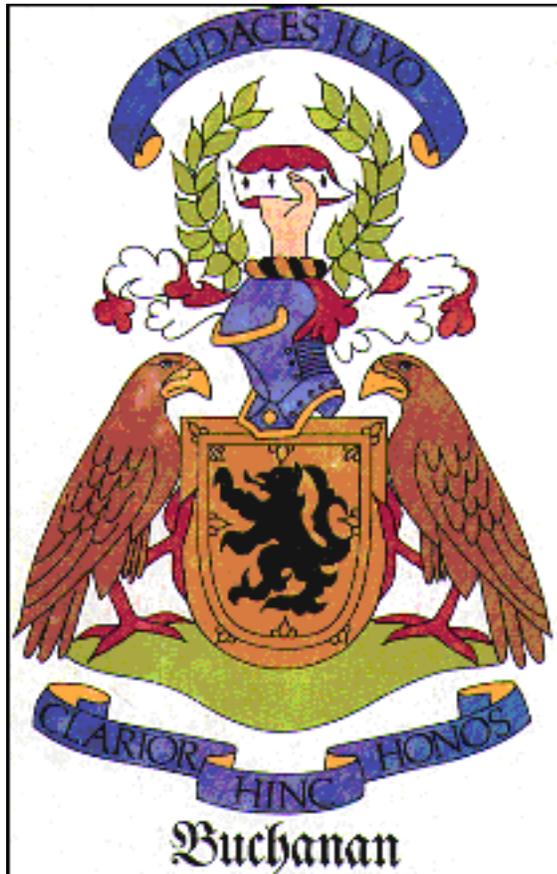


Archie Earl Buchanan/Florene Davis Genealogy

Vol. 5, No. 4 -December 2007

Prepared by
 Joseph F. Buchanan
 7472 Silver Circle
 West Jordan, UT 84084
 (801) 566-1083
 joseph.buchanan@utah.edu

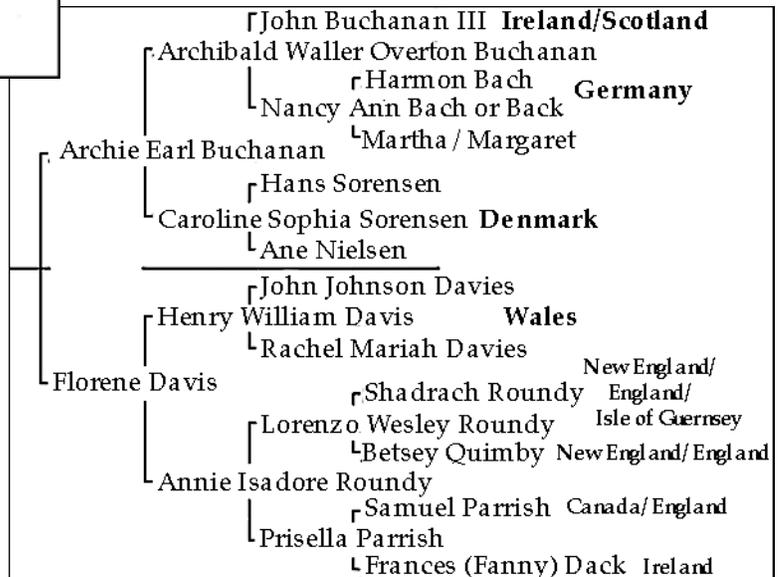


Honoring our Maternal Legacy

Our mothers! We honor them and hold them dear. When they are no longer with us, we cherish the memories we have of them. Sadly, though, history does not remember the great women of our ancestry as well as it usually remembers the men. Fortunately, we have some histories of our "fore-mothers," and should we not remember and give honor to our great mothers?

Do you ever take a look at the bottom edge of your pedigree chart and think about that line? Often, because the family name is carried forward by the men, the top line is noticed more. Have you thought about your maternal legacy? Mothers may or may not have daughters, but our maternal legacy is made of up entirely of mothers and their daughters.

The most significant teachings that children receive are usually at the feet of their dear mothers, and daughters often have a special bond with their mothers, carrying on much of the rich heritage, traditions and strong faith. The power that keeps the legacy of the Gospel strong in a home is often there because of caring mothers. Traditions that unite families come mostly from mothers to their children. The fathers provide direction, strength, protection, shelter and sustenance, but it is the mother who directs the day-to-day family life. She also faces the challenge of making do with what is available to nurture the family, both physically and spiritually. In past generations, sometimes the father was called away on a mission or a busy calling or



even to death, leaving the mother to care for the family, admirably filling the roles of both parents as best she could.

