

**Appendix 1 to Marvin Lander's book: Christopher Columbus and Rufus Augustas Stanley**

I was recently contacted by Traci Ingle who is a direct descendant of Christopher Columbus and Rufus Augustas Stanley and she indicated that she had considerable information on this branch of the family which she was willing to share, and did. The below is to me a welcome addition to Marvin's book [he doesn't know it yet] as it fills in the early life of C. C. and gives a glimpse into the life of Rufus "Gus" whose notes were important in the history of the family of Alfred Meour Stanley. Also, Traci assures me that the name is spelled Rufus; I'm glad to have that straightened out.



Christopher Columbus Stanley

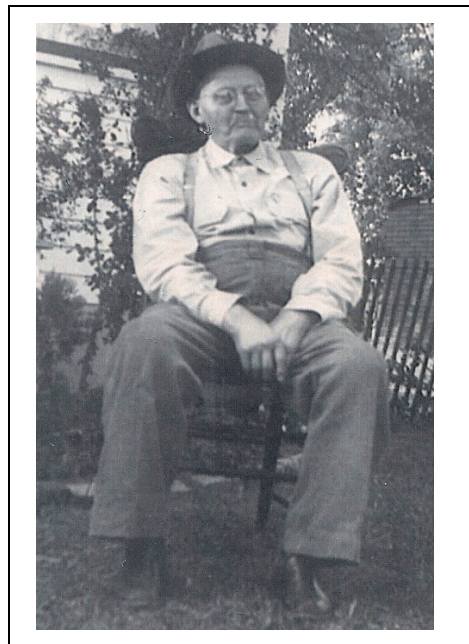
The notes below are as supplied by Traci. To me, this is the most important part of what she sent me but it is far from all she sent; I haven't yet gotten thru the whole of it but, there are pictures and they will be added. Ok, since you are clearly impatient, I'll include samples. I'm trying to keep my interference to a minimum and I intend to amplify this soon; check back. Last update is at page bottom. *gm*



Caroline Rufus C.C.



Mary Ellen Stanley



Rufus Augustas Stanley



Ann and Rufus

**Family History**  
**Christopher Columbus Stanley Born 26 Nov 1840**  
**Franklin Co. Alabama**

His first wife was Ealenes Tidball Grandfather Christopher Columbus went into the Civil War before Charles Newton was born, while he was away in the war, their oldest son David Lemuel Stanley was kicked in the head by a horse and died. A year later the youngest child Charles Newton became ill with summer complaint and died 10 June 1864. Then a year latter Ealenes Tidball Stanley died. She had been ailing for some time. Grandfather Christopher Columbus Stanley came home to his wife's funeral he was not allowed the privilege of attending the 2 sons funerals. The second wife Caroline Armstrong was at the home and took care of Ealenes (the first wife) during her last illness. Then after Ealenes died Caroline took charge of the house and cared for the remaining son Rufus Agustus Stanley. Sometime later she and (Chris) Christopher were married 28 June 1866. She was a wonderful mother to Gus. Always ready to shield him from any harsh treatment. She had no children of her own. Grandfather Christopher Columbus Stanley was wounded in his hip and they never dared take the bullet out as it would release the joint water (fluid) so he was lame and had ulcers on that leg all the rest of his life. Caused from the wound he received in the civil war. He suffered much from this leg. He had army friends he associated with buddies of civil war. He had been away from home so much he was not used to children and was quite stern with them. But if a child was hurt or in trouble was very sympathetic at that time. He loved to read the Bible. He was a blacksmith by trade and a hard worker. Christopher Columbus Stanley and his wife Caroline (Carrie) Armstrong were not members of the L.D.S. Church. They were good Christian people. From Sept until March 1909 he (Gus) Rufus Agustus Stanley and (I) Mary Ellen Dyson went to the home of Gus' father Christopher Columbus Stanley to help care for Gus Step – Mother (Carrie). She was Ill with cancer in her throat. You could not see the cancer by looking at her. One morning Gus and I were in the wash house. He and I were doing the wash when Gus father called us he said come in Gus there is something wrong with Carrie this morning. We hurried in and Carrie was sitting by the stove in the kitchen. She said she could not see. Dad (Gus) asked how long she had been that way. She said not very long but I'm blind and cant see a thing. Gus rubbed his head with his hand and then he left. He was gone a half hour. I stayed right with Carrie. Dad (Gus) returned and as he came toward her, Carrie said, Gus I can see you as plain as day and she was overjoyed. Gus smiled and I knew he had gone out to pray. Gus told me that he had prayed and asked Our Father in Heaven to bless her with her sight. She had suffered much and what ever happened to please give her the blessing of her eyesight for the balance of her life. This blessing was granted. We left there to return to our home in Murray Utah. With our two boys Liston and LeRoy. Later we were notified by Gus father that Carrie passed away. We didn't go back to the funeral Gus' father came to stay with us soon after our daughter Ealenes was born. He stayed with us for 13 mos. At that time living in Vernal. Grandpa said Carrie never had a lapse of eyesight. She could see as good as you or I right up until her death. Dad was very grateful as he knew this was the answer to his prayers.

