

THE WINTERTON JOURNALS & WRITINGS

William Hubbard Winterton (1816 - 1890)

William Marriott Winterton (1846 - 1929)

Moroni Winterton (1882 - 1929)

William Hubbard Winterton (1816 - 1890)

William Hubbard Winterton was born on June 26, 1816 at Nottingham, Nottinghamshire, England. He was the son of John Winterton (1781 – 1825) and Ann Hubbard (1772 – 1857) of Derbyshire. John served in the British Army and fought for England in Africa during the Boer War of 1903 under the command of General Baird. His military service lasted 12 years after which he was discharged in 1815.

Little is known of William H. Winterton's early life, except that he worked in a knitting factory in Nottingham and became a framework knitter. He married Sarah Marriott on October 24, in St. Paul's Church in Nottingham. Together they were the parents of eight children, three of whom died in infancy. The surviving children were: John Marriott (1844), William Marriott (1846), Ann (1849), Thomas (1851) and Sarah (1857).

William H. Winterton was converted to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saint and was baptized on January 6, 1850 by William Clayton. His wife, Sarah, was baptized the following June 3rd. Later son, William Marriott Winterton, recalled that he and his brother, John, often walked three miles to the LDS meetinghouse with their parents.

Father Winterton was ordained a Mormon Elder on April 25, 1855 and was very active in the local Nottingham LDS branch. Several times he aided the missionaries from American as they held street meetings and other functions.

Sarah Winterton sacrificed much to support the local branch, but saved a little when possible for the day when the family could gather with the Saints in the Utah Territory. In 1863 Father Winterton, John age 19 and William M. age 17 booked their passage on the sailing ship John J. Boyd from Liverpool. On April 30, 1863 they joined with 767 fellow LDS British converts under the leadership of Elder William W. Cluff. Mother Winterton had decided that she could not leave England, so she stayed behind with Ann (14), Thomas (12) and Sarah (6). Later the younger children came to Utah, but Mother Sarah Winterton died in England in 1902.

The voyage on the John J. Boyd was largely uneventful, except for the following entry in the ship's log: "The monotony of the passage was broken on the 21st of May by seeing eight mighty icebergs swaying in majestic grandeur upon the shining billows, glittering in forms of purest crystal. It was cold and to make the

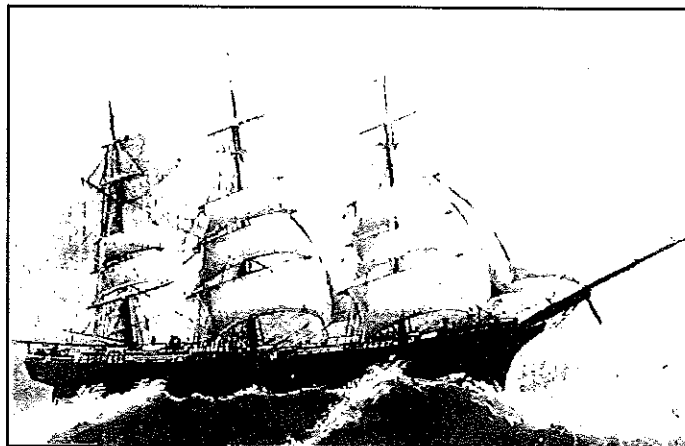
illusions of the polar sea more effective, five whales were seen playing about the ship sending springing fountains high in the air.”

William and his sons arrived in New York harbor and were unloaded at Castle Gardens immigration station on June 1, 1863. That same evening the Wintertons and others continued by train, first to Albany and from there to Florence, Nebraska.

The journey by rail was more pleasant than expected as the train stopped often and at some length giving the passengers opportunities to straighten their legs and move about. An old conductor, who claimed to have been acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith stopped the train at Palmyra, New York where the prophet first entered his remarkable career. He showed us the house where the prophet lived, the woods in which he received his heavenly vision and the Hill Cumorah where he obtain the Book of Mormon plates. This information went like wildfire from car to car and all who could get out to view these historic places did so.

The group arrived at Florence, Nebraska on June 12th and had to wait for some time to be organized in companies for the 1,300-mile overland journey. The Wintertons joined Captain John R. Murdock’s company which left Florence on June 29th. Both Winterton sons, John and William, were hired to drive ox teams for a Mr. Creighton who was freighting goods overland for the Wells Fargo & Company. Father Winterton arrived in Salt Lake City on August 29, 1863 with the Murdock Company, but his sons didn’t arrive until October.

