

THOMAS FIELDS CARLISLE, JR. **1859-1933**

In Alpine, Utah, on October 8, 1859 Thomas Fields Carlisle and Fanny Sophia Hocquard welcomed into their home their first son. The new baby was adored by three older sisters, Fanny Elizabeth, Jane Blanche, and Eliza Alice. Almost immediately he was nicknamed "Sonny," a name by which he was affectionately called by family and friends all his life. On February 26, 1860 he was proudly blessed at the church and given the name of Thomas Fields Carlisle, Jr.

Two brothers later joined the family circle, Francis Lincoln and Richard Phillip. This was a happy family. Although there was always plenty of work for all, yet they did not know want except as it was felt in the whole community due to crop failures and supply shortages, etc. They lived in a large brick home in the south part of town. Indians were a common sight at the Carlisle home for many of them camped on the property in the willow patch and were friendly to the family.

Sonny was baptized in 1868, rebaptized 23 Sep 1885.

Early in life he knew the satisfaction of a hard day's work. Of course there were regular farm chores to be done. Then when he was only 11 years old, he worked as water boy under his father who was a subcontractor under Brigham Young in the construction of the railroad. He built the grade for the railroad around the point of the mountain. Sonny hauled water with oxen from Mill Creek to Sandy to water the mules which were used on the job.

Sonny was present with his father on the joyous occasion when the Golden Spike was driven at Promontory Point. Subsequently he always received invitations to the annual festivities commemorating that important occasion. A pin in his possession verified the fact that he had assisted in the work.

As a barefoot boy he herded cattle. One day he walked barefoot into Draper to have a plowshare repaired. He attended school in both Alpine and Salt Lake City and progressed to the "fourth reader." This seemed to be equivalent to about the seventh or eighth grade.

His father raised large crops of strawberries, and it was Sonny's job to haul the berries to Salt Lake in a wagon to market them. This task was part of his responsibility for many, many years.

Annie Sheppard was visiting with her sister in Highland when young Sonny first met her. He was very much impressed with the dainty, shy girl. He was successful in gaining employment for her in his parents' home. The friendship

flourished and grew and Sonny and Annie were married December 27, 1883 in Alpine. They established their home in Alpine and had a large family:

Fannie Zalie born September 21, 1884 Earl Fields born October 24, 1886 Hazel Elizabeth
born June 20, 1888 Richard Henry born July 16, 1890 (died Aug 20, 1891) Annie Jeune
born May 29, 1892

On June 23, 1893 Sonny and Annie went to the Endowment House where they received their endowments and were sealed to each other. Of course they took their five children who were sealed to their parents the same day. Five more children were subsequently born:

Ivy Mary born November 14, 1895 Leona born March 12, 1897 Stanley Lincoln born May 17, 1901 Paul Sheppard born December 30, 1902 Howard Ralph born October 19, 1907

Sonny, Lincoln, and Richard operated their sheep as "Carlisle Brothers." Later Sonny and Lincoln sold their sheep to send Richard on a mission to England. Then Sonny continued farming and raising cattle.

When he bought his home (which now belongs to Paul Carlisle) he paid \$1000 for it. He brought home from the bank \$1000 in gold pieces and showed it to the excited children the night before he gave it to Alma Vance in payment of the home and 3 1/2 acres of ground

He homesteaded on the hills west of town, and had a small house at Parry on the dry farm. The house he traded for an Edison phonograph.

The Alpine Grazing Company tried to get title to most of the land surrounding the Alpine area. They had their eyes on Haw Grove. But Thomas slipped into Salt Lake a day ahead of them and filed on the property. When the company men arrived the next day to file their claims they were most angry to learn that they had been beaten to it. They threatened to have Sonny thrown in jail. He was thoroughly within his rights and had simply beaten greedy men at their own game.

Thomas was a wonderful father but was also very strict and tolerated no foolishness from the children. When they became too rowdy in the house he was quick to say, "Too much noise! Less noise, please!"

He set down rules and expected to be obeyed. For example, on one occasion daughter Annie returned from a social later than he thought she should. So he set the hour and said if she was later than that she couldn't attend the dance on Saturday night. The following night she was home at the specified hour but stayed out in front talking. On Saturday night Annie was not permitted to attend the dance because she hadn't been "in" on time.

Family prayer was part of each day's activities. And every child was always present.