Related to, Ealenes S. Ward by my Mother Mary Ellen Dyson.

Recopied for Charles LeRoy Stanley by (wife) Irene Olson Stanley

Mrs. Stanley whose maiden name was Caroline (Carrie) Armstrong was born in Penn \_\_ June 1841 and 28 June 1866 at Libertyville Iowa and was united in Marriage to Christopher Columbus Stanley in 1875.

In company with her husband she came west to California and later resided in Oregon a few years in 1898 the family moved to Asotin and have since making this vicinity their home where she has made and retained many friends. She was disposed toward all people and was an excellent lady. She was never the mother of any children and besides her husband leaves only a Stepson (stepson) whom she always loved. For 26 months she has been troubled with a cancer of the jawbone and while at times would receive temporary relief still it would come back and cause greater suffering and was chiefly the cause of her death at this time. (Copied from Notice of her death)

*[summer complaint is prob. Cholera Infantum, gm]*

**Written by Juanita Stanley Pullan**

My grandfather Christopher Columbus Stanley fought in the Civil War. I have always been under the impression he fought on the Confederate side of the War. I talked to Uncle Roy and he said grandfather was a Captain and was proud of his uniform and he had seen the uniform which was a grey color. Grandfather married Ealenes Tidball. They had three sons David Lemuel born the 2<sup>nd</sup> of June 1859 and died August 27, 1863 so he was only 4 at his death. Then my father Rufus Agustus born 28 Dec 1860 and lived to almost 91 died 15 Sept 1951. Then there was Charles Newton Stanley born Dec. 15, 1862 and died the 10 June 1864 and on March 6, 1865 Grandma Ealenes died so my father was five years of age when he was left without a mother. Grandpa Christopher married a Carolyn Armstrong who raised my father. Carolyn died of cancer of the jaw bone. My father left home at an early age. My father was about 5'3" or 4" big boned fellow.

*[ From "History of Des Moines County, Iowa": "Christopher C. Stanley, age 23, residence Pleasant Grove; nativity Alabama; enlisted August 22 1862; mustered September 10, 1862; wounded January 11, 1863 Arkansas Post, Ark. mustered out June 9, 1865 Washington, D.C.". gm.]*

Dad said he lived with the Indians for a time (he may have been putting us on but I doubt it). Dad worked some in the coal mines and there were quite a few Chinese working in the mines also, who were very oriental in their culture and would set a full banquet table to feed the gods at certain times of the year until they wised up to the fact that some of the men in the camp was eating the food. Dad also worked on a ranch in Wyoming and he did encounter men rustling cattle sometimes it was Indians and sometimes not. It was in Wyoming where he met his first wife. She had been married before to a Luke Ball and never had any children to my knowledge by him but I understand they adopted a little girl and Ann's first husband died. Dad married Ann the 2<sup>nd</sup> of July 1884 in Wyoming and Ann Lym his first wife was born Dec 10, 1835 so that made Ann 25 years older than Dad. Dad acquired a ranch there in Wyoming. Whether it was his own or if it was Ann's I don't know.

Dad ran for Councilman in Laramie and was elected, but he couldn't stand the corrupt or illegal things going on and knew he stood alone on the council in his beliefs, so knowing he couldn't better the situation, and couldn't go along with the rest he resigned. Dad sold the ranch and moved to Murray. Ann had become quite ill at this time. Dad went into some business in Murray. In the back of my mind it seems like it was a Millinary shop (hat shop). His wife got progressively worse. The doctors told him she had T.B. and maybe Arizona would help. He took her for a while but it didn't help. When he came home a man by the last name of Morris had been running the store and he told Dad the store had gone bankrupt and lost it, but the fellow started another business which Dad wasn't considered a partner, so they had bitter feelings toward one another.

About this time my mother started to keep house and take care of Ann during the rest of her illness. My mother Mary Ellen Dyson Bascom Alred was glad to find work as she had been living with her two boys Liston and Roy at her Aunt Mary Halliday's home in Murray. Dad's wife succumbed to her illness on Feb. 16, 1908 and is buried at the foot of Mom and Dad's graves in the Murray Cemetery. Mom stayed on keeping house for my Dad. Aunt Mary didn't like it and told Mom it didn't look good for her to stay there so she would either have to marry him or leave. So my mother married my Dad three months after his wife died on the 16th of May 1908.

My father Rufus Agustus Stanley was a convert to the Church. He was 24 ½ years old when he was baptized 13 July 1885 so he joined the church a year after he was married to his first wife. Dad had been a High Priest many years before his death.

Dad studied the scriptures a lot and was always reading the history and writings of Joseph Smith and would read

out loud to us when he thought we would be interested or if he thought we should know a part he was reading.

Dad saw that we were all up in time to have family prayer which was before breakfast, and we would all kneel down by our chair. Night time was time for us to say our own prayers before we would go to bed.

Meal times was one time of the day we were not allowed to answer the our friends call to come out. We weren't even allowed to go to the door to tell them we were eating. Dad would say they know our dinner hour and when you don't answer they will soon learn they aren't to come at meal time. If it was summer and the door was open Dad would say the girls are eating and won't be out till dishes are done.

