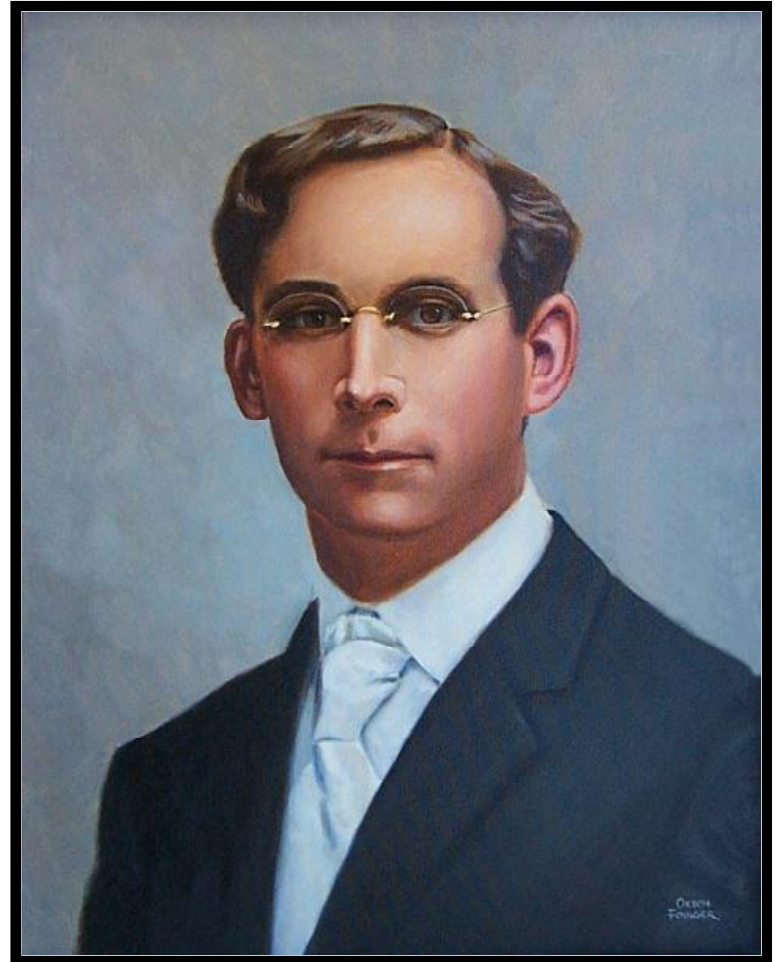


A Tribute to the life of ...

Moroni Winterton

September 28, 1882 - August 10, 1929



Prepared for the family reunion of September 6th, 2008, in Provo, Utah,
in recognition of the life and character of Moroni Winterton,
this being the 126th year of his birth and the 79th since his passing.

Cover image from an oil painting by Orson Foulger.

Preface

In 2008, JoAnn Thomas Waddell and Brenda Thomas Keeley set a plan in motion to honor the memory of our grandfather, Moroni Winterton. The event would be a family reunion and as part of the tribute, Larry Thomas asked if I would put together something that might serve as a permanent remembrance of the occasion. This booklet is the result of his suggestion.

The primary resources were Hyrum Winterton's autobiography, *Memories and Teardrops* (1961), and Allen Winterton's autobiography, *No Regrets* (2004). Hyrum and Allen being a brother and son, respectively, of Moroni. The booklet provides a brief view of the period from William Hubbard Winterton's marriage to Sarah Marriott in England in 1842, to Moroni's death in Salt Lake City in 1929.

For those interested, a more complete account of the life of Moroni and his ancestors, as well as the life of Allen Winterton and his family can be found in *No Regrets*. Copies are available at the BYU Library in Provo, the Orem City Public Library, the LDS Family History Library in Salt Lake City, the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C. [call #: 2005351326], and at www.winterton.us/family where it resides as an Adobe PDF file and can be read online or downloaded freely in total or by individual pages.

A companion to *No Regrets* is Ava Atwood Winterton's *Homemade*. It's available at all of the above locations, the only difference being the Library of Congress call number, which is: 2003475339.

Another resource for information about Moroni is the diary of his labors in the Southern States Mission from January 16, 1905 to March 10, 1907. His journal was transcribed from the original in 1992 with a limited number of copies printed. The transcribed version incorporates maps and period illustrations that were not part of the original manuscript. It is also available as a PDF document, and like *No Regrets* and *Homemade*, can be read online or downloaded at www.winterton.us/family.

Wayne Winterton

Winterton Family Roots

Moroni Winterton's grandfather, William Hubbard Winterton was born June 26, 1816. He was a stocking-maker in one of Nottingham, England's numerous textile mills.

Sometime around 1840 the textile mill was hiring and among those brought on board was an attractive teenage girl named Sarah Marriott, also a stocking-maker. Sarah, quite appropriate to our story, was born on Valentine's Day, 1825. It wasn't long before the two knitters of stockings had knit and purled their way into each other's hearts, and on October 24, 1842, they exchanged vows at St. Paul's Church in Nottingham. William was twenty-six years old; Sarah was seventeen. They lived first in an apartment near the factory where they worked, and later at a modest residence in Carlton, a hamlet on the northeast edge of Nottingham.

William and Sarah's first child was born March 28, 1843. They named him John. He died the following day. Fourteen months later Sarah gave birth to a second son, whom they also named John. The next child, another son, was born May 6, 1846. They named him William and he has a starring role in our story. The other children born to this union were Ann, Thomas, Hyrum, and Sarah.

In 1849, two well-mannered young men knocked on the door of the Winterton's Georgian-style home in Carlton and were invited in. They explained that they were from America, representing the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints - the Mormons. With William and Sarah's blessing, they proceeded to explain the tenets of their religion to the family.

William and Sarah listened, politely at first, then intently. They were intrigued with the message, and after several visits from the missionaries and much prayerful thought, William accepted the gospel.

On January 6, 1850, he was baptized into the Mormon Church, which in 1850 was a mere twenty years old. Sarah, more cautious than her husband, needed to hear more. But five months later, on June 3, 1850, whatever doubts she may have harbored were gone, and she followed her husband into his new faith. The older children, John and William were baptized on August 13, 1853, and July 16, 1854, respectively.



From
an 1800s
Valentine

In the mid 1800s there lived in Nottingham another family preparing to join the Mormon faith. They were William and Ellen Stafford Widdison, the parents of four children: Jane, Mary Ann, Elizabeth, and Ellen (better known as Nellie). Unfortunately, on January 17, 1855, William died in a tragic coal mine accident. A mere twelve days later Ellen gave birth to their fifth child, whom she named Heber William.

William Widdison's untimely death dealt a severe blow to the family. They had been preparing to leave England to begin a new life with the Mormons in the mountains of America. Now, the burden of raising a family of five children rested heavily on the shoulders of a 36-year old widow.