William Hubbard Winterton settled permanently in Salt Lake City where he worked as a toll keeper in Parley’s Canyon. He later married Elizabeth Hughes and died on May 16, 1890 at the age of seventy-three.



“John J. Boyd”

The ship William H. Winterton took from Liverpool to New York in 1863

William Marriott Winterton (1846 - 1929)

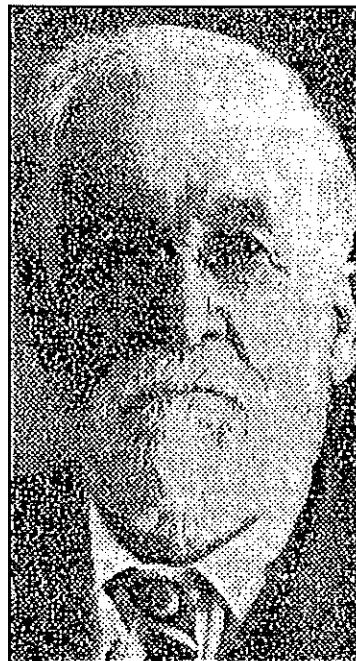
I, William Marriott Winterton, was born in Carlton, Nottinghamshire, England. My father was William Hubbard Winterton and my mother was Sarah Marriott. At six years of age I commenced work seaming stockings with my mother. She was seaming stockings for the Framesin, a knitting factory. At about thirteen, I ran a frame making stockings. During this time, I was deprived of the privilege of going to school, being obliged to work 14 to 16 hours a day in order to do the require amount of piece work. As was customary, I was compelled to pay my own board and room to my parents because they couldn't earn enough to keep body and soul together without the help of their children.

My parents joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1850, when I was four years old. My seventeenth birthday was celebrated on the sailing ship John J. Boyd enroute from England to America. I ate hard tack, but couldn't eat the raw salt bacon. We made a birthday cake and put it in the fire oven, but the rocking ship tipped it out into the ashes. The cooks rolled it up again, ashes and all, and put it back into the oven. There were only two small ovens about four or five feet square to cook for 700 passengers.

We had to prepare our own meals, and nearly every time the passengers tried to cook something, the cooks would say, "There is no room." So we became discouraged and lived for a month on uncooked food.

As a boy of seventeen I wanted to see everything that was happening on board the ship. Once I saw a man being buried at sea. A prayer was said, the plank was raised and with one splash the man was out of sight. We experienced rough storms on the voyage and saw people on deck almost drowned with the waves going over the ship.

We landed at Castle Gardens in New York harbor on about May 30, 1863. Because of the U.S. Civil War, we have to travel West through Canada. We traveled 400 miles through nothing but timber. Then we sailed down the Missouri River. While on



William M. Winterton

board we were not allowed to sit or lie down. We were treated like so many cattle. Finally we arrived in Florence, Nebraska and had to wait about a month to join a Mormon Pioneer company. We nearly died of starvation during that wait.

We joined the John R. Murdock Company and traveled almost to the Black Hills on the Sweetwater. There Captain Creighton's wagon drivers left him to go to California where there was Gold Rush. My brother John and I drove Captain Creighton's wagons to Salt Lake City, while our father stayed with the Murdock Company. John and I were treated well and were promised \$20 a month to drive the ox teams.

Needless to say, we travel slowly. On arriving at Devil's Gate, we turned our cattle in for the night. The next morning we found some of them dead, having drunk too much Salaratus water. We stayed at this place three or four days until another Mormon wagon train came along. The leader told Captain Creighton to get away as soon as possible, as the tainted water would kill all of our cattle. We traveled so slowly that we arrived in Salt Lake City about four weeks after the Murdock Company.

I stayed in Salt Lake City until after general conference and then went to Provo to live with Moses Cluff. My first work was to go up Rock Canyon with a yolk of oxen to haul wood on a cart. I was supposed to ride the poles on the cart to steady them. After working a month, I went to live with James Stratton for my board. I worked down where Main Street in Provo is now feeding a water wheel to grind flax to make rope. When the rope was spun, Stratton would go out and sell it for about \$2.00 and with the money he would buy flour, potatoes, and other things to eat. Sometimes he would come home with about 10 pounds of flour which would keep us from starving all winter.

