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Homecoming: A Genealogical Journey to the Isle of Eigg

by Chris Knutson
CALL FOR ARTICLES

The Bulletin Editorial Group invites readers to submit articles to The Bulletin. We look for articles that are of interest to members of the GFO and those that encourage the sharing and research of family history. Possibilities include but are not limited to:

- memoirs and personal essays
- research articles and source guides
- how-to articles
- problem-solving articles
- articles on family history travel
- using technology

We also welcome book reviews, transcriptions or extractions from original sources, and posts from your blog. You are encouraged to attach photographs or other graphics. Send submissions to bulletin@gfo.org. You may request a current “Instructions and Guidelines” by contacting us in writing or at the email address above. The information is also available at https://gfo.org/learn/our-publications/gfo-bulletin.html.

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Photo note: The cover image of the Kildonnan chapel interior on the Isle of Eigg, Scotland, UK, is courtesy of Chris Knutson, 2015.
Letter from the Editor

FINDING FAMILY

The focus of the articles in the June Bulletin is “finding family,” which seems especially meaningful in these uncertain times. Over the course of working on this issue, the Genealogical Forum of Oregon went from having lots of events and classes to closing the library. Volunteers became adept at doing many things from home. We postponed our Open House and Spring Seminar, which are highlights for many members. Special Interest Groups and other events were canceled or moved to online platforms. Luckily, work on The Bulletin continued thanks to the many volunteers and authors who spent some of their “at home” time reading, rereading, editing, proofing, and laying out the articles. By the time we were ready to print the June issue, the GFO had come up with the procedures to get it done.

As we continue to adjust to the new restraints brought on by the coronavirus pandemic, many have found that family is more important than ever. We hope you continue to research your family and write about what you find. And if you enjoy reading about the lives of your ancestors, you should consider interviewing family members and writing about the challenges and rewards of life in 2020.

IN THIS ISSUE

People do genealogy for many reasons, but all involve finding family members from the recent or distant past. The explosion of online records allows much of this research to be done at home. The advent of DNA testing means you may find close relatives that you did not know you had, or they may find you. Email and social media allow family members to communicate easily across state and national borders. Yet, it is sometimes the words of your ancestors that lead you to a sense of belonging.

Jane McGarvin shared the autobiography written by her grandmother in the last three issues of The Bulletin. In this issue, she writes about how that story led to her interest in genealogy and how that interest led to meeting some of her cousins.

For Darrel Gulstrom, finding family meant looking at an old friend in a new way. The connection was made from a simple act of sharing an obituary and asking a question. Here, social media played an important role. Judith Leppert and Duane Funk took on the challenge of sorting out more distant family. Both faced the same issue of ancestors with common surnames and shifting given names. Careful documentation and access to original records led them to assign these ancestors to their correct families. In Duane’s case, he had to collect enough evidence to refute what is commonly found in other people’s family trees.

By sharing family Bible records, Marti Dell provides information that may not be available from other sources. Marti accompanies the records with a family story that gives life to some of the people named in the Bible. The GFO has a long history of indexing Bible records. Most have been published in The Bulletin and many are indexed on our website.

Finally, Sue LeBlanc’s time researching a family that is not hers has led to a close friendship with the descendants of that family. Part of that story was told in the December issue of The Bulletin, when she wrote about the historic Watts family who lived in Scappoose, Columbia County, Oregon. This month she shares more about the family.

So, whatever motivates you to research family history, please take the time to share that information, and the stories you find, with others.
Homecoming:  
A Genealogical Journey to the Isle of Eigg

Chris Knutson

Anne watched from the bluff as the longboat carried her husband Patrick and son Neil farther and farther from shore. When the family first made plans to leave the island it was assumed that Anne would go with them, bidding farewell to the place where she had spent most of her 60 years. Once she became ill, though, it was clear she would not make the journey. The longboat met the ship that was anchored out in the bay, and Patrick and Neil climbed aboard along with several other families from the island. Anne stood and continued to watch stoically as the ship set sail. The ship eventually became a speck that merged with the horizon and then disappeared from her eyes forever.

Every family has faced its moments of final separation, whether from a place, from loved ones, or both, and the preceding passage described that moment as some of my ancestors likely experienced it. In 1791, my ancestor Patrick MacDougall and his son, Neil, left their home on the Isle of Eigg, one of the four “Small Isles” in the Inner Hebrides off the west coast of Scotland, joining a group of Scottish emigrants aboard a ship bound for Nova Scotia, Canada. Patrick, who was about 57 when he emigrated, is said to have been concerned that Neil, his only son (then about 22), would be drafted into the military, though dreams of a better life in Nova Scotia almost certainly played a role as well. Patrick’s hopes for his son would be fulfilled in Nova Scotia, as Neil prospered there and established a family whose many descendants include my grandmother, Jean Knutson (née McDougall).

I first learned about Eigg and my family’s connection to it when I met my grandmother’s cousin Jack Jolley at a family gathering. Jack had visited Eigg himself, and after our conversation, he sent me a typewritten family history by Allan J. Gillis, a distant Canadian cousin. Gillis’s account set forth the basic facts about Neil’s life and attempted to trace his descendants through 1975, the year the manuscript was dated.

Eigg remained in the back of my mind when, as an archaeology student in England, I made several short trips to Scotland. However, time constraints and Eigg’s relative remoteness always left it beyond the scope of my travels. Then, in 2014, my grandmother passed away. In the weeks that followed, my thoughts returned to Eigg, and to the pieces of our family history that had been left behind there. I made plans to visit the island the following year.

From the mainland port of Arisaig, I set out through choppy seas on the M. V. Sheerwater, which combines summertime service to Eigg and the other Small Isles with wildlife cruises. I briefly feared the worst, as my journey up to that point had already included lost luggage, a misplaced laptop, and a frozen debit card. Once we came within sight of Eigg and its iconic mountain, An Sgùrr, my worries were soon forgotten as the waters calmed and ebullient dolphins emerged to greet the boat and escort her into the harbor.

Eigg’s small and dispersed population (less than 100 residents), its varied and rugged landscape, and its relative isolation make it the perfect place to slow down and take in the scenery. During my first two days, I hiked along a rocky stretch of shoreline and explored some of the forested interior. Both areas strongly resembled places back home in Oregon. It helped that the forest included recently planted Douglas firs, Oregon’s state tree.

1. The name MacDougall is most commonly associated with Clan MacDougall, whose main seat was Dunollie Castle, near Oban, Argyll, Scotland. Patrick MacDougall’s family was affiliated with Clan MacDonald of Clanranald, the clan that traditionally controlled both Eigg and Patrick’s birthplace, the island of South Uist in the Outer Hebrides. He moved to Eigg sometime before 1764.

2. My second great-grandfather, William McDougall, dropped the “a” from “Mac” when he moved to the United States.
If there is one date that visitors to Eigg should remember, it is 1997—the year the islanders banded together to purchase their island, thus ending centuries of feudal rule. I learned about Eigg’s recent history from Neil Robertson, who runs an organic croft (farm) near the house where I stayed.

An Edinburgh native, Neil had come to Eigg as a young man and worked as a gardener for the island’s landlord, who owned the entire island as his private estate. The landlord’s cavalier attitude toward his tenants and their housing concerns eventually led to an irreparable rift between the two parties; his Rolls-Royce was destroyed in a mysterious fire shortly before he sold the island. The purchaser of the island was a German “fire artist” known as Maruma, whose alleged masterpieces included setting his own excrement on fire. Needless to say, his art sales were not enough to stave off bankruptcy. Maruma was to be the last landlord, as the islanders were determined to be free of landlords entirely and rallied to secure the funds they needed to purchase Eigg from Maruma’s creditors. More than half of the contributions came from a single benefactor who remains anonymous to this day. Neil has a theory about her identity, but I will leave it for him to tell.

Since the 1997 buyout, Eigg’s residents have managed the island through the Isle of Eigg Heritage Trust, a non-profit organization that serves the needs of the community while promoting economic development, sustainability, and conservation. While Eigg is still nominally a part of the United Kingdom (despite the wishes of most of its residents, who overwhelmingly backed the 2014 referendum in favor of Scottish independence), it has gone a long way toward securing its energy independence, as the island produces all of its electricity from renewable sources. Despite deep political divisions and economic uncertainty across much of the rest of the UK, Eigg’s residents generally seem optimistic about their future. Indeed, things probably look brighter on Eigg now than was true for most of the previous millennium. But it was the earlier, bleaker history that brought me to Eigg. To learn about that history and to seek clues about my own family’s time on the island, I went to speak with Camille Dressler, the island’s historian and archivist.

Camille is a jovial Frenchwoman who has lived on Eigg for over 30 years and has written a complete history of the island, much of it gleaned from interviews with some of the last guardians of Eigg’s oral traditions. I introduced myself as a visiting archaeologist with ancestors from Eigg. Apparently, those were the right words, for her face lit up, and she was soon offering suggestions after suggestion of places I should see during my time on the island. Camille did not immediately recognize the name of my ancestor Patrick MacDougall, though she was intrigued by what I had read about him in Gillis’s account—that he had come from South Uist in the Outer Hebrides and married Anne MacIsaac, “an Eigg girl,” as Camille put it. She recommended that I have a look in the Isle of Eigg Archive, and if she thought of anything, she would let me know.

The next afternoon I set off on a hike in search of my family’s past. I turned off the main road, just past the island’s only school, and followed a side road that wove east through rolling pastures sprinkled with skittish lambs and their patiently grazing mothers. The road took me down to a rocky bay and then up a bluff...
that offered a magnificent view of the bay and the open waters beyond, along with the distant silhouette of the mainland. This was Kildonnan, where Christian monks had established a monastery in the seventh century; despite its fort-like design, it succumbed to Viking raids a few centuries later.

For the past 400 years, Kildonnan has been the site of the island’s main cemetery, and according to Camille, it was likely that some of my relatives were buried there. I paused at the cemetery entrance to read more about Kildonnan’s monastic past on a glossy new interpretive panel. The panel also mentioned that during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Catholic islanders would have been buried in the chapel at the north end of the cemetery. Because that was the period I was interested in, I walked past the twentieth-century tombstones belonging mostly to MacDonals, Campbells, and MacDonald-Campbells and over to the ruins of the chapel, stopping on the way to admire an ornate medieval cross shaft decorated with twisting Celtic vines reminiscent of the Book of Kells.

The chapel stood on the edge of the woods, though just barely: it had been roofless for centuries, much of the east wall had crumbled away, and ferns and grass grew out of the mortar on the remaining walls. I knew from Gillis’s history that Patrick MacDougall’s wife Anne had died on Eigg several months after he and Neil departed for Nova Scotia in 1791. Because Anne had been Catholic, and her family was associated with Clan MacDonald of Clanranald—the clan that controlled Eigg for centuries—I assumed the chapel was her final resting place.

The chapel interior was a three-dimensional collage of floor slabs interspersed with irregularly shaped vertical markers, most of which had been wiped clean by the salty air. The few stones with discernible letters dated from the early twentieth century, but even those were heavily eroded. At least one row of slabs appeared to be reserved for MacDonals: it extended south from a niche in the north wall that had once been decorated with the Clanranald coat-of-arms, though in its badly weathered state all that remained was a Celtic cross and what looked like (but was almost certainly not) a saguaro cactus. According to an interpretive panel just inside the chapel entrance, the floor slabs belonged to extended families rather than individuals. It was certainly possible that Anne was interred in one of those family graves within the chapel, but if so, the precise slab had been lost to time. Like so much of history, genealogical or otherwise, most facts slip through the cracks, leaving us with questions, riddles, and guesses.

I spent the rest of the day visiting some of the places Camille recommended along Eigg’s south coast. The first of these, Massacre Cave, had served as a refuge for the islanders during the centuries of clan warfare and earned its name when members of the MacLeod clan discovered the refuge and lit a fire at the entrance. Legend has it that only one Eigg resident survived the asphyxiation: an elderly woman who had refused to take refuge with the others in the cave. I considered going in but thought better of it once I saw the “DANGER!” sign at the mouth, warning that the ceiling was unstable. The name alone should have been a clue that it was not the best place to explore on my own.

There was a second cave with a more benign name just west of Massacre Cave—this was Cathedral Cave, where the sea had carved a spacious nave into the basalt cliffs. Cathedral Cave was where Catholic islanders (including my ancestors presumably) found a sanctuary where they could worship freely after Eigg’s Clanranald rulers converted to Protestantism. The cave’s darkness and natural acoustics would have given masses an otherworldly aura far different from the tiny and roofless chapel at Kildonnan. During my stay on Eigg, a group of folk musicians recorded several a cappella songs within the cave, though I only heard them a year later after their CD was released. The project and the album were called “Songs of Separation,” and the ten musicians—five from England and five from Scotland—sang heartfelt songs that crossed cultural borders and celebrated diversity. Several months after the album release, 52 percent of British voters chose to leave the European Union. Eigg and the rest of Scotland voted to remain.
My final stop along the south coast was the abandoned village of Upper Grulin, perched atop the cliffs to the west of the two caves. Camille had suggested Upper Grulin as the best place to see Eigg as my ancestors would have known it. I was unsure if I had gone far enough until I noticed a low rectangular stone structure engulfed by bracken. I soon saw others on both sides of the gravel access road. These structures were once blackhouses, traditional Scottish dwellings that would have housed crofting families along with their subtenants (and often their livestock, separated from the humans by a partition) under a single thatched roof. The thatch and the families were long gone, and the walls that remained now enclosed bonsai-like jungles of ferns, bluebells, and nettles.

As I explored the overgrown structures, I was struck by how different the residents’ lives would have been from my own. Modern notions of personal space and privacy would have seemed like alien luxuries in a world where people spent their lives so close to one another and their livestock. I tried to imagine the sounds of this once-bustling community but heard only the wind and the occasional bleating of the sheep that wandered among the ruins. This was fitting, though, for as in most other crofting communities on Eigg and across the Scottish Highlands, Upper Grulin’s way of life was brought to a permanent end in the early nineteenth century, when the Clanranald landlord at the time evicted his tenant farmers to make way for industrial-scale sheep farming.

The lasting effects of the clearances are striking 200 years later, even on reform-minded Eigg in the wake of its community buyout.

A few days later, I paid a visit to the island’s archive, located in the basement of the school. The archive was self-service and I had it all to myself that afternoon. Unfortunately, my search through various boxes and binders turned up nothing about my MacDougall ancestors. Just as I was about to give up, I noticed a thick spiral-bound tome leaning askew at one end of a bookshelf. As luck would have it, the book was The MacDougalls of Judique Intervale, and it was a completely revised version of my distant cousin Allan Gillis’s history of Neil MacDougall and his descendants. Gillis had self-published the book in 2005 and donated a copy to the archive. I suspected that Camille had remembered the book after our conversation and left it where I was sure to find it, though I was unable to ask her about it because she was off at the Glastonbury Festival by then.