Dad found it hard to do genealogy work as his relatives didn't approve of Dad joining the church and only one of his cousins was willing to send any information to Dad and still remain friends with Dad.

The Morris's were related to Dad's first wife and he stayed close to them in fact we grew up calling them Aunts and Uncles and my brother Roy married Clara Morris who was his first wife and mother of Joe-Romona-Roy.

Mom and Dad moved to Vernal where Ealenes was born Friday Jan. 13, 1911. Dad worked for a while in Vernal for different people. I think mostly as a ranch hand. Then my folks moved to Lyman, Wyoming where my brother Chris was born o 27 of Jan. 1914. I guess my Mom and Dad didn't like it there so my folks moved back to Vernal where Lucy was born the 17 of Nov. 1916 and I was born there also June 23, 1919. When I was just a couple of years old my Dad got work at the Dinasaour quarry and we lived in a house or a hut in the side of a hill. The whole house but the front where windows and a door were all built in the side of the hill. Dad rowed a boat across the Green River morning and night and he was among the first to uncover bones. Of course he could only do this in the summer months.

My folks received word Grandfather Christopher was dying and he told them if they would come to Arkansas they would be left all his money and his home, so they packed up a touring car with all of us in it, but Chris, Roy and Liston and they drove a little old rebuilt car they called a bug. They took off for Arkansas. I think Grandpa sent them money to come to him. They stayed and took care of Grandpa and this is where Carrie was born in Siloam Springs 21 of April 1922.

Dad found work in an ice plant. Grandpa Christopher Stanley soon became well and decided to move to Lower Lake, California leaving my folks to live in his home as long as they wanted, but unbeknown to my parents Grandpa sold the house and one day the new owners came to claim the house and wanted them out. In the meantime my brother Liston heard of jobs in Arizona and had gone there to secure work. There was nothing left for my parents to do so they packed us all up again and they decided to go back to Murray, Utah.

*[Brothers Lemuel and John Robert both lived in Lower Lake Calif. but both d. before Christopher. gm]*

We left when Carrie was about 3 months of age. We would stop on the way home different places as my brothers and Dad would work in fields to earn money to go a little farther and have food. This reminds me of the Grapes of Wrath. Lucy says she can remember us stopping in Kansas for a time while Dad and Brothers would work in the hay fields. We arrived back in Murray in the fall of 1922 in time for the kids to go to school. Again Aunt Mary Haliday took my mom in this time with the whole family until Dad could get a job and find a house. Roy and Dad both found work on the railroad as a section hand and we moved to a house on Woods Row in Murray close behind where the Murray High School is now. Lucy, Carrie and I would often go to meet Dad as he would come home from work. Lucy didn't always go but always Carrie and I would meet Dad and would carry his lunch pail home

for him, and Dad always had something in it for us, sometimes penny candy and other times it was only a part of a sandwich for us to divide. And I'm sure in this day and age children wouldn't be as excited as we were to share a sandwich left in their father's lunch pail to delight a child.

Grandfather C.C. Stanley remarried in California and it was still during the time we lived on Woods Row in Murray that my Dad received word his father died so Dad and Roy went to California to the funeral. Dad got his father's car and his wife and children got all of Grandpa Christopher's money and I understand he wasn't hurting for money. C.C. Stanley died the 27<sup>th</sup> of October 1926 so he lived a good 4 or 5 years after he thought he was dying before.

While Dad and Ann were still married they adopted a boy Frank Stanley and I remember him coming to the house when we lived on Poplar Street to see Dad. He brought along a friend with him, after that Dad lost track of him.

I've just been thinking and figuring a few things. Mom was born the 25<sup>th</sup> of May 1884 so that made my mom 23 ½ years younger than my Dad so my word that made my Dad 59 years old, my Mom 35 when I was born and Dad 62 and Mom 38 when Carrie was born.

Dad was very ambitious even when he didn't have work he found something to do, repairing anything in the house or cleaning up the yard. We didn't have lawn in our back yard, but we didn't have weeds either, our back yard was always like it had been swept clean, Dad's wood pile was always stacked neatly in a pile. When Dad didn't have work he would find odd jobs to bring in a few dollars for food. He did a lot of repairs for neighbors sometimes out of the kindness of his heart and sometimes for a dollar or two.

Dad loved fishing and hunting and always looked forward to the opening of fishing. He particularly looked forward to hunting. Dad hunted until he was 89 and he went hunting with Roy, Burnice Brown and Brigg Ward. Dad didn't think he should go trailing around the hills so he stayed close to camp while the others went out hunting. I don't think the others had any luck but Dad had shot and killed a deer close to camp, had it strung up and cleaned and frying the liver when the boys came in from their hunt.

