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The Life and Collections of Rose Ewing Watts (1868–1959) of Scappoose, Columbia County, Oregon

by Susan Olsen LeBlanc, AG®

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The Forum is a 501(c)(3) non-profit organization. All gifts and contributions may be tax deductible.

Federal Tax ID# 93-6026015 • ISSN 2374-2453 (print) • ISSN 2374-2461 (online)

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This periodical has been submitted to Allen County Public Library to be indexed in PERSI.

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Photo note: The cover image of Rose Arizona Ewing Watts, Grant’s Beloved Wife,” courtesy of the Watts family.
The Life and Collections of Rose Ewing Watts (1868–1959) of Scappoose, Columbia County, Oregon

Susan Olsen LeBlanc, AG®

When first entering the Watts house, it is amazing to see the care and maintenance put forth by the Scappoose Historical Society on this home, which was the pride and joy of Rose Ewing Watts. The home today is presented much as it was during the fifty-seven years that Rose lived there. With her husband, James Grant (J. G.) Watts, Rose shared her home with the Scappoose community. Most importantly, the records of the community were stored in the basement of the home and are still stored there today! From August 2016 to January 2019, those records were organized and arranged for future preservation by volunteers. During that process, I spent many hours in Rose’s home and came to admire her involvement in community affairs. This article will take you through her life events, some of the records now in the Watts House Collection, and a review of Rose’s contributions to her family, the church, the Ladies’ Aid Society, the Scappoose Garden Club, the City Library, and the Scappoose community.

Rose, born Arizona Rosemund Ewing on 25 December 1868 in Des Moines, Polk County, Illinois, was the second daughter of DeWilton Minor Ewing and Norah Jane England. Her siblings were Mary Arrisstiene Ewing, born on 6 May 1867 and died 3 October 1946 in Columbia County, Oregon; Noble Condon Ewing, born in 1872 and died in 1908; Lillie M. Ewing, born in 1875 and died 4 February 1922 in Multnomah County, Oregon; and Daisy Lydia Ewing, born in 1880 and died 13 October 1958. There is one unidentified sibling who was deceased by 1900. All of the children were noted to have been born in Iowa except Mary, who was born in Des Moines, Polk County, Illinois.

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1. Oregon State Archives, Oregon Death Certificate no. 1498, Rose E. Watts, 1959. She died at the district hospital in St. Helens, Oregon, from “Lobular Pneumonia 10 days and Diabetes Mellitus 14 yrs.” In the 1870 and 1880 U.S. Censuses and the 1885 Iowa Census, she is listed as Arizona Ewing. Other family records give her name as Arizona Rosemund Ewing.
2. Oregon State Archives, Oregon Death Certificate no. 6717, Mary Arrisstiene Ewing, 1946. She died at home in Scappoose, Oregon, from “Carcinoma—Abdominal, 1 year.” Verifies parents’ names and burial place.
4. 1900 U.S. census, Columbia County, Oregon, Oak Point Precinct, page 2, Enumeration District (ED) 2, DeWilton M. Ewing family; Family History Library (FHL) microfilm 1241346. The birth of this child is also confirmed in her mother Nora Ewing’s commitment interview.
in Nebraska. In 1870, the family was living in Delaware, Polk County, Iowa. Then, in 1880 and 1885, they were in Harlan, Shelby County, Iowa. By 1900, the Ewing family was living in Oak Point, Columbia County, Oregon.

Rose’s parents, her brother Noble, and her sisters Mary and Daisy are buried in Mayger Downing Cemetery in Rainier, Columbia County, Oregon. Lillie is buried at Lincoln Memorial in Portland.

DeWilton Minor Ewing, born 19 August 1841 in Indiana, enlisted in Company E, Iowa 39th Infantry Regiment on 3 September 1862 at the age of twenty-one.

He mustered out on 19 October 1862 as a private. The final mustered out date for the regiment was 2 August 1865, and he may have served through this time period. On 6 July 1866, DeWilton married Nora Jane England in Mahaska County, Iowa, and his name was recorded as Daniel W. Ewing. No record of a Civil War pension was found for DeWilton or Nora. There may be more information in his military service record. DeWilton died in 1904, but no further details about his death have been located. In the 1880 and 1900 census, he was listed as a farmer living in Oregon, and he owned his farm.

Nora Jane England was born 8 January 1843 in Iowa and died 20 November 1916 in the Oregon State Hospital, Salem, Marion County, Oregon, after a stay of 10 months, 11 days. Her remains were returned to Rainier for burial in the family plot. In the 1910 census, she was living with the family of James G. Watts and his wife, her daughter, Rose. Then, in 1915, Nora suffered from health problems that resulted in J. G. Watts, then the county clerk, petitioning for her commitment to the state hospital in 1916. The deaths of a child before 1900, her husband and a grandson in 1904, and her son in 1908, may have contributed to her decline.

This must have been a very difficult time for Rose. During her lifetime, she would experience the deaths of her parents and all her siblings.

**ROSE’S SIBLINGS**

Mary Ewing, Rose’s older sister, married Walter Severn on 28 September 1891 in Astoria, Clatsop County, Oregon, but the marriage did not last. In 1910, she was a teacher in Lacomb, Linn County, Oregon. On the 1920 census, she was listed as a single student at age 52 in Corvallis, Benton County, Oregon. In the 1927 yearbook...
for Rainier High School, she was listed in the faculty as a domestic science teacher. In 1930, Mary was a teacher in North Fruitland, Payette County, Idaho, 62 years old, and single. Then, in the 1940 census, she was listed as widowed, living in Scappoose.

Noble Ewing died at the age of 37 with no record of him having been married. He owned land at Oak Point, having come to Columbia County in about 1899 with his parents.

Lillie Ewing married Robert L. McLane in about 1896 (they later divorced) but is not found in the 1900 census. They had three known children: Nolon, Gladys (who was adopted by the Farnsworth family in 1906), and Rudolph.

Daisy Ewing, the youngest sibling, was enumerated on the 1900 census living with the James G. Watts family in Union, Columbia County, Oregon. Daisy married Mart Hazen on 10 October 1905 (they later divorced) and had four children: Norrold, John, Violet, and Mary. Daughters Violet and Mary were living with the James G. Watts family on the 1930 census, and their mother Daisy was listed as living in the Oregon State Insane Hospital.

**ROSE’S LIFE IN SCAPPOOSE**

This close-knit family surely impacted Rose in her formative years. The move to Oregon opened opportunities for Mary and Rose as teachers. Rose was in Columbia County by 1887 and was about 19 years old. What we don’t know is whether she came with her sister or anyone else in her family. The love of teaching would be the foundation of their lives and their involvement in the communities in which they lived. Daisy and Mary, Rose’s sisters, both lived in Scappoose at different periods of time.

Rose first taught in the Rainier school and then moved to Scappoose after accepting a marriage proposal from James Grant “J. G.” Watts. James was born 23 October 1864 in Scappoose and died there on 24 April 1956. He was the Columbia County school superintendent for eight years, and he proposed to Rose during that time. He also served on the Scappoose School Board for sixty years. While they each served the Scappoose community in different capacities, they also supported each other in their social responsibilities.

On 5 April 1890, a meeting was held to establish the Hesperian Society of Scappoose, and a list of those attending included J. G. Watts, Rose Ewing, and several other members of the Watts family. Rose was elected president of the group. The society’s focus was on literary studies and service to the community. There was a committee established in 1890, with J. G. Watts and E. M. Watts (J. G.’s mother), that was to procure decorations and presents and to put presents on the tree. Maude Watts (J. G.’s half-sister) was to prepare candy. W. T. Watts (J. G.’s brother) was to provide the

*In the desert a fountain is springing, In the world waste there is still a tree, A bird in the solitude singing, Which speaks to my spirit of thee.*

*Your true friend, Rose Aug. 23, ’89*

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15. 1930 U.S. census, Columbia County, Oregon, Scappoose, ED 5-31, sheet 3A, family of James G. Watts for Violet and Mary Hazen; FHL microfilm 234675. Also, 1930 U.S. census, Marion County, Oregon, Salem, ED 66, page 6A, Daisy Hazen; FHL microfilm 234682.


17. The Watts House Collection is found in the basement of the Watts House in Scappoose, Oregon. It is kept in a fireproof, water resistant, lateral file cabinet.
This group was the foundation for the Scappoose Congregational Church, which was established two years later on 27 December 1891. The building was dedicated on 5 November 1892. Rose was a member of the Scappoose Congregational Church for 68 years. She and J. G. enjoyed the fellowship of the members and contributed greatly to the church.

The marriage of J. G. Watts and Rose Ewing took place on 17 September 1890. The application for marriage was done at the Columbia County Courthouse, but they were married at the Esmond Hotel in Portland, along the waterfront. J. G.’s sister Minnie Watts was married to Daniel “Dee” W. Price at the same hotel on 2 February 1888. A marriage in Portland required transportation—most likely by train or a ship up the Columbia River. The two couples were life-long friends.

J. G. Watts established a corporation with his business partners, Mrs. Elizabeth Watts (his mother who died in 1920) and Dee W. Price, to manage business and land holdings. The corporation was dissolved in 1930 following Elizabeth’s death and the settling of her estate. J. G. Watts and Dee Price bought the building that housed the Watts and Price General Merchandise Store. Above the store, there was a hall where community and school activities were held. The Scappoose Library was originally housed in this hall until, after the fire of 1932, it was moved to the Watts house where it remained until 1959 when a dedicated building opened.


According to the 1900 census, the Ewings lived in Union, Columbia County, Oregon. They built their home in Scappoose in 1902 and resided there until their deaths, J. G. dying on 24 April 1956 and Rose dying on 31 January 1959. The complete plans for the building of the home, with drawings and the costs for every item, are in the Watts House Collection. The Price family had a matching home about a block away, but it was torn down many years ago.

Rose had lovely penmanship and was clerk or recorder for many of the town, church, and women’s organizations’ records. She signed her name as Rose E. Watts or

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18. Hesperian Society Scappoose, Oregon 1890–1893, Book found in the Watts House Collections. Of the collection of thirty-three church books, others of this time period include: Students Note Book 1891-1910; Y.P.S.C.E. Record Book #2 1892-1895; Scappoose Congregational Church Ladies Aid, Picture Album 1891–1929; and The Pilgrim Church Register and Record, 1891, 1911–1924. Many of the recordings in these books were written by Rose Ewing Watts. Notes taken by Susan LeBlanc.


22. 1900 U.S. census, Columbia County, Oregon, Union, ED 6, page 1, family of J. G. Watts, for Rose Watts and Daisy Watts; FHL microfilm 1241343.

23. Oregon State Archives, Oregon Death Certificate no. 3987, James Grant Watts. Died at Crestview Rest Home, Scappoose, Oregon of carcinoma of the prostate gland, cerebral apoplexy. He lived only nineteen days after moving to the rest home. Also, Oregon Death Certificate no. 1498 for Rose E. Watts.
Mrs. J. G. Watts. Rose also served as president for several time periods for these groups. Her leadership skills, and those of her closest friends, were critical in developing a strong community bond among the women. It is not often that we get such an inside perspective of women, but the records of the Ladies Aid Society and the Women’s Fellowship of Scappoose highlight the work and dedication of these groups. Within the Watts House Collection, there are three books from the Ladies Aid Society, 1924–1927, 1947–1951, and the Scappoose Congregational Church Ladies Aid Picture Album 1891–1926. In addition, there are three Women’s Fellowship Ledger Books 1951–1956, 1956–1963 and 1963–1974. The fact that the historic collection of the thirty-three church books was preserved is a credit to Rose, as she kept them in the basement of her home. These, and other books covering the history, government records, and a ledger from the store are now carefully maintained in a special fireproof and water-resistant lateral file.

On 25 March 1894, the Hesperian Society evolved into the Christian Endeavor Society and then formed the Library Club, with J. G. Watts as president of the club. It is interesting that Rose Watts is listed as the last of the founding members of the club. She would deliver her second child only a month later. It might be expected, that as a young mother of two small children, her community activities would become more limited. Rose served as a deaconess of the Scappoose Congregational Church and as the Sunday School superintendent during the early years of the church. Rose was admitted as a member of the newly formed church in 1891 by presenting a letter from her former congregation. Although J. G. worked in the church early on, he was not baptized until 1916.

Music filled their home. Rose was chorister for the church meetings. She shared her musical talents in many gatherings, rendering musical pieces with her family and friends. She served on the music committee, arranging the music and presentations for the group. Her daughters Hazel and Helen learned to play the organ while young and played at the meetings.

Helen wrote letters to the Scappoose Congregational Church after the death of her brother James in which she stated: “My grandmother Elizabeth M. Watts gave the property for the Scappoose Church and my parents Mr. and Mrs. James Grant Watts spent their life working for the same congregation. My sister Hazel Watts Cooke and I both played the organ for Sunday School and I sang in the choir many years.” Helen also commented that “Life in the village of Scappoose was ideal and I loved every moment of it. A fine family, nice friends, and a happy little town. The church was the ‘Center of Life’ and we all were taught to love and enjoy it. My parents loved young people always and when I was growing up the house and yard seemed very busy.”

About her brother James, Helen wrote, “He was such an endearing person but so hampered by ill health since his bout with scarlet fever when he was about eight. I remember how dreadfully I hated to leave him after my marriage, he was sixteen and very lonely. But he had a good life with Irene [his wife], and I am grateful for that. He worked hard over at the Cemetery.”

Rose Watts, undated, image courtesy of John Clothier.

24. Watts House Collections, small notebook of the Library Club formed 25 March 1894. It notes the formation of the club, Preamble, 12 Rules, List of Members including Rose and J. G. Watts, minutes from meetings including November 1895 with list of officers, a Look Out Committee, a Library Committee, a May 1896 list of members including J. G., but not Rose. Notes taken by Susan LeBlanc.
26. Ibid.
27. Ibid.
Rose's older daughter Hazel was a graduate of Portland Academy and Wellesley College. She was a teacher and composer of music living in Chicago, Cook County, Illinois, when she married Reverend Vernon Cook on 16 May 1917. For a time in 1907, Reverend Cook had served as pastor of the Scappoose Congregational Church. They lived in Illinois for many years. They had five children: Vernon, Lorna, Raymond, Virginia, and Helen.

Daughter Helen was serving as church organist in 1913. She later graduated from Oberlin College. Helen married Reverdy Clothier on 1 January 1924 in Columbia County, Oregon. They were living at Silver Creek, Chautauqua County, New York, in 1934 and later lived at Laguna Hills, Orange County, California. They had two children, Shirley and John.

It must have been hard for Rose when both daughters went east to attend school and then married and lived so far away. Rose took lengthy trips across the country to visit her daughters. She would be gone for a couple of months. On 7 September 1950, “a going away gift of a scarf was presented to Mrs. Watts (by the Ladies Aid Society), who with Mr. Watts is going to visit in the East.” Again, on 20 June 1957, the Ladies Aid Society minutes note, “Marie Van Cleave was spokesman in wishing Mrs. Watts a grand trip East and presenting her with a gift.”

In 1924, in the Ladies Aid Society Ledger Book 1924-1927, there is an accounting of the activities of this group. In the beginning, the meetings were often held in private homes. Rose opened her home to them often and usually served tea and refreshments afterwards. Women came from all around the county to participate in this group. These meeting dates varied over the years, but they met at least monthly and sometimes every two weeks. In the later years, they usually met at the church, especially when they had all-day work parties with lunch provided. There were 24 members when the society began, and everyone had a job to do. Rose was appointed to the Entertainment Committee with Mrs. Price and Mrs. Berg, and then to the Flower Committee with Mrs. Price. Rose would serve on those committees for years. She also taught devotionals and shared her religious beliefs. The Ladies Room at the church was eventually called the Watts room in honor of Elizabeth M. Watts, Rose's mother-in-law. Rose was a member of the Ladies Aid Society for 35 years and enjoyed serving with the women of the community, some of whom became friends for life.