I was glad to be alone in the archive that afternoon, for as I pored over the pages, I found myself gasping with astonishment and laughing aloud at new revelations and anecdotes about the family. Much had changed since Gillis first put his history to paper; his revision was more than four times the length of the original manuscript, reflecting three decades’ worth of additional research and laced with genealogy jokes, cartoons, and bagpipe scores. And crucially, it explained why I found no other mention of my MacDougall ancestors in the archive.

It turned out that, as with many families, my ancestors’ surname had been more fluid before they arrived in North America, when it finally became MacDougall or McDougall. According to Gillis’s research, the family name had traditionally been MacKellaig or MacKillican on South Uist, and on Eigg the man I knew of as Patrick MacDougall was recorded as “Peter McKelled.” That was his name in the Small Isles census of 1764–1765: he was then a thirty-year-old living in Galmisdale, the village that is now home to Eigg’s pier and the Community Hall. The census listed “Peter” as part of a household of five that also included an older widow named Marion McDonald, her two sons, and a 29-year-old named Malcolm McKinon. Presumably, they had all shared a blackhouse like those I had seen at Upper Grulin, and Peter and Malcolm were likely Mrs. McDonald’s

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4. Allan J. Gillis, The MacDougalls of Judique Intervale, self-published, 2005: ii–iv, vii. Gillis explained the difference in first names as due to different translations of the Gaelic name ‘Padruig,’ since some Gaelic names have more than one English equivalent. The name change from MacKellaig/McKelled to MacDougall is less clear—Gillis’s informants suggested that MacDougall (MacDhughail in Gaelic) might have been the family’s original name and MacKellaig a longstanding family nickname, or else the family might have used both names in honor of an ancestor named Dougall MacKellaig. Whatever the reason, MacDougall descendants in Nova Scotia retained ‘Kellaig’ as a family nickname.

subtenants. That census entry is all that remains of their once-shared blackhouse, as the structure was demolished long ago along with the other blackhouses of Galmisdale, the stones reused to build a farm boundary wall.

For me, the most poignant revelation in the book had nothing to do with Eigg, but rather with an anecdote involving some of my more recent ancestors in North America. The story involved my grandmother’s grandfather, William McDougall, in whose house she had grown up in Washington State. William was born in Nova Scotia but moved to the United States in his early twenties. He worked for a time as a logger in Michigan before settling down and starting a family in Snohomish County, Washington. It was only when he learned that his father was bedridden and close to death that he hurried back to Nova Scotia after 31 years away. His father, Angus (Neil MacDougall’s grandson), was a noted bagpiper, and seeing his long-lost son brought him such joy that he asked for his bagpipe and proceeded to play as though he had turned back their years of separation. I have no idea if my grandmother ever heard that story, but it seemed especially fitting to learn about it on the Scottish island that our ancestors had left over 220 years before, and where I had come largely in memory of her.

There was one final thing to do on Eigg before I returned to the Scottish mainland, and it had nothing to do with genealogy. There was a beach on the northwest shore of the island known as the Singing Sands, where walking was said to unleash mystical melodic tones. I set out as the sun was beginning its descent behind the mountainous Isle of Rum to the west, and after following a muddy trail down along the cliff face and crossing a final sheep fence, I was at last on the beach. While most of the beach was still wet from high tide and not especially musical, I eventually encountered the Singing Sands on a dry patch of white sand back near the fence. The sound is best described as a whistle or squeak—more Mickey Mouse than Pavarotti, and a phenomenon that is also heard at many Oregon beaches—but it was captivating, nonetheless. Excited to have finally heard the famous Sands, I jogged back and forth across the squeaking patch of beach as I watched the sun disappear behind Rum, an impromptu farewell dance to Eigg past and present.

For further reading:


*The MacDougalls of Judique Intervale*, by Allan James Gillis. Self-published, 2005. As noted, this book was my main source for the genealogical information I have included here. The book can be accessed in PDF form at Family History Centers. Sadly, Gillis passed away in early 2016, several months after I found his book at the Isle of Eigg Archive. I had hoped to thank him for all his research.

Chris is a professional archaeologist who became a member of the Genealogical Forum of Oregon in 2018. He previously wrote about an apple tree at the Willamina Cemetery (Polk County, Oregon) for the October 2019 edition of *The Forum Insider* (Vol. 31, No. 3).

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The Bible of John Wesley Byerly (1845–1925) and his wife Susanna Mary Johnson (1848–1933)

Marti Dell

My maternal grandmother’s name was Dorothy Blanche Byerly. Her parents were Guy Byerly and Nina Blanche Rose. Guy’s parents were William Michael Byerly and Eliza Waggoner, and they lived in Jones County, Iowa, their entire lives. William’s parents, Michael Byerly and Elizabeth Stone Jeffries, were considered pioneers of Jones County, and William himself was quite prominent, becoming a member of the lower house of the general assembly for the state of Iowa. Michael and Elizabeth had nine children: Alvin Ricketts Byerly (1841–1910), Milton J. Byerly (1844–1920), John Wesley Byerly (1845–1925), Matilda Byerly (1848–1851), David T. Byerly (1850–1851), Malinda Catherine Byerly (1851–1943), William Michael Byerly (1854–1924), and Elizabeth Irene Byerly (1856–1875). 1851 was a rough year for this Byerly family as both Matilda and David died in January.

Statewide registrations of births and deaths in Iowa did not start until 1880, and general compliance did not happen until 1924. Marriages were recorded at the county level and records usually started being kept when the county was formed, but again this was not done on a statewide basis until 1880. So, as frequently happens, the only records that might be found are in a family Bible.

This Bible belonged to John Wesley Byerly (my third great-uncle) and his wife, Susanna Mary Johnson. The cover is embossed with “Mrs. S. M. Byerly.” The Bible was probably published around 1875 (the last digit of the copyright notice is partially rubbed off). They were married in 1873 and their second (and last) child was born in 1878. So, I am unsure when they acquired the Bible. Based on the handwriting and dates, the entries appear to be written by two different people.

According to the Bible, John Wesley Byerly and his wife, Susanna Mary Johnson, were married on 7 March 1873, in Camanche, Iowa, by the Reverend Isaac Newton. The marriage record further says that Susanna (named as Susie on the record) was from Clinton County, Iowa, (Camanche is in Clinton County) and that John was from Jones County, Iowa. According to Wolfe’s History of Clinton County, Iowa, Reverend Newton served both at the Camanche Methodist Episcopal church and at the nearby Elwood Methodist Episcopal church.1

John and Susie had two children, and their births are listed in the Bible on the Births page. They were Eva Marie Byerly, born 14 February 1875, and Earl Russell Byerly, born 28 January 1878. Though not stated in the Bible, both were born in Jones County.

Earl Russell was married twice and both are listed on the Marriages page in the Bible. He married first, Nellie M. Johnson, on 3 January 1900. Nellie died in 1933, and then Earl married Charlotte Blanch “Lottie” (Crow) Shelver on 20 December 1934. Neither Earl nor Eva had children of their own.

According to the History of Jones County, Iowa: Past and Present by Robert McClain Corbit, the Byerlys were a prominent and civic minded family. Not only did William Michael serve in the state legislature, but he was also on the Board of Directors of Niles & Watters Savings Bank. John Wesley served on the grand jury for Jones County in 1909. Also, John’s brother Alvin served in the Civil War in the Iowa Sixth Calvary, Company K, and served on the Anamosa City Council from 1901–1909. He was joined on the council in the years 1904 and 1905 by one of his first cousins, George W. Byerly, son of Andrew Byerly (who was very likely named after our immigrant ancestor Andreas Byerly who was George Washington's cook). John and Susie’s daughter, Eva, joined the Francis Shaw chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution (DAR). Corbit’s book states that “Michael Byerly’s sons, Milton, John W. and William M. are now numbered among the prominent citizens and residents of Jackson township. John W. Byerly is the oldest continuous resident in the township, now living. He has the record of never having missed an election ever held in the township, although he was not a voter during the first years when he attended the elections. John W. Byerly and his brother, Hon. Wm. M. Byerly are
the only residents in the township who have made this garden spot their home continuously since the territorial days of the state.” There are many more references to the Byerly family members in this book.

John followed in his father’s footsteps and was a farmer. This is shown on the 1880, 1900, and 1910 federal censuses as well as the 1885 Iowa state census. The 1920 census does not list an occupation for John, but it does say he owns his own land, free and clear.

The Deaths page in the Bible lists family members of both John and Susie, including:

Maria Ann Johnson, died 11 February 1877. This is Susie’s mother;

James Johnson, died 28 April 1890. This is Susie’s father;

Michael Byerly, died 1896. This is John Wesley’s father;

Amelia H. Paul, died 5 September 1900. This is one of Susie’s sisters (who married Henry Paul); and

Nellie Johnson Byerly, died 10 December 1933. This was Earl’s first wife.

The Bible also includes a Memoranda page that has John Wesley Byerly’s birth date (13 October 1845) and death date (24 February 1925) and the names of his parents (Michael and Elizabeth Byerly). It also has Susie Johnson’s birthdate (21 June 1848) and her death date (5 December 1933), as well as the names of her parents, James and Maria Johnson.
There were two other papers in the Bible. One was a note that says “Dec 17, 1908, 73 years old.” and the other was a photo of a baby who isn’t identified in any way.

I am not certain how the Bible came to be in the possession of my mother. However, because many children in the Byerly family died at birth, during childhood, or with no children of their own, we have a lot of family pieces from people who may be considered distant relatives. My maternal grandmother was one of six children, but only two lived to adulthood. She was the only one of those two who had children. This has been a common theme in my family tree on both sides. I have at least one person in every generation on all lines who lived to adulthood but had no children.

Because there were no descendents of John and Susie beyond their two children, this Bible passed to cousins and nieces. My mother and I have been honored to be the latest two keepers of this Bible, but we felt it was time for it to go to a new home, and so we donated it to the Genealogical Forum of Oregon.

TRANSCRIPT OF BIBLE ENTRIES
Note: The dates and spelling are as written in the Bible. The order has been retained but the format has been standardized for publication. Handwritten entries are italicized.

This certifies that
the rite of
Holy Matrimony
was celebrated between
J. W. Byerly of Jones County, Iowa,
and Susie M. Johnson of Clinton County, Iowa,
on March 7, 1873 at Camanche, Iowa
by Rev. Isaac Newton.
[No names of witnesses.]

Marriages
Earl R. Byerly and Nellie M. Johnson married Jan. 3, 1900
Earl R. Byerly and Lottie Crow Shelver married December 20 1934

Births
Eva Mae, Daughter of J. W. and Susie. Byerly, was born Feb. 14, 1875
Earl Russell, Son of J. W. and Susie. Byerly, was born Jan. 28, 1878.

Deaths
Maria Ann Johnson died Feb. 19, 1877; aged 60 years 4 mo. 9 da.
James Johnson died April 28, 1890; aged 80 yrs. 1 mo. 18 days.
Michael Byerly died 1896 aged 78 yrs.
Amelia H. Paul died Sept. 5 1900 aged 63 years, 5 mo. 22 days.
Nellie Johnson Byerly Born May 8, 1876 Died December 10, 1933

Memoranda
J. W. Byerly, Son of Michael and Elizabeth Byerly, was born Oct. 13, 1845. Died February 24, 1925
Susie M. Johnson, Daughter of James and Maria Johnson, was born June 21, 1848. Died December 5, 1933
The Truman Tie:
Guy Byerly and Alta Byerly Bonk Yohn

Marti Dell

In this presidential election year, I am reminded of prior elections. In 1948, Harry S. Truman ran against Thomas Dewey. Virtually every prediction (with or without public opinion polls) indicated that incumbent President Harry S. Truman would be defeated by Republican Thomas E. Dewey. The Chicago Tribune, a pro-Republican newspaper, was so sure of Dewey’s victory it printed “DEWEY DEFEATS TRUMAN” on election night as its headline for the following day. A famous photograph taken the next morning shows Truman grinning and holding up a copy of the newspaper.

My great-grandfather, Guy Byerly, was born 24 June 1889, in Jackson Township, Jackson County, Iowa, the middle child of eleven children born to William Michael Byerly and Eliza Waggoner. His father was a Democratic member of the Iowa House of Representatives from 1909 to 1913.

In addition to being a State Representative, William Michael Byerly, “serv[ed] his township for twelve years as their assessor, thus familiarizing himself somewhat with civil government of the county. He also brought his ripened judgment to his local school district, serving it for eighteen years as a director and here it early became apparent that he was bringing to this school district a thoughtful consideration of its needs, far beyond the average of country school directors. Later on, he was called to the more responsible position of a member of the Board of Supervisors and once again demonstrated that in this position is found a real opportunity for service to his neighbors.”

William’s son Guy grew up while his father was politically active, and he also became a lifelong Democrat. During the 1948 presidential campaign season, Guy worked at a factory. Most of his co-workers were Republicans. About six weeks before the election, they bought my great-grandfather a blue polyester tie with a cameo picture of Harry Truman’s face. They dared him to wear it every day through the election. He accepted the challenge and met it by wearing it every single day. Needless to say, on the day of the election all of his Republican co-workers were razzing him even more than they had for the past six weeks, but my great-grandfather got the last laugh.

Within a year after that election, Guy made plans to marry his second wife (my great-grandmother, Nina Blanche Rose Byerly, had died in 1944) and asked his youngest daughter (my great-aunt, Alta Marie Byerly Bonk Yohn) to help him make room in his house for his new bride’s possessions. Aunt Alta ran across the Truman tie – covered in gravy stains – and threw it in a trash bag. She gave the trash bag to her father to be burned.

Fast forward to 1965 when my great-grandfather Guy died and Aunt Alta was cleaning out his house. So, what does she run across in the basement hanging on a hook behind the boiler? The Truman tie she thought had been thrown out and burned decades before. At that point, she decided if it was so important to her father that he rescued it from the burn pile and kept it for close to another 20 years, that she would also keep it – gravy stains and all.

In 2010, my mother and I visited Aunt Alta while she was living in Florida. We went through many of the family items. Aunt Alta would tell us about them, where they came from and any stories associated with them, while my mother took notes and I took photos. Later, Aunt Alta was looking around to make sure she hadn’t forgotten anything. She opened a drawer, paused, and suddenly got a very wistful smile on her face. She pulled out the tie, showed it to us, and told us the above story. You could tell she still thought of her father every time she looked at that tie.

Aunt Alta moved to Seattle soon after that when her second husband passed away, to be near her remaining family (she never had children). During her last illness in 2013, she made sure that I took the tie with me, as well as many other family heirlooms before she moved into a nursing home.

