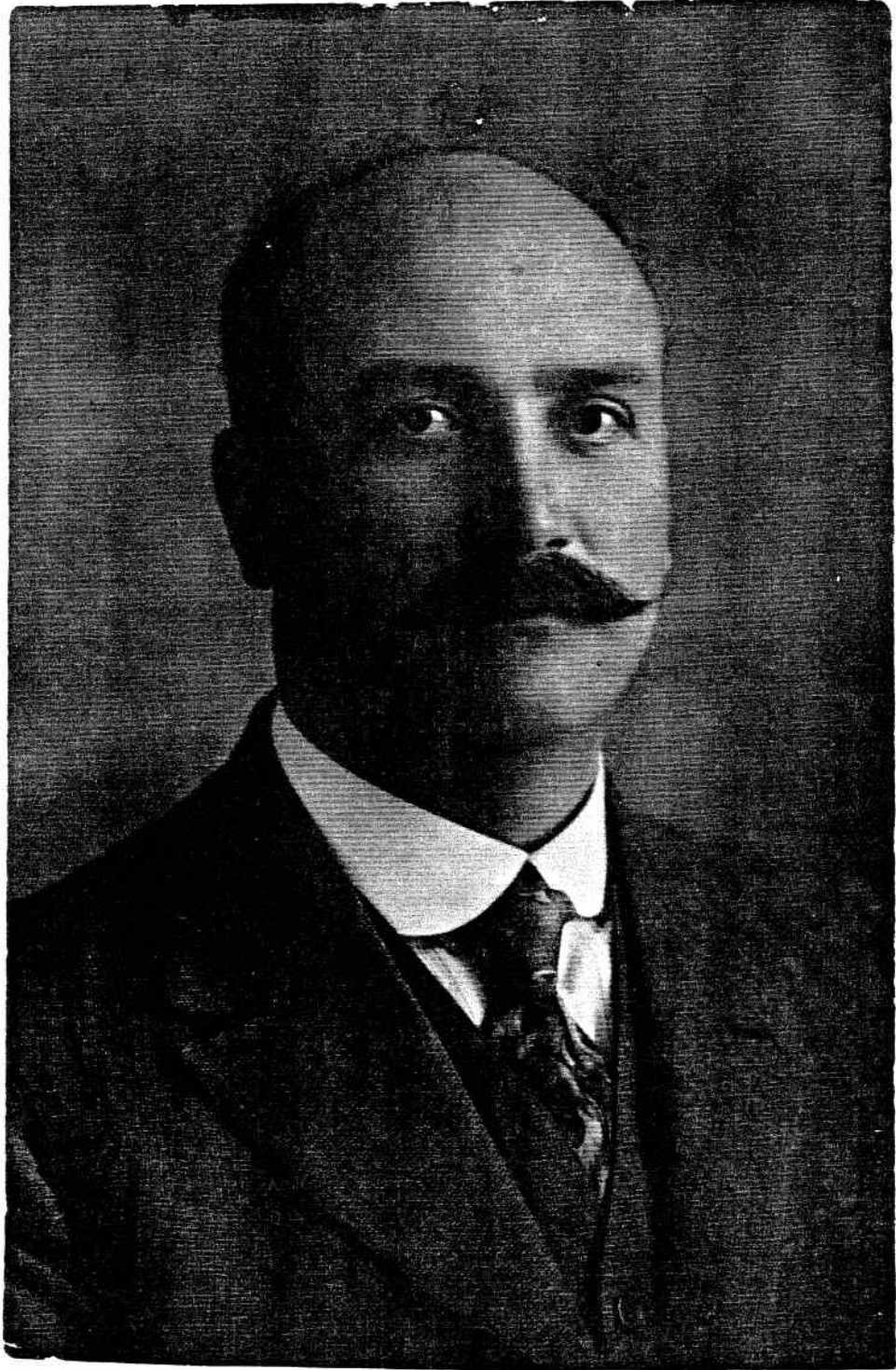


THE
LIFE STORY

OF

JOHN

CUMMARD



John Cumard



JOHN CUMMARD



John Cummerd
Color Sargent
Gordon Cadets - jr
regiment
Blue uniform - white trim



Dada



Dad



The American Studios 107 BOLD ST. LIVERPOOL.
& CONWAY ST. BIRKENHEAD.

John Cum mard
age - 17 yr.
Working at Mac Symons
in Liverpool
(iron mongery)



The American Studios 107 & 120 BOLD ST. LIVERPOOL
& CONWAY ST. BIRKENHEAD

Willie Cum mard
about 21 yrs.

John Cum mard
about 19 yrs.
Hat 3597

Suit cost 275 about \$7⁰⁰



JOHN CUMMARD

JOHN CUMMARD
1882- 1956

I was born at Liverpool, England, May 16, 1882.



My father was John Cumnard
Mary Ellen Crutch.
ways a doubt about
came from originally.



and my mother
There was al-
where my mother

It was understood her
father was named John Crutch. However, I never met my
grandparents on my mother's side any part of my life, but
they supposedly came from Leeds in Yorkshire.

On my father's side, his mother had been married
three times and the only grandfather I knew was an
Italian by the name of Paul Dotti. He was a skallywag
of a fellow who never worked to my knowledge, but had
some kind of a pension from the Italian government. He
lived with my grandmother who ran a boarding house some-
where near the Liverpool docks. My father's mother was
quite a sporty lady. She had been in this boarding
house business so long and mixed with sailors that came
from all over the world that she knew how to handle men,
and she could also speak two or three foreign languages
which she picked up around the docks.

My father had a sister by the name of Angelina
and another sister whose name was May. My father's

father, from what conversation used to go around in my childhood, was a sea captain who understood medicine and ran a cargo steamer to Italy and other places on the Mediterranean Sea. He evidently was a smart type of fellow, for he was a captain, and always had charge of a vessel, and had a medical degree of some sort.

Grandmother used to always brag about his abilities in handling various types of schooners, and the medical jobs he did on board ship. It was common knowledge that he would amputate a man's leg without an anesthetic, and in those days fighting was a common thing among seamen. Grandfather was a two fisted type of man who could handle the ship. In many cases mutinies came up, and he could always handle the situation according to the law of the sea. In fact, his life was like a book of the ancient pioneer seamen who went around Cape Horn and suffered terrific hardships, and at the same time continued to go to sea, regardless of the trials and troubles which frequently came up. I think in my own mind that he was a huge superman. That accounts for the height of the Cumnard family, in Blain and Robert, as he was supposed to be six feet four inches and weighed over 250 pounds, however this history is all from conversation I heard from my father's ravings.

He would never stay home, but was always at sea. I think, confidentially, that this fellow Paul Dotti was just a playboy who was not married to grandmother, but hung around her boarding house while the real Cumard was at sea. Of course, Paul Dotti admired grandmother Cumarde, as it was spelled in those days, or sometimes it was Cumade. In fact grandmother spelled it Cumade all the time. I think all that originated with this fellow Paul Dotti, who was an educated nuisance and always tried to get something for nothing. I remember distinctly when I was about four years of age, he took me to the Italian Consul or some other headquarters, and he talked about his grandchildren. The result was, we came home with two large baskets of groceries given to us by the Italian Consul, and we took them to grandmother's boarding house near the docks.

Grandmother thought the world of her grandson Johnny (that was me) and I used to have to wear all kinds of clothes and shoes that she bought at second hand stores, thinking, of course, that she was doing me some good, and I was her pride and joy at all times.

My father worked at a grocery store on Bold Street, in Liverpool in his early days, and that was his real business--a grocery clerk. However, he got to drinking beer with his Liverpool cronies, and I remember distinctly he was caught with liquor in his pockets, having helped himself from this grocery store, and he was, as the English call it, "sacked." From then on, from the time I was about five years old until I was around twenty, my life at home was years of constant misery.

Father used to get drunk, and as my mother was a very jealous woman, she would imagine that he had been out with other women, which, of course, created much disturbance in our family. Mother was continuously following him around at nights, especially on Saturday night when he had a few shillings. I had to trail him and prove to her that he wasn't going with other women. All that he wanted to do was stand at the public house bar and drink beer continuously and talk football. He was a man just about my size, five feet ten inches tall, but quite fat. He would brag continuously about how he could knock any other man down, and of course he got into many fights in these bars, or as we called them "public houses".

Mother had to go to work to sustain we children. She worked at Copes' Cigar Factory at Liverpool which is still in existence. Many times she would bring the tobacco home at night and make the cigars on our kitchen table. We children would watch her roll and paste and even round the tip off with her mouth like they would in the old days to seal the last leaf. Mother's fingers were always brown from the stain of the cigar tobacco. Sometimes she would make three dozen each night, and next day she would take them to the factory and get credit for them. She used to get a shilling for making one dozen cigars, and at times she got a special order to make an extra large Cuban cigar for which she got one shilling and two pence.

I can remember distinctly mother taking us to school. There were five children. Two of us would try to be under the heavy Pasley shawl that she wore and two more would have our hands in her hands to keep us from getting wet in the nasty Liverpool rains. Then after school we would wait for mother on the corner of Wilton street, which is off Soho Street, until she came from the factory to take us home.

She would then prepare our meal. Father would be fooling around, as he said, trying to get some work, which he hardly ever got, but he finally worked at the docks at the cotton warehouses.

The cotton would come in from the United States and be shipped to Manchester to the mills. This cotton was continually being moved; as it was purchased in five hundred pound bales. Father used to brag that he could do many great feats of strength with this cotton lifting, but it was always when he was drunk that he did the bragging. I remember one time when we lived at 24 Birchfield Street, which is off Islington, the neighbors came running into the house saying Mr. Jack Jackson had hung himself in the house next to us. We all rushed into the house and Jackson, who was a friend of my fathers, and used to drink with him, had had a fight that afternoon. In his drunkenness he had gone home, obtained a piece of rope from the back alley, threw the rope over a beam and jumped off the kitchen table. Of course he started yelling and the neighbors ran into the back kitchen bringing my father who said "Let the bugger hang. He should be dead anyway."

Jackson was yelling for someone to cut him down. Both of them being drunk, father finally listened to all of us kids and

the neighbors and cut the rope and let him down with a knife. I remember Jackson fell down on the tile floor, a regular heavy flop, laying there as if he were dead. My father got a bucket of water and drenched him.

After awhile Jackson got up, He was only about half the size of my father, but he ran at him hitting him in the stomach, and down went my father. Jackson stood there sparring, telling my father to get up and fight like a man. My father walked over to him and hit him on the side of the head above the ear. Jackson went down and we thought he had been killed. During the rest of that day and the next, they were nursing Jackson back to life. My father went in with a quart of beer the next day and everything was forgiven. These two were continually fighting, showing off their strength to each other. Jackson was supposed to be a pugilist, and my father was too fat to move around because he drank so much beer.

About that time my father got a job at Gains Brewery. It was his job to take a two horse wagon (in those days the horses walked in front of each other) and deliver beer.

Father would lead the first horse and Bill, his partner, would lead the second horse, and they would go around to the public houses with barrels of beer and drop them in the cellars where they were cooled. It was also his job to go to the insane asylum, which was just on the edge of Liverpool, and deliver the beer to the basement of the asylum building. If I remember correctly, there were over 2,000 inmates in this particular asylum, and they were all men. My father could drink all the beer he could get, and each time they went to a public house to put the beer in the cellar, they would get a quart of beer each and drink it. It was a common thing for him to drink 20 to 30 quarts of beer during the whole day. In fact, they gave these big horses buckets of beer for their meals, as the English people believe that it is good for all people.

While he drank so much of this, it did not seem to affect him until he got through with his days work. He would then go to a little public house and drink a few glasses of beer and be as tight as a drum when he came home. I remember distinctly that on a Tuesday they had to take this huge wagon and heavy horses to the asylum, which they hated to do because they were afraid of a crazy man getting loose and attacking

them while they were delivering the beer. Bill and Jack, my father, lived in constant fear of these crazy fellows running around the fields, because the asylum covered about 40 acres of land.

Bill weighed about 265 pounds, and Jack weighed about 245 pounds. They were compelled to wear a white smock, which covered them from the shoulders down to the ankles as an advertising medium for the beer, and they were severe handicaps in the event they were attacked by any crazy man from the asylum. For two years Bill and Jack lived in dread of delivering beer at the basement of the asylum.

Strange to say, one day my father was lowering the barrels of beer down into the basement and Bill was down below receiving the barrels, when my father saw a man come running across the field toward them. My father called Bill who came up the ladder and stood by him, but they didn't know what to do. This crazy man was frothing at the mouth and waving his arms in a wild manner. He only weighed about 135 pounds, but he was very active. Both fat men ran around the wagon and the horses

thinking they could evade the lunatic. One of them thought, we will run across this field and he may not follow us, and then the race was on. Over the field wall they went, which was about three feet high, and through a wet marshy spot. They were perspiring freely with this heavy smock they wore, but the crazy man kept running after them waving and frothing and yelling, with his eyes protruding out of his head. Both fat men thought they were going to die of heart failure, because they had run a long way, so after vaulting two, three feet rock walls between the field, Bill decided to face it. He said "Let's face this lunatic together, back to back, and whatever he does to us, we can surely stand up against him." In the meantime, they found out he did not have a knife or weapon of any kind, but was just jumping, running, and yelling, so they stood back to back and the crazy man ran around them with a red face, out of breath. At an opportune time, he hit my father on the shoulder, and said "Tag, you're it."

Jack and Bill sat down and they were there for a half hour regaining their breath and trying to recover from the shock. In the meantime, the asylum authorities came up and explained that this man's mind was just like a child, and he was continuously playing tag with the rest of the inmates. If

they had stood by their beer wagon, he would not have chased them, but the fact that they had run away made him think they wanted to play with him.

I was about ten years of age at this time, and my father, being lazy and drunken, finally lost the job at the brewery because he was not dependable. Then for years, the Cummonds went through a period of starvation. You might say insufficient to eat, poorly clothed, and constantly in trouble for not paying their debts.

My father got me exempt from school when I was in the fourth grade. I was about ten and a quarter years old, and I was led to the superintendent of schools where, with a lot of other boys my age, I had an examination which ran about four hours. Finally through my father's efforts, saying that the family was too poor to provide for themselves, that employment was hard to get, and that I could assist in the household expenses, I was exempt from school.

I have never been to school since that date, and have never been near a high school or college of any kind. I never did pass through the fourth grade,

but I seemingly had an ambition to work and to meet different people. At this time I received a job working on Saturday outside a vegetable shop selling grapes and oranges for one shilling per day. On a Sunday morning, I used to work for Jack the Barber, and all I had to do was keep lathering the men's faces to soften the beard until Jack the Barber came along with the razor and shaved the beard off. I had to wash their faces and get the money, which was twopence, or four cents. Jack the Barber could shave as many as forty-five men from 9:00 o'clock until 12:00 o'clock. That was my job for about two years on Sunday morning.

During this time, I was selling newspapers on the streets of Liverpool, a lot of the time in my bare feet. I received charity from various churches at times--such as free breakfasts, suppers, or anything that a newsboy could pick up. My mother used to be my pal in all things. I would take the money to her immediately, and she and I would have the things that we needed.

Of course, my three sisters were going to school and my oldest brother was working at MacSymon's Store on Dean Street in Liverpool. He practically ostracized himself from the family on account of my father's laziness. He paid my

mother just four shillings per week for eating and sleeping, raising hell every once-in-a-while in the house when he saw what was going on, and he kept all his money over the four shillings for himself. He was known as a Liverpool dandy, always wore a high white collar, nice clothes, and was a man among the ladies.

One strange thing about him, my mother got him to allow her to pawn his Sunday clothes on a Monday morning in order to pay the rent, which was seven shillings. Then on Saturday night with the money she earned, she would go and take them out of pawn and he could wear them on Sunday. Every Monday morning brother's clothes were pawned and on every Saturday night, they were redeemed at the expense of four pence interest. In other words, we were always one week behind on our rent and that was the way mother had of helping things out.

It was during these years from ten to sixteen that I had the most hardships, but strange to say, I personally didn't suffer. I always seemed to get enough to eat. I knew where the free breakfasts were given out on Sunday, the hot suppers for newsboys on

Saturday, at the Christian Church on Tuesday, the Episcopal Church on Thursday, the Salvation Church on Friday, and such other times that the newsboys informed me what was going on. We were always there in large numbers to participate in this food supply to the poor.

We would go into the church basements one by one, and they would hand us a large mug of tea and our hands would have two thick sandwiches. We would have to eat them as we went around the basement wall, and we had to eat it all before we got through the back door where we were allowed to go out. They did this to hold us in the church basement in order that we wouldn't go around to the front door again and come in for a second supply. This, of course, made me quick and made me feel that I had to hustle my own food. Many times I would go home with my pocket full of food for my sisters, who were glad to get a little extra morsel.

Soup kitchens were quite plentiful and almost any day, the poor could get a large bowl of soup and a husky piece of bread. That was a good meal, because it was usually full of vegetables and meat that the organization collected.

I always went to church at Gay Street and Scotland Road, which was the poorest neighborhood in Liverpool, but Gay Street

church used to give all newsboys a bath free. We would line up at the front door, go into a basement, and there was four good old souls, ladies about forty years of age, who would dunk us into a tub and scrub the very life out of us. We weren't allowed to scrub ourselves. They would do it, but when we got out of there, we were cleaned up. We got our hair cut if necessary, and sometimes we would get undershirts or underpants, or anything the church had that was useful. One of the hardest things I had to bear in those years of discomfort was, I had to sit in the house while mother washed the only pair of pants and shirt I possessed. As everybody knows, England is very rainy, and sometimes it took hours for the darned old shirt and drawers, as we called them in those days, to dry.

All this time my mother and I were pals, and we went around together--she to her cigar factory and me to my job, whatever it was. She mothered me in every way, and she used to always say, "Johnny, never do anything that will make me cry," and she always said keep away from girls, or anybody that swore, or anybody that used bad language.

My mother did not have any religion. The only time she went to church was when she had a baby. Six weeks after the child was born, it was the custom in England for the mother to be churched. We would all go to church and mother would receive the blessing from the minister of the Episcopal Church.

During this time, I worked at a bread shop which was known as Luntz' Bakery, at the corner of Birchfield Street.



As a delivery boy

The lady who managed it was named Miss Mason. She took a personal interest in my affairs and always said I was a good messenger boy and that I was strong and quick, but she continually got after me because I stole bread from the window of the bakery or down stairs. It seemed like about every third week I was "sacked" because I stole buns, thinking that she would not know how many buns were in the box, but she previously counted them. She would sack me on a Tuesday and tell me that she wouldn't need me after Friday, the night I got my pay, but always on Friday night she would say, "Why don't you be honest and good and stop stealing bread and cakes."

The bakers used to come to work at 2:00 o'clock in the morning in order to get the bread out by 10:00 o'clock, and I had to get the bread upstairs to the bakery. One day Miss Mason hit upon a plan, she got the head baker, whose name was Boardman, to bake me a barm cake. This cake was nothing more than a big chunk of dough left over from the bread, with maybe a few raisins and currents, or anything he had to put in it. Sometimes it weighed a pound and a half, and I would eat it in three pieces. I got one-third of it when I arrived

at the bakery, one-third at noon, and one-third at 3:30. Miss Mason used to make tea, and of course, I always got what was left in the pot and I got my barm cake at this time.

However, I still stole the cakes and cookies and boxes of things that were lying around thinking Miss Mason wouldn't know and the same thing took place. Every three weeks I was sacked, but she always put me back on again.