The women's organization raised significant amounts of money in support of the church. The food they provided - lunches, dinners, picnics, food sold at the county fair, bazaars, etc., raised important funds. Other community groups, like the Kiwanis, the Garden Club, the Historical Society, or the Library, paid the ladies to serve dinners or teas. For the bazaars and other occasions, they did sewing projects, quilts being the most mentioned. The quilts were not usually sold but given to people in the community.

Their group met the social needs of the community, offering political discussions, drama, literature, and general discussions of current events. When there was someone in the community in need of support, they gave generously. They also made donations to international causes. News of illness or events in people's lives were recorded. In June 1924, a Miss Ewing was sick, and then “Mrs. Hazen was doing nicely at Good Samaritan hospital after 2 major operations.” On 28 June 1925, it was noted that Rose had hay fever.

In 1926 there were 65 members of the Ladies Aid Society. Those numbers varied over the years, but a strong core group of women carried on. On 9 January 1933, an interesting note is included in the church register: “Owing to the general depression the ladies could not report as much money taken in for its benevolence as in

Grant and Rose with Pearl Becker, undated, photo courtesy of the Watts family.
the preceding years. Their principal interests are paying on the Pastor’s salary, the notes at the bank and keeping up repairs on the Parsonage and any needy family in the parish." At that time there were over 100 church members.34 On 1 November 1951, a motion was made, seconded, and carried, that the Fellowship sponsor Mrs. Rose Watts for outstanding woman in a contest by American Association of University Women. In February 1952, a motion was made, seconded, and carried to give Mrs. Watts a robe as a Woman of Achievement in Scappoose in an A.A.U.W. contest.35

Rose was a lover of flowers, and the flower beds of her home were exceptional. When pictures were taken of her, she was often standing in the middle of one. She was active in the Scappoose Garden Club, which had its beginning 21 February 1928. At the initial meeting, the club established a constitution and bylaws. Officers were elected, and Rose was chosen vice-president. They met at Watts and Price Hall, and occasionally they would meet at the church. One of their first issues was dealing with moles. They were also involved in highway planting. Men in the community were equally involved, and this included Rose’s husband J. G. Watts.36

In a Garden Club ledger book dating from 22 April 1938 to 1943, Rose again was serving as vice-president and was chosen as chairman of the Library Committee. This appears to have been a lady’s club, though they did give honorary membership to four couples including the Watts and the Prices. Their official flower was the rose. The club offered lectures and classes, entered flower shows and the Rose Festival Parade in Portland, and they supported the state garden clubs. “Mrs. Watts, chairman, suggested that the Garden Club should keep arrangements of seasonal flowers in the Library. (At her home.) A shelf devoted to material of interest to flower growers and horticulturists has been placed in the hall of the City Library.” With the widening of the highway, they were interested in changes to the cemetery. At the 6 May 1941 meeting, “Mrs. Rose Watts gave an interesting talk on highways seen on her trip to the east coast.” In the minutes of January 1941, they note a telephone bill. By 1 June of 1942, the club was involved in the war efforts. Due to gas rationing, they limited their travel. They also purchased defense stamp books to support the war efforts.37 As noted in the last of three ledger books, Rose Watts was an active member in 1928 and from 1938 to 1959. She enjoyed membership for over twenty years with this organization.38

Rose had several close friends. While establishing the Scappoose Public Library in 1929, she worked closely with Caroline Dorris and Lena Berg, who were long-standing friends and associates of the church. In 1932, the library collection was moved to the Watts house. In her own words quoted in a newspaper article in 1959, shortly before her death, Rose stated that when the books were moved, “there were four to five thousand books at that time.” When sitting in the parlor it is incredible to imagine the bookshelves lining the walls, with books also found in the entryway and other places in the home. Another close friend, Pearl Becker, often drove J. G. and Rose to community functions. They shared a common interest in the history of the community and involvement in the church.

Rose worked as the committee chair for the Floral Fund, later called Flower & Sunshine Fund, for the Ladies Aid Society from 1924 to 1956. On 17 January 1957, Mrs. Watts finally turned “in her resignation of her chairman-ship of the flower fund & asked that a new chairman be appointed.” Finding someone to replace her must have been a challenge, as she continued to serve. At the same meeting, “Mrs. Watts offered to furnish the materials for this (quilt making). Mrs. Watts also donated a feather bed to be made into pillows.”39 Then, in March 1957, “Mrs.

34. Congregational Church, The Pilgrim Church Register and Record 1927–1936; Watts House Collections. Notes taken by Susan LeBlanc.
36. Scappoose Garden Club 1928 Ledger Book; Watts House Collections. Notes taken by Susan LeBlanc. This minute book was handed to Mrs. Dorris by the president of the Garden Club Asa Haliday and then given to Mrs. J. G. Watts, librarian of City Library 2 April 1952—to be kept on file in record department.
Watts donated her quilting frame to the fellowship. On 6 June 1957, she tried again: "Mrs. Watts resigned as Flower & Sunshine chairman, she reported $8.50 in the fund. Mrs. Watts reported that Ida Ann Watts Burns, a close relative of J. G., had passed away in California at the age of 91." She gave over 33 years of service doing what she greatly enjoyed, giving flowers to others.

Rose's life was challenging, and the hardest years were probably the three years following J. G.'s death in 1956. They were close companions in the work that engaged them both. Community news articles highlight their involvement. In 1955, they celebrated their 65th wedding anniversary. The Ladies Aid Society "voted to send a plant to Mr. & Mrs. Watts for their 65th wedding dinner on Sept 17th." At the 19 April 1956 meeting, the minutes included: "Mr. Watts reported failing quite fast." Then, on 3 May 1956, "To be recorded Mr. Watts passed away Monday, April 23, 1956." On 10 February 1959, it was noted, "Mrs. Rose Watts funeral Feb 2, 1959." J. G. and Rose Watts are buried side by side at Fairview Cemetery in Scappoose and are buried near other family members. It was also noted that "It was reported that Maude Watts Collier [J. G.'s half-sister] bequested $2,000 to Church and $1,000 to Library."

Rose was 90 years old when she passed away. She suffered from diabetes for 14 years and had pneumonia when she passed. Funeral cards and pictures are found in the Watts/Pearl Becker scrapbook held by the Columbia County Museum Association. The obituary notes that Rose was survived by daughters Mrs. Hazel Watts Cooke of Providence, Rhode Island, and Helen Watts Clothier of Silver Creek, New York, and one son, James L. Watts of Scappoose, seven grandchildren, and nineteen great grandchildren.

Rose Ewing Watts was loved and respected by family, friends, and associates because she was a unique woman. She lived through some very trying periods of personal, local, and national history. Within the Watts House Collection are found many records that portray a woman who often sacrificed herself for the betterment of others and her community. Like most women, her life may not be historically significant, yet she lived a life beyond the average woman.

THE WATTS HOUSE TODAY

The Watts House is located at 52432 SE 1st Street in Scappoose. It is a three-level home. On the ground floor, there is a parlor, dining room, morning/library room, kitchen, bathroom, front entry with a staircase, and another staircase in the rear of the house. The upstairs has a bathroom and four bedrooms: master, guest, children's, and a fourth used as a sewing room. There is a small room at the rear of the house that may have been a service room. The basement is an open floor plan that has been sectioned off for various historical displays. There are two exterior doors and a staircase going up to

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40. Ibid., page 109.
41. Ibid., page 110.
43. Ibid., page 104. His death certificate noted above lists date of death as 24 April 1956, but being off by a day is not uncommon.
44. Find A Grave (https://www.findagrave.com), memorial 43576204, "James Grant Watts," Fairview Cemetery, Scappoose, Columbia County, Oregon, created by Mark and Glorene Stevens.
45. Women's Fellowship Ledger Book 1956–1963, page 114. There was only one other Women's Fellowship Ledger Book 1963–1974 and it was not used for this story. Also, Find A Grave (https://www.findagrave.com), memorial 51572964, DeWilton Ewing, Majger Downing Cemetery, Rainier, Columbia County, Oregon, created by Mark and Glorene Stevens, 24 April 2010.
47. Watts/Pearl Becker Scrapbook, undated; Columbia County Museum Association. This contains important information on Rose Watts. It has a nice collection of items related to the Watts Family of Columbia County. Much of that information was copied and placed in notebooks at the Watts House in Scappoose, Oregon. Notes taken by Susan LeBlanc.
the kitchen. During the December holidays, a Christmas tree can be found in almost every room.

As one walks through the home, which has been staged to represent the time period that the family lived there, it is easy to picture the events that occurred during those years. With the births of the children, the home became a bustle of activity with the children and their friends. As the children grew, they knew a strong bond of love and the devotion of their parents. Increasingly over the years, all types of community activities took place in the parlor and dining areas of the home. During these occasions, Rose would entertain those present, often serving tea and desserts. Some of her recipes are recorded in the community cookbooks that are found within the Watts House Collection. There are also recipes from other women in the family.

Some of the recipes she shared included:

• Dressing for Fruit Salad 1909
• Fritters with Lemon Sauce 1924
• Ice Cream Puffs 1924
• Vinegar Pie 1924

ABOUT THE AUTHOR
Susan LeBlanc is an Accredited Genealogist with the International Commission for the Accreditation of Professional Genealogists (ICAPGen 2010 and 2015), specializing in New England research. She graduated from Brigham Young University in 2005 with a BGS/BA degree in Family History and an AA in Spanish. Her work includes over twenty years as a Family History Center researcher, family history consultant, genealogy instructor, lecturer, professional researcher, editor, and writer. She was a 2014 Salt Lake City Institute of Genealogy attendee where she was the recipient of the Jimmy Parker Scholarship. She also attended 2015 and 2017. Susan is currently associated with the Association of Professional Genealogists, Genealogical Forum of Oregon, Daughters of the American Revolution, and ICAPGen. She is a native of Oregon with New England roots and over fifty years of experience in genealogical research. She enjoys the thrill of the search and solving family history mysteries. Her husband David, six children, and six grandchildren patiently support her in this pursuit. Follow her blog at http://gophergenealogy.blogspot.com.

Patricia Oberndorf is due credit for her assistance in the work done on the Watts House Collection. She also contributed to finding documents and as a proofreader for this article. The volunteers at the Columbia County Museum Association, including Les Watters, the curator and photo and digitization specialist, generously assisted in the work of locating and scanning items for the collection. Their efforts made it possible to move forward on a project that will benefit the citizens of Columbia County far into the future.

If you would like more information on the collection, files are posted at http://gophergenealogy.blogspot.com. Visitors are welcome at the Watts House in Scappoose, and access to the records is available. You may want to plan a visit when they are hosting a Mother’s Tea, Christmas tree displays, or other community events. Please check out the Facebook page—https://www.facebook.com/Scappoose-Historical-Society-Watts-House-149440968451012/.

More Than a Statistic: John Spillan (1837–1906)

John Spillan, I’m your second-great-granddaughter, and I’ve been looking for you.

For years, you’ve been dropping me hints, bits and pieces of your story. Like many people who research their ancestors, I’ve found a few of your vitals—dates that place you in an era I can almost touch. But most of your story is still shrouded in mystery.

I will admit, at first, I was a bit embarrassed about you. One of the first things I learned about you was from your death certificate: died in Norristown, Pennsylvania, at the “State Hospital for the Insane” in 1906. This cold, hard fact stared at me for many years. But it was in your death certificate that your story started to come into focus.

In reading my other ancestors’ death certificates, I’ve learned that many died from strokes, so seeing that you died from a cerebral hemorrhage didn’t surprise me. It wasn’t until I stumbled on an 1896 newspaper clipping from the Allentown Leader (Pennsylvania) that I learned that you, an old and well-known resident of South Bethlehem, had been struck by an engine on the North Penn railroad crossing. The article told me you were badly cut on the head, but at that time it was believed you were “not fatally hurt.” You were 59 years old.

Reading that article struck me in my heart. At this point, I knew your wife, Margaret Mary (Allen), had died 16 years prior to your accident. And thanks to some research by Ken Raniere from the South Bethlehem Historical Society, I found out this accident happened close to where you lived. Perhaps you were on your way home from work.

I’ve been lucky to find pieces of your story using an internet search engine. One night while researching you, I found a second article about your accident. This one wasn’t as optimistic as the first one. The Morning Call, 18 November 1896: “Mr. Spillan May Not Recover.” You were still unconscious, and “fears for his recovery are entertained.” In this article, I learned you were taken to St. Luke’s Hospital.

Three generations of Spillans: Left to right, James “JD” Spillan (author’s grandfather), William D. “Bill” Spillan (author’s uncle who was born in 1927), and William David Spillan (author’s great-grandfather).

It was these two short newspaper articles that brought me to look deeper into the data on your death certificate.
Your doctor stated that he had “attended you” since February 19, 1897. That was 3 months after your accident occurred. This tells me that you were probably transferred from St. Luke’s to the state hospital at that time, perhaps because your injuries were so severe and long term that you couldn’t be kept at St. Luke’s. The doctor who signed your death certificate stated that he took care of you until you died, “9 years, 6 months, and 23 days” later. That’s a long time to live in a hospital, and I can’t imagine what it must have been like for you, with a severe head injury, living at the state hospital for the insane.

Although your death certificate says you were married, I know mistakes are sometimes made. Your wife Margaret Mary died in January of 1880. By the time the federal census was taken in June 1880, it stated you were a widower and your children’s ages ranged from 19 to 2 years old.

John, it’s now 113 years since you died. The unfortunate way your life ended, holding on for almost 10 years, shows me your tenacity and will to live. Your courage is also shown by being the first in our family to immigrate to the United States, providing for seven children, and taking care of them as a single father after your wife passed. As one of the first residents of South Bethlehem, you were well-known. The articles that I’ve found in the local papers indicate to me that people in your community cared about you. I’m certain I can speak for your son William David, your grandson James, and all those who descended from you, that we’re grateful for what you’ve given us—the strength and determination to make it through hard times. You were more than your accident, more than the hard facts staring at me through the decades on these documents. I look forward to learning more about you as I continue digging to find your stories.

Patricia Delich
Heirloom images of Elizabeth and Hannah Guy Awdry, William Wallace Ball, and his father, Isaac Ball III

Mark Grafe

My Uncle Bob (Robert Eugene Stutz) died recently at age 97. He was married to my mother’s sister, Mary Awdry (Radcliffe) Stutz. Aunt Mary, daughter of Heber and Ruth (Ball) Radcliffe, had acquired my grandparents’ interest in genealogy and collected family heirlooms. Prior to Uncle Bob’s memorial service, my cousins and I looked for genealogical artifacts among the collections at his house.

The Awdry family collections included a small red boxed Bible and Prayer Book, given to Elizabeth (Awdry) Radcliffe by “her Aunt.” There was a handwritten note by Elizabeth for her husband to use in church services.

Ownership of the portrait below can be traced from Aunt Mary to her father, Heber Radcliffe, to his cousin Atherton Radcliffe, and to Atherton’s father, Douglas Awdry Radcliffe (Reginald Radcliffe’s brother). Atherton had identified the small portrait as Elizabeth, the maternal grandmother of Douglas and Reginald, and great-grandmother to Heber Radcliffe. Neither Atherton nor my grandfather appear to have known Elizabeth (Guy) Awdry’s maiden name.

Another framed oval portrait has the artist’s signature, Julius Guy. Stella Gertrude McNiven, a second cousin to Heber, wrote in a letter that she always thought the lady in the bonnet was Peter Awdry’s wife, Elizabeth (Guy) Awdry. However, a closer look at the back revealed a faint caption, “Anna, drawn by Julius.” This oval portrait is possibly Elizabeth’s sister, Hannah (Guy) Awdry. Hannah lived with her sister Elizabeth after their husbands’ deaths. Hannah and her husband (who was Peter’s brother) had no children. Elizabeth and Hannah both died at Seend, Wiltshire County, England, in March of 1852.

Possibly Hannah (Guy) Awdry (1766–1852). The portrait by Julius Guy is about eight by ten inches and is held by the Stutz family.

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Elizabth (Guy) Awdry (1766–1852), the portrait miniature, held by the Stutz family, is re-produced here near its actual size.

