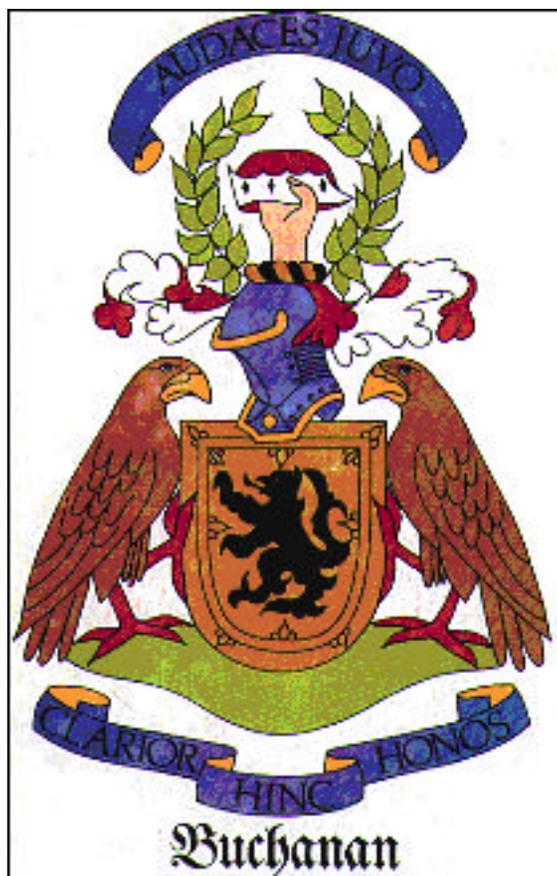


Archie Earl Buchanan/Florene Davis Genealogy



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Year-end Research Report

As you have seen from the previous genealogy newsletters, my best success this year had been with written histories. I have indeed learned a lot about our ancestors from this effort. I have done research in several areas, though, and I should give a summary of that work even though it mostly came up empty.

Ireland research - I knew that research is spotty in Irish records, but I had to give it a try in case better records have come to light. There are better tools for research, though, and I can come up with nothing faster than ever before. I have the research details if anyone is interested in what specific records I researched. The Buchanan line in Ireland goes too far back for any significant records, the Dack/Code line does have some possibilities and I did the temple work for a couple of people with the name of Dack, Dagg and Cod, though I couldn't show an actual relationship. Those names are fairly uncommon in Ireland. The best information we have on that family is what is shown in Canadian records where they lived after leaving Ireland.

Nancy Ann Bache's mother - I reported my work in an earlier issue of this newsletter (Vol. 1 No. 1). I haven't made any more progress there.

Scotland Research - The best information we have is from the very old land records, written in Latin (as reported in Vol. 1 No. 2). These are second and third hand records but seem to be reasonably accurate for their age. Unfortunately, the church doesn't accept names for temple work that are prior to 1500.

Wales research - I am just getting started on this. I found a nice CD ROM index file and am just getting started on researching what I found there. From that I found a little more on John Johnson Davies' wife's great-grandfather, David Anthony. Apparently the information is not unknown because the temple work has been done. I found a copy of the actual will he made out shortly before his death. I imagine that much of it was probably a standard form, but it is interesting anyway. Here are some excerpts (most of it, actually):

In the Name of God, Amen, This 30th Day of May in the year of our Lord 1803. I David Anthony of West Downe in the Parish of Saint Ishmael within the County of Carmarthen being sick and weak in Body, but of perfect mind and memory (Thanks be given to God) do consider the mortality of my Body and that it is appointed to all Men once to die; therefore do recommend my Soul into the Hands of God that gave it, and my Body to the Earth to be buried in a decent and Christian manner — And as touching such worldly Goods the Almighty has been pleased to bestow on me, I give and bequeath the same in the following manner and form:

Imprimis. I give and bequeath to my Daughter Elizabeth Anthony a cow known by the Name Pincken to be delivered her at or upon the first Michaelmas Day after my Decease.