I can remember another thing vividly while working at the bakery even though I was only twelve years old. I used to get a jug of beer for a policeman that was on the beat. He used to go in the bakery and talk to Miss Mason, and they arranged a plan wherein I would go over to the public house with the bottle under my coat, get it filled with beer for two pence, and then leave it in an entry doorway behind the bakery. In a few minutes, of course, the policeman would go around there and drink the beer, and I was the policeman's pal. In fact, he would do anything for me. On Saturday night, he would give me a penny, which, of course, was duly appreciated.

During these times we were in the same poor, shiftless, poverty stricken way of living, but my oldest sister, Cissy, got a job and she turned in some of her money, which helped out, and I



began to get shoes on my feet. For years I used to wear clogs to work. These are wooden shoes with wooden soles and leather sides. They were made out of old shoe sides, with a wooden sole, and my father would keep watch over the wood soles and he would take leather straps from pieces of harness that he would pick up around, and make the wooden shoes last longer. I would go clomping along with these wooden shoes with the rest of the newsboys. In fact, wooden clogs were a token or sign of a newsboy. They gave me entry to these breakfasts where I got food.

I hit on a plan onetime where I could make two pence a night. I would go down to Lord Street, which was about two miles from my home, and next door to us a fruit peddler used to push a hand cart around the main streets and sell peaches and pears and fruits that came from France and Italy. These fruits were all delicious and sold for two pence each, and some days he would have a big load of fruit, and other days it would be light, according to the day the market opened. Coming up the hill from Church Street Chapel Street, Elliot Street, Lime Street, and Islington, it was quite hard for him to do it all alone, so these peddlers used to pay we

boys to get behind the wagon and push to get it over these hills. During that operation I got the biggest beating of my life. He used to have a box of Bartlett pears in the back of the hand cart that were a little spoiled that he sold cheaper, and one night I was pushing the cart and I noticed these Bartlett pears. My hungry instinct came over me again. I took one beautiful Bartlett Pear and ate it, and when we arrived at his house where we unloaded the boxes, he had the count of the pears and found out what I had stolen. I can remember just as plain as I am sitting here right now, he closed the back gate of the yard, took the belt off his pants, which was a heavy leather one, and just beat me for fifteen minutes over the legs, shoulders, and head, and every part of me. Then he took me home to my father and told him all about it. My father looked at him and me, and then he said, "Dick, you did the right thing. A boy of mine should not steal." I can assure all those who read this story that every time I look at a Bartlett Pear today, that memory of the beating I got comes back to me vividly. I was very careful from then on not to steal anything where I could be found out.

It was during this period of time that the Cummard

family went through a great many sicknesses, financial losses, out of work periods and general quarrels in the home between my father and mother. As I said before, my father lost his job through steady drinking and he seemed to go down and down, not only mentally but physically. My mother had to work harder making cigars than she ever did. My brother Willy was going to school and unable to work. My sister, Cissy, endeavored to go to school most of the time and Ada was also in school. Midge was quite small and of course there were babies.

Mother had a baby which was still born, or perhaps lived a few days and they called him Arthur. Another one was born called Peter. He died when about a year old and another child was born named Angelina. She died at about six months. This of course was over a period of five years and mother and we kids were all struggling with a drunken father. Somewhere along the line which I didn't know about, being so small, mother had still born twin boys. In fact, it was supposedly three months before their birth, and a miscarriage took place.

I suppose all these deaths and children passing on and the poverty was caused by the anxiety around home and mother having to work and walk almost three miles to the factory, and the English climate was anything but pleasant. However, during that time, my mother and I were quite friendly as it were, because my oldest brother, Willy, was rambling the streets and she did not have much control over him. My sisters, however, were very careful and stayed around home.

It was about this period of my life when I was about nine that we lived at Birchfield Street and moved on to Devon Street, and father continued his "out of work" life, but got more careless than ever. It seemed he lost all interest in it being his duty to maintain the family. He seemed to think that mother had taken care of us so long that he would just work occasionally and drink it up, but he always expected his meals every time he came home. However, he had no bad habits in the way of swearing or going out with bad company, but he would hang over a bar of "public house" as we called them, and buy beer on credit. If he worked, he owed it all and we, as his family, did not get any benefit from his earnings.

During this time he had a sore leg. With the exposure of the cold climate in England, with his drinking and other

carelessness, the lower part of his left leg swelled to twice the natural size, and he had three huge sores that were continually running with matter caused by the alcohol in his system. Those days we were unable to get cheap hospitalization so he endured all this suffering, and we would see him bathing this sore leg once a week and putting on a green ointment. These sores were two inches across and it was a terrible looking sight. The doctors told him that if he would stop drinking beer, the flesh would become purified and those sores were just an outlet for the foulness in his blood.

While it is a horrible statement to make, I mention this for the reason that these were the conditions that my good mother had to live under. She was working, having babies, taking us children to school, making cigars, and there was a continuous struggle going on, to my knowledge, for fifteen years. As I said before, there was hardly a time when I had a second shirt. I had to stay home while the one was being washed, which was usually on a Sunday when mother was home. Of course, my sisters and brother had the same hard conditions to exist on and it was a very hard life.

When I became about 12½ years of age, my brother took me to a large store known as MacSymon's, and for the first time I came to the conclusion that I had to do things in my life. I can remember distinctly standing in line with about fifteen other boys who had made application for a job as errand boy. That is pushing a hand cart throughout Liverpool to the docks, warehouses, and some of the close in homes. Many incidences happened in my life that were interesting.

I used to have to go to the ships when they came in at the docks and the cook would give me, sometimes, fifteen or twenty copper pans which had to be taken up town and retinned. This had to be done during the night in the tinner's shops, and I had to have them done for the next morning so the ship could be on its way. We very rarely had over twenty-four hours to do this work and I got well-acquainted with a number of shipping lines.

One of them was the Leyland Line. They used to sail to Philadelphia and other American ports, and they would come into Liverpool about every thirty days, and I got well acquainted with the cooks on the ships. I would run errands for the officers and they would always give me a meal, which I was very

much in need of, and some of them gave me old clothes which I could use. It was at one of these times that an interesting episode happened in my life.

I had talked Tom Hughes, the cook, into letting me stay on the ship with the hope of stowing away, and he made me promise if I would say that I had gotten on the boat without his consent, he would see that I was fed during my confinement among the ropes in the fore part of the ship. So I left my little cart on the dock quay and stowed away just as I stood, with no change of clothing, and I hid in the ropes.

After about twenty hours, the boat finally moved away from the dock, and got out into the Mersey River waiting for high tide to cross the bar. I suppose old Tom became weak because I saw his head pop over the ropes where I was hidden, and he had a big package of sandwiches and a can of English tea, and he told me I had better not go through with it. He could not sleep at all the previous night and he was afraid the Captain would make me tell the truth about him already giving me food and he would lose his job on the ship. With tears in my eyes, about

six hours after that, the pilot who had steered the ship out of the river came up to the ropes and said "young fellow, my lad, you had better come with me because the jig is up. Your adventure is over and it will be better for you to go back to your mother." I was then transferred to the pilot boat, which was rocking in the mouth of the river, and crying my heart out, I was told I was not going to Philadelphia, but I was going back to Liverpool to the things that I disliked and had no desire to go to.

The pilot was an Irishman named Murphy and he took me home and mother and I had a cry that I think lasted for ten hours, because she didn't think I would do such a thing to her when she was such a good pal of mine.

It was during these trips to the ships that I took a terrible dislike to my mode of living in England. It seemed to come to me that there were better places in the world, and I read every kind of advertisement pertaining to migrating to the English Colonies and getting out of the nasty climate and the horrible home conditions that I had. After this incident of trying to get away on the freight boat, I got down to hard work with the store I worked for. I got into the hardware department, which was known as the Iron

Mongery. In this job I was also an errand boy, but occasionally I unpacked the boxes and crates that came in for that department. There were about ten other employees in this particular department, and I seemed to get their good will because I would go out the back door of the store carrying five or six little bottles which would hold a very small amount of cream, and then I would sneak them into the ladies room and they would hold a pan of water over the gas flame and make themselves a cup of tea. Now at my present age, I can see that I was quite a conspirator for many years, getting this cream for the clerks in my department, and they would give me a cup of tea and usually some tea cakes, or biscuits, as we would call them now.

These clerks were very good to me in many ways, and I became stock keeper at the age of about fourteen. That is, as the goods came in, they were unpacked and marked on the articles, and I became very efficient at this and got to be more expert as I grew older, and, of course, received more wages.

I would like to state at this time that the wages I got were four shillings per week when I start-

ed at this store. The work consisted of pulling a hand car all over Liverpool, and four shillings in American money is \$1.00 per week. I was raised to six shillings a week when I got into the hardware department, and eventually got as high as ten shilling a week, after about three years time.

This, I remember, I used to take home to my mother, and she would give me back three pence, which was six cents, but I know with my little amount of money going into the household, it certainly helped out a lot. Conditions were much better than they were in the old newspaper days, because at this time I would have shoes on my feet and usually some kind of clothing although of a very poor type.

I attended a Church of England Sunday School, and the teacher was very pleasant. One Sunday morning he asked me about my affairs, and my mother, and the living conditions at home. He went home with me to meet my mother, and at the door, he gave me one shilling. I can assure everyone who reads this story that that one shilling was a million dollars to my mother. She kissed me a dozen times and tears came into her eyes to think that at last we did find somebody that was generous enough to help us in our affairs. Every Sunday, this man gave me one shilling to give to my mother, and that also helped the

household expenses.

When I was fourteen years of age, I joined the Gordon Cadets. This was a uniform boys brigade that



Color Sargent
Gordon Cadets-Jr. Regiment
Blue Uniform -White Trim

had about 1000 boys divided into ten companies. We would meet every Tuesday night and drill with regular guns, the same as if we were in army life. However, we were just fourteen to eighteen years of age. We were taught the military life, and at the same time, we were allowed to attend swimming pools, gymnasiums, and also religious meetings, which of course was very interesting to me. I became Top Sargent in a course of two years, and I used to drill the other boys. Many times we had to contest with other companies for the best groups in rifle shooting and also in drilling. Me being Top Sargent, I was the instructor in my company, and also the one who helped them to win various contests from time to time, which was also a great joy to me.

We went to Military Camp every year for two weeks with all our expenses paid. The whole regiment would walk to Chester, which is across the river from Liverpool, and it would take two days to make the trip. There we would camp out in tents and we had very good times, and it was interesting to me to know the military life.

At about sixteen years of age, I was still quite well acquainted with going to the Liverpool dock and occasionally

I went down with articles from the Iron Mongery store. I remember distinctly an Elder Dempsey steamship came in, and I got acquainted with the first mate and I told him about my great ambitions to travel abroad. He told me he would put me on as cabin boy if I would get my mother's or father's consent, and there I could see myself going to Australia and many other far away places. I took the paper home to my mother but she wouldn't sign it. The whole matter came up at home, with everyone saying how foolish I was, wanting to go away, and I was censured very much. In fact, my father promised me a good thrashing if I didn't get those ideas out of my head.

I don't know whatever made me do it, but I wrote my mother's name on the piece of paper that she was supposed to sign and took it back to the first mate, and I was already to go right then. So next morning, I put on the better pair of shoes that I happened to have at that time, and went down to the docks, boarded the steamer, and as before; they were waiting for high tide when my brother, who was older than I and who was working at the same store, MacSymons, was asked where I was.

Of course, I didn't turn up that morning to my job, and he figured right off that I was going to take to sea. Just about two hours before the boat sailed, down came my brother on a bicycle. I hid from him, but he immediately got in touch with the captain who talked with the first mate and they showed the captain my mother's signature, and again I was taken off the boat, and another great ambition of mine was destroyed.

I was getting at an age wherein I could assume responsibility, and I was made a clerk in this Iron Mongery store and



Working at
Mac Symons
(Iron Mongery)
in
Liverpool

Age - 17 years

allowed to sell goods. I was taken from the unpacking and the warehouse job, and I wore better clothes and got 13 shillings per week, which was at that time about \$4.25. With my mother's help, I got better clothing and felt like I was getting to be a man. My mother always stayed with me and helped in my ambitions, so I decided to go to high school. I attended the Thames Road High School, but it only lasted about two weeks. I was unable to buy the paper and other books that was necessary, and therefore, because of my family conditions, I have had no education, which I am sorry to say, from the time I was exempted from school as stated in the beginning.

However, the store where I worked was a very good education, because you could increase your ability by attention to your work, and the men who were bossing the employees. Most of them were Scotch and they had a very keen desire to get a good days work out of each employee. If working conditions were the same today, we would be called sweat shops, and the employment agencies would not stand for one tenth of the things that went on, compelling the employees to work so hard and such long hours. It was nothing for us to work until twelve

o'clock at night, if we were taking stock, and all we got was two sandwiches and a cup of tea, and no extra compensation on holidays.

The man who was immediately over me was named James Fyfie and he was a regular tyrant. Everyone was scared of him. He would yell and almost scream if an employee did anything wrong, especially if a mistake was made in the marking of an article or the counting of a package, or even if a package was not wrapped good when it was put on the shelf. He would yell out and ask who packaged it and would cause quite a commotion, and there was no peace for days around the department. It seemed like he would lose his mind and everybody within range suffered. Even today, fifty-five years after all this took place, I dream the most horrible dreams that I am back in that store listening to Fyfie's rages and many a good cry I would have after he had gone away, and my little old heart would be broken.

The Gordon Cadets was a source of entertainment to me and I learned to use boxing gloves and to wrestle. I used to be able to fence very good with foils. This is a French rapier and you wore a leather jacket with a spot over your heart. On the end of each foil was a leather part that prevented the

point of the foil from going into you. The art of fencing was if you could touch a vital spot on the other fellow's body, it counted you so many marks or added to your score. The jacket was white and would show any mark that the foil touched, but I became quite efficient in this and I liked it very much. Inasmuch as I was so poor, I had to borrow the other fellows' jacket and the gauntlet, which was a heavy glove covered with a chain, and it was quite hard for me to enter into the contests which took place. I still believe that if I could have had a chance, I could have won some of those silver cups that were put up, but I was unable to buy the things that it took to wear in the contests and the practices.

It was also in the Gordon Cadets that I learned to box and wrestle. I used to enter various weight contests. I remember when I was 135 pounds, I was third from the top in the city of Liverpool's amateur wrestling. When I got a little heavier, which is known as the middle weight of around 158 pounds, I went through a lot of eliminations, wrestling up to thirty or more times, boys of my own weight, and the

final was held in the YMCA at Lord Street in Liverpool, and I became Welter Weight champion of Lancashire. Six months later I wrestled for the Welter Weight Champion of England and I won the belt, which I had for one year and seven months. These contests made me feel quite happy. Mother used to come to many of my bouts and would encourage me.

Of course, these things did not bring in any money. The amateur contests were merely for a belt which I had for one year and seven months and eventually it became my belt after owning it for one year. In the meantime, there were two other contests that took place which enabled me to hold my belt and call it my very own. The belt had a gold plated buckle and it had some value, and it was one of the things that had to be sold to the pawn shop to help us to buy some other things that were more desirable. There were medals and small cups in the meantime, which did not have any great value, but they were given away or sold in the mixup of my life.

I continued to go to this Episcopal Sunday School. However I lost my good friend. He took on some other work and we had a lady teacher. The Sunday shilling was missed, but I got many a good lesson from this same Sunday School. One time there was a contest on, "how many times children is mentioned

in the Bible." The person who won would receive a prize the next Sunday, so my good mother and I searched every page in the Bible, and you will find that there is 362 times in the Bible where children are mentioned. I won a half a crown, which is two shillings and six pence, with the help of my mother in this contest. I suppose the intention was to read the Bible but we didn't read it. We just went through all the lines looking for the word children or child, or anything pertaining to a child, and the strange thing about it, there were only four other children in the class who entered the contest.

After being in the Gordon Cadet uniform for nearly four years, I was introduced to other young men who were in the "Imperial Yeomenry and the Lancashire Hussars.



Regiment. You did not put in your full time. However, we had a most elaborate uniform with a Busby, wich is a fur helmet and we had knee boots of patent leather, and heavy silver spurs. With this tight fitting uniform and me being five feet ten inches tall and weighing 160 pounds, I thought I was some soldier.

We drilled about three times a week, but once a year they supplied us with horses and we went to camp and trained on horse back. We thought we were real soldiers, but everybody being of



military mind in England, it was a common thing for young men around 18 to be in these various regiments, because they brought with them many privileges like summer vacations and gymnasiums and other pleasures that men like.

I got to be a Sargent in this regiment and the South African War started in 1898; and in 1899, I being 18 years of age, we were all transferred from the Hussars Regiment to the regular army. There we were, waiting on Salsbury Plain outside of London for the Boer War to get good and started, and at the same time we were expecting to receive horses and saddles, bridles, rifles, guns, and other military equipment; but England, like other countries, was not prepared for the Boer War, and we were down on that barren plain near London under strick discipline training to the highest efficiency and the war going on in South Africa. I think there were 150,000 soldiers at this camp, consisting of the Gordon Highlanders, Seaforth Highlanders, the Black Watch, the Death and Glory boys, the Seventeenth Lancers, the Eighteenth Hussars, the Sixteenth Cavalry, and many other regiments, all of military renown in England. Most of them had come from the wars in India and we were all down there anxious to go to

South Africa.

They were taking the highly trained soldiers first, as the guns and ammunition was manufactured, but I never did get a chance to go to the Boer War, along with 100,000 other men, because the great Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener maneuvered or worked some way to defeat the Boers in 1902, and I was released from the army to go back to civilian life.

This was quite an experience to me, at nineteen years of age, to be drawn among all that crowd of men all thirsting to go to war and the atmosphere wasn't very pleasant, as beer was sold by the barrel full in canteens, and it being very cheap, everybody participated in drinking this English beverage, which was at that time, considered the thing to do.