Surely Ellen's dream of going to Salt Lake now seemed out of the question. If they were to go to Zion, as the Mormons referred to the Salt Lake Valley, they would have to work and earn and save. But work and earn and save they did, and the strong-willed widow and all of her family eventually made the voyage across the sea.

The story of William and Ellen Widdison's family would have no place in the story of William and Sarah Winterton's family, except that Nellie would eventually become the wife of young William Winterton, and among their offspring would be Moroni Winterton, the subject of this little book.



The Nottingham, England Choir - about 1868.
The trio of girls on the left, are (left to right), Ann Winterton, Ellen (Nellie) Widdison, and Polly Squires.

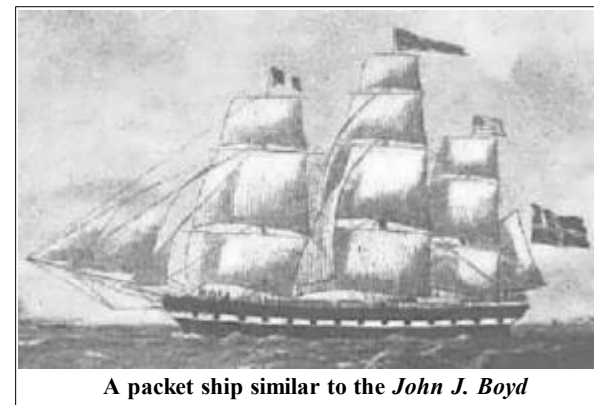
In 1854, the year of eight-year-old William Winterton's baptism into the Mormon Church, his eventual union with Nellie was half a world away and sixteen years into the future. Young William knew of Nellie in England because of her friendship with his younger sister, Ann. But neither William nor Nellie could have foreseen their life together in the future, in a land so far away.

Like many others in England who joined the Mormon Church, William and Sarah Winterton looked forward to the day when they would become one with the Latter-day Saints in the valley of the Great Salt Lake. They began saving for the trip shortly after joining the church.

It was now 1863 and thirteen years had passed since their first visit with the youthful missionaries from America. Although they were a frugal family, as mere stocking-makers they had only been able to save enough for three fares, a problem for this family of two parents and six children.

Nothing is known about how William and Sarah arrived at their decision, but a decision was made, and it was a difficult one. Father William would go first, taking the older sons John and William with him. Sarah and the four younger children would remain in England until William and the boys could finance passage for the rest of the family.

On April 30, 1863, the packet ship *John J. Boyd* with 767 Mormon emigrants aboard, sailed from Liverpool Harbor. William had mixed feelings about leaving his mother. He had to tear himself from his weeping mother's arms or be left on the dock. He would later state that he was the last to board the ship. Father and sons arrived at Castle Garden (the immigration processing center), New York on May 29, 1863. In the fall of that year,



A packet ship similar to the *John J. Boyd*

after an arduous crossing of the American plains, they reached Utah.

It took twenty-five years (1863-1898) to get all of the Winterton family to Utah, excepting mother Sarah who, after helping all of her children make the voyage, declined in a letter to her husband (about 1899) stating, "I am afraid I could not stand the long trip and especially the voyage across the sea." Sarah was now seventy-four years old and in ill health.

In 1864, William Hubbard Winterton took a second wife, Elizabeth Hughes, who passed away September 19, 1889.

William died March 16, 1890 and is buried in Salt Lake. Sarah Marriott Winterton died in Nottingham on February 19, 1902, and is buried there.

The Wintertons Arrive in Utah



Salt Lake City in 1855. It looked about the same when William Hubbard Winterton and his sons, William and John, arrived eight years later in 1863. The temple, under construction, is barely visible in the upper right.

In 1918, when William Winterton was 72 years old he asked a son and daughter, Moroni and Sarah Ellen Winterton Price, to write down his story as he dictated it - as he had never learned to read or write himself.

My 17th birthday was celebrated on board the John J. Boyd. We made a birthday cake and put it in the fire oven, but the rocking of the ship tipped it out into the ashes. The cooks rolled it up again, ashes and all, and put it back in the oven. There were only two small ovens about four or five feet square in which to cook for 700 passengers. We had to prepare our own meals, and nearly every time we tried to cook something, the ship's cooks would say, "There is no room," so we became discouraged and lived for a month on uncooked food.

As a boy of seventeen wants to see all that is going on, I saw a man buried at sea. A prayer was said, the plank was raised, and with one splash, the man was out of sight.

On account of the Civil War, we had to go around through Canada. We traveled for hundreds of miles through nothing but timber, sailing up the river nearly two days and finally reaching the Missouri River. While on board we were not allowed to sit or lie down. We were treated just like so many cattle.

We arrived at Florence, Nebraska, and found that the Rebels had captured the train the day before so we had to wait another twenty-four hours for more cars. When more cars came, they were boxcars with coal dust still in them.

Brother John R. Murdock was the captain of the company, with Abram Hatch as first assistant. We traveled with this train almost to the Black Hills on the Sweet Water. [Another wagon train, led by Captain Creighton, lost many of its

drivers to the California gold rush, so William and John switched from Murdock's company to Creightons, where they were offered \$20 a month to drive one of the teams.] Here is where I had my first experience with oxen, driving three yoke.

Just imagine a green city boy trying to keep track of where they belonged. I marked the leaders with a big mark on the outside, two marks on the outside of the next pair, and three marks on the outside of the wheelers; and believe me, I made the marks so they could be seen. I made the marks with dope [grease] off the wagon wheels.

On arriving at Devil's Gate, we turned our cattle out for the night. The next morning we found some of them dead, having drunk too much saleratus water [water with a high salt content]. We stayed here three or four days until a Mormon wagon train came along. The leader told Captain Creighton to get away because the saleratus water would kill all our cattle. Among the dead were two of mine.

We traveled so slowly that we arrived in Salt Lake about four weeks behind the company we started with. It was Conference time in the fall of 1863.

I stayed in Salt Lake until Conference and then went to Provo to live with Moses Cluff for \$5.00 per month, or 2½ yards of jeans with which to make a pair of trousers. After a month I went to live with James Stratton. I worked on Main Street [Provo], feeding a water wheel to grind flax to make rope. When the water froze up and stopped the mill, I pounded the flax by hand. When the rope was spun, James would sell it for about \$2.00, and he would buy flour and potatoes or



Devil's Gate



Wagon train working its way through Echo Canyon east of Salt Lake City.

something to eat. Sometimes he would get ten pounds of flour or some shorts or carrots. It kept us busy all winter trying to keep from starving.

In the spring of 1864, I went to work for Isaac Higbee for \$100.00 a year. By [the end of the year] greenbacks had gone down to 33-cents on the dollar and everything else had gone up, so I received only \$33.00 for my year's work.

My clothes had been patched so many times I didn't know the master piece.