Our mothers honored the Priesthood in their home. They encouraged their children to respect the priesthood of their fathers and worked hand-in-hand with their husbands in building eternal families, which example usually carried forward in the lives of their children. Where there were wayward children, the mothers were often the ones who prayed most fervently and gave encouragement when those children realized their errors and came back to the fold of the Gospel. The maternal legacy we each have is a blessing to us whether we realize it or not. Let us honor that legacy and teach it to our children and grandchildren.

In recent months, I have had the blessing of discovering names and information about our Danish ancestry. Grandpa Archie told of his dream where his mother spoke to him of these ancestors as he viewed them in his dream. Archie Earl Buchanan lost his father when he was young. He was 23 and was yet unmarried when his father, Archibald W. O. Buchanan died. His mother, Caroline Sophia Sorensen Buchanan lived for many years and was a stalwart foundation and strength for him and her family. The recent research is within the ancestry of her mother, Ane Nielsen, back a few more generations of mothers and that family. I am glad that in my small way, I can bless that maternal line of great people.



The children of Archie and Florene Buchanan have a rich maternal legacy. Flo lived a rich, full life and left an indelible mark on her descendants with her strength of character and wonderful family tradition. We have many of her recipes and remember her wonderful cooking and food preparation, preserved recently in the recipe book so wonderfully brought together by her daughter, Maxine. Flo's mother, Annie Isadore Roundy Davis was a strong pioneer woman of early Utah. In addition to the hard work she experienced in living life, she did much to promote temple work and the recording of genealogy and history of the family. Her mother, Prisella Parrish Roundy, endured much for the sake of the Gospel, traveling many distances and facing many hardships in support of her husband and family. Her husband served the church much and died in that service at a relatively young age. Prisella's mother, Fanny Dack Parrish embraced the Gospel and saw her family through the hardships that brought them from Illinois eventually to settle in Utah. Her mother, Jane Code, emigrated from Ireland to Canada with her family, making that great sacrifice to come to a new world where the family found the Gospel, though she herself did not have that blessing. She died a few years before some of her children found the missionaries. Her children had her baptized by proxy on 13 Jun 1843 in the Nauvoo Temple baptistry.

In a previous article, it was shown how another of our mothers, Nancy Ann Bache Buchanan, was strong in support of the Gospel and its leaders in bringing her family to Utah, despite discouraging reports and advice from others. Nancy's mother is someone I have been trying to find for many years. I hope to have the blessing of discovering who she was and bring her family and ancestry into the Gospel fold. It is a sad commentary to find many times the father's names listed, but either no mother's name or only a first name. Many of the dead-end lines in our genealogy are because of this situation.

Lorenzo Wesley Roundy's mother, Betsey Quimby was a noble daughter of God who was a strength to her husband and family in facing many of the persecutions of the early church in New York, Ohio,

Missouri and Illinois. She has a rich New England heritage that ties in with the ancestry of Joseph Smith, the prophet.

Henry W. Davis has strength through his mother's ancestry. His mother's mother, Martha Morris Davies, and her husband embraced the Gospel in Wales. John Johnson Davies, then courting their daughter, was introduced to the church and joined because of this influence. They all made their way to America with the intention of coming to Zion in Utah, but Martha and her husband Henry died of cholera after arriving in Missouri.

Sketch of the Life of Annie Isadore Roundy Davies (autobiographical)

[NOTE: I recently received a copy of a history written by Annie Isadore Roundy Davies. This came from Deane Wilcox who says that she received it from Belle who got it from a cousin, Ruby Davis Barney in Lewiston, Idaho. I have typed most of it up so far. It includes her autobiography, and some notes about other family. She also has some journal writings in the document. I am leaving the spelling mostly the way it was written, but added punctuation to help readability. Here I will include only the basic history, up to the point where she is explaining her later church experience and relates her testimony. I will include the entire document on the web site in the near future. - JFB]

My Grandfather Roundy, Shadrach, was born Jan 1, 1789. He was married to Betsy Quimby. Them with their family joined the church, came to the valleys in 1847, resided in Salt Lake City. My father Lorenzo Wesly Roundy married my mother, Priscilla Parrish April 22, 1857. She was a third wife. Mother's parents' names was Samuel Parrish, born Sep. 30, 1798, mother's name Fannie Dack, born Oct 28, Ireland, 1798. They settled in Salt Lake, finally moved to Centerville, Davis Co.

