



The Bulletin

Quarterly Magazine of the
Genealogical Forum of Oregon

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The Writing Issue

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- The Bible of the Leatherwood Family: Beginning with Joseph Leatherwood and his wife Emily Pleasant (Nichols) Leatherwood
- Jemima Mills of Somerset and London
- Mayhem and Murder: The Life of Florence "Flora" Johnson
- Writing a Memoir
- Mom's Diary: Mary Ann (Church) Gulstrom
- A Letter to my Grandmother, Jessie Florence (Sager) Swafford
- Books to Inspire, Encourage, and Improve Your Writing
- Writing Historical Fiction about an Ancestor
- Book Reviews and more!



**Keeping in Contact During 2020
(Or How I Used the Pandemic to
Get Information from My Family)**

By Marti Dell

The Bulletin: Quarterly Magazine of the Genealogical Forum of Oregon

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MOVING FORWARD

By the end of 2021, the GFO *Bulletin* will transition away from a single managing editor to an editorial team. This will allow volunteers to share the workload and take on tasks that best match their skill sets.

We would like to have volunteers in place by the end of September so they can be trained while we put together the December issue. We have a strong group of volunteers doing the actual editing, proofreading, and layout. They are not going away. But if you would be willing to **join our management team**, please send a note to bulletin@gfo.org.

Responsibilities:

Solicit, review, and acknowledge receipt of articles for *The Bulletin*. Select articles for each issue.

Prepare articles for editing (standardize formatting, etc.).

Process articles through editing, proofreading, layout, final proofreading (need strong organizing skills and the ability to work with other volunteers).

Know how to use and teach others to use editing software – currently Word, Google Docs, and Adobe (how-to docs are available).

Know how to use and teach others to use our style guide.

Write – at least the letter from the editor and editor notes if needed for an article.

We also need people to:

Find or create images and graphics to add visual interest to the articles if needed.

Review footnotes if needed.

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Photo note: Cover image courtesy of Marti Dell.

Letter from the Editor

Writing About Family

The events of the past year changed the pace of life for most of us. The beginning of 2021 had me hunkered down at home because of the Pandemic. This led to lots of time to research my family trees. But at the same time, it became harder to focus on large projects. Perhaps it was time to turn some of my research into narratives that others might find more interesting.

I looked to *The Bulletin* for inspiration. I found a variety of articles that differed in style from formal proof summaries to short biographical sketches. There were memoirs and diaries. At the same time, I read a book based on a family's migration to Oregon in the late 1800s. *Where Eagles Nest* opened my eyes to one more approach to writing about family—historical fiction.

This issue of *The Bulletin* includes examples of all the above and more. In “Keeping Contact During the Pandemic,” Marti Dell writes about how she created a family newsletter. The best part? How one story or one photo would trigger memories and lead to additional stories and photos.

We have an article about writing memoirs and several examples. One reveals the feelings of first love found in a diary kept by Darrell Gulstrom's mother when she met her future husband. Carole Linneman's memoir takes the form of a letter to her grandmother. Another memoir is from the mid-1800s and follows a family as they go from their home in Kansas to the goldfields near Pikes Peak. Also from Kansas is a Bible record for the Leatherwood family that was researched by Courtney A. Clements. Knowing more about the family and the times in which they lived engages the reader far more than a list of names.

There is an article where Duane Funk seeks to link parents to Jemima Mills who was born in 1748 in London, a classic proof summary. Emily Aulicino has a biographical sketch of Flora Johnson, who was the central player in newspaper accounts of murder and suicide. And there is



a guide to writing historical fiction, with a few snippets for inspiration.

Scattered throughout the issue are testimonials to writing groups. There is also a list of books at the GFO library to inspire and support you as you begin to write your stories. And if you are tempted to write an entire book, browse through some of our reviewed books, also available at the GFO library.

My personal choice for writing about my family is biographical sketches, and my favorite way to share is through a blog. This allows for short pieces with lots of images, videos, and links to interactive maps. However, after a spurt of activity five or six years ago, there are now long gaps between my published stories. Time to start writing.

—Nanci Remington

Keeping in Contact During 2020 (Or How I Used the Pandemic to Get Information from My Family)

Marti Dell

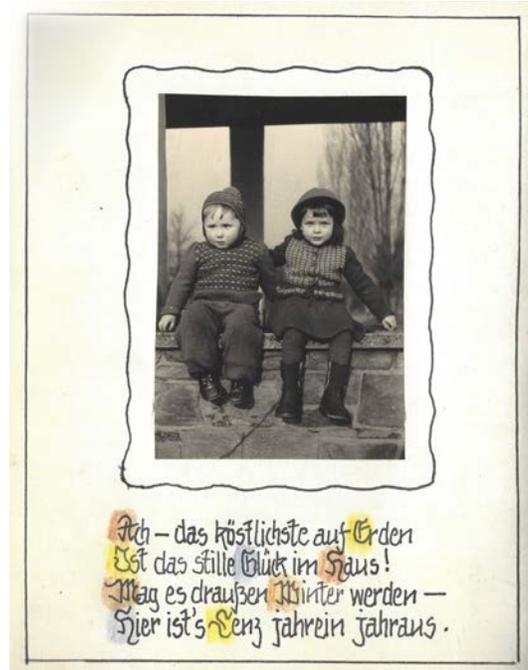
The year 2020 was extraordinary in so many ways. On top of the list for many people was the disruption caused by the pandemic. Both Oregon and Washington were shut down early on. On Saturday, 23 March 2020, Washington's governor Jay Inslee signed his first stay-at-home order. Oregon's governor soon followed suit.

A few days earlier, a cousin had contacted me and told me that his wife's cousin was sending out photos and short stories to her family members during the shutdown and asked me if I would do something similar for our side of the family. I agreed. This cousin is related to me on my maternal grandfather's line. My grandfather was Kenneth Pulver Davison who died in 1969 at the age of 57. He was manager of a U&I Sugar Company warehouse in Sunnyside, Washington, for about 30 years. He also was the leader of a dance band since he was in his 20s, first in the Midwest, and then in Washington and Oregon. Two of his brothers were in his band. My grandfather's band performed at many high school dances attended by my mother, aunt, and their first cousins.

Grandpa Ken was one of eight children, seven of whom lived to adulthood, and six of those had children. My mother and aunt have over 10 first cousins, many still living. For many years, I had asked these cousins (and aunts and uncles) to tell me stories and bring family photos for me to scan at family reunions. Although I received some photos, I was sure there were more available. So, I was glad to agree to send out regular posts with family stories and photos.



All images courtesy of the author.



*Oh—the most precious thing on Earth
Is the quiet happiness in the house!
May it be winter outside—
here it is Spring year in and year out.
German Proverb.*

I contacted as many of the cousins and their children as I could to see who might be interested in receiving my posts. I promised to not send more than one email per day and to be the clearinghouse for any information (stories and/or photos) sent. I also asked everyone if they wanted to have their email available to all other family members, or if they wanted to be part of a set of people who were to be blind copied. After I had up a mailing list to be able to do this easily, I started sending out the first few emails. All the cousins remembered each other's parents (all the aunts and uncles) because they sort of grew up together. There were also frequent family get-togethers, reunions, camping trips, and Sunday dinners.

Soon I realized I needed a title for my postings, and my husband, a graphic artist, designed Davison Daily Digest for the graphic at the top of each email.

Davison Daily Digest

Because I wasn't sure what stories and photos might interest people, I started with larger group photos. The first one was taken at a family reunion at my great-grandmother's house in about 1947. I started with this photo because it includes people who were receiving the emails as well as their parents.



I followed with a photo of my mother and her brother with their grandmother and then with a photo of three of the brothers who all had children within a few months of each other.

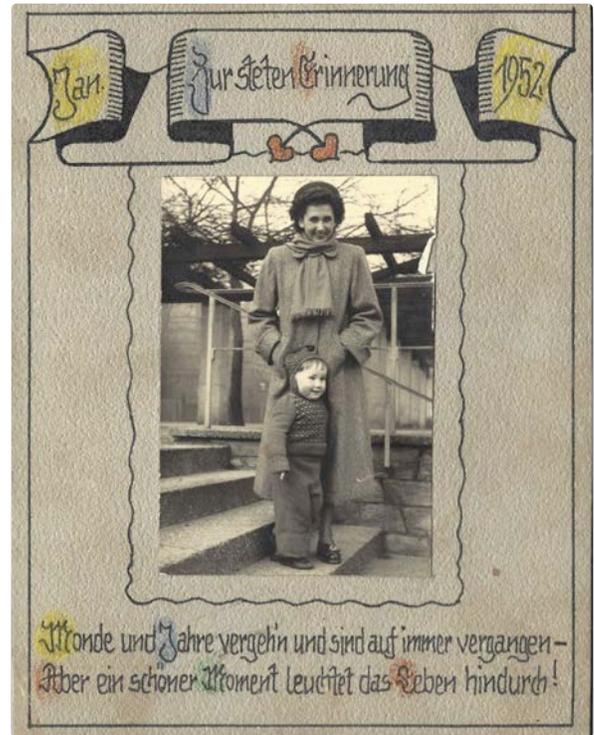
These few initial posts elicited a flood of stories and photos from other family members. It was wonderful. I was finally receiving something I had asked for over many years. Even my mother and aunt—who I speak with often—sent me photos and told stories I never heard before. Frequently, the memories were triggered by one of their cousins commenting or asking questions. They found additional photos to send, which led to even more anecdotes.

I continued these daily posts for 100 days in a row. By that time, work at my day job was dramatically increasing, and I was getting tired of doing daily posts. But after a short break, I started up again and sent another 50 posts and then some more randomly until I stopped—finally.

For Christmas 2019 (before we were aware of the looming pandemic), I had created a calendar for my immediate family with everyone's birthdays and photos. I added photos of ancestors whose birthdays or marriage dates I had. So, many of my Davison Daily Digests focused on whoever's birthday it may have been. Some were very recent, like my mother's first great-grandchild. Others were the earliest known Davison ancestors, including Stephen Haight, a Revolutionary War soldier. I did one post for each of the eight siblings of my grandfather's generation, a few posts on their spouses, one for each uncle that served in World War II (including where they were stationed and some history of their battles). I did the same for the few Civil War soldiers we have on that line, and I also covered miscellaneous topics like toys, pets, camping, hunting, fishing, games, music, occupations, and hobbies. Pretty much whatever topic I could think of. Sometimes I found a few photos to group together in a coherent manner, and that ended up being the topic for the day.

I was thrilled that the more I sent out, the more information I received in return. Two cousins sent me FedEx boxes full of photos that they had gone and dug out of

their attics or storage, including a lovely photo album created for a cousin who lived in Germany when he was two. His mother was a German war bride, and she took him home (to Germany) when his father was stationed elsewhere for a year. The book was made by one of his mother's relatives and includes photos of them and hand-lettered short poems by famous German poets.



*"Moons and years pass and are gone forever—
but a beautiful moment shines through the life."
By Franz Seraphicus Grillparzer (1791–1872).*

I was lucky that a couple of the uncles liked to write, so some of the family stories from prior generations had been preserved, though they were likely embellished a bit. For those stories, I tried to relate versions from others who may have been involved or had knowledge about it. It is sometimes the best one can do with family "stories."

This project was also productive for me on a genealogical basis because I learned more about the family homestead near Spokane, Washington, as well as the timelines for when and where my great-grandparents lived (with their seven surviving children) and why they moved at certain times. I had not been able to figure out where the homestead was located because the address is a rural route, and the house has since been torn down. In an amusing twist of fate, one of my brothers-in-law happened to live near where we believed the old family homestead was located. He recommended we check out a certain road that he used to run on. It appears he located the modern area where the homestead used to be from the old photo on a hill above the homestead.



I plan to turn all my posts into a large PDF or soft-bound book and send a copy to family members. It was a very fun project that started on a request and blossomed into something much bigger. I have talked to many of my cousins more in the past year than I had in the past 10 years. If I was slow in sending out a post, people were worried something was wrong or they had been

dropped off the list. It was very gratifying to be able to keep people entertained and engaged in this very difficult time, and it is a big bonus that all of this information will be preserved for future generations. We now have a fuller understanding of this line of our family as well as a reconnection with long-lost cousins.

Post from Tuesday, 14 April 2020, about my uncle, Terry Kenneth Davison, who was born in 1938, fell out of a tree and was paralyzed in 1952, and who died in 1961 from a ruptured appendix. That day's post was written by my aunt, his younger sister.

SUNNYSIDE: TERRY AND THE BIRD

The picture chosen today is my very, very favorite of my brother. It captures something about his being, his joy, his connections to moments in his life. This photo shows Dad's ancient typewriter (mentioned in an earlier story), Terry and Charlie Brown, a blue parakeet usually referred to as just Charlie or C.B. He had him for many years and you would often find him peacefully riding on Terry's shoulder. Although, if he felt ignored he would nip Terry's ear.

Not long after C.B. came into our lives, Terry decided that he needed to learn to talk. He read up on the techniques and began collecting materials to do it mechanically. He put together a small turntable with a microphone and wired the receiver into C.B.'s cage. He bought a "teach your bird to talk" record and the experiment began. The bird was fascinated and whenever the record played, he would snuggle close to the speaker listening. The only problem Terry noted was that the turntable could not reset itself at the end of the record and did not shut off. So for weeks, we would hear "pretty bird" and other bird phrases playing from



the record. C.B. would listen intently. Finally, Terry decided that the bird was ready to talk. He put him on his finger, repeated "pretty bird" and waited. Charlie fluffed himself and very clearly repeated what he had learned. Psshshht, pshstt, pshhht. The sound that a record makes when the recording has finished and the needle is still engaged. Needless to say, Terry was not amused, but the rest of us enjoyed it a lot.

The other interactions with Charlie were much more active and thought to be harmless at the time. (although the ASPCA might disagree today.) When playing with Dad's 3-rail electric train, we would often put the bird in one of the boxcars and ride him around. Or when playing with the Domino tiles after we tired of playing the game, we would build structures, houses with roofs and often we would put C.B. inside. Then, one by one we would remove each tile until it collapsed on him. I have to state here that the bird always played around us and seemed a willing participant. The last "trick" I will share was Terry's favorite. He would place Charlie in one end of an empty paper towel tube -a perfect snug fit- and blow him through. Charlie would launch out the other end, flying, and come right back to Terry. It was spectacular to observe.

One last memory just came to me. Terry was trained to be a watch and clock repair person by Roy Skogen

who owned the local jewelry store. For my 11th birthday, he gave me a beautiful Elgin watch that he had fixed. It was small and gold and very ladylike. Unfortunately, I was not yet a lady. I still played basketball, baseball and was always banging around on Dusty. About every 3-4 days, my watch would stop working. I'd return it to Terry and he would patiently fix and return it telling me that I needed to be gentler with it. As much as I valued the gift, I did not have much "gentle" in those days. The fix/break/fix went on for months until a very frustrated Terry ask if he could have his gift back. He said he would "keep it safe" until I was ready. He later told me that he had been spending so much time fixing my watch that he wasn't making any money from his paying customers. A postscript: I still have the watch and it still doesn't work but it does make me smile when I see it.

TESTIMONIAL: PROGEN STUDY GROUPS

Debra Koehler
(ProGen 45 Graduate)

It is difficult to sum up my ProGen experience in a few short paragraphs because ProGen has been one of the most significant and transformative things I've ever done to self-educate myself as a genealogist. ProGen taught me how to elevate my genealogy work to a professional level. But more than that, ProGen gave me a genealogical lifeline. The other genealogists in my study group have become my friends, colleagues, mentors, and confidants. These bonds were built and strengthened by the interactive peer review and feedback that is the core of the ProGen curriculum.

The ProGen website describes the program as peer-guided study for aspiring and professional genealogists. Each month, you complete a written assignment, provide written feedback on your classmates' assignments, and then get together on Zoom to discuss. The assignments are based upon chapters from the book, *Professional Genealogy: Preparation, Practice & Standards* (edited by Elizabeth Shown Mills). The discussions are led by a mentor who is an accredited or certified genealogist and a coordinator who is a ProGen graduate.

As you can imagine, ProGen requires a significant time commitment. The program runs for fourteen months and the assignments can take five to twenty hours per month—or more—to complete. Some of

the assignments focus on professional development, such as writing a location guide, a contract, and a business plan. Others give you the opportunity to write up some of your own research into a research report, a proof argument, and a family narrative. ProGen also requires excellent research skills going in. Personally, I would have been lost had I not completed Boston University's Genealogical Research course prior to ProGen (although that is not a formal prerequisite).

As with anything, you get out of ProGen what you put into it. I cannot guarantee that you will come away from it with lifelong friends like I did. However, you will come away with the lifelong skills of a professional genealogist whether you choose to work professionally or not. And if you fully engage in the feedback and the discussions, you will discover that you often learn more by helping someone else with their work than you do when you just focus on your own.

ProGen Study Groups form a few times per year. The ProGen website has an application, a detailed study schedule, and samples of some of the assignments. The program is entirely volunteer-based and the cost at last check was under \$100, which is quite a bargain when you consider the cost of attending most of the week-long academies and institutes. You can learn more about ProGen at www.progenstudygroups.com.

Mary Ann (Wade) Mitchell (1849–1934) and her parents Achillas Bedford Wade (1829–1891) and Nancy Elizabeth Davidson (1828–1906)

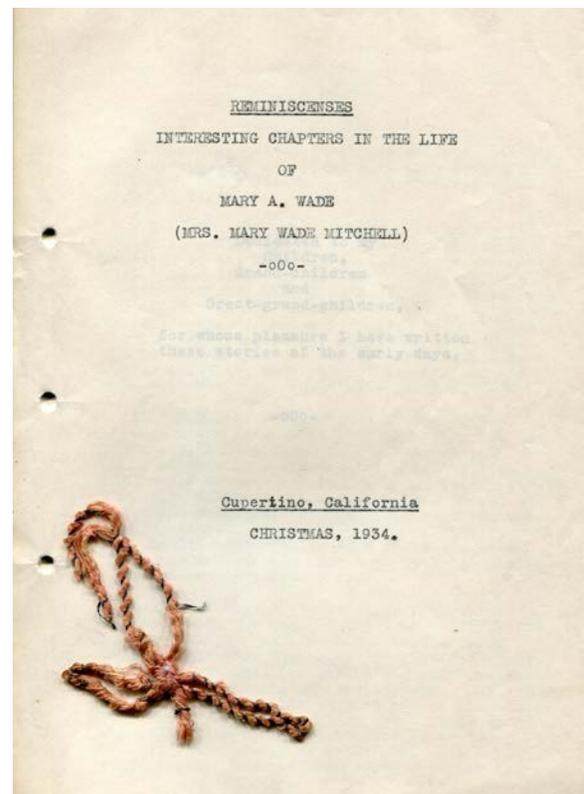
Nanci Remington

Mary Ann (Wade) Mitchell experienced several significant events in United States history. Born in Missouri on 26 February 1849, she moved to the Kansas Territory as an infant when her parents became some of the first settlers in what became Lawrence in Douglas County, Kansas. She spent two years in Colorado during the Pikes Peak gold rush when she was ten to 12 years old.¹ She returned to Lawrence just before the Civil War. The family survived the 1863 burning of Lawrence and the massacre of 150 men and boys by bushwhackers from the South. And after the War, Mary Ann received some higher education from one of the first universities in the Midwest.

Mary Ann chose to share her adventures by writing a memoir. She described her life in *Reminiscences, Interesting Chapters in the Life of Mary A. Wade*. Mary Ann's great-granddaughter Barbara Elvey Mesher described the original manuscript as "thirty-eight 6"x 9" single-spaced typewritten pages placed between two plain gray sheets of heavy construction paper and tied together with a faded reddish-brown heavy thread." She believed the manuscript was composed in the 1920s.² Mary Ann's narrative begins with family stories that occurred before her birth and ends with her marriage. These stories have been passed down through the family for generations. A portion of her narrative follows this article. But first, some background on the family.



Mary Ann Frances (Wade) Mitchell. Courtesy of Cindy G.



Original copy of memoir with some of the binding cord.
Courtesy of Marceen Bloom.

1. There is a discrepancy in the date the family went to Colorado. Mary Ann's memoir says the family left in the spring of 1860 when Dora was six months old. Dora is recorded as being born 24 October 1858 which would have made her six months old in the spring of 1859. Since 1859 was the height of the Pikes Peak gold rush, it is possible the family went to Colorado that year.