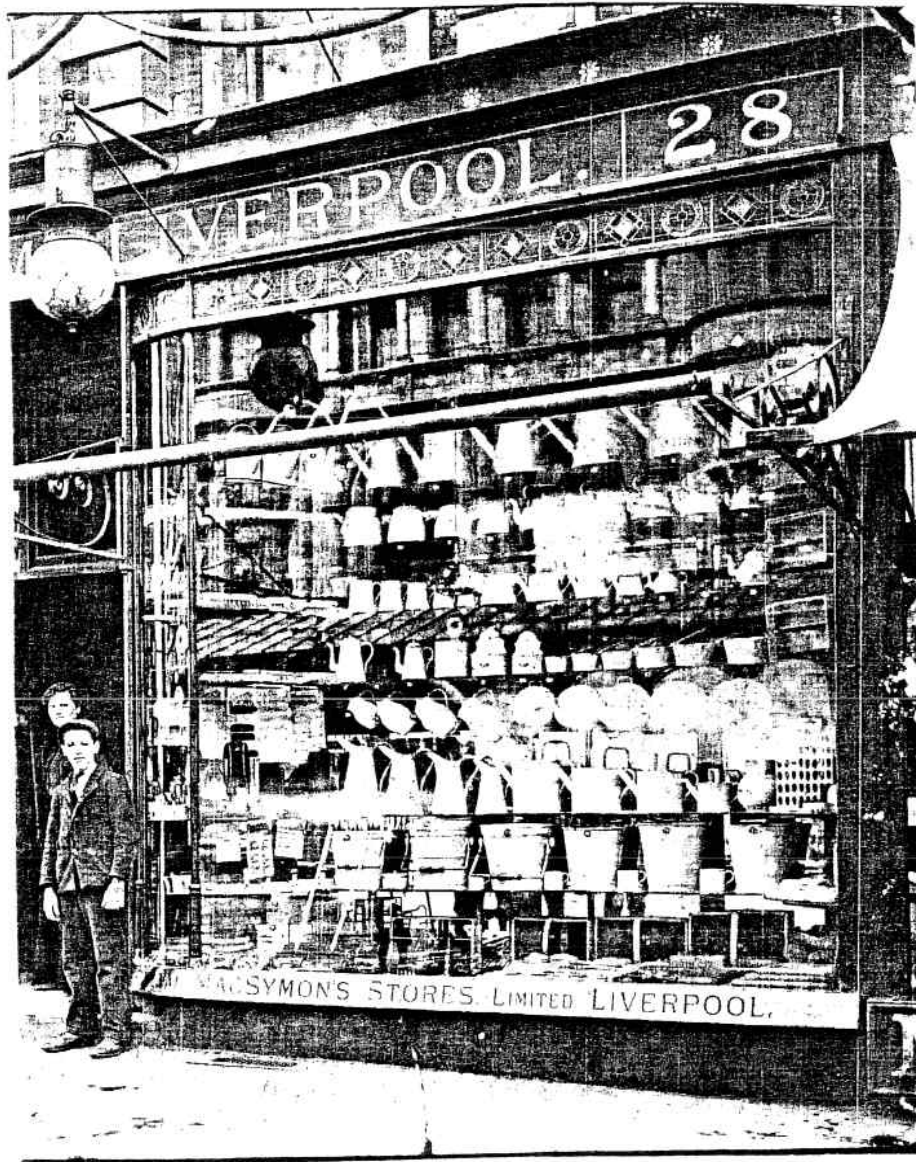
I kept up my training in the wrestling and I received some very sever beatings and made some choice victories, and I thought I was some man being able to hold my own with the other fellow. It did not do too much for me financially, but physically I was quite muscular and quick and I became efficient at evading defeat. It also make you strong mentally, which of course clears your mind and adds to your courage in many ways.

At the age of a little over 18, I was let out of the army and I went back to my old job at MacSymon's Store under

the same tyrant Fyfie. He seemed to be glad to have me back, but there were the same conditions of trouble and discontent. But I stayed with it and when I was 21, they built a store in Southport, which was fourteen miles out of Liverpool. At my early age I was put in charge of



this store with seven other employees. With the exception of one, I was the youngest, which of course made me quite proud.



My manhood was such at that time that I was going around with young ladies, and I thought I was somebody and would wear my hat at a tilt, and of course I had the usual cigarette that the English man had to have.





Willie Cumnard
about 21 years

John Cumnard
about 19 years
Hat 3S9T
Suit cost 27S - about \$7.00

Now I can remember a very serious thing that could have happened. In fact, I don't know why it didn't happen. I was going out with a girl in Liverpool by the name of Patti Bell. Patti was red headed, freckled faced, and quite a good-looking girl. She was all that a young man expected of a girl. She always seemed to act about five years older than myself, but actually she was a year younger. We had been going out together in Liverpool to dances and balls and places of that kind, and Patti was always somewhere around.

The story that I want to record right now is this. When I got fully set in the new position at Southport, receiving good wages, Patti showed up. I looked outside the store one Saturday night and there she stood on the sidewalk dressed up, as we say today, like a million dollars. The other employees wondered who she was as she kept walking up and down with her white silk parasol, white dress with three ruffles on the skirt, and her big picture hat. They thought she was a show girl or an actress of some kind, and when I did wake up to the fact that it was Patti waiting for me, of course I went out and met her.

I said, "What are you doing here?"

"Oh, I came to see you," she exclaimed. "We are going to be married."

"Who told you that," I said.

She said, "You have a good job now, and we might as well be married."

In England you just go to a registrar's office and register to be married, and in three weeks you are entitled to get married. So like a foolish young man, we walked over to the registrar's office, which was just across the street and signed up, and of course all plans were made for this marriage.

Patti had to have a place to stay that night, so I took her to the boarding house where I lived and introduced her to a good old motherly woman named Mrs. Page. Mrs. Page used to just love me and she always seemed to look after me because she said I was so young to be the manager of a store. I could see the look of disdain when I took Patti into the house and Patti said that she was my fiancee, and that we were going to be married and that she was going to stay in Southport during the publishing of the bonds, which means the wedding announcements.

So we had a quiet dinner, and when I was getting ready

to go to bed, there was a knock at the door and good old Mrs. Page came creeping in in her nightie crying just like a baby. She had put Patti to bed and all the rest of the boarders were safely away, and in my little back room she sat on the edge of the bed and couldn't say anything, for I suppose, ten minutes.

She said to me that Patti was a bad woman. Patti put rouge on her lips. Patti powdered her cheeks. Patti was barefaced and did not know how to work. In fact, for one whole hour or more, I got to know women better than I had ever known them before. Mrs. Page had gotten into Patti's secret heart and Patti, in her style, had told her a lot of things which she shouldn't have told her. Such as, Johnnie was a good young man and he had a great future, and that someday he would be rich and she wanted to be the wife of a rich man. Mrs. Page could see that Patti did not have a clean body, that this powder she put on herself had dirt under it, and I really did get to know the real story of a woman and the ways of life. Mrs. Page did not leave my room until I promised her that I would think a whole lot before I went through with the wedding.

The next morning being Sunday, all the other boarders were fussing around Patti and she was able to keep up the entertainment because she could chatter and talk just as quick as anybody. Poor Mrs. Page listened to every word and expression, and her eyes were red from crying for many days, thinking that I would make the serious mistake of marrying Patti. However, I did look upon marriage more seriously from then on, being only past 21 years of age, and I took more notice of Patti's foolishness and the kind of life I would have with a woman of that type. I took an immediate dislike to her, and during the next week while she stayed in Southport, I schemed in every way to work up trouble so that we could call this matter of marriage off.

Finally the Friday night of the week we were to be married, we had a big row and I told her we could not be married, and I think I still have some scratches on my face that she put there, because she flew into a tantrum. She just knew that Mrs. Page had done it all, Mrs. Page had lied, and it was really a terrible thing to happen, but it was the crisis in my life that I would like to put of record that really did change my opinion of the marriage question and the seriousness of taking upon myself a woman that was beautiful and had a good

figure, but with nothing in her head to justify marriage. This part of my life, especially at the time of the Patti Bell incident and leaving home and living at Southport, seemed to change my whole procedure and I became more of a business man, and I seemed to realize that life wasn't just courting girls and dancing and going out parading with a flower in my coat button hole and tilting my hat. I came to the conclusion that I should be more serious and figure for the future.

Therefore, I took a keen interest in the store at Southport. In fact, I made a proposal to the owners that they work the store on a commission basis. That the sales that each clerk made would help them to keep busy and be more beneficial to the company. However, this man Fyfie seemed to resent anybody else making proposals of that kind and the scheme was never carried out, but the store continued to do business, and of course I asked for an increase in pay, which I did not get. After a couple of years, I started to look around for another job.

After having quite a quarrel with the owners of the store, I left them and went to work at a little iron mongery store at Waterloo, which was closer to Liverpool.



During my serious thoughts at Southport, I met, in a unusual way, the mother of all my children, and I think it will be interesting to relate it here.

I was quite a good window dresser, having been well drilled for many years at Liverpool. I was dressing the shop window at Southport when a competitor came from across the street and asked me where I got all my ideas for window dressing, as to color and big articles and little articles being in the right place. I always had a great desire to put a price tag on every item in the window, as I was always under the impression that an article well displayed and its price marked, was half sold. This window dresser from across the street asked me for my suggestions and of course I got suggestions from him also.

He suggested that I go to the dance which took place every Thursday night in town and I asked him if there were any young ladies, and he said that was what he was aiming at when he introduced himself to me. He wanted me to meet some of his lady friends.

The end of the thing was, the next Thursday night I made an appointment with him to meet him at the dance hall door at 9:00. But strange to say, he did not come until about 9:30, and the dance floor was just crowded with young ladies and only about two men. A great many ladies were sitting on the chairs around the floor and,

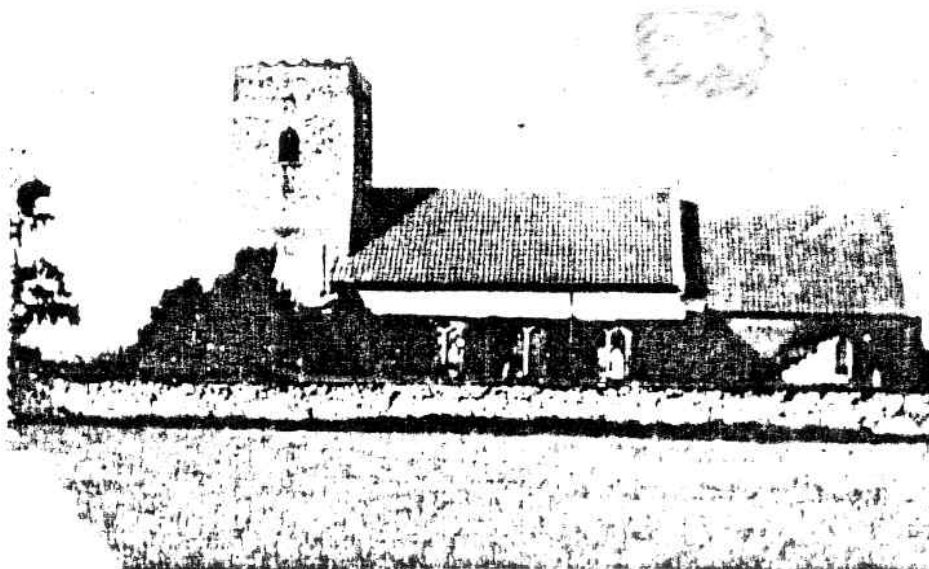
being there for the first time, I looked around and tried to pick out the one he was going to introduce me to. I got my eye on a tall girl with black hair, dark brown eyes, who was very nicely dressed, and she looked quite ladylike. So during my confusion, this man friend of mine came in and I said, "Where are your girls?"

He said, "They are here. Come on over and I will have you meet them." And to my great surprise, he introduced me to the girl I had had my eye on. Her name was Eva Thompson, the girl whom I later married.



She was the only one that seemed to strike me in the dance hall, and I danced with her quite frequently that night. I remember now, fifty years after, the incident, taking her down stairs after the dance and asking her for a kiss. She said to me, "Aren't you rushing things a bit?"

Of course, in England, you don't kiss your girl the first night. You usually wait about four months before you do that, but she let me kiss her and I took her to the bottom of the stairs, and my friend took his girl and my Eva home together. From then on, every Thursday night it was a special appointment for me to go to the dance and dance with her. We went together better than three years and finally we were married,



Married in Little Melton Church

-53-

but in the meantime we had most enjoyable times together.

After the first meeting, I found out that Eva was working in a supposedly rich man's home as a domestic servant, and she did not tell me for a long time, because she felt that a domestic servant was a little lower grade than the manager of an iron mongery store, but we overcame that difficulty very quickly and our courtship was a very happy one.

About a year and a half after we got acquainted at South Port, I left and got the job at Waterloo and went back to Liverpool to live with my mother and sisters who were endeavoring to keep the home together. After mother died, Eva went to work at Lewis's large department store and was a waitress in their dining room until we were married.

When I was twenty-two years of age, I got the position in Waring and Gillows Department Store at Bold Street in Liverpool and there I had a very good position, and I felt quite happy in that work. Eva continued to work at Lewis's Department Store and in the meantime, I was in this military operation and also I went around gymnasiums considerably wrestling and learning boxing and in 1905 we were married.

Waring and Gillows Store was known as the Pioneer Company, and there were a great deal of high class salesmen

and sales ladies, and I received a first class education in salesmanship. The money I received was not great. I started at 30 shillings per week and worked on a commission basis, which brought in about 12 shillings more per week, according to the sales that I made.

It was at this time that I was living at Farnsworth Street in Liverpool, with my mother and sisters, and I started making the furniture for our new home, which would eventually come. I remember making a kitchen table and two or three benches and a hall stand. My sister Midge had a boy friend who was a cabinet maker and he helped me considerably in this endeavor. However, it was quite slow work and took over a year to make these few odd things, but it enabled us to start when we started house keeping. I made the hall stand, which was six feet two inches high and four feet wide, not thinking about getting it out of the basement where I worked, and after it was made, I had to tear it apart in order to get it up the stair way and then put it together upstairs.

It was at this time that I lost the best friend in all the world, my mother. She got quite weak. The years of strain seemed to creep over her and after two or three

visits to the hospital, she began to fade away. One night I came home and she said to me, "Your supper is in the oven." I turned around to get the supper and put it on the kitchen table. I looked around at my mother, who was on the couch where she usually rested, and I noticed a twitching in her left cheek, and then her left eye began to open and close. Then her left arm, in fact her whole left side, began to twitch and she lost control of that portion of her body. I was talking to her, asking what was the matter and she finally could not speak to me.

I rushed across the street to the nearest doctor, there not being anyone in the house but myself and mother. The doctor came back with me, and mother's whole left side was twitching and she had no control of it. The doctor said, "Your mother has a stroke and she is liable not to live through it." I sat there and watched my best pal go. Mother died around the month of March in 1902 about 10:30 at night. When the rest of the family came back, she had passed away and still lay on the couch with the doctor in attendance. She only weighed about ninety pounds and I carried her up to her bedroom, and then of course we had the usual funeral. She passed away at the age of 49, ending one of the greatest struggles a mother could have gone

through in life. The hardships, discomforts, poverty, a large family, and her weakened body, and a husband who was the lowest type of man that could be, and to make it worse, he used to drink so much that I don't know of any happiness mother ever had, except when she was walking with her children going or coming back from the tobacco factory.

I was then going with Eva and we were planning on getting our things together so that we might start our own home. We saved up what we could and I made arrangements with a Jew, who had a furniture factory, to make some pieces of furniture and when we started housekeeping, we had a nice lot of furniture to get started with. We took a house on Needham Road in Liverpool.

In the meantime, my job at the Pioneer Store was getting better and we felt very good about our proceedings. About a year later, Jack was born. Of course, this made it so that Eva could not work, and she stayed home.

About this time another very wonderful incident happened, which it will be well to relate in detail.

In the iron mongery store where I worked, I sold heating stoves. It was my duty to go to the houses and figure the size of the stove needed to heat the premises. One day, Eugene Allen came into the store and wanted me to go to his home, figure the size of the stove, and what it would cost for gas pipe, and inasmuch as I worked on commission, of course I went to the place.

In the meantime, Eva and I used to go to the Episcopal church, and we would attend the services on Sunday morning. It was my job to wheel the baby Jack in the baby carriage, even when Eva did not go to church. There was a religious revival going on and the Episcopal church had what is known as an "Open Sunday" every other Sunday. That is to say, anybody could talk on a subject that was important. These Sunday morning lectures were for men only and the subject was "Why Working Men Don't Go to Church."

The minister was an Irishman and he was quite successful in getting the men to church. He was a rough and ready type of minister, but every Sunday morning, the church basement, which held over 500 people, was full, and at that time, many men spoke on the reasons why they did not go to church.

One of the speakers was another Irishman, and I was impressed with the way he talked and his sincerity, and he having

come from Ireland, I remember his face quite plainly.

When I went to this home of Eugene Allen, I found that he was a Mormon Elder from the United States on a mission, and he wanted the stove for the office of President Charles W. Penrose, who was an apostle of the Mormon church and also the president of the European Mission.

As I went up the stairway with Mr. Allen, I saw this Irishman who spoke in the Episcopal Church the previous Sunday morning. His face was familiar, so in a joking way I said to him, "Well, have you found out yet why working men don't go to church?"

He looked at me and shook hands and asked me if I had been to the Episcopal Church. I told him I had heard his talk and I liked what he said. He then said, "When you get through with Mr. Allen, I would like to talk to you when you come down stairs again."

So, being in a good mood, having received the order for a good sized stove, I went in to see him. Mr. Morton, who was the genial Irishman, was ready for me in the front sitting room with a nice fire going, and in about thirty minutes he told me more about Mormonism than I had ever thought of, and he impressed me so greatly in telling me

of Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, and many other notable men, that I suggested that he come around to our house and bring a companion. So I made an appointment with him to come on the first day of January, 1906 at Needham Road, and I can tell all those who read this story that it was a wonderful occasion having Elder Morton and Elder J. R. Price.



William A. Morton



J. R. Price

They sat in our kitchen before a nice warm cheerful fire that cold winter night, explaining the gospel to us. Elder Price held Jack, the baby, on his knee all that time and Elder Morton did most of the talking. It was a wonderful occasion, and we were so impressed after about six similar visits that we went to the Mormon Church at 295 Edge Lane, Liverpool, and in a few months we were members of the church.

It was with a great deal of happiness we met the Liverpool Saints, who were like us, all new members. We had parties and concerts and many get-togethers, and met many elders from the United States, and it was a great event in our lives.

I can remember so distinctly after about the fourth visit of Elder Morton and Price, Eva and I stood by the fire-place at Needham Road saying, "It is true." We were so impressed that we could not help but think that the Joseph Smith story was true and we both believed right there and then on about the fourth visit, we had received the testimony of Mormonism.

I, of course, was not religious. Eva used to have to make me go to Sunday School at the Episcopal Church. I thought it was a lot of foolishness going to church and

I was more of an atheist. In fact, I would go to the public square in Liverpool prior to this occasion and listen to the atheists talking about how wrong the Bible was, and the atheism seemed to take hold of me and I didn't want any religion at all.

Eva had been brought up in the Episcopal Church, and she knew the Bible and her Prayer Book very well. She led the debate with the elders regarding the first principles of the gospel and argued with them many times not in an antagonistic way, but endeavoring to find out more about Mormonism.

In after life, we used to go over the incidents that had taken place when these two elders spent hours with us and we repeated the many questions that we had asked them, and they had answered us to our satisfaction. In other words, Mormonism just seeped right into us and we had no resistance what-ever. I asked for baptism on four different occasions, and I remember the various elders would say, "Don't be in a hurry." Let it sink in and when you are fully convinced, we will think about baptising you."

Elder William A. Morton once told me that they didn't want me in the church while I had any atheistic ideas, and that I had to get down and study and firmly believe in my heart that the story of Joseph Smith was true before they would even

consider baptising me. They seemed to think Eva was ready for baptism a long time before me, but my attitude of their being no God seemed to remain on their minds that they surely had to give me plenty of time before I was ready for baptism. We payed tithing many weeks before we were baptised.

So after about five months of investigation, they finally decided that I, with a lot of others in the Liverpool branch, was ready and they took us to Margaret Street Public Baths, and there we held a baptismal service for twenty-four converts. That same year, with the efforts of William A. Morton and J. R. Price, and others, in the Liverpool branch, they converted and baptised 103 souls. It was a delightful experience to be with those people that were of the same mind as us, and we centralized our life for a short two years (or less) around the Mormon people and each month a number of Saints would go to Zion. We thought we would never get there because it was a great ambition for us to go to Zion, inasmuch as Financial conditions were not right. After nearly two years, we sold all our furniture and our lovely home, which we rented and which we had wall-papered and cleaned up and did many things to, in order to make it better, and got

our tickets to Zion.

In the meantime Zena was born, and she was bout three months old when we started for Utah.



Eva, Zena, Jack, John

This period of our lives, and the disposing of our home in Liverpool, was one of the most exciting and thrilling of our early lives. The incidents that happened to both our families regarding us joining the church were in very many cases ridiculous.

