

SHORT HISTORY

PHILIP HARRISON HURST

Born at Springville, Utah, January 7, 1860
Died at Payson, Utah, April 2, 1929

THE MAN

Pioneer of the
Great American
Southwest



Religious and
Industrial
Leader

(Picture taken early 1890's)

Compiled by

Lucinda Hurst Cardon
and
Guy H. Hurst

1961

SHORT HISTORY OF PHILIP HARRISON HURST

(Written from memory and what can be found in family records
by Lucinda Hurst Cardon, 1961)

My father was the second child and oldest son of Philip Hurst and his first wife, Lucinda Harris Guymon. Philip Hurst was born 15 September 1836 in Timbly Surry, England, His parents were William Hurst and Susanna Webley. Philip was about 16 years old when his parents reached Salt Lake City in 1852, they having joined the L. D. S. Church in England.

In 1853, William Hurst died from the effects of eating a poison parsnip that he dug up while working on a mill race for Brigham Young. Four years later when Johnson's Army came to Utah and the Saints moved South, the Hurst family moved to Springville. There Philip met Lucinda Guymon, second daughter of Noah Thomas Guymon and his first wife Mary D. Dudley. Philip and Lucinda were married 1 January 1857. The first child, Mary Lucinda, was born 2 January 1858. The second, my father, was born 7 January 1860. When he was five or six years old, the family moved to Fairview, Sanpete County, Utah. He was the only boy. There were two younger sisters Lillian and Elfeda, January, 1866; another girl Ellen was born and died a year later. 18 June 1867 twin boys were born. They were named William Henry and Walter Fredrick. William Henry died and on the 28th of June, the mother also passed away, leaving three girls and two boys, the youngest a tiny baby.

On September 19, 1868, Philip Hurst married Elizabeth Wilcox. She was a mother to the five motherless children, and had ten children of her own. Philip Hurst farmed and my father, the oldest son, did everything a boy of his age could do to help. He had very little chance to go to school. On the 10th of October, 1879, before he was twenty in January, he was married to my mother, Ellen Adelia Wilson. She was the daughter of Lycurgus Wilson and Lois Ann Stevens, and was born 10 October, 1861, in Ogden, Utah. Her parents moved to Fairview when she was only a baby. So my father and mother both grew up in Fairview, went to the same schools, attended the same Sunday schools, and took part in home dramatics together. He was a baseball player.

After their marriage, he worked at sawmills most of the time till 1885. Before their third child, Lois Elizabeth, was born, 17 July, 1885, they bought a home in town. Two months later he left for a mission to the Southern States, where he labored two years, and two months. He traveled without purse or script or without money to buy food or clothing as was the custom at that time. John Morgan was his mission president. Guy C. Wilson, my mother's brother, was called to the same mission and they were missionary companions for a while before my father was released.

I remember hearing him tell of crossing a roaring stream on a log in a rain storm, how he waited for a flash of lightning so he could see to take the next step, how sore his feet became from so much walking. His mission president, President John Morgan, fixed shoes for him to wear so his feet didn't hurt so much. The people in Virginia and West Virginia were very poor at that time, living mostly on corn bread and molasses and pork. He enjoyed singing church hymns. His voice wasn't sweet, but it was strong. I also remember his telling of the missionaries casting evil spirits out of people. He told of a man who agreed to stop smoking when he used all the tobacco he had on hand--he had enough to last six or eight years. As I was six years old, I remember when he returned from his mission.

His first job was running a grist mill one and one-half miles out of town. He worked there about two years. Their fourth child, Ira Lycurgus, was born

there. Next he took a contract on the railroad that was being built into Fairview. 15 October 1890, their fifth child, Guy Harold, was born. December 15 of that year, our family left Fairview for the long trip to Old Mexico. My father had married Mary Mehetable Wilson, my mother's sister, as a second wife. His father, Philip Hurst, had two families. The U. S. Government was making a lot of trouble for men with more than one wife. Philip Hurst made a trip to Mexico to hunt a new home for them both. The L.D.S. Church had established colonies there for its members with two or more families. Our family, including my father and mother and their five children and his second wife whom we called Aunt Hettie made the trip on the train to Deming, New Mexico. Grandpa Hurst met us there. He had been down to look at the country with the idea of establishing homes there. Teams and wagons and other things were shipped from Utah. Arthur, my father's brother, came with the freight car bringing these things. Preparations were made to continue the journey by team. We spent Christmas in Deming--what a place--our first Christmas at a railroad station in the desert. On New Year's Day, 1891, we crossed the line into Old Mexico. There were three teams of horses and three covered wagons loaded with food and other necessities.

