

BRADFORD DESCENDANTS 1542/3

Through SMITH FAMILIES 1963

June 1963

by

John Eliphalet and Willetta M. Smith

FOREWORD

This story has grown from the interest of Orilla Smith Jonasson's desire to become a member of the Society of Mayflower Descendants. This meant tracing the lineage from Governor William Bradford to the present generation. This was accomplished by going through the files kept by John E. Smith of family records, notes and letters and other printed references here-in-after named.

We are indebted to Augusta Caroline Smith Dodd (Aunt Gussie) for fine stories of three generations when the Smith name came into the Bradford family line by marriage.

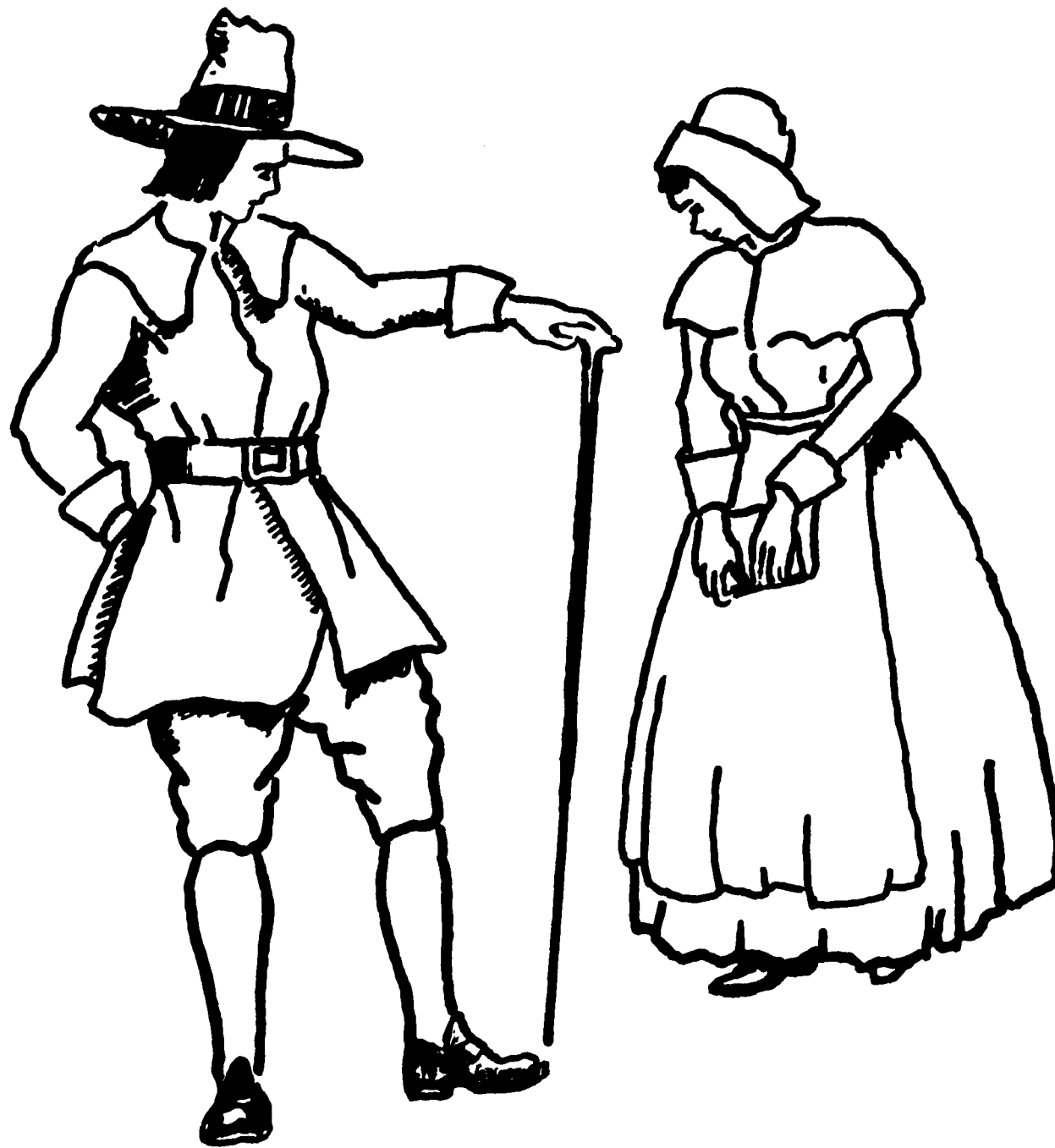
The families of the present generation have cooperated and in most cases written the stories of their own lives and that of their children to date. (1963)

This material has been divided into families; however, the generations have been separated by numbers.

All names and dates have been checked and rechecked many times and are as complete and correct as possible.

Trusting this will serve as a challenge to the present and future generations to keep records and in striving to raise standards ever higher.

John E. and Willetta M. Smith
Corvallis, Oregon, June 1963



GROUP I

Descendants from Peter Bradford of England
Through Governor William Bradford
of Mayflower fame -
To the Smith Families of 1963

Genealogy of Descendants
Family Tree 1542-1963
Heirs of Col. Wm Bradford
Bradford Manor in England

GENEALOGY

The Bradford Descendants

Peter Bradford - "Thus when (Gov.) William Bradford's great-great-grandfather Peter of Bentley-cum-Arksey died in 1542/3 he had willed to Robert my son children every one of them a yewe lambe."

Ref. 2, page 24

Robert Bradford - probably great grandfather of (Gov.) William Bradford.

William Bradford - grandfather of (Gov.) William Bradford.

died - Jan. 10, 1596. When (Gov.) William Bradford. "was only four his mother---, sent him to live with his grandfather, -- Then within two years (1596) his grandfather died. "

2, page 35

William Bradford - father of (Gov.) William Bradford married Alice Hansen.

"July 15, 1591 William Bradfourth, as the church register spells it, was buried in the churchyard. "

2, page 34

William Bradford - born Austerfield, England, March 29, 1590

2, page 23

Died - May 19, 1657 at Plymouth, Mass.

1st marriage - Dorothy May, Dec. 10, 1613, at Amsterdam, Holland 2. p. 87

She died - Dec. 7, 1620

2, page 143

2nd marriage - Mrs. Alice Carpenter Southworth, Aug. 14, 1623

2, page 196

She died - March 26, 1670 at Plymouth, Mass.

2, page 315

William Bradford - (son of William and Alice) born June 17, 1624.

Died - Feb. 29, 1703/4, age 80 years.

1st marriage - Alice Richards (they had 10 children)

Born - June 16, 1627 at Weymouth, Mass.

Died - Dec. 12, 1671. age 44 years, at Plymouth, Mass. 1st, ref.

2nd marriage - Mary Fitch Wiswall (they had one child)

3rd marriage - Mary Atwood (Mrs. John Holmes) (They had 4 children)

Died - Jan. 6. 1714/15

1st, ref.

Israel Bradford, 12th child of William and Mary Bradford

Born - 1678.

Died - March 26, 1760 at Kingston, Mass.

1st, ref.

Married - Sarah Bartlett, (they had 7 children)

Born - 1681.

Died - April 3, 1761 at Kingston, Mass.

1st, ref.

Joshua Bradford - fifth child of Israel and Sarah Bradford.

Born - June 23, 1710

Died - May 27, 1756/8 at Meduncook (Friendship), Me. 1st, ref.

Married - Hannah Bradford (daughter of Elisha Bradford and Hannah Cole

Bradford) a second cousin. Born April 10, 1719/20

Died - May 27. 1756/58. (They had 11 children)

1st, ref.

Benjamin Bradford, the 9th child of Joshua and Hannah Bradford.

Born - May 28, 1753 at Kingston, Mass.

1st, ref.

Married - Martha Studley, (they had 8 children).

Rachel Bradford - the 7th child of Benjamin and Martha Bradford.

3rd, ref.

Married - John Smith. (They had 10 children)

Martha Smith - the second child of John Smith and Rachel Bradford Smith

Born - 1813 at St. Stevens, New Brunswick.

Died - Feb. 25, 1848 at LaMoille, Ill.

3rd, ref.

Married - John Eliphalet Smith (not a relative) 3rd, ref.

Born - Aug. 4, 1811 at Alna, Maine

Died - Aug. 30, 1890 at McCoy, Polk Co., Oregon.

They had two children.

Frederick Samuel Topleif Smith, the second child of John and Martha Smith

Born Feb. 2, 1846 at LaMoille, Ill.

Died - July 6, 1910 at Macineso, Oaxaca, Mexico.

Married - Drucilla Shepard (Frazer), born - Oct. 18, 1854 at McKeesport, Pa.

Died - March 21, 1924 at Portland Oregon.

They had six children - their stories follow as given below:

John Eliphalet, Maude Elthea, Clara Bell, Orilla Martha,

Chester Lyman, Esther Ruby.

References for the above taken from -

1st - "Descendants of Governor William Bradford"

(through the first seven generations)

compiled by

Ruth Gardiner (Mrs. Francis C.) Hall

Under auspices of Bradford family compact

1951

2nd - "Bradford of Plymouth"

by

Bradford Smith

1951

Published by -

J. B. Lippincott Co.

Philadelphia & New York

3rd - Papers held by Miss Emily Smith and her sister Ellen

Smith Stevens, aunts of Frederick S. T. Smith.

Copied from 1st reference -

Page 503 - Children of Benjamin Bradford and Martha Studley -

3092a Daniel Bradford 3906e Polly Bradford

3093b Benjamin Bradford 3907f Martha Bradford

3094c Joshua Bradford 3908g Rachel Bradford

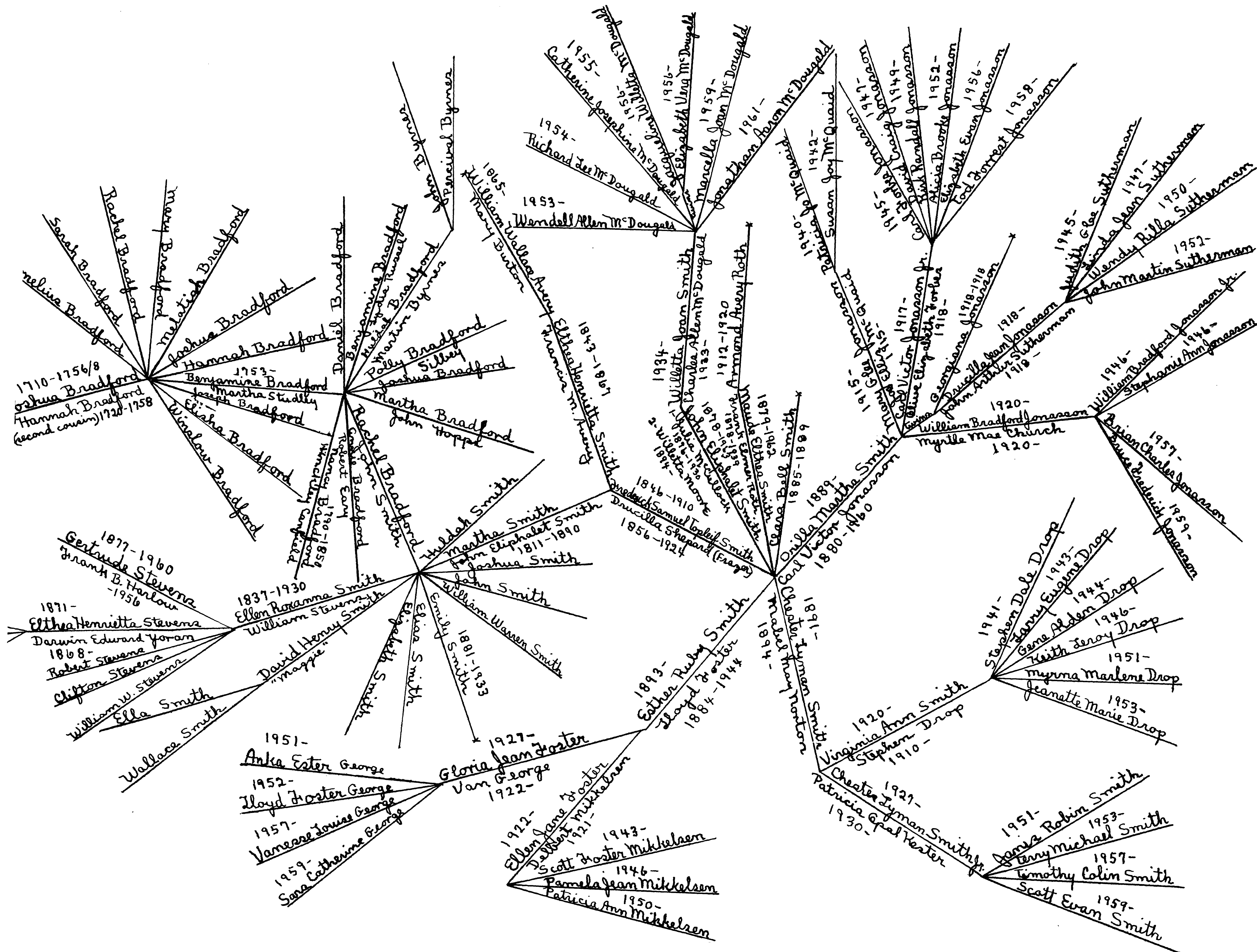
3095d Huldah Bradford 3909h Annie Bradford

It is stated that they have no records of these children as to their births, marriages
or deaths -

This is where we come in and what we have is found in the family charts and
accompanying data.

