MARY MURL HOLDAWAY

HER ANCESTORS AND DESCENDANTS

The Andrew Nathan Holdaway Family

Lydia Riddle with daughter Cleo, and husband Andrew Nathan
Sisters Rhoda on the left and Murl right are flanks by their brothers

Mary Murl Holdaway Johnson was the wife of Alfred H. Johnson and the mother of Dean A. Johnson

Chapter 1

The Highlanders

Several years ago, while working as an appraiser for Income Realty and Mortgage, I met with a woman who owned a four-plex in Clearfield. Midway through our discussion the woman looked at me and asked,

"Are you a Haws? You look like a Haws! Are you by chance, related to the Haws family of Provo?"

I thought for a moment, that name sounded familiar. Finally I made the connection. "Yes, grand-mother Murl Holdaway's paternal grandmother was Lucinda Haws."

The woman became very animated. She too was a descendent of Benjamin Haws, a Highland chief. She had just come across an account written by Captain G.W. Haws which she wanted to share with me. This old typescript had been found among the papers of the late Cloe Haws Lunt. The Captain's account rambled a lot. It did not contain paragraphs or punctuation. Consequently, it was hard to follow So my husband, Tom Stokoe and I reworked the captain's story.

The territory of the Haws Clan was located north of Clyde, beyond the Trossachs and among the greater northern clans of Campbell, MacDonald and MacTravish. As Haws was a rather small clan, they adopted the district tartan, a common practice in that region. The district tartan was made of an elegant forest green and royal blue plaid. The Haws tartan was similar to that of the 42nd Royal Highland Regiment, called "The Black Watch."

In the early fifteen hundreds, the position of clan chief was not hereditary. A new chief was simply appointed from among the clansmen when the old chief died. By the seventeen hundreds, that practice changed. The oldest son automatically became chief upon the death of his sire.

Early in 1700 John Haws, the old Scottish chief, died and his son, also named John, succeeded him. He moved his family into the century-old turreted mansion which had one pepper-pot turret at the front corner. It was the largest house in the district. This young Highlander had led his clansmen against raids by Rob Roy McGregor

Rob Roy MacGregor was born in 1671 in Trossachs, which lay beyond the Haws' clan territory. This was a wild part of the Scottish Highlands where all the clans spoke Gaelic and took little notice of Lowland government.

Rob Roy began his career as a cattle dealer and drover who took the cattle to sell

at markets in the south. He also became a highly skilled swordsman and learned how to survive in the open. In those days cattle 'lifting' (stealing) was commonplace and none could match Rob's daring exploits. He even organized an extensive protection racket, with Lowland lairds paying him 'blackmail' to protect their cattle from thieves which included himself and his band. John Haws and his men defended the district against this outlaw.

When this chief was in his mid-fifties, his wife died. His two sons were married and had families of their own. So his daughter kept house for him until she too married. John, finding himself alone, decided the best course of action was to take another wife. He chose a young lady from a family who lived nearby. In 1718, she bore a son which they named Benjamin after biblical Jacob and Rebecca's youngest son.

In due time Benjamin's father died and was buried in a manner befitting a Highland chief. At his wake, the clan celebrated his life and daring exploits. After the burial, John's widow and young Benjamin were forced to vacate the ancestral home as the eldest son, was the new chief of Haws Clan. The young boy and his mother moved some distance away and settled in a house of their own. She seldom visited or was visited by her step-children. There was no estrangement. She and her son were simply more intimate with her relatives.

When Benjamin Haws was twenty-one he received the inheritance left him by his late father. By then Benjamin had become engaged to a young lady by the name of Jeanne. She was the daughter of a gentleman from clan Cameron. They began searching for property where they could settle and raise a family.

Good land was scarce in the Highlands at that time. Often a gentleman had to travel far to find a suitable home. Eventually Benjamin found an estate some distance from the district where his half-brothers lived. He and Jeanne began renovating the property. The young couple were married on New Year's Day 1740 and in due time had a son who was baptized Benjamin Haws. He was christened in the same parish church where his parents were married. (It was the parish church located in their new district and not the parish church used by the Haws' chieftains where generations of the Haws family had been registered since 1560. These records began in the reign of Queen Mary.) Two years later a second child, a daughter, was born to this couple.

Meanwhile events were leading to the Stuart Rising of 1745. The MacDonald clan lived near Benjamin's new estate. The MacDonalds were Jacobites and supported the Stuart pretenders to the throne of England and Scotland. But Benjamin had become friendly with the MacDonald Clan and had adopted their views. The MacDonalds visited more frequently than did Benjamin's half-brothers and so had a greater influence on him.

In 1745 Charles Edward Stuart (Bonnie Prince Charlie), the son of James Stuart, arrived in Scotland to claim the throne. Many Highland clans supported him. Charles was the grandson of James Stuart, who was also James V11 of Scotland, and James the second of England and Ireland. Bonnie Prince Charlie opposed the English King, George

11 whose grandfather was a German prince.

Charles' standard was raised at Glenfinnan on Loch Shiel on August 19, 1745 and he marched south with a small army of Highlanders. As they marched down the main road near the Haws' home, Benjamin, who had been forewarned of his arrival, was ready. He joined the rebel regiment and was immediately commissioned a captain.

At first the followers of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" had great success. They took Perth and Edinburgh and won a battle against the government troops at Prestopans near Edinburgh. They took Carlisle, Preston and Manchester but gained little support when they arrived in England. The government army gave chase and in Derby, 200 kilometers from London, they made the decision to retreat. During these battles Benjamin Haws rose to the rank of major in the Prince's army.

Haws was in the same regiment as Sir John Wedderburn, a Baronet. The Baroness was a strong Stuart supporter and a recruiting agent for the Prince, exhorting men to join his forces. This enthusiasm brought her into direct conflict with the Countess of Breadelbane, who lived in the same district as Jeanne Haws. The Countess predicted the Stuart rising would fail and his supporters would lose their estates. The Baroness replied to the contrary, that the prince would win and the Breadelbanes would lose their titles and estates. Jeanne Haws was very vocal in her support of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" which caused much distress for the Breadelbanes as Jeannne and her husband was admired and respected throughout the district.

On April 16, 1746 Benjamin Haws and the Stuart forces faced the King's army at Culloden near Inverness. They had been victorious in previous battles but had been on the march for eight months and were exhausted. The battle was all over in an hour. The victorious British general, the Duke of Cumberland, later known as "The Butcher," gave orders that the wounded should be killed and all homes in the area looted and burned. Bonnie Prince Charlie escaped and eventually made his way to France.

Benjamin Haws had participated in the battle of Culloden and was last seen fighting courageously in the second of three lines in which the Duke had drawn the King's forces. The final charge of Highlanders had broken through the first line of redcoats but was checked by the second line. There was fierce fighting on all sides. It was generally believed that Benjamin had either perished in the battle or had been killed when the King's troops pursued the fleeing Highlanders. This was the report of "Laird's Jor," Benjamin's general handyman, who had been with him during the entire campaign. Laird's Jor had escaped after the battle. However, he did not return to Benjamin's estate. He was captured while hiding among his own people. He was finally taken to Carlisle Castle where he was imprisoned and condemned to death. Later, he was transferred to York Castle where he was hanged. When questioned, he replied that he had not seen him since the day of the battle.

Jeanne Haws endeavored to carry on but discovered without a man to help her, it

was too difficult to run the farm by herself. She decided to dispose of the place and take her children to Edinburgh where she could earn a living as she was a skilled dressmaker. She had great difficulty disposing of the place as it was the property of a known rebel. A large reward had been offered by the Earl of Breadelbane and his wife. They were not satisfied that Benjamin Haws was really dead.

At length Jeanne Haws was offered a small sum for her land, far below its real value, and that on condition that the money would be returned if the property was confiscated. After some difficulty, a family friend undertook the surety of this and agreed to be personally responsible for the return of the money if the property was confiscated. As Benjamin Haws was believed dead, he could not be tried and condemned to be hung so the property could not be confiscated by the crown.

Jeanne and her children left for Edinburgh with a small amount of money. They stayed with her mother's sister who was married to an Edinburgh goldsmith. In Edinburgh, Jeannie discovered there were no openings for employment as a dressmaker. There were already too many women trying to make a living in this way. Also, the Breadalbanes, who owned a town house and had many influential friends, worked with the authorities against her. They complained the jeweler was sheltering a known rebel. So the authorities questioned her many times. On one occasion she was physically pulled out of a stage coach in the roughest way by the Bow Street Runners who had been sent from London to replace the Town Guard.