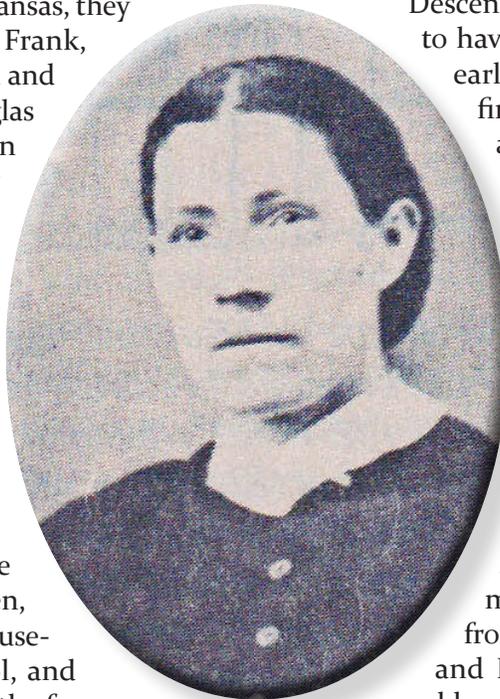
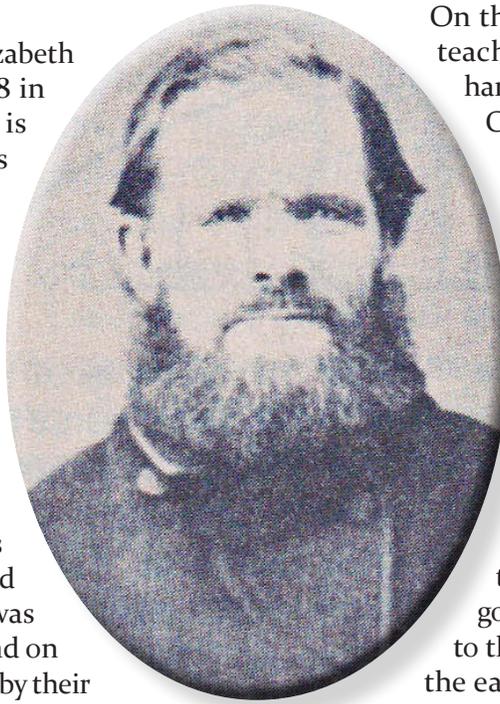
2. Barbara Elvey Mesher, "More than Just Interesting Chapters in a Life." *Women's Studies Quarterly*, 1991, Vol. 19, No. 3/4, pp. 112-121; JSTOR (<https://www.jstor.org/stable/40003306> : accessed 23 May 2021), database available through Multnomah County Library.

THE PARENTS

Achillas Bedford Wade and Nancy Elizabeth Davidson married on 26 March 1848 in Jefferson County, Missouri, which is just southwest of St. Louis.³ Achillas was born in Missouri and Nancy moved there with her family from Kentucky. The 1850 census showed Achilles and Nancy Wade living in neighboring Franklin County with their one-year-old daughter Mary Ann. Achillas was a farmer with real estate valued at \$250.⁴

In 1855, the family was listed on the territorial census of Kansas in the First District. A family Bible records that a girl named Martha was born and died on 17 December 1855.⁵ Eudora was born in 1858. The family was not found on the 1860 census. This can be explained by their temporary move to Colorado during the Pikes Peak gold rush. After their return to Kansas, they had two sons, Harvey Edward and Frank, followed by two more daughters, Ida and Nannie. The family was living in Douglas County, Kansas, on 1 July 1863 when Achillas registered for the Civil War draft. All records after that indicate that Achillas and Nancy were living in Douglas County.

Achillas was listed as a farmer on all census records, though he appeared to be prosperous based on the value of his property. In 1865, his real estate was valued at \$10,000 and personal estate at \$4000. In 1870, his real estate was valued at \$12,000 and his personal estate at \$530. In 1875, the values were \$10,000 and \$1000. By then, Mary Ann had married and left the household, Eudora (age 16) was at school, and both sons (ages 13 and 12) helped on the farm.



Achillas Wade and Nancy (Davidson) Wade. Courtesy Donna Curtis.

On the 1880 census, daughter Eudora was teaching school and the sons were farmhands. No property values were recorded.

On the 1885 census, daughters Ida and Nannie were still living with their parents, as was a new household member named Power Wade (age 17).⁶ Achillas died on 25 August 1891. In 1895 and 1900, Nancy was living alone or as a boarder.

In 1899, Mary Ann compiled an account of the family history that included quotations from her mother Nancy.⁷ Nancy described a childhood of hard work and little education. She and her husband had two ambitions for their children—a good education and start in life. Two trips to the goldfields and a push to be some of the earliest settlers in the Kansas Territory helped make that a reality.

Descendants of Achillas and Nancy are lucky to have first-hand accounts of the couple's early life. Because they were some of the first settlers in Lawrence, their story appears in local history books and historical society journals. Most of these accounts were written by Mary Ann Wade. Dating from 1899 to 1934, they include memories of her early childhood and the reminiscences of her mother Nancy. Without Mary Ann's writings, a researcher would record her father as "a farmer" and her mother as "a housewife."

But even these recollections do not tell the whole story. Mary Ann's account stopped when she got married. A little more can be learned from the newspapers.⁸ Three of Achillas and Nancy's daughters attended college and became teachers (two died young). Their

3. Achillas is the spelling used by family and is seen in some records. He is frequently referred to as A. B. Wade.

4. Memoirs by Achillas' wife and daughter say he was in California prospecting for gold in 1850. This contradicts his being listed in the Kansas Territory on the 1850 census.

5. Copies of the original Bible pages are in the possession of Marceen Bloom.

6. No further information has been found for this individual.

7. "Story of Early Settlement of Douglas County: Compiled account of Nancy E. Wade by the Jeffersonian Pioneer Women and Early Settlement Gazette, 1899, written by daughter Mary Wade Mitchell. Quotes from her mother Nancy," manuscript. Originally published in *The Jeffersonian Gazette* (Lawrence, Kansas) February 8 & 15, 1900, as part of its continuing series "Trials of our Pioneers."

8. Local papers for Lawrence, Kansas, are available on Newspapers.com.

weddings were written up in the local papers and the lists of gifts portrayed a lifestyle lacking for most farmers—silver cake basket and napkin rings, elegant white Iceland lamb furs, and a fine upright McCammon piano.

There is no mention in the newspapers of the sons attending college. However, their listed occupations of “farm hands” on the 1880 census do not begin to reflect their skills and ambitions. Edward was noted as a speaker at school events and became a salesman. Frank became an entrepreneur, first selling buttons and jewelry, then managing an opera company.

Achillas died in 1891, so although he did not live to see all the accomplishments of his children, he surely knew they were on a good path. Nancy died on 18 September 1906 and is buried with her husband in Lawrence.

THE CHILDREN

When Mary Ann was 17, she attended Lane University for a year.⁹ She married Charles Wesley Mitchell on 10 June 1866 shortly after he returned from the Civil War. Mary Ann wrote that “Charlie was just the finest kind of a man. When Charlie came, it was love at first sight for both of us.” Charles spent the early years of their marriage as a farmer. The family moved to Illinois where Charles became a wood and coal dealer. Together, they had two daughters and adopted a third. After Charles died in 1918, Mary Ann remained for a while in Illinois, living with different family members. Eventually, she moved to Santa Clara County, California, to live with her daughter Mary, and there she died in 1934.

Eudora, who spent her toddler years in a Colorado mining camp, returned to Kansas shortly before the Civil War. By the 1870s, Lawrence had grown in both numbers and stature. The railroad reached the town in 1864 and the University of Kansas was founded there

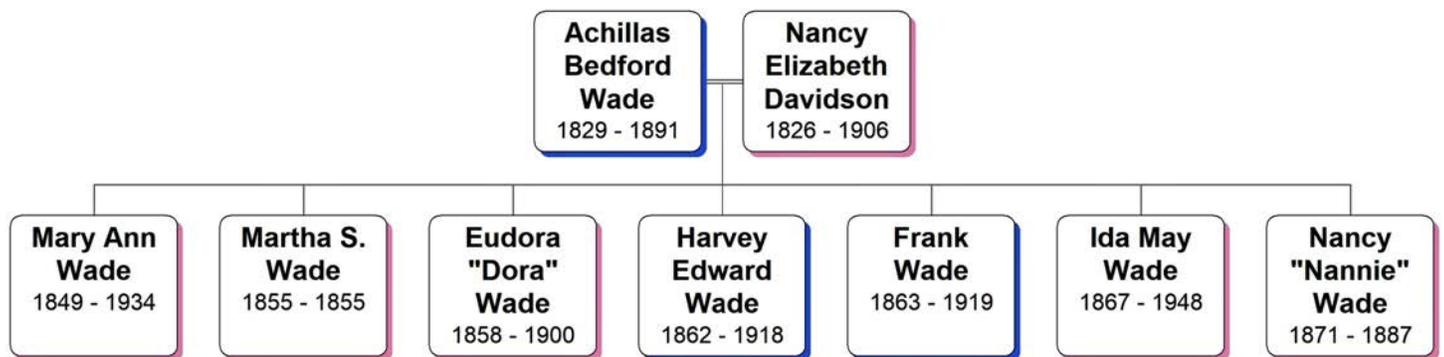
in 1866. In 1872, the local paper reported that Eudora won an award for making a patchwork quilt. Her singing and other musical talents were noted over the next few years. She graduated from the University of Kansas in 1879 and became a teacher. She married Edwin L. Garrett in 1883 and had five children, one of whom died as an infant. Eudora died on 15 December 1900 at the age of 42.

Harvey “Edward” was a speaker at the end of the school year program in 1880. The next mention in the newspapers is his marriage to Louisa Mary Johnson on 25 December 1882. They had two children, then moved to California. The couple divorced and Harvey returned to the Midwest where he remarried and worked as a salesman until he died in 1918.

Frank had a more colorful career. He appeared to have musical talent, as he is mentioned playing violin and organ as well as singing at school events. Though listed as a farmhand on the June 1880 census, by 1884 he was creating jewelry and buttons. By 1885 the enterprise was successful enough that the company moved to Chicago. However, Frank soon changed directions, becoming an actor with an opera company. By 1905, he was reported to be the head of the company, which he brought to Lawrence for a musical evening of comedy and song. A newspaper report from 1912 writes that “Frank Wade is a rotund theatrical stockholder ... with Gertrude Hutcheson, a star with the company, his wife.” Frank died in Pittsburgh, Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, in 1919.

Ida Wade was also a talented singer, as noted in several newspaper articles. She graduated from the University of Kansas and spent time as a music teacher. She was married twice and had three children.

Nannie, the youngest of the Wade children, was a noted singer and painter. She died in 1887 at the age of 17.



Children of Achilles and Nancy Wade

9. Lane University was located in Lecompton, Kansas, 14 miles northwest of Lawrence. It was founded in 1865 by the Church of the United Brethren in Christ.

Excerpt from: Reminiscences, Interesting Chapters in the Life of Mary A. Wade

By Mary Ann (Wade) Mitchell
Submitted by Marceen Bloom

Note: Marceen is the great-great-granddaughter of Achilles and Nancy Wade through their daughter Ida May. This story is an excerpt from a longer narrative by daughter Mary Ann that covers the two years the family spent in Colorado during the Pikes Peak gold rush. Mary Ann would have been 10-12 years old. Achilles had some experience as a miner because he had gone to California during the gold rush there in 1850. The story picks up after the family arrived in Denver.

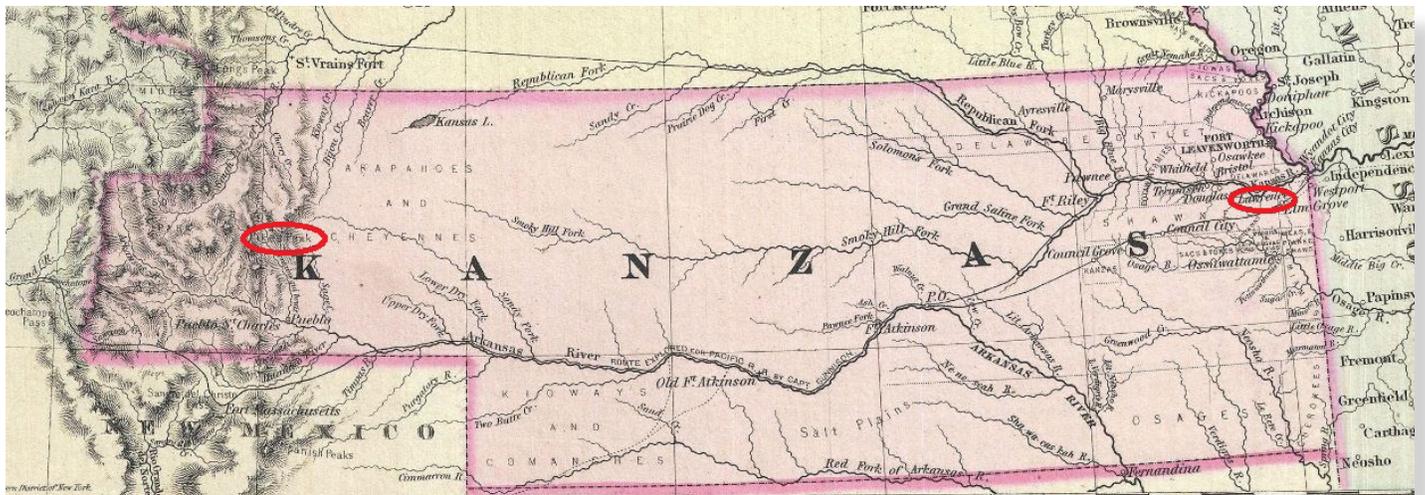
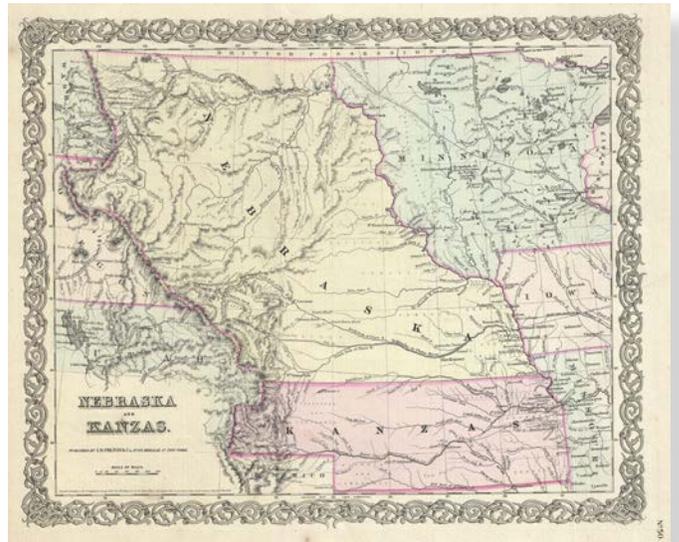
The men were all anxious to be on the way and to get over the mountain range to where the gold was, as here in Denver we heard glowing reports of great finds. Nuggets of gold had been found as large as hickory nuts! Yes, as large as hens eggs, etc. So they said. You can imagine the impatience of those who had been believing the discouraging reports. They now wanted to see for themselves. So, after one night's stay in Denver, we started again with renewed courage and renewed provision boxes.

It was two days' travel from Denver to the mountain proper. Here we camped over night, giving our teams a good rest, as the next day a mountain had to be climbed. The mountain was so steep that six yoke of oxen had to be hitched to each wagon in order to draw it to the top. Thinking it over now, I sometimes wonder why the road



Denver, Kansas Territory. From "Scenes and Sketches About Pike's Peak-From Photographs From Our Own Correspondent," Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, 1859. *Library of Congress.*

was over this mountain; why not around it or through passes. While the men were getting the wagons up this mountain, it began to snow. It came straight down in great flakes. It lasted only a few minutes just a passing cloud. It seemed very strange to us to see snow in June.



Kansas Territory in 1855—noting Lawrence, Kansas, and Pikes Peak. From 1855 Colton Map of "Nebraska and Kansas," *Wikimedia.*

Papa cut with his knife on a tree, "June 20, Snow" and signed his name, "A. B. Wade" just below.

Well, it took almost all the day to get the wagon up to the top and when once up there, it wasn't a great while before we started down again. After we reached the valley again, it was warm and nice. The grass was green and the water pure and cold. After two or three days travel through these mountains, we came to a miner's camp. It probably was a half-way house between Denver and the gold camp – a place where miners could buy supplies without going so far as Denver. There was a store here in a tent where one could buy bacon, dried fish, flour, meal, salt, pepper, tobacco, and whiskey - just the necessities of life. Here too they butchered beef. There was a black smith shop under a large tree. The forge was a large tree chopped in two. The fire was built of pine slabs or chips. This heated the iron to mend the miners' picks and shovels. This place is now called Canyon City.

We stopped here only a day or two. Our ambition was to reach Russell's Gorge as soon as possible. This was the name of the canyon our friends had told us to come to. I don't remember how long it took to go from Canyon City to where our friends were, or if anything of importance happened before reaching there. We were just going down off of a high mountain range when we first caught sight of the log cabins, tents, bush houses, and covered wagons of Russell's Gorge.

How the men cheered and shouted! And they were answered by those in the camp. I shall never forget how glad we all were to know that our tiresome journey was at an end, at least for a few days or weeks. Here we met the men who had stopped at our house the fall before and had given the glowing reports of the gold finds. These men did as they said they would; they directed Papa and his party to where there was gold to be found. They told him to go some miles over the mountains and, after equipping themselves with campers' outfits, the men started off afoot, leaving Mama and little sister Dora and I to live in a tent and sleep in the wagon.

The wagon box had been taken off and set on the ground with the cover still on and made a very comfortable bedroom. The men found gold in abundance and we were soon transferred over the mountain to the camp, where Papa had made a very comfortable log cabin of pine logs, covering it with pine bark and boughs and a foot or two of dirt. We still had our cow and she still gave a goodly supply of rich milk, Mama established a milk route. I was the carrier and sold milk at twenty cents per quart. Mama also made dried apple pies and sold them to the men who were her customers and who would quickly give twenty-five cents for a quarter of a pie and a glass of milk.



From The Illustrated Miners' Handbook and Guide to Pike's Peak, 1859, *Google Books*.

After spending the summer at this camp it was thought best to go down into Denver for the winter; so we went over the mountains again, getting into Denver before the winter set in. Here I was sent to school for four months. The school house was a log cabin with only one room and there were fifteen scholars. Here, too, I went to my first theatre. A small troupe had found its way to Denver and, although it would undoubtedly have been called a "bum" show by theatre goers of today, I thoroughly enjoyed it.

Nothing of importance happened this winter. We bought another yoke of oxen meanwhile and, as soon as the mountain passes were so we could get through, we went again to dig gold. The route this time took us through Colorado City, then only a few log and sod huts. Lots were selling very cheap. We were compelled to stop here for a few weeks, as we were told that the mountain passes farther in were impassable. Papa invested in some lots and built the first two-story log house in the town. Mama was given a lot for being the first white woman to live in the place.

Colorado City is very near the foot of Pike's Peak. Right at the foot of the mountain were the soda springs of which we read so much. It was only a little way for us to walk out to them. Soon there were five girls living in Colorado City and we would walk out to the soda springs on Sunday afternoons. The Garden of the Gods was near. There were the overhanging rocks on the mountain side, the ever green trees of spruce, pine and balsam fir, and many other things that were very interesting.

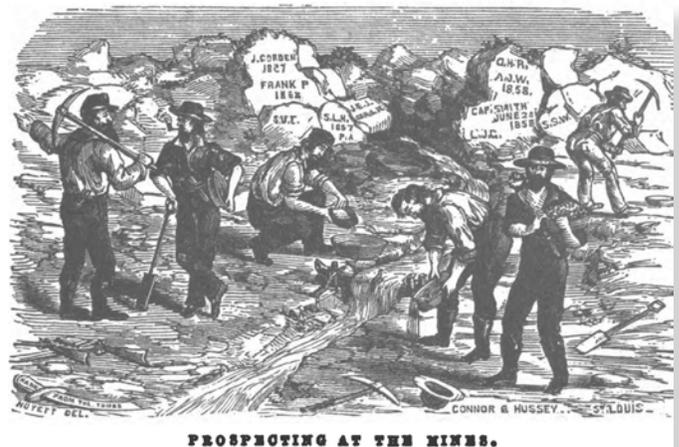
We spent our second winter here in Colorado City very pleasantly until we had consumed all our flour and bacon, and our mulley cow was now a mother and still supplying us and others with milk. I must tell you of one little incident that happened here. The snow had so blocked the mountain passes that it was impossible for the Mexicans to bring provisions into the town. These

were brought on donkeys or on little Mexican “jackasses,” as they were called. The townspeople were almost starving, having nothing to eat but Mexican beans. We had the milk to go with them, but one morning in March we found our dear old cow in the creek. The creek was called Fountain Cuboya. Colorado City then had a store and twenty-five houses or log cabins. Everything eatable had long since been sold from the store, only a few sacks of beans remaining. How we were able to exist on beans I hardly know, but we did for weeks.