During the depression work was hard to find. Dad was a carpenter by trade but there wasn't too much building going on but when they did work, the boys (my brothers whom my Dad had taught the trade to) said my Dad could out lath or out shingle them on any job they had. My Dad was finally hired as a janitor of the Murray Bank. Chris and Mom helped him do the cleaning. Above the bank was offices and a couple of apartments. Dad and Mom cleaned the offices and inside the bank. Dad had a way of making us feel like it was a privilege to do lots of things and being able to be in the bank after hours was one and at times he would allow us to come over and if we behaved he would allow us to do some dusting. If we found money outside of the teller cages we could have it but we were never allowed behind the teller cages and if Dad found even so much as a penny on the floor there he placed the money on the counter for the teller along with a note.

My Mom was sick for a time and that is the first time I remember Dad cooking, but it wasn't the last. Lucy being older did help with the cooking at this time. There were many mornings when my Dad would get up and fix baking powder biscuits for breakfast while Mom would be mixing bread for the week or he would even fix us breakfast.

On wash day Dad was the first to get up, make a fire and start putting the old boiler on the stove and fill with water to heat for washing. When Dad didn't work on a wash day he helped right along with the wash, wringing the clothes through the wringer into the rinse water and back through the wringer to be taken out to the lines in the back yard to be hung up by Mom or us girls. It was the same when fruit was to be bottled. Dad knew what had to be

done and would get the bottles out and put in a wash tub of water to be washed and put into the oven to be sterilized and he was right in there washing and peeling fruit and emptying the pans of the waste so we could all keep busy working. I can remember us putting up 3 and 4 bushel of fruit in a day and even more if we were lucky enough to have more.

I mentioned Dad making us feel like it was a privilege to be able to do certain things. Well one of them was to be able to go to church, Sunday School, or whatever and he would put it in such a way, for instance you girls better hurry or you won't have the privilege of walking to church with me today and the way he would put it over to us was in a kind sort of a manner that we did feel it was a privilege to be able to do this with and for Dad.

Dad was a strict Dad but he never was mean to me, but for some reason or other I knew what I could get away with and what I couldn't and I guess it was a lot by the tone of his voice. Carrie could wrap Dad around her little finger more than the rest of us so if we wanted to go to a show and he had said no to Lucy and I, we would ask Carrie to ask Dad and most of the time we would get to go. Roy always said that us girls got away with murder with Dad. The reason he never spanked us but from some of the things Roy has told us he did as he was growing up. No wonder Dad on occasion would take his razor strap to his other end. I'm sure had he been mine I would have done the same thing.

Dad would take us to the show about every Friday or Saturday night as there was a serial besides sometimes a double feature show and always comedies and sometimes a newsreel. Dad would send us ahead with a nickel or a dime to buy candy at Harrops store on the way to the show. I always hated it when he asked us to buy horehound candy, and I was pleased when he said buy peppermints. We were especially happy when he said we could buy whatever kind of candy we wanted to. We didn't have a car after we moved right down into Murray so wherever we went we walked. They celebrated Memorial Day by going to the cemetery and having speeches and shooting off a cannon and as a family we would walk there. I can remember a few picnics in the park when we would walk there with Dad and Mom. Dad didn't have money to take us places but we made our own fun with the family and enjoyed the married kids coming home. That meant a lot to Dad. Dad would play cards or other games and the boys loved playing horse shoes with Dad.

Dad played the violin and at one time Roy played one also and Ealenes and Mom would sing. I think dad played with some of the Morris' in a band and even played in Murray Park at the band stand. Dad loved music and sold his violin at one time to get needed money, then either bought his old violin back or another and his finger got stiff and he forgot some of the music while he didn't have his violin to play on, but I remember he loved to play a piece called "Over the Waves".

Dad was very jealous of Mom and didn't really like Mom doing some of the things she did or go some of the places she went. Like if she went to a friends house and was to long it bothered him or if she went to town alone and was a little long. So we learned when after we were all married and liked to spend a day with Mom shopping in town that Lucy or Carrie would pick her up and take her home rather than us all meeting in town and Mom going home on the bus. Then Dad knew for sure she was with us. But he had no reason to be worried about her.

After Paul and I were married Dad came up one weekend to help Paul take out a tree in our back yard as we wanted to put an addition on our house, so I fixed dinner for everyone. Bert Livesey and Paul Franke were also helping and my Dad worked circles around them, was up the tree and wanted to finish getting more of the tree down before they stopped to eat. The young men were exhausted and convinced Dad they should take a break. I can't remember Dad's exact age at this time but it seems like he was 87 but it could have been that he was 2 or 3 years younger than that.

If Dad had an appointment to keep he was never late in fact he was at least ½ hour early and as the years passed he would be ready to go as much as two hours before need be, so we got to where we would tell Dad at least an hour to two hours later that the time we would plan to take him somewhere with us because regardless we knew he would be pacing the floor at least 2 hours before time asking why we weren't there.

I'm sure Dad loved all of his grandchildren but he wasn't one to really hold them or make a big fuss over them and the grandchildren also knew when Grandpa said something he meant it. When Gene our oldest son was born Dad really looked forward to me bringing him and spending the day. One day Mom wasn't going to be home for a few hours after I arrived and Dad wanted to fix a special lunch for me so he went over and bought tamales for us for lunch and I hate them with a passion so I hated to tell Dad, but I did and he said he didn't like them either so we had a tuna fish sandwich.

