

JEFFERSON
COUNTY
GENEALOGICAL
SOCIETY

30th ANNIVERSARY

*SHORT STORIES BY
SOCIETY MEMBERS
2014*

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FORWARD

In celebration of Jefferson County Genealogical Society's thirtieth anniversary, we've put together this collection of stories written by our members in the course of their genealogical research. Stories add a third dimension to our family histories and bring our ancestors to life. Most of us know our families' birth, marriage, and death bones, but it's the stories that put flesh on those dry bones. Everyone has a family story to tell, but if you don't write it, your descendants will be angry - with you.

We hope you find these stories enjoyable, and that one or more of them give you an idea about how to write a story you've been wrestling with over the years. If inspired, sit down and write. You'll feel good and your descendants will hold you in high regard. What more could you want.

Bill Conklin
President
November 2014

The Death of Byron Way:

By Michael Bare

My father told me that one of my great grandfathers was shot to death, accidentally, while sitting on a hitching post outside a saloon in Dodge City, Kansas. I never knew his name, but when my wife got me into genealogy in 2008 and I started checking back to my great grandfathers, I remembered the story. One of my great grandfather from that side of the family, was a farmer and died at home in Decatur, Nebraska.

Byron Way, my other great grandfather on my father's mother's side of the family, is the one who was shot to death. Byron was born October 25, 1860 in Portland, Michigan.

The 1880 US Census shows Byron living in Orange, Michigan, but by 1882 had moved to Douglas, Kansas and married my great grandmother Nellie Pratt. In 1884 the couple had a son Harley, and 1886 my grandmother, Mary, was born.

We visited Douglas, Kansas in 2009. I called their genealogy society (and museum) on a Friday afternoon, and even though they were closing for the weekend, they offered to meet us the next day. Saturday morning we meet with Francis Renfrow who ran the facility. She handed me a folder filed with information about Ways: Grant Deeds, hand written notes, obituaries and photos. Francis personally remembered one of my grandmother's cousins. Included in the folder was a newspaper clipping about Byron's death in Sherman, Texas. Unfortunately the paper's name and date had been trimmed off.

Later, on-line, I found "The Way Family: James Way" site. A well organized genealogy listing family members from about 1650 on. Byron's wife, Nellie, was listed as dying of consumption in 1888, and Byron was shown to have been shot in Sherman, Texas by a deranged man on October 4, 1889. Sherman at that time was a true wild west town with lots of drinking and shooting, so it sounded logical.

So it seemed that sometime after Nellie's death (I think?) Byron left the children with the grandparents in Douglas, Kansas and took off. We don't know why or exactly where he went, but he may have been looking for work. He was shown as a barber in a couple of documents.

I searched the internet and Sherman Texas records as best I could but couldn't find anything. Finally, in 2013, my wife suggested I contact the Sherman Library directly to see if I could get some help. I was connected with Michael Miller in their genealogy department. Michael was unable to find any reference to Byron Way in their records, but asked me to email him the information I had and he would check into it.

About 3 weeks later I received a manila envelope that answered all my questions.

There was a Way who had been shot to death, not in 1889 but in 1892. His name wasn't listed as Byron, but Barney and he was a barber. Michael Miller sent me copies of the newspaper account of what happened. It certainly was not an accidental shooting as my father thought, and while the man wasn't crazy, he probably was deranged at the time. The newspaper account is shown below:

From the Sherman Daily Register, October 5, 1892:

One more fatal shooting has been added to Grayson County's long list and, as a result, Barney Way, a shiftless and apparently harmless barber, is a corpse. Just before 11 o'clock last night, S.F. Van Wagner walked into the saloon of Chas. Bray, on North Travis Street. Geo, Norton, and Barney Way were standing in front of the bar, and Hale Foqua was standing behind the bar. All three were talking. Van Wagner walked up to within 4 feet of Barney. Foqua said "What is it?" and Van Wagner drew a 32 calibre pistol and without a word shot Way 4 times. The victim fell, then scrambled to his feet, ran to the back door and fell dead. Van Wagner said to Foqua, "He separated me and my wife, but the s-n of a b- - -h will never another man and wife." He then turned and walked out of the front door and down the street. He was met by policeman Anderson who arrested him and took charge of his weapon and took his prisoner to jail. Van Wagner offered no resistance.

CAUSE OF THE SHOOTING

Van Wagner is a barber, who for several months past, has conducted a shop on the north side of the square. He is probably 60 years of age. Way is a young, dissolute barber, who has been here for a year or more. A month or two since Way was on a protracted spree and was in a bad fix physically. Van Wagner took him to his own home and fed him and lodged him, giving him employment in his barber shop.

A few weeks later Barney was bounced from the Van Wagner domicile, and simultaneously from the barber shop. Van Wagner stating to his friends that Barney had repaid his kindness by alienating the affections of his (Van Wagner's) wife. He also stated that he had initiated legal proceedings to secure a divorce and that he would live with her no longer.

My wife and I have been impressed with the dedication of genealogy facilities across the country. In Douglas they kept folders full of information on families that have lived there, and were friendly and informative while helping us. The only thing they asked in return was information to add to the collection. In Sherman they went out of their way to help, searching for my family even though most of my data was incorrect, then sending it to me and never asked for anything in return. We always make a contribution to the society or library we visit, to help them keep the lights on. And, in these cases also sending thank you notes for the help they provided.

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Ancestral Gleanings

By Robert Bowman

I was ten years old when I had my first memorable encounter with genealogy. It was on my birthday, August 15, when my parents reminded me that I was named for two ancestors who fought in the American Revolution, both captains, one in Pennsylvania Militia and the other in the Continental Army Corps. These two men were Captain Robert Pike Pickens II of South Carolina and Captain Samuel Elliott of Pennsylvania. I was named Robert for Pickens and Elliott for Captain Sam. Other ancestors from New York and Massachusetts were also in the war but are not covered here, nor is a Scot, Alexander McDonnell, drafted at age 18 in time to join the surrender at Yorktown and stay in America and become a school teacher. (I have his “encyclopedia” from the 1790s)

Robert Pickens was born in Maryland November 26, 1747 and died in Anderson County, South Carolina July 19, 1830. He was the son of Robert I who was born in Limerick, Ireland in 1697 and died June 1793 in South Carolina. He married in Frederick, Maryland, Miriam Davis, daughter of George Davice, said by some to be a member of the same Davis family as was, later, Jefferson Davis. In his old age Robert I was partly blind and had a sort of Sedan Chair built to support him and be transported by slaves around the plantation.

This first Robert Pike Pickens is said to be the son of William Henry Pickens born 1669 in France who married in Ireland Margaret Pike ca. 1692. His parents were Robert Andrew Pickens born 1644 in Scotland who married in La Rochelle, France Esther Jeanne Benoit (or Bonneau). After the revocation of the Edict of Nantes he returned to Scotland then to Limerick, Ireland.

Brigadier General Andrew Pickens, a cousin, (called Syagunsta or “Wizard Owl” by the Indians) whose common ancestor with ours was William Henry Pickens, is said to have never laughed or smiled and his portraits show a stern face. He stated that his ancestors were Huguenots. His descendants were prominent; one being ambassador to Russia whose infant daughter (named Doushka -little darling—by the Czar) was (wrongfully) portrayed in political cartoons as lighting the fuse to the cannon that fired the first shot at Fort Sumter.

When the American Revolution began, Andrew was appointed general and our ancestor, Captain Robert, was named his Aide De Camp. Andrew had 30 slaves but Robert had only 6 to 8 slaves

The story goes that Robert was home on leave when a troop of British sympathizers (Tories) came to his house to shoot or capture Captain Robert. His wife bravely impeded their search while he slipped out the back door and ran into a wooded area where there was a large pine tree that was down and the bark loosened with age. He thereupon laid alongside of it, pulling loose bark over himself. In a short time the Tories burst out of the house, ran into the wooded patch, jumped over the bark hiding Robert and were off.

Robert married Dorcas Hallum. She was the daughter of William Hallum a founder of Hagerstown, Maryland who moved to South Carolina and was also a slave owner. Robert and Dorcas had a number of children. Their daughter, Mary, married George Bowman, a minister in 1799.

Samuel Elliott, on the other hand, was born near Ballymena, Antrim, Ulster, Ireland. He immigrated in 1771 to Caernarvon, Lancaster Pennsylvania and enlisted in the Pennsylvania Militia, Brecknock-Caernarvon, Lancaster to fight in the Revolutionary War, rising to the rank of Captain.

He married Mary Campbell in Allentown in about 1776/7 and about 1800 moved to Licking, Ohio where they spent the rest of their lives in Newark with their children. Their son, also our ancestor, Alexander Campbell Elliott, who was born in Allegheny, Maryland on May 13, 1788 came with them. He was a soldier in the War of 1812.

Samuel and son Alexander were both active in the governance of Newark. The story is well known, thanks to Cousin Charles Elliott, that there was a strong movement in Newark circa 1833, after Samuel's death, to ban black people from living there and giving them short notice to leave town. Alexander Elliott was on the Board of the Town but was not told of a meeting at which this would be voted upon. However a little black boy named Eddy Royce came and warned him and begged him to prevent such a movement. Indeed, Alexander came to the board meeting and stopped the movement altogether. Afterward he had a talk with Eddy and told him he should go to Liberia where a fine future would await him. Eddie listened and took that advice years later but unfortunately became regarded as a selfish dictator and the country rose up against him. Eddie

chose to try to escape, swimming to a government ship at anchor, but the waters were shark infested and Eddie was seen no more.

Luckily, the basic information on the descent from Pickens and Elliott was handed down in our family but more may be viewed via internet searches for Pickens, Elliott, Licking County Historical Society etc.

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A Medieval Connection

By Robert Bowman

Luck is always a factor in genealogic searches. I was searching for information via the network on the Austin family of Massachusetts and, oddly, received a reply from a man in South Carolina alerting me to the fact that my mother's great grandmother was a relative (not a descendant) of John Hancock, signer of the Declaration of Independence, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and the presidential Bush family. More important, this ancestor, Mary Clark Bradley Austin, was a direct descendant of the Reverend Peter Bulkeley, a founder of Concord and a direct descendant of King Henry II of England.

Donald Lines Jacobus, the founder of *The American Genealogist*, has written a book, *The Bulkeley Genealogy* which traces Bulkeley's ancestry to King Henry II. The King became guardian of a young, some say 16 year old, member of the nobility known as "Countess Ida" and had by her a son, William Longespee who was made Earl of Salisbury, Bulkeley's ancestor. Of course a descent from Henry II also implies multiple descents from Charlemagne and descents from French, German, and other royalties and nobility, for instance:

William the Conqueror

Geoffrey Plantagenet

Alfred the Great

Hugh Capet, King of France

Saher de Quincy, crusader and Magna Carta Surety

Anne of Kiev, descendant of Rurik and Vladimir and wife of French King Henry I

Lewellen Ap Iowerth, Prince of North Wales

Constance of Provence, Byzantine ancestry

Henry the Fowler, King of the Saxons

Peter Bulkeley was a graduate of Cambridge University where he developed puritan leanings and was therefore persecuted by Archbishop

Laud. This led to his coming to America where he was a founder of Concord. His first wife, Jane Allen had Standish, Mowbray, Gerard, Plumpton and de Ros ancestry as well as descent from St. Margaret of Scotland, daughter of Prince Edward the Exile, descendant of Alfred the Great etc.

My children, descended as above, also have a descent from Edward 1 via their mother and one of her ancestors, General Cudworth, and are, therefore, twice as "*Royal*" as either their father or mother.

My maternal great grandparents, Smith and Hanson, came to Seattle independently from each other in 1869. Their journeys from the east coast were both by ship to Panama, horse carriage across the Isthmus and ship to California. Both resided in California for some years, then came to Seattle from California by ship (Smith) or overland, (Hanson). Leonard Smith was elected mayor of Seattle in 1880. Hanson was educated in Norway and Denmark as a doctor but that training was invalid in the U.S.A. so he managed his ownership of Alki Point, lumbering etc.

Genealogy causes us to expand our understanding of the past and gives us a broader understanding of the roots of our own self.

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A Night at the White House; December 14, 1943

By Bev Brice

"Margaret and I just finished looking at most of the rooms in this beautiful place & it is all so wonderful that I have to pinch myself [to] realize that we are both here at the White House."

When George F Brice Sr. and his second wife Margaret Masters spent the night at the White House as a guest of President Roosevelt's daughter Anna Roosevelt Boettinger, they each wrote a letter describing their experience. Grandpa Brice's reaction is especially fun. Anyone would be thrilled to be invited to sleep over in the White House, but perhaps George Brice more than most.

As a 9 year old kid he had traveled from Wisconsin to Washington Territory on the train. His mother only had enough money to pay her passage so the conductors keep threatening to throw the 3 children off. Fortunately they made it all the way and upon arrival in Portland their father paid the fare. Growing up in financial hardship, having approximately an 8th grade education, George had apprenticed to be a lawyer and then moved on to the Mortgage and Banking business. He was a respected and successful business man in Portland and Seattle in 1943, but he likely thought about the contrasts in his life.

How the Brices knew Anna Boettinger is still a mystery. She met them at the train in a White House car when they arrived in Washington DC, so they must have been more than passing acquaintances. Her husband was the publisher of the Seattle PI and she a society editor. Although George was known in the business community and Margaret was a gracious hostess, the Brices were not part of "old Seattle Society", leaving the question of their friendship an open one.

In her book *No Ordinary Time*, Doris Kearns Goodwin describes the Roosevelt White House during the war as a small, intimate hotel. "The residential floors of the mansion were occupied by a series of houseguests, some of whom stayed for years." This may help in understanding the Brice's visit. The Roosevelt's daughter Anna had arrived for the holidays and she included her "friends" among the guests.

December 14th was three days before FDR returned from the Teheran conference with Churchill and Stalin so he wasn't there. Eleanor had spent the day in New York City, returning to the White House at 7:15 and joined the dinner party at 7:45. The other house guest was Justice Justine Polier who arrived with Eleanor. Justine Polier, born in Portland, Oregon, is described as "an outspoken activist and fighting judge" who was the first woman judge in New York. She used her position on the Family Court to fight for the rights of the poor and disenfranchised. She was also a Zionist.¹

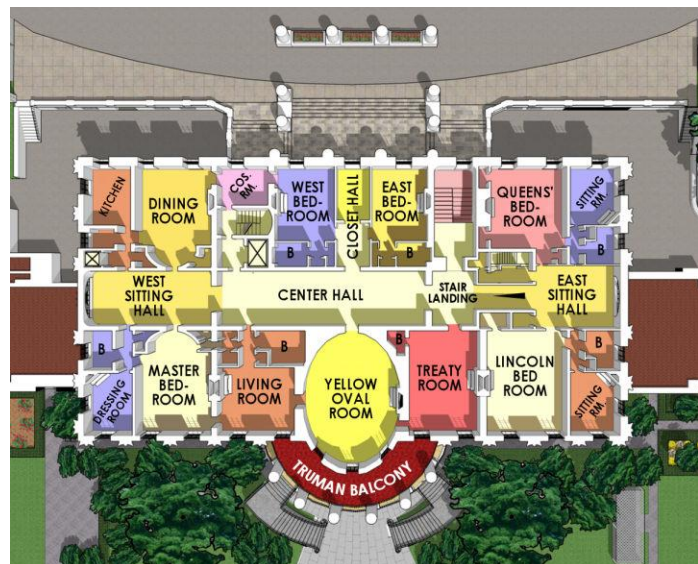
Dinner was in the family dining room on the first floor, followed by a gathering with dinner guests from 9:20 to midnight. Margaret states that this took place in the West Hall which was screened off and used as a sitting room by the family. The conversation must have been a lively one. The Brices were confirmed Republicans and not terribly supportive of the social activism of Eleanor nor of the New Deal. Wish I knew how the conversation went and what they thought of Justice Polier.



George and Margaret were assigned to the "Yellow Room" [East Bedroom], one of two guest bedrooms with private baths on the second floor. The White House Museum website shows pictures of this room during Truman's time but unfortunately there is no picture from 1943. The 1948 pictures show a sitting area around a fireplace which was likely similar to what was

found in 1943. Margaret mentions that the room is directly over the entrance, and across the hall from the President's study.

Anna took them on a tour of the building, including the President's study and bedroom, where there was a fabulous collection of small and large figures of all types of animals and prints and etchings of all types of ships.



¹ Franklin D Roosevelt Day by Day, www.fdrlibrary.arist.edu. Justine W Polier, www.wikipedia.org. downloaded 7 July 2012.

They got to see this even though the room was locked when the President was away.

Following breakfast the next morning in the West Hall area, they toured the Executive Office wing, entering the President's office, and the Cabinet Room. This part of the tour included the swimming pool that had been installed for FDR and the bomb shelter built at the beginning of the war. George went to a meeting and Margaret accompanied Anna to the Senate Building where Anna had a meeting at 3pm.

Having arrived at 4:30 pm on December 14th, the Brices left at 5:00 pm on December 15th for the train station and the return trip to Seattle.