On the first day of April, my father, who was always an early riser, proved the old adage “the early bird catches the worm.” He saw a large herd of elk grazing on the mountain side some two miles away. He had no gun but was a good huntsman, and knowing that the next door neighbor had a rifle, he stepped next door and borrowed it. Then, as he went down the only street, he called at every door and told them of the elk, but they thought it only an “April Fool” joke and stayed in bed. Probably a half dozen followed and brought back the most of three elks, which supplied the town for some time. You may be sure the man who owned the gun got a generous piece!

The Soda Springs, or Manitou as it was now called, was situated near the foot of Pike’s Peak and the Garden of the Gods. It was in a small valley where the soda water bubbled forth from holes in the ground and a formation of soda collected around. There were a number of these springs, one large and several small ones. The small ones were copper and not fit to use, but the large one tasted a great deal like the soda pop we get in bottles. The Indians worshipped these springs and often brought their sick to drink of the water. In payment for the healing they appeased the gods by throwing beads into the water. When we left Colorado for the last time, we passed by the Soda Springs. We stopped our ox team long enough to get a jug of the delicious soda water, to carry along with us into the mountains. Papa said, “Nancy, mark my word, the day is coming, though it may not be in our lifetime, but it will come, there will be a big hotel built here and people will come from all over the States to get some of this soda water, thinking there are great medical qualities in it. Somebody will get independently rich off these springs.” Mama said, “Well, Papa why don’t you do that?” “No, I can’t lie fast enough, but some of those smart Yankees will and people will flock here by the thousands.” His prediction came true long before he died, as you can see to this day.

In May, we went farther into the mountains and across the divide, to try our luck again. Here we were more successful. We found a place called “California Gulch” and found some of the claims were paying big, but all taken and being worked for all they were worth. Papa heard of a claim that was for sale. The parties that owned it supposed that they had exhausted all the ore from the



From The Illustrated Miners’ Handbook and Guide to Pike’s Peak, 1859, *Google Books*.

ground. After prospecting and looking around a bit, Papa decided to buy it. They asked \$450 for it, but took \$400 in cash. He now went to work digging and tunnelling in the opposite direction from the digging of the others, and here he was successful. He worked this claim that summer, and, as the two years were up that fall, and they already had more than they had anticipated, they decided to sell the claim and mining outfit and return to their farm. As my mother’s father had died in her absence, she felt more anxious to return and they decided to let well enough alone and be satisfied with what they had.

The problem now was how to get the gold to the mint. The nearest mint was at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Of course we had to return as we had went, overland, and we decided to buy a span of mules as we could make better time with them. Besides, travelling alone, we were in danger of being robbed. Another problem was the method of carrying the eighteen thousand dollars in gold dust, but Mama’s mother-wit soon got us over that difficulty. She took bed ticking, and doubled it over, making a double sack. Then she stitched this across at intervals of five inches, making pockets for the sacks of gold. The gold sacks, made of buckskin, were put in these pockets and sewed up firmly, then a strong belt was sewed on. This was all done by hand. Mama then wore this around her waist as a bustle. There was no danger of detection, as bustles were worn in those days, and large ones too.

The night before we started, it was a very stormy night, raining in torrents, and very dark. A man knocked on the doorcasing, as there were no doors, a blanket being hung over the entrance. Papa called, “What’s wanted?” The man said, “for God’s sake man, let me come in out of this storm. I am afraid of falling in one of these hell-holes.” (These holes were made by the men digging for gold. They would dig down straight until they came to pay-dirt, as they called it, then they would dig tunnels

following the vein, as for coal. They hauled the dirt up by windlass, in large wooden tubs. The gold was then separated from the dirt and sand by washing. The black sand, which was as heavy as gold, had to be removed by magnet.) Papa told the man he had no bed or place for him to sleep. He persisted, saying he would lay on the floor under the table just to get in out of the rain.

We had arranged our bedstead by placing a log across one end of the cabin, over which pine boughs were laid, with a feather bed on top. My feet were near the headboard where Papa's head was, and the bustle of gold was under his head with his pistol. I was awakened in the night by someone touching my feet. Papa had been awakened by the slight touch on the bed, but I hollered out, "Papa! Somebody is touching my feet." Then the man spoke up and said, "Well, well, what's the matter with the little girl, was she dreaming? I think it has stopped raining so I guess I'll be jogging along." Papa said, "Yes, I think you better go." Evidently this man had heard that Papa was getting ready to go back and was trying to find his gold.

So now all was ready; the mules, provisions and so forth. Our route lay along the Platte River, as here was abundance of wood and water. I will tell you one or two instances that happened while on our return home.

I had with me a puppy, about half-grown. We thought a great deal of him and let him share the wagon part of the time, and part of the time he trotted beside or under the wagon. We shared our meals with Mountain as he was named. One morning when we called he was nowhere to be found. As there was an Indian camp not far away, Papa went to see if he had been stolen by them. What was his amazement, when he was near enough to see, to behold two forked sticks stuck in the ground with the dead dog stretched between, over a slow fire, roasting. Once in awhile a squaw would turn him over. Indians say that fat puppies are good eating as pig. This being the fall, the Indians were preparing for winter, and we saw all the Indians we cared to see. The first few days went swiftly.

One night we had to camp in a very lonely place. The timber was thick around us, and there were overhanging rocks; just an ideal place for robbers, not an ideal spot to camp. However, Papa was brave, and Mama just as brave, but not caring to use a gun she used strategy. It was quite dark when

we had eaten our supper and Papa had tied the mules to a nearby tree. Mama had carefully hidden the gold by the side of a certain tree, and covered the bags, or bustle, with leaves. We went to bed. Papa laid under the wagon with ears open to every sound. After an hour or so he heard the coyotes, "little wolves," snapping at each other and cracking bones, the remnants of our supper. He thought of the gold and called to Mama, asking if she could get the gold in the dark. He was afraid the wolves would get at the bags and carry them off, or tear them to pieces and scatter the gold dust. So she went and got the bustle and laid it across the hounds of the wagon, over Papa's head. She got back into the wagon and went to sleep. All was quiet till daybreak, when Papa aroused us by hitching the mules to the wagon. He said he wanted to get out in the open where, if he was attacked, he would have a chance to defend himself. We had driven a few miles when he turned to Mama and said, "Honey, where is your bustle?" She had such a frightened look that he immediately stopped the team. She said, "I put it on the hounds of the wagon last night. Didn't you take it off before you started out?" He said "No. Well I guess the gold is gone." To his and her great surprise, however, it was still hanging on the hounds, perfectly safe. You may be sure they felt better after that.

Everything went smoothly for a week till we were where we had no fear of robbers and could take it more easy and give the mules more rest, that they might be able to carry us back to the States. One evening we were camping and Papa had built a fire of dry sticks. We were now following the Platte River, and the cottonwood trees were here in abundance. He had gone to water the mules, while I was back in the covered wagon straightening the bed clothes. Mama was standing on the tongue of the wagon mixing some flour to make our bread. Little sister Dora was sitting by the fire watching the blaze, where Mama had put the bacon to fry.

We heard Dora say in her baby tongue, "You better twit dat. I tell my Mama on you." At this Mama looked up and saw an Indian on the opposite side from the child helping himself to the bacon with a pointed stick. He stopped when he saw Mama looking. Mama sliced some more bacon and as soon as the bread was done, Papa helped the Indian to a generous portion. His appetite seemed especially good and he had several helpings.



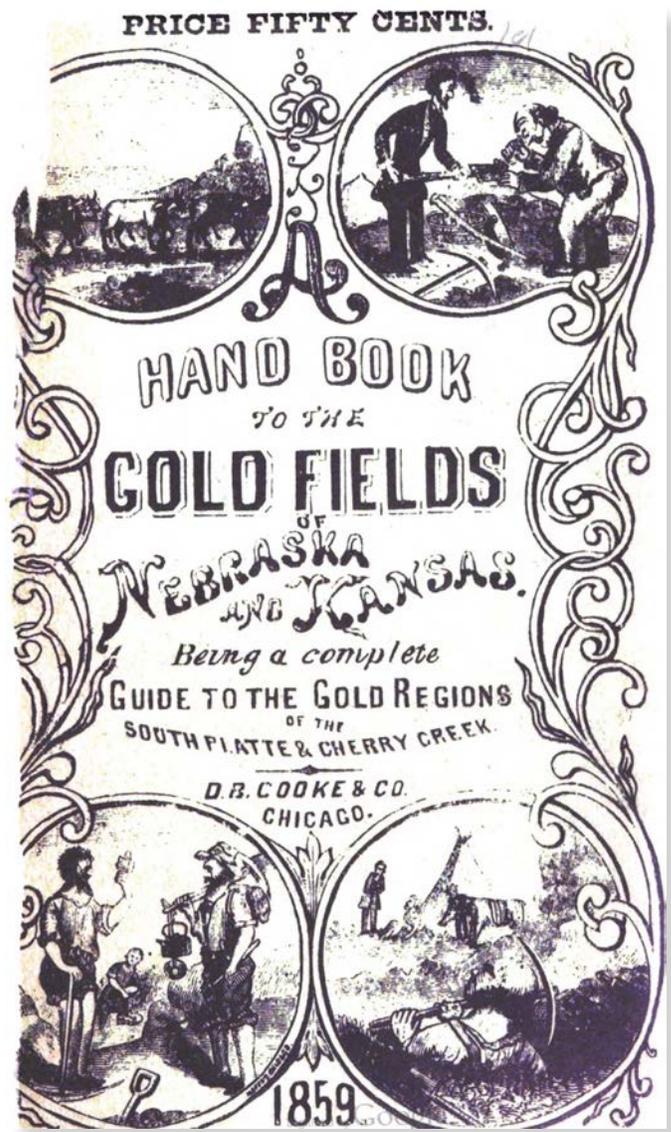
Mary Ann (Wade) Mitchell. Courtesy of Donna Curtis.

After supper the Indian rolled himself up in his blanket and went to sleep. The next morning he was ready for breakfast, then went away after saying, "how" but we had gone only a few miles when he reappeared on his pony and rode leisurely behind the wagon. At noon he let his pony graze as we did our mules. He squatted himself by the fire and waited patiently for dinner, which we gave him, of course. It would not have been prudent to have refused. When we started out again the Indian came along also. We asked ourselves why the Indian wanted to follow us in this manner. He followed us all that day, ate breakfast the next morning and along about ten o'clock he went away over the plain. We watched until he seemed only a speck. Papa said, "Well, I guess that is the last of our Indian. I guess he only wanted something to eat and is filled up now."

But along in the afternoon he made his appearance with an antelope he had killed, and threw it down at Papa's feet, for at this time we were getting ready to camp for the night. After supper he said by signs and Indian language that he wanted to buy me for his squaw, and Mama said by signs that I would cry. He said that he would give me sugar and I would be chief squaw and that, when the grass grew next summer, he would bring me back to the states. Finally he offered his blanket, pony, gun, but of course this was nothing in Mama's mind. To see what he would say, she told him to take sister Dora, but he struck his breast with his hand and said, "No! Too much Indian," and pointed to her eyes which were black. He thought all people with black eyes had Indian blood, I suppose, and my eyes were blue. But when he found he could not trade, he said "How! How!" and went back his two day's travel. Mama was quite worried for days for fear he would steal me away, but fear never entered my head; I was too much excited over my first proposal. We have never heard of him since.

The journey homeward was a tiresome one, especially for little two year old Dora, and we all tried to amuse her. One game she never tired of was seeing who would be first to see Buffalo after starting in the morning, and every day she would sing, "I she a bushalo way ober yoner!"

When we at last reached Denver, the first place from which we could send the gold to the mint at Fort Leavenworth, we were sure glad to be rid of it and the anxiety. We were now nearing the homeland and began to feel more cheerful. The plains were covered with the bleached white bones of the buffalo that had been killed by lawless white men for the fun of shooting. Buffalo or antelopes -in fact no animal was ever slaughtered by



From Hand Book to the Gold Fields of Nebraska and Kansas, 1859. [Google Books](#).

the Indians for sport. So without any mishap we arrived at Grandfather's farm, two and one-half miles from our own farm. It is needless to say that we were welcomed by all, but sadness was manifest for dear Grandpa had passed away during our absence.

This was the first house little sister Dora had been in since she was six months old, and the log cabins and tents never had doors, so after the door in the house was shut she missed the opening and said, "Mama, where's the hole I came in at?" This made a great laugh, of course. The next morning we went to our own home, found the renter all ready to leave, as he expected us. His two years were now up. We soon got comfortably settled.

The Bible of the Leatherwood Family: Beginning with Joseph Leatherwood (1831–1892) and his wife Emily Pleasant (Nichols) Leatherwood (1833–1882)

Courtney A. Clements

Family Record

BIRTHS

Joseph Leatherwood
was born December 23rd
A.D. 1831

Emily P. Leatherwood
was born January 18th
A.D. 1833

Tamzen J. Leatherwood
was born February 1st
A.D. 1858

William Leatherwood
was born June 7th
A.D. 1859

Hannah E. Leatherwood
was born Feb. 11th
A.D. 1861

Anna Leatherwood
was born December 13th
A.D. 1862

Samuel Leatherwood
was born. September the
9th, A.D. 1866

Macy E. Leatherwood
was born September the
16th A.D. 1869

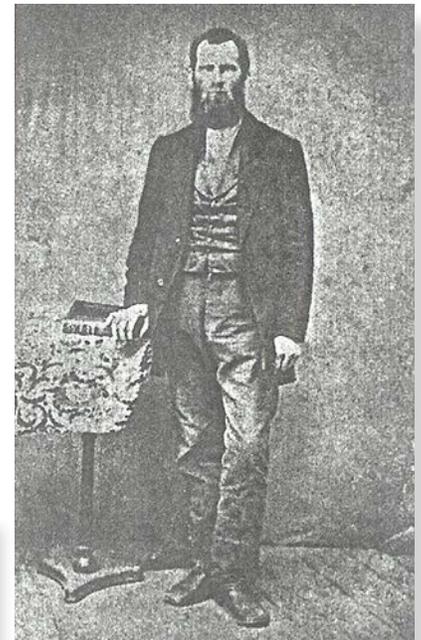
Roscoe A. Leatherwood
was born February the
9th, A.D. 1872

J. Harlan Leatherwood
was born May the 20th
A.D. 1874

MARRIAGES

Joseph Leatherwood & Emily
P. Nichols was married
October the 9th A.D. 1856.

Family Record.	
BIRTHS.	BIRTHS.
Joseph Leatherwood was born December 23 rd A. D. 1831	Samuel Leatherwood was born September the 9 th A. D. 1866
Emily, P. Leatherwood was born January 18 th A. D. 1833	Macy E. Leatherwood was born September the 16 th A. D. 1869
Tamzen, J. Leatherwood was born February 1 st A. D. 1858	Roscoe A. Leatherwood was born February the 9 th A. D. 1872
William Leatherwood was born June 7 th A. D. 1859	J. Harlan Leatherwood was born May the 20 th A. D. 1874
Hannah E. Leatherwood was born Feb 11 th A. D. 1861	
Anna Leatherwood was born December 13 th A. D. 1862	



Joseph D. Leatherwood, undated
photo, from The Northwestern
Leatherwoods by Lois Fenn.



Emily Pleasant Nichols, undated
photo, from The Northwestern
Leatherwoods by Lois Fenn.

William R. Leatherwood & America Ryman was married in Lyon Co Kans Dec. 21st 1882.

Anna Leatherwood & Denis Clark were married in Ohio.

Tamie J. Leatherwood & F.W. Fenn were married in Morris Co. Kas. June 4th, 1891.

Samuel T. Leatherwood & Susie S. Thomas were married in Morris Co Kans. Feb. 22nd, 1894.

Macy E. Leatherwood & Nita Pearl Holcomb were married in Morris Co Kans. July 12th 1899

J. Harlan Leatherwood and Edith May Price, married in Centralia Wash on Aug. 26 1903

DEATHS

Hannah E. Daughter of Joseph & E.P. Leatherwood Died March the 6th, A.D. 1862

Emily P. Leatherwood Died Sept. 13th 1882

Anna Clark Died March 31st 1887, at Springfield Ohio.

Joseph Leatherwood died June 2nd, 1892.

Tamzen J. Leatherwood Fenn Died Salina Ks. Mar. 26, 1933.

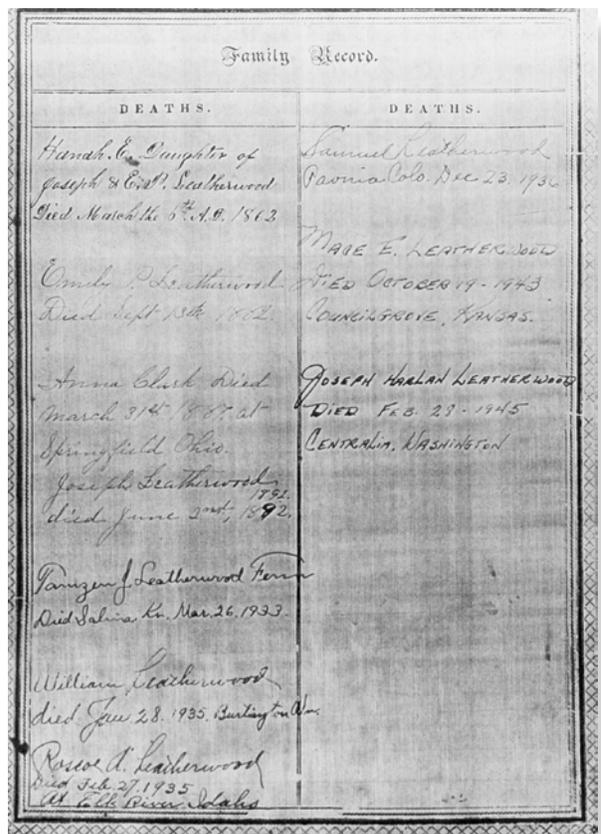
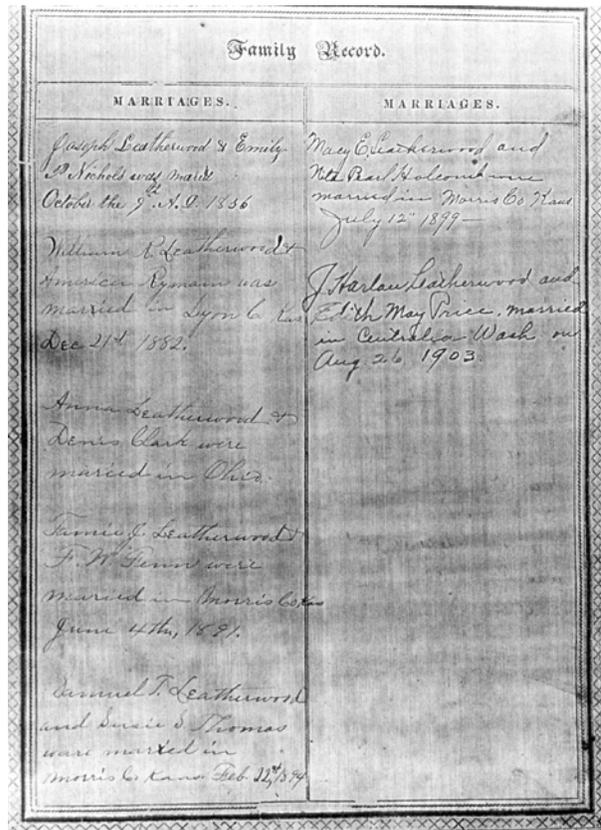
William Leatherwood died Jan. 28, 1935, Burlington Wn.

Roscoe A. Leatherwood Died Feb. 27, 1935 At Elk River, Idaho

Samuel Leatherwood Paonia Colo. Dec. 23, 1936.

Mace E. Leatherwood Died October 19, 1943 Council Grove, Kansas.

Joseph Harlan Leatherwood Died Feb. 28, 1945 Centralia, Washington.