In the spring of 1864, I went to work for Isaac Higbee for one year for \$100. There I got plenty to eat. By this time greenbacks had gone down to 33 cents on the dollar and everything else had gone up, so I received only \$33 for my year's work. My clothes had been patched so many times, I didn't know the main original piece.

On the 24th of July I took part in a sham battle and took soldier training. After working with Mr. Higbee a year and a half, a chum of mine persuaded me to go to Bannock, California with an ox team train. However, it was too late before the train was ready and the captain backed out.

After this disappointment, someone told me that there was plenty of work



William M. Winterton (left) stands, Moroni Winterton drives the team

around Wanship. I was offered a job in the coal mines for my board, but decided not to stay. I decided to make my way back to Provo where I was better known. The next night I stayed with John Jordon above Heber City. I stopped at the home of Isaac Decker on the next day. He lived over the Provo River in the fields north of the barn that was built by Enoch Richins. He offered me board to stay with him that winter, and I accepted.

My brother, John Winterton, was living in that same area. He and I fed sheep and milked cows. Together we dragged cedar wood from Cedar Hill in Decker's Canyon and chopped enough wood to supply five fires. Mr. Decker had four wives and each wife had to have a fire. John and I had a room of our own.

In the spring of 1866, after working the four winter months for my board, we made a bargain with Mr. Decker that we work one year for \$200 worth of land. That year there were Indian troubles and everyone was ordered to build protective forts. Mr. Decker moved to Heber and sent me herding sheep to the northeast. After being up there a week the people complained that the sheep were eating up the cow range, so I had to move them back to the ranch. John helped my take the herd back, and then I was alone until haying time.

John and I got our first experience mowing with a scythe. Charles Decker and Faramore Little bought the first mowing machine in the valley. I continued to work for Mr. Decker for a year and a half. He paid me in sheep. Later that year, John and I built a little dugout near William Bagley's home. We sold some of our land for 1,400 feet of timber and ended up with a little stack of hay to feed our

sheep over the winter months.

John C. Parcell and I herded sheep for James Bean and John Turner. Mr. Parcell's stepson, who carried the mail by horseback once or twice a week from Provo and Heber, used to stop at Parcell's cabin to feed and rest his horse. One day he said, "If you boys would give me a name for this place I could bring your mail to you." We mentioned several names, but decide Charleston was the one we liked best. Parcell decided to move to Wallsburg, but I stayed on with the sheep. My brother and I lived that winter in our dugout on the flat at the mouth of Decker's Canyon where we also worked for William Bagley.

In 1868, I went with William and Charles Bagley as far as Echo Canyon to work for the Union Pacific Railroad. There were several of us working there at that time: William Giles, Samuel McAfee, John Bair, Henry Fraughton, George Brown and his wife, Emma. She was the cook and their son, Isaac, carried water for the men. For that job I got \$3.00 a day and paid \$1.00 a day for my board.

After leaving the railroad, I went to Salt Lake and bought a horse and saddle for \$80.00. Later I bought another one, and with my team started to haul wood and coal from Coalville to Salt Lake. I had to carry water from the creek with my hat to pour on the wagon wheels.

In the year 1869, Mr. Walker told John and me, that we could have all the crops we could raise on the bench land if we took care of his place. The following Sunday President Hatch came to Brother Daybell's house and held a church meeting. He wanted men to work in Provo Canyon to build a road and he didn't want any excuses. We had not planted our crops yet, but we went. After working two or three weeks we came back and planted the crops. The grasshoppers were so bad that year, that I had very little to depend on.

At this same time I received word that my sister, Ann, and brother, Thomas, had arrived from England and were staying with Father in Salt Lake where he was a tollgate keeper in Parley's Canyon. I made the trip with my pony team and when I arrived, Ann told me that she wanted to bring her best friend, Nellie Widdison, back to Charleston with us. Nellie and Ann had been friends and had palled together in the Nottingham lace factory in England where they both worked. They were good singers and often sang together.