My mother had 8 children. Their names was Fannie Jane, married John Henry Willis, helped settle Arizona; Sarah, married James Thomas Berry, they also helped settle Arizona - they went to Snowflake & St. Johns; Samuel H. married Eugenia Taylor; Joel Jesse married Catherine Staply; myself; David Alonzo, he died when 11 mons old; Lydia Annis married Josiah Reeves.

My father was called South with his families to help settle. They went to Long Valley. The Indians was so bad they went from there to Kanarra, Iron Co.. [He] was Bishop there for many years. He was called to help settle Arizona when I was 8 years old. In crossing the Colorado River, he was drowned. He said when he left he would never return. The family tried to get him to send word to Pres. Brigham Young how treacherous the river was that time of the year, but he said no. He would go if he knew he would never return. He was drowned May 24 [1876]. My two oldest sisters & husband was called a few years after to go there to help settle the country. This was very hard on my mother as she left with the rest of the family, her oldest son being 13 years old, the next 11. They had to run the farm. They didnt have much to get along with then, had to work very hard. We lived in a log house. Finally my father built a frame house with 5 rooms and a cellar with two porches. There was where we were living when he left us.

I was born June 1, 1867 in a log house they used for a saw mill. I can remember some things of my father. The chairs they used in those days was made of wood with rawhide cut in strips and wove back and forth across the bottom of the chairs. My father got a little rocking chair for me. I went out to meet him but I was so small they had to lift me across the ditch which ran in front of the house. He ran a coop store and he would sometimes bring me candy. Candy was scarce then. They had to haul their freight from Salt Lake City. It would take them 3 weeks to make the trip. I still remember the first time I washed dishes. I had to stand on a box, but thought I was very big.

The dolls we had was rag dolls. My father went to Salt Lake for freight. He brought my sister Lydia a china doll. I felt bad because he didnt bring me one. We went to his other place to get it. I told my sister to let me pack it home because my shawl was bigger than hers. So I packed it home. It was pretty. President Brigham Young came through visiting the Saints, going through to St. George. He would stop at my father's. They had a room fixed up for him. They called it Brigham room. He was a fine looking man.

The night we got word my father was drowned was a sad time. We was all in bed. It was 11 o'clock at night. The telegram came to Cedar City before dark and they never came to tell us till that late. We got up & dressed, went up to one of my Bro.'s place. The older boys was mostly out on the farm about a mile away irrigating. We finally came home and went to bed. I was sleeping on the floor. I was trying to go to sleep. The moon was shining. I looked up. There was a lady standing over my bed. She was bending down looking at me. Her hair was cut short. It frightened me. I covered my head. Mother said she had an aunt die with that description.

My father & Bro Ford owned a grist mill by the foot of the hill east of town. I used to go up there sometimes. There was a man, Bro. Riggs run[ning] the mill. He was a carpenter. I was play[ing] with the shavings one day. I was near the fire place playing with the shavings. [They] caught on fire, so did my dress. I would have been burned to death if it hadent been for Bro. Riggs. It seems the Lord can spare our lives when our time hasent come. When my two older sisters was at home I didnt have much to do. I would run away to one of my half-sisters, Lyndia Pollock. Her health wasent very good. I would work for her and I learned how to wash on the board. I wasent tall enough to reach down in the tub so would stand on a box. My mother would take a little switch to me when I came home but that didnt stop me. I would go again.

The summer I was nine years old I went with my mother & 2 Bro. to Dixie. My father had an orchard at Virgin. We would go down there and dry fruit. We lived in a room with a half roof. It was across the Virgin River. I used to wade it to go over to town and see some friends. They wasent much sugar those days. The people dried nearly all their fruit. They would have bees and invite a bunch. They would have good times. They soon got to making molasses in Dixie and that helped out.

All the lights they had was tallow candles. Spun and wove their own cloth. Made it my hand, spun the yarn and knit all their stockings. They had more time those days than they do now. The sisters would take their knitting and go visiting and stay all day. I would go to the field and pick up potatoes barefooted. One day I was leading the horse and she stepped on my bare foot. It hurt but I soon got over it and went home.