The Bradford Time

compiled and organized
1961
by Willetta Moore Smith



Heirs of Col. Wm. Bradford

Copied by John E. Smith, Mar. 22, 1903 from papers held by his father's, Mother's sisters, Miss Emily Smith and Ellen Smith Stevens.

Historical sketch Col. Wm. Bradford, second Gov. of Plymouth Colony, his forefathers and descendants prepared and copied by Orrin B. Doten, Oak Bay, N. B. about 30 years ago, from family records and events kept by the descendants and such facts as can be obtained from the history and encyclopædia of U. S. and history of Gov. Bradford.

The name Bradford is derived from the Saxon 'Bradenford' or 'Broadford' and is doubtless very ancient. One of the first martyrs who perished at the stake in bloody Queen Mary's time was John Bradford, prebend of St. Paul's and a celebrated preacher, who was born in Manchester, Lancashire about 1510 A. D. and was burnt at Smithfield July 1, 1555. He was an intimate friend of Roger Hooper, Latimer, Cramer and Ridley. He was never married and left at his death a number of near relatives from some of whom Gov. Wm. Bradford was descended.

(1) Wm. Bradford lived at Austerfield, Yorkshire, England about 1575. He died Jan. 10, 1595/6.

(2) Wm. Bradford (a son) married Alice Hansen, a daughter of John Hanson, and died July 15, 1591.

(3) Wm. Bradford (his son) the Pilgrim and Gov. was baptized in the church at Austerfield Mar. 19, 1589 which church was still standing in 1871. His parents died when he was very young and he was brought up by his Grandfather and his uncles Thomas and Robert. He was born to some estate. About 1608 he went to Holland, joined the Pilgrims and came to Plymouth in the Mayflower in company with 101 other Pilgrims including his wife whose maiden name was Dorothy May. she was drowned Dec. 7, 1620 by the upsetting of a boat in Cape Cod harbor during his absence on one of the journeys of exploration. She was the first English female who died at Plymouth and the first whose death is recorded in New England. Mr. Bradford was chosen Gov. in 1621 and was reelected to that office every year. with five exceptions, until 1657. He subsequently married Alice Southworth, widow of Constant Southworth and daughter of a Mr. Carpenter. She died Mar. 26, 1670. Gov. Bradford died May 19, 1657, "lamented by all the colonies as a common father to them all." He was one of the most efficient persons in directing and sustaining the new settlement or in the words of an ancient writer, "he was very prop and glory of the colony." He succeeded Carver as Gov. of the colony and well be said to be one of its chief founders. He sprang from the Yeomanry, a class of small landed proprietors among whom were to be found the best of national characteristics of English people-independence, industry and manly respect. Reared by his own labors, and receiving only the scanty education of a farmer of the day. His natural thirst for knowledge, and his power of intellect enabled him to acquire most of the learning of the age. He mastered Dutch, French, Latin. Greek and even Hebrew, which he studied with earnestness that he might see with his own eyes the ancient oracles of God in all their native beauty. He adopted the theological views of the Separatist divines. and moulded his life strictly in practice to his belief and finally became the venerated Gov. and historian of the infant state of America which he had so greatly assisted to found. He lived almost through the whole period of English commonwealth and saw other flourishing colonies, the offspring of Plymouth. rising around him and forming the gem of an immense nation. By all these he was regarded with love and veneration due to a patriot.

(4) Wm. Bradford, son of Gov. Bradford and Alice (Southworth) was born June 17, 1624 and married Alice, daughter of Thomas Richards of Weymouth, who died Dec. 12, 1671 aged 44 years later he married a widow Wiswall, and a third time Mrs. Mary (widow) of John Holmes, second minister of Duxford. She was the daughter of John Atwood of Plymouth.

This Wm. Bradford was next to Miles Standish, chief military man of the colony. In Phillip's war he was commander-in-chief of the Plymouth forces and often exposed himself to all the perils of battle. At the Narragansett Fort fight he received a musket ball in the flesh which he carried the remainder of his life. In the war with the Indians he held the rank of major. He was assistant Treasurer and Deputy Gov. of Plymouth from 1682-86 and again from 1689 to 91, and in the latter year was one of the Council of Mass. His residence was in what is now known as Kingston. He died Feb. 20, 1703/4 aged 80 years. He had ten children by his first wife, one by his second and four by his third.

(5) Israel Bradford, 12th child of Wm. (4) and 1st by his third wife Mary, married Sarah Bartlett of Duxbury.

(6) Their son Joshua Bradford born June 23, 1710 married Hannah, daughter of Elisha Bradford and his wife Joel, the daughter of Rev. Peter Hobort, 1st minister of Hingham whom he married May 25, 1664. She died in 1730 aged 88 years. Joseph was a son of Gov. Wm. and was born 1630. Joshua removed from Kingston, Mass. to Meduncook, now Friendship, Me. where on May 27, 1756, both himself and his wife were inhumanly murdered by a party of Indians who at the same time carried two of their children to Canada where they remained in captivity until Quebec was taken by Gen. Wolf. Then they returned to Meduncook. The children of Joshua Bradford and his wife Hannah Bradford were: Cornelius, Sarah, Rachel, Mary, Melatiah, Joshua, Hannah, Joseph, Benjamin, Elisha and Winslow. Cornelius, Rachel and Joshua lived and died in Friendship, Me. Joseph removed to Farmington where his descendants now reside. Winslow was slain in war of Independence (Revolution). Mary, Melatiah, Elisha, Sarah and Hannah removed to places unknown.

(7) Benjamin the ninth child of Joshua and Hannah was born at Kingston, Mass, May 28, 1753 and lived for a time in Maine and from there removed to the province of N. B. He married Martha Studley of Bristol, Me. and lived on what is now known as the "Conner Farm" at Oak Point, N. B., where both he and his wife are now buried. Their children of whom there were eight (of 5th generation counting Gov. Wm's sons Joseph and Wm. as the first) were: Daniel who lived at Calais, Me.. Benjamin of whom Orrin B. Doten is a grandson, and Joshua who lived at Bayside (St. Croix), Huldah who married Mr. Byrnes and Polly who married Mr. Sibley of Robbinston, Me., Martha who married Mr. John Hopps, Rachel who married John Smith, Annie who married Mr. Eary and removed locating at Oak Point on the Ledge road. All of these have passed away. Of their children there are now living Mrs. Deacon Kelly, J. R. Bradford, F. W. Bradford, Mrs. Deacon Rideout, Elias Smith, Cornelius Hopps, John Byrnes, Robert Eary, Emily Smith, David Henry Smith, and Mrs. Ellen Stevens and others. Besides these there were John Bradford, Mrs. Joseph J. Doten, Mrs. Wm. C. Rideout, Capt. Benjamin Bradford, Mrs. George Murphy and Percival Byrnes who are not living. But nearly all of the children of the last mentioned group are living and settled on or near where their parents once lived. All these are heirs by direct lineal decent of the estate of Col. Wm. Bradford (Gov.) of Mayflower fame which is said to amount to more than \$100,000,000.

The following was dictated Mar. 21, 1903, at Eugene, Oregon by Miss Emily Smith, daughter of Rachel Smith nee Bradford, age 81 years and grandaunt of the writer, John E. Smith.

(8) Rachel, the youngest child of Benjamin married John Smith who came from Maine when a boy. Their children were ten: Huldah, Martha, Joshua, John, Wm., Warren, Emily, Elias, Elizabeth, David, Ellen. David resides at Caney, Kansas, Miss Emily and Ellen Stevens at Eugene, Oregon. The rest have passed away.

"BRADFORD MANOR"

Sept. 5, 1958
Kingston Upon Thames
Surrey, England

My Dear Round Robbiners;

The safari to Austerfield and Scrooby has been successfully accomplished.

The Bradford Manor, the birthplace of our astute ancestor, William Bradford, has been restored in the past two or three years to its former state. The book says that it is now maintained by England as a "museum memorial to William Bradford one of the Pilgrims who settled in America." The date of its restoration coincides with the Mayflower replica gift to America and probably is a part of the Mayflower movement. I am trying to ascertain more of the details.

The said owners of the premises were not at home the day I arrived, only the maid, but she gladly showed me through the house. I saw seven rooms and she said there was a basement. It is unlike other English houses only in its proud possession of a basement - the reasonable excuse for all "cold as an ice box."

Old photographs taken many years ago and those taken just prior to restoration showed remarkable preservation - "Bradford House" in huge letters are across the front. I can remember seeing such a picture some time in the distant past, owned by a Mr. Bradford, a nurseryman in Portland. It lacked the coat of white paint and the new roof that the new owners have given it.

The first floor is made up of four (large for that day) rooms. It was built by William's great grandfather, it is said, and is over 400 years old. The lean-to green house adds a prosperous appearance in its new shining coat of white paint and new glass.

The approach to two bedrooms upstairs was interesting. It had a hand-hewn hardwood ladder, like the beams in ceilings of all the rooms painted or probably stained a very rich dark brown, almost black. The three fireplaces, nine feet wide, are not in use now except as an exhibit spot for the copper kettles, pots and pans used by the Bradfords. The one in the kitchen is used to house the family buffet containing dishes and linens.

Originally the estate comprised many acres. Now it seems to have only four or five. The owners have chickens in many neat houses, screened from the house and road by shrubbery. A beautiful flower garden also an orchard is flourishing, with a bumper yield this year. An apple, variety unknown, was given me as a souvenir. I will try to preserve it with cloves like brother John did his "pomander" many years ago. I also picked two seed pods from the Dianthus border - the only two pods that developed from that mass of Dianthus because of too much rain all that summer.

I took many outside pictures but not any inside as it was too dark and my camera is not equipped with a flash light.

The taxi driver took me to see the old Congregational Church at Scrooby, only about three miles from the Bradford Manor, through the railroad station town of Bawtry (of ancient vintage also).

While taking pictures of the lovely old Scrooby church and its surrounding cemetery, its custodian, a kindly elderly lady came (with some lady helpers later on) to "clean house" they said. I sat in one of the three Brewster pews and enjoyed a short afternoon service. An invitation to refreshments was refused because my taxi driver was waiting without.

Not a post card nor colored slide could be found, nor were any ever taken of either place. The people in the Midlands lack business acumen used so generously by Londoners. The new Vicar is considering seriously a suggestion regarding this oversight. He took my name, Portland address, and asked if he could send me a sample of the results. The church needs some brush up work done to the roof, otherwise it seemed in good repair.

Among some old documents, in the small library, I found one which stated that this church building had been restored in 1380-90. So it indeed is an ancient one.

I returned the next morning and took some more shots I'd missed because of the lighting. The little old lady came again. This time she gave me her precious possession, a fly specked post card

picture of her church taken from an angle that I couldn't take because I'd used up all my film. William Bradford, you know, lived with the Brewsters. His parents were deceased when he was quite young. He declined to live with his two older brothers and the Brewsters became his foster parents. He attended church with them and occupied the family pew, Elder Brewster preaching the sermon. Later he became leader of the Separatists later to be led by William at the Brewsterdemise, and still later to become Governor of Plymouth for thirty years. Two of the pews are just back and a little to the left of the podium, on the rostrum. The third one is along side the pipe organ (good repair). Stiff and narrow they are, with a pillow just large enough for the comfort of skinny knees bent in prayer. The membership has for its goal the recognition as the "Mother Congregational Church" of the world. My heartfelt wish is with them. A great growth in spiritual thought is noted in contrast to my next Cathedral visit.

