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Biographical Sketch

of

Charles Joseph Logie

and

Laura Elizabeth Webb Logie

by Laura Clara Logie Timpson

Native pioneer

He was born 18 Nov 1856 Carson City, Nevada

Married 1879 in Salt Lake Endowment House

She died 15 Apr 1923

He died July 1930

My grandfather, Charles Joseph Gordon Logie, was born in Chelsey, Middlesex County, England, October 15, 1829. My grandmother, Rosa Clara Friedlander Logie, was born on the Island of Gurnsey in the English Channel, June 15, 1837. These two young people met in Sidney, Australia, fell in love and were married May 24, 1853. Grandfather was twenty-four years of age, and grandmother was sixteen years of age.

John S. Eldridge and John Grantham, two Mormon Elders, explained the gospel to them. Grandmother had already been baptized, and grandfather joined the church. They prepared at once to come to Utah with the Saints.

They sailed in 1854, taking passage on the "Julia Ann", in company with John S. Eldridge, John Grantham, President Silas Farnham, their one-year-old daughter, Ann (who is still living and is now eight-three years of age), and twenty-three others. Their ship was wrecked on a coral reef, which was a part of the Sicily Island, one of the Society group in the great Archipelago of the Pacific Ocean. It is a lonesome, barren island. They were imprisoned for months. I shall not relate the incident, as I have given it before in my grandparent's history. After months of suffering, they were rescued by a fruiting vessel, "The Emma Packer", and were taken to Honolulu and later to San Francisco. Landing in the Spring of 1856, they had journeyed on the Pacific Ocean 7142 miles.

From San Francisco, they went to Carson City, Nevada, to the ranch of John C. Nailes, a Mormon, where their second child, my father, Charles Joseph Logie, subject of this skit, was born November 18, 1856. They stayed there until Brigham Young called all of the Mormons to come to Salt Lake Valley. John Nailes, Mr. Gerr, grandfather and their families were sent to Lehi. They were sent from Lehi to Provo Valley, where they settled in Walsberg.

In the spring of 1860, father, being four years old, moved with his parents to American Fork. Bob Evans moved them with a wagon and a yoke of oxen. They settled in a one-room house in Rotten Row, a row of houses owned by Alvin Green. It was dirt-roofed, tumble-down building. The next year they bought one room and a lean-to,

with a dirt roof. This was purchased from Henry Boley. The log room still stands in the southeast room of the Logie house, enclosed with lumber.

Ann is eight years of age, Charley five, and Silas two. Their furniture consists of a small step-stove, homemade chairs, an oval table that grandfather made, and straw ticks and cattail pillows for the beds. Grandmother's bed was on the east side, a fireplace was on the west side, and a large wheat bin was in the northeast corner. A straw tick was placed on the top of the wheat and then the bedding. This was Ann's, Charley's and Silas' bed. A trap door was in the floor of the lean-to, and a large barrel half filled with molasses was standing behind the door. The barrel was covered with a cloth and a board. The molasses was very thick, and the children could have all they wanted to eat on thick slices of bran bread. This barrel was filled every fall for many years.

The children were quite excited about Christmas and had asked all kinds of questions. Grandmother as about to cry, for she knew there would be nothing for them, but she said, "yes, you can hang up your stockings, and maybe Santa will find them." They hung their stockings on the fireplace and climbed into their wheat-bin bed. Ann couldn't sleep, but she pretended to. Grandmother had a little salt and bacon grease, so she mixed bran flour and molasses with it and made some Christmas cookies, which she baked in a Dutch oven over the coals. Ann peaked over the edge of the wheat bin and saw grandfather putting the black cookies into their stockings. Both of them were crying. After that there was no Santa for Ann, but she didn't tell Charley.

Soon a baby sister, Rosa, came. Ann was rocking her in a chair, and someone had left the trap door open, and she rocked on down into the cellar. No one was hurt, not even the chair. It was raining very hard that day, and the dirt roof was leaking. Pans were placed on the bed to catch the water where grandfather was lying. Ann and Charley were dipping up the water from the uneven floor and throwing it outside with an old broken frying pan. Grandmother was very ill, and Bishop Leonard Harrington was coming to see her and

nearly got a pan of water in the face when he came to the open door. He said, "My goodness, it is raining inside and outside, too."

