Charles Edward Lloyd

by

Lucy Parkinson Lloyd

Charles Edward Lloyd was born in Wellsville, Cache County, Utah, January 19, 1865. He was the son of Thomas Lloyd and Susannah Stone, who immigrated to America from England, their birthplace, after receiving the Gospel. Thomas was the son of Benjamin Lloyd and Mary Ellidge. Susannah was the daughter of William Stone and Diana Grant — all of whom were born in England. Thomas crossed the plains with the Ox Team Company, and Susannah crossed the plains with the Hand Cart Company. Thomas arrived with the company which came just previous to the one Susannah came in. He met this company and upon being made acquainted with Susannah, invited her to come with him to his home. She accepted and upon a very short acquaintance they were married November 6, 1856. They were very happy in a little log room which they used for a home as well as a harness shop, which was their trade. Charles' father and mother were fairly well educated for their time. They lived honest and respectable lives and belonged to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Charles died October 12, 1926, caused by a stomach hemorrhage.

While I have heard Charles speak of his younger days frequently, I can only attempt to bring out a few of the things which impressed me most. When a small boy, he was delicate and not nearly as strong and robust as were his brothers. His aunt, Sarah Deacon, took a very active part in caring for him, and as he grew older, she would see that he had money for dance tickets, etc. As he neared manhood, he became strong and felt well and active, proving himself competent in every way.

Charles was the fifth son of his father's family which consisted of ten sons and four daughters. He had but little opportunity for education but was schooled in the varied experiences of life. It was often said that he was an all-around educated man. He spoke fluently and had an exceptionally fine vocabulary. His young life was directed in the channel of faith in God and in the truthfulness of Mormonism through the teachings of his parents. He was industrious and trustworthy and given responsibilities which prepared him to meet the issues of the day, so that when he left home at the age of about 16 or 17 to take up responsibilities of his own under new environments, he was fairly well equipped: He had become healthy-and strong, was a good size, well built, and carried upon his face a reflection of an inward native uprightness. He had little trouble in securing employment and was given a man's full wage from this time on. He was a leader among his crowd always, it seemed, and he was never afraid to undertake things. When 17 years old, he took a contract for hauling coal and hired men his senior to do the hauling. In those days great numbers of boys went north into Montana to secure work during the summer months, and it was during one of these trips that he took the contract for hauling coal, and he made well at it.

Charles was married young to Jane Haslem of Wellsville in December, 1885. From this marriage came four girls: Eva, Annie, Mabel and Jennie. His wife died in childbirth. Charles worked his farm for a few years and his sisters, Annie and Olive, took the much needed place of caring for his small family. The two little girls, Annie and Jennie, soon followed
their mother in death. Charles changed his occupation and became a salesman on the road, selling knit goods mostly and was a very successful salesman. In the year 1894, Charles was called on a mission to England and went and filled an honorable one. He was made President of the Conference Branch and made many friends. He was probably the only Elder in the group who traveled on a bicycle. Shortly after his arrival in the mission field, he received word of his father's death. This news did not come as a surprise to him, though it was very hard on him, as his father was sick with cancer and there was no hope for his recovery when Charles left for his mission. It was his request and great desire, however, that Charles go. While Charles was in England, he met an aunt of his father whose name was "Higgs" — quite an elderly lady who had amassed a large fortune from business she had carried on herself. This aunt never married until very old, when she met the sweetheart of her youth. She advised Charles to go into business, as she said the Lloyds were a business people and would make good. Charles thought a great deal of her. He was released from his mission a few months early on account of sickness at home. His brother John died of typhoid fever just previous to his leaving England and other members of his family were down with the disease. By the time Charles arrived home, they were all well again and glad to welcome him home.

After returning home, he worked for George A. Lowe in the implement business and finally went as salesman again for the knitting factory. Charles had a keen sense of humor and was very much enjoyed by his father's family and was in a special manner the joy of his personal friends. The grace of lightness, the jocular course of his mind on proper occasions was quite remarkable. He was sociable with everyone. The first time I ever met him was when he called to take me to a dance which had been arranged for previously by another party. He called and introduced himself and said we would just walk over to Mrs. Cook's where he had a company of girls congregated together that we were to call for. There were eight in the party, as I remember, and he was the only male member. We all enjoyed the evening.' We were married in a few months from that time on December 23, 1897. His brother, E.T. Lloyd, and Jennie Hubbard, were married the same day. She and I were teaching in the school at Logan, Utah, and we took advantage of the holiday season. That same night we drove to Franklin, Idaho, a distance of 20 miles, where my folks had prepared a wedding feast for us. The weather was bitter cold and I remember that E.T. nearly perished. We remained all night and went back to Logan the next day and rented a small home, furnished. We began keeping house at once - the two girls, Eva 10 and Mabel 7, and ourselves. In a few months Charles accepted a position selling implements for Mr. Stevenson at Montpelier, Idaho. I continued teaching until June, and then the girls and I joined him in Bear Lake. In the meantime the girls had the measles. After moving to Montpelier, his brother George and Uncle Charley Stone came to live with us. In the fall of the year I taught school for two months — holding it for Uncle George until he passed his examination. Charles and I had several enjoyable trips into Star Valley and various places where he went to sell implements.