To make my train to the Midlands, Yorkshire from Kingston I had to find my way through London's underground transportation system Waterloo to Kings Cross on the opposite side of the city. Several millions of people pass through Waterloo daily scrambling and pushing their way to a seat on an outgoing train to their suburban home. My route to Kings Cross took a transfer at Leister Square -- can't afford to make a mistake because the crowd won't let you out, just have to go along with it--Whew! Safari indeed.

This Bradford expedition and the visit to Upsala University and Cathedral, memorials to Gustav Vasa's (Carl Jonasson's ancestor) in Sweden have been the crowning pleasure of our year's visit with Jean and family in Europe.

God love you all,
Orilla S. Jonasson

Group II

Smith Family Genealogy 1775-1963

Smith Family Tree 1775-1963

Silas Smith 1775-1859

Deacon John E. Smith 1811-1891

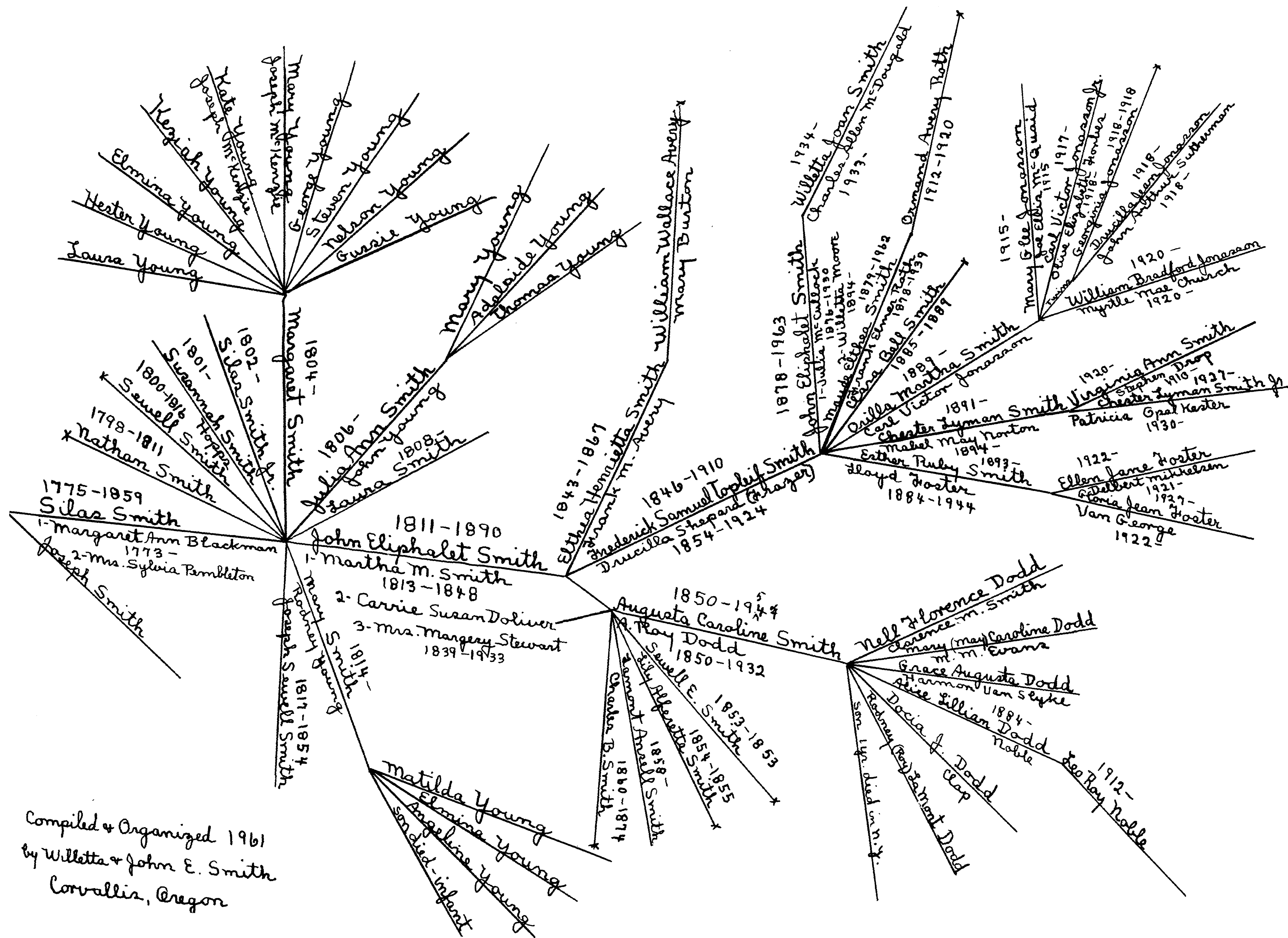


John E. Smith and Margery McLouglin Stewart
Wedding picture, Mendota, Ill., Oct. 1872



Congregational Church, LaMoille, Ill.
In which Deacon John E. Smith was an officer when he lived there.
Picture, Aug. 6, 1931, by John E. Smith (grandson)

Descendants of Silas Smith



Compiled & Organized 1961
by Willetta & John E. Smith
Corvallis, Oregon

Smith Family Genealogy
1775-1962

1	Silas Smith	B-Aug. 4, 1775, in state of Maine D-July 1859, Lamoille, Ill.
	m-Margaret Blackman in 1797	B- 1773, in state of Maine D-
	Children	
11	Nathan Smith	B-Oct. 4, 1798, Alna, Me. D- 1811
12	Sewell Smith	B-Feb. 29, 1800, Alna, Me. D-Nov. 2, 1816, St. Andrews, N. B.
13	Susannah Smith	B-May 8, 1801, Alna, Me.
	m-Mr. Hopps	
14	Silas Smith Jr.	B-Aug. 31, 1802, Alna, Me. D-
15	Margaret Smith	B-May 22, 1804, Alna, Me.
	m-Mickle Young	D-
16	Julia Ann Smith	B-Mar. 30, 1806, Alna, Me.
	m-John Young	D-
17	Laura Smith	B-Oct. 8, 1808, Alna, Me. D-
18	John Eliphalet Smith	B-Aug. 4, 1811, Alna, Me. D-Aug. 30, 1890, McCoy, Polk Co., Ore.
	m-1st Martha M. Smith Mar. 1840 St. Stephens, N. B.	B-Sept. 1813 D-Feb. 25, 1848
	m-2nd Carrie L. Doliver Jan. 1849	B- D-
	m-Mrs. Margery Stewart Oct. 17, 1872 Clarion, Ill.	B- 1840, Ireland D-Jan. 15, 1933, McCoy, Polk Co., Ore.
19	Mary Smith	B-Aug. 26, 1814, Whitefield, Me.
	m-Rodney Young	D-
110	Joseph Sewell Smith	B-Aug. 2, 1817, St. Andrews, N. B. D-Apr. 5, 1854, Davenport, Iowa
18	John Eliphalet Smith	B-Aug. 4, 1811, Alna, Me. D-Aug. 30, 1890, McCoy, Polk Co., Ore.
	m-Martha M. Smith Mar. 1840	B-Sept. 1813 D-Feb. 25, 1848
181	Elthea Henrietta Smith	B-May 12, 1843, Princeton, Ill. D-Oct. 12, 1867, Davenport, Iowa
	m-Francis M. Avery	B- D-
1811	William Wallace Avery	B- 1865, Davenport, Iowa
	m-Mary Burton	B- D-
182	Frederick Samuel Topleif Smith	B-Feb. 2, 1846, Lamoille, Ill. D-July 6, 1910, Macineso, Oaxaca, Mexico
	m-Drucilla Shepard (Frazer) Dec. 7, 1876 Bethel, Polk Co., Oregon	B-Oct. 18, 1854, McKeesport, Pa. D-Mar. 24, 1924, Portland, Oregon

1821	John Eliphalet Smith	B-Jan. 24, 1878, McCoy, Oregon D-Dec. 13, 1963, Corvallis, Oregon
	m-1st, Julia McCulloch Aug. 1915 Worcester, Mass.	B-Oct. 9, 1876, Plattsburg, Mo. D-May 1, 1930, Rochester, Minn.
	m-2nd, Willetta Moore Aug. 30, 1932 Eugene, Oregon	B-Mar. 1, 1894, Eugene, Oregon
18211	Willetta Joan Smith	B-Jan. 25, 1934, Ames, Iowa
	m-Charles Allen McDougald Sept. 8, 1952 Vancouver, Wash.	B-June 9, 1933, Portland, Oregon
182111	Wendell Allen McDougald	B-Feb. 18, 1953, Corvallis, Oregon
182112	Richard Lee McDougald	B-Mar. 13, 1954, Corvallis, Oregon
182113	Catherine Josephine McDougald	B-June 29, 1955, Portland, Oregon
182114	(Jacqueline Willetta McDougald (B-(Nov. 27, 1956, Renton, Wash. (
182115	(Elizabeth Vera McDougald	B-(Nov. 27, 1956, Renton, Wash.
182116	Marcella Joan McDougald	B-Feb. 20, 1959, Seattle, Wash.
182117	Joanathan Aaron McDougald	B-Mar. 6, 1961, Denver, Colorado
1822	Maude Elthea Smith	B-May 24, 1879, near McCoy, Oregon D-May 1, 1962, Santa Barbara, Calif.
	m-Frank Elmer Roth Dec. 19, 1900 Amity, Oregon	B-May 16, 1878 D-Oct. 1, 1939, Willamina, Oregon
18221	Ormand Avery Roth	B-Dec. 21, 1912, Amity, Oregon D-July 7, 1920, Amity, Oregon
1823	Clara Bell Smith	B-Dec. 2, 1885, near McCoy, Oregon D-June 15, 1889, near McCoy, Oregon
1824	Orilla Martha Smith	B-July 29, 1889, near McCoy, Oregon
	m-Carl Victor Jonasson Dec. 24, 1914 Portland, Oregon	B-Mar. 5, 1880, Warren, Penn. D-Aug. 1, 1960, Portland, Oregon
18241	Mary Glee Jonasson	B-Sept. 14, 1951, Corvallis, Oregon
	m-Joe Ellis McQuaid June 10, 1939 Portland, Oregon	B-Feb. 12, 1915, Osawatomie, Kas.
1824111	Patricia Jo McQuaid	B-May 24, 1940, Portland, Oregon
1824112	Susan Joy McQuaid	B-Dec. 16, 1942, Portland, Oregon

18242	Carl Victor Jonasson Jr. m-Olive Elizabeth Forbes Aug. 28, 1944 Portland, Oregon	B-June 26, 1917, Portland, Oregon B-May 20, 1918, Portland, Oregon
182421	Carl Forbes Jonasson	B-Oct. 22, 1945, Portland, Oregon
182422	David Craig Jonasson	B-Mar. 18, 1947, Corvallis, Oregon
182423	Kirk Randall Jonasson	B-Aug. 2, 1949, Portland, Oregon
182424	Alicia Brooks Jonasson	B-Aug. 6, 1952, Salem, Oregon
182425	Elizabeth Even Jonasson	B-Feb. 28, 1956, The Dalles, Oregon
182426	Todd Forest Jonasson	B-Jan. 13, 1958, The Dalles, Oregon
18243	(Georgina Jonasson	B-(July 20, 1918, Portland, Oregon
18244	(Drucilla Jean Jonasson	D-(July 20, 1918, Portland, Oregon B-(July 20, 1918, Portland, Oregon
	m-John Arthur Sutherman Mar. 12, 1944 Vancouver, Wash.	B-Mar. 7, 1918, Anyox, B. C., Canada
182441	Judith Glee Sutherman	B-Sept. 4, 1945, Honolulu, Hawaii
182442	Linda Jean Sutherman	B-July 31, 1947, Honolulu, Hawaii
182443	Wendy Rilla Sutherman	B-July 22, 1950, San Francisco, Calif.
182444	John Martin Sutherman	B-Sept. 4, 1952, Salzburg, Austria
18245	William Bradford Jonasson	B-Mar. 9, 1920, Portland, Oregon
	m-Myrtle Mae Church Nov. 12, 1944 Portland, Oregon	B-Apr. 11, 1920, Portland, Oregon
182451	William Bradford Jonasson Jr.	B-Jan. 9, 1946, Portland, Oregon
182452	Stephanie Ann Jonasson	B-Dec. 18, 1946, Portland, Oregon
182453	Brian Charles Jonasson	B-July 17, 1957, Portland, Oregon
182454	Bruce Frederick Jonasson	B-Dec. 15, 1959, Portland, Oregon
1825	Chester Lyman Smith	B-Feb. 27, 1891, near McCoy, Oregon
	m-Mabel May Norton May 16, 1919 Seattle, Wash.	B-May 10, 1894, Coquille, Oregon

