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Early Oregon Pioneers: The Family of Bernice Chessman Turner (1885–1979)

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

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

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

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Photo note: The cover image of Mary Alice (Rowland) and William Wesley Chessman (parents of Bernice Chessman Turner) is undated, the photographer unknown. Found in “Our Genes,” Peggy Chessman Lucas, 2001, Turner and Chessman family collection, Coll 369, Oregon Historical Society Research Library.
Editor’s Letter

I usually use this space to point you to all the great articles in the issue. This time, you must find them on your own as I give this space to remember a wonderful man, a great genealogist, and a generous donor to the Genealogical Forum of Oregon. On March 31st of this year, the world lost a treasure.

George Thomas Brown
March 17, 1923–March 31, 2019

GFO member George Thomas Brown died March 31, 2019. A funeral mass was held April 6, 2019, at St. Paul Catholic Church in St. Paul, Oregon.

George Thomas Brown lived an exciting life filled with achievement and love for his family and friends.

Born in Henryetta, Okmulgee, Oklahoma, he came west with his family during the Depression. He attended Lincoln High School, where he excelled in French and received a scholarship to the University of Portland. He joined the Army Air Corps in 1941, becoming a poster boy and a French interpreter for his unit in Normandy.

George was an avowed French-Canadian Francophile. French became a huge influence in his life, and French Canada was very important to him. He pursued a degree in French at St. Michael’s College in Vermont. He would regularly cross the border to Quebec with his school friends to improve his French. This is how he met the love of his life, Mariette Suzanne LaJoie. The entire town of Trois-Rivières wanted him to marry her. They called him the “Gros Big Shot American” (Gros means big). And marry her, he did.

He brought Mariette out west and built her a log cabin from the timber on the land he bought while he worked at the downtown Portland post office.

About 1955, George, Mariette, and two children moved to Mount Tabor, where George renovated a very old, tilting house. Eventually, the family grew to six children, seven grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

In 1962, George took a position with the National Labor Relations Board. The family moved to Seattle where he became the point man for civil rights issues. He also fixed up another house. He enjoyed mountain climbing and traveling and was still leading climbs for the Mazamas (mountaineering club) at age 75.

After their children married, Mariette and George moved to Vancouver, Washington, where a gravestone inspired him to deeply investigate the world of French-Canadian genealogy. His research was amazing—solving 200-year-old mysteries. He put together ancestries for numerous families. He was a board member of a number of historical societies including the Oregon Catholic Historical Society and the Archdiocesan Historical Commission, and he was a longtime member of the Genealogical Forum of Oregon (GFO). He would wear his beret and red sash with gusto and pride when making presentations.

In 2016, George donated his entire French-Canada collection, 137 boxes of books, to the GFO. It took many months to classify and label everything. These amazing materials made the GFO a primary research facility for French Canada and adjacent U.S locations.


George is survived by his children, George Lee, Julian, Suzanne, Larry, Henri, and Louise; his grandchildren, Christina, George, Colin, Sarah, Marie-Louise, Hassan, Jacob; and great-grandchild Ash Trinity.

Everyone who knew George T. Brown will miss him.
Early Oregon Pioneers: The Family of Bernice Chessman Turner (1885–1979)

Debra Koehler

Among the vast resources available in the Genealogical Forum of Oregon (GFO) library is a file entitled “Stories of Early Oregon.” In it are more than a dozen personal narratives from a few of Oregon’s early pioneers. The narratives recall some of the first schools in Oregon from the perspectives of both teachers and students. They describe daily life in towns like Springfield, Bend, and Portland. They recount journeys west via wagon train, ship, and rail, and even a failed attempt to climb Mount Hood!

The trouble is, it is not known who compiled these narratives or when, and many of the narratives lack critical facts such as proper names, or specific dates and places. So, as is often the case with stories handed down within families, we must turn to the records to flesh out the memories and fill in the details.

Such is the challenge with the first narrative in the collection, entitled “How I Happened to Be Born in Oregon” by Bernice Turner. In it, Bernice recounts how her parents, grandparents, great-uncle, and great-grandparents all came to Oregon in the 1850s and 60s with no two groups taking the same route. It is remarkable how much Oregon and Turner family history can be learned just by following the clues the narrative provides.

Bernice opens by recalling the Oregon pioneers on her maternal side:

There were three brothers and a sister in the Rowland family in Iowa, and they all planned to go west. Lowry, the oldest one on horseback with a wagon train. The next one was William (he was my grandfather). The trouble is, it is not known who compiled these narratives or when, and many of the narratives lack critical facts such as proper names, or specific dates and places. So, as is often the case with stories handed down within families, we must turn to the records to flesh out the memories and fill in the details.

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who was born 5 September 1829 in Illinois, which would have made him 21 years old by the 1850 census. This Lowry, who is also recorded in the Oregon Historical Society’s Pioneer Index, arrived in Oregon in 1852 and married [Margaret] Elizabeth McCall in Lane County on 26 April 1857. His parents are identified in the Early Oregonians Database as John B. Roland and Julia Hoskins, the same given names as the “Rolon” family documented in the 1850 census.

William Henry Rowland (Bernice’s Grandfather)

The 1856 Iowa state census enumerated Lowry’s younger brother (Bernice’s grandfather), William Henry Rowland, who then lived with his wife, Sarah, and son, Albert, in Lancaster, Keokuk County, Iowa. The family was still in Lancaster for the 1860 federal census, with two more children, Mary A. (Bernice’s mother) and Henry R.

By the 1870 census, the family was in Linn County, Oregon, with six children. In her narrative, Beatrice reveals how her grandparents made their westward journey with six children in tow:

He [Grandfather William] had wanted to go out west for years but didn’t because he had six children and he thought the trip would be too hard on them. He finally took them to New York where they boarded a sailing vessel that went around the Horn [Cape Horn, Chile] and stopped in Panama. My mother was ten years old at the time, the oldest girl in the family. Grandfather bought a basket of shells in Panama and I still have two of the shells.

Road sign, Brownsville, Oregon. Photo by the author.

Bernice does not say when the family sailed for Oregon by way of Panama and Chile. But the age of her mother at the time of the journey provides a clue. Since Bernice’s mother, Mary A. (Alice) Rowland, was recorded as two years old on the 1860 census and eleven years old on the 1870 census, and as Bernice says she was ten when she sailed for Oregon, Mary Alice and her family likely arrived in Oregon circa 1868–69.

Evidence that pinpoints an even earlier arrival in 1867 is found in the Oregon Historical Society’s Research Library in Portland, which holds a collection entitled Turner and Chessman family papers, 1851–2001. Within the collection is a personal memoir, nearly 65 pages in length, which was handwritten by Bernice herself. In it, she elaborates on the family’s voyage to Oregon:

It was a six-month trip around Cape Horn, stopping in Panama where grandfather bought a basket of shells. My mother was ten years old (1867) and she said it was anything but an easy trip. Families had to live in the hold, cook for their families and laundries and other care. Just why and how they went to Brownsville, Ore. to settle, I do not know.

The 1870 census places the Rowland family in the town of Brownsville in Linn County (just north of Eugene) where Bernice says William Henry worked as a “self-taught doctor.” Here, too, the 1870 census concurs. It notes William Henry’s occupation as “Physician/Druggist.” Dr. Rowland would have served a town that was well on its way to becoming an industrial

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5 Oregon, “Early Oregonians.” Database. “Lowry Rowland.” Also, 1850 U.S. census, Fairfield, Jefferson, Iowa, population schedule, sheet 63 (stamped), dwelling 93, family 95, John Wm H Rolon.

6 1856 Iowa census, Lancaster, Keokuk, Iowa, “Census Schedule of Lancaster town, Keokuk County, State of Iowa, 1856,” Pg 1124–1125, line 16, dwelling 73, family 73, William H. Rowland; digital image, “Iowa, State Census Collection, 1836-1925,” Ancestry (ancestry.com: accessed 17 January 2019); citing Microfilm of Iowa State Censuses, 1856, 1885, 1895, 1905, 1915, 1925 as well various special censuses from 1836-1897 obtained from the State Historical Society of Iowa.

7 1860 U.S. census, Lancaster, Keokuk, Iowa, population schedule, sheet 1033 (penned), dwelling 2093, family 2098, W H Roland; image, Ancestry (ancestry.com: accessed 19 January 2019); citing NARA microfilm publication M653, rolls 1,438.

8 1870 U.S. census, Brownsville Precinct, Linn, Oregon, population schedule, sheet 574 (stamped), dwelling 35, family 23, W H Roland; image, Ancestry (ancestry.com: accessed 19 January 2019); citing NARA microfilm publication M593, rolls 1,761.

9 Turner, “How I Came to be Born in Oregon.”


11 1870 U.S. census, Brownsville Precinct, Linn, Oregon, pop. sch., sheet 574 (stamped), dwelling 35, family 23, W H Roland. Also, Turner, “How I Came to be Born in Oregon.”

hub. About a decade before the Rowlands arrived, a
dam had been built on the Calapooia River to power
water mills. Soon, Brownsville was home to a gristmill,
a woolen mill, a wood mill, and a furniture factory.13
According to an exhibit in the Linn County Historical
Museum (located in Brownsville), the equipment for
the wool mill came west the same way the Rowlands did.
The caption under a photograph of the equipment in
the exhibit reads:

Machinery for the mill arrived in 1863 by way of Cape
Horn. Cargo weighed 71 ton. Total freight bill, includ-
ing ship and railroad $1,274.14.14

By 1880, the railroad had reached Brownsville,
connecting it to Portland and other Oregon towns
including Silverton, Woodburn, and Coburg.15 And,
according to Brownsville’s newspaper (The Times), local
trains also made a stop at a little town about ten miles
southwest of Brownsville named Rowland.16 The town no
longer exists, but a road sign in Brownsville still points
the way, and if followed, leads to Rowland Road just west
of Interstate 5, and a wooden sign tucked into a large
hedge that simply reads, “Rowland.”17 It is not known
if the old rail stop town of Rowland was named for the
Rowland family. But if there is no connection, it is a
remarkable coincidence.

And it was by railroad, not a wagon train or sailing
ship, that Bernice says her mother’s grandparents,
then in their 50s, made their own
migration from Iowa to Oregon.

When my mother [Mary Alice Rowland] was eighteen [circa
1875], her mother [Sarah Rowland] died, leaving mother in
charge. However, her [Mary Alice’s] grandfather and grand-
mother were then living with them. They all went west on the
first train.18

Rowland, Oregon. Photo by the author.

Obadiah and Margaret Tharp (Bernice’s
Great-Grandparents):

Sarah Rowland’s parents were Obadiah and Margaret
Tharp. In her memoir, Bernice elaborates on their arrival:

The Tharps decided they could not endure the hard-
ships of either the wagon trains or the sailing vessel.
So they planned to come west when the first railroad
and train would be in operation which they did.19

Although Bernice does not say when the Tharps
arrived by rail, the record narrows the likely time frame.
The 1860 federal census found Obadiah and Margaret
Tharp still in Iowa (right next door to their daughter,
Sarah, and her husband, William Henry Rowland).20 But
by the 1870 census, enumerated on 5 September of that
year, the Tharps were in Brownsville, Oregon (just three
families away from William Henry and Sarah).21 Since
the transcontinental railroad wasn’t completed until 10
May of 1869, the record suggests the Tharps arrived in
Oregon sometime after that date but before the census
in September 1870.22 And it is possible they were, in fact,
on the first train west, just as Bernice says.

However, there is one piece of conflicting evidence
which places the Tharps in Oregon even earlier than the
completion of the transcontinental railroad and before
the arrival of the Rowlands. In a 1938 interview docu-
mented by the Works Progress Administration (WPA),
Bernice’s aunt, Mrs. Henry Hawley (née Emma/Anna
Rowland), tells it this way:

My grandparents, Obadiah and
Margaret Tharp came to Ore-
gon about 1865 and settled at
Brownsville in Linn County. In
1867 my parents, Dr. William H
Rowland and Sarah Tharp, came
after them.23

With what is known from
the records found, it is diffi-
cult to reconcile the conflicting

14 Author’s observation during visit to Linn County Historical Museum, 101 Park Avenue, Brownsville, Oregon, 3 January 2019.
15 “A Brief History of Brownsville.”
17 Author’s observations during a drive from Brownsville to Rowland, Oregon, 15 January 2019.
18 Turner, “How I Came to be Born in Oregon.”
19 Turner, “My Memories.”
20 1860 U.S. census, Lancaster, Keokuk, Iowa, population schedule, sheet 1033 (penned), dwelling 1202, family 1997, Obediah Tharp; image, Ancestry (ancestry.com : accessed 17 January 2019); NARA microfilm publication M653, rolls 1,438.
21 1870 U.S. census, Brownsville Precinct, Linn, Oregon, population schedule, sheet 574 (stamped), dwelling 38, family 26, Obadiah Tharp; image, Ancestry (ancestry.com : accessed 17 January 2019); citing NARA microfilm publication M593, rolls 1761.
information. While the transcontinental railroad was under construction by 1865, it had reached only as far west as Fairmont, Nebraska, by the end of that year.\textsuperscript{24} If the Tharps arrived in 1865, as Emma says, they did not come by rail. And if they waited to take the first train west, as Bernice says, it is unlikely they departed before May of 1869, when the transcontinental Railroad finally reached the west coast at Sacramento, California. Even then, The Tharps would have had to journey north to Oregon by other means, because rail service from Sacramento to Oregon was not established until 1887.\textsuperscript{25} How and when the Tharps actually arrived in Oregon is perhaps a research question for a future article.