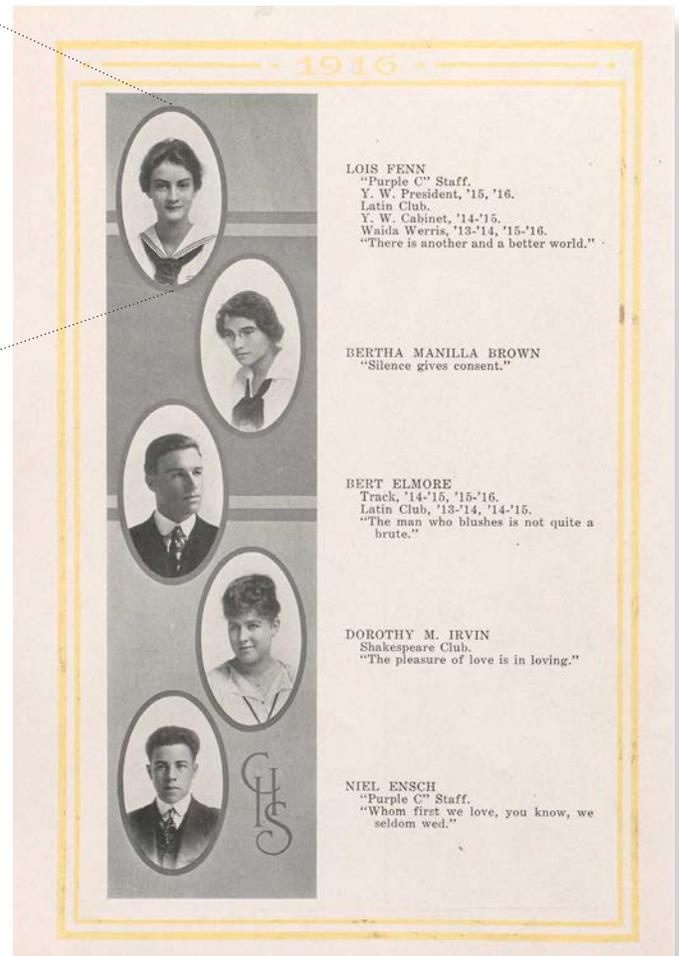
Sometime before her death in 1983, Lois Ellen Fenn donated copies of pages from her family's Bible to the Genealogical Forum of Oregon. Lois was born in 1899 in Allen County, Kansas. She attended Baker University in Baldwin, Douglas County, Kansas, and became a public-school teacher. By 1959, she had moved to Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon, where she worked as a librarian at the Multnomah County Central Library. Lois was also an active volunteer at GFO. Her articles, book reviews, and program announcements are documented in the 1961-1981 *Bulletins*. In 1977, she published a history of her family entitled *The Northwestern Leatherwoods: A Family History* which is in the GFO collection.



Lois likely inherited the Bible from her mother, Tamzen Jane (Leatherwood) Fenn. Its pages contain the vital records of Tamzen's parents and siblings. Tamzen's father, Joseph P., was born in Ohio and her mother, Emily Pleasant (Nichols) Leatherwood, was born either in Virginia or Ohio. They married in 1856, likely in Ohio, as both are listed in the 1850 U.S. Census living in Franklin, Adams County, Ohio.¹ Joseph served in the Civil War in the Second Ohio Cavalry from 1862-1864.² In 1875, the family moved to Morris County, Kansas, where Joseph was a farmer.³ Joseph and Emily had eight children, one of whom, Hannah, died in infancy in 1862.

The surviving children were: Tamzen Jane, William, Anna, Samuel Townsend, Mace Edwin, Roscoe Aaron, and Joseph Harlan. Joseph is buried with Emily in Dunlap, Morris County, Kansas.⁴

Tamzen attended Kansas State Normal School in Emporia, Lyon County, and taught school for eleven years, leaving the field after her marriage to Reverend Francis W. Fenn. They moved several times within Kansas, settling in Coffeyville, Montgomery County, where Lois grew up. Tamzen spent the last eleven years of her life in Salina, Saline County, Kansas, where she is buried.⁵ Lois was their only child to live beyond infancy.



Lois Fenn. From *The Purple "C," Coffeyville High School, 1916*. Coffeyville, Kansas. *US School Yearbooks, Ancestry.com*.

1. 1850 U.S. census, Adams County, Ohio, population schedule, Franklin, p. 9B, dwelling 116, family 116, Joseph Leatherwood; digital image, *Ancestry Library Edition* (available through participating libraries : accessed 19 February 2021), from National Archives microfilm publication M432, roll 657. Also, *Ibid*, Franklin, p.2A, dwelling 21, family 21, Emily P. Nickles; digital image, *Ancestry Library Edition* (available through participating libraries : accessed 19 February 2021), from National Archives microfilm publication M432, roll 657.

2. Joseph's Civil War letters were transcribed by his granddaughter, Lois Ellen Fenn. They are included in *The Civil War Letters of William H. Leatherwood, Joseph D. Leatherwood and Family: Members of the Union Army Enlisted in the War of the Rebellion*, ed., Joseph Dalton Leatherwood (San Antonio, Texas: Leatherwood Heritage Society, 2005).

3. *Kansas: a cyclopedia of state history, embracing events, institutions, industries, counties, cities, towns, prominent persons, etc. ... / with a supplementary volume devoted to selected personal history and reminiscence, Volume III, part 2* (Chicago: Standard Pub. Co., 1912), 1432-33; digital image, *Ksgenweb.org* (http://www.ksgenweb.org/archives/1912/13/leatherwood_mace_e.html : accessed 27 January 2021).

4. *Find A Grave*, database with images (<http://www.findagrave.com> : accessed 27 January 2021), memorial 29340611, Joseph Leatherwood (1831-1892), Dunlap Cemetery, Dunlap, Morris County, Kansas; gravestone photo by Mae.

5. *Council Grove Republican* (Council Grove, Kansas) 28 March 1933 p1, col. 7; *Newspapers.com* (<https://newscomwc.newspapers.com/image/343726812/?terms=Fenn&match=1> : accessed 29 January 2021).

William married America Ryman in Kansas.⁶ Between 1889 and 1900, they moved to Burlington, Skagit County, Washington, where William worked as a farmer and hardware salesman.⁷ William is buried there.

According to the family Bible, Anna married Dennis Clark in Ohio. The date was likely between 1885 and 1887. She is listed in the Kansas State Census with her parents in 1885 and she died in 1887. Anna is buried with her parents in Dunlap, but the information on her gravestone is illegible.⁸

Samuel married Susan Thomas in Kansas, then moved to Paonia, Delta County, Colorado, where he worked as a fruit farmer. Though located in the Rocky Mountains, Paonia is situated in a climate zone that allows fruit orchards to flourish.⁹ Samuel is buried there.

Mace, like his sister Tamzen, attended the Kansas State Normal School in Emporia. He taught both primary and high school in Council Grove, Morris County, Kansas, before being appointed county superintendent of schools to fill an unexpired

term in 1898. He was elected to the office later that year, then reelected in 1900 and 1903. Mace also served as Council Grove city clerk and county treasurer. Mace is buried in Council Grove.

The youngest brothers, Roscoe and Joseph, both attended Baker University in Baldwin, Kansas, and studied to become teachers. By 1900 they had moved to Skagit County, Washington. Roscoe taught in Samish and Joseph taught either in Burlington or Fir.¹⁰ Roscoe married Emma Jones on July 20, 1904, in Seattle, King County, Washington. Between 1912 and 1918, they moved to Elk River, Clearwater County, Idaho where Roscoe worked as an engineer and then as an electrician in a sawmill. He is buried in Elk River.

After Joseph married Edith May Price in Centralia, Lewis County, Washington, in 1903, they moved to Grand Mound, Thurston County, Washington, but returned to Centralia by 1918. Joseph served as the Lewis County assessor for many years. He is buried in Centralia.



Tamzen Jane Leatherwood, undated photo, from The Northwestern Leatherwoods by Lois Fenn.

REMOVAL OF THE KAW PEOPLE OPENS LAND FOR SETTLERS

When the Leatherwood family moved to Kansas, they settled on land that had been allocated to the Kaw Indians. Kaw territory covered most of what is now the state of Kansas. The Kaw resided primarily in the north and eastern part of the state but hunted extensively in the western part. The Europeans referred to the native people as Kansa or Kanza, hence the origin of the name of the state, Kansas. In 1825, a federal treaty reduced tribal lands to a 2-million-acre reservation

west of Topeka. A treaty drafted in 1846 (encouraged by land and railroad speculators) reduced Kaw territory to 256,000 acres near Council Grove, Morris County, Kansas. On May 27, 1872, the U.S. Government ordered the forcible removal of the Kaw people to a reservation in Kay County, Oklahoma. The site of the last Kaw village in Kansas sits 3.5 miles south of Council Grove and is now on the National Register of Historic Places. [source: Kaw Nation Official Website http://kawnation.com/?page_id=72]

6. *The Evening News* (Emporia, Kansas) 20 December 1882, p1, col 3; *Newspapers.com* (<https://newscomwc.newspapers.com/image/418162228/?article=1fcbabb7-8c96-4e82-947e-d23366f2beec> : accessed 29 January 2021).

7. 1900 U.S. census, Skagit County, Washington, populations schedule, Burlington, p. 22, dwelling 506, family 506, W. R. Leatherwood; digital image, *Ancestry Library Edition* (available through participating libraries : accessed 27 January 2021), from National Archives microfilm publication T623.

8. *Find A Grave*, database with images (<http://www.findagrave.com> : accessed 27 January 2021), memorial 29340617, Anna Leatherwood (1862-1887), Dunlap Cemetery, Dunlap, Morris County, Kansas; gravestone photo by Mae.

9. *Paonia [Colorado] History* (<https://townofpaonia.colorado.gov/history/paonia-history> : accessed 3 June 2021).

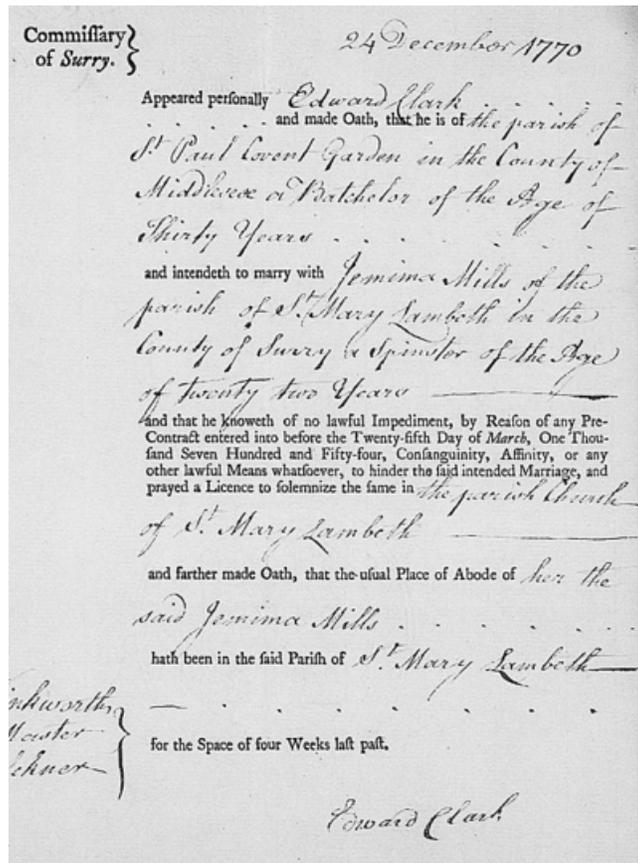
10. Joseph Harlan is listed twice in the 1900 census in Skagit County, Washington—in Burlington with his brother, William (enumeration date June 27, 1900) and on his own in Fir (enumeration date July 9, 1900).

Jemima Mills (1748–unknown) of Somerset and London

Duane H. Funk

Tracing a family when its members remain in a single location is usually relatively straightforward. However, when there is a significant change of locations, without direct evidence linking the two locations, things can get difficult and may require reliance on a preponderance of the evidence. A case in point is the family of Jemima Mills, my 5th great-grandmother.

Jemima first appears in the London records when she married, by license, my 5th great grandfather Edward Clarke on 24 December 1770 in the Church of St. Mary, Lambeth. One of the witnesses was Rich Mills.¹



Marriage bond and allegation for Edward Clark(e).



Church of St. Philip and St. James, Norton St. Philip.
Photo by Tom Oakes, Wikimedia Commons.

The marriage allegation (affidavit), signed on the same day as the marriage, states that Edward was a resident of Covent Garden, a bachelor, and thirty years old. Jemima was described as twenty-two and having lived in St. Mary's parish for at least four weeks.² As an aside, the first version of the allegation that I found was a transcript. Its wording gave the impression that Jemima had only lived in the parish for four weeks. In the actual document, it is clear that the four weeks was legal boilerplate, pre-printed on the form indicting only that she was a legal resident of the parish.³ It pays to look at the original.

There was nothing pertaining to Jemima recorded in St. Mary's parish other than her marriage. Expanding the search to neighboring parishes came up empty as well, as did searching the entire London area. Finally, an index search encompassing all of England turned up a Jemima Mills christened 2 March 1747 in Norton St. Philip in Somerset, near Bath. She was the daughter of Jemima and Richard Mills.⁴

1. "London, England, Church of England Marriages and Banns, 1754-1932," database with images, *Ancestry.com* (<https://www.ancestry.com/search/collections/1623/> : accessed 10 May 2021), entry for Edward Clarke, Lambeth>St Mary, Lambeth>1762-1867, image 154.

2. "London and Surrey, England, Marriage Bonds and Allegations, 1597-1921," database with images, *Ancestry.com* (<https://www.ancestry.com/search/collections/2056/> : accessed 10 May 2021), entry for Edward Clark, 1770>Oct-Dec image>1406.

3. Alfred Ridley Bax, editor, *Allegations for marriage licenses issued by the commissary court of Surrey between 1673 and 1770 with copious indexes* (Norwich: Goose and Son, 1907), p. 699.

4. "Somerset Baptism Index 1740-1811," database, *FindMyPast* (<https://search.findmypast.com/search-world-records/somerset-baptism-index> : accessed 19 June 2020), entry for Jemimia Mills.

While the father could be the Rich Mills who was a witness to her wedding, the distance was a factor. On today's roads, Norton St. Philip is 117 miles from the parish of St. Mary's in Lambeth.⁵ A long haul on 18th-century roads.

Digging deeper into the Norton St. Philip parish records turned up five additional children of Richard and Jemima.

- James Mills christened 14 October 1744.⁶
- William Mills christened 22 June 1746,⁷ and buried 9 August 1751.⁸
- Anne Mills christened 5 February 1749.⁹
- Sarah Mills christened 6 February 1752.¹⁰
- Sarah Mills christened 24 January 1754.¹¹

No further children of Richard and Jemima were found in the Norton St. Philip or surrounding parish records.

Why two daughters in a row were named Sarah is a mystery. A page-by-page search of the Norton St. Philip parish registers, which appear complete for this period, for the burial of a Sarah Mills between 1752 and 1754 found nothing, as did a FindMyPast search of Somerset Burial records.

Searching within five years of the date of the first child's baptism found the marriage of Richard Mills and Jemima Tovie at Norton St. Philip on 11 September 1743.¹²

A search for the baptism records of the parents found a Jemima Tovie daughter of Charles and Hester Tovie baptized 16 February 1720/21,¹³ making her twenty-two at her marriage, a good fit. No baptism was found for Richard.

Based on the above baptism date, Jemima would have been about thirty-two at the birth of her last recorded child. In the normal progression of events, several more children would have been expected.

Using FindMyPast to look for more children of Richard and Jemima Mills in London turned up Anna Maria Mills born 18 December 1755 and baptized 28 December 1755 at the British Lying-in Hospital in Holborn,¹⁴ then located on Brownlow Street.¹⁵ The birth interval is consistent with the Norton St. Philip family.

Anna Maria was followed by William Mills born 8 June 1758 and baptized 11 June 1758 again at the British Lay-in Hospital.¹⁶

The Mills family of Norton St. Philip was clearly not averse to reusing names for their children, witness the



St. Clement Danes, Strand. Photo by Stephen Richards, Wikimedia Commons.

5. Search results, directions from Lambeth Mission and Saint Mary's Shared Anglican and Methodist Church to Norton St. Philip, Bath, UK, *Google Maps* (www.google.com/maps/ : accessed 10 May 2021).

6. "Somerset Baptism Index 1740-1811," entry for James Mills.

7. *Ibid.*

8. "National Burial Index for England & Wales," database, *FindMyPast*, (<https://search.findmypast.com/search-world-records/national-burial-index-for-england-and-wales> : accessed 19 June 2020), entry for William Mills.

9. "Somerset Baptism Index 1740-1811," entry for Anne Mills.

10. *Ibid.*

11. "Somerset, England, Church of England Baptisms, Marriages, and Burials, 1531-1812," database with images, *Ancestry.com* (<https://www.ancestry.com/search/collections/60856/> : accessed 24 May 2021), entry for Sarah Mills >Norton St Philip>1740-1811>image 8.

12. *Ibid.*, entry for Jemima Tovey, Norton St Philip>1740-1811>image 4.

13. *Ibid.*, entry for Jemima Tovie, Norton St Philip>1680-1742>image 20.

14. "England & Wales Non-conformist Births and Baptisms, Holborn, British Lying-In Hospital, Endell Street: Births & Baptisms: Nos 1-8212. Vol 1," database, *FindMyPast* (https://search.findmypast.com/record?id=TNA%2FRG8%2Fo62_1%2Fo%2Fo101&parentid=TNA%2FRG4%2FBAP%2F1734986 : accessed 18 June 2020), citing TNA/RG/8/62, nr 1778 entry for Anna Maria Mills.

15. *Ibid.*

16. *Ibid.*, nr 2842, entry for William Mills.

two-in-a-row Sarahs. If this is the same family, then the first male child after the death of William is another William. Anna and Anna Maria could be another repeat as well.

After William, there were no more Mills children recorded at the Laying-in Hospital. However, in the nearby parish of St. Clement Danes, only about half a mile from the Laying-in Hospital on Brownlow Street,¹⁷ a Richard and Jemima Mills baptized a Mary Mills 4 May 1760.¹⁸ The interval between William and Mary is consistent with the expected norm of children of the same mother.

Mary was followed by two more siblings baptized in the St. Clement Danes parish.

- Richard Mills 23 March 1762¹⁹
- Samuel Mills 23 April 1764²⁰

No further children of this couple were found in this or adjacent parishes. If this is the Norton St. Philip family, the mother would have been about forty-three at Samuel's birth, a not unusual age to end childbearing.

A page-by-page search of the Laying-in Hospital's birth and baptism records, from the birth of Anna Maria back to its founding in 1749, was conducted looking for any sign of a Jemima and Richard Mills. While there was a Timothy and Anne Mills, and a Richard and Anne Mills, there was no Richard and Jemima.

As another check, a page-by-page search of the St. Clement Danes' baptism records from the baptism of Mary Mills in 1760 back to 1754 found a John and Ana Mills without finding any sign of a Richard and Jemima Mills.

A search of available indexes also failed to turn up another Jemima and Richard Mills anywhere in the London area in the mid-eighteenth century.

The London burial indexes contain no Jemima Mills and no Richard Mills that can be matched to this family. A search of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury wills from 1770 to 1825 on both Ancestry and the British National Archives found several Richard Mills in the London area. However, none mentioned a wife named

Jemima or had sons and daughters who matched the known children of this couple. A search for a will of Jemima found nothing.

Checking the online genealogies on both Ancestry and FamilySearch for a Jemima Mills, born *circa* 1748, in England, married to a Clarke, returned about a dozen trees with Jemima Mills married to Edward Clarke in 1770. None of them included parents for Jemima. A tree on Ancestry contained the Norton St. Philip family but had no events after the birth of the second Sarah. Contacted via email, the tree owner, while initially unaware of the London baptisms, agreed that the London family looked like a continuation of the Somerset family.²¹

Returning to the wedding of Jemima Mills and Edward Clarke: As noted above, they were married in St. Mary, Lambeth six years after the birth of Samuel Mills, and Edward was a resident of Covent Garden at the time. St. Clement Danes is about one-third of a mile from St. Paul Covent Garden and one-and-one-third mile from St. Mary Lambeth.²²

CONCLUSION

The family of Richard and Jemima Mills disappeared from Philip St. Norton, Somerset, England, around 1754. A Richard and Jemima Mills appeared for the first time in the area of St. Clement Danes Parish, London, in the following year. Naming patterns, the spacing of the births between the last Somersetshire birth and the first London birth, and the date of the mother's last child are consistent with the Philip St. Norton family.