Item. I give and bequeath to my beloved Wife Anne Anthony whom I also appoint sole Executrix of this my last will and Testament, all and singular my goods and chattels of what Denomination soever, to be freely enjoyed and possessed by her (after paying my just Debts and defraying my funeral Expenses) during her natural life, and if any remain at her Decease, to be distributed by her among her children and mine as she shall think most proper

Hopefully I will have more to report next time on the Welsh research.

The Story of Forrest D Buchanan - A lot of my time these past few months was on writing my father's history. In taking the risk of being too personal, I will include some of that history here for the rest of this newsletter. I took most of my materials from some histories that he wrote himself. I expect to have a copy of the history on the Internet as a series of web pages for those who are interested. This part of the history covers the years of his life from the beginning up until the time the family moved from Venice. Check the web page in a few days and I should have the whole history there (including pictures, look at the end for the Internet reference).

Early in life, Forrest was closely acquainted with the hard, industrious life of a farmer. He was born on March 7, 1918, the first child of Archie Earl and Florene Davis Buchanan. They lived on a 40 acre farm in Venice, Utah. Forrest took care of the sheep from a young age. Being the oldest, many tasks fell to him in helping his father. Early on, he also showed a resourcefulness that would be a hallmark of his life. Regardless of the situation, he would craft a solution. As a boy, in his summer duties, he was responsible for herding about 30 to 40 head of sheep. He needed the help of dogs to keep the animals in control. One bird dog was not nearly as interested in the sheep as in a game of fetching sticks, so Forrest would throw the stick into the area of the sheep that needed to move, and the dog would dive into the flock after the stick, which frightened the sheep into moving. Another more serviceable dog was also used in the work, but unfortunately had acquired

out both ends and strapping it over the maul of the dog. The dog could bark and drive the sheep without injuring them and could still run the stream for a drink through the open end of the can.

Forrest also used his inventiveness in entertaining others, especially his family. He built a cart and trained the dog to pull it wearing harness he made. He explains, "I had a lot of enjoyment with this dog. One time I was giving my sister a ride in the cart. We got near some cows and he took after them. He really gave my sister a ride. The cart went over a bump, and threw her out, and before I got the dog stopped, the cart was a wreck. The axle broke on the cart and she was dumped out in some weeds. It didn't hurt her, just a good scare."

In their farm experiences, they worked a lot with animals. Forrest tells a story of a horse that had more sense than the people did. "We had a real special riding horse. You could put a small child on his back, and the horse would walk real slow, then put a six or eight year old and they could make him walk fast, then put a teenager on and they could make him trot. Only an adult could make him go fast. One time my father was going down to the farm (everyone lived in town and had their farms surrounding the town) and he stopped to talk to one of my uncles. He was still on the horse. He had been there for a little while. When he went to leave, the horse wouldn't move. My dad got really out of sorts with the horse. Just then another neighbor came running towards them yelling not to move that horse, because standing between the horse's front legs was a little boy with an arm around each leg. So the horse was real special. As soon as they got the boy away from the horse he moved, so Dad was really sorry of mistreating the horse."

In their work with sheep, he relates: "My father always had a lot of sheep while in Venice, and every Spring they would have to be sheared. My father had his own shearing outfit and he would shear them and I would tie fleeces and tromp them in those huge wool sacks. They were three feet in diameter and about ten feet long. There was a scaffold that the sacks could be hung on. We had a metal ring, just the diameter of the sacks, then by folding the top over the ring, and fasten it with a few nails, then the wool could be tossed in, then I would climb in and tromp it tight and hard. We would poke small quantities of wool in the corners at the bottom, then tie the corners to form handles to maneuver them around when loading them on the trucks or wagons. My father would take his shearing outfit to all the farmers around town who had sheep and shear all their sheep. So I had lots of experience of tromping wool."