When Charley was ten years old, he worked barefooted on Henry Buckwalter's farm for one year. He was paid with ten rolls of wool. Henry was a hard taskmaster, but Charley hung on because he wanted to help his parents. Walter Hollendrake carded the wool in the mill owned by Booth and Allen, at the mouth of American fork Canyon. Grandfather bought a small spinning wheel from Mary Adams for Ann, and she spun the carded wool. Grandmother made her a grey linsey dress and a suit for grandfather and Charley. They had their pictures taken and sent to grandfather's people in New Zealand to let them see what these terrible Mormons could do. My grandparents were the only members of their respective families to join the church.

That summer the bed bugs were so bad they could not stand it. Charley went to the bottoms and got sacks of clay. Grandmother made a paste, and with the help of a piece of sheep-hide, they spread the clay in all the cracks. "It didn't coast a cent, and it killed 'em all," she said.

Let me picture for you the first school my father and Ann attended. Father went to school for only a few months in his whole life, as he had to help earn the living. It was Edith's School, located in a one-room log house, west of Vern Hollendrake's. This one room had a step-stove in it on the east side. Two beds were on the west side, one for Edith and one for Rosella Murdock, an Indian girl who lived with her. A wide shelf was under the window by the door. Pans of milk sat on this shelf. Rough tables and slab benches with wooden pegs for legs filled the room. Grandfather made on just to fit Ann and Charley. Grandfather cut wood to pay for Ann's schooling. It cost \$3.00 for three months. Father couldn't go in the winter because he had to haul wood from the cedars. The pupils were set in groups according to their ages. Each group was named after the smartest pupil. They used slates and pencil and McGuffie's books, and later Nelson's books. Edith would say, "Ben Greenwood's class come forward." They would come, copy lessons and recite them. She would then say, Now Sally Back, and Hank Greenwood's class come

forward." As a reward of merit for good behavior or good lessons, the picture of a bird on a three-inch piece of paper was given. The better the pupil, the better the picture. Ann received one and was very proud of it. Ann didn't have any shoes but went barefooted all winter. Edith carried her home every night on her back to keep her out of the deep snow. Esther Hindley Eastmond had a new pair of shoes - her father owned a store - and Ben Greenwood carried her home on his back every night to keep her shoes from getting wet.

Charley, my father, was twelve years old when he started to go alone to the cedars for wood. He drove a yoke of oxen owned by James Clark, Sr. One load was for Clarks and the next for Logies. One day James Clark, Jr., who was four years old, asked his father's first wife, Merila, if he could go with Charley. She said, "Yes, you can go if you'll promise to say your prayers." He went. Charley's last trip with Clark's oxen was in November, near his sixteenth birthday. Grandmother was helping to tie gunnysacks on his bare feet. It was snowing, his team was ready, and his lunch of brown bread and molasses was packed. Grandmother started to cry and said, "Charley, this is the last damn time you'll ever go to the cedars alone for anybody." It was the last load for Clarks. Years later he went for himself.

The Logie home was in the west side of the Fort wall. Ann and Charley played on the wall. Charley worked all day long for butter and eggs. Grandfather carpentered for produce, as money was scarce. Ann washed a large family washing on the board that took her all day. She had to carry the water, chop wood to keep the fire, scrub the floors and black the stove. It would be supertime, but they never her any. She received a good-sized piece of bacon for her pay. She took it home, and grandmother fried it all for supper.

When they had the whooping cough in the spring, grandmother came around with sulphur and molasses as a tonic. Granny Johnson's remedy was worm wood tea made of molasses, vinegar, pepper and butter.

The first Sunday School that Charley and Ann attended was in a log room, located on the lot where Mitchell's Stand is now,

northeast of the Tabernacle. Father wore a pair of pants made from Grandfather's. Ann wore a green dress, made from a silk skirt given to her by Betsy Austin, an authoress who was on a shipwreck. The dress had red peas printed on it. The silk skirt was in Betsy Austin's trunk and the only one that was saved. Her second dress was a red merino wool. Ann can still remember the white embroidery pantaloons that hung below it. These clothes had to be taken off as soon as they got home.