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One of My Black Sheep

By Beverly Brice

There are black sheep in every family, and John Sales qualifies for the title. He was a thief and by the end of his life he exhibited seriously questionable behavior. He wasn't afraid to try new adventures, making two major moves in his time, perhaps as a way to avoid his troubles.

John and his daughter Phoebe appear on the American side of the Atlantic in Boston in 1630. He was one who came with the Winthrop Fleet to establish the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Although wives were often mentioned in these records, no wife is recorded for John. He was about 30 years old and Phoebe was 5. Lavenham is listed as their point of origin, a small community 3 1/2 miles from Little Waddington in Suffolk, England where Phoebe and her sister Sarah were baptized.² John and Phoebe made their home in Charlestown, just across the bay from Boston. He was a member of the Boston church, showing that he was meeting the religious expectations of the settlers by conforming to the societal norm of church membership.

The first winters in New England were hard ones for the settlers with many being short of food. Some of the citizens were tradesmen and didn't know how to farm. No occupation has been identified for John, so it is unclear how he expected to support himself. The hardships continued into 1633 as the summer of 1632 was short and wet with small crops of Indian corn that was the staple diet. The shortage presented serious concern for the survival of the community.

In 1632 John was convicted of taking corn from various persons. He was publically punished, which probably meant time in the stocks and possibly physical harm such as whipping. Additionally he was required to pay restitution. This apparently did not stop his harmful behavior to others as on 1 April 1633 he was again convicted for taking corn and fish from various persons as well as clapboards required for building houses. His estate was forfeited this time and was used to pay double restitution to those harmed. Additionally, he was bound out for 3 years as a servant to

² Gwenn P Epperson, "The True Identity of John Sales alias Jan Celes of Manhattan," *NYGBR*, 123 (1992): p 66. Charles Robert Anderson, *The Great Migration Begins*, Boston: New England Historic Genealogical Society, 1995-, v3:1616.

William Coggeshall who was a leading member of the community. John was to receive 4 pounds a year for his service.³

Phoebe, who by this time was 7 years old, was also bound to Coggeshall as an apprentice. Her term of service was 14 years, or until she was 21. This was commonly done to care for "orphaned" children. It supports the idea that Phoebe's mother was not living in Massachusetts. Upon completion of her service she was to receive a sow and a calf.

Neither John nor Phoebe were cooperative in working for Mr Coggeshall. On 4 March 1633/34 John was severely whipped for running away. He had gone 12 miles off to where a group of 7 Indians lived. During the time he was there, 4 died of the pox and he apparently decided to return to Boston. Upon his return he apparently completed his time with William Coggeshall. On 6 June 1637 the court learned that Phoebe had been "over burdensome" to Coggeshall and he had put her out with John Levins of Roxbury. The court was willing to appointed two men to end the differences between Coggeshall and Levins over the terms of her care and to discharge Coggeshall from his responsibility for her. The arbitrators were to "dispose of Phoebe as they think equal." ⁴

Perhaps John had already indicated his interest in leaving the colony. In any event by 1638 the two are found in New Amsterdam, living under the rule of the Dutch West India Company. In this year John received permission to lease land in New Amsterdam. The Company owned Manhattan Island and leased property to those who would occupy them and were freemen. Freemen were men not employed by the Company. His location on a modern map includes the area from Charlton Street to McDougal St near Washington Square Park, a distance of about .4 of a mile, and then west to the North or Hudson River. ⁵

Almost immediately John is back in court. The first case was 25 November 1638 when Cornelius Cool claims for damage done by John's hogs. In John's defense, however, this was a common complaint in the New Amsterdam courts. By 26 November 1643 the charge is more serious. The Fiscal representing the Company accuses "Old Jan", as he was known, of driving cows and horses into the swamp near his property and cutting the cow of "Little Manuel" with a chopping knife. He was ordered to pay

³ Charles Robert Anderson,, *The Great Migration Begins*, v3:1617. Epperson, "The True Identity of John Sales alias Jan Celes of Manhattan," p 66-68.

⁴ Epperson, "The True Identity of John Sales alias Jan Celes of Manhattan," p 68.

⁵ Epperson, "The True Identity of John Sales alias Jan Celes of Manhattan," p 68.

damages and forbidden to repeat the offense or he would be banished. ⁶
Could alcohol abuse be behind John's strange behavior?

The only associate of John that has come to light over these years is George Spencer. On 28 December 1639, just after arriving in New Amsterdam, John gave a power of attorney to Isaac Allerton⁷ to collect money due John from George. Spencer had also been tried for theft in Massachusetts. George Spencer was living near John in New Amsterdam by 1642.

When John wrote his will 7 April 1645 he described himself as "being wounded and lying sick a bed". He was 45 years of age and had been in New Amsterdam for 7 years. He died shortly thereafter as his wife Marritjen Robbers remarried in August of that year. John had married Marritjen less than a year before.⁸

daughter Phoebe married at the early age of 14 in 1640. She and her first husband probably remained in New Amsterdam during John's life. He left half of his property there to them. By 1654 they had moved to Long Island in the area that is now Brooklyn. Her husband died in 1663 and she remarried, but died within three years at the age of 41. She was the mother of 9 children, giving birth to the first one at age 15.

Genealogical Summary

John SALES was born about 1600 calculated from the birth of his first known child in 1625. 11 August 1625 John and "Phillip" Soales were married in Little Waddingfield, Suffolk, England. Phillip was likely meant to be Phillipa and she and her daughter Sarah apparently died before 1630 when John and Phoebe arrived in Boston. ⁹

A marriage record on 21 August 1644 in New Amsterdam Dutch Reformed Church shows that John married Marritjen Robbers. He is listed as widow of "Phillipa Zaals" showing that he had not remarried since leaving England. John died between the time he wrote his will on the 17th of April

⁶ Epperson, "The True Identity of John Sales alias Jan Celes of Manhattan," p 70.

⁷ Allerton was a merchant who worked between Boston and New Amsterdam.

⁸ Epperson, "The True Identity of John Sales alias Jan Celes of Manhattan," p 70. Jaap Jacobs, *New Netherland A Dutch Colony in Seventeenth Century America*: Brill, Leiden/Boston 2005, p 73.

⁹ David M Riker, *Genealogical and Biographical Directory to Persons in New Netherland*, Salem, Massachusetts: Higginson 1999 and FTM CD #11), v3. Epperson, "The True Identity of John Sales alias Jan Celes of Manhattan," p 65 Charles Robert Anderson, *The Great Migration Begins*, v3:1617.

1745 and the remarriage of Marritjen on 9 August of the same year. ¹⁰ John was known as Jan Celes in Dutch records.

John SALES and Phillipa SOALES had the following children:

i. Phebea SALES, married Teunis NYSSSEN, 11 February 1640. [see Nyseen/Van Middleswart Family]

ii. Sarah SALES was christened on 27 July 1628 in Little Waldingfield, Suffolk, England.¹¹ She probably died young. No record of her coming to Massachusetts.

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¹⁰ Henry Hoff, ed, *Genealogies of Long Island Families*, Baltimore: Genealogical Publishing Company, 1987, p 286. Ted Brassard, "New York (New Amsterdam) Dutch Reformed Church Baptisms/ Marriages," database, *The Olive Tree* (<http://www.olivetreegenealogy.com/nn/church/> : accessed 29 June 2011), Marriages 1644 for Jan Corley.

¹¹ Epperson, "The True Identity of John Sales alias Jan Celes of Manhattan," p 66.

My Moment of Pain and Suffering

By Ann Candioto

Last winter I went traveling in the Anza-Borrego Desert: 600,000 acres in extreme southern California, east of San Diego and west of the Salton Sea. It is a severe tan world of convoluted mountain ridges and valleys. Plants are tough survivors like creosote bush, ocotillo and cactus. Animals are foxes, mule deer, cougars, big horn sheep (los borregos) and humans. The former survive and thrive, the latter are dependent on the metal shells, sometimes referred to as RV's, which they carry with them.

Bruce, Lucky and I stopped with such a band at Mountain Palm Springs, a bulldozed half-mile of dirt road ending in a wagon train circle of eight or ten spots to park. No wires, no water, no services except a state-of-the-art concrete-block outhouse. Most of our fellow campers were of the Canadian tribe and experienced in the realities of the place. We settled in and hiked to see the small groves of native desert palms tucked in to water collecting crevices. We saw ocotillo in red bloom and cactus in great variety, including the infamous "jumping" cholla. It was pretty easy to navigate the bare spots and paths among all the thorny crowd.

It was easy, that is, until twilight when Lucky and I went for a stroll on the dirt access road. My eye was attracted by a tiny blossom and I stepped over the dusty berm to get a closer look. I never saw it because of a sharp stabbing pain in my right foot - eek. There was a cluster of golf ball sized orbs, heavily armed with one-inch woody spikes imbedded in my red rubber Croc sandal. Unthinking, I swung my left foot over to brush them off and almost lost my balance as several more cholla balls attached themselves to that shoe. I turned to take the step or two to the road and several more impaled my anklebone. I knew I was in trouble, the pain was strong and I began to feel the muscles in my legs wanting to go into spasm. I limped the 50 feet or so back to our home-away-from-home, mewling pitifully.

Bruce leaped into action with a folding chair (just in time) and a pair of vise-grip pliers from the toolbox. He tugged and pulled the stabbers from my skin and shoes, tossing them well away. I took to my bed, applied unguents, and watched as a massive bruise formed over my ankle. The wise Canadians said "Yep, they'll climb right up your leg -eh? Never leave camp without a credit card or a plastic comb for a flipper."

One of our interests in the area was to follow, in reverse, the route of the Mormon Battalion infantry march of 1846 - 47. The Battalion had already come about 1800 miles when they reached what is now the Anza-Borrego State Park. We were camped just north of Carrizo Creek, where the Battalion arrived January 17 of 1847, having force marched the last sixty miles in forty-eight hours without water. William Coray, a soldier and journal keeper, had this to say:

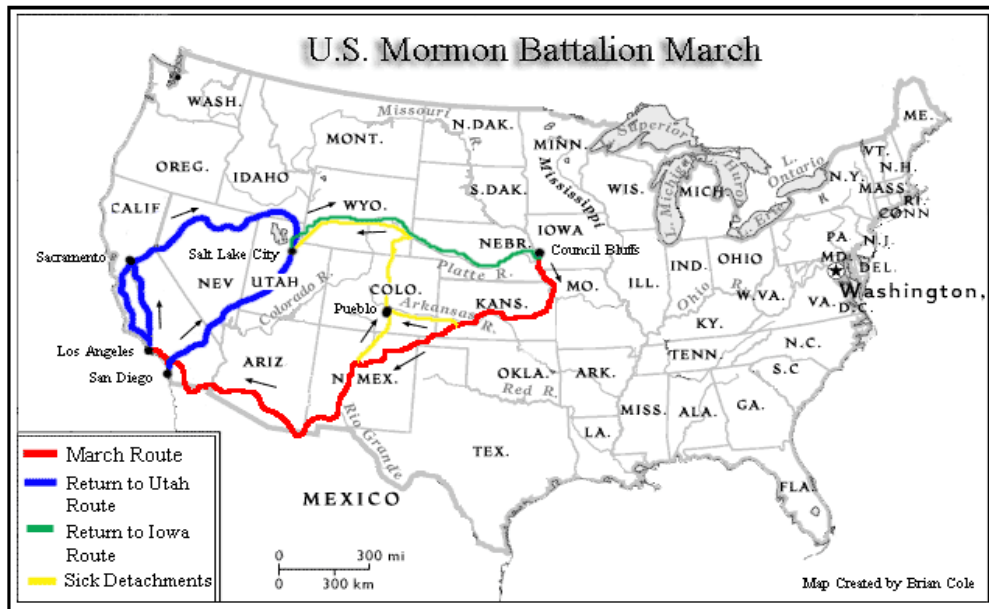
"The past five days seemed the hardest of the trip to date... Many, many men had no shoes. They wrapped rawhide around their feet and tied it in place. When an ox was killed, some of the men cut a ring around the leg above the joint. The skin was peeled off without cutting it lengthwise. The lower end was sewed up with sinews. The natural crook of the hide shaped it somewhat like the foot. Thus, after several day's wearing, it was like a short boot. Others wrapped clothing around their feet for protection against burning sand in the daytime and freezing cold at night. The men were used up from thirst, fatigue, and hunger; there was no talking. Some could not speak at all, their tongues were so swollen and dark. Many had scurvy. The men used their last 4oz. of flour; there had been no sugar or coffee for weeks. Sixteen more mules gave out... Many men carried water back to those men lying along the way. Levi Hancock remarked that the great Mississippi would be lost in this ocean of sand."

One of those suffering men was my ancestor, Elijah Thomas, the brother of my paternal great-great grandmother, Amanda Thomas. As we left our campsite and whizzed along at 60mph, covering a day's march in twenty minutes, I nursed my still throbbing ankle and scanned the large dry wash I'm sure they walked in. Pain and suffering indeed.

The Mormon Battalion and their participation in the events of 1846 - 47 is a little noted sidebar to the opening of the West. In that year major changes in the lives of the Mormons and in national politics were happening simultaneously. In January mobs, provoked by their fear of Mormon power and polygamy had driven the people from their prosperous temple city of Nauvoo, Illinois, across the frozen Mississippi River and into a starving, brutal struggle for survival as they trekked across Iowa with nothing between them and the elements but wagon canvas.

Meanwhile in Washington D.C., James Polk was President, the Congress was het up about the possibilities of the Oregon Territory, and John Fremont was poking around Spanish California, helping foment, along with the Texans, a war with Mexico over territory. General Stephen Kearny was placed in command of The U.S. Army of the West, at Fort

Leavenworth, and sabers were rattled. In April Kearny, on orders from Washington, sent a small party of Army officers to ask the Mormons, struggling in Iowa, to raise a battalion of



500 men to assist in the prosecution of this coming Mexican-American War. The first Church members to meet this group were astonished at the request from a government that had failed to offer the slightest protection from their attackers in Nauvoo. Not to mention that the men were sick, starved, homeless and traveling with their voluminous families.

By June Brigham Young and other survivors of the Iowa exodus were settling in on the east bank of the Missouri at present day Council Bluffs. They built a large structure of poles thatched with leafy branches for religious meetings, dances and public gatherings. It was in this Bowery that Young spoke to his gathered people and led them to the idea that this enlistment would be a good thing. He didn't mention directly that he had sent an emissary to the federal government offering various services, such as ferries and mail service, and he may have been as surprised as they at this request, but he spoke as their respected prophet and leader, offering a spiritual framework for the task and all knew that immediate cash from clothing allowances and pay would be a lifeline for the destitute Church.

Over the next two weeks men made their decisions and arrangements and began to enlist. Among them was my ancestor-uncle Elijah Thomas, the 31 year-old bachelor son of a large extended family all of whom had joined the Church, sold off their plantation in Mississippi and reestablished themselves in Nauvoo. Also enlisting were Elijah's cousin, Nathan Thomas, and his new brother-in-law, Jabez Nowlin, (who had just married my nineteen year-old second great grandmother, Amanda, and left

her in the care of his brother to make the additional 1,000 miles to the Salt Lake Valley).

The Army had asked for 500 healthy men between the ages of 18 and 45, plus 20 women to serve as laundresses. What they got was 496 men ranging in age from 14 to 68, plus 33 wives of battalion members, three other women and 44 children. These people were in the Army now, under enlistment for a year, but also held the belief that they were on a mission for their Church and “building up the Kingdom of God”. On July 18, a Saturday, final blessings and instructions were given by Church leaders. The men stomped down the grass in an eight rod square and they held a farewell dance.

Off they trudged, on what would become the longest infantry march in military history. They left present day Council Bluffs on June 20th and marched south for twelve days along the Missouri River, to Fort Leavenworth (present day Kansas) where they were issued muskets, knapsacks, and a clothing allowance, most of which was sent back to the families and the Church. They left the fort on August 11th and set out for Bent’s Fort, where they would be resupplied.

Sickness became a constant companion of the travelers. They had a doctor of sorts, assigned by the Army. His name was George Sanderson and his medical knowledge seemed only to extend to regular doses of calomel, known today as the poison *mercury chloride*. It was a common cure-all of the time, acting as a violent purgative. The men who became sick were forced to take it. Fear and conflict arose between them and their commander, Lieutenant Smith, a rigid disciplinarian, who sided with the doctor. There was mutinous feeling. Coray says *“...I went to the surgeon to report the sick who were unable to walk. He said, ‘By God, you bring them here. I know my duty’... we carried the sick to his quarters which was generally some ways for he was afraid to camp near us for fear of his life”*.

On September 12th they crossed the Arkansas River in southwest Kansas and there, by amazing coincidence, crossed paths with three men from Mississippi, all Mormons. One of them was Elijah’s older brother, Daniel Monroe Thomas. The three had just guided a party of Mormon families, later known as the Mississippi Saints, to Pueblo, a trapper’s camp near Bent’s Fort (present day Colorado) where it was agreed they would spend the winter and catch up with the main body of the Church in the spring. A few days later Lieutenant Smith took the opportunity presented by this new knowledge to send the majority of the women and children to Pueblo

with a Captain Higgins and ten healthy men. They could winter with the Mississippi Saints.