So Jeannie and her children left Edinburgh for London on a stage coach departing from the White Horse Inn. She stopped at York, when her young daughter was taken ill. When she arrived in London, the Bow Street Runners met the coach to search for suspected traitors. They identified her and the children. But that was the last time anyone saw her or the children. The family simply disappeared and was never heard of again. Some presumed she found it impossible to make a living in London and had gone to America. This was all the information R.C. Haws, chief of the Haws clan, could provide a century later, when a bearded Mormon Elder, who claimed to be a Haws descendent, inquired concerning the Haws family genealogy.

The chief said he knew of no Benjamin Haws in Wales as none of the Haws clan had ever crossed into England nor, to his knowledge, settled there. He was sure that the Mormon elder could not belong to clan Haws. But the missionary was just as sure that he was a descendent of Benjamin Haws, the Scottish highlander, who had emigrated to America from Wales.

As a stalemate ensued someone suggested that perhaps the forefather of the missionary was indeed Benjamin Haws. Perhaps it was the same boy who with his mother and sister had disappeared after their arrival in London. This matter was discussed at great length among the clan. The matter finally reached the ears of some people of substantial position who residing in South Lancashire and three old white-haired gentlemen made a visit to R.C. Haws. They explained they were in a position to clarify the

matter.

They said that they knew of a Benjamin Haws who went to North Carolina from Wales and that it was the same Benjamin Haws of clan record. The gentlemen explained that their grandfathers had been Stuart supporters but had been unable to join the prince in 1745. After the collapse of the Stuart cause they joined the Jacobite organization which helped the hunted rebels escape. One among the escapees was major Benjamin Haws.

Their grandfathers made them swear the same oath that their fathers had sworn to Benjamin Haws. They promised that when it was safe for the children, they would acquaint them with their ancestry. However, the Jacobites had lost touch with the Haws children by 1784 when the Act of Indemnity was passed and the rebels and their families were safe from further harassment.

These men swore that Benjamin Haws had not been killed, or even wounded, at the Battle of Culloden. As the Breadalbanes suspected, he had escaped and gone into hiding. When he reached his home district he avoided all known contacts, including his wife and other relatives. He made his presence know only to one acquaintance who was a firm but unnoticed supporter of the Stuarts. Benjamin was hidden on the moors and glens. He was fed from the farms. Only his wife, with whom a secret meeting was arranged, knew that he had survived. While arranging his escape to America, he headed east, passing from tenant farmer to landowner, changing his identity frequently.

Finally disguised as a schoolmaster, he caught the Peebles coach for Carlisle. He crossed into England as one of a party of cattle drovers. He went on to Lancaster where the local Jacobites of Warrington, Manchester and Liverpool passed him from one house to another. He played the role of a visiting country gentleman.

The Liverpool ports were too closely watched. Handbills with his description and reward were posted everywhere. The Jacobites made three attempts to get him on a ship. Finally, after a narrow escape, they passed him on to North Wales. Since they were finding it impossible to get him out of Britain, they devised another plan.
They helped him obtained a post as Custom and Revenue Officer in a remote fishing village in Wales. He told the community his wife and children would be joining him later.

After Jeanne was informed of his safety, they gave her specific instructions. From London she and the children, under the guidance of Jacobites and still closely watched, made her way on foot toward Wales. She earned what she could by dress making for farmers' wives and maids. She told local residents she was looking for a suitable place to settle and hoped to locate in a small village in the Midlands.

Different stories were circulated by the Jacobites to cover her trail. Actually Jeanne and the children crossed from Bristol to Wales by stage coach. She joined her husband in the little cottage in the mountains. There the children grew up among the Welsh, using that language and attending the village school. Later, the family moved to another cottage

with a garden, then to a larger cottage with a bit of land. Years later, when he died, Benjamin Haws owned one of the best farms in the district.

The children, seeing no future for them in Wales, decided to cross the ocean to America. Young Benjamin delayed his departure until he was nineteen years old. His sister was then seventeen and old enough to accompany him. Their parents died in 1783. The Act of Indemnity was passed in Great Britain in 1784 indemnifying them against any further political harassment. The family of Benjamin Haws could return to Scotland.

It took years for the estate to be settled. Welsh lawyers attempted to contact the children concerning their inheritance. Their Jacobites protectors also tried to locate them. Both groups failed. The Haws children had disappeared when they crossed into Kentucky and into the American frontier.

Chapter 2

From Frontiersmen to Mormon Pioneers

Among all the events that impact families, immigration and conversion to a new faith often bring the most dramatic changes in lifestyle. This was certainly true of Murl's ancestors. Captain G.W. Haws described the circumstances that brought the Highlanders to America. Now we discover how the Haws frontiersmen became Mormon pioneers.

Young Benjamin Haws enjoyed only a few years in the new world. He married Rebecca Clemens about 1762, probably in Burke, North Carolina. They had three sons: John, Samuel and finally our ancestor, Jacob Haws, who was born March 10, 1766. Benjamin, grandson of the Highland chiefton, died that same year. He was only twenty-six. His wife Rebecca remarried, this time to James Forgy, and the couple had more children. The entire clan lived in Rowan County until they all decided to go west, to Kentucky, the outpost of civilization in America.

Some time before 1800, Jacob Haws packed his belongings and with his wife, Hannah Neil, and two small sons, Benjamin and William, left North Carolina. They traveled by horseback going by way of the Wilderness Road, through the Cumberland Gap into Tennessee. They entered Kentucky by way of Nashville. We are told that when several families traveled together in that day they often did so in this manner: Older boys drove the cattle which normally headed the caravan. Younger children were placed in crates of hickory writhes and slung across the backs of quiet old horses or were seated safely between the great rolls of bedding which were tied to the horses.

Jacob's mother, Rebecca Haws Forgy, along with her second family also moved to Kentucky about this time. Quite possibly, the entire family traveled together. Jacob settled in Logan County, Kentucky where he operated a ferry across the Green River. He died at the age of thirty-seven, leaving his wife Hannah and eleven children. Benjamin, at twenty-five was the oldest. Eliza, a babe in arms, was the youngest. Gilbreth, their eighth child and our direct ancestor, was only five years old when his father died.

Soon after the death of Jacob in 1813, the Widow Haws and her large family again moved west. This time to Illinois where they were among the first settlers of Wayne County. There the Haws family met the Whitcombs, a family who had come from Madison County, New York. Two of the Haws' brothers married Witcomb sisters. Benjamin Haws, the oldest son and a widower, married Polly Whitcomb. Gilberth Haws, and our direct ancestor, married Hannah, youngest of the five Witcomb children. They were married on June 2, 1822 and became the parents of fourteen children including Lucinda.

Excerpts from
Biographical Sketch of Lucinda Haws Holdaway

Lucinda was a great granddaughter of the Benjamin Haws, who emigrated to America from Wales. Her long life dramatizes westward expansion and the dramatic changes that took place on the American frontier between 1828 and 1917. She was Murl's paternal grandmother. She wrote and published her autobiography in 1907 when she was seventy-nine years old. That small book contains her original poetry, a list of her children, their spouses and her grand children and her life sketch. This book describes her family's conversion to the Mormon faith, her experiences crossing the plains three times including a trip with Shadrack back to Illinois to buy machinery for a woolen mill and an account of her life in pioneer Provo.

I was born Oct. 20, 1828 near Fairfield, Wayne County, Illinois, the third daughter of Gilbert and Hannah Witcomb Haws. In 1842 my parents were baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints by Jefferson Hunt, who organized a branch of the Church there. Until they heard of Mormonism they believed in no religion. The following year in the month of February, I was baptized, being then fifteen years of age. The weather was cold and the ice on the ditch was thick and had to be broken. I had to walk a block and a half to my home in my frozen clothes but did not suffer any sickness from it.

I have very little opportunity to get an education. We had a large family and our spare time was employed in knitting, sewing, and spinning our own cotton to make cloth. From the age of seven until fourteen, I spent about nine months in school, attending from one to two months at a time, never any longer that two months at a time.

