

HENRY¹ OF HINGHAM

Tenth Generation

No. 78

NAME: John William¹⁰ Chamberlin "Jack"

Father: John Wilbert⁹ Chamberlin (No. 67)
[Joseph⁸ (James Woodmansee⁷, Thomas⁶, James⁵, William⁴⁻³, John², Henry¹)
and Amy (Wilbert) Chamberlin]

Mother: Helen Ramsay

Born: 20 Nov 1866, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake Co., UT

Died: 15 Apr 1940, Salt Lake City, UT

Buried: Apr 1940, City Cemetery¹, Salt Lake City, UT

Married: Never.

BIOGRAPHICAL

The following biographical notes were supplied by Mrs. Ruth M. Black.

"Remembering Uncle Jack brings a picture of a gentle shy man with white hair, a bristly mustache and friendly, very blue eyes. Most often I saw him with pruning sheers and shovel, hoe or rake nearby. He was a nurseryman by trade, the same as his father and brother. During the Spring, Summer and Fall, he often made the rounds of the family gardens, our home, the Nuttalls and the Dunfords. Always he stayed for lunch. Our fruit trees thrived, our bushes were neat and trim as he coaxed them into being fruitful and beautiful.

As children, we played and danced around him, but he was interested in us and did not make us feel that we were in his way. Sometimes he came to our dancing recitals or programs. At Christmas, there would always be a dollar bill pinned on the tree or a shiny one to put in a purse. One special Christmas I went with him to his lodge Christmas party. He belonged to the Woodmen of the World. Santa was there and bestowed a net red Christmas stocking, filled with tiny toys and candy and nuts, to each child.

Often he came to Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners with the family, which was Mother's sisters and their families. He never said a lot, but we were always glad to have him there.

My brightest memory was a summer day when he was working in our yard. I was trying to poke a hole in an Oriental Poppy seedpod to make a pepper shaker for a doll's tea party; but I poked a terrible hole in my finger instead. Uncle Jack came to the rescue and gently twisted the crochet hook weapon until it came out. He had some palsy and it was not easy for him to do this. Mother, Jeri, and some of my cousins were anxious bystanders, and both the rescuer and the rescued shed a few tears.

When we lived in California, I remember him visiting us, all dressed up in his best clothes with a handsome beaver hat on his head. Uncle Jack had never married, and the story was that he had been jilted and had never found another girl he wanted to marry. I do not believe that I ever went to any place that he lived, but saw him at our house or relatives' homes. For some time he lived with his sister Nell's family, and when they moved to CA, he lived somewhere alone. When he was older and not well, he stayed with the Nuttall's for some time until he had to go to a rest home."

¹ John William Chamberlin is buried in the Salt Lake City Cemetery, Plat J, Block 5, Lot 3.

Biographical notes by Audrey M. Arthur:

“His life began in a house in the Fifteenth Ward where all of the Chamberlin family had their beginnings. He was given his father's first name and his maternal grandfather's first name. He was born the 20th of November, 1866, the first child in his family. Before he was two, his father was called to go on a settling mission to the Muddy River which was in Arizona territory, about 80 miles south and west of St. George, Utah.

His mother, of Scottish descent from both parents, was born in London and emigrated to Utah as a convert to the LDS church. His father was descended from the Chamberlins, long time residents of central New Jersey. Their sojourn in the Muddy mission was a very real pioneer life, living in adobe digouts, battling sun, wind, pestilence and Indians, to eke out a living. When that mission was abandoned because of unfair taxes, they came back to Salt Lake City, where John's sister Nellie was born, as well as short-lived sister Georgina. My grandfather Joseph Ramsay had been born while they were on their mission.

My mother and sisters had a great love for Uncle Jack. Mother accompanied him to the famous bicycle races at the Salt Palace just about every week during the summer. When she was ready to graduate from the eighth grade, he bought her a beautiful white graduation dress (which we still have in 1984) She remembers it cost him twenty dollars which was a high price in those days, and she wore it with great pride. It was the nicest thing she had ever owned.

His mother had died when he was only 11 years of age, and he was 13 when his father married Elizabeth Smart. He and my grandfather had a close relationship, working together a great deal.”

Memories of John William Chamberlin by Ruth McAllister Black:

“I remember Uncle Jack as a gentle, quiet man, who inherited his father's love of the soil, and of growing things.

He lived with us from as far back as I can remember, until I was twelve years old. He lived with us again for a time in Los Angeles while I was in high school. He never called me Ruth. I was always ‘Dolly’ to him, and though he was not demonstrative, I always felt his love for me. He delighted in giving me a dollar on my birthdays when I was small. He farmed his property next to ours, and also helped Uncle Joe with his acreage, and with various other jobs.

One of my treasured memories is of my mother calling out the back door to Uncle Jack, telling him dinner was almost ready, and asking him to pick the corn and come. She shucked and cooked the corn immediately, and we had a feast from the bowl heaped high with the best and freshest corn in the world.

Uncle Jack grew sugar beets quite often. I thought this field of sugar beets was so pretty. He grew potatoes sometimes also, and probably other crops which I don't remember.

When Uncle Jack joined us in Los Angeles, he kept our garden in tip top shape. He also lived in Redlands for a time, caring for an orange grove my father owned.

Another happy memory of Uncle Jack, was the summer (or summers) he worked on a horse-drawn water wagon spraying the dust on the unpaved streets. Each afternoon, after he had covered his route, he would return the horse and wagon to Uncle Joe's barn. The Christopher's children and I would meet him as he turned into the driveway. He always saved a little water to give us a cooling sprinkle, as he headed for the barn.”

PREPARATION OF THIS RECORD

This record was prepared by the late David C. Chamberlin Sr., using data obtained from various sources as listed. Comments and additional information are welcome and should be sent to the World Chamberlain Genealogical Society. < www.chamberlain-society.org >
Email: CorrSec@chamberlain-society.org

Information supplied by Mrs. Audrey Arthur, 2120 Roosevelt Avenue, Salt Lake City, UT 84108
Sexton's Records, City Cemetery, Salt Lake City, UT

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