I am extremely lucky to have a lot of interesting family pieces in my possession. This tie is not worth anything in terms of monetary value, but I will keep the Truman tie and hopefully pass it on to the next genealogist in our family. This story and the tie will stay together, so that future generations know a bit more about my great-aunt and my great-grandfather, and about this remarkable time in history.
A Case of Derivative Citizenship:
When Jennie Elizabeth Wheatley (1890–1948)
Married John Magnus Boren (1883–1950)
in Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon

Judith Leppert

My grandparents John Magnus Boren and Jennie Elizabeth Wheatley lived most of their lives in Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon. One of my first “finds” at the Genealogical Forum of Oregon (GFO) was their marriage return for 22 March 1909. The GFO has the original licenses and certificates from Multnomah County for 1855–1924. John and Jennie probably were in love and wanted to start their lives together, but the act of a marriage ceremony changed their lives in more ways than we normally consider. That day, Jennie E. Wheatley, now Boren, lost her American citizenship.

John came from Kall, Jamtland, Sweden, via England to New York. For some reason, he settled in Portland. He worked as a laborer and boarded for a time, ending up in a residence near Joseph and Jenny Hollis who had taken in their four nieces and nephews when the children’s mother died in 1898. One of those children was his future wife, Jennie.

Jennie Elizabeth (Wheatley) Boren was born on 27 February 1890 in Manchester, Delaware County, Iowa, to Sylvia Gates and William Henry Wheatley. Both parents were born in the United States and were of English heritage. Her father, William Henry Wheatley, was born in Illinois on 27 May 1864 to Charles Wheatley and Elizabeth Goodger, who came to the United States in 1854. Jennie’s mother, Sylvia Gates, descended from Stephen Gates and Ann Veare, who came to Hingham, Massachusetts in 1638.¹ The family is well documented in The New England Historic and Genealogical Register in at least three articles (all available at the GFO).

The newlywed Borens moved briefly to Oak Grove, Clackamas County, Oregon, and then back to Portland, eventually settling at 4831 NE Flanders Street. Most of their children attended Laurelhurst Elementary School. For high school, some went to nearby Grant, others chose Commerce High School (now Cleveland) for its business offerings, and one chose Benson.2

All the children grew up to have families of their own. They spoke of the loving example set by their parents for being their model of family life.

However, 11 years after her marriage, the 1920 census showed that Jennie was not an American citizen! How could this be?

Christina K. Schaefer’s Guide to Naturalization Records of the United States has a chart summarizing naturalization law. The citation for 1795 mentions “derivative citizenship for wives and minor children (1 Stat. 414 Section 1).” Normally, when one starts the genealogy hobby, one learns from this rule that it isn’t necessary to look for the wife’s naturalization. The wife earned that through her husband’s record. However, “derivative citizenship” had another, more ominous meaning in Jennie’s case. By marrying an alien who had not yet acquired his American citizenship, she herself became an alien.

In 1907, two years before Jennie and John married, the law in the United States changed. According to the National Archives:

At certain times in our country’s history, marriage—at least for the woman—could affect one’s citizenship status. If an American woman married a foreigner before 1907 and the married couple continued to reside in the United States, she did not, because of her marriage, cease to be an American citizen. The American woman remained a U.S. citizen even after her marriage to a non-U.S. citizen.

An act of March 2, 1907, also known as the Ex-patriation Act, changed all this. Congress mandated that “any American woman who marries a foreigner shall take the nationality of her husband.” Upon marriage, regardless of where the couple resided, the woman’s legal identity morphed into her husband’s.3

1920 census entry for John and Jennie Boren. On John’s line, 1902 refers to the year of immigration and “Pa” indicates he has filed first papers for naturalization. On Jennie’s line, “Al” indicates she is an alien.

2. It is interesting to note how school names can change. This could affect search results when looking for records. An example is Commerce High School. Originally Commercial High School (1916), then High School of Commerce (1917), it was commonly known as Commerce High School. Another name change came in 1929 when it moved to the east side of Portland and became Clinton Kelly High School of Commerce. Finally, the school became Grover Cleveland High School 1948. From “Cleveland’s History,” Portland Public Schools (www.pps.net/Page/6694).

This law was repealed in 1922. Did Jennie regain her citizenship at that time? The short answer is no. It’s a bit more discouraging than that. Jennie Elizabeth Boren watched as an Oregon election in 1912 gave women the vote. Not for Jennie. It would be many years before she could exercise that privilege.

After 1922, women who thought they had lost citizenship by marriages due to the 1907 act had to file a petition for naturalization if they wished to regain it. A woman’s suitability for citizenship still depended on her husband’s status—he had to be “eligible” whether he wanted to swear allegiance or not.

What was the date Jennie went to court and took the oath of allegiance to this country? I didn’t know. The Oregonian newspaper regularly printed lists of aliens becoming citizens. I decided to use my Multnomah County Library card to search that daily paper because it’s easily searchable. On April 15, 1936, on page 6, a headline reads: “51 ALIENS RECEIVE U.S. CITIZENSHIP.” It is followed by lists of nations. Under the heading “Sweden” we see Jennie E. Boren’s name. With the date in mind, it was an easy matter to find Jennie Elizabeth Boren’s “Petition for Naturalization” on Ancestry.com at the GFO (one of many subscription databases the library provides on its computers). In that document, she “renounces absolutely . . . allegiance . . . to Gustavus V, King of Sweden.” Her witnesses include a neighbor from the block next to her home on Flanders Street, Anna L. Cole, who lists her occupation as “housekeeping.” Her minister from church, S. E. DuBois, also was a witness for her naturalization.

I did not know this story of citizen to noncitizen until I went looking for my grandfather’s naturalization records. Since John was born in Sweden and immigrated to the U.S. I expected there to be such a document, and I did find it on microfilm at the GFO. One line in it surprised me: “My wife recently obtained her citizenship.” That is the line that started me on this quest.

As mentioned earlier, John M. Boren earned his citizenship six months after his wife did, on 21 October 1936. It was that same document that taught me he had left, not from Sweden, but from Norway (Trondheim was closer to his home than the long trip south to Malmo). After managing the DeLuxe Cab Company and driving for years in Portland, he ended up working at the shipyards in the 1940s.

Occasionally, while helping researchers at the GFO, I find people uninterested in reading the original documents. Unfortunately, they seem to want only the transcriptions! Look at what they would have missed, all from John M. Boren’s document—the town he left from in Sweden, that he didn’t get his citizenship until rather late in life, that his wife lost—and later regained—her citizenship, the names and dates of all his children, where his home town was in Sweden, and that he sailed from Norway. All these tidbits helped me find other information about his Swedish family and got me started on his branch of the family. But more interesting was how Jennie E. Wheatley’s life was changed when she married John.

Jennie’s petition for naturalization, filed 8 April 1936.
The Family of William Watts (1803–1873): Stoic Pioneers of Scappoose, Columbia County, Oregon

Susan Olsen LeBlanc, AG®

In 1852, the Watts family joined a wagon train and left Missouri headed for Oregon. Led by William Watts, the group included four sons from his first marriage, John, James, Francis, and Thomas, and one son, Robert, from his current marriage. Also traveling were two nephews, John Ralph Watts and Daniel Boone. Others in the train included his wife Nancy’s brothers Robert and Josiah Fullerton. The women of this family, William’s wife, Nancy, and Patsy, the wife of his second son John, travelled with them. The oldest son, Benjamin, met them in The Dalles for the last leg of the journey. All survived the trip, though Daniel Boone died 23 November 1852, shortly after they arrived.¹

Each individual brought skills and talents that would prove useful in the difficult processes of securing land, building homes, and caring for family members in sickness and during other challenges. The women fed, clothed, and taught the others the value of working together for a common goal.² They were vital to the success of the journey and the settlement in Scappoose.

The following paragraphs include a few of the words of family, friends, and associates of the Watts family. These words are preserved today in the basement of the Watts House in Scappoose, Columbia County, Oregon, located on the land of their original Donation Land Claim (DLC). Seven notebooks of research notes created by Susie Watts Almond, used for this article, were donated to the Scappoose Historical Society and added to the Watts Collection. This generous contribution comes from Andrea Watts Harrison, a great-great-granddaughter of William T. Watts through his son Francis Harrison Tyler Watts. Truly, a book could be written in just their words alone.

According to his son Francis, William T. Watts was “a Kentuckian by birth, but in early life a farmer of Missouri, an honest man, respected by a wide circle of friends, and possessing the hardy traits of the pioneers who always kept ahead of the railroads and who counted no sacrifice too great if thereby the upbuilding of a new state could be promoted. He would lead his family on the overland trail with six teams of his own … For twenty-five years he was associated with the agricultural development of that (the northwestern) part of the state [Oregon].”³

A fellow Masonic member shared that, “William Watts an active member, came to St. Helens on a flat boat with all of his possessions and 100 head of cattle. This was unloaded on what was then known as Plymouth Rock, then forded three creeks which were running high to reach Scappoose, Oregon. He had many setbacks during the early years, one when a grist mill at the mouth of Nigger Creek was given up, after the docks burned and many people moved away. During the winter of 1861-1862 [1852-1853] Mr. Watts lost all of his cattle due to the long

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1. Francis Harrison Tyler Watts’ history. Found in notebook 2 of the Susie Watts Almond Collection, donated to Susan LeBlanc by Andrea Watts Harrison, August 2018. Andrea is the great granddaughter of Francis Harrison Tyler Watts. Susan Watts Almond is her father’s sister.

2. Family Group Record of William Watts’ family, printed by Andrea Watts Harrison on 1 May 2012, with attached notes. Found in notebook 1 of the Susie Watts Almond Collection, donated to Susan LeBlanc, by Andrea Watts Harrison, August 2018. Information originally found in “Footsteps” by Susie Watts Almond.

3. Francis Harrison Tyler Watts’ history. Found in notebooks 2 and 4. From History and Biographical Record of Monterey and San Benito Counties, by J. M. Guinn, Los Angeles, California, 1910, page 441.
severe winter. He moved to our present Beaverton and helped to establish that city."  

In the 1850 Census Slave Schedule for Cuivre, Pike County, Missouri, it appears that William owned seventeen enslaved people, nine male and eight female. The trip to Oregon would have meant the need to sell or free them. What a change of lifestyle this would have been for the family as they emigrated to Oregon. Oregon was not a slave-friendly state.

Elizabeth Margaret Naylor, the first wife of William Watts, married him on 20 February 1823 in Pike County, Missouri, at the age of eighteen. She bore him a daughter who died young, and five sons. Her death at the age of 42, on 22 January 1847 in Bowling Green, Missouri, was followed by the death of her second daughter 10 days later. The five boys, ages 20, 17, 15, 7, and two months, were left without a mother and her guidance. They were a well-established family, but William surely felt the need for a companion to help raise the children. How this experience impacted William and his desire to go west can only be imagined.

Andrea Watts Harrison shared that, “The home of Elizabeth and William was very close to his mother and father near Ramsey Creek in Pike County. She and William prospered. They owned a two-story brick building in Bowling Green that cornered on the courthouse, a flour mill on Ramsey Creek and the plantation where their home was. She had and raised a nice family, had much pleasure watching their daughter and sons as they grew—very different from her stormy early life. Elizabeth was a good mother, ran a well-kept home, and the life she lived was an excellent example for her sons to follow.”

Nancy Jane Fullerton, the second wife of William, married him 10 May 1847 in Pike County, Missouri, at the age of twenty-five. They had a son born 16 May 1850. All the children living at the time were listed with them in the 1850 U.S. Census for Pike County, Missouri. Nancy made the 1852 journey with her new family on the overland trail to the Oregon Territory. It was an arduous task to manage a family of five children, keeping them fed, cared for, and safe from harm. William and Nancy settled on their Donation Land Claim OC 1358 in Scappoose. Their daughter was born in April 1854 after they were settled in Scappoose. What is unknown is whether Nancy had other pregnancies. She died in Scappoose on 18 August 1854, four months after her daughter’s birth. William and Nancy are both listed in the “Early Oregonians Index, 1800–1860.”

Andrea Watts Harrison shared that, “The family began thinking about making a new home in the Oregon Territory. What a lot of excitement. Many plans and a lot of decisions had to be made; letters flew back and forth between Benjamin and his father. William had businesses and the plantation to dispose of. He had inherited...
one seventh of his mother's estate. This meant he could buy good stock to take on the trip. He was considered a wealthy man. In the meantime Nancy had her part of the planning. What should she take and what would be too heavy. She went to her father and mother for advice.”  

Community member Roy A. Perry wrote, “The Watts train was not the slow lumbering oxen and heavy wagons, but fine horses, good light wagons and buggies, plenty of helpers, ample funds, and a large supply of food and other necessities. William Watts knew where he was going and how to get there. On that spring morning of 1852, his was a dedicated party with a plan. They used fine-blooded stock with good teams to drive and selected horses for all men of the party to ride, as they were to herd 100 head of fine cattle on to the promising and demanding WEST. William Watts had vision and wealth to back it up. And, by his planned procedures, his party would be able to move rapidly and smoothly to reach the best grazing with plentiful water and wood and good camp facilities.”  

A story is shared by Martha Stark Draper: “When Uncle William Watts went to Oregon, it was his wife Nancy Jane Fullerton Watts, who drove her carriage—not a wagon—across the plains. His only daughter, Elizabeth Margaret Jane, had died in her young womanhood several years before. When they were out on the plains disagreement arose between him and the other men of the Oregon train over the question of staying in camp over Sunday or of traveling on the Sabbath. Uncle William and his family wanted to stay in camp that day in order that they might rest themselves and that they might bake bread and cook dried beans, dried fruit, etc., and that the teams might rest and feed. 

Settlement in Oregon was not for the faint of heart. As found in the notes of Andrea Watts Harrison, the family met the challenges. “Upon arrival in Oregon, the family stayed in Portland until the site of the DLC was taken care of. Ben and his father each paid a Mr. Wm. Wetherbee, who came in 1845, $1500 for their DLC from him. The animals were driven down the trail to St. Helens and on to Scappoose. Nancy Jane had two brothers that helped with that chore. The men worked next on a good log house for the family and shelter for the stock. Nature didn't cooperate, wind, rain and snow came very early. Because they had no hay or forage for the tired stock that had been so carefully purchased that winter most of them died that first winter.”  

Home erected by the William Watts family in 1852. It stood on the east side of the donation land claim.
Mary Ann Butterworth, the third wife of William, married him 5 November 1854 in Beaverton, Washington County, Oregon, at the age of 29. She came to the Oregon Territory with her first husband, Peter Spencer. They made the journey west by clipper ship around Cape Horn, traveling from February 1851 and arriving in August 1851. They had four sons, two of whom died young. Her husband died 6 July 1853 and her youngest son was born 29 April 1854. They had filed a Donation Land Claim #OC 2984 in Washington County, Oregon, on 10 December 1851. By 1870, William and Mary Ann moved to this DLC and lived there for the rest of their lives.  

According to Alice Mary Watts, William’s granddaughter, “Peter Spencer did not live long enough to complete the building of his log house and to see the face of his second son, Peter … After the graveside service, Mrs. Samuel Stott put her arm around Mary Ann’s shoulder and told her she wanted her to live with them and teach their [the Stott] children. Mary Ann had taught in a girls’ seminary in Cincinnati. Soon she was giving instruction to 8 or 9 children who came to the Stott home … Mary Ann stayed at the Stott’s during the week and returned by horseback to her home on the weekend … She continued teaching until her second marriage to William Watts … She rode horseback from her home to the school taking her two babies with her.”  

