

Names and dates of births and deaths of the father, mother, brothers and sisters of Rachel Annie Turner who was the wife of John Henry Holaday.

This data was supplied to John Henry Holaday in a letter which Stella (Moon) Blanchard, granddaughter of Calvin and Matilda Turner, wrote him on February 20, 1921, and was copied from the file belonging to Samuel W. Turner.

	BORN	DIED
Calvin Turner	JAN 25 1811	OCT 5 1872
Matilda Wilson Turner	NOV 30 1807	DEC 31 1892

Children of Calvin and Matilda Wilson Turner:

James C. Turner	SEP 17 1830	DEC 22 1888
Piety Ann Turner Married Bishire	MAR 5 1832	FEB 7 1921
George D. Turner	DEC 12 1833	1912
Matilda C. Turner	MAR 15 1835	1835
Samuel W. Turner	SEP 17 1836	JUN 16 1902
Joseph F. Turner	FEB 8 1838	DEC 22 1894
Mary W. Turner Married Dinit	May 30 1840	NOV 16 1909
Frances J. Turner Married Wyatt C. Moon	NOV 3 1841	JUL 10 1916
Rachel Annie Turner Married John Henry Holaday	JUL 23 1843	FEB 4 1920

155 Wallace Street
Freeport, New York
February 23, 1942

Dear Brother:

A few weeks ago Tillie wrote me that Shirley was trying to find out the dates of birth and death of father and mother and the three children. She said that she had had the misfortune to lose the records she had.

I have here the old Bible which was in our home before we children began to scatter. It contains the family record. A couple of years or so ago, having considerable time on my hands, I sought to find out more about the Holaday family than appears in our old family Bible. The results of my inquiries I have set down on a single sheet of paper a copy of which, with the exception of the part which concerns my own immediate family, I am pleased to mail you as a birthday present for your 60th birthday.

I understood at the time that grandmother Holaday was living that the Holadays came to Ohio from Guilford County North Carolina. When Zella and I visited Adaline (Laddie) in 1938 while she was a student at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, we had opportunity to find out more about the North Carolina branch of the family. Enough of this is set down in a separate block on the record. There is little doubt in my mind that we are direct descendants of Henry Holaday and Mary Fayle Holaday.

To the best of my knowledge, all of the older Holadays were Quakers. A child born of Quaker parents has a birthright in the Society of Friends (Quakers) and the minutes of the different Meetings show births, marriages and deaths. At any rate, they used to do so. When we were in North Carolina, we were told that the old records were filed at Guilford College, a Quaker school near Greensboro. Zella and I drove out to it and took a look at the beautiful campus. A search through the old records there might enable us to hook up definitely with Henry Holaday. However, that is for some younger Holaday, if sufficiently interested, to do.

In the years to come your sons and daughters, all of whom I hope may live long and prosper, may be interested in more than hearsay concerning the family. That which I have set down in ink writing and am sending to you is accurate to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Affectionately, your brother,

To John Edwin Holaday
Box 126, R.R.4
Frlanger, Kentucky

Sherman C. Holaday

Your recollection of Uncle Sam and Aunt Patience, parents of Rosse Edgar, ~~Lillian, Lydia, Mary and Robert, should be~~ nearly, if not quite, as good as mine. Uncle Sam was at one time sheriff of Clinton County. Rosse Edgar was a member of the Ohio State Legislature and also U.S. Consul at Santiago Cuba and Manchester England. He died in Manchester. Now all of this family with the exception of Robert who lives at Columbus is deceased.

Job Simcox Holaday, Uncle Job, did not marry early. I think he was teaching in Illinois at the time of his marriage, and from Illinois he moved to Henrietta, Texas, where members of his family may still be living. Lillian Holaday wrote me within the last five years that one of Uncle Job's sons attended a Holaday Reunion at Westboro.

Thomas Faulkner Holaday, Uncle Doctor, practiced medicine at Monrovia, Indiana (and also at Looreville) for many years, and it is just possible that members of his family may be found there or thereabouts. I never met any of his children. In fact, the ones nearby were the only ones we knew much about. This is easily understood when we remember that the roads were none too good in those days and when a visit was made it was usually in a farm wagon, or in winter time a sled, that correspondence was limited, and that there were no telephones and no automobiles. However, a telephone was put in at Westboro before we left there in 1883.