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Ball family artifacts at Uncle Bob’s house included a daguerreotype image in a small case similar to one my mother inherited. It shows an image of her grandmother Glenn Lilla (Whitford) Ball when “Lillie” was a small child. When I opened the small ornamental case from Uncle Bob’s home, the interior cover opposite the image came off to reveal handwriting. I was surprised to read that the image was that of Lillie’s husband William Carver Ball, and his parents William Wallace Ball and Emeline Adelia (Wells) Ball.

This is only the second image I have seen labeled “Wm Wallace Ball.” The first, from the Radcliffe Family Archives, is shown in the chart above. There are several pictures of Emeline and Wm. Carver. Emeline was easily identified. The daguerreotype image of Wm. Wallace matched that of the much older Wm. Wallace, especially the nose and high forehead. The daguerreotype also reminded me of two unidentified images in locket/pins from an old blue jewelry box that I inherited from my mother.
When the images from the daguerreotype and the pin are stacked and one is made semitransparent in computer photo software, Wallace’s forehead, nose, lips, and chin all line up. The eyes are not too dissimilar. Even Wallace’s hairline matched when the images were lined up.

But there were two unidentified lockets in the old jewelry box from my mother’s top shelf! This older and smaller locket could be Wallace’s father, Isaac Ball III (1787–1865).

My grandparents took several genealogical trips back east to Chautauqua County, New York, nearby counties in Pennsylvania, and visited some of Isaac Ball’s descendants in California. I believe the smaller pin came from my grandmother Ruth (Ball) Radcliffe; it had been kept with the pin now identified as Wm. Wallace Ball. The smaller pin appears to be a generation older; the image is not a direct ancestor from the G. Lilla Whitford family for whom we have other images; and descendants of the James Wells (Emeline’s father) family have no similar images. Since Isaac Ball III had ten children, and all had families, hopefully another image of him exists.

I wish I knew more about the subjects, artists, photographers, locations, or how to better evaluate them. I doubt facial recognition software would work on hand-drawn portraits. I was not there when these portraits were painted, nor when the photographs were taken, but I’m positive my ancestors would be happy that the family still has these artifacts.

Rest in peace, Bob.
Why Gueriot?
How an Unusual Middle Name Unlocked More Than Four Centuries of Lost Family History—The Connection Between Louis Gueriot (1799–1888) of England and Felicité Gueriot (1767–Abt. 1823) of France

David Butt

EDITOR’S NOTE
Part One of “Why Gueriot” (The Bulletin, September 2019) introduced us to the Butt and Gueriot families who resided in London in the late 1700s. The author had traced his family to Louis Gueriot (1799–1888). While looking for Louis’s parents, he focused on the French surname and came across Felicité Gueriot, a refugee from the French Revolution and the author of several books, who was living in London at the turn of the century. In this conclusion, he strives to learn more about Felicité and her family.

PART TWO
The Gueriots and the French Revolution
My next coup, in October 2009, was to find an online republication of a 1901 cultural magazine, Bulletin de la Société d’émulation et des beaux arts du Bourbonnais. The relevant article was “Petit Coup de Grands Usuriers” (“A Small Victory for the Money Lenders”). The main theme of the article was that Felicité’s uncle, the future General Jean-Baptiste-Louis-Denis Gueriot des Rues, had, early in his career, guaranteed a loan to a fellow officer. The officer defaulted, and the usurers demanded payment from Gueriot, who appealed to the king but eventually repaid the loan. Included was a complete Gueriot family history including Felicité, her parents, aunts, uncles, and direct ancestors back to 1600. I learned that Felicité had two siblings:

Anne-Denise-Claire, who was four years older than Felicité. She married Jean-Pierre Guedet a local landowner. They had five children and many grandchildren.

Nicholas-Louis, her older brother, born 15 November 1762. In 1781, he and his sisters were named in land transactions from their maternal grandmother involving property (value 5406 livres) in the Saint Martin area; thereafter, they were usually referred to as “Gueriot Saint-Martin.” Nicholas-Louis had a military career and died in the Caribbean in 1802. He never married.

Genealogy and Property of the Gueriot Family
The family can be traced back to Etienne Gueriot, born about 1600 at Attigny in the Province of Champagne, close to the present-day Belgian frontier. Etienne’s grandson, Jacques, was officially classified as nobility when, in 1785, the family was put to some inconvenience validating their genealogical qualifications as applicants for commissions in the army.

I take up the story with Felicité’s grandfather Claude Etienne Gueriot who was born on the family estate at Attigny; he took over as the family patriarch following the death of his father in 1731. Claude’s younger children were all born in Chalons-sur-Marne, the capital city of the province, 50 kilometres south of Attigny. He died in 1755, and Felicité’s father, Marie-Louis, who was only twenty-one, inherited the position of patriarch. Marie-Louis continued to live in Chalons, but the family also owned a chateau at Saint Martin aux Champs, twenty kilometres south of Chalons.

At this point, I did not know when Felicité’s father died. Inheritance to the next generation depended on whether Marie-Louis died before or after his son Nicholas-Louis who died in 1802. Primogeniture (inheritance to eldest son) was abolished at the beginning of the Revolution and not re-established until the Restoration in 1816. The legal situation was further complicated by the fact that two branches of the family could claim significant shares of the property.
It was not until much later in my investigation that I got a partial resolution of this issue. In 2016, I subscribed to the French family tree website Geneanet and began a correspondence with Philippe Martin, who helped me understand the situation in France in 1801 and its influence on Félicité’s return. Philippe is a direct descendant of Félicité’s sister, Anne-Denise-Claire Guedet, who had a granddaughter, Clemence, whose husband, Emile Henri Battelier, took a serious interest in the preservation of the family history. Shortly before his death in 1910, Emile wrote in some detail to his granddaughter Jeanne Ravailler (Philippe’s ancestor). Philippe sent me copies of this correspondence. The relevant details are that Félicité’s father, Marie-Louis Gueriot, had a heart attack while walking on a street in Paris and was taken to the Hotel de Dieu (a charity hospital) where he died on 23 December 1800. He was not identified until three weeks later (15 January 1801), at which time Nicholas-Louis Gueriot wrote to his sisters from his home in Tours. Félicité returned to France the following month.

Emile Battelier’s correspondence informed me that after her father died, Félicité’s sister and her husband, Jean-Pierre Guedet, moved in as residents at the family estate at Saint Martin aux Champs, and they were still in residence in 1814 when the chateau was looted by Russian (Cossack) troops on their way to the Battle of Paris. Two family portraits were inherited by Clemence and passed on to her granddaughter, Jeanne Ravailler and thence to Philippe Martin who has them to this day. The portrait of Louis Durand de Blonzac, my seventh great-grandfather is from this source. Two similar portraits were inherited by Clemence’s brother, Adolphe.

Military Careers
After reading the “Petit Coup” article and having researched the Gueriot genealogy and property, I recognized that the military careers of the Gueriot family took place within a complex culture that also merited further research. I discovered an excellent book, The French Army 1750-1820: Careers, Talent and Merit by Rafe Blaufarb, that covers the social and political aspects of officer recruitment and promotion.

Pre-revolutionary reforms in 1781 had instituted a “genealogy test” designed to keep the officer corps exclusively in the hands of the aristocracy, specifically excluding the nouveau riche. The French differed from the English in their definition of the aristocracy. In England, the local landowner was a Justice of the Peace and appointed the vicars of the neighboring parishes: he was landed gentry, certainly not nobility. In France, the same landowner would have been nobility, provided that his estate had been in the family for four or more generations. These reforms were well enforced. Promotion, particularly in the artillery, was based as much on ability as on nepotism.

I did extensive online research on the detailed careers of General Gueriot des Rues and his nephew, Félicité’s brother, General Nicholas-Louis Gueriot Saint Martin. Napoleon’s official correspondence consistently distinguishes between “Gueriot des Rues” and “Gueriot Saint-Martin.”

Félicité’s brother, Nicholas-Louis Gueriot, entered artillery school at La Frere on 16 August 1781 as a contemporary, and probably a classmate, of Napoleon. In 1786, both he and Napoleon served as second lieutenants at Auxonne. They were surely well acquainted.

Nicholas-Louis was promoted to Captain in 1792, and in April 1793, he was nominated for a position as Adjutant General (Lieutenant-Colonel) in the Army of the Ardennes. In 1795, Napoleon recalled his old classmate to serve as Brigadier (Chief of Battalion). Nicholas-Louis fought in the battles of Lech and Kehl during the period June-December 1796. The campaign did not go well for the French, but must have gone well for Nicholas-Louis, because his promotion was confirmed in June 1797. In January 1798 Napoleon assigned Nicholas-Louis to the Armée d’Angleterre, and in February 1799, as General de Brigade and Commander of Artillery to the
10th Army, Batavia (Netherlands). In January 1800, he was mentioned in Napoleon's correspondence as being assigned to the Army of Italy, but that was countermanded a few weeks later by a "grant of leave of absence, convalescent." His leave was reviewed in April 1801 and extended until July 1801 when he was assigned to the Expeditionary Corps, San Domingo, with a rank of Head of Artillery Brigade. He died there of yellow fever.

A Marriage and Two Baptisms
I next researched Lewis's occupational history to see if he had started an apprenticeship. I posted a query to the website of the East London Family History Society. They had no relevant apprenticeship records, but they kindly provided three pieces of evidence regarding Felicité:

First, a marriage record for a Felicité Gueriot. The parish register for St. Andrew's Holborn, a London parish adjacent to Tottenham, contains the following entry: "John Nicholas Stephen Landragin and Johanna Felicity Gueriot both of this parish were married in this church by banns on the twenty second day of March in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-five." [Felicité was baptized Jeanne Felicité; Johanna is a plausible translation.]

Second, an adult baptism in 1825 in Dartford, Kent County. Martin Garrey Landragin said he had been born on 9 November 1795, son of John [Jean] Nicholas Stephen Landragin and Felicity (née Gueriot): abode: London; father's profession: foreigner. Martin's stated date of birth was only thirty weeks after the Landragin-Gueriot marriage.

Third, a baptismal record for Lewis, born 28 December 1799 and baptized in Marylebone 5 March 1800, parents Timothy Oliver and Felicité Gueriot, alias Landragin.

It has been suggested that there may have been two Felicité Gueriots: one the sister of a general, recipient of a Wilmot Committee pension and author of "L'Amie des Dames;" the other married to Landragin and mother of two sons. However, I have compared two signatures, on her Landragin marriage record and on her Wilmot Committee pension receipt. They are sufficiently similar that I am confident that they are by the same person.

In 1795 London, a marriage record was an important legal document with a standard format. It was signed by a licensed clergyman (of the Church of England), by the married couple, and by two witnesses. Baptismal and burial records, on the other hand, were taken less seriously; they were left to the discretion of the local priest who kept a book with one-line entries. Birth and death dates were included at the option of the clergy.

My next project involved tracking down information about the Landragin family in cooperation with a sister/brother pair (in Australia and France, respectively), who answered my Landragin query on Ancestry. In 1920, their grandfather, a recently retired schoolteacher, had paid a researcher in France to make preliminary enquiries about his Landragin ancestors. He followed up, making a month-long trip to Wasigny and Autry. The results of his research are summarized below:

- Jean Landragin came from a family of merchants in Wasigny, France (near to Reims).
- In September 1787, he was ordained a priest in the Saint Augustine Order.
- In 1790, he was appointed prior at Saint Medard de Grandpré (in Champagne).
- In May 1791, he took the Loyalty Oath (essentially resigning from the Church).
- In September 1792, Jean was present at the Carmes Abbey (the site of one of the worst atrocities of the Revolution).
- Martin Landragin's mother was guillotined during the Reign of Terror (1793–1794). If true, this would
rule out Felicité as Martin’s mother and place his birth before those dates.

• In March 1795, Jean married Felicité Gueriot in London.
• In March 1800, he was released from a Paris prison.
• In 1842, Jean and his siblings were named in a legal case involving a significant inheritance from their father.
• In November 1844, he died, being at that time at Curé [church official] at Autry, a small parish near to Grandpré.

I began to have serious doubts about Martin Landragin’s baptismal record. Felicité, in her book “La Paix” makes a significant remark to the effect that in England they have “no monasteries to corrupt the innocent youth, and their priests are not forced into a cruel (and unachievable) vow of chastity.” I have taken this an indirect confirmation of M. Godot’s statement that Martin was indeed Jean’s son, born in France, mother unknown.

Lewis’s baptismal record raises even more questions. I left this as an issue to be resolved at a later date.

A Surprising Turn of Events
In September 2015, my Landragin correspondent in Australia discovered a letter from “George R” to “Portland.” George R turned out to be King George III of England (the one who was careless enough to lose thirteen whole Colonies in 1776). The Duke of Portland was William Cavendish-Bentinck, a former and future prime minister, at that time (1800) serving as the Home Secretary.

Re: Felicité Gueriot, Remission
From George R.

Whereas Felicité Gueriot is now under Sentence of Imprisonment for one year in the House of Correction for the County of Middlesex for a Misdemeanor.

We, in consideration of some favorable circumstances humbly presented unto us in her behalf are graciously pleased to attend our Grace and Mercy unto her and to remit unto her such part of her said sentence of Imprisonment yet to be undergone and performed. Our Will and Pleasure therefore is that you cause her, the said Felicité Gueriot, to be forthwith discharged out of Custody; And for so doing, this shall be your Warrant.

Given at Our Court at Saint James, the Twenty-fourth day of July 1800 in the Fortieth year of our Reign.

Copy forwarded to:
Our Trusty and Well beloved Chairman and Justices of the Quarter Sessions of the Peace for the County of Middlesex, the Keeper of the House of Correction for the said County and all others whom it may concern.

By His Majesty’s Command - Signed - Portland

This find led to further research at the Metropolitan Archives in London that revealed Lewis Gueriot was born on 28 December 1799 at #7 Alsop’s Buildings in Marylebone and that:

At six PM on 25 January 1800 at Orchard Street in Marylebone, a male bastard child was abandoned to the great danger and peril of the said Male Bastard Child to the great Burthen and Damage of the said Parishioners, to the great scandal of nature, the evil example of all others in the like case, offending and against the Peace of our said Lord the King his Crown and Dignity.

The Alsop’s Buildings were “a row of well-built lofty houses on the north side of the New Road that leads from Tottenham Court Road toPaddington and nearly opposite the northern end of Baker Street.” An orphanage and workhouse were within a hundred yards of the Alsop’s Buildings. Orchard Street is the southward continuation of Baker Street (about half a mile south of the workhouse).

Felicité was observed at the scene of the crime, arrested, indicted, and her trial took place on 22 February 1800. The jury returned a verdict of guilty. Felicité was sentenced to one year in the House of Correction at Clerkenwell and committed accordingly.

In October 2015, I discovered another court record. On 5 June 1800, the Marylebone magistrates had judged a Mr. Charles Gabron to be the father of the illegitimate son of Felicité Gueriot Landragin, widow, and ordered him to pay for the maintenance of the child in the orphanage for nineteen weeks from 25 January 1800, when he was admitted, until 5 June 1800, when the judgment was made. Gabron was also ordered to pay five shillings per week thereafter. Gabron appealed the order, and it was quashed in October of that year.

Questions, Hints, and Hypotheses

I return to my original question: “Why Gueriot?” The name has been central to all previous research, but we still have more questions than answers. This search has encompassed eight generations of the family name. To summarize:

- In my generation, my cousin Roger Gueriot Butt has it as his middle name.
- In my parent’s generation, my uncle Walter Gueriot Butt, Roger’s dad, has it as his middle name.
- Walter Louis Butt, my grandfather, has no obvious Gueriot connection.
- Walter Butt Jr., my great-grandfather, has no obvious Gueriot connection.
- Walter Butt Sr., my second great-grandfather, married Eliza Gueriot.
- Eliza’s father, Louis Gueriot, my third great-grandfather was born in London in 1799; he was probably illegitimate.
- In the generation of my fourth great-grandparents, there are three Gueriot siblings: General Nicholas-Louis; Anne-Denise-Claire, married to Jean-Pierre Guedet; and Jeanne-Felicité, married to Jean Landragen. Their lives were disrupted by the French Revolution.
- In the generation of my fifth great-grandparents, Marie Louis Gueriot, born in 1734, father of the three previously named siblings, was, from 1755 until his death in 1800, the patriarch of a prosperous aristocrat family with estates in the Champagne. His ancestry has been traced back five more generations in the same area.