The baptismal date of the Jemima Mills in Norton St. Philip matches the reported age of Jemima Mills on her marriage to Edward Clarke and is the only match in the available indexes. Further a Richard Mills witnessed the marriage, and the Jemima Mills of the Norton St. Philip family was the daughter of Richard Mills.

With a preponderance of positive evidence and no negative evidence, the logical conclusion is that the Jemima Mills who married Edward Clarke was the same Jemima Mills baptized in Philip St. Norton.

17. Search results, directions from St Clement Danes Church Brownlow St, London, UK, *Google Maps* (www.google.com/maps/ : accessed 10 May 2021).

18. Westminster, London, England, Church of England Baptisms, Marriages and Burials, 1558-1812, database with image, *Ancestry.com* (<https://www.ancestry.com/search/collections/61865/> :accessed 24 May 2021), image 168 entry for Mary Mills.

19. *Ibid.*, image 24 entry for Richard Mills.

20. *Ibid.*, image 58 entry for Samuel Mills.

21. Kim Willis, "Mills Family," e-mail message, Bristol, Gloucestershire, England, UK, to Duane Funk, 27 October 2020.

22. Search results for St Paul Covent Garden, England Jurisdictions 1851>Options>Radius place search>Parishes within a 5-mile radius, *FamilySearch.org* (<https://www.familysearch.org/mapp/> : accessed 10 May 2021).

First Generation

1. **CHARLES TOVIE**, was christened 3 May 1688 in Norton St. Philip, Somerset, England, UK.²³ He was buried on 18 October 1772 in Norton St. Philip, Somerset, England, UK.²⁴ He married **HESTOR GREENLAND** on 12 June 1715 in Norton St. Philip, Somerset, England, UK.²⁵ She was born *circa* 1691,²⁶ based on her reported age at death, and was buried 26 November 1778 in Norton St. Philip, Somerset, England, UK.²⁷

CHARLES TOVIE and HESTOR GREENLAND had the following children:

- i. JAMES TOVIE was christened on 24 April 1719 in Norton St. Philip, Somerset, England, UK.²⁸
- 2 ii. JEMIMA TOVIE, was christened on 16 February 1720/1 in Norton St. Philip, Somerset, England, United Kingdom.²⁹ She married RICHARD MILLS, 11 September 1743, Norton St. Philip, Somerset, England, UK.
- iii. TIMOTHY TOVIE was christened on 11 March 1723 in Norton St. Philip, Somerset, England, UK.³⁰ He was buried on 10 July 1725 in Norton St. Philip, Somerset, England, UK.³¹
- iv. SAMUEL TOVIE was christened on 11 September 1725 in Norton St. Philip, Somerset, England, UK.³²
- v. JOSEPH TOVIE was christened on 1 January 1727/8 in Norton St. Philip, Somerset, England, UK.³³
- vi. MARY TOVIE was christened on 17 August 1730 in Norton St. Philip, Somerset, England, UK.³⁴
- vii. KEZIA TOVIE was christened on 17 September 1732 in Norton St. Philip, Somerset, England, UK.³⁵
- viii. ANN TOVIE was christened on 19 June 1734 in Norton St. Philip, Somerset, England, UK.³⁶ She married RICHARD BULL on 14 May 1758 in Norton St. Philip, Somerset, England, UK.³⁷

Second Generation

2. **Jemima TOVIE** was christened on 16 February 1720/1 in Norton St. Philip, Somerset, England, UK.³⁸ She married **RICHARD MILLS** on 11 September 1743 in Norton St. Philip, Somerset, England, UK.³⁹ Richard MILLS' birth date and place are unknown. There was a Richard Mills, son of James, baptized in Bradford-on-Avon in 1710, however, he was buried in 1714.⁴⁰

Richard MILLS and JEMIMA TOVIE had the following children:

- i. JAMES MILLS was christened on 14 October 1744 in Norton St. Philip, Somerset, England, UK.⁴¹

23. "Somerset, England, Church of England Baptisms, Marriages, and Burials, 1531-1812," image 20. Also, "Somerset Baptism Index 1680-1742," database, *FindMyPast* (<https://search.findmypast.com/search-world-records/somerset-baptism-index> : accessed 20 June 2020), entry for Charles Tovie.

24. "Somerset, England, Church of England Baptisms, Marriages, and Burials, 1531-1812," entry for Charles Tovey, Norton St Philip>1740-1811>image 16.

25. *Ibid.*, image 20, image 17.

26. *Ibid.*, image 19.

27. *Ibid.*

28. *Ibid.*

29. *Ibid.*, image 4, image 20.

30. *Ibid.*, image 22.

31. *Ibid.*, image 23.

32. *Ibid.*

33. *Ibid.*

34. *Ibid.*, image 26.

35. *Ibid.*, image 27.

36. "Somerset, England, Church of England Baptisms, Marriages, and Burials, 1531-1812," image 28.

37. "Somerset, England, Marriage Registers, Bonds and Allegations, 1754-1914, database with images, *Ancestry.com* (<https://www.ancestry.com/search/collections/60858/>), entry for Anne Tovie, Marriage Registers>Norton St Philip>1754-1780>image 6.

38. "Somerset, England, Church of England Baptisms, Marriages, and Burials, 1531-1812," entry for Charles Tovey, Norton St Philip>1740-1811>image 4, image 20.

39. "Somerset, England, Church of England Baptisms, Marriages, and Burials, 1531-1812," image 4.

40. "Wiltshire Burials Index 1538-1990," database, *FindMyPast* (<https://search.findmypast.com/search-world-records/wiltshire-burials-index-1538-1990> : accessed 19 June 2020), entry for R Mills.

41. "Somerset Baptism Index 1740-1811," database, *FindMyPast* (<https://www.findmypast.com> : accessed 19 June 2020), entry for James Mills.

- ii. WILLIAM MILLS was christened on 22 June 1746 in Norton St. Philip, Somerset, England, UK.⁴² He was buried on 9 August 1751 at St. Philip & St. James church yard in Norton St. Philip, Somerset, England, UK.⁴³
- 3 iii. JEMIMA MILLS was christened on 2 March 1747 in Norton St. Philip, Somerset, England, UK.⁴⁴
- iv. ANNE MILLS was christened on 5 February 1749 in Norton St. Philip, Somerset, England, UK.⁴⁵
- v. SARAH MILLS was christened on 6 February 1752 in Norton St. Philip, Somerset, England, UK.⁴⁶
- vi. SARAH MILLS was christened on 24 January 1754 in Norton St. Philip, Somerset, England, UK.⁴⁷
- vii. ANNA MARIA MILLS was born on 18 December 1755 at Holborn, British Lying-In Hospital, Brownlow Street in London, Middlesex, England, UK.⁴⁸ She was christened on 28 December 1755 at Holborn, British Lying-In Hospital, Brownlow Street in London, Middlesex, England, UK.⁴⁹
- viii. WILLIAM MILLS was born on 8 June 1758 at Holborn, British Lying-In Hospital, Brownlow Street in London, Middlesex, England, UK.⁵⁰ He was christened on 11 June 1758 at Holborn, British Lying-In Hospital, Brownlow Street in London, Middlesex, England, UK.⁵¹
- ix. MARY MILLS was christened on 4 May 1760 at St. Clement Danes in Westminster, Middlesex, England, UK.⁵²
- x. RICHARD MILLS was christened on 23 March 1762 in Westminster, Middlesex, England, UK.⁵³
- xi. SAMUEL MILLS was christened on 23 April 1764 at St. Clement Danes in Westminster, Middlesex, England, UK.⁵⁴

Third Generation

3. **JEMIMA MILLS** was born *circa* 1748.⁵⁵ Prior to obtaining her marriage license on 24 December 1770 she lived in the parish of Saint Mary in Lambeth, Surrey, England, UK.⁵⁶ She married **EDWARD CLARKE** on 24 December 1770 at Saint Mary in Lambeth, Surrey, England, UK.⁵⁷ EDWARD CLARKE, son of JOHN CLARKE and SARAH GREEN, was born on 10 May 1739 at Long Lane in London, Middlesex, England, UK.⁵⁸ He was christened on 10 June 1739 at St. Sepulcher in London, Middlesex, England, UK.⁵⁹ Edward was living in the Saint Paul Covent Garden parish in Westminster, Middlesex, England, UK on 24 December 1770.⁶⁰ He was buried on 15 July 1823 at St. Botolph without Bishopsgate in London, Middlesex, England, UK.⁶¹

42. Ibid., entry for William Mills.

43. "National Burial Index for England & Wales," entry for William Mills.

44. "Somerset Baptism Index 1740-1811," entry for Jemima Mills.

45. Ibid., entry for Annie Mills.

46. Ibid., entry for Sarah Mills.

47. Ibid.

48. "Holborn, British Lying-In Hospital, Endell Street: Births & Baptisms: Nos 1-8212. Vol 1," nr 1778, entry for Anna Maria Mills..

49. Ibid.

50. "Holborn, British Lying-In Hospital, Endell Street: Births & Baptisms: Nos 1-8212. Vol 1," nr 2842 entry for William Mills.

51. Ibid.

52. "Westminster Baptisms," entry for Mary Mills, image 168.

53. "Westminster Baptisms," entry for Richard Mills, image 24.

54. "Westminster Baptisms," entry for Samuel Mills, image 58.

55. "Westminster Baptisms," baptism record of Edward Clarke, page 39.

56. Bax, Allegations for marriage licenses, page 699.

57. "London, England, Church of England Marriages and Banns, 1754-1932," Lambeth St Mary>Lambeth>1762-1867>image 154.

58. "Parish registers of St Sepulcher Church (London & Middlesex), 1662-1987," Church of England. St Sepulcher Church (London), (manuscript/manuscript on film, 1964,1994,2000, Guildhall Library, London, UK), image 58; FHL microfilm 375,000.

59. Ibid.

60. "London, England, Church of England Marriages and Banns, 1754-1932," Lambeth St Mary>Lambeth>1762-1867>image 154.

61. "London, England, Deaths and Burials, 1813-1980," database with images, *Ancestry.com* (<https://www.ancestry.com/search/collections/1559/> : accessed 24 May 2021), image 20, entry for Edward Clarke.

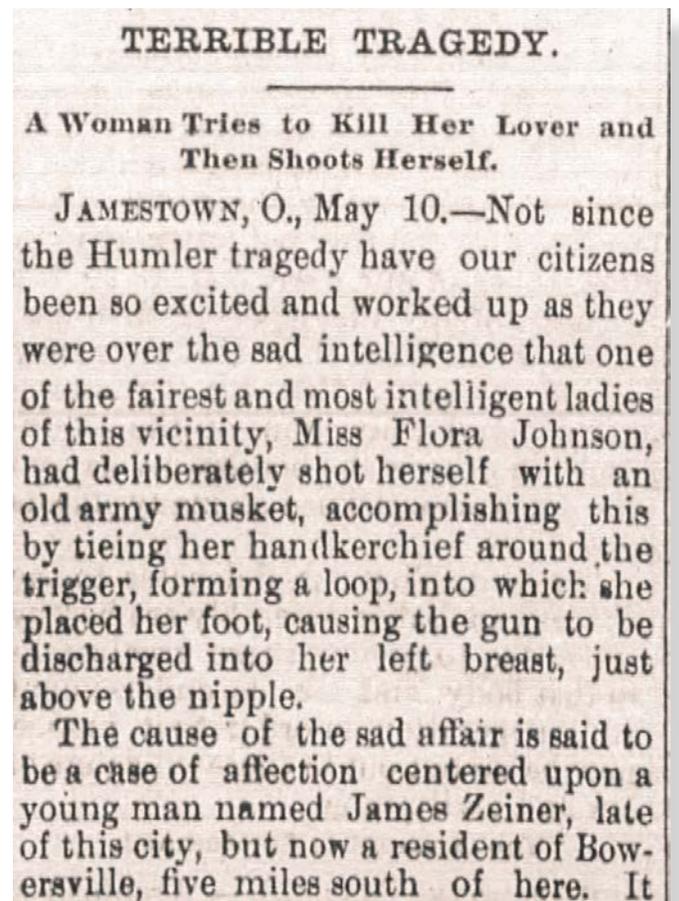
Mayhem and Murder: The Life of Florence “Flora” Johnson (1856–1886)

Emily Aulicino

Florence Johnson, who used the name Flora, was born 28 January 1856 near Bowersville, Greene County, Ohio, to Elizabeth Jane Ogan and Robert Johnson. She died 9 May 1886 in Greene County, Ohio, at the age 30 years, 3 months, and 12 days according to her cemetery inscription.¹ More is known of her death than her life. Newspaper accounts of her actions prior to her death indicate that she was “jilted” by her boyfriend, James Zeiner.

On 8 May 1886, Flora, who lived one mile southeast of Bowersville, went to Charles Thompson’s carriage shop in Bowersville where James worked. They had a long discussion about the fact that he had been attentive to her previously, but not now. When she asked if he intended to marry her, he said he did not and used the excuse that he could not support a wife.² She then drew a 32-caliber revolver from the folds of her dress and shot him, giving him only a flesh wound. The gun was working improperly, and the bullet split, reducing its force before it hit James. She tried to shoot again, but he wrestled the gun from her.³ James then went to dinner. (His parents were also opposed to the relationship because she was thirty and he was only twenty-three.⁴)

Before her death, Flora told her sister about the events after leaving Bowersville.⁵ She stated she walked home by way of a gravel pit determined to drown herself, but as two farmers were planting corn on either side of the pit and in fear of being discovered, she went home and entered the family barn with the intent of hanging



The Chattanooga Commercial, Monday, 10 May 1886.

herself. As her sister was in the barn, she was afraid to attempt the hanging.

Another newspaper account states that she tried to hang herself but couldn’t find anything with which to do it.⁶ She entered the house, walked through all the rooms and picked up a handkerchief. Then she went to the back door where she found a musket loaded with No. 2 shot. She took it down from its resting place and tied the handkerchief to the trigger. She then sat on the floor and placed the muzzle in her side near her heart and pulled the trigger with her foot. The entire shot passed

1. *Find A Grave*, database and images (<https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/38548593/flora-johnson> : accessed 20 August 2018), memorial page for Flora Johnson (1856-9 May 1886), Find A Grave Memorial no. 38548593, citing Stewart Cemetery, Bowersville, Greene County, Ohio, USA ; Maintained by C Shaw (contributor 46807322).

2. *Wilmington Journal* (Wilmington, Ohio), 12 May 1886, p. 1, col. 3, “County Correspondence – North Fairview,” *Newspapers.com* (<https://www.newspapers.com>).

3. *Ibid.*

4. *Xenia Daily Gazette* (Xenia, Ohio), Wednesday, 1 September 1886, “The Zeiner Murder – The Victim of an Assassin Dies,” “Another Tragedy at Bowersville Follows the One of Only a Few Months ago,” *Newspapers.com* (<https://www.newspapers.com>).

5. *Wilmington Journal* (Wilmington, Ohio) 12 May 1886, p. 1, col. 3. “County Correspondence – North Fairview,” *Newspapers.com* (<https://www.newspapers.com>).

6. *The Xenia Torchlight* (Xenia, Ohio), Wednesday, 12 May 1886, p. 1, “All For Love, Miss Flora Johnson Attempts Her Lover’s Life, Failing in Which She Shoots Herself with Necessarily Fatal Effects – The Story of the Sad Affair,” *Newspapers.com* (<https://www.newspapers.com>).

through her and into the door casing taking with it a part of her dress and her flesh.⁷

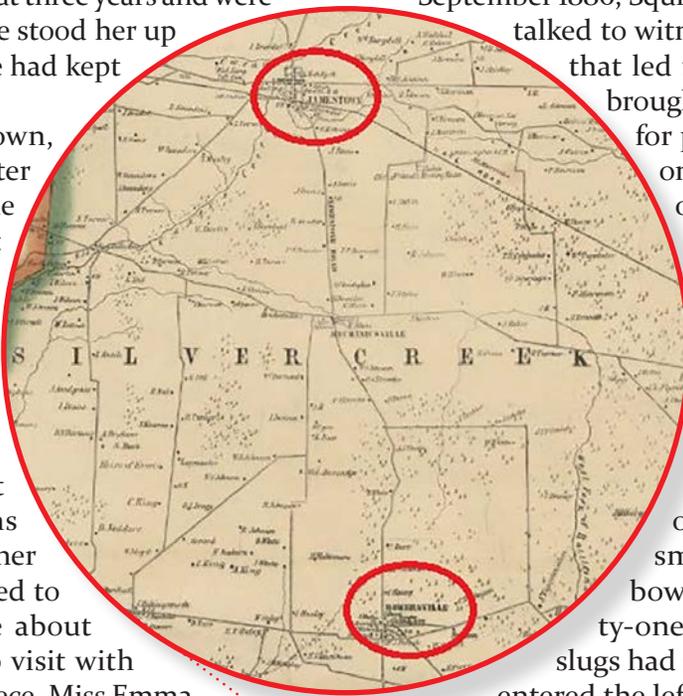
A doctor was summoned, but she died at 5 o'clock Sunday morning, 9 May 1886, after fourteen hours of horrible suffering, being conscious most of the time. She expressed regret that she had failed to kill James. The two had been together for about three years and were to marry the prior year, but he stood her up at the time, and since then he had kept his distance.⁸

James resided in Jamestown, Greene County, Ohio, and after Flora died, he did not continue to work in Bowersville but went to West Lancaster, Fayette County, Ohio, where he worked as a blacksmith for a few weeks. He then returned to Jamestown where he worked for his father, a furniture dealer. On 31 August 1886, almost three months after Flora's death, James Zeiner and Orville Clemens returned to Bowersville, reaching there about seven o'clock.⁹ They went to visit with Miss Sue Cummins and her niece, Miss Emma Smith. This house now bears the address 5760 Chillicothe Street and is on a corner facing west. The women were seated in the parlor facing James who was opposite the south window. About 9 p.m. there was a sound of breaking glass and a gunshot. The window blind was not up, so the shooter had to see James between the curtain edge and window casing. The gun was placed close to the window as a large piece was torn from the window curtain, and the sash of the window was burnt with gunpowder. The shot put out the light, and the women ran from the room screaming for help. James rose to his feet, threw up his arms and said, "Oh dear." He fell back on the sofa, dead.¹⁰ There was an auction in the town that night, and many people were on the street. One person stated that as he and others left the church where they attended choir practice, they saw a man running up the

street, but they thought he may have been going for the doctor who lived there. No witnesses to the shooting came forward, and no wadding was found from the gun. James' parents arrived in the morning and took his body to Jamestown where the funeral was held.¹¹

According to *The Cincinnati Enquirer* published on 2 September 1886, Squire Johnson, the acting coroner, talked to witnesses but discovered nothing that led to a suspect.¹² The body was

brought to Drs. Torrence and Ogden for postmortem examination: "... one slug had lacerated the apex of the heart on the left side, while a ball entered the left nipple fractured the fifth rib, passed through the left ventricle diaphragm and about three inches of the lower posterior portion of right lobe of liver and was found in the abdominal cavity of the right side. A number of small shot were found in the bowels. The body showed twenty-one openings where the shot or slugs had entered and twenty-nine shot entered the left arm."¹³



Jamestown and Bowersville noted on 1855 map of Greene County, Ohio. *Library of Congress*.

7. *Wilmington Journal* (Wilmington, Ohio) 12 May 1886, p. 1, col. 3, "County Correspondence – North Fairview," *Newspapers.com* (<https://www.newspapers.com>).

8. *Ibid.*

9. *Xenia Daily Gazette* (Xenia, Ohio), Wednesday, 1 September 1886. "The Zeiner Murder – The Victim of an Assassin Dies," "Another Tragedy at Bowersville Follows the One of Only a Few Months ago."

10. *Ibid.*

11. *Ibid.*

12. *The Cincinnati Enquirer* (Cincinnati, Ohio), Thursday, 2 September 1886, p. 5, "Zeiner's Murder – His Body Literally Riddled With Shot – The Perpetrators of the Crime Not Yet Known, but Suspicions Are Strong – Recalling a Suicide," *Newspapers.com* (<https://www.newspapers.com>).

13. *Ibid.*

MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

**A Young Man Instantly Killed in an
Ohio Town.**

**His Body Literally Riddled With Bullets
—The Murderer Not Known—How
the Killing was Accom-
plished.**

XENIA, O., September 3.—“One woe doth tread upon another’s heels” here in Greene county within the past few months, until some persons have arrived at the conclusion that for some unknown great wickedness done by our people the vials of wrath have been opened against us.