In 1865, a person told me there was plenty of work around Wanship, so I went with there with him. He told me to wait at a barn while he found a man to give me work. I waited, but he never came back, so I slept in the barn that night alone.

I stopped at the home of Isaac Decker the next day. He offered me board to stay with him that winter. My brother John was there too. We fed a herd of sheep, cattle, and milk cows. We dragged wood from Cedar Hill in Decker's Canyon, chopping enough to supply five fires, one for each of his wives since they had to have their own fire. John and I had a room of our own.

After working the four winter months, we made a bargain to work one year for \$200.00 in land, so I received 20 acres - the land now owned by George H. Edwards, over by Arvil Scott's place. That was 1866.

There were Indian troubles and everyone was ordered to fort up, so Mr. Decker moved to Heber and sent me herding sheep northeast of Heber City. I worked for Mr. Decker a year and a half and never received a dollar in cash.

John and I made a little dugout near William Bagley's home and commenced putting up hay off our land. Because Mr. Decker would not help us put up the hay as he had agreed to do, we had to cut it with the scythe. Later we sold the ground to William Bagley for 1,400 feet of lumber. In the fall we had our little stack of hay. Mr. Decker paid us in sheep. We fed our hay to the sheep.

John C. Parcell and I herded sheep for James Bean and John Turner around the hills later owned by William (Billy) Wright. James Herbert, Mr. Parcell's stepson, who carried the mail by horseback once or twice a week from Provo to Heber, used to stop at Parcell's cabin to feed and rest his horse. One day he said to us, "If you boys would give me a name for this place I could bring your mail to you." We mentioned several names, but decided Charleston [possibly in honor of Charles Decker] was the one we liked best.

John and I lived that winter in our dugout on the flat at the mouth of Decker's Canyon and John did chores for William Bagley. He and I spent our winter evenings playing cards with Hannah Bagley and Ann Van Wagoner, who later became the wife of Joseph Bagley.

The next spring, 1868, I went with William and Charles Bagley as far as the head of Echo Canyon to work for the railroad, about where Evanston, Wyoming, now is. I worked until the work was done, half on the day shift and half on the night shift. I received \$3.00 per day and had to pay \$1.00 per day for my board.

In 1869, a Mr. Walker told John and me we could have all we could raise on the bench land if we would take care of his place, so we started to work. The following Sunday, President Hatch came to Finity Daybell's house and held a meeting. He wanted men to work in Provo Canyon to build a road and he didn't want any excuses. We had not gotten our crops in yet, but we went.

After working two or three weeks we came back and planted the crops. The grasshoppers were so bad that I had very little to depend on. Then I received word that my sister, Ann, and my brother, Thomas, had arrived from England and were with father in Salt Lake and wanted me to come for them. My father was tollgate keeper in Parley's Canyon.

I made the trip and when I arrived Ann told me she wanted to bring Ellen (Nellie) Widdison back here with her. Nellie and Ann had been friends in the Lace Factory in England where they both worked. Imagine my feelings, as I had no comfortable place to bring them to. I had seen Nellie and her mother in England but was never well acquainted. However, with Ann insisting, I went to Salt Lake and Nellie decided she would come back with us for a few weeks.

In Salt Lake I bought two chairs and stayed at my father's place overnight. Next morning we started for home, arriving about ten at night. We had no lights, no stove, no floor, hardly anything in the place. I left the girls with Tom and went to find my brother John who was visiting with the George Noakes family.

John and George Jr. came back with me, bringing a saw and an auger with them, with which we made a pair of bedsteads for the girls to sleep on. We made the beds out of Quaken Aspen logs. The next morning John and I cooked breakfast on the campfire because the girls weren't used to our work and ways.

It was just a little while before Conference in Salt Lake, and as I was going to haul coal from Coalville to Salt Lake, I asked Nellie Widdison if she wanted to go with me. She said, "No, we girls will come later with Brother Noakes."

I made another trip to the city, met the girls there, and they decided to come back to Charleston with me. On our way, while going through Parley's Canyon, I proposed to Nellie. "Nellie," I said, "If I would have you, would you have me?" She answered, "Yes." That was a great courtship. I was twenty-four years old; Nellie was twenty-one.

I continued hauling coal to Salt Lake City. I bought a little new step stove for \$30.00 which was greatly appreciated. I continued to haul until Christmas. When I returned home, Nellie went to live with William and Hannah Bagley where she worked until we went to be married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City on February 21, 1870.

During the summer, Pollard and I got logs out of Boomer in Daniel's Creek and we built two one-room houses. On December 10, 1870, Sarah Ellen was born. While living here I had an experience I have always remembered.

I was leading my horses to water when two men rode up to me and asked if I would trade my saddle for one of the horses they were riding. I decided I would and they went on their way. One of the men had frozen his feet and wanted a saddle to ride on one horse. It was ten in the morning when this happened.

That evening the sheriff came along and asked where I had gotten the horse. I told him. He said, "You are my prisoner. That is a stolen horse. Those men are mail robbers who had broken out of jail. They had gone to Springville and stolen those horses. You must go with me to search for them or I will take you to jail."

When we got down the canyon about two miles, there were stables where they took in travelers. The sheriff told me to look in the stables to see if the horse and saddle were there. They were. We concluded that the men were in the house.

The sheriff said, "You go in as you will know them. Hold your revolver on them and tell them they are your prisoners." The sheriff followed behind me.

When I entered the men knew me and said, "Your saddle is in the shed." I held the pistol on them while the officer searched them. They didn't have any weapons, not even a pocket knife. The sheriff left me on guard while he went to find Dick Jones, the Heber City Sheriff, as he had been gone two or three hours.

I stepped outside for a few minutes and while I was there the lady of the house came running to tell me the men were escaping out the back door. I told them to stop or I'd shoot. They came back swearing oaths. One of them was red headed, freckle-faced, and he came toward me with his hands clenched. He would have liked to get near enough to grab my pistol.

In the afternoon we started back to Heber with the men. President Hatch was the judge at that time. His son, A. C. Hatch, who was then a young man, watched the prisoners all night in the tithing office at Heber.

The next morning the sheriff and I took the prisoners back to Springville. There was a reward offered for these men, but I didn't know it, so I didn't receive a cent. The sheriff reported that he had captured the men himself.

My little log room was built about where Frank Webster's barn now stands. Later it was moved on what is well-known as the Baker Lots. It faced the East and had a small window in the West, and a little homemade door.

I got a man named David Love to make, by hand, with a tool called a draw knife, enough shingles to cover the roof. This was the first shingle roof in Charleston. Here my oldest son, William Heber, was born [October 4, 1874].

I started to clear land and build a log home on my homestead. Nellie was a willing worker and our home was clean and homelike. Our first to be born in this house was our son John [August 31, 1876].

