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A PIONEER OF 1854

By Elizabeth Carroll Porter

My father, Willard Carroll, was the son of Charles Negus Carroll and Lucy Elizabeth McNelly. He was born May 10th, 1848, at Carroll's Ridge, New Brunswick, Canada. In order to be with the members of the L. D. S. Church, the family, consisting of the parents and four children, left their Canadian home and started on their journey to Salt Lake City, Utah. While encamped at Fort Leavenworth the entire family was stricken with cholera. The young mother and three children were taken by death, and the eldest child, Willard, lay unconscious, not realizing the sad condition. The poor father was so weakened that he must cling to the yoke of his oxen as he walked beside them. Father and son arrived in Salt Lake City September 29th, 1854.

Willard was nine years old when his father married Kezia Giles, who proved to be a wonderful companion and helpmate. Throughout his life father always spoke of this second mother with love and tenderness. They were now living in Provo and his first school teacher was Ann Holbrook. She was amazed at his ability to read as he had never attended a day of school. She started him out with a second reader. He loved school and invariably stood at the head of his class.

As a young man he became an Indian Scout and also served in the Black Hawk Indian War. In 1866 he was sent with a horse team to assist in bringing immigrants to Utah. He was present and witnessed the famous Sanpitch Treaty with the Indians at the Uintah Reservation on the Duchesne river. The family moved to Heber City.

On March 16th, 1869 father married Charlotte Moulton, daughter of Thomas and Sarah Denton Moulton. They were married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. They made their home in Heber City and he became the village school-master.

In 1877 they moved to Orderville, Kane County, Utah, and joined the Orderville United Order. During the summer he spent considerable time in the community kitchen in the bakery department, also helping to keep order in the dining room. Then again he took part in building, farming, and various other activities. Most of his winters were spent in the school room as teacher or principal. He was a natural leader among young people and was appointed to such positions as Superintendent of Sunday School, or Y. M. M. I. A., also supervisor of recreation and director of the drama. In 1887 he filled a mission to the Southern States.

In 1890 our family moved to the Casa Grande Valley, in Old Mexico and helped to establish a new settlement, which was later called Colonia Dublan. Father was employed to survey the new townsite and we moved to our new location. The entire population had come from L. D. S. settlements in the U. S. A. Getting acquainted with new friends and a new country was an interesting and delightful experience. Less than two years had passed when every one was ordered to move off the land until trouble over the deeds could be settled. Wells had been dug and houses built and this move worked a great hardship on all concerned.

An opportunity to teach school at Colonia Pacheco took our family into the mountains as a temporary arrangement. Later we moved to a farm near a town called

Cave Valley. Apache Indians attacked a family on a nearby ranch, killing two persons and wounding another. The church authorities advised the people to work in a Cooperative effort as a safety measure. Father was made secretary of this new organization which lasted three years. Here again he became the school teacher. This was the fifth community in which he had taught school. He also served in positions of trust in each ward. He had the unique experience of teaching children and grand-children of some of his first students.

In 1898 the family returned to Colonia Dublan. Six of their eleven children were still with them. Two had passed away and three were married. Father engaged in farming and later built a five room house on the townsite. In 1904 he took care of a small store and lumber yard. He was still engaged in this business in March of 1906 when he suffered a stroke. The children were called in and he was able to give each of us a final blessing and express his undying faith and allegiance to the gospel of our Savior. Tenderly nursed by his loving wife he passed away May 8th, two days before his 58th birthday. Mother returned to Utah and lived to the age of eighty-nine years. She did work for the dead in the Salt Lake Temple for a period of twenty years.