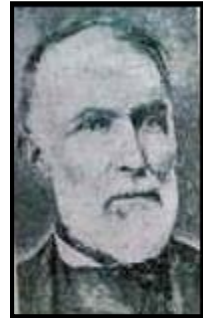
The Battalion continued on, receiving some supplies from Bent's Fort and the news that Kearny had moved on and expected them to change course for Santa Fe - short on rations. They sometimes made 25 miles in a day, and often camped without water, wood, or grass for the teams. Mules began to die off and men sickened from tainted water since they could not restrain themselves from drinking out of stagnant buffalo wallows. They entered the Spanish city on October 12, 1846 and met Lt. Colonel Philip St. George Cooke, who had been ordered by General Kearney to take over the Battalion and with it make a wagon road to the Pacific. Colonel Cooke, dismayed, wrote that the Battalion was:

"enlisted too much by families; some were too old, some feeble, and some too young; it was embarrassed by many women; it was undisciplined; it was much worn down by traveling on foot and marching from Nauvoo, Illinois; their clothing was very scant; there was no money to pay them or clothing to issue;... the quartermaster department was without funds and its credit bad; ... I have brought road tools and have determined to take through my wagons; but the experiment is not a fair one, as the mules are nearly broken down at the outset".

The Colonel decided to send the remaining women, children and disabled men to the Pueblo camp. A number of the men did not want to leave their wives in the wilderness with only sick men to protect them. They pleaded their case and were granted permission to accompany the women. Interestingly, another plea allowed five women to continue the march with their husbands. In all, the total of the original party sent to Pueblo was 159 men, 29 women, and 43 children. Elijah's cousin and brother-in-law were sent to Pueblo, but he was among the 335 men and five women who continued the journey under Colonel Cooke. Because the planned wagon road lay largely over uncharted country several guides were engaged at Santa Fe, among them Jean Baptiste Charbonneau, who was the son born to Sacajawea during her journey with the Lewis and Clark Expedition of 1804 - 1806.

Space doesn't allow for detailing the rest of their march, except to say it included pulling wagons through roads made with pick and shovel, short rations, great thirst, sickness, and a stampede and charge of wild bulls from abandoned Spanish cattle herds in the southern desert. They marched through Tucson, which had been deserted by its Mexican

garrison, and were succored by a stop at the Pima and Mariposa native villages. They struck the Gila River and followed it to the Colorado, crossing at present day Yuma and continuing to Corrizo Creek and the palm springs where my story began.



On January 20 the guide Charbonneau returned from San Diego, their intended destination, and reported meager supplies. He suggested the Battalion stop at Warner's Ranch, a further two days march, where they encountered timber, grass, plentiful water, beef, and Indian-made pancakes. They stopped for a day of rest and learned that Kearny had sent word that peace was established. Colonel Cooke decided to make for the village of Los Angeles, where he could best support Kearny. There the Battalion's companies were split up and sent on various internal duties in the newly American territory. Their enlistment ended and they were discharged on July 16, 1847.

Elijah Thomas went on to marry in San Francisco (the village of Yerba Buena at the time), work at Sutter's Mill when gold was discovered there, make his way back to Salt Lake City with wife and stepson, become a prosperous merchant, serve a mission to Jamaica, marry again in polygamy, father nine children and ultimately settle in extreme southern Utah, where he manufactured castor oil, found a silver lode (lost to claim jumpers) and died in 1906 at age 91.

But that is another story.

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She Called Herself Occoneche.

By Pam Clise

The Charles Larkin Smith household of North Carolina traded three bags of precious salt for the young girl. Family lore tells the story of Occoneche being born of an Indian mother and a French father, and then orphaned before she was traded for the salt. When she came to live with the Smith family, they renamed her Frances Beulah Forbes.

In that same household was a young man by the name of John Larkin Smith.

Frances and Larkin -as he was generally called- married April 15, 1832 in Warrior River, Alabama, where all nine of their children were born over a twenty year period.

Looking for new opportunities in 1857, the Smith family moved to Desoto Parish, Louisiana where most of them eventually lived out their lives. One of their older daughters, Martha (Mattie) Elizabeth had just married tall, blue-eyed John Wesley (J.W.) McCullough from Alabama.

McCullough was a hard worker and an adventuress man. Soon after the move to Louisiana he found work on the Henry Moss plantation as overseer of slaves. He particularly enjoyed riding the grounds on the exceptional horse that he was given for his new job. Food that was grown included grain, potatoes, beans, peas, and turnips. Pigs and chickens were kept as well. Mattie, a woman of strong character, often gave extra supplies to the slaves when no one was looking.

As the War Between the States escalated, J.W. enlisted in the Southern Confederate Army, thinking that the war would be over within a couple of weeks. Pork, extra blankets, clothing, and other valuables were buried in the fields and plowed over to prevent the Union Army soldiers from taking everything away.

Supplies very rapidly became short. Grain was used in place of coffee. To take the place of salt, the dirt under the area where the meat had hung and dripped its salty liquid was dug up. The dirt was boiled with water, strained, and added to stews for seasoning.

The war was raging all around them when on April 9, 1864, J.W. was called out to battle while gunfire could be heard from the houses. Once

J.W. left the house Mattie, full of anxiety, bolted the outside doors, dragged heavy furniture against them, and said, "Nobody's coming through these doors tonight". She hadn't much more than spoken when she heard hoof beats coming toward the house and heard someone yell, "We beat hell out of 'em tonight Mattie! It was her husband coming home from the Battle of Mansfield a few miles north of their house. He was one of the lucky ones to make it home again that night.

The following morning Mattie, her mother, Frances, and neighbor women walked the short mile to the battlefield to see if they might possibly help any wounded soldiers. As they walked through the carnage, Mattie, was heard to say, "THERE'S is a dead Yankee, about the time he opened his eyes. Frances broke some tree branches, shaded his face, and said, "He is still somebody's son".

Respectfully submitter with thanks to well kept family letters and verbal history: Pam McCollum Clise

Charles Elton McCullough great grandfather

Martha Elizabeth (Mattie) Smith and John Wesley (J.W.) McCullough,
Second great grandparents

Larkin Smith and Occoneche/Frances Beulah Smith,

Third great grandparents

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A Barefaced Swindle

By Bill Conklin

“...that whole transaction was a barefaced swindle from the beginning of it” according to the 1877 written testimony of Frederick Wallroth for the House of Representatives in the Income Tax Case of the United States against New York City businessman John S. Dickerson, my 2nd great-grandfather, a successful importer of tin plate, sheet iron and other metals. Mr. Dickerson and his various New York City merchant firms were accused by Mr. Wallroth, the firms’ bookkeeper, of not paying any income taxes to the United States government during the time income tax law was in operation from January 1, 1862 until he left the employ of the firm in 1868. By his estimate, Mr. Dickerson’s firms owed the government \$50,000.

The barefaced swindle mentioned by Mr. Wallroth, however, had nothing to do with income tax fraud. This was a reference to one of Mr. Dickerson’s fraudulent business schemes, illustrating his dishonest character, and by inference, a man who couldn’t be trusted to pay his taxes. This struck me as a more interesting story than tax evasion, as so many people partake in tax avoidance in one way or another. But a barefaced swindle - that sounded intriguing.

Business acquaintances John S. Dickerson, Edgar Reed and John W. Jones, by oral agreement, formed a real estate partnership in September 1864. Two months later, on November 28, they entered into a written agreement, signed by all, to purchase the Bogardus Farm, the Scofield Farm and the Jones Farm, along Fishkill Creek in Dutchess County, New York. The partnership agreement stated that the partners would share all expenses and losses and all gains and profits equally.

Mr. Jones, and to a lesser extent, Mr. Reed hired Benjamin Higgs a.k.a. “The Swamp Angel” to bury large quantities of coal oil throughout the three farms in a scheme to convince potential buyers that this property was naturally-producing oil land. Oil had been discovered in Titusville, Pennsylvania in 1859, and fast-money schemes like this had become rife throughout the country. Higgs escorted visitors about the grounds pointing out to them where the oil flowed freely. Scores of people visited the place from all parts of the country, and property in the vicinity sold at previously unheard of prices.

It wasn't long before the firm of Chester, Mitchell & Co. of Maiden Lane, New York, purchased the land from the Dickerson partnership for \$39,000 in the belief it would produce oil after exploration and development. The new owners began exploration and spent an additional \$40,000, while at the same time "The Swamp Angel" continued to pour oil throughout the lands under cover of darkness. Eventually, however, the company realized it had been swindled and sued Messrs. Dickerson, Reed, and Jones for \$100,000.

The case was tried in the Dutchess County circuit in Poughkeepsie, New York in early December 1866 and was unofficially referred to as the Fishkill Oil Case. The plaintiff's primary witness was Benjamin Higgs, "The Swamp Angel," who was granted immunity from prosecution for his testimony. The trial drew large crowds and was reported in many of the Eastern newspapers including the New York Times, the New York Herald, the Philadelphia Inquirer, and local newspapers. By all accounts, Higgs was the clown of the courtroom, whose testimony drew waves of laughter from those attending the trial. He convulsed the spectators by his unabashed admissions of his enterprise. Even Judge Barnard joined in the laughter as "The Swamp Angel" reveled in his "rascality." As further evidence of his unprincipled character, Higgs had enlisted in the 19th Orange County Regiment during the Civil War, but "overstayed his leave" and never marched. In 1865, however, he had the nerve to turn up when the regiment was paid off, taking advantage of the president's recent pardon of deserters.

The trial ended on Saturday, December 8, 1864, and the jury found a verdict against the defendants for \$51,873 (roughly \$850,000 in 2014). A motion was made for a new trial, which was denied, and the judgment was entered. Mr. Dickerson and Mr. Reed each appealed separately from the order denying a new trial and from the judgment, and again the judgment was affirmed at what was called the general term.

Mr. Dickerson and Mr. Reed then appealed separately to the Court of Commission of Appeals in 1873. The case was titled *George N. Chester et al, plaintiffs, agt. John S. Dickinson [sic], Edgar Reed et al., defendants and appellants*. Mr. Dickerson's lawyer made a number of legal points to the appellate court, but the one most critical to Mr. Dickerson's defense was the argument "that all the rules of commercial partnerships do not apply to partnerships in real estate." To which the judge replied, "they apply to every other kind of partnership, why not this?"

During the 1866 trial, it was determined that Mr. Jones was the defendant principally engaged in perpetrating the fraud by hiring Higgs, who oiled the landscape. There was also evidence that showed that Mr. Reed participated to some extent in the fraud. "But there was no evidence whatever that Dickinson [sic] had anything whatever to do with the fraud, or that he knew that any fraud was practiced."

In the court documents, there were many pages of discussion and case citations regarding commercial partnership law and real estate partnership law. The court took into account that the money received from the plaintiffs and the expenses for Higgs services were shared equally among the partners. "It follows, therefore, that the court committed no error in holding that all the partners were liable for the frauds committed by either in the transaction and prosecution of the partnership enterprise, for it is well settled that the firm is bound for the fraud committed by one partner in the course of the transactions and business of the partnership, even when the other partners have not the slightest connection with or knowledge or participation in the fraud."

The court's ruling was: "I have thus examined all the allegations of error which I deem of sufficient importance to require consideration, and I reach the conclusion that the judgment should be affirmed, with costs." Messrs. Dickerson, Reed and Jones had to pay up, ten years after the swindle. I don't know anything about Reed's and Jones' personal financial situation, but I'm certain Mr. Dickerson had the financial means to pay his share of the judgment.

As for the 1877 income tax case that first brought the Fishkill Oil swindle to my attention, it died a slow, bureaucratic death. Mr. Wallroth first brought Mr. Dickerson's supposed tax evasion to the attention of the Internal Revenue Department in March, 1874. For the next five years, he corresponded with the President, the United States Attorney General, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, the United States Attorney at New York and many others to bring suit against "the delinquent income tax payer, John S. Dickerson, of New York City."

After five years of persistent badgering by Mr. Wallroth, the United States Attorney-General wrote: "The Attorney-General declines to order the United States attorney at New York to commence a suit against John S. Dickerson for the recovery of taxes due the government, and the honorable Attorney-General requests that your memorialist (Wallroth) should desist from troubling his department with any more inquiries or communications on that subject." Put less politely, "get lost."

It's hard to believe that Mr. Wallroth invested five years of his time and a great deal of his money for purely altruistic reasons. Perhaps he had been fired by Mr. Dickerson and was trying for retribution. From his correspondence, he became increasingly angry and threatening with the passage of time. I suspect there was some truth to his accusations, but the federal and New York governments were busy dealing with the aftermath of the Civil War and reconstruction. Trying a tax case that was over ten years old probably had a low priority for resource allocation or a successful conclusion. I also suspect that by the mid-1870s Mr. Dickerson was a prominent and influential enough businessman in New York City, and this probably did not go unnoticed by the politicians.

John S. Dickerson was a paradoxical man. He was a successful, self-made businessman who, by the time he retired in 1880, would be best described as a Gilded Age patrician. In 1876 his schooner-yacht *Madeleine* won the America's Cup race. In 1880 he lived on West 49th street in a mansion staffed with six servants. In 1887 he and his family were invited to the Kingdom of Hawaii by King Kalakaua, and he was awarded the Royal Order of the Star of Oceania. He lived large. But he had shortcomings. Perhaps he evaded paying income taxes in the 1860s. He certainly was involved in the Fishkill Oil swindle. In 1868, his wife, Julia Adelaide Winslow, my 2nd great-grandmother, divorced him because of his sexual peccadillos in a New York City brothel. The court ruled in her favor, awarded her substantial alimony payments, and prohibited Mr. Dickerson from remarrying until after her death. He paid no attention to this legal detail, married a woman 23 years younger than he, and started a second family.

Family lore has held John S. Dickerson in high esteem for generations. But like most humans, he too had his flat spots that were buried over time. He was mortal after all and not a cold, imposing statue on a pedestal - far more interesting, warts and all.

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Indians Massacre Family

By Bill Conklin

Philadelphia, April 1777 - An exhausted young messenger from the Delaware River frontier hamlet of Cochection, about one hundred and fifty miles north of this city, arrived last week by canoe to report that two weeks ago the local Indians murdered and scalped Mrs. Bryant Kane, her two children and her employee Mr. Flowers. The Kanes were well known Tories and friendly with the local Indians who also sympathized with the British; therefore no one yet knows why the family was massacred. Mr. Kane was absent, because he was hiding from the Committee of Safety's scouts under the command of Captain Bezaleel Tyler. Current speculation is that the savages might not have been Mohawks, but rather Senecas who didn't know the Kanes, and they mistakenly massacred them instead of the Nicholas Conklin family who lived in a cabin above the Kanes. The Conklin's were Whigs, and their twenty-year-old son John had been captured by the savages several days earlier. While the savages were refreshing themselves in Mrs. Kane's cabin, she overheard them say they intended to dismember and burn him at the stake. She cut John Conklin's thongs, and he escaped. The Kane massacre may have been in retribution.

This is how I imagine *The Pennsylvania Gazette* might have reported this story in 1777. Three of my ancestors are mentioned: Nicholas Conklin, my 5th great-grandfather, John Conklin, my 4th great-grandfather, and Bezaleel Tyler, my 5th great-grandfather.

Pioneer families from Connecticut began to settle in Cochection fertile flats along the Delaware River in the early 1700s. This area was the rich hunting grounds of the Indians, abounding in beavers and wild animals and a river filled with salmon, shad, and river-trout. The wooded, log-cabin settlement was isolated from other settlements and towns, yet in the midst of Indian Territory. From its very beginning, the settlement was center of border disputes among the New Haven, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania colonies, and just as frequently in disputes with the Indians over land sales. The ebb and flow of border and territorial claims were an accepted part of the frontier life in early Cochection. Although

always suspicious of one another, the settlers and the Indians commonly traded, and their children were rollicking playmates.

Several weeks after the militiamen's musket fire stopped and the smoke cleared on the Lexington green, word reached Cochection that some Americans were in revolt against the King. Tories declared their continued allegiance to the Crown, and Whigs supported those in revolt. The Loyalist cause was the safe bet early in the Revolution, and Cochection became a Tory enclave, as the Whigs who supported the revolutionaries removed to more densely inhabited villages like Minisink where their families would be comparatively safe.

The Whig exodus was so sudden that their crops were abandoned before maturity, and many Tories took pleasure in reaping what they hadn't sown. The heads of Whig households, after leaving their families in safer quarters, often returned to try to harvest their crops, only to be driven away from Cochection by their former neighbors and friends in the belief that the King's soldiers would soon cause the rebels to sue for mercy, confiscate their property and give the property to those who were loyal during the war.