Alice Mary also shared a wonderful story of the courtship of William and Mary Ann. “Grandfather’s son, John Watts, age 24 years, was studying for the ministry and often traveled with Father Jolly. It was Father Jolly and John Watts that had discovered the charming young widow Mary Ann Spencer in Washington County … then they told William Watts that she was a widow with two small boys and that “she needed him.” So the record of her marriage reads. Straightway the tall handsome man got on his horse and rode to the Spencer homestead. He found Mary Ann at the spring washing clothes. Picking up her basket, he told her that “he had come to carry her burdens.”  

Mary Ann and William are listed in the 1860 U.S. Census for Scappoose, Columbia County, Oregon, with three sons from William’s first marriage, the two children from his second marriage, three children from his third marriage, and the two children from Mary Ann’s first marriage, a total of ten children. In the 1870 Census for Forest Grove Post Office, Washington County, Oregon, they are listed with the two children from his second marriage, four children from his third marriage, and her two sons from her first marriage. Overall William had fifteen children, seventeen with his stepsons. The older five sons were all married by 1870 and had homes of their own. Their wives were also overland pioneers from families who settled near Scappoose.  

Benjamin Marian Watts married Elizabeth “Eliza” Meeker, age 20, in 1854. Ben settled Donation Land Claim #1 OC.
1450 alongside his father in Scappoose. Eliza’s parents Enoch and Dessie (Northrup) Meeker arrived in Oregon in 1852 and settled Donation Land Claim #1652 on Sauvie Island, Oregon. Ben lived 21 years in Oregon. Eliza was a cousin of the old Oregon trail blazer, Ezra Meeker, pioneer of 1852. Her brother Lindley Meeker lived near Holbrook, Multnomah County, Oregon, where he and Benjamin operated a salt evaporating plant.  

Susie Watts Almond provides a description of the land and buildings: 18 “This is the home erected by the William Watts family on their arrival in 1852. It stood on the east side of the DLC. Benjamin’s was due north. Ben donated an acre for the first school; taught until a teacher was found. Timothy Lamberson’s was N. and E. of Benjamin’s. When Francis H. Watts married, he and his oldest brother, Benjamin, built a duplex home by South Scappoose Creek on timbered land west of the Watts’ DLC. Went into the mill business using the water from the creek to make a pond and run the water wheel; in the 1860s set up a planing machine for smooth floors and rustic siding. Power for the mill was generated by a home-made water wheel, obtaining its source from the log dam, here and an up and down cross-cut saw slowly cutting the logs into lumber. They later installed a circular saw and a planing machine. To quote James Watts who took us on the grand tour, ‘You couldn’t believe the clear lumber that was put out in those days.’”  

Francis Harrison Tyler Watts wrote, “There is a story in which Ben Watts sent his two brothers, James Washington and Francis Harrison, after the equipment (in the east for the sawmill) which came (they brought) around the Horn; the three were partners in this venture.”  

Andrea Watts Harrison shared that, “Benjamin was a teacher at a young age, went to California during the gold rush, he was a companion and advisor to his father when the family came to Oregon. He left Sacramento, California and met his family in The Dalles, Oregon. [Benjamin sailed from San Francisco to Oregon, where he met the family, 20] He made salt with his brother Francis H. Was a judge for a term, worked for Wells Fargo, and after his father’s death left Oregon to go to the southwest. In Arizona he patented his “hay bailing chariot.” In California he engineered some of the very first irrigation in the lower San Joaquin Valley; also manufactured and sold his hay bailer here.”  

John William Watts, a doctor who settled in Lafayette, Washington County, Oregon, married Martha Hendricks, known as Patsy, age fifteen, on 14 October 1847 in Pike County, Missouri. It appears that she traveled with the Watts wagon train with her husband and that her parents, Johnson and Levisa (Stanford) Hendricks remained in Pike County, Missouri. Patsy died about 1863, after the birth of her daughter (whom she named after her mother) in 1862. She had one son born in 1858 and two other children. John William moved to Lafayette, Yamhill County, Oregon, in 1863. He married second to Caroline E. Bayley on 31 January 1872. John was known as “Foghorn.”  

There is a note on a family group sheet in the notebook that states, “A partial copy of the diary of J. W. Watts gives an account of the family emigration to Oregon. Benjamin Marion Watts, 21, and John William Watts, 18.” 23 The entire diary has not been found.  

Andrea Watts Harrison shared that, “John William’s life was just as successful and diversified: was in the California gold rush, went home to guide the family “covered wagons” across the plains, was a druggist, doctor, postmaster, helped form Oregon’s constitution, stumped in national elections all over the United States, State Senator, Minister and temperance leader.” 24  

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17. “Maude E. Watts Collier,” written by Roy A. Perry, 10 October 1968. Found in notebook 3. Additional information on Benjamin Watts is found in notebook 5. Maude is the daughter of John Ralph Watts and Elizabeth M. Nessly Watts.  
20. Ibid.  
22. Family Group Record printed by Andrea Watts Harrison. Found in notebook 1. Additional information on John William (Foghorn) Watts is found in notebook 5. It includes an article in the Newberg Graphic, section two, 25 March 1976, “Family Tree Search Leads to Unique County Ancestor.” Included are two typed versions of an “Addenda” to the transcript of the diary of John William Watts. There is a short history and genealogy of John from the Oregon Republican League dated 26 November 2006.  
James Washington Watts, who settled in Scappoose, married Elizabeth Matilda Nessly, age sixteen, on 12 December 1861, in Columbia County, Oregon. She came across the overland trail with her parents, Jacob and Mary (Fredrick) Nessly, in 1852, and settled in Columbia County, DLC# 2847. Her parents later moved to La Grande, Union County, Oregon. James died 14 August 1872 at the home of his brother John. Elizabeth then married John Ralph Watts, the nephew who came with the Watts family in 1852, on 27 April 1873 in Scappoose. Elizabeth was the mother of five children with James, two dying before her marriage to John. She had three more children with John. They settled in Scappoose and accumulated a wealth of land.

John Ralph built a cooperage shop in the late 1860s at the Watts brothers’ mill. Here he built and sold barrels used in the salmon packing industry. He bought Benjamin’s half interest in the sawmill, thereby becoming a partner in the thriving business with his cousin Francis. Later, in 1875, John purchased the half interest of Francis and became the sole owner.

Minnie Watts Price shared some stories about her mother Elizabeth in a paper entitled, “A Sketch of the Life of My Mother.”

Our mother often told us that while they were making the tedious trek across the plains she had seen the well-equipped wagons of the Watts train with the large name of Watts painted on the sides of the wagon covers. The Watts caravan moved faster than the others for they were well equipped with blooded horses and were driving stock with them so would stop where they found good feed and water for a rest, then would hurry on more rapidly than the others. That was why the slow moving caravans saw them several times, and as a child, mother remembered it. Little did she think that ten years later she would marry one of the five fine sons, and later a nephew of William Watts, the well-to-do leader of that group.

It was a long and tedious trek, for the party started early in the spring and reached their destination in the late fall of 1852 so that there was no food for the cattle, the loss of which was keenly felt that long cold winter. The Nessleys settled at Scappoose Bay, now known as Warren, Oregon. On the fertile lowlands, Mr. Nessley set out a nursery of apple trees with seed carefully and hopefully brought from Ohio. When the trees were

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25. “Grandma Watts” Elizabeth Matilda Nessly, written by Roy A. Perry and published in the St. Helens Chronicle, 3 October 1868. Found in notebook 3. This article includes the story of the Nessly family living at Rocky Point during the bad winter of 1852/1853 for nine weeks.
growing well the unprecedented high spring freshet of 1853 completely destroyed the nursery....

Elizabeth married James W. Watts, in December 1861. The very young couple settled in the Wm. Watts home, for they were buying that portion of the original donation land claims. Everybody worked hard and showed initiative. For instance when Grant was seven, I five, and brother Will a baby in the crib, one hot afternoon while Father was away at his work, Mother, a frail person then, found that the roof of the house had caught fire. Instantly she began, laboriously dragging the ladder from a distant cherry tree to the place, telling Grant to start pumping water into a tub, no small job for a child of seven, with the old-fashioned heavy pump. Then she somehow conveyed the heavy buckets of water up the ladder and rushed down with the empty ones until she had put out the fire. She told how I caught her skirts begging her to take Baby brother out of the house.28

Roy Perry surmised, “Pioneer Oregon has produced more than its share of women, famous in their own right. Few if any could equal or surpass the lifelong work and family effort of...Elizabeth Nessly Watts, whose full and dedicated life certainly gives us a most important chapter in our series.” 29

He also wrote “Elizabeth’s daughter Maude E. Watts Collier is said to have spent many years of life and a vast sum of money, tirelessly compiling the finest historical record of her famous family that I have ever seen.” 30

Andrea Watts Harrison shared that, “Francis H. was successful in the lumber business in Oregon, was a cattleman in Arizona and Mexico. Became a professional orchardist and farmer in California. When he and Elizabeth married in 1861, they lived on a part of the Watts DLC near the mill. When his youngest brother, Robert, died his mother’s share of the DLC belonged to him, he in turn had willed it to his older brother Francis H. This was sold to his cousin John R. Watts, as well as his one-half interest in the sawmill business and land connected with it.” 34

**Thomas Columbus Watts**, the youngest son of William and Elizabeth, married Mary Jane Hilleary, age 16, on 20 February 1870 in St. Helens, Columbia County, Oregon. She came to Oregon with her parents, John and Katherine (Howard) Hilleary, in about 1852. John filed a Script Warrant land claim in Yamhill County in 1864, and in 1873 John and Mary Jane filed Donation Land Claim OC #3688 in Washington County. In the 1880 U.S. Census, Thomas and Mary Jane are shown with three children, but according to family information she had borne six. One daughter probably died before the census, and the two oldest daughters died in 1882, about a month apart. Thomas and Mary later divorced.35

In Oregon at an early age, Thomas was employed at the big steam sawmill erected in St. Helens in 1860, being a specialist in this important industry. He was an early member (1869) of the St. Helens Masonic Lodge, later was postmaster at Goble, or Reuben, in Columbia County.36
Andrea Watts Harrison shared that, “Thomas C. was a storekeeper and fearless pioneer sheriff. Once a man crossed the river to Washington side by boat. Thomas followed him, he was taunted with, ‘Well sheriff Watts what are you going to do? You can’t arrest me here.’ ‘Maybe sheriff Watts can’t here, but plain Tom Watts can take you where you can be arrested.’ This he did.” 37

CONCLUSION

Thus, we draw to a close of the Watts family stories about their emigration to Oregon and the settlements in Scappoose that were the basis for the independent lives of the five sons of William Watts and Elizabeth Margaret Naylor. Their first-born son died as an infant and their only daughter died before the trip to Oregon. William had another son and daughter with Nancy Jane Fullerton, both of whom died young. Then with Mary Ann Butterworth he gained two stepsons before having two more sons, one of whom died as an infant, and two daughters. These later children, while not included in the emigration, contributed to the stories that we have today by gathering the family history of these fine people. Mary Ann outlived William by forty years and held most of the family keepsakes which were passed on to her three children. This story would not be complete without the living Watts’ family descendants. John Watts Clothier, who descended from James Washington Watts and Elizabeth Matilda Nessley, and his grandparents James Grant Watts and Rose Ewing Watts of the Watts’ House in Scappoose, contributed financially to the organizing and safe storage of the family history materials at the house. Andrea Watts Harrison, who descends from Francis Harrison Tyler Watts and Elizabeth Lamberson, donated the materials from which the eight notebooks were created. We had a delightful experience when she and her son visited in September 2019. Time was spent on the computer sharing information and creating land maps for the DLC lands. Then we toured Scappoose and surrounding areas to see where the William Watts and Benjamin Watts DLCs were located. The experience of coming to know the Watts family and their collections has been a life changing experience for me.

Appreciation is extended to Patricia Oberndorf and the staff of the Columbia County Museum Association, the Scappoose Historical Society, and many of their volunteers for their support in this lengthy family history and genealogy project. It certainly grew to incorporate much more than the twenty open cardboard boxes found sitting on the basement floor during my first tour of the house in August 2016. On my blog Gopher Genealogy (https://gophergenealogy.blogspot.com/) there are many lists of the materials found in our project. To utilize the more extensive materials please make an appointment to visit the house. Their Facebook page (https://www.facebook.com/Scappoose-Historical-Society-Watts-House-149440968451012/) has up-to-date information about hours and upcoming events.

Our Pioneers

Brave Pioneers, our Pioneers
Who crossed an unknown sea
To build a home on foreign shores –
A home of liberty.

Then moving westward, ever west,
And always in the same
They crossed the land from sea to sea
O’er mountain, hill and plain.

Virginia first, Kentucky next;
To follow Boone they came
On to Missouri – then at last
Out west to Oregon.

Thiers was the courage to endure
And theirs the vision grand: -
“America from shore to shore
Our great and glorious land!”

Brave Pioneers, our Pioneers,
We give “All Hail” to you!
Your visions are now all fulfilled,
Your dreams have all come true.38

Editor’s Note: Unless otherwise noted, images were found in the notebooks or are courtesy of the Watts family.

Reuniting—
How My Grandmother’s Journal Led Me to Family

Jane McGarvin

BEGINNING MY FAMILY HISTORY

Years ago, while working for the City of Lake Oswego, the late Herb Bumgarner, a Lake Oswego Public Library volunteer, told me about the genealogy resources available at the library. I mentioned that my grandmother Josie (Darden) Doggett had written her life story. This conversation started my interest in researching my Doggett and Darden families. In this article, I share how I was able to connect with unknown cousins and our common ancestors.

FIRST CONTACT WITH DARDEN COUSINS

In 2001, I responded to a post on the RootsWeb message board for Hinds County, Mississippi, written by an unknown cousin by the name of Carol Stevens who was inquiring about descendants of Osceola and Anna Louise Birdsong Darden. Carol’s great-grandmother Sallie was the sister of Osceola Darden, my great-grandfather. Marilyn Darden Irons, granddaughter of Walter Darden, Josie’s brother, saw my response. Marilyn and her father, Earl Darden, were planning a family reunion in 2002 in Texas. Their last reunion had been held in the 1960s. Marilyn invited me to the reunion and asked me to make a presentation about the life of Josie Birdsong Darden and her husband John Beaufort Doggett. While preparing my presentation of “Our Lives,” I borrowed photos from my cousin Virginia McClain. The photos had belonged to Josie as well as her daughter, Virginia’s mother Frances (Doggett) Rose, who had remained in touch with many of Walter’s children.