I take it as an established fact that my third great-grandfather Lewis Gueriot, and the abandoned bastard, are one and the same person.

The Magistrates Court of 1800 was very different from today. The Magistrate served as prosecuting attorney, a defense attorney was a rare luxury, and a jury was always involved. Given the known facts, I attempt to account for the verdict of the court and its repercussions:

- My first problem is that the verdict laid great emphasis on the statement that the abandoned child was a bastard. This designation should not be taken lightly; it would have had a serious impact on Lewis’s future life. Felicité would not have allowed such a designation if she had any alternative.
- But she did have an alternative. A court official could have walked a few hundred yards to the Church in Holborn and verified her marital status. A married woman cannot be the mother of a bastard child; her husband is the legal father, and they would have to go to considerable expense to prove otherwise.
- Why was Lewis baptized “Lewis Gueriot?”
  - “Landragin” would have been the obvious choice for a surname;
  - Timothy Oliver was named his father at baptism, “Oliver” would have been appropriate;
  - Charles Gabron had an outstanding paternity order registered with the same court, “Gabron” would have also been an appropriate surname.
- Where was Felicité’s husband? We know that he was in Paris on 29 March 1800 when he was released from the Sainte Pelagie prison. I assume that he was already in jail when Felicité was arrested: she said she was a widow at her arraignment—a plausible assumption if she knew that he had been arrested.
• Lewis was three weeks old and obviously in need of milk; Felicité probably could not afford a wet nurse, so this may have been a medical emergency.

• What were the “favourable circumstances humbly presented unto us” that caused the King to commute her sentence? I consider that a pardon would require at least a plausible answer about Lewis’s parentage.

In consideration of the above, I assume that Felicité was deliberately spreading confusion! She wanted to perpetuate the “Gueriot” name (she certainly succeeded in that!) and she wanted to shield Lewis’s true parents. If Felicité refused to cooperate with the magistrate, the court would have proceeded on the basis that, on a cold winter night, a deranged mother had dumped her starving, bastard child on a street corner; behavior that the court was bound to discourage.

It is certainly true that Marie-Louis Gueriot’s daughter, Felicité, was very much involved in the chaos surrounding Lewis Gueriot’s birth, and that she was reluctant to define their relationship.

However, I have concluded that her brother General Nicholas-Louis and his mistress are the most plausible candidates to be Lewis’s parents. Nicholas was next in line to be the head of a very rich family. He was officially assigned to the Armée d’Angleterre (encamped somewhere on the Channel, preparing to invade England) so Felicité would have had every reason to hide that information from the British authorities. Lewis’s mother may have traveled to London and delivered the baby there. Felicité would have been quite anxious to have her nephew, Lewis, baptized with the “Gueriot” surname so that he could inherit the family estate if her brother died after recognizing Lewis as his son and heir.

The year 1800 must have been the annus horriblis for both Felicité and for Jean. The year began with the problem of caring for her newborn nephew, Lewis. Then, there was Felicité’s arrest, internment, and release from jail. Meanwhile, her husband Jean spent some time in a Paris jail. The year ended with the death of her friend Mary Robinson, the death of her father, and her return to France in February 1801.

But what happened to Lewis? While reviewing the records once again, I had an inspiration: “Fanshaw!” Lewis’s third child (his first son) was christened Josiah Fanshaw Gueriot. As middle names often honor either ancestors or godparents, I hypothesized that maybe there was a Fanshaw family who had been part of Lewis’s childhood. A bit of research led me to Captain (future General) Edward Fanshaw (1785–1858) who had served as a junior engineer officer during the Napoleonic Wars.

Captain Fanshaw married Francis Mary Dalrymple in 1812.

The Dalrymple family were Scottish nobility, with family connections to the French nobility. General Sir Hew Dalrymple (1750–1830) had been the Governor of Guernsey (and later of Gibraltar). During the 1890s, the Dalrymple family lived on Manchester Square, quite close to Lewis’s birth location in Marylebone. If my hypothesis is accepted, the Dalrymples would have been an ideal choice as guardians when Felicité returned to France. That responsibility may have been transferred to the Fanshaw family as Louis got older.

Religious issues are relevant in tying the Gueriot and Fanshaw families together. The Fanshaws were deeply religious; three of their sons were ordained in the Church of England. Louis, on the other hand, fluctuated between the Church of England and the growing Wesleyan church. His first and second marriages were in the Church of England, but his third marriage was in a Wesleyan chapel. Eliza, his first child, was christened at the Wesleyan chapel (in Tottenham), but the next two (Louisa Maria and Josiah Fanshaw) were christened together in the Church of England (in Stratford Bow), possibly at the insistence of the Fanshaw family. All the remaining children were baptized in the Wesleyan Chapel in Shepton Mallet.

The research undertaken so far provides a plausible explanation for the fact that Lewis was given the Gueriot name, but it hardly accounts for the subsequent preservation of the family name. It certainly provides no clue as to why nobody in my generation knew the reason for that preservation. Louis may have assimilated some of the Gueriot family folklore, and he may have thought that one day justice would be done, and he would inherit the Gueriot estates. The claim may have had some validity.

in 1816, because primogeniture was reestablished during the Restoration, and an illegitimate son may have had some standing in the inheritance. Louis Gueriot spent 1883 with his daughter, Eliza Butt, and he may have persuaded her to keep the family name alive in order to pursue the claim on the Gueriot estates. The claim was obviously ridiculous, the estate having been settled eighty years previously. Eliza would have dismissed this as the senile ramblings of an old man.

I obviously have no real data to indicate how Eliza might have tried to accomplish the preservation of the Gueriot name. But the following scenario, a flight of my imagination, may not be too far from the truth.

In 1892, Eliza, age 68, had some unfinished business to address. She may have discussed this with her husband, Walter Butt (Senior). He may have been unsympathetic—a Butt family characteristic! Her son, Walter (Junior), may have been even less sympathetic. Her grandson, Walter Louis, my grandfather, age fourteen, would have been her last resort. I can imagine the following conversation:

Walter, I want to have a very serious conversation with you about my father, your great-grandfather, Louis Gueriot, who died ten years ago, when you were four. Dad was only two when his father, a General in Napoleon's army, died in 1802 in the Caribbean.

The reason I am telling you all this is that my Dad had a crazy idea that he had a valid claim to inherit a fortune and a castle in France. On his death bed, he made me promise two things: first that I would pursue the claim, and second that I would make sure the name "Gueriot" was kept alive, father to oldest son, for all future generations. So, I am asking you to help me to fulfill my promise. Obviously, the pursuit of the claim is out of the question, but it does seem reasonable to ask you to keep the family name alive. Will you do that for your Grandma?

There is another reason to honor his request. Your grandfather and I owe a lot to Louis Gueriot. Your grandfather had a difficult childhood. His father, Stephen, was a poor laborer in a brewery in Shepton Mallet. Stephen died when Grandpa was only a few months old, leaving your great-grandma Betsy Butt, a widow with three children. Then, seven years after Stephen died, Betsy had another son and there was some gossip about who was the father—but we won't go into that.

The reason I am telling you this long story is that it was Louis Gueriot who got the Betsy Butt family out of Shepton Mallet and gave them a new life in Chesham. He must have given her a lot of money because all four of her children did very well. Your Uncle Henry, the illegitimate one, is a millionaire, owner of a shoe manufacturing business, and your Grandpa and I did quite well in Derby.

Of course, this conversation never happened; it is not the sort of conversation that a Victorian grandmother would have had with her fourteen-year-old grandson. She probably just said:

You probably do not remember your great-grandfather Louis Gueriot, who died in this house when you were four. This family owes a lot to my father, and I promised him that I would make sure that the name "Gueriot" would be kept alive, father to oldest son, for all future generations. So, I am asking you to help me to fulfill that promise. Don't ask me why, it is complicated. Just do it because your great-grandpa and your grandma asked you to do it.

So, my grandpa was just obeying orders, as was Uncle Wally.

The "Gueriot" tradition died when my cousin Roger Gueriot Butt had daughters but no grandchildren. My cousin Peter had no children. The senior branch of the Butt/Gueriot family sacrifices any claim to the estates in France. Perhaps my son and my grandson would like to add a new middle name and inherit the claims. Good luck!

A Postscript

This story began with the question: "Why Gueriot?" and concluded with answers that, I hope, should be plausible to some degree. The title of the previous chapter, "Questions, Hints, and Hypotheses," seems appropriate. The scenario is not presented as an exact representation of historical fact but the underlying theories, based on good circumstantial evidence, are unlikely to be contradicted.

The circumstantial evidence seems to fall into two categories: social status and financial resources.

• Louis Gueriot’s extreme attachment to his surname cannot be accounted for as purely sentimental; it must have been inspired by some other motive. The only motive that appears valid to me is that he had a sincere, if misguided, belief in the validity of his claim to the Gueriot estates in Champagne, and his only ground for this claim was that he was the direct descendant of Marie Louis Gueriot. Furthermore, this claim has validity only if he had certain knowledge that General Nicholas Louis Gueriot was his father. If he had any doubt about that, he would surely have realized that there was no shortage of more senior claimants; starting with Felicité’s older sister, Anne-Denise-Claire, and continuing with Marie Louis Gueriot’s siblings, all of whom had better claims than Felicité and certainly better claims that himself.

• Felicité required a high social status to receive a royal pardon.
She also needed some social status to persuade 40 school owners to subscribe to the publication of a 250-page book.

Martin Landragin needed some financial resources to raise himself from illegitimate orphan refugee to gentleman.

Betsy Butt, who raised four highly-successful children, including one future millionaire, certainly needed substantial financial resources to start a new life, in a distant town, as the poor widow of a brewer’s laborer with an illegitimate child.

I am totally convinced that General Nicholas-Louis Gueriot was Lewis’s father. I am also convinced that my cousin Roger and my uncle Wally got their middle name at the insistence of my grandpa, who had been bullied into making that commitment at the age of fourteen by his grandmother, Eliza.

Previously, I brought my story up to February 1801 when Felicité Gueriot returned to France. What happened after that? I take up the story with my best guess account of the subsequent life stories of the principal actors:

**General Nicholas-Louis Gueriot, the new head of the family**

Nicholas-Louis had an outstanding military career, probably sponsored by his friend Napoleon, but something went seriously wrong in 1800. Officially he was put on “leave of absence, convalescent”; this may have been due to war wounds but, alternatively, he may have been sidelined for other reasons. Napoleon set very high moral standards for his officers and Nicholas-Louis’s philandering may have overstepped the limits. The assignment to Santo Domingo was hardly a promotion.

He would certainly have inherited the position of the family patriarch on the death of his father in December 1800, but I can only speculate on the legal situation after his own death in Santo Domingo in June 1802. Under primogeniture (which was legally in abeyance until 1816), Nicholas-Louis may have inherited some or all of the de Belseaux property when his uncle, Jean-Jacques-Louis Gueriot de Belseaux, died in April 1802. If so, he survived his uncle by only two months, leaving a potential legal nightmare. Felicité’s married sister and her husband Jean-Pierre Guedet certainly took over as custodians of whatever remained of the family estate at Saint Martin aux Champs after her father died, and they were still in residence as late as 1814.

In this situation, much of the family property may have passed to Nicholas-Louis’s cousin, Jean-Charles-Jacques-Louis de Belseaux. These complications may have resulted in some animosity. The family was certainly not averse to litigation. In 1807, retired General Gueriot des Rues politely declined an invitation to get involved in a contested inheritance involving property in Guadeloupe that went back three generations to Louis Durand de Blonzac.

**Felicité Gueriot & Jean Landragin**

It may be argued that Felicité was only the aunt of my great-great-great-grandfather. Nevertheless, she was front-center-stage throughout the project, and she continues in that role as my favorite relation. There is no doubt that Felicité was born to an aristocrat family, but in 1908, Emile Battellier sent a “filiation” document to his granddaughter in which Felicité is described as: “sister of the above Anne Denise Claire; died without issue; absent; no-one knows where she is according to family papers: Born 18 May 1767.” This may imply that Felicité had been stricken from the family records; there are many plausible explanations for this:

• Earlier, I noted that Felicité’s departure from France may have been caused by a family conflict when her fiancée joined the counter revolutionary Armée des Princes, while her brother and her uncle remained loyal to the revolution. Such animosity may persevere for longer than it should.

• The family may have objected to her marriage. Jean Landragin had three strikes against him: he had been an ordained priest; he had taken the Oath of Allegiance; and his family business, being highly successful in a major battlefield area, may have been engaged in wartime profiteering.

• Felicité and her brother Nicholas were both in France during most of the year 1801. Their father was dead, so Nicholas was the head of the family, and he may have demanded that the family take some recognition of his son (baby Nicholas, in London). Felicité may have taken his side while her sister opposed any such recognition. In 1802, Nicholas was dead, and Felicité would have given up the fight.

My present assumption is that Jean (as the oldest son) took over his father’s business and prospered. He and Felicité lived happily together in Wasigny from 1802 until her death sometime during the 1820s; possibly sharing their good fortune (anonymously?) with his son, Martin, and her nephew, Louis. Felicité’s death would have enabled Jean to return to the priesthood. In negotiations with the Church, Jean would have surrendered all of his worldly goods (which were substantial) in return for a position as Curé at Autry.

**The next generation in England**

Lewis Gueriot was an unwelcome imposition on Felicité; she did her best for him, but he was her brother’s responsibility, and she expected Nicholas to do his duty. Felicité returned to France in February 1801, and Nicholas-Louis did not sail for Santo Domingo until November, so they would certainly have had ample opportunities to make plans for Lewis’s future. Meanwhile, Lewis was left in the care of the Dalrymple family, and this arrangement became more or less permanent when the war was resumed, and Nicholas-Louis died. Financial arrangements were irrelevant; the Dalrymple family was rich, and Lewis was more or less adopted into their family. Lewis was sixteen and probably in a boarding school when the war ended in 1816. Frances Mary Dalrymple was recently married to Captain (future General) Edward Fanshaw; the Fanshaws took over as Lewis’s guardians and were godparents when his first son was baptized. That relationship may have been soured by Lewis’s conversion to Methodism. The Fanshaw family was deeply religious, and religious differences may have led to an estrangement and possibly to the family move to Shepton Mallet.

Most of Felicité’s émigré friends, would have remained in London until King Louis XVIII returned to Paris in 1814, but not all émigrés returned with him; many had established roots in England and remained there for the rest of their lives. Lewis Gueriot’s guardians may have sent him to a French boarding school, either at Hartwell or Mickleham, in order to maintain his French heritage. Lewis would have been fourteen when the court moved back to France, so he may have maintained contact with some of Felicité’s friends well into his teens. Twenty years later, Betsy Butt moved her family to Chesham in Buckinghamshire, and I have speculated that Louis Gueriot may have facilitated that move. Chesham is only fifteen miles from Hartwell House, and this location may have been influenced by his happy childhood memories. It may also be relevant that Lewis Gueriot’s youngest son, a carpenter, spent most of his adult life as a grammar-school teacher at Mickleham; a town with strong émigré associations.

I am also convinced that Louis inherited a legacy from his Aunt Felicité, and that he shared this good fortune with Betsy Butt, his future sister-in-law. The chronology lends some support to the hypothesis. Felicité would have been 62 in 1829, (a typical life span). Louis may have lost financial support from his Fanshaw guardians at about that time and replaced it with a significant legacy from his Aunt Felicité. This would have facilitated the move to Shepton Mallet and his venture into the tea dealership.

