April when I first put foot in England, Elder H. W. Wooley of Grantsville, and I were assigned to labor in Manchester conference." That much of an introduction from his journal, then in the last entry he mentions the names of those he baptized while on his mission, 14 in number.

[Apparently we have gone back in time at this point] In 1855 while the family lived in Fayetteville, he went to school a part of one winter. However, in March he got wet on returning from school and developed pneumonia, at least he became ill, and did not get back to school any more that year. In 1860 six more months in school, and that was the extent of his schooling. He was then eleven years of age, and a rather strong boy, so he had to go out and work. He mentions that he learned to hoe and plow, and from then on he had to work to help with the support of the family. I will add that he learned to read quite well, and was very good in figures. He was called to make surveys of parcels of land, city lots, etc. Also by the neighbors to measure hay sold in the stack, yards of earth in basements, and fills, and graded roads etc. Oscar Mattsson mentioned in a crowd on the street one day where they were discussing the modern day schools, that his father had bought some hay in the stack, and had to go over to get Griff Humphrey to come and measure it for him, while Carl and Banard, who had gone through the public schools, and Snow college, could not even measure the hay. As usual he exaggerated by saying Griff had never gone to school a day in his life.

Father was Road Supervisor when I was five or six years old, I recall that father with team, plow, and scraper, went up in Soldier Canyon to repair the road where a summer flood had destroyed crossings of the dry wash, and this road was used by the residents of Gooseberry. There



were enough families living there at that time to maintain a grade school. Josephine Anderson was one of the teachers, perhaps the only one. I am not sure.

About 1888 or 1889 the three Humphrey brothers, Griffin, Bird, and Joseph, secured a contract to grade the road from the Redmond south river bridge, south for a half mile or so, as that road was practically impassable in wet weather. I recall also, that father had the supervision of the rebuilding of the bridge over the Sevier River west of Salina, and prior to that time I recall that during high water in early spring, that the water ran knee deep across the road for about 1/4 mile east of the bridge, this condition necessitated the cutting the river channel, both above and below the bridge straight north and south eliminating long bends in the river. I am not sure that father had anything to do with the supervision of those excavations. It was strictly county road work.

Griffin's farm east of the road north of Salina was heavy clay, except for the old slough bottoms, and it required a lot of fertilizing. Barn manure for this purpose was plentiful, and the owners would furnish a wagon, and load one wagon while we hauled the other one out and scattered the manure, on the poorest soil first, then on all the land. One winter father fenced two acres in the north west corner of his land, and fed the tithing hay and grain to a herd of sheep belonging to the Church. The hay and grain had been paid by church members and stored in a large barn, and a granary that stood between first and second east, and between Main and first south. From this time on the land produced very well. It was from the products of the farm, and the small jobs that he could get, that he supported his family. He raised his honey, fruit, flour, meat, potatoes and other vegetables, so that the family never suffered for food.

During the times of the "Raid" (when the deputy U.S. Marshalls were after the Polygamists) a call would come to father to take some one over to Rabbit Valley, or other out of the way places to get away from arrest for "Unlawful Cohabitation." I remember these calls, usually at night, but I did not know their nature until later years. Father made many trips of that kind, and for which he never received a dime, other than his food and horse feed, as there was a well organized under ground to help the brethren get away from the Marshalls.

No one ever came to the Humphrey home for help and left empty handed. The home was small for the family, but beds could be made all over the floors to care for visitors. Sleepy children were moved from their comfortable beds to a quilt under them, and one over them, on the home made carpet laid over a good bed of straw.

Griffin was ordained an Elder at near the same time he was married. Upon moving to Salina he worked in the various church organizations, and later became president of the Elders quorum. He was ordained a Seventy, I believe by Seymore B. Young, date unknown, and for many years was one of the seven presidents of the quorum. He also was the Senior President for a long time until he became a member of the Bishopric when he was made a High Priest.

At the age of 75 father was found to have a cancerous growth on the outlet of the bladder. This necessitated keeping the incision open as long as he lived, and was not only very painful, but inconvenient. In his final days he had to suffer until his strong constitution was broken down, mercifully he went into a coma which lasted only a few hours when death released him in his 80th year.