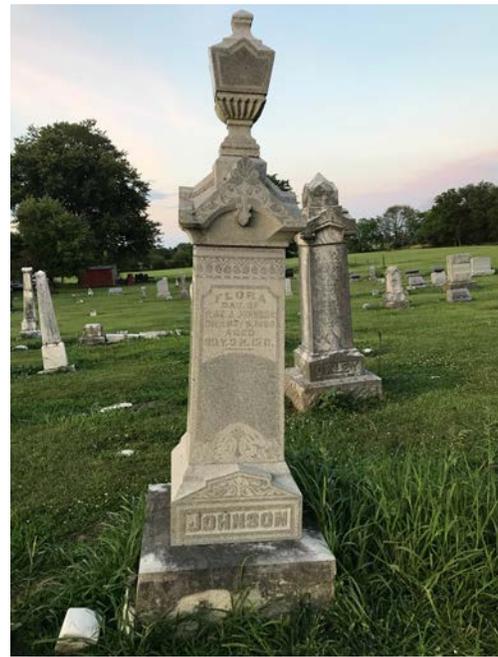
The Chattanooga Commercial (*Chattanooga, Tennessee*),
3 September 1886.

The *Cincinnati Enquirer* reported that Flora’s father and brother were suspected of the murder, but they were never arrested.¹⁴ The *Wilmington Journal* dated 27 April 1887 reported that Simon Gerard and Townsend Cummins conspired to kill Zeiner because Cummins and Zeiner were both interested in Gerard’s daughter.¹⁵ Jasper Lemons, their accuser, was later arrested for perjury.

Mrs. Martha Hollingworth, who lives in the Bowersville area, told the author in a telephone interview on 1 December 2002 that about twenty-five to thirty years ago an Allen Bowermaster of New York said his great-grandfather George Bowermaster left Greene County, Ohio, quickly and that the family story was that George had shot a man. This George was the first cousin to Flora Johnson. In the 1880 census there is a George Bowermaster, age 16, son of George and Elizabeth, living in Jefferson Township. Both the Hollingworth and Bowermaster families have lived in this area for a long time.

The *Xenia Daily Gazette* on 15 November 1976, in an article entitled “Bowersville Church of Christ celebrate 125th anniversary,” mentions that the church purchased Lot 18, now 5765 Chillicothe Street, from Christopher and Catherine Lockhart Hussey for \$25 on 22 July 1854 with the intention of using it as the foundation of the present church.¹⁶ The article states that “the corner lot of the church is surrounded in mystery” and further explains that this lot, which is adjacent to the church, was a hotel in 1886 and that the only murder in Bowersville occurred there.

The murder has never been solved. Flora is buried in the Stewart Cemetery in Bowersville. James is buried a few miles away in the Old Silvercreek Cemetery in Jamestown.



Flora Johnson’s tombstone, Stewart Cemetery. Photo by Shane (*Find A Grave* user 48869130).

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Emily Doolin Aulicino, a retired teacher, has been a serious genealogist since 1970 and a genetic genealogist since 2005. She has written a book on her Gilmore lineage and is currently compiling one on her Ogan line. She has taught writing classes for seniors through Portland Parks and Recreation for more than 10 years. Emily’s booklet “*Memoing Your Memories*” is a guide to writing one’s childhood memories and family stories. Emily has also published the book *Genetic Genealogy: The Basics and Beyond*.

14. Ibid.

15. *Wilmington Journal* (Wilmington, Ohio), 27 April 1887, p. 7, “Local Matters,” *Newspapers.com* (<https://www.newspapers.com>).

16. *Xenia Daily Gazette* (Xenia, Ohio), 15 November 1976, p. 12, “Bowersville Church of Christ celebrate 125th anniversary,” *Newspapers.com* (<http://www.newspaper.com>).

Writing a Memoir

Emily Aulicino

Most people neglect to record their history and that of their immediate family. Many do not have the time to start or know where to begin. With a little structure and planning, you can write your life's memories easily and enjoy remembering the little things you had forgotten. There will be times of smiles and sadness as you write.

The smiles will bring joy to your heart, perhaps on a day when you need them. Remembering the fun times in your life gives your descendants a wonderful view of how life was and what was important to your family at that time.

The sad times are sometimes the most important as they can bring families together. Remembering these stories may explain why an aunt seems to be a loner or why a cousin seemed to disappear. These times can show how much you cared for a person.

WHY YOU SHOULD RECORD YOUR STORIES

- To share your memories and experiences with future generations.
- So that your family stories will not continue to be the “telephone game” as they are passed down.
- Compiling your finished work makes a wonderful gift for your family.

BEFORE YOU START

- Collect diaries, letters, photos, calendars, and mementos.
- Create a folder, either physical or on your computer, to keep your writings organized.



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- Get a notebook to carry with you to jot notes. Or figure out how to record thoughts on your phone. Memories may come at odd times or be triggered by an aroma, a sound, or a person.
- Create a timeline of your life. It doesn't need to be comprehensive. Some years won't have an entry, some will have more than one. If you can't remember a date, you can mention the season, a period in your life (teen years, when my children were young, etc.), a decade (the 1970s), etc.

START WRITING

- Think of your memoir as a series of essays. There is no particular order. There doesn't need to be an overall theme or style of writing. The stories can be put together as an anthology, or they can stand alone. The results can be printed or posted online.
- Write what you know. Ask yourself questions. What happened? How did I feel? What, if anything, did I learn?
- Begin each vignette with action that will draw your reader to continue.
- Consider your audience. You are writing for family, for grandchildren. Details add interest—what color was that outfit? Which food was your favorite? Which family member made you laugh, cry, or cringe?

WHAT NOT TO DO

- Start at the beginning of your life and go forward
- Embellish beyond the facts and feelings
- Add events unrelated to your story
- Worry about spelling and grammar. That can come later. Wouldn't you rather have a misspelled, poorly written journal from an ancestor than nothing?

OTHER TIPS

- Read memoirs – reading improves writing
- Join a writing group

SAMPLE PROMPTS

How did your parents choose your name?

Write about a time when you did something that made you proud.

What music, clothing, hairstyles, etc. were popular when you were young? Do your children copy any of them today?

Did any of your relatives choose passion over security to pursue their purpose in life? If so, what did they do? How has that decision impacted or influenced your life?

Do you know how your grandparents met each other? Your parents? How did you meet your significant other? Any similarities?

ADDING MORE TO THE STORY: THE NEIGHBORHOOD (FROM “MEMOING” MY MEMORIES, TOPIC 8)

Let us focus on the neighborhood and the activities and the events surrounding it. No doubt this could result in countless stories, so we will start with a great brainstorming technique to give you the basis for future writings.

If you lived in more than one home, pick one for now. A neighborhood could just be the block on which you lived or the few houses surrounding your rural home.

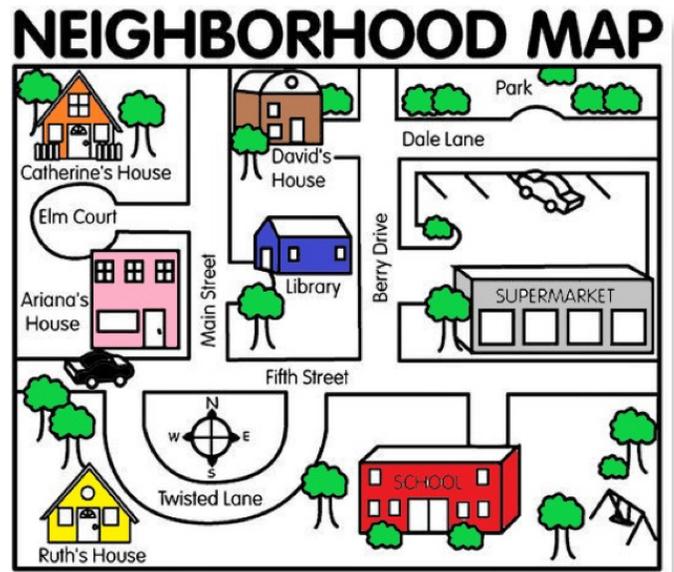
First, think back to what your neighborhood was like. Was it rural, urban, or suburban? Did you live in a large or small town, in the middle of the city or on the perimeter?

Who were the neighbors? Can you remember their names? Which houses were theirs?

Was there a unique member of your neighborhood ... a kind person who asked you to do errands and tipped you enough for a candy bar or ice cream ... a grouchy person whose yard often harbored your baseball or balsa wood airplane ... the person whom no one knew well ...? Was there a bully on the block? (Even if it was YOU!)

What games did you play in the street or yards with neighbor kids? What games differed from the summer through the winter? Where did you play—a vacant lot, the end of the street, a particular yard? Did everyone get along?

After thinking about these things, draw a map of your childhood street. Add some features unique to each house and the names of the people in the houses.



Now choose an event centered on this area and write. Be certain to jot down other ideas on which to write later. There is no doubt there are many great stories to tell.

RESOURCES

Emily D. Aulicino, “Memoing” *My Memories: A Simple Technique for Writing your Family Stories*, (GFO call number: 070.5 Memo Auli 2008). Also available from the author. For many years, Emily taught classes on writing memoirs at the Woodstock Community Center. Some of those can be read on her blog, “Writing Your Memories” (<https://writingyourmemories.blogspot.com/2017/>).

Emily D. Aulicino, “Skeletons in the Closet,” *The Bulletin*, September 2015 (https://gfo.org/file_download/inline/fbbf65a0-fb40-459d-9c6e-5b73140d8dab).

FamilyTree Magazine, “Interviewing Questions and Prompts for Family History Interviews” (<https://www.familytreemagazine.com/storytelling/interviewing/interview-questions/>).

Jen Glantz, “Memoir versus essay collection: Which fact-based form fits you best?” (<https://www.writermag.com/improve-your-writing/nonfiction/memoir-versus-essay-collection/>).

Mary Beth Sammons, *My Family: Collected Memories*. This is a book of writing prompts. There is space to record the memories in the book or it could be used to generate ideas for further writing. The book has been used successfully with middle school students and adults.

Mom's Diary

Mary Ann (Church) Gulstrom (1940–2015)

Darrell Gulstrom

After my mother, Mary Ann (Church) Gulstrom, passed away on 19 July 2015, one of the things we found was a diary she kept when she was in the eighth grade in Bridge, Coos County, Oregon. The diary was a gift from her best friend, Charlene Spring. Mom only maintained the diary from 13 May 1954 to 18 June 1954—a few weeks that were a turning point in her life.

My dad, Darwin Burl “Swede” Gulstrom met my mother at the Hi-way Café in Myrtle Point, Coos County, Oregon, about nine miles west of Bridge, in 1954. My mom’s mother, Neelia (Hash) Church, worked there as a waitress. Even though mom was only 14, she was about 12 inches taller than other girls her age. Why my grandmother allowed Mom to date my dad at age 14 we will never know. Dad was 23 and had just gotten out of the Air Force.

The entries in the diary give a snapshot into the courtship of mom and dad:

May 13—The 8th graders got the afternoon off. Swede got a new car today. 49 DeSoto, white.

May 14—Swede and I went to the drive-in. We saw “Wait till the Sun shines, Nellie” and “Treasure of the Golden Condor” Very good show. He told me that he loved me a hundred times and he kissed me a thousand times. I love him too.

May 15—This morning Swede and I went to Coquille. Then we went to see Glenn and Harriet.¹ We stayed all night with them. Swede said he love me.

May 16—Today is my birthday. Swede got me a blouse. John a dress, Junior and Mary Ann a dress, Sharleen a diary. Swede’s mom a set of dish towels, Glenn and Swede gave me a great big spanking. Oh! Got it h___ Ha! Ha!

May 17—Swede and I went to Coquille, to get the old Plymouth. We took it up to Glenn’s.

May 18—Swede and I took mom to town. Then we went up to Glenn’s and tore the old Plymouth apart. I drove the DeSoto across the field at Glenn’s.

May 19—Today is my 8th grade graduation. I washed clothes all day. Then Swede and John came up and took mom and I down to the schoolhouse. Swede’s



Swede Gulstrom and Mary Ann Church, during the time the diary was written. Mary Ann’s mother, Neelia Gilkison, is in the car chaperoning.

mom, step-father and Winnie was there. I wore a yellow dress. It was beautiful. Swede said I was the prettiest girl there. Swede got me a new sweater. Mom a new watch, Mary Ann & Junior a neckless. Darlene & Fred two pair of nylons stocking. We took some pictures. Swede told me he loved me. And I love him too.

May 20—Swede came up and help me clean house. Then we went up and had dinner with Glenn and Harriet. Then we went to the show.

May 21—Tonight is the 8th grade Banquet with Mr. & Mrs. Wilson. We had our dinner down at the Angler’s Café at Myrtle Point, Ore. We had turkey. After the banquet was over, Swede and I went to the drive-in. He said that he loved me.

May 29—Swede and I took Sandy Shields and Stanley Perry to the drive in. We had a lot of fun.

May 30—Swede and I went to Broadbent. We missed church. Then in the evening we went to Coquille to see a show.

1. Glenn Albert Gulstrom Jr. was Swede’s older brother. He married Harriett Marie Strain in 1946.

May 31—Swede and I went down and helped John on the new house. In the evening we went to the show.

June 1—Swede and I had been going together for 10 mos. Today I clean-up the house. Swede never came up.

June 2—I love Swede with all my heart.

June 3—Swede and I went to Coquille to find out about his new job,

June 4—Swede and I went to the show. The names were “Off Limits” & Highway Dragnet.” Swede said that he loved me and wanted to marry. I love him with my heart,

June 5—Swede & I went to town today then we came home and I cook him a chicken dinner. Then we went for a drive.

June 6—Today Swede quit John F. Cawrse [lumber company] and got another job driving from Port Orford to Coos Bay. I love him so much that I could not help but cry. I won't get to see him for about a week.

June 7—Today I got a surprise because Swede only made one trip and came up when I didn't expect him.

June 8—Swede and I when to town today.

June 10—Tonight I went to the show with mom & John. Swede was in Port Orford.

June 11—Swede came up to Mary Ann & Troy where I was babysitting. He stayed all night.

June 12—Tonight Swede and I went to the Drive-In. We only stay for one show. We stay with his mom and Gus.

June 13—Today Swede and I went to church at Broadbent. That night we went to the show at Myrtle Point.

June 15—Swede came up today and said he was going to Calif. to work. Then we set down and kisses a while. I love him with all my heart.

June 18—Tonight mom got married to John. I was Maid of Honor. Swede was in California and couldn't come. His mom came down and get me to come up and stay with her, while mom & John went on their honeymoon.

Mom and Dad married the following year, on 13 August of 1955, when Mom was 15. My brother was born in September of 1956.

The diary itself is a treasure trove of information on people I knew growing up. It also shows mom's lack of maturity. My siblings and I laugh at the fact that dad robbed the cradle, but there is nothing we would change about it because we are the result.

Everyone mentioned in the diary has passed away. Mom and Dad raised four children and lived a happy life until Dad died on 13 June 1990. Mom married twice after his death. First to George Oscar Nydegger, and then, after his death, to LaVerne H. “Curley” Behrens. Mom died on 19 July 2015. She is missed.

TESTIMONIAL: WRITERS' FORUM

Carole Linneman

Four years ago, I joined a group of writers at the GFO called Writers Forum. We meet once a month for two hours and share our writing and ideas. Through the support of this group, my writing has blossomed, and I have had articles published in the *GFO Bulletin* and in the Gresham History Museum's publication. The writers in this group are supportive and great listeners. We read a book each year on writing that we discuss at our meetings. We take ten minutes to do a quick write on various subjects that can be shared. Sometimes my quick write sparks a new story. We bring writing we are working on to read and get comments and ideas as well as ways to research.

Recently, I completed a self-published, spiraled copy of all the tales my family told throughout my

life, including the basics of my immediate family, and even favorite recipes. I gave it to family members at Christmas. Currently, I am working on my memoir that includes the important people in my life. I wrote my maternal grandmother a letter to thank her for leaving me her 1916 Singer Treadle sewing machine so I could make quilts during the Pandemic. I was able to read this to the writing group and get suggestions that helped me put just the right ending on it.

List of books read while I have been in the group:

- *Writing Tools* by Roy Peter Clark
- *How To Be Your Own Best Editor* by Barry Tarshis
- *You Can Write Your Family History* by Sharon DeBartolo Carmack

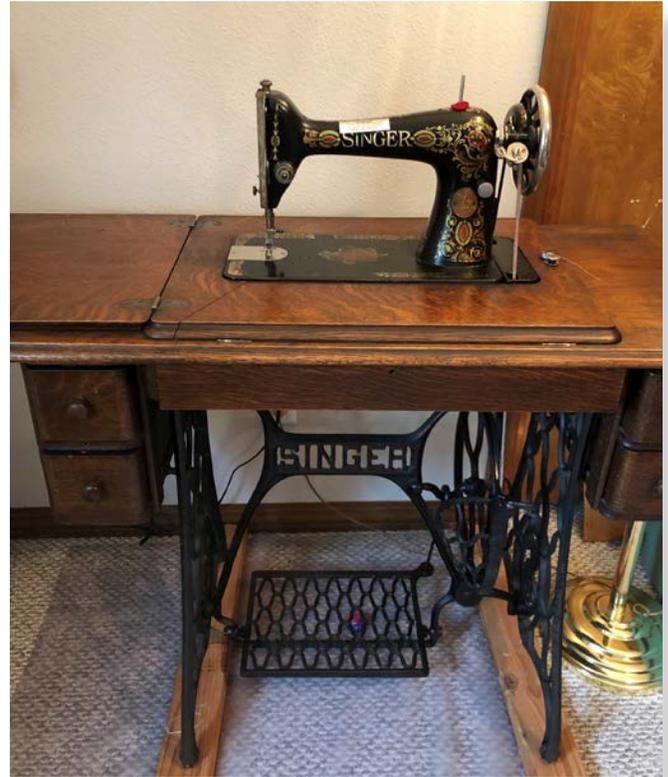
A Letter to my Grandmother, Jessie Florence (Sager) Swafford (1893–1974)

Carole Linneman

April 2021

Dear Grandma Jessie,

It has taken me a long time, 77 years, to decide to write to you, but I must tell you how much I enjoy your 1917 Singer #66 Redeye sewing machine. I have used it steadily since the Pandemic of 2020, and it not only keeps me moving in a positive direction but helps me make unique quilts that I have given to many of your descendants. First, I made one for your great-great-great-granddaughter in Indiana, born March 2020. Since then, I learned with each quilt and made one for each of my children and grandchildren. I am about to make one with baby jungle animals for another great-great-great-granddaughter who will be born next fall. That means I will be a great-grandmother! I have included a letter with each quilt about your history and the history of this sewing machine. It includes your picture and a picture of the Singer we both have used.



In my research about Isaac Singer, I found that he was quite a character with multiple wives and 24 children, all left very rich. He is credited with the invention of the sewing machine although many others worked on various parts for its success. A very eccentric genius who was one of the first millionaires ever, he was the first businessman to allow for a payment plan. He gave his clients up to 20 years to pay for a machine and he took trade-ins. He revolutionized the garment industry.

You must have taken advantage of that payment plan since you struggled as a family with five children. The cost in 1917 was \$125.00 which is more than \$3,400.00 today. You can buy a Singer today that does all kinds of fancy stitching. I prefer to use the one you left for me. You must have taken really good care of it since it sews with a rhythm like a song, it hummmmmms.

I gather you were quite a seamstress with all the gadgets for shirring, pleating, and quilting still in the cabinet drawers. I wish we had spent some time sewing together so I'd know how to use them. When I look at your pictures, like your high school graduation, I see what fancy, well-made dresses you have and wonder if you made them. The pleats in the skirt, the tiny darts around your tiny waist, and the fancy lace on your collar that framed your pensive smile are very fashionable.

Mom, Norma Linneman, had this Singer after you and she insisted once that I was not allowed to take anything out of the cabinet drawers when I used it.



Jessie Florence (Sager) Swafford.
Courtesy of Carole Linneman

She wanted to have it just as you left it. That's what it feels like when I sit down to use it—like you just got up and will be coming back. Thanks for leaving me lots of thread and lace, garters, hooks, zippers, elastic, pins, rulers, small screwdrivers, old-fashioned buttons, and especially the directions. I am using your buttonhole scissors to cut stray threads off my quilts, and they are still sharp. Quilting takes lots of patience and much love. I'm glad that I seemed to have inherited that from you.

