

History of
CHARLES "M" SHUMWAY
BY RICHARD FRANKLIN SHUMWAY

Charles M. Shumway was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, on August 10, 1848, the son of Charles Shumway and Louisa Minnerly. His grandfather was Parley Shumway, who was born the 12th of November, 1774. Parley Shumway's father was Peter Shumway, who was born the 29th of April, 1735. Parley's wife was Polly Johnson. She was born February 22, 1780. Peter Shumway married Rebecca Leavens, who was born June 29, 1743. Peter Shumway's father was Jeremiah, who was born March 21, 1703. He married Experience Learned, who was born the 13th of November, 1729. Jeremiah Shumway was the son of Peter Shumway, born June 6, 1678, and who married Maria Smith of Boxford, Massachusetts, on the 11th of February, 1700 or 1701. She was born the 18th of December 1677. This Peter Shumway was the son of Peter Shumway, the French Huguenot who was born April 10, 1635, and whose wife was Francis R. Shumway, as stated in his will.

Father was 92 years old when he died. His father was 92 when he died. Parley Shumway was 77 years old when he died. We do not know how old Peter Shumway, the father of Parley Shumway, was when he died, but Jeremiah was 98 years old when he died. Peter Shumway, the father of Jeremiah, was 73 years old when he died, and the first Peter in our record was 62 years old when he died.

At the age of ten Father drove a yoke of oxen for the first time. The oxen were hitched to a wagon carrying all grandmother's possessions in the move south because Johnston's army was coming, and Grandfather and Uncle Andrew were away on missions - Grandfather to Canada and Uncle Andrew to England.

As a child he was taken by his father and mother to San Pete when they were called to settle down there. In 1852 Grandfather was called to go to Payson to build a saw mill and run it.

I have heard Father tell of the war with the Indians breaking out and of word coming that Dad Keel had been killed and of their huddling together in the schoolhouse awaiting an attack by the Indians. In 1853 Grandfather moved to South Cottonwood, and in 1856 he moved to Mendon in Cache Valley. Here Father grew up and got what little schooling he had, working from daylight until late at night helping his father on the farm, in the canyons, herding cattle, or doing whatever was to be done.

He was in Alabama and not far away when Elders Gibbs and Berry were killed by a mob, and I have thrilled to hear him tell about it and of how B. H. Roberts, then president of the Southern States Mission, disguised himself and went in and got their bodies. He himself had several narrow escapes from mobs. He said one night he and Elder Israelson were staying with a family of Saints. He and his companion were in bed. He turned to his companion and asked him how he felt. The both felt uneasy, so they got up, dressed, and stepped out into a corn patch which surrounded the house and had just gotten there when a mob came cursing and swearing. A path led through the corn patch to the river. To head off the Elders from taking a boat on the river a few of the mob ran down the path. Father said the night was so dark that he could have reached out and touched those men as they went by. Father and his companion made their way down to the river and walked under a ledge of rock jutting out over the river. Again they became uneasy and went out from under the ledge just as the mob with torch lights of pine knots came in at the other end. Then they took off their trousers and waded out onto a little island where they were safe and remained there the rest of the night. The next morning the Saints found them and fed them. They said one of the mob had said that if his damned gun had gone off he would have spoilt the front or bosom of Israelson's shirt.

Many wonderful experiences might be told of this mission as he related them. One time he and his companion were going down the road and decided to step out in the woods and have prayer. While they were praying a man on horseback passed. When the man had gone away he came to a fork in the road at which point he met a mob that was after the Elders. This man told the mob that the Elders were not on the road he came on and thus they were protected.

On a number of occasions they went hungry. One day he and his companion, hungry and tired, walked into the woods and lay down to rest. While lying on his back his companion looked up and saw an ear of corn tied to the branch of a tree. He climbed up, got the ear of corn, broke it in two, and each ate half. Father said he never felt more satisfied with a meal than after eating that corn. December 30 he was in Green River on his way home, and that is the last entry in his journal.

Imagine his joy on returning. His wives, Agnes, John, Sadie, Will, and Lucetta were there to greet him, Lucetta having been born while he was away. On returning he was still active in the Church - in the Mutual, Sunday School, and for many years as senior president of the Seven Presidents of the Seventh Quorum of Seventy. He was elected mayor of Clarkston two terms, although he never assumed this title but called

himself "Chairman of the Board. During his term of office the town took over the water works system and build a new system which is now being used by the town. During his administration the town also entered into contract with the Utah Power and Light Company for street lighting and thus made possible electricity for the homes of Clarkston.

In September, 1909, he received a book published and compiled by Asahel Adams Shumway of Atlantic City New Jersey containing some 2,655 names of descendants of Peter Shumway, a French Huguenot who came to America about 1665. This he purchased for \$5.00. He used it for temple work and spent all the time he could in doing this work. He was father of eleven children - six boys and five girls. His wives preceded him in death. He died December 26, 1942. His wife Sarah, in writing a sketch of her life in 1931, ended it with these words, "I am now 77 years old and enjoy good health. I have had the companionship of my husband 58 years. He has always been good and kind to me. We have lived in peace and love with each other. We love our children and they love us. They are all good and kind to us in our old age."