My grandparents lost all their worldly goods, clothing and money in the wreck.

Ann played on the Salt Lake City Temple wall when it was about two feet high.

Father and Ann witnessed the coming of the railroad to American Fork. It was Sunday afternoon, and all the town people were there. They went down State Street to Alvey Green's. The men had brought an engine and a moveable track from Draper. They would lay the track down for nearly a block, run the engine along, then take the track up and lay it down again in front of the engine, and so on into town. The engineer gave such a loud whistle it frightened all the children. Enos Kelly ran home and got under the bed, and they had to drag him out to eat his supper.

Let us leave the Logie family for a time and go to Little Thurlow County, of Suffolk, England, where my grandparents (Webb) were born. William Rawlings Webb was born June 4, 1829. Martha Carless was born October 17, 1831, in Cambridge, England.

Grandfather loved a sweet, prim, little English girl, Martha Carless. They roamed the grassy meadows and along the lanes where the pretty pink primroses grew, as only lovers can. They belonged to the Church of England. They were married February 23, 1854. They heard and accepted the gospel message of two humble Mormon Elders. In June 1860, they joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. They were the only two in their families who ever joined the church. Their relatives were very bitter and refused to speak to them any more. Fredrich, their first child was born. Later they moved

to London, England, where their second child, a daughter Laura Elizabeth, my mother, subject of this skit, was born December 19, 1857.

Grandfather preached the gospel in England. His family and friends disowned him. Three more children were born to them, Heber, George and Luella. With their five children and in company with other Mormon immigrants, they left Liverpool, England, in June 1867, and sailed for Utah to live with the Saints and follow the religion they had learned to love. There was no one at the boat to bid them good-bye, except one of grandfather's sisters who was very bitter. She came to the boat and tried to persuade them to stay. She gave Fred and Laura a large, beautifully colored rubber ball. The sailors coaxed them to throw them overboard and watch them follow the ship to America. Of course, they cried when the balls were lost at sea. Fred was 12 years of age and Laura was 10 years of age. They tell of a storm at sea when the waves were so high they swept the deck. The captains ordered them into their cabins below. All night it was pitch dark. The wind blew so hard one had to sit or lie down because it was impossible to stand up, and it was necessary to shout to be heard. The rain came down in torrents. The children were strapped to their bunks. Laura and Fred thought it was great fun to see the chairs, tables and trunk go sliding across the room as the great ship rolled from side to side. The sailing of "The Tin Hats" was the best of all. They could hear the sailors swearing and calling to one another. People were singing and praying in different languages. The Saints were called together to pray. Mother asked grandmother what they were crying for. It seemed like a pleasure trip to all of the children. She told of getting off the boat and taking the train to the place where the covered wagons and oxen were waiting for them.

[sailed on the "Manhattan"]

I do not know what company they came with. Laura and Fred walked many miles across the plains. Mother gathered "buffalo chips" in her apron to make fires at night. She told of the big campfire at night in the circle of wagons with their tongues all pointing to the center. How the leaders encouraged them. How they all sang hymns together. How solemn they felt when the last prayer

had been said for their safety, and they climbed in the wagon to sleep.

They arrived in Salt Lake City in the late summer of 1867. Tomatoes were ripe on the vines. Mother was told to pick and eat one. They were the first she had ever seen, and she thought by its bright red color it would be sweet, but she was disappointed and did not like them at all. They stayed in Salt Lake City two years and were sent to American fork, Utah, in 1869. They lived in a small adobe house, east of where the City Library now stands. Later they bought the home where George and Libby Varney now live. Earnest and John were born.

When William Paxman first came to American Fork, he moved his family in with Webbs until he could find a home. My mother, Laura Webb, and Emma Paxman Miller (who died last month) became close friends and always remained close friends. They both liked to eat bread and clabber milk. Their best dish was potatoes boiled in their jackets, then sliced and vinegar poured over them. Some salad!