Gene was special to Dad, and he would say to let Gene play outside and I'll watch him and first thing we would know Dad would have him on his shoulders and playing horsie on his foot with him or just carrying him around or play catch with him. He was the only grandchild he paid this much attention to. He never did before or after Gene. We had all we could do to get him to hold one of the grandchildren to have his picture taken with them. It was like pulling teeth. When Gene was killed, it was hard to tell Dad because of his age and his attachment to Gene. The first thing Dad said to me as he put his arms around me and loved me is "Why didn't God take me I've lived my life and Gene was a Special Spirit and his whole life yet to live."

Dad never did have too much money but one Christmas he wanted to do some Christmas shopping, he didn't even tell Mom. He went out and bought a Christmas present for all the sons and sons-in-laws just a little gift. He said he knew Grandma would see that everyone got something but he always felt the boys were left out because Grandma would buy a household gift for the couple and the wife got the benefit of that gift.

Dad loved camping out and roughing it. He was always making camp stools to take camping or recovering them with canvas. He made a couple of rocking chairs for Mom. Aunt Lucy has one and I think Penny confiscated one from her Mom's house as she moved away and left a lot of things in the house.

Dad's birthday was so close to Christmas that we usually waited to really have a big dinner on Dad's birthday to celebrate it rather than a big Christmas dinner. Dad never bought us a Christmas tree that I can remember. The older children said as they were growing up we always had one because they could go out in the hills and bring one home when we lived in Vernal. But times were bad and we were in the depression, and Dad had to work hard to earn what little money he did to spend on a Christmas tree, and we just simply understood. Dad was always doing things for all of his children not money wise but giving of himself and making repairs for us on our homes as he would see they needed a screen or a porch repaired or staying with Mom while she would tend children so the sons and daughters to go on a little vacation.

There is a tin type picture of Dad when he was 12 years old when Ealenes brought paper and pictures for me to keep when she and Leo went to Texas on their mission. We were all looking through the pictures and Gordon was about 12 years of age and a little on the chubby side and if tin types were in vogue you would have thought that was a picture of Gordon.

We invited Mom and Dad to Sunday dinner a lot. Paul would go out to Murray to pick them up and take them home. We had them so often that if we didn't say we were coming out Dad would call and ask if Paul was coming to get them for dinner. Dad looked forward to it and we loved having them. They didn't have a TV and Dad and Mom would stay till about 8:00 p.m. or 9:00 p.m. and Paul would take them home. After Carrie and Huck moved

in with Mom and Dad then Carrie and Huck would bring Mom and Dad and the kids and we had them all for a while on Sundays. Dad loved the TV but never quite understood the workings and wondered how often Paul had to change the film in the TV. You have to stop to realize my Dad didn't have too much of a formal education, but he by no means was a dummy. He in fact was brilliant in many things. Dad lived through many changes in his life time, he saw electricity come in and gas heating from horse and buggy to cars and airplanes, saw the radio and TV come into its own. He saw dirt roads to paved roads to highways, the railroads to come to be a way of travel, from street cars to buses, from little corner grocery stores to department stores.

After the depression eased a bit Dad resumed his labors as a carpenter for a while and Dad had to be in his 70's. Mom knew Dad was tired after a hard days work so at first Chris was home and would see that there was coal and wood in the house. Then when he wasn't home us girls would chop kindling wood and see that it was brought in and the coal bucket was filled for him.

I can remember many nights when my Dad would take some sticks of the kindling wood and whittle at both ends to make a finer strip of wood so it would catch fire quicker. In the winter months when we were in school there was only a fire dept in the kitchen then after supper Dad would take the coal hovel and carry the hot coals from the kitchen stove to the front room and get a good fire going in there. He and Mom would put bricks in the kitchen oven to be wrapped in flannel to put at our feet and about 10 to 15 minutes before we went to bed Dad would open our bedroom doors so some heat could go into our bedrooms. It was like opening the outside door and he would bank the fire to last a few hours longer to put some heat into the bedrooms.

The last house my Dad lived in was on Wilson Ave. in Murray. They had to move as the house they were living in was going to be torn down it was East on 53<sup>rd</sup> South in Murray and Carrie and Huck had married and lived with Mom and Dad so they all went house hunting. They tried to find two houses, but couldn't. Mom and Dad found the one on Wilson Ave. and when the landlady knew Carrie and Huck and kids would be moving in she said she would have to raise the rent as children were destructive. As I said Dad was always ambitious so they painted repaired electrical switches fixed the screen door mended the fence and did many other little repairs so when the landlady came to collect the rent and saw all the things he had fixed up she didn't have the heart to charge the extra amount on the house.