In 1845, Elders came to tell us that the Saints were being mobbed and driven from their homes and that we had better prepare to go west with the company. We remained in Wayne County until May, 1847 when my father and family prepared to go west. We went as far as Iowa and stopped at a little place called Mt. Pisga for the winter. We remained here until the spring of 1848 and then started for Winter Quarters so that we might be ready to go west with the first company.

In May, we crossed the Missouri River in Lorenzo Snow's company on our way to the Rocky mountains. All went as well as could be expected. Of course, we had many difficulties to encounter. We had to wash our clothes in cold water and make fire of "Buffalo chips" as there was no wood to be found. Very often the great herds of buffalo would come down from the mountains to drink at the rivers, sometimes within a quarter of a mile of us. They did not seem much afraid. In the evening we would all assemble in the center of the corrals which were formed by a circle of wagons. We would sing and pray.

On September 23, 1848 we arrived in Salt Lake Valley. My father then bought one of the little adobe houses in the Old Fort which was built by the pioneers who came the

year before. This house consisted of one room, twelve feet square, containing a door, a fireplace and two portholes about ten inches square, one on each side of the chimney. The house was made of adobe with a roof of willows, rushes and dirt and it had a dirt floor.

The old fort was formed by a great many of these little houses being built together in the shape of a square, a space being left for one gate on the east and another on the west. No windows were put into the houses for fear of Indians who were numerous and often made attacks upon the settlers. When the door was closed there was no light except that from the portholes through which the country could be seen for miles around and through them the people watched for attacks by Indians.

After settling, we had a very hard time getting food. A little corn had been raised the year before and we were able to buy some. This had been roasted and the bread we made from it was almost black. The people had sacks of dried buffalo meat which they used to make soup when thickened with a little flour. Once in a while a cow was killed and a little piece of meat portioned out to each family. We lived in these conditions until summer.

President Brigham Young told the people one Sunday, as he stood under the bowery in the Old Fort, not to be discouraged that before this time, next year, flour could be bought here as cheap as it could be purchased in the East. This looked impossible to the people but never-the-less, this prediction came true. The following summer, gold seekers on their way to California passed through Salt Lake Valley. They sold their wagons, clothing and provisions and everything except what they absolutely had to have, to our people.

On December 24, 1848, I was married at the age of twenty-one
to Shadrack Holdaway, age twenty-six. He was one of the five hundred Mormon men who joined the Mormon Battalion and volunteered to fight in the Mexican War. At the close of the war he went with part of the company to California. There he was discharged from service.

[Shadrack was on his way to Utah. He and others who had served in the Mormon Battalion were camped at Sutter's Mill when gold was discovered. They remained in the area for six months panning gold then returned to Salt Lake. Shadrack's name appears in Leonard Arrington's Great Basin Kingdom, listed in a photocopy of a page from Brigham Young's daily account book. He paid $270.80 in gold dust as tithing on the gold he had panned.]

The following March, 1849 my father and family, together with thirty other families, were called to go south to Utah Valley and settle that part of the country. I did not go with them as I intended to go back to the States with my husband in May to get some machinery for making woolen goods. [Brigham Young had suggested that Shadrack use his gold to aid the saints by building a woolen mill in Provo.]

We left Salt Lake City in company with thirteen others, among them Brother Lorenzo D. Young and wife, and Dr. Bernhisel who was going to Washington D.C. on business. Ten men of the company intended to stay at the upper crossing of the Platte River to run a ferry to help the immigrants cross the river.

One day our little company stopped at noon at a place called Independence Rock east of Fort Bridger. After we left we discovered that one men had forgotten his lasso at the last camp. Two men from our company returned for the lasso. When they returned they were followed by seven indians in full chase. When the indians saw our company they fell back behind a ridge, coming up one by one. They rode along with us for a while. Seeing buffalo feeding some distance away, they tried to make our men understand that they wanted them to chase the buffalo. Our men agreed to help. The party succeeded in killing one buffalo. The indians camped overnight with us. During the night our horses stampeded and in the morning all of them were gone.

Sister Young and myself had to remain in camp with the indians while the men went in search of the horses. The indians did not molest us but did try to scare us. One of the old men came up to me and caught hold of me as if he would pull me out of the wagon. I picked up a hatchet and shook it at him and would have hit him if he had not gone away. Soon the men returned and the indians left us but as they left they pushed one of our men off his horse and stole it, saddle and all.

We journeyed on to Green River. Before leaving Salt Lake City we had prepared a water-tight wagon box. We ferried ourselves across the Green River with oars in this wagon box. It served us well. At the Platte River we left the ten men of our Company to help ferry the incoming companies of Saints across the river. We continued our journey with Brother Young and wife, and Dr. Bernhisel. The day after we left the company we met train after train of gold seekers on their way to California.

We traveled along fine until my husband and I took sick with cholera. I almost died. He was able to drive the wagon. We did not dare stop because we feared the indians. When we arrived at Fort Laramie, Brother Young made arrangements to take a wounded man down to the Missouri River. One evening, after the man was able to walk, he got out of the wagon and walked about. He came upon a camp of gold seekers who no doubt asked him about the gold mines. He knew my husband had been to the mines and when we reached the camp they hailed us but we drove on. One of the men called after us: "That fellow has got his load and is going back to spend it."

[Lucinda and Shadrack feared that they might be robbed and spent many sleepless nights on guard but they were never molested. Finally they reached Lebanon, St. Claire County, Illinois were Shadrack's folks lived.]

My health was not very good, and about a month after my arrival at this place, I was taken sick with congestive fever. Three weeks later, Sept. 26, 1849, my first baby, a boy,

was born. We named him George Bradford. I was sick for three months, during which time I had a gathered breast. To make my trials and troubles worse, my little baby died when I was asleep. Oh, how bad I felt when I awoke and found my little babe dead in my arms. It had lived but four months. I was very lonely there among strangers. My husband was away much of the time buying oxen and preparing to return to Salt Lake Valley. . . On March 3, 1859, we left Lebanon to go to Kanesville, Iowa where we received a shipment of woolen mill machinery which we were to take to Salt Lake Valley. We reached Kanesville about the 15th of May. I took sick with chills and fever, but after we crossed the Missouri River I got better.

In the early part of June we left Kanesville with the William Pace Company which was divided into two sections, with fifty wagons per section. Richard Sessions was at the head of our division. Everything went well until cholera broke out. We could not get good water anywhere. The water in the Platte River was thick with mud and very warm. Many of the company died. We had no boxes to bury them in, so they were wrapped in white sheets and laid in the cold ground-not even a slab to mark their graves. Sometimes a large rock or tree marked their burial place.

After the cholera died out, we got along real well without an accident for several hundred miles. We had all the buffalo and antelope meat we wanted and some deer meat which we got in the Black Hills. The company dried a lot of it and it came in very handy for we needed it when we got out of buffalo country.

One day we saw a large herd of buffalo. They were crossing our path just ahead of our train. The men rushed upon them and had a lively chase. One man's horse was hooked from under him but fortunately he was not hurt. Many times I have seen great herds of buffalo feeding at the river's edge. In the evening they came out of the hills and went down to the Platte River to drink. At first they were so tame they would come up in our herd of cows and sheep and smell around. One night a buffalo ran past the camp. Some of the men shot and wounded it but it did not stop. My husband and a Mr. Reynolds chased the animal and killed it. They lost their way in the dark and did not return to camp until the next morning. I sat up all night looking for them, fearing they had been killed by wolves. . .

My husband was on guard at night and during the day he walked ahead and drove the stock. He shod the horses and was looked upon as an overseer of the company. One day I got in some serious trouble. My team was last. We had to cross a stream with a very steep bank. My wagon plunged into the stream and nearly stood on end. My horses balked and I could neither get out of the wagon nor make them pull the wagon out. Fortunately there was a man walking behind me who helped me get the team through the stream.

We were now getting into the mountains on the side of the Sweetwater River. Our wagons were loaded with machinery and our teams had just about given out. Our bread stuff was all used up except some whole corn, out of which I made hominy and we lived

on that until we reached Salt Lake Valley in September of 1850.

We lived in our wagon until my husband managed to get the walls of a small adobe house up. We put a portion of our things in the little house and stretched a domestic wagon cover over the place where the bed stood which would shelter us for a while until my husband had time to put a roof over us. He had to get the wagons unloaded and the hay hauled and wood cut for winter.