When I showed Herb a copy of “Our Lives,” he suggested I interview members of the family and enter data into a family tree database. I purchased Family Tree Maker, and I was HOOKED! I asked for birth, marriage, and death dates from all my aunts, uncles, and cousins and prepared family group sheets for each family. After joining the Genealogical Forum of Oregon (GFO), I started researching at its library, the Lake Oswego Public Library, Family History Libraries, and the National Archives (NARA) Seattle office. I attended many of GFO’s all-night research sessions and eventually made trips to the Family History Library in Salt Lake City.

In 2002, when Marilyn and I finally met at the Dallas, Texas, airport, it was as if we had known each other all our lives. We talked and talked and talked, sharing stories about each of our families. The welcome I received from the entire Darden family was amazing.


2. I met Marilyn and her family once in 1964 when her family (as well as some other family members) came to Portland for the Nazarene Church annual conference. Many came to Mt. Hood to see their “Aunt Josie,” and stopped at our house. In a picture taken with them, Marilyn and I are standing next to each other!
I arrived several days before the reunion to help Marilyn finish putting together her book, *Walter and Fronia Darden Family History*. Together, we prepared three photo boards to make it easier for everyone to view family photos and the histories of the Darden and Bewley families, and I made a list of photos available for purchase. The night before the reunion, the final manuscript was taken to an all-night print shop where copies were printed and bound for pickup early the next morning. The reunion started Friday night, continued all day Saturday, and concluded with a church service and lunch on Sunday. It was a great success, and everybody enjoyed the presentation, photos, and sharing stories about the Darden family.

2004 REUNION AND ROAD TRIP

The next reunion was held in Texas in 2004. This one began on a Friday afternoon to give family members more time to visit with each other. Saturday brought everyone up to date on the prior two years, including news about children who were unable to attend. Saturday night included more sharing.

Sunday morning’s worship service was held at the site in Fort Worth where Fronia (Bewley) Darden’s grandfather Reverend Anthony Bewley was hanged in 1860. Rev. Bewley was a minister who was sent as a missionary from Missouri to Fort Worth. At the time, Fort Worth residents were concerned about the issue of slavery in Texas. Friends told him he needed to leave Fort Worth because his life was in danger due to his sermons about slavery. Some thought he was an abolitionist. The family left in the middle of the night in their horse and buggy heading toward Missouri, but unbeknownst to them, they were followed by a vigilante group. While watering his horses one night after a long hard day of travel, the vigilantes captured Rev. Bewley, returning him to Fort Worth where he was hanged. While in a Fayetteville, Arkansas, jail cell, Rev. Bewley wrote a moving letter to his family urging them to stay strong, knowing he would probably be killed once he was returned to Fort Worth.

Shortly before the reunion, reporters from the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram* interviewed Marilyn and her cousin Connie (Darden) Johnson about Rev. Bewley and the Darden family history. The article was published the day after the reunion. When Marilyn and I heard this, we spent nearly two hours stopping at supermarkets, quick marts, and gas stations, buying as many copies of the paper’s early edition we could find so they could be shared with other family members.

Marilyn and Earl offered a post-reunion trip to Oklahoma to visit cemeteries and homesteads. I remembered the newspaper obituaries I had found in Josie’s papers. Family members had sent them to her over the years and many indicated the person had been buried in City Greenwood Cemetery in Weatherford, Parker County, Texas. I shared copies of the obituaries with Marilyn. The week before the reunion, Marilyn drove to Weatherford and by chance was told that the Parker County Historical Society had conducted an inventory of burial records of the cemeteries in Parker County and had published a book listing names and plot locations of the burials. She contacted the Society’s president and purchased a copy of the book.

Our first stop on the road trip was at City Greenwood Cemetery, where we found burial sites for nearly 35 members of the Darden and allied families. In addition, we found that my great-grandparents Asa E. and Sarah Fannie (Clements) Doggett, my second great-grandmother Anna Louise (Birdsong) Darden (no marker

![Plaque at St. Mary’s Whitechapel Church.](image-url)
for her), and my third great-grandmother Charlotte (Puckett) Head Robertson were buried in this cemetery.

While driving into Weatherford, I remembered that Josie’s book said the Dardens had attended the local Methodist Church. We saw the First Methodist Church on the main road into town and noted the church had been established in the 1890s, which would have been the time the Dardens lived in Weatherford.

Once in Washita County, Oklahoma, we stopped at the homesteads of my great-grandfather Osceola Darden, my grandmother Josie Darden, and the Bewleys. Josie’s brother Walter J. Darden homesteaded in nearby Roger Mills County, Oklahoma, after he turned 21 years of age.

The Van Dyke Cemetery in Washita County had the tombstone for Osceola and Sallie (Coker) Darden and their youngest daughter, Verginia Rubie. Sallie was Osceola’s second wife who had raised Josie, Walter, and Cornelia after their mother, Anna Louise (Birdsong) Darden, died in 1881 in Weatherford.

We visited the local cemetery close to Walter’s homestead in Roger Mills County. Since the Darden cousins’ last visit to that cemetery, a monument had been erected which indicated that Walter had been one of the first members of the board to manage the cemetery. His children and grandchildren were amazed to learn this fact.

Many years before, members of the Darden family had visited cemeteries looking for tombstones of family members but had not found everyone in their records. At almost every cemetery we stopped at, the Darden cousins discovered tombstones not found on the earlier visits. For me, everything was new. The two highlights of the trip were visiting the homesteads of my great-grandfather Osceola Darden and his daughter (my grandmother) Josie Darden in Washita County and seeing all the family tombstones, including that of my great-grandparents Asa and Sallie Doggett who were buried at City Greenwood Cemetery.

TRIP TO ISLE OF WIGHT COUNTY, VIRGINIA
In approximately 2001, Marilyn and her father, Earl, spent a day in Isle of Wight County, for a quick research trip of the area. Later, Marilyn and her cousin Connie spent some time there. Both dreamed of returning with their parents, aunts, uncles, and cousins on a road trip to see where their Darden, Bewley, and Winton ancestors had lived.

In 2006, Marilyn and Connie added that road trip to the family reunion. Unfortunately, I was not able to go. Marilyn had received information from another cousin (Carol Stevens who lived in Michigan) whose mother, Sallie, was the sister of Osceola. Carol had been to the area numerous times to research the Darden family. Caroline Darden Hurt, a cousin who lives in Smithfield, Isle of Wight County, Virginia, led the family on a tour of the area showing property that had been in the Darden family for hundreds of years.

Numerous times throughout the trip, fate allowed them to get up close and personal to old buildings where Darden ancestors had lived. At one property, the caretaker had been delayed making his daily check on the property and arrived nearly two hours later than usual while the group was looking through the fence at the old building on the property. He allowed them to drive onto the property, go inside the old building, take photos, and even take bricks, pieces of lumber, and old fence posts...
home. One distant cousin was Estelle Darden, wife of Pembroke Gwaltney, who built a Victorian mansion using materials from all over the world. Mr. Gwaltney founded Gwaltney Hams, which he later sold to Smithfield Foods. He also raised peanuts and was known in the area as the “Peanut and Ham King.” The group stopped in Richmond at the University of Virginia Darden School of Business. The School was celebrating its 100th anniversary that year, so a special book to commemorate its history had been published. The Darden School of Business was founded by Colgate Whitehead Darden Jr., a cousin who had also been governor of Virginia. Each of the five first cousins received a copy of the book.

They stopped at the Isle of Wight County Museum, which contained many mementos contributed by Darden and Gwaltney families. One item was a “fork-knife” used by a Darden cousin who had lost his arm during the Civil War—he had it made to be able to cut and eat food without needing help.

In addition to visiting places where the Dardens had lived, they found locations where collateral families such as the Birdsons, Bewleys and Wintons had lived. They drove from Dallas to Virginia, including many side trips. After the trip, Marilyn created a two-volume set of books that illustrated the trip. Pictures and stories from the trip were shared at the 2008 reunion. Carol Stevens, who was instrumental in providing information about the Darden family beginnings in Smithfield, Isle of Wight County, came from Michigan to attend this reunion.

**MY TRIP TO ENGLAND, ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE DOGGETT FAMILY**

In 2008, I spent three weeks in England, where the Doggett family had lived in Suffolk County from around 1100 to 1700. The GFO has a book titled *The History of the Doggett-Daggett Family* by Samuel Bradlee Doggett that I used to plan what I wanted to see. My line of the Doggett family had money and owned land, which made them members of the gentry, in the same class as the ruling families of the time. I wanted to visit some of the historical sites and locate places my ancestors had lived, worked, and worshiped. My first day in London was a tour of the city, including Trafalgar Square, Westminster Abbey, Buckingham Palace, St James Palace, a boat trip on the Thames, and the Tower of London.

I then visited several locations in Suffolk County:

Ipswich: The St Mary-le-Tower Church is where quite a few Doggetts were christened, married, and buried. The most awesome sight was the christening font that had been used in their old church from around 1500. The baptism records showed that my ancestor William Doggett had been baptized at the St Mary-le-Tower Church. When their new church was built in approximately 1885, the congregation insisted the old font be used in their new church. Even today, the memory of touching the font causes my eyes to tear up and goose-bumps to form on my arms. I also went to the General Register Office to research church and civil records.

Bury St Edmonds, a town northwest of Ipswich: I visited the current St Edmundsbury Cathedral. The Abbey of Bury St Edmunds was among the richest Benedictine monasteries in England until the dissolution of the monasteries between 1536 and 1541. King Henry VIII disbanded monasteries, priories, convents, and friaries and disposed of their assets. I spent several days walking through the gardens and the ruins.
While at the gift shop at the church, I mentioned that my ancestor, William Doggett, was a cousin of John Doggett who had lived in Bury St Edmonds and had been a member of their church. John and his family came to the New World in 1628 as members of the Massachusetts Bay Company under John Winthrop, who would become governor of Massachusetts. John and family settled in Rehoboth, Massachusetts. A staff member spent nearly an hour discussing the connection of John Doggett to the area because they were tracking descendants and family members of area residents who were part of the Massachusetts Bay Company.

At the County Records Office, I was able to look at several recorded deeds and papers from the 1400s. I also purchased several books about the Doggett family from local booksellers, including local and church histories and books about manor properties that generally are not available in the United States.

Groton and Boxford: One property that Henry VIII privatized was the Doggett house located in Groton, approximately 50 miles south of Bury. I arranged a visit to this house where the current owner shared the history of the property. She copied the “provenance” or “history of the house and property” prepared by a local historical society that had searched the land records. This history included drawings of the house from the 1500s. William Doggett was the third owner of the property after it was privatized and lived there around 1575. He was a merchant, adventurer, Citizen and Mercer of London, and contracted with the East India Company to trade goods all over the world. After spending time in the house, I visited several cemeteries and churches in both Groton and Boxford.

After more than two weeks in Suffolk County, I returned to London and took tours of Windsor Castle, Stratford-upon-Avon, Bath, the Cotswolds, Oxford, and Stonehenge.

I learned an interesting story about the Doggett family. The oldest rowing boat race in the world is the Doggett’s Coat and Badge race which has been held since 1715 in London on the River Thames. The legend is that Thomas Doggett was rescued by a waterman after falling overboard while crossing the Thames. In gratitude, he organized and financed the race each year from 1715 until his death in 1721. In his will, Doggett left specific instructions for the continuation of the race, which is still held annually and has given its name to a local pub.

TRIP TO VIRGINIA AND THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES IN WASHINGTON, D.C

In 2011, I decided to visit my immigrant ancestors’ home in Lancaster County, Virginia. Reverend Benjamin Doggett, the grandson of William and Avis (Lappage) Doggett, came to Virginia in 1670, settling in Lancaster County along with his wife Jane and three children. Four more children were born after the family reached America. Benjamin was the rector at two churches, Christ Church and St. Mary’s Whitechapel Church, and he was a circuit rider who gave sermons, christened, married, and blessed church members who died. He also farmed tobacco. His will was recorded on 14 March 1681 in Lancaster County. He directed that his body be interred in the church under the altar and that his books be returned to England for sale with the proceeds returned to support his family. The Historic Christ Church and Museum has an interpretive center which includes information about Reverend Doggett,

A deed dating from the 1400s at the Suffolk County Records Center.
and there is a plaque of remembrance of his service at St. Mary’s Whitechapel Church.

After spending two nights in Lancaster County, I drove back to Richmond, Virginia, to pick up Marilyn, who had agreed to retrace the tour I missed in 2006. While our trip was not as extensive as the earlier one, I saw cemeteries, properties the Dardens had owned, and the area around Smithfield. We met our cousin Caroline who took us to see properties throughout Isle of Wight County, and we had dinner with several Darden cousins who still live in the area.

Marilyn and I stopped at the Charles Henry Darden House where great-grandfather Osceola Darden was born and where he lived for about 18 years before moving to Hinds County, Mississippi. While on the property, we visited the family graveyard where we think six to ten family members are buried. There are some records of burials, but we were told that not all who are buried there have tombstones. Between 2006 when the Darden family was there on its tour and 2011 when Marilyn and I were there, the fence surrounding the graveyard had been taken down and many of the tombstones had either been knocked over, sunk into the ground, or removed.

Caroline had recently completed her application to join the Jamestown Society. Marilyn and I had copies of the application. Caroline’s research included many courthouses, genealogical societies, museums, and the Library of Virginia where she found records about each generation back to the 1600s. Because her family had lived in Isle of Wight County since their arrival in Jamestown in 1607, Caroline could recount the history of property ownership through the centuries.

MEETING COUSINS IN SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

In April 2018, my husband and I went to Salt Lake City to conduct research at the Family History Library. Marilyn was able to join us there. Several weeks before the research trip, I received notice of a DNA match with Phil McClanahan, grandson of Josie’s sister Cornelia, who lives in the Salt Lake City area. My grandmother had met Phil on her 1956 trip to Chandler, Arizona, but I had never met him. Phil and his wife Denise asked Marilyn and me to come to their house to visit and look through photos. We had a great time together visiting, talking about our individual family lines, and going through photos. Denise and I spent nearly an entire day at a Family History Center scanning all the photos Phil’s mother had saved over the years so we all would have digital copies.

My grandmother Josie was always thrilled to visit her brother Walter and sister Cornelia. One thing she always said was that she “would like members of her family to get to know her kin!” It is remarkable that three of their grandchildren were able to meet and visit sixty-two years after Josie’s last visit with her siblings in 1956.

Phil, Marilyn, and I had our picture taken at the Salt Lake Tabernacle where the Tabernacle Choir performs. Marilyn had been invited to participate in their Thursday night choir practice. She was thrilled to be able to check this off her bucket list.

The three of us were so excited to be able to meet, and we have continued to stay in touch! It has been an honor to share my grandmother’s life story and to reunite with other family members.
The Smith and Porter Families of Lansingburgh, Rensselaer County, New York

Duane H. Funk and Barbara Zehner

Are Samuel and Susanna (Cogswell) Smith the parents of Nathaniel P. Smith of Smyrna, Chenango County, New York, and Anna (Smith) Porter of Lansingburgh, Rensselaer County, New York? One clue is the first names used by the families, including the children of known son Ishmael G. Smith. The names of the children for each couple are listed in Table 1. Names that appear more than once are summarized in Table 2.