18251	Virginia Ann Smith	B-Aug. 7, 1920, Salem, Oregon
	m-Stephen Drop	B-Dec. 17, 1910, Broughton, Penn.
	Oct. 1, 1939	
	Kelso, Washington	
182511	Steven Dale Drop	B-Aug. 1, 1941, Centralia, Wash.
182512	Larry Eugene Drop	B-Feb. 22, 1943, Centralia, Wash.
182513	Gene Allen Drop	B-Feb. 14, 1944, Centralia, Wash.
182514	Keith Leroy Drop	B-Sept. 13, 1946, Centralia, Wash.
182515	Myrna Marlene Drop	B-Aug. 9, 1951, Centralia, Wash.
182516	Jeanette Marie Drop	B-Sept. 12, 1953, Centralia, Wash.
18252	Chester Lyman Smith Jr.	B-Jan. 22, 1927, Tenino, Wash.
	m-Patricia Opal Kester	B-Mar. 22, 1930, Corvallis, Oregon
	Aug. 27, 1949	
	Corvallis, Oregon	
182521	Janis Robin Smith	B-Dec. 19, 1951, Corvallis, Oregon
182522	Terry Michael Smith	B-July 17, 1953, Corvallis, Oregon
182523	Timothy Colin Smith	B-May 14, 1957, Salem, Oregon
182524	Scott Evan Smith	B-July 6, 1959, Salem, Oregon
1826	Esther Ruby Smith	B-Mar. 20, 1893, near McCoy, Oregon
	m-Lloyd Foster	B-June 1, 1884
	Sept. 5, 1921	D-Dec. 25, 1944, Palm Springs, Calif.
	Astoria, Oregon	
18261	Ellen Jane Foster	B-Sept. 17, 1922, Astoria, Oregon
	m-Delbert Norman Mikkelsen	B-Dec. 14, 1921, Wenatchee, Wash.
	July 11, 1942	
	Longview, Wash.	
182611	Scott Foster Mikkelsen	B-May 24, 1943, Wenatchee, Wash.
182612	Pamela Jean Mikkelsen	B-Nov. 13, 1946, Longview, Wash.
182613	Patricia Ann Mikkelsen	B-Dec. 17, 1950, Longview, Wash.
18262	Gloria Jean Foster	B-Feb. 21, 1927, Astoria, Oregon
	m-VanGeorge	B-Nov. 1, 1922, Ladjene, Bulgaria
	June 13, 1950	
	LasVegas, Nevada	
182621	Annka Esther George	B-Feb. 24, 1951, New Orleans, La.

182622	Lloyd Foster George	B-Sept. 21, 1952, Hollywood, Calif.
182623	Vanesse Louise George	B-Nov. 12, 1957, Hollywood, Calif.
182624	Sarah Catherine George	B-June 16, 1959, Los Angeles, Calif.

The Arbor Day Tree

by John E. Smith

written May 8, 1921, Ames, Iowa

Books and slates were then forgotten,
 Boys and girls were in their glee
 While we went into the school yard
 Where we sat the stately tree.
 Parents, friends and cheerful children
 Spent the hour in song and mirth;
 Each one gently placed a shovel
 Full of loose and loamy earth.

But the tree by pupils planted
 At the school of Arbor Green
 Did not live a single season
 And the schoolhouse left the scene;
 It was taken to the northward
 Just beyond the county line
 Where the district was divided
 Making school at Bethel mine.

After years of good intention
 Though it happened rather late,
 On a twenty-eighth of April,
 In the year of ninety eight,
 That a young and lofty maple
 From a distant, hillside wood
 Occupied the old fence corner
 Where the former fir had stood.

Slowly grew the leafy maple
 While receiving constant care
 But so surely it was thrifty
 In its lonely, watchful share
 Of the story it was telling
 In its own peculiar way
 Of the useful plan of planting
 Trees on ev'ry Arbor Day.

Then there came another owner
 To the land and of the tree,
 Knowing nothing of the vision
 That the sentinel could see:
 But he loved its virgin beauty
 So again the tree must roam
 And he carefully removed it
 To the scene of our old home.

There within the spacious garden
 Triumph of a boyhood dream,
 Silent sentinel and warden,
 In allotted field supreme
 Tow'ring giant with spreading branches
 Stands a lovely maple tree,
 Source of noble inspirations,
 Harbinger of destiny.

Trees, like human beings, struggle
 All along their path of life,
 Every hand that helps to plant them
 Takes an interest in their strife.
 Let the children and the parents
 In the good old fashion way
 Plant a hundred thousand treelings
 Every year on Arbor Day.

Silas Smith
1775 - 1859

Silas Smith, father of Deacon John E. Smith, left but little, if any, of his boyhood record to his descendents, his birth taking place on August 4, 1775, in the state of Maine.

In 1797 he was married to Margaret Blackman whose birth year was given as 1773. There were ten children in this family with birthdays and places as follows:

Nathan in Newmilford, Maine, October 4, 1798; Sewell, February 29, 1800;
Susanah, May 8, 1801; Silas, August 31, 1802; Margaret, May 22, 1804; Julia
Anne, March 30, 1806; Laura, October 8, 1808; John Eliphalet, August 4, 1811,
all at Alna, Maine.
Mary, August 26, 1814; and Joseph Sewell, August 2, 1817 in Saint Andrews,
New Brunswick.

They must have moved across the St. Croix River from Alna to St. Andrews some time between 1811 and 1816 for we are told that Sewell's death occurred at the latter place on Nov. 2 of the latter year.

During these years Silas was a shoemaker. Fortunately for us, it was his practice to keep carefully written account books one of which we have for reference today. This book is 9 by 7 1/2 inches and contains about 190 pages 149 of which are numbered. There are no printed lines across the pages but vertical columns for dollars and cents are printed in red ink. Most of the accounts for each customer have the credits on one page and the debits on the page opposite. The entries are made in ink and the writing is clear and legible. The dates of accounts shown in this book range between December 28, 1796 and July 10, 1822. The pages are almost wholly occupied with business accounts. There are no prices given in dollars, cents and mills before September 5, 1799 (pg. 36) and none in pounds, shillings and pence after August 2, 1802. Years later a few notes were inserted on unfilled pages.

Barter or trading goods and services was the rule in those days and in his work he made boots and shoes, repaired both and in some instances repaired harness. The price ran from 50¢ a pair for childrens' shoes to \$4.00 for the larger and heavier "thicker" kinds, during the years from about 1800 to 1806. About 1818 and later as much as \$6.50 was charged for making a pair of boots.

In exchange for his work, his customers are credited with work per day, man alone \$1.00, or with oxen or horses and wagon or sleigh or even with boat. Also with such goods as hay, beef, mutton, butter, cheese, sugar, 16 to 30¢ lb.; molasses, 75¢ gal.; corn meal \$1.00 to \$1.16 bu.; rye meal, \$1.25 bu.; corn \$1.17 bu.; wheat \$1.50 bu.; rum \$1.33 gal.; brandy \$1.66 gal.; wine 50¢ qt.; tea \$1.00 lb.; cotton 33¢ lb.; potatoes 75¢ bu.; candles 12¢ lb.; spices 33¢ lb.; pepper 50¢ lb.; a bandanna handkerchief \$1.00. He also took barrels, boards, shingles, lath and clapboards on account.

On April 14, 1801, he bought 200 brick from Abraham Walker who, on Jan. 29, 1802 was credited with \$1.00 for "laying a hearth". (place not given) By permission of John Averall, Silas Smith moved into a house belonging to William Averell on October 1, 1807, (doubtless in Maine) with the stipulation before witnesses that he was to have pasturage for a cow and a horse and that he was to take care of the field and cattle of Mr. Averell and to keep other cattle off, he to be defended by Mr. Averell if trouble was occasioned thereby.

On October 24, 1804, Silas made a pair of calfskin shoes for James Averell for \$1.75. By 1809 he was able to afford a watch and paid John Moody \$13.50 for one on September 18. Between October 15 and 27, 1808, Jacob Hilton was hired for four days at \$1.50 a day to dig and wall with stones, a well and a cellar for Silas. (doubtless in Maine)

The following quotation shows his interest in natural phenomena: "Sept. 17, 1811, there was a great eclipse on the sun. It began after twelve o'clock and a blazing star was seen in the north, with lightning all that night and not a cloud in the sky."

Hulda Fish came to their home as housekeeper and helper and stayed about twenty weeks beginning on January 10, 1812.

That they were still living in St. Andrews in 1822 is shown by the following quotation; "July 15, 1822. This day reckoned and settled all accounts and agreements with Silas Smith and Benj. Bradford and made all even as witness our hands." (signed by both) "By a Note of hand of forty-one Shillings."

The removal from St. Andrews to St. Stephen and the loss of Mrs. Smith (Margaret) are not recorded in this book. The following is found on a loose sheet in the back of the book.

"Sept. 20, 1835 it being Sabbath Day I was married to Mrs. Silva Pimbleton by Adam D. Thompson
Before chosen witnesses

my name stands the same Silas Smith
 Silva Smith

"June 20, 1843 Silvia my wife left me She brought 2 beds and carried off three and all the Blankets and quilts worth much and left me with out bed or any thing of the kind and it is a fact and no mistake."

That they still lived in St. Stephen in 1846 is seen from this quotation: "Saint Stephan September 8, 1846. David Joisc and his wife and George and Elizabeth set out for Elenoise." (Illinois)

The story of Silas after he came to Illinois is told by his granddaughter Mrs. Augusta C. Dodd in her "Sketch of the life of (her father) Deacon John E. Smith."

Silas Smith was buried in July 1859. in the little family cemetery on the farm of Deacon John E. Smith, his son, near Lamoille, Clarion Township, Bureau County, Illinois. The following lines appear on the white marble slab at the head of his grave:

"For when they shall say peace and safety
then sudden destruction cometh upon them
and they shall not escape."

Group III

Elthea Henrietta Smith Avery^{*} 1843-1867
Frederick Samuel Topleif Smith 1846-1910
Drucilla Shepard (Frazer) Smith 1856-1924
George Louis Shepard 1854-1881
Augusta Caroline Smith Dodd 1850-1947



Rev. A. Rodney Dodd, Augusta Caroline Smith Dodd
picture, Tacoma, Wash., about 1930



Frederick Samuel T. Smith and Drucilla Shepard
Wedding picture, Salem, Oregon, Dec. 1876



Augusta Caroline Smith Dodd
and Family, 1932

Sketch of the Life of

Deacon John E. Smith

by Mrs. Augusta C. Dodd (Aunt Gussie) in the early 1940's

Father was born at Alna, Maine, August 4, 1811. Came "west" in 1838, partly by canal, and in company with Martin Hopps, a distant relative. On the way they fell in with others, who were intending to settle at Princeton (then Greenville) Illinois. Among those were Mr. Fellows and family and Mr. Samuel Topleif and family. The Bryant Brothers, Arthur and John, brothers of William Cullen Bryant, poet, were already in Bureau Co., at Princeton (John also wrote fine poetry). The Bryants had established large nurseries and while Martin Hopps went on to "LaMoille Settlement", 15 miles N. E. of Princeton, Father stopped and worked awhile at the Bryants, and also, for both Mr. Fellows and Mr. Topleif.