The patriots of Minisink, for "their own and their country's weal," appointed a committee of good and reliable Whigs, known as the Committee of Safety, to "chastise and regulate the obnoxious and auspicious characters of Cochection" and to promote the cause of Whigs generally. Thirty-year-old Captain Bezaleel Tyler commanded the company of scouts. While the Tories took possession of what property the Whigs had left behind, the scouts took away the cattle and sometimes bodies of those suspected Tories who crossed paths with the scouts. Neither party had an advantage in this system of exchange, which led to great losses of property and people on both sides of the war and added intensity to the hatred of both sides.

Captain Tyler was merciless in carrying out his orders. Many stories circulated about his scouting company's atrocities. On his first visit to Cochection, his troops tricked and captured their former nineteen-year-old neighbor John Land. They took him and other prisoners back to Minisink for questioning. What followed was a horrific tale of torture that was described in nightmare detail in the book *The History of Wayne, Pike, and Monroe Counties*. In summary, the scouts questioned John Land, and when he refused to answer, they put a rope around his neck, threw it over a limb, and hauled him up for several minutes. When Land regained consciousness, they questioned him again, and continued to hang him

three or four more times. The scouts finally tired of the hangings and dragged Land off to a log jail. This and other stories about Captain Tyler's way of dealing with Tories made him hated. They called him Captain Mush, a nickname similar to "pudding-head."

A year before the Declaration of Independence, a man named Bryant Kane obtained a warrant or pre-emption right for a piece of land in Cochection. He built a house near Cochection Falls where he lived with his family. Probably because he was an outspoken Tory, the Committee of Safety decided he was a dangerous person and unsafe for him to run at large. The Committee ordered the scouts to arrest him. Word reached Kane that he was going to be arrested and taken from his family to prison. He quickly employed a man named Flowers to stay with his family and attend to his business, and then he disappeared into the wilderness. He was confident that those he left behind would be safe from Whig scouts who he thought wouldn't harm helpless and harmless women and children, and the Indians would also respect his family who was so closely allied to their enemies. He never saw the faces of his wife and children again.

A few nights later, an Indian stealthy entered the house of Robert Land, John Land's father, and noiselessly proceeded to the room where one of his daughters was sleeping. He uncovered her feet and gently drew the point of a spear across the sole of one foot. Half asleep in the darkness, Miss Land assumed the trickster was her friend, a Tuscarora chief named Captain John, who had frequently teased her. As she opened her eyes she said, "Captain John, is that you?"

"Do you know Captain John?" was the reply in an Indian voice she didn't recognize. She answered she was well acquainted with him. Her unknown Indian visitor told her to get up, dress as quickly as possible and warn neighboring families that the Indians were preparing to attack. He quickly disappeared into the darkness.

The daughter's terrified response is vividly described in the book *Tom Quick the Indian Slayer*. She left her cabin under cover of darkness, ran along a footpath to the Delaware River, launched a canoe, and paddled to the opposite shore to another footpath that led to the cabin of Bryant Kane. The cabin door was ajar, and hearing no noise from within, she called for Mrs. Kane. No one responded. She stepped inside, stumbled on an object and fell to the floor beside Mrs. Kane's mutilated body.

She fled in terror to the nearby cabin of Nicholas Conklin who lived a short distance above Cochection Falls. She told the Conklin's what she

had seen and stayed awake all night with them. At dawn the Conklin's and Miss Land cautiously walked to the Kane's house, where they found the entire family, including Flowers, murdered and scalped with blood everywhere. The ill-fated Mrs. Kane must have been scalped while she was still alive, because she died attempting to dress herself, and a portion of her underclothes were partially drawn over her mutilated head.

Who massacred the Kanes and why? The Mohawks and some Delaware Indians were in the area at the time, but the residents were never able to determine exactly which of the Indians committed the atrocities. As to why, some supposed Kane himself was in Indian country, and he sent the Indians to kill his Whig neighbor Nicholas Conklin.

He was a prominent citizen of the upper Delaware River country at the outbreak of the Revolution, in outspoken support of the patriot cause. On April 11, 1777, Nicholas Conklin made an affidavit before the Committee of Safety of Mamacating regarding the disloyal and threatening attitude of certain Tories among them, after which he was entrusted with the responsibility of soliciting signatures of the "Association Paper," an acknowledged certificate of loyalty to the American cause in the then existing war.

Another possible explanation for the massacre involved Nicholas Conklin's son John. A few days earlier, John had been captured by the Indians. On the return to their village, the Indians stopped at the Kane's cabin for some food. They were regular visitors at the Kane's. During their stopover, Mrs. Kane overheard the Indians talking about dismembering and burning John Conklin at the stake. Putting politics aside, Mrs. Kane cut Conklin's thongs, and he escaped. Perhaps the massacre was retribution for her bravery and act of kindness, and because of Mrs. Kane's bravery, I am writing this account today.

Afterward

John Land lived in Cochection many years after the war. He was a noted trapper and caught enough beaver in a few months on the Cushetunk and one or two other streams to pay for four hundred and thirty-three acres of land, which thirty years later sold for then thousand dollars.

Bryant Kane lived many years after the war, but he was lost without his family. He wandered about from neighborhood to neighborhood in the Delaware valley. He never attempted to retain possession of his land or

secure complete title to it, and it finally passed into hand of others. In the end, he became and drunkard and disappeared.

Captain Bezaleel Tyler was killed at the Battle of Minisink on July 22, 1779. The Battle of Minisink was fought on the high ground in New York State opposite the mouth of the Lackawaxon River. This engagement was no mere frontier skirmish, but saw a small army of colonial militia in a deadly confrontation with a body of Tories and Iroquois Indians led by the Mohawk chieftain Col. Joseph Brant.

Nicholas Conklin and other remaining patriotic Whigs of Cohecton received word that a large enemy force coming in their direction following the massacre at Wyoming on July 3-4, 1778. They fled through the wilderness to the lower settlements of Minisink and Fort Minisink, below the present Port Jervis. For six years Nicholas Conklin and his family were in and out of Fort Minisink struggling for a meager existence. Notwithstanding his fifty-five-plus years, he fought side by side with his youngest son Elias as a private in Captain William Chambers Company, Third Battalion, Sussex County, New Jersey Militia guarding the frontiers against Indian and Tory raids.

John Conklin served under Captain Bezaleel Tyler as an "Indian spy" from about May 1777 to August 1778. In October, 1778, he enlisted with Captain Peter Mills in Col. Jeduthan Baldwin's Regiment of Artillery Artificers "for three years." On July 19 he was promoted to Sergeant for his "prudence and good conduct." Eight months later he transferred to the company commanded by Thomas Patten in the same regiment where he continued until the expiration of his term, October 21, 1781, the date of his honorable discharge.

John Conklin in civil life was chairman of the board of supervisors of Sullivan County, New York, years 1810-1817; member of the Assembly from Ulster and Sullivan Counties, years 1807, 1810, 1811, and 1817; Associate Judge of Sullivan County by appointment of Governor Tompkins in 1810. He was the promoter, incorporator, and the first president of the Cohecton and Great Bend Turnpike Company and its General Manager during its existence. He moved to Broome County, New York in 1817, and the township of Conklin, Broome County was named in his honor in 1824. And in 1831 Governor Throop of the State of New York named him one of three commissioners to establish the first bank in Binghamton.

John Conklin died on April 23, 1846 at the age of ninety. He is buried in the Riverside Cemetery where a bronze plaque reads:

IN MEMORY OF
JUDGE JOHN CONKLIN
FOR WHOM WAS NAMED THE
TOWN OF CONKLIN, BROOME COUNTY.
BORN IN ROCKLAND COUNTY, N.Y., 1756.
SON OF NICHOLAS CONKLIN
FATHER AND SON IN
REVOLUTIONARY WAR FROM
COCHECTON, NEW YORK.
ENGLISH-AMERICAN LINEAGE
SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS, 1638.
JOHN CONKLIN WAS A MAN OF
STERLING CHARACTER. HE DIED IN
1846 SURVIVED BY A RESPECTED
FAMILY IN A COMMUNITY OF
LOYAL FRIENDS

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I Stood at the Foot of Her Grave

By Robert W. Gates

As I stood at the foot of her grave I could not stop marveling at the serendipitous events that led me here or wonder at the unseen forces that had drawn me to this place. The Williamette National Cemetery outside Portland was a long way from The Denver Public Library. That is where the journey and my story begins.

In the Fall of 1997 I ran away from the tedium of a Church conference and sought sanctuary in the Gates Colorado History and Genealogy Room. The Gates Room is a misnomer for it is more than a room, it is the entire fifth floor of the Denver Public Library. I had grown up using the old Denver Library but genealogy was new to me in 1997. I had always wanted to know more about my parents -- how they met, their wedding, and marriage -- but never asked them.

Now in 1997 it was too late. They were both deceased. Isn't that the way of it? I asked the resource librarian if he could help me find my parents' wedding information. "Were they married in Colorado?" he asked. I answered, "As far as I know, yes." He showed me to, The Marriage Record Report, 3x5 cards on microfilm. Thankfully the records were in alphabetical order according to last names of the groom and of the bride. I scrolled through the film and was elated to find my father's name, "Gates, Herman A." but there were three cards with the same name. None of them were coupled with my mother's maiden name. One Record gave no birthdate but the wedding took place in Valmont, Colorado in 1873. That could not possibly be my father. Another card recorded a birthdate of 1858; nor could that be my father. The wedding date on the third card was February 4, 1924. The wedding had taken place in Hot Sulphur Springs, Grand County, Colorado. The age of the groom was 15 and his bride, Jessie Edwards Dickey was 17. This could not possibly be my father and definitely this was not my mother. I made a Xerox copy of the micofilm record, took it home, and filed it away. That was my very first foray into genealogy.

In 2003 while visiting a cousin in California she asked, "Would you like to look through grandma's papers and pictures?" I was surprised to learn Grandma Gates had kept so many mementoes, letters, documents, and pictures I had never seen before. Among the papers in the bottom of a trunk was a simple letter written with pencil on yellowed notebook paper.

It was dated May 30, 1938 and addressed to "Grandma". The writer said she had not heard from "Daddy" in a long time. The note was signed, "Betty".

"Who is this Betty? I asked. I don't remember any cousin named Betty. "Betty?" answered my cousin. "Betty is your father's daughter." "My father's what?" I asked. "His daughter," she said, "I guess she would be your half-sister." My cousin went on to explain that my father had been married before he married my mother. "They were both so young," she said. "I guess they had to get married because Betty was born a short time after their marriage. At least that is the family talk."

All this was shocking news to me. I was dumbfounded. It seems everyone in the family knew about this family secret but me. When I got back home I dug out the Marriage Record Report from the Denver library and wrote to the Grand County Court asking for information. I received merely a simplified marriage certificate with very little information. I still could not believe this was my father, especially since both the bride and groom were living in Tabernash, Colorado. My father's family had always lived in Lyons or Longmont, Boulder County. I again wrote the County Court asking for more information. Graciously the Clerk wrote back sending not only another copy of the certificate but the application for the license. Attached to her letter was a copy of a Western Union Telegram which read:

"Longmont, Colorado February 2, 1924: Issue my son Herman Gates age fifteen years old a marriage license to marry Jessie Dickey." It was signed: "Mrs. Delphia Gates" -- my grandmother.

So, my father had been married before. How did Herman and Jessie meet in the small railroad town of Tabernash? What happened to their marriage? Was there really a child? Who was she and what happened to her? In 2007 I applied for and received a copy of my father's military record. His recruitment date was November 1924, nine months after his wedding to Jessie.

How did a 16 year old get into the Navy? Of course, he lied and my grandmother attested to his age. Instead of being 19 he was barely 16 and his place of residence? Tabernash, Grand County, Colorado. Why was my father in Tabernash at age 15? His military record stated that in 1924 he was working for the Denver and Rio Grand Western Railroad. This, no doubt is where he met and formed a relationship with Jessie Dickey. Her

father, Orrin Dickey was an engineer on the same railroad out of the same town.

In divorce papers filed in 1929, five years after their wedding, Jessie claimed "Desertion" on the part of her husband. It is reasonable to assert that the reason for their hasty teenage marriage was the expectation of a child and the reason for my father's hasty enlistment in the Navy was desertion. His enlistment papers indicate he was single and the only allotment he allowed while in the Navy was for his mother, not for a wife and child.

As for the child: I could find no record of a Betty Gates in any Colorado records. No one in the family knew anything about her, or they weren't telling. Then in 2011 after joining Ancestry I was exploring the Public Family Trees and discovered that Jessie Edwards Dickey was included in the Buck Family Tree. It indicated that she had been married to an unknown person and was the mother of Elizabeth Farrell Gates. Of course, "Betty" is a nickname for Elizabeth. I requested and received a birth certificate from Colorado. Betty was born September 16, 1924 in Tabernash, Colorado. Her mother's name was Jessie Gates and her father's Herman Gates. Betty was born seven months after their wedding and two months before my father's enlistment in the Navy. Betty married McKenzie William Buck. According to census records and city directories they lived in close proximity in Denver neighborhoods only a few miles from where I was growing up. Betty and McKenzie had two children, a daughter who lives in Boise, Idaho, and a son who lives in Portland Oregon.

Jessie died in 1980. Her daughter, my sister Betty died in Portland in 1988.

In correspondence with Betty's son, my nephew, I have been able to introduce him for the first time to his grandfather through pictures and family documents. I have also returned to him the letter on yellowed notebook paper that first linked us as family. He in turn has provided me with an introduction to my father's first wife, Jessie Dickey and to his mother, my sister. Also, the blank space in the Buck Family Tree on Ancestry now contains my father's name.

That is how, in 2011 I came to stand at the foot of her grave, the grave of my sister Elizabeth Ferrell Dickey-Buck.

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John Austin, Oberlin, Ohio, and the Civil War

By Austin Kerr

As a young man, John Austin had close contact with the anti-slavery sentiment so common in Oberlin, Ohio. Although we know nothing of his personal views, Austin, who came from Berlin, Wisconsin and who had taught in 1855-56 in Ripon, Wisconsin was attending the Preparatory Department of Oberlin College (1856-60) at a time when the town was home to runaway slaves and “free Negroes” and when townspeople were engaged in antislavery activities, the best known of which was the “Wellington Rescue” of 1858.¹²

Oberlin College had a sizeable student body for its time. Founded in 1833 by abolitionists steeped in the beliefs of the Second Great Awakening and moved by the preaching of Charles Grandison Finney, the College was the first to admit women and blacks, and to grant degrees to them. (Austin’s first wife, Mary Jane Bedortha, graduated in 1861). In 1856, when Austin began the Preparatory Program, the College announced an “unusually large” enrollment of more than 605 students. In September 13, 1859, the College reported an enrollment of 785 with more students still to arrive. Of those students, 452 were men and 333 were women. The academic calendar had three terms. The maximum tuition was \$3.00 per term, plus incidental charges of 75 cents.¹³

The Preparatory Program enrollment was larger than the College enrollment. Oberlin provided the Preparatory Program to offer educational opportunities to young men like John Austin that were scarce in the west at the time. The prospective students were limited to persons of good “moral character” who did not use tobacco or drink alcohol. The curriculum included geography, history, mathematics, English, and elementary Greek and Latin. College students provided class instruction, as did some College professors. (The 1860 census of Russia Township (Oberlin) listed Mary Jane Bedortha, Austin’s first wife, as a “teacher.” We have no evidence of where or what she taught.)¹⁴

¹² About ten per cent of the town’s population was black in 1860. *Daily Cleveland Herald*, Feb. 2, 1860.

¹³ *Daily Cleveland Herald*, March 15, 1856 and September 21, 1859

¹⁴ Robert Fletcher, *The History of Oberlin College from Its Foundation through the Civil War* (Oberlin, Ohio, 1943) :712-13

Although John Austin was not among the rescuers who went to Wellington to free the captured fugitive slave, John Price, Austin surely knew some of the men who participated. (The Bedortha sisters who were his two wives surely were knowledgeable also. The Fugitive Slave Act of 1850 and the subsequent upholding of the law by the United States Supreme Court were among the actions that inflamed antislavery passions in Oberlin and elsewhere. The trials of the rescuers that took place in Cleveland in 1859 aroused substantial attention, with crowds of thousands of people protesting that the men should be allowed to go free.¹⁵ Oberlin reported a throng of over 2,000 to greet the return of the freed rescuers at the railroad depot. They marched through the streets to the First Congregational Church, where more than 3,000 gathered.¹⁶ Another celebration was planned for July 11, with a Cleveland newspaper announcing that the railroad would offer half price fares for persons to attend, with a thousand expected to travel from Cleveland.¹⁷

Tensions remained high over the slavery issue, and grew ever-more intense after Abraham Lincoln won the Presidential election of 1860. (Oberlin students and residents welcomed Lincoln's election with a torchlight parade and a bonfire on the College's Tappan Square.)¹⁸ South Carolina announced its secession from the Union on December 20, 1860, defending slavery and starting the actions that led to the Civil War. Soon after Lincoln's inauguration on March 4, 1861, the Civil War began when, on April 12, South Carolina forces opened fire on Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor. On April 15, 1861, President Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers to serve for 90 days, long enough, he thought, to suppress the rebellion in the South.

