

NOTES ON ARCHIBALD WALLER OVERTON BUCHANAN

Archibald Waller Overton Buchanan was born on 9 February 1830 in Lexington, Fayette, Kentucky, USA, and died on 7 May 1915 in Venice, Sevier, Utah, USA. He is the son of John Buchanan and Nancy Ann Bache. He married Anne Maria Larsen on 11 Oct 1869 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA. She was born on 1 September 1851 in Skorpinge, Soro, Denmark, and died on 3 May 1901 in Glenwood, Sevier, Utah. She is the daughter of Hans Peder Larsen and Ane Kirstine Andersen.

Archibald Waller Overton Buchanan
By his daughter, Carrie Myrl Buchanan Brugger

Archibald Waller Overton Buchanan, my father was born 9 February 1830, the seventh child of John and Nancy Ann Bache Buchanan.

He came to Utah September 13, 1852 with Captain Howells Company, and settled in Sanpete County. He served in the Black Hawk War during the entire period. He loved the Indians and learned to speak their language fluently and was sent among them many times as interpreter and messenger. The Indians in turn, loved him. They gave him the name of Unca Kib-er-e-wach, meaning Red Mountain Chief or Colt, probably because he was well built and had a sandy-red beard.

The love and friendship between him and the Indians lasted his entire lifetime. Stories about him were handed down from one generation to another among the Indians, and often when the Indians came to our home to beg for food, they would express their love for Unca Kibe, even long after father had passed on.

During the last few years of his life, father often told about how the Indians had been mistreated which was the cause of much of the trouble with them. Father received a pension from the government for his services during the Black Hawk War, during his declining years when he was not able to work.

Father was one of the first settlers in Glenwood, Utah, and held the office of presiding High Priest over the ward for several years.

He, with his wives, Amelia, Mary Ann, Maria and Caroline, endured all of the experiences and hardships of pioneer life. They, along with others, practiced the United Order; dairying, making cheese, dying and weaving wool into clothing material, knitting socks, making quilts, and all of the other things necessary to decent living. Aunt Maria procured a loom and made rugs and carpets. My mother (Caroline) was a seamstress and sewed coats and trousers and made hats. The other wives added their talents also.

A.W. Buchanan fathered 27 children. He had keen discipline over his entire family. He loved every one of them and always took the entire group to every entertainment that came along. He

saw that they were all in church. Above all, he taught them to love each other and to love God and man. Along with his good wives, the children were taught to sing and play and laugh together, and everyone must do his share of the work.

In 1890, he went to Mexico with his wife Caroline, and for four years went through the hardships of pioneering that country. In the fall of 1893, he moved back to Glenwood and lived there until 1902 when he moved to Venice where he lived until his death in 1915.

Archibald Waller Overton Buchanan
By his daughter Nancy Edna Buchanan Beecroft,
As told to Maurine Breinholt, June 1964

Father was bishop of Glenwood, Utah from 1871 to 1874. His counselors were Isaac W. Pierce and John Oldham.

Two of his wives, Caroline and Anne Maria, went to Grass Valley and made butter and cheese for the United Order. Father ran a gristmill in Glenwood.

When it became necessary for the polygamists to go to Mexico to escape the law, Archibald would have taken all of his four wives, but Caroline was the only one who would go with him. At first Caroline lived in a one-room shack and a covered wagon. Then they moved to Colonia Dublan, into an adobe house, where her twins, Earl and Myrl were born.

While in Mexico, Archibald was a water master, and also worked at the Joe Jackson Mill. While he was running the mill, a band of Mexicans came one day and acted like they intended to steal. Father walked up to the door and drove his fist through a panel. He was a big, strong man, and after that the Mexicans lost interest in stealing and immediately left.

One night while irrigating in Dublan, Father laid down a ditch bank to sleep awhile. When he awoke he saw a rattlesnake coiled up beside him. Somehow the snake left without striking. When asked if he killed the snake, he replied, "If the snake was good enough not to hurt me, I was not going to kill it." He would never kill a snake after that.

Archibald and Caroline went back to Salt Lake for the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple, which event took place 6 April 1893.

Archibald Waller Overton Buchanan
Written by Aletta Hackett Barlow, a granddaughter

Grandpa Buchanan came to Utah in 1852. He was a member of Captain Howell's Company. They came by ox team and arrived in Salt Lake Valley September 27, 1852. Two years later they were asked to go to Manti to help colonize that area. It was there that he fell in love with and married Helen Amelia Whiting, August 2, 1855.

They lived in Manti until 1871, and Grandmother's family were all born there. When my mother was six months old they moved to Glenwood, Sevier County, Utah. They lived in a one-room log house in the southern part of Glenwood. The house had a dirt floor and no windows, and a quilt hung at the door opening to keep the cold out. Later they moved to a little adobe house until a nicer house could be built. This was where my mother grew to womanhood and went to school.