After a year or two he went to Lamoille, where he bought a small farm (60 acres) built a small, but substantial house, finishing it in polished walnut. I remember well the great fireplace, with its long walnut mantle and side "jambs", of the same and "brick oven" door of the same. Father was a good carpenter and took great pains to make a nice home for the bride, to be, then he went "back east", and returned with the fair young girl, Martha Smith (not a relative) who lived at "The Ledge", Maine, (on the St. Croix River, at the head of navigation, and where ships unloaded and also were repaired.) Father had also lived here, and here his brother Sewell was accidently shot as he was helping adjust the rigging of a ship.

Martin Hopps had already bought, or had taken government land, he lived next farm to Father's and being of a penurious and quarrelsome disposition Father had a hard time getting along, peaceably with him. After a few happy pioneering years, Martha died leaving 2 children, Elthea Henrietta aged 6 years and Frederick Samuel, 4. Martha was laid to rest in the corner of the home lot, where, later, Grandfather Smith, Althea, Bro. Charlie, Sewell and Lily Alferetta and Grandmother Dolliver and others rested. Father took care of the little ones for some time, as best he could, with the help of Mrs. Hopps and his sister Margaret's eldest daughter, Kate (Young) who had married Joseph C. DeOliver (Dolliver) and together they took care of Grandmother Dolliver who died from cancer, living only a little over a year after their marriage. I was born on the farm, July 9th, 1850. It was strange that father should die from cancer, many years after!

In early years Father had to haul all his grain to Chicago (Ft. Dearborn) eighty miles distant. At first there were no roads, and "settlers" had to make "Prairie Shoots", when they went to any distant place. Father said "They would sight some object, a tree, or something and strike for that, keeping it in view". In crossing streams they would find the "ford", used by "Indians" or Buffalos". (afterwards these same "fords" furnished best places for building bridges. They went usually in companies, so if they were "stuck" in the swamps or "sloughs" they could help each other. They always took a few "planks" with their loads, to put under the wheels! Father made many "ox yokes" for the "settlers", especially the new Germans, who used oxen for many years, even after horses were used by the older farmers. He would block out, from oak or hickory logs, a yoke, dress it down with "broad-ax" and then "drawing knife" until nearly done, then winter evenings, he would bring his work into the house and scrape, and then polish with pieces of glass, until it was smooth and fine, then after "sand-papering" every possible rough edge, the next day it would receive a coat of red paint and after a second had been applied, it was ready for the purchaser. He would always laugh and say, when he made piles of tiny shavings and scrapings - "Oh! well! It is clean dirt!"

Father was a pioneer in church life, as well as in new country life. He was one of the founders of the Congregational Church at Lamoille, which was founded by Hon. and Rev. Owen Lovejoy, dedicated by him and cared for as its Pastor, for some time. He was a brother of Elijah P. Lovejoy, who was one of the first martyrs, for the cause of the Slave. His printing press at Alton, Illinois was twice burned, and finally, he himself was brutally shot in "cold blood". He was courageous and splendid and did much with his paper for the cause of Freedom.

Father also kept one of the "Stations" of the "Underground Rail-road". There were many thro' the country, where slaves, fleeing from cruel masters were assisted, clothed, and fed, and "passed on" towards Canada, where they found a "safe refuge". Many a tale is told of perilous times when raging "slave-hunters" got on the track of "runaway property", and only prevented from capturing him by law, or often by the strategies of heroic friends.

Father was elected Deacon of the Congregational Church, which office he held for more than forty years. He also sang bass in the newly-formed choir, for many years, tho' he did not know a note! but "sang by position". He had a "good ear", and a fine voice, and was a great help. Afterwards others came into the community who were "trained" so he concluded to "sit" and enjoy the services quietly.

I remember our summer Sunday afternoons, after dinner, he would place chairs out under the trees (either maple or Catalpa) (we had many shade trees, Mother named the farm "Leafy Side"). He had brought an armful of "Singing Books" and he and Mother, who was an excellent soprano singer, and we children, for Fred and Elthea sang well "made the Welkin ring." Our home was quite a way from the road and a field between us and our neighbors, so we could "make melody" without disturbing anyone. Mother played the accordion well, too. Father never wanted to stop until we had sung most, if not all, the books thro' and it was time to do the "chores". Then we would all take a little walk around the place (we never thought of going off the place) bringing up at the bars, where the cows were let in to the "milking yard". Milking done, and chores, some apples or cookies passed, a familiar hymn sung and a prayer said, after a verse of scripture said by each, we went to our rest. After a number of years, we had evening services at the church, so the chores were done earlier and Father would "hitch up" black "Topsy" to the open "Double buggy" and we would drive the mile and a half distance to town, in the lovely sunset, listen to a short service with plenty of good music. Those were happy days, if simple and quiet. Sunday was not a day of hardship or loneliness. We had our S. S. papers, "The Wellspring", and never thought, or wished, to go riding around the country, visiting, or going to "ball games" or seeking amusement. Father was quite strict, and we early formed good habits, which clung to us thro' all after years, and for which we were always Thankful. Then after a while we had S. S. books! The first were carried in a basket, by a good Deacon, every Sabbath morning! Later, a cupboard was built in one end of the church and books were added by donations from Eastern friends, and the "S. S. Union", and we had books, many and good. That was a great help in "Sabbath observance". There were some good stories, fine missionary volumes, thoughtful books, all good and helpful and how we did devour them!

Winter evenings, after supper, and the chores all done, a big "backlog" put in the fireplace, Father would sit before the fire with the youngest one or two, on his knee, and others, sitting in little chairs or on mats near him, Mother knitting, or mending. The old "lard lamp", flickering one or two tallow candles burning, near, in brass and iron "candlesticks" accompanied by a pair of brass "snuffers", and he could tell us stories, long, continued stories from the Bible, about Moses, or Elijah or Joseph, or the children of Israel, fleeing from Egypt and their long journey to the "Promised Land"! These would last all winter, and the evenings were eagerly looked forward to. Sometimes there were apples, tied to a string hung over coals and roasted. Sometimes popcorn or molasses candy, once in a great while, potatoes hidden in hot ashes and baked to a delicious "mealiness" and "eight o'clock" came all too soon. Then he would get up, wind the big old wooden clock (wooden wheels and all) and we were admonished it was "bed time", after Father had taken his "Jews-harp" from the interior of the old time-piece, and played a tune for us (he never failed to do this little tender act for our "delectation"). Then, after a few words of prayer we went happily to rest, one or two to a "trundle-bed", others upstairs to comfortable beds, on the floor of corn husks, which were gathered when the men "husked" the corn. The outer husks were removed, leaving soft inner leaves, or husks, these were stripped up (Mother did this) and we had soft, "fat beds, sweet and clean and restful, tho' rather rattley" as we used to say. Father had a busy life, for years, no machinery, meadows mowed with a scythe, raked with a large hand rake, grain cut with a "cradle", and pounded out on the barn floor with a "flail", taken up in a half bushel, taken out in the wind and turned from one receptacle to another, until well cleaned, then taken to mill, fifteen or twenty miles away, where, if he got

his "first", he had to start before daylight, and often came home late at night or if many were ahead of him, he might have to stay over night. In later years there was a "mowing machine" and "harvester" a "threshing machine" went around the community, men and horses included, and it was a thrilling day for us children, when we heard the "threshers" were coming! Men folks hurried around and got everything ready out-of-doors and in the house, great and generous preparations were made, for if it stormed the "crew" had to stay perhaps days, or if the "machine broke", it was the same. Indeed they nearly always managed to "break something" at our house for Mother was a good cook and father provided well. We children were useful in many ways; there were wood and chips and "cobs" (corn) to bring in "to keep the Home fires burning", eggs to hunt, water to bring, and, Oh! Horrors! dishes to wash! many and greasy! for the men were "hungry and hearty." We also "dropped" all the corn in the spring, a 3 or 6 qt. pail, tin, tied to the waist by a sash, filled partly with bright yellow kernels. Some smart ones could "drop" with both hands, but I never could, and how long those rows were! Father made a marker which was drawn by horses and he prided himself on his perfect rows and "cross-rows". Fred often "dropped" for the neighbors when the home work was done thereby earning a little pocket money. When the corn was ripe "side-boards" were fitted on the big wagon boxes and the corn was "husked" with a "husking peg" (wooden or bone). Many were the "cots" we had to make either of leather or "ticking" to save or protect sore fingers. This was a nightly job for some of us. If the frost had come, the corn broke off easily and there were merry sounds from the fields and there were strenuous contests, too, testing fast "pickers". Usually there was a goodly pile of corn left, unhusked, and piled into the big barn floor, where later, a crowd of merry "huskers" assembled for a "Husking Bee". Red ears were eagerly sought! After a jolly time, all adjourned to the house where they were regaled on doughnuts, pumpkin pies, coffee and cheese, or they could have corn "mush" and milk or "Johnny-cake" or "brown bread". (We never heard of sandwiches in those days). Corn was shelled by hand, at first, a sharp-edged board was placed over a half-bushel, or a wooden tub, and the corn scraped off the cob. Later there was a "corn sheller" (hand). Father would turn the wheel and we children would feed the "animal". Sometimes, if we were not tall enough, we had to stand on a box. It was fun for awhile but tiresome before the day was over! Father was very systematic and made good use of every acre, and was helpful to his neighbors. Sometimes too helpful, for his own good. He went "security" two or three times for neighboring renters. Mr. Hopps was a "hard" man to work for. Once in a while some man would rent land of Mr. Hopps and needed help to buy a team. They were good men and poor so father helped them. Only once he lost out, but usually had to wait a long time for his pay. Father and Mother gladly entertained visiting preachers or agents and made lonesome teachers welcome. I remember we had one tree of small, sweet apples, "Blush Sweetings" he called them. He loved to have them baked and then lunch on "Baked Apple and Cream". One minister and his brother, a principal of our high school, often came over to "Deacon Smith's" for that same kind of a lunch for they had a very poor boarding place. Father had a very large and fine orchard, both apples and peaches, some cherries and plums. He had secured his trees from the "Bryant's Nurseries", at Princeton. I remember at one time seeing bushels of great "Yellow Crawford's" (peaches) lying thick on the ground and a man driving in with a large wagon and scooping them with a "scoop shovel" carefully into the wagon, and father gave them to him! We had so many but the next winter, 1856, was a very cold one. All of the splendid peach trees were killed and he would never set out more. I think I could draw a map of the place and locate every tree!

Father and Mother had quite a library and all good books - religious, historical, travels and miscellaneous - so there was plenty to occupy the winter evenings. As we grew older Father read aloud many to us, especially one - "Dr. Kane in the Arctic" and then there was "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (we had all our chickens named from the characters - even Simon LeGree).

Father was a fine looking man, tall 5 ft. 11 inch, blue eyes, "coal-black curly hair". He was very straight tho' a little lame from having one of his limbs broken when living at Princeton. I suppose he has told you about it? There are so many things come to me as I write.

He married after my Mother's death, Marjory Stewart, a widow with two children, Mary and Samuel. Removing to Oregon, he settled near Frederick. He lived several years, enjoying the mild

climate and fruit and "freedom from thunder storms". he used to say. Dying from cancer, that scourge of the human race, leaving a record of a life well filled with deeds of good. Marjorie lived to be 93. Father was 79 when he died.

When Grandfather came "west", Uncle Joseph accompanied him. Uncle was a cripple from a "fever sore" on one knee. After some years it became hard for Grandfather to care for him and Father and Mother had him live at our house. He was very musical, sang well, and made his own and other violins. He lived with us several years when the Drs. advised him to go to Hot Springs, Ark., where he died in a few months. He was a very disposition and our house was very desolate after he left - we missed his music and bright presence. After a while Grandfather sold his little place and also came to live with "John" who built a nice large room for him where he could have his "shoemaker's bench". He did much free work but often complained - "never got a thank you for it!" I well remember his shoemaker's bench. shaped something like a wheel-barrow, only instead of handles, there was a broad seat. The rest was fitted up with little open compartments, or "pigeon holes" where were kept wooden pegs for pegging boots or coarse heavy shoes, three or four grades, each grade in its "own little nest", others held tiny nails or "shoe brads". Then in a space below them were tools, tiny and also large flat headed hammers, long handled, grooved, metal "scrapers" with which to smooth or cut off all pegs which intruded thro' the sole, "shoe lasts", wood for shaping footwear, or to receive the pounding of pegs, small wooden "smoothers" for finishing off soles and edges of soles of boots or shoes, for Grandpa was very particular about his work and a very nice workman in fine, as well as coarse work, little rolls of red or bronze leather for top fronts of boots, or to make baby's shoes (he made me a pair of black "patent" leather slippers once). Then there were balls of "shoe thread" of different grades a long, split, hogs bristle was inserted in one end of twisted strands, then it was waxed with black'shoe-maker's wax", and rolled by hand on his big leather apron and rolled until it was smooth, perfect "waxed end" and ready for use. And then there were nearby long rolls of fine and coarse leather and sole leather standing in the corner of the room. I wonder where that old bench is now?