John Austin was one of the volunteers who responded to Lincoln's call. On Wednesday the 17th of April a "great union meeting" was held at the First Church in Oberlin, with speeches and hymns and patriotic songs capturing the emotions of the crowd of over 2,000 persons who had assembled.¹⁹ Then on Friday students assembled to discuss Army duty, and Professor James Monroe, serving as President Pro Tempore of the Ohio Senate, arrived on Saturday to speak. Over 200 men enlisted (with

¹⁵ A brief account of the Wellington Rescue was available on April 11, 2012 at <http://www.oberlinheritage.org/cms/files/File/OB-Wellington%20Rescue.pdf> . Nat Brandt, *The Town that Started the Civil War* (Syracuse, NY, 1990) is a full account of the events in their context.

¹⁶ *Cleveland Daily Herald*, July 7, 1859

¹⁷ *Cleveland Daily Herald*, July 9, 1859

¹⁸ Fletcher, *History of Oberlin College*: 843

¹⁹ *Cleveland Daily Herald*, April 17 and 19, 1861

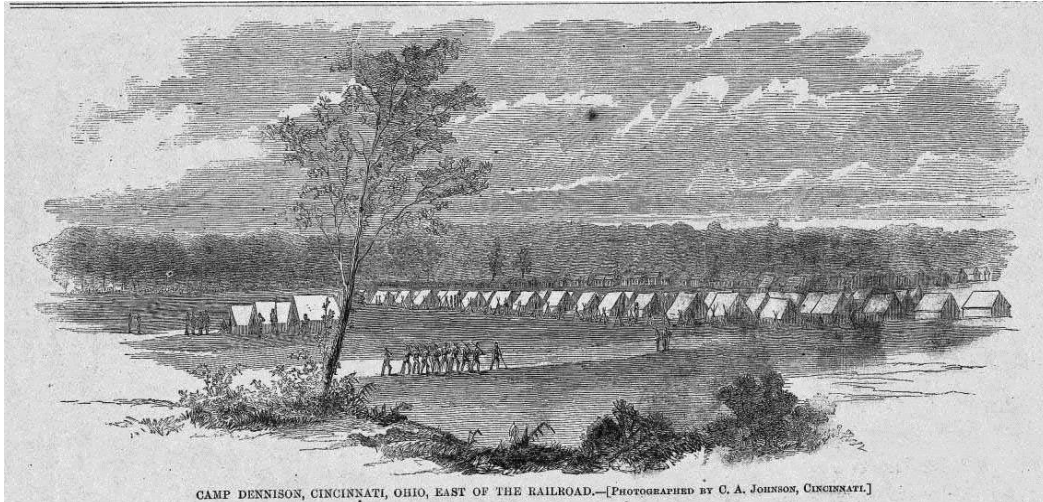
some 100 actually selected) for 90 days' service in the Union Army. They were known as the "Oberlin Monroe Rifles," soon designated Company C of the 7th Ohio Voluntary Infantry. The College suspended classes and opened its rooms to volunteers. Five hundred women formed a "Florence Nightingale Association" to provide the new soldiers with woolen socks and undergarments. Local residents pledged as much as \$10,000 to support the soldiers. On April 25 a crowd gathered at the Oberlin depot to send the men off to service at Camp Taylor at the fairgrounds in Cleveland.²⁰

When the men arrived in Cleveland, they discovered a city awash in patriotic Union sentiment. Other companies of Volunteers were also forming. Hundreds of women were forming what eventually became the Soldiers' Aid Society of Northern Ohio. They gathered thousands of blankets, and volunteers soon were using sewing machines to make uniforms.²¹

The official mustering occurred on April 30 at Camp Taylor. John Austin was a Private. On May 5 the men packed their belongings and marched through the streets to the railroad depot to depart for Camp Dennison, which was being established outside of Cincinnati. That afternoon they arrived in Columbus, and spent the night camped in the Senate Chamber of the Ohio State House. They arrived at Camp Dennison at midday May 6, and began to build barracks.

²⁰ Brandt, *The Town That Started the Civil War*: 247. Theodore Wilder, *The History of Company C, Seventh Regiment, O.V.I.* (Oberlin, 1866) reports the dates differently. According to Wilder, enlistments occurred on Saturday and Sunday, April 20 and 21. See pp. 2-3. Fletcher, *The History of Oberlin College* devotes a chapter to Company C. See pp. 843-50 for the events directly affecting John Austin

²¹ David Van Tassel with John Vacha, "Behind Bayonets" *The Civil War in Northern Ohio* (Kent, OH, 2006): 39-41



Life for Austin at Camp Dennison included a daily prayer service each morning. The company divided into “messes” of sixteen men, and each group had a chaplain. Company C soon gained a reputation in the camp, which had as many as 14,000 soldiers, as “the praying company.”

Later in May the government asked the men to change their enlistment to three years’ service. On the evening of May 23 the company assembled to hear speeches by General Cox and Professor James Monroe, who exhorted them to enlist for the longer duration to help provide a moral compass for the Union army campaigns to come. Observers reported the anguish of many men in reaching their new enlistment decision. At least 40 to 50 men agreed to the longer enlistment. John Austin was not among them. Those volunteers were granted furloughs to visit their homes, and after they were greeted in Oberlin, new recruits helped fill the ranks of Company C.²²

The records show that John Austin was mustered out of the army with the rank of Corporal. The Bible he carried at Camp Denison is housed in the Oberlin College Archives.

Later in 1861, according to family memory, John Austin went to Wisconsin to attend Ripon College.²³ However, Ripon College had closed for the 1861-62 year and lent its campus to the Union Army. In 1862 John Austin married Mary Jane Bedortha of Oberlin in Ripon, Wisconsin. Subsequently he taught in nearby Berlin, Wisconsin, where his first

²² Wilder, *Company C*: 8-11; *Cleveland Daily Herald*, June 7, 1861.

²³ His younger brother, Simeon P. Austin, had already moved to Wisconsin with his wife Caroline. Simeon Austin enlisted in Company G of the 33rd Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry on February 27, 1864. He died of disease on August 11, 1864 in Rome, Georgia, and was buried in the Marietta (Georgia) National Cemetery.

daughter, Lottie Austin, was born in 1866. Soon thereafter, John Austin studied homeopathic medicine in Cleveland, Ohio, and received a degree in 1869. While he studied in Cleveland, Mary Jane and Lottie Austin lived in the Bedortha family home in Oberlin. Mary Jane Austin died in 1868 as a result of burns suffered by an oil fire in the kitchen. In 1868 John Austin married her sister, Sarah Bedortha.

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Short Story of William James Harrison

By Lorrell Louchard

My grandfather, William James Harrison (1837-1924), a young man with a family, owned a farm in Henry County, Missouri during the Civil War (1861-1864)²⁴. Somehow, he avoided being conscripted into the Union Army.

William's second wife, my grandmother, and their daughter, my mother, recorded some of the stories William told about his experiences.

Once, shortly after the beginning of the Civil War, I went to the nearest railroad station with enough beef cattle for a car load. I was horseback, driving the cattle. Everything was quiet when I started, but on the way I found the Southern army. Price's army was coming up and the Federal army was coming to meet them.

The cattle and I got mixed up right between the two armies. I had to get out some way. There were stockyards out a couple of miles that I managed to reach. In the night the Union army sent out pickets who ran into the rebel pickets. It was reported that another army was coming in between the two armies. It was a rather ticklish place to be in. However, the rumor proved to be a false alarm. There was a stream of refugees.

I sold the cattle to the Federal army and was paid in script for them. Then I started down the river on my horse to find a place to cross anywhere. The river was a mile wide at this point. "No ferryboats were running. At last, a fellow in a rowboat came along. I gave him \$5.00 [equivalent to about \$133 today] to take me across the river. We had to do it. The man was afraid to refuse to take me. I threw the saddle into the boat, got in

²⁴ "Missouri was the scene of savage and fierce fighting, mostly guerrilla warfare, with small bands of mounted raiders destroying anything military or civilian that could aid the enemy. By the time the conflict ended in the spring of 1865, Missouri had witnessed so many battles and skirmishes that it ranks as the 3rd most fought over State in the nation. Approximately 27,000 Missourians, both military and civilian, were killed during the Civil War. . . Maj. Gen. Sterling Price's 1864 Missouri Expedition was the last major campaign west of the Mississippi during the Civil War, it being the longest cavalry action of the war, lasting over 3 months and encompassing over 1,500 miles. He fought in 43 battles or skirmishes and destroyed an estimated \$10 million worth of property."

<http://www.geocities.com/CollegePark/Quad/6460/CW/c/409MO.html>:

and we shoved off. The horse swam behind. The horse swam about a quarter of a mile and took cramps. We dragged him the balance of the way. People rushed down to get news from the armies. We got the horse up the bank and rubbed him to get him so he could walk. Finally I got off with him.

The Civil War was a four-year' nightmare. No one who lived through it will ever forget, and anyone who did not can't imagine it. Both armies overran us and took whatever they wanted: horses, cattle, food, anything. It was all unnecessary. That war did not have to be fought."

[William and his family were still in Missouri when the 1870 census was taken, but by 1880, they were in Nevada. Jesse James and his gangs were in operation from shortly after the Civil War ended until Jesse's death in 1882.]

William recalled:

Once I saw Jesse James. A man rode through and stopped and asked to buy powder and shot. I told him I had only a little and I would give it to him, no charge. I didn't want any trouble with him because from his manner and from photographs I had seen, I guessed he was Jesse James. A day or two later a posse came by hunting him. They described not only the man, but the horse, including the brand on it. Even if I had mistaken the man there was no doubt about the horse with the identifying brand.

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Hettie - The Heroine of Hoodsport

By Rene Rodgers Marquis

Hettie, the heroine of Hoodsport,
Deserves a lot of praise
For the gallant feat she performed
In the dangerous icy waves

She had to act in a hurry
For the tide was going out-
The child's life depended on her
For no men were about.

She sprang into the water
And swam as never before,
And towed the little fellow
Safely back to shore.

Her mother stood on the beach
And breathed a silent prayer
For the bravest brown-eyed girl
I know of anywhere.

By her Grandpa, Elam Ethan Allen, 1941

On a cold November afternoon in 1941, plucky Hettie Pierce, a nine-year-old fourth grader at the Hoodsport Grade School, braved the Hood Canal's

chilly winter water to save 18 month old Warren Hunt from drowning. The tot had fallen off a small dock that jutted from the rocky beach into the gray waters of Hood Canal in front of the Pierce and Hunt homes

The day before, Mrs. Pierce had hired two young boys to clean up her yard. When the boys came to the door to collect their pay, Lois Pierce walked to the front porch to evaluate their work. As she always did, she glanced toward the water. But this time, rather than seeing a fish jump or a small seal glide through the water, she saw Warren's body floating face-up about 30 feet from shore.

Hettie walked from school every day and, on this cold November afternoon as she approached her home, she heard her mother urgently calling her name. The dark-eyed tomboy raced to where her mother stood at the edge of the bulkhead which held back the salty waters of the Hood Canal. Hettie kicked off her shoes and threw her coat on the ground. She gasped when she jumped into the waist deep water. The cold took her breath away, but she determinedly swam toward the floating infant, grasped him and started swimming back to the beach. Mrs. Pierce and a neighbor, Mrs. Nance, administered CPR which resulted in reviving Warren after a few minutes. Two physicians arrived at the scene shortly afterwards and pronounced him none the worse for his experience. The first reports reaching Shelton's sheriff's office said there had been a drowning, but when Sheriff Gene Martin and Deputy Fred Hickson arrived, they discovered the happy ending of a near-tragedy.

In later years my mother said that, at the time, she didn't realize she was rescuing a child - my grandmother had told her, "Hettie, go fetch that doll out in the water." Once she was back on the beach, she was surprised that the "doll" was the little toddler who lived next door. "It didn't occur to me to question Mama - after all, she was telling me to go swimming in my school clothes. When you're nine, how cool is that?!" laughed my Mom.

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From Orkney to Oregon Territory

One family's story of migration

By Charlotte Thom Petersen

My great-great grandfather Andrew Bremner was born in Orkney in 1832. Orkney is a group of 70 islands off the northern coast of Scotland; most of the islands are not inhabited today. Although it is Scottish, Orkney's history and prehistory lies with the Picts and then the Norse, so there are no clans or tartans, and Gaelic was never spoken there. The islands have a very temperate climate, as they are located at the confluence of the North Sea and the Atlantic Ocean, and bathed by the Gulf Stream.

Andrew's family had moved up to Orkney from the northern Scottish coastline, to follow the herring. The principal occupations in the 18th and early 19th centuries were seaweed gathering, flagstone cutting and fishing. Andrew's father was a cooper, essential to the storage and preservation of the fish, and his sons all fished.

As most of Scotland was rural, almost every family had a farm as well as an occupation. Andrew Bremner's family was no exception, and he grew up farming and fishing. His father wanted him to be educated, and sent Andrew to the Scottish mainland for his education, so that he could teach.

In 1858, Andrew and his brother, Alexander, immigrated to Canada on one of the many ships plying the "polar route" across the frigid northern Atlantic to the New World. The Hudson's Bay Company had, for many years, hired Orkney men to staff their northern outposts in "Rupert's Land", or Upper Canada. Orkney was the last stop for British and other European ships traveling that route, to top off their water and food supplies, and many local lads literally jumped at the chance to go to the new land.

The Bremner brothers settled in Ontario in a small farming community in Huron County, populated by many other Scots and Scots-Irish immigrants. There Andrew met his wife, Jane Patterson, newly arrived from Northern Ireland, and married her at the end of that first year. They had a large farm, and produced 10 children, eight of whom survived childhood. Instead of teaching, however, Andrew traveled to northern Michigan, by horse and wagon or sleigh across the ice and on ferries, to cut timber in

the plentiful pine forests of the northern “Lower Peninsula” on Lake Huron in the winter months, when his fields were fallow.

Andrew Bremner took a trip on the Continental Railroad sometime in the 1870’s, and discovered really “big” trees on the Pacific coast. As he continued to cut timber in Michigan and his sons followed him into this occupation, he counseled them to leave the family farm for a better future. He and Jane had two sons, James and Alexander, who followed this advice, and in 1883, James Bremner rode the train to Astoria in the Oregon Territory to log, and his brother Alexander accompanied him as a blacksmith, to forge the iron tools so necessary to the timber industry. They were hired by the burgeoning logging companies upon arrival, and lived and worked in a succession of logging camps along the Columbia River and up the Youngs River, in Clatsop County, Oregon.

Clatsop County was the terminus of the Oregon Trail, the final destination of Meriwether Lewis and William Clark in 1805-1806, and had developed more quickly than other coastal areas consequently. Ideally situated at the mouth of the Columbia River, and a deep-water port for trans-Pacific voyages, many Scottish and Orkney emigrants had settled in the area, with its plentiful forests, teeming fish and temperate climate. Some had come to Fort Vancouver with the Hudson’s Bay Company, and elected to stay when the United States and Canada resolved their differences over the Oregon Territory. Oregon became a state in 1859, Washington in 1889, but at the time of the Bremner brothers’ arrival it was still one vast wilderness whose resources were yet to be discovered and tapped.

James Bremner returned to Canada on the train every other year, to visit his parents and siblings. In 1887, James married his true love, Mary Jane McNeil, while on one of those family sojourns. Her family had also emigrated from Scotland to Canada, and their tastes were similar; they probably met at one of the local ceilidhs (like barn dances) in previous years. They traveled back to Oregon on the train, and Mary Jane, no shrinking violet, took up residence in the various logging camps with her husband. James and Mary Jane Bremner had 5 children, each born in a different locale. My grandfather was one of those, Robert Patterson Bremner; he was born in Westport, Oregon in 1889. By 1894, James had leased his own parcel of 40 acres, high above the Youngs River, and built his own rail spur to haul the large timbers to Youngs River Falls, where they were then floated to market in Astoria.

James and Alexander Bremner continued to work together as co-owners of each other’s’ businesses, dabbling in canneries and other ventures, and

even went to the Yukon in 1898 for a short-lived quest for gold. (They returned to Astoria within 6 months without finding anything of value in Alaska.) Alexander had also married, but had no children of his own. By 1910, both brothers were prosperous businessmen in Astoria, and built substantial residences on the hill overlooking the Columbia River. James' son Robert attended college at Linnfield, then Washington State College in Seattle and Pullman.

My grandmother, Roxy Margaret Smith, had traveled west from her home in Stephens Point, Wisconsin with her family, also pursuing lumber interests in Washington State. Her uncle was in the business with his in-laws, and the cousins all came west and attended University of Washington, where Roxy met Robert Bremner. By 1911 the two were an item, mentioned in the yearbook; by 1913, the two were married in Kelso, Washington. Robert worked for Petoskey Cement, out of Portland, as a salesman. Eventually, his job took the young couple to Indiana, Kansas City, Pittsburgh and Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

My mother, Vera Smith Bremner, was born in Pittsburgh in 1919. She grew up mostly in Milwaukee, writing to her cousins in Tacoma, Washington. She married my father,

Donald Thom, in 1940, and I was born in 1942 in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. They divorced when I was a child, and Vera later married William Wright, who pretty much raised me and my sister. My mother always talked about her Washington family as we grew up, and it was always mysterious to us, it was so far away.