Imagine my feelings as I had no comfortable place to bring them to. I had seen Nellie and her mother in England, but was not well acquainted. However, with Ann insisting, I went to Salt Lake and Nellie decided she would come back

with us for a few weeks. While in Salt Lake I bought two chairs and then went to Father's house to stay over night. Next morning we started for home, arriving there about 10 at night. We had no lights, no stove, no floor and hardly anything at all in the place. I left the girls with my brother Tom and went to find brother John who was visiting the George Noakes family. John and George Noakes, Jr. came back with me bringing a saw and auger with them with which we made a pair of bedsteads for the girls to sleep on. We made the beds our of Quaken Aspen poles. Next morning John and I cooked breakfast on the campfire.

The grasshoppers had destroyed a large portion of our crop, but we gathered what little we had left. Finity Daybell told me I could have what hay I wanted for 50 poles. I had three or four head of cattle and a small herd of sheep. After gathering my meager crop, and this hay, I decided I would have to get out and find work.

It was just a little before conference in Salt Lake, and as I was going to haul coal from Coalville to Salt Lake, I asked Nellie if she wanted to go with me. She said, "No, we girls will come later with Brother Noakes." Sister Ann and Nellie visited in Salt Lake with Nellie's sister, Mary Ann Widdison Brewster who had immigrated several years before Nellie came to Utah.

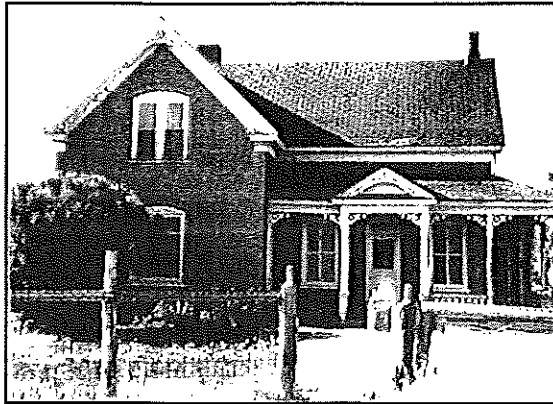
I made another trip to the city, met the girls and they decided to come back to Charleston with me. On our way home, while going through Parley's Canyon, I proposed to Nellie in the presence of my sister Ann. "Nellie," I said, "If I would have you, would you have me?" She answered, "Yes." This was a great courtship. I continued hauling coal to Salt Lake City. I bought a new step stove, 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 Old Endowment House in Salt Lake City on February 21, 1870.

After we were married we went to live in Mr. Eldridge's house with three other families. We lived there about a month or six weeks when we became dissatisfied and Nellie refused to live there longer. John Pollard and Emanuel Richmond helped me fix up a dirt-roofed shed to live in. During that summer Pollard and I got logs out of Boomer in Daniels Canyon and built us each a one-room cabin. On December 10, 1870 our oldest child, Sarah, was born.

Later we moved the cabin on what is well known as the Baker lots. It faced east and had a small window in the west and a little home-made door. I got Dave love to make enough shingles to cover the roof. This was the first shingled roof

in Charleston, I believe. Next, our oldest son, Will, was born.

Soon after this I had an opportunity to buy the homestead rights of John Jordan. I moved my family into a little bigger log cabin build by Dave Blizzard. I started to clear some land as every acre was covered with sagebrush. My wife, Nellie, was a willing worker and our home was always clean.



The William M. Winterton home was built in 1912

In 1882 our family had Diphtheria, a dreaded disease. During this time Moroni was born. Sister Clegg a midwife came in to take care of Nellie and the baby. One week later our son John, who was then only seven died with the disease. Our hard work and 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, Will, Hyrum, Ralph, Moroni, Fred and Melissa, who was only seven months old.

I married Jane Steadman on April 13, 1882. She is a good and faithful wife and worked very hard for the benefit of my family and home. Together we had four children; Carrie, Nettie, Edward and Valeo.

William and Nellie's eldest daughter, Sarah Winterton Price, later wrote the following words to complete her parents' history: In 1915 Father was very ill with Erysipelas. After he recovered the responsibilities of the farm fell to his boys. His health was fairly good until 1926 when he was taken to the LDS Hospital suffering from hernia and ailments incident to old age. He died on September 14, 1929 at the age of eighty-three.