Bernice says little about the time the Rowlands and Tharps spent in Brownsville in either her narrative or her memoir. But in her interview, her aunt Emma shares what it was like for her father (William Henry Rowland) to be a practicing doctor on the Oregon frontier:

Epidemics of diphtheria and typhoid were common in those days. Very often several members of one family would be taken in a short time. Very often at the critical stage of these diseases the outcome depended on doing just the right thing at the right time. There were no trained nurses to carry out the doctor’s instructions and when the crisis approached the doctor would stay by the patient’s side for 24 to 48 hours, and the patient might be brought safely through. But if the doctor had too many cases he could not be by all of them, the family could not carry out the directions properly, and death frequently resulted.\textsuperscript{26}

Ironically, diphtheria would come to haunt the Rowland family in a later generation. But before that tragic day would come, the Rowlands were once again on the move. It was sometime after the death of her grandmother Sarah Rowland (circa 1875) that Bernice says her mother left Brownsville and accompanied her widowed father to eastern Oregon.\textsuperscript{27} And it was there that Mary Alice met a man Bernice refers to in her narrative only as “father”:

\textbf{William Wesley Chessman (Bernice’s Father)}:

According to an online index of Oregon birth records, Bernice’s father was William Wesley Chessman who, like Mary Alice, came from a family of early Oregon pioneers.\textsuperscript{28} Bernice recalls:

\textit{He [William Wesley Chessman] was the youngest of ten children and living at home and came west with his father and mother to the little town of Athena, somewhere near Pendleton ...} \textsuperscript{30}

Although Bernice wrote in her memoir that she knew little about the Chessman family, the record reveals a rich family history.\textsuperscript{31} Samuel Chessman (born 1812), one of William Wesley’s distant cousins, published a book on the family’s genealogy in 1893.\textsuperscript{32} He based his book on family Bibles, vital records in Braintree, Norfolk County, Massachusetts (the family’s American hometown), and research conducted by “other interested parties.” Just as Bernice said in her narrative, Samuel’s genealogy lists William Wesley Rowland as the youngest of ten children.\textsuperscript{33}

It would be reasonable to question whether the published genealogy documents William Wesley’s family or another family of the same surname. But the Turner Chessman collection at the Oregon Historical Society, which includes Bernice’s handwritten memoir, alleviates the doubt. Within the collection is

\begin{itemize}
\item \textsuperscript{26} Mark Phinney, “WPA Historical Records Survey, Benton Co., Oregon, Interviews—H, Mrs. Henry (Emma Rowland) Hawley.”
\item \textsuperscript{27} Turner, “How I Came to be Born in Oregon.”
\item \textsuperscript{28} Turner, “My Memories.”
\item \textsuperscript{29} “Oregon Deaths, 1842–1952 and Delayed Births, 1844–1914,” database with images, FamilySearch (familysearch.org/ark:/61903/15:FZ52-RQ7 : accessed 17 January 2019), Bernice Etta Chessman, 8 January 1885, citing Birth, Alsea, Benton, Oregon, United States.8 January 1885, state and county archives, Oregon; FHL microfilm 2,229,468.
\item \textsuperscript{30} Turner, “How I Came to be Born in Oregon.”
\item \textsuperscript{31} Bernice Turner, “My Memories.”
\item \textsuperscript{33} Chessman, Genealogy of the Chesman Family in the United States 1713–1893, p. 52.
\end{itemize}
a remarkable find: a letter written in 1892 to William Henry Chessman from Samuel Chessman while he was researching the genealogy book! The letter contains a handwritten list of William Wesley’s ancestors, after which, Samuel wrote:

This is all I have belonging to your branch of the family you will see by this that you are from George No 7 while I am from John No 2 so that our branches separate in the second generation which is shown in my full list as I have them numbered up to 163 ... I want all of your father’s family that you can give a correct list of together with your own family hoping this will help you in making out your list.34

Not only does this letter directly link the published Chessman genealogy to William Wesley and Bernice’s family, but it also offers a glimpse into genealogy practices in the 1890s. The work has not changed all that much since then. Despite the internet and all the digital records available today, sometimes it still comes down to one distant cousin contacting another to fill out the family tree.

According to the resulting Chessman genealogy, William Wesley Chessman was born 8 August 1856 in Randolph County, Indiana, to John Chessman of Boston and Clarissa Morrill of Maine.35 So, long before John and Clarissa Chessman made it to Oregon, they were pioneers heading west. Using the census and other records, it is possible to trace them as they made their way across the country.

A city directory places John Chessman still in Boston in 1825, where he worked as a type-founder.36 Type-founders designed and made the typefaces, or fonts, used in the printing presses of the day.37 This unique trade helps to identify John Chessman in other documents.

Five years later, in 1830, John Chessman married Clarissa Morrill (of Maine) in Campbell County, Kentucky.38 That same year, the census enumerated a John Cheeseman (spelling variation) and a white female under the age of twenty living just north of Campbell County, in Cincinnati, Hamilton County, Ohio.39 It can be inferred that the white female was his bride, Clarissa. In the 1830 (and 1840) census, only the heads of household were named. Everyone else was tallied by age and race, with white persons counted separately from slaves and “free colored persons.”40 This serves as a grim reminder that slavery was an issue to be reckoned with throughout America in 1830, even in a free state such as Ohio.

From Ohio, the young couple headed northwest to Madison County, Indiana (about fifty miles northeast of Indianapolis), where, according to a land patent, John purchased forty acres in 1838.41 Though the exact location varies, the Chessmans were found within 100 miles of Indianapolis in the 1840 census,42 the 1850 census (which recorded John as a farmer),43 at the birth of William Wesley in 1856,44 and in the 1860 census (which recorded John as a type caster).45 Then, about the time William Wesley was six years old, his father was off to serve in the Civil War.

The Civil War Soldiers and Sailors System database, compiled by the National Park Service, lists John Chessman as a private in the Union’s 37th Iowa Infantry.46 This regiment was nicknamed “The Greybeards,” because it was comprised almost entirely of men over the age of 45 who volunteered, despite being old enough to be

35 Chessman, Genealogy of the Chesman Family in the United States 1713-1893, p. 52.
42 1840 U.S. census, Madison County, Indiana, sheet 208 (stamped), John Chesman; image, Ancestry (ancestry.com : accessed 17 January 2019); citing NARA microfilm publication M704, rolls 580.
43 1850 U.S. census, Clay Township, Wayne County, Indiana, population schedule, sheet 17 (penned), dwelling 600, family 600, John Chessny; image, Ancestry (ancestry.com : accessed 17 January 2019); citing NARA microfilm publication M432, rolls 1,009.
44 Chessman, Genealogy of the Chesman Family in the United States 1713-1893, p. 52.
45 1860 U.S. census, Jackson, Madison, Indiana, population schedule, sheet 407 (penned), dwelling 1313, family 1313, John Cheeseman; image, Ancestry (ancestry.com : accessed 17 January 2019); citing NARA microfilm M653, rolls 1,438.
exempt from military duty. The 37th Iowa mustered in December 1862, when John Chessman would have been about 57 years old. Most of the recruits came from Iowa, though some came from neighboring Illinois. So, it is possible the Chessmans had left Indiana for either Illinois or Iowa before John joined the regiment. It is also possible the Civil War soldier was a different John Chessman. But an Oregon burial record for a John Chessman, who served as a private in the 37th Iowa, strongly suggests we have the right man.

After the war, the Chessmans next appear in the 1870 federal census in Jackson, Missouri, where John had resumed his old occupation of type founder. By the 1880 census, John and Clarissa had moved to Youngstown, Illinois. Their son William Wesley was not enumerated in the household, although Bernice claimed William Wesley was still living at home when he and his parents made the decision to head west for Oregon. The 1880 census instead places William Wesley in a boarding house about eighty miles north in Moline, Illinois, where he worked in a plow factory. (Perhaps he took a job to earn money for their trip west).

Neither the record nor Bernice say exactly when, after the 1880 census, the Chessmans arrived in Oregon. But Bernice does suggest why they chose the little town of Athena (near Pendleton) as their destination. In her memoir, she explains her father and grandparents came to Athena “where my father’s sister already lived.” And it was in Athena that Mary Alice Rowland, who had recently come east from Springfield with her widowed father, met William Wesley Chessman, who had come west with his aging parents.

The Western States Marriage Records Index tells us Mary Alice Rowland and William Wesley Chessman were married on 15 June 1882 in Umatilla County, Oregon, the county in which Athena is located. According to the published Chessman family genealogy, they were still in Athena for the birth of their first child, their son, Valla Glen, who was born on 7 May 1883. Their daughter Bernice Etta was born 8 January 1885 in Alsea, more than three hundred miles west of Athena, in Benton County. The births of three other children would follow: son Morrill Rowland, also in Alsea in 1886; daughter Park Allene in Peoria (Linn County) in 1890; and son Dale, in Springfield (also Linn County) in 1891. In her narrative, Beatrice explains why the family moved from town to town:


48 Ibid. Also, Chessman, Genealogy of the Chesman Family in the United States 1713-1893, p. 39.
51 1870 U.S. census, Jackson, Macon, Missouri, population schedule, sheet 96 (stamped), dwelling 43, family 46, John A. Chessman; image, Ancestry (ancestry.com : accessed 17 January 2019); citing NARA microfilm publication M593, rolls 1,761.
52 1880 U.S. census, Youngstown, Warren, Illinois, population schedule, sheet 326 (stamped), dwelling 80, family 80, John A. Cheslin; image, Ancestry (ancestry.com : accessed 17 January 2019); citing NARA microfilm publication T9, rolls 1,454.
53 1880 U.S. census, Moline, Rock Island, Illinois, population schedule, page 14 (penciled), dwelling 103, family 146, Wm. Chessman; image, Ancestry (ancestry.com : accessed 16 February 2019); citing NARA microfilm publication T9, rolls 1,454.
54 Turner, “My Memories.”
55 Ibid.
57 Chessman, Genealogy of the Chesman Family in the United States 1713-1893, p. 52.
Father, a clerk in a grocery store, finally bought a grocery in Alsea, Oregon, a small farming commu-

nity where he became postmaster and storekeeper. But mother was too isolated. There were no cars, the roads were awful in the winter, thick with mud, and in the summer thick with dust ... by the time there were three little ones she just didn't like it there, so father sold the store and bought another one in Peoria ... there he took in a partner [Park Benjamin Beatty] and enlarged the store. They also built a church ... Eventually father and his partner moved to Spring-

field, three miles from Eugene. Today, Springfield and Eugene are like one city. Father had the only grocery store. He was postmaster also. I lived there until I was sixteen.58

It is fascinating to see Beatrice’s exacting family history reflected in the record. The birth dates and places published in the Chessman family genealogy mirror exactly her recollections of moving from Athena to Alsea, to Peoria, and then to Springfield.59 And, the National Archives records her father’s appointment as postmaster in Springfield on 17 October 1895.60 At the
time, Bernice writes in her memoir, Springfield was still very much a frontier town:

There were no paved streets, wooden side-walks on the main streets but otherwise here or there. The wooden side-walks had cracks in places for you to lose your nickels or pennies if you owned such riches. There was no water system ... no electric lights so also no electric gadgets to save labor ... In lieu of a flushing toilet bowl, there was an outhouse near the barn ... there was also a Montgomery Ward or Sears Roebuck catalog for you know what. No such thing existed as toilet paper.61

The 1900 federal census found the family, less daughter Park Allene, still in Springfield. But William Wesley’s occupation was noted as hotel-keeper rather than shop-keeper, and several boarders were enumerated with the family.62 Bernice accounts for her father’s switch in occupation in her memoir:

When I was 14 or 15 (circa 1899) my father sold the store and in order to make a living bought the one and only furnishings of the Springfield Hotel. There were some surveyors staying there. Most of the time we had a Chinese cook and he was a good cook when he was sober.63

Sadly, the cook was not enumerated on the census, perhaps because he lived elsewhere. Nor has any official record been found to explain the disappearance of Bernice’s younger sister, Park Allene. But in her narrative, Bernice says “Allene died of diphtheria when she was only six,” which would have been circa 1896, well ahead of the 1900 census.64 It appears young Park Allene succumbed to the same horrific disease her grandfather William Henry Rowland had fought against so valiantly as a “self-taught” doctor in Brownsville.

Find A Grave has an online memorial for an Aliene Chessman, born 27 February 1890 to William and Mary Chessman, and died 27 October 1896. Her place of burial is Laurel Grove Cemetery in Springfield, Oregon.65 However, a recent visit to the cemetery, which sits atop a once-quiet hill that now overlooks Interstate 5, did not locate a headstone or marker for the little girl.66

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58 Turner, “How I Came to be Born in Oregon.”
61 Turner, “My Memories.”
62 1900 U.S. census, Springfield, Linn County, Oregon, population schedule, sheet 90 (stamped), dwelling 272, family 282, William Chessman; image, Ancestry (ancestry.com : accessed 18 January 2019); citing NARA microfilm publication T623, rolls 1,854.
63 Turner, “My Memories.”
64 Ibid.
66 Observations during author’s visit to Laurel Grove Cemetery, Springfield, Lane County, Oregon, on 3 January 2019.
A few years after the death of her little sister, and after Bernice had turned sixteen (circa 1901), Bernice says the Chessman family was on the move again. Bernice's father sold the hotel in Springfield and moved the family to Eugene. Of the move, Bernice recalled:

It was just three miles away but my heart was broken, because at sixteen I had some very good friends and was beginning to think about boys.\(^67\)

Bernice allows that it could have been her growing interest in boys that caused her parents to uproot from Springfield for Eugene:

We were getting to be teen-agers then and I always thought my folks wanted to get us into more choices of friends than usually might be found in a small mill town [like Springfield] ... there was a mill-race and it was usually full of logs for the sawmill. One of the daring things with our boyfriends was to walk on the logs across the mill race.\(^68\)

Bernice had little time to miss her Springfield friends. In her narrative, she says that after she graduated from ninth grade (the last grade her school offered), she earned a teaching certificate and landed a job at a school about ten miles south of Eugene, near Spencer Butte:

I got the fine salary of $30.00 a month out of which I paid $10.00 for board and room with a family that had a big, cold house. ... the first day of school all three directors came. I was only sixteen at the time so I did my hair on top of my head to make me look older, and I looked terrible! There were twenty-eight pupils, no two of which fit into the same grade. I pretended a lot. Just how I got through that day, I don't know, but those directors apparently were satisfied.\(^69\)

Remarkably, one of her students was 18-years old, two years older than she!\(^70\)

After a term at the school near Spencer Butte, Bernice took a job at a school in her beloved town of Springfield, where she worked for three years. During this time, she was invited to be the organist for the Christian Church. She agreed, as long as the church provided her with an escort home following evening services. Bernice fills in the rest:

It happened that the choir director was a young doctor from Nebraska, preparing for his State Board examination and he was to see me safely home each night, a distance of about six blocks. ... All this time Arthur Turner was taking me home and we soon learned that a courtship was in progress.

He was a very fine person. He had a wonderful voice and he had quite a bit of musical education. We were married that summer (1907).\(^71\)

The marriage between Bernice Chessman and Arthur Turner appears in the Multnomah County Vital Records Index maintained by the Genealogical Forum of Oregon.\(^72\) And according to a copy of their marriage record, the wedding took place on 6 July 1907 at the home of William Chessman, Bernice's father, who by then lived in Portland.\(^73\)

**Arthur Turner (Bernice’s Husband)**

Just as Bernice’s mother had been born in Iowa, so too had her husband. Arthur Turner was born near the town of New Sharon, Iowa, on 28 November 1874.\(^74\) By the 1900 census, he was a student and living with his widowed mother and two brothers in Nebraska.\(^75\) The
record does not explain how or why Arthur came to Oregon or how he came to be the choir director at the church where Bernice played the organ in Springfield, nor does Bernice.

Instead, as any proud mother would, Bernice concludes her narrative by boasting about her and Arthur’s four sons. Bernice shares that their eldest, Robert, became a federal customs agent; their second son, Luis, became an artist and photographer; their third son, Merle, became a psychiatrist; and their youngest, Paul, was a medical doctor like his father and grandfather. After which, Bernice asserts: “This seems like a good place to stop.”

But as with all good stories, there is an epilogue ...

According to an online memorial posted to Find A Grave, Bernice’s great-uncle Lowry Rowland, who came to Oregon on horseback circa 1852, died nearly sixty years later on 6 September 1911. He is buried at Rose City Cemetery in Portland.

Lowry and his wife had at least seven children, all of them born in Oregon.

Sadly, no death or burial records have yet been found for Lowry’s younger brother and Bernice’s maternal grandfather, Dr. William Henry Rowland, who brought his wife and six children west by sailing around Cape Horn. His last known whereabouts were in eastern Oregon, where Bernice says he moved sometime after the death of his wife, Sarah (née Tharp), in Brownsville, circa 1875.

Sarah Rowland’s parents (and Bernice’s great-grandparents), Obadiah and Margaret Tharp, who Bernice says came to Oregon via the railroad, are buried in the Pioneer Cemetery in Brownsville, where they settled in the 1860s. Obadiah died in 1874 and Margaret in 1895. Buried near them are Ed L. and Bella Leona Rowland.