In addition to the above, Ishmael G. Smith's wife, Fanny Porter, made a joint purchase of land in Lansingburgh with a Harriet Porter in 1829.1 Their relationship to the George B. Porter family is unknown.

Table 1

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Smith and Porter Children</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Name</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pearley N. C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anna</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Susanna</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ishmael G.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barrett James</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Samuel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jane Ann</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joseph</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nancy</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


6. Application File, Pearl Henderson Gretten, #346509, p. 3; National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution (DAR), DAR Library.
Samuel appears on the 1800 United States census in Springfield with his wife and two children: one male under ten and one female under ten. This matches the children known to have been born in Springfield. In 1801, Samuel took the freeman’s oath in Springfield.

In 1803, Samuel appeared on the tax roll in Troy (later Lansingburgh), Rensselaer County, New York (Lansingburgh was not set off from Troy until 1807—today it is again a part of Troy as North Troy).

In 1810, Samuel Smith was enumerated on the U.S. census in Lansingburgh. The family was recorded as shown in Table 3.

Table 3
1810 Lansingburgh Census

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Category and number recorded</th>
<th>Matching members of the Smith family</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Males under 10 (3)</td>
<td>Ishmael G. b. 1806, Barrett b. ca. 1808, Samuel b. 1810</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Males 10 thru 15 (2)</td>
<td>Peasley, N. C. b. 1797</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Males 26 thru 44 (1)</td>
<td>Samuel (father) b. 1776</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Females under 10 (1)</td>
<td>Susanna b. ca. 1805</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Females 10 thru 15 (2)</td>
<td>Anna b. 1799</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Females 16 thru 25 (1)</td>
<td>Anna b. 1799</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

In 1820 there were two Samuel Smiths enumerated in Rensselaer County, one in Lansingburgh and one in Troy. The Samuel in Troy appears to be the best match to our Smith family.

Table 4
1820 Troy Census

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Category and number recorded</th>
<th>Matching members of the Smith family</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Males under 10 (2)</td>
<td>Joseph b. 1812, Samuel b. 1810</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Males 10 thru 15 (2)</td>
<td>Barrett b. ca. 1808, Ishmael G. b. 1806</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Males 26 thru 44 (1)</td>
<td>Samuel (father) b. 1776</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Females under 10 (1)</td>
<td>Jane Ann b. 1811</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Females 10 thru 15 (2)</td>
<td>Susanna b. ca. 1805, ?</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Peasley is missing, but he would be of an age to be on his own. Also missing is the mother Susanna (no female in the correct age group). In addition, there is a female child between 10 and 15 not included in the lists of known children.

Samuel cannot be found in the 1830 and later censuses. His newly married son Ishmael G. was enumerated in Lansingburgh in 1830.

IS NATHANIEL P. SMITH THE SAME PERSON AS PEASLEY N. C. SMITH?

An attempt to find an adult Peasley N. C. Smith came up empty. A match for birth year, place of birth, and surname did turn up a Nathaniel Smith of Smyrna, Chenango County, New York. Census reports and a history of the Collins family give his birth as 1797 in Vermont. Some online trees go further and say he was born 7 December 1797 in Springfield, Vermont, which matches our Peasley, but they do not provide a source for information. On the 1875 New York state census shown in Figure 2, Nathaniel’s birthplace, while partly illegible, is clearly Vermont followed by a county name.

10. Supplemental Documentation, Pearl Henderson Gretten, #346509, p. 5; National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution (DAR), DAR Library, Washington, DC.
that begins with M or W and the last three letters are sor.\textsuperscript{14} The only Vermont county that even comes close to a match is Windsor. Could this Nathaniel be the Peasley Nathaniel Cogswell Smith, son of Samuel and Susanna?

\begin{figure}[h]
\centering
\includegraphics[width=0.5\textwidth]{figure2.png}
\caption{1875 New York census, Nathaniel Smith. Image from FamilySearch.}
\end{figure}

A county history reports that Nathaniel, already married with children, arrived in Smyrna in 1821 from Brookfield in neighboring Madison County.\textsuperscript{15} His wife Bathsheba's family were Quakers. The Smyrna Men's Monthly Meeting records record the 1836 admission of the Smith children into membership of the Friend's Church at the request of Bathsheba and later record the misdeeds of the children in their adult years. The available records did not have marriage or death information.\textsuperscript{16}

This Nathaniel and his family clearly had connections to Lansingburgh. On the 1875 New York state census, he is living with his third wife, Annie who was born in Rensselaer County.\textsuperscript{17} His daughter Mary Hannah married the first of her four husbands, Joseph S. Porter, of Troy, New York. As stated above, Lansingburgh is today a district of Troy. Nathaniel’s son Henry G. married Sarah J. Hunt of Lansingburgh.\textsuperscript{18}

While a railroad did not reach Chenango County until after 1860, the Chenango Canal, a branch of the Erie Canal, was in place by 1837.\textsuperscript{19} Lansingburgh was just across the Hudson River from the eastern terminus of the Erie Canal.\textsuperscript{20} The canals would have provided reasonable access between Lansingburgh and Smyrna.

There is one other possible connection. The likely, although unproven, father of Samuel Smith is believed to be Victorious Smith whose last known residence (as shown on the 1810 census) was Plymouth, Chenango County, New York, six miles to the south of Smyrna.\textsuperscript{21}

This evidence contradicts almost all of the pedigrees that appear in online trees. Ancestry and FamilySearch have over 150 Trees with a Nathaniel P. Smith born 1797 in Vermont.\textsuperscript{22} Only one of these names his father as Samuel with no mother listed. Most common is a series of trees that give him the same birthday in Springfield but place him as the son of John and Dolly (Crary) Smith of Clarendon, Rutland County, Vermont. Of this couple’s twelve children, all except Nathaniel are said to be born in Clarendon, some forty miles to the northwest of Springfield. The town records of Springfield have only one Smith child born in 1797 and that is the aforementioned son of Samuel and Susanna.\textsuperscript{23} None of these trees cite a source other than the Springfield town records that clearly show him to be the son of Samuel and Susanna.\textsuperscript{24} These trees clearly do not reflect the record and are classic examples of misinformation being spread across the Internet.

Other examples of erroneous trees are those with a Pearley Smith born 7 December 1797 in Springfield, Vermont, who died 11 June 1857 South Amherst, Ohio. She is noted as the wife of Ruben Allen. While the index to the Springfield records does not indicate the sex of the children,\textsuperscript{25} the record itself clearly refers to Pearley N. C. Smith as the son of Samuel and Susanna, not as a daughter.\textsuperscript{26}

\textbf{ANNA SMITH, WIFE OF GEORGE B. PORTER}

The marriage date of George B. Porter and Anna Smith, while not known, likely occurred sometime prior to the birth of the first child, George, about 1825.\textsuperscript{27} While the

\begin{footnotes}
\footnoteref{14} \textsuperscript{1875 New York state census, Chenango County, pop. sch., Smyrna, p. 20, dwelling 51, family 59, Nathaniel Smith.  
\footnoteref{15} \textsuperscript{George A. Munson, Early years in Smyrna and our first Old home week (Norwich, New York: Chenango Union Presses, 1905), p. 65.  
\footnoteref{16} \textsuperscript{Men’s monthly meeting 1836-1886,” Society of Friends, Smyrna Monthly Meeting (New York); Manuscript on Film, Salt Lake City, filmed by the Genealogical Society of Utah, 1950, image 23; Family History Library (FHL) microfilm 17,330, item 2.  
\footnoteref{17} \textsuperscript{1875 New York state census, Chenango County, pop. sch., Smyrna, p. 20, dwelling 51, family 59, Annie Smith.  
\footnoteref{18} \textsuperscript{Munson, Early years in Smyrna. p. 65.  
\footnoteref{19} \textsuperscript{French, Historical and Statistical Gazetteer of New York State, p. 224.  
\footnoteref{20} \textsuperscript{Ibid., p. 556.  
\footnoteref{21} \textsuperscript{1810 U.S. census, Chenango County, New York, Plymouth, Victorious Smith, image 4; digital image, Ancestry; citing roll 26 page 272, image 146; FHL microfilm 88,380.  
\footnoteref{22} \textsuperscript{Nathaniel P. Smith, search results, Ancestry (https://www.ancestry.com/search/categories/42/?name=nathaniel+p_smith&event=_chenango-new-york-usa_527&birth=1797&event_x=1-0 : accessed 20 February 2020).  
\footnoteref{24} \textsuperscript{Ibid.  
\footnoteref{25} \textsuperscript{“Records of births, marriages, and deaths, 1730-1996,” card index Sherman, S.-Stevens, F. 1730-1996.  
\footnoteref{26} \textsuperscript{“Vermont, Town Clerk, Vital and Town Records, 1732-2005.”  
\footnoteref{27} \textsuperscript{Barb Zehner, “Numbers Zehner Tree,” online database, Ancestry, George B Porter entry.
\end{footnotes}
family cannot be found in the 1830 census, George B. Porter first appears in Lansingburgh records on 8 March 1822 when he leased a lot from Abraham Lansing.\(^{28}\) In another land transaction in 1830, he sold house lot number 326 to Ishmael G. Smith.\(^{29}\) The use of the name Ishmael G. in both the Smith and Porter families in Lansingburgh points to a possible connection between the families, bolstered by the fact Anna’s maiden name was Smith.\(^{30}\) Further, Anna (Smith) Porter was born, as recorded in both United States and New York state censuses, within one year of 1800 in either Vermont or New York which is a close match to Samuel and Susanna Smith’s daughter Anna.\(^{31}\) While not conclusive, no other Anna could be found in Lansingburgh who was born in Vermont around 1800.

George B. and Anna (Smith) Porter’s son Joseph S. Porter, whose age was close to that of Nathaniel P. Smith’s daughter Mary Hanna, is listed in the 1860 census as living with his widowed mother, several siblings and a Mary H. Porter who is not one of the known children of Anna and whose birth date and place match Nathaniel’s daughter Mary Hannah.\(^{32}\) A review of the 1860 census records found that Joseph S. Porter is the only Joseph Porter enumerated in Rensselaer County, and Mary is the only Mary H. in the state of New York. The marriage did not last long as Joseph died 25 August 1860.\(^{33}\) Mary Hannah married her second husband, a cousin, in the Smyrna Quaker Meeting house 6 November 1862.\(^{34}\)

**ISHMAEL G. SMITH**

Ishmael G. Smith is a known child of Samuel and Susanna.\(^{35}\) His birth is most often recorded as \textit{circa} 1806 in New York.\(^{36}\) He appeared in the Lansingburgh records from 1829 until 1854.\(^{37}\) He later lived in Grundy County, Illinois, and Cloud County, Kansas.\(^{38}\) On 18 October 1829, he married Fanny Porter at the Methodist Episcopal Church in Lansingburgh.\(^{39}\) Like Ishmael’s parents, they named a son Joseph and a daughter Jane Ann. Both these children died young and were buried in the Lansingburgh Village Cemetery.\(^{40}\)

**CONCLUSION**

Nathaniel P. Smith and Peasley N. C. Smith were both born \textit{circa} 1797 in Windsor County, Vermont. Peasley disappeared from the Lansingburgh census about the same time Nathaniel appeared in Smyrna. Peasley’s father Samuel and his brother Ishmael both named a daughter Jane Ann as did Nathaniel. Two of Nathaniel’s children and Nathaniel himself found spouses from Rensselaer County, the home of Samuel Smith and two of his children. Further, it is not hard to imagine a boy named Peasley Nathaniel preferring to be known as Nathaniel P. This leads to the conclusion that Nathaniel P. Smith of Smyrna and Peasley Smith are one and the same and the brother of Ishmael G. Smith and Anna (Smith) Porter of Lansingburgh, New York.

Anna Smith the daughter of Samuel and Susanna and Anna Smith the wife of George B. Porter were both born


\(^{34}\) Troy Public Library, “Obituary request (Troy, New York),” email from Rebecca Schaffer to Duane Funk, 13 January 2015, p. 2 col. 3.


\(^{40}\) Wedding notice of Fannie Porter and Ishmael Smith, Lansingburgh Gazette, Lansingburgh, N.Y. (20 October 1829).

ca 1800 in Vermont or New York and shared the same maiden name. Anna (Smith) Porter named a son Ishmael G., as did Samuel and Susanna. Her son Joseph S. Porter married the daughter of Nathaniel P. Smith of Smyrna. Finally, Anna Smith, daughter of Samuel and Susanna, ceases to appear in records at about the time Anna Porter appears. These facts lead to the conclusion that they are one and the same.

DESCENDANTS OF SAMUEL AND SUSANNA SMITH

Generation One

1-Samuel SMITH, born 1776, Springfield, Hampden Co., Massachusetts; died after 2 July 1822, Troy, Rensselaer Co., New York.41

+Susanna COGSWELL, born 16 January 1779, Haverhill, Essex Co., Massachusetts;42 they married 8 October 1797, Springfield, Windsor Co., Vermont.43

2-Nathaniel P. SMITH, born 7 December 1797, Springfield, Windsor Co., Vermont;44 died 13 January 1880, on his farm on Smyrna Hill, Smyrna, Chenango Co., New York.45

2-Anna SMITH, born 22 September 1799, Springfield, Windsor Co., Vermont;46 died 31 December 1868, New York.47

2-Ishmael Garner SMITH, born 1806, New York;48 died 17 August 1884, Aurora Twp, Cloud Co., Kansas.49

2-Barrett James SMITH, born ca. 1808, Grafton, Windham Co., Vermont;50 died before 18 June 1870, Edgar Co., Illinois.51

2-Susanna SMITH, born between 1800 and 1810

2-Samuel SMITH, born 1810.52

2-Jane Ann SMITH, born 20 December 1811, Troy, Rensselaer Co., New York;53 died 15 December 1907, Allen Co., Kansas.54

2-Joseph SMITH, born 1812.55

Generation Two

2-Nathaniel P SMITH, born 7 December 1797, Springfield, Windsor Co., Vermont;56 died 13 January 1880, on his farm on Smyrna Hill, Smyrna, Chenango Co., New York.57


3-Harriet SMITH, born 21 February 1820, Brookfield, Madison Co., New York; died 22 January 1895, Smyrna, Chenango Co., New York.60

3-Susanna SMITH, born 22 March 1821, Brookfield, Madison Co., New York; died 12 October 1899.61


41. Application File, Pearl Henderson Gretten, #346509, p. 3; National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, DAR Library, Washington, DC.
42. Ibid.
45. Munson, Early years in Smyrna, p. 66 showing death place.
47. Zehner, "Numbers Zehner Tree," entry for Anna Smith.
49. Ishmael G. Smith, probate file, 26 Aug 1884, no file number.
57. Munson, Early years in Smyrna, p. 66, showing death place.
60. Collins, Descendants of John Collins, p. 29, image 35.
61. Ibid.
62. Ibid.


