

CHARLES SPENCER CROW

CHARLOTTA JULINA MARKHAM CROW



HISTORY OF CHARLES SPENCER CROW

AND

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In June of 1935, people living along 17th South just East of State Street, were annoyed by the screech of nails being pulled from old boards and the dust that filled their nostrils as shingles were torn from a roof, and brick walls were felled. Those who knew said, "The Crow family are tearing down that old red brick and lumber house that stands on their property to make way for a more modern one".

Only three years have passed since then, and already a great many people have forgotten there ever was such a place, but that house has a story. People lived, loved, worked; a child was born and history was made. The history of this house and its inhabitants is woven into the very fabric of the Farmer's Ward.

The house built three years before the turn of the century, was completed just six years after the Farmer's Ward Chapel. Originally it was a two room house of red brick, adobe lined. Even the inner partitions were of brick and adobe, and the foundation rock went far down into the ground, much to the grief of the contractor who wished to remove it. Later two more rooms built of lumber were added to the rear, and a porch to the front, and one in the side. If this house had been able to talk there would have been many to listen; for who doesn't love a good story? The house is gone, but the people who built it are not; so let us hear the story, while there are those who can tell it.

April 18, 1894, one year after the Salt Lake Temple was dedicated, Charles Spencer Crow and Charlotte Julina Markham were married for time and all eternity within its walls, and on April 28, 1894 Charles went on a mission to Australia.

But let us go back a few years and learn a little of the early history of these two people who for so many years have been active members of the Farmer's Ward.

Charles Spencer Crow was born on June 8, 1871, in a large red rock house, that stood on the southeast corner of ninth east and first south street. His father, Charles Henry Crow and his mother Mary Sharp Crow had come from England in 1859. This red rock house that they built, was the farthest house east on first south at that time.

September 3, 1879, when Charles was eight years old he was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints by Henry Coulam, and confirmed the following day by Alexander McRae. February 4, 1887, he was ordained a deacon by F.A. Mitchell, and Edward Lakin. Before leaving on his mission he was made a Seventy April 20, 1894 by Seymour B. Young.

Brother Crow in reminiscing on his childhood tells these amusing incidents: His father was a harness maker by trade, and at one time had a shop at 46 South Main Street; and at another time on First South almost opposite the Old Salt Lake Theatre.

Like most boys, he was not above getting into mischief. One instance he remembers well: There was a small balcony overlooking the street, on the front of the harness shop. Charles had gone there to eat his lunch. Looking down below, he couldn't help

thinking what swell targets people made from that vantage point, so when a China man with a basket of clean clothes on his shoulder passed below, Charles dropped a small piece of metal. The metal lit in the upheld hand of the China man. Sad to tell, the victim had no sense of humor and if Charles hadn't had a good pair of legs, who knows what would have happened.

At the time his father's shop was at 46 South Main, the Temple was being built. The train that hauled the stone from Cottonwood Canyon, came up South Temple from the Union Pacific Depot and ran right onto the Temple Block, entering where the South gates now are. The cars that hauled the rock were flat and Charles and his brother, Frank, used to climb on them after they were empty, and ride back to the depot. They then would catch a ride back on some wagon, and would repeat the performance next time a train came.

Charles remembers a family that lived back of his father's shop by the name of Richards. They had two boys whom he played with, Joseph and Ralph. Both are prominent Salt Lake Doctors now.

He also remembers the time a visitor to the shop sat on a ball of harness wax, and as he sat, it became warm and soft and when he tried to get up, he was stuck fast. Try as he would, even with the assistance of all the men in the shop, he was held fast. The poor man had to go home minus a vital portion of his pants.

Many Indians came to trade and his family found them honest. He would let them have a saddle or a harness with only a promise to pay, and his faith in them was never misplaced.

After the death of his father on December 27, 1900, Charles' brother, Alma, took over the shop which he kept going until just a

few years ago.

Charlotta Julina Markham is the daughter of Stephen Markham and Mary Curtis Houghton Markham. She was born November 5, 1870, in Spanish Fork, Utah. Her parents were very early pioneers. Stephen Markham was Captain of the first company of pioneers coming to Utah. He also was body guard to the Prophet Joseph Smith. Her mother came to Utah in 1850.