Based on information in the 1870 census, Ed was Bernice’s uncle and the youngest of the six Rowland children who sailed to Oregon around Cape Horn. Ed’s funeral home record says he was born in Illinois on 6 March 1867. Therefore, he would have been just an infant when the Rowland family made the trip. Ed died 13 September 1938 in San Francisco, and his body was returned to Oregon via train for burial in the Brownsville Pioneer Cemetery. Bella Leona, who is buried with him, was his wife.

According to a record of headstones provided for deceased Union veterans, Bernice’s paternal grandfather, John Chessman, died 27 November 1885 and was granted a headstone for his service in the 37th Iowa Infantry during the Civil War. The headstone record says he was buried at a cemetery in Centerville, Umatilla County, Oregon. However, Find A Grave places his burial in Athena, Oregon. The two records likely reference the same place, as the town of Athena was originally called Centerville. The name was changed to avoid confusion with other towns by the same name. It would be interesting to see if John Chessman’s veteran’s headstone can still be found in the cemetery in Athena. Perhaps a reader who lives in or near Athena can go to the cemetery and report back to The Bulletin about what they find (and snap a photo if you can).

The final resting place of Obadiah Tharp, Brownsville Pioneer Cemetery, Brownsville, Oregon. Photo by the author.

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76 Turner, “How I Came to be Born in Oregon.”
78 1880 U.S. census, Portland, Ward 10, Multnomah, Oregon, population schedule, sheet 489 (stamped), dwelling 207, family 207, L. B. Rowland; image, Ancestry (ancestry.com : accessed 18 January 2019); NARA microfilm publication T9, rolls 1,454.
79 Turner, “My Memories.”
80 Author’s notes from visit to Brownsville Pioneer Cemetery, Brownsville, Oregon, visited 15 January 2019.
83 Ibid.
A funeral notice for Bernice’s father, William Wesley Chessman, appeared in The Oregonian newspaper in April 1933. Two days prior, The Oregonian reported William Wesley and his wife (Mary Alice née Rowland) had been badly injured in a head-on car accident while returning to Portland from Astoria, where they had spent the weekend visiting their son. The article says the couple suffered injuries “which may prove fatal.”

Mrs. Chessman sustained a possibly fractured skull and a broken right leg, and her husband sustained chest injuries and a possibly broken hip. Bernice references the collision in her memoir and confirms that for her father, his injuries did result in his death:

... their terrible accident which took my father's life and made an invalid of my mother.

William Wesley Chessman, who was the son of a type founder, was himself working in the newspaper business when he died. He was a circulation manager for The Oregonian, the same newspaper that reported on his accident and funeral.

Bernice’s mother, Mary Alice Chessman (née Rowland), who had come to Oregon via Cape Horn at the age of ten, survived the accident and passed away nearly six years later, on 27 January 1939. An image on Find A Grave shows that William Wesley and Mary Alice are buried together, along with their eldest son, Valla Glen, at Rose City Cemetery in Portland.

The Oregon Death Index tells us that Bernice’s husband, Arthur Turner, died 20 October 1950. Bernice shares in her narrative that it was a year after Arthur’s death that their youngest son decided to become a doctor and follow in Arthur’s footsteps. She recalls that her son spent six years in medical school and had been a doctor in Vancouver, Washington, for seventeen years when she provided the information in her narrative. Working forward from her husband’s death in 1950, and accounting for the intervals Bernice referenced, we can conclude Bernice created the narrative housed in the GFO library in or around 1974. Her memoir, part of the Turner Chessman family collection at the Oregon Historical Society’s Research Library, is dated 1975.

Bernice herself lived to be 94 and died in Portland on 1 August 1979, a few years after creating the narrative and memoir. She is buried in Rose City Cemetery in Portland, where her husband Arthur and her parents are also interred. Perhaps a Portland-based reader will be good enough to seek her out and let us know if she and Arthur are resting together.

By documenting her stories in her final years of life, Bernice left an invaluable record, not just for her descendants, but also for anyone interested in Oregon’s early pioneers. Of her pioneer ancestors, Bernice observed:

Our ancestors were plain people, hardy, with dreams and courage to try for the impossible. Between these various moves (across the country) are many gaps and you will have to use your imagination and some information gleaned from books such as ‘On to Oregon’ to know how they lived and their abilities to carry out such plans. This is our heritage.

We at GFO couldn’t agree more.

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88 Ibid.
89 Turner, “My Memories.”
90 “Man and Wife Hurt in Auto Collision.”
92 Ancestry, Find A Grave, database with images (findagrave.com : accessed 18 January 2019), memorial 70252164, Mary Rowland Chessman (1857–1939), Rose City Cemetery, Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon; photograph by “Bonnie.”
94 Turner, “How I Came to be Born in Oregon.”
95 Turner, “My Memories.”
98 Turner, “My Memories.”
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**Kate Eakman** holds an MA in History from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill with additional graduate work in history and education. She spent 20 years as a college history instructor, and today is a Senior Researcher and Team Lead for Legacy Tree Genealogists. Kate has made genealogical presentations across the U.S., and is the author of two articles for the *APG Quarterly*.

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Questions? Contact education@gfo.org or 503-963-1932.

TOTAL
Tracking Ichabod Allyn (1711–Unknown) of New London County, Connecticut, Using 18th Century Land Records

Duane Funk

As every genealogist soon learns, finding a new ancestor means two more parents to locate. The ancestor in question for this paper is Eleazer Allyn,¹ a veteran of the Revolutionary War, born in Colchester, Hartford (now New London) County, Connecticut, in 1755.² A search of Colchester vital records found no record of his or any other Allyn birth; however, Colchester records of the mid-18th century are sparse and do not appear to account for the bulk of the births and deaths that did occur.³

Eleazer’s son, Henry Allyn, left an autobiography. In this work, he identified his grandfather as Ichabod Allyn, a Baptist clergyman and physician.⁴ Jean Allyn Smeltzer, the editor of the Henry Allyn autobiography, added in her introduction that Ichabod married Elizabeth Rogers, referencing the book James Rogers of New London, Connecticut, by James Swift Rogers.⁵ A check of that work found one Elizabeth Rogers, born 1 October 1711, who married an Ichabod Allen. This Ichabod Allen was not further identified.⁶

No tax lists or militia muster lists could be found for the area and dates in question. A search of the probate records yielded no will for Ichabod or Elizabeth Allyn. That there was an individual or individuals named Ichabod Allyn living in Colchester during the mid-18th century is confirmed by land records. Between 1751 and

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1 The spelling of the name Allyn is found in the records as Allen, Allin, and Allyn. The spelling Allyn is used here unless directly quoting a work that uses an alternate spelling.
3 Connecticut, Colchester, Registrar of Vital Statistics, Records of births, marriages, deaths v. 1–4 1712–1878; Family History Library (FHL) film 1,312,155. Also, Connecticut, Colchester, Registrar of Vital Statistics, Index to births, marriages, and deaths, Colchester, Connecticut; FHL film 1,312,155, item 5.
4 Allyn, Henry Allyn Autobiography, 29.
5 Ibid, iii.
6 James Swift Rogers, James Rogers of New London CT, and his descendants. (Boston: s.p., 1902), 51.
1779, an Ichabod Allyn figured in nine land transactions.\textsuperscript{7} All except the first, in 1751, identify him as a resident of Colchester.

The 1751 transaction was a gift of land to Ichabod Allyn of New London, Connecticut, from Josiah Gates: "For consideration of a proposal made by the Baptist Congregation of the South Society in Colchester to Ichabod Allen of New London in the county of New London to settle a minister to the Congregation ...."\textsuperscript{8} A tenuous connection to Eleazer Allyn is provided by a July 1768 land purchase in which the witnesses were Elizabeth Brown and Eleazer Allyn.\textsuperscript{9} If this is the right Eleazer, he would have been 13 years old.

As Ichabod was identified as a resident of New London, a search of land records for that area was made, resulting in three transactions involving Ichabod Allyn.\textsuperscript{10} One of these transactions, that of January 1747/48, was a joint sale of land by both Ichabod Allyn and his wife, Elizabeth.\textsuperscript{11} Further, this piece of property appears to be the same as that given to Elizabeth Allyn, wife of Ichabod, by her father Jonathan Rogers, the son of Samuel Rogers, in 1744.\textsuperscript{12} This identification of Elizabeth matched that of the Elizabeth Rogers who married Ichabod Allyn as described in the James Rogers book referenced above.\textsuperscript{13}

Most of the land transactions involving Ichabod Allyn in New London were identified as being in the North Parish, later to become the town of Montville. The Family History Library holds the records of the Montville Baptist Church, back to its founding in 1750. The first page of this record was dated 17 May 1750 and listed the founding members of the church. Prominent on that list is Ichabod Allyn, church clerk and deacon. Also appearing are Josiah Gates and several members of the Rogers family.\textsuperscript{14} Ichabod Allyn disappears from the Montville Baptist Church records after 1751.\textsuperscript{15} However, in all land transactions after 1751, both in Colchester and New London, Ichabod Allyn was always identified as a resident of Colchester. This is consistent with the Ichabod of Colchester being the same person as the Ichabod of Montville.

No marriage record of Elizabeth and Ichabod could be located, although the International Genealogical Index contains seven entries for the marriage of Elizabeth Rogers and Ichabod Allyn, ranging in date from 1731 to 1734, all in Connecticut.\textsuperscript{16}

A record search found two possible birth dates for an Ichabod Allyn of the right age range to be the father of a child born in 1755. The Boston Transcript contains a reference to an Ichabod Allyn born in 1705 who was a clergyman, physician, and joiner.\textsuperscript{17} The Groton town records contain a reference to an Ichabod Allyn, son of John and Mary Allen, who was born in 1711.\textsuperscript{18}

\begin{figure}
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\includegraphics[width=\textwidth]{map}
\caption{Connecticut, by John Stockdale, 1794, Library of Congress.}
\end{figure}

\textsuperscript{7} Connecticut, Colchester deeds, General index to v. 1-55 (Grantee) 1703-1932; FHL film 3,902. Also, Colchester deeds, General index to v. 1-55 (Grantor) 1703-1932; FHL film 3,903.
\textsuperscript{8} Connecticut, Colchester deeds, vol. 6, page 89; FHL film 3,891.
\textsuperscript{9} Connecticut, Colchester deeds, vol. 8, page 276; FHL film 3,892.
\textsuperscript{13} Rogers, James Rogers of New London CT., and his descendants, 51.
\textsuperscript{14} Baptist Church (Montville, Connecticut), Church records, 1749–1827; FHL film 960,619, items 1–3.
\textsuperscript{15} Ibid.
\textsuperscript{17} Genealogy Column, Boston Transcript (Boston Massachusetts), 13 January 1913.
\textsuperscript{18} Connecticut, Groton, Index to Births, marriages, deaths v. 1-4 (Salt Lake City: Filmed by the Genealogical Society of Utah, 1981), 205.
A portion of the manuscript, “Early families of New London and Vicinity” by Charles D. Parkhurst, addresses the family of John Allyn and Mary Fargo. Their son Ichabod was named in the 1725 will of John Allyn, and he chose a guardian in 1726. In 1734, Ichabod was baptized, but the only explanation accompanying that entry is a note “Adult Baptism.” Parkhurst’s last reference to Ichabod concerns the birth of a daughter Hannah in 1735. There is no reference to a marriage.\(^{19}\)

The 1734 adult baptism occurred at about the same time that Ichabod seems to have married Elizabeth Rogers. As adult baptism is a Baptist practice, and the Rogers were Baptists, the two events are likely connected.

Both Parkhurst and the Groton records document the names of John and Joshua Allyn as additional sons of John Allyn and Mary Fargo, along with Ichabod.\(^{20}\) Both these names are associated with Ichabod in the early land records, either as witness or grantee.\(^{21}\)

Having located so many references to Ichabod Allyn, it would be helpful to know just how common that name was at the time. A search of the Ancestry 1790 census index found two Ichabod Allens, both living in New London County, Connecticut.\(^{22}\) The population of males over the age of 16 in New London County in 1790 was 8,224.\(^{23}\) The name is thus not common. By way of comparison, there were 623 John Smiths in the 1790 census, five in New London County.\(^{24}\)

Having connected the Ichabod Allyn of Colchester to the Ichabod of Montville, the next question is: Could he be the Ichabod Allyn born in Groton in 1711? The connection was found in Lebanon, Connecticut. In the period 1742 to 1744, just as the son of John and Mary Allyn would have become an adult and able to buy land, there were four land transactions in Lebanon, Connecticut, involving an Ichabod Allyn.\(^{25}\) In the earliest, he was identified as a resident of Groton, Connecticut,\(^{26}\) and in the last, he was a resident of New London, Connecticut.\(^{27}\) No land records pertaining to Ichabod Allyn with a date prior to 1742 were found.

Thus, a preponderance of the evidence supports the conclusion that the Ichabod Allyn, son of John and Mary Allyn, who was born in 1711 in Groton, Connecticut, is the Ichabod Allyn of Colchester, Connecticut, father of Eleazer and Henry Allyn.

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\(^{19}\) Charles Dyer Parkhurst, *Parkhurst Manuscript: Early families of New London and vicinity*, with general index to volumes; FHL film 5,122.


\(^{25}\) Connecticut, Lebanon Land records, General Index to v. 4–6, 1725–1751.


\(^{27}\) Connecticut, Lebanon Land records, v. 4–6, 1725–1751, v. 6, page 376; FHL film 4,709.

### ANCESTORS OF ELEAZER ALLEN

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<td>d: 8 Mar 1832</td>
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<td>2. Eleazer Allen</td>
<td>b: 20 Mar 1755</td>
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<td></td>
<td>d: 29 May 1830</td>
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<td>3. Elizabeth Stark</td>
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<td></td>
<td>d: 1769</td>
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<td>11. Elizabeth Pemberton</td>
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<td></td>
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<td></td>
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<td>13. Hannah Culver</td>
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<td>14. George Brown</td>
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<td></td>
<td>d: 6 Feb 1761</td>
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<td>15. Elizabeth Wells</td>
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Genealogical Forum of Oregon
Saying Name Out Loud Helps Find Missing Family in 1860 Census in Iowa: Terence Cullen (1824–1892) and Bridget Golden (1832–1910)

Vince Patton

Every genealogy class about using the census teaches us to “try every possible spelling.” Census takers wrote down names as they heard them, often without asking for correct spellings.

However, I never expected my Cullen ancestors to end up in the 1860 U.S. Census filed under the letter “S.” That’s a big jump in the alphabet.

We knew Terence Cullen married Bridget Golden on 9 May 1853 in Chelsea, Suffolk County, Massachusetts. They trekked west within a few years. Our family tree indicated that their son Phillip Cullen was born in 1857 in Elkader, Clayton County, Iowa. Daughter Catherine was born there in 1860. But try as I might, I could never find any of the family in the U.S. Census of 1860 in Iowa.

While the Genealogy Problem Solvers group at the Genealogical Forum of Oregon (GFO) was tackling my Cullen forebears in Ireland, GFO member and research assistant Joann Taylor heard about my brick wall and chased another angle without my even asking.