No one from my family would attend the church, except brother Willie, and he seemed to be receptive at times. However, he was continually reading books against the church. He would attend any meeting that was against Mormonism and the church, and bring it all up to our home and try to tell us how foolish we were to join the church. William A. Morton had a number of meetings with my brother William, and at one of the times when we thought we had him wanting to join the church, we got him to the baths and were holding a baptismal service. He went into the dressing room to change his clothes and saw all the crowd that was gathered around the side of the baths where we held service. He could see the ladies coming out of the water with their clothes and hair being wet, and he, being a particular type regarding his person, put his clothes on again and the last thing we saw of him, he was going as fast as he could out of the building. From then on, we never could get any reason regarding religion.

He seemed to have been possessed of the devil, which stayed with him all his life. He would buy any book against Mormonism and send it to me and also attend silly meetings against the church and then come and tell us all about it. Of course the devil had him and he wasn't strong enough to overcome it.

My own father acted ridiculous. He said the church was composed of men that were all the time after women just for polygamy purposes and getting money. He said the Americans were always after the dollar and all they wanted from us was to get us to Utah, where Eva would be another wife of Brigham Young or one of Brigham Young's family and I would be left without a wife when I got to Salt Lake. There were hundreds of similar statements made of that character, but the strangest thing of all, these happenings made us stronger in the gospel and we continued to bear a strong testimony and to pay an honest tithing. In fact, we paid tithing before we were baptised, and it did not seem to upset us in anyway.

I remember talking to Eva one time just after we were baptised and after we had heard a talk on tithing about it being returned to us. I said to her, "Inasmuch as we have the front room empty and we haven't been able to rent it, let's put a sign in the window and see if we can't get someone to

rent the room for four shillings per week." We had had this sign in the window many times without results, but this time on the second day it was showing, an old gentleman came to the door and said he wanted such a room if he could get his breakfast served to him, and he would pay us six shillings per week, which was the exact amount of the tithing that we were paying.

I want to tell all who read this story that we have never lost anything that we have put out in tithing. Those early days when tithing was hard for us to pay, Eva was very firm on her paying tithing, and I was only half and half, and I kept putting the Lord to a test every once in a while, like renting the room. I can state here now after fifty years that anything I have paid in tithing has always been returned ten-fold.

An unforgettable accident happened when we were having our farewell party at Liverpool. Everybody was happy and we received the usual going away presents, and amid the tears and joys of our departure, we held the usual social at 295 Edge Lane. President Charles

W. Penrose,
meeting



44 CHARLES W. PENROSE
Ord. (A.) 7 July 1904
By 26 Joseph F. Smith

who was at this particular
told us we would go to Zion

and be happy if we continued to live the gospel, pay our tithing, and do that which was right and bear our testimony to the world at all times, and that I would be successful in my work and that eventually I would have a happy home in Zion.

Of course this was a long way off to us. We had thirty shillings in our pocket, which was \$7.50, when we went on the boat, and our future did not look very bright, but we had that strong testimony within us that things would come out alright. After leaving a good job in Liverpool at the Pioneer Store, they having given me a gold watch as a farewell present, and the sadness of leaving all my relatives, I can assure the readers of this statement that it was a very blue period. However, over it all we had an inner feeling that the Lord was taking care of us, and figuratively speaking, we shut our eyes and went on the boat.

President Penrose's talk that night while we were all gathered in the front room of the mission house, where there must have been about 130 saints in attendance, helped us to overcome these fears, and after some of the other elders spoke, it was Eva's and my turn to give our farewell talk. The party lasted about four hours and it was mostly testimonies regarding having received the gospel. Eva stood up, I can see her now,

by the fireplace with Zena in her arms, saying how grateful she was that we were at last leaving for Zion, and our tickets and affairs had been settled and the boat would sail in two days. It came my turn to speak and I can remember as vividly as if it was today the whole audience was filled with joy and happiness, and I stood up by the same fireplace and Jack came running to me across the floor, he being about two years old. I said to him "Go back to your mother. I've got enough to do." However, he finally came and I had to hold him in my arms during the time of my talk. In that talk I thanked the Lord for his goodness to us, and also the blessings that we were receiving, going to Zion, and that the elders had been so good to us, and I promised the Lord if I was successful, as President Penrose had stated, and that when I had founded a home and became financially able to do it, that I would send this boy that I had in my arms back to Liverpool or England on a mission to repara, in a way, the goodness that had come to us, and that I would do everything possible to fix it so he could fulfill a mission and preach the gospel, the same as the other elders who were there that night.

This, of course, was quite a statement to make, as it was twenty years in the future. It was IF I got work, IF I made good, IF I still remained a member of the church, IF I made enough money to live there, IF Jack lived, and IF a lot of other things should happen in the next twenty years.

President Penrose stood up and said that brother Cumnard might think he doesn't know what he is talking about, and the audience might think that brother Cumnard was making an over-statement when he said those things about his son fulfilling a mission. He said you notice that he didn't say he himself would come back, but he said that his son would come back, and I now, as an elder in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints will make this statement, that brother Cumnard will fulfill his expectations, if he will live the gospel. I will promise him right here and now, if he will do the things I have told him to do, and if he will continue to bear his testimony, that great wish of his will come true, and someday this child who is now a baby will come back to Liverpool or England and fill that mission that he has prophesied will be filled.

So all who will read this statement will know, Jack did go back to Liverpool twenty years afterwards, he did fulfill a mission in Liverpool and he not only fulfilled the mission, but

he slept in the same bed in the same house (295 Edge Lane) and did the same work in the Liverpool office as the elder did (Elder J. R. Price) who baptised Eva and I into the church. In other words, not only was the mission fulfilled, as I stated that eventful night of our departure from Liverpool, but he did all those things that made it that much better for us and that he was an assistant also to the president of the European Mission, as Elder J. R. Price, the man who baptised us.

Many things happened at the time of our departure from Liverpool. The furniture that we owned brought more money on the sale that we had than it cost us. There was one couch that I had made for us which cost 24 shillings, and we sold it for 39 shillings. This was just one item, among many other things, which will show the reader of this story that we sold for more money than they cost us, showing that the Lord was helping us to get to Zion. As I stated before, we had just enough money to pay our expenses to Salt Lake City and have 30 shillings left.

The elders were exceptionally fine upon our departure. Elder Price even advanced \$120.00, which we called "show money", which we had to show on entering the United States. Of course we gave him this money back when we got to Utah.

He also got me a position in Heber City to work in a furniture store, which, however, did not turn out because the man whom I was to replace did not leave the position, and we arrived in Heber City, Utah jobless.

Another great incident which tried our faith, both children, Jack and Zena, started with the whooping cough just a couple of days before we went on board the ship. As you know,



Eva, Zena, Jack, John
-72-

they examine everyone going on the ship for diseases, and Jack's eyes were so red that they thought he had trachoma. However, the elders somehow or other, got him on board the ship, and he was not examined, and we did not show up until the ship was well out to sea before people noticed Jack's eyes. Then, of course, the whooping cough caused consternation all over the ship. We were quarantined so the children could not go into the dining room, but Eva and I could. The ship's doctor did all he could, but when we arrived in Canada and afterwards to New York, there was a good strong whooping cough trouble going on. The children would whoop so loud and so long that everybody would turn around and seemingly were shocked.

When we arrived, the doctors told us not to get off the boat until we were examined. All the other passengers were off before they examined us regarding this disease. In fact, at one time, I heard one doctor say, "Send them to Ellis Island until they get over it."

Inasmuch as we had no money, that would have been a hardship on us. Incidentally, we also heard that somebody else suggested that we should not be allowed to land with this type of whooping cough. However, I was personally called before these three doctors, who asked me

when the symptoms first started, and I did my best to explain that they had a little cough getting on the boat, but it developed after we got out to sea. I talked to them as best I could, and I finally ended up by saying if they would let us go through, I would give them my word of honor that we would not stop anywhere or live in any houses until we got to Salt Lake City. One good old doctor out of the three said, "He looks like an honest man, and these Mormons are usually men of their word," and as far as he was concerned, he would let us go through on that basis. To our great joy, and also to the twenty-seven elders who were on the boat with us returning to their homes, we got started for Zion.

I might add that the trip was quite rough crossing the Atlantic Ocean. There were times when only three or four people attended the dining room meals. It was in January and storms were terrific. In fact, many life boats were wrecked that were tied on deck, and the ship was having quite a time crossing. It took us ten days, and we were certainly glad when we put our feet on the land again.

The trip to Salt Lake City was without any great event. We liked the American trains. However, it took a long time for us to cross nearly 3,000 miles, and when we arrived at Ogden, we were certainly pleased to find Elder J. R. Price coming on

the train, and he said he would travel the rest of the way with us to Heber City, Utah.

When we arrived at Heber City, we met brother Price's father and mother and his sisters and brothers and they took us into their home until we could find a place for ourselves. We had exactly five dollars and some odd cents on arriving in Heber City. The snow was three feet on the ground and everybody was riding around in sleds, which was a sight for us to see, coming from England where snow of that kind was never seen.

Sister Alexander, a good old sole who is the mother of Mabel Price, certainly made us feel happy. They had a very simple home in Heber City, and took us in. We slept partly on the floor, and Eva and I slept on a bed. After about ten days, Elder Price got us located in a little frame house just a few feet from the Alexander family. It was there we started to think seriously about our future.

We had previously learned that the position in the furniture store that I should have had was gone, and that Mr. Jorgensen did not leave, and the store people preferred him to me, a stranger, and consequently, I was out of a job. For the next four months, the Cummar family had a period of

hardships and privations which they did not expect. We could not get any work, and the two children were cold and sick on account of the severe winter, and there was very little work to do. The first work I got was to do some digging in a canal known as the Timpanogus Canal, which eventually carried a large body of water around the foot of the mountain, to the farms. After three years work, this big canal was built and became active. In the meantime, the farmers were doing assessment work. Instead of money, they were laboring themselves with their teams and shovels, and occasionally I got a job for \$1.00 a day which was on an assessment basis. That is, a mercantile issued script to these farmers, who in turn gave me an order on the store for food at a ten percent reduction, so I would work all day for \$1.00 and ^{get} 90 cents worth of groceries. This was in 1908, when you could get a lot of groceries for \$1.00. Eggs were 15 cents a dozen and a good size loaf of bread was five cents. I got about twelve days of this assessment work after many tries, which brought a few things into the cabin where we were located.

In the meantime, the people in Heber City were extremely good to us. They knew we were converts and came from the old country and many of them left food of all kinds for us. Many mornings we would awaken and at the door would be maybe two

dozen eggs. The next day there would be a part of a sack of flour, and these good old people would leave us vegetables and many things to eat, and we would not know who left them at the door. That kind of people I will never forget. They didn't have much for themselves, but they would share their food with us, even if it was only a quart of jam, or a bottle of preserves or a loaf of bread. They would bring it to us and tell us they were glad we were now in Zion and for us to not get discouraged. Many times we regretted leaving England during those first four months, living in the cabin with practically no furniture and no work, and depending on other people to provide for us.

At this time, a very old gentleman named Murdock visited us. He said he had some furniture at Charleston, which was eight miles away, and if I would go with him in his wagon, we could make a deal for this furniture, and I could pay for it in the future. This old man they called Nimphus Murdock. He was the grandfather of all the present day Murdocks. He had three wives and he had built a home in Heber City for the first wife, and was giving up the old home in Charleston, where he had farmed in his

younger days.

I sat on his wagon box, I remember as plain as if it were today as I tell my story, of how frugal the people of Utah had to be. He said on his first trip to Salt Lake City from Heber City he picked up every bit of iron, every nail, anything of value that he could see on the road, and when he got to Salt Lake City, he had better than 200 pounds of old rusty iron, which he sold for sixty cents. Then every trip he made, he always got off his wagon box to pick up anything of that kind of value.

He was a great pioneer, We arrived at his ranch home in Charleston and there was a nice lot of furniture of the type they used those old days, a Home Comfort range, which was all steel and which was the joy of any housekeeper. It had a bright steel top, which had gone rusty, but it was in good shape, although it had been in use for about twenty years. Mr. Murdock argued about every article that he sold me. The stove started at \$60.00. I told him I thought it was too high, and by this time I had learned that he was an old time Indian trader. He just simply had to trade on every article he bought and sold.

He asked me how much I would give for the stove. I said I thought \$30.00 was a good top price. He told me to get a

piece of paper and write that down--one stove, \$30.00. Then we went to the kitchen table, the kitchen chairs, a folding bed, an old rag carpet, an old fashioned kitchen cupboard with a flour bin, and many other items of value to both of us. I can remember him saying, "This kitchen cabinet cost me \$100.00 from Sears and Roebuck, and I won't take less than \$50.00." I got him down to \$40.00, and this bargaining went on all day long in that manner. When I made the total of all the items, it amounted to \$87.50, and he said to me, "What is the total of all that?"

I said "\$87.50."

"Well," he said, "What is half of that?"

I answered, "Forty-three dollars and seventy-five cents," and he said "That is what you owe me." He had me write out a statement right then and there, "I do owe Nimphus Murdock \$43.75, payable \$5.00 per month." That is the kind of people that lived in Heber City. Those dear, good, kind, honest folks that had crossed the plains, overcome hardships, and were willing to do everything they could to help any other families along. Of course, in thirty days, I got \$5.00 to pay him, and

he said "Why don't you come and work for me to work that bill off, so I went around to this new house and hung some picture molding, put some base boards down, and did some painting, and he paid me \$1.00 a day, which he gave me credit for three days, and that was all the work he had. Later on, when we went to Provo, I would send him the \$5.00 when I had it, and the time came when I owed him about \$23.00, and he wrote back to me and said, "Brother Cumnard, here is a receipt in full for all you owe me." Therefore, I got another twenty percent off the bill, and I got all that lovely furniture in that way.

There were times when I worked for the people like putting a new roof on a gymnasium that was being built, and I received no compensation for that. I worked for a lumber yard, stacking lumber and unloading car loads of coal, with a little old wheel barrow into a shed, and also unloading plaster, which was in sacks. This was a nasty job, as it tended to choke a person on account of handling, and the dust that resulted therefrom.

About the hardest and discouraging work was when I had to walk three miles to the Timpanogus Canal in deep snow. I would see other men pass me in buggies, but they were loaded down with two or three and it was difficult for the horses to pull

them, and I had to walk all the way. At this time, I can remember one incident when I was greatly discouraged walking through the snow thinking of leaving a good home in Liverpool and coming out to the wilderness where there was nothing but snow and mountains and no work. I said a little prayer to myself and somehow the Lord answered the prayer, and I felt inspired to think of the word courage. I kept saying courage, courage, courage everytime I took a step towards the canal job. In fact, I got a stick and wrote in large letters in the snow beside the path, the word courage, and each day I would make the letters bigger so that about half way to work I would see this word courage written in the snow, and it seemed to help me to continue. I would come home to Eva and the children with an aching back and sore hands and feet, because after working eight hours in a rocky canal using a fourteen pound sledge hammer and driving miners drills in the rock, it was quite a heavy job for me, who had been a salesman and not having had any heavy work.

After a few days of using the hammer, they gave me a partner who was an old miner, and it was my job to hold the drills and also take my turn in driving the sledge hard so that the holes could be bored down to the rock. I had

not been used to this kind of hammer work and the first few times, I hit the man's hands, as the hammer would slip off the drill, but the old fellow was an old tough type of fellow. He was chewing tobacco and swearing. In fact, he had been drunk the night before and they had brought him from Park City, Utah because he was a good powder man, and he was taking his turn at drilling and I was his mate.

HISTORY OF JOHN CUMMARD

Maricopa Stake Presidency: John Cumnard, second counselor, was born on Birchfield Street, Liverpool, England on the 16th of May 1882, and is now a resident of Mesa, Maricopa County, Arizona. He is the son of John C. and Mary Ellen Cumnard, and lived in Liverpool all his life.

On the first of January, 1907 the Mormon Elders, namely William A. Morton, of Salt Lake City, Utah, and Robert Price, now Bishop of Phoenix, visited the Cumnard home at 16 Cameron Street off Needham Road, Liverpool, and on the 15th day of April, 1907 they joined the Church and became members of the Liverpool Branch, with Apostle Charles W. Penrose being in charge of the English at that time.. He was ordained a deacon Aug. 10, 1907.

On the 29th of February, 1908 he emigrated to Utah, sailing on the ship S. S. Canada, with his wife and children, John and Zena. He arrived in Heber City, Utah of the 15th of March, living there four months during which time he worked as a laborer in the Lumber Company. He assisted with the Wasatch Stake Amusement hall, and the Timpanogos Canal. He then moved to Provo, associating himself with the furniture business with Barton & Blake Furniture Co.

He was ordained an Elder on October 9, 1908. He lived in Provo First Ward two years and later lived in the Fifth Ward where he was ordained a Seventy and was a teacher of the parents Class. While in the Utah Stake he held the following positions; Secretary of the First Elders Quorum. Chairman of the Fifth Ward Amusement Committee. Second Counselor to the president of the Y.M.M.I.A. He was a member of the faculty of the B.Y.U., where he taught Physical Culture and assisted Eugene Roberts in the Wrestling and Boxing Department.

History of John Cumnard

During the absence of his wife and family in England, he went to Arizona, associating himself with the Inter-Mountain Life Insurance Company of Salt Lake City, locating in Mesa, January 2, 1912.

For the next four years he traveled, in the interest of Life Insurance, he visited practically every town in Arizona and New Mexico. During this time he was a member of the Stake Board of the Y.M.M.I.A. During 1914, 1915, 1916 he was chairman of the Stake Amusement Committee and Stake Old Folks Committee. In 1916-1918 he was the teacher of the Junior class of the Y.M.M.I.A. and Scout Master during which time the Boy Scout Swimming pool was built. He was set apart as First Counselor to the Stake Superintendent of the Y.M.M.I.A in 1916. He was Stake Superintendent during 1917 and 1918. During World War One he was chairman of the Red Cross, having under his jurisdiction the entire Red Cross Organization. He was elected president of the Mesa Commercial Club in 1918. From 1915 to the present time he was manager and half owner of the Arizona Land Company, and at the present time interested financially with both Mesa banks.