Francis Marion Holaday, now living at Blanchester (if he is living) is the oldest living Holaday. He was born May 26, 1856, and will be 86 years old if alive the 26th of this coming May. I thought a lot of Frank when I was a boy. He would let me go with him hunting. When his gun shot there was a dead bird, rabbit or squirrel -- never missed. "Them was happy days."

Aunt Annie Holaday lived in the first house on the left of the road after crossing the iron bridge on the way from Westboro to Midland (used to be Clinton Valley). I have visited there many times and remember Aunt Annie who had a large goitre, but I do not remember her husband. Maybe he was our great uncle William. And I can't place Enoch in proper relation to the family notwithstanding that I worked for him one March (hauling manure mostly) and remember his children very well. Lindley, Enoch's son, died of consumption shortly after the March I worked for Enoch. We have one of Enoch's daughter's picture in a group taken at a Holaday Reunion at Westboro. She was a handsome young matron then. I do not remember her married name, and at the moment her given name comes back? No. But I do recall the name of her sister, Eva.

My mother has told me that she was born in Indiana, and may have told me where in Indiana, but if so I have forgotten. ~~Where the other children of Calvin and Fatilda Turner were born I do not know.~~ Stella Loon might know where her mother was born, that is, our Aunt Jennie Loon. I was told that the Turners came from Virginia and that some of them held slaves. From what part of Virginia they came I do not now recall, if I ever knew. As they were not Quakers, it is not unlikely that some of them served in Washington's armies. However, our branch of Turners were poor, and as they did not like to be poor in Virginia, they moved West. I understand that negro slaves looked down upon 'po white trash'.

I am really sorry I don't know more about my mother's family and that I have not been able to keep in touch with it, with the exception of Aunt Jennie Loon, to the same extent as I did with the Holadays.

Uncle Jim, Uncle George, Uncle Sam Turner were in the Civil War on the Union side, and I am not sure but that Uncle Joe was too. In fact, I think the four boys from that family were in the Union Army.

Sorry to note that you have been having misery from arthritis in the hands, feet and spine. That just about fits what Zella has been troubled with all winter and even up to now. It looks to me that you, Bernice and Zella are in about the same condition which is better with good weather, and I hope it proves to be so with all of you this summer.

So the buds are coming out in Kentucky. Nothing of that kind here -- not even the forsythia. But we have had some nice days this month and yesterday I spent a little time on the lawn cleaning off some of the litter that had accumulated over the winter. The leaves on the maples, of which there are a great many in Freeport, come out in full around the first of May. A good many of the leaves which they shed in the fall lie around in lodging places until the next spring -- and these remaining leaves are what we have to dig out and get rid of now.

I think that I have been of considerable help to Zella this past winter. I am pretty good at dish washing, and a few other things like that. In fact, I can put a breakfast on the table, and that, the way things are these days, involves no cooking outside of coffee and eggs. But I really never knew until these last five years that I have been at home all the time how much work a woman had to do in housekeeping. In fact, I have several times said that if I were a girl and knew how much there was ahead of me in washing, cooking, ironing, caring for babies, etc., etc., I wouldn't marry the best man living. I have said that, you understand, within these past five years. Previously I didn't fully understand what the women were up against. However, when all is said and done, I don't think any young woman who wants to get married would pay much attention to what I have to say about it. They just go ahead and take on the job regardless.

155 Wallace Street
Freeport, New York
March 28, 1942

Dear Shirley:

Thank you for your very interesting letter of the 25th. Am glad to know that my letters have not been lost and that the family record reached you and that you are pleased with it.

I note from your letter that you would like the names and dates of father and mother Holaday -- brothers and sisters. The Holaday record which you now have will give you all that I now know about the Holaday families. The fourth column from the left, beginning at the top with "Robert married Hannah Andrew", gives the data concerning my father's parents and his brothers and sisters. So you already have a part of what you have asked for.