We were living on Big Cottonwood Creek at this time. There was no floor, no roof, and no door in the house. It had been raining for three days and was still raining and in the midst of this, on Nov. 4, 1850, my second baby was born. Everything in the house was wet through and streams of water poured through the wagon cover onto my bed. We set pans to catch the water. My baby, which we named Timothy, lived but a few minutes and I came near to dying also.

On the 28th of December we left for Provo. I drove in an open wagon all the way. It was just about the coldest weather I ever experienced. We camped out two nights and reached the Fort on the last day of December, 1850. We could not get a house to live in, except an old log cabin with just the walls and a dirt floor. It wasn't very good for winter use but we fixed a roof on it and stayed there until March, 1851. Then we built a log cabin on the other side of Provo River. It was neither chinked nor plastered, but it was paradise compared with the ones we has lived in before. Next my husband built a machine shop and set up the first carding machinery ever brought into this country. Bishop David Evans helped and in October it was ready to begin work. Brother Evans first took charge of running it and then my husband took over. Soon after, my husband built a blacksmith shop.

In December, 1851, my third child, William Shadrack, was born. About the middle of November, 1852, my husband married my sister, Eliza Haws. January, 1853, my fourth child, Amos David, was born. The following summer we had to move into town because the indians were getting very hostile and it was no longer safe for the people to live in scattered conditions. By winter we had built a little house in Provo. The following April, John Madison, our fifth child, was born. About the same time we had completed the machine shop and the men were working in it. I helped prepare the warp for the looms and did everything I could to keep the machines running.

In March, 1854, my sister, who had given birth to two children, died leaving me her second child, Marion, only five days old, to raise. I took him and nursed him along with my own baby. My sister's first child, Eliza, had died when a baby. With her baby, I then had four children under four years to care for. It was very hard for me and I became very discouraged.

My husband went on putting up machinery and building machine shops until the Provo Woolen Mills started. He then sold out and went onto a ranch about seven miles out of town. My sixth child, Mary Elizabeth, was born September, 1856. This was at the time

of the Johnston Army trouble. I nursed her through a spell of hard sickness that lasted over three months in which I did not have my clothes off or go to bed once.

Those were trying times for us all. The people did not know what to expect from the army but we were ready at an instant to fight if the call came. All of the men were on guard around town watching for the indians because they were very annoying and treacherous and no one knew what to expect from them. At the same time, men from the northern part of the state were keeping guard for Johnston's Army at Echo Canyon. They had to be fed and clothed by the people at home. Some of the men gave all the extra clothes they owned to those serving as guards. They had nothing for themselves but a cotton shirt and trousers and this in the coldest of winters.

The following spring, in April, 1858, my seventh child, Levi Stewart, was born. I had known nothing but trouble for years and we, as a people, were very destitute. We had to make everything with our hands. In August, 1859, my eighth child was born, Logan Gilbert. My husband built a saw mill in Provo Canyon and the next spring, I went up there and stayed until August. I then came down to town. We were nearly naked and I had to get cloth made to clothe the family for winter. With a hand loom I made and colored about forty yards of linsey, twenty-five yards of skirting and twenty yards of what was called gray jeans for pants. My little boys between the ages of six and nine had to herd the cows from Provo to the mouth of Provo River which was about three miles. The indians were very hostile at this time and I was very frightened, not knowing what might happen to my boys while they were away. I lived in torture for months at a time never having a comfortable night's rest for fear that the indians might do some harm. But no harm came to them and I feel that the Lord protected us all.

My ninth child, Cynthia Mahala, was born October 1, 1860, and only lived about one year. She died of cholera infantum. On August 16, 1862, Nancy Emmaline was born. This was my tenth child. She died at two and a half years of malignant scarlet fever. Andrew Nathan (Murl's father) was born December 2, 1864. Louisa Diantha, my next child, was born November 12, 1866. She lived to be a little over a year, then died of diphtheria. For eight days and nights, before she died, I did not lay down to sleep. . .

[Lucinda bore Shadrack fourteen children. Five died in infancy or as young children. She often dealt with her loss by writing poetry. This poem was written in 1868 when Nancy Emmaline died at two and a half years of age.]

Lines on the death of Nancy Emmaline Holdaway

Speak to me, thou dearest infant,
Speak to me and let me know
Why it is thou hast departed
From this wicked world below.
Speak, and tell me why thy spirit

Was so quickly called away--
Why it is that little children
On this earth no longer stay.

Why is it thou hast departed
From thy earthly parents here,
And we're left to mourn the absence
Of our little infant dear?
Is it for the sin of parents
That they're quickly called away,
Or is it decreed of heaven,
That their spirits cannot stay?

Tell me, what I lack in knowledge
To administer to thee,
Things that would have soothed thy suffering,
And from pain have set thee free?
Why was it that faith and prayers
Of the Elders could not save?
Was it because the time had riven
For to call thee to thy grave?

Come and tell me, dearest infant,
That my heart may find relief,
Why it was thy earthly body
Had to end its life so brief,
God of Heaven, wilt thou grant it--
Wilt thou grant to let me know,
Why it is that little children
Are so quickly called to go.

Cleo Holdaway, Murl's youngest sister, remembered her grand-mother. "If any of us were sick Grandma was the first person called and she always came. She had studied herbs with a doctor in Illinois for a time before she came to Utah. We had capsules filled with Grandma's "stomach powder" and her diphtheria medicine was always on hand. During diphtheria epidemics mother would give us a spoonful of grandmother's medicine each morning. Perhaps it helped-none of us ever contracted diphtheria. Her medicines were really nasty but they did what they were supposed to do most of the time.

Grandmother had a great sense of humor and I often wondered how she was able to keep it through all the years of hardship. She outlived half her adult children dying in Provo on April 7, 1917 just three days after the death of Amanda, her youngest daughter. She was eighty-nine years old.

Shadrack, Lucinda's husband and five of her sons and two grandsons, including Andrew Nathan, (our direct ancestor), appear on page 129 of Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah. (see next page) The research for this book was done by Frank Esshom between September 1907 and November, 1913. It is dedicated "to the great pioneer, Brigham Young, and his co-laborers in leadership and pioneering and in the colonization of Utah and the west."

Chapter 3

Building Zion

Excerpts from The Autobiography of Isaac Riddle, 1898

Today, it is easy to forget that the patchwork of rich farms along the Wasatch front with their abundant crops and fine irrigated fields were, in 1847, part of the Great American Desert. Prior to the arrival of the Mormon pioneers, mountain men considered Salt Lake Valley worthless for raising crops and unfit for human habitation. When Brigham Young led the first group of pioneers into the valley he said, "This is the right place. Drive on!" but Clara Decker Young, one of the wives that accompanied Brigham, is reported to have said:

"I have come 1200 miles to reach this valley and walked much of the way, but I am willing to walk a thousand miles farther rather than remain here."

What transformed the arid Great Basin into the Mormon empire and finally into the recreational paradise of today that attracts visitors from all over the world? It was the Mormon dream "We will make the desert bloom as a rose," and men like Murl's maternal grandfather, Isaac Riddle. Lucinda Haws described pioneer life from a woman's point of view. Isaac Riddle described this period from the viewpoint of a devout Mormon Elder. This is an edited version of his story as published in Isaac Riddle and his Family by Chauncey C. Riddle.

My father was John Riddle, and my mother Elizabeth Stewart. I was born March, 1830 in Boon County, Kentucky. When I was between three and four years of age my father sold his homestead in Boone County and moved to the western part of the state of Tennessee where he bought land and built a home near the Ohio River. But this was not a healthy place to live so he moved to Hickman County near the Mississippi River.

My father was always a great reader and while living in Hickman County he read the Book of Mormon and "A Voice of Warning" and became fully convinced of the truth of the Gospel. In the summer of 1843 two Mormon elders came to our community to preach. Father and mother were baptized. Shortly after two of my sisters and a brother were baptized.

The following winter my farther again broke up his home and moved to a spot near Nauvoo. Here he began to build another home and here we were first harassed by the enemies of the gospel, called "mobbers of Illinois." In the summer of the first year in Nauvoo, father and myself and my brother James H. Riddle worked every tenth day making oak shingles for the roof of the Nauvoo temple. On the 15th day of June, 1844, having become convinced of the truth of the gospel, I was baptized.