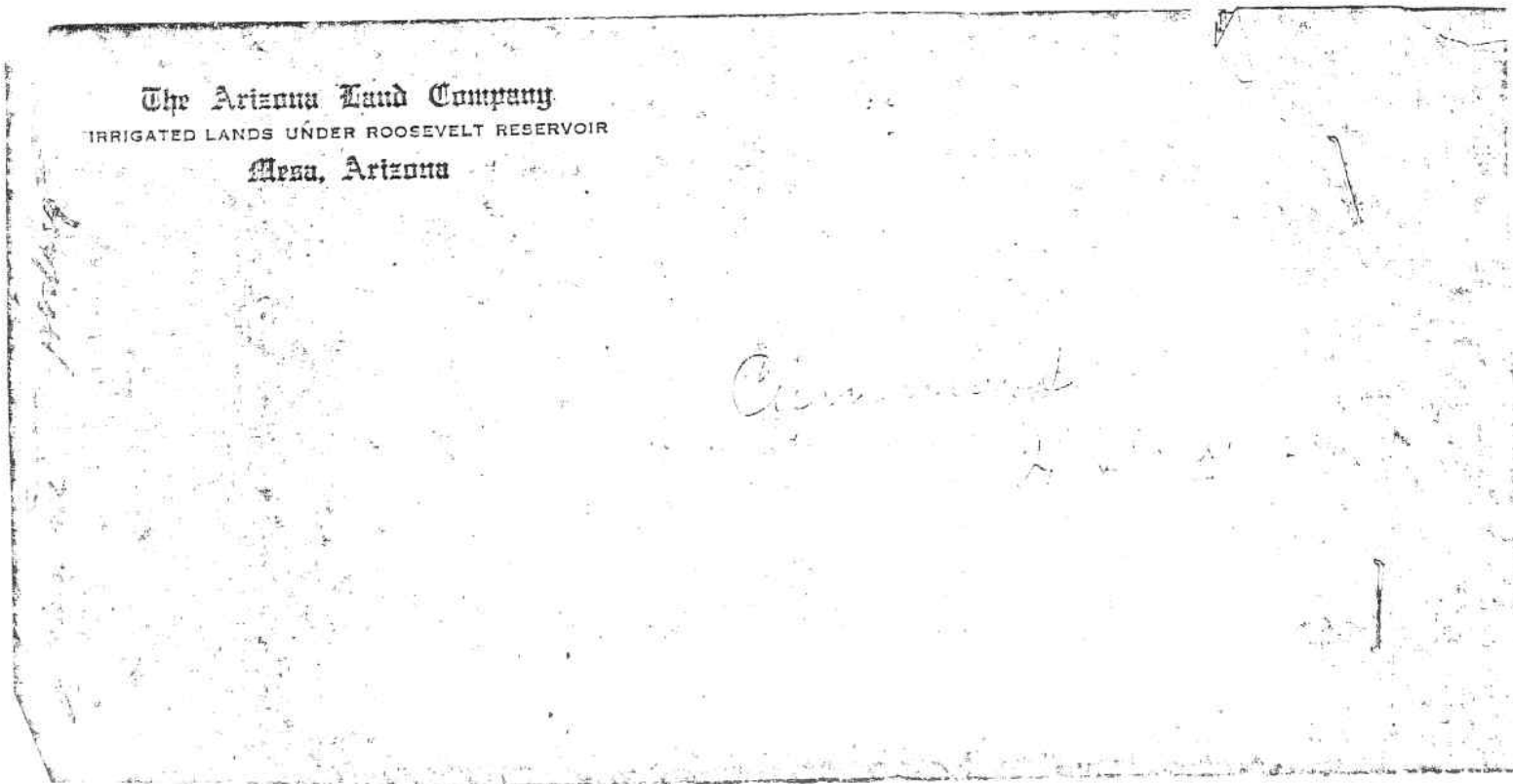
He was director of the Southside Hospital. Director of the Maricopa County Realty Board. Director of the so called Dry Lands Association and other positions of civic improvement. He was President of the first Arizona Cotton Congress established in Mesa in 1919. He was owner and manager of large tracts of farming land now planted to cotton, the gross acreage going over 500 acres. He takes part in all things pertaining to the betterment of Mesa.

He was ordained a High Priest and Second Counselor to the Stake President under the hands of Charles W. Penrose, May 31, 1919. He is now assisting the Stake Presidency in gathering funds for the Arizona Temple.

History of John Cumard

He is the father of six children, namely: John, Zena, Mabel
Nadeen, Eva and Leonard Blain.

Robert Thompson and William Gerald was born after this was
written.



STAKE PRESIDENCY

JAMES W. LESUEUR
ORLEY S. STAPLEY
JOHN CUMMARD

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENCY

OF THE

Maricopa Stake of Zion

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST
OF LATTER DAY SAINTS

Mesa, Arizona

$$\begin{array}{r} 4 \overline{) 7.50} \\ \underline{1.87} \\ 5.63 \end{array}$$

9 days 18 hours 7.50

$$\begin{array}{r} 9 \\ \hline 67.50 \\ \underline{5.63} \\ 73.13 \\ \underline{8.75} \\ 81.88 \\ \underline{10.50} \\ 8 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 73.13 \\ \underline{1.75} \\ 71.38 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 2 \overline{) 4.06} \\ \underline{1.06} \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 6 \overline{) 13.96} \\ \underline{1.06} \\ 2402 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 10.50 \\ \underline{8.75} \\ 1.75 \end{array}$$

(This Dodger Is Being Circulated Throughout Maricopa County)

Shall The Decendents Of Brigham Young

RUN MARICOPA COUNTY AND THE STATE
OF ARIZONA?

THE FOLLOWING ARE MEMBERS OF THE
MORMON CHURCH

JOHN CUMMARD

Corporation Commissioner

RENZ L. JENNINGS

United States Senator

M. L. OLLERTON

County Attorney

C. WARREN PETERSON

Supervisor

ROY MERRILL

Sheriff

GEO. A. JOHNSON

State Senator

Are you willing and ready to turn over the affairs of
Maricopa County and the State of Arizona to the
Mormon Church?

Mr. Voter Think This Over? "

BETTER GOVERNMENT LEAGUE

JOHN P. HENDERSON

Shall This Election Be Decided On Religious Bigotry
And Intolerance?



O. S. Stapley
 J. W. LeSueur
 John Cumnard

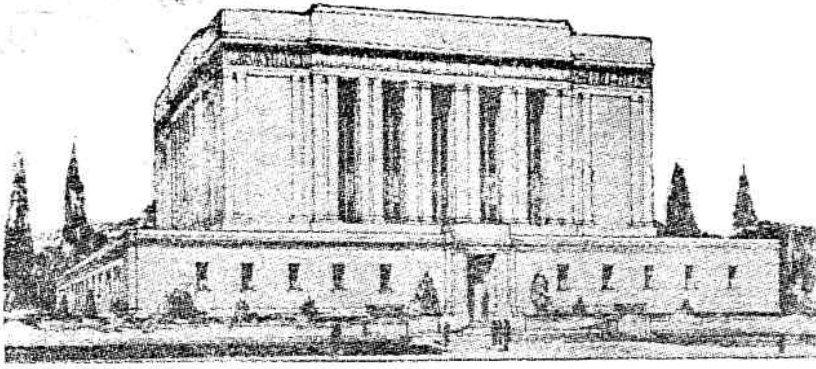


Maricopa Stake Presidencies

Presidents	Term Began	Years Served	First Counselor	Second Counselor
Jesse N. Perkins (presiding elder, Camp Utah and Mesa)	Fall of 1878	3 (?)	Henry C. Rogers	Geo. W. Surrine
Alexander F. Macdonald (presiding elder until December 10, 1882)	Feb. 1880	7	Henry C. Rogers	Geo. W. Surrine Charles I. Robson
Charles I. Robson (Died February 24, 1894)	Dec. 4 1887	6	Henry C. Rogers	Collins R. Hakes James F. Johnson (?) William J. LeBaron
Collins R. Hakes	May 10 1894	11	Henry C. Rogers William J. LeBaron	Isaac Dana
John T. Lesueur	Nov. 26 1905	6	Isaac Dana	Franklin T. Pomeroy
James W. Lesueur	Mar. 10 1912	15	Orley S. Stapley	Elijah Allen John Cumnard
J. Robert Price	Nov. 7 1926	11 (*)	John Cumnard	Daniel Hibbert Ronald Ellsworth
Lorenzo Wright	Feb. 27 1938	10 (**)	G. Chauncey Spilsbury Ronald Ellsworth	E. D. Brown Marion Turley
Harold Wright	Dec. 14 1947	4 to date	J. Bernard Williams	Otto S. Shill

(*) Phoenix Stake formed from part of Maricopa Stake; J. R. Price continuing as President of Phoenix Stake, Feb. 27, 1938.

(**) Dec. 8, 1946 Mesa Stake formed by division of Maricopa Stake.



ARIZONA TEMPLE

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints

Executive Building Committee

J. W. Lesueur
Chairman
Andrew Kimball
O. S. Stapley
John Cumnard
J. T. Lesueur
Treasurer
G. C. Spilsbury
Secretary

General Committee:

J. W. Lesueur
O. S. Stapley
John Cumnard
J. T. Lesueur
G. C. Spilsbury
Mesa, Ariz.
Andrew Kimball
Thatcher, Ariz.
Levi S. Udall
St. Johns, Ariz.
Samuel F. Smith
Snowflake, Ariz.
Joseph C. Bentley
Colonia Juarez
Mexico
Joseph W. McMurrin
153 W. Adams St.
Los Angeles, Calif.
Ray L. Pratt
El Paso, Texas

MESA, ARIZONA.



PART OF THE CROWD AT THE TEMPLE DEDICATION

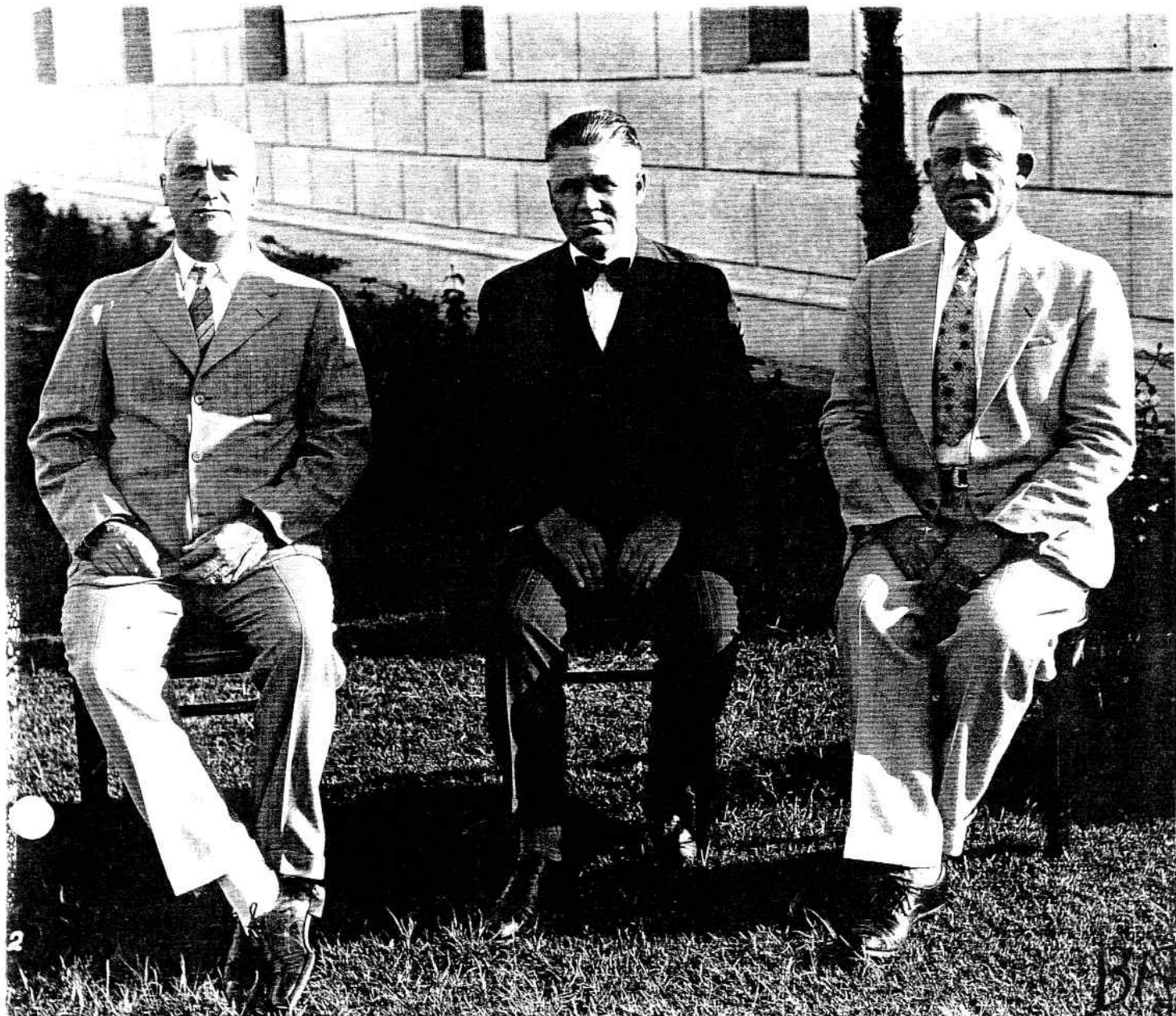
TEMPLE OFFICIALS

David K. Udall, President Ella S. Udall, President Women Workers
J. W. Lesueur, Assistant President F. V. Anderson, Recorder
And Workers



MARICOPA STAKE PRESIDENCY

J. Robert Price, President
John Cumnard, First Counselor
Daniel Hibbert, Second Counselor



John Cummard

J. Robert Price

Daniel Hibbert

Maricopa Stake Presidencies

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STAKE REORGANIZED

On November 6, 1926, a reorganization of the stake took place at James Robert Price, former Bishop of the Phoenix Ward, was chosen president of the Maricopa Stake, with John Cummard as First and Daniel Hibbert as Second Counsellors.

Since the temple was completed in April, it was anticipated that it would be dedicated in the spring, but such was the pressure brought to bear on the presidency, they decided to allow the temple to remain open until October for the benefit of the general public, who may go through daily, and by special arrangements, during the evenings, until that date. Already during the construction and since upwards of 100,000 visitors have been conducted through the temple and registered, and they are now going through at the rate of from four to six thousand per month.

J. R. PRICE, PRESIDENT
922 TITLE & TRUST BLDG.
PHOENIX, ARIZONA

JOHN CUMMARD
FIRST COUNSELOR
MESA, ARIZONA

DANIEL HIBBERT
SECOND COUNSELOR
MESA, ARIZONA

Maricopa Stake
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints

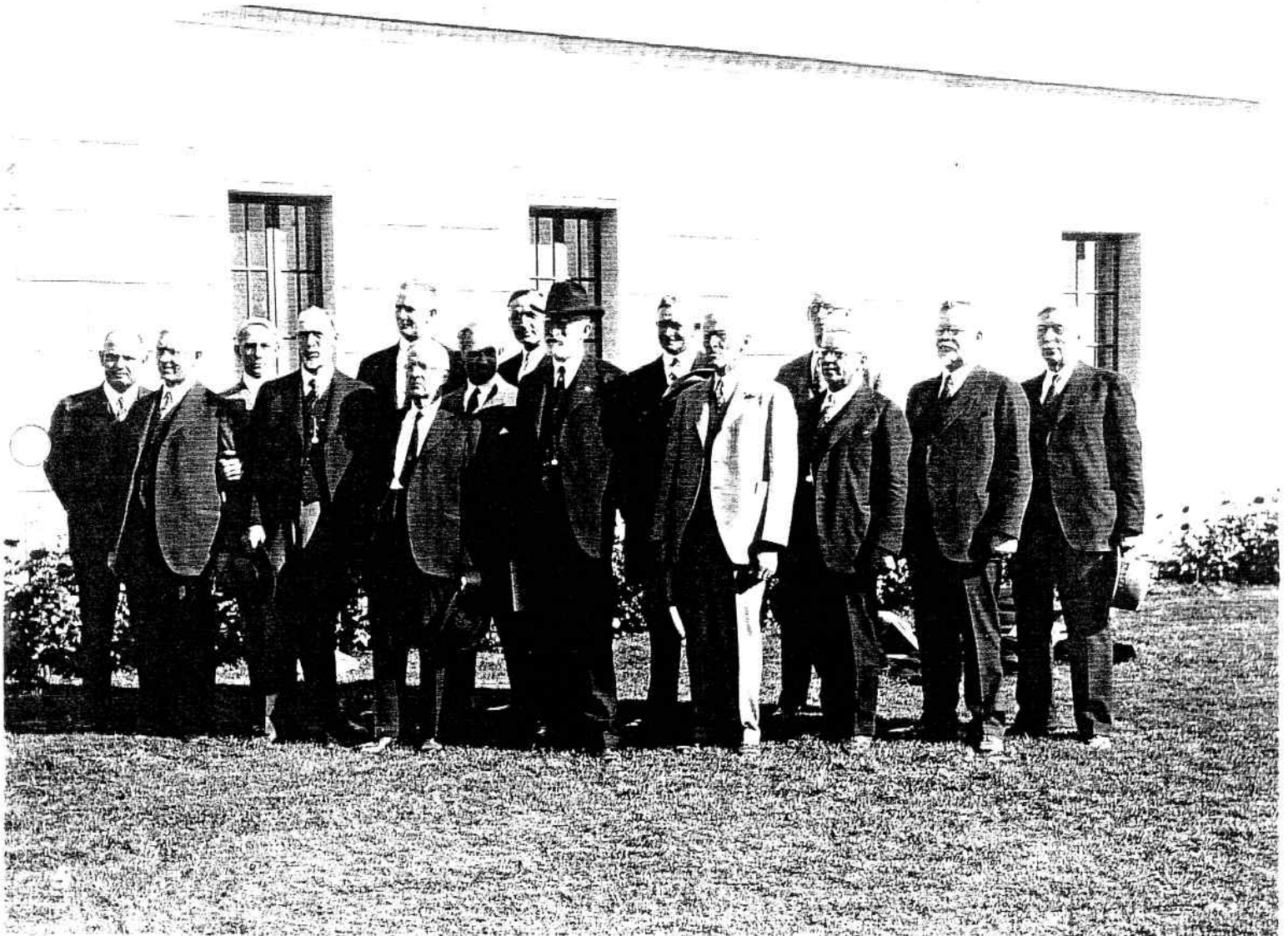
ERVIN W. ATKERSON
STAKE CLERK
2810 N. CENTRAL AVE.
PHOENIX, ARIZONA

OFFICE OF
The Presidency

GENERAL AUTHORITIES ATTENDING THE DEDICATION OF THE ARIZONA TEMPLE
OCTOBER 23, 1927

FIRST PRESIDENCY

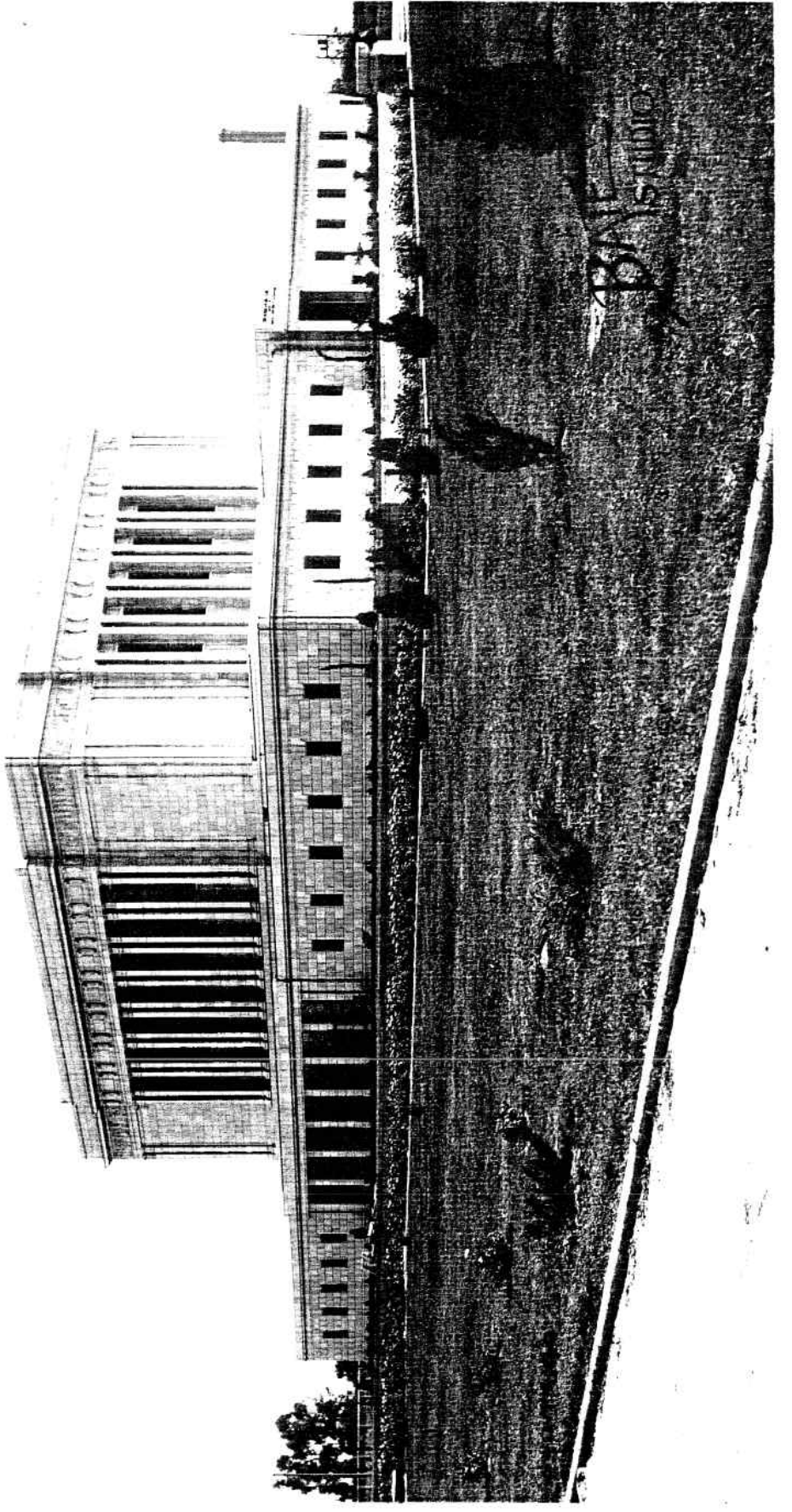
Heber J. Grant, President
Anthony W. Ivins, First Counselor
Charles W. Nibley, Second Counselor