Grandpa presided over the Glenwood Branch from 1871-1873. He was then called on a mission to the Indians. He learned the Indian language and was able to speak it fluently. The Indians loved and respected him.

One-day grandpa had been appointed by the government to distribute food and blankets to the Indians. He had a beautiful team of white horses and with them hooked to the wagon, he had pulled the load of food and blankets into the orchard and was proceeding with the distribution of government goods. Some Indian bucks, taking advantage of his preoccupation, made off with the team. The next day they returned with the horses and apologized deeply. It seems that when grandpa's Indian friends saw the horses they immediately recognized who they belonged to, and the young bucks were ordered to return them immediately to grandpa.

Grandpa was a great step dancer, as well as a dancer of quadrilles and schottishes. He always bought a family ticket to every entertainment that was produced in town or that came to town and the entertainers were always astonished when grandpa, his four wives and many children walked in.

He had a wonderful memory and could remember dates, events, etc., over all his lifetime. It is a shame someone didn't write down these things when he was alive.

Archibald Waller Overton Buchanan
By Phryn Ence Baker, a granddaughter

Archibald Waller Overton Buchanan, son of John Buchanan and Nancy Ann Bache, was born 9 February 1830, at Lexington, Fayette County, Kentucky. All available records of John and Nancy Buchanan say they moved from Kentucky into Illinois in the early 1830s and joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1835, and suffered the hardships endured by members of the church at that time.

In 1837, the family moved to Caldwell County, Missouri and in 1838, they were in Quincy, Illinois. It was therein 1839 that John Buchanan died. Thus grandfather Archie, at the age of nine years, was left without a father. After John's death, the family moved to Nauvoo Illinois, for safety. There, grandfather knew the sons of the prophet Joseph Smith and associated with them on many occasions.

The family came west with the pioneers and traveled to Utah with grandfather's brother John and his wife Adelaide Coons. They arrived in Utah on 13 September 1852, with Captain Howells Company. They went to Manti, Sanpete County, Utah and helped to colonize that part of the state. Grandfather farmed, herded cattle, acted as guard against the Indians and also served in the Black Hawk War.

Following are a few interesting incidents compiled by a great granddaughter. This information was told her by grandfather's eldest son, A. W. Buchanan (Archibald Walter) and two of grandfather's youngest daughters. Several stories are told about how the Black Hawk War was started. This account, in the words of A. W. Buchanan, who was with his father at the meeting between the Indians and whites at Manti in 1865, is interesting.

Prior to 1865, there had been trouble periodically with the Indians and this meeting was called in order to try and settle the difficulties. Archibald Walter, was then six years old. He says, after the Indians came down to this meeting to ask the whites to give them 10-12 head of beef cattle. The settlers had used the streams for irrigation purposes and the Indians felt this had ruined their fishing and consequently some of their food supply. They wanted cattle to kill and use for meat in place of the fish, and they thought the settlers owed it to them. My father acted as interpreter between them.

Just as they had the matter about settled and were going to give the Indians these few cattle, a Mr. John Lowry stepped up and objected strongly to this. If he had not interfered, the matter would have been settled satisfactorily and could have saved hundreds of head of cattle that the Indians drove off after they had been denied what they wanted - to say nothing of the human lives that were lost as the result of the war. The Indians were denied their request, however, and my father, who understood their characters and traits very well, predicted, "there will be a white man killed within the next 24 hours." And true enough, several hours later a local blacksmith went outside Manti to a place called Six-mile to get some coal. He was traveling alone and was attacked and killed by the Indians.

This, according to Archibald Walter Buchanan, was the situation that gave rise to the Black Hawk Indian War.

Many times grandfather was sent as a messenger of peace to the Indians. On one occasion after an Indian raid on a white settlement, he went to the Indian camp at Shumay Springs to talk to Chief White Eye. He went into a large tepee and found the chieftains sitting in a circle holding War Council. He could see that they were very angry, so in a dynamic way he rushed in, pushed one warrior aside, and sat down beside the Chief. At first the chief was sullen and would not talk, but grandfather talked to him, using kindness and persuasion and explaining how they had come to make peace. Finally the chief accepted the message. The pipe of peace was lighted and they smoked it together. This averted much trouble for the settlers of that time.

Indians do not like cowards. They respect bravery. They feel justified, therefore, in killing anyone who is a coward, but they think it is an act of cowardice on their part to kill a brave man. Luckily, grandfather knew this, and on one occasion on a mission among the Indians, he

awoke one night to find a savage standing over him with a large knife in his hand ready to strike. Grandfather jumped to his feet, pulled his shirt open wide and said, Now, coyote, kill me. Immediately the Indian dropped his knife and left the tepee saying, Heap brave man. Me no kill.

