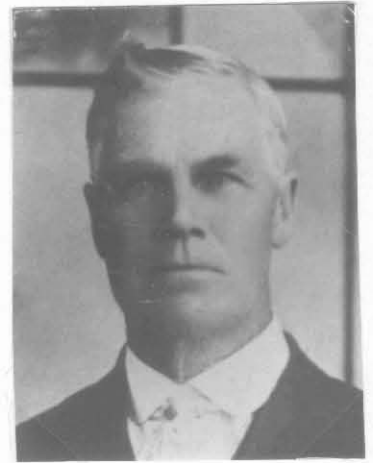


Sketch of Herbert Manwaring

by Teresa Holley Manwaring,
daughter-in-law



Herbert Manwaring was born in Sandbach, Cheshire, England, January 28, 1849. His father, Henry Manwaring was a shoemaker and his mother, Sarah Barber came from a quite well-to-do farm family. At least she was able to read, write, and spell well, able to sew, mangle, etc. as she had been sent to school. Most children didn't get any schooling unless they had money to pay for it. Sarah (Herbert's mother), was born 19 July, 1830.

As Herbert grew up to a boy of 9 years of age, he helped his father in the shoe shop, pulling nails, cleaning, and running errands. Also he would go to the tanners after extra leather and as he passed the store windows, would always stop and gaze at the things on sale. Then he would be a little late getting back to the shoe shop and would most always get a good "tanning".

He also had to look after his poor old grandfather, John Manwaring, whom they lived with. He was about 70 years old. Families lived in tenement homes as only the more well-to-do in money could own their own homes, and as the children got married, the folks would make room for them by moving back some.

At the age of 12 years, Herbert was baptized with his folks into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. He was hired out in the summer at the age of 13 to carry bricks from a company brick yard. But when winter came, he had to go back to the shoe making shop he didn't like.

When he was 15 years old, his father hired him out to a farmer at Brindley Green for one pound of sterling (\$5.00) per year, with room and board. He took care of horses, hitching them up to the carriages. Many times quite wealthy friends would visit them and they would always give him a little tip which seemed to swell his earnings very much. The second year, he had learned to plow and harrow, so his wages were raised to 2 pounds or \$10.00 per year.

His family had decided to save money for him to come to America with a company of saints which they understood was sailing April 26, 1866. Now Herbert was 17 years old and asked his employer for a release, but he would not give it to him. He then asked for permission to go to town, which was granted. Now, he took his

few clothes and went home, had his hair cut at the barbers, and the next morning, he and his father carried his small trunk and belongings through a field 6 miles to Crew Junction. He boarded the train for Liverpool and the next morning, boarded the sail boat, "John Brighton" for America--alone, leaving all his people in old England. (It must have been quite a strange experience for a boy who had never been only 4 miles from home in his life!)

As the ship lie in the docks, a bunch of Welch boys sang songs to cheer them on. And Brigham Young Jr., came on the boat to give advice and counsel to the passengers. When they were all loaded, a tug-boat pulled them out through the English Channel into the great sea. They sailed on with the breeze, 26 days on the ocean. The first 18 days was good sailing, then a wind came up and drifted them back for three days. Then a severe wind came and rocked and tossed the boat, rolling from side to side until they wondered if they would ever be saved. Many prayers went up for 2 or 3 days, p leading for safety. During this time, no food could be cooked and many were seasick. Finally, it became calm, and the passengers fell upon their knees in thankfulness for that sweet peaceful feeling. They then entered a great fog--finally passing through it. Such a wonderful sight--"the coast of Newfoundland" appeared. How they all sang and cheered for joy!

They sailed down the coast to New York where they unloaded in a large building. Then they had to walk a mile or so to carry their hand luggage to the steamboat landing, where they would get on and ride up the Mississippi River all night. Then they took a train headed to the frontiers of Wyoming. Here, they waited for the ox teams and wagons to move them on to Salt Lake City. The middle of June, 1866, they were all packed and ready for travel in wagons.

A man by the name of Bill Stewart asked this 17 year old Herbert to ride with him, to be his bookkeeper, clerk and driver, which pleased Herbert very much. He had the bacon wagon and no passengers. He found out that this man in company with four other fine men, was from Pleasant Grove and came to meet these saints. There was always plenty to do, gathering fuel, making fires, carrying water and helping with cooking and dishes. He was taken right in their company and treated fine. He had to learn to drive oxen. James Chipman of American Fork was captain of this ox train and Appollas Driggs was assistant.

James Cobbley took sick a few days and Herbert cared for his oxen. When he was well again, Cobbley was a good hunter and brought in a deer, antelope, chickens and always divided them with the emigrants. Indians often came to their camp to trade furs, hides and buckskins for flour and supplies, etc. *One day, a chief who could speak very good English, came into camp and offered to trade 20 head of horses for one of the white girls in camp. So, Parley Driggs was quite a man to laugh and joke, and said "yes" he would trade one of the girls for 20 head. They all laughed, until here came the Indians the next morning with the horses to trade for the white girl. Of course, the chief went away angry. In the next few days their cattle were stampeded by the Indians and they lost about 90 head of oxen and they*

knew it was this old chief that had caused the trouble. They really learned a lesson that was expensive to them. This company moved very slowly for a few days until more oxen could be obtained.