Grandpa was rather thin and short, nearly bald, "was white-headed at twenty" he said, rather stooped from his work. Sharp eyes which almost emitted sparks when angry, as he sometimes was, even with John. Father's eyes were a milder blue, and seldom, if ever, "sharp". Many things come to me, as I write, and these notes are disjointed, but will show something of their lives.

Added later -

The story of the broken leg

When Father first came to Illinois he stayed at Princeton and worked for Mr. Samuel Topleif, a gentleman whose acquaintance he had made on the way west. The town was in the midst of a heavily timbered country, and Mr. Topleif owned a large tract of woods, several miles distant.

One day Father was sent to cut some wood. He rode a spirited young horse, took his lunch, and was to come home at "sun down". When that time came, he was mounting his horse which was cold and nervous (for it was winter)startled by something, jumped aside and threw Father, and stepped on his leg breaking it and ran. What was to be done? Miles from home, night coming on, no lunch, no shelter, a broken leg, and wolves in the forest. But Father was a resourceful man and no coward; so he calmly "considered". He remembered seeing a small cabin on a high bank across the river about half a mile away. The ice was thick so he could make his way to the other shore. Then he called several times. At last a man heard, left his milking, and came to the rescue, bringing a large sled. They reached the top of the bank, father helping. Then the "good neighbor" took his ox sled and started for town. Before long they met Father's friends coming to find him. The horse had gone home and the empty saddle and swinging bridle had told part of the story. When they reached Mr. Topleif's the little daughter, Mary, ran out crying, "I'll carry his leg in". The Dr. was called, the leg "set" and rest followed for a time. (Father named his first boy "Samuel Topleif).

Well, years after all these happenings, I was riding with Father near Princeton, when we came to a fine brick house with large orchards at one side. I was amazed to see Father stop the horse, get out, jump the fence, (no wire in those days), fill his pockets with apples and come back laughing.

I gasped, "Pa, a Deacon and stealing apples?" He laughed and said, "Why! Child! This is where Dr. Swanzy lives, the Dr. who set my broken leg. He is a good friend of mine. He told me once to help myself whenever I came this way. "How he did laugh when Mary Topleif wanted to carry my leg in - poor Mary, she died early.

Deacon John E. Smith died at his home, near McCoy, Polk County, Oregon and was buried in the Bethel Cemetery.

Inscription on his stone reads -

Brother though from
yonder sky
Cometh neigher voice
nor cry
Yet we hope for thee
today
Every pain has passed
away



Frederick Samuel Smith and family 1890
 Drucilla Shepard Smith (Mother)
 Maude Elthea, John Eliphalet, Orilla Martha



Esther S. Foster, John E. Smith, Orilla S. Jonasson, Chester L. Smith, Maude S. Roth
 Picture, Portland, Oregon, June 1927

* Elthea Henrietta Smith, all that is known about her is included in her brother's story that follows.

Frederick Samuel Topleif Smith

Sketch of his life by Augusta Caroline Smith Dodd,
written in the 1940's when she was in her nineties.

Born February 2, 1846 -- died July 6, 1910

The first I remember of brother Fred (her half brother) - a short plump little fellow with smiling freckled face, merry blue eyes, and curly brown hair. Although he was older, we were good natured and happy playmates, but I still have a little scar on my temple - the result of a friendly (?) encounter. One evening, coming from school, I found a pet "salmon colored" kitten, lying dead! and I was "chief mourner" for I was a "girl"! "boys didn't mourn over cats!" Fred was a proud boy when he was old enough to tread the way to the old "Lloyde School House", a one room building, once white, now grey, but capable of holding a large number of young men and women and boys and girls. There were yet no "High Schools", and the "District Schools" prepared the young for teaching, or business, or farming! The seats and desks were clumsy and wooden, but an improvement on the long, hard seats, and no desks of former days which our forefathers endured, but had bravely climbed the "Hill of Knowledge," but lessons were well-learned, and the foundations laid deep, and sure, especially of the "three R's" and writing and spelling and reading, were emphasized far more than at present. Mental Arithmetic well drilled into stupid and smart ones alike, but it made them think quickly, and reason thoroughly. It was a daily drill, and was looked forward to with different feelings, enthusiasm or dread, depending upon the ability of the performer. There were textbooks, small and thin, but, Oh! what puzzles they contained, and often the drills were given "off hand", as the teachers expressed it.

Althea's and Fred's school mates were as follows, if you care to know - Cousins Mary McKenzie (afterwards LeGate) and Will McKenzie, Josie Keyes, Lucy and Norris and Persis Eastman, Lizzie and Josephine Clement, Barak Bullard, Lucy Kendall, (a dear chum of Althea, who is still living (86) in a wheelchair) Lucy Lloyde and brother "Jim", Louis Hill (also a friend of Althea), Parmenous Hill, and a "whole bunch of Deans", thrifty and hearty, -viz-Sarah, Electa, Daniel, Louis, Serena, Ichabod, George, Serepta, Ezra, Emma, anyway there were fifteen. I must have forgotten some!

Three big Scammon boys (young men) Democrats, who were scarred in war time (Civil), Jeremiah Olds, Herman Hopps, Lucian Bullard and sister Mildred, (as sweet as a Blush Rose!) Clinton Igou, who married her (and was anything but sweet!) Arthur and Marcellus Cook, "Two big Frizzell boys," cousins of Ernest (who married Fannie Thompson in later years, who both belonged to "my day".) These are part of the students of the "old Lloyde School", in Althea's and Fred's time. Many were the races over the big hard snow-banks especially if "late to school."

Of snowballing bouts, at noons or recess, or on the way home. Many were the brilliant cheeks, not caused by "rouge", but by vigorous application of a handful of snow on her face in the hand of an ardent admirer, or a "vengeful" "would be".

During spring or fall, older boys stayed out of school to "help on the farm". Fred was among these and he was a "good helper" to Father, always willing and good natured, and quick to see "things to be done". There was not much fun, as boys see it now, but there were corn "husking bees", "apple parings" and "an old swimming hole", up in "Pike Creek" at the end of "Hopp's Grove", a beautiful shady place, under six great oak trees, not far from the north side of our farm. Then in winter there were sometimes parties with popcorn or "Lasses Candy" or with "fancy and finer" food (never ice cream in those early days). If the big fireplace was open, and it was, for a while every Fall, even after we had a cook stove, it was still more fun, for it was the largest fireplace in the neighborhood and young people loved to come to our house, for Fred and Althea were favorites, (I was usually a little "looker on" or sent to bed) (but I had "my day" later). I remember one party they had which impressed me very much. Before it was time to go home a hard storm came up. We could hear the Prairie Wolves" howling up in Hopp's Grove. Even the boys were afraid to start out so tho' our house was small, Father and Mother let them stay all night. The boys took quilts and blankets and went to our big barn where they slept in the haymow in warmth and safety while Mother

made a big "field bed" for the girls on the dining room floor, "and all were happy". Some stayed for pancakes (not waffles), some went home to do chores. Then there was splendid skating on our and other ponds and on the creek which often lasted all winter. A huge fire was built on the bank where hands and toes could be warmed and doughnuts could be kept in shape for an eager lunch when tired. The fire cast a glow over the pond and pretty girls, and often the "welkin" rang with song and shout. Oh! those days were as jolly and as full of happiness as these days of "movies" and basketball etc. and much more wholesome, morally, and physically. Fred planted a nice melon patch every year, way down in the "South-field" where "no one could see it." One Sabbath I was permitted to "stay home and get dinner. Of course I was anxious to have "something extra" and a bright idea struck my brain and I betook myself to the "Southfield" and the melon patch! I gathered four or five small ones which I was sure were ripe, the brown, withered curl indicated that. I cut one, it was white and hard, tho' the seeds were not black, but a lovely red! Then I cut another with the same result, then another, until all four lay helpless and bleeding before me. What should I do? I had picked Fred's melons and they were not ripe! I had to think fast and a large hole was dug under the big old lilac bush and they were safely hidden before the family came home. I kept silence but later found Fred had planted some citrons that year. However Fred went to his patch and brought some fine deep pink cored ones for our dinner so I never told. He raised some fine, luscious golden-cored water melons too as well as many beautiful "musk melons". We enjoyed citron preserves the next winter but I always think of my disappointment that summer day.

One fall, after severe frosts, and the grass was frozen stiff, Fred and some others were hurrying home from school "across lots" when his foot slipped, he fell, and a strip of grass penetrated his ear and broke off. The boys carried him home not far away. He was in great agony, and while two Dr.'s and Father and a neighbor had to hold him while they probed for the stub. They tried to give him anesthetic but it was of no use, it would not quiet him. Finally the piece was extracted after many horrors, but he was sick for several days and was always deaf in that ear.

Another incident occurred tho' Fred was not himself injured, he might have been. The boys were coming home from school when they "interviewed" a large rattlesnake - result, it bit the bare big toe of Hermon Hopps, our nearest neighbor. Instantly Jeremiah Olds, son of a tenant on the Hopp's place, seized the toe in his mouth and sucked the poison so effectively that the boy was only sick for a few days. Fred and Jerry had to carry him home, tho' Jerry showed great presence of mind and bravery for rattlesnake poison is said to be fatal in four minutes.

Fred often worked, odd times, when Father could spare him, for the neighbors "chopping corn" or beans, or planting potatoes and as he grew older helping in haying or harvesting. One good time he and Elthea had was when a number of boys would come for an afternoon's play. We had a nice large barn. In summer it was well filled with hay, but as it dwindled down in winter's feeding, there was left a nice high scaffold and just below another called "the Bay". The boys could get up on the big beams, jump to the scaffold, then run and jump and turn a "summer sault" over onto the lower hay. This was great fun, especially when it was raining outside. And Elthea had her party of girls, other days, and had the same kind of fun nearly.

I remember how Fred and I went gathering "Mayapples (Mandrakes) in the woods. One day we found so many we filled our pails and pockets, Fred his jacket and I my apron. These were taken home, spread on the porch roof, where they "mellowed" and soon were "fit to eat", a peculiar, but delicious creamy fruit. There were also in the fall great patches of Hazel nuts and Butternuts and walnuts and Hickory nuts - drying and ripening on the porch roofs. When dry they were "shucked" and laid away to be brought out and enjoyed with popcorn and apples on long winter evenings. So you see, there were many "good times" with all the hard work that had to be done.

Another custom in winter -- Father would hitch the horses to the big old "Bob-sled", put in plenty of hay or straw, cover with blankets, then the family were seated and well covered with "Buffalo robes" and quilts. The air crisp and cold, we would take off, laughing and sometimes singing, away to some distant neighbor's or friend's where a pleasant evening was spent. About eleven o'clock a hearty supper was served, the table fairly groaning under its load of good things. It is a wonder we didn't die

of dyspepsia! for as this occurred every few weeks, as the neighbors exchanged their neighborly visits, and we enjoyed the evenings of our own entertaining.

About twenty miles distant, on the Illinois River, was a great rock called "Starved Rock" an historical spot, where the Illinois Indians made their last heroic stand against the "Pottawatamies", (from Michigan) many throwing themselves down the straight 200 feet into the River, preferring death to capture, some were even "tomahawked", by their enemies before they reached the water.