In 1882, our family had diphtheria, a dreaded disease in those days. We weren't quarantined, but people didn't like to come where the disease was, so I was left alone to doctor my sick. During this time, Moroni was born [September 28, 1882].



William and Nellie Widdison's early home in Charleston, Utah. Children born here were John, Hyrum, Ralph, Moroni, and Malissa

A week after Moroni's birth, John, then seven years old, died with the disease. I washed and laid him out. Sisters Margaret Hicken and Mary Crook, made his clothes and dressed him. Eli Gordon and Isaac N. Brown came with a wagon and team. I carried my son to the wagon and we went to the grave and laid him away.

Ten children were born to us. Eight of whom grew to manhood and womanhood. Four of the sons filled missions for the Latter-day Saint Church.

Our hard toil was crowned with success financially, but my Nellie's health failed. On March 8, 1889, she died, leaving me with eight children; Sarah, Eliza, William, Hyrum, Ralph, Moroni, Fred, and seven-month old Malissa.

The cause of Nellie's death was a goiter [enlarged thyroid]. She choked to death at the dinner table. There was a concert to be given that evening in the Ward, and the family was preparing to go. She was loved by all who knew her. She was buried March 10, 1889, in the Charleston Cemetery.

Three years after Nellie's death, William married Jane Steadman. It was a marriage of mutual need that blossomed into love. William needed help with his children; Jane needed a husband. Hyrum Winterton writes:

With William Winterton's courtship and second marriage in the year 1892, a wonderful stepmother came into our home. No one could have a better and kinder stepmother than we had. It came about as I will here explain.

During the dark days of polygamy, there came a Mr. John W. Price, traveling under the assumed name of John Jones. He, with [one of his wives] and family, was seeking a place of refuge where he could evade the U. S. Marshal.

He went to father's home and told his story. Father succeeded in securing the old Eli Gordon home for them. The house was about a half mile from our home. A strong friendship grew up between those two men and their families. In the course of time, Brother Price moved back to his own home in Mill Creek, and our family always had a place to stay whenever in Salt Lake Valley.

One day Brother Price said to father, "William, I would like you to meet a young woman. She is a good girl twenty-eight years of age. She comes from a good family. The mother would like the children to marry, but the father is strongly opposed to their marrying at the present time. The father would not allow you in their home, but I think I can persuade the girl to come over to my place to meet you. Her mother will help me in making such arrangements."

Accordingly, arrangements were made and the two met each other without the knowledge of father Steadman. Father made a special trip for the purpose of taking the girl to Charleston, so she could see the home and meet all of the family.

She could then make up her mind whether or not she wanted to make such a venture as marriage and assume the responsibility and care of a large family. So, Aunt Jane as we loved to call her, visited us in our home.

My father and Aunt Jane lived together as a happy pair for thirty-seven years. To us, the name of Aunt Jane is as sacred as is the name of our mother.

William built a new home in Charleston in 1899. Shortly after construction was completed, his team of horses ran over him with the mowing machine and the point of the guards on the machine pierced his hip. His head was also badly bruised and he never fully regained his strength.

In 1915, he became ill with erysipelas, a painful inflammation of the skin. He recovered from the disease and enjoyed reasonably good health until 1926 when he was hospitalized with a hernia and ailments incident to old age.

William died September 14, 1929, aged eighty-three years.



Moroni's Early Years

In 1859, Brigham Young sent a few families under the leadership of Joseph R. Murdock to settle the Wasatch valley. The area was later opened to homesteading and among the families that staked claims were John and William Winterton. In the Wasatch County book, *How Beautiful Upon the Mountains*, page 997 records the following:

Industries in Charleston have played an important part in community life. Typical of these was the Upper Charleston Canal Company. Water was brought to the town by the system in 1875 through the efforts of John and William Winterton.

By 1882, Charleston had grown to two dozen families, most of whom lived within the triangle created by the two forks of Daniel's Creek and the Provo River. The northern most home in the triangle was William Winterton's, a small structure of hand-hewn logs [see photo on page 9].

Moroni was the seventh of William and Nellie's ten children. Hyrum Winterton recalls when the family traveled to Salt Lake to visit Grandfather Winterton, then 67 years old.

Grandfather never saw Wasatch County. He lived in Parley's Canyon. In 1883 my parents took us to Salt Lake. I remember being at his home. We called his wife Aunt Bessie. They treated us nice, but when grandfather caught us in the strawberries, he told us what to do, "Get out of the berry patch!" I don't think he even smiled.

That was the only time we saw him. He was the only grandparent us children ever saw. The purpose of the trip was to have our pictures taken. Brother John had died and mother had no picture to remember him with.

Mother made dresses for the girls and pretty suits for the boys. How proud I was in my velvet-trimmed suit with pretty brass buttons. I stood by her side with my hand on her chair.

Moroni was on her knee. I was five years old. Moroni was eleven months old.



Nellie Widdison Winterton holding Moroni. Hyrum at right. August 1883.



Moroni Winterton, five years old, 1887.

William and Nellie owned ten acres on Danielø Creek. It took frequent crossings to do the chores. Hyrum recalls how he and Moroni watched their dad cross the creek.

Father kept good horses and he was expert in handling them. When he got in the deep swift water, he would be going downstream. Near the landing point, father would speed up the horses so the water would not swing the wagon around too fast.

Moroni was seven years old when his mother died in 1889. The next few years were difficult for the family.

Hyrum describes the first Christmas after Nellieø death. *I hung my stocking on Christmas Eve as family custom dictated.*

But in the morning the customary gift of an orange was missing, and in its place, a stick. Thinking it some kind of joke, I went to my father, but received no comfort. Thus passed the first Christmas after mother's death, disappointed and in sorrow.

As Moroni matured, the beauty of the land, the brilliance of the evening skies as the sun set over the snowcapped Wasatch mountains, and the sounds of the birds were especially pleasant experiences to him.

He was more inclined toward the arts than his brothers and sisters, with the exception of his sister Della, whose beautiful paintings grace many family homes. Moroni could see and hear the beauty of his surroundings in a way that set him apart. Not that he felt different, or thought of himself as better, but he always felt a special kinship toward his environment.

As a child he could carry a tune, a skill that would later be appreciated by many as he led church choirs and congregations in raising their voices in song. As he grew up he discovered that with little effort he could pick out melodies or accompany others by playing chords on the piano. Every musical instrument he picked up was at home in his hands. His natural inclination to music was no fluke as his mother had once sung with the Nottingham (England) Choir.

Moroni as a Young Man

When Moroni was in his teens he saved enough to buy a clarinet. The purchase included six free lessons, given in the hope the budding musician would buy more. The family didnø have the money to spare so the six lessons constituted the whole of his formal music training.

Moroni may not have had the skills to join the New York Philharmonic, but he had a natural knack and he became a charter member of the Charleston Brass Band, a group as admired by the Wasatch Valley farmers as the Philharmonic was adored by the New York elite. For years the band gave concerts and played for community dances throughout the area.