He was the father of twelve children, seven of whom lived to get married and have children. Their first boy George J. died of membranous croup in Salt Lake at the age of 19 months. Alice died at age 3 of measles, Bessie died at age 3 of diabetes, Ethelbert died of Diphtheria at the age of 6 and Nellie (Ellen Maria) died of diphtheria at the age of six years. Thomas G. Jr. died in 1925 of pneumonia at the age of 48 plus, he had one boy who has since died. Elmina H. Scorup died of influenza in 1919. She was soon to become a mother. She left a husband and four children, three girls and one boy. Her husband James Scorup died the following

year. The children were raised by their Grandmother Ellen Humphrey. Elmina was 38 at the time of her death.

Father records that from 1875 to 1912, he baptized a total of 50 persons, mostly children. He had blessed and named 98 babies. He had confirmed 62 persons following their baptisms, I have not found an account of the ordinations to the priesthoods.

~

1 J.W. Humphrey is Joseph William Humphrey, "Uncle Will". He is the third son of Thomas Griffin Humphrey and Ellen Maria Bailey Humphrey.

## **Thomas Griffin Humphrey (1)**

by Rhoda Humphrey Gibson (2)

The flames that had destroyed the once proud and beautiful city of Atlanta were gradually subsiding, seemingly ready to expire with their prey. Geysers of fiery sparks no longer spurted heavenward. At longer and longer intervals a pale flare rose half-heartedly, only to be repelled by the dense layer of smoke that hung sullenly over the ruined city. It acted as a shroud to the dying hopes of its people. With the burning of Atlanta, realization of the fact that a triumphant Confederacy was now an impossibility was acknowledged by all thinking peoples of the South. The fact that Sherman had been able to cut the South in two and burn Atlanta was irrefutable evidence of the superior strength in both materials and man-power possessed by the North.

While people stood in silent and embittered despair, the sounds of heavy artillery could be heard in the distance. Cannon balls could be seen dropping near some of the groups who were aimlessly wandering away from their ruined homes. A ball was seen rolling toward some children who, unconscious of their danger, were watching a small snake slither through the dust. Young Joe MacKinney sprang forward saying, "I'll stop this ball of Satan's." The next moment he was lying on his back with his leg extended in the air. But the foot was missing! Blood was spurting rhythmically as his young heart continued its regular beat. "Griff, Griff, come quick! Joe's bleeding to death!" By the time the fifteen-year-old boy had torn an apron that had been handed to him as he ran to the injured boy, he had a tourniquet ready to apply to the bleeding leg. However, the effort to save Joe's life was futile. Loss of blood, combined with hunger, malnutrition and shock, took the life of the boy. Griff stood looking at his dead cousin. Tears were running down his cheeks when Dr. Murphy walked up to him and placed his arm over his shoulder. "Don't cry, Griff; nothing could have saved Joe's life. You have saved many men in helping me, but the odds are against us. Let's get these people moving.

When the United States declared war on Mexico John Humphrey enlisted. He was put aboard a sailing vessel and started for Vera Cruz. The ship was becalmed for days in the Gulf of Mexico, and all but one hundred twenty-three of the men died of scurvy. John was one of the survivors who reached Mexico after peace had been signed, but his health was permanently impaired. After he was mustered out and returned to his home in Georgia, he found that he had a new son in his family who had arrived on December 10, 1849, and bore the name of Thomas Griffin, affectionately called "Griff". He was a child who took to book learning and responsibility at an early age.

The war clouds were gathering and talk of secession was heard everywhere and the tension mounted in the Humphrey home as it did everywhere. The people loved their country and wanted to preserve it; but how could they understand the determination of the many in the North who seemed determined to destroy the way of life and the industry of the South? As the rift widened, the people realized that they had to fight for survival and go against the Government that seemed determined to ruin them. With sorrow in his heart, John Humphrey watched the conflict growing nearer; after Bull Run he joined the Men in Grey although he was still suffering from the illness contracted while serving in the Army of the United States. He was discharged because of disability and returned to find that Griffin, with Uncle Tom and Aunt Cindy (two slaves who refused their freedom) had the farm in fair condition. After his father's return, Griff went to help Doctor Murphy in his care of the sick and crippled soldiers who were returning from duty as disabled men. Destruction, privation and hunger took a heavy toll of life at this period. The Humphrey family moved to a home in Fayetteville. There was little food left

in the area scoured by Sherman's Army and its followers. Griff did every kind of work that he could find, from working in the fields to working in a distillery.