In the fall we were forced to break up our home again, being driven out by the

"mobbers." We went into Nauvoo. That summer was a very hard one. The mob was out continuously, over running the country and killing stock and burning houses. Whenever a man, who professed to be a Mormon, was found alone he was cruelly beaten and tarred and feathered. This was the summer that the Prophet and the patriarch were killed at Carthage. On that day, the 27th of June, 1844, I was at work just six miles away. It was a most terrible time. I cannot tell how we felt. . .

I was then a boy of fourteen, large for my years, and a good hand at most every kind of work. . . When we were driven from our home in the fall of 1844 we left a large field of wheat in the shock and another field of good corn standing. Looking for more peaceful quarters we met James Emmett, a friend of the Prophet, who had been called to fill a mission to the tribes of indians. We joined his party and pulled out north through Iowa.

My father had a family consisting of ten, four boys and four girls and on that trip we suffered many hardships. I spent most of the time hunting and fishing in order to get enough meat to keep the family alive. My father was not a good hunter and consequently he took care of the teams and camps and dressed the skins of the wild animals I shot.

In the spring we went down the Missouri River and near the present site of Omaha we met the first immigrants from Nauvoo. They were saints who had been driven from that city in the winter of 1845-46. While there we received a demand from our government for five hundred of our ablest men to go to Mexico. We believed it was a trap. Never-the-less our loyal leader, President Brigham Young said: "We will furnish the men and those who go and live their religion shall not have a gun fired at them." The five hundred men went and the prophecy was fulfilled.

I volunteered but on account of my age I was not allowed to go. Our family went up the Platte River and we stopped for the winter and fortunately we were able to mature and harvest some crops abandoned by others.

In the spring of 1847 the company made Winter Quarters and there disbanded. We had been traveling for about three years and were in a destitute condition. We obtained work during the summer and fall and replenished our stock of clothes and other necessities. We were getting along fairly well but in the winter father was called on a mission to Kentucky and I, his oldest son, was left with a large family to look after. This I did successfully for two years and when father returned in 1850 and saw how well the family had been cared for and the good condition of our belongings, he said, "Well boys, now it's for Utah."

We began the journey in July crossing the Missouri on the 12th day, 1850. I was then twenty and was elected to hunt wild meat. When we struck the Plate River we followed the trail of the California gold hunters.

We reached Salt Lake City on September 15, 1850. The city was a small village with a few log cabins, adobe houses, sagebrush, and myriads of black crickets that ate up

all the green stuff that grew.

Our stay in the city was very brief. Only a few days after our arrival we went north to Ogden. . .[where the family established a farm. There was some difficulty with the indians
during this period but the problems were peacefully resolved.]

On the sixth day of March 1853, I married Miss Mary Ann Levi, [she was 18, he was almost 25] and that summer worked on a ferry on Bear River eighty miles north of Salt Lake City. I cleared $1,500 which I invested in fifty acres of improved land and horses and cattle. [One year later their son was born.]

He did not live, and my wife became very ill so that I was distracted with grief. During this heavy time, when my heart was like a weight of lead in my breast, a call came from President Brigham Young to go on a mission to Southern Utah among the indians. My wife was hardly expected to live and it was the trial of my life to go and leave her in the condition she was in but it was the call of the Lord and I felt as if it had to be obeyed. So I picked up and went trusting in the Lord for help and guidance.
We traveled and preached and in the summer of 1855 and 1856 baptizing about two hundred. . .

[He worked among the Indians ten years and recorded many interesting experiences relating to the Piutes. Isaac returned to Ogden in the summer of 1858, sold his farm and put the money into a saw mill on the Santa Clara River. He then divided his time between the indians and his lumber business. During this period he purchased and ran several cattle and sheep ranches. He married three more wives and fathered ten children.]

I was on my way back and had reached San Bernadino when one of the prolonged, heavy rainstorms frequent in that region, overtook us. Being unprepared for inclement weather I got wet and was strickened down with a severe attack of pneumonia. I do not remember ever being ill before and this went very hard with me.

It seemed to me that I was on the brink of death and I realized how far I was away from home and friends. Some kind people, seeing my position, took me in and cared for me, but it looked as if there was no hope. I had none.

One night, when thoughts of death were crowding in upon me, I longed for a familiar face. The pain and suffering were unbearable. I said to myself that if there were some elders of our church who could administer to me, I would surely get well. No sooner had the thought entered my mind when a small voice close to my ear said, "Why not do it yourself? You have the authority."

Inspiration, or an angel's voice, I know not what it was, but forthwith I acted upon the suggestion. I raised my arms and placed my hands upon my brow and prayed. I saw, as

I prayed, a halo of light appear above me, and it descended and settled upon my brow and I knew that I was healed. God had made a manifestation of His power to me and had touched me. I was whole, and the dread disease was driven out of my body. The next morning, after a night of peaceful sleep, I arose well and strong and pursued my journey.

[Mary Ann Levi, Isaac's first wife, recovered and was living in Beaver with her five children in the fall of 1867 when her three daughters died in a diphtheria epidemic. She had not had vigorous health and had been a semi-invalid since the birth of the youngest daughter. She never fully recovered from the loss of her three little girls and died in 1872. Her two young sons survived and so Isaac took them to live with his second wife, Mary Roland James. She was a convert from South Wales and was a young widow with two children when Isaac married her. Together they had five children.]

I married Mary Ann Eagles, my third wife, on the 29th of August, 1863. She bore me seven children: Lydia Ann, Murl's maternal grandmother; Safrona, Lillie Cornelia, Wallace, Charles, John and Isaac. Mary Ann Eagles was the daughter of Elias Eagles and Mary Crook. Born in Nauvoo on November 5, 1845, she crossed the plains as a child. They married when Isaac was thirty-three and Mary Ann eighteen. Mary Murl was probably named for her.]

My fourth wife was Mary Caroline Langford, who left her first husband in 1879 because he had taken to heavy drinking and would not live the life of a saint.

After my return from California I was very busy with my farm work, lumbering and missionary work with the indians. The last took a great deal of time, in fact most of it, yet I was able to carry on my personal affairs in a very successful way. I had several minor difficulties with the indians. I thought more than once I would have to kill in order to save myself. But fortunately I managed to escape, either through quickness and bravery or through tact, for I could speak the indian language well and understood their ways. In the spring of 1864 I was released from my indian mission by Apostle Erastus Snow.

I went to St. George, and there helped to build the St. George Temple, and when that Temple was finished and dedicated I was informed by the clerks that no man in the church had a larger donation therein to his credit than I.

The Logan Temple came next, erected at a cost of $450,000 and in that building I think there were but two men who had larger donations than I. I think I donated nearly four thousand dollars to the building of the Manti Temple. All in all, I believe I have spent about $15,000 in temple building and I have logged several hundred hours in temple work.

In 1887, after several years in the sheep and lumber business during which time I lost much money through manipulations and dishonest parties, I moved my family to Manti. There, for about ten years, myself and family were engaged in Temple work for the dead. We did the work for some nine thousand of our Riddle ancestors, whose names were obtained form the Riddle genealogy, running back for 1027 years. In this work I was

greatly blessed and had many strong manifestations of the goodness of the work. Money could not buy the pleasure this work gave, and the great joy that we had in the work is better felt than told.

During the time of my Manti temple work, I bought a little home in Provo in order to have my boys and girls near the Brigham Young Academy. It had always been one of my greatest desires to see my boys and girls well educated. There is nothing I would not sacrifice for them for I love them. I joined the company which built the Springville Roller Mills, later buying out the other members of the company and running it myself.

[Shortly after the death of Mary Ann Eagles in 1899, Isaac's health began to fail. He suffered from rheumatism and paralysis. He lived as an invalid for five years and then lost his eye sight. He died September 1, 1906. His fourth wife, Mary Roland James out lived him. All of his wives were named Mary. She lived for thirty years in her little home in Beaver, spending much of her time with her daughter Minerva. She died at the age of eighty-two in 1920.

Everything Isaac Riddle did turned to money. Isaac himself was surprised to discover that he had donated over $15,000 in money and supplies to the building of temples in Utah. He was known for his generosity. Once when the church was in financial difficulty, Brigham Young said, "I'll put down a thousand dollars here from Isaac Riddle. I know he will grant that," and he did.