THE QUORUM OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES

Rudger Clawson, Reed Smoot, George Albert Smith, George F. Richards, Orson
F. Whitney, David O. McKay, Joseph Fielding Smith, James E. Talmage, Stephen
L. Richards, Richard R. Lyman, Melvin J. Ballard, John A. Widtsoe

TEMPLE DEDICATED BY PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

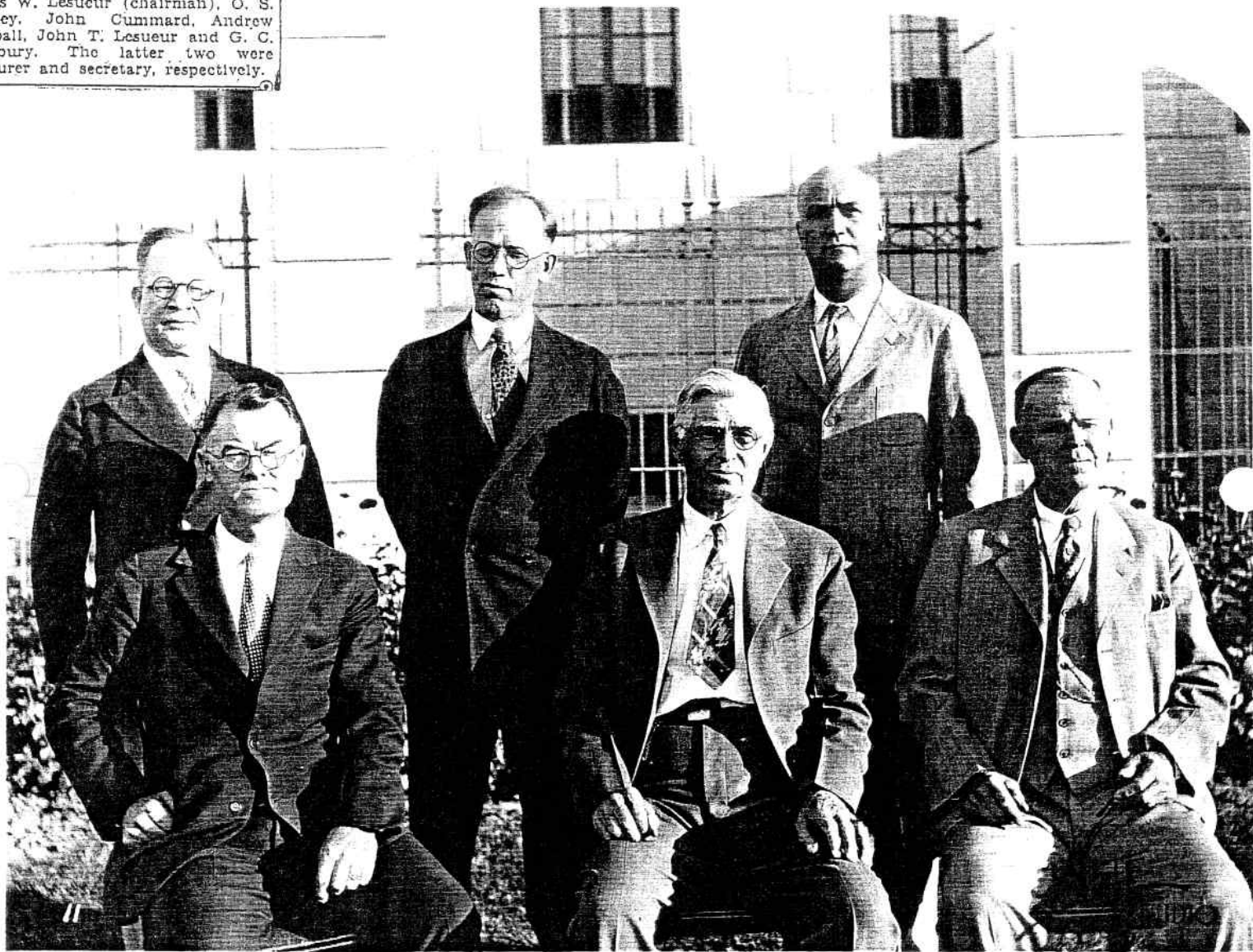


GRANT SELECTS IT

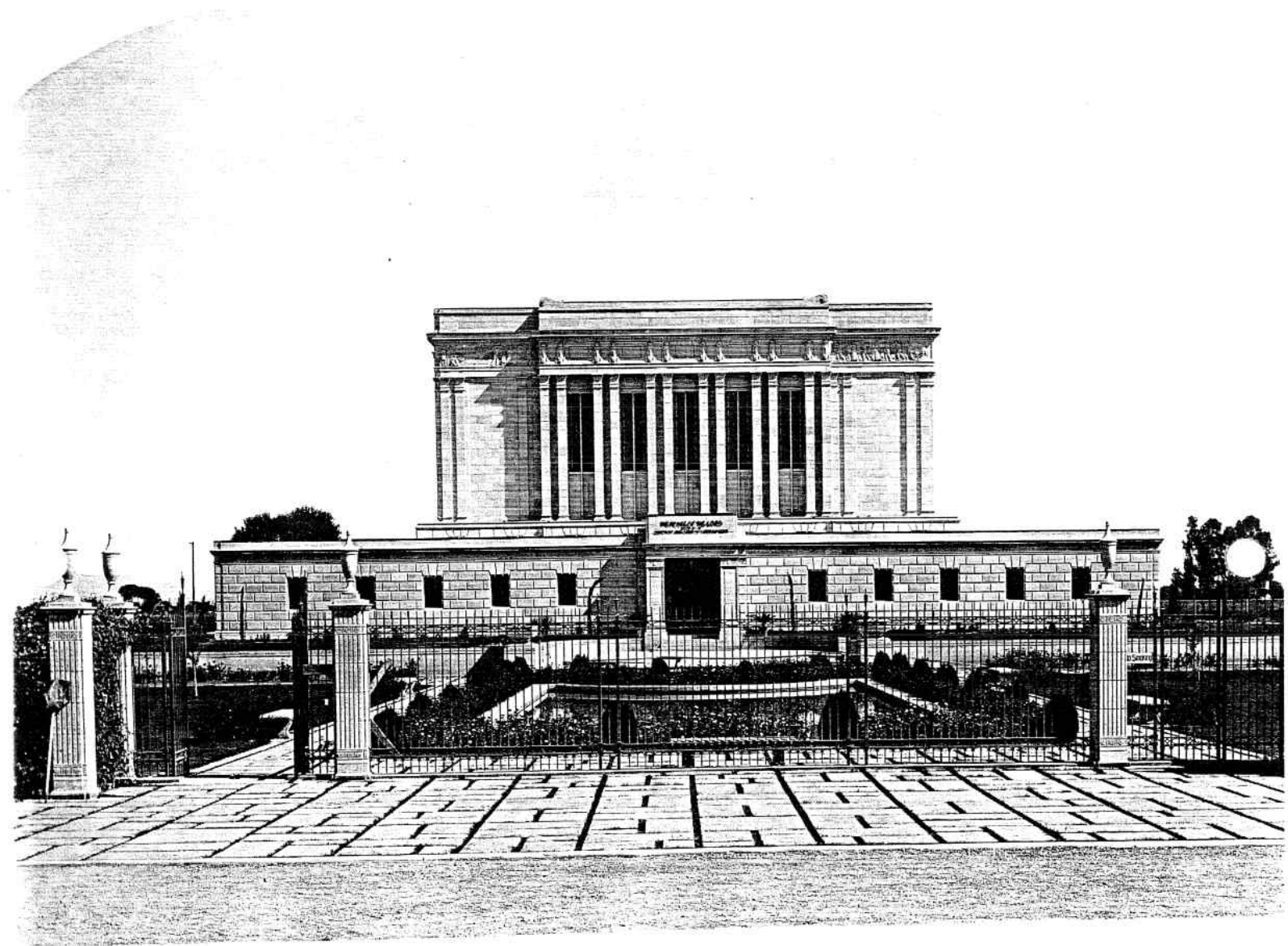
On November 28, 1921, President Emer J. Grant dedicated the site upon which the temple was to be erected. It is estimated that there was a concourse of 5,000 people attending. The award for drawing the plans was let to Don C. Young and an Hansen, of Salt Lake City, and Don Young, Jr., is a grandson of Brigham Young, and he had principal charge of preparing the plans and specifications.

The first ground was broken April 1, 1922, with President James W. Lesueur holding the plow that began the excavation for the foundation of the building. The executive building committee appointed by the church presidency consisted of President James W. Lesueur (chairman), O. S. Stapley, John Cumnard, Andrew Imball, John T. Lesueur and G. C. Spilsbury. The latter two were treasurer and secretary, respectively.

ARIZONA TEMPLE BUILDING COMMITTEE



Standing, left to right--G. C. Spilsbury, Frank V. Anderson, John Cumnard
Seated, left to right--James W. Lesueur, J. T. Lesueur, O.S. Stapley



ARIZONA TEMPLE
Mesa, Arizona

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'
MILLENNIAL STAR.
[ESTABLISHED 1840.]

"Let a man take pride in his achievements of virtue. Let him take satisfaction in his moral conquests. Let him have faith that he can do, and no height is inaccessible to him."—MARTER.

No. 4, Vol. LXX.

Thursday, January 23, 1908.

Price One Penny.

TWELVE MONTHS OF "MORMONISM."

For twelve months I have been a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; for twelve months I have known that the gospel taught by this Church is the gospel of Jesus Christ, and that Joseph Smith was a true Prophet, raised up by the Almighty, and through whom the gospel was restored to the earth in this age. For twelve months I have tried to live the life a Latter-day Saint should live, and have experienced twelve months of exquisite joy and happiness.

Just twelve months ago the first of this month two "Mormon" elders came to my home and proceeded to explain to Mrs. Cummar and myself the first principles of Latter-day Saint Theology. We expected to hear some very strange doctrine, and were not a little surprised when the missionaries began to teach us the self-same gospel that was taught by Christ and His Apostles, namely, faith in God, and in His Son Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost; repentance; baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost—all New Testament doctrine.

I may say that at the time I met these men I was leaning toward agnosticism. The religion which I had been taught from my childhood did not appeal to me; it did not satisfy my soul; there was something wanting. The preaching of the ministers did not

carry with it the power and conviction which, as I had read in the Bible, accompanied the preaching of the Lord's early disciples, the humble fishermen of Galilee. It was apparent to me that ninety per cent of the church-goers with whom I was acquainted went to church on Sunday as a matter of form. No reference was made during the week to the service of the previous Sabbath; it was a Sunday religion, donned the first day of the week and put off the other six. The people were more interested in the topics of the day than in religious matters. And this is not to be wondered at, for we had been taught that all we had to do in order to be saved was simply to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

For a number of years I attended meetings of different sects—Church of England, Wesleyans, Methodists, Pleasant Sunday Afternoons, etc.—but failed to be impressed with them. In consequence of this, I felt justified in withdrawing myself from them. I continued, however, to attend Pleasant Sunday Afternoons occasionally, but I did so principally to please my wife, who thought, and wisely, too, that any religious service is better than none. I am very glad now that I did patronize these afternoon services from time to time, for it was at one of them that I first saw the man (a "Mormon" missionary) from whom I afterwards heard the glad tidings of the restored gospel.

It came about in this way: Pleasant Sunday Afternoon services were being held in connection with Saint Cyprian's Episcopal Church, Edge Lane, Liverpool. The meetings, while for men only, were not confined to members of that church; the public were invited. Announcements were sent out that on a certain Sunday the subject would be discussed, "Why do working men not attend church." This attracted a large gathering. Several short addresses were made and some plain and pointed reasons assigned why working men do not attend church services. Then a stranger, evidently an American, arose and explained his views in a very impressive manner. They were in accord with the views of the entire assembly, and when he sat down he was accorded a warm round of applause. I was so impressed with what the gentleman said that when I returned home I related it all to my wife, who seemed pleased with the interest that I was manifesting in sacred things.

Some two or three weeks later, while transacting a matter of business at 205 Edge Lane, Liverpool, the headquarters of the Latter-day Saints, European Mission, I met the gentleman whose remarks at the church service a few weeks before had made such an impression upon me. I told him of this, and after conversing for a few minutes he invited me into a room, where he explained the first principles of the gospel and gave a brief account of its restoration to the Prophet Joseph Smith. When parting, I invited him to call at my home the following Monday evening and explain more fully the doctrines of his Church.

My wife was not at first inclined to give the elder a hearing, but when I told her that he had explained many principles which I had often thought about, and she saw that I was getting interested in matters pertaining to religion, she became reconciled, and she decided to remain at home the evening the missionary was to visit us and hear what he had to say.

Monday evening came and promptly at seven o'clock, according to appointment, the "Mormon" missionary (Elder William A. Morton), accompanied by Elder J. Robert Price, made their appearance. In a few minutes we were discussing a subject which proved very interesting to my wife and myself—the Godhead. When our attention was called to the absurd doctrine taught by the sectarian churches with respect to the Holy Trinity, we marveled. We were so interested in what the missionaries told us that we gave them an invitation to visit us the following week. This they did, and then weekly visits followed.

I attended the meetings of the saints, and felt the Spirit of God manifested in them. The Lord enlightened our minds so that we were able to comprehend the truth and planted in our hearts testimonies concerning the divinity of the mission of His servant Joseph Smith. We were baptized and confirmed members of the Church, and have rejoiced from that time up to the present.

I have endeavored, in my humble way, to explain the principles of the gospel to my relatives and friends. I have shown them many of the prophecies of the prophets concerning the great work which the Lord would establish in the earth in the last days, and how these prophecies have been fulfilled; I have pointed out to them the prophecy of John the Revelator, concerning the restoration of the gospel in the last days by an angel, and told them of the fulfillment of that inspired prediction, but they have shown but little interest in these sacred things.

I cannot understand why people do not believe and accept "Mormonism," its principles are so plain, so scriptural and so reasonable. But instead of accepting it they fight it like a deadly enemy. This strengthens my testimony, for Jesus said that His disciples would be hated of all men for His name's sake. I rejoice that I am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; I know that it is the true Church of Christ; the Lord has abundantly blessed me and my family since we became members of His Church; He has opened up our way so that we are able to gather with His saints in the land of Zion; and our parting testimony to all is that we know that "Mormonism," so-called, is the work of God; that Christ is the Savior and Redeemer of the world, and that Joseph Smith was an inspired Prophet of the Most High.

29 Needham Road, Liverpool.

JOHN CUMMARD.

PERFECT self-control must be acquired before man can possibly have full salvation.—HENRY H. BLOOD.

CUMMARD, John, second counselor in the presidency of the Maricopa Stake of Zion and a resident of Mesa, Maricopa county, Arizona, was born May 16, 1882, in Birchfield street, Liverpool, England, the son of John and Mary Ellen Cumnard. He was raised and educated in Liverpool, and at the age of twenty-three he married Eva Anna Thompson



(daughter of John Thompson of Norwich, Norfolkshire, England). In 1907 (January 1st) two "Mormon" Elders (William A. Morton of Salt Lake City and Robert Price, now Bishop of Phoenix, Arizona), visited the Cumnard home at Needham Road, Liverpool, and on the 15th of April, 1907, Bro. Cumnard and wife joined the Church. Bro. Cumnard was ordained a Deacon Aug. 10, 1907, and early in 1908 he emigrated with his family, consisting of wife and two children (John and Zena), to Utah, crossing the Atlantic in the steamship "Canada," which sailed from Liverpool Feb. 29, 1908. On their arrival in Utah the family located temporarily in Heber City, Wasatch county, where Bro. Cumnard was employed with a lumber company and assisted with the Wasatch Stake amusement hall and the Timpanogas Canal. Bro. Cumnard then went to Provo, where he became associated with the Barton and Blake Furniture Company. He was ordained an Elder Oct. 9, 1908, and later ordained a Seventy. He acted as secretary of an Elders' quorum,

chairman of the Provo Fifth Ward amusement committee and counselor in the presidency of a Y. M. M. I. A., was a member of the faculty of the B. Y. U., being instructor of physical culture. During the absence of his wife and family in England Bro. Cumnard went to Arizona and associated himself with the Intermountain Life Insurance Co. of Utah, locating in Mesa Jan. 2, 1912. During the next four years he traveled in the interest of life insurance, visiting practically every town in Arizona and New Mexico. During this time he was a member of the Maricopa board of Y. M. M. I. A. and in 1916-1918 he acted as chairman of the Stake Amusement Committee and of the Stake Old Folks Committee and teacher of the junior class of Y. M. M. I. A. and scout master. While thus engaged he built the boy scouts' swimming pool at Mesa. In 1916 he was set apart as first counselor to the Stake superintendent of Y. M. M. I. A., and in 1917-1918 he acted as president of that association. During the time of the world war he acted as chairman of the Red Cross work, having under his jurisdiction the entire Red Cross organization of Arizona. He was elected president of the Mesa Commercial Club in 1918. Since 1915 he has been manager and half owner of the Arizona Land Co., and is at present financially interested with both banks in Mesa. He is also director of the South Side Hospital, director of the Maricopa County Realty Board, director of the so-called Dry Land Association and holds other positions in civic improvement affairs. He was the president of the first Arizona Cotton Congress held in Mesa in 1919 and owns and manages large tracts of farming land now planted in cotton. In 1919 (May 31st) he was ordained a High Priest by Chas. W. Penrose and set apart to act as second counselor to President James W. Lesueur of the Maricopa Stake, which position he still holds and is now taking an active part in getting funds for the Arizona Temple. Bro. Cumnard is the father of six children, namely, John, Zena, Mable, Nadine, Eva and Leonard Blain.