As concerns my mother's family, the Turners, I am sorry I have so little information. However, I do find that in January, 1938, Tillie sent me a letter which cousin Stella Moon Blanchard wrote father in February 1921 and with which letter she enclosed a list of names and dates which she copied from Uncle Sam Turner's Bible. I am enclosing for you a copy which I have made of the list which she sent father.

Aunt Piety Ann's daughter, cousin Fm Hammond of Lynchburgh, Ohio, I suspect, knows more of the history of the Turner family than any one now living, she being older than Stella Moon Blanchard or Ida Dimitt. I do not remember Ida Dimitt's married name, but she lives in Columbus. Clyde knows her name and where she lives and sometimes, I believe, visits her. Uncle Jim Turner had a daughter named Eva who married a McKibben who lived near Farmers Station Ohio. She, if living, should know something of the Turner history.

Aunt Lucinda McKibben, Grandfather Turner's sister, lived near Farmers Station and it was into her family, I think, that Uncle Jim's daughter married -- married a cousin, I believe. Eva was a beautiful girl, as I remember, but if she is now living, or where, I do not know.

When I was a boy, the Holadays were mostly living on farms near Westbore, and the Turners at Martinsville. Though when I was born in 1867 my Grandfather Turner was living at Westbore and had a shoeshop there which I remember being inside of. But, on the whole, I know and remember more about the Holaday family because I was with them much more than I was with the Turners. I do remember seeing my great grandmother Wilson at Martinsville.

Sherman tried to get a commission in the Navy, and while we thought his papers were good and his recommendations o. k., they turned him down without telling him why. Day after tomorrow he goes before our local Draft Board for re-examination for the Army. Whether they find him fit for induction or not remains to be seen. In the meantime he has a job as messenger for The First National Bank in New York and likes his work immensely.

Zella, Jr., has a job as stenographer in New York and also likes her work. She and Sherman take the early trains in the morning, as I used to do, and we are usually up at 5:30 every morning. They are both very well.

Laddie and George, in Carrollton, Georgia, are well and happy in their work, and the Maben family at Summit, N.J. are the same. Am glad you gave me John's address and I surely shall write him. It seems hardly possible that Joe (King Tut as we always think of him) is thinking about war, and if he should be inducted, I hope that both he and John will come back to you no worse in any way than when they went in.

Note that your house is up for sale but that property is not moving very fast. I would look for this condition to change for the better so far as sellers are concerned because if the war continues there is not likely to be the normal amount of building and houses will be in demand. They already are here. So I hope things may change out your way and that you may be able to get a good price.

Tell Ed that I shall be glad to hear from him when the spirit moves. In the meantime, I am

Affectionately yours,

Sherman

NOTES OF POSSIBLE INTEREST
IN CONNECTION WITH HOLADAY
RECORD WRITTEN BY HAND OF
SHERMAN C. HOLADAY AT FREE-
PORT, NEW YORK, FEB'Y 1942

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Olin J. Holaday wrote me from Carmel, Indiana, under date of February 12, 1939, as follows:

"My father's name, Frank H. Holaday, born May 26, 1856, near Westboro, Clinton County, Ohio. He was son of John Holaday, Jr., who was born January 30, 1828, in Clinton County, Ohio. John Holaday, Jr., was the son of John Holaday, Sr., and Susana Falkner Holaday. John Holaday, Sr., was born in North Carolina, and moved from there to the State of Ohio where he purchased over 1000 acres of land. They tried to make him enlist in the war of 1812, but he refused to serve as he was a member of Friends church. He married Susana Falkner who was born in Virginia (Sherman, the name Falkner is probably Dutch, and Holaday probably Scotch, and I think we therefore are of Scotch-Dutch origin) John Holaday, Sr., was the son of Robert and Hanna Holaday of North Carolina, and of their history I could not trace. However, it seems that all of the Holadays were farmers."