On one occasion, He drove a herd of steers to Salt Lake to feed the people who were working on the Salt Lake Temple. Many marveled that he got the money he did from the sources he had. Most believed this happened because of his many large donations to the building of Zion. Isaac is listed in Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah as a "Missionary to Georgia, bishop's counselor, missionary among the indians for ten years, miller and stock raiser." There is no photograph of him in that publication.]

Chapter 5

Mary Murl Holdaway Johnson

Andrew Nathan Holdaway and his family purchased a farm on the lake bottoms about 1895. He and Lydia Ann had eight children: Wallace Andrew, Wilford Isaac, Mary Murl, who was about sixteen when they moved from Provo to the farm in Vineyard; Rhoda Amanda, Cyrus Nathan, Charles Orin, Illa and Cleo who was born in 1906 the year Murl married Alfred.

Murl and Alfred probably met at church. Alfred's father, John Johnson, was bishop of both Lake View and Vineyard wards. The Holdaways lived in Vineyard and the Johnsons lived in Lake View.
Sunday meetings alternated between the two ward houses which were located on the north and south end of the lake shore community. The couple were married on May 16, 1906 when Murl was almost eighteen and Alfred, twenty-two.

Murl died at thirty-eight and did not leave a biography. The best source we have concerning the Alfred Johnson family is Dean Johnson's autobiography which was written in 1958.

Edited Excerpts from the Autobiography of Dean A. Johnson

I was born on May 24, 1909, the second child and second son of Alfred H. Johnson and Murl Holdaway, my older brother Harold being born on Dec. 14, 1906.

I first saw the light of day at the old home in Lake View. I think I weighted about 8 1/2 pounds. I believe my mother was a bit disappointed at my being a boy, for she was already hoping for a girl. I grew very fast and it was not long until I was a child running about the house and getting into all kinds of mischief.

About the first thing I remember of my childhood was my mother teaching my older brother and I to pray. At the end of each day my mother, Murl, would sit in the little old rocking chair in the kitchen near the stove. Harold and I would kneel on the floor, place our hands together in each of hers, and repeat after her the words as they fell from the lips of the most wonderful and beautiful woman in all the world. This lesson of being taught to pray has been the greatest strength and power and comfort to me. It has helped me more than anything else in my life.

I soon found that the world was much larger than just the two or three rooms of our house. I remember mother placing me on a kitchen chair, where I stood up holding the back of the chair and looking out of the window to the East at the high mountains, clear blue sky and beautiful white clouds as they draped and nestled about the summit of Mt. Timpanogos. The view to the west was just as breath taking. Here was Utah Lake, the

many miles of marsh lands and swamps with vast number of birds and other wild-life that played up and down the valley on the shores of Utah lake.

Those first scenes of my childhood have remained with me and have had an influence on me throughout my life. I still get a great deal of happiness and joy just gazing at the beauty of our beautiful Utah Valley.

Father and mother used to attend most of the dances that were held around the neighborhood and even as far north as American Fork, Saratoga, Vivian Park and Castella Resort in Spanish Fork Canyon. When they were away at night, Harold and I were sent over to Grandma Johnsons. Some of the happiest times of my childhood were spent with her and Grandpa.

She would unfold the big high bed with the long mirror in front, which extended down to the floor. There under big, warm quilts we would snuggle down. Big cast iron flat irons, which were warmed on the top of the kitchen stove, were placed at our cold feet. Grandma would tell us bed-time stories until we fell asleep. Harold always insisted that she tell us stories about horses.

About this time there came another addition to our family. Brother Nathan arrived on Harold's birthday, December 14, 1914. I remember the day very well. Father and mother had spent a rather sleepless night and early in the morning I was taken over to stay with Aunt Tenie, Dad's sister. There I played with my cousins and stayed out of the way. Sometime in the afternoon I was told by my Aunt that I had a new baby brother and I could hardly wait until I could get home to see him. [Nathan was a somewhat stubborn child who had a habit of holding his breath until he turned blue. Henry Williamson suggested that the toddler could be cured of this habit by dousing him in cold water. Alfred tried this and it worked.]

Mother was again somewhat disappointed at the baby not being a girl but said many times that she was very happy about him because he had black eyes. Dad never quit bragging about his son who had "eyes like his mother." This baby was named Nathan after Grandfather Holdaway.

My folks were quite poor as far as money was concerned during the time of my childhood. Therefore we had very few presents at Christmas. One Christmas when I was about five years old, Grandpa Johnson told me to come over, that he had a present for me. I couldn't wait till after breakfast and went right back home with him. We entered the old north porch and there to my great amazement stood three newly made and freshly painted sleds. They were painted a bright green and each sleigh had printed in red letters the names Dean, Weldon and Morris-one for myself and each of my cousins.

About this time I became aware of another grand person. Uncle August came home from his mission to the Eastern state and after a short time married and brought his young bride, Ruth Taylor, to father's home where they occupied the big front room as their kitchen

and living quarters, and had their bedroom upstairs. Uncle August and Aunt Ruth were very kind to me and always treated me as their own son, more so than just a nephew.

Father and Uncle August worked together, running the big farm owned by my Grandfather. They used the big barn west of the road where Uncle August now lives to milk their cows and care for the horses. They worked as partners for a short time then Grandpa divided his land between them and they were on their own.

Grandpa and Grandma moved to Provo to live in the city and Uncle August and Aunt Ruth moved over to the old home where he has remained to this day.

Many happy experiences of my childhood days were the trips to Provo with mother in the buggy, with our faithful horse,
"Old Queen." Dad always had fine horses, both work horses as well as buggy horses. We would visit all the relatives: aunt Julia Hatton, aunt Rhoda Anderberg, grandma (Lucinda) Holdaway, uncle Wilford Holdaway, aunt Josephine Goodridge and many others. We would usually finish up at grandma Johnson's where we would always find a great big kettle of sweet soup to please our ever increasing appetites. . .

Vacation time from school meant working on the farm, helping with the thinning and hoeing of sugar beets, along with haying, thrashing and harvesting. Also there were cows to milk, and all the duties of life on a farm. There was pleasure mixed with work for on the first warm days of spring, we would get sticks, forks and any old kind of club and chase the carp fish up and down the small streams and drains of the marsh lands that flowed into the Utah Lake.

When I say "we" I mean Melvin Starley, Lynn Starley, my brother Harold, Morris Clinger, Weldon Taylor, the Olsen boys and nearly all the kids on the north end of the ward. We would spend days on end just having fun on the lake shore. We would chase the young ducklings, mud hens, killdere, blue crane and all sorts of wild life from their nests and sometimes rob them of their young or else bring their partly hatched eggs home and place them under an old setting hen just to see what would happen.

On October 25, 1917, when I was in third grade, Harold and I were on our way home from school when we met father in front of the Lake View Church. He told us we had better hurry home to see our new baby sister. "What! A sister after all this time. There were already three boys." We were so excited we ran all the way home.

I am sure that Mother was the happiest woman in all the world. When she was told the sex of the child, she could not believe it was true. The baby was brought to her and the fact proven. This new baby was named "Leila" after "Illa" a sister of mother's that died when she was a year old. Mother loved the name very much but did not want her new daughter's name to be exactly the same.

Leila was a very beautiful child, and Mother took great pride in making fancy dresses

for her with lots of frills and fancies and bragging about her naturally curly hair. Our family had a tradition in naming children that was different from other families. All of us were first named and given a blessing when were eight days old by Grandpa Johnson. Then we received a regular blessing and name in church.

Mother took us to Relief Society with her in the old buggy, and many other places around the neighborhood. This was the only means of transportation in those days. In the early spring the old dirt roads would cut up and the mud holes would become so deep that "Old Queen" could hardly pull the buggy through them. Many times the teams hauling heavy loads would get stuck in the mud on the main road to Provo.

One summer about 1919 when Lynn Goodridge was visiting from Provo, we were down at the Lake and decided to take down the old cabin which Grandfather John had moved down there to be used in homesteading the land. We were going to use the wood to build a raft.

We spent many days and evenings that spring and summer building our raft. Lynn would ride out from Provo each day on his bike. We worked all day long on our raft and then he would ride back to Provo at night. After several days and lots of anticipation our raft was finished.