He also played clarinet for the Wasatch County Orchestra and the Magna Orchestra. He was equally at home with the piano, saxophone, mandolin, guitar, and banjo.

The demands of farm life prevented him from developing his musical talents to their fullest. As a practical man, he applied himself to the land with the same dedication he gave his music.

Moroniø ability to make friends and mix well in public made him a popular young man and he courted some of the prettier girls in the valley. On one occasion, he had taken a lovely young lady by the name of Sheila Carlile to a dance. Sheila later married Moroniø brother, Fred.

Moroni loved to dance. On this particular evening, he and Sheila must have danced very hard because they were both exhausted when the evening was over. Moroni helped Sheila into the buggy, and with a cluck and a light flick of the reins, he started the horses toward the Carlile home.

As Sheila rested against Moroniø shoulder, he was thinking about the pleasant evening, the good music, and how wonderful it was to be young and alive. Sheila dozed off first, secure at Moroniø side. Then Moroni fell asleep as well.



Moroni Winterton, about 15 years old,



Haying time on the Charleston farm. William Winterton (age 75), looks on as son Moroni (age 39) relaxes aboard the mower. 1921 Photo.



Moroni Winterton, 17 years old, 1899.

Without guidance from the reins, the horses started walking toward the Winterton pasture. Moroni was startled to hear splashing sounds as they started across Danielø Creek.

Moroni struggled to regain control of the horses, waking the sleeping Sheila in the process. One can only imagine the look on her face, followed by gentle teasing as Moroni tried to turn a disinterested pair of horses in midstream and once again into the direction of the Carlile home.

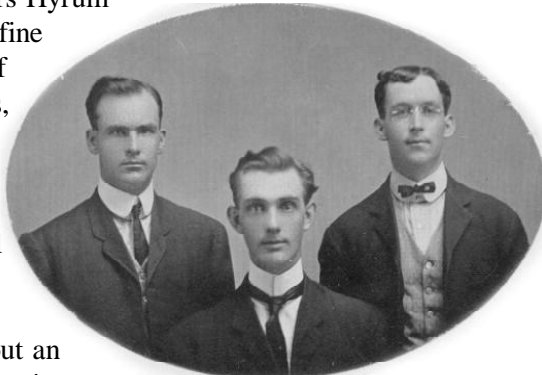
In 1905, when Moroni was twenty-three, he was called by the church authorities to serve as a missionary to the Southern States Mission. He spent the next two years (January 16, 1905

to March 10, 1907) doing the Lordø work in South Carolina and Georgia.

After he married and had children, he told of difficulties encountered with people hostile towards the Mormons, and of the successes he had experienced in bringing others to an understanding of Christø teachings.

He teamed up with brothers Hyrum and Fred and began importing fine breeding stock and raising beef cattle. The Winterton brothers, along with John C. Whiting, have been credited with the establishment of the Wasatch Valley as the Hereford Capitol of Utah.

It was a different world in those days. Hyrum writes about an occasion in 1909 when he, Moroni, and two other men from the Wasatch



Moroni Winterton on right with fellow missionaries, 1905.



Salt Lake City (temple at far left), 1908.

Valley drove some newly purchased cattle through the streets of Salt Lake. The purchase was made at a place called Antelope Island.

After we bought sixty head, it was time to move the herd to the Wasatch high country. The cattle had to swim from the island to the shore near Farmington, Utah, then the cattle drive began.

The cattle were herded south from Farmington, right through the center of Salt Lake City, traveling down 2nd West Street, through the small town of Murray, through a canyon, and on to Charleston. The cattle drive took three days, covering a distance of about sixty miles.

There weren't many automobiles in Utah in 1909 and driving cattle through the middle of the city hardly turned a head, except the heads of highway department workers who had to clean up after the animals.

When Hyrum and Moroni finally got the cattle to their destination, they turned them out to pasture in the open range between Wallsburg and Charleston. They waited until spring to see if their investment had grown.

In the spring of 1910, Hyrum and Moroni spent time riding the range to check on their cattle. They were pleased to note that nearly all of the cows had given birth to young. A few weeks later it became evident that something was wrong. A further check found that only half of the cows were nursing calves.

Suspecting rustlers, they returned to town for supplies, a pack horse, and to ask a friend, J.N. Casper to help them locate the missing calves.

The next morning the three men struck out through Danielø Canyon, then turned south and traveled along the main ridge that separated the canyon from the little village of Wallsburg. They camped the first night near a place called Second Set Canyon.

The next day, armed with high-powered binoculars, they spotted two strange men on horseback coming down off Strawberry Peak and heading toward Glen Cabin Springs, one of the places where the Winterton cattle was being pastured.

Hyrum, Moroni, and J.N. headed toward the area. But by the time they arrived at where they'd seen the strangers, they were gone and the cattle



Moroni Winterton
25 years of age - 1907.

were moving as if spooked. J.N. suggested they stop searching to avoid riding into an ambush by the rustlers. Everyone agreed.

In 1910, cattle rustling could be a crime of grave consequences, quite literally, and rustlers were often desperate men.

The trio turned their horses down canyon and rode to Wallsburg asking if anyone knew who might be in the Glen Cabin area. They learned that a former outlaw with an artificial leg named Henry Wilbur "Bub" Meeks was living in the area with his nephew.

Bub was no stranger to the law. He was a no-account who had run with the Wild Bunch and was involved in both the Castle

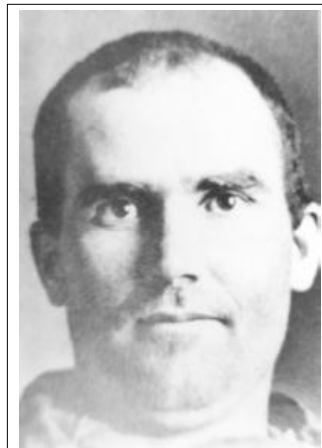
Gate (UT) and Montpelier (ID) robberies, the latter being his undoing. On August 13, 1896, Bub, with William Ellsworth "Elzy" Lay, and Robert LeRoy Parker, better known as Butch Cassidy, made an unauthorized withdrawal of \$7,165 from the Montpelier Bank.

Butch became a folk hero along with the Sundance Kid, but Bub was not so lucky. He was captured and ended up in the Idaho State Prison.

Bub hated prison and tried to escape. First, by eluding a guard on a work detail during a snow storm, but tracking was easy and he was soon recaptured. Later, when near the prison's front gate, he made a frantic dash for freedom. Overestimating his aptitude for rational judgment and athleticism, and underestimating the shooting eye of Deputy Warden R.H. Fulton, he took a bullet to his left leg that resulted in its amputation at the knee.

He later ingested soap in hopes of escaping from the infirmary, but it only resulted in his becoming a much cleaner man - inside and out.