3-George Fox SMITH, born 17 May 1829, Smyrna, Chenango Co., New York; died 1908.


+Caroline [--?--], born ca. 1826, Chenango Co., New York; They were married before 14 June 1865.

3-Lucy SMITH, born ca. 1868, Chenango Co., New York; living 30 September 1880.


64.  Collins, Descendants of John Collins, page 29, image 35.


68.  Collins, Descendants of John Collins, p. 29, image 35.


70.  Collins, Descendants of John Collins, p. 29, image 35.

71.  Ibid.

72.  Ibid.


74.  Ibid.


79.  Ibid.

81.  Ibid.

82.  Ibid.

83.  Ibid.

84.  George Porter Obituary, Troy Budget, Troy, New York, 12 September 1837.


86.  Zehner, “Numbers Zehner Tree,” entry for Anna Smith.


88.  Ibid.

89.  Ibid.

90.  Ibid.


92.  Ibid.


2-Ishmael Garner SMITH, born 1806, New York; died 17 August 1884, Aurora Twp, Cloud Co., Kansas.

+Fanny PORTER, born 18 June 1808, New York; They were married 18 October 1829, Methodist Episcopal Church, Lansingburgh, Rensselaer Co., New York; died 14 December 1879, Aurora Twp., Cloud Co., Kansas.

3-Lydia SMITH, born October 1831, New York; died 24 July 1907, Detention Hospital, Grand Rapids, Kent Co., Michigan.


3-Jane Ann SMITH, born: 1836; died 3 July 1839.

3-Joseph SMITH, born 15 August 1838; died 19 April 1839.

3-Sarah E. SMITH, born 1839, New York; living.

3-Fannie SMITH, born November 1840, New York; died 26 May 1903, Chicago Heights, Cook Co., Illinois.


105. Ibid.


107. Ibid.


A Tale of Two Janes: Jane Elizabeth (Wheatley) Hollis (1856–1936) and Jane (Hollis) Wheatley (1848–1924)

Judith Leppert

My grandmother Jennie Elizabeth Wheatley died when I was three years old. In trying to learn about her, I had to do my own research because no relatives had much information for me. Everybody named Jenny, Jennie, and Jane was called “Jenny” in my mother’s family. As I began to research my maternal line, I got stymied from the outset due to these interchangeable names. Some records would have “Jane” on them, but other records—such as the census—might call the same person “Jenny.” Just to figure out my own grandmother’s ancestral line, I had to research and eliminate some of these other women.

Jane Elizabeth Wheatley (not the same Jennie as above) was born in Monroe County, New York, 23 August 1856. Her parents, Charles Wheatley and Elizabeth (Goodger) Wheatley, had come to the United States of America in 1854 from Wisbech Saint Mary, Cambridgeshire, England. Of course, Jane was called Jenny. After some moving about, her family decided to settle in Honey Creek, Delaware County, Iowa. While there, she met and married her English husband, Joseph Hollis, in 1888. These wonderful people moved to Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon, and eventually took in Jane’s four nieces and nephews when their mother (Sylvia Gates) died. As you can tell from this short narrative, Jane began life as a Wheatley and ended life with the married name Hollis. Jane and her husband are buried at River View Cemetery in Portland.

My grandmother Jennie Elizabeth Wheatley was one of those little children whose mother, Sylvia (Gates) Wheatley, died in 1898. Recently, I met a new-to-me Wheatley relative. He has lived in Portland for most of his life and is the son of Jennie’s brother. So, this Wheatley is my first cousin once removed. His father, Charles Bert Wheatley, was adopted by Jane (Wheatley) Hollis late in her life so that he could inherit the Hollis family home. Apart from the fact that this living Wheatley is a charming man and a gracious host (along with his dear wife), he is a bit older than I and can remember my grandparents and their home. What a treat! Jennie E. (Wheatley) Boren died fairly young in 1948. I do not remember her. At the time, her husband (my grandfather John Magnus Boren) was beginning to suffer from Parkinson’s disease. He left the family home not too long after his wife’s death and went to Clatsop County where his sister-in-law Mabel Bowen looked after him until his death in 1950.

Partial family tree showing the three women recorded at various times as Jane or Jenny Wheatley.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Jane Elizabeth WHEATLEY</th>
<th>NAME</th>
<th>Jane HOLLIS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>23 August 1856</td>
<td>Born/Christened</td>
<td>23 April 1848</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monroe (?), New York, USA</td>
<td>Place</td>
<td>Eye, Northampton, England, Church of England Baptisms</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charles Wheatley &amp; Elizabeth Goodger</td>
<td>Parents from 1841 &amp; 1851 English Census</td>
<td>Joseph Hollis &amp; Martha Cooperwaite</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N/A (Her family came in 1854)</td>
<td>Immigrated</td>
<td>1856</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canada for 11 months according to Iowa Genealogical Society</td>
<td>Residence</td>
<td>1860 US Census Dodge, Dubuque, Iowa, USA; Parents &amp; Jane &amp; Joseph</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Page, Illinois, USA 1864 birth of brother</td>
<td>Residence</td>
<td>Future husband, William, serves in Civil War</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dodge, Dubuque, Iowa, USA birth of sister 1867 &amp; 1870 US Census</td>
<td>Residence</td>
<td>US Census for 1870 Benton, Newton, Missouri; Married to William Wheatley, with a one-year-old daughter, Melinda</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Honey Creek, Delaware, Iowa, US Census 1880</td>
<td>Residence</td>
<td>Hanson, South Dakota, USA US Census 1880</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Honey Creek, Delaware, Iowa, Iowa State Census 1885 “Single”</td>
<td>Residence</td>
<td>Lost in the vacuum of the Census</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>About 1888</td>
<td>Marriage Date</td>
<td>15 November 1866</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iowa</td>
<td>Marriage Place</td>
<td>Dubuque, Iowa, USA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joseph Hollis, b. 1854 Eye, Northampton, England; parents are Joseph Hollis &amp; Martha Cooperwaite</td>
<td>Spouse, Church of England Baptism</td>
<td>William WHEATLEY, b. 1836 Wisbech St Mary’s, Cambridgeshire, England; parents are Charles Wheatley &amp; Elizabeth Goodger</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1897, Joseph, an English citizen, became an American citizen—as did Jane!</td>
<td>Naturalization by Derivative Citizenship</td>
<td>William wheatley served in the Civil War from Illinois, see Spencer Leonard Collection; William states he is naturalized on 1900 US Census</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fremont, Fayette, Iowa, USA 1900 US Census</td>
<td>Residence</td>
<td>1900 US Census Portland, Multnomah, Oregon on Michigan Avenue; Martha Hollis lives with them (Jane's mother)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1910 US Census Joseph &amp; Jane in Portland, Multnomah, Oregon on Alberta Street</td>
<td>Residence</td>
<td>1910 US Census, Jane is widowed living alone in Portland, Multnomah Oregon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joseph Hollis died in 1932</td>
<td>Death of Spouse</td>
<td>William Wheatley died 1909</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Portland, Multnomah, Oregon, US Census 1920 Census-taker switched their birthplaces!</td>
<td>Residence</td>
<td>1920 US Census Jane Wheatley is widowed head of household on Michigan Avenue in Portland, Multnomah, Oregon, USA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Portland, Multnomah, Oregon, US Census 1920</td>
<td>Residence</td>
<td>Jane has died</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adopted Charles Bert Wheatley</td>
<td>Children</td>
<td>Moland Elizabeth “Minnie” Wheatley Gould (Adopted?); Jane says on 1910 Census she gave birth to no children</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30 December 1936</td>
<td>Death</td>
<td>24 December 1924</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Riverview Cemetery</td>
<td>Burial</td>
<td>Riverview Cemetery</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
All of this would be a simple, charming story about my family except for the Hollis connection and the many Janes in the family. You see, after meeting the Wheatley cousin, I realized some of the information I had collected was incorrect. Also, half the family trees on Ancestry.com are incorrect because of one little fact: there is also a Jane, born Hollis, in Eye, Northampton, England in 1848, who moved to Iowa, married William Wheatley (the grand-uncle of my grandmother Jennie Elizabeth Wheatley), and became Jane (Hollis) Wheatley. Eventually, William and Jane also moved to Portland. This Jane died in 1924. They are buried in River View Cemetery. Are we confused yet? I was.

I have enjoyed other people’s confusion over these names as well. They will say Jane, born Wheatley, is from Eye, Northampton, England (she was not.) The one that amused me most was the William Wheatley research. They claim he is from another family, but they have him marrying Jane, born Hollis. Also fun was the entry on one person’s tree that William died in 1909 (true) and married in 1911 (I’d guess not).

My own family says we are from the English town of Bath because a family member long ago visited Bath and saw a stone inscribed with that name. It is a VERY common name! I find all the family’s records very clearly in Cambridgeshire and nearby Norfolk. We are not from Bath. However, I do see a Jane Wheatley traveling from the port of New York to Liverpool in 1906. I wonder if this is our Jane, born Hollis, who made the trip. The stories about seeing the stone in Bath go back that far. Maybe she is my Jane. Wouldn’t you just love to be able to do a DNA test on somebody who lived 150 years ago?
It Started with an Obituary: The Boomerang Effect

Darrell D. Gulstrom

Imagine finding out that your best friend, who you grew up with, was related to you! Well, that happened to me, and we were both shocked.

Recently, I found a large collection of obituaries from Alice Wooldridge at the Genealogical Forum of Oregon (GFO). She had collected obituaries from the 1950s and 1960s. When she died, she gave the GFO her research papers, including the obituaries. They were from four newspapers in Coos and Curry Counties and there are hundreds of obituaries in this collection.

I noticed one that had been written by a friend’s mother back in the early 1960s. My friend Bruce Fain and I have known each other since the first grade at the Arago Grade School, Arago, Coos County, Oregon. We were best friends and did a lot of stuff together.

I sent the obituary to him because his mother had written it. His mother died in 2006, so I thought he would enjoy reading it. He appreciated it very much.

One thing I have known since we were kids is that Bruce was adopted. We never talked much about it, but I was aware of it. After I sent him the obituary, I asked him if he was ever interested in finding out about his biological family. He said he knew his parents’ names and that they had passed away. He said he would be interested in finding out about his brothers and sister.

He said his biological parents’ names were Archie and Stella Maggard, and he thought they were from Virginia. The Maggard name threw up a red flag in the back of my mind. I put a tree up on Ancestry and started getting hints. I found out that Bruce’s father and mother were both born in Pound, Wise County, Virginia. This is in the Cumberland Gap area. Remember that red flag? My grandparents, Troy Church and Neelia Hash, were both born in Pound. In fact, Archie was born in the same hollow where my grandmother grew up! Their families would have known each other.

I started going back into our ancestors. My third-great-grandmother was Anne Maggard. She was a second-great-aunt to Bruce. She was married to my third-great-grandfather Mathias Kelly Church. I encouraged Bruce to take the Ancestry DNA test. Within a month his name came up as a match on my DNA list.

We were both surprised! After knowing him for 55 years as a friend, we were now related, or I should say, we always have been related. Who would have guessed? I think my mother, Mary Ann Church (maiden name), would have been very excited to find out about this, but she passed in 2015.

In the meantime, I connected with a DNA match who showed up as a first cousin to Bruce and a fourth cousin to me. We figured that Bruce’s dad and the cousin’s dad were brothers. We are still working on that connection.

I then set out to find his siblings. Bruce knew he had three brothers and a sister. Bruce had talked to his older brother many years ago. He really had no desire to connect with Bruce. We knew that this brother had lived in Charleston, Coos County, Oregon. I posted a query on the “If you grew up in Coos Bay” Facebook page and asked if anyone had knowledge of the brother. I connected with an ex-brother-in-law and got a phone number for the older brother.

I reached out to him via phone. After all this time, he still was not interested in connecting with Bruce.

Being a persistent researcher, I didn’t let his older brother slow me down. I searched Facebook for Bruce’s younger brother. I found someone with his name, sent a message, and received a response. Instead of his brother, I had connected with Bruce’s older brother’s son. He told

Darrell Gulstrom and Bruce Fain. Photo by Gerald Maggard
me his dad was kind of grumpy but would eventually come around. He told me that Bruce’s younger brother had also been adopted. As a result, he had a different last name. He was living in Oklahoma! That’s something Bruce didn’t know. The nephew had his uncle’s phone number.

I was able to talk to Bruce’s younger brother, and he filled me in on what he knew about the family. He was born in 1959 in Myrtle Point, Coos County, Oregon, and was adopted when he was three months old. He had known about Bruce but had no way to find him. He was super excited being able to connect with Bruce.

Bruce’s nephew has been sending pictures to Bruce of the two brothers. Bruce can definitely see a resemblance. After about three weeks Bruce’s younger brother finally called and talked to Bruce. They plan to get together and hopefully connect with the older brother. I am still searching for their sister.

One thing I told Bruce is, “Friends you can choose but relatives you are stuck with!” This was an amazing revelation for both of us. I call it the boomerang effect. I was doing research for Bruce, and it came back to me. Never expected that one!

OBITUARIES AT THE GENEALOGICAL FORUM OF OREGON

GFO members have been clipping newspaper obituaries for decades. Many end up at our library where they are scanned and indexed. Others, including those collected by Alice Wooldridge, have been compiled into books. At present, we have over 30,000 names indexed on our website.

Below is a list of holdings at the GFO that include Oregon newspaper obituaries. Don’t have Oregon ancestors? Check the catalog. You may be surprised to find similar collections from the places where your ancestors lived and died.

Newspaper Clippings - 1937, 1938, and 1939: Mostly obituaries, but some anniversaries and family reunions, compiled by Nellie C. Hiday.

Index of the daily and Sunday Oregonian: 1914-1929.


Southwest Oregon obituaries. (1953-1958) and (1951-1971), compiled by Alice Margaret Hoover Wooldridge.


Newspaper obituaries and death notices: Astoria, Clatsop County, Oregon, compiled by Joyce Morrell.

Ashland Tidings, Ashland, Oregon, index, 1876-1927, v. 1-2, compiled by Lida Childers.

Democratic Times, Jacksonville, Oregon. (1871-1877) and (1901-1902), compiled by Ruby Lacy.

Medford Enquirer: 9 Feb 1900-3 July 1903, compiled by Lida Childers.


Jefferson County, Oregon community news, compiled by Pauline Hyman Chain.

Index to obituaries appearing in the Eugene Register-Guard, Eugene, Oregon (1973-1979), compiled by Oregon Genealogical Society.


Forest Grove Newspapers, Index #4: Obituaries 1873-1920.

Obituaries [for Washington County, Oregon], compiled by Gyneth Sue Balfour.

Wooden Scrapbook Index: Yamhill County, Oregon – Obituaries, compiled by Katherine Johnson.