Joann agreed with me; she couldn’t find any Terence Cullen listed in Iowa in the 1860 census, no matter which spelling she attempted. That’s when she crafted a new search in the census records for Clayton County. She entered only the child Phillip’s first name. No last name at all. No parents. She did estimate Philip’s age at two to three years.

Voilà! The very first result showed a Philip born in 1858 (just one year off, a common discrepancy) living in the same Clayton County, in the township of Read, just four miles from Elkader.

But the last name made little sense. He was listed as “Philip Sculler.” His mother is listed as Bridget. That was promising. But his father is listed as “Currans Sculler.” That was a head scratcher. How could Terence become Currans and Cullen become Sculler? Could they be the same family?
At this point, Joann said the name out loud, several times, imitating an Irish accent. She wrote to me, “Say ‘Terence Cullen’ quickly with a thick Irish brogue, and the name as enumerated is a very believable misattribution.”

She paid particular attention to the sibilant, mushy last syllable of Terence and the hard first consonant of Cullen, slurring one name into the other. “Turran Skullin” perhaps, or “Currans Sculler,” to a mid-westerner’s ear.

Finally, the last name made sense to her.

Pronunciation errors can credibly account for the change. Bridget’s name had harder consonants so her first name ended up preserved correctly. Iowa has no birth records before 1880 but, given the astronomical odds against a coincidence of this magnitude, I believe Joann’s hypothesis nailed it.

This record also showed a second child. Carter is listed as a one-year-old. Nobody in our family had heard his name before. However, Bridget’s obituary noted she had given birth to 14 children. We had only 10 of them in our family tree. Carter is likely one of those missing names, a child who died very young.

Joann taught me two valuable lessons: searching by only a child’s first name can pay off, and saying names out loud in the presumed accent of the speaker may lead you to one of the infamous alternate spellings for which the census is well known.

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**Terrence Cullen and Bridget Golden’s marriage record showing the signature of the Reverend P. Strain.**

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**1860 U.S. census, Read Township, Clayton County, Iowa, family of “Currans Sculler.”**
Ward-Day-Saffarrans Bible:
Listing Some Descendants of Almira Day (1826–1892) and Her Husbands Jeremiah Parker Ward (1821–1848) and Henry Saffarrans (1821–1872)

The following family information is from a typed transcript found in the files of the Genealogical Forum of Oregon. The GFO does not have images of the original Bible’s pages.

**HOLY BIBLE - 1839**
Philadelphia
Published and For Sale by Hogan and Thompson
No. 30 North Fourth Street
Printed by Jesper Harding, No. 74 South Second Street

*This Bible is owned by Mr. Lawrence Jennings, Remote, Oregon*

**MARRIAGES**
Married June 30, 1844 Parker Ward to Almira Day
Married at Linn City on the 7th March 1849, Dr. Henry Saffrans to Almira Ward.
Married at Oregon City, Nov. 22, 1871, Mr. J. B. David to Miss Juliette Saffarrans.
Married at Oregon City, Oct. 7, 1872, Mr. Charles S. Warren to Miss Ellen Saffarrans.
Married at Oregon City, Oct. 21, 1873, Mr. W. E. Dement to Jane [Ione] Saffarns.
Married at Newberg, Oregon, August 26, 1891, Frank Patton to Maud Saffarrans.

**BIRTHS**
Jeremiah P. Ward born June 1, 1821.
Mrs. Elmira Ward born May 6, 1820.
Born the 29th of March-1848, Jeremiah Parker Ward Jun. at Linn City, Falatine County, Oregon Territory.
Juliette Saffarrans born March 24, 1850 in Linn City, Oregon Terri.
Ellen Saffarrans born December 14, 1851 in Washington Co., O.T.
Jone Saffarans born November 12, 1853 in [Washington Co., O.T.]
Maude Saffarrans born February 28, 1868 in Oregon City, Clackamas Co
Eva Candace Warren born August 21, 1873, in Oregon City, [Clackamas Co]
Sorina Mabel David born August 2, 1872 in [Oregon City, Clackamas Co]
Halcyon Videlia David, born Dec. 18, 1873, in [Oregon City, Clackamas Co]
Melvin Henry David, born Feb. 9, 1877 in [Oregon City, Clackamas Co]
Kate Dement born June 28, 1874, in Oregon City, Clackamas County.
DEATHS

Dr. Henry Saffarans died May 22, 1872 at Oregon City, Oregon in the fifty first year of his age.
Jeremiah Parker Ward Sen. died Apr. 10 - 1848 at Linn City, Fallatin County, Oregon Territory in the 27th year of his age.
Charles E. Warren died March 28, 1874, Oregon City, Clackamas County in the 28th year of his age.

2 OBITUARIES pinned in above Bible
At Linn City, on the 10th inst. Heremiah P. War [sic] in the 26th year of his age. On the 11th ult. the deceased fell from the frame of a house, and dislocated his spine, which resulted in his death. The deceased leaves a wife and one young child. He was an upright, industrious, moral man, and highly esteemed by all who knew him.

OBITUARIES pinned in 1839 Bible owned by Lawrence Jennings, Remote, Oregon

Another Pioneer Gone. - Mrs. Almira Saffarans, widow of the late Dr. H. Saffarans, of Oregon City, died at the residence of her youngest daughter, Mrs. Frank Patton at Astoria, March 30. Mrs. Saffarans was born at Fort Edward, N.Y., May 6, 1826. She came to Oregon in 1845. Her maiden name was Almira Day. She was an exemplary mother, and though long an invalid, bore her ailment with fortitude and without repining. And so the old pioneers are passing away.

Editor’s Note: There are two abbreviations in the first obituary that may be unfamiliar to some readers. Inst. is an abbreviation for instant, which refers to the current month. Ult. is short for ultimo, which indicates the event occurred in the month preceding the current month. In both cases, the reader would need to know the date of publication to ascertain the correct date of death.

The transcript stated that the obituaries were “pinned” in the Bible. It was once common for people to use straight pins to hold paper together. We see this quite often in the GFO Manuscripts Collection.

Ward-Day-Saffarans chart, showing the names listed in the 1839 Bible.
Where in Oregon?

Nanci Remington

Falatine County? Linn City? Remote, Oregon? The Ward/Day/Saffarans Bible transcription contains references to all these locations. But where were they, and do they still exist?

Falatine County

The Bible records that Jeremiah Parker Ward Jr., was born in 1848 in Linn City, Falatine County, Oregon. His parents had come to a region with ties to both the United States and Great Britain. Just five years earlier, a group of settlers had established their own government, first called Oregon Country and later, after a treaty ceded the area to the United States in 1846, the Oregon Territory.

According to an article by Frederick V. Holman in “Oregon Counties, Their Creations and the Origins of their Names”:

October 5, 1842, there arrived at Oregon City the immigration of 1842 ... May 2, 1843, at a public meeting held at Champoook [Champoeg], Oregon ... by the close vote of fifty-two for, and fifty against, a provisional government was formed.

That same year, a legislative committee divided the Oregon Country into four districts, later called counties: Twality, Clackamas, Yamhill, and Champoook. The first district, Twality, was spelled different ways, including Twalaty and Tuality. However, as early as 1835, the name of the area had been recorded as Fallatten. Other spellings included Faulitz, Faultine, Fallatry, and Fallatah. Variations of these spellings were common until 1849 when the name was changed to Washington County.

Linn City

Linn City, Oregon, was founded in 1843 by Robert Moore. Located directly across the river from Oregon City, the town quickly grew from its original two log houses to a town with lumber, flour, and grist mills, as well as a warehouse and wharves. Soon there was a post office, hotel, and two general stores. Many of the male residents had "struck it rich" during the California gold rush in 1849, so for them, life was considered carefree and prosperous. However, everything changed in 1861. In April, there was a disastrous fire that destroyed the mills, warehouse, and a steamship moored nearby. Then, in October, it began to rain, a weather pattern that continued for the next two months. By the end of November, the Willamette River had risen to overflowing, and in December the water had reached the town. Houses and businesses were swept away, and by the time the water receded only three buildings remained. Luckily, nobody died in the flooding, but residents decided not to rebuild and moved away. Years later, people resettled nearby on higher ground and established the town of West Linn.

Remote, Oregon

The accompanying transcription noted that the Bible was owned by Lawrence Jennings (1881–1967) of Remote, Oregon. Remote turns out to be an unincorporated area in Coos County. Mr. Jennings appears to have spent his entire life in that county. Born in Myrtle Point, he was with his family in South Marshfield (now Coos Bay, Coos County, Oregon) on the 1900 census. On the 1910 census, he was farming in Enchanted Prairie Precinct, just down the road from Remote. On the 1920 and 1930 censuses, the location was shortened to Enchanted Precinct, and in 1940 he was enumerated in Bridge Precinct. All three of these unincorporated areas...
are within eight miles of each other, along the Coquille River, and can be found on current maps.

Resources:

• “Oregon Counties, Their Creations and the Origins of their Names,” by Frederick V. Holman, is in the March 1910 issue of The Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society. It was located through a Google search that led to JSTOR (Journal Storage), a digital library that provides access to scholarly journals, books, and primary sources (https://www.jstor.org/). The Quarterly is also available at the GFO library, 979.50 .Per OHQ v011n1.

• MapofUS.org has animated maps of U.S. states that show the changing county boundaries through the years. Their Oregon maps begin in 1843 and continue through 1975. Each map details the boundary changes, and the page gives links to more information.

• Linn City: A Victim of Nature’s Wrath, by Mike Thomas, was found through a footnote in the Wikipedia entry for Linn City (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Linn_City,_Oregon). Originally on the Bureau of Land Management website, the article is now reached through the site Internet Archive (https://archive.org/ : accessed February 2019).

Additional information about Linn City can be found on the City of West Linn website (https://westlinnoregon.gov/communications/history). Online image searches often lead to other resources. Such was the case with this article:


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

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 memories, both happy and sad. I have added footnotes with comments and additional information found over the years.

~Jane Doggett McGarvin (granddaughter)

Editor’s 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.
Our Lives - A Memoir

Josie Doggett

PART ONE

Ancestors

My great-grandmother, Charlotte Puckett [Head] Robertson, was born in 1800 and married at an early age to a man named Edward L. Head. They had two daughters, Cornelia Matilda, my grandmother, and Lizzie [Anne Elizabeth], who married a man by the name of Willis Pierson Coleman. I don’t remember Grandmother speaking of other children, and I never heard of children by Charlotte’s second marriage to Hiram D. Robertson. She was a widow for many years. Grandmother Cornelia told me of many things that happened at her home during the Civil War. Charlotte passed away at Weatherford, Texas, at the age of 89.

Grandmother Cornelia Head was married to Joseph Birdsong. She was born near Clinton, Mississippi, about 1827. Grandmother had 14 children including two sets of twins, Anna Louise, my mother, and Joseph Washington, for whom I am named; and Will Quincy and Florence Adele.

Grandmother lost two children in one day from some contagious disease. Eight of her children lived to be grown. Her husband preceded her, and she lived a widow for many years. She had a sunny disposition and I have heard her say many times, “I never put more on my heart than I can kick off at my heels.”

Cornelia Matilda Head Birdsong

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Joseph Washington and Anna Louise Birdsong (born October 24, 1853). Joseph was never married and passed away September 27, 1875.

1 Both Edward and Charlotte obtained land patents in Hinds County, Mississippi, totaling over 880 acres, on which they raised cotton. During this period of United States history, living in Mississippi, they owned a number of slaves.

2 Edward L. Head died about 1835; his widow, Charlotte Head, was named administrator of his estate. Willis Coleman, husband of Charlotte’s daughter Lizzie, petitioned the Probate Court requesting that Charlotte provide income and expense reports from 1834 to 1837, indicating his wife, Lizzie, had not received enough money while at boarding school and seeking more money from Edward’s estate. The Probate Court finally settled Edward’s estate in 1845, essentially without making any additional financial distribution to Lizzie.

3 Charlotte and Edward Head had five additional children who died young. In 2016, I visited the Clinton Cemetery in Clinton, Hinds County, Mississippi, and found a memorial tombstone with three plaques. One plaque read: Children of Col. E. L. and C. C. Head; Horace C., died in Jackson, Miss., Feb 1, 1823, age 8 years; Dr. J. W. Head, died in Bastrop, LA, March 23, 1850, age 27 years, 3 months; E. Quincy Head, died April 12, 1851, age 18 years, 8 months; Mrs. M. L. (Maria) Chipman, died in San Francisco, CA, August 25, 1853, age 25 years, 7 months, with infant sons C. C. and E. C., buried in Clinton, Mississippi. The second plaque listed the five children of Hiram Robertson and his first wife, E. Robertson, who had also died. The third plaque was for Hiram and Charlotte Robertson’s children: Samuel P., who died 1846, and infant sons Joseph Thomas (no death date); and Fendol H., who died in 1846.

4 Hiram died 25 October 1865, possessing 1,320 acres of land and $3,000 in debt. Charlotte and Hiram’s son, Henry Clay Robertson, was named executor of his father’s estate. Probating his father’s will took nearly 10 years. Charlotte claimed her dower rights to 440 acres, and the court agreed, awarding her the property and her house on 17 April 1866. Henry wanted to declare bankruptcy immediately as they did not have money to pay for labor to prepare the land, plant and harvest the cotton, nor to pay the taxes and have money for living expenses. The Court ordered the remaining 880 acres sold. An auction was held in March 1867, and the property sold for $440. But after five months, the purchaser had not made payment, so the sale was voided. For 3 years, Charlotte and Henry tried to manage, but by 1868 their debt had risen to nearly $5,000. A second auction was held 1 September 1868, and the remaining acreage sold for five cents an acre, or $44. But Charlotte had her land, her house, and a place to live. Her granddaughter Anna Louise and son-in-law Osceola Darden executed an agreement to live on the property, repair the fences, operate the farm, and to take care of Charlotte for the rest of her life.

5 On 5 April 1844 in Hinds County, Mississippi.
As I think back, she had much to make her blue, but she carried out her theory of life. She had much to do with my training in life as I was 11 when my mother died. Cornelia was a devout Christian, and my earliest recollections were walking to church with her before we came to Texas from Mississippi. She was a good piano player. She lived a long useful life. Past 70 at her death.

Father [Anna Louise’s future husband Osceola Darden] came to Mississippi from Virginia when about 18. He had an uncle that lived in Mississippi. I remember some of the cousins in Mississippi but never saw any of Father’s own family. He had a brother, Julius Darden, who lost an arm in the Civil War, and a sister Nannie Darden. I think his Mother died when he was young and his father remarried. The Darden’s were of rather heavy build.

Father and Mother married February 8, 1872, near Brownsville, Hinds County, Mississippi, by Rev. C. Andrews. All the places named are not far from Jackson, Mississippi.

Father and Mother had the following children:

Dudley Coleman [Darden], born December 7, 1873, near Brownsville, Hinds County, Mississippi, died August 20, 1874.

Joe (or Josie) Birdsong [Darden], born July 29, 1875, Hinds County, Mississippi.

Walter Julius [Darden], born August 21, 1877, at Grandma Birdsong’s house.

Evalena [Darden], born June 28, 1880, died August 17, 1881 at age 13 months, 21 days.

Will Coleman [Darden], born June 20, 1882 at OakLawn, Great-Grandmother Robertson’s house, died September 15, 1883.

Cornelia Head [Darden], born November 5, 1883, at OakLawn, Great-Grandmother Robertson’s house.