I treasure the quilt you made for me by hand and find it amazing that you took the time to make one for each of your seven grandchildren. As I reflect on what we have in common, I feel close in my heart to you as I continue to enjoy this beautiful sewing machine. I wonder if you are somehow helping me as I have not been able to attend any classes due to the pandemic and have struggled to learn some of the finer parts of quilting—especially the binding. Mine was finally successful after many struggles on the last quilt. Luckily, we have the internet now where we can get great advice from quilt experts.

Your Singer has had some travels since leaving your home in Peru, Indiana, moving with Mom to Indianapolis in the 1960s and then to Cataract, Indiana, in 1970. In 1980 she brought it to me in Vista, California, and had it tuned and modernized to accommodate today's needles. In 1998 it came to Portland, Oregon, and now in 2021, sits in Gresham, Oregon. My son says he will take good care of it in the future and wants to film me using it. It has had quite a career. I wonder who will love it next?

I am sure you would smile to know how close we have come through this shared Singer. It was a great investment and a perfect way to make beautiful things for others. When I started writing my family history, I felt I did not know much about you. But as I have learned about quilting, I feel I now know you. The love continues even though you have been gone 47 years. Here you are when I sit down at our sewing machine.

Much Love,
Carole Kae



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Nanci Remington

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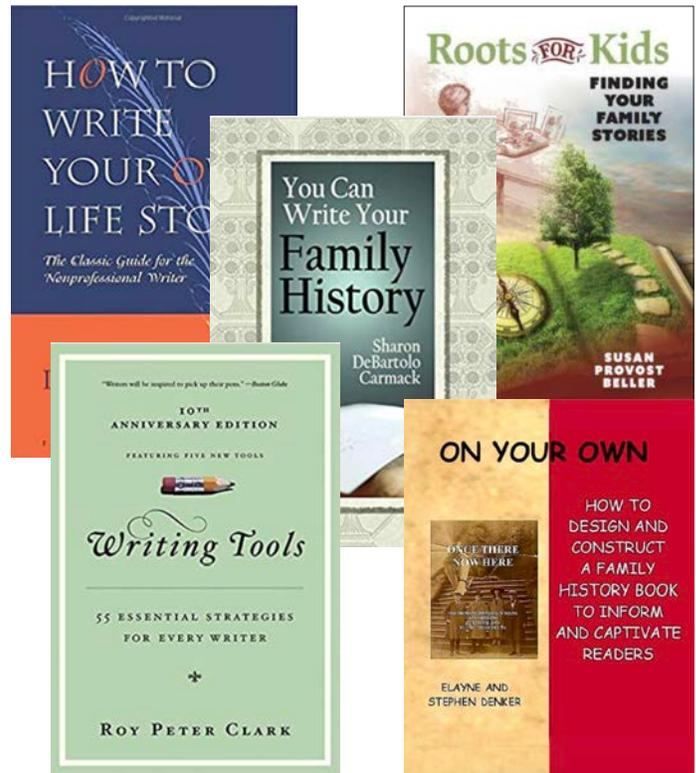
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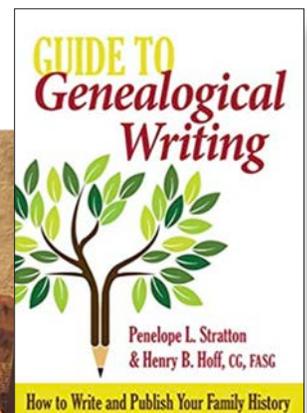
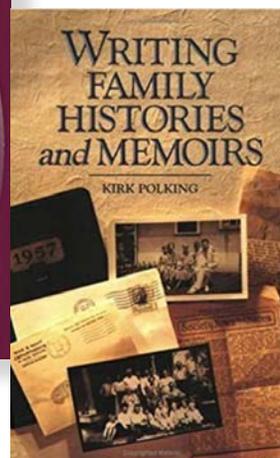
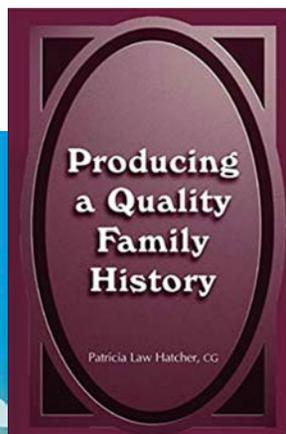
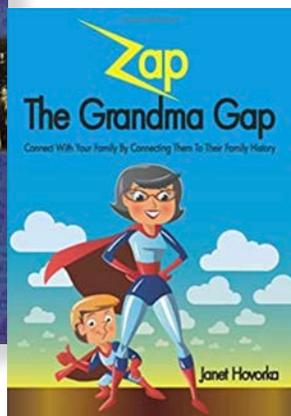
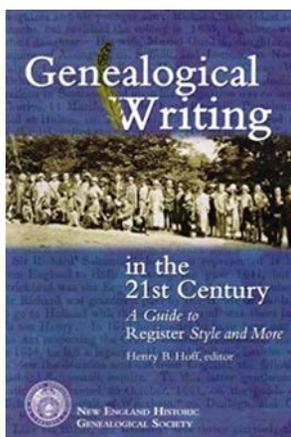
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Writing Historical Fiction about an Ancestor

Nanci Remington

There are many ways to write about your family, whether it is those you know or ancestors you have only heard about. Many people write biographical sketches or longer narratives that provide a look at a person's life through records and historical context. Serious genealogists will produce reports and proof arguments to inform and connect the dots. Others write memoirs so those who come after them may find connections to their roots.

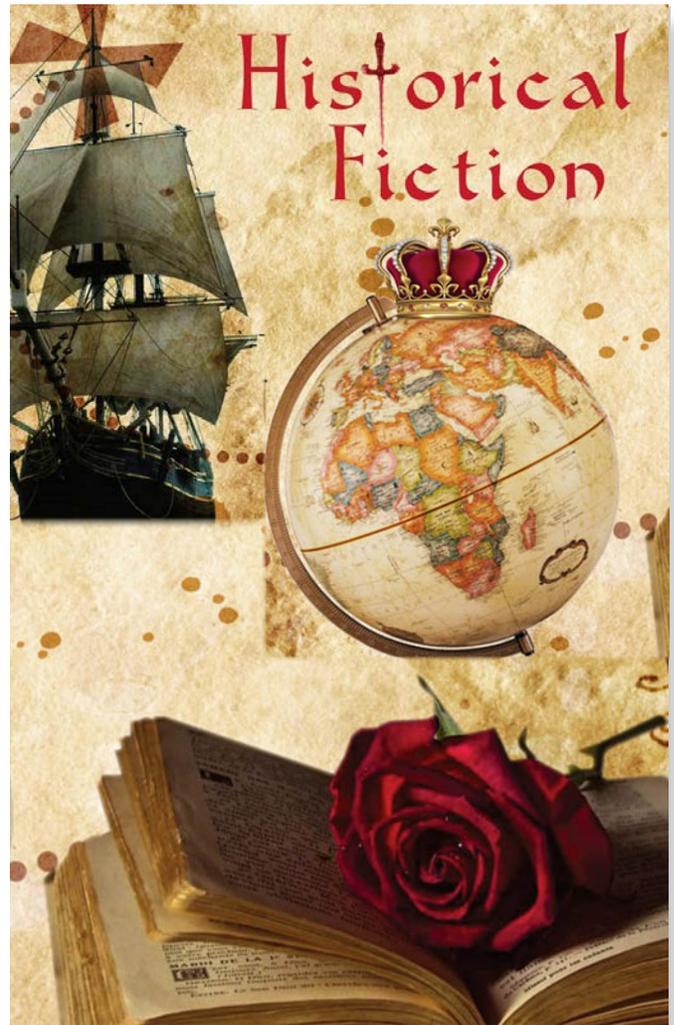
Perhaps the least common form of writing about ancestors is historical fiction. It covers the facts and context but incorporates situations and conversations to make a person come alive. Recently I read two books that take that approach to storytelling.

The first, *Where Eagles Nest* by local author Helen F. Wand, tells the story of her ancestors who immigrated to the United States from Germany in 1882. From the first sentence, you know this is not your typical family history: "Mein Gott, he's handsome! Julianna's admiring glance fell once again on the young man talking with her father."

The book follows a young couple as they leave their small village, move to Illinois, and eventually make their way to Oregon. The timeline and events are accurate reflections of their journey, but the details and feelings are drawn from conjecture, not history books. The author relates how her ancestors may have participated in several events that took place near where they lived. One that stands out is a trip to The Dalles to watch a steamboat go over Celilo Falls. Really happened, they lived not far away and could have gone, but did they?

The second book, *Goin' Home* by Jacy Black Mautz, is a collection of short narratives from the point of view of her ancestors living in rural Texas after the Civil War. This family wasn't on the move, but the author personalizes their story by portraying their hopes and wishes through their thoughts and conversations.

As Ann had predicted, their firstborn child was a girl, and they had named her after Amos' mother. Jinny had been at their house when Ann's first pains had begun. She shooed Amos out of the house, sending him over to stay with his brothers. Ann's birth had been painful, but quick, and the tiny baby girl came out yelling at the top of her lungs. As Jinny cleaned up the little newborn, Ann struggled to sit up in the bed. "Miss Jinny?" She pleaded. "Is my baby ok? ... "She's just fine, honey," Jinny finally



replied. "Don't you worry about a thing." She handed the soft, warm bundle to the new mother. Ann's eyes widened as she took her first born in her arms and gazed into the baby's soft brown eyes. "Isn't little Jinny beautiful?" She glanced up shyly to see if her mother-in-law had heard the name. Jinny's face began to work as she tried to hold back her tears. "Well," she finally managed after a minute, clearing her throat. "Yes, I think she's just beautiful."

Anyone reading these types of books will have a good sense of what life was like for the families. The names, locations, occupations, and historical events can be found in the records. But the people in the stories seem more real.

Writing historical fiction may seem daunting, but it is a common assignment for students in middle and high school. So, it seems fitting to look at a set of lesson plans. *Family Fiction* by Jennifer Johnson Garrity is the perfect place to start. The first part of the book guides students through the research process. Let's assume we know how to do that. The next part focuses on the writing process. The author gives eleven story elements that come into play when writing historical fiction. They include:

Larger Place Names must be FACT. If your story takes place in New England, you will need to use the names of the actual place. Note that the earlier chapters require you to research that place if you are not familiar with it—the geography, the flora and fauna, the people, etc.

Smaller Place Names can be FACT or FICTION.

Characters' Names can be FACT or FICTION.

Characters' Appearances can be FACT or FICTION.

Famous Events must be FACT.

Dates and times of Famous Events must be FACT.

Dialogue must be FICTION.

Characters' Thoughts and Feelings must be FICTION.

With fiction, you are writing a story, not a factual report. You want the reader to enjoy the story. You also want them to learn a little history and how your ancestors were affected by it. To illustrate the difference, the author gives this example:

A report might read: *Great Grandma Bess was born in Wyoming in 1898 to Homer and Angelina Smith. She had black hair. She also had four older brothers.*

As fiction, the story might read: *Homer Smith smiled at his wife as he gazed at the new, black-haired baby in her arms. "Let's call her Bess," he suggested. Angelina nodded in agreement as her four sons wrestled on the floor beside the bed.*

Are you ready to start? *Family Fiction* offers one more lesson for hesitant writers: Beginnings. There are two pages of examples about how to start your story. These include: Description of a Person, Description of a Place, Dialog, or an Action. And if you have tweens and teens in your life, see if this might interest them the next time they are given a writing assignment.

More resources:

Ann Griffin, "Writing Fiction Using Family History," *Writers in the Storm*, 4 December 2017.

Ana Howard, "Historical Fiction Writing Checklist," *Book Editing Associates*, 1 April 2019.

Barbara Ridley, "Writing Fiction Based on Family History," *Barbara Ridley: Writer*, 23 February 2018.

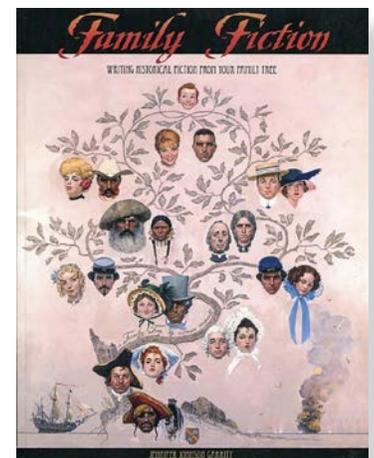
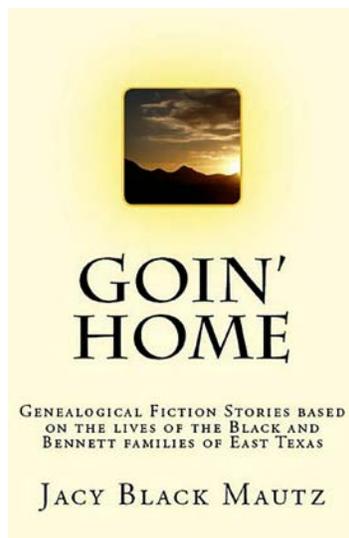
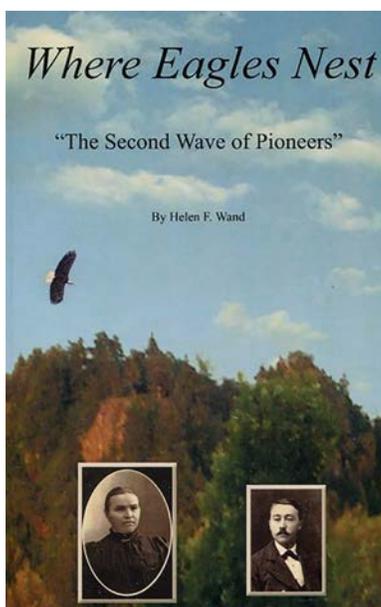
"Using Family Stories to Write Historical Fiction," *Writer Unboxed*, 23 October 2016.

Where to get the books from the article:

Jennifer Johnson Garritt, *Family Fiction*, available through [Brimwood Press](#).

Jacy Black Mautz, *Goin' Home*, available through [Amazon.com](#).

Helen F. Wand, *Where Eagles Nest*, available through [Stories of the Gorge](#) and local bookstores.



Book Review

Who Was Ann Gregg?

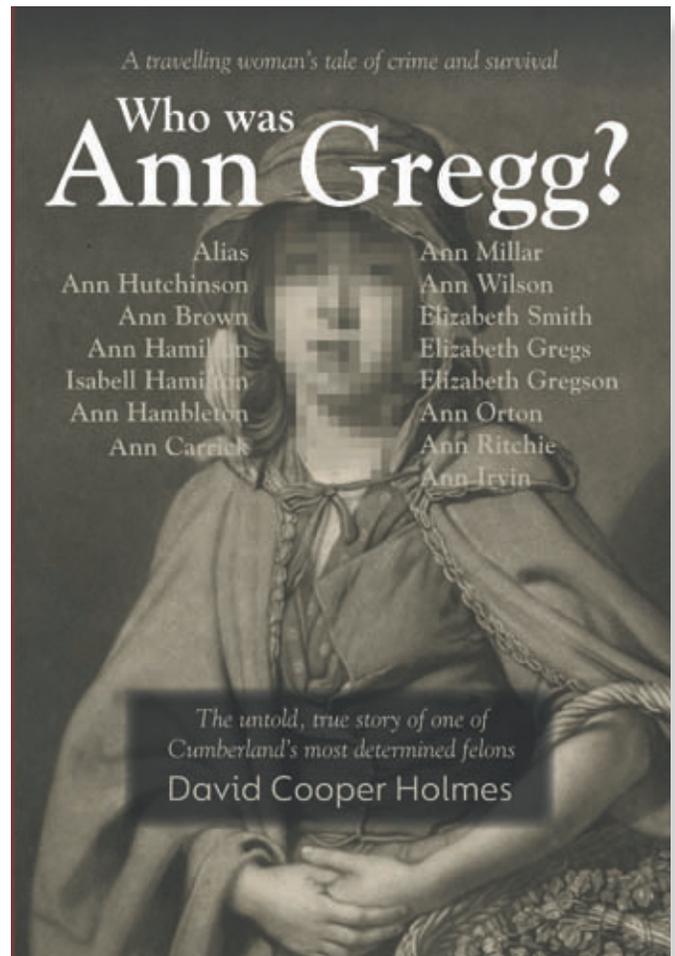
Reviewed by Margaret McCrea

Author: David Cooper Holmes
 Publisher: P3 Publications
 Publication Date: 2019
 Pages: 216
 Price: Varies by format
 Order from: Various Booksellers
 GFO Call No.: 941.3 Cumb .Biog Crim Greg

Who was Ann Gregg? She was author David Cooper Holmes' five times great-grandmother. She was a thief, a Traveler, a member of a family of criminals, and a survivor who lived and worked under at least fourteen aliases from 1756 to her death at 92 in 1845. She was sentenced to death in 1777, sentenced to transportation in 1794 and again in 1824, incarcerated in nine different jails, and escaped four times. It appears she had four children by one husband, William Hutchinson, whose name shifted according to the courthouse where he was being tried for his own crimes. Yet she never left England.

This is a book of surprises for both the reader and the author. One of the first surprises is that Ann Gregg and her family were Pictish! The Picts are often portrayed as a disappeared people, overcome by more powerful forces. A more accurate view is that they slowly lost their language and cultural identity and were absorbed by successive settlers, but not entirely. They weren't farmers when the Romans found them, and they never became farmers. They settled in marginal rural areas and made their living as peddlers and thieves. They were referred to as earthenware dealers, or hawkers, or "costermongers." They made their living traveling from market town to market town, selling stolen goods. They did not specialize in what they stole. Bolts of fabric, reels of ribbons, horses, horse blankets, pots and pans, articles of clothing, anything that could be taken and carried off were targets. It was a harsh life. They walked from town to town. They slept by the side of the road in makeshift tents. They were often hounded off the roads by local authorities. It was a restless, difficult life, not at all romantic. The family lived on the border between England and Scotland, a tactic for evading the law should they need to, and they often did.

Even more amazing for the reader is the massive research that Mr. Holmes carried out under conditions that would make many amateur genealogists give up. For one thing, his ancestor appeared in records under many names: Ann Brown, Ann Miller, Ann Wilson, Ann



Hutchinson, Elizabeth Smith, Elizabeth Gregs, Elizabeth Gregson, and more. It helped that Ann and her children were all baptized. It also helped that local newspapers reported regularly on the crimes of this family, to the extent they became rather well-known and even minor celebrities, especially after Ann's prison escapes. But that left Mr. Holmes the monumental task of scouring newspapers from several small towns and then having to match those reports to court records in a wide variety of jurisdictions. Mr. Holmes then had to track down prison records and the records of convict ships.

His research into the workings of the criminal system parts the curtains on a theater of life I had never thought much about. As one example, we learn that captains of convict ships taking prisoners to Australia were paid a small amount by the government for their services. To help defray the costs of the voyage and to make a profit, the captains were allowed to sell work contracts for their prisoners. The common image is that prisoners spent years breaking rocks in chains in Australia, but in fact, most prisoners were working as laborers on farms within a few weeks of arriving. Many of them thrived and most of them eventually worked their way into freedom. Some of Ann's family experienced

this. Somehow, Ann Gregg managed to escape being deported. Although many crimes in that harsh era carried a deportation or death sentence, commutation of sentences was fairly routine, which benefitted Ann considerably, especially when she managed to see her husband in jail and become pregnant.

This is a very powerful story. Time and again I was taken aback by its twists and turns as well as the grim picture of life among the impoverished rural classes of the late 18th and early 19th centuries. And time and again I admired Mr. Holmes for tracking down not only Ann's

activities but also the records of her entire extended family. There is only one caveat. Though Mr. Holmes cites his source for every quotation, and there are a lot of them, he does not use standard genealogical format. He relied on the Cumbria Archive Services, so his resources are no doubt available to other researchers.

This story is not over. Mr. Holmes continues to research Ann's mother's family as well as Ann's descendants in Canada, North and South America, Australia, and New Zealand. Most of them probably have no idea that they descend from such an amazing family tree.

TESTIMONIAL: GFO WRITING GROUP

Bonnie Randolph

I like researching my ancestors and then writing their stories. In the process I find connections I would have otherwise missed. This might include their social history, the stories of others in the same time period, and the history of the area where they lived. Best of all, I can better relate their lives to my own. A family group sheet is not as interesting as the story about the people. I've been encouraged in this process by the GFO writing group. Initially I went to an open

house for the group at the old location on Gideon Street and found a nice group of people also interested in writing down their family stories. It's easy to get bogged down - stuck on the first paragraph of your grandpa's story, unable to tear yourself away from researching his life, or simply finding the time to sit down to begin writing the story. The people in writing groups can help you solve all these problems. They have them too.