My dad was always kind and I can't remember him ever hitting one of us. I talked to Lucy and she said once Dad spanked Chris because he didn't come home from school as he was told because Dad needed his help. I know my Dad made motions like he would hit us with the back of his hand if we were hateful or using bad language, but never went through with it. To show you how sensitive my father was, one evening as Dad came home from work he brought an open wooden boxed tool box into the house. He always put it in us girls bedroom and I was coming out of the door to our bedroom as he came in there there wasn't much room and being in a hurry as most children are, I barged through the door, the saw was turned to where it cut me between my index finger and my middle finger. My Dad was so upset to think this had happened. He was upset with himself because the saw was turned wrong. He wasn't angry with me as he should have been, and he took me into the wash basin in the kitchen, washed the blood away and bandaged my hand, while all the time he had tears in his eyes.

Dad liked to sit and tell stories and reminisce of the good times he had when he was younger and he tried his hand at writing. He sent several stories to publishers but they weren't accepted. Most of his stories were partly true of himself or some one he knew with a little extra flare to it because he thought it needed to be more like a movie script with a little more glamor to it, so consequently we did our share of laughing as we would read them knowing what Dad had tried to do.



Dad was always a healthy man. I can't remember him even having a bad cold to put him to bed until he had his first stroke that hit him sometime in August of 1951. The first one left him to where he was a little confused. He couldn't understand what their stove was (I can't remember if it was gas or electric) and when we told him it was the stove he wondered where the coal went. Then one night after his second stroke Paul and I went without the children to see Dad and see how he was doing. When we were going to leave Dad really didn't want us to go, so we stayed a little longer and still a little longer. Finally I kissed Dad and said we had to go as we didn't get a baby sitter that we had just left the children alone and must leave and Dad looked at me and said "What children, you and Paul aren't even married yet." And here we had four children and had lost Gene. So part of my Dad's memory had gone. Then my Dad had his third stroke which put him right to bed, the doctor said he could take him to the hospital and prolong his life for maybe two or three weeks, but he thought it would be cruel to prolong his life for such a short time. So the family and Mom decided to let him stay home and die at home. Lucy I know helped a lot and was with Mom and Carrie more than I was. We were all at the house when Dad died. One of us were in the room at all times so he wasn't alone. There was a lot of rattling in Dad's throat and I couldn't stay too long at a time. I would get to crying and I had just stepped out of the room when Ealenes came practically behind me saying Dad has gone. Dad died at the age of 90, Sept 15, 1951. He would have been 91 in December of 1951.

*[Thanks, Juanita, gm]*

## Family Genealogy of Rufus Agustus (Gus) Stanley

*The second child of Christopher Columbus and Eleanor Tidball Stanley in Marvin Landers "Stanley Book.*

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### 2. Rufus Agustus (Gus) Stanley

Rufus Agustus (Gus) Stanley was born, December 28, 1860 in Leon, Decatur County, Iowa. He died September 15, 1951 in Murray, Utah and was buried September 19, 1951 in the Murray City Cemetery in Murray, Utah. He is buried by his first wife Ann Lym Ball Stanley and his second wife Mary Ellen Dyson Bascom Allred Stanley all in the same plot. His death certificate indicates he died from Cerebral Hemorrhage due to Hypertension.

Rufus (Gus) was residing in Lake County, Oregon in 1880 with his father Christopher Columbus and stepmother Caroline Armstrong Stanley and grandfather, A.M. Stanley. Sometime between 1880 and 1884 he moved to Almy, Wyoming in the Uinta County area. This is in the Evanston, Wyoming area of southwestern Wyoming. He married Ann Lym Ball on July 2, 1884 in Almy, Wyoming. Rufus lived in this area from 1884 to 1906-07 that we know of. We are not sure when he actually came to this area but we believe it might have been to work in the coal mines. He then tried his hand at cattle and horses. We know this because he applied for a brand on December 3, 1884 and received it on December 27, 1884. The brand was the outline of a dogs head. In the 1900 census it lists Rufus and Ann Stanley, and a Frank Carpenter. Frank is listed as an adopted son. Rufus and Ann did not have any children between them, and Ann never had any children of her own. It has been said that Ann would take children into her home. It also indicates on the 1900 census that Rufus was a grocer and merchant. We know this is true because we found an advertisement in an old newspaper for a Grocery Store called Morris & Stanley and it does list Rufus Stanley. Rufus was also a councilman in the Kemmerer, Wyoming area. In this time period, Kemmerer, Wyoming was also considered part of Uinta County. Kemmerer is now part of Lincoln County, Wyoming.

**There is a newspaper clipping in "The Chieftain" dated January 17, 1884 says, "R. A. Stanley, outline of a dogs**

head" under, "Proceedings of Stock Brand Committee." (This is the brand.)



**There is a newspaper clipping in "The Wyoming Press" dated March 4, 1899 that says, "At the election at Kemmerer, last Thursday, the following gentlemen were elected; R. A. Keenan, Mayor; Wm. Fenn, W. S. Post, R. A. Stanley and Robert White, Councilmen." (Articles recopied by Traci Ingle)**

**The following was found in the "Wyoming Tribune" no 385 February 20, 1900 page 4.**

City Government of Kemmerer in decidedly, complicated state. Now enjoys the distinction of having two City Clerks and two town Marshals.