Ocie Louis [Darden], born April 21, 1886 at Parker County, Texas, and died November 7, 1886.

Dudley, Evalena, Will and Ocie died as babies. So many babies died at teething in those days. Mother left Ocie Louis when she died July 10, 1886, at Parker County, Texas, and he lived only a few months. (Note: dates provided in a letter from Grandmother Birdsong to Josie B. Doggett dated December 1912).

My father, Osceola Darden, born October 15, 1851 in Isle of Wight County, Virginia, and died March 26, 1936 at his son Homer’s home near Weatherford, Oklahoma, at age 84.

Anna Louise Birdsong
**My Early Life [1880s in Hinds County, Mississippi]**

My earliest recollections of my playmates were cousins Evie, Rob and Cliff Clark. Brother Walter and I often visited their home. Cousin Lou Clark was their mother. I can remember her calling us in to give us something to eat. We didn’t have such good lights in those days and everyone had fireplaces with a long mantel. Matches weren’t so plentiful in those days and I can remember Cousin Lou always had paper lighters in a container on the mantel. They were made by rolling a strip of paper tight and fringing the end of paper so it would light quickly in fireplace. The coals were covered well at night with ashes to keep fire at night and when the cookstove fire was started, coals were taken from the fireplace. I remember her house had a wide hall.

There was no such thing as screen windows and screen doors then, and we had plenty of flies so someone would have a fly scarer made by fastening paper around a long stick and fringe the paper to rattle. Made something like a flag that would be fringed and some member would shoo the flies while the others ate or kept it handy so it could be used. I don’t remember that we had carpets or rugs those days and the way the floors were scrubbed was on your hands and knees with a rag or by pouring water on and sweeping it off, but the houses were kept clean.

There was no such thing as a washing machine and the wash tubs were made of wood and the washboards were wood that had ridges that you rubbed your clothes over to get the dirt out. The water was heated in a big iron pot outside. Soap was made from lye made by filling a barrel with ashes and having it fixed so water poured on the ashes would drain through the ashes and get the lye. This lye was mixed with cracklings which is the dried fat from hog fat that was made into lard. It was cooked till it made soap. It would be like thick molasses. I don’t remember soap as we have it now in my young days. The first handssoap I remember was castile soap, but I don’t remember using lye soap for bathing or hand soap. The water was drawn from wells with a pulley and rope using wooden buckets.

Mississippi wasn’t a wheat growing country so our corn was ground for our meal. Flour was bought in barrels and was high priced so we had biscuits on Sundays and when company came. The meal from freshly ground corn made very good bread. The bran was left in the meal so it had to be sifted. The sifters weren’t like the sifters today. Were like a pan with a fine wire bottom and you sifted the meal or flour by shaking it from side to side.

Coffee was bought in the green bean and roasted at home and ground as needed. Some coffee mills were fastened to the wall with a hopper to put the coffee in and by turning a handle, the coffee was ground and you caught it as it came through. Another type of mill was like a square box with the grinder in the center, and a bowl to put the coffee in and a crank to turn that ground the coffee as the beans passed through. There was a drawer in the bottom of box to catch the coffee.

I don’t remember much of our home near Cousin Lou Clark’s but one thing I remember was that we had guineas and they stole their nest under a brush pile. Guineas will leave their nests if you put your hand in it and make another nest. Mother used a long handled mixing spoon to get the eggs. They lay a small speckled egg with a very hard shell.

We moved from the place near Cousin Lou’s to my Great-Grandmother [Charlotte] Robertson’s place. Was called Oaklawn and was well named as it had large oak trees on the lawn. Brother and I had great fun in the fall raking up the leaves in piles and jumping into the leaves. We didn’t have many toys but invented our own games and had happy times.

Grandmother’s house was a white house with a wide open hall through the center and a porch across the whole front of the house. There were four large rooms downstairs and a fireplace in each room. The stairway went up from the hall. It was quite high off the ground, and Brother, I, and a little Negro girl would play under it and make mud pies and a kind of shelf around was our
stove where we pretended to bake our pies. When Cousin Evie came to see me about 6 years ago, she said the last time she was in that country, Grandma’s house was still standing. Wonder if my pies are still there.

Mother had a Negro woman come in to wash and help with the work when she needed her and she was the little Negro girl’s mother. The house wasn’t very near the road and there was a row of cedar trees on each side of the walk to the gate. In the back were a big grassy plot and some log houses where Negro’s had lived in an earlier day. There was a big pond where I did my first fishing. Was on a limited scale.

I remember climbing fig trees and gathering purple and white figs. There was a big pecan tree that I climbed to get pecans.

My brother, Will Coleman, was born with two teeth (June 20, 1882), and Mother had them pulled. The doctor came to pull them and was waiting for the baby to awaken. I saw him stirring in his crib and I went to rock him to sleep as I thought it would hurt terribly to pull them. I had them (the teeth) till we were burned out in 1910.

My first bed that I remember was a trundle bed. None of you have ever seen a trundle bed so perhaps I had better explain them. The beds were high off the floor and a trundle bed was a low bed with casters on it, and could be pushed under the big bed in daytime and at night was pulled out enough for the children to get in.

I did my first cooking at this place. I wanted to cook an egg and Mother put the grease in the frying pan and told me when the grease got hot to break the egg into the pan. I well remember looking at that grease and wondering if it was hot, so I decided the best way to find out was to spit in it, so I did and just as I did, Mother came in the room. Of course, she told me I shouldn’t have done that and I told her she said to put the egg in when it got hot and I couldn’t tell when it was hot. I don’t think I was over 5. The stoves were low then.

I went with Grandmother [Cornelia] Birdsong on my first train trip to see her sister Lizzie Coleman when I was 6. She lived between Bolton and New Orleans. We stopped at a small station and a Negro met us in her carriage. When we got our visit over there, we went on to New Orleans to see Grandmother’s nephew, Dudley Coleman. They had a big house and kept servants. They had a summer home at Bay St. Louis and we went there. While there, I saw my first comet. The Negro carriage driver woke us so we could see it. It looked about the color of a full moon, and the largest part was as wide as a full moon. Had a tail about 6 feet long. At least that was what it looked like to me as a child. The year we came to Oregon, I saw Haley’s Comet, but it didn’t compare with the first one I saw. That was a big trip for me and I remember it very distinctly. Grandmother’s sister was very nice to me and Mother had me help dry some peaches to send her. There was no canning done in those days, so anything that was saved was dried.

We had nice pecans and walnuts. The black walnuts had hard shells. There were cane brakes or big patches of cane plants. The stems were hollow and the pipe stems were made from cane and the bowl of the pipes were made from corn cobs. Bought ones were made of clay and resembled the flower pot material of today. People raised their tobacco. There were no such things as a cigarette then, but tobacco was ground to a powder into snuff. Women dipped snuff. None of my relatives dipped snuff but nice ladies used it. The way it was used was to get a smooth stick and chew on the end of it til you made a fringe on the end and dip that in the snuff and put that in your mouth. I never tasted it but was a great custom and not a very good one. The men either chewed tobacco or smoked. Sometimes old ladies smoked a pipe.

My Great-Grandmother Robertson lived with us when we moved to her place. She was on crutches. She was quite old then.

Hogs were raised by letting them run loose over the country. There were so many acorns and other things for them to eat that it didn’t cost much to raise them. Hog killing times was great time for us. The neighbors would
help and Father would fix a long pole to hang them on, would have posts at the end. Heated the water in big iron pots to scald them, and Brother and I could hardly wait til he took out the entrails as we got the melts to toast over the coals. The melt is a long-shaped organ of the same texture and color of liver, but the taste is very different. We would get a stick and push into the melt and cook it over the coals, and my, it was good! The balloons of that day were made from hog bladders. Brother and I would get a bladder and wash it good, and get a cane joint and blow it up like balloons are blown up and tie it tightly and hang it up to dry. They could be blown up to make good sized balloons and were strong when dry. Very good substitute of balloons of today. Of course, they didn’t have much color to them.

I started school in Mississippi. I had quite a walk, or so it seems to me. Grandmother’s youngest child, Eunice, went to the same school. Doesn’t seem to me it was a log house. None of the homes were log houses. I remember we would have recitations on Friday, or have pieces to speak. My first one was, “Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, Jack jumped over the candle stick”. I don’t think I went to but one school before we moved to Texas.

The one book I remember in school was the Blue Back spelling book. The first thing you were taught was the A, B, C’s, then spelling was stressed.

*Life in Texas [1884-1897]*

Father, Osceola Darden, decided to leave Mississippi and move to Texas. Mother’s sister, Mary Griscom, lived at Boliviar Point [Port Bolivar] across the bay from Galveston, so we moved there but it was like taking a trip to Europe now, so we went for a last visit to Aunt Virginia Austin’s at Oak Ridge, Mississippi, not too far from Vicksburg, Mississippi. Uncle Will took us over, and Grandmother went with us. Sister Cornelia was a baby and Brother Walter and I were the other children.

We had to ferry Big Black River on that trip and that was a thrill. We left Mississippi in the fall of 1884. Left Bolton, Mississippi, and went to Vicksburg where we ferried the Mississippi River. It seems to me that we walked down a long flight of steps to get to the boat. The Mississippi River is a big river at Vicksburg. I remember seeing trees along the way covered with long gray moss.

We left the train at Galveston, Texas, and had to go by boat to Boliviar Point across the Bay. Was on Boliviar Peninsula. Was just a mile across the Peninsula, where we lived. Could see big ships on their way to Galveston on Gulf of Mexico. On one side of house and on other side could see small sailboats. There was a big light house near us to warn the ships off the coast. I never went up in the light house but there were steps to the top.

I had to walk quite a ways to school and the country was very flat and we had lots of rain there so had trouble getting over the low places. We had a well and it would be almost full of water at times, but wasn’t good to drink. Had a big wooden cistern like a big barrel above ground. Had a faucet at the bottom to draw the water. It would get very warm and there was no such thing as ice or a refrigerator for we had no electricity. We saw to it that the water ran into the cistern when it rained. It made a good place for mosquitoes to breed. I am not sure we had a cover on it.

There was an orange tree that grew by the side of the house and we could pick oranges from the upstairs window. Pomegranates grew there, and I think we had figs. I know we had mosquitoes. All beds had to have a netting that could be tucked tightly around the bed or you wouldn’t sleep very much. If you sewed or did any work sitting still, you had to have a smoke to keep mosquitoes off.

All stock ran out and the fields were fenced. When horses saw a smoke, they would come to it to drive the mosquitoes off. I have seen horses run up that would have patches of mosquitoes on them that hid their color and they would stamp and fight to get them off. They had learned that the smoke drove the mosquitoes off.

We didn’t have a store near us but I think did our trad ing in Galveston, but there might have been one as I was small when we lived there. I went to Galveston once. Melons was the main crop, and they would be taken to Galveston by boat.

Another thing I remember was the great number of buzzards we had there. Could see them flying high in the air.

We only lived there one year, and Mother, Grandmother and Brother and Aunt Eunice went to Galveston one day. We had a storm while they were on their way across the Bay. We were so frightened that they might be lost but they were with a good captain and he had a good boat.
and they made it home safely but was dark before they reached home.

I have never seen a buzzard in Oregon, so will describe them. They are a little larger than a big hawk and are black with a head that resembles a turkey’s head. They eat the flesh of animals that have decayed. I have seen them sitting on the fences in a line, like chickens on their roost.

Father had worked Negroes in Mississippi and had been raised with them in Virginia, and had treated them well so when he left Mississippi, a young Negro begged him to take him with him so Father took him. He slept upstairs in the same house with us, but Negroes never ate at the same table with the white people. He had the same food that we had and Father and Mother were good to him but he ate in the kitchen. There wasn’t any Negroes near us but some about 12 miles up the Peninsula, so Father let him have a horse to ride to see them. I think he went there most Sundays. He got too lonesome without his people, so went back to Mississippi.

One year in Boliviar was enough for Father so we moved to Weatherford, [Parker County], Texas. Must have been in fall of 1885. Uncle George and Aunt Mary [Birdsong] Griscom lived there. They had three girls; Anna, who married Ed Doggett, Dad’s brother; Mamie, who was my age, but died when about 8; and Virginia, who married June McConnell.

Father rented a place about 3 miles east of Weatherford, Texas, and I think they built a house for us.6 Was one fair-sized room and a very small bedroom adjoining. These two rooms were sheded for kitchen and Brother’s bed, and we ate in kitchen. We had no well but brought water from a spring quite a ways from the house. Was in the pasture so we had to crawl under the barb-wire fence. Took lots of packing of water on wash days. We hung our clothes on the wire fence, as we had no clothes line. This place was on Willow Creek.

My brother Ocic was born on this place April 21, 1886, and died November 7, 1886. My mother was sick most of the time that year and passed away July 10, 1886. I think she had typhoid fever. Father was left with 4 children and I was the oldest. Was 11 on July 29, 1886. Was a sad time for us. Grandmother Birdsong took me and Baby Ocic while Aunt Mary Griscom took Brother Walter and Sister Cornelia (was called Nenie). Father stayed on the Willow Creek place the balance of that year and rented a place near Weatherford the next year. He and Uncle Will went in together renting on that place.

I had learned to tell when a frying pan was hot, so I did my first cooking that year. Brother and I would go down in the morning and cook dinner for Father and Uncle Will and cook enough so they could warm things for supper. Father always raised a good garden and the railroad (Texas and Pacific Railroad) passed through this place. The section house to board the men that kept up the track wasn’t very far so we sold vegetables to them.

One day, Brother and I were taking vegetables to them and a freight train was coming. We were both barefooted and both sides of the track were covered with grass burrs, which is a grass that had stems with a row of burrs about

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6 Weatherford, Parker County, Texas, is about 350 miles north-northwest of Bolivar.
the size or a littler larger than an English pea. The burrs were covered with stickers that had a little barb on the end of each sticker that made them very hard to pull out. The engineer kept blowing his whistle for us to get off, and Brother said, “Sister, we had better get off”, but I said, “you can get off if you want to but I won’t do it”, so we took to our heels and ran all the way over those railroad ties and had to cross a cattle guard too. We made it okay and I imagine the engineer laughed, or cussed us. I felt I would be killed as step out in those grass burrs.

The water tank was near this house, so the train was slowing down to stop for water, or we might have been killed. Grandmother heard the train whistle and wondered if it was blowing at us. God must have protected us as we did run a risk in running over those ties. I was quite a runner in my childhood days; believe it or not! I was called “Killdeer” as I could run so fast!

Father moved back to the Willow Creek place the next year and took Brother and I with him, and there was where my real housekeeping began. I was 12 in July before we moved there January 1. Places changed hands January 1 then.

I know I must have tried Father’s patience at times, but he was never cross with us. He never whipped me in my life, but I remember one time that Brother and I went to the spring to get water and got to playing and didn’t realize that I should be cooking supper, so Father came in and we weren’t there, so he gave me a scolding then. Cousin Virginia went out with us when we moved and stayed with us most of the time. Father cleared some land on that place and we would be with him.

One day our dog found something in a hollow log. We thought it was a rabbit and we got sticks and poked at it and tried to get him out. Finally we decided to cut a hole over him and get him that way. When we got down to him, it was a skunk! We stopped up both ends of the log and built a fire on the log so that was the last of the skunk.