In summer after harvest Father and Fred would get the big wagon ready, getting up at three or four in the morning. The family and several young neighbors with plenty of provisions, would start for a day's picnic at "Starved Rock". This occurred once or twice every year. First we went S. E. thro' Arlington, Peru, fifteen miles distant, and on the River, then thro' LaSalle, where were large coal mines, near, five miles to the Ferry, operated by "man-power", (by a rope and cable) across the River. It was "some climb", on the "land side", where was a shorter path to the top which was broad enough to accommodate more than one hundred people. There were many shrubs and small trees of Junipers. There was a fine view from the ancient battleground. The towns of Utica and Ottawa and other small towns were visible farther up the River and a broad expanse of valley and prairie, while at our feet lay the "Laughing Water" just beyond us, was a sharp, rocky cliff, where "tradition says", "The Indian maiden threw herself into the River because of her false lover." We were tired and sleepy when we arrived at home late in the evening. There were chores to be done and milking, but what a day we had had! The memory lingers yet, but there is no one with whom to enjoy that memory! All are gone of that early day. A fawn once came to our porch chased by some animal, and it became quite a pet, but a "bold, bad wolf", sneaked up and carried it off much to our childish grief. Another pet was a large Sand Hill Crane, some hunter had broken its wing, it had fluttered on - finally dropping near the house. Fred picked it up and its wing was mended and in time grew strong again. It stayed around until one day, it saw a flock of its fellows sail by, and he eagerly joined them. He came back to us once or twice for a call, but never to stay. Mother had sewed a piece of red flannel loosely about his neck, and we could distinguish him on several occasions. I relate these incidents because the younger ones will enjoy them, perhaps.

Elthea taught school and then married Frank M. Avery of Davenport, a young harness maker. After a year in Sublette, Illinois, they moved to Waterloo, Iowa where "Thea" died of typhoid fever, leaving little William Wallace about two years old. She was brought home and buried in the family cemetery. The day was rainy and the coffin was opened in the house, consequently four of us children, Willie Avery, brothers Lamont, Charlie and I all came down with the dread disease. Willie and Montie had it lightly while Charlie and I were very sick. Charlie's eyes were "glazed" they said one night, and I was only saved, but Father and Mother and sister Lillian escaped, tho' they were with us constantly. Frank then stayed with us and had his harnessshop in LaMoille where Fred helped him for a year or so.

Elthea when a girl had spent a year in Minnesota at her Aunt Ellen's, her Mother's sister, all living at St. Anthony's. There was another Aunt and her Uncle, also David Smith. I remember the latter came down to visit and Fred went with him to Fort Dodge, Iowa where they engaged in some business, (gypsum mine) and after that they went to Kansas. Fred was not at home very much after that, but went to Oregon. We had pictures of himself and wife and occasionally were notified of the advent of a new baby, John E. first. I had hoped to meet brother Fred once more but was sadly disappointed. I have just had a letter from cousin Mary (McKenzie) LeGate's daughter, Maude Bimrose of Chicago who tells me of her Brother Fred's death of cancer recently. Mary had named her two eldest children, Elthea and Fred. Mary, you know, was Father's sister, Margaret's granddaughter, Maude is the only one left now except her daughter Kathleen. I wrote to Maude last year to see if she knew anything about the Maine relatives but she did not.

I can't tell much about Fred's young manhood. He was not much given to "going with the girls". Miss Alice Norris being about the only one he really "kept company" with.

I forgot to say, Fred was quite a mechanic, one thing I recall, --he built a large windmill when quite young. It was not an ordinary mill but had some extra devices which were much praised by all. It was mounted first on a large high post down towards the well, near the barn, then, by the help of

admiring boys in the neighborhood, it was drawn to the top of the barn by ropes etc. and securely fastened to the top of the north gable where it remained many years serving as an accurate prophet of the wind's vagaries.

One other amusing incident - the "Mellow Sweet" apple trees were delicious, and there was a race to get the fallen ones first - but Fred going down to milk early in the morning generally "beat us to it", and the prizes safely hidden in his little trunk, and the fragrance of those apples came as sweet incense whenever we ascended the stairs. One day he went to feast on his treasures, and behold! there were only the "shells" - black ants had crawled thro' the keyhole and gorged themselves. The trunk was decorated with chewings.

Another joke on Elthea - Father was mowing in the meadow one day and came across a large nest full of quail's eggs. They were cold and something must have happened to the mother bird. So he called "Thea" and told her to put them away and see if they would hatch, not thinking they would. So she concluded her little trunk was the safest place. In a week we heard strange noises coming from upstairs, forgetting about the eggs, on investigation she found twenty-two little beauties. She fed them until half grown, when they ran away.

Lovingly, Aunt Gussie.

Frederick Samuel T. Smith (continued)

as recorded by his son, John E. Smith, Sept. 18, 1906

In 1866, "they made a trip of three weeks to Omaha, up the Missouri twelve miles beyond Sioux City found some cousins: was looking for sawmill site, could have taken up homestead but did not: returned to Fort Dodge and mined gypsum."

Went next to work on Union Pacific Railroad, shipt to Cheyenne; received \$50 a month; worked along Green River nearly to Granger, Wyo. had more than \$400. In winter of 1869 bought team (4 horses) and wagon, hauled wood for \$10 per day, horses fed and men boarded. Worked 4 days when order came from Washington D. C. to stop construction. He started for Salt Lake, hay \$100 per ton, corn shelled 5¢ a lb. Went 20 miles north of Salt Lake, hay \$20 per ton. Spent winter in a long narrow valley (sheltered) snow 2 feet. On railroad had worked for M. S. Hall (contractor) lost about \$80 of wages - never paid. Sold one team to Mormans for \$100 before winter camp.

In March 1869 heard of parties going to Oregon. About April 1st, when grass was fit for feed, started for Oregon. Three teams in train Miller and Harbin with families (mule teams) Father with team of horses had load of feed and provisions. Crossed corner of Nevada went down Owyhee River to Snake River, saw rattlesnakes in the sun on rocks. Followed the Snake River one day--"then westward to where Burns is now, and followed the trail past Mt. Washington thru the Santiam Pass on to Albany, Oregon. There the Miller and Harbin families settled in Linn County. Frederick forded the River (Willamette) and went on alone to Monmouth, to Dallas and to Perrydale (a crossroads, blacksmith shop run by William Perry). From there he went straight east to Bethel, camping over night on the east bank of Ash Swale on the south side of the road.

The next day, about June 1st, 1869 he arrived at Bethel. With his team he got a job hauling wood for William Cornet and other such jobs. Worked through haying and harvest for Mr. Kennedy at Bethel. In fall team was fat, rented big field back of Mrs. Denny's raised 2 crops, had \$1000.

He went to Eastern Oregon and raised sheep on the range for 5 years, centering at the junction of Hay and Little Willow Creeks, 12 miles east of the present town of Madras. After 5 years he sold his sheep for \$1300 and returned to the Willamette Valley and Bethel. (Fall of 1876)

He rented the Richardson place of three or four hundred acres, (later known as the Sam Stewart, Woodland Park Farm)

On Dec. 7, 1876 he was married to Drucilla Shepard (Frazer) at the home of Lucian B. Frazer by L.L. Roland, near Bethel. Their family all born on the farm near McCoy, Polk Co., Oregon

include: John Eliphalet, Jan. 24, 1878; Maude Elthea, May 24, 1879; Clara Bell, Dec. 2, 1885; Orilla Martha, July 29, 1889; Chester Lyman, Feb. 27, 1889, and Esther Ruby, Mar. 20, 1891.

In 1878 he bought 100 acres just southwest of the Gold Creek School above Willamina as an investment. The Dayton to Grand Ronde Railroad was to run up the Yamhill River. But this railroad stopped at Sherdan at that time. After 8 or 10 years he sold this land never having lived there. He also sold the stock he had in the railroad which never went by his farm.

In 1881 or 2 he bought 230 acres off the north end of the Richardson Farm, a part of the Felix Calwell D. L. C. He put up buildings and moved there the fall of 1884.

In March 1893 he bought a fourth interest in a general merchandise store in Amity and drove back and forth (with cart and horse) until July 1st, 1893 when the family moved to Amity. This store was known as "Jones and Smith", which sold dry goods, groceries, etc. In 1895 moved back to the farm Dec. 13 after selling his interest in the store. The family lived on the farm until 1902 when it was sold. They moved to McCoy for a few months until a home was bought in Eugene (on south Lincoln St.) and a farm one and a fourth miles north of Springfield on the Cogurg Road, from P. M. McPherson. About 1904 a house was built on this farm and the family moved there.

(More about this farm is told in Chester's story of the Lane Co. Farm)

Orilla adds the following -- (written July 23, 1961)

Father had a spirit of adventure in his makeup, the first surge of which took him away from the staid and conventional Eastern States and brought him to the new and raw Pacific Coast --Oregon in particular. The winning of the West and making it pay was the challenge that held his interest in his early days. He worked faithfully and long on new agricultural experiments, new crops that were needed and which paid off, and new crops and fertilizers to rebuild wornout lands. He made a scientific study of these matters and prospered. He was the first successful grower of Alfalfa in Lane County, which was grown from seed donated by the Southern Pacific Railroad for experimentation. It was a paying achievement at the turn of the century.

Next, Mexico beckoned and he took another journey from which he never returned. This he felt would be a rewarding experience, of more interest in his declining years, rather than a challenge. One outstanding story of his months experience in Macineso, Mexico, that I remember concerned his saving a baby crocodile. Father found the croc-baby on the bank of a stream that bordered his plot and bungalow (under construction). He gave the docile youngster to natives who worship that type of thing. He had not destroyed it "as any other white man would have done." For this kindness Father was treated with friendly veneration by all the natives. Later on they quit work for the day to attend Father's funeral.

Not long after this time Poncho Villa came thru that section of Mexico. The whole town was evacuated. Poncho and his henchmen burned every building in that town with the exception of three-- Father's bungalow, the church, and the home of the Manager of the Alvredo Construction Company, who managed the 5000 acre banana plantation of which Father was a small tract owner. The sparing of his cabin was attributed to the fact that he had turned over the croc-baby to the worshipping natives. We read all about it in a newspaper published by the Company.

Mother Sylla(as her Oregon friends called her) and Father Fred had a rewarding life together-- ups and downs plenty, mostly ups prevailed. They worked hard and prospered. They each became integral parts of the communities in which they lived. They held places of trust and honor. They were both astute, honest, loving and above all faithful to their earnest conception of Right and Honesty. Many years after Father's death, I met Telt Burnett, retired Sheriff of Benton County and a cronie of my husband's. He asked me if I was Fred Smith's daughter. He said that my Father was one of the few truly honest men he had the pleasure of knowing.

The following obituary notice from the Springfield News of July 8, 1910 gives the Mexican story --

F. S. Smith Dies

Word was received here Thursday by Prof. Baughman, from Tuxtepec, Mexico, announcing

the death of F. S. Smith. The message carrying the sad news was signed by the Alvarado Construction Co., a real estate firm with which Mr. Smith had transacted considerable business during his stay in the South. No particulars were given further than that Mr. Smith died today and will be buried tomorrow and was dated July 6.

Mr. Smith in company with H. E. Rice left for Mexico about four months ago. They went to Tuxtepec, about 200 miles south of Mexico City, where they invested in land. Several weeks ago Mr. Rice returned but Mr. Smith, making more extensive investments, remained to look after his interests but at the time he was taken sick was making arrangements to return home. The last letter received by Mrs. Smith was June 17, in which he stated he was enjoying the best of health and that he would start for the States. He said he was building a neat little home and that he was fairly in love with the country and hoped to soon have his family with him. Monday his daughter, who resides in San Diego, received a message informing her that he had taken suddenly ill. She at once wired her Mother in Springfield who in answer told her to be ready to start at a moments notice. Yesterday word came that he had passed away.

F. S. Smith was born in LaMoile, Ill., 64 years ago, and in 1869 came west and located in Polk Co. where he married Sylla Shepard in 1876. Six years ago Mr. Smith with his family, moved to Eugene, where they lived for four years. Selling their farm, near Springfield, two years ago they came to Springfield where they have since resided.

The sad news of this much loved and esteemed husband, father and citizen comes to us almost without warning and it is hardly conceivable that he has answered his Master's call. Less than four months ago he said good bye thinking that it would only be for a short time for it was his intention to purchase land in the south and return for his family. He wrote with glowing terms of the country, the climate and his improved physical condition and told how he longed for the day when the loved ones at home would be with him. As he was about to return he took sick, the particulars of which have not yet been learned, but in a far off land, surrounded by those he knew not, he passed from this life. Mr. Smith was a man of excellent habits, fine moral character and sturdy constitution, an active member of the Christian Church for over thirty-three years, a devoted husband and a kind, indulgent father. His cheerful, helpful life, his devotion to his wife and family and kindness to everybody will long linger as a fragrant memory in the home which his presence brightened and which death has now darkened. He was buried where he died, in a strange and distant land.