Martin Landragin lived all of his adult life in Bethnal Green, so this is most likely the area where he grew up. He certainly had a happier childhood experience than Oliver Twist, who was another orphan, abandoned in Bethnal Green. Felicité and Martin may have had a stepmother/stepson relationship in the interval between Felicité’s marriage and her incarceration. When Felicité returned to France in 1801, Martin may have been as old as ten, old enough to have memories of her. On the other hand, Jean may have handed young Martin over to foster parents before he married Felicité. In which case, Martin may have had no memories of her (or of Jean?). Martin’s foster parents would have received regular payments through the Catholic Church. These payments may have increased as Jean’s business prospered in Wasigny. In 1842, Jean Landragin, priest, shared in a significant inheritance (one-seventh of his father’s estate, re-assigned on the death of an unmarried sister). As a priest, Jean could not inherit directly, but he may have been able to transfer a part of the inheritance to his son Martin Landragin and to his deceased wife’s nephew, Louis Gueriot. This could have given Martin Landragin’s business a major advance and also facilitated Louis’s venture into the tea trade. It was probably a major factor in the Butt family move to Chesham. Betsy’s son, Henry, may have been a major beneficiary; he was born the illegitimate son of a poor widow and died a millionaire.
The two boys, Martin and Lewis, present an interesting contrast; the documentary evidence, taken at face value, clearly supports the idea that they were half-brothers, and a slightly different interpretation even supports the idea that they were full brothers. My interpretation outlined above suggests that they were unrelated (genetically). I follow my interpretation and contrast their life histories:

- Lewis appears to have imbibed some French culture. He baptized his children with French names and kept the surname alive (for five generations). Martin was one hundred percent British; his father was a “foreigner” (not a Frenchman).

- My hypotheses imply that Martin’s childhood was in a lower-middle-class environment (an apprentice with a Huguenot family), while Lewis was definitely upper-middle class (or higher). His guardian, Frances Mary Dalrymple, was the daughter of a baronet and the wife of a general. Lewis probably attended boarding school.

- Martin had upward mobility. He certainly completed an apprenticeship, founded a successful business and died “a gentleman.” Lewis followed the reverse path; he failed to complete his apprenticeship; described himself as an “assistant” when he was seventy; his son-in-law paid for his funeral.

- When Louis married his second wife in 1853, Martin was living within half a mile of their wedding location in Bethnal Green. Louis’s witnesses were his daughter, who came all the way from Buckinghamshire, and his friend, the Chapel custodian. There is no evidence that Martin was present. My conclusion is that the boys probably did not even know of each other’s existence.

Sources, Summaries, and Contributors

Over the course of this project, I have consulted many books as well as original documents. I have benefited greatly from contributions by some generous fellow genealogists. The complete list of references runs to five pages and is indispensable for me and available upon request. Here are a few of them:

1. Family History Library microfilm reels which at the time were available at my local Family History Center (for the early Butt family genealogy in Shepton Mallet).

2. Ancestry.com (for UK Census returns and many contacts with distant relatives).

3. FreeBMD—a web index for Birth, Marriage, and Death Certificates.

4. The General Records Office in the United Kingdom (for paper copies of Birth, Marriage, and Death Certificates).
5. The National Archives in London (for The Wilmot Committee Records and for the Minutes of the Privy Council).
6. The record of the Felicité Gueriot /Jean Landragin marriage.
7. The baptismal record for Lewis Gueriot.
8. King George’s get-out-of-jail letter to the Home Secretary.
9. The City of London Archives in London (for the court records of Felicité’s arrest and trial and for Gabron’s child support case).
16. “Perdita, the Memoirs of Mary Robinson”—Autobiography, the first half of her life.
17. “Perdita, the literary theatrical scandalous life of Mary Robinson”—by Paula Byrne
20. Napoleon’s correspondence relating to the careers of two Gueriot officers.
21. Correspondence with Philippe Martin relating to Gueriot family history.
22. The Adult Baptism Record for Martin Landragin.
23. Correspondence with Clare and Chris Staines about the Landragin family.
24. G. G. Landragin’s 1924 research, including the interview with M. Godot and the procès-verbal (trial report) relating to a Landragin inheritance.
27. “Prosopographie Génovéfaine”—by Nicholas Petit. (for Jean Landragin’s career)

Editor’s Note
This article was condensed from a much longer piece by David Butt. The original contained additional sources, timelines, and extensive references to the time period and the historical figures mentioned in this text. A copy of David’s entire article is available by request.
The Bulletin

December, 2019

The Life Story of Joe “Josie” Birdsong Darden (1875–1969) and Her Husband, John Beaufort Doggett (1873–1953)

PREFACE

Joe “Josie” Birdsong Darden Doggett wrote her life story the winter of 1953–1954 following the death of her husband, John Beaufort Doggett. She had records of births and deaths, but other details were written from memory. She lived alone that winter and enjoyed reliving her life through happy and sad memories.

Jane Doggett McGarvin
(granddaughter)

Editors Note: Most of the wording and punctuation remains as in the original. The story captures the memories of the author using the language of her time, including phrases we would not use today. Only a few edits have been made to improve clarity. Family photos are from the collection of Jane Doggett McGarvin. In Part Two (September 2019 Bulletin), Josie told of her family’s time in Oklahoma. She shared stories about the land, the family’s moves, and the day-to-day life. Josie’s future husband, John Doggett, who had remained in Texas, had come to visit her. But they decided to postpone marriage for a time. In Part Three, Josie’s life was about to change again.

Josie Birdsong Darden - This was taken in Weatherford, Texas, on my first trip back after going to Oklahoma, at age 22. A lady friend and I, with her 16-year-old son and several small children, made the trip back in a wagon. Hundred miles of the country thru which we passed, hadn’t been opened for settlement and saw Indians on their ponies. Had to ferry Red River into Texas so had to spend the night on bank waiting for ferry with horses tied to wagon top. Was a bright moonlight nite. I didn’t sleep much. Afraid the horses would step on me. I returned by train to El Reno, Oklahoma.

Josie Birdsong Darden Doggett 1875-1969

John Beaufort Doggett 1873-1953

Selected Family of “Dad” and “Josie” (Darden) Doggett
Our Lives — A Memoir
Josie Doggett

PART THREE

Setting Up Housekeeping
I taught one year in Oklahoma in a new school building named Friendship. I had a State Certificate when I left Texas but had to go to Normal School in Cloud Chief and get a Teaching Certificate in Oklahoma. Friendship was about three miles from home, and I needed a horse to ride.

There was a family that came through the country that had a small black mare for sale and said he would take $14 for her, so I bought her. I had a side saddle, so I was fixed for traveling. She was bred, so I got a nice bay mare that I named Nell.

When Dad [John Doggett] and I were married, he had to have a team, so he bought a pony named Buck for $18. They made a small but good team. Dad brought his saddle with him, so we were fixed for riding. Father loaned us what tools we needed and the wagon to do our hauling. We got a cow to milk for her pasture from a neighbor and Mamma gave me some hens, so we set up housekeeping. We didn't have a fine housekeeping outfit. I had to spend some time on the homestead, so I had a bed and a few other things. My cookstove was small but did good baking.

John B. Doggett - This picture was taken for me as he left for a job in West Texas, building bridges. This is the earliest picture that I ever saw of him. He was about 22 at the time.


There were no hospitals or nurses and the doctor went to the homes and left medicine to be given. A neighbor had a very sick girl and I offered to help take care of her. Their house was one room and a shed room, and they had several children. I stayed for several days and nights and was worn out so went home to get some rest but went back, and the girl got better. No one thought of pay for such a thing as we were neighbors and it was a duty to do such a thing. They appreciated my help so much that they gave me my stove, as a relative had given it to them and they didn't need it.

I had bought a sewing machine and I used the crate as a foundation for my cupboard. I nailed it to the walls in the northeast corner of the room. There was a shelf all the way around the room of the lumber the walls were nailed on. This made a good resting place for my cupboard. We had long sacks of white goods almost like tent material to pick cotton in. The ends would wear out by being dragged over the ground but that left good material that could be used. I covered my cupboard with that material as the crate was just a frame and I made a door to it with hinges.

I also made a carpet for the floor of the left over from worn cotton sacks. I had what dishes we needed but Dad bought a frying pan and lumber to make a dining table. I had a big trunk, and Dad bought a big trunk. I don’t remember about our chairs.

Dad brought our first groceries. Brother [Walter] met him at Mountain View when he came for us to get married. The frying pan is all I have that we started out with as the fire [at Mount Hood, Oregon, in 1910] got everything else, and the pan was rather warped but came out of it.

Early Married Life

We were married on Sunday evening, March 18, 1900, at my father’s home near Cloud Chief, Oklahoma, by a Methodist minister, Jesse Fulton.2 Dad had to borrow $50 from his brother Dick to get started. I had all the corn we needed.

The neighbors that I had gone with were there. Dad slept in my dugout and dressed there and came up alone. Father had made an opening in the east end of the dugout so it would be cooler but hadn’t got steps made so Dad came in that room and we met the crowd and minister in the front room. Father had put a partition in the dugout. It took so much hard work to go on a place of raw prairie land and make a home of it that we did without things till we made the money and had the time for things. We soon left after we were married, in a wagon with the same couples that I had gone with, as there was a singing at Friendship. We went to our home when we returned from the singing. The folks stayed for a while, but I don’t remember serving them anything to eat and I know we didn’t have much water as all drinking water was hauled and I didn’t have a well at that time. Dad’s first job must have been to haul a barrel of water. If I had had a well, the water wouldn’t have been good to drink.

March 18 was rather late to start farming, but we were happy and had the determination to make a go of it. We had about 35 acres of good land that had to be broken with our little pony team. A boy had a small team of mules that he was glad to let someone have for their feed, so offered them to Dad and he was glad to get them. He worked the four in plowing. He had a hard time getting them harnessed. Took both of us. He would tie them to one wheel of the wagon and pull the rope around the mule and tie to the other wheel and the mule would jump up and down so much he would shake the wagon. I don’t think they were so bad after he got them harnessed. I looked out one day and Dad was having a time getting them hitched to the harrow, so I went to help him, and we got them back in place. We planted corn and cotton for our crop and a big garden and sweet potatoes.

Father and Dad worked together as Brother had filed on a place near Elk City in Roger Mills County. That left Father without much help and five small children, Sister Nenie and Mamma to support. It was early in April before they planted corn and a snow storm stopped them but didn’t stay on ground. We had a big cotton crop and Dad had said we would get certain things if he got so many bales, and we made a much better crop than he expected, so we did improving and bought some things for the house.

I think the first thing he bought was a nice cook stove and he got home after dark with it and nothing would do but we must unload it and put it up that night. By putting some planks over the steps that led down into the dugout, he slid it down and we got it set up.

A neighbor was expecting a baby and got me to do her washing for her for a while on the washboard. No washing machines then, but the washboards were metal like we have now. She paid me and I bought lumber to floor the dugout and we were so proud! The carpet was used to cover the dirt walls. Dad made me a nice dresser with doors instead of drawers, but he fixed it like a bought dresser. (That is, hung the mirror like a bought dresser.) We had some lumber left so I made a washstand to match. I always loved to do such work. Would have been a carpenter if I had been a man. I raised chickens, so we had eggs to sell, and I took them to the store horseback in a big bucket. I rode sidesaddle and could take them in my lap and would trade them for groceries. My hen house was made of cornstalks fastened around a frame and covered the same way. Coyotes were bad and they caught some of my chickens. We built a good barn and got our wagon that year. We didn’t require much money for eats, as we raised a good garden and had our milk and butter and the hens bought most the other things we needed.

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Our recreation was attending church or Sunday School on Sunday and going home with a neighbor or having a neighbor come with you and spending the time visiting. There were no phones, no autos, no picture shows, and few buggies or hacks when we were married, but the country advanced fast as the railroads were built and the land put in cultivation. Wasn’t long till dugouts were replaced with houses. Lumber had to be shipped in, so was very high, and most of our living was raised at home so we could use the money for clothes, and we didn’t dress like we do today. Bought the goods and made our clothes, except suits and wraps. We felt well dressed in a calico dress that cost 10 cents a yard but the goods [fabric] was only 27 inches wide, so took more to make a dress and they were ankle length.

Dad and I rode our horses till we got our wagon. Dollie was the name of my little black mare. Ladies wore a long black riding skirt to keep your dress off the horse.

We were going to church one Sunday and we heard a rattle snake, so Dad got down and killed him with a big rope he had on his saddle. There were tarantulas and centipedes and spiders that got into the dugouts, so we were on the watch for them. Mamma and the children had been to see me, and the children had brought in some flowers and left them on the bed. Dad got ahold of one in the night and told me to get the light quick, so when I got it, he had the flowers squeezed tight. He thought he had some kind of insect. We had a good laugh over it.

On September 9, 1900, there was a storm and tidal wave at Galveston and the storm was bad at Phair, where John’s folks lived. They lost everything. Kate and Maud, Dad’s good little mules, were so badly hurt that they had to be killed. The railroad gave free tickets to people that wanted to leave there, so Pa, Ma, Mat, Lillian and Asa Wallis moved back to Weatherford, Texas.3 Dick and Ed both lived there. Lillian was in Galveston at the time and almost lost her life. There were many drowned.

Dad planted a crop again in 1901 and after he got it laid by and we didn’t have very much to do, we decided to take a trip to Texas in a wagon, a 200 mile trip. We fixed our wagon with an overjet and wagon sheet and bows. Sister Nenie went with us. She slept in bottom part of the wagon and we had a good bed in top. The country wasn’t settled up from Mountain View, which was 17 miles from our place to Texas line, but some had been filed on. We had to make long drives to get to the camping places to have water. We drove Buck and Nell and she was young for such a drive. Was dark when we reached Medicine Creek near Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where the Government had schools for Indians and soldiers had been kept there. We camped there and Nell got sick in the night. Was from the long drive. Dad did what he could for her, and she was over it enough for us to leave next morning. There were Indians camped across the creek from us and the next morning about day light, we heard the most weird sound from those Indians. When it got light, we found out there was a sign that said “No camping allowed” by our wagon. Needless to say, we got our breakfast and got out of there as soon as we could. From there, we soon came to Cache Creek but kept on going on our way. Both creeks were good water and could be forded. I think there was another man camped where we did that night. Anyway, the officers didn’t get us, but we didn’t stop there on our way home.

3. Pa’s sister Eugenia and her husband, Washington Wallis, were both killed in an accident in Clarksville, Texas, leaving five young children as orphans. Asa and Fannie Doggett took the children. Later, two of the Wallis children, Asa and Lillian, lived with John and Josie Doggett, until John and Josie left for Oregon in 1910.
We learned the faithfulness of a dog on that trip. We had two dogs, a black shepherd named Rip and a tan shaggy dog, Prince was his name. Dad cut prairie hay and sold it and also took cotton to Mountian View. On one of his trips, a black hound came home with him and he let him follow him to Mountain View and lost him. On a later trip, he saw the hound but tried to dodge him, but he began to sniff and came to him and came home with him. We didn’t need three dogs so took the hound with us and thought we would lose him in some town. It must have been in July, so the ground was hot but that poor dog stayed with us. His feet got raw and he would lie and whine when we would start but would get up and follow. I tied rags on his feet. We had to ferry Red River from Oklahoma into Texas near Henrietta, Texas. We took him over as there were no people on the Oklahoma side and we were determined to lose him in Henrietta. There was quite a stretch of good road so Dad drove fast and left the poor thing behind. Seems to me we saw him when we came back. We knew he could get food and water, as there were water troughs for the wagon teams. All supplies were hauled in wagons, as there were no railroads in that part of Oklahoma. I think we camped at Jocksborough our first night in Texas. By driving late at night, we made it to Weatherford. Was a bright moonlit night and when we got there, we debated about sleeping in the wagon and not waking the people, but we couldn’t resist the temptation of being so near and not letting them know it. Tom was there to see Mattie, and they were sitting on the front porch in the moonlight, and there were no lights on in the house. I think we did sleep in the wagon after going in to see the folks. We didn’t stay very long but did all the visiting we could while there.

Grandmother [Cornelia] Birdsong and my Aunts and Uncle Will were still living there and all of John’s folks. We had the big Doggett family group picture taken while there. Dad and I wore our wedding outfits. I hadn’t had a chance to get a picture in my wedding dress. Was a light tan wool with light blue trimming. I made it and bought the goods at Weatherford, Oklahoma.