I imagine it wasn’t very good housekeeping that I did, but we children all still are living and as well as most people our age. We didn’t have milk to make biscuits with, but made a sour dough something like yeast and used soda to make buns or biscuits. Brother and I went to school out there.

Father decided to marry again, so went with Miss Sallie Coker for several months, and they were married January 31, 1889, the year after we moved back to Willow Creek. She was 10 years younger than Father and made a good mother for us children. Father and Mamma had five children: Sim, Ocie (a girl named for Father), Willie, Homer, and a girl, Virginia, who died from diphtheria when about 5.

Father had never owned a home and his brother Julius left him some money at his death, so Father bought a house and lot in Weatherford, Texas, and we lived there for a while but Father was a farmer so we rented the place and moved on Mamma’s father’s farm about two miles from Weatherford.

I had gone to school all I could and was in 5th grade when I started to the City School. I liked school and had good teachers that did what they could to advance me. Mrs. Blair, a widow, was a dear teacher of mine. Prof. Ewing, the principal, did what he could to help me. He had me take over the library at school and I got a small sum for it, and a French family lived near the school that had a little boy not old enough to go to school that the father wanted to hire someone come in to give him lessons. Prof. Ewing recommended me and let me leave my classes long enough to give the little boy lessons, so that was my first teaching.
When we moved to the country, it looked like I would have to quit the City School, even though Father was paying City tax. They said I couldn't come without paying tuition and Father couldn't pay tuition for me, so I told Mrs. Blair I would have to quit. She talked with another teacher, and when she came back, she had been crying. She told me to come back Monday and they would see what they could do. During the weekend, she contacted the school board and they decided that if I would stay at Grandmother’s, who paid city taxes, that I could come to the City School. I would walk from home Monday mornings and carry my lunch for that day, and go to Grandmother’s from school Monday, and through the week and Friday evening I went home. I don’t see, now, how Grandmother fed me, but I paid her later when I began teaching.

Uncle George Griscom had some trouble with his hands that was worse when he did milking, so I milked for him to pay for my dinner on the days that I stayed at Grandmother’s.

I had a mile to walk from Grandmother’s to school and must have been 2 1/2 miles from home to school and across a prairie. I remember I almost froze my fingers one morning.

Teaching School

Mrs. Blair wanted me to prepare myself for school teaching. We often had talks after school and I remember we were having a good talk and she suggested that I prepare for teaching and I told her I didn’t have enough patience for a teacher and she told me I would have to have patience at anything in life. So I decided I would work to that end. Those days, schools weren’t divided as now. No high school, but the grades were numbered. I went to Summer Normal and passed the State exam, and got my State Certificate. We left Mr. Coker’s place and moved to near Whitt in Parker County, Texas, and Father sold his town property in Weatherford, Texas, and bought a small place near Whitt. I taught my first school there. A small one room school. I don’t remember how many I had in school. I don’t think I was over 18.

One of the funniest experiences that I ever witnessed took place while I was living at Whitt. We didn’t have a machine and I helped Mamma with her sewing for the children. There was an old lady in the neighborhood that had a good machine and had invited me to come there to sew. I took some sewing and went one day. Was a hot day so we moved the machine on the porch which must have been five feet off the ground. The lady had a grandson almost my age and he came home playing a banjo. He thought he would play some for me. I had my sewing on a chair and it had a pin in the material. Jim came out and got that chair and leaned back against the post, and there was a loose board in the porch floor, so over he went, chair and all. As he went down, he threw up his hands and his feet sticking in the air made a funny picture. His grandmother said “did it hurt you, Jim?” and he said “No, but there was a p-p-pin in it”, he stuttered. We both had to laugh, and she said, “I would have had to laugh if it had killed you!” I can still laugh when I think of him tumbling over that porch when he was going to serenade me, and I can still see him with his hands and feet sticking up in the air.

I didn’t like it at Whitt very well, so I went back to Weatherford, and I met Dad [future husband, John Beaufort Doggett] soon after that. We went together for quite a while and Ed [Doggett] went with Coz (Cousin) Anna Griscom and his sister Mattie Doggett with a man named James. Dad owned a small team of mules named Maud and Kate, and he took a crowd on a picnic several times.

Walter, Cornelia, and Joe [Josie] Darden. (Note: Picture was not labeled, but it is estimated that Joe would be in her late teens, maybe when she began teaching school, around 15 years old. Walter would have been 13, and Cornelia, 7.)

7 Whitt is located about 20 miles northwest of Weatherford.
My next school was on the Brazos River. I taught in a church named Wade Chapel. Dad took me down to contact the trustees of the school. I boarded with a family by the name of Barnett and they were very nice to me. I had girls in that school that were almost as old as I was. I taught two terms at that school, and the last term was broken up by measles.

There wasn’t many church buildings so all gatherings were held in school houses, and it was the custom to have singing schools in summer or to have an all-days singing with a dinner, or might just be in the evening. We went to one of those singings and the house was jammed and someone there had the measles, so soon most of my pupils came down with the measles. Was about time for it to close.

The Doggett Ancestry

The Doggett family lived on the place that Uncle Will and Father rented several years after Father and Uncle Will lived there. It was known as “The Fain Place” and wasn’t very far from Grandmother’s, but John’s mother was almost an invalid and they didn’t go out very much.

We went to the Methodist Church and the Doggett’s were Baptists, and there wasn’t much to attend but church and occasionally a party held in the homes. Grandmother taught a private school in a log house in her yard and Mat (Mattice) attended her school for a while but it was several years later that I met Dad (her brother). I think we had a party at Grandmother’s and he came to it.

I will tell what I know of the early Doggett history.

His [John Doggett’s] father, Asa Edmond Doggett, was born in Harris County, Georgia, December 29, 1838, to John W. and Mary Ann Lyons Doggett.

8 There was a community known as Wade’s Chapel on the north bank of the Brazos River where Patrick’s Creek flows into the Brazos, about 11 miles southwest of Weatherford. First named for M. W. Wade, the location was later known as Hiner, named after circuit preacher, Reverend James Hiner. About all that remains today is the Hiner Cemetery and a historical marker.

9 Asa E. Doggett joined the 12th Arkansas Infantry as a member of the Confederate States and was sent to Island 10 near Memphis, where many were captured on 8 April 1862. There was a prisoner exchange on 23 September 1862, and he returned to Arkansas where the 12th Arkansas Infantry was reorganized. His unit was assigned to oversee the Mississippi River area and was sent to Port Hudson, Louisiana, 21 May, to engage the northern troops. The Union troops successfully surrounded the Confederate troops, cutting off all supplies and food. All Confederate units at Port Hudson were captured on 9 July 1863. Officers were sent to New Orleans, then by ship to New York, then by railroad to Johnson’s Island, Ohio. In May 1865, the prisoners were sent to Port Lookout, Maryland, and after taking the Oath of Allegiance, were released 12 June 1865. Asa then returned to Arkansas.

10 In her parent’s home in Paracliffe, Sevier County, Arkansas.
and he said the well was surrounded by water and Pa [Asa] had some Negroes making a walk to the well and he was playing, running around a tub that Pa was sitting on. Must have been a wooden tub, as that was the kind we had then. He got dizzy and fell in the water. He said he remembered going in to tell Ma he fell in Red River.

He [John] said he remembered hearing the animals in the cane brakes. I think Pa had charge of a shipping station on Red River. Pa moved from Arkansas to near Weatherford, Texas, when John was 10 years old. They lived about 3 miles west of Weatherford. They came to Texas in 1883, and Father came to near Weatherford in 1885. At that time, we lived about six miles apart and did our buying in the same town. John didn't have a chance to attend school very much as his mother was sick so much and he had to help at home, but he studied at home and went to some special schools for a short course. I remember there would be writing schools and singing schools. He was a great reader and learned by his reading. His Father and Mother were educated and did what they could to fit their children for life. Since John's brothers, Dick and Ed, were both married, John was left to care for his parents and sister.

Pa was a good bookkeeper and did such work at Rentz's gin, and I think ran the gins too, and was a farmer. Cotton usually began opening in latter part of August and we considered it good luck to finish up by Christmas, but it would hang in the bolls or fall on the ground and could be picked up and shake the dirt out of it and use it months later. I have heard it said it took 13 months out of a year to raise a cotton crop; or in other words, you could finish one crop and begin plowing for the next one. Took much hard work to raise a cotton crop. Our cotton clothes has cost someone hours of hard work.

Weatherford had a street car but it must not have been a paying business as it didn't last long. Was a horse car and Dad drove it part of the time, but that was before I knew him.

John was 21 before I met him. He did hauling and road work with his little team of mules, Maud and Kate. He kept them so fat.

Pa [Asa] had a sister, Eugenia who died soon after her husband and left a big family, so he had them move to Weatherford or rented them a place near Weatherford. Some of the boys and girls were old enough to keep up a home but Edna, Asa, and Lillian Wallis were small so he kept them. Lillian, the youngest, was 5 years old. Ma's sister Mary took Edna, but Asa and Lillian were with John's parent's till they were grown. Pa and Ed Doggett, Asa's son and John's brother, decided to take a look at Southern Texas near Galveston. They took the trip in a wagon, and came back very much thrilled so they made the move down to Phair, pronounced “Fair”, not very far from Galveston. Dad went with them but he didn't like it down there. We were engaged at the time that he went, but didn't know when we could marry.

Ed Doggett and Cousin Anna Griscom married and Ed took her down there but they didn't stay but one year. John helped raise the crops and finally went to Galveston to help load ships with cotton. They would load wheat in the bottom of the ship and then put cotton on the wheat. Had tools that would jam the cotton bales in very tight and they were hard to carry over that soft wheat. I don't remember what wages he got, but was good wages for those days so he came out of the job with some money.

The many letters we wrote at that time were burned when our house burned in 1910. I had brought them to Oregon with me. Not all, but could have a better record now, if I had them.

The year that Pa decided to move to Southern Texas, my father decided to make a look at Oklahoma so he and Brother Walter went to Oklahoma in a wagon, and he filed on a claim while there and rented a place from a Widow Heed. That was in 1897.

[To be continued ...]

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11 Eugenia had married Washington Wallis and left eight children.

12 One daughter of Eugenia and Washington Wallis, Ann W. Wallis married Walter Weatherwax. Their son Rudd Weatherwax was an actor and animal breeder and trainer. He and his brother Frank are best remembered for training dogs for motion pictures and television. Their collie Pal became the original Lassie for the 1943 Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer film Lassie Come Home. Rudd also handled the dogs for the Lassie television series from 1954 to 1974 and trained Spike for the 1957 feature film Old Yeller.
Albert Leonard Gulstrom (1887–1945)

Albert Leonard Gulstrom was born on 26 December 1887 in Tillamook, Tillamook County, Oregon. However, his story really begins in Sweden. His father, Olof Olofsson, was born on 29 September 1854 in Lysvik, Värmland, Sweden. When he was 28 years old, he went to work on the farm of his future father-in-law, Olof Jonsson, in Brujåker, Gävleborg, Sweden. Olof Olofsson married Albert’s mother, Anna Greta Olofsdotter, on 22 September 1883.

During this time period, Olof Olofsson experienced a religious conversion—he became a Baptist. Living in a country where the Lutheran Church was the state religion, converting to a different faith could bring persecution. As a result, the family left Sweden on 6 March 1887. Nine months later, on 26 December 1887, Albert was born in America; I like to think he was conceived on the ship!

Albert attended school in Tillamook and worked on the family’s 160-acre land claim nearby. In 1900, his father bought a 33-acre dairy on the corner of Goodspeed Road and Highway 101. Besides his parents, he had an older brother, Olof Emil Gulstrom, who was born in Sweden on 28 January 1885 and died 23 January 1953 in Forest Grove, Washington County, Oregon. Olof was two years old when he came to the U.S. Albert had two brothers and a sister who were born after him. Alfred Henry Gulstrom, Sr., was born in Tillamook on 27 January 1890 and died there on 19 February 1949. Erick Arthur Gulstrom was born in Tillamook on 26 March 1893 and died there on 29 March 1947. Anna Gulstrom was born in Tillamook on 27 August 1896. She died in Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon on 29 August 1919.

About 1917, Albert moved to Langlois, Curry County, Oregon, on the southern Oregon coast. He was employed as a cheese maker by Mrs. Elizabeth Bethel. Shortly after starting work there, he became manager of the Arago Cheese Factory, where he met Bernice A. Robison; they would later marry on 17 May 1920.

Albert and Bernice rented a small house next to a cedar mill in the community of Arago, Coos County, Oregon. Their first son, Glenn Albert Gulstrom, was born on 2 March 1924 in Arago. Their second son, Darwin Burl Gulstrom, my father, was born seven years later, on 8 November 1931.

On 19 March 1934, they purchased a 35-acre farm on the Lampa-Arago Road between Arago and Myrtle Point. In addition to running the farm, Albert worked for the Coos County Road Department. Albert died suddenly as a result of a hunting accident. Bernice remarried on 2 February 1946 to Gus Schroeder and moved to Corvallis, Benton County, Oregon. On 25 August 1948, the property in Arago was sold.
According to his obituary in the Myrtle Point Herald dated 19 April 1945, Albert went out to kill a hawk that was suspected of killing chickens. As he was crossing a fence, the gun slipped out of his hand. As the butt of the gun hit the ground it discharged, shooting him in the neck. He died instantly. His wife Bernice was watching out the kitchen window and witnessed the incident.

This was also the same week that President Franklin D. Roosevelt died. On the front cover of the Myrtle Point Herald, the announcement of FDR’s death was across the top of the page, and my grandfather’s obituary was at the bottom.

My great-grandparents left Sweden because of religious persecution. My grandfather was the first family member born here in the U.S. His father took advantage of the economic opportunities in Tillamook. This allowed Albert to seek his own opportunities. His premature death halted his personal success.

I never knew my grandfather. I would have loved to sit down with him and ask him questions about growing up in Tillamook and hear stories his mother and father would have told him about their life in Sweden.

Visiting Oregon’s South Coast?

Nanci Remington

Check out some of the historical and genealogical research sources from a list provided by Steven Greif of the Coos County Historical Society. Please note that most have limited research capability for patrons. Call ahead for information about exhibits, hours of operation, and services.

- Chetco Valley Museum—displays, pictures, and artifacts featuring local history including regional Native American tribes.
- Coos History Museum—two floors of exhibits explore the geography, history, and economics of the South Coast and the people who live there.
- Coquille Valley Museum—thousands of archives, genealogical resources, photos, and library books on the area and its residents make this museum a researcher’s destination.
- Marshfield Sun Printing Museum—exhibits depicting life in Marshfield in the early 1900s and a repository of all the weekly newspapers printed in what is now the City of Coos Bay.
- Siuslaw Pioneer Museum—historic displays, pictures, and other information about the Siuslaw River area including the pioneers, Indian tribes, and the City of Florence. A research library is on site.
- To see the full list of museums and other resources, go to https://cooshistory.org/wp-content/uploads/2017/12/Research-South-Coast-Sources.pdf.
A Beginner’s Guide to Manuscripts and Repositories

Debra Koehler

Ever since my dad handed me three pages of unsourced family history in 2011, I have been a genealogy nut! But I will admit, I am a “Keyboard Warrior.” Due to a demanding career, distance, and the ease of finding records online, I have done the vast majority of my research via the internet. It was not until I decided to earn a Genealogical Research Certificate through Boston University that I was forced out of my comfort zone and into the three-dimensional world of repositories. A class assignment required I visit a repository to view an original manuscript, something I had never done before. I feel silly saying so now, but I was intimidated by the assignment. In truth, I was even intimidated by the word “Repository.” If you are now or ever have been unsure about how to visit a repository to view an original manuscript, read on.