In August 1903 he finally escaped by overpowering a hospital physician and stealing his horse. He was never recaptured, leading one to wonder if the law decided a one-legged outlaw was really no outlaw at all.



Henry Wilbur "Bub" Meeks
once threatened the lives
of the Winterton boys.
Idaho State Prison photo

Discouraged by the lack of two good legs, Bub's days with the Wild Bunch were over. He hid out at his brother's place in Wyoming, and later in Utah with his nephew in his hometown of Wallsburg. Neither Bub nor his nephew were above rustling to make ends meet.

A week or so after Hyrum, Moroni, and J.N. returned from their unsuccessful hunt for the missing calves, they learned that Bub's nephew had been hauling veal and beef to Park City and selling it.

They were certain that the beef going to Park City was Winterton beef, but they had no proof. Just the same, word got out that they suspected Bub and his nephew of rustling their calves.

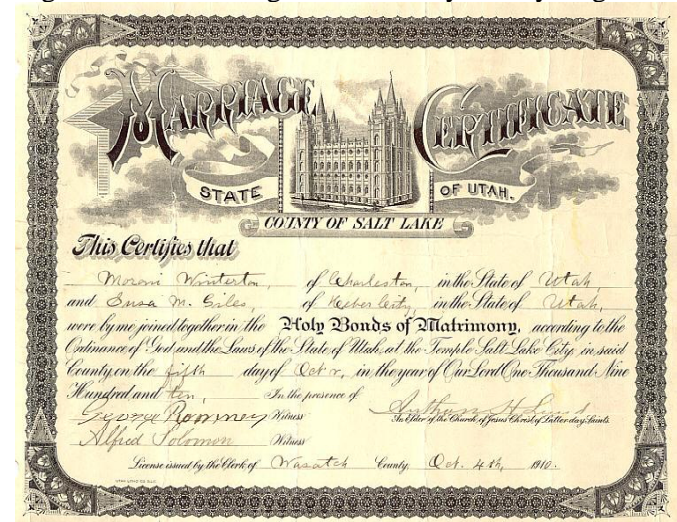
Family friend George Edwards warned Hyrum and Moroni to stay out of Wallsburg; that Bub had put the word out that he was going to kill the Winterton boys for calling him a rustler. Shortly afterwards, Bub's family had him declared insane and committed to the Wyoming State Hospital at Evanston where he died in 1912.

At this time, Moroni was courting Susa Mabel Giles, unquestionably one of the more attractive girls in the Wasatch valley. He was proud to be seen in her company, and she was equally proud to be seen in his.

Moroni, was twenty-seven years old when he proposed marriage to the twenty-four year old Miss Giles, and to no one's surprise, she accepted.

Moroni's brothers, Hyrum and Fred, were already married and they were elated with Moroni's choice for a wife.

The Winterton Boys were known as good honest hard-working men and Moroni was looking forward to starting his own family. The young couple were wed October 5, 1910 in the Salt Lake Temple.



Moroni and Mabel's
wedding certificate,
dated October 5,
1910. The marriage
was performed by
Anthony H. Lund.
Witnesses were
George Romney and
Alfred Solomon.

Moroni and Mabel

After tying the knot, Moroni and Mabel built a home in Charleston and started their family. The children, in order, were: Della (4-2-1913), Allen (1-31-1915), Lucile (3-25-1917), twins Vernon and Vera (5-16-1919), and Beth (2-15-1921).

Their home was similar to most of the era.

It had neither electricity nor running water. Instead, lighting came from smelly kerosene lamps and water was hand-pumped from a well behind the house. Within ten years, however, Moroni had the home electrically lit and water piped from outside to inside with a modern plumbing system.

Moroni and Mabel were loving parents and taught by example and teachable moments. Allen provides three examples of Moroni making the most of the teachable moment. The first was when he got caught with his hand in the neighbor's cookie jar.

My Uncle Fred and his wife Sheila lived next door. As family we were very close, and in that way we felt free to come and go within each other's homes.

On this occasion, Uncle Fred and his family were away for the day. For whatever reason, I walked into their home and helped myself to something tasty.

Although I've long forgotten the nature of the treat, I remember the lesson on honesty delivered by my father that day.

I don't know how I was found out, but when Uncle Fred and Aunt Sheila returned, my father approached me and said, "Son, it's time for a walk."

During the walk from our house to Uncle Fred's, my father instructed me in the finer points of family etiquette. By the time we reached Uncle Fred's door I knew exactly how I had erred and what needed to be done to make things right.

Dad had me knock on the door. The door opened and I was invited in. Once inside I apologized for my errant behavior and promised to be a better boy in the future.

As simple as the lesson was, it has always stayed with me. I'm sure my father would be surprised that I remember the event at all. I think as parents we sometimes fail to recognize the impact the simplest lesson may have on the lives of our children, especially when delivered with kindness and love.



Moroni & Mabel's Charleston home, 1911.

The second example was a family favorite for years. It wasn't funny at the time, but the family got a lot of mileage from telling the story.

My sister Lucile had pretty hair. It was full of blond curls and mother kept it in long ringlets. Dad and mother had left the house for an hour or so. I was five or six years old, making Lucile three or four. For some unknown reason, the two of us decided to play barber shop. We pushed a chair outside and set it on the back porch, right by the old hand-operated water pump. I can see the two of us on the porch as I write.

With scissors in hand, I restyled Lucile's hair, giving her the haircut of her life. By the time mother and dad returned, Lucile still had all of her ringlets, but not a one was on her head.

Once again dad and I had a conversation. He was still stern. He was still loving. But he was definitely grieved and he let me know it. Mother and I both cried after the incident, but for different reasons.

The third example took place during the 1921 Wasatch County Fair. Talk about being a role model and knowing how to get his point across

While we were walking around the Wasatch County Fairgrounds dad spotted a lady's purse in the dirt. We knew dad well enough to know that finding the purse meant a major shift in the day's priorities.

We had traveled a long distance from our home to attend the fair, and in those days getting around was much more difficult than it is today. But finding the lady's purse meant the end of fair rides and fun for that day.

The thing I remember about the incident, besides the importance of returning a lost purse, was the effort dad took to find out who the purse belonged to, and the amount of time it took to return it to the lady. After asking around the fairgrounds, dad determined it belonged to a lady from Stringtown.

Stringtown no longer exists, but it was a town between Charleston and Midway. We left the fair and headed for Stringtown. Dad hunted and drove, inquiring along the way about directions until he found the lady. It was important for him to do this. He wanted us to see how seriously he took the matter of returning lost property.

The lady was thankful beyond words to have her purse and money back. We were thankful as well, but mostly to have the search over. Nothing was said about how much of the fair we missed, but we were hoping dad didn't find another purse.