Besides his devoted wife he leaves three daughters and two sons, who are John, a teacher in the State Agriculture College at Manhattan, Kansas, but is now attending summer school at Chicago University; Mrs. F. E. Roth of Amity, Oregon; Orilla, hospital nurse at San Diego, Calif. and Chester and Esther who reside at home.

Drucilla Shepard (Frazer) Smith

by Orilla Smith Jonasson (1961)

Drucilla Shepard was born in McKeesport, Pa. on October 18, ¹⁸⁵⁴ 1956.

The stories that Mother told me of her young life in Louisville, Kentucky, of her coming to Oregon and its early day farm life and its heart breaking hardships are still clear in my memory, at least the general outline stands out clearly. They were told to me at various times while she lived in my house - 4838 S. E. Woodward Avenue, Portland, Oregon. She lived with my family from about 1916 to 1925; -- the family consisted of my husband, Carl Victor Jonasson and children Mary Glee, Carl Victor Jr., Drucilla Jean, and William Bradford.

Mother had become stiffened in the sitting position from Arthritis Deformans. I was a Registered Nurse at home with my family and was grateful that I had the training and could give her the best care, with the least pain, known to the medical profession at that time. She weighed only 89 lbs. and was not difficult to lift the eight times daily required.

Mother's earliest stories often included her much-loved younger brother, George. He was often

in her thoughts. Even after the news of his death by drowning had been received, she long hoped that the sad news would prove to be erroneous and that some day he would return. After the death of their Mother in McKeesport, Pa., their birth place, their father moved to Louisville, Kentucky. In due time Grandfather Shepard remarried and to a Roman Catholic. Two daughters were born to this union. The step-mother and two step-sisters only added grief to the two sorrowing motherless Drucie and George. As they grew older and all three (mother and two daughters) were extremely "ugly ducklings", in Drucie's thoughts, envious of the more popular and beautiful sister. (Emma Hawley McKinnon of Amity, Oregon, told me that Sylla - as her Oregon friends called her -- was the most beautiful young lady she had ever seen.) Cinderella and this Kentucky belle had many similar experiences, Drucie being the underdog until she went to live with friends in the country. Four families, the Laveleys, Stetzels, Cones and Martins, were often mentioned from whom invitations came to George and Drucie to join their households. Finally brother and sister prevailed upon their father to let them accept invitations from two of the families. They were the Laveleys and Stetzels, I believe. The families with whom they resided for a time were plantation owners; "Their homes were stately and lovely, staffed with slaves."

Grandfather Shepard also owned many household slaves as well as cold pit slaves. The Shepard home was large and "had pillars at the front portico with moss growing on the trees" surrounding it. The Shepard children attended the best schools in the community. Drucie matriculated at a Sisters school where the epitome of reudition was to excell in music and sew a fine seam. To Drucie these two accomplishments proved providential later in life.

When "Old Abe" (as Lincoln was unlovingly called by the South after their slaves were freed) put all the slaves "out of work for nothing", the economy of the South felt a decided depression. Everyone lost their where-with-all in which to live. Everyone, including our Drucie, had to find work or starve. Drucie's way with a fine seam found a job early in a men's tailoring shop, binding seams by hand! Later in Oregon she gave music lessons and did dressmaking while waiting for (my father-to-be) Frederick S. T. Smith to come along into her life. This slavery upset and its pauperizing of the South was vastly upsetting to a proud young lady who "had not even so much as combed her hair before her personal slave was freed". Although she had work, the dignity of this work was most embarrassing.

The Shepards enjoyed the acquaintance of many prominent families in Louisville. Among Drucie's souvenirs, an invitation to a formal State ball given in honor of a visiting Grand Duke Alexis of Russia.

The Lucien Frazer family was one of the close friends of the Shepards. Their nephew, John Frazer, and Drucie became engaged. Johnnie owned race horses and a popular Excursion Boat. In honor of my Mother, he named one trotter and the boat "Drucie S." The trotter won one race from the famous Dan Patch -- the only time Dan ever lost a race! The "Westward Ho" and "Go West" admonition of Horace Greely urged the Lucien Frazer family to move to Oregon. They bought land near Bethel in a rich and rolling country. They loved this new land, worked hard, and prospered. One son became a Judge of a Juvenile Court in Portland. A Juvenile Home was erected in his memory, "The Frazer Home for Boys."

Back in Louisville Johnnie Frazer's health began to deteriorate. Uncle Lucien's family in Oregon persuaded him to join them in their home. They all believed he would recuperate rapidly in their new country.

Later at the insistance of the Frazer family and her betrothed Johnnie, Drucie decided to come to Oregon and marry her sweetheart.

The train that brought my mother (to be) from Louisville to San Francisco was a day too late to catch the steamer for Portland. The next sailing was one week later. The week of waiting, plus several more weeks enroute to Portland, finally ended; and Johnnie met her at the wharf--minister engaged church waiting, and hotel suite reserved.

While Johnnie was looking up her baggage, Drucie had time to appraise the situation. Johnnie's illness had taken terrific strides--she was greatly shocked by his appearance! She rightly guessed that

he could not live much longer. What to do? Theirs was the only family or persons she knew on the whole Pacific Coast. She was without funds, and Johnnie insisted that his health would recover rapidly now that she was with him. So they were married, and they drove the next day to the Frazer residence in their new carriage. Mr. John C. Frazer lived just nine months! The astonishing fact of this marriage was that Drucie did not contract Tuberculosis. She attributed her escape from Tuberculosis to her health which was in the best of condition -- her long time headaches all had been left in the Pacific Ocean via the nausea route.

Two years later she fell in love with an up and coming young man named Frederick Samuel Toplief Smith. They were married Dec. 7, 1786 at the Lucien Frazer home. They went to Eastern Oregon on their honeymoon and then came back to Bethel and rented the Elder Richardson place where they lived (now owned by members of the Sam Stewart family) until they bought 230 acres off the north end of it.

Building a home and making a living in those days was hard, but these experiences are the source of interesting stories, to us unused to such extremities of need. Mother told of her struggle to make a comfortable home for their growing family which was not easy to accomplish because of an almost complete scarcity of furniture and household goods in the nearest market 30 miles away. People made their own furniture. Rumor of lace curtains and good rattan chairs to be obtained drove Mother to sell dried apples and plums for ready cash with which to buy these luxuries. The lace curtains won the distinction of being the first in the whole community. The chairs lost that rating because Father decided in favor of chairs with rawhide strip webbed seats. He could get almost twice as many of these uncouth ones. Mother concealed her heartache over the "ugly old chairs" and made bright-colored pillows (feather stuffed) to cover their unsightly seats. This is an example of her ability to make the best of the circumstances. This quality was visible constantly during her active life as it was shown in her taste and execution of her tailored sewing.

Mother's attitude of cheerfulness, faith, hope and patience was an inspiration to everyone who knew her. These attributes were, in a way, a compensation to our family for all the years we observed her suffering from pain in all her joints, without a word of complaint.

Mother believed the promises that the Scriptures contained. She was convinced indeed that her healing would come "just any day" now. She postponed our entreaties to sit for a photograph because she believed that she would take a better picture after her healing came. We never were able to get that photograph, for her healing came too late to catch it. Preceding her death, she had been bed ridden for several days in a hospital. She conversed normally and recognized acquaintances by name whom she had not seen for years and repeatedly said she was so happy because she was free from pain, yet a bed sore--a huge one--had appeared after a week's hospitalization. Perhaps her healing had come at last? She expired believing so. She had read good books and the Bible constantly--could quote long passages of Scriptures verbatim. She had a complete revision of her animosity towards Abraham Lincoln with her reading the book, Up From Slavery, by Booker T. Washington. She expressed great pleasure at her release from her hatred of him and never called him "Old Abe" again.

George Louis Shepard

By John E. Smith, his nephew (1961)

Like his sister Drucilla Shepard Smith had McKeesport, Pa. for his birthplace but was two years younger than she, the birthdays being October 8, 1856 and October 18, 1854 respectively.

When George was about two years old, their mother having passed away, the family moved to Louisville, Kentucky which became the permanent home of some members of the group.

Drucilla and George made their homes in different families not relatives and in some years did not get to see each other very often. They loved each other dearly and were very much in sympathy with each other in times of trouble and in unfortunate circumstances which sometimes came to them by reason of a change from one home to another.

Among the people whom Drucilla and George knew was John Martin and (his son I think) "Nattie" (Nathaniel) Martin who became a lawyer in Louisville were intimate friends. I think they lived with John Martin's for a while.

After Drucilla married, George came to Oregon and made his home with them, working for farmers in the community. For a year or two George stayed at the old Stewert farm in Polk County, Oregon, with the F. S. Smith and family and I remember him well as a boy of three years could. In my early boyhood days Mother often spoke of "Brother George" and "Uncle George" was then much the same sort of expression to me as "Uncle John" is to Lyman today.

George was taller than Mother, probably five feet nine or ten but not heavy set. He was a good looking man, dark complexioned, had rosy cheeks and wore a dark mustache. As a young man he was very particular to be clean and neat especially about his appearance and dress. Mother said he would carefully fold his trousers each time when laying them aside so that the creases would show next time he wanted to wear them. He was careful to keep his hair trimmed and well combed and his shoes shined. In those days high-topped boots were worn much as an article of fashionable dress and George always wore his boots cleaned and well blacked. (One who did this for pay was a bootblack). For many years we had a pair of Uncle George's boots among his things about our home.

A tin-type photo of George is or was among the Smith family pictures. One of the books that belonged to him was "Roberts' Rules of Order". Another of his books which probably went into the attic at Springfield was written by Wm. Ellery Channing, a distinguished Unitarian clergyman and George was a member of or at least strongly favored this church.

George was also a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows which he loved and in whose work he took a deep interest. He was initiated in to the Odd Fellows Lodge on the day of its organization at Bethel October 28, 1876.

In the winter of 1881, George left the Smith home in Polk County and went with a man named Boyle to Eastern Oregon. They were traveling in Umatilla County and were camped on the bank of a stream, possibly the Walla Walla River or a tributary of it and possibly somewhere near the present sight of Milton. This was their condition when a torrential storm came up and raised the water of the stream to a high stage suddenly, causing the bank to cave in with them at night. Though George was an excellent swimmer, the cruel, swift, muddy waters overpowered him and he was drowned, Feb. 4, 1881. He was buried by the I. O. O. F. in the Odd Fellows cemetery at Walla Walla, Washington.

When Drucilla came to Oregon, correspondence was not kept up with relatives in Kentucky. One of them, Nan Shepard, wrote for financial help when their father passed away. This must have been between 1890 and 1900. Under the circumstances, our folks did not feel able to contribute.

During my earlier years, Uncle George's life, his habits and ways of doing things were often mentioned to me as being exemplary and have had an elevating influence upon me from the beginning.

Sketch of the Life of Augusta Caroline Smith
(Mrs. A. Roy Dodd) by herself

I am afraid I have little of interest to write concerning my life, but perhaps, a long life of nearly eighty-five years, has had a few "high spots", that may be helpful especially that of minister's wife and the early life of a "Decon's daughter." I was born in Clarion Township, Bureau Co., Ill. on a farm, July 9, 1850. Our nearest town was LaMoille one and a half miles, a little north-west of us. I was not three, but I can just remember seeing little brother Sewall lying on Mother's lap, his dark eyes full of pain. He was only nine months old, but I loved him! I had been so glad to have a brother, and then we lost him! The day I was three years old, I remember walking down the long lane (bordered on one side with "hard maples". and on the other with "soft maples") holding the hands of Father and Mother and wearing a new pink "Calico" dress, my birthday gift. We opened the big gate to let in the old roan "Bell cow", gentle, wide-horned and dependable. She was driven to the barn yard and milked and I had a cup of "nice warm milk", for my supper.

There was another dark eyed baby, "Lily Alferetta", fair, curly-haired, she was with us sixteen months, then "Scarlet Fever", that scourge of childhood, visited our home, and took our darling. She was of such a sweet, loving disposition, we grieved to give her up. We were all sick except Father, whose hands were full of care, but the neighbors were good, and helped all they could. They almost gave up of my recovery, but somehow I grew