On October 29, 1898 Charles Junior was born. We were made very happy over his birth — the first son in the family. The latter part of November we moved back to Logan and Charles continued to work for Mr. Stevenson.

A Mr. Danielson invented a hay derrick which appeared to be a better derrick than any on
the market, and he came to Charles for advice on it and help. He knew he had something good, but hardly knew how to proceed to get it on the market. Charles formed a company consisting of Mr. Danielson, himself, and a secretary whose name I have forgotten. They secured a building, got machinery and built the derrick and put out agents - Charles being the general overseer of it all. They were partly successful, but the company broke up in a few years. Mr. Danielson didn't even turn the patent over to the company, and when things were not going well, he moved to Independence, Missouri, and sat up a factory there. He left the Church and finally lost everything.

Charles went back to the knitting business, this time buying out a branch of the Cache Knitting Works, which was all ready to start business in Ogden when their manager died. Charles paid $4,000. and took it over and employed F.C. Parkinson to manage it. This did not prove to be successful and, in the meantime, he sold our home to his brother Tom and took his farm in Sterling for it. We moved to the farm and stayed one year. I taught school during that winter. We now had three children - Charles, Lucille, and Kenneth. Because of our business failing in Ogden, we moved there in the spring and took care of the factory. Just two weeks later Wesley was born. In August, Eva died of Typhoid Fever and was taken to Wellsville and buried in the family cemetery. That fall we moved our factory out on Washington Street where rents were less, and we lived upstairs and had a retailing department in the front and a factory in the rear. That fall I took Kenneth back to St. Louis for medical help and returned with him much improved, but Wesley did not get along well with his new nurse and we nearly lost him. The following September Donald was born. All this time Charles was working hard to protect our factory interests, but things were not very prosperous. When Donald was three months old, I took over the cutting and kept six girls busy making garments and assisted in every way possible. We worked together and did our best, but we were finally forced to sell out, leaving quite a debt on our hands. We moved back to Logan. Charles didn't give up but kept on doing something to keep up our family expenses. Among other things he did was to buy his brother Tom's farm at St. Anthony, Idaho. I made another trip to St. Louis and when I returned, he and Charles Jr. were in Idaho inspecting his new deal. He wired me to come up and I went for a few days and then returned home. Erma was born soon after. The following spring we moved to Salt Lake and Charles bought up the Ensign Knitting Works, forming a company with E.T. as general manager. While in Salt Lake, the children all had scarlet fever. I was quarantined in with the family, and we had a hard lonesome time, for we were just new in the city, and I was alone with the little ones. The whole family was very sick. Kenneth died from this disease and it was in the latter part of July before the rest of the children were all well.

In August we moved to St. Anthony to take over our new deal. This was a trying time for us all, particularly Charles. He was carrying a big load and contracted a debt of $18,000. for the farm, besides being involved in Ogden. He had to stock the farm also. I could be of little assistance to him, for I was left sick and broken in spirit over the death of Kenneth. Charles worked on the farm with a few men in the daytime and came home every evening. We bought a home and went also in debt for that. We struggled on hand in hand and together were determined to make a success. Our family consisted of Charles Jr., Lucille, Wesley, Donald and Erma. Mabel was married on December 23, 1909, and she was not with us in St. Anthony. Charles bought and sold cattle and did very well. He bought more land and in all we had 800 acres of irrigated land. We saw some hard and discouraging times with our
limited means, sickness and a new undertaking. We were succeeding very well, but one bad year put us back a great deal. This year there was a heavy frost on the seventh of July which completely froze a $4,000 pea crop. It was a very wet rainy summer and our hay, which was our main crop, was about all spoiled with so much rain. The same summer we lost livestock which amounted to $2,500.

Charles' ability to buy and sell was our greatest asset. The labor, taxes, high rates of interest, fencing and rebuilding of fences, and the building of a barn and other buildings pretty well used up all that the farm produced. It furnished a place, however, for doing extensive buying and selling of cattle. Charles was an excellent judge of cattle, both as to quality and weight. I remember he sold to a Denver firm through a Mr. Bodine, and Charles would make a bet on the weight of a separate animal as well as on the whole herd. He always came so near the weight that Bodine frequently took his guess and didn't weight the cattle. He was just as accurate in knowing an animal that he had once bought. This was quite wonderful to me inasmuch as he bought thousands of cattle.