Obituaries of some residents born before 1900: from News-Register (McMinnville, Oregon), The Oregonian (Portland, Oregon), December 10, 1997 - November 25, 1998.

To learn more about newspaper research, read “Finding Family in Newspaper Social Columns” in the March 2018 issue of The Bulletin.
Book Review

Tracing Your Irish Ancestors 5th Edition

Reviewed by Shannon Moon Leonetti

Author: John Grenham
Publisher: Genealogical Publishing Company
Publication Date: 2019
Pages: 650
Order from: Genealogical.com
GFO Call Number: 942 .How-To Gren 2019

John Grenham’s *Tracing your Irish Ancestors* is an enormous compendium of information readily accessible to anyone interested in genealogy or Irish family history. Its clear layout enables a researcher to jump right into the guts of the book. Don’t! Take the time to read the introduction. It is full of valuable information not only for using this book but for researching any Irish family history project. This may be the fifth edition, but Grenham does not assume that readers will have used previous volumes. He starts with some preliminary questions all researchers must ask: “What do I need to know before I start?” “Why am I doing this?” and “Now what?”

Genealogical research in Ireland has always depended on records that are more fragmented, localized, and difficult to access than almost anywhere else. The internet is changing that, and more and more records are coming online. *Tracing your Irish Ancestors* is an indispensable guide to what the records are, where they are, and what they mean. Grenham’s well-established and detailed guide has thorough descriptions of all the relevant sources and county-by-county reference lists, expanded, updated, and indexed to make the book easier to use than ever before. He includes detailed guides to Irish online records throughout the book, discussing the idiosyncrasies of the digital versions of sources and outlining research strategies.

According to Grenham, the first question he wants each of us to ask is if there is anyone living who might have answers about our family history before we start going through unwieldy numbers of records. Once that is answered, the research can begin. “To use the record resources fully, three types of information are vital: dates, names, and places,” says Grenham. “A single precise name and date can unlock all the other records.”

From that point on, Grenham acknowledges that there are more types of research tips than what he could publish in this book. He provides online resources and sources for identifying Irish place of origin in records found in various countries, such as the United States, Canada, and Great Britain. From here, his book goes into detail: where the records are in Ireland; how to use the General Register Office records; where the census records are and how to decipher them; a checklist of online Irish sources; and sources of Irish wills and occupational lists. Finally, he gets down to family names by county. These lists require a lot of scrutiny, but hopefully by this point the researcher will have enough information to find these truly useful.

For those researchers who have earlier editions of *Tracing Your Irish Ancestors* and are wondering if the latest version is necessary, Grenham says that the influx of digital resources is a major reason to peruse an updated version. Examples of records that have gone online since his 4th edition in 2012 include: images of the General Register Office (GRO) records at IrishGenealogy.ie, the Catholic Parish Records at the National Library of Ireland, a huge increase in digitized newspaper archives in Britain and Ireland, the amazing Registry of Deeds collection on FamilySearch, and the flood of
newly digitized Irish records produced by the competition between Ancestry.com and Findmypast. Grenham does recommend keeping earlier editions of the book because future editions will need to drop some earlier material to prevent them from becoming unmanageably huge! “This book has grown from 580 pages to 690,” he says, “bring a wheelbarrow!”

John Grenham was the first Genealogist-in-Residence at the Dublin City Library and Archive. He is a Fellow of both The Irish Genealogical Research Society and The Genealogical Society of Ireland. Since 2009, he has written the “Irish Roots” column for The Irish Times. He has also written at least nine other books on Irish ancestry, including The Little Book of Irish Clans, Clans and Families of Ireland, Irish Surnames, Irish Ancestors: A Pocket Guide to Your Family History, An Illustrated History of Ireland and The Atlantic Coast of Ireland.

From what I have learned, this book is by far the most comprehensive and clearly presented reference on Irish research methodology in print. It expands on many areas, in particular: digitization of records, online research, and rapidly changing and evolving genetic genealogy. Tracing your Irish Ancestors is user-friendly whether you are a seasoned genealogist or a newbie looking at your family history for the first time. Worthy of repetition is Grenham’s key to all ancestry research: “My one cast-iron rule of family history: You start from what you know and use it to find out more. Don’t begin with Attila the Hun and try to work forward to yourself. Take your granny and work back from her.”

DIGGING DEEPER with FamilySearch

GFO GenTalk Webinar

20 June 2 PM

Now that we’re all stuck at home with no repositories or libraries to visit, learning how to conduct more in-depth online research is essential! FamilySearch.org is an amazing free genealogy resource that you are probably already using at home, but are you really getting the results you want when 70% of their records can’t be found with a basic search?

Find out how to search deeper and smarter with tips and strategies from the GFO’s own Janice Sellers.

JANICE SELLERS

Janice Sellers has has been on the staff of LDS FamilySearch Centers since 2000. She has researched her own family since 1975 and conducted research for others since 2005. Before becoming a professional genealogist, she worked in publishing for many years as an editor, indexer, translator, and compositor.

A Pocket Guide to Your Family History, An Illustrated History of Ireland and The Atlantic Coast of Ireland.

- GFO Annual Membership Meeting at 2 p.m.
- GenTalk will start immediately after.
- Free LIVE webinar
- Webinar is FREE - Registration required at http://tinyurl.com/yccuhm8a
Book Review

How to Find Your Family History in U.S. Church Records: A Genealogist’s Guide

Reviewed by Margaret McCrea

The introduction to this book states that church records are a “surprisingly neglected resource.” Church records contain much that may be missing from other records. A civil marriage record may note only the date of the marriage and the county it took place in, but the church record will tell you the specific church where the wedding ceremony took place, who the officiant was, perhaps the names of the parents, and the names of the witnesses, who are often close relatives. Church records can open research doors in all directions. They sometimes indicate a person’s nationality or even their birthplace, their migration from church to church and therefore place to place, entry into the ministry, and even names of siblings or other details. I found the middle name of my great-grandmother in the baptismal record of one of her children.

Church records also show the growth of the congregation and its development. For example, I found that relatives of mine had not only purchased pews as part of the fundraising in a church that was being built but also pledged to provide pine boards for its construction. They also served as officers in various positions within the life of the congregation. Notes from committee meetings can be more interesting than one might expect!

The best way to approach this book is to read the first five chapters carefully and completely. They are so useful that I took pages and pages of notes. Sometimes I even put the book down and looked up the resource being discussed right then and there. Imagine my surprise when I found a handwritten record of an early church that I had not previously known about. I didn’t know that this denomination had a national library!

The first five chapters walk the reader through the process of identifying an ancestor’s church, tracking down and ordering church records, reading and understanding old church records, and checking other possible sources such as published church histories, denominational and regional church newspapers, ministers’ records, donation rolls and of course, cemeteries. The remaining twelve chapters are about specific denominations, all of them Protestant except the final chapter, which covers Roman Catholic records. All the major branches of Protestant churches are here such as Methodist, Baptist, Congregational, but also some of the smaller sects such as Mennonite and Amish, Dutch Reformed, and Quaker.

Clearly, much is missing. Jewish, Muslim, and Buddhist congregations are not here. The authors acknowledge this. In their introduction, the authors say “To include all faiths and carry them through the 20th century would have doubled the size of the book and postponed its completion indefinitely.... Many important faiths that have grown up in the U.S. or been brought here by immigrants are not represented in this book;... We would especially love to see more updated inventories and descriptions of the extant records of historically African American churches.” However, they did include African American resources in several places, especially
in the resources for Baptist and Methodist denominations. They generously encourage others to extend this work with research on its missing elements.

The search tips are probably the best resource offered by this book. In today’s world of massive information and a rapidly changing internet, books often go out of date almost as soon as they are printed. The advice on how to search for records, such as “town state church records” or “denomination state [or county] history” were terrific tools to stay abreast of new reference materials as they are uploaded to the internet or published either in print or digitally. Along with census records, birth/marriage/death records, land records, military service records and immigration records for your family’s history, do not forget to research the records from religious organizations. And along with this book, check the Genealogical Forum of Oregon library for print sources for church records. We have many of the books referenced in the bibliography.
William Brown’s son-in-law Robert McConahy murdered Brown’s entire family in one day, on 13 May 1840. McConahy’s original hanging was interrupted because the rope broke. He was finally hanged 6 November 1840. His final resting place is unknown.

First Man Hanged in Huntingdon County focuses on these murders and related events. Titus Wingert’s goal was to gather all the stories that had developed over the years. He found similar untrue stories for other time periods, which he sorted through to develop his conclusions. The book is a summary of court records, newspaper reports, and personal interviews with individuals who had ancestors living at the time of the events.

The area where the events took place is a very small community on Jacks Mountain, where everyone knows everyone else. This area of Pennsylvania became part of Huntingdon County in 1787. The geographic area is very well described. I have visited the area and greatly appreciate how the author has described the various geographical features. At the end of the book, there are several narrative descriptions of geographic and man-made features that are used by the local people to identify their surroundings.

The story is almost journalistic in style. The material is organized in historical sequence. References are often made to source documents. Many neighbors’ names are used when identifying the geographic features and where people were located. Wingert has made it is easy to understand, even with the complexity associated with reporting on the multiple murders committed by McConahy, in several different geographic localities, on the same day.

This story was very interesting to me, as I had an ancestor named William Brown from the very same mountain. This latter William Brown had moved to Ohio by 1804. The relationship between the two William Browns is not known.

Wingert has a curiosity for local history. He decided to collect the stories of the murders and hanging after he moved to the Jacks Mountain area in the early 1970s. He has no formal training in story writing. The material seems well researched and credible. There are sources but no endnotes or footnotes, nor is there a bibliography or an index.

This is an interesting book about history, practices, and geographic references for the local area around Jacks Mountain … all incorporated into a historical tale of murder and its aftermath. Those who have ancestors from the area would be very interested in this book.
In Memoriam

Donald “Don” Guy Houk
(1932–2020)

Donald Guy Houk passed away on 18 January 2020 in Tokyo, Japan. Donald became a life member of the Genealogical Forum of Oregon in 1991 and continued his support of the organization for the rest of his life.

Donald was born in Redmond, Deschutes County, Oregon, on 27 September 1932. He was the son of Bessie Elnora (Compton) and Jacob Guy Houk. Bessie’s parents, Samuel William and Nellie Bramble (Kinder) Compton, were early Oregon pioneers. Bessie’s father was the first sawmill operator in central Oregon. Jacob’s marriage to Bessie in 1917 brought together two long-time pioneer families who had both arrived in Oregon prior to statehood in 1859. Donald’s third-great-grandfather Richard Miller of Silverton, Marion County, Oregon, signed the Oregon Territory’s Provisional Constitution.

Donald had a passion for genealogy with over five decades of devoted research which included thousands of hours adding branches to his family lines. His work has been beneficial to his family, friends, and hundreds of historians. In addition to the GFO, Donald was a lifetime member of the Sons and Daughters of Oregon Pioneers, the Kiwanis Club, the Foreign Correspondents’ Club of Japan (FCCJ), the American Legion, the Fraternal Order of Eagles, and numerous genealogy groups.

Donald was known for his love for his family and friends, that infectious smile, his generosity, compassionate spirit, and kindness to everyone he encountered, as he never met a stranger. In his earlier years, he happily hosted several foreign exchange students from Germany and Mexico. Donald moved to Tokyo in 1977 while transferring from Union Pacific Railroad to K Line America.

Donald was preceded in death by his parents, adopted son Ikko Sano, an infant brother William Darrell Houk, sisters Irene May (Houk) Partin and Patsy Lee (Houk) Farquhar, and brother Leonard Bramble Houk. He is survived by his adopted family in Tokyo, Sachiko Sano, grandson Yuki Sano, granddaughter Saori and her husband Satoshi, and great-granddaughter Sayuka, “His Little Princess.” Also, several nieces and nephews, including Gary Houk, Belinda Houk Raymond, Tom Partin, Joyce Partin Houston, Karen Farquhar Gowdy, Linda Farquhar Minckler, Mike Farquhar, and a host of great-nieces and nephews.
In Memorim

Frank Joseph Grobli
(1939–2020)

Frank Joseph Grobli, a life member of the Genealogical Forum of Oregon, died on 18 January 2020 in Clark County, Washington. He was 80 years old.

Frank was born on a farm south of Salem, Marion County, Oregon, on 1 July 1939. His parents were Alois Joseph and Ruth Louella (Rogers) Grobli. He was the youngest of four children. Frank eventually settled with his parents and brother, Leo, on a farm out of Sifton, near Vancouver, Clark County, Washington, where he lived most of his life.

According to his family, Frank led a life that was simple yet full of work and pleasure. He graduated from Evergreen High School and then took business courses at various schools in the area. After completing his education, Frank was hired by the Armour Food Company and worked in their payroll and transportation departments until 1989. He spent the next 10 years working for the United States Postal Service out of their Portland distribution centers. Frank worked with the postal service until retiring to care for his brother, Leo.

At a very young age, Frank joined Washington Grange #82 and never looked back. During his lifetime commitment to the Grange, he held many different offices. Frank spent time helping with Washington Grange’s Junior Grange Program. He also became the self-appointed historian for both his local Grange and the Clark County (Pomona) Grange. Between the Grange and researching family genealogy, Frank kept himself very busy.

In 2014, the farm became too labor-intensive and demanding for Frank to deal with. He sold the farm, moved into a home not far from the family homestead, and retired from a farmer’s way of life.

On 4 December 2019, Frank fell in his backyard. He never fully recovered from this accident and passed away on 18 January 2020 in a care home in Hockinson, Clark County, Washington. Frank was preceded in death by his parents, Alois and Ruth Grobli and brother, Leo. He is survived by sisters, Lena Germann and Alice Collier; along with seven nephews and nieces and 15 great-nephews and great-nieces.
GFO CALENDAR: JUNE 2020

Tue June 2 10:00 am  ONLINE Italian Group
Wed June 3 10:00 am  ONLINE Learn & Chat
               1:00 pm  ONLINE DNA Q & A:
                       Beyond the Basics
Sat June 6  10:00 am  ONLINE Virginia Group
            1:00 pm  ONLINE German Group
Tue June 9  6:10 pm   ONLINE Board Meeting
Thur June 11 6:00 pm  ONLINE Q Review
Sat June 13 9:30 am  ONLINE Great Lakes Region Group
               12:00 pm  ONLINE DNA Beginner Group
Sun June 14 3:30 pm  ONLINE French Canada Group
Wed June 17 10:00 am  ONLINE Learn & Chat
               1:00 pm  ONLINE DNA Q&A: The Basics
               6:00 pm  ONLINE Irish Group
Sat June 20 12:00 pm  ONLINE African American Group
               2:00 pm  ONLINE Annual Membership Meeting
Sun June 21 12:00 pm  ONLINE Family Tree Maker Group

The GFO Library will remain closed in June.
Most SIGS are online!
Please verify at gfo.org/calendar