WHAT IS A REPOSITORY?

Chances are, you have already visited a repository even if you think you haven’t. A repository is simply a place where items are deposited or stored.¹ So, a public library is a repository. The Genealogical Forum of Oregon (GFO) library is a repository. A county courthouse is a repository, as is a state’s archive. If you think about it, your bedroom closet is a repository for your wardrobe, and your kitchen is a repository for your cookware. Nothing intimidating about that!

But repositories become much more challenging (and all the more essential to our research) when they hold one-of-a-kind, original, or unpublished documents, typically referred to as manuscripts. A manuscript can be any type of document: a diary, a letter, a contract, a receipt, an account ledger, an organization’s minutes, a poem, a birthday card, the original copy of The U.S. Constitution displayed at the National Archives, even a recipe. But the one thing all manuscripts have in common is that they are rare. Most are original, one of a kind. If copies exist at all, they are limited in number (such as a copy of a family genealogy in the GFO library). And often, manuscripts are old and fragile. Think fading ink on delicate paper, and musty books with failing spines. As such, if you go to a repository to view a manuscript, you can’t just walk in and pull it off the shelf like you can most library books. You have to make a plan. And that plan starts with knowing well ahead of time which manuscript(s) you wish to view.

LOCATING MANUSCRIPTS

Fortunately, the easiest way to identify a manuscript related to your genealogy research is to search the internet. Most repositories have searchable databases of their collections on their websites. For example, try this on the GFO website (gfo.org):

1. Under the Resources menu, click on Manuscripts Collection.
2. You can click through to the Collections List and explore the listings and identify collections that might hold manuscripts relevant to your research.

• Just for fun, click on the collection on the GFO website entitled “Balicki Personal Papers.” From the description, you will see it includes “reminiscences of Oregon settlers.” One of these “reminiscences” is the source material for the “Bernice Turner” article, which appears elsewhere in this Bulletin.

• Click on the link to the Balicki 2012-03 Finding Aid and scroll down. The finding aid tells you the reminiscences are contained in File 30 of the collection.

Another great online finding aid is Archives West (archiveswest.orbiscascade.org), which offers “descriptions of archival and manuscript materials held by institutions in Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Alaska, Montana, and Utah.” This is where I found the collection I consulted to complete my repository assignment for my Boston University certificate. I simply clicked the map on the Archives West homepage to search manuscripts located in Eugene, Oregon (somewhat near where I live). There I found a fascinating collection of personal letters entitled “John T. Apperson correspondence, 1862-1865.” The collection is held in The Special Collections and University Archives in The Knight Library at The University of Oregon. The description from Archives West reads as follows:

Between 1862 and 1865 Apperson was in the 1st Oregon Cavalry stationed at Ft. Walla Walla and Ft. Dalles. Sixteen of the letters are from his brother Albert Jefferson Apperson ... Other letters are from the Misses Amanda and Jennie Gaines, and Elvira Fellows, young ladies of Clackamas County, with social news, mild flirtation, gossip and oblique references to the Civil War.

Young ladies flirting and gossiping with a Civil War soldier on the Oregon frontier? I had to read those letters! Spoiler alert: I did! And they did not disappoint. Here is just a sample of what I found in one of the letters, from Miss Amanda Gaines to Lt. Col. Apperson:

You wish to know if she [Jennie Gaines] has surrendered herself to Mr. Sanders. I will assure you she has not, neither will she. You can judge the opinion she entertains for him by reading her letter. She dispises [sic] a traitor and she considers him one.

Needless to say, I have since built extensive family trees for both the Gaines family and the Appersons—though my research into the identity of the despised Mr. Sanders continues.

6 Ibid (Apperson Collection).
Finally, do not underestimate the power of locating manuscripts with a simple Google search. While researching the Bernice Turner article, I searched using both her maiden and married names (Bernice Chessman Turner) and quickly found a collection of family papers held at the Davies Family Research Library at the Oregon Historical Society in Portland. The Turner Chessman family papers, 1851-2001 turned out to be three full boxes of family history, genealogies, personal letters, and other documents! In those boxes, I found answers to many of my research questions and confirmation of my theories. There was no way I could have completed the Turner article without consulting those papers. And the only way to see them was to go to the repository.

PLANNING A REPOSITORY VISIT:

Once you have a manuscript in your sights, it is best to contact the repository at least two weeks in advance of your intended visit to assure the materials will be available to you when you get there. Many repositories keep some or all of their manuscript collections in vaults that may or may not be on site. It can take anywhere from a few minutes to several days for requested materials to be pulled and brought to the circulation desk at the repository. By planning well ahead, you assure your materials will be waiting for you when you arrive.

Fortunately, online databases like those offered by the GFO and Archives West make planning easy. Both provide downloadable PDFs for the collections in their databases with all the information needed to request materials. Should you locate a manuscript through a database that does not offer finding aids, be sure you jot down the complete name of the collection, its collection or accession number, and the contact information for the repository.

Now, you are ready to contact the repository to inquire about viewing the materials. I recommend using email because you will have a record of the correspondence. Write a very polite and brief email which states the collection or collections you wish to view, when you want to come to view them, and asks what arrangements must be made in advance to do so. Be sure to include the complete name and number of the collection in your email.

This is also a good time to visit the repository’s website to research its rules and policies. It is not unusual for repositories to restrict the items that can be brought into the viewing rooms. You might be required to leave your personal items, such as a laptop bag or purse, in a locker. You might be permitted to use pencils but not pens, or in some cases, no writing instruments at all. Making copies or taking photographs of manuscripts could be restricted or prohibited completely. Electronic devices might be permitted, or not. Knowing all of this ahead of time will help you plan to work efficiently during your time at the repository.

Before leaving the website, verify the exact location of the repository and the hours of operation and consider verifying both with a follow-up email or phone call. Hours can vary by department within a large repository (such as a university library) and by the season. Manuscript rooms might be closed on weekends, even if housed in larger facilities that are open. Also, research your parking options, especially for repositories located in downtown...
areas or on college campuses. (I failed to do this before I consulted the Turner papers and ended up paying way too much to park.)

In my experience, repositories are quick to respond to emailed inquiries. Once you get a response, you simply follow the instructions provided to request your materials.

In the case of the Knight Library at the University of Oregon, I had to register with the Special Collections and University Archives in order to request materials. I was able to start the registration online, but it was not active and complete until I appeared in person with a photo ID. Then I could request materials, either onsite or online, in advance of or on the day of my visit. Requested materials are pulled every hour on the half-hour. So, a request placed at 10 a.m. would be pulled at 10:30 and delivered to the viewing room, likely by 11 a.m.

In the case of the Davies Library at the Oregon Historical Society, no pre-registration was required. All I had to do was send an email stating when I would be there and which collection(s) I wanted to view. But pre-planning was crucial! The Turner Chessman family papers and other collections are held offsite. At the time of my research, requested materials were brought to the library by a courier just once per week on Thursday, and my request had to be made by the preceding Tuesday to be included in the delivery. And so, a request placed on a Wednesday would not be available until eight days later on the following Thursday.

As you can see, the amount of time between when a request is made and when the materials are available varies by the repository, which is why it is so important to plan ahead.

THE VISIT

If you planned well, you will arrive on time, know where to park, and where to go within the building(s) so you don’t waste valuable research time circling around. You will also have requested your materials in advance. And you will have with you everything you need and nothing you don’t.

Unless policy says otherwise, you should bring:

- Photo ID
- Several sharpened pencils
- Blank paper for notes
- Fully charged cell phone
- Fully charged laptop (if you type notes)
- Magnifying glass
- Small bills and loose change for incidentals

Arrive with your patience intact because you likely will have to check in and put your “non-essential” belongings into a locker before you can access your materials. At both the Knight Library in Eugene and the Davies Library in Portland, I had to leave my purse, laptop bag, and other personal effects in a locker outside of the viewing room. I was permitted to bring in all the items listed above, but this will vary by repository. At both locations, finding a power outlet to keep my phone and laptop charged was a challenge, which is why I recommend arriving fully charged.

Once inside, you will be directed to or supplied with your materials. When you have them, take a few moments to look around for signs or other clues as to how to handle the materials. At the Knight Library,
cushions were available for propping up fragile books. At the Davies Library, a basket of white gloves was provided for handling photographs. If you are not sure how to handle the materials, ask. Everyone I have ever encountered in a repository was very pleasant, patient, and helpful.

It might be tempting to just dive into your collection. But before you do, examine the container. The Apperson collection I consulted was housed in a single, sturdy cardboard box. The Turner Chessman collection, as I mentioned, was comprised of three full boxes, only one of which I was able to view at a time. However your collection is housed, look for the label on the overall container and write down exactly what it says, or better yet, photograph it (ask permission to take pictures, if you have not already done so). You will need precise identifying information for citations when you write up your research.

Then, carefully open the collection, and again take a few moments to examine how it is organized. Both collections I consulted contained a series of folders within the boxes, and each folder contained one to several items. I found it best to take a quick visual inventory of the items to identify those pertinent to my research. I then worked methodically through the collection, folder-by-folder, item-by-item, taking care to document all identifying information on the folders and individual items for my citations and to put everything back into the proper folder, and the folder back into its proper place within the box.

You will realize quickly that even if you have planned to spend the entire day looking at the collection, time is already running short! There is so much to see! And if you are reviewing handwritten manuscripts, you have fading ink and unfamiliar penmanship to contend with (this is where the magnifying glass comes in handy). You must decide how you can most efficiently record the information contained in the manuscripts for your notes.

One option is to transcribe, word for word, some or all of each document relevant to your research. But this is incredibly time consuming. Another option is to write an abstract, or summary of the information contained in each document. But this leaves you with incomplete information, which later might prove insufficient or confusing.

So, if photographs are permitted, I prefer to use my cell phone to snap pictures of the passages in the documents relevant to my research. Then I always have the exact wording in my records, and I can puzzle over the handwriting and other challenges to create transcriptions at home. Now you see why it is so important to arrive with a fully charged cell phone!

**TOP REPOSITORY TIPS**

**Planning:**
- Research and identify your materials in advance.
- Email the repository about viewing your materials at least two weeks ahead of your visit.
- Research the repository restrictions and policies in advance of your visit.
- Know what you can and cannot bring into the viewing room.
- Know whether you can copy or photograph the materials.

**At the Repository:**
- Handle everything with great care. If you are not sure, ask.
- Work methodically, box-to-box, folder-to-folder.
- Take cell phone photos of documents, if permitted.
- Collect accurate and complete citation information for everything you view.
- Put everything back exactly as you found it and say: “Thank you!”
Keep in mind, being permitted to take a photograph for your personal research files is not the same thing as getting permission to publish or share the image. If your work is for publication, be sure to ask before you leave the repository if permission can be obtained to publish images of the manuscript, and if so, how. These policies vary greatly from repository to repository. And some collections might have usage restrictions placed on them by their donor(s).

As you take approved photographs, make sure you include the manuscript, the folder, and the box from which the information came. Nothing is more frustrating than getting home and realizing you have a phone full of unreferenced images of multiple documents you cannot sort or put in the proper order! I solve this by writing “slates” on my notepaper that identify the collection, box, folder, and item I am about to photograph. A slate from the Chessman Turner papers might look like this:

Turner Chessman family papers
Coll 369
Box 2 of 3
Folder: Letter re: Chessman Family Genealogy
Item: Letter Dated Chicago 26 April 1896, Samuel Chessman to Wm. Chessman.

I then photograph the slate before I photograph the item. When I move to a new item, I first create and photograph a new slate. That way, when I download the images out of my phone, the slates always precede the images of the item, and it is easy for me to know what is what. It is good practice to download your images as soon as you get home and sort each item into its own folder, along with its slate. If page numbers are not evident on the documents, I jot those down on a scrap of paper and include it in the photograph. Of course, you should NEVER leave any kind of mark on the manuscript.

If you prefer written notes to cell phone photos, you still need to write down the information contained in the slate for every transcription, abstraction, or set of notes you create so that your research can be understood and cited at a later date. Do not cheat this step, or you may have to return to the repository and re-locate the information so that you can properly cite it in a report.

All these protocols might sound incredibly tedious, but, I promise, if you have done your prep work and made it this far, your day will fly by! Your goal will be to collect as much information relevant to your research as possible, along with its proper citation before the repository closes. This will take focus and discipline. Have a notepad or your laptop handy to jot down all the “rabbit holes” you discover so you can research them at a future date.

All too soon the time will be up, and you will have to re-assemble the collection as you found it and return it to the circulation desk before closing time. Be sure to say thank you to the staff. Don’t forget your belongings from the locker. Then, hurry home! Plan to spend the evening reviewing, cataloging, and sorting your notes while everything is fresh in your mind.

I hope this leaves you inspired to visit a repository and view an original manuscript!

I know I could not possibly have completed the “reasonably exhaustive” research needed to write the Bernice Turner article without having viewed The Chessman Turner family papers at the Davies Family Research Library. Too many stones would have been left unturned, and too many questions left unresolved. So, if you have an on-going research project that seems stuck, look for manuscripts you can consult. Even if you don’t have a particular research question in mind, do as I did for my class and search the GFO website or Archives West for a manuscript of interest to you. Then, go see it! If you are like me, you will start looking for excuses to take your research offline and out into the tangible world of repositories.
Book Review

Through the Tax Assessor’s Eyes: Enslaved People, Free Blacks and Slaveholders in Early Nineteenth Century Baltimore

Shannon Leonetti and Jackie Farlinger-King

With only a quick scan of the book, it would be easy to dismiss Through the Tax Assessor’s Eyes as a simple ledger or record. That would be a huge injustice. At the most elementary level, it is a snapshot of slavery in Baltimore, Maryland, in the early 19th century, based primarily upon the original tax assessor ledgers for 1813 and 1818.

However, the informative forward by retired Maryland State Archivist Edward C. Papenfuse provides context that increases the value of the material. He gives a detailed narrative on both the enslaved, the slaveholders, and the free blacks during the period. Papenfuse takes time to summarize new research about urban slavery, that of Baltimore’s in particular, and tells where historians can turn for additional information on that subject. He says the ledgers confirm what historians “have come to know about the conditions of urban life in the second decade of the 19th century.”

In their Introduction, authors Noreen J. Goodson and Donna Tyler Hollie made it clear that they wanted this book to be a treasured source for historians and genealogists. The data is presented in columns that include one for the name of the property owner; his place of residence; and under the heading “Enslaved Property,” the name, age, gender, and dollar value of each of his slaves. The tables are clear and easy to understand. Goodson and Hollie supplemented the information with data from city directories, census records, as well as books and journal articles about Baltimore in the 1800s. They examined newspapers, court records, and biographies of some of the more prominent residents mentioned in the assessments to illuminate their lives in biographical sketches.

Through the Tax Assessor’s Eyes takes historical slavery out of the abstract. Beginning with the first entry in the first table in the book and the first name of the owner and his “enslaved property” printed on the page, a reader will be grabbed by the reality of the ownership of one human by another. Many descriptions divided blacks by whether they were tenants or property. Some were annotated with phrases like “Gertrude was of little value” or “Tom was blind.”