A day or two was spent in Colonia Diaz where F. G. Williams, Winslow Farr, and Martin Sanders were living. These folks were friends. About the middle of January, we reached the place where Dublan was later built. There a large farm was bought. The rest of the winter we lived on the big ditch in the middle of the farm. In the spring, we moved to the east end of the farm and Grandpa Hurst's families joined us. There were Aunt Elizabeth and her six; Aunt Rebecca and her seven; also Uncle Walter, his wife and two children; and Aunt Emma, an English convert whom Grandpa married. All lived in tents at first. A well was dug to furnish water for family use. A corral was made and cows were bought to furnish milk; crops and gardens were planted. Before Aunt Hettie's first baby was born in May, my father built a small lumber bedroom for each of his wives. The tents were still used. Many families arrived there the same winter we did. A few were living on farms before that.

A Ward was organized with Winslow Farr as Bishop; F. G. Williams and my father, P. H. Hurst, were counselors. A year or two later my father rented a saw-mill in the mountains and moved his families up there, about 35 miles away. At first he hired Henry Martineau to run the big saw; later he did it himself. For sixteen years he worked there, moving from one place to another as the timber was cut. His families always cooked for the men. Supplies were brought from Colonia Juarez. Beef was the cheapest food and was bought by a whole beef or half or quarter. My mother was an expert at taking care of meat. She would cut it up for boiling or roasting or frying, salt it and keep it as cool as possible. The frying meat was often dried and could be kept over long periods.

This mill furnished work for the Hurst men and boys and many others. During the time he worked there my father paid for his farm, bought more land, built a large duplex brick house for his families, a large barn and granary and bought machinery to run the farm. After the mill burned down, he went to St. Louis and selected a new one. He later bought this mill. When the timber on the top of the mountain was all cut, he sold the mill and prepared to run his farm. That was 1907. In October he went to Salt Lake conference. His daughter Lois Elizabeth was married to Joseph Earl McLellan. My husband, Joseph Elmer Cardon, and I went to Salt Lake the same time to have our endowments. We all went through the Temple October 4, 1907. Lois and Earl were married that day. We were married in 1900 and had three children.

My father enjoyed playing on the stage and did a lot of it for many years, in Utah and also in Mexico at Dublan. After Guy C. Wilson was called to teach

school in Juarez, he put on plays to raise money to buy books for the library. My father took part in some of them. He recited too. One recitation he gave was "Darius Green and His Flying Machine." One of my happiest memories is of listening to him read out loud in the evening. He and my mother did a lot of reading and we children all read everything we could get.

Water was always a problem in Dublan. There were some natural lakes or depressions east of town. It was decided to dig a large canal from the river to these lakes, starting up stream. During the rainy season, which usually commenced in July, the river was high. The plan was to store this water in these lakes for use on the land during the dry season. A large amount of money and hard work went into this project. When it was about to succeed, the surrounding Mexicans became jealous of our people. Added to this feeling against our people, a revolution arose in Mexico. The common people had cause to rebel against conditions existing there. Much of the land was owned by rich men. They paid small wages to those who worked for them, so kept them almost in a state of slavery. They were always in debt for the necessities of life. So they rebelled. They wanted the land and cattle divided among the poor people.

The Mormon Colonies were in the battlegrounds. So our people suffered great loss of horses, food for horses, and for men. Their guns were taken away from them for the use of the rebel armies. First the Federals went through our towns and took everything they wanted. Then the rebels came and took what was left. Life became unbearable and unsafe. It was decided by the U. S. Government and our Church leaders that our people should leave their homes and go to the U. S. In July of 1912, the women and children of Dublan, Juarez, and other towns were taken to El Paso on the train. Most of them rode in box cars taking rolls of bedding, trunks of clothing and other necessities. There we camped for weeks, receiving food from the Government. My father and some of the older men went out with the women and children to help take care of them. The younger men stayed in Mexico to try to protect the property of the people. Finally they were driven out because their lives were in danger.

My father and family spent several years in El Paso, and in going back to Dublan to run their farm and take care of their property. In El Paso he was Presiding Elder of Bishop; Arwell Pierce was a counselor. My mother was president of the Relief Society there. The Mexicans stole their horses and other cattle, their wheat and hay and destroyed their property. Finally they gave up trying to live there, sold their farm and what was left of their property and moved to Payson, Utah, in 1916. There Father undertook to buy a big farm. But his older boys married and left him. He had two years of failure with his beet crop, once on account of late frost, and once because of pests. He couldn't get the payments from his property in Mexico so couldn't make the payments on the farm. The loss of the farm was a blow he never got over. They moved onto a smaller farm but his health continued to fail until he died 2 April 1929. I never lived near any of my father's family after we left Mexico, so can tell little of their experiences in Utah.