He always wanted to know where his children were. If they were late getting home from school he was out looking for them. More than once he went hunting for Howard with two horses and a lash. One dark evening Howard was on a dead run for home as his father was on the way to find him. As Howard ran at full speed around the corner of the lane near the house he hit an object head on. It was such a hard blow that for a few minutes Howard literally saw stars. He lit a match to see what he had hit. It was his father who had been knocked flat on his back from the impact. The blow was so hard that he had to be helped back to the house.

Sonny had an abiding faith in his Maker and in the gospel, which could not be shaken by any conditions through which he passed. He was never fanatical but was a firm, consistent Latter-day Saint.

His belief in his church was attested by his willingness to work in the church. The many hours he devoted to the positions to which he was called could never be estimated. During all his church service he was faithfully supported by his good wife. He was superintendent of the Sunday School and also of the YMMIA. He taught a Sunday School class for fourteen consecutive years and other classes at various times in Sunday School, MIA, and priesthood.

He was an avid reader with his nose constantly in a book or newspaper during the moments he spent in the house. Many times Annie brought home books to read and had to hide them from him in order that she could read them.

For fourteen years he was a counselor to Bishop Albert Marsh. He served faithfully as a high councilman in the old Alpine Stake for a number of years. He never missed his meetings.

He was elected Mayor of Alpine City for two terms from 1896 to 1899 inclusive and was Justice of the Peace for some time. He was fair and just and treated all alike. He was also a member of the City Council and Irrigation Company at various times.

From the time of the opening of Mutual Dell in American Fork Canyon, as long as his health would permit, Sonny was a regular annual camper and one of its strongest supporters. In fact he took the very first Scouts to the Dell. Before the days when automobiles were common in the canyon he was ready year after year with his team and wagon to haul provisions to and from the Dell and take those who cared to ride. He made the climb to the top of Mt. Timpanogos twice and viewed with pride the valley he knew and loved so well.

How he loved the thunder and lightening, and during a storm he sat out in the yard to watch it. Nothing was quite so beautiful to Sonny as an electric storm.

He was appointed by the government to keep a weather report and for the last seventeen years of his life he kept an accurate daily record.

On several occasions Sonny took his son Earl into the mountains hunting cattle. As soon as camp was made he would say to Earl, "You build the fire and I'll bring a chicken for our supper." He was an excellent marksman. In almost no time at all a shot could be heard and Sonny came into camp with the wild fowl. In a matter of moments the chicken was prepared and cooking. His only fishing trip was to Strawberry with Bishop Fullmer and Joe Beck.

When the Pleasant Grove grandstands collapsed, Sonny was injured. He always limped after that and in later years had to use a cane. When he became too lame to farm on a large scale he herded his cows with a horse and buggy. It was always his desire to work. At one time there was big grass fire out on the hills on his property. With a south wind the fire spread rapidly. Sonny and his son Paul thought they might stop it on the cow trail going into Smith Hollow, but just as they got there the wind changed. They had to turn about in haste so as not to be caught by

the flames. After getting old Sailor on a dead run, the flames followed them so fast that they could see the flames leaping over their heads ahead of the buggy. However, they managed to escape without injury.

One day Sonny's horse became frightened and ran away with him in the buggy. He was injured and was never quite the same after the accident.

After daughter Annie's husband died, Sonny and Annie went to the Flack home to live and care for her children LeGrand and Rhoda. They treated them as their own children. LeGrand was taught many valuable lessons in discipline by his grandfather.

Throughout his life Sonny gave devoted care and service to his mother, especially in her last years of darkness. No work of his own was too important to set aside if his mother needed him. He never missed a day calling to see what he could do for her.

During the terrible flu epidemic of 1918-19 he often went with his capable, kindly wife to assist those who were ill.

They went into homes where no one else would enter the door, and in this way relieved much suffering.

He loved family gatherings and liked to have his family around him. In 1933 he and Annie were joyously anticipating their golden wedding anniversary. but that happy day was not to be realized.

How Sonny loved the great outdoors, the mountains, the canyons, the farms. He often said that when he died he would just "dry up and blow away." As he undertook the job of weeding the long rows of corn near the house, he customarily lay down to rest whenever he felt like doing so. On August 7, 1933 he left in the morning to weed the corn. At 11 o'clock he did not return for his rest before dinner. Annie waited dinner until about one. She then felt that something must be wrong. So she hurried out to the cornpatch. Something seemed to tell her to step off a certain number of rows. As she did so she came upon her husband lying flat on his face in the furrow with a weed in his hand. His wish was almost fulfilled. Without apparent suffering his spirit had "blown away" on the warm August air.