Father was a good man who gave freely of his means to help his children and his church. He was particularly interested in temple and genealogy work. He left some money for this work. Five of father's boys went on missions: Hyrum, Moroni, Fred, Ralph and Valeo. Father helped to immigrated four people from England. We children revere and honor our Father's name and owe much to him for the blessings we enjoy here.

Moroni Winterton (1882 - 1929)

Moroni Winterton was born on September 28, 1882 to William and Nellie Winterton at Charleston, Utah Territory. He was born during a Diphtheria epidemic and one week later his brother John died from the dreaded disease. There was no funeral because the disease was so contagious. Moroni's mother passed away when he was just seven. His older sisters, Sarah and Eliza, mothered the eight children until Father Winterton married Jane Steadman in 1892. She was always very kind to her stepchildren and had four children of her own.

Moroni helped his father with the sheep and later with their cattle herd. He inherited his love of music from his mother. When Moroni was twenty-three he served a mission for the LDS Church in Georgia and South Carolina. On October 5, 1910 Moroni married Susa Mabel Giles in the Salt Lake Temple. Together they had six children: Della (1913), Allen (1915), Lucille (1917), twins Vera and Vernon (1919) and Beth (1921).

Grandmother Giles used to scold Moroni and say that Mabel had enough children to take care of, but they just laughed and enjoyed them. Twins were uncommon so that crowds of people flocked into the meetinghouse to see the little babies.



Moroni Winterton

While living in Charleston, Moroni held many important church and civic positions, including serving on the Town Board, playing in the orchestra and being in the bishopric. These activities required him to be away from home quite often, and Mabel managed the home beautifully.

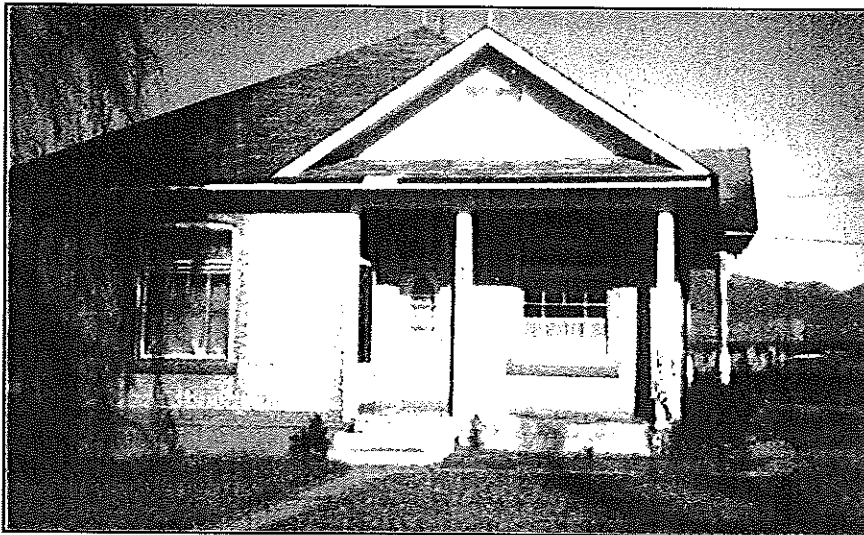
Moroni suffered from Asthma and working in the hay fields caused him severe health problems. The doctor advised him to move away from the farm, so he decided to sell out and move to Salt Lake City in 1921 where he bought a grocery store and meat market.

Later in 1925 the Winterton family moved to Magna where they were active in

the Pleasant Green LDS Ward. Both Moroni and Mabel belonged to a group that went to Salt Lake about once a week to enjoy the good plays that were put on at the Pantage Theater.

Moroni had a jolly disposition, and a keen sense of humor. The neighbors said they could always tell when "Roni" was coming home from work, because they could hear him whistle as he turned the corner. Mabel and Moroni got along beautifully, and when she was in the Relief Society presidency and needed help to put on a program, he wrote new words to the old songs for them to sing. When the men at work would announce a new addition to their families, and would hand out cigars, they bought a candy bar for Moroni.

In August 1929, Moroni became very ill with Pneumonia. On August 10th he had a blood clot hit his heart and he passed away at the young age of only thirty-seven. Ironically his father, William M. Winterton died the very next month.



Moroni Winterton built this home in Charleston around 1912