"What shall we call her?" asked one. "We shall name her Martin," someone answered. So she was christened "Martin," in honor of Martin Williamson, the father of Roy Williamson.

We also found an old boat that summer, which had been abandoned by duck hunters which we repaired and named "Inger," after our grandmother. Many happy and wonderful times were had that summer and the next. We floated "Martin and Inger" down the channel from the Little Lake, swimming, diving and playing as if we were on some kind of great adventure.

About 1920, when the Lake was high, we built a diving board at the east end of the Little Lake and went swimming there at the end of each day. We also spent many days swimming, diving and playing in Utah Lake. It was there that I first learned to swim well. Nathan was now old enough to come along with us and he was brave enough to jump off the diving board when he was only five or six years of age. The water was eight to ten feet deep so it wasn't very long until he learned to swim.

I went on many fishing trips with grandpa to Strawberry in his Old Model T. Ford. He would take one of his grandsons on each trip and I think my turn came around more often than some of the others.

Grandpa liked company and needed one of the boys along to run small errands for him, like getting the water from the spring, bringing wood for the fire, handing him food from the grub box, and fixing the table a bit as well as helping with the dishes.

"Come on, wake up Deanuper; it's 4:00 o'clock and time we were out on the Lake," he would say at such an early hour in the morning. "We'll knock 'em today." Half an hour later we would be out on the lake in the cold and the fog, with hardly enough light to see where we were going. In those days we would hear the spin of the reel every few minutes. We hardly ever came back to camp without a good catch of fish.

[After farming in Vineyards for several years, Murl's father sold the farm and the family moved to Eureka where he engaged in mining. But they continued to visit Murl and Alfred in Lake View. Her brothers and sisters often stayed with the Johnsons in the summer and no doubt participated in the activities along the Lake shore. Andrew Nathan had a serious interest in astrology and owned many books on that subject which he consulted frequently. Eventually he sold his mining interests and invested in a hotel in Salt Lake City.]

Murl's sister, Cleo, enjoyed spending summers living with her older sisters and their families the Johnsons and the Anderbergs. She recalls how much Murl also enjoyed handiwork-crocheting, sewing, making things. Her hands were always busy. Murl served as a counselor in the Y.W.M.I.A. so the she participated in Mutual activities.]

My seventh grade teacher was Thorit Hebertson of Vineyard, who was the principal of the school. He did much for me, although I gave him a hard time because of my pranks and other acts of which I am not too proud.

About this time a great sorrow came into my life. It was while I was in the seventh grade that my dear and beautiful mother died following an operation for gallstones and appendicitis. This occurred on March 22, 1923 and came as a great shock to me. *[Alfred told Leila that her mother had been ill and in pain for quite some time but that he had a hard time getting her to agree to see a doctor.*]

This event had a lasting effect on my life. I was a large boy of fourteen years at that time and stood about 6 feet tall. I needed the guidance of a mother very much to help me through the years to come. I found that I could receive a great deal of comfort and help in my troubled mind by using the avenue of prayer. My mother was very near to me at times when I sought the Lord's help in this way. I am sure it was these experiences that caused me to have deep thoughts concerning religion and helped me to realize just how much my church meant to me.

I was working for uncle August at the time of mother's death and continued to do so for many years. He encouraged me in my church activities and gave me a lot of support and inspiration. So much so that I developed a burning desire to go on a mission some day.

After mother's death I lived next door with Uncle August and Aunt Ruth for a few days, and was treated as a son. Uncle August paid me $15.00 per month for helping with the milking during the winter. In the summer he paid me $45.00 per month for milking and

helping with the farm work. After a few days I moved back with father and the rest of the family.

For a few weeks after Mother's death Uncle Henry Williamson and Aunt Ray came to live at our house to help father with the household duties and to help care for the family of five children. Leila was just five years old and Mother had given birth to another child on December 3, 1921, about a year before her death. His name was Robert Earl.

Before Mother died, she requested that father's sister, Julia Hatton, be given the baby to care for. A little over a year after Mother died, the baby became suddenly ill and died a few hours later. [Years later Aunt Julia finally told grandpa that Robert Earl had gotten into a bottle of aspirins. He had died of aspirin poisoning.] I guess mother was just too lonesome and wanted her baby with her. Robert Earl was a very beautiful child with big black eyes like his mother and brother Nathan's.

I always had a great deal of love and respect for my mother and her council and my love for her and Dad burned deep into my heart. Mother was a beautiful woman with a rather dark complexion, deep brown eyes and dark hair. She was well built, standing about 5'5" tall and she weighed about 150 pounds. Her hair was always neatly combed. It was naturally curly and little ringlets escaped from her neat bob and clustered around her neck. She took a great deal of care in her dress, skin and nails. She had a loving personality which brought her a host of friends, and people admired her for her beauty. She was a woman who had a great capacity for love and she was devoted to her family. She seldom scolded us boys but taught us through love and affection.

Dad and Mother seldom had any words of a cross nature between them, but were always deeply in love all through the time I knew them. I am sure that mother was dad's first true love and that she felt the same about him. There were very few cross words exchanged between them, but many were the words of love. I seldom, if ever saw tears shed because of an argument but many times saw tears of joy and laughter because of the rich love they had for one another.

Dad was a rather strict man and commanding in his ways. He took great pride and delight in his wife and growing children. He was a very hard worker and always had his work caught up. "Crowd the work, but don't let the work crowd you." He would counsel. I am grateful to him for teaching me how to work and work hard and take pride in what I do. "When you plow a furrow, plow it straight son; anybody can make one crooked," he would tell me.

The following year was a hard one for all of us, especially dad, not knowing what was best to do for his own well being and that of his family. The responsibility fell to me to keep the house in order. I did nearly all the housework and helped with the cooking and the washing of the dishes. We were invited out to many meals throughout the neighborhood, which included as well as good food, the love that we sorely needed to sustain us.

I feel sure that the answer to Dad's problems came in finding another good wife and stepmother for his children. "Get ready children, I have someone I wish you to meet tonight, who is to be your new mother," Dad told us.

This came as a great shock to us. We were unaware that our father had of any matrimonial intentions. Francis Madsen, the lady of his choice, was living with her two companions at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Vern Johnson in Provo. We were dressed in our best and taken to her home and properly introduced. We were told that the marriage would take place soon. We never felt we could call her "mother" and so adopted the title of "Aunt Francis. . ."

Andrew Nathan Holdaway sold his mining interests in Eureka, and invested in a hotel in Salt Lake City. He lived there for a few years during which time he and Murl's mother, Lydia Ann, divorced. This was a troubled time in his life and he became an al alcoholic. He went to a sanatarium in California where he tried to over come his problem but was not able to do so. One day as he was opening his shirts which had been cleaned and packaged by a laundry he got scratched by a pin. Blood poising set in. He died on March 3, 1925, in Los Angeles, California, two years after Murl's death.

Murl's brother, Wilfred, was wonderful at repairing machinery. However, after he separated from his wife in Utah, he became a drifter. Brother Cyrus became a house painter and paper hanger in California. Brother Orin had one son, Orin Charles, by his first wife. Verdie, then that couple divorced. He remarried in California but had no more children.

Cleo, the little sister, met a Samoan, Al Mackie, from the Josepha colony which was beyond Tooele, while riding a trolley car to a dance in Salt Lake. They dated, were married and had three children. Both of her daughters, Murl Lublin Showalter and Lydia Ann Warner, live in Costa Masa, California. Her son, James C. Mackie, obtained a Ph.D. in psychology and lectured at Berkley and the University of Maryland.

Tom and I and our boys met Cleo when she lived in Redondo Mirage, California in 1987. She was pleased to learn that two of her grand nieces, myself and my sister, Corinne Young, had also married men of Polynesian descent.

Chapter 6

Murl and Alfred's Descendants

Mural Holdaway's descendancy chart lists slightly over one hundred living descendants. However official family records do not include the posterity of Jack A. Shaver, Murl's first grandchild, who was the son of Harold H. Johnson and Fay Holdaway Vail. If Jack's eleven children and their descendants were counted, Murl's living descendants would likely exceed two hundred.