"Friday afternoon the chapel was filled to overflowing at the funeral services of Thomas F. Carlisle which was under the direction of Counselor Earl M. Devey. The opening song was a quartet by Warren Clark, Leland Beck, Fred Strong, and Frank Bateman, 'The Teacher's Work is Done;' and the invocation was offered by William B. Smith.

"A life sketch was read by Mrs. May Marsh. The speakers were James W. Vance, S. L. Chipman (Stephen L. Chipman who later became Salt Lake Temple President), President C. E. Young (Clifford E. Young who was president of the Alpine Stake and at present is Assistant to the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles), A. L. Booth of Provo and Bishop Burgess. Musical numbers were a duet by Mrs. Frank Bateman and Mrs. Willard Cleghorn and a violin

solo by Ferron Sagers. The closing song was a solo by Mrs. C. E. Young (a daughter of President Heber J. Grant) and the benediction was pronounced by James C. Healey.

"The grave in the Alpine cemetery was dedicated by Elder Wilmer Seabury. The floral tributes were many and very beautiful. Many out-of-town relatives and friends were present."¹

At the time of his death Sonny was the oldest resident of Alpine who had been born there.

His daughter, Hazel Carlisle Atwood, was asked to give a Father's Day tribute on a Sunday evening service. That tribute seems to epitomize beautifully the life of her wonderful father and is, therefore, quoted as she gave it:

"I was asked to give something about fathers. I spent some time looking for a poem or reading. They all seemed to be about mothers. I guess mothers need more praise and such to keep them going. Fathers just plod on, praise or no praise. They make me think of the mountains, a power of strength and support. Sometimes they get treated like the pebbles under our feet. Dad can do this, Dad will do that, and they just go on carrying the heavy load, making our burdens light - big enough to stand it without complaint. When they are gone we see too late how we could have made life more easy and pleasant for them.

"Why look in books for something to say? I had one of the best fathers in the world. He was typical of many of the good fathers in this community. If this seems too personal, just let your minds run on thinking of your own fathers. Father spent his entire life raising sheep and cattle, tilling the soil. He loved nature. While others worried over the wind, rain, and other elements, he always said, "The Lord has never deserted us and He never will." He had faith in the Lord and he loved the Lord and showed his love and faith by devoting much of his time to the work of the Church. Nothing kept him from his meetings. He held many church and civic offices. He also loved his fellowmen and when sickness, death, and trouble came he was the first to be found helping friends, neighbors, and strangers. He was devoted to his aged mother who lived to be ninety-two years of age. Every day he called to chat with her and see that she had everything to make her life happy.

"Father lived to the age of seventy-three. He never grew old, he loved to mingle with young people. Every year he went up to Mutual Dell in American Fork Canyon with the Scouts and though he was crippled with rheumatism and used a cane, he climbed to the top of Timp and was thrilled with the beautiful view of the land he loved so well.

"He was kind to his children and gave us lots of liberties because he trusted us. When he said "No" he meant it and we knew it. He believed in prayer and family prayer in our home was never neglected. I look back with pleasure and respect to the way we had our meals, no rush and hurry like we have nowadays. There were nine children, Father and Mother, and

often company. We had to be on time and remember our manners or out we went. Mother spent lots of her time away taking care of sick people, sewing for the dead, and helping with new babies. Father always got the meals then. He was a good cook and liked to prove it to us.

"His fine garden was always his pride and everyone who came was given a generous supply to take home. Years ago he owned a beautiful black horse that always carried its head high and did more than its share. It dropped dead in the harness while Father was cultivating corn. Dad often said, "I want to die like old Prince." I think the Lord heard him. He went to Sunday School and taught his class as he had done for nearly fifty years. Monday morning he went to hoe the corn in the garden near the house. When he was late for dinner Mother went to find him. he had fallen over the hoe and was dead. He died as he had lived, near the heart of nature, full of faith, trusting the Lord and loving his fellowmen. He had laid up treasures in heaven to last through all eternity.

Let's make everyday a Father's Day and tell them how much we care. Let's do something each day to lighten his load. May every day be a happy one with loved ones at your side, May the peace and comfort you merit be with you and abide. May the years that follow be better still Than the ones you've left behind, Health, wealth, and happiness, may they be yours Complete with a clear, keen mind."

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1 Obituary notice.

This history was written December, 1956 from recollections of living children, especially Hazel Carlisle Atwood, and from the obituary notice, by Dora D. Flack, wife of LeGrand Flack, a grandson.