Will Young, our cousin, asked me for Father's line of ordination to the priesthood. Father had ordained him an Elder and he wanted to trace his line back. I had nothing on Father's ordinations, so we wrote to Ernest Young in Salt Lake asking him to see what he could learn. He found nothing in the old Fairview records of Father's being ordained an Elder, but he must have been before he and Mother were married, and before he went on his mission. Ernest Young found where Father was ordained a High Priest by Apostle George Teasdale 22 July 1891 in Dublan, Mexico, probably when he became 2nd counselor to Bishop Winslow Farr. F. G. Williams was 1st counselor.

SUMMARY AND ADDITIONAL COMMENTS

by

Guy H. Hurst

Introduction

Philip Harrison Hurst accomplished some outstanding things in the three score and nine short years he was permitted to remain upon this earth. As many other pioneers he would have chosen to live longer so that more of his plans could have been carried out. However, his untimely passing brought rest and peace to a weary traveler.

A detailed, brief, but factual report is well presented above by Lucinda Hurst Cardon, his oldest daughter. In it she sets forth how Father played a heavy part in pioneering the Great American Southwest. His wholesome life was, and still stands, as an open book of worthwhile honest achievements in the founding of this untamed desert area.

These scanty pages give us but a few details which were found on the surface of our memories and family records. Perhaps some of his descendants will be interested enough to do a little more research work which will bring forth additional facts not found here. The challenge is yours!

Physical Characteristics

Our father inherited a strong, healthy, well-proportioned body from his parents, both lines of which were English stock, who came west with the early Latter-day Saint pioneers. He was average size, near five feet and ten inches tall, and weighed about 180 to 190 pounds in his active years. In order to keep his body in the best of condition, in addition to working, he played that great American game--baseball. And he was a good player. After his actual ball playing years were ended, he served as umpire for the teams in the nearby towns of Sanpete Co. It has been said that if he was within 30 miles of an inter-community ball game, he managed to accept the invitation to umpire the contest. No wonder he was always busy.

During the first fifty or sixty years of his life, medical expenses and doctor bills were very negligible. There were few if any local doctors in Fairview and none in Mexico, where he moved to in 1890. Medicines were mostly scarce, mostly home remedies. Physical examinations were seldom thought of, and for the most part unavailable. This condition was not considered serious during his robust, healthy outdoor life. However, in the last decade of his older life, high blood pressure, hardening of the arteries, and kidney disorders caused much trouble, and really hastened his passing. These troubles were finally discovered by doctor's examination, but too late.

Native Ability and Education

Philip H. Hurst, like many of his contemporaries, was virtually a self-educated man. He attended the grade schools in Fairview, Utah. There were no high schools or colleges in Sanpete County at the time. In spite of the lack of educational institutions, he persisted in his search for knowledge. He read all of the good books available, especially Shakespeare and other dramatic works. As a result, he became a splendid actor in home dramatics. Proof of this accomplishment came when the manager of a traveling troupe of players offered him a good

salary if he would join the stock company and take to the road with his unusual talents. He was also a good reader and story-teller as long as he lived.

He seemed to inherit a good business and managerial sense--including economics, finance, bookkeeping and accounting. So, in addition to his own skills as a mechanic, he kept his own records, handled his own bank account, and directed many workmen at times. On large construction jobs for American railroads and milling companies, he hired about two or three hundred men at a time. This contracting in northern Mexico was after he sold his own sawmill. In tackling one big job at the Pierson Mills, Chihuahua, Mexico, he organized a partnership with Ammon M. Tenny, Jr., and a Mr. Eccles. He was general manager of the partnership most of the three years of its life. In this joint venture, undertaken just before the Exodus from Mexico in 1912, Father had the following problems to deal with: division of partnership profits and losses, handling large payrolls, purchasing food and supplies for men and horses, etc., etc.--challenging!

Pierson sprang up in a hurry. It was located fifteen or eighteen miles south of Colonia Juarez on the Casas Grandes River. All of the improvements were just about finished when the Mexican revolution got underway. I was there part of the time assisting in supplying merchandise and supplies for Dad's crew. I did not get to see much of Father those days. He was busy, and I tried to be. Mother kept a boarding house for Dad and his foremen.

Religious and Ethical Traits

William, Philip Harrison Hurst's grandfather, and Philip, his father, joined the "Mormon Church" in England and emigrated to America with the early Saints from there. They were deeply religious, sincere, and honest through and through in their dealings with all men.

On Philip Harrison's mother's side of the family, we find them in Nauvoo during the early days of the Church doing what they could to defend the principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. They remained true and faithful while the enemies persecuted the Saints in and near Jackson County, Missouri. The Guymons were good sound people, and were thorough Latter-day Saints.

What an eviable heritage to pass on to their posterity!

These religious traits and tendencies found expression in the life of Philip Harrison through continuous activity, no matter where he made his abode. When he was away from home in the sawmill camp, I remember he often called the family together and held sacrament service. These meetings were short but helpful to us all.

Here are the most important Church positions he held: (Approximate dates)

Two-year mission to the Virginias in 1885.