Jack came to Salt Lake in the early 1970s in search of his real parents. During the course of the search, he contacted Henry D. Moyle, an attorney and prominent member of the L.D.S. Church. Elder Moyle had handled Jack's adoption. He asked if he was not happy with the family that had raised him. Jack replied that he was but that he had always wanted to know about his real parents. Elder Moyle reassured him, explaining that he came from a prominent Utah family but cautioned that it would not be wise to pursue the matter further at that time.

Jack returned home to Florida dissatisfied. He still had a strong desire to know something about his natural parents. He and his wife divorced. He remarried. His new wife encouraged him to continue the search and even agreed to help.

In March, 1980, Mrs. Frazier made a trip to Salt Lake City to visit her sister. She went to the church archives. She had only one lead. Upon his death, Jack's father had told him that the name of his natural father was "Myron Vail." The church archives yielded a family group sheet written in pencil listing Myron Vail as father, Nellie Fay Vail as mother and one child, a son, Harold H. Vail.

Next Mrs. Shaver attempted to get copies of court records. The new clerk cheerfully located, copied and provided Mrs. Shaver with a copy of the adoption papers before she discovered that these records were sealed. The papers verified that the Shavers had indeed adopted little Harold H. Vail.

Now came the task of locating Jack's natural mother. Mrs. Shaver's sister, who lived in Granger, suggested that she call all the Vail's in the Salt Lake City Telephone Directory. Reluctantly she began the task - finally ringing up Fay H. Vail.

Fay answered the telephone and the questions began: "Was she Nellie Fay Vail? Was her husband Myron Vail? Was there a child born in April of 1927?" Fay's heart sank. There were no words to describe what she felt. For the first time in fifty-three years someone was asking about the baby she had been forced to give away.
The secret of a lifetime had finally surfaced unlocking a part of the past that had haunted her most of her life.

Fay took the number and promised to call back. She then called her daughter and asked that she return to Salt Lake to be with her. Upon her arrival she explained the situation and returned the call, inviting Mrs. Shaver to come for a visit.

The visit lasted two hours. Then they called Jack. Fay learned for the first time about the child she had given up for adoption. She had not even known for certain that the baby was a boy. During the course of the visit she discovered her son had been raised by a Mormom mother and a Presbyterian father. Jack's father had eventually converted to Mormonism and the family had been sealed in the temple at Jack's urging. What a surprise to discover that he had been raised in the same neighborhood as Fay's daughter-in-law. They had gone to the same schools and played together as children.

Jack came to Utah and met his mother and half brothers and sisters. Fay's children and Harold's son and daughters heard for the first time the love story of Nellie Fay Holdaway and Harold H. Johnson.

Fay first became aware of the Alfred Johnson family when she was eleven. She was too young to go to dances. However, as her parents did not want to leave their two young daughters at home alone, they took the girls to dances held after Mutual in Lake View.

There was only one hall large enough to accommodate a dance in the area so Lake View and Vineyard combined for this activity. Sometimes there was a live band. More often, Fay's parents loaded the huge victrola into the back of the truck and hauled it over to the hall. When the volume was turned up loud it was almost better than a live band.

Fay's mother's family, the Haddleys, were from the east. They had come west in hopes of improving Mr. Haddley's health. They were not Mormons. But they participated in the community and enjoyed the social activities of the Lake View and Vineyard wards. Fay's parents always attended the weekly dances.

Fay's assignment was to tend Elaine who usually fell asleep by the time the dance was underway. This left Fay free to join the dancers. Alfred Johnson was among many partners Fay liked dancing with. Even Fay's mother confided to her that she would have done anything to dance with Alfred Johnson as he was such an accomplished dancer. Harold, his oldest son, was of slight build and had hazel eyes. He had a non-chalant attitude and held everything inside, Fay remembered. The second son, Dean, was more social and outgoing.

The young people of that day enjoyed many activities together including picnics, fishing, hiking and horseback riding in the canyons. They always went in groups. Ray Gammon often called for Fay at her home when an outing was planned but somehow she always ended up with Harold. Gradually their friendship grew. Harold spent several months working in the mines in Nevada during this time but he did not forget Fay. He wrote to her faithfully.

Fay was drawn to him. She read and re-read his letters and kept his picture in the bottom of her bureau. But in his absence, she began dating a man six years her senior. Myron Vale had a very responsible position as a telegraph operator in Delle, Utah. He made several trips to Provo to visit Fay and they became engaged.

Meanwhile Harold, now twenty, returned to Lake View and began seeing Fay. Harold was very distressed over her engagement. She was torn between the two. Fay became pregnant. Harold took her to a doctor who confirmed the fact. Harold pleaded with her to run away and marry him.

Fay was distressed. She was seventeen and had never lived anywhere but with her parents in Vineyard and she was frightened. She finally told her parents of her condition. From that point on the matter was completely out of her hands.

The Holdaways contacted Alfred and a meeting was held. Probably issues relating to a marriage between second cousins surfaced for Harold was the grandson of Andrew Nathan and Fay was the granddaughter of Frances Marion. Francis, Fay's father and Murl, Harold's mother, were first cousins; Fay and Harold, second cousins. The issues were further compounded because their great grandmothers were sisters. Lucinda and Eliza Haws were plural wives of their great grandfather, Shadrack Holdaway.

They wired Myron in Delle and he made a trip to Vineyard. Fay's parents and Myron decided that the marriage would take place on Thanksgiving Day. On that day, the Holdaways would celebrate Fay's marriage to Myron, their silver wedding anniversary and Fay's grandparent's golden wedding anniversary. Fay was not allowed to contact Harold again. His photos and letters were disposed of. The entire family concentrated on the preparations for the November festivities.

Sometime before the event Alfred was notified that Fay had lost the baby. But the night of the reception, Harold discovered otherwise. He slipped into the dance uninvited and unannounced. There he danced with Fay who was in her fifth month of pregnancy. That was the last time they ever saw one another but their feelings ran deep. Fay re-played their final dance over and over again in her mind.

On December 5th the Vails left for Denver with the intention of traveling to St. Lewis. Because of the severe snow storms of that winter they remained in Denver until their money ran low. Then they returned to Salt Lake.

Fay's parents rented an apartment for her in Salt Lake City. She stayed there while her new husband returned to his job in Delle. She lived quietly and alone in the apartment going out only at night for a short walk. On those occasions, she wore dark glasses and covered her head. She saw and talked to no one. Myron made two or three trips into the city to see her but was generally occupied with his work in Delle.

When the time came for Fay to give birth she took a cab to the hospital and

delivered the baby on April 3, 1927. She had asked, if the child were a boy, that he be named Harold H. Vail. As Fay came out of the anesthetic she remembered seeing her sister, the doctor and a nurse holding a baby in a blue blanket. However, she could not remember what was said or done. All arrangements for the adoption had been made by her parents, her husband and the doctor. She was not told the sex of the child.

Years later Fay, Myron and their children were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple. As they waited in the sealing room, a young boy, about the age Jack would have been, wandered into the room. Officiator were sure that this child ought to be sealed to the Vails. They questioned Fay several times about the child. Of course, he was not theirs but her heart was pierced as she recalled the baby in the blue blanket and wondered what had become of him.

[This information came from notes from interview conducted September 1, 1980. Diane Stokoe interviewed Fay H. Vail at 250 North 200 West, Apt 104, Salt Lake City, Utah. Fay's daughter, Flora V. Park of Bountiful, was present. Fay died July 30, 1992 in Long Beach, California at the age of eighty-four.

Her obituary notice reported she was born June 5, 1908 in Vineyard, Utah, a daughter of Frances and Nellie Ann Handley Holdaway. She married Myron H. Vail, November 16, 1926 in Salt Lake. The marriage was later solemnized in the Salt Lake LDS Temple. Myron died February 14, 1945. Fay grew up on a farm in Vineyard, moved to Delle, Utah when she married and made a wonderful happy home for her family. She will be remembered for her indomitable spirit, her happy disposition, her "green thumb" and the miles of yarn she knitted and crocheted into beautiful gifts for others. She is survived by her children Richard and Bonnie Vail, Thayne, Wyoming; Flora V. and Robert Barrus, Bountiful; Roger and Manijeh Vail, Seattle, Washington; June V. and Ewel Grossberg, Long Beach, California; Ray and Sharee Vail, Grants Pass, Oregon; Jack and Loretta Shaver, Sarasota, Florida and her twin brother, Ray Holdaway, Vineyard.