Our father, John Henry Holaday, spelled it Faulkner; also Hannah

I imagine the 1000 acres Olin speaks of were near Sligo in Clinton County for the reason that all of John Holaday, Sr., and Susana Faulkner Holaday's children were born there. On the other hand, it may have been the land near Westboro which his children owned. The different Holadays near Westboro owned nearly that much to my own knowledge. Our Grandfather Robert with his brothers, John, Jr., Jesse, and sister Susan, had lands that touched each other. Then Aunt Annie had a farm on the road from Westboro to Midland which I have referred to on another sheet. Then there was also the farm on which our great aunt, Hannah Simcox, lived. The Simcox farm was on the road from Westboro to Saint Martins and Fayetteville -- a mile or so out from Westboro. I am not thinking of Enoch's farm because, as said elsewhere, I do not know just how to place Enoch in relation to the family, but he certainly was our kin. These different farms had at least 100 acres each, I am sure. So you see the Holadays in the early part of the last century held quite a bit of farmland in the vicinity of Westboro.

I am sorry my elders never took me to Sligo and Lytle Creek Meeting House.

Up to the year 1883 when our family moved to Hamilton, Ohio, we attended Quaker church and Sunday school in the old church near Grandmother Poladay's farm. This building had a partition in the middle which could be thrown open so as to give the effect of one room. The partition was put in so that the men and women could hold their meetings separately -- usually business meetings, I imagine, for the partition was kept closed most of the time.

There was an aisle in the centre of each of these rooms, and in the aisle there was a wood-burning stove for heating. To either side of the aisle were the hard wooden benches. Facing these benches, where now-a-days one would look for the pulpit, there were two or three elevated benches for the elders to sit on. The elders were men and women. The women members of the Meeting as well as the women elders sat on one side of the aisle and the men on the other -- no mixing anywhere. When the meeting commenced, or "set", the elders took their places facing the other members of the Meeting. Then they all waited for the Spirit to move them to speak or sing. Only once or twice in all the times I attended Quaker church do I remember the Spirit not moving anybody, and to me those were the most impressive meetings of any even though the benches did get hard. There were no cushions and the backs were not solid nor designed for comfort. The elders in those days wore the broadbrimmed hats for the men and the blinder bonnets for the women. The meeting was over when two of the men elders glanced at each other and shook hands. That was the signal for everybody to do likewise.

After Meeting was over, the members would go to one another's houses for dinner and to spend the afternoon, taking their children with them -- and then is when we youngsters had fun and got into mischief. I remember one Sunday when some new ice had just formed Clyde and I played hockey from Sunday school and went skating. I think we had one pair of skates between us. I put them on first and slid out over the old swimming hole until I was to the middle of it when the ice broke and I went in all over. I was too scared for them to know I had been skating on Sunday (First Day) and so I stayed out and ran around until my clothing dried on me. But it was of no use, they could tell from the appearance of my clothing that I had had a ducking. The wonder is, I never felt any the worse for the experience, especially as I didn't happen to get a licking. Maybe, in their more mature wisdom, thought that I had had enough punishment already.

The faces of those old Quaker elders with their broad-brimmed hats and queer looking bonnets, and the women with the white kerchiefs over their shoulders, are plain before my eyes today. Our Grandmother and Uncle John were two of them.

Enoch Holaday had a farm within a mile or so of Westboro. He was a hard worker and a consistent Quaker. His wife's name was Sally. He had a son about my age whose name was Lindley, and a daughter named Eva. There was another daughter whose name I am unable at the moment to recall. We have her picture, as well as that of her father Enoch in one of the Holaday Reunion groups of later years. She was a handsome young matron at that time. Enoch was punctual in his attendance of the mid-week meetings of Friends which was held in the forenoon of a Wednesday in the old Meeting House. The Quakers called it Fourth Day. On Fourth Day Enoch would work until it came time to go to meetin', and then he went. He was what I would call a good neighbor, too. One March when I was working for him on his farm, his neighbor on an adjoining farm slaughtered a beef. But before doing so he and his hired hand got gloriously drunk -- so drunk that all they could do was to kill the animal. Some one got word to Enoch of the state of affairs and Enoch and I went over and skinned the beef, dressed and hung it by candle light in the barn where it was killed. So I say Enoch was a good neighbor. I suspect that you do not remember him.