Councilmen meet in executive session and fire one City Marshal and appoint another Kentucky imitated on a small scale. There is war and rumors of war in our sister town of Kemmerer between the mayor and common council, and we expect every day to see the town in the throes of a traditional fight that will eclipse the feuds of Kentucky. The cares and burdens of the youthful City government do not set lightly upon the august shoulders of the city fathers because discord and dissension more than harmony and peace have insinuated themselves into the deliberations of the council hall. No bad blood has been engendered yet, but in the language of Pope. "Mighty contests from trivial things arise."

The council of Kemmerer has held its meetings, since its incorporation in Keenan's hall which place and privilege of meeting was kindly contributed to the town by the mayor, R. A. Keenan. On Monday evening, being the regular meeting night of the council. The town marshal, according to his time-honored custom, notified the Mayor, the new clerk and each member of the council to be present at the appointed time and place. George A. McArthur. Editor of the Kemmerer Camera, being C.P. Diehl's successor as town clerk (and editor too, by the way,) was in Diamondville that day on business (principally bothering this editor.) but he slicked up and was the first to grace the town forum with his presence. The weight of this newborn greatness he shifted uneasily from one shoulder to the other and paced the spacious arena with the grandiloquence of Roman senator. But hark, a footstep! The Mayor approaches. "Where is the valiant host that should be here?" asked he. "Have all my soldiers deserted me?" "Don't know," said the clerk; don't ask me." Time dragged its wary length along and no one came, so the Mayor and the clerk adjourned, threatening to fire the whole council. In the meantime the councilmen, who are L. N. Huggins, Dr. W. Lovejoy, R. A. Stanley and T. B. Carnahan, ignoring the summons of the Marshal, repaired to Judge Rosenberg's office and held a meeting of their own. They fired City Marshal Naylin and appointed AL. Cyphers to preside over the peace of the city. They fired the new clerk and elected Mr. Beemer to that position. They wanted to fire the Mayor, too but they were afraid the Mayor wouldn't stay fired, and then they adjourned. Kemmerer now enjoys the unique distinction of having two town clerks and two town Marshals and it is hardly safe for the unwary to approach the sacred and well guarded precincts of that town Diamondville News. **(Article Recopied by Traci Ingle)**

**There is a news paper clipping that says:** "Gus Stanley has gone to Murray, Utah where he intends to take his family in the spring. The neighborhood is sorry to have Mr. Stanley leave for he has proven himself a good neighbor and citizen". This was found in the "The Wyoming Press" Evanston, Wyoming, Saturday, Mar. 3, 1906. **(Article recopied by Traci Ingle)**

The above newspaper clippings coincide with stories that were written by Rufus's children, Charles LeRoy Stanley and Juanita Stanley Pullan. Their stories indicate he was in Laramie, Wyoming. However, Rufus's obituary indicates that he lived in Almy, Wyoming.

Around the time Rufus and Ann moved to the Murray, Utah area, Ann was ill. Rufus asked Mary Ellen Dyson Bascom Allred to help him with his situation. Mary took care of Ann until Ann's death on February 16, 1908 in Murray, Utah. (Mary and Ann were not sisters.) Ann was born December 8, 1835 in England. It is said that she is buried at the foot of Rufus and Mary in the Murray City Cemetery. She is in the same plot but there is no gravestone. She was 25 years older than Rufus at the time of their marriage.

## **2. Rufus Agustus (Gus) Stanley**

Rufus Agustus Stanley married Mary Ellen (Nellie) Dyson Bascom Allred Stanley on May 16, 1908 in Murray, Utah three months after his first wife died. Mary was born May 25, 1884 in Wombwell, Lincolnshire, England and died September 8, 1959 in Murray, City, Utah. Mary is buried in the Murray City Cemetery. She was 24 years younger than Rufus.

### **Rufus and Mary Ellen Stanley's children are;**

- A. Jennie Alice Stanley** was born May 14, 1900 in Vernal, Utah to Mary Ellen Dyson Bascom Allred and her husband at the time Albret Allred. Jennie died as a baby April 8, 1900 before Rufus and Mary Ellen new each other. Jennie was not Rufus Agustus Stanley's daughter.

- B. Liston Dyson Allred (Stanley)** born March 4, 1905 adopted by Rufus. Died July 2, 1931 and married Alec (Allie) Bethel Clayborn on July 5, 1925.
- C. Charles Leroy Allred (Stanley)** born May 5, 1907 in Murray, Utah adopted by Rufus. Died October 11, 2009 in Woods Cross, Utah.
- D. Ealenes Stanley (Ward)** born January 13, 1911 in Vernal, Utah. Died July 19, 1973 in Salt Lake City, Utah.
- E. Christopher Mayo Stanley** born January 27, 1914 in Uinta County, Lyman, Wyoming. He died May 12, 1979 in Murray, Salt Lake City, Utah. Death certificate says he died of possible Pulmonary Embolism caused by Hodgkin Disease stage IV B. He is buried in Lake Hills Memorial Park, Sandy, Utah, buried May 16, 1979.
- F. Lucy Stanley (Brown)** born November 17, 1916 in Vernal, Utah
- G. Juanita Stanley (Pullan)** born June 23, 1919 in Vernal, Utah
- H. Carrie Stanley (Christensen)** born April 21, 1922 in Siloom Springs, Arkansas. She died in Florida.