Pa [Asa Doggett, John’s father] couldn’t get much work to do in Weatherford so we took Lillian Wallis, John’s cousin, home with us to give her a home. She was 17 at the time. I don’t remember any special events on our way home. We went over the same road, but I think we went through Lawton, Oklahoma as the first buildings were being put up. Was mostly a tent town. That was in 1901. Was nice country in that part of Oklahoma. I traveled over that road four times in a wagon.

When we moved to Oklahoma with Father, and a friend from Texas got so homesick that she went for a visit, and I went with her and her 16-year old boy and some smaller children. That time we got to Red River Ferry about 6, we called and yelled for the ferry man, but he knew he had us, so wouldn’t come. We had to camp there and no one near us on our side of the river. Had to tie the horses to wagon wheels and I slept so near on the ground that I thought the horse might back on me, so I didn’t sleep much. Was a beautiful moonlight night. I have never seen such bright moonlight in this country as we had in the south.

I didn’t come home with Mrs. Barger but came by train to El Reno and Brother met me. The railroad hadn’t been built to Weatherford at that time. When we got ready to cross Red River the next morning, the ferry man was there. We didn’t have trouble getting the ferry when Dad and I went down and back.

When we got home, our cotton was about ready to pick and we made a good crop so were able to buy a cow, buggy and a rocking chair, but we got down to one nickel before we took that trip and Dad did his only peddling. We had a good garden and an old bachelor neighbor had been to Weatherford and told us he knew we could sell those vegetables in Weatherford, especially the roasting ears as we had an early kind. He let Dad use his hack and I think went with him and help sell things. He soon sold out and promised to come back with more, but a

John and Josie Doggett, and Lillian Wallis. Lillian Wallis is John’s cousin that lived with us for years. We went to housekeeping in this dugout and Frances was born there. Dad let his beard grow out, much to my dislike, and he was so proud of it. His mother didn’t know his picture. He met a man at the store that thought he was a Mennonite as they wore their beard that way, so he shaved. We raised good crops that first year and built a barn, bought a wagon and many things needed. Water barrel is in wagon.
neighbor was threshing wheat and wanted Dad to stack his straw. He had never done such a thing, but he would always tackle things, so he did such a good job that he stayed with the man for the season. Was hard, hot work for him, but we felt rich when he got done. We never got so short of money again.

There wasn’t much canning done then and tomatoes wouldn’t keep in glass, so people thought. Had to be canned in tin and sealed with sealing wax. My first canning was tomatoes and I put them on the shelf around the wall near the stove. Didn’t get them sealed good with the wax, and in a few days the lids and tomatoes flew up to the top of ceiling, so I didn’t have canned tomatoes that winter.

Dad planted another crop in 1902, and that was the last crop he ever planted on my place. He knew how to farm but liked to do other things better. We spent the day with a neighbor that year, and they got to talking about a good location for a gin about six miles from us. It was needed but neither of them had any money, but the Chickasha Oil Company was glad to furnish the money. Don’t know why we went to them, but it turned out that they built the gin, but the neighbor dropped out and Dad had the sole management. He got it ready for that season’s cotton. Had to drive 6 miles morning and evening.

This is the house that Dad built a few feet west of the dugout. He dug and cemented a cistern so we could have water to drink and cook with, without hauling from 3 to 9 miles. We dug a well not far from the house and had a windmill to pump water for stock. It was clear and cold, but gypsum water was very hard and couldn’t be used to wash or cook with. Could cook beans for a long time and wouldn’t be done, so we were very sparing with water hauled so far. Rufus Merrill and Ocie, my half-sister, went to housekeeping in this house and stopped to get their pictures taken. There had been many changes since we lived there. We left this place when we came to Oregon in 1910.

Frances Louise Doggett was born September 25, 1902 in my dugout home, but I had to move in a tent near the gin when she was three weeks old. Dad had to have a bookkeeper, so he got his father to come up from Texas, so I had to crowd two more beds in my 16 by 16 foot home.

When Lillian came home with us, John made her a single bed with legs so her trunk could be slipped under her bed. I had run a wire across so I could have a curtain that made two rooms. Would push it back in daytime. Dad got as big a tent as he could and built it up a few feet with lumber and floored it and had a wooden door in end. The gin had an office so Pa slept in there and John had Asa Wallis come up for work, so they both slept at the office but took their meals with us, so with Lillian’s help, I had to cook and wash for five grown people and my baby, and no washing machine but the washboard way. I didn’t know how to raise a baby without a cradle, so my tent was pretty crowded.

We spent Christmas with Father’s family. Was a cold drive home, so I got home with a sick baby. Had a spell of pneumonia, but our Dr. McQuaid knew how to care for it. We moved to the office to sleep but had to cook in the tent. When we left home, we intended moving back when Dad finished the ginning season, but a man near Cowden had a good claim that he wanted to sell, so Dad bought it and we moved there.4

I feel I should tell more of what we had done in the two years we lived on the homestead. We fenced the pasture, built the barn, and dug a well or two wells. The water was shallow in the canyon, so Dad dug a well so the stock could have water, almost one-quarter mile to go to it and draw water with bucket and pulley. We had bought a cow and sow so were raising more stock.

Perhaps you have heard of “witching for water” and thought it was a myth, but it isn’t. Everyone can’t locate water, but my Father could. The way it is done is to cut a limber limb with two branches that can be held in the hands and as you walk around, when you are over the vein of water, the stick will turn in the hands. Father located a well near our dugout and when he found it, the stick pointed down to the place. He told John where to dig and we struck a good stream of water. Two big rocks came together over the stream and a neighbor blasted them out for us, so we had a good gypsum well. Not very deep. I had no place to keep things cool, so Dad fixed me a place to put them in well. I can’t explain how the stream or vein of water would effect [sic] the stick in Father’s hands, but it did. Whether it was some magnetism, can’t say, but I know it was true.

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4. John filed homestead papers at El Reno Land Office, Application 11094, Land Patent No. 3698, on Cowden property, consisting of 120 acres for $1.50 per acre, a total of $180. Application dated 14 September 1905; final papers dated 4 May 1907 indicated that 65 acres were in cultivation, two-room house built, well, orchard, barn, all fenced, worth $900. Source: NARA, Bureau of Land Management, General Land Office.
The Bulletin

SOV. A. E. DOGGETT,
A Veteran of Woodcraft.

Sov. A. E. Doggett, who is clerk of White Oak Camp No. 96, Cowden, I. T., is a true veteran of Perfected Woodcraft, being 67 years of age. His certificate is dated May 6, 1891, has never been delinquent, has the honor of being at one time one of Alpha Camp's members (No. 1, Neb.), having been drafted into Woodcraft by Sov. Clerk Yates. He is one of the most active choppers in this section.

We later built a two-room house on the place and got a windmill. Rented the place so we had returns from two places and Dad's salary at the gin.

Dad didn't do much farming after that as we kept a hired hand most of the time after we bought the Cowden place. The Cowden place had a small room and a dugout in a canyon so could walk in. We used that for a kitchen for a while, but Dad built a shed room to the house and we needed the room as we still had Pa, Asa and Lillian with us.

Mattie [John's sister] and Tom Davis were married on August 17, 1902, so Ma lived with them.

Cowden was on corner of our place, so Pa got a job clerking at a grocery store. Ma intended coming out to Oklahoma, but her health was very bad so couldn't make the trip. Dad dug and cemented a cistern at the small house on the Cowden place so we could quit hauling water. This place had a creek for stock water. We soon built a nice 16 by 32 foot house on the place.

Walter Beaufort Doggett was born at that place (December 21, 1904).

Pa got a chance to rent a nice farm furnished with good teams, cows, and all equipment. He was so anxious to have Mat move out, but Tom wouldn't come, so Ed and Cousin Anna came out. Mat had come out with Ma and we had her with us for a while. When Pa rented the place, they moved on it with Lillian and they made it okay with our help until Ed came out to farm the place. Ed stayed just one year so Pa bought a small place near us. The Cowden Gin that Dad got started burned and Lillian married, so Pa and Ma moved back to Texas with Mat.

The Chickasha Oil Company liked Dad's work so well that they sent him out to Blair, Oklahoma, to build up a run-down gin. That meant another move and we never returned to the Cowden place.

There was a house that went with the gin, but I had to stay at the hotel till our things could get there. Beaufort was almost two years old. The hotel was run by an old couple and they had planned to have chicken when I came. They were eating one morning and discussing what they would have for dinner and the old man suggested the hen. The old lady said, “No, we couldn't get the pin feathers out in time,” so he said, “cook it and skin it,” but the old lady vetoed that idea. I was sitting in the office where I could hear them. We got the chicken later. I did my washing at the gin house and didn't have a very good place to set my tub. Beaufort got too nosey and wanted to see what was in it and turned some cold water over on him, and he had a bad spell. I was glad when we got our things. I boarded four gin hands there.
We went to Weatherford, Texas, for Christmas. That was the last time I ever saw John’s mother. We went on the train for this trip.

Dad got the gin built up at Blair and we only stayed one year. Our next move was to Gotebo and Dad worked in a brick plant there. He had never done such a thing before, but an old man by the name of Cowgill was at the head of things. There was a natural gas well on the place, so we used gas there and he fitted the brick kiln with gas. We had renters on both farms.

Gotebo was 27 miles from the home place, but we had a nice buggy and good driving mare by this time, and I could hitch up a team and drive when I wanted to go, but I made few trips.

Asa Darden Doggett was born at Gotebo, April 23, 1908. John’s mother [Fannie] was very sick, and they wanted him to come the latter part of February. I hated to let him go, but he went for a last visit with his mother. When we went to Father’s for Christmas, we brought a girl, 16, and her sister, 10, home with us so I would have someone to take over when Asa was born. A neighbor of ours had brought two nephews and three nieces to live with him from Missouri. He wanted to get rid of the girls, so Father took Ivah at three years to raise. His children were about grown. The names of these girls were Ivah Cone, 3, Garnet Cone, 10, and Ethel Cone, 16. Father wouldn’t adopt Ivah as he said he could give her just as good a home, and he wouldn’t take her name. He was the only father she remembered, and she dearly loved him, and he, her. My father was a devout Christian. Ethel and Garnet were with us for quite a while, but Ethel went to work at other places, but we kept Garnet longer.

We rented my place to a man on halves, as the place had cows, teams, hogs and implements that went with it. He was a hard worker but got to bootlegging and just let things go. He had a big family and his poor wife had to have fire, so was burning fence posts and our stock were getting out, so Father made the drive to Gotebo to tell us about it.

Renters went on places January 1, and this was past January 1. Dad didn’t know what to do as he was tied up with the gin. I told him I knew what we could do. Pa and I would move over there and take over. Pa had been living with us since Ma died. Dad went over to tell the man to get out, but he beat him to it, and said he wanted to get out, so we moved back. Had cotton in the fields, but Pa and I got pickers and he took it to the gin, and we made out okay.

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5. Fannie “Ma” (Clements) Doggett died on 28 February 1908 in Weatherford, Parker County, Texas. She was buried at City Greenwood Cemetery in Weatherford.
Dad boarded or rented a room near the post office and he and Mr. McMeans slept there and ate at the hotel. There had been someone who had slept on the cotton that had smallpox and the cotton was brought to the gin. The latter part of the season, people would have less than 1,500 pounds of cotton to sell in finishing up their crop so the gins would buy what a man had. Took 1,500 pounds of lint cotton to gin out a good bale. Dad dug down into the contaminated cotton, so got smallpox from handling the cotton where the men had slept on it. Mr. McMeans had had smallpox, so he took care of Dad. He came home on Sunday and didn’t feel very good. He played with Asa a lot. Asa was 10 months old. I know Dad had fever, but none of us took the smallpox but we had trying times.

He was 27 miles from us, but couldn’t write us, but I wrote him often. We had a rural route then. When it was definitely decided he had smallpox, he had to be moved from his room by the post office and the city hall was the only vacant house, so he and Mr. McMeans carried their bedding over and were quarantined together for 21 days. He wasn’t very sick but couldn’t let us hear from him. We were uneasy about him.

The lady that he rented the room from, wrote me a few times and was good to take things to him. Magazines so he could read. When he had finished pocking, the Doctor fumigated everything and him included, before he left. I was afraid we might get it, but Garnet had had smallpox, so I had her put Dad’s clothes in water and I boiled them, and we all escaped. We stayed on the homestead that year. We had built a house by that time.

A man from Gotebo attended the World’s Fair at Seattle, and he came home so thrilled with the West, and had talked to Dad about it, so he was anxious to come out here. Sent for pamphlets and talked “Oregon, Oregon, Oregon!!!”

We were doing okay as he had a good job and we had the farms, so I didn’t like the idea. I thought when Pa came, he would stop him, but when he came, Dad said, “Pa, let’s go to Oregon.” And Pa said, “All right.” He had wanted to come to this country. He made a farewell visit to Weatherford, Texas, before we left.

Dad traded his place at Cowden for a small hotel building near the depot in Gotebo. We rented it some, but never made much out of it and when we left there, the people that were supposed to look after it, let the taxes get behind and we lost it. The house burned and it was vacant, so we didn’t get any insurance. When I saw that nothing but Oregon would do, I had to give in.

We had a sale of the stock and moved into this hotel at Gotebo till Dad could get ready to leave. He still worked for the Chickasha Oil Company and when he turned his books in, he told the man he was coming to Oregon. He said, “When you get out there, and need money to come back, let me know, and I will send it to you.” Dad told him he was taking his family and his offer still held good. The time came in Oregon that we almost felt like doing it.

[To be continued ...]

Summer, 1908, Oklahoma. John, Garnet Cone (a neighbor’s niece from Missouri who was living with us), Beaufort, Josie holding Asa, and Frances.
TOOLS

Metsker the Map Man and His County Atlases of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and Northern California

Debra Koehler

As a recent transplant to Oregon, I am still discovering the many unique tools available to genealogists researching family ties in the Pacific Northwest. And my absolute favorite finds thus far are the Metsker’s County Atlases.

I first came across these historic atlases while researching the genealogy of our farm. I went to the library at the Douglas County Museum (Roseburg, Oregon) hoping to find old maps that might show whether the road that now leads to our farm was, as I suspected, named for the pioneer family that first settled it. “Oh,” the librarian said with knowing enthusiasm, “you want the Metsker’s.” She led me to a map cabinet in the back corner of the library and said, “Enjoy!”

What I found in that cabinet was a collection of four large Douglas County atlases that at first glance looked to be exactly alike. All were the same size, 18-inches by 14.5-inches and about an inch thick. All were bound with brass screws within covers made of reddish-brown synthetic leather. All had the telltale signs of age, including that “old book” smell and curled corners from decades of researchers thumbing through the pages. And all were stamped on the front cover in gold type with the words: METSKER’S ATLAS OF DOUGLAS COUNTY OREGON.

Intrigued, I opened the first atlas and laughed out loud when I saw the maps were credited to “Metsker the Map Man.” This moniker appeared on the first page of each of the four atlases I consulted that day (and has appeared in every Metsker’s atlas I have opened since). I also discovered that while the four atlases were similar, they were not identical, the key difference being the year of publication. Sitting before me were Douglas County atlases from 1932, 1941, 1956, and 1965.

I had no idea at the time what these atlases were or how to use them. But on the very first page of the 1932 atlas (the page with the “Metsker the Map Man” credit), I found a countywide map with numbers across it that correlated to page numbers within the atlas. I quickly located Elkton on the map, it being the town closest to my farm. I turned to the corresponding page, and the history of the area literally leapt right out of the atlas! Frank Binder had owned the land adjacent to what is now Binder road. Edward Hancock owned the land on Hancock Mountain. The little town of Elkton fell within the bounds of an area marked as the James F. Levi’s DLC (Donation Land Claim). And as I suspected, Sarah J. Schad and Elmer Schad each owned land along a then unnamed road now known as Schad Road. Simply by opening one atlas, I had solved my research question!

Since that day at the Douglas County Museum, I have sought out and consulted Metsker’s atlases for several counties in Oregon and Washington and I have come to realize that what fascinates me most about them is that they contain more than just plat maps. They contain ownership maps that painstakingly record the names of the owners of the lots, tracts, and plats of land depicted on the maps. Property ownership and the records that result provide a gateway to vast amounts of genealogical information that can fill in the gaps often left by elusive vital records or the decade(s) between censuses. But to access the ownership and other information contained within a Metsker’s, you need to know which Metsker’s you need for your research, where to find it, and most importantly, how to use it.