One evening two hungry, weary men knocked on the Humphrey door and asked for food. They were "Mormon" elders seeking converts and emigrants to Utah. Life was almost intolerable under the government set up in Georgia by the "Carpetbaggers". Many were dying of tuberculosis, induced for the most part by unsanitary conditions and malnutrition. The tenets of "Mormonism" were accepted and all but Griff became converts. Salt Lake City and Utah were veritable Zions to these people. Griff worked harder and sent the family west. After they were in Utah he sent them money as he was able, but he also began to save so that he might go to California.

After two years he arrived in Utah on a beautiful afternoon in spring. He was a man now, twenty-three years of age, an even six feet in height, slender of build with luxuriant dark brown hair and eyes of such a beautiful blue that they were the first thing a person noticed about him. He always looked directly at you when speaking and he held your gaze during the conversation. He seemed to be able to see truth or deceit and a story which had seemed perfectly logical was abandoned after the first sentence. His voice was pleasing and his delivery good; but in ordinary events he preferred doing things himself instead of using his persuasive powers to secure help from another person.

On the first Sunday morning that he was in Salt Lake City his sister Rebecca brought a friend home from Sunday School. "Griff, I want you to be a friend to my very best friend, Ellen Bailey. Ellen, this [is] the brother that I have talked about so much." Griff saw a tall young girl who was only two inches shorter than he was, with eyes as compelling as his were. However, Ellen's eyes were brown flecked with green one moment and green flecked with gold and brown the next. She had a blue ribbon tied around her head with a modest bow resting directly on the part which was always in the middle. Her hair was truly her crowning glory as it rippled and fell off her shoulders almost reaching to the tips of her fingers as she stood and shyly acknowledged the introduction. After a few minutes she left promising to see Rebecca soon.

"If I expected to stay in Utah and marry, that's the girl I'd court and marry," said Griff.

"Well, Son," said his mother, "Ellen is a good girl, but she is only sixteen."

"I don't mind being that much older than she is; but I am going to California."

Fate seemed to step into the picture at this point, for his mother began "ailing". She was a patient woman and did no complaining, but she was losing weight along with her strength. Griff found some work and remained at home. In about fourteen months she had a bad cold, developed pneumonia, and died. Rebecca had married. His father, badly crippled with arthritis, asked Griff to stay and take care of him. The dream of California vanished as Griff's five brothers looked to him for leadership. They were all working and contributing to the upkeep of the home, but it was Griff's responsibility to make that house a home.

He began courting Ellen in earnest, but under difficulties. They were never alone in a room together. To overcome this they conversed on a slate and when walking home from meeting they always took the long way home. However, there was another difficulty to be solved. Griff had not joined the Church and Ellen would not marry an "outsider". So Griff did what many others have done - joined a church to please the girl that he loved. On December 21, 1874, they took their marriage vows in the old Endowment House.

Their first home was with Griff's father and five brothers. Their first baby, a boy, was born on Mill Creek. The Church leaders wanted all of Utah, that had water for irrigation purposes, to be put under cultivation; so Griff and his family were called to go to Salina to help

build a settlement on Salina Creek and the Sevier River. Their worldly possessions were loaded into a covered wagon and the trek to the new home was begun. It took eight days to go the hundred and fifty miles. Some nights they made camp near a house in a village, while others found them all alone near a spring or small stream with stars overhead and coyotes around the small camp site.

A small house was built in Salina and the door was never closed to anyone. No tired or hungry person was ever denied rest or food. Where there was sickness in the town either Griff or Ellen, sometimes both, were called upon to help. They laid out the dead, made their clothing and their coffins, spoke at their funerals, and were present at the burials. Griff's father and youngest brother had both died and his other brothers had married; but the house was not empty, as seven (3) children had been born to them.

