

LIFE SKETCH OF RICHARD PAUL BRADSHAW
(SON OF RICHARD BRADSHAW & ELIZABETH SIMPSON)
MEMBER OF THE MARTIN & TYLER HANDCART COMPANY
WRITTEN BY HIS GRANDDAUGHTER NONA WYATT

Richard Paul Bradshaw was born at Bolton Lancaster, England, April 13, 1850. His mother was married to William Haigh in 1836. Two children were born to them. Sarah Ann and Samuel. Her husband died about 1840.

Soon after his death, she met the missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. She suffered much persecution and abuse by relatives and friends for having joined a religion so unpopular as the 'Mormons.'

On the 11th of March 1844 she married Richard Bradshaw, who was also a member of the LDS Church. They were prepared to leave England, when the news of the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith reached them. They were advised to remain in England until things quieted down. In the meantime, two children were born to them. Robert Hall and Isabella Jane.

She was widowed again in January of 1850, three months before she gave birth to a son. He was named Richard Paul Bradshaw, after his father.

She worked and prayed earnestly that God would open up the way so she could come to Zion. Finally, the chance came and she and her five children set sail for America. They were several weeks on the ocean and landed in Boston with little money.

Richard was six years old at the time. Because they had very little money, they could not afford to buy a wagon and oxen. As a result, they had to take the cheaper plan and go by handcart. One hundred and forty-six were made. This consumed so much time that they got started late on the long, dreary march to Utah. It was a trek of thirteen hundred miles across the plains and with a handcart, fifteen miles a day was a good average.

Although Richard was only six and very small, he had to walk. Sometimes he rode on the handcart, and his mother carried him on her shoulder across the rivers.

The journey, although late in the season for such a trip, began with unwavering faith and prayer for guidance. This group of handcart pioneers was known as the Martin and Tyler Handcart Company, and it was composed of many nationalities from the Scandinavian countries and from England.

There were many heart-rending scenes of death and burial along the way. At one place, fifteen were buried in one grave. A two-year-old girl died and was buried by the side of the trail. Before they were out of sight, the wolves were digging for her body.

When they reached the Platte River, everyone had to cross. This posed quite a problem. Some were too old and weak and others too small. Richard's oldest sister, Sarah Ann Haigh, who was nineteen years old, carried sixteen people across.

Richard's mother, a frail little woman, proved the great faith she had in God. She took Richard, seated him on her shoulders with his legs around her neck and he holding to her head, and started across the river. Half way across, she was caught by a current in the water and was carried some distance down the river. It looked as if death was near for both Richard and his mother. But her determination and faith kept her going. Finally, she reached the opposite bank and was helped out of the water. When asked why she didn't let the boy go and save herself, she told how she had been promised in a blessing before she left England that she would get all her children to Zion.

Food became very scarce. Two tablespoonsful of flour was Richard's supply for a day. Much more has been told of the suffering of the handcart pioneers of these companies, so I'll not dwell more on this.

President Brigham Young learned of the plight of this company, and he sent out an urgent call for scouts to go to their rescue with food and clothing.

Richard and his family arrived in Salt Lake City on November 30, 1856. They were sent to Bountiful, Utah. Their first meal was eaten at the home of Bishop Stoker. They had starved so long they didn't dare to let them have all the food they wanted for a long time. They remained in Bountiful for six years.

In 1862 they moved to Hyrum, Utah, where they first lived in a dug-out. Later Richard's home was a log building. This home had a dirt roof and floor and sheep-skin coverings for his bed.

He herded cows on the hillsides. Many times the Indians, who were very mean in those days, would take his lunch and he would have to go without.

At one time he worked for a family who nearly starved him. He almost had to live on the scraps from the table. He never, in later life, could stand to see a crumb of bread wasted. I can see him now as he scraped the crumbs from around his plate with his knife and ate them. He always remembered the times when he had to go without bread and had so little to eat.

Richard grew to manhood, and on January 2, 1871 he married Mary Christina Jensen in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, Utah. She was a little Danish convert to the Church and a daughter of Hans Jensen of Hyrum.

Shortly after his marriage, Richard went on a mission to Arizona to preach the Gospel to the Indians. One time word came that he had been killed by them, but that proved to be false, and he returned home to make his home in Hyrum. One baby girl, Mary, was born to them. She lived about a year and then passed away. They had two more daughters born to them, Julia and Carrie. By this time, they had a fairly good home for pioneer days. Richard, being kind-hearted and feeling sorry for someone in need, mortgaged his home to help a brother-in-law in business. The business failed. Richard lost his home, and so they moved to Paradise where he started another home.

He was a hard-working man. In the winter he hauled logs from the canyon to Logan to sell. He was always trying to do nice things for his wife and family. One time when he had taken logs to Logan, he bought a pretty dish cupboard with glass doors. His wife was ill in bed when he brought it home, so the two daughters cleaned out the dishes from the old cupboard and put them all in the new glass one to surprise their mother.

A son, William, was born to them and another daughter, Rhoda. William was kicked by a colt when he was fourteen years old and died from the effects of it. A week later the second son was born dead. Richard had lost his only two sons in a week's time. This left them with three daughters.

Richard was one of the original members of the Silver Grey Band. He was instrumental in getting the band revived for the Cache Valley Centennial celebration in 1925. His great interest and enthusiasm did much to keep the band in tact.

His whole aim and desire was to live for his Church. He always had a burning testimony, and the greatest joy of his life was to bear it. The pioneer days and the sacrifices he had made so impressed this testimony upon him that it was as real as his very life. He also helped get names of

his ancestors and helped to perform the ordinances in the Temple for them. One time he acted as an interpreter for a lady who spoke in tongues at Sacrament Meeting.

Richard was extremely devoted to his family and wife and to the Church. At one time he didn't have money or anything to pay his tithing. He went up to Bishop Orson Smith and asked if he might work for him to pay his tithing. I lived with my grandfather and grandmother in their later years, and I have seen him pay his tithing with the money he needed for groceries and they went without.

He lived in Logan the last twenty years of his life. He died June 7, 1927. The funeral services were held in the Sixth Ward meeting house on June 10, 1927 at one p.m. The living members of the old Silver Grey Band acted as pall bearers. The burial took place at Paradise, Utah.