The tables are preceded by brief profiles of eighteen individuals and an introduction to free women of color. While some women were skilled workers, such as seamstresses, most sold food or flowers door-to-door or near the harbor. They were listed in the directories when there were no men in their homes or if they were property holders. These stories are a picture of Baltimore as a vibrant and thriving community. Citizens, such as the Irish immigrant whose success came from the supplying of weapons to the Revolutionary army, or the woman slaveholder from Haiti who established a cigar factory in Baltimore, are the roots of great novels.

Other strong points of this book include the glossary, sections showing where blacks were taxed on lots, and surnames that became streets names. An exciting starting point for a professional genealogist or someone researching a family history is the opportunity to locate streets where forebears may have lived, the occupations they followed, and the property, both real and human, on which they paid taxes.

This work can have great value for those researching enslaved persons in Baltimore as well as those who owned them. Not only is there a comprehensive name index, but researchers are also able to discover whether their ancestors were free or enslaved and, if enslaved, to whom they “belonged.” Historians can ferret out housing patterns, economic conditions, the role and relationships of women, details regarding the institution of slavery, and the impact of the ports and harbors on the economic development of Baltimore. The book is both comprehensive and accessible. We recommend this book to anyone who is researching in the 19th century and any genealogical institutions that value reference books on Colonial America.
Book Review

The Royal Descents of 900 Immigrants to the American Colonies, Quebec, or the United States

Reviewed by Margaret McCrea

Author: Gary Boyd Roberts
Publisher: Genealogical Publishing Company
Date: 2018
Pages: 1611 in two volumes
Price: $150.00 for two volumes plus shipping
Order from: Genealogical.com
GFO Call No.: 929.7 Roya Amer Robe v1 and v2

I wish I could stop calling this source confusing, but in the end, this reference book defeated me. The latest in a line of books by Gary Boyd Roberts, it is a series that has been growing in coverage with each new edition. Though this issue is Royal Descents of 900 Immigrants, it apparently covers 970 notable people in Canada and the United States who descend from royalty in Europe. The introduction states, “Royal descent is the ‘gateway’ ancestry that links modern America to the ancient and feudal world.”

Here are some reasons I find the book baffling:

First, the two-volume set starts with ten pages of acknowledgements and a thirty-page introduction, followed by ten (10!) appendices. All this goes to page cxcii, taking up 192 pages before the content of the book gets started. I tried to read the introduction, but it was so dense and so much like an acknowledgement that I kept falling asleep.

Then, it seems oddly organized. For example, Appendix II is titled “925 Immigrants of Royal Descent: A Subject Index and Guide; 45 French-Canadian Immigrants of Royal Descent, both 1 (France) to Quebec, and (2) Quebec to the United States.” Included in the list of names on page lxxiii, we find Baillie, Robert of Ga., p. 152. We go to page 152 (Vol. 1) and find Robert Baillie in bold print (meaning he emigrated to the U.S.), no dates, married to Mary Ann Mackintosh, and more information about Mary Ann’s parents than Robert’s. They are numbers 10 and 11 on a list of those descended from James IV of Scotland (1513). Does this mean that both Robert and Mary Ann are descendants?

To find out, you need to read up the chart, following the surnames, as shown on the next page.

When we find Robert Baillie in the Index, (the last 600 pages of Vol. II), it shows that he is found on pages 152 and three pages with Roman numerals, but none of them is lxxiii.

The titles of the appendices are not helpful.

Appendix I is “255 Twentieth-Century Scholars (to 2017) and the immigrants upon whose royal descents they have undertaken research.” Really? We look things up by the researcher, not the person we’re trying to learn about? How do we ever find our person in this list?

Appendix II does list people alphabetically and refers us to their proper pages, without Roman numerals, so it is not much different than the index at the end of Vol. II. This is followed by “45 French-Canadian Immigrants of Royal Descent,” but this is not Appendix III; apparently it is an appendix to Appendix II.
Appendix III is “610 Major Historical Figures who appear on the charts.” How did the compiler choose his “major historical figures?” I see Matthew Arnold and Jane Austen, Hedy Lamar, Hugh Grant, Fritz Lang, and a Hepburn who does not appear to be Katharine. However, Jane Austen is not included in a royal descent chart. Instead, the index refers us to three pages, each of which mentions her in passing as part of a source reference. A look at page 299 tells us about Jane Austen’s mother, Cassandra Leigh, but nothing about Jane herself.

And, so we go, through to Appendix X, “29 Immigrants Dropped from the RD600 or This Edition, with Sources for the Disproofs or Doubts.”

Each of the charts that make up the content of this book starts with a royal figure, but none before 1200 AD. The focus is on the royals and their connection to a notable descendant, not the second-cousin shoe salesman or accountant from Boca Raton. Since most of us aren’t looking for a notable immigrant, and there is so little information about each person once you manage to find someone, I don’t see this book as being useful for the average person. I would not recommend it for primary research.

However, if you become aware of a family connection to one of the “notable immigrants,” peruse the index to see if they are mentioned. If you do find them in a chart, study the source list that follows each chart, and even those dreaded appendices, to learn where to go for more research clues.
### Book Review

**Historic German Newspapers Online, Second Edition**

*Reviewed by Margaret McCrea*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author:</th>
<th>Ernest Thode</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Publisher:</td>
<td>Genealogical Publishing Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Publishing date:</td>
<td>2018</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pages:</td>
<td>329</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Price:</td>
<td>$35.00 plus shipping</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Order from:</td>
<td>Genealogical.com</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GFO Call Number:</td>
<td>943 .News Thod 2018</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Just about any American with European heritage could find themselves researching at least one German ancestor, no matter how English or French or Italian they think they are. And since newspapers can be a terrific genealogical resource, German language newspapers should probably be in everyone’s tool kit, despite the language barrier, which can be overcome.

Ernest Thode, in this updated edition of *Historic German Newspapers Online*, begins with a short but useful introduction explaining his sources and the organization of the book. The book is made up of three tables. One is a list of German language newspapers by location. Thus, if you’ve traced your ancestor to, for example, Hamburg, you would look under Germany, then Hamburg, to find 41 newspapers you might want to research. This table also has very useful notes to help narrow your selection. One paper might be a socialist paper, another a Mennonite paper, another from a university, another a regular government report, and so on. If you know your ancestors were Mennonites, you’ve struck gold. Papers with government reports might include vital records or records of outbound-migration.

Let’s assume we selected *Hamburgischer Correspondent* as a potential paper to investigate because the note says: “largest circulation in Europe.” That sounds like a substantial target. Now we move to the next table which lists the papers alphabetically by name. There are only three columns in this table: the name of the paper, the date range of the online version of the paper, and a column for a code.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Country</th>
<th>Published at</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Notes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Germany</td>
<td>Hamburg</td>
<td>Hamburger Musikalische Zeitung</td>
<td>music paper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Germany</td>
<td>Hamburg</td>
<td>Hamburger Nachrichten</td>
<td>Hamburg</td>
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<tr>
<td>Germany</td>
<td>Hamburg</td>
<td>Hamburger neueste Nachrichten</td>
<td>Hamburg</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Germany</td>
<td>Hamburg</td>
<td>Hamburger Zeitung</td>
<td>Hamburg</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Germany</td>
<td>Hamburg</td>
<td>Hamburgischer Correspondent</td>
<td>500 years U Heidelberg</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Germany</td>
<td>Hamburg</td>
<td>Hamburgisches Gesetz- und Verordnungsblatt</td>
<td>largest circulation in Europe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Germany</td>
<td>Hamburg</td>
<td>Handlungsgehilfen-Blatt</td>
<td>Hamburg official paper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Germany</td>
<td>Hamburg</td>
<td>Jahresbericht der Taufgesinnten Missionsgesellschaft</td>
<td>Mennonite</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Germany</td>
<td>Hamburg</td>
<td>Jahresberichte der Verwaltungsbehörden der freien Stadt Hamburg</td>
<td>government reports</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Germany</td>
<td>Hamburg</td>
<td>Jüdische Schulzeitung</td>
<td>Jewish teacher publication</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Germany</td>
<td>Hamburg</td>
<td>Kampf</td>
<td>socialist paper</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
In our case, the date is 1886 August, so not much of the paper is available via the internet. A little online research tells us that this paper started in 1710 or 1711 and ran until 1934, when the Nazi government shut it down. Why is so little of it available online? The last column of this table might help. The code word is UHEID. To find the meaning, we turn to the third table in this book, which gives sources and their website addresses.

We find that UHEID stands for the University of Heidelberg, and the address is https://www.ub.uni-heidelberg.de/helios/. This link takes us to an academic digital library site, very much like JSTOR. As a test, I searched for the name of our chosen newspaper and got quite a few hits that looked like documents about the paper, but I found nothing that looked like the paper itself. At this point, I would turn to someone who reads German to help me. This site does offer an English version, but only the frame is in English, not the core content.

For fun, I looked for Oregon’s own early German newspaper, the Oregon Deutsche Zeitung, which launched in 1867 and ended in 1884, one of Oregon’s first newspapers. It is not included in this book because it is not available online. It should be noted that papers are alphabetical by the city of publication.

Thode’s German newspaper reference book is an easy-to-use, straightforward resource. Like most resources, it is a research aid but not a magic wand. It has fascinating information (there are German language papers from China, Samoa, Canada, Mexico, and Latvia) and good leads. The rest is up to us.

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PMUG Clinic

PMUG College Debuts at the GFO
June 12th & 26th / 6pm-7:45pm at the GFO Classroom

For the month of June, the Portland Macintosh Users Group will bring one of our most successful events to the GFO – the PMUG Clinic. The Clinic is a friendly place where you can bring in that Mac/iPad/iPhone that you are having problems with for free diagnostics, as well as many other issues.

Some examples of how PMUG Clinic can help you include:

- If you have questions on one of the basic Apple software apps, you don’t need to take a whole class to get your questions answered.
- If you are having problems with your Mac/iPhone/iPad, you can bring it in for free diagnostic.
- If you want to find the best backup system for your of your genealogy archives, you can get a custom recommendation based your actual needs.

No need to register, just show up during clinic hours.

Bring your Mac or Apple mobile device. If you would like additional information for attending PMUG Clinic, please email us at college@pmug.org.
Book Review

Women Patriots in the American Revolution: Stories of Bravery, Daring and Compassion

Reviewed by Margaret McCrea

Author: Jack Darrell Crowder
Publisher: Clearfield Company
Publication Date: 2018
Pages: 102
Price: $24.95 plus shipping
Order from: Genealogical.com
GFO Call No.: 973 .Mil-Yr 1775-1783

Though there is something a bit simplistic about this slim volume with its unadorned writing style and presentation, it is worth looking through should you find that you have ancestors who participated in the Revolutionary War. These are stories of espionage, rides in the night to smuggle messages, the taking up of arms in the disguise of a male, nursing the wounded, supplying troops with food, and facing down British troops wreaking havoc inside one's own home. These stories, of roughly 90 women, document the often-overlooked roles women played in the war effort. Crowder has relied on a long list of sources, from books and journals to obituaries and government records.

There are several stories of note here. Jeanette Leman carried secret dispatches (at the age of twelve!) hidden inside a double heel of a sock that she had knit. Deborah Champion, age 21, also smuggled dispatches, disguised as an old woman in the company of the family slave, Aristarchus, so they looked not at all interesting to the British guards.

The story of Elizabeth Freeman, “Mum Bett,” is for me the core story of this book. She was born a slave but seems to have had a powerful personality. She was William Edward Burghardt (W. E. B.) DuBois’ great-grandmother. At the end of the Revolutionary War, she and a male slave sued for their freedom on the grounds that the Declaration of Independence gave them the right to freedom. They won, and in 1781 became the first slaves freed under Massachusetts law. Elizabeth’s husband had been killed fighting in the war, as were a number of other slaves at the time, so she must have felt that she had given as much as anyone to her country. I believe I have heard of Elizabeth Freeman in my own family research, as I discovered that a relative owned a woman named Ann Freeman, also in Massachusetts. This gives me direction for further research. Since Crowder helpfully supplies the bibliography for his sources at the end of each woman’s entry, I have a good start.
BEGINNERS’ BOOt CAMP

Join Laurel Smith at the GFO for a day of beginning genealogy. There will be sessions about the census, vital records, immigration and naturalization, discussions about genealogy software and database use, organizing your research and more – all geared toward beginners. Bring a sack lunch so the discussion can continue while we eat. GFO members may attend for free, non-members for $20.

Register online at GFO.org by June 6. A link to the class notes and a short, pre-Boot Camp assignment will be emailed on Sat., June 8.

Walk-ins unavailable, so please register online.

boot camp: "boʊt, kamp/ noun: A training camp for new recruits, with strict discipline.

“...a marathon that was time well-spent.”

“...more than exceeded my expectations.”

“Boot Camp was rocking, wow do I regret not having it before I started...”
GFO CALENDAR: JUNE–JULY 2019

JUNE

Sat June 1  10:00 am  Virginia Group
            1:00 pm  German Group
Sun June 2  9:00 am  Library Work Party - Manuscripts
Mon June 3  Free to Non-members
            Wed June 5  10:00 am  Learn & Chat
            1:00 pm  DNA Q&A
            Library open until 8:00 pm
Sat June 8  9:30 am  Great Lakes Region Group
Sun June 9  9:00 am  Library Work Party
            1:00 pm  Family Tree Maker Users Group
            3:30 pm  French Canada Group
Mon June 10 9:00 am  Beginners' Boot Camp
Tue June 11 6:10 pm  Board Meeting
Wed June 12 6:00 pm  PMUG Clinic, Library open until 8:00 pm
Fri June 14 11:30 am  Mexican Ancestry Group
Sat June 15 9:30 am  Genealogy Problem Solvers
            12:01 pm  African American Ancestry Group
            2:00 pm  Membership Meeting
            2:30 pm  Gen Talk: BLM & HistoryGeo
Sun June 16 Closed for Fathers Day
Wed June 19 10:00 am  Learn & Chat
            1:00 pm  DNA Q&A
            6:00 pm  Irish Group, Library open until 8:00 pm
Sun June 23 9:00 am  Library Work Party
Wed June 26 6:00 pm  PMUG Clinic, Library open until 8:00 pm
Sun June 30 9:00 am  Library Work Party

JULY

Mon July 1  Free to Non-members
            Wed July 3  10:00 am  Learn & Chat
            1:00 pm  DNA Q&A, Library open until 8:00 pm
            Closed for Independence Day
            Thu July 4
            Sat July 6  10:00 am  Virginia Group
            1:00 pm  German Group
            9:00 am  Library work party - Manuscripts
            6:10 pm  Board Meeting
            Sun July 7  Library open until 8:00 pm
            Tue July 9
            Wed July 10
            Sat July 13
            Sun July 14
            Wed July 17  10:00 am  Learn & Chat
            1:00 pm  DNA Q&A, Library open until 8:00 pm
            Sun July 20  9:30 am  Genealogy Problem Solvers
            12:01 pm  African American Ancestry Group
            9:00 am  Library Work Party
            1:00 pm  Family Tree Maker for Beginners
            3:30 pm  French Canada Group
            Wed July 24
            Sat July 27  9:00 am  DNA Advanced Group
            9:30 am  Library Work Party
            Giving Monday
            Library open until 8:00 pm