As a young girl she attended school in Spanish Fork. George H. Brimhall, one of Utah's most famous educators, was her teacher. The distance to school was long and in the winter was made still more difficult by deep drifts of snow. Little feet grew very weary, so that by Sunday she was too tired to walk the long distance to Sunday School. A few years later on, a meeting house was built nearer home, which made Julina very happy.

As a young lady she worked out, doing housework. It was her work that eventually brought her to Salt Lake City. In the summer of 1892, she met Charles S. Crow. In 1893 she attended the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple. And so we are back to the marriage of Charles and Julina.

What is it about this Church of ours that makes a young bridegroom willing to leave his young wife, and go clear to Australia for three years? It must be an absolute knowledge of the divinity of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. But even so, it was none the less hard.

While Charles was gone, his wife continued to work and save towards the home they were to make on his return. After laboring for 32 months he was released and returned home January 9, 1897.

When he left Australia it was midsummer and very hot. He found the weather here very different; but cold weather or not, his joy in being home again with his wife was all that mattered.

In the spring, Charles got work with Frank Turnbow, who was a counselor in the bishopric of the Farmer's Ward. The main thing he can remember about Farmer Ward at that time was, how soft the roads were. It was a easy matter for cows to get mired down so bad that it would take a team of horses to get one out.

In April the bride and groom started to build a home on the ground they had bought of the Blythe estate, in the Farmers Ward, the address now being 146 West 17th South, known then as 11th South. John Blythe and wife, who had been the previous owners of the land, had planted young walnut trees around their property. Many of these trees are still standing along 17th South, and many of them must have supplied seed for other people, because walnut trees are scattered all over the ward.

By July the new home was completed, and were they proud of it? It was of red brick and consisted of two rooms, a pantry and a closet. Who could want more? The house cost them \$470 and the land \$300. Later they bought the lot adjoining to the south, for \$170, totaling in all \$940. Most of Charles' young life had been spent in his father harness shop and it was there that he was able to earn and save the money that bought them their little home.

So July 2, 1897, Charles and Julina moved in, and on July 24, the new house, and even some of the door yard was filled with relatives. They had come from Spanish Fork and even from far off Vernal. They came to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the coming

of the pioneers to Utah. Something tells me they were also a little curious to see the fine new house. At any rate, one morning there were seventeen for breakfast; but I don't imagine that bothered the bride. Hadn't she been cooking for others all the time her husband was on his mission?

After breakfast they all climbed into a canvas covered wagon owned by a relative. They rolled up the sides for fresh air and better vision and went to see the parade. Of course there was a parade, hasn't there always been one? And this was an extra special occasion. There were many meetings and programs and sports, as the celebration lasted a week. Julina remembers that Vilate Peart a Farmers Ward girl, was the queen and rode on a float dressed in a beautiful flowing white dress that set off to advantage her dark hair and eyes.

At last the celebration was over and the relatives returned home. The newlyweds had a chance to look their house over, to see how it had stood the strain. Did you ever have a new house with everything spotless and then have 17 men, women and children come to stay the very first month? Not that the visitors weren't welcome, but oh if anything should happen to their new home.

But even a new home is seldom entirely perfect. They had no water and for months water had to be carried from State Street not far from the meeting house. In the fall a well was drilled and they had everything that hearts could wish. Not only were they proud of their home but also of their land. It was very fertile land, the weeds growing so high that a cow could hide successfully in them. They had hopes the crops would grow as well.

Did I say they had everything? They had thought so, but in 1898, they really found out what happiness could be, a little boy was born to them, and best of all he came on his father's birthday. Now that is what I call a real birthday present, don't you? They named him Allen Spencer Crow, and so for some years the Crow's lived happily. Henry F. Burton was the Bishop, with Frank Turnbow and John Gabbott as his counselors.

Julina attended Relief Society and Charles was made a teacher in the district where President Wilford Woodruff lived. Did I say they were happy? But of course thou happiness comes mixed with a little sorrow. Mother Crow never was very strong, and now she was even less so, and there had not been any more babies.