“Metsker the Map Man” credit found inside Metsker atlases.
**METSKER THE MAP MAN**

As genealogists, we always consider the source. So, before we get into the where and how of the Metsker’s County atlases, it is helpful to know a bit about the who, as in who was Metsker the Map Man?

According to a history of the Metzger family (later Metsker) published in 1942, the Metsker Map Company was founded in 1910 in Tacoma, Pierce County, Washington, by Charles Frederick Metsker (1881–1966), who was, among other things, a member of the Sons of the American Revolution. On his S.A.R application, Charles F. stated that his two-times-great-grandfather, Johann Friederich “Frederick” Metsker (1759–1842) enlisted in the Continental Army in November of 1776 at the age of seventeen and served until 1781. Citing the Pennsylvania Archives, the family history book goes on to say that Frederick and his battalion fought with General George Washington at Brandywine and endured the cruel winter of 1777–1778 with him at Valley Forge.

A quick check of the Pennsylvania Archives does find a Frederick Mitzger in the general muster roll of the Second Battalion of the Northampton County Militia in May of 1778. And the Metzger family history includes a photograph of a group of men in a cemetery with a plaque and an American flag. The caption under the photo reads:

Members of Nathaniel Greene Chapter S.A.R. erect a Revolutionary War Soldier’s marker on the grave of Frederick Metzger. May 30 [Memorial Day], 1934.

Frederick Metzger returned to Pennsylvania after the war, where he died 17 October 1842 at the age of 83. His descendants later began a westward migration that would take them across the country to the Pacific Northwest in just three generations.

Frederick’s son Christian (1795–1862) left Pennsylvania with his wife and children going first to Ohio and then to Indiana. Christian’s son, who was also named Christian (middle name Frederick, 1831–1895) and who was the first to adopt the Metsker spelling, moved his family from Indiana to Butler County, Kansas. And from there, his son Louis (sometimes Lewis) Alexander (1855–1931) eventually brought his family to Oregon.

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But first, Louis’s son Charles Frederick “the Map Man” would be born. Charles F. wrote on his S.A.R. application that he was “born in a dugout” in Butler County, Kansas, on 5 December 1881.10 A biography of Charles’s younger brother, Glen R. Metsker (1883–1957), who became a prominent lawyer, says he and his family moved from Kansas to Yamhill County, Oregon, in 1884, when Charles would have been about three and Glen just a year old. There, Louis Alexander farmed and worked construction in the Portland area until 1891, when the family moved yet again, this time to Washington state where Louis Alexander built and sold sawmills in three Washington counties.11 During this time, according to the Metzger family history, his son Charles F., the future Map Man, was at his side:

Charles Frederick Metsker, following his father’s roving business ventures, saw much of the Northwest while still a youth. He entered Portland University. Transferred to the School of Engineering at Washington University. He withdrew before being graduated to assist his father in some of his lumbering enterprises and remained in the business with his father for some years.12 Louis Alexander retired in 1910 and settled in Tacoma, Washington.13 And that’s when Charles F. became Metsker the Map Man. Continuing from the Metzger family history:

In 1910, he began his own present business, in the field of Civil Engineering, i.e. Cartographer and Map Publisher, under the fetching name of “Metsker the Map Man” with offices in Tacoma. The enterprise was absolutely new to the Northwest ... his publications include atlases of principal cities of the Northwest and every county and township complete in the states of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and parts of northern California, he goes into the field himself and directly organizes and supervises the drafting layouts.14

In time, Charles F.’s son, Charles Thomas (1906–1967), would join the company assisted by his sister, Zelma.15 Later, Charles Thomas’s son, Thomas Charles (1927–2010) stepped in.16 A tribute to Thomas Charles on his Find A Grave memorial reads:

A skilled cartographer, Tom loved the business and retired after over 50 years of map-making. He truly was Metsker, the Map Man.17

So “Metsker the Map Man” was not one man, but three, from three consecutive generations of the Metsker family.
METSKER’S COUNTY ATLASES

Despite reasonably exhaustive research, no comprehensive list of county atlases published by the Metsker Map Company (by year and county) has been found. But a search of WorldCat (an online, combined catalog of over 72,000 libraries) returns nearly a thousand publications authored by “Metsker Maps.” And the collection of Metsker’s atlases held at the Oregon State University Library (Corvallis, Benton County, Oregon), which includes at least one Metsker’s from every Oregon county, dates its collection from 1928–1988. This range of dates likely reflects the general time period during which the atlases were published. An advertisement for Metsker Maps that ran in the 28 December 1924 Tacoma Daily Ledger specifically mentions county maps. And, the research librarians consulted for this article date the atlases under discussion from the 1920s to the 1970s or 1980s.

What is found inside the atlases is more easily quantified. According to an undated price list from the Metsker Map Company, kept with the collection of Metsker’s atlases at the Davies Family Research Library, Oregon Historical Society, in Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon, “Metsker Maps publishes county ownership atlases for all counties in Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and Northern California.”

On the reverse side of the price list, it continues:

The Metsker County atlases are the most complete and popular maps made of a county. Comes properly indexed in book form, with flexible red leatherette cover. Each page is a township map, drawn to a scale of two inches to the mile, showing ownerships of property, plats, road, trails, creeks, rivers, lakes, railroads, towns, schools, camps, government lot numbers, donation land claims, sections, townships, ranges—everything.

And the Metzger family history adds:

His (Metsker’s) atlases are exclusive in their field; his maps, as well, are recognized as the most accurate and the best obtainable. They are widely used by logging, lumbering, and realty operators, by Government and State public offices and officials ... the name Metsker the Map Man is probably as widely known as that of any citizen in private life, resident in the Northwest.

It is important to remember that, as stated on the price list, and earlier in this article, Metsker’s atlases are ownership atlases, meaning they documented the people who owned land rather than the people who lived on the land. This is quite different from a census or city directory, for example, which recorded who lived in a given place but did not necessarily document who owned it (though some censuses did ask whether the occupant owned the dwelling). This focus on ownership is one feature that really sets the Metsker’s atlases apart from the street maps, road atlases, topographical maps, and many other types of maps often used by genealogists.

USING METSKER’S ATLASES TO IDENTIFY PROPERTY OWNERS

Metsker’s atlases are fairly intuitive in that you can simply look at the countywide map at the front of the atlas (usually on the page with the Metsker the Map Man credit), identify a location by town name or geographical feature, and turn to the page that corresponds to the numbered (or sometimes lettered) area on the map in which the landmark is located. This takes you to a full-page map of the area you can scan for lots, plats, family names or other information.
You should quickly notice that the lots large enough to accommodate a line or two of text have the names of their owners written within their boundaries. Smaller lots are identified with numbers instead of names and lists of corresponding owners are usually found in one or more of the margins on the page. Depending on the area, the lists might be broken down by section number, plat or subdivision name, or other identifier.

If there is a frustration in deciphering Metsker’s it is with the numbered lots on pages that depict cities and other densely populated areas. It is not unusual to find multiple lots on a single page that contain the same number, and in such cases it is not always clear (to me) which lot #1 on the map, for example, corresponds to which owner #1 in the margins.

When confronted with this, it helps to note in which numbered section of the map the subject lot sits, and whether or not it falls within one of the named plats or subdivisions. If it does, consult the owners listed under that subdivision to find the owner that matches your lot number. If it does not, check the list under the proper section number to see if you can find a match. These judgments about where a lot sits are, of course, very subjective. And having checked with everywhere from our local libraries to the Library of Congress, I have not found a simple answer as to how to sort out which lot is which. And so, it just comes down to careful study and process of elimination, until you figure out which owner matches your lot.

This is tedious work, to be sure. And no two atlases are exactly alike, which is to be expected given that three different men produced the atlases over a span of decades and they depict places as diverse as the Umpqua National Forest and the city of Seattle. But if you keep these tips in mind, you should be able to figure out how to locate ownership information for most of the lots on the maps. And if not, you can at least scan the ownership lists for an ancestor’s name, and if found, narrow down the possible lot location to a very specific area on the map.  

THE INDEXES

It is also worthwhile to explore the extensive index found in the Metsker atlases, which are usually found on the pages immediately following the countywide map. The length of the index varies by atlas. The index in the 1970 Metsker’s of Jackson County, Oregon, for example, fills just two pages, while the one for the 1968 Lane County atlas requires four.

The index includes a list of place names within the county in question, along with the page number on which that place appears and the section within that page. For example, if you were looking for Bullock Bridge, which spans the Umpqua River in Douglas County, the index in the 1967 atlas would point you to Section 13 on Page 77. The index likewise lists plats of subdivided land. Again, referencing the 1967 Douglas County Metsker’s, the plat for River Bend Acres is found in Section 23 on Page 65, appropriately located within a hairpin bend in the North

25. Author’s observations and practices consulting Metsker’s County atlases.
The Donation Land Claims index contained in every Metsker’s atlas I have consulted is a who’s who of the earliest pioneers in that county. The Donation Land Claim Act of 1850 invited certain male settlers in the Oregon Territory prior to December 1850 to claim up to 320 acres of public land individually, and if the claimant was married, his wife could claim another 320 acres for a total of 640. (Pioneers arriving after 1 December 1850 could still claim land, but only half as much). Once a claim was filed, the claimants were required to live on and cultivate the land for four consecutive years before the United States government granted them title to the land, free and clear.30

The reason Donation Land Claims are of such interest to genealogists is that land claims created records. Within a claim application, you should be able to find the name of the applicant and that of his spouse, if married, date(s) and place(s) of birth, marriage date and place, citizenship and naturalization information, and the date(s) of arrival in the Oregon Territory.31 Also included is a detailed description of the land so claimed.32 If a family name of interest is listed in Metsker’s in the Donation Land Claims index, take it as a prompt to go find the DLC application.

The original Donation Land Claim records are kept at the National Archives in Washington D.C. But more than seven thousand Donation Land Claim files are also available to view on microfilm at the Genealogical Forum of Oregon (GFO) in Portland, Oregon. The collection is indexed on the GFO website (www.gfo.org) from which copies of entire claim files can be ordered for a small fee.

With the information I found in Metsker’s, I used the GFO website to order copies of two Donation Land Claim files for James F. Levens (also Levins) who had claimed land adjacent to our farm in 1853. From the files, I learned that Levins was born in Randolph County, Illinois, in 1823, arrived in Oregon in October 1850, and married his wife, Sara Jane Sutherlin, on 23 October 1851 in Douglas County of the Oregon Territory. This information was vital to my research because the Levinses’ daughter Sarah would later marry Eustace Schad, the pioneer who founded our farm. And so, the Levins family is part of the family tree of our farm.

In addition to alerting you to available records, every Donation Land Claim indexed in a Metsker’s atlas is also outlined on the appropriate map page with a bold, broken line, even if the land has since changed hands. So, for example, in the 1967 Douglas County Metsker’s (p. 50), we can see the boundaries of the original Donation Land Claims filed by members of the (above mentioned) Sutherlin family, for whom the Oregon town of

Sutherlin is named. And in an area along the Umpqua River between Elkton and Sutherlin known as Kellogg, we see three members of the Kellogg family had filed Donation Land Claims there. I have found that many of the place names where I live in Douglas County can be explained by looking at the Donation Land Claims and other names noted on the pages of a Metsker’s atlas.

Because most landowners and boundaries have changed since the 1850s, the boundaries of a Donation Land Claim likely overlap other property boundaries current at the time the map was created. The contemporary (to the map) boundaries are indicated in Metsker’s with a thin, solid line. With some practice, your eyes will learn to discern between the broken DLC boundary lines and the solid lines that indicate the more current property lines. Of course, only a small fraction of the land in Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and northern California was obtained via Donation Land Claims, so not every page in a Metsker’s atlas will include Donation Land Claims, nor will every lot have been part of one. Still, if you find a Donation Land Claim listed in Metsker’s that is relevant to your research, odds are good that claim records exist, and within them a trove of valuable genealogical information.

Turning now to the map pages within the Metsker’s atlases, it is necessary to understand how they are organized to fully appreciate all the information they contain. The Metsker’s atlases use the Public Land Survey System (PLSS), which was adopted by Congress for public land surveys in 1785–1787. Without getting into all the specifics of the PLSS (which could be a series of articles in and of itself), it is important to understand some concepts and terms in order to get the most out of using the atlases. Within the system:

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40. US Legal, “Rectangular Survey System Law and Legal Definition.”
**Public Land Survey System**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Term</th>
<th>Definition</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Township Lines</td>
<td>Imaginary horizontal lines that run from east to west at six nominal mile intervals to mark the north/south boundaries of townships.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Range Lines</td>
<td>Imaginary vertical lines that run from north to south at six nominal mile intervals to mark the east/west boundaries of townships.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Township</td>
<td>A surveyed piece of land defined by township and range lines, measuring six-by-six nominal miles, or 23,040 acres.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Section</td>
<td>One of thirty-six divisions of land within a township, each measuring one-by-one nominal miles, or 640 acres.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

When drawn out on a map, township lines and range lines intersect to create townships that are six miles-by-six miles square. Townships are further divided into thirty-six sections that are one-mile square each. Sections can be further divided into half-sections, quarter sections, and so forth, the minutaie of which is helpful but not necessary to understanding Metsker’s. But what is crucial to understand about Metsker’s is that most pages within an atlas represent a single township and each numbered section within such a page is an actual 640-acre section under the PLSS. Knowing this, it is possible to get the lay of the land and begin to understand distances between points and the relative size of land holdings within a township.

The title of each township map page within a Metsker’s county atlas is derived from its distance from the Willamette Stone, which is the reference point from which all the township lines and range lines in Oregon and Washington are drawn. You can actually visit the Willamette Stone if you’d like. It’s located in the aptly named Willamette Stone State Heritage Site about four miles west of downtown Portland.42

The stone, which was once an obelisk but is now a stainless-steel pin, marks the intersection of the Willamette Meridian (Range Line) and the Willamette Base Line (Township Line).43 A plaque at the site explains:

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Beginning here, the Willamette Meridian was established running north to Puget Sound and south to the California border. And the Base Line was established running east to the Idaho border and west to the Pacific Ocean. From these surveyed lines, the lands of the northwest were divided into Townships.45

The township lines on a Metsker’s atlas (and on all maps based on the PLSS) are named for how far north or south they sit from the base line, and range lines are named for how far east or west they are of the meridian.46 So, referring to the 1967 Douglas County atlas, my farm is found within the township map named Township 22 S. Range 7 W.W.M.,47 (the W.W.M standing for west of the Willamette Meridian).

METSKER’S AND LAND PATENTS

You can use the map titles from Metsker’s to search for land patent records on the website of the BLM’s (Bureau of Land Management) General Land Office. A land patent is recorded whenever ownership of public land first transfers from the government to an individual, whether through a claim, a purchase, or other means.48 Like Donation Land Claim applications, land patents can contain valuable genealogical information and can, at a minimum, connect your ancestor or other research subject to a very specific piece of land on a given date.49

To find a land patent, go to the BLM website (www.glorecords.blm.gov) and click on Search Documents. Use the pull-down menu to select the appropriate state and county. Then, using the information from the map title in Metsker’s, fill in the township and range. There is also a place to put in the section number, which you can also find in the Metsker’s atlas. They are clearly marked on each township page. But be careful reading them. They do not go left-to-right, like the text of this article. Instead, section numbers start in the upper right, or northeast corner of the township, and advance from right-to-left in the first row, then left-to-right in the next row, then right-to-left in the third, and so on, winding their way back and forth across the page. This might seem like a confusing way to number the sections until you realize they are numbered “as the ox plows,” or as a farmer would go back-and-forth across a field while tilling the soil.50

47. Metsker’s Maps, Metsker’s Atlas of Douglas County Oregon, 75.
There are search boxes on the BLM website to add additional information, such as the name of the landowner. But as long as you have put in the state, county, township, range, and section, you should find any land patents for your section of interest. You can also run a search that omits the section number. This will return a long list of land patents from the entire township. This is useful if you know the name of the patent holder, but not the exact section of the land within the township, or if you just want to see the names of other landowners who acquired land patents around your ancestor or other subject.