Another aspect of Forrest's life that carried into my life was his love of the outdoors, camping and exploring. He explains about his home town, "The town of Venice has the Sevier River winding through the center of the town. I used to have a lot of fun around this river. We could swim, fish and wade. Sometimes we would be only clad in a shirt and with a pitchfork we would go up the river and spear fish, mostly carp, and throw them out on the bank. It brings back fond memories."

He later tells of an experience he had with his father: "In the late spring the wild flowers would cover whole hillsides in the most beautiful array of colors, really a sight to behold. On one occasion in the mountains, after we had checked on the cattle, we decided to go fishing. It was late afternoon. We were having such good luck that it started to get dark on us before we started for camp. Somehow we took the wrong fork of the stream and wound up in an area we weren't acquainted with, and we became lost. We spent several hours trying to find our way out, but to no avail. So Dad started to holler as loud as he could. He soon got hoarse, but someone heard us and started to holler back. We finally got to their camp about eleven o'clock at night, and found that we were about five miles from our camp. It was quite an experience to remember."

Also on the farm, he learned the value of natural resources. Water especially was a precious commodity. "We had a 40 acre farm in Venice, and were able to raise hay and grain and sugar beets, but there was a real water shortage. We had to utilize every drop, sometimes there would only be one watering for all the summer's hay crop. Every type of crop had to be furrowed off so the benefit of the irrigation could be reached as far as possible."

When it came to harvesting their crops and getting ready for winter, they again used their innate resourcefulness. "In harvesting our alfalfa hay, after it was cut, we would pile it with a dump rake. Then after it was cured and dry we would haul it loose on a hay rack. All we had for wagons were the old iron tire wagons. We had a unique way of stacking our hay. We had what we called a Vee rope. This rope was about 1 1/2 inch and a half in diameter and it was long enough to cross the wagon twice. It would be placed on the wagon in the shape of a vee, with a loop on the vee side and on the ends a knot. Then the hay would be stacked on the rope and tromped. When we got a good size load on we would haul it to the stack, and there on the stack we would have two heavy ropes as long as we wanted to make the stack. Each rope had a loop on one end, so they could be attached to the knots on the Vee rope under the load of hay. Then we had a steel cable that was twice as long as the stack. The cable has a hook on it. We throw the cable over the load of hay and hook it in the loop on the Vee rope. Then I would take the team of horses off the wagon and take them around behind the stack and hook on the cable. Dad would take the pitch fork and stick it in the hay and wrap the other ends of the long ropes around the pitch fork handle to anchor the ropes. So while Dad was holding the ropes, I with the team would roll the load of hay right up the stack wherever he wanted it. Then he would release the ropes and I would pull them free. Then after the hay was leveled out I would have the ropes and cable ready to be placed on the stack for the next load, then hitch the team up and repeat the process. We could build stacks thirty to forty feet high and sixty to seventy feet long. In the winter time, when we feed the hay we had a hay knife that we could cut a section off the end, then as that was used down to the ground, then we could start a new cut and so on. We cut all the grain with a binder with it cut this way it would be in bundles. Then when the grain was dry we would haul it and stack it in round stacks about twenty feet high. Then the threshing machine would come and they would pitch the bundles in the machine. After the grain was separated, the straw was blown out into a stack. As kids we sure had a lot of fun on these straw stacks."

Forrest was raised in religious family, his grandparents and great-grandparents having embraced the gospel of Jesus Christ and joining the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in early days of the church. The area they lived in was settled by both his father's and mother's families in pioneer times. Forrest was blessed in the church one month to the day of his birth, by J. C. Cowley in the Venice Ward. He was baptised in the Stake Tabernacle in Richfield on 6 June 1926 by Wayne Christian, confirmed by A. W. Buchanan the following day. He was involved in church activity, as shown by church records of his priesthood ordination of Deacon on 6 July 1930. He received a certificate on 14 April 1933 for completing 3 years of Junior Seminary. (continued in the history files posted on the Internet at the address listed below)