During these struggling years Charles was not idle as to Church affairs. In the year he was called as a Stake High Councilman. He honored this position and worked diligently in his calling. I never knew him to miss a meeting or an appointment in this calling except on account of sickness, many times having to drive long distances to meet an appointment or to attend a meeting. He was a great hand to bring the brethren home to a meal or to stay all night, for most of the High Councilmen lived in other parts of the Stake. We thought of moving to Salt Lake in the fall of 1914, but Charles was called in the Presidency as second Counselor to President Miller. After this we bought another home as we had sold our other. We now settled down more permanently than ever before. We moved in from the farm one week before Christmas. Sherman was born soon after and we were extremely happy over the birth. Charles continued his farming until the summer of, when he leased his land to Mr. Davis of Southern Utah. He went into real estate business in St. Anthony. In about a year from then the family moved to Salt Lake to give the children better educational advantages. During this winter Charles, Jr. returned from his mission. Charles was taken very ill with a hemorrhage of the stomach and went to Salt Lake for medical treatment. He spent some time with his family; and returned in April. I came home with him and the children came later. We went back to farming, as it was necessary in order to retain part of our land. We let the T.W. Lloyd farm go back to the bank that held the mortgage, and we were trying to retain our ranch near town. It was carrying a heavy mortgage also. Times had changed so materially and business was falling off so that a scene of depression seemed to come over the country, and we pretty well lost everything - our home as well.

One evening we were talking over our affairs and were planning for the future when Charles said, he had been wanting to tell me something. He said, "Mother, (for that, is what he called me) will you listen and believe me, for I feel impressed that I am not to be with you long. I feel that I am going on the other side very soon, and before I go, I want to buy a lot adjoining the one we have in the Wellsville cemetery. We will prepare to go down just as soon as I can make arrangements to leave my fall work - probably in two weeks before the weather is cold and stormy. I have some business in Grace and while there, I will see Mr. Gunnel about the lot and get it bought and paid for. I want you to go with me and we will plan the cemetery grounds. I want you to know all about my business affairs, debts due, etc.,
and I will sign notes all over to you for collection. I am sure those owing us will settle with you when I am gone and then you will be all right and can manage fine. Keep the little farm near town and with the money you receive which is due you, stock the farm with milk cows. I think I see a living in that for you. Mother, you have been a true wife to me and a real mother to my children, and this I have known from the first. I want you to know that I appreciate you more than I can express for what you have been to me. Keep the family together as much as you can and teach them to always appreciate my brothers and sisters. They mean much to you and do not want them to forget them."

While Charles was in a state of worry and anxiety, he was seized with another attack of hemorrhage of the stomach while he was busy working on the farm. Sherman was with him and succeeded in helping him in the car and driving home. In his practical way, just as soon as I could get him into bed and his nerves quieted down, he reiterated just what he had told me two weeks previous, that he felt he was not going to live long and wanted to buy a burial lot joining the one he had, as his was not large enough and that he wanted to be placed in the new lot and then, when I died, we were to either take up his other, wife and put her next to him or do whatever the family thought best. If there was a Church order, it would be well to follow that. He said he knew this was coming, but not so soon. He asked me to see his brother Tom and get him to purchase the lot for me or rather do the business part of it, as he knew the owner, etc. In our conversation he told me of all who owed him and just how his accounts stood. Noticing that I was not giving the subject my whole attention, he asked me to get a book and write it all down, which I did, and then he read it over and signed it. This was now in the early morning hours. He said, "Now, Mother, you may send for a doctor, but I wanted to have this talk before anything else took place." All arrangements were made for taking him to Salt Lake, reservations on the train as well as in the hospital, but just as he was to be moved and taken to the train, another attack came on and we waited until morning, then took him to Idaho Falls, where he was operated upon by Dr. Hatch. He died October 12, 1926, surrounded by all of his children and his two brothers, Tom and Jess. His funeral was held in St. Anthony and the services were largely attended. He was buried in Wellsville in the family cemetery.

Charles was a lover of home. He seldom left home, but when he returned earlier than expected, invariably saying he just was not made to stay away from home. He was always appreciative of what was done for him both in sickness and in health, and was expressive in the same. He believed strongly in consulting his wife in any important business affairs. He was the father of ten children four of whom preceded him in death, and his oldest son Charles died soon after. His financial affairs need only to be understood to arouse sympathy and admiration. There were few things of a practical nature that he could not do or direct others. He was a kind and devoted husband and father, honest and charitable. He was filled with the spirit of his Church work and was a leader and a man loved and respected. He died in full faith of the Gospel with a firm testimony that we would meet again.

I saw Charles at all seasons and on all occasions - in the flush of public triumph, in the intimacy of the fireside, in the most unreserved interchange of personal confidence, in health and in sickness, in sorrow and in joy, when early hours began to wreathe his brow, and through all the important scenes of his public career. I saw him on occasions that showed the manly strength and, what is better, the manly weakness of the human heart. I never heard
from him the expression of a wish unbecoming to a good citizen or unworthy of a gentleman and a Christian. He was a safe advisor, a generous giver, and a warm friend to those with whom he associated. He was of a sympathetic and kindly nature, ever upholding the rights of the weak and was honest to the core. He held various positions of public trust. He was often chosen as an arbitrator and was spiritually as well as temporally mended, faithful in observing for the most part the principles of the Gospel, ever upholding authority, and to me he was especially gifted in administering to the sick. He was among the great body of true sons of Israel who must be known to be appreciated.