

Born in Dalry, Ayrshire Scotland, December 30, 1862, but at the age of sixteen came to America with my parents and eleven brothers and sisters. One infant buried in Scotland, a family of thirteen children.

While in Scotland, at the age of seven years, and jumping over a fence, I badly hurt my left knee. I was unable to get around for a long time. This in later years of my life became very serious. In Scotland, at a very early age, the boys went to work in the mines and because of this got very little education. The fourth reader, was all I received.

One of the happiest moments of my life was when my father told the family we were going to America. I was sixteen, and remember it all very well.

We made our home in Midway, and there built a home. Our home was built of white squares of rock, which was the common building material there at that time. Two rooms were built and additions added later.

I was married May 9, 1889 to Elizabeth C. Holfeltz of Midway, Utah. Three children were born to our union before we had our endowments. John Hair Jr., and Lillian and Leland, twins. We received our endowments in the old endowment house in Salt Lake City, October 10, 1894.

We built a home in Midway and lived there until our fourth child Rachel was born. I worked in the Park City mines and in the White Fines, not having enough ground in Midway, decided to go where we could get enough ground to sustain and raise our family. My brother Jim had gone to Vernal, Utah and had written and wanted us to come out there, as we would be able to get ground reasonably and suggested it a fine place to make a home.

In the Fall of 1898 we gathered together our belongings and started toward the Uintah Basin. Not knowing where we were going but in hopes of finding somewhere suitable to make a home. On reaching there, I bought 20 acres of ground in the Southwest part of the Valley. A mass of sage brush and wild prairie. Not so good to look at, but hopeful to think of. A two room log house was built with a heavy camp quilt at the door and a blanket at the window. Just above the canal, one-half mile west, Indians often camped, and held their pow-wows. Coyotes came near, and often their lonely howls in the night awoke these sturdy pioneers. Days that followed were truly pioneer days, few farm implements to work with, and less conveniences for the home.

Here in Vernal, two more children were added to their union, Hannah Laura and Elizabeth Edna. Wards were organized and we lived in Glines, which was named after an early pioneer of the valley. Here our children grew and went to school. Life was good, with little sickness in our home. Often for months at a time, we had no money but traded neighbor with neighbor, until all had enough to eat. My brother George, came out to visit with us and brother Jim, and while here took typhoid fever and died.

My father lived a good honorable life, I often think of him as the man "who lived in a house by the side of the road and was a friend to man." Never did a person pass his home, who wasn't welcome, often a tired freighter found a warm meal of welcome. I remember one stormy night, father going to the canal, where was the usual camping ground of the men who freighted in those days, and had them come home with him and have a warm supper and a dry bed to sleep in.

Father wasn't a church going man, and yet I remember him always making it possible for everyone else to go. He liked to attend Sacrament meeting, but that was about the only meeting he went to. He was very thoughtful and considerate of other people's feelings. He was very honest in his nature, and in his dealings with his fellow men. His religion was in his home, and his everyday life. There are a few incidents in his life I want to make note of here.

I remember when I had pneumonia, and hadn't for some time been able to eat. One morning Father had gone to the Garney and caught a quail. He had dressed it and brought it to me. Eager to tempt my appetite. I shall never forget how happy he was when he thought I might be able to eat some of it. Mother stewed it and cooked a few vegetables with it. It truly was a treat and as far back as I can remember, never did anything taste so delicious.

One morning after Bud (Harold) Bell, a son of Rachel and Elmer L. Bell, had been sick with Whooping Cough and pneumonia, and was very serious, at this particular morning. Mother had gone to be with them, and we, Father, Edna, and I were alone trying to content ourselves to get some breakfast, and thinking all would be well, then I looked at Father and saw his big tears in his eyes, and then he said, "Let's kneel down here, and Laura you pray for Bud." Well, I don't remember a thing that happened after that only Bud got well from that minute on. Father was very tender in his feelings and he truly taught me a lesson in prayer that morning.

Wong Sing, a Chinaman, who used to work over to Ft. Duchesne for the soldiers, became a very good friend to Father. As Father used to go there often and peddle vegetables, poultry and anything in fact that was tradeable, I remember Wong Sing coming to our home often and giving us gifts out of respect he had for my Father. Not long ago, prior to the death of Wong Sing, I went to his store, and told him who I was, and in mentioning that I was a daughter of John Hair, I was able to buy merchandise at reduced prices. Father made friends wherever he went.

Father, and Mother supported three missions, two in the States and one to Great Britain. He was a man who would give and give expecting nothing in return. He was always happy to see his children advance in the community in which he lived.

From Vernal they moved to Duchesne, May, 1919 and made a home there. He bought the old Fred Davis Store on the corner of Main Street and started in business. For several years they were very successful there. Then Father's leg began to bother him, he went to St. George, the winter of 1925, for his health, but it was to no avail. His leg was operated on and amputated in the L.D.S. Hospital. Father was never the same man, in health, and spirit. He lived a few years after that, but had very poor health. He died May 21, 1934. A few minutes before his death, his mother and sister Isabelle, who had been gone to the other world for some time came to him, and in the presence of those present, he spoke to them and greeted them, and was happy they had come to take him to a better land. I shall never forget his noble face and his shining silver hair, and robes of whiteness that surpass earthly goods. Truly it was suggestive of his noble character and unselfish life.

-----Written by Daughter  
Laurie (Laura) Hair Perry

John Hair

B-1862  
Utah 1878

Local

Leopold

autobiography

I, Lillie Hair, being a daughter of one of the pioneers, John Hair, submit the following history:

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While in Scotland (at the age of 7 years) and jumping a fence, I badly hurt my left knee. I was unable to get around for a long time, this in later years of my life became very serious. In Scotland, at a very early age the boys went to work in the mines, and because of this got very little education. The fourth reader was all I received.

One of the happiest moments of my life was when Father told the family we were going to America. I was sixteen and remember it very well.

We made our home in Midway, and there built a house. Our home was built of white squares of rock, which was common building material there at that time. Two rooms were built and additions added later.

I was married May 20, 1890, to Elizabeth G. Holfeltz of Midway, Utah. Three children were born to our union before we received our endowments. John Hair, Jr., and Lillian and Leland, twins. We received our endowments in the old Endowment House, Salt Lake City, October 10th, 1894.

We built a home in Midway, and lived there until our fourth child, Rachel, was born. I worked in the Park City mines, and in the white pines, not having enough ground in Midway, decided to go where we could get enough ground to raise and sustain a family. My brother, Jim, had gone to Vernal, Utah, and had written and wanted us to come out there as we could get ground reasonable, and suggested it a fine place to make a home.

In the fall 1898, we gathered together our belongings and started toward the Uintah Basin, not knowing where we were going, but in hopes of finding somewhere suitable to make a home. On reaching there I bought 20 acres of ground in the Southwest part of the valley. A mass of sage brush and wild prairie--not so good to look at, but hopeful to think of. A two room log house was built with a heavy camp quilt at the door and a blanket at the window. Just above the canal, a half mile west, Indians camped, and held their pow-wows. Coyotes came near, and often their lonely howl in the night awoke these sturdy pioneers. Days that followed were truly pioneer ones. Few farm implements to work with and less conveniences for the home.

*Biography by Lillian Hair Bigelow*

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