

ARTHUR AND TERESA HOLLEY MANWARING

by daughter Marie M. Anderson - June 1985

Arthur Manwaring was born to Herbert and Clarissa Wilkins Manwaring on April 14, 1886, at Granger, Utah. Herbert had homesteaded on this farm and suffered lean years before getting water enough for it. Then when other farmers settled up above him, their irrigation water swamped onto Herbert's farm so much that the crops died from too much water. Their sons were Hyrum, Levi, Charles (died at birth), Orson and Walter. Two more sons, Arthur and Horace, were born here before they sold the farm and bought land in Mapleton. In a few years they were able to build a brick and adobe home and were quite comfortable. Eight years after the 6th son was born, another son, David was born here.

The parents saw to it that they all attended church regularly. They must have attended "South Sunday school", because Arthur often, in later years, stirred sugar, cream and vanilla into a big bowl of fresh snow and called it "South Sunday school ice cream". The boys were able to go to school regularly here and my mother said she always remembered the Manwaring boys as having their hair hanging over their collars in back at school.

Arthur was 21 ½ years old and attending BYU academy when he was called on a mission to Australia. The day before he was to leave, he received a letter saying his calling had been changed to England and he would leave in a month. He and a Mapleton girl, Teresa Holley, had been going out a lot together and he asked her to marry him before he left for England. He says she said, "I guess so. I don't suppose I will marry anyone else." They talked to her Dad and he said he thought it would be all right. So they were married in the Salt Lake Temple and their folks gave them a dance and reception at the church. A week later, Arthur left for England. (married Oct. 23, 1907)

Teresa stayed with an aunt in Springville and clerked in a store and took piano lessons, saving her money so she could buy a piano sometime. Arthur was quite a clown and often told how, while on his mission, they visited the famous wax works. He ran ahead of the group of missionaries and climbed up on the ledge between the life-like statues, holding very still. When the missionaries came by they said, "Look, this one doesn't have any name plate," and then discovered it was Arthur. After his mission they toured around Europe some before going home. He returned home to Mapleton the day before Christmas, 1909. He and Teresa moved to Bingham Canyon where he worked in the copper mines for three months. His future son-in-law, Reed Anderson, was just two months old when he returned.

In April of 1910 they moved to Idaho with Arthur's parents and brothers, to farm--at Groveland. One brother, Orson, had bought 150 acres of land, 3 ½ miles west of Blackfoot, and the father and sons farmed together on it. Arthur and Teresa moved into a desolate two-room frame house as did the other sons and they were all close together. The next year Arthur built a kitchen and porch lean-to on the south of the house and planted trees and lawn all around it. Three years later, their first child, Marie, was born, with a mid-wife attending. The parents were 27 years old at this time and had been married six years with no children. Dr. W. W. Beck was their doctor for the rest of the family. Other children, Holley, Wanda, Basil and Rondo were born here.

Arthur and Teresa were very active in the church at Groveland. He was always in demand as a teacher and she was an MIA president for two years and a Primary president for five years. Both served as choristers. They both had beautiful voices and Arthur could sing tenor as well as bass. They often sang duets at funerals, weddings, and programs. Some people said, "They sing so beautifully, you can tell there is always harmony in their marriage." As far as we children could tell, there was mostly harmony between them, but there were often some lively disputes between them while they were practicing their songs. Arthur had his ideas of how it should be sung, but Teresa also had her's and if they did not coincide, she felt she should have the final say because she had studied music and he had

not. Some of their favorite songs were, "Larboard Watch", "Let the Rest of the World Go By", "The West a Nest and You", "In the Garden", and many other nice religious songs and several comedy songs like, "The Courtship of Tildy Johnson." When Arthur was asked to be ward chorister he said he "sweat blood" learning how to do it.

Arthur was often asked to speak at graduating exercises and special occasions. I remember going down near Moreland with him to speak at an 8th grade graduation. He first asked the class to explain "straight up" to him, and got them laughing. He loved to study and I remember being up early with him and mother before it was light, and he was reading by lamplight.

At one time he was a ward teacher in the earliest days of the Blackfoot Stake, when it extended up to include Shelley. He and his partner took their wives and drove with team and buggy to Taylor ward, east of Shelley, for Sunday afternoon meeting at 2 p.m., and back home in the evening. He didn't realize that the parents of his future son-in-law, Reed Anderson, were in that ward and Reed was just a toddler.

Teresa did not get back to Utah for many years. She once said there were some times when she would have gone home to Mother if she had had the money. Her father, Jim Holley never did get to see Idaho and the many wonderful streams of water he had heard so much about. But her mother and only sister, Hatsie, came on the train to visit them when their first child was 6 months old.

The Manwaring's all farmed together for about 7 years and then some moved to Rexburg where Hyrum was teaching. Levi moved to Utah. Arthur's mother suffered a stroke and died 26 Sep. 1914. This left only Arthur and Orson farming in Groveland. Father Herbert after this, spent most of his winters in St. George, Utah, and summers in Idaho helping the boys farm.

Arthur and Teresa acquired a "baby overland" car--with no windows, of course. We children had great fun urging, "Come on, baby" on our trips to Lava Hot Springs or to Rexburg to visit. Teresa as Primary president now had a car so she could load it up with Primary children and teachers. She didn't like to drive very much but Daddy insisted on her learning. One day, going home from town, he got her behind the wheel. Before she had gone very far, she ran off the road into the borrow pit and stopped with the radiator right up against a telephone pole. Were we scared! She just drove enough to get to her meetings, and never after Daddy died. This little car took us all to Mapleton when Teresa's father, Jim Holley, died 26 Mar 1918.