Mother told of the first Sunday School she attended in American fork, how the children all sat on a bench, and the teacher passes the testament around, each one reading a verse aloud until the chapter was finished. Mother had a beautiful alto voice and from the time she was a little girl she sang duets with her brother, Fred. People told me they were the best singers in town at the time.

Mother attended the Forbe's and Henroid's school. At recess a group of girls came up to Eastmond's gristmill to swim or wade in the water of the millrace. They had no bathing suits, so one girl watched each time. They were Laura Webb, Sina Nelson, Ann Eldridge, Minnie and Ester Hindley and Emma Paxman. After school and on Saturdays, after helping with the homework, mother worked in grandfather's shoe shop, closing or sewing the seams in the shoes. Grandfather cobbled. He learned the trade when a boy in England. Mother did all the marketing for the family.

The boys and girls would go in crowds to Paxman's molasses mill for skimming to make candy. The yellow was for candy and the green was for vinegar.

There was an extra large pocket sewed on the inside of their winter school dress. At Christmas time they would go from house to house calling, "Christmas gift". If they yelled first, the neighbor had to treat. It was usually a cup cake or a cookie with one raisin on top or a tart. A small pie was a premium, so you see how large pockets were handy to them. It was always bulging when they arrived home. On Saturday grandmother did all the cooking for Sunday, the family bathed, all the clean clothes were laid out on chairs, and all shoes were polished and placed under the chairs. No work was ever done in the Webb home on Sunday. On Fast Day they fasted from Saturday sundown to Sunday sundown.

Public dances were held only on holidays. Mother took part in the twenty-fourth of July celebration when twenty-four young ladies were chosen to march in the parade. Each girl wore a white muslin dress with a bright colored ribbon sash. Many of the girls had to work a week or two to earn money to buy these things. They were punished all night by having their hair done up on curling or crimping pins. But they must have curls, so they toughed it out until morning. Girls from fifteen to eighteen years of age were chosen, and they were all chums or dear friends. Their names were: Emma Crompton who led the march, Sina Nelson, Laura Webb, Emma Paxman, Minnie Hindley, Easter Hindley, Clara Wriggley, Melissa Snow, Melissa Mercer, Annie Featherstone, Susie Austin, Melissa Chipman, Jane Harrington, Ann Preston, Ann Eldridge, Elinor Hindley, Lois Baker, Rachel Greenwood, Elivira Crompton, Alice Greenwood, Jane Julian, Nina Hunter, Olive Harrington and Mary Jane Parker.

Laura E. Webb was one of the group of young ladies who joined the first Mutual Improvement Association organized in American Fork. The names of those who joined were, Sina Nelson, Laura Webb, Emma Paxman, Emma Crompton, Jane Harrington, Minnie Hindley, Ester Hindley, Ann Eldridge, Elvira Crompton and Oliver Harrington.

Fred Webb and Charley Logie were good friends. Father [Charley] often went to the Webb home. He soon fell in love with their pretty daughter, Laura. The young folks of the two families were quite friendly. Grandfather Logie had a weekly paper called, "The New York Ledger" and the stories were very interesting.

The young folks came each week. Grandmother would crochet, Ann knit and grandfather would read to them. Ann used to sneak the papers to grandmother Webb to read, as grandfather Webb objected to them. They had many good times to house parties and dances in Bate's Hall, which stood about where the Presbyterian Church now stands.

Charley went to Alta to work and sent all of his wages home to Laura Webb. Soon they had enough saved up to buy five acres of land, one and one-half mile northeast of town. Grandfather Logie helped Charley build one large lumber room, with two large windows, a door in front, a porch the full length and an lean-to on the back. Charley bought enough chicken feathers from Hannah Dunkley to make a good big feather tick. Grandfather Logie made a table with leaves to let up and down (I have it in my kitchen today), a cupboard-screen safe, and flour bins (still in use in the family today). Everything was paid for.