Images of many land patents can be viewed on the BLM website. When researching our farm, I found a land patent in the name of Eustace Schad which granted him:

... the north half of the northeast quarter and the north half of the northwest quarter of Section eight in Township twenty-two south of Range seven west of the Willamette Meridian, Oregon, containing one hundred sixty acres.51

The patent was granted on 3 March 1909, meaning that until that time, the land in question was public land owned by the government.

Returning to Metsker’s, you can use the legal description in the land patent to pinpoint exactly where on a township map the land was. In the case of the above example, Eustace secured a patent for the northernmost quarter of section eight. (Interestingly, this is not where our farm is. It is one section north of our farm, which suggests to me that Eustace was adding to his holdings in 1909 and that our farm was once much larger than it is now).

GEO-PLOTTING

One more fun and informative thing you can do using the map titles from Metsker’s is to fly on Google Earth to any section on a township map (a trick I learned attending a seminar at the Oregon Genealogical Society in Eugene). To do this:

• Go to the website www.earthpoint.us.

• Look for Township and Range in the left column.

• Below Township and Range, click on Search By Description.

• Using the dropdown menus, click on the correct State, Township, Range, and Section. (The Township and Range come from the map title in Metsker’s, and the Section comes from the section number on the map).

• The Meridian should fill itself in as Willamette for searches in Oregon or Washington State.

• Click “Fly To On Google Earth.”

Assuming you have Google Earth on your computer (and if you do not, you can download Google Earth Pro for free), you will be taken instantly to a bird’s eye view of that section of land as it appears today. I am sure those who have mastered Google Earth can come up with dozens of cool things you can do from there. But for me, a Google Earth novice, I can use this tool to pay a virtual visit to sections of interest I find in Metsker’s. I am able to see the current streets, buildings and other landmarks, and in some cases, I am able to recognize enough landmarks on Google Earth to drive to the land I was researching and see it for myself.

WHERE TO FIND METSKER’S COUNTY ATLASES

By now, I hope you are wondering where you can find a Metsker’s atlas. Laying your hands on one usually requires a trip to a research library or repository. But some individual township maps (pages) from within the atlases are available online via Historic Map Works.
Residential Genealogy of Portland, Maine, which now owns the copyright on the atlases.\textsuperscript{52}

To view the maps, simply visit the website (www.historicmapworks.com), click on Search, scroll down and click Publisher, and then type “Metsker” in the search box. Hit Search and a list of atlases will appear. If you click on the downward triangle located next to the word Date at the top right of the results, the list will order from oldest atlases to the newest so that the historic atlases appear first. Then, just scan the list for a county of interest and click. Pages from that atlas will be available to view for free or to order for a price. A tool bar appears when a page from the atlas is opened that allows you to move around the map and zoom in to read all the details.

The online maps available at Historic Map Works are a wonderful resource. And the collection is more than sufficient for most research needs. But if you limit yourself to consulting Metsker’s only online you are really missing out, because there is nothing quite like sitting with a Metsker’s atlas open in your lap or on the research table in front of you and lingering over the pages.

Fortunately, there are many libraries and repositories that house collections of Metsker’s atlases. A partial list includes:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Libraries and Repositories Holding Metsker’s Collection</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Genealogical Forum of Oregon</td>
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<tr>
<td>Multnomah County Library</td>
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<tr>
<td>Oregon Historical Society</td>
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<tr>
<td>Oregon State Library</td>
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<tr>
<td>Oregon State University</td>
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<tr>
<td>University of Oregon</td>
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<tr>
<td>Oregon Genealogical Society</td>
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<tr>
<td>Douglas County Museum</td>
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<tr>
<td>Southern Oregon University</td>
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<tr>
<td>Central Oregon Community College</td>
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<td>Washington State University</td>
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<tr>
<td>University of Washington</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tacoma Public Library</td>
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<tr>
<td>University of California</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>University of Idaho</td>
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<tr>
<td>Newberry Research Library</td>
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<tr>
<td>Library of Congress</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

\textsuperscript{52}. John Loacker to Debra Koehler, email, 10 July 2019, “Researching Historic Metsker County Atlases.” Also, telephone conversation, Debra Koehler (author) and Dalinda Carpenter of Historic Map Works, 17 July 2019, notes in author’s files, Elkton, Oregon.
Among these repositories, Oregon State University in Corvallis is notable in that it has at least one Metsker’s atlas in its collection from every county in Oregon. And while it is well worth it to track down just a single atlas for any county you are researching, the Metsker’s atlases really become powerful when you can consult multiple atlases for a given county over multiple years. By comparing the atlases year-to-year, you can see who owned land over time, when ownership changed, and if and how boundaries changed. You can see how roads, bridges, railroads, and other infrastructure came and went, changing how your ancestors might have commuted and traveled. You can also create a quick list of Friends, Associates, and Neighbors, (the FAN Club) by jotting down the names on adjacent properties over the years. The more you look, the more you see. And that, more than anything, is what makes the Metsker’s atlases such a valuable genealogical tool.

**METSKER’S MAPS TODAY**

While a retail outlet called Metsker’s Maps still exists in Seattle, the Metsker family no longer runs the business. The retail portion of Metsker’s Maps was sold to the Kroll Map Company (Seattle) in 1999. About a decade later, the copyright on the Metsker map catalog was sold to the previously mentioned website, Historic Map Works, which was started by a couple in Maine after they discovered an old Sanborn Insurance Map in their 1750s farmhouse. Dalinda Carpenter, who now manages the company, says her late husband thought the map was “really cool,” so he started buying up more and more maps and digitizing them specifically for people doing genealogical research. The collection now includes more than 1.6 million individual maps, including many pages from the Metsker’s atlases.

Actual copies of the leatherette bound Metsker’s atlases are considered collector’s items today. If you ever come across one you can own, cherish it. But chances are good that you will be able to find them only in a library or repository. When you consult them, please be gentle. As both source and artifact, the atlases not only preserve the history of the Pacific Northwest, they are an important part of it.

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53. Rachel Lilley to Debra Koehler, email, 9 July 2019.
54. John Loacker to Debra Koehler, email, 10 July 2019.
55. Telephone conversation, Debra Koehler (author) and Dalinda Carpenter of Historic Map Works, 17 July 2019.

**DOES YOUR FAMILY HAVE A STORY ABOUT WOMEN FIGHTING TO VOTE?**

Next year marks the 100th anniversary of a watershed year in women’s rights in the U.S. On August 18, 1920, Congress ratified the 19th amendment to the U.S. constitution, finally giving women a right to vote. Did your ancestors play a role in the suffrage movement? Did any of your ancestors fight against giving women a voice? We’d like to hear from you. *The Bulletin* would like to publish stories next year about suffrage and we’d welcome your submissions. Please contact bulletin@gfo.org.

Source: Library of Congress
Rhonda Hammari Engberg Stone
(1952–2019)

Jane McGarvin

Rhonda Stone joined the Genealogical Forum of Oregon (GFO) in February 2010, and she was the Tuesday morning Research Assistant (RA) for many years. Her fellow RAs (Nanci Remington and Dick Foley) remember Rhonda for her bright smile and infectious laugh. She loved helping others find their ancestors. In 2012, she joined the GFO board as a Director-at-Large.

That same year, Rhonda joined the Portland Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution (DAR), having proved her lineage to Amos Brown, a Sergeant from Massachusetts during the Revolutionary War. She served as vice-regent and regent of the chapter. The Oregon DAR owns the Caples House Museum in Columbia County. Rhonda served as a member of the Building and Grounds Committee, helping to raise funds and assisting with building and property maintenance. She also volunteered as a docent, giving tours of the buildings and grounds wearing a handmade pioneer-style dress.

Rhonda visited many schools where she shared information about the DAR’s literacy programs, helping with essay contests and collected books for elementary schools and students. She created an exhibit for Constitution Week that was displayed annually in September at the GFO. Her many other activities included attending naturalization ceremonies where she handed out flags to new citizens and participating in the Hollywood Veterans Day Parade and various activities at Willamette National Cemetery. She was involved in the national DAR Vietnam War Commemoration program. She was especially honored to attend Rosie the Riveter Day in 2018 which included a rose planting ceremony at Washington Park’s Rose Garden that recognized women who answered the call to build planes and ships needed during World War II.


Rhonda was born in Portland 19 January 1952 and graduated from Roosevelt High School. When her first marriage ended in divorce, Rhonda raised her two children as a single mom. She had a deep commitment to soccer, spending 26 years playing recreational soccer, competing in several states as well as in Ireland and England. She also coached high school level soccer for 13 years. After earning her Teaching Certificate at Portland State University, Rhonda taught elementary grades at North Clackamas Christian and Hosanna Christian Schools. She was a natural teacher who used love and positive affirmation to communicate with her students.

Rhonda had a deep Christian faith that was evident throughout her life and in everything she did. She projected joy with her ever-present wide smile and positive outlook that rubbed off on others. She loved gardening, quilting, sewing, scrapbooking, and genealogy. When her husband Matt retired in 2017, they traveled to Israel to walk and experience life as early Christians had done. She rode a camel, was baptized in the River Jordan, and thoroughly enjoyed the trip.

Rhonda died at home on 10 October 2019, after a year-long battle with ovarian cancer. Rhonda is survived by her husband of 35 years, Matthew; mother, Florence Engberg; son, Robert Williams; stepdaughter, Keri Steed (Jeb); son-in-law, Jeff Jensen; seven grandchildren; and, a large extended family. Rhonda’s daughter, Amy Jensen, died in 2014 after battling brain cancer.

Rhonda will be deeply missed by many members of the GFO, DAR, Colonial Dames, Mayflower Society, and especially her family. Matt said the last words she spoke were “See you in Heaven.” She was laid to rest on October 14 in Gibson Cemetery in Eagle Creek.
In Memoriam

Lorlei Jane (Keep) Metke (1922–2019)

Lorlei Jane (Keep) Metke, a longtime member of the Genealogical Forum of Oregon (GFO), died on 8 August 2019 in Vancouver, Clark County, Washington. She was 96 years old.

Lorlei was born 26 December 1922 in Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon. Her parents were Harry Joe Keep and Martha Irene Buskirk. Lorlei grew up in Portland where she attended Jefferson High School. She went on to graduate from Oregon State College (now University) with a degree in Home Economics. She taught school for many years. She was a longstanding member of P. E. O. (a Philanthropic Educational Organization) and the Methodist Church.


Lorlei’s daughter, Kathleen Seguin, wrote the following to the GFO:

My mother had toured the world, she would say, by tracing the migrations of her ancestors. One branch (Lefebvre) had arrived about 100 years ago via French-speaking Canada. An older Danish branch (Andriesen/Van Buskirk) had settled in New York and the Great Lakes region in the 1700s.

But it was the early emigrants from England (Childers, Norton) in the mid-1600s, who went from Virginia to Kentucky to Missouri and beyond, who really captivated her attention.

Of the records available from those early years, what my mother found most valuable were the court records listing major characters and witnesses to property exchanges, marriage bond purchases, tax delinquencies, and the like. When she started her systemic search almost 50 years ago, there was no internet to find a birth certificate at the touch of a keyboard. At the big Santa Rosa library in 1970, there was but one photocopy machine, with a half hour wait to use it, and the copies were, by today’s standards, quite expensive.

So, my mother hand-copied reams of records—enough to fill a 2 x 2 yard closet—and consulted them daily right up until she recently started having vision troubles. She frequently commented on the continued usefulness of those hand-copied records, many of which, even today, are not readily available online.

In addition to her personal research, Lorlei compiled lists and checked records for multiple projects of the genealogical associations to which she belonged in the Santa Rosa area. She was a regular contributor to the newsletters of several family research groups, notably the Childers and Norton families. In addition, she was at times called upon to research or verify lineages by individuals and even by the DAR [Daughters of the American Revolution].

In her search for more clues, Lorlei underwent DNA testing with Family Tree DNA, 23andMe, and Ancestry. Research on those results is being continued by her daughter and a niece, and other family members are showing increasing interest in picking up the reins of this dedicated family researcher.

She is survived by three children, Oregonians Brian and Steve, and Kathleen, who makes her home in southwest France. Seven grandchildren and a number of great-grandchildren carry her genes—hopefully also her acute research skills and insistence on concordant evidence before any declaration of fact.

Kathleen also sent an article recounting her mother’s experience helping to uncover the identity of “CAL-1,” a patient who survived a government experiment with plutonium. The article describes Lorlei as a “crackerjack genealogist.” Those who remember her most certainly agree.
#GIVINGTUESDAY

3 December 2019

9 A.M. - 5 P.M.

Give a Little Time to a Great Cause

Come together for a one-day volunteer blitz!
We’ll tackle an inventory of part of the library.
Books are out of place, some are missing.
You can help us sort this out. We need lots of volunteers!
Jobs are available for those who can’t stand for long periods.
Give a few hours or make a day of it!

BONUS: Free coffee & pastries in the morning — pizza and pop in the afternoon!

Please help

www.GFO.org  503-963-1932
2505 SE 11th Ave. #B18, Portland, OR 97202
## GFO Calendar: December–January 2020

### December

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Event</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sun Dec 1</td>
<td>9:00 am</td>
<td>Library Work Party</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mon Dec 2</td>
<td>9:30 am</td>
<td>Free to All</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tue Dec 3</td>
<td>10:00 am</td>
<td>Giving Tuesday Library Closed</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wed Dec 4</td>
<td>10:00 am</td>
<td>Learn &amp; Chat</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1:00 pm</td>
<td>DNA Q&amp;A</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Library open until 8:00 pm</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sat Dec 7</td>
<td>10:00 am</td>
<td>Virginia Group</td>
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<td></td>
<td>1:00 pm</td>
<td>German Group</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sun Dec 8</td>
<td>9:00 am</td>
<td>Library Work Party</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tue Dec 10</td>
<td>6:10 pm</td>
<td>Board Meeting</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wed Dec 11</td>
<td>6:00 pm</td>
<td>PMUG College</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Library open until 8:00 pm</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sat Dec 14</td>
<td>1:00 pm</td>
<td>Writers’ Forum</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sun Dec 15</td>
<td>9:00 am</td>
<td>Library Work Party</td>
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<td></td>
<td>1:00 pm</td>
<td>Family Tree Maker</td>
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<td></td>
<td>3:30 pm</td>
<td>French Canada Group</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wed Dec 18</td>
<td>10:00 am</td>
<td>Learn &amp; Chat</td>
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<td></td>
<td>1:00 pm</td>
<td>DNA Q&amp;A</td>
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<td>Library open until 8:00 pm</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sat Dec 21</td>
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<td>Genealogy Problem Solvers</td>
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<tr>
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### January

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Wed Jan 1</td>
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<td>Library Closed</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sat Jan 4</td>
<td>10:00 am</td>
<td>Virginia Group</td>
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<td></td>
<td>1:00 pm</td>
<td>German Group</td>
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<td>Thu Jan 9</td>
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<td>Beginners Boot Camp</td>
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<td>Sat Jan 11</td>
<td>9:30 am</td>
<td>Great Lakes Region Group</td>
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<td>1:00 pm</td>
<td>Writers’ Forum</td>
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<td>Sun Jan 12</td>
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<td>Tue Jan 14</td>
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<tr>
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<td></td>
<td>1:00 pm</td>
<td>DNA Q&amp;A</td>
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<td>Library open until 8:00 pm</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sat Jan 18</td>
<td>9:30 am</td>
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<td>12:00 pm</td>
<td>African American Ancestry Group</td>
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<td>Family Tree Maker for Beginners</td>
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<td></td>
<td>3:30 pm</td>
<td>French Canada Group</td>
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<tr>
<td>PMUG College</td>
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<tr>
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<td>British Group</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wed Jan 29</td>
<td></td>
<td>Library open until 8:00 pm</td>
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</table>

Calendar correct as of printing. Please verify at [gfo.org/calendar](http://gfo.org/calendar).