In 1922, Arthur was elected Bingham County Assessor and served for 4 terms (8 years). In the spring of 1925, when Rondo was a year old, Arthur bought a house in Blackfoot which had been burned right up the middle through the roof. He and his neighbors repaired it and the Manwaring's moved in. Arthur had 8 cows and 2 horses and established a dairy in Blackfoot, delivering milk to homes. The three children in school drove a cart back out to Groveland each morning until school was out. Then Arthur made the cart into a milk delivery cart which Holley drove each day, whistling all the way. Arthur lost the election in 1930 and worked as a deputy assessor to the man who defeated him, for two years. The depression was on and he was out of work for a while. Then he got a job as field man for the Blackfoot creamery and after that, sold cemetery lots for the Fielding Memorial park. He served, with Howard Anderson, as a counselor to Bishop James Yancey from 1935 to 1940.

Following a stroke in 1940, he was confined to his home for two years. After lying helpless in bed for 8 months, he was blessed to pass away at 56 years of age. Mother was his faithful nurse. His son, Basil, came home from his mission in Texas after serving for a year, to help Mother. Marie, Holley and Wanda were married. Rondo and Lorraine were in high school. Arthur died on June 1st, 1942. This was the day Basil and Edna had set to be married, so they postponed it for two weeks.

After Arthur died, Teresa and two children continued to live in the family home. Rondo joined the Navy and then served a mission. Lorraine attended college at Logan. Teresa worked at the J. C. Penny Co. in Blackfoot until they retired her, and continued to work downtown even after that. She was a widow for 25 years, loved and admired, and active until the last winter. She died in the spring of 1967 at age 81.

EARLIEST MEMORIES:

Some of my earliest memories of my Dad, Arthur, were his whistling as he went swinging down the lane with the milk buckets. His favorite was "The Glow Worm." He loved to clown, pull faces, play tricks, and give us kids rides on his back or his knees, bucking us like a pony. He and his brothers and my Mother could all play the harmonica very well. He was a good step-dancer and tried to tap dance while his last children were taking lessons, but it was too different. He and his brothers could turn several hand springs in a row when they were between 35 and 40 years of age.

While Teresa and two children were quarantined with measles, Arthur built a beautiful buffet on which to display their hand-painted wedding gift dishes, and drawers and cupboards to store linens and silverware. My mother said I was three years old, so it would be 1916. We had great fun hiding inside the buffet during the building. No wonder the smell of new lumber gives me a very nostalgic feeling.

I used to ride on the front of Daddy's cultivator in a little box he fixed for me when I was very small. One time as he rested while watering beets in the sandy soil, he built me a replica of the Salt Lake Temple out of wet sand and told me all about being married there and the many mirrors in the room. About 20 years later I was also married there and looked into the same mirrors and received the same blessings.

My Dad had a team of horses called "Cap" and "Bird"--big blacks. They would go anywhere just by his directions of "gee" and "haw", (right and left). He made us lots of whistles out of green willows. He was a handyman and could build or fix most anything.

On Halloween, the young men would try to unload the beet trucks, put the machinery on top of the sheds, tip over the toilets, etc. Daddy loved to get the last laugh on them. He caught an Elison boy and hung him up in the cellar by the heels. He made a straw man and put him out on the lawn; he hid in the spud cellar and scared one bunch of kids good.

He had stationary printed with the heading "The Farm Wee Maid" and a little girl's picture below it. He loved to arise at 5 a.m. and study by lamp light. He read "Snowbound" and "Evangeline" to us. He was an inventor. Just when he got his weed burner working, he read of a man who was already selling them. He hooked the ice cream freezer up to the gas motor on the pump and it worked--so fast that there was ice cream oozing out all over the place. He felt there must be some way to cook and preserve and sell Idaho Spuds, but did not live to see them dried and processed into potato flakes.

He raised sheep a year or two, buying when they were high and selling when they were low. Before my mother bought her piano, he sometimes looked at that money in the bank and hinted that he could sure use it. My Mother said "I thought he had his nerve". She bought her piano from a traveling salesman. Daddy often said it had been the choicest thing in our family.

My Dad loved to take us skating on the canals in winter and we always found our Christmas dolls tied to the top of the tree. He loved to read and draw and keep books. While county assessor he drew many fine maps for the office walls. This was more in his line than farming. He always said the Manwaring's were a very good people with plenty of "stick-to-it-tiveness," but what they needed was

better self-starters.

He always felt, during his days on the farm, that his study would help him to achieve something really worthwhile after he got his family on their way. He said to me once, "Many men make their mark in life after they are 60." It was sad to see his frustration and deterioration after his stroke. It was gratifying to see Mother's love and devotion to him during his illness.

My Dad always appreciated and evaluated and tried to profit by honest criticism. He expected others to do the same, but found that this attitude was not appreciated by most other people. My mother did not go along with the theory of "Constructive criticism". She said she would rather compliment people on their good points and leave the rest up to them, and have them like her.

My Dad, Arthur, left us a heritage of love of fun; love of music and dance; love of the Gospel of Jesus Christ; love of books; and the continual desire to improve ourselves, which we hope we never lose.

THANKS, MOM AND DAD!