Mom passed away in 1986, and then my children asked me about our ancestry. I couldn't tell them a thing and everyone who knew anything about our family had passed away, or so I thought. So I took a course in Beginning Genealogy offered by the Denver Public Library. Thus my journey started, and now has brought me full circle, because now I live in the Pacific Northwest. I have been in my great grandparents' house in Astoria, Oregon. I have been to my great-great-great grandparents' house in Orkney. I have stood at the kitchen window in Orkney and have seen the Scapa Flow harbor view that my Bremner forebears saw. I've met cousins, both online and in person, in the Northwest scattered throughout North America and the British Isles. And I've always felt "at home" in the Pacific Northwest and Scotland, it must be in the blood!

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Dorcas Garner Cleavenger age 27, murdered by "two fiends incarnate named Ish and Henry, slaves."

By Marge Samuelson

On Sunday night, May 28, 1837, was perpetrated a nameless crime and the most atrocious murder ever committed in Ray County Missouri.

Dorcas Garner Cleavenger was "an amiable, inoffensive lady," according to court records from Fishing River Township in Ray County Missouri. So what happened the night of May 28, 1837?

William Cleavenger, Dorcas's husband went off fishing during that fateful day and when he returned to his home late that night found:

"The stillness of the mid-night hour breathed not a whisper of the horrible disclosure awaiting him. He approached the door, pulled the latchstring, and passed the threshold; little knowing that he was entering the chamber of death! Silence prevailed. The little innocents, nestled closely at their mother's side—three cheeks pressing the same pillow—were wrapped in the happy unconsciousness of sleep; and so was his wife, speaking her name, but receiving no response, stepped to the bed-side, his hand on her brow; it was pulse less, and cold as marble! He again vainly called, and then, thoroughly alarmed, kindled a light in the fireplace. The blazing fagots threw a ghastly glamour on the pale face of a murdered woman--the mother of his children - she who had been the life of his life and the soul of his soul. There in the dismal glare of a waning light, the poor man stood - wifeless; and motionless with unspeakable woe."

William went to his father's home nearby to tell of the sad event, and the two along with other family members returned to his home. A coroner was called in and an inquest was convened. The jury found that "Mrs. Cleavenger came to her death by an attack of apoplexy." The neighbors and a physician, Dr. Mallet, felt the inquest was wrong, they felt that Dorcas had been murdered.

The accused man Ish, a man of color owned by Richard Cleavenger, father of the husband was suspected. A group of armed men went to the house of the slave's master and demanded to see him. Ish told a strange story, perhaps out of fear, that another slave by the name of Henry had

asked him to go with him to another neighbors and on the way he told Ish he had killed Dorcas Cleavenger, and wanted him to go to her home and help him "put her to bed." The questioners found blood on Ish's coat sleeve and asked how it came to be there and he replied it was the blood of Dorcas Cleavenger. Ish swore he had no hand in killing "Miss Dorky," but confessed he had helped Henry put her to bed.

The two slaves were immediately arrested, and set up for trial. The court charged them with strangling her and that they "pitched their knees in and upon the belly of the said Dorcas Cleavenger, until she died." Ish and Henry having no counsel, three men were appointed to defend them, Alex W. Doniphan, William T. Wood and Eldridge Benner. Amos Rees was appointed to assist in the prosecution. A jury of white men were selected and after a short time returned. "We, of the jury, find the defendants guilty in manner and form, as charged in the within indictment." On Friday 11th of August Ish and Henry were to be taken to a gallows, to be erected for the purpose at some convenient place, within one-half mile of the town of Richmond, " there to be hung by the neck until each of them are dead; and that the sheriff of the county carry the foregoing into execution." At the time chosen Ish and Henry were hung by the neck until dead. Ish and Henry were the first to be convicted of murder, and theirs was the first public execution in Ray County Missouri.

Dorcas and Williams children Nancy and William Anderson Cleavenger, survived their mothers death, their father remarried and had eleven more children. Nancy married William Joseph McCorkle and they had five children. At the start of the Civil War, William joined as a Pvt. Co. B. Col. King's Reg't Missouri State Vols. he was 27 years old. Nancy died at age 29 on the 18 March 1862 from complications while pregnant. William died at Springfield MO 9 Jan 1863, age 30, of dysentery. They left five orphan children. Dorcas Garner Cleavenger was my 5th great grandmother, and is buried next to William in the Old New Garden Primitive Baptist Cemetery, Ray Co. his second wife Nancy is also buried next to him. Marge Richardson Samuelson, 15 June 2014.

Source: History of Ray County Missouri, published 1881 and family records.

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The Trouble with Quakers

By Sue Snyder

When I first read “Albion’s Seed”,²⁵ I was very much taken with differences between the two religious groups, the Puritans of the Massachusetts Bay colony, and the Quakers. I loved the idea of the Quakers being “Friends”, with their sweetness, their refusal to think of children as being born bad, and their ideas of the afterlife. To them, God was good, to the Puritans, he was angry and judgmental. After researching my Neill ancestors, through the Clark-Minturn-Allen Bonnell line, I discovered an abundance of Quakers and very few Puritans. My Mayflower ancestor, John Howland, was not willing to jump in with his uncles, Arthur and Henry, and start the defying the rules of the Plymouth Colony. He remained a solid citizen on the Plymouth Colony.

John came to America on the Mayflower a couple of years before his brothers, and he was hoping, I am sure, to become a freeman, own land and do well. His brothers, particularly my tenth great-grandfather, Henry Howland,²⁶ were jailed, fined and whipped, as were their sons, for being Quakers. I discovered Howlands, Newlands and Allens frequently in books such as “Records of Plymouth Colony” and “Sandwich, A Cape Cod Town”²⁷ They were lawbreakers as far as their religion, and in some ways remind me of the modern “Hippies” who rebelled during the Vietnam war, totally disenfranchising themselves.

My Quakers were not afraid of standing up for their beliefs and in particular Ralph Allen and William Newland (also tenth great grandfathers) who spent five months in jail and were finally driven out of the colony to the town of Sandwich on the Cape and eventually to Western New Jersey. A lady Quaker actually “streaked” Boston, daring the stuffy city officials to jail her, or whip her. Quakers coming from England with William Penn were released from prison, minus ears slit noses and other horrific maiming.

²⁵ Fischer, David Hackett, *Albion’s Seed*, Oxford University Press, New York and Oxford, 1989

²⁶ Shurtliff, Nicholas, M.D., editor, *Records of The Colony of New Plymouth*, Volume 8, Boston, 1857, Reprinted 1991

²⁷ R A Lovell, Jr, editor, *Sandwich, A Cape Cod Town*, Taunton, Mass, Reprinted, 1984

I found a letter (New York Times) from Cotton Mather, that blameless, “good” citizen asking the authorities to have William Penn’s ship “Welcome” attacked, William done away with, the passenger Quakers sold for slaves in the Barbados, and the cargo sold. My own feeling about these people, my ancestors, is that they were totally disgusted with the religious practices of the Puritans, and just a tiny bit martyrish. Could I be that brave? Could I stand being whipped through the town, sitting the stocks with manure being thrown at me, imprisoned? However, there is a happy ending...These brave and gormless relatives of mine ended up in West Jersey, owning good land and eventually founding cities like Elizabethtown, New Jersey...They soon became Presbyterians and some accumulated wealth. My ninth great grandfather built a remarkable house, still standing, and considered one of the oldest in the state.

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The Revenge of Uncle Frank

By Sue Snyder

My Uncle Frank, my father's youngest brother, realized early in life that living in the west, in Boise, Idaho and the great western desert, was not where he wanted to live. As soon as humanly possible, he left for Washington D.C. and George Washington University, later to move on to New York City. He rarely returned to the sagebrush desert, the blue skies, the rattlesnakes and the magpies that populated southern Idaho. Even growing up in Boise, (originally Les Bois, meaning trees) with its paved streets, lovely gardens, and department stores, it just wouldn't do.

In New York City, he met a young opera singer, Gertrude Gibson. She was a Julliard graduate and at the time was travelling with the road company of "The Marriage of Figaro". She obviously had a beautiful voice and narrowly missed joining the Met. They lived in the heart of the city, didn't own a car, and loved it all. My father used to call Frank every Christmas, and the conversation would consist of "How are you?" "I'm fine" "How's the weather?" "We're getting some snow, too...Well, have a Merry Christmas!" and final Western answer "You bet! Same to you!"

Uncle Frank and Aunt Gertie came west in 1939 and we made plans to give them a real western vacation. They wanted to go to a "Ro-De-O (accent on the De) and it was translated for us, a Rodeo. Actually, what cowboys there were among us were basically the drugstore kind. But, it was the West..

My mother was an accomplished fried chicken and hot biscuit cook and loved to entertain. We were ready, my big bedroom was given to Uncle Frank and Aunt Gertrude and I sided in with Grandma Petie in the guest room.

First on the list of entertainments was a trip to the "Beach." This was the American Falls Reservoir, an immense clear body of water, surrounded by sagebrush desert, and some very nice sand. It was a treat for us all, we loaded up with hot dogs, watermelon, cookies and soda pop. I don't think potato chips and S'Mores had been invented yet. However, we had marshmallows and weenie sticks to roast our dinner. Aunt Gertrude marveled over the wonderfully clear blue water, very unlike the polluted Hudson River. Uncle Frank decided to teach me to tread water. We were all untrained dog paddlers and this was something new. Unfortunately,

somehow or other, in my excitement I kicked Uncle Frank in the ear. Nothing much was said, my mother profusely apologizing and at home Uncle Frank sat on the couch with his hands over his eyes for a long time. I asked my mother about it, and she whispered, "He's a Christian Scientist, praying for less pain." As a 9 year old Presbyterian, I had never heard of such a thing, but I realized it was probably an eastern idea and not to ask questions.

I visited my room, while they were out and tried some of Aunt Gertie's makeup. My mother was not a make-up person, but my aunt used eye shadow, mascara, lipstick, rouge, everything. And she wore high heels. I did try a little makeup, I'm sure they noticed, but they said nothing.

We went with Uncle Frank and Aunt Gertrude to a friend's house, who had a large Record player in the rec room, and a Swimming pool. They were probably the only people in Aberdeen who had such a thing. We danced to "Blueberry Hill", and "Dancing in the Dark" and Uncle Frank tried to teach me to Lindy Hop. It was wonderful, I didn't step on his toes, much. Later I stopped by "my room" and they were in bed, sleeping and Uncle Frank didn't have his Jammies on. I left hurriedly and told my mother. I am sure there was some discreet snickering between my mom and dad...

It was time to go back to the city, and we drove in our new Ford V8 to American Falls to catch the Portland Rose (Union Pacific)

How did Uncle Frank feel about the pilfered makeup, the "interruptus" the kick in the ear, and the stepped on feet? On our way to the train, he was sitting in the front seat, and I was sitting directly behind him in the back seat. He was carsick and unrolled the window, to get a little fresh air. Suddenly, he threw up and the wind blew it back on me! What a revenge....and I deserved it!

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Cordelia Viau

By Al Standish

Cordelia Viau was born to my second great grand uncle Noel Viau and Emelie Chauret on June 22, 1865.

Cordelia, a seamstress and church musician and Isidore Poirier, a carpenter, were married at St. Canute, Quebec, November 4, 1889. Isidore was fourteen years her senior. From time to time Isidore sought work outside the community and thus was away from home for extended periods. In his absence, it seems Cordelia frequently entertained handyman Sam Parslow in her home. But Isidore returned to St. Canute after receiving several letters advising him of Cordelia's alleged affair.

Then on November 21, 1897 Isidore was found dead lying on his bed. He had been stabbed and his throat slit from ear to ear. Cordelia was arrested along with her paramour, Samuel Parslow. The evidence, together with confessions from both suggested that Sam was manipulated by Cordelia, that he had done the actual murder and that Cordelia had then slit her husband's throat after he was dead. Tried twice and ultimately found guilty, they were hanged back to back in the prison yard in St. Scholastique, only a short distance from the scene of their crime in a village near Montreal. The trials were exceptional in that all evidence presented was circumstantial.

Some questioned the credibility of the chief detective, an Irishman, who spoke no French. And although a motion was filed for change of venue in the second trial due to the notoriety of the case, it was denied. The execution took place on March 10, 1899. Several thousand assembled for the spectacle and over five hundred were issued tickets to observe from within the jail yard. Cordelia was then 33 years old. Never again was a woman sentenced to death by hanging in Lower Canada.

Like many Francophiles of her day, Cordelia likely made *tourtiere* as a Christmas time treat before her demise. It is a traditional part of the Christmas *réveillon* and New Year's Eve meal throughout Quebec. My family recipe is adapted from one handed down from my great grandmother, Nathalie Palmer Viau Dow.

My Cousin, the Last Woman Executed in Lower Canada by Hanging and What She Might Have Eaten at Christmas

Tourtiere - Canadian Meat Pie

1 1/2 lb. ground very lean pork shoulder

1 t. salt

1/2 t. pepper

1 medium onion, finely chopped

1 1/2 t. rubbed sage

1 c. water

Mix all ingredients well. Cook over medium heat about 30 minutes until all the liquid has been absorbed and pork is cooked.

Cool in pan.

If the mixture still has some liquid in the pan, add fresh bread crumbs or panko before filling the pie shell.

1 double pie crust Fill a 9 inch pie

Pinch edges of crust together to seal. Cut small design in top crust to let steam escape.

Bake at 425 degrees for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to 350 degrees and bake for 30-35 minutes more. Serve hot.

Traditionally we accompany tourtiere with mashed potatoes and cabbage cole slaw.

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The Ranch, Summer of 1954

By Marge Samuelson

I'm going to tell this story as I remember it. I was nine years old that summer or almost nine my birthday being in September. The reasons for going to live on my Grandfathers ranch in Idaho aren't clear, probably because at that age what the grownups do doesn't stick in your head very long. Maybe Mom and Dad just wanted to try someplace new, not an unusual occurrence in our family. The first thing that comes clear in my mind is the boat trip across the lake. The boat was a twelve-foot skiff and I was sitting in the middle with bedding and boxes of clothes piled around us all. Maybe I should introduce them to you. Let's see, Nancy was the oldest, about twelve, Cary my only brother must have been ten and Kathy the little one was six. Then Mom and Dad and Grandpa Richardson who owned "the ranch." Grandpa was taking us to the place because we had never been there before, and he left soon after. The lake seemed awfully big and black and the sky was dark grey with tiny drops of rain falling slantwise into the boat. Afraid we were going to swamp the boat before we reached the other side, I felt cold and wet and scared to death, but Dad didn't seem to be concerned, just kept asking Grandpa about the ranch. We didn't cross the lake but went into the river which was running fast, and the boat was having a time making any headway against the current when we turned into a small creek with dark muddy water and landed at a spot next to a broken down bridge with a road running to it.

It was about two mile to the ranch, mostly uphill and I can't remember if we walked or rode the tractor, something we used a lot after that, but like I said it isn't clear now what we used, our feet or the old tractor. There were woods along the road and a quarter mile before we came to the house was an old log building with the roof caving in. Grandpa told Mom to keep us kids away from it as it was used to store dynamite. That was the first place I wanted to inspect and I did later but never got nerve enough to go inside.

The house was a page out of an old time book, made of upright logs with a wide covered porch running across the front and stairs coming down one side from the second floor. Downstairs was a long room across the front with a small kitchen and pantry. The kitchen held an old wood cook stove with the ovens on top for keeping food warm, a gas refrigerator, sink, and in the middle of the room a big round table of heavy wood with a kerosene

lamp in the center. To one end stood to our delight, an old pump organ which we made use of that summer whenever we could get away with it. A back bedroom completed the lower floor. In the kitchen was a ladder coming down the wall for entry to the upper floor. You could also use the outside stairs but we only did that during the day.

The room upstairs ran the length of the house with the roof making the walls. The floor was only partially boarded and an old full sized bed sat on it. A small cot was set up on the other end of the room and Cary slept there. We girls slept in the big bed together, something we were pretty use to by that time. Nancy slept on one side, Kathy in the middle and I usually slept on the floor. Nancy would get cold and roll up in the blankets, Kathy would be to hot and scoot me off the bed most of the time, until I got smart and went around to the other side and scooted Nancy over and eventually got a cover off her. I would just get back to sleep and Nancy would be poking me yelling "stop smacking your lips, what are you eating anyway." And so the night would go.

Grandpa Richardson with "Queenie" at the Ranch in Idaho ca. 1940's.



There were two horses living at the ranch. A workhorse named Babe, sweet, gentle and very slow. And then there was Queenie my first love. She was a beautiful horse. High spirited, egotistical, awesome. She had been broke to the saddle and at first was willing to have three and

sometimes four kids climb on her back as long as it wasn't for too long. But as the summer wore on Queenie began to show signs of rebellion. We decided one day it was too far to walk over and check out our neighbor's kitchen, a favorite pastime of ours and so what better than to get the horse and ride her over. It was a good mile through the woods and across a big dirt field and Queenie was holding up pretty good for a while but I guess she just got fed up with all those sliding, giggling, bodies squirming all over her back and stopped dead, her head between her legs. The next

thing we knew we were flying every which way off that horse tumbling through the dirt, shocked at first, but, looking up at Queenie standing there her nose up in the air snorting it was too much and we took to giggling all over again. We ended that ride on our own two feet!