A new house was built on the east end of their property; one that had four rooms, modern plumbing, and a low foundation so that mother could climb the fewer steps with less effort.

Then in the Spring of 1910 a bomb shell burst. Father was called another mission. This time, to the eastern States. Quiet, and reserved, with the responsibility of a family on his shoulders, he had not dreamed of going on another mission. But the Prophet of the Lord had called, so he was willing to go. However, soon after receiving his call, he was stricken with blood poisoning. For a while Charles was very ill, but his faith in the Priesthood was strong. Several members of the Seventies Quorum, brother Joshua B. Stewart, John Peart, William Nunn, and others were called in to administer to him. Brother Nunn in his blessing rebuked the evil power that was trying to prevent Charles from going on his mission, and he commanded the evil spirit to depart. A beautiful feeling of

peace came over him and from that time on he continued to get well.

The following spring Charles went on his mission. Before leaving, a party was given by the ward teachers at the home of Samuel Moore. It was a surprise party and the honored guest nearly didn't come, he had preferred to go to a movie. The teachers made up a purse among them to help him on his way.

Julina had been treasurer for the Relief Society and they gave an entertainment and presented her with a large hand bag in appreciation of the large amount of money she had handled so carefully on their behalf. Alice Bradford was the President of the Relief Society at the time and Clara Riches and Janet Christopherson were counselors.

Charles Crow left on May 11, 1911 for the Eastern States Mission and once more his wife was left behind, but this time not alone. She had her son with her.

The red brick house, their first home was already rented and now the yellow brick house, their second home was also rented, and mother and son left the ward temporarily to stay with different relatives and to work and help out as they could. For a time they went to care for Grandmother Crow who was not well, for a time they went to cook for some men who were drilling for oil in Vernal. On December 24, 1912 the family was once more reunited for a happy Christmas. It was an extremely cold winter that year. When mother and son came home from Vernal to meet father, they took a lunch with them, but found they could not eat it as it was frozen enroute.

While Charles was on this mission his mother died, so that in many respects his return home was a sad one. Even before going on his mission Charles found that the harness business was on a decline, and he had to find other jobs to help in making a living. Now that he had returned he found things even worse and work hard to find. It wasn't until spring that he found anything to do. Then it was only an occasional job. He worked at the City Cemetery and Liberty Park, and finally got on at the Druel Drug Store, where he had worked previous to going on his mission. Later he worked for Schramm Johnson Drug Co., where he remained until 1930. Since then he has been engaged in Temple work. On March 1, 1934 he was set apart as an ordained Temple worker, by President George F. Richards and Joseph Christenson, and is still engaged in that work.

Julina Crow became interested in genealogical work soon after her husband returned from his second mission. She has spent many hours searching for names of her ancestors and has done Temple work for hundreds.

During the forty one years that Charles and Julina Crow have lived on one small piece of land they have lived in four stakes, Salt Lake, Granite, Grant and Wells; and in two wards, Farmers Ward and McKinley.

Their son married September 18, 1924 and built a new house in between the red brick house where he was born and the yellow brick house of his later childhood. It was necessary to uproot a small orchard to make room for the new house. In the summer of 1935, the son desiring a larger house, bought the little red brick house of his birth, from his father.

So we complete the circle and come back to the beginning of our story. If you remember, there was an old house being torn down.

Now that you have the story, don't you feel sorry that the old land mark is gone? Perhaps. But flowers grow, bloom, wilt, go to seed. The seed is dropped and in its place is a new flower coming through the ground. Do we mourn the old? No, not as long as there is another to take its place. Has the old flower gone for good? No, the germ of life is passed on from flower to seed and back to flower. So it is with the two houses, old and new. It was found that the timbers and the doors and the bricks were much too good to throw away. So the old bricks stand shoulder to shoulder with the new, not showing but lining the new house to keep it warm. The old timbers stand side by side with the new in making partitions. The doors are still doing excellent service.

So let the old generation unite with the new in raising a third generation, and may the old Farmers Ward or the new McKinley Ward be proud of them.

Written by Alpha Coolbear Crow

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