Member of the first bishopric in Colonia Dublan, Chihuahua, Mexico, Juarez Stake, 1891-92.

President of the many refugees who fled from the Mexican revolution. They were scattered along the Mexican border in the states of Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona, awaiting the outcome of the revolution. President Joseph F. Smith came down to El Paso and appointed Father to this very difficult mission, 1912-1916. Father moved to Payson, Utah, as soon as he was released.

While residing in Payson, Nebo Stake, he continued to serve the Church as

home missionary, high councilman, and group leader or assistant of the High Priests' quorum of the stake. He was still holding this last position when his health failed.

Political Ambitions

Philip Harrison Hurst had certain political ambitions. A very busy life deprived him of this latent desire, or venture, except in two or three instances:

In Fairview, Utah before he moved to Mexico in 1890, the Town Council had him slated for Mayor, so he apparently "politicked" a little there, and had some ability along political lines.

After leaving Mexico, he tried again to do something politically in El Paso, Texas, and in Utah. He praised and admired Theodore Roosevelt, and he let people know about that great American. He also talked up Woodrow Wilson. He was basically a Republican at heart, however. He usually supported his man, regardless of political lines.

In his last active years in Payson, Utah, during the early 1920's, he attended mass meetings, primary conventions, and county conventions. He came to Ogden, Utah, in 1928, as an alternate delegate to the state convention. We had just moved here from New York City. He stayed with us a day or two then--we talked politics.

Conclusion

And so we bring these comments to a close. There is much more to be said regarding the life of a very able man, who contributed a great deal toward the task of making this mundane world a better place in which to live.

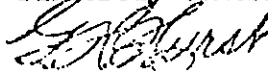
Philip Harrison Hurst was thwarted in accomplishing some of the things he would like to have done while here in the flesh. Where he now is, no obstacles can prevent him from raising his strong voice in defense of truth, progress, and eternal progression. Many have, and others will hear him preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ to departed ones.

Let us hope and trust that, through service, while we remain here yet a few years, that we will be able so to live that we may have the privilege of meeting him and others of our family, when we enter into our next stage of existence.

It has been a pleasure to write these few words in behalf of my father. Unavailability of factual information prevents a continuation at the present time.

Each one of you add to this beginning. Place your comments in the folder herewith provided.

Sincerely contributed



Guy Harold Hurst

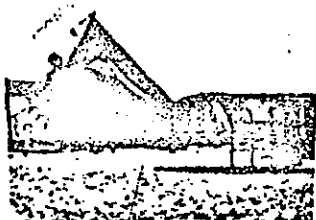
Fifth child of Philip H. and Ella Hurst

(Typed by Mildred Hurst Maw, daughter of Roy Angus Hurst and granddaughter of Philip Harrison Hurst, July 25, 1961, 1346 - 36th Street, Ogden, Utah. Typed on an IBM electric typewriter.)

H O M E S

Our family lived in these dwellings while residing "South of the Border Down Mexico Way."

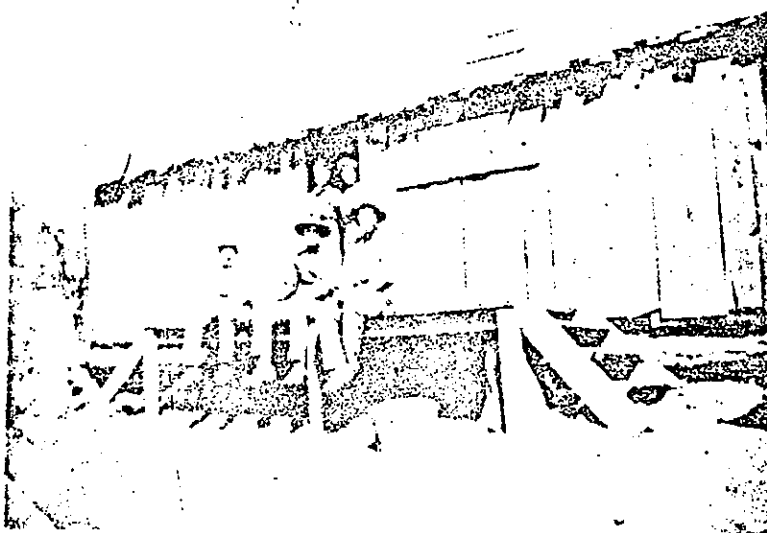
(Tent picture borrowed)



Sawmill Days--
Cabin in the Sierra
Madre Mountains

Last mill site
built about 1902

Those in the picture:
Eva Cardon
Lois Hurst
One of Dad's boys
Two mill hands



LARGE DUPLEX

Colonia Dublan,
Chihuahua, Mexico

Built in the
early 1900's

Those in the
picture:
Clarabel,
Vera, Paul,
Carlyle,
Justin
(Taken 1909)