Griff received a letter from "Box B", the post office box of the "Mormon" church which were mailed the "call" to go on a mission for the spreading of the Gospel. He was to go to England for two years. He demurred, saying, "I have a wife and seven children and my duty is to take care of them. They shouldn't have to work to take care of me."

To this argument Ellen had an answer, "You know that the Lord will bless us and give us strength. You must answer the call."

Griff went.

The family struggled along for the two years that Griff was gone and for ten years after he returned, but he did not complain. He gave the two years to the service of his fellow man and to his God without any regret or complaint.

He was always interested in good government and clean politics, being the only Democrat on the Town Council for years. He helped bring culinary water into Salina the same as he had helped establish irrigation systems. Later the need for a sewer system was promoted by him. New churches, school houses, libraries, and city halls were all supported by him. He enjoyed working with trees and bought many new species and introduced them into Salina. His work was recognized and he was appointed to membership on various committees. At one time he met President William H. Taft; another time he was present at an interview with King Leopold of Belgium.

Griff and Ellen were growing old in years, but not in spirit. They celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. For years he had talked and planned to go back to Georgia while friends and kin-folk were still alive. He longed to see a sycamore tree, to hear a mocking bird singing in a magnolia tree, the fragrance of the jasmine haunted him. He was one of the many who had left beautiful lands to come to a desert state and had tried to make it blossom as the rose. He was missing the flowers and the trees and the verdant grasses that grew along the slow flowing rivers of his boyhood home. The hardships were forgotten, only the pleasant things were remembered. Atlanta must be a beautiful city again. He felt the cold weather more each year. Snow is for poets and children to enjoy. Wouldn't it be pleasant to be where you could talk about it, but not have to ever carry coal in and shovel snow out? He felt the cold to be more severe each winter.

He became ill and dreamed of warm and fragrant Georgia, talking of it in his delirium. Once more he saw the cotton fields and heard the singing of the Darkies as they sat around their cabins in the evenings. His old Mammy was rubbing his aching joints when he fell asleep on January, 2, 1929, and we hope that she was there to hold him in her loving arms when he reached the Land of No Return.

Notes:

1 This was originally titled "One of Many".

2 This paper was written by Rhoda Humphrey Gibson July 11, 1952. She was taking an English II class through the University of Utah Extension Division.

3 Eventually Thomas Griffin Humphrey and Ellen Maria Bailey Humphrey were the parents of twelve children.

fruit used in the manufacture of liquors.

It is my understanding that practically all the family with the exception of Griffin had been converted to the teachings of the Latter Day Saints. Uncle Tom Murphy, and Jesse Murphy, and other missionaries had been frequent visitors at the Humphrey home. John, remembering his promise to join the Mormons if Joseph Smith's prophecy concerning the war between the states (War Between the States) came true, was ready and willing to go to Utah. The harsh treatment inflicted upon the conquered and broken Southerners by their hated Yankee conquerors, no doubt helped them to make up their minds to get away from the land of their birth, and start anew where the past, if not forgotten, was at least overlooked.

It is my opinion that the Humphreys were a proud family, and even after coming to Utah they felt that they were superior to the emigrants that made up the common people they were among. The family with the exception of Richard, came to Utah in March 1870. Uncle Richard came in 1869 with the last pioneer emigrant company to reach the valley, the trans-continental railroad being completed, at Corrinne in 1869. The family was all baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in May 1870. Uncle Richard was baptized in Georgia in 1869. He brought Grandfather and his youngest son Booth down to Salina in 1877. Grandmother Humphrey died in Salt Lake City July 22, 1874 and was buried in the city cemetery. Aunt Rebecca was married to John Murphy April 13, 1874, the first of the family to be married. She had five children with Murphy, and after his death she married Edmund McClatchie and moved to Star Valley, Wyoming. With McClatchie she had additional children. I only knew Maud M. Odd, and Clarence. I must mention Aunt Rebecca's oldest son Thomas. When quite young, I can remember seeing him once, when we were visiting them in Ogden, while only 7 or 8 years old, he was leading a colt out to the ditch of water. He tied the rope around his waist so it couldn't jerk away. The colt became frightened and ran away.