They were only half-way on their journey, when they found another herd of oxen that had been stampeded from a freighting company 3 or 4 days ahead of this train, so the boys rounded them up and put them into service. Of course they had to give them up when they reached the other company. But it was considered a great blessing to them. With all these few difficulties, they finally reached Salt Lake the 1st of September—just 90 days travel.

The next morning the Pleasant Grove boys left Salt Lake for their home and Herbert went with them as he was headed for Springville, which is 16 miles south of Pleasant Grove as he heard of a second uncle that lived there and he could make his home there and work.

Herbert walked the whole distance, found his 2nd uncle who was much surprised to see Herbert a lone boy. He was taken in their home and made welcome. Herbert worked for several farmers and within five years had earned enough money to send for his father, mother, and five brothers and two sisters. He went to Brigham Young and gave him \$150.00 he had saved and promised to pay the balance soon. President Young got the address of his family and said "they shall be sent for."

During these five years, Herbert's grandfather, John J. Manwaring passed away, leaving a little money to the family, so they were all ready to come to America when they got the word. They came by steamship and train all the way, but were very tired and worn out when they arrived Sept. 1, 1871. Two months later, a sister Mary, about 13 years of age, took sick with mountain fever and died. She was buried in Potters Field in Salt Lake and they have never been able to locate her grave. The family lived in Salt Lake for a year as Herbert now worked at Cottonwood. He was able to furnish them with flour and meat, etc.

His brother, George (song writer), then 20 years old got work in Teasdale's dry goods store as a bookkeeper. So the family got along quite well. During the next year, the family moved to Springville, purchased a small log cabin home and lived there the remaining years.

While in Cottonwood, Herbert got acquainted and fell in love with Clarissa Wilkins and were married in the Endowment House 23 May, 1876. Their parents at Cottonwood gave them a dance and wedding party on their return. He said they danced most of the night. The next day, they left for Granger where they homesteaded land for a home. The land was barren then, and they had many difficulties, back sets, drouth, and grasshoppers, etc. They didn't prosper much, were a long way from church, and had four children before any of them were blessed and named in the church. Uncle Hyrum was the oldest, and he said he

was 9 years old before he was named.

With not much of a grain or hay crop, Herbert had to work away from home a lot of the time to feed and clothe the family. Clarissa would milk the cow and hold the baby at the same time.

In the year 1889, there was a land boom all through Salt Lake, and they sold their belongings at Granger for \$2,000. They then moved to Mapleton, Utah and purchased a farm with no house. So they began to build a rough lumber two-room house, with bare floors.

They had seven boys and no girls. His wife, Clarissa, was quite sickly, so the boys took turns working in the house, (but didn't like it) taking a week at a time. The boys were all good house keepers. But they always wished for a sister and said that was a bad situation with no girls in the family. They sent 3 boys on missions.

My husband, Arthur said when he and his younger brothers scrubbed their board floor, it had 15 boards. The boys divided them, 7 on each side with 1 in the middle. There was always a dirty streak down the middle of that board, where they came together. The brothers all married Mapleton girls, and when they moved up to Idaho in 1908 (to Groveland), Grandfather and Grandmother Manwaring sold their nice home in Mapleton that was built when the boys were big enough to work and help lay the brick, etc.,....but they didn't want to live there alone.

Grandmother (Clarissa) was not very well, and in September, 1918, she

passed away at Groveland in their home the boys built for them. After her death, Grandfather (Herbert) went to St. George or Logan each winter and worked in the Temple until his health would not permit. Then he made his home with our family. I'm sure we all learned a lot from having him live with us. He was deaf, so the noise of the children didn't bother him so much.

PIONEER FARMER CALLED BY DEATH

Herbert Manwaring, 87,
Died of Infirmities of
Age Saturday

Funeral arrangements were going forward today for Herbert Manwaring, 87, a resident of Blackfoot the past twenty-six years, who succumbed Saturday evening at the home of his son, Arthur Manwaring. The service has been set for Tuesday at 12:30 from the Blackfoot first ward L. D. S. chapel. The body will be interred in the Groveland cemetery.

Mr. Manwaring was summoned at 8:15 Saturday evening from complications due to advanced years. His demise was not unexpected and members of the family were at his bedside.

Born on January 28, 1849, at Sandbach, England, Mr. Manwaring emigrated to the United States at the age of 16 years, as a convert to the L. D. S. church. He crossed the plains by ox team and arrived in Salt Lake City a year later. Within a period of four years the remaining members of his family joined him.

Mr. Manwaring resided at Cottonwood until his marriage to Miss Clarissa Wilkins. They were the first settlers at what is now Granger, Utah, where they resided 14 years, moving them to Mapleton, Utah, to remain 20 years. They moved to Blackfoot in 1910.

The deceased has been an active worker in the L. D. S. church and he was a member of the High Priests' Quorum. His wife preceded him in death many years.

He is survived by six sons: Hyrum Manwaring, president of Ricks college at Rexburg; Levi of Los Angeles; Orson of Groveland; Arthur of Blackfoot; Horace, Los Angeles; and David H., of Rexburg. There are 31 grandchildren and 5 great-grandchildren and two brothers, John H. Manwaring of Springville, Utah, and Albert Manwaring of Ogden.

The body rests at the Sandberg funeral home until service time Tuesday. 2-29-36