Phone 569-K

Private Lessons Given

John Cumnard

WRESTLING INSTRUCTOR, B. Y. U.

Expert in Catch-as-Catch Can,
Graeco-Roman and Jiu Jitsu.

Manager
Provo Wrestling Club

660 E. 3rd North
PROVO, UTAH



TOM FULLER - TIBURCIO ROMERO ? JOHN CUMNARD

SEE US BEFORE YOU BUY, BURN, BUILD OR BORROW
SERVING MESA SINCE 1915

LAND INSURANCE LOANS

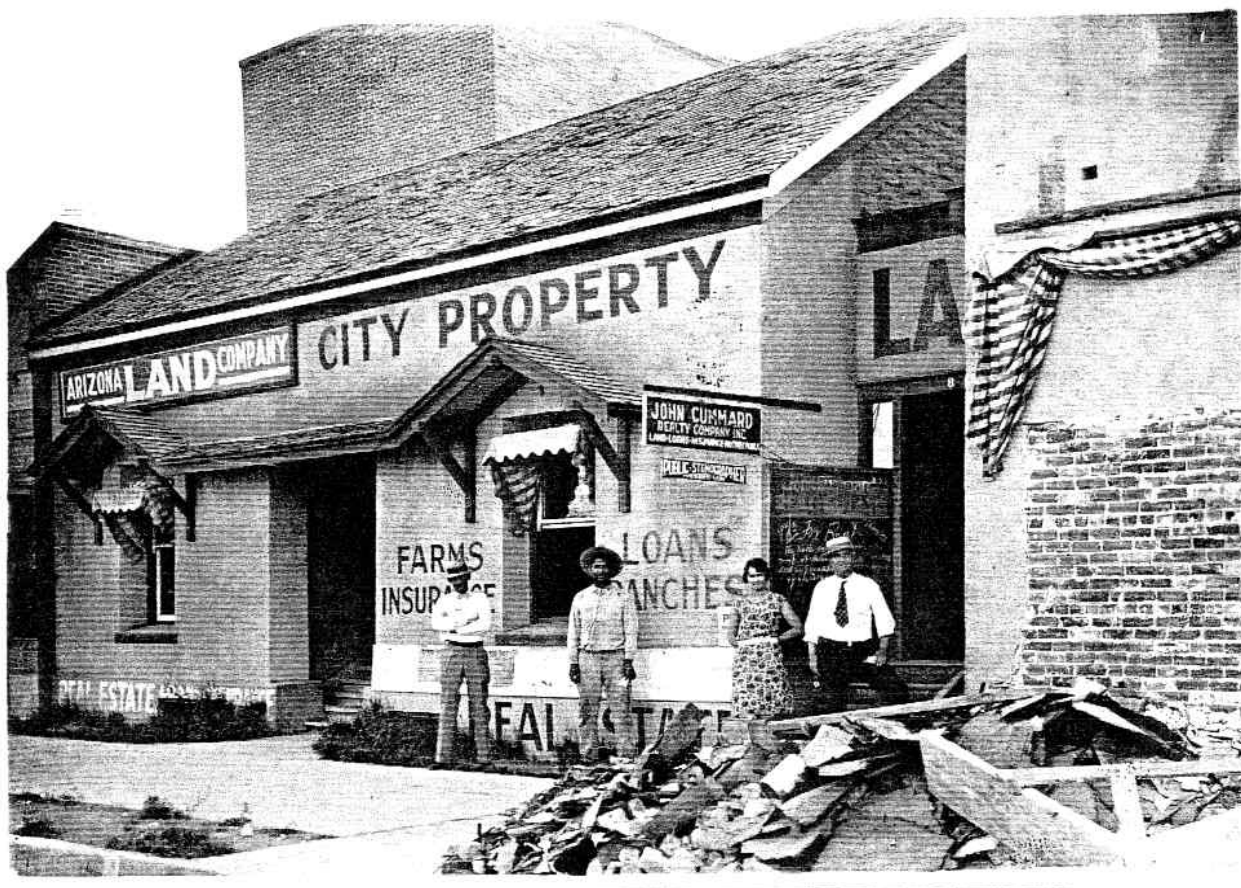
20 YEARS ON THE SAME SPOT

JOHN CUMNARD - REAL ESTATE
8 SOUTH MACDONALD STREET
MESA, ARIZONA

JOHN CUMNARD PHONE 290

L.T.O.R.

TOM FULLER
TIBURCIO ROMER
P
JOHN CUMMARD



TRUST DEPARTMENT
WALKER BROTHERS BANKERS 31-2
ESTABLISHED 1859 INCORPORATED 1903

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, April 26th 1928. No. 6771

PAY TO THE ORDER OF John Cumnard *****\$ 637.50-

Six Hundred Thirty Seven and 50/100 *****DOLLARS

THIS CHECK IS PAYABLE ONLY WHEN PROPERLY ENDORSED ON BACK AND ACCOMPANIED BY THE ATTACHED RECEIPT PROPERLY SIGNED.



Trust No 234
Trust J. O. Carter et al.

CASHIER'S CHECK

[Handwritten Signature]
CASHIER

RECEIPT - DO NOT DETACH

Trust No 234
Trust Cumnard

IF CHECK IS INCORRECT KINDLY RETURN WITH EXPLANATION

Payment at the rate of \$63.75 per share for ten shares capital stock of the Inter-Mountain Life Insurance Company deposited in accordance with the terms of escrow agreement dated April 12th 1928 by and between J. O. Carter, George W. Middleton, Richard R. Lyman, Joshua Greenwood, and the California State Life Insurance Company, said stock represented by Certificate No. 972 for 5 shs., and Cert #984 for 5 shs., a total of 10 shs.,\$637.50-

RECEIVED FROM **WALKER BROTHERS BANKERS** IN THE CAPACITY OF

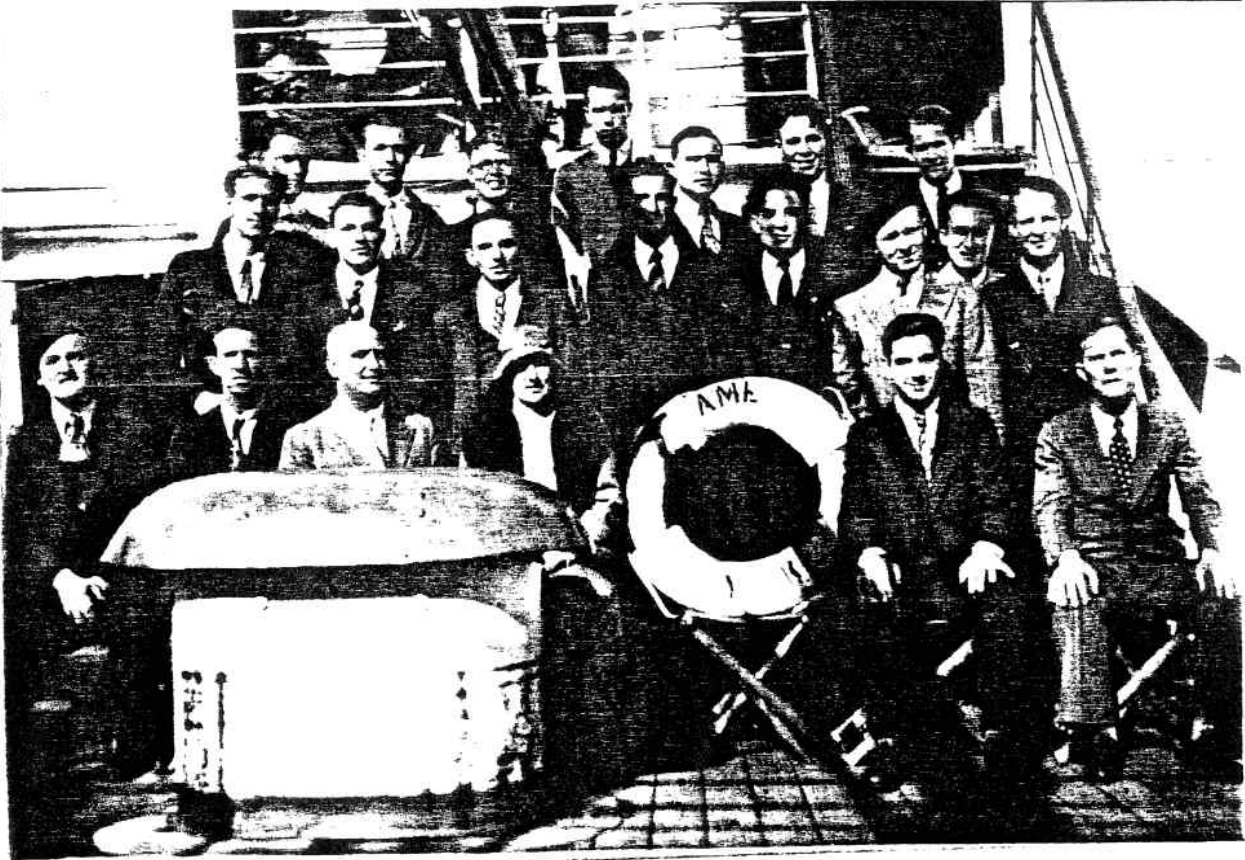
***** Escrow Holder *****

***** Six Hundred Thirty Seven and 50/100 *****\$ 637.50-

IN FULL PAYMENT OF THE ABOVE

DATE *May 16* 1928

[Handwritten Signature]
SIGN HERE



Papa and Mama - and Missionaries
On M. V. "Britannic" - Britain's largest motor vessel
Length 712 feet - Breadth 82 feet - 27,000 tons
Leaving from Liverpool to United States
Saturday, 27th September, 1930

Their Passport was issued May 27, 1930

Here's your streamlined illustrations of
DODGE - PL
1941 Lincoln





Delegates to Intermountain Life Insurance Convention

Utah Building July 20, 1915.

Panama Pacific International Exposition San Francisco Cal.

JOHN CUMMARD

Today we bow in humble sweet devotion,
With gratitude to God in Heaven Above,
For the life and death of this beloved brother,
And for the power of life, and death, and love.

Born in Liverpool of goodly parents,
Reared in the path of honesty and truth,
Married to a fine and splendid woman
A grand foundation for this humble youth.

All this a preparation for the Gospel
Brought to him by the servants of our Lord,
Presented in a way he understood it,
And he knew through prayer, it was the word of God.

Baptized by one holding the authority,
Confirmed a member of this glorious church,
He learned to know and love its truth and wisdom,
Through prayer and study learned of its true worth.

And then came the desire to move onward,
America and Utah bid him come,
So with his wife and children he left England,
And crossed the ocean for a new and honored home.

In Utah they were happy, and they prospered,
Then came a trip to this southern clime,
And he was thrilled with what he found in Mesa
In this grand and prosperous Valley of the Sun.

Here he would bring and raise his family,
Here rear them in the ways of light and truth,
And give his life and services for others,
And help to build and teach the splendid youth.

Oh! what a glorious day this was for Mesa,
An empire ^{builder} here ready to build,
A man with foresight, energy and wisdom
With faith, hard work, and vision he was skilled.

He was Mesa's first and great Scout Leader,
Loving boys and showing them the way,
Getting close, and helping solve their problems
Guiding them and teaching them to pray.

The Mezona seemed to him of great importance,
A place for recreation for the youth,
Where they could meet and have good times together,
Where parents could come and mingle with the youth.

And oh! the boon this has been to Mesa,
Years of good times, dancing, work, and fun
A place where we could meet in our Stake conference,
It's been a glorious thing for everyone.

And then he felt a Temple should be builded,
Where boys and girls could marry in the proper way,
And so with others he pushed boldly onward,
Until it stands a monument today.

In Rotary and civic work he was a leader,
Seeing first the thing that should be done,
And then with faith and courage never failing
He led the way and helped to make it fun.

The Crystal pool was one of his adventures,
And oh! how glorious when the day was done,
To cool our bodies and refresh our spirits,
It was the only cooling system in this Mesa town.

Next President LeSueur choose him as a counselor,
In this great Maricopa Stake,
He worked with him and Brother O.S. Stapley,
Working, loving, teaching for the Gospel's sake.

When J.R. Price was named as the new President,
He continued as a counselor fine and true,
Giving every minute love and service,
Always working hard for something new.

His wife stood by him as a great companion,
Always ready with a word of love,
Giving him support and every helping
Whether civic work, or serving God above.

She did so much to help to raise their family
So he could be free for his church or other work.
Hers was a life of love and true devotion
She too gave lots of time to civic work.

She was president of the first Missionary Mothers,
While Jack was on his mission far away,
Her picture still in on their stationery,
And her memory and her love will last always.

Many are the things that he accomplished,
Things too numerous to ever tell,
The greatest was the love for his own family
And all the things he did for them so well.

It has been an honor just to be his children,
To know this man and love him every day,
To thank him for the heritage he left you
And show that love by living the right way.

In nineteen thirty two he lost his fine companion,
Then followed years of heartache, grief and tears,
But he carried on and raised his splendid family
And taught them love and truth through all the years.

Then each one of his boys and girls were married,
Establishing fine homes where love and joy,
Could help each one to raise their splendid families,
Another generation of fine girls and boys.

And now alone, his responsibilities lessened,
He needed a companion and a wife,
And so he met and married his dear Cleo,
And she enriched and shared this good mans life.

This marriage was like a Cinderella story,
The magic wand of travel bid them come,
And they traveled to so many far off places,
And many beauty spots so near their home.

They went to every state in this great nation,
At Alaska, and Hawaii, and Porto Rico too,
To Canada, and South America and Africa,
In Europe and the Orient they found many things to do.

And then, home again to their beloved Mesa,
A home where they could spend their happy days,
With friends and loved ones ever near them
They found contentment in so many ways.

They built a summer home up north of Payson
Where pine trees are and cooling breezes blow.
Where peace and quiet, love, and sweet contentment
Could be their in life's ebbing glow.

Then came his sickness with its pain and worry,
With the knowledge that his days of life were few,
And Cleo as his brave and fine companion
Found many things of worth that they could do.

She gave to him her boundless love and service,
Patience, care, and work and all her time.
Unlimited were the hours and days she labored
To bring sweet peace and comfort to his heart and mind.

And so through pain and sorrow and his suffering
There was great joy that comes through love,
And the gratitude and love he had for Cleo
WE know was sanctioned by our God.

And now he's gone, his mortal life is ended,
But you are glad his pain and suffering are no more,
And you all look forward to a grand reunion
When you meet again on that eternal shore.

With love and deepest sympathy,

Lida G. Brinton



December 1956



December 19



John Cumnard
May 1956

2-25-59
2-26-59

Death Claims Veteran Mesa Civic Leader

John Cummard, 76, Mesa businessman and civic leader for over 45 years, died this morning at the Cummard home, 135 N. Fraser Dr., following a lengthy illness. Funeral services have been tentatively scheduled for Saturday afternoon at 2 at the Sixth and 10th Ward Latter Day

Saints chapel, 4th St. and Mesa Dr., with Bishop Howard Roberts officiating.

A native of Liverpool, England, Cummard began work at the age of 11 there and later served for a time in the British army. He came to the United States in 1908, with his first wife Mrs. Eva Thompson Cummard, who died here in 1932 and two eldest children, Jack, and Zena, now Mrs. Ernest K. Sasser, Phoenix.

The family settled first in Utah where he worked at various jobs, moving to Mesa in January of 1912.

Coming here he traveled for years for an insurance firm, then opened his own real estate and insurance office here. The business is now being carried on by his sons. He was also a member of the group which established what is now the Maricopa Inn here.

He became active in civic affairs shortly after his arrival here and served in the presidency of the LDS Maricopa Stake for 19 years.

During his period in the presidency the church purchased the Mezona property, church welfare department property, 11 chapels were built, and numerous other activities carried on. He was instrumental in bringing about construction of the Later Day Saints Arizona Temple here in the early 1920s.

In addition to his church work, he served for 16 years as chairman of the Red Cross here and during the 1918 flu epidemic established a hospital in Franklin School — also becoming its first patient. He was also one of the founders of the Southside District hospital.

He was a charter member and past president of the Mesa Chamber of Commerce and Mesa Rotary Club and served in several governmental capacities, including the Arizona Corporation Commission and state examiner.



JOHN CUMMARD

In addition to his wife, Mrs. Cleo Cummard, and the son and daughter born in England, he is survived by three other sons, Blain, Robert and Gerald, Mesa; three other daughters, Mrs. Frank R. Speckart, Provo, Utah; Mrs. Nadeen Steward, Millbrae, Calif.; and Mrs. George I. Dana, Tempe; and 27 grandchildren.

2-26-59

J. Cummard, Mesa Civic Leader, Dies

MESA (Special) — John Cummard, former state corporation commissioner, state examiner, and Mesa civic leader for more than 40 years, died at his home yesterday.

Mr. Cummard came to the United States from Liverpool, England, in 1908, as a convert of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

He settled in Mesa in 1912, and became a citizen of this country in 1918.

Active in church and civic affairs, he helped bring the Arizona LDS Temple to Mesa, was a charter member of the Mesa Chamber of Commerce, and the last surviving charter member of the Mesa Rotary Club.



Cummard

FOR MANY years he was Mesa chairman for the Red Cross.

He served in the Maricopa LDS Stake presidency for 19 years. Always interested in youth work, he is credited with being the first scoutmaster of the first Boy Scout troop in the state.

His first wife died in 1932, and he did not remarry until 1946.

He was elected to the state corporation commission and served from 1933 to 1935, and was state examiner from 1939 until 1941. His son, Jack, is a member of the state industrial commission.

Among other civic activities, Mr. Cummard was at one time a member of the Mesa planning board which acquired the city utilities, and a member of the group that founded what later became Mesa Southside District Hospital.

IN THE REAL estate and insurance business, he established in 1915 the Cummard Realty, Loan, and Insurance Co. at 8 S. McDonald, where the business is still located. His family home is at 135 Fraser Dr. N.

Funeral services will be con-

ducted at 2 p.m. Saturday in the 10th Ward Chapel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints with Bishop Howard Roberts officiating. Burial will be in Mesa Cemetery.

Survivors, besides his son, Jack, include his wife, Cleo; three other sons, Blaine, Robert, and Gerald, all of Mesa; four daughters, Mrs. Mabel Speckart, Provo, Utah; Mrs. Nadeen Steward, Millbrae, Calif.; Mrs. Eva Dana, Tempe; and Mrs. Zena Sasser, Phoenix; 38 grandchildren; two sisters, Mrs. Eleanor Atherton, Mesa; and Mrs. Angelina Smith, Wales.

Pall Bearers Announced For Cummard

Ten honorary pall bearers for John Cummard at his funeral tomorrow in the Sixth and 10th Ward Chapel at 2 p.m., were announced today. Bishop Howard Roberts will officiate. Burial will be in Mesa city cemetery.

They include A. C. Rodgers, D. A. LeBaron, G. F. Boddy, Charles Dana, Dilworth Branton, Pete Guerrero, P. L. Sale, Shreve Peterson, Floyd Weldon, and Wendell Clark.

Active pall bearers will be his sons Jack, Blaine, Robert and Gerald, his sons-in-law George I. Dana, Frank R. Speckart and Ernest K. Sasser, and Mrs. Cummard's nephew, John Van Arsdell.

Friends may call at the Mel-drum mortuary between 4 and 8 p.m. today, and at the Ward Relief Society room from noon until the services tomorrow.

Cummard, veteran Mesa businessman and civic leader, died at his home here Wednesday morning of a blood cancer, after a lengthy illness. He was 76.

THERE is a plan far greater
 than the plan you know,
 There is a landscape broader
 than the one you see;
 There is a haven where storm-
 tossed souls may go.
 You call it death — we Im-
 mortality."