My mother was chosen president of the Primary. That was the first that the Primary had been organized. Sister Eliza R. Snow came down from Salt Lake to organize. They felt that the children needed to be taught and looked after more. She was a fine looking woman. I went to Primary. We didnt have classes then for a long time would have programs. And the children would take part. When I was old enough I went to the Young Ladies Mutual. We would get up plays and visit other towns - Harmony and Cedar City. They held the Fast Meeting for some time on a Thursday evening. Finally changed it to Sunday. In Sunday School they would have us read books such as the Bible [and] Book of Mormon. Each would read a verse, then the next one. We didnt pay attention when the others was reading.

One Sunday I was about 16, a bunch of girls and boys - we went for a walk. There was a pretty meadow west of the town. In the field we was hunting flowers & water cress. I went out on a pole, which was across the spring, trying to get some cress, when I fell in. I went in up to my neck. I never knew how I got out. The crowd was so excited they didnt [k]no[w] what to do. I got out some way but I couldn't remember anything from the time I fell in till I was out. I had on a new gingham dress. It was all muddy. I sure felt bad about it. I think my life was saved by some divine power.

The young people would go to Harmony and Cedar to dance. We also would go to Parowan & Cedar to quarterly conferences. We went in lumber wagons. How would you young ladies feel setting beside your Beaus on a spring seat going to conference? I guess you would go. Well I did and enjoyed it. There was a boy came one night when I was out in the corral milking a cow. He came out there and ask[ed] me to go to the dance with him and I wouldent even answer him. I was sure hard hearted, wasent I? But he wasent the right one. I also learned how to spin yarn & knit my own stockings. I would of had to go without if I didnt. The yarn would be lumpy. And I made my own dresses. When I was 17 I would

try to make them a little like the style. They wore puckers and bussles then. If they didnt suit mother, she would make me make them over. My two bros. Samuel and Joel had to run the farm I would help pick up potatoes. I was leading the old mare down the furrow. When she stepped on my foot, I was bare footed, it sure did hurt but I soon went on. I milked cows. Mother thought it was to[o] hard on the boys to do all farm work as they wasent very old when we were left alone, so I done my share.

Mother went on the mountain to run a dairy. I and Lydia & Heber was with her. That was about [18]82. It was the time William Berry was killed by the mob when on a mission. His family was on another ranch when they heard of his death. The family went to town and got mother to go and stay on this ranch. We had their cows & ours - had about 24 to milk. There was a few times I milked about 21, 22. I had to go on an old mare and hunt cows. Sometimes I would run across a bunch of deer. That was thrilling.

I started to keep company with my husband when I was about 16. We went together steady till we were married - got along fairly well. Love never runs smooth. There was another girl wanted him, but I won out. The first time he took me home was the last night of the old year. We were to a dance. We married for better or worse on 10th day of Feb. 1886 in the St. George Temple. Bro. McAllister was the Pres of the Temple then. We went down in a wagon - was nearly two days goin' & two coming back. That was some romantic trip, wasent it? There was a man from Salt Lake rode down to St. George with us. He was hiding from the officers for plural marriage. His name was Bishop Sheets. He told us if we would never get mad both the same time we would get along all right, but that was hard to do. We came home, our folks had a wedding dinner for us. Had it in the meeting house, invited nearly all the town, and a dance at night. My wedding dress was blue velvet trimmed with cream silk lace. I had a fancy plaid shawl. They wove shawls then instead of coats.

We lived that summer at my mother's place. She went to Centerville to stay with her Bro. Joel Parrish. They spent the summer in working in the Salt Lake Temple for the Dead. Joel & Lydia & Heber was still at home. While we were living there we built us a two roomed brick house. [We] moved there after our first baby was born. That was Nov. 29. We had 7 children born in Kanarra. [We] had a pair twin girl[s]. That was the exciting time. My husband lead the choir for many years. While there he farmed & sheered sheep. We had a ranch on the mountain. We went up there several summers to run a dairy. We made cheese & butter to sell. It was cooler up there. I felt better up on the mountain. We had some neighbors up there - Aunt Mary Williams & Pa's sister Martha Williams. We would get together and have some good times.

When Adelbert was a baby he was very sick. We couldn't touch his toes but what he would scream. We had the Elders to administer to him & he didnt get much better. We finally had my Bro. Myron and his grandpa in the evening and he was instantly healed. We went to bed with him. He was all right in the morning. When Wilmer was born he had bad choking spells, kept getting worse. We had the Elders and he never had another spell. There is great power in the Priesthood if we will live for it and have faith. That is the first thing we thought of when any got sick. There wasent any doctors. I don't see how we could have raised our children without the help of the Lord. Now it is all doctors.