OUT OF THE HOUSE & ON THE ROAD
IN-PERSON RESEARCH

October 30 & 31

VIRTUAL Fall Seminar
Genealogical Forum of Oregon

Featuring:
Cari Taplin, C.G. and
Melissa Barker, "The Archive Lady"

Register: gfo.org/roadtrip

Dreamstime, 112446889, Konstantin Yuganov

Book Review

Thomas Pope and Son

Author: Dale R. Steinhauer
 Publisher: Self-Published
 Publication Date: 2020
 Pages: 173
 Order from: Dale R. Steinhauer
 303 N. 18th St.
 Leavenworth, KS 66048
 GFO Call No.: 929.2 Pope Stei

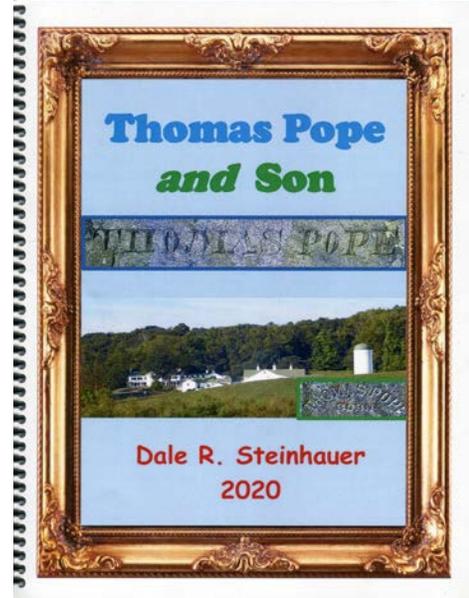
Review by Gloria Fisher

Thomas Pope and Son is a well-written book that demonstrates how a small clue can be turned, with hard work and perseverance, into a family history. A pair of graves in a small rural cemetery with the name “Pope” led Dale R. Steinhauer to trace the history of his Pope family as they gradually moved from Massachusetts and New York to Oregon.

The tombstones marked the graves of Thomas and Lucy Pope, the great-great-grandparents of the author. While the markers gave the dates of death and the ages at death, there was no mention of parents or children, and there were no other Popes in the cemetery. Research found that they were farmers who moved from western New York to Ohio and then to Oregon with their family. Their son Thomas Jr. eventually settled in the Willamette Valley.

The first part of the book seeks to identify the probable ancestors of the Pope families in New England and then to trace the couple’s movements from western New York to Crawford County, Ohio, where the graves were found. The second part of the book follows their son, Thomas Jr. as he found his way to Deadwood, Lane County, Oregon, in 1881.

Mr. Steinhauer offers detailed explanations of his attempts, success, failures, assumptions, and proofs. He



used land titles and transfers of the family and neighbors, maps, census records, genealogies, and military records extensively.

The book explores every aspect of life in the various places where the family lived. It includes environment, culture, history, economy, current events, all of which had their influences on the family, its successes and failures, and decisions to move on. It is full of maps, both historic and current, charts, records of all kinds, and photographs. The appendices include comprehensive DNA results, as well as lists and biographies of Thomas Jr.’s children and their descendants. An index lists the names of people mentioned in the book, and there are extensive footnotes and references throughout.

This book would be valuable to anyone interested in history and migrations, those whose families moved west, those seeking resources and how to use them, those looking for ways to incorporate images into their stories, and really, anyone interested in family histories.

GET SOMETHING OUT THERE!

Mark Grafe

My grandfather left many notebooks and photo albums with genealogy that I organized using Family Tree Maker software. The examples of genealogical writing that kept my attention were well cited, contained lots of images, and used descending or ascending formats. *Producing a Quality Family History* suggests proof arguments, an index, and includes writing tips. Not wanting to use other people’s templates led me to InDesign software. Hiring a proof-reader was a good move, editors are recommended, and spouses of cousins have helped me, a lot! A tip that stuck from Connie Lenzen’s writing class was to focus on short stories. However, organizing genealogy into chapters helps me see where

stories or images are lacking. Some of the resources that have helped me are:

- “Family Tree Maker Group” Genealogical Forum of Oregon: ftm@gfo.org
- *National Genealogical Quarterly* for citations
- *The Bulletin* for images
- Elizabeth Shown Mills, ed., *Numbering Your Genealogy* (Arlington: National Genealogical Society, 2008) for genealogical formatting.
- Patricia Law Hatcher, *Producing a Quality Family History* (Salt Lake City: Ancestry, 1996).

Book Review

Westward Ho The Williams

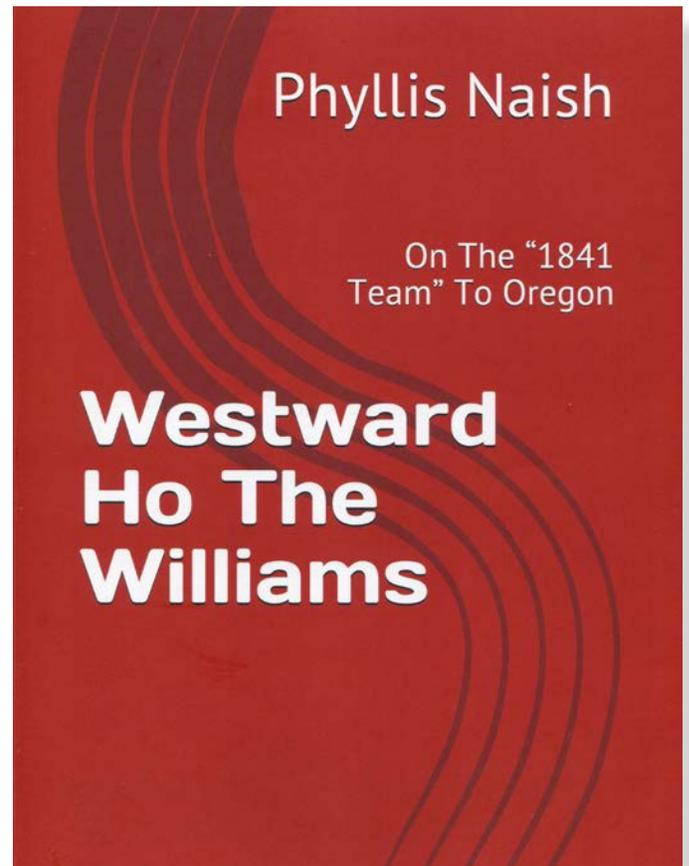
Reviewed by Nanci Remington

Author: Phyllis (Williams) Naish
 Publisher: Self-published
 Publication Date: 2019
 Pages: 74
 Price: \$25.00
 Order from: [Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com)
 GFO Call No.: 929.2 Williams Nais

In *Westward Ho The Williams*, Phyllis Naish describes the journey of her great-great-grandfather Richard Williams and his wife Keziah “Lizzie” Huckabee, who came to Oregon in 1841. They were part of the earliest migrations to the Northwest by white settlers, predating the formation of the Territory by several years. They traveled with six of their children, ranging in age from a daughter born a few days before leaving Missouri to a 15-year-old daughter who married on the trail.

The author strives to capture what life on the trail would be like for the family. She describes their possible motivations for making the journey, and then goes on to list other members of the “1841 team,” the provisions needed, and the details of the trip, including that most walked the entire distance.

From the beginning of the book, the author emphasizes that facts and stories about the Oregon Trail often diverge. However, there are no sources for facts presented in the book. Most of the book is written in the form of a journal, with personal observations noted as an aside. The reader has no way to know whether the



information was taken from trail diaries or compiled from other sources. Moreover, a few of the presumptions in the book fall short, notably the idea that the family was motivated by land available through the Donation Land Claims Act, which did not take effect until 1850.

Without the sources, this book is not for serious researchers. The likely audience of the book, descendants of the Williams family, would learn about the challenges and triumphs of their ancestors' journey west.



Book Review

Roots for Kids: A Genealogy Guide for Young People—3rd Edition

Roots for Kids: Finding Your Family Story

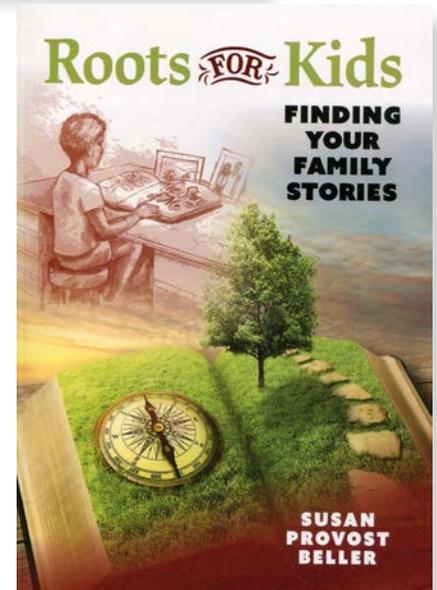
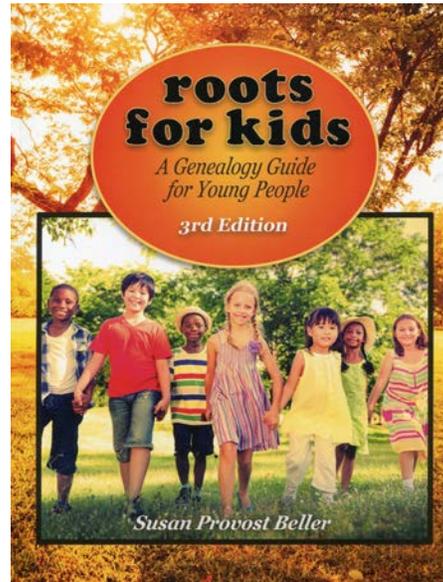
Reviewed by Nanci Remington

Author: Susan Provost Beller
Publisher: Genealogical Publishing Company
Publication Date: 2020
Pages: 104 and 68
Price: \$24.50 and \$18.50 plus shipping
Order from: Genealogical.com
GFO Call No.: 003.3 Juni Bell 2020 and 003.3
Juni Bell 2020 FYFS

Roots for Kids: A Genealogy Guide for Young People was first published in 1989. This third edition keeps the basic format but integrates the use of online databases. The new companion book, *Roots for Kids: Finding Your Family Stories*, expands on the lessons in the guidebook, emphasizing that genealogy is at heart a collection of family stories.

It is clear both books were written by a teacher. They are broken down into lesson plans targeted to children in the fourth to sixth grades. However, the range of topics and the progression of lessons would be a good starting point for older students who can work independently and even adults who are new to genealogy.

The first lesson in the Guide has the children writing about themselves, then progressing to their family and extended family members. The lessons include prompts for interviewing and give examples from the author's own family. They also introduce forms such as family group sheets for recording information. Vocabulary is emphasized, with lots of explanations for terms genealogists take for granted: paternal, maternal, spouse, generation, etc. When new records are introduced, such as wills or deeds, there are examples included in the book. There is even a lesson on writing abstracts. The book emphasizes records that can be found at the local level and introduces national and international records using common databases.



The author suggests that her new book, *Finding Your Family Stories*, could be a precursor to teaching about genealogy. The hope is that writing stories about people one knows will lead to a curiosity about ancestors. To foster this curiosity, the prompts in this book are meant to appeal to a child's interests. These include favorite belongings, recipes, the origins of names, and mapping. She even has a chapter about how to organize the stories, a lesson I need to follow.

Susan Beller has compiled an easy-to-follow yet comprehensive set of lessons for budding genealogists. She has refined these lessons through years of teaching. Her personal stories add interest. The homework assignments are simple and appropriate for her audience. These books would be a good addition to a home library and are a handy resource for parents, grandparents, aunts, and uncles.

In Memoriam

Roxana Blanchard Miller Tea

(1934–2021)

Roxana Tea passed away 22 May 2021 at the age of 86 in Sherwood, Washington County, Oregon. She joined the Genealogical Forum of Oregon in 1994 and was a life member by 1998. She was a regular Saturday researcher at GFO's SE Gideon Street location. She documented almost 6,000 names in her family tree back to the 15th century and was especially proud of ancestor Stephen B. Neal, one of the drafters of the 14th Amendment. She uncovered tales of Scottish, Irish, and Dutch immigrant ancestors, as well as Oregon Trail pioneers. She was a self-taught woman who could converse on a wide variety of topics, especially world history and archaeology. Roxana left a legacy library and memorabilia that her descendants will treasure for generations to come.

Born 16 June 1934, she was the daughter of Lellyn and Laura (Hall) Blanchard. They lived in a log cabin in old Sherwood, where she recalled playing around the water pump and making breakfast on a cast-iron stove. Roxana's early pastimes included reading, music, dancing, and riding Portland's trolley cars. She was employed by age 14 to support her family. One summer she worked at the Diamond D Dude Ranch in East Multnomah County and recalled her favorite horse Leo, a big Appaloosa who stepped on her foot if she did not produce an apple quick enough. Her world view was transformed by two airplane flights, first in an open cockpit over Sauvie Island in 1938 and then a 27-hour flight to Pennsylvania in 1948.

Roxana attended Girls Polytechnic High School and was married to adolescent crush, Jack Miller, with whom she had two children. Later, she joined her father to work in San Francisco where she met and married second husband Lindley G. Tea, a World War II veteran who was 15 years her senior. Together they had three more children.

The family settled back in Portland where she recalled watching the moon landing on TV, going up in a Goodyear blimp, and parking along Marine Drive to watch airplanes land and take off. Cross-country vacations were another fond memory. A highlight of the



1980s was traveling with family to Taiwan, Australia, Fiji, New Zealand, Finland, and the former Soviet Union. As a native of the Pacific Northwest, Roxana was a big fan of Oregon Public Broadcasting, the Portland Trailblazers, and the Seattle Mariners. She was also an expert seamstress and knitter. Her last project was completed at age 84 for her great-great-granddaughter.

Roxana is survived by four of her five children: Dianna Tupper of Portland; Tommy Sundin of Portland; Jaymalea Bray of Canby; and Laura Tea-Pelley of Canby; eight grandchildren; nine great-grandchildren; two step-great-grandchildren, and seven great-great-grandchildren.

In Memoriam

Elizabeth Ann Burnham Wendlandt

(1930–2021)

Ann Wendlandt passed away on 4 June 2021. After joining the Genealogical Forum of Oregon in 1992, Ann became a life member and a 20-year volunteer. Her relationship with GFO was credited to a neighbor who, after Ann's inquiries about ancestral history, took her to the library in 1989.

Ann was born on 27 November 1930 in Ipswich, Essex County, Massachusetts, to Hervey Story Burnham and Elizabeth Duthie (Choate) Burnham. In 1952, she moved across the country to Portland. Here she taught grade school, earned her master's in library science, and became a librarian at Ainsworth and West Sylvan schools, the latter as a media specialist helping with the transition to the computer age.

Ann started out in Portland living with her aunt Abby and uncle Fred McNeil, executive editor of *The Oregon Journal* and author of the classic 1937 book *Wy'east: "THE" Mountain* and for whom McNeil Point on Mt. Hood was named. It was through the McNeils that she met members of the Mazamas mountaineering club, including husband Jim Wendlandt, whom she married on 18 July 1953. She edited the *Mazama Monthly Bulletin* for over ten years and later Nick Dodge's *Climber's Guide to Oregon* in 1975. She and Jim traveled all over Oregon plus the 49 other states, Canada, Switzerland, and England. They were devoted in marriage for 65 years until his death in 2018.

Ann brought her library science skills and love of family history to the GFO where she evaluated resources, composed book reviews, contributed articles, and helped many people trace their family history. Her writings include *The Spanish-American War Memorial Benches in Portland, Oregon* (GFO Library 979.55 Mult Port .Mil-Yr 1898), and "How Did the Lucius Verus Coin Come to Essex?" which pertained to her ancestors, and "Be Sure to Write It Down Before It Is Lost Forever" (*Bulletin*, September 2003). And she practiced what she preached. According to her family, "She really did always tell us to write everything down. And she did that herself. She has two booklets filled with "family stories" where she wrote down the best, classic stories. The kind of stories you might tell over and over again, but you also might forget if you didn't write them down."

She and her husband Jim also worked on special projects for the GFO. In the spring of 1994, they helped move GFO's library collection to its new location at SW Fifth, only to watch the shelves collapse by day's end. After shelf



reconstruction, they sorted and stacked the collection all over again. This became 'The Fall of the Books' legend among the 'sturdy souls' of library volunteers. Another tale found by her family: "One Special Weekend" (April 2005) which recalls the adventure she and Jim had after picking up a very fine book collection from a donor on Bull Run Road. After loading their Saturn with eight boxes of books, they continued east on I-84 to look at waterfalls until their car broke down. They wound up as guests of Best Western Columbia River Inn with nothing but those fine books, the clothes on their backs, and a bottle of red wine from an adjacent store "enjoying ourselves such that we will remember it for the rest of our lives!" The books were safely delivered to GFO's library. Both Ann and Jim were given kudos in GFO's *Bulletin* and *Insider* for their many volunteer efforts.

Ann was a lifelong Girl Scout. She was an early recycler, saving scrap metal and other materials during World War II. She supported OSPIRG (Oregon State Public Interest Research Group) and Environment Oregon.

Survivors include daughters Nancy Ann Brown of Netarts, Oregon; Wendy Ann Wendlandt of Los Angeles; sister Nancy Lutts; two granddaughters and a great-granddaughter.

In Memoriam

We recently learned of the deaths of several life members of the Genealogical Forum of Oregon.

Benjamin Albert Benedict

(1928–2018)

Benjamin Albert Benedict died on 20 December 2018. He and his wife Ellen became life members of the Genealogical Forum of Oregon in 1986.

Born in Troy Township, Oakland County, Michigan, Benjamin was the son of Virgil and Lottie Mae (Fuller) Benedict. He married Ellen Stephens of Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, in 1951. Ellen was active on the board, an editor of the *Insider*, and a speaker for the GFO. She died in 2005. Benjamin served in the US Army and then graduated from the University of Oregon and went on to earn a Master of Science in history and political science in 1956. He had a long career as a high school history teacher in Talent and Portland, Oregon, and was employed later with the City of Portland. He was a Boy Scout, an avid runner, loved the outdoors, and with his family regularly visited natural sites including the Malheur Field Station. At the time of his death, he was survived by five children, nine grandchildren, four great-grandchildren, and two sisters.

Barbee Faye Sherman Hodgkins

(1931–2019)

Barbee Faye Sherman Hodgkins passed away at her home in The Dalles, Wasco County, Oregon, on 5 August 2019, at the age of 87. Born in 1931 to John and Faith (Wagner) Sherman of Forest Grove, Washington County, Oregon, she married Lewis Hodgkins, a minister from Ketchikan, Alaska, who died in 2018. She was a life member of the Genealogical Forum of Oregon, joining in 1995, and served on the board of the Columbia Gorge Genealogical Society in a library-related role.

Carla Jean Hegler Nicholson

(1946–2020)

Carla Jean Nicholson passed away on 5 August 2020. She was born on 7 September 1946 in Sycamore, DeKalb County, Illinois, to Bert and Janice (Barnstable) Hegler. She joined the GFO in 2001. She was a veteran of the U.S. Air Force and is buried at Willamette National Cemetery in Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon.

Lisa Ann Malcom

(1959–2021)

Lisa Ann Malcom died in April of this year. She was a life member of the Genealogical Forum of Oregon beginning in 1996. She grew up in Clark County, Washington, where she loved singing and athletics, and graduated from the University of Portland in 1981. She worked with elementary school children in the Washougal School System. She is survived by parents Larry and Erika Malcom, two brothers, and a nephew.



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GFO SEPTEMBER 2021 EVENTS

Check the calendar for the URL to participate in online events: gfo.org/calendar .

Wednesday, September 1

10 a.m.-12	Learn & Chat
1-3 p.m.	DNA Q&A: The Basics

Saturday, September 4

10 a.m.-12	Virginia Group
1-3 p.m.	German Group

Thursday, September 9

6-7 p.m.	The Q Review
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Saturday, September 11

9:30-11:30 a.m.	Great Lakes Region Ancestry
1-3 p.m.	Writers Forum

Tuesday, September 14

6:30-8:30 p.m.	Board Meeting
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Wednesday, September 15

10 a.m.-12	Learn & Chat
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Saturday, September 18

9:30 a.m.-12	Genealogy Problem Solvers
12 -2 p.m.	African American Ancestry
2:30-3:30 p.m.	GenTalk

Sunday, September 19

1-3 p.m.	Family Tree Maker
3:30-5 p.m.	French Canadian Ancestry

Saturday, September 25

1-3 p.m.	British Group
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