Anon.

IN MEMORY OF
 JOHN CUMMARD

BORN
 MAY 16, 1882 LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND
 PASSED AWAY
 FEB. 25, 1959 MESA, ARIZONA

SERVICES 2.00 P.M. FEB. 28, 1959
 FIFTEENTH WARD CHAPEL
 BISHOP HOWARD L. ROBERTS OFFICIATING

INVOCATION PRES. L. HAROLD WRIGHT
 HISTORY WAYNE PHELPS
 THO DEEPENING TRIALS QUARTET
 SPEAKER DIX PRICE
 THE TEACHER'S WORK IS DONE QUARTET
 SPEAKER WALLACE BROBERG
 THE LORD'S PRAYER ELBERT J. JOHNSON
 BENEDICTION LYNN VALENTINE
 ORGANIST ALTA STANDAGE

QUARTET
 DARL ANDERSON MAX WILLIS
 DELMAR LAYTON LUKE MORRIS

BEARERS

JACK, BLAIN, ROBERT, GERALD CUMMARD
 GEORGE DANA FRANK SPECKART
 ERNEST SASSER JOHN VAN ARSDEL

HONORARY BEARERS

A. K. ODGERS ERNEST MCFARLAND
 D. A. LEDARON G. F. BODDY CHARLES DANA
 DILWORTH BRINTON PETE GUERRERO
 F. L. SALE SHREEVE PETERSON FLOYD WELDON
 WENDELL CLARK

INTERMENT AT MESA CITY CEMETERY.

DEDICATION J. R. PRICE



Mesa Stake Plans Special Tribute for John Cumnard

A special tribute to John Cumnard, Mesa civic and church leader since 1912, will be one of the highlights of the quarterly conference of the Mesa Stake of the Latter Day Saints church Sunday, it has been announced.

Now 76, Cumnard will be unable to be present in person because of illness, it was explained, but several members of the family will be on hand.

Stake President Donald Ellsworth will preside over the session, which will take place at the Interstake Center Sunday morning.

A native of Liverpool, Eng., Cumnard came to the United States in 1908 with his first wife and two elder children, Jack and Zena, settling first in Utah, and moving to Mesa area four years later. He worked as a coal miner, saw mill hand, and in various other fields in Utah before entering the insurance business.

Since establishing his business here he has taken continued interest in the growth of the community, in addition to an active life in the church and in state political circles. His church activities included a leading role in the establishment of the Arizona Temple here and the raising of funds with which to build the temple, as well as the acquisition by the church of the Mezona property.

He served for over 16 years as chairman of the Red Cross here; was one of the group which purchased the property for what is now the Southside District Hospital. He was a charter member and is a past president of the Mesa Chamber of Commerce and Mesa Rotary Club, being the only active charter member of the latter organization.

Other projects with which he has been associated include the acquisition by the city of the public utilities here, construction of El Portal Hotel, now the Maricopa Inn; the Mesa Cemetery board, and others. On the state level he served as a member of the corporation commission and as state examiner.

In addition to Jack and Zena now Mrs. Ernest K. Sasser, Phoenix, his family includes Robert and Gerald, Mesa; Mrs. Frank (Mabel) Speckart, Provo, Utah; Mrs. James (Nadeen) Steward, Milbrae, Calif., and Mrs. George (Eva) Dana, Tempe.



JOHN CUMNARD



←
Pop's Birthday
May 15, 1952

Back l to r: Robert,
& Jack Cumnard

Front l to r:



↑ Taken May 15, 1955 in celebration of
Pop's birthday on May 16 - 74 yrs. old
Chinese dinner at Rice Bowl, Phx, Az.
George Dana took picture



Pops 75th Birthday May 1957

City and Investment Agency

AIN STREET

MESA, ARIZONA

June 14, 1961

This information may be interesting to you --

JOHN CUMMARD ordained High Priest 15th of October, 1918 by: Elder Charles W. Penrose who was ordained High Priest by Franklin D. Richards, April 9, 1871, Franklin D. Richards was ordained High Priest by President Brigham Young, May 17, 1844. Brigham Young chosen an Apostle by the Three Witnesses and set apart by Prophet Joseph Smith, February 14, 1835. Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery received Melchizedek Priesthood and Apostleship in Spring of 1829 under hands of Peter, James and John who were in turn called and authorized by Jesus Christ in the Meridian of time.

atter-day Saints

Hoping your advancement in the Priesthood will be a source of joy to you.
John Cummard

Years ago when my father, John Cummard, was in the Maricopa Stake Presidency, he had cards made up and gave to those he ordained showing his line of authority.

About a year ago someone who asked for the information, questioned part of it.

I am enclosing a photocopy of this card. Would it be possible to have this checked out, and if it is incorrect what correction should be made.

My father has passed away, so cannot get the information. If this could be checked out, I would greatly appreciate it.

Sincerely,

Blain Cummard

J. Blain Cummard

JOHN CUMMARD was ordained a High Priest on 29 May 1919 by Charles W. Penrose

CHARLES W. PENROSE was ordained a H. P. on 7 July 1904 by Joseph F. Smith

JOSEPH F. SMITH (see reverse side)

this is the way his ordaintion line is on our records.

Correct

JOHN CUMMARD was ordained a High Priest on 29 May 1919 by Charles W. Penrose

CHARLES W. PENROSE was ordained a High Priest on 7 July 1904 by Joseph F. Smith

JOSEPH F. SMITH was ordained an Apostle July 1, 1866 by Brigham Young.

BRIGHAM YOUNG was ordained an Apostle February 14, 1835 under the hands of the Three Witnesses, Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris.

The THREE WITNESSES were called by revelation to choose the Twelve Apostles and on February 14, 1835 were "blessed by the laying on of the hands of the Presidency," Joseph Smith, Jr., Sidney Ridgion and Frederick G. Williams to ordain the Twelve Apostles. (History of the Church, Vol 2, pp. 187-188.)

JOSEPH SMITH, JR. and OLIVER COWDERY received the Melchizedek Priesthood in 1829 under the hands of Peter, James and John.

PETER, JAMES and JOHN were ordained Apostles by the Lord Jesus Christ. (John 15:16.)



Willian Cumnard

John Cumnard

Angelena Cumnard

Eleanor Cumnard

Ada Cumnard



John Cumnard-- Mary Ellen Crutch Cumnard
(Pop's Father and Mother)



William Cumnard
(Uncle Willie)



Eleanor Cumnard
(Aunt Cissy)



John Cumnard
(Papa)



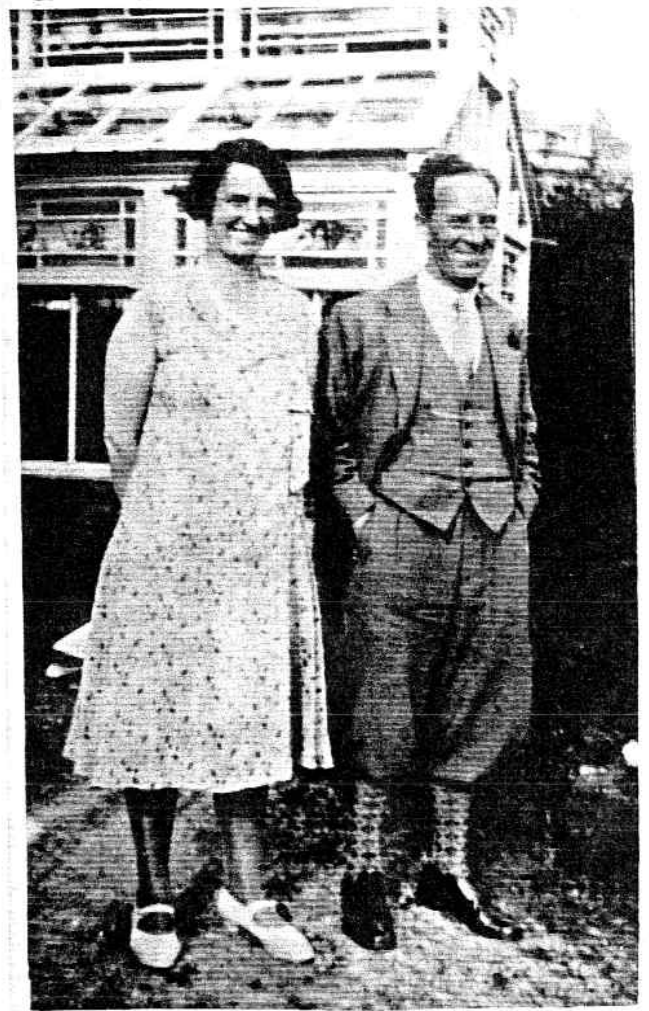
Ada Cumnard
(Aunt Ada)



Angelena Cumnard
(Aunt Midge)



William Cumnard - Ellen (Saltmarsh) Cumnard
Reginald



Angelena (Cumnard) Smith
George Edward Smith



Eleanor (Cumnard) Atherton
John Thomas Atherton



James Arthur Lloyd
Ada (Cumnard) Lloyd



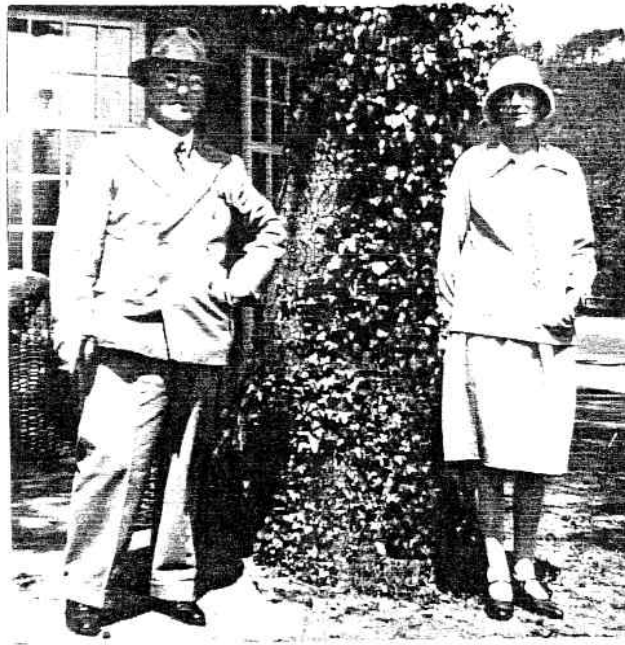
William Cumnard - Ellen (Saltmarsh) Cumnard
Reginald



WILLIAM



PRIVATE REGINALD CUMNARD



ADA IS JOHN CUMMARD'S
SISTER

James Arthur Lloyd
Ada (Cumnard) Lloyd



MAISIE



LESLIE
MAISIE

MARJORIE



TED & SYLVIA [LLOYD] PARTIN

4 OF THE 6 LLOYD CHILDREN



GEORGE EDWARD SMITH



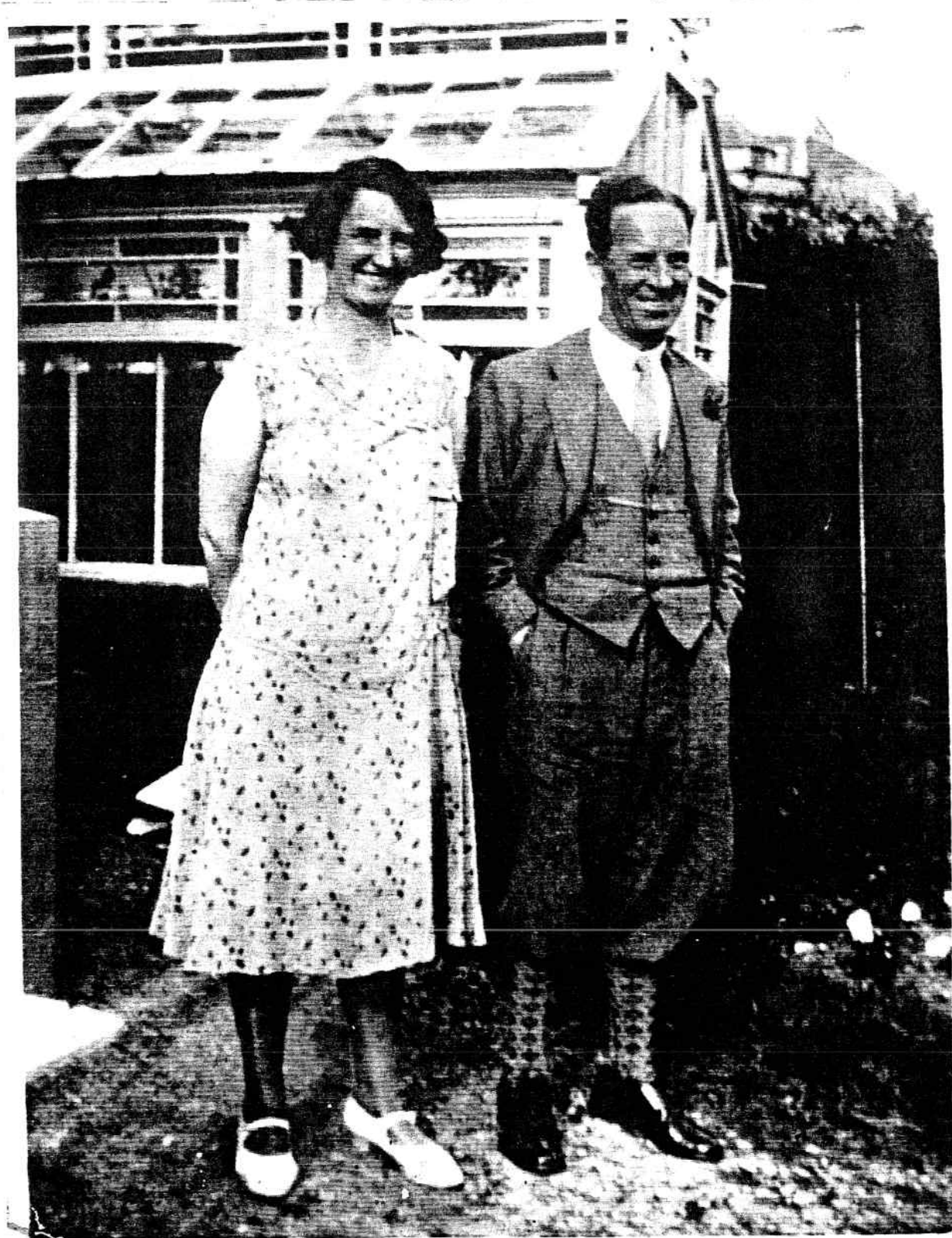
ANGELENA SMITH
[CUMMARD]



GEORGE & ANGELENA SMITH
[MIDGE]



GEORGE - ANGELENA
MONVILLE ROAD
LIVERPOOL, ENG.



ANGELENA & GEORGE SMITH
[MIDGE]

CHILDREN OF
ANGELENA & GEORGE SMITH



JOHN FARNWORTH
ADA GERTRUDE
GEORGE EDWARD



MURIEL & JOHN FARNWORTH



GEORGE EDWARD



ADA & TED DAVIES



JOHN FARNWORTH & MURJEL SMITH



JOHN & MURIEL
AT
BUCKINGHAM PALACE
OCT. 29, 1990



ADA & TED DAVIES



GEORGE JR. - FATHER, GEORGE - MURIEL - JOHN
ANGELENA (MIDGE) - ADA
BLAIN TOOK PICTURE WHEN ON
MISSION TO ENGLAND - 1939



ELEANOR



ELEANOR (CUMMARD) ATHERTON
(CISSY)



JOHN ATHERTON

Cummard Kin From England To Join Him

Special to The Republic

MESA—A bit of old England will be transplanted into this community today with the expected arrival of Mrs. John Atherton of St. Helens, a small village near Liverpool.

The 78-year-old English woman is coming here to live with her brother, John Cummard, Mesa business and real estate man and former member of the state corporation commission.

Cummard came to the United States from England in 1908 and has been an Arizona resident since 1912.

He and members of the Cummard family here have visited England several times, but this is the first time any member of the family from the other side of the Atlantic has come to the United States.

Mrs. Atherton is scheduled to arrive at Phoenix Sky Harbor at 10:45 a.m. today at the end of a trans-Atlantic flight.

She will be met at the airport by the Cummard family and friends.

Mrs. Atherton is the aunt of Jack Cummard, a member of the house of representatives of the state legislature, and son of John.

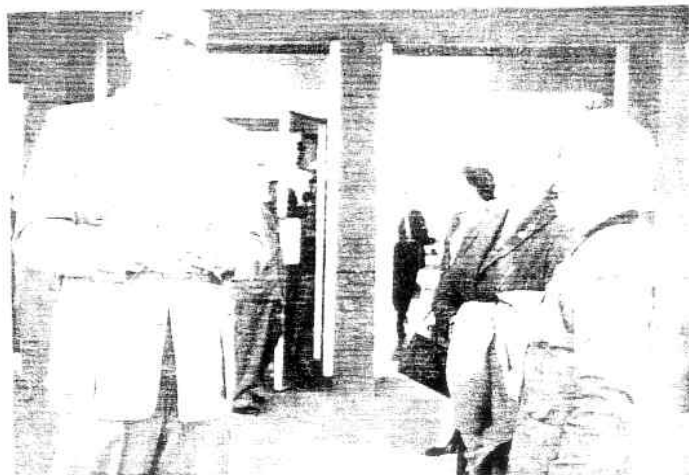


JOHN CUMMARD - ELEANOR - CLEO



JOHN - CISSY - JACK

ARRIVING SKY HARBOR AIRPORT PHOENIX, AZ.



BLAIN GERALDINE - CLEO - CISSY

Eleanor C. Atherton

Services for Mrs. Eleanor C. Atherton, 88, of 20 S. Macdonald, a resident here 15 years, will be at 11:30 a.m. tomorrow in Meldrum Mortuary, 52 N. Macdonald. Burial will be in Mesa Cemetery.

Mrs. Atherton, a native of Liverpool, England, moved here from St. Helens, England. She died in a Phoenix hospital Friday.

There are no known survivors. She was a sister of the late John Cummard of Mesa.

Friends may call from 4 to 8 p.m. today at the mortuary.



Eye Hath Not Seen

In Remembrance

In Memory of

ELEANOR CUMMARD ATHERTON

Born May 25, 1880 Liverpool, England

Passed away Jan. 3, 1969 Phoenix, Ariz.

Services 11:30 a. m. January 7, 1969
Meldrum Mortuary Chapel

Bishop Morris Coleman, Officiating

Invocation	Wm. Gerald Cummard
"My Heavenly Father Knows"	Trio
Historical Sketch	Jack Cummard
Speaker	Bishop L. Blain Cummard
"Beyond The Sunset"	Trio
Benediction	Robert T. Cummard

Trio

Phyllis Heywood	Janet Ray
Wanda Palmer	

Organist Alta Standage

Bearers

Tom Sasser	Tim P. Dana
Steven Dana	Richard G. Cummard
William G. Cummard II	Gary Cummard
Michael Cummard	David Cummard

Interment at Mesa City Cemetery

Dedication of Grave George I. Dana

*Where the velvet dusk of the even-tide
 Drapes over the ocean foam,
 There the Twilight Gates swing open wide
 To usher your loved one home.
 Eye hath not seen nor can Angels tell
 Of the shimmering crystal sea,
 Where the waves caress and the breakers swell
 Like an organed melody.
 A Haven waits at the Great Divide
 Where the many Mansions are,
 And there is Reunion sanctified
 When you shall have "Crossed the Bar."*

Bertha A. Kleinman