A few years after the County Fair episode my brother Vernon found a purse containing twelve dollars. Twelve dollars may seem a paltry sum these days, but it represented considerable purchasing power in those days, especially to a young boy. As youngsters, we never saw twelve dollars in one place.

The purse belonged to Joe Widdison's wife. Vernon followed dad's lead, taking time and effort to return the purse to Mrs. Widdison with money intact. Dad had been a good teacher!

Moroni was active in church and civic affairs. From 1918 to 1923, he was second counselor in the Charleston Ward bishopric. In 1915 and again in 1917 he was elected Charleston Town Trustee.

In 1922, because of a chronic problem with asthma, Moroni sold the farm and the family bought a house (657 Wilmington Avenue) and grocery store in Salt Lake.

Those were difficult times. The business venture didn't turn out as they had hoped. The only kind of work Moroni had known had been cattle and farming. Living conditions in the city were uncomfortable, the family experienced financial pressure, and the store was failing. The problem, at least in part, was Moroni's trusting nature. He allowed credit to everyone and his recordkeeping skills were poor. After two years, he lost the store and was out of a job.

He tried selling real estate, life insurance, vacuum cleaners, and a dozen other marginal-type ventures. During that same time, Mabel cut her finger

Official List of Nominations for Municipal Officers of the Town of Charleston	
To be voted for at the Municipal Election to be held Tuesday, November 6, 1917.	
CITIZENS TICKET	
○	
FOR PRESIDENT OF TOWN BOARD JAMES RITCHIE	FOR PRESIDENT OF TOWN BOARD
FOR TOWN CLERK MORONI WINTERTON	FOR TOWN CLERK
JOHN H. PRICE	
GEORGE PRICE	
JOSEPH FARLEY EDWARDS	

on a piece of broken glass from the kitchen floor and contracted blood poisoning. The infection, not treatable then as now, landed her in the hospital for eleven weeks and the eventual amputation of her finger to save her life.

Allen recalls, *We never went hungry, but in retrospect I think my parents must have been worried about making ends meet. If not for us children, it was surely a trial for mother and dad.*

After trying his hand as a business man and then as a peddler of hard-to-sell things and finding little success, Moroni needed something that could capitalize on his rural background. He found it in the small copper mining town of Magna, Utah.



Moroni at age 40 (abt 1923)

He learned that the Utah Copper Company was hiring laborers and paying well - \$3.50 a day! He got on with the company, but getting to and from work required a fifty mile round-trip commute. Moroni and Mabel decided it was time to look for a home in Magna. They found it on Magna's southwest side and the family made the move.

Moroni was active in church and often led the singing and directed the church choir, callings he thoroughly enjoyed. It would have been difficult, if not impossible, to find someone in Magna who didn't like the slender farmer from Charleston. He was laid back, easygoing, and quick to smile.

Mabel, like her husband, was easygoing and friendly and had a good word for everyone. They didn't send their children to church, they took them. Moroni was an excellent speaker and was often asked to speak at church. People enjoyed his home-spun down-to-earth delivery.

Allen writes, *He played with us kids in the wintertime. He would come outside, gather us together, hook our sleighs to the rear of the car and pull us along the side roads. This may sound dangerous, but there wasn't much traffic in those days and he drove slow through the deep snow.*

Making \$3.50 a day while raising six kids, paying rent, and putting food on the table didn't leave much for gasoline. Moroni walked and whistled to and from work each day. Anyone who cared to listen could hear his outlook on life in the melodic tones of his whistling.

The home they rented belonged to a Greek named John Papanikolas. It had one bedroom, a kitchen, and a living-dining room combination separated by an archway to give the appearance of two rooms. The bathroom was a path instead of a bath behind the house.

Mr. Papanikolas was heavy-set with an ever present cigar. He collected the \$25 rent on the first day of each month. Mabel always had the money ready. When she saw him coming, she would hasten out the door. She didn't want the Greek man's smelly cigar smoke in her house.

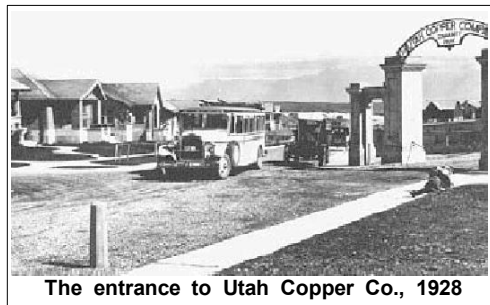
Bathing was a Saturday night ritual. Baths took place in a #3 tin tub. Water was heated on the stove and poured into the tub. When the water reached a depth of three to five inches, the bather got in, washed up, rinsed off, and got out. Total elapsed time, quick! The smaller children were usually scrubbed in tandem before emptying the tub in the back yard in preparation for the next bather - or bathers.

Sleeping accommodations were limited by today's standards. There were two beds in the bedroom and a davenport (hide-a-bed) in the living room. Moroni and Mabel slept in the living room on the davenport and the children slept in the two beds in the bedroom.

About life in a small house, Allen wrote, *Two beds for six children provided little in the way of privacy. My brother Vernon and I and one of the girls slept in one bed, and the other three girls slept in the other bed.*

Mother and dad were sticklers about standards and modesty. The girls would go into the bedroom and change into their night clothes and get into bed, then Vernon and I would do the same. We never considered the crowded sleeping conditions as a problem. It was just how things were and we never gave it a second thought.

Moroni began as a laborer in the mill, but it wasn't long before his name surfaced as the perfect choice to do gardening work. The job was offered and he was grateful for the change in duties. His job included landscaping the homes of company executives as well as the offices and other buildings owned by the company.



The entrance to Utah Copper Co., 1928

Work in the mill had been dirty, repetitive, and physically exhausting. Landscaping wasn't easier than mill work, but mowing lawns, planting flowers, and trimming bushes was a lot more satisfying to the Charleston farmer than sweeping floors, rolling drums of acid about, or washing ore tailings.

Moroni undoubtedly got the job because of his rural background. There may not be an obvious correlation between landscaping and musical abilities, but he had a flair for the artistic, and creating aesthetically pleasing flower beds was right up his alley. He took pride in his work and it paid off in compliments from townspeople and company officials alike.

He loved buying plants in the spring, and then creating the bedding and arranging them in ways that made the best use of foliage and colors. He didn't just stick plants in the ground and hope for the best. He understood soil, the need for nutrients and drainage, and which plants needed sun and which did best in the shade. Moroni's plants thrived and so did he!

Before long he had established himself as a highly competent gardener. He enjoyed a reputation as a hard worker, a self-starting person with creative initiative, and someone who could be depended upon. Moroni had found his niche at the Utah Copper Company and both he and the company liked the arrangement.

It was 1929 and what looked to be a promising future for the Winterton family was about to end in heartache and hard times.