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**E. Christopher Mayo Stanley**

Christopher married Eva Rhoads on March 16, 1937 in Tooele City, Utah. Eva Rhoads was born August 2, 1912 in Ohio County, Kentucky. Chris and Eva were later divorced in May 1946. Eva Rhoads Stanley (Jones) died August 14, 2000 in Holiday, Utah. Eva was buried August 18, 2000 in the Murray City Cemetery in Murray, Utah.

**Christopher Mayo and Eva Rhoads Stanley's Children are;**

- i Bonita Jo Stanley (McDonald)**, born October 1, 1936 in Murray, Utah, died January 23, 2007 in Salt Lake City, Utah. Bonita married David M. McDonald on November 19, 1955.
- ii Christopher Augustus (Gus) Stanley**, born September 20, 1937 in Murray, Utah. Gus married Dona Gae Thackeray on February 8, 1956 in Salt Lake City, Utah.
- iii Sandra Mae Stanley (Ward)**, born December 9, 1938 in Murray, Utah, died February 28, 2011 in Semi Valley, CA and was buried March 10, 2011 in Rose Funeral Home in Simi Valley, CA. Sandra married Monroe Ward Jr. on December 14, 1957 in Los Angeles, CA.

Christopher Mayo Stanley's second wife was Edith Emily Robinson Cowan Stanley. Edith was born on February 23, 1912 in Salt Lake City, Utah. She died March 4, 1999 in Salt Lake City, Utah and was buried March 8, 1999 in the Lake Hills Memorial Estates in Sandy, Utah. Christopher Mayo's obituary says they were married October 22, 1948 in Elko, Nevada. Edith's obituary says they were married in 1947 in Salt Lake City, Utah. I have not yet found a marriage certificate for them, but I would guess Christopher's obituary is correct due to the fact that Edith was alive when Chris died and she would have had input on this information (just my theory). Also, my dad (ii Gus) indicates that they were married in Elko, Nevada.

**Christopher Mayo and Edith Emily Stanley's child is;**

- iv **Nicholas Eddie Stanley** born May 1, 1948 in Utah and married Pam Holcomb February 20, 1971.

**ii. Christopher Augustus (Gus) Stanley**

Christopher Augustus (Gus) Stanley was born September 20, 1937 in Murray, Utah. He married Dona Gae Thackeray on February 8, 1956 in Salt Lake City, Utah. Dona Gae Thackeray was born on February 8, 1939 in Salt Lake City, Utah. Christopher Augustus (Gus) and his two sisters Bonita Jo and Sandra Mae lived with their grandfather Rufus Augustus (Gus) Stanley for about 10 years when they were young children. Christopher (Gus) looked up to his grandfather Rufus and Rufus was a positive influence and mentor in Gus's life. Christopher Augustus and Dona Gae lived in the Murray, Riverton, South Jordan, Salt Lake City, Utah area for all of their young to middle aged adult lives. Christopher Augustus worked in the lath and plaster trade. Gus and Dona owned their own business that they started from the ground up. The business was called Stanley Lath and Plaster and C.A. Stanley Lath and Plaster. Gus has built and worked on many buildings and homes in the Salt Lake City, Utah area, along with all over the country. It is while he was working that he found Bridger Valley, Wyoming. They moved to Mountain View, Wyoming and later moved to Lyman, Wyoming. Who would have known that Gus would have ended up where his father was born and in the same county where Rufus spent so much of his life.

**Christopher Augustus and Dona Gae Thackeray Stanley's children are;**

(1)**Tony Knox Stanley** born January 11, 1957 in Salt Lake City, Utah and never married.

(2)**Toby Augustus Stanley** born July 10, 1959 in Salt Lake City, Utah and married Sharon Thayne on August 18, 1979 in Riverton, Utah. They have four children.

(3)**Tamy Gae Stanley (Roitz)** born November 7, 1961 in Salt Lake City, Utah and married Keith Spencer February 8, 1978 in Riverton, Utah and they later divorced. Married Zane Forest Roitz on March 25, 1982 in Elko, Nevada and they later divorced and then were re-married on July 23, 1982 in Evanston, Wyoming. They have four children.

(4)**Traci Lee Stanley (Ingle) twin** born August 12, 1966 in Salt Lake City, Utah. Married Stanley Mark Ingle on February 28, 1986 in Rock Springs, Wyoming and they were later divorced and then were re-married on April 6, 1989 in Rock Springs, Wyoming. They have two children.

(5)**Tresa Lynn Stanley (Horrocks) twin** born August 12, 1966 in Salt Lake City, Utah and married Randy Allen Horrocks June 23, 1984 in Evanston, Wyoming. They have two children.

Written by Christopher Augustus (Gus) Stanley and Traci Lee Stanley Ingle February 28, 2011  
All information is backed up by documentation which we possess.

*[and thank you Gus & Traci, gm]*

OK Traci, should I put your contact info here. No charge, no guarantee, doubt you will be overwhelmed.