On March 27, 1879, Charles J. Logie, Laura E. Webb, James Crystal and Jane Barrett drove to Salt Lake City in a covered wagon. They were married in the Old Endowment House. When they got to the point of the mountain, James Crystal stopped the team and said, "Now girls, if you want to back out, now is your chance; or forever keep still." But he told them they would have to walk back. The night they were married they attended a play in the "Old Salt Lake Theatre", coming to American Fork the next day to their new homes. No wedding supper was given, not even a shower. It was quite a lonesome place for mother after living with a family of boys, having only one sister, Luella W. Wagstaff.

The railroad to the canyon ran on its high grade about twenty rods in front of the house (a small part of the grade still stands in the lot), thick, high sage and skunk brush grew all around and close to

the house, making it difficult to see the road. A large sweet briar or wild rose bush grew on the north side of the house. Years afterward my brother Roland and I had a playhouse under it.

Father worked on the railroad in the canyon, hauling ore from the mines, and he hauled logs for many years. Mother had quite a store of canned fruit put up in new syrup cans and sealed with bee's wax and rosin. Aunt Ann and mother were very proud of their first new glass jars.

The next year a baby boy, Charles Leonard, came to brighten their home. He stayed but two and one half years and died two months before Maurice, their second boy, was born. This was a great shock to my parents and always remained with them.

Mother had never been blessed with good health, and everyone tells me of Father's tenderness to her at all times. When the third child came four years later, a girl (myself), they called her Laura after her mother. Father rode bareback on a horse to town in a blizzard without coat or hat to tell their parents the glad news. In a few years Roland was born and then LuRay, making five children.

The old house was always clean, with whitewashed walls, rag carpets woven by Sina Nelson on the bench, and the carpets had straw for padding. I can still see the large straw and corn-shuck ticks we filled to put underneath our feather ticks. We put the feather tick under the straw for the summer. Before LuRay was born, father built two large adobe rooms on the south, taking away the lean-to.

Father farmed quite a lot of land on the west bench and in the west bottoms. He owned shares in the Co-op Store, and he was one of the Board of Directors.

Eight years later he took away the lumber room and built a nice four-roomed house in its place. It was the best in the neighborhood. The house still stands. They sold it twenty-six years ago, and it is now owned by George Conder.

Father sold most of his farm land and every implement and tool he had and bought sheep. He became one of the most successful

and prosperous sheep men in the county. Mother said that all he left was a rake, a hoe, a shovel, and she had to hid them.

Mother was left alone for months at a time. The Indians who were camped in the bed-creek often came begging. She was afraid of them with their painted faces and would lock the doors. They filled their sacks with her dried corn and fruit, but always put the mosquito-bar carefully back on the empty racks.

Our birthdays were never forgotten. I have here a small glass cream pitcher given to me on my fourth birthday. It came from William Grant's store. Christmas was an extra special event at our home. I shall always remember the excursions to the timbers on hayracks with my parents, the neighbors and all their families, and the Sunday School parties where my grandfather Webb and Warren B. Smith took charge of the games, "The Jolly Miller", etc.

Charley Green operation a saloon and boarding house in American Fork Canyon at Forest City. Father and Nick Iverson lodged and worked at the sawmill. Mother spent the summer in the canyon. It was here that she ate roasted porcupine. Charley Greene told them it was wild turkey. At one time, Frank Birch was drunk and was walking up the canyon carrying his suitcase. The train stopped to pick him up, but he said, "No, I just walking to punish this old Dutchman for getting drunk." He walked on up to the mines.

Mother was very particular about our clothes. Our "best" was taken off just as soon as we came from Sunday School. I have carried that habit through life. My husband often remarks about me stripping before I hardly get into the house. I guess that is why my clothes last so long. Mother had a small trunk, and all of our best clothes were packed in it and placed under the wagon seat. We would ride down to grandmother Logie's and stand on chairs while she changed our clothes. We were taken to see the twenty-fourth of July parade, went to the races and came back to Grandmother's, where our new clothes were stripped off, our old clothes put on, and the new ones put back into the trunk for another occasion. That trunk is a standing joke with my father's family today.

My brother, Roland, had beautiful yellow curls until he was five years of age. Mother nearly scrubbed his scalp off before she realized his hair was turning black. While he was asleep, she cut the curls off. He cried, held them up to this head wanted them sewed back on again. She often had to poke him out from her the bed with a broom to put on his two stiffly starched petticoats he wore under his blue kilt skirt. He wanted to wear pants like Maurice did.