When we had two children the fall before Jennie was born, father's step mother, we called her Aunt Betty, she got very sick. I went and helped take care of her. Rachel & Maggie, Pa's sister, was working out. I stayed with her most of the time. She died, then Pa's father wanted to come and live with us. We only had the two rooms. There was his father & Bros. Phillip & David and Maggie. Part of the time her & Rachel worked out that winter. We built another room. Finally Rachel & Maggie got married & David went to live with his mother's folks. Bro David & Phillip was with us for about 10 years. We finally built another room for Grandpa as he couldn't stand the noise of the kids. We didnt have things as easy as now. I knit stockings for my children, myself & husband - made all their clothes, underwear, pants &

coats. I would knit a stocking a day. No electric washers. Washed our clothes on a wash board. No electric iron. Finally got a washer that we turned by hand. No carpets, only rag carpets. No linoleum, had to scrub our floors, but we had time to visit.

In 1900 we sold our home & farm - was getting ready to move to Venice, Sevier Co., when the children got the measles. We had six to have them. It delayed us a month. We had cattle to drive out, that was gone. We came by a team [and] had a sheep wagon [and] was 8 days on the road. It was quite a tedious journey. When we got here we stopped at John Ford's, he was from Kanarra, to visit Lydia, my sister and her husband and family was already here. We bought a house on the north side of the river from a man named Louis Michelsen. We lived there a few years. Stanley and Laverda was born while we lived there. Then we traded homes with Jim Jakeman which was across the street, east from the old school house. There wasent very many families when we came here and not very many trees. People said they couldnt raise trees here. I didnt want to live here if the didnt have trees but there is trees here now. After we moved to this last place Laverda May died on Jan 26 [1907], and on July 17, 1910 Fay was born. I had never been ask[ed] to take much part before this in the church. I always went to all the associations. About this time we rented Bro. Ford's farm. It was the old cutback farm Hyrum Ford was running. It then when he was called on a mission. I lived there one winter. I had a very severe sick spell. If the Lord hadent blessed me, I would have died. But I guess my mission wasent finished for it was from then on that I had a chance to work in the church. At that time there was a patriarch living in Loa. His name was Bro. Blackburn. My husband & I went over there to get our blessing. He said I had a mission to fill in working with the sisters in presiding over them and that I was that day chosen as one of the Elect. He told me lots of things that had come to pass. I didnt think it could, then. That was when we lived down at the Ford place. I was soon after that asked to be a Relief Society visiting teacher and was chosen teacher in Primary. I enjoyed this work for I got to go and visit the sisters and get acquainted with them. We went to the Manti Temple to do some work. [We] didnt have any names of our own then but we done for others and finally got some on the Roundys & Parishes in 1907. I was chosen counselor in Relief Society. Caroline Buchanan was Pres. Ella Wall was the other counselor. She went to Salt Lake to take a nurses course and she [?] worked two years, then Florence Cowley was put in President. I was chosen first counselor to her, 1909. [I] worked with her till 1916. On account of ill health she resigned, and then I was chosen President with [?] Cowley and Ida Buchanan counselors. In 1908 was president of Primary for 6 years while I was working in the Relief Society as counselor. I was President of the Primary for 8 years. On account of poor health was released. I went to take care of the sick when ever I was called and helped take care of the dead. I never let my work hinder if I was needed. My husband was very good to help me or I couldn't of done so much. When the world war was on we knit sweaters & socks for the soldiers.

[Some short notes included here are left out of this printing, for the sake of continuity.]

The Lord says that sacrifice required of those who would attain the greatest reward.

There is many blessings for us if we live for them. We have to overcome selfishness and envy. This life is a school to see what we will do. We have our own free agency, to choose for ourselves, whether we will go on to eternal progression or not. I hope that my children will take the right side and be true to the Gospel of Jesus Christ for there is nothing outside of that, only misery, and seeing where they could have been. I [k]no[w] the Gospel is true and I hope I will even live worthy to be called a latter day saint. My parents & grandparents went through many hardships for the Gospel sake. If I can only be as true as they were. It is such a wonderful thing to be worthy of being a member of the church of Jesus Christ & I do humbly pray for my children & grandchildren, and myself to heed the warning that is given to us from time to time from the church leaders. They are placed over us for us to be guided by. We are going to have many trials and temptations to go through, but if we will ever be prayerful and live right, the Lord will keep us.

My children has all been married in the Temple but one. I hope he will come sometime.