In the early part of the year 1871, grandfather with his eldest son, Archie, who was ten years old, went to Glenwood, Sevier County, Utah, where he bought a small farm and planted grain. That fall he returned to Manti and moved his families to Glenwood. He was one of the early settlers there and being a High Priest, he was called to be presiding Elder for some time.

In 1874 President Brigham Young called this group in Glenwood to establish the Law of the United Order. Each man called had assigned duties according to his talent and ability and each family was to maintain their own homes and draw from the general supply according to their needs. A tannery was established to make leather from which they made their own shoes and harnesses for their horses. A four mill, powered by a natural stream, ground flour and cereal for the group. Part of the water from this stream was diverted to the town site for irrigation and culinary purposes. A carpenter shop provided all the furniture such as cradles, tables, chairs, bureaus, chests, stools, beds, doors, window frames and sashes. They had a blacksmith shop, which made all the implements they used, and also made the repairs of machinery and tools. In nearly every home was a spinning wheel, and a loom, which provided cloth and yarn for their own clothing. The girls of the community would often take their spinning wheels and meet together for an afternoon of fun and recreation. And while spinning yarns, they would spin yarn from which to knit their own stockings. Grandfather was given the responsibility of caring for the dairy herd. In the spring the herd was taken to a little valley on the upland southeast of Glenwood, which was known as Grass Valley. One or two of his families moved up there to help with the work, to milk and herd the cows. There, milk, butter and cheese was produced for the community. I have no record of how the cattle were cared for during the winter.

The community of Glenwood numbered about five hundred persons. Nestling in an arm of the low mountains, the town overlooked a pleasant valley to the West, while to the southeast it had access to one of the richest uplands of grazing land to be found anywhere. A Bishop presided over the Ward, as such a group is known by the Saints. There was no political government. Each head of a family (the Mormons always went by heads of families in those days) owned his own home, the town lot on which it stood and the furniture in his home. That was part of his stewardship. Also he had his own vocation - which was whatever he felt himself best fitted to do. I might be farming, dairying, taking care of cattle and horses, tailoring, serving in the store, bookkeeping, or school teaching. No lawyers were needed in that community for the Bishop settled all disputes for nothing, and the midwife brought babies into the world and saw to sick people and those who met with accidents. Thus division of labor was carried to its most practical ideal.

Household necessities were supplied in a unique way. Every so often the farmer came to the door with chickens and eggs, the dairyman with milk and butter and cheese. Each asked not how much of this can you afford today, but rather, how much of this do you need?

Whenever children required new shoes or the old ones mended, they were sent to the

shoemaker, or in case they needed a new frock or pair of overalls, they went to the store. No mention was made of money. Nobody there had money or needed it. All the men and boys got their pay in credits. What they bought went down on the debit side of their account, and what they earned went on the credit side. At the end of the year, the books were balanced, and the men knew where they stood. Every able-bodied man worked. He had to, or be expelled from the Order. The idler was not to eat the bread or wear the clothes of the laborer.

I had very little chance to know grandfather as he was seldom home with his families. At that time the U.S. government was disturbed and concerned over the fact that many of the Mormon men had more than one wife. The government enacted laws to prohibit this and those who would not forsake their plural families were arrested and sent to prison to serve a term of at least six months. Grandfather, like many others would not desert his families, therefore, he moved from place to place trying to keep his presence unknown. Occasionally, he would go home to see his loved ones and learn how they were faring. No doubt the boys missed his counsel and advice very much. They had to take the responsibility of running the farm and provide for the needs of their mothers and brothers and sisters. Finally, grandfather became weary of moving and trying to evade the law, so he decided to take Caroline, his wife and their two small daughters, Delilah and Mary Ann, (or Mae, as she was called) and go to Mancus, Colorado. A grown son Eugene went with them to drive the team. After living in Colorado for about a year, they decided to go to Mexico.

The following was written by Delilah, of their move to Mexico. The first of October 1890, we began the long journey south into Old Mexico. Brother John R. Young had four wagons and teams, father had two wagons and teams and Brother Joseph Aright had one outfit. Eugene went with us to drive one of the teams. The wagons were loaded with provisions and things we would need after reaching our destination.

Father was very ill with Mountain Fever during part of the trip so mother had to drive the team most of the way. There were eighteen in the group and we always rested on the Sabbath Day and had devotional exercises. We spent Christmas at Deming, New Mexico. Before we crossed the border into Old Mexico, the Mexican officials at the line checked everything we had and branded the letters A.F.A. on the wagons. Father laughed and said the letters stood for another fool arrived.

We spent New Years at Dias, a small community of Mormon people, who had gone to Mexico that they might live in peace with their families. About ten days later we arrived at Dublan, our destination.