As a very small girl I can remember the neighborhood parties. People for miles around would fill a basket with boiled meat, bread, butter, cakes and pies and get in a crowd and surprise some family. The rag carpets would be taken up and hung on the line, the straw put outside in a pile, furniture was put out, slabs were placed across chairs for benches around the room. Joe Burgess and Martin Hansen furnished violin music, Danny Peet called, and they danced until morning. The big supper was served at midnight, and then on with the dance. While the men were putting the carpets down and the furniture back in place, the women prepared a breakfast, about four o'clock A.M. The bedroom would be full of sleeping babies and small children. When the party was at Hansen's or Dick Steele's or Logie's, Maurice and I could go. Charley Green, his wife Mary Ann and my father were the life of the parties. Our near neighbors were Martin and Lizzie Hansen, Dick and Alice Steele, John and Sarah Chadwick, Joseph and Nancy Forbes and Isaac and Ann Able. We children always called them grandmother and grandfather Able.

Every Christmas Ann Able would knit a pair of beautifully colored wood or yarn gloves for Maurice and me and two pair of wool stockings. I can still feel them pricking my legs. I have here a piece of pillowslip lace she knit for mother over forty-five years ago of fifty sewing machine thread. She was very kind to my parents, and one of mother's dearest and most trusted friends.

We had a very happy childhood. Nothing was ever too good for us. Mother often sat up half the night to finish a dress for me to wear to some party. Father's generosity and cheerfulness endeared him to everyone. I like to remember him as he was in the old home on the bench, always busy, whistling and singing. His shrill whistle always called us home from play at nine o'clock.

Our parents had an abiding faith in the gospel and the Elders. They taught us to pray while we were very young.

Twenty-six years ago they sold the old home and built a beautiful home in town, which is now owned by John Berg. He was one of Father's first herders. Beautiful homes were few in American Fork at that time, and our home was considered one of the best. It had thirteen rooms. As soon as the children were married they sold the home and bought a small adobe home across the street. It was owned by Motts.

Father remodeled and built on to this new home. This made three beautiful houses of this type this barefoot boy of '56 had built by the efforts of his own work. Never a dollar was given to him or a day's work donated. He insisted on paying his father who helped with the carpentry work on his first home.

He loved and respected his parents and was always kind and helpful to them. Many a box of groceries and flour and coal were taken to them that no one knew about right up to their last days. Father was always a hard workingman, never idle or expecting the boys to carry on the work while he stayed around the house. He made thousands of dollars and spent them freely, not only on his own family but gave much to other that no one except his family and our Heavenly Father ever knew. He was a loving, kind and indulgent father with us. He was a Seventy in the church. Mother's health was never good enough to permit her to take part in the church or public affairs. She always helped and encouraged Father and the children. They both loved company, especially the block teachers and the Relief Society. Mother spent a number of her last summers in a sheep camp with Father on their ranch in Carbon County, near Price. She was an invalid for two years. Father waited on her and would not allow anyone else to stay with her. Everyone who knew them could testify of his kindness, love and devotion to her.

When mother died April 15, 1923, 23 lost the dearest treasure on earth to us. Our home was then broken up and our lives have never been the same. But we have our sad, sweet memories and no one can change them. I cannot say too much or praise them enough

for their love, loyalty and care of all of their children. Father was never happy or contented after she left him and he was glad to join her seven years later, July 1930.

It seems so long since you went away.
The nights are long and lonesome the day,
And we are missing you along life's way.
Now, we are honoring you today,
Telling the wonderful things you've done
And remembering them, one by one.
You sewed the seed of a wonderful truth,
And planted it deep in our hearts in youth.
Oh! We are grateful, our parent dear,
It has buoyed us up through these trying years.
We want to hold fast to the faith you had,
To the things you taught us when a lass and lad.
We're glad we told you before you went
How we appreciated you. Now we can be content
To wait for that day on the distant shore,
Where we'll meet and live together forever more.

Lovingly dedicated to my parents ...

Laura Logie Timpson