Yes we rode that horse every day until one morning when it was Nancy's turn to ride. Mom brought the horse out front and preceded to saddle her up, as she pulled the belly strap tight Queenie sucked in a lot more air than she needed and held it. Up goes Nancy ready for a ride and out comes that excess air. One second she was on top and then under that horse sort of hanging there. About that time Mom decided the poor old girl had had enough of kids and gave her some time off for bad behavior. Kathy was pretty small and sort of scared of the horses but she had her favorite. It wasn't Queenie and it wasn't Babe. Out near the house was a small orchard with a wood fence around it. During the day when we were through with the horse we would put the saddle on the fence until Mom would let us ride again. Kathy decided this was more her style and spend hours riding her wild fence. Truth is I think we all took a turn on that "horse."

Babe was as wide as she was tall and had the patience of Job. When we had exhausted Queenie we would go get Babe and ride her bareback, had to you couldn't find a saddle big enough to fit her. She could carry all of us without much trouble but we didn't get anywhere very fast. Kathy loved riding her because she never did anything unexpected, just ambled along until we would get bored and take her back to the barn so she could eat some more hay. Now Babe doesn't sound like a very interesting horse but what she lacked for in speed she more than made up for in pure strength. For many years Babe had been hitched up behind wagons, plows, sleds and anything else that needed to be pulled or hauled. When we had her she was pretty old and we had a tractor so her work was mostly over, but I always thought if that horse could have talked she could of told some good stories about her youth.

Not too far from the ranch house was an old root cellar, a dark cool place where canned vegetables and potatoes were kept. I use to go down with Mom and pick out the vegetables for supper and feel real secure seeing all those rows of food lined up. One day as we headed for the cellar, a sweet odor greeted us some twenty feet from our store of goods, and it wasn't a good sweet odor, more of a sickening sweet odor. As we came up to it there lying in the doorway was a huge porcupine. It was the biggest, if only, one I had ever seen up close. Scared the heck out of me,

Mom just went darn or damn and tried to figure a way of getting it out. She didn't seem to upset but I always suspected it was the first one she had seen that close too. Hate to say this but I can't remember how we got rid of it. The only thing that stands out clear is that strange animal lying there with straight lines coming out of it. Mama did say not to touch it because the barbs would hook into you and you couldn't get them out, not like ticks, which would back out if you stuck them with a hot needle on the butt.

Right across the road in front of the house was a little grove of trees and in them trees were chickens that roosted way up where you had to climb to rob their nests. They were not ordinary chickens that ran away at the first shoo. They had been roosting in those trees for a long time. Somebody got those eggs for us but I don't know who, all I know is it sure wasn't me. When I think back on that summer, the smells come back and the warm sun, but the thing that sticks out most is peppermint sticks, or candy canes without the handle. They must have been there since the past Christmas because they were soft and chewy. We use to sit out on the front porch in the evening after supper and eat those things. Most candy canes are hard and stick to your gums but these were sweet and stuck between your teeth until bedtime when you could still get a few sweet watery mouthfuls if you sucked real hard.

After haying was over, the field was pretty bare except for one big pile of hay that hadn't got picked up. Kathy and I were walking across the field by ourselves both of us natural cowards, when out from behind that stack of hay jumped a big black panther. That cat ran off to the woods and Kathy and I headed for the house expecting any minute to be kitty food. When Dad got home we told him about it and he said it was probably a big house cat, but he didn't seem all that sure about it, and after that we sort of stayed clear of that part of the field. I still say it was a panther and if Kathy could remember she would too!

Now that I am grown and own a musical instrument, which my children delight in pounding on I can appreciate my mothers' reluctance to allow us to play the old pump organ in our living room. But at the time it was hard to believe what we were pumping out wasn't the sweetest sound this side of heaven. Hour upon hour we would play, at least Mom claims it was, but I think it wasn't more than a few minutes at a time, which must have been excruciating for her. Even now I play the piano for a few minutes and people claim I have been doing it for hours.

The place where we landed the boat and kept it was an ideal place for swimming and we kids took advantage of it as much as possible. Being slow running water, with a dirt bottom it was pretty warm. Up behind this creek, or connected to it in some way was a swampy area full of catfish. We caught a few every now and then and Mom would cook them up. Boy, was she a wonderful cook, there was always plenty of food to eat.

But getting back to the river, we spent many a hot lazy day swimming, catching a fish or two and speculating on what had happened to the bridge that went across it, or use to. You know mud really does smell good on a hot summer day. Just up the road from the creek was a big two-story house with all the windows broken out. It belonged to our neighbors but no one had lived in it for a long time. We always suspected it was haunted, it just looked like it ought to be and we made up stories about who might have lived there and why they left. My theory was Gypsies had killed them all and still peeked out the windows waiting for someone to tell their story to, I wonder if they're still waiting.

Something happened that summer that will probably never happen to me or anyone I know again. On a hot summer day there came thundering through our yard a herd of wild horses. I can still feel the dust on my face they kicked up as they went through. And if I close my eyes and think about it there they are right in front of me, wild and beautiful.

So now you're probably wondering why I've told this story of a brief, yes an all too brief summer in my life. Maybe you had a summer like that or a winter and all of a sudden while reading this, things begin to flash in your mind, things you thought you had forgotten. If not, I am sorry for you, for all there is for us are a few brief moments to remember before it's all over. Thank you Mom and Dad for giving me this one to remember.

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Phoebe's Spoon

By Pam Stinson

I share initials, a spoon, and the longest uncovered branch thus far in my family tree with my great-grandmother Phoebe Ann Stinson. The spoon nestles in an old gift box in the antique corner cupboard of my dining room. The silver is engraved with scripted initials and a folded note card from my dear Gram, spelling out in her hand that this was to be given to me. I, of course, had never known my great-grandmother Phoebe (1834 - 1920). Our only tangible connection is this piece of silver. Was it part of a set she was given at her marriage to my great-grandfather, Charles Stinson (1830-1900)? Or was it a single token of remembrance, valuable in itself, gifted from a close relative or friend? The date 1855 on its handle indicates the wedding year. November 29 is in the note from my Gram. Phoebe's maiden name of Mantonye (Montagne) propelled me toward the history of her family name. My precious grandmother Alta May Stinson (1887 - 1983) had a surging interest in family history, leaving behind paper bags full of notes and letters, and a map of ancestors that hailed from the New Jersey of the 1700's. The Stinsons and the Montagnes seemed to deadend in the Jersey State, probably due to the dearth of data available in her time. Still today, New Jersey historical records are famously scattered or nonexistent. My grandparents even named their youngest son for this family connection, my uncle Charles Montagne Stinson. The name became a focus in my own research as I earnestly traced back to the first find and oldest connection of mine from the New World to the Old: Jean Mousnier De La Montagne (1595 - 1670), the first physician in New Netherland, later called New York City. He attended medical school in Leiden, Holland where his name transitioned from French to Latin and finally, Dutch: Johannes de la Montagne. As an educated man, he held great respect from his fellow residents, serving under both William Kieft and Philip Stuyvesant, as Vice Director of New Netherland.

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Writing a Snippet

By Pam Stinson

In the JCGS writers' group, I have often shared what can be considered a snippet, a small piece of writing, often unfinished, that provides a short frame of a story that sets a scene in time and place. The beauty of it is that it requires no planning. It allows one to begin the creative process without making a big commitment of energy or time. And allows one to begin to frame the personal memories formed in the process of ancestor-hunting.

Choose a relative that fascinates you. Pick an incident or simply a general impression of that person. Begin in description of what could have been, by way of possible weather or social mores or historical incident. Watch out for words that scream current time and instead use more general descriptions of how things might have been. This means, stick to truth, but give details (especially sensory) that will pull you and your reader into that time.

This is not historical fiction nor history. It is your nod to your ancestor by way of a remembrance or a tale worth repeating.

Example

The bridge workers discovered her body in a shallow ditch. Several feet of water hid most of her, but a piece of blue gingham fabric floated at the surface. A bonnet drifted from her neck. Blonde hair lay in a mat beside it, matching the wintered leaves at the water's edge.

The posse had searched for hours near Columbus Grove. Her husband reported the disappearance and a sheriff gathered men, most on horseback, a few on foot. They scoured the lanes of dirt paths, furrowed fields and thick chestnut woods. They found nothing.

By the next midday, the posse had disbanded, home to their farm chores. Men constructing a bridge stopped for their lunch at the side of the road. What one spotted ruined any thought of relaxing.

The coroner ruled the death a drowning. In parentheses he wrote, "probably accidental." Her mother claimed her body. The Evening Tribune, The Daily Bulletin and The Leader-Dispatch all carried the

story. It was buried in a sea of local and national news: Mrs. Beach shot and killed Thomas Bird when he tried to force his way into her home. The Chinese celebrated recognition of their government by the United States. A doctor at the Dayton State Hospital was charged with permitting the beating of patients until the blood flowed and spattered, with sanctioning the killing and serving of diseased beef, favoritism to certain employees, with drunkenness and gambling, and of improper conduct towards women.

Mrs. Lena's drowning seemed small news. She was believed unbalanced by illness and was supposed to have drowned herself.

My grandmother had never mentioned to me this sister, who married at 17 and died at 30. In her birthday book filled with family and friends' names, birth dates, marriages, children's names, and death dates, Lena's pages are blank.

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The Lutheran Colony of 1717(aka The Second Colony)

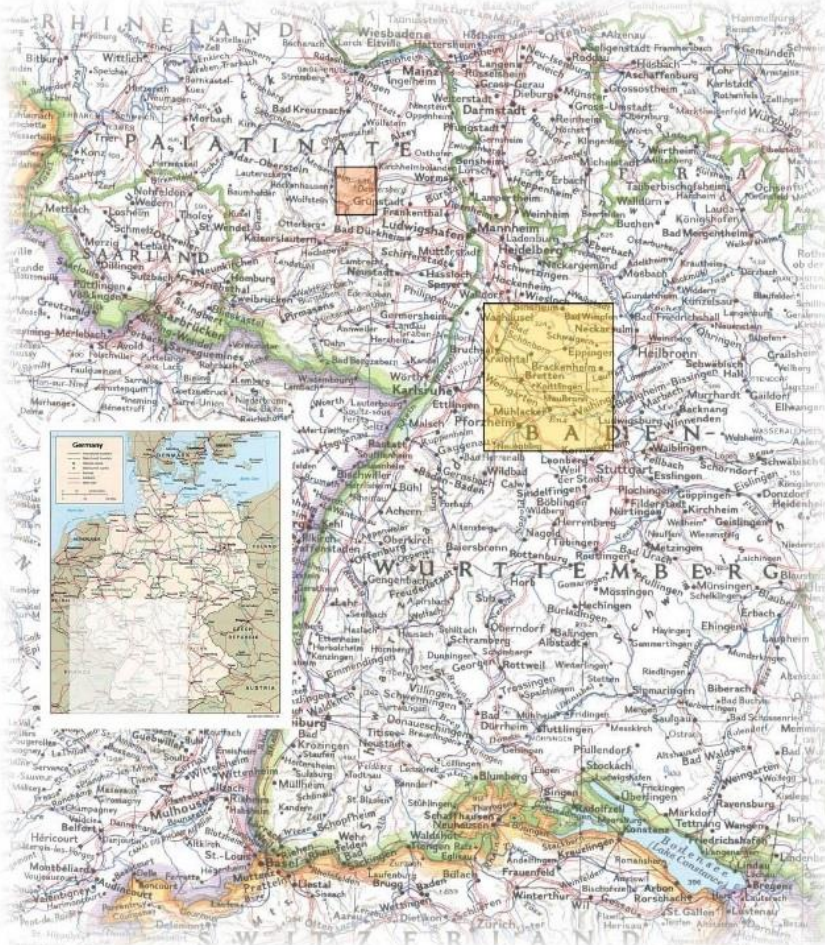
By Raymond Thompson

The Second Colony's first members, about 25 families, were imported by Lieutenant Governor Alexander Spotswood of Virginia as indentured servants in 1717 (under the modern calendar early in 1718). This was three years after Spotswood brought in a separate group of Germans, known as the 1714 First Colony, and this is the reason for the name "Second Colony."

Other than their employer, Spotswood, the two groups seem to have had little in common. The First Colony families came voluntarily from the area of Siegen, Germany, in 1714. They were then housed in a five-sided palisade, Ft. Germana, on the Rapidan River in what is now Orange

County, Virginia. They were of the German Reform religion, they had their own pastor, and in 1719 they left Fort Germana to settle at a site in what is now Fauquier County, Virginia, called Germantown.

The Second Colony, in contrast, came from the Palatinate and the Kraichgau area of Baden-Württemberg, Germany. Its members did not come voluntarily to Virginia. These families expected to go to Pennsylvania with other Germans, but their ship's



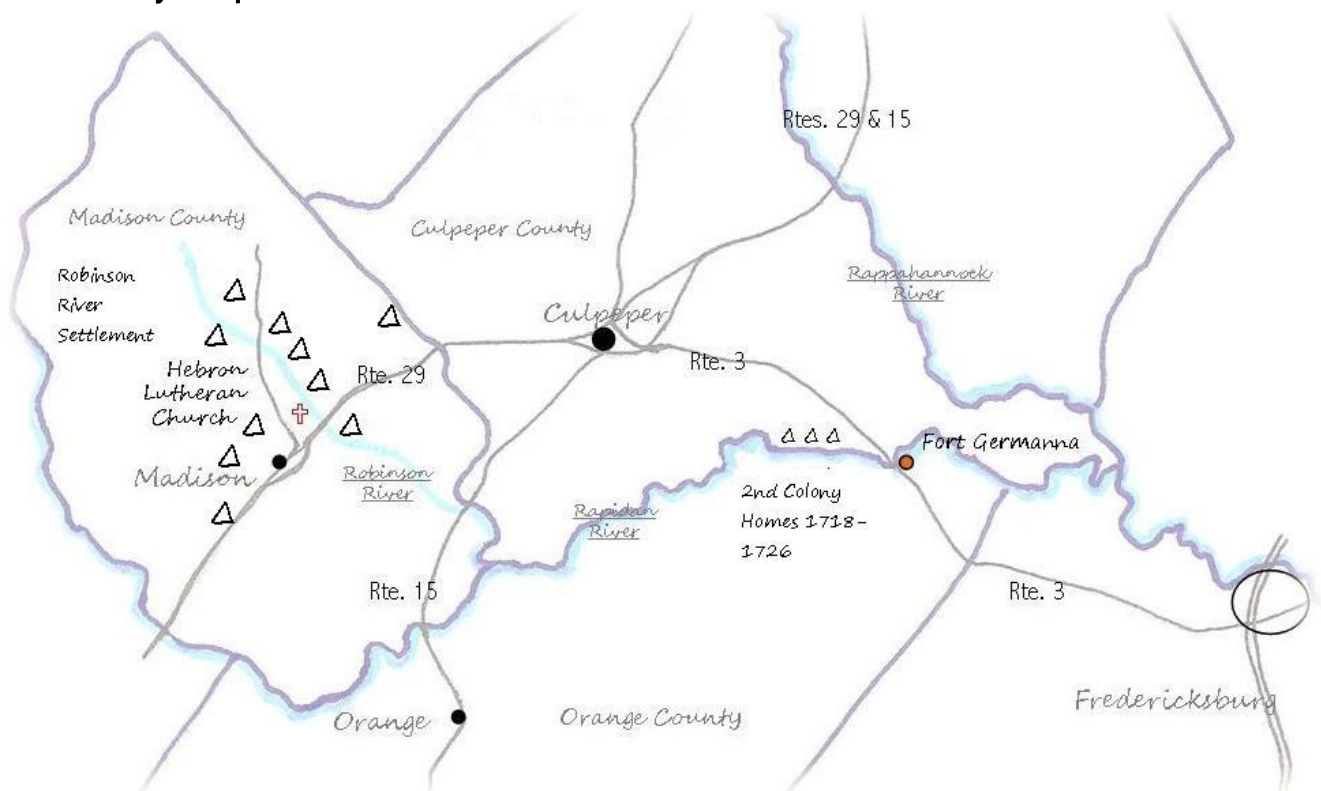
captain, Andrew Tarbett, had been incarcerated in London for debt, and their money was used up while they waited. Tarbett must have known that Governor Spotswood was willing to pay the passage for another group of Germans, for when he got out of debtor's prison, he transported these Germans on his ship, the Scott, to Virginia, pretending to be blown off course in a storm. There, lost and penniless, they became indentured servants to Spotswood.

The Second Colony Germans were Lutherans, without a pastor. Nor did Spotswood settle this group at Fort Germanna but, according to contemporary accounts, he settled them about two miles west on the north bank of the Rapidan River between Potato Run and Fleishman's Run.

