

## **The Charles Monroe Bird Home**

795 South Main Street  
Mapleton, Utah



In the year 1880 Charles M. and Abby Ann Whiting Bird moved from Springville to what was known as Union Bench, with a few other families at the same time. They homesteaded a quarter section of land in the southeast part of Mapleton, and built a small two-room dwelling. The first winter they moved back to Springville and lived with Abby's mother, Hannah H. Whiting. The make-shift home was not fit for the winter cold. The next spring they built a lean-to to the building and filled the holes and plastered the walls.

When they moved to Mapleton they had just two children, Charles Jr. and Bessie. They had lost their oldest son to diphtheria. In this little shanty where they lived, four more children were born, Hannah, Jennie, Emogene and Elmer Williams. They were very happy to have another son. Food was very scarce and what they had was monotonous. Fear of the Indians was always present.

In 1892 they built a new brick home with a stone cellar and a rock foundation, also a back porch which was used later as a wash room. This home had a kitchen, two big bedrooms and two large front rooms. The ceilings were high and the rooms were lathed and plastered. Over each doorway was a transom which was used for ventilation. In the new home on December 20, 1892 another son, Freeman C. Bird, was born and two and a half years later a son, Merrill W. Bird, was born August 25, 1894. This was the last child born to them.

Two big evergreen trees were planted in front of this home. Charles had dug a well and they had water for their use, which was a great blessing to them. In 1899 Charles had the misfortune of losing his right leg just below the hip, due to bon infection. This really inhibited Charles' activity. He finally decided to sell his farm and build another home. In 1919 Charles built a new home on West Maple Street, and Elmer and his family moved into the old home on south center street. Elmer and family lived in this home until 1955 when he sold the home and farm and moved to Provo.

I remember of spending time in this home with grandfather and grandmother. How happy they were. Grandfather would hop around on his one leg to build the fire in the cook-stove to start breakfast. We would sit on the front porch and look at the mountains. He would tell me stories of the old days. How I wish I could remember them all. He died in this new home on May 26, 1926 very suddenly in his bed.

Compiled and Written  
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