On August 10, 1929, Moroni passed away. Allen tells the story:

I was fourteen years old and dad arranged for me to spend the summer in Charleston with my grandfather, William Winterton. I would be working for dad's half-brother, Valeo. Valeo, better known as Leo, was not married at the time. Dad thought this would be a good opportunity for me to add to my farming experience, and a chance to earn some spending money. And now that I think about it, I suppose dad saw this as a good alternative to the sometimes rough life in Magna and the mischief and dangers of the swimming holes and street fights that were so much a part of that mining community.

Dad drove me to Charleston, and before returning to Magna, he spent time with his dad, his half-brother Leo, and his other relatives. I didn't know it at the time, but the next time I would see dad would be my last.

While I was working for Leo, my brother Vernon was spending part of his summer with Uncle Fred and Aunt Sheila. While helping them on their farm, he was thrown from his horse and suffered a badly broken leg.

Vernon's leg was set by the country doctor and placed in traction. The need for traction meant he had to remain in bed while the leg healed. This prevented him from being able to return to Magna, so mother traveled to Charleston to help Aunt Sheila with Vernon.

While mother was nursing Vernon in Charleston, dad came down with pneumonia in Magna. Dad's illness required hospitalization and he was taken to St. Mark's hospital in Salt Lake. Uncle Fred drove mother and me to Salt Lake to visit dad, and he was cheered by our arrival.

He was in good spirits. There was nothing about his manner that betrayed the fact that he would pass away within the hour.

During our visit, mother remembered she had left her purse on the seat of Uncle Fred's unlocked car. Worried that someone might take it, she asked me to get it. I departed for the hospital parking lot.

By the time I returned with mother's purse, dad had died. The doctor thought a blood clot had entered his heart and failed to pass through. We were stunned!

Mother had two funerals for dad. The first was held in the morning. The LDS chapel in Magna was filled to capacity. Then, because of the distance between Magna and Charleston, mother had a second funeral in the afternoon in Charleston to accommodate family and friends in our home town.

Dad was well loved and attendance at both services reflected the esteem he enjoyed from others. Following the home town services, the funeral procession took dad to the Charleston Cemetery where he was laid to rest.

Dad's death on Saturday, August 10, 1929, came at a very difficult time, not just for our family, but for everyone. The economy of the country was in trouble and in two months (October 24, 1929), the stock market would crash signaling the start of the great depression.

Strength through Adversity

After Moroni passed away, Mabel and her children's lives changed drastically. Allen Winterton wrote, *A few days after laying dad to rest, we packed up and returned to Charleston, and to a home and piece of land in which dad had maintained ownership.*

Mother was forty-three. Della was the oldest child at sixteen. I was next at fourteen, Lucile was twelve, the twins Vera and Vernon were ten, and Beth was eight.

No one knows the why in the grand scheme of things, but if raising six children in the best of times can be difficult, imagine the challenges that now confronted the newly widowed Mabel. She had no marketable skills, but she did have dependable children who were never a problem, and the support of a community who loved and respected her.

Once again, Allen: *We always had enough to eat and clothing sufficient for our needs. I didn't think about it*

much at the time, but I've often wondered since, 'How did she do it?' and I don't know the answer to that question.

The answer lies in Mabel's attitude to life and in the values and work ethic that she and Moroni had instilled in the children.

Allen writes, *Mother was fiercely independent. I remember the day someone suggested she look into the state's Widow's Pension Fund as a source of income. Mother's answer, without a blink of an eye, was that she would never accept relief as long as she could make it on her own. 'Making it on her own' was a matter of pride with her, and she told me that 'as long as I live, I will never apply for a widow's pension,' and she never did.*



Della (18) and Mabel Winterton - 1931.



Vernon (20) - 1919

Sixteen-year-old Della and twelve-year-old Lucile became a second set of mothers in performing chores and helping out with the smaller children.

Allen, at fourteen, was responsible for planting, crop management, and harvesting. He and ten-year-old Vernon kept the homefires burning, not an easy thing to do when coal was absolutely out of the question at a whopping \$7.00 per ton.

As you read the following, keep in mind that Allen was in his mid-teens and Vernon was not yet a teenager.

From Allen, *To heat our homes we spent a lot of time cutting wood in the mountains. We hauled the wood out with a team that consisted of one appreciated dependable horse and one miserable cantankerous hated balky horse.*

One day, Vernon and I decided to go into Deer Creek by way of Decker Pass for oak and maple. The final three hundred yards before reaching the top of the pass were very steep. On this trip, when we got near the top, the balky horse stopped. The weight of the wagon shifted, pulling the team backwards. The horses fell to the ground and were mercilessly dragged down the hill. Vernon and I, half running and half tumbling down the hill, were desperately trying to get control on the situation.

By the time the wagon came to a stop, everything was in a bad way. We had to cut the horses loose from their harnesses. 'Old Balky' almost choked to death before we could get him cut loose.

We jerry-rigged the harnesses by mending them with wire, and after much effort, we were able to turn the wagon around. We hitched our sore horses to the wagon and returned home without a stick of firewood for our trouble.



Mabel and Lucile (14) - 1931



Allen (14) - 1929

In front of the home the family moved into after Moroni's death.



Beth (19) holding Karlyn, Mabel Winterton, and Lucile (23) holding Kaye - 1940.

Instead of lamenting her plight, Mabel stood proud and carried on.

She didn't feel unfairly treated nor did she blame the world, society, bad karma, or anything else for her situation. It was simply the way things turned out and she and her children would do their best.

Times were tough! Farm work was hard! Money was scarce! And although the

character of the Winterton children was being tempered on the anvil of adversity, Mabel made certain that a healthy dose of faith in God was ever present to light the way. Each of the children contributed to the good of the family, and as they grew to maturity and took husbands and wives, they built good and strong families and served their communities.

The children never felt far from their father. Allen: *When irrigating, especially at night, I felt close to dad. It was as if he were in the shadows. Oh, how I've missed him! I've often wished he were here so I could talk to him or ask him a question.*

And continuing: *I have an oil painting of dad from a 1910 photo. The artist, Orson Foulger, was remarkably skillful. The painting is as I remember him, and whenever I look at it, I'm reminded of who I am and of his importance in my life.*

Mabel and her children had faced the worst that adversity could dish out and had emerged strong, stalwart, and productive. Moroni, in his place on high, must have been very proud of her - and of their family!



Vera (20) holding Larry, Lucile (22), and Ava Atwood Winterton (21) holding Wayne - 1939.

Moroni and Mabel's Kids



Vera Thomas, Della Alder, & Beth Crook, 1999 - and Lucile Peterson (inset) 1962. The painting of Moroni behind Beth was used for the booklet cover.



Vernon and Allen Winterton - 2000.

Susa Mabel Giles
October 22, 1886 - January 16, 1967



Circa 1896
about 10 years of age

Those who do not treasure up the memory of their
ancestors do not deserve to be remembered by posterity.

Sir Edmund Burke 1729-1797