Beginning in 1726, the Second Colony families began to take up free land to the west, in the Robinson River Valley of today's Madison County, Virginia. Although Governor Spotswood sued several of the immigrants for sums he thought they owed him under their indenturehood, in some cases he did not prevail and in those where he did, he recovered less than he had sought. The Second Colony was joined by many other German families, many of them relatives, meaning that due to intermarriage, the later families are also considered members of the Second Colony. Because of their relatively isolated position among English neighbors, Second Colony children more often than not married other descendants, and most of today's descendants have more than one Second Colony family in their bloodlines.

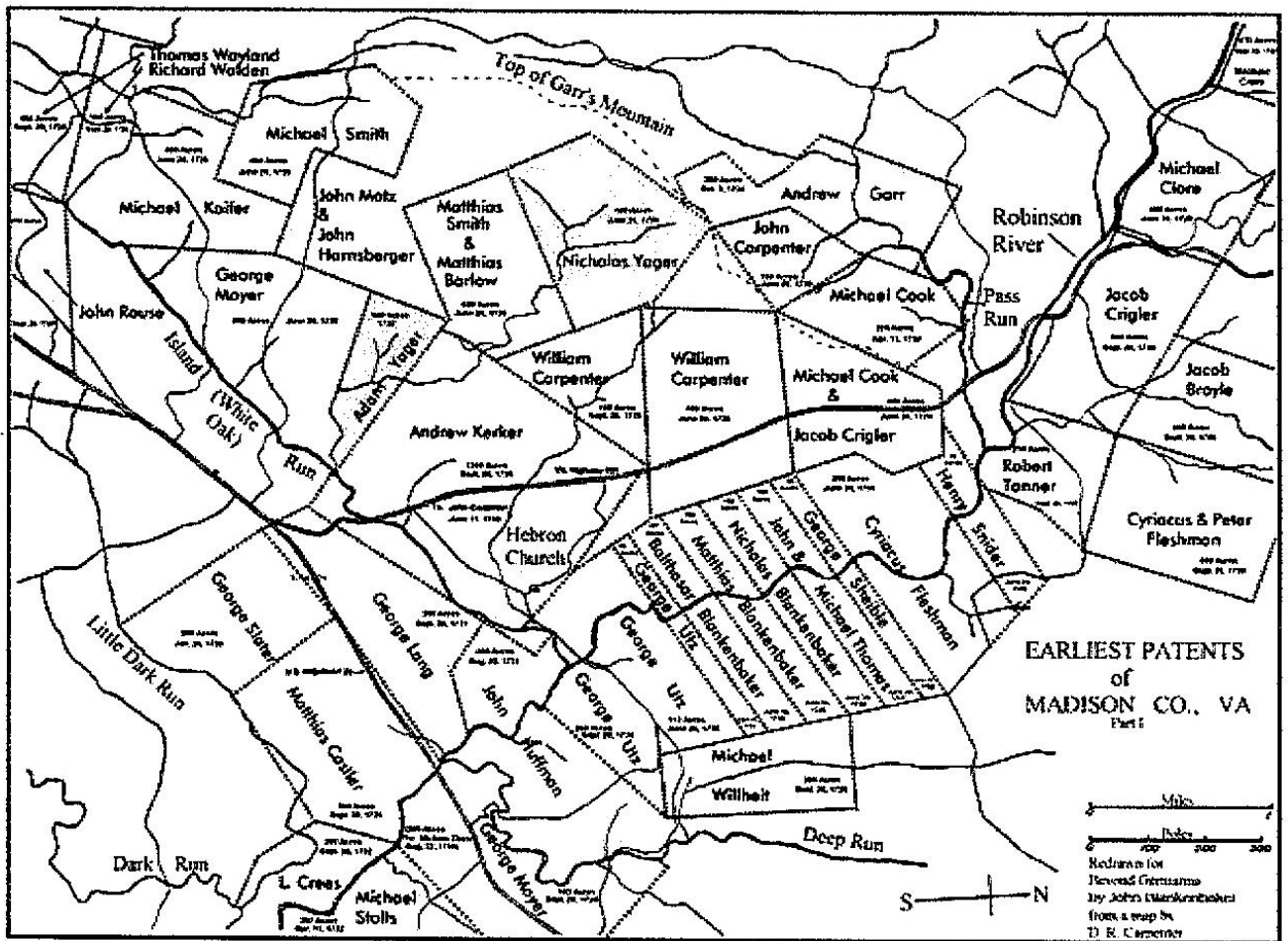
In 1740, the Second Colony Germans erected their own church in the Robinson River Valley. It is still there today, known as the Hebron Lutheran Church, the oldest continually operating Lutheran church in the United States. There they played an important role in the founding of the new nation and the adoption of the Bill of Rights amended to the Constitution of the United States.

2nd Colony Map



When they first arrived in Virginia in early 1717, the Second Colony lived for 7 or 8 years on the north bank of the Rapidan. In 1726, they moved west along the Rapidan and up the Robinson River, where they remained for generations.

After gaining their freedom in about 1725, this little band of German Lutherans crossed the Rapidan River at Germana Ford; pass the place where the Madison County Court House now stands. They located and patented land on both sides of Robinson River at White Oak Run. Since being moved to the fertile land along the Robinson River, the colony grew, prospered and became a progressive community. Soon after arriving at their new home, these hardy pioneer settlers, being used to toil and hardship, went earnestly to work erecting rude huts, clearing the forest, cultivating the soil, building a fort and stockade for protection against hostile Indians. It was in this community by these people built a church and a schoolhouse.



Nicholas Blankenbecker: Nicholas and Apolonia had three sons and one daughter. Zacharias, Michael, Jacob, and Dorothy

Zacharias Blankenbecker: Zachariah and Abey had four sons, one daughter and a stepdaughter. Zachariah, John, Samuel, Jacob, Mary, and Elizabeth; Zachariah and family migrated from Madison Co. VA to Wythe Co, VA and settled in Rye Valley

Zachariah Blankenbecker: Zachariah and wife had four sons and five daughters. Aaron, John, George, Jesse, Elizabeth, Nancy, Leah, Sallie and Polly

Aaron Blankenbecker: Aaron married Elizabeth Cole December 15, 1814 in Wythe Co VA. Aaron and Elizabeth had seven children, after Elizabeth's death, he married Amanda Dunford, and they had five children. Ester, Sarah, Remember Harris, Mrs. Scott, and John. The children of Aaron and

Elizabeth are; William, Betsy, Frank, Jackson, Hiram, Roseanna and Keziah

Elizabeth (Betsy) Blankenbeckler. Betsy married Jesse Earnest and they lived in Smyth Co VA. Betsy and Jesse had nine children. Amanda Jane, David Marion, Rachel, John Aaron, Norman Franklin, Mary Emeline, Daniel, Sarah and Sue

Norman Franklin Earnest; Norman married Mary Susan Vernon September 25, 1888 in Bristol, TN and they lived in Marion, Va. Mary Susan had two son's from a previous marriage, Arthur Vernon and Earl R. Vernon. Norman and Mary Susan had five children, Mattie, Okie Dell, Jesse F, Harry Mac, and Maude Sue.

Maude Sue Earnest; Maude Sue married Jay Vaughn Thompson July 16, 1928 in Indian, VA and they had five children. Harry Newton, Raymond Garnett, Donald Richard, Dada Sue, and Tommy Earnest

Zachariah Blankenbeckler migrated farther west from Madison County, to Wythe County, Virginia where he and his family settled in Rye Valley. Elizabeth (Betsy) Blankenbeckler married Jesse Earnest and they settled in Smyth County, Virginia. Smyth County borders Wythe County on the west.

Migration Trail;

The Second Colony shows where they were located in Madison County, Virginia. When *Zacharias Blankenbeckler and family traveled west from Madison County to Wythe County they traveled southwest parallel to the Blue Ridge Mountain traveling in the foothills of the mountains.*

Jesse and Betsy Earnest married and settled in Smyth County where they had and raised their family.

Norman and Susan were married in Bristol, TN and settled in Marion, Smyth County. Their children Mattie, Okie, and Jesse, were born in Marion. While living in Marion, Norman had a wagon and a team of horses and hauled water to a boiler. Norman later found employment in the Pocahontas coal field. He said he was a boiler maker and the mine hired him as a foreman in a limestone rock quarry producing limestone dust to spray on the mine wall to reduce the dust and explosive atmosphere. When he first started in the coal fields his family still lived in Marion and some weekends he would walk from Pocahontas to Marion and back which is about a 70 mile round trip over mountains. While still working in the

coal fields he moved his family to Pocahontas where their son Harry Max was born. The family then moved to Bluefield, WV where my mother, Maude Sue was born. Later they moved to Saint Clair Crossing, Tazewell County Virginia, about a mile west of Bluefield, Virginia City Limits, and this was their final home.

I would like to know the trail he walked from Pocahontas to Frog Level, west of Tazewell. I have been over the road, now a paved road from Frog Level to Marion. It starts out at Frog Level with switch backs up the side of the mountain and it doesn't get any better until you get to Hungry Mother State Park.

Raymond Thompson (The above story must be true because I'm here)

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The Lisbon Maru: The Chaos of War

By Diane K. Young

THE ATROCITIES OF WAR ARE HORRENDOUS; BUT GENEALOGY MAKES IT PERSONAL.

We've all studied the carnage of warfare, know the major battles of the Civil War, the landing at Normandy, the events at Iwo Jima. But when we learn that one of our relatives was in the middle of one of these conflicts, history means so much more to us.

No doubt every family has a story to tell about bravery, every family has at least one ancestor who served during time of war. Some passed on tales of courage. Some lived through dreadful treatment as a POW. And others died serving their country. James Black Stott was a corporal in the Royal Corps of Signals during World War II, just 31 years old when his brief life ended.

The Royal Signals were a combat support unit to the British Army during World War II. As such, they were often the first called into a battlefield to set up and provide communications infrastructure to support the commanders and their staff. During the War, the Royal Signals were involved in every aspect of British fighting.

James Black Stott, my mother-in-law's first cousin, was called with his regiment to Hong Kong, a British Colony, aiding in their defense against Japan. When Hong Kong fell near the end of 1941, several hundred British soldiers, including James Black Stott and other Royal Signalers, were captured by the Japanese and forced into slave labor.

After surviving nearly a year in POW camps in Hong Kong, on September 27, 1942, about 1,850 captured soldiers, including Corporal Stott, were secretly put in the holds of a rusting freighter being used as a Japanese troop transport. This ship, the Lisbon Maru, was transporting British POWs to Japan's dockyards and ports, coal mines and factories, to continue their slave labor. Stott was in Hold 2, near the stern of the ship.

These British soldiers were packed into the rusting, gloomy cargo holds of the Lisbon Maru, each man allotted just 18 inches of space. Disease was rampant as many boarded the ship with dysentery or diphtheria. Being in the dark, crammed into the hold, took its toll on these captives.

The Lisbon Maru was making its way to its Japanese destination when, on October 1, they encountered an American submarine, the USS Grouper. The American commanders on the Grouper saw the Japanese troops on deck and had no way of knowing that the Lisbon Maru was secretly carrying over 1,800 British Army captives in the holds as the ship had no flag or markings indicating that prisoners were onboard.

Believing that the Lisbon Maru was just a Japanese troop transport, the USS Grouper fired 6 torpedoes, only one of which hit its mark, the stern of the ship. As the Grouper was being fired on by the Japanese patrol boats and aircraft, they left the area, not knowing that the ship they had just torpedoed would soon become a mass grave for hundreds of allied British soldiers.

The Japanese crew abandoned the ship; but before doing so, they battened down the hatches on the three holds and then stretched tarpaulin and set up a machine-gun post to shoot any escapees. Several POWs did escape, using knives to pry open the hatches, while the Japanese stood waiting for them on the deck. But as they escaped, many were immediately shot by the Japanese. Eventually, some were able to flee into the water, where they attempted to swim to the waiting Japanese rescue flotilla, assuming that the Japanese would rescue them. But the Japanese soldiers instead strafed the water, and those few POWs who climbed up onto the Japanese boats were shot in the head and dumped back into the sea.

Others who escaped the ship tried to swim the 6 miles to shore. About 300 were picked up by friendly Chinese fishermen in the area, those willing to risk Japanese fire to sail out from the nearby islands to pick them up. But over 1,000 prisoners died, left in the holds or dead in the water, shot by Japanese soldiers. Among them was Corporal James Black Stott.

Stott was awarded the Military Medal "for gallant and distinguished service in the defense of Hong Kong in 1941" and officially pronounced killed in action at Sea in December 1942.

James Black Stott served his country honorably, survived a year of capture and slave labor at the hands of the Japanese, only to have the transport he was on mistakenly torpedoed by the Americans, the British allies.

We don't know if Corporal Stott was one of those who briefly escaped and was shot or drowned in Hold 2 on the Lisbon Maru when the torpedo hit

the stern. But we do know that James Black Stott died a ghastly death. And because he was a relative, this event seems even more personal.

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The Hanging at Camp Dodge

By Diane K. Young

They were in trenches, just about 100 yards from each other. The German soldiers on one side, the U.S. soldiers on the other. Late at night, they could hear the roar of the fighter airplanes overhead, Red Baron types chasing each other through the night sky. Whenever a German plane was shot down and German airmen died, one could hear the cheers from the U.S. trenches. And when a United States airplane was shot down and U.S. airmen aboard died, a tremendous cheer would rise from the German trenches.

In one of those trenches was my grandfather, Peter Linn, a private in Company E, 349th Infantry, 88th Division of the United States Army, stationed in the Alsace region of France in November 1918. He was part of the cheering when German planes went down; he was part of the despair when he realized that U.S. soldiers had died. Peter knew that the U.S. soldiers who had been shot down were heroes, would have a hero's burial, and would be written about in their hometown newspapers as heroes of fighting the Germans in World War I.

But in that trench on a cold November evening, Peter also reflected on other soldiers' deaths, those deaths that took place on July 5, 1918, at Camp Dodge, just outside of Des Moines, Iowa. Camp Dodge was a major basic training post in the United States. In 1917, a "city" of nearly 40,000 rose almost overnight and was the army encampment for thousands of Midwesterners who were going through basic training and then to Europe to fight the Germans.

Peter had arrived for basic training in early May, 1918. It was his first time, as a 25-year old man, to be away from home, off the Iowa farm he worked with his father, and the first time away from his girlfriend, Maude Olofson.

On May 24, 1918, just a few days after Peter arrived for basic training, a 17-year old white girl was allegedly raped at Camp Dodge; and four black soldiers were quickly arrested. In separate military trials, three of the soldiers were found guilty of the rape and sentenced to hang. Both President Wilson and Newton Baker, the Secretary of War, upheld the verdicts.

On the 5th of July, the entire camp, nearly 30,000 soldiers, was ordered to come to the quickly constructed gallows to watch the hangings. It was a muggy, humid summer evening around 9 p.m. The 3,000 black soldiers in camp were led from their segregated bunks and forced to stand closest to the platform as a reminder of what happens to black soldiers who get out of line. In addition to the entire division, hundreds of curious onlookers, mostly civilians from Des Moines, watched the spectacle. It looked like an amphitheater with gallows in the center and soldiers tiered on every side. With no wind, every sound, every noise carried to the far reaches of the amphitheater setting.

Peter was on a hill, nearly 50 yards away but still close enough to hear and to see the proceedings. Word spread among his fellow soldiers that the three men were really innocent of the rape. How could this be happening? Were these fellow soldiers innocent? Could they have been guilty of such a dreadful crime? This 25-year old Iowa farm boy private could only watch in some kind of shock and disbelief. He saw the three men being led slowly to the gallows; saw two of the young, black soldiers walk silently, heads bowed. But the third man was wailing, and as they marched closer and closer to the gallows, his wails grew even louder. It was guttural, wailing from the soul, wailing that everyone in the camp could hear.

Peter watched with a mixture of curiosity and confusion as the nooses were slipped over each of the three men's necks and then tightened. These 30,000 young, inexperienced soldiers, just ordinary young men, mostly farmers, were watching the most horrendous site they had ever seen. The three condemned men stood with hands tied behind their backs, heads lowered, moaning and wailing. Most of the soldiers in camp had to turn away.

Three ropes fell from the platform to the rear of the scaffold. Only one of the ropes activated all three traps—two were dummies—and only Captain Harry Baker knew for sure which rope was alive. Three of Baker's enlisted military policemen stood with upraised axes and upon command simultaneously cut the ropes.

This was the only execution in the state of Iowa carried out for a non-murder charge. For many of the men, including Peter, it was said to be worse than anything they ever saw in battle.

And on this night in France in a muddy trench, Peter reflected on that painful July night, just 4 months earlier. Three young black soldiers, guilty

or innocent? Given a fair trial or not? Victims of racial discrimination or guilty of the rape of a 17-year old white girl? These three young men would not be seen as heroes of the war, would not be written up in their hometown newspapers as anything other than guilty of rape and dead by hanging at Camp Dodge. My grandfather Peter carried this picture, this story, those memories, with him his entire life.

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