The country was new and there were hardships to endure. Delilah states that their first home was a tent and a wagon box set on the ground with a door cut in the end of the tent connecting the two, which gave a bedroom and a kitchen. She does not say how long they lived in the tent but they were living in an adobe house when grandfather's last children were born. They were twins named Earl and Myrl. Grandfather remained in Mexico until about 1894, when he returned to Glenwood. A short time later he moved to a little town on the Sevier River, which

was called Venice, a few miles from Glenwood.

On May 7, 1915, grandfather passed away and was buried in the Glenwood Cemetery.

In the early days of the Church when the people were being persecuted due to plural marriage, the Indians begged grandfather to come and stay with them and let them protect him. His love and friendship for the Indians became legendary and long after his death Indians would greet his posterity with tears in their eyes, calling them Unca kube papooses.

The following was taken from The Founding of Utah by Levi Edgar Young.

In writing about early day explorations in Utah, we would like to tell the story of all the brave men who went into remote parts in the early days for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the Country of the Indians. The stories of these brave men - men like Jacob Hamblin, W. A. Bringham, Joseph Fishs, Franklin D. Woolley, John Lowry, Archibald Buchanan, Albert King Thurber, and many others, would fill a book, and form a tale of adventure and an example of courage that would stimulate us to noble deeds today.

Archibald Waller Overton Buchanan
By Elnora (Ella) Payne Jones, a granddaughter

Archibald Waller Overton Buchanan, son of John Buchanan and Nancy Ann Bache, was born 9 February 1830 near Lexington, Fayette County, Kentucky. All the record I can find, of John and Nancy Buchanan say they moved from Kentucky into Illinois in the early 1830's and joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. They suffered the hardships endured by the members of the church at that time.

In 1837, the family moved to Caldwell County, Missouri and in 1838, they went to Quincy, Illinois. They finally took refuge in Lima, Illinois, where John Buchanan died in 1839. Thus Archie, at the age of nine, was left without a father. After John's death, the family moved to Nauvoo Illinois, for safety.

Grandfather farmed, herded cattle, acted as guard against the Indians, and served in the Black Hawk Indian War.

During that time he learned to love the Indians and also learned to speak their language fluently. He often acted as interpreter and was sent among them as a messenger of peace. The Indians in turn learned to love him, and this love and friendship lasted throughout his life. They called him Unca Kibe Adawata, which means Red Mountain boy or chief. He was given this name for two reasons; first, because he had a red beard; and second, because of the following incident. Grandfather was in need of a new shirt and, as they had no way of getting material, his mother took a piece of old bed ticking which she dyed red, and made him a shirt. When the Indians saw him they laughed and called him Unca Kibe Adawata which stuck and he was always known by it among his Indian friends.

On 22 August 1855, he married Helen Amelia Whiting, daughter of Edwin and Elizabeth Tillotson Whiting. To this union was born six children, Sarah Elizabeth, born 19 November 1856; Archibald Waller, born 21 January 1859; Helen Amelia, born 14 March 1861; Lorenzo Dow, born 16 April 1864; Theda Jane, born 29 December 1867; Effie Louisa, born 29 May 1871.

As polygamy was being practiced at that time, grandfather married other wives. His second wife was Mary Ann Brown, whom he married 1 Jan 1860. She bore eight children, Eunice Rozina, born 11 March 1858 (Rozina was Mary Ann's daughter by a former marriage, but Grandfather adopted her; James Alonzo, born 30 October 1860; Mary Jane, born 28 December 1862, William Wallace, born 26 March 1865; Eugene Delos, born 12 June 1867; Henry Pomroy, born 13 March 1871; Amy Lorette, born 6 September 1873; Charles Vertner, born 15 March 1877. Mary Ann was the daughter of James and Eunice Reasor Brown.

Grandfather's third wife was Anne Maria Larson, who had six children, Osmond, Born 25 September 1871; Arthur Adelbert, born 28 July 1875; Castina Maria born 16 October 1876; James Carlos, born 8 April 1879; Ethelyn, born 10 February 1883; Nancy Edna, born 22 July 1885. Anna Maria was the daughter of Peter Larson and Castina Larson. She and grandfather were married 11 Oct 1869.

The fourth wife was Carolina Sophia Sorensen whom he married 27 September 1876. She bore seven children, John Soren, born 15 January 1879; Anna Delilah, born 27 April 1881; Mary Ann, born September 7, 1883; William Aaron, born 5 April 1885; Parley Ammon, born 10 February 1888; Archie Earl and Carrie Myrl, twins, born 25 March 1892. Caroline was the daughter of Hans Hendrick and Anne Nielsen Sorensen.

Notes from: Through the Years; A Centennial History of Sevier County