Robert Holaday and John Holaday, Jr., had adjoining farms at Westboro and the West Fork Creek ran through them. At times the stream would go on the rampage and do quite a bit of harm to fences and crops. Ordinarily, however, there were swimming holes which also made smooth skating places in the winter. And there were sunfish, suckers and catfish. Muskrats were numerous and I used to trap them and sell their hides for ten cents each. How cheaply we worked. Talk about a Chinaman working for little.

In the spring the sheep had to be sheared, and before they were sheared they were taken to the creek and washed so as to get as much as possible of the dirt out of the wool. Washed fleeces always brought a better price in the market. When the sheep were sheared it was always my job to sit on the shearing bench and hold the sheep's head down, its hind legs having been tied to the bench. I never liked to see the shearers take a piece of the hide off, which they sometimes did through carelessness or otherwise.

Aunt Susan Holaday never was married and lived with her brother, John, Jr., (Uncle John). Her land, which was mostly woodland, adjoined his. So we all got to calling it Uncle John's farm, and it was, including Aunt Susan's land, the biggest farm around. Uncle John kept fine blooded Shorthorn cattle and would go to Kentucky every few years for a young Shorthorn bull. These cattle he often exhibited at the Planchester Fair, and it was one of my treats of the year to go with them when they led these finely groomed animals to Planchester, thus giving me the opportunity to see the fair and all its wonders, including tight-rope walking, glass ball shooting, sword swallowing, etc., and to eat popcorn, drink pink lemonade, and eat taffy which I saw them throw over the hook and pull. All of this was more than sixty years ago.

The Quaker Meeting House at Westboro used to stand on a parcel of ground adjoining the graveyard on the east. I think that both the graveyard and the Meeting House grounds were once a part of Robert Holaday's farm and that he gave the Quakers this ground. -- Robert and Fannah, and their children, Milton and Pleasant, are buried here. The Meeting House, a frame structure, has been removed.

Robert's brother, John, Jr., (Uncle John) and his wife (Aunt Ruth) are also, I believe, buried here -- and maybe Uncle John's second wife as well.

Uncle Jesse owned a farm which partly touched our Grandfather Robert Holaday's farm on the northwest. Uncle Jesse's son, David, moved to Hutchinson, Kansas, not many years after the civil war. I saw him one time when I was in Hutchinson. Another son of Uncle Jesse, Lorenzo Dow, married Nancy Andrew, daughter of William Andrew who married Ruth Garner. I remember Aunt Ruth Andrew quite well. Her daughter was one of the prettiest young women I ever saw. Lorenzo Dow, Dow, as we called him, moved South, to some place in Mississippi, I think, where some of his children, as I have heard, have become well-to-do. Charley Holaday, as of course we all know, was President for many years of the Holaday Reunion of Westboro. Alva, if living, might be found in Wilmington. He was one of my playmates when I lived at Westboro.

When I worked on Uncle Wyatt Moon's farm at Farmers Station in the 80's, I met a young girl, Minnie Mills, who at the time was helping Aunt Jennie Moon. She was a remarkably pretty girl and I think was a relation of ours through Jane Mills. Minnie's father, I think, had a farm near Martinsville. Stella Blanchard of Columbus might remember more of Minnie Mills than I do. A trip of ten miles now-a-days is nothing at all, but when I was a boy at Westboro we got to see Aunt Jennie Moon at Farmers Station only about once a year and it was a great occasion when we did visit her. The distance between Westboro and Farmers is only about ten miles.

Our Uncle Jonathan Holaday, father of Ellsworth, Clayton and Harley, owned a farm north of Martinsville. He married Louisa Gibson whose parents were early farmers near Martinsville, and she may have inherited the farm on which Uncle Jonathan lived. I don't know about that. The last I heard of Clayton, he was in the lumber business somewhere in Michigan. Harley was a teacher, and Ellsworth died years ago. Ellsworth married Rachel Moon, sister of Joe Moon. She was a playmate of mine when I attended Hale's Branch School House which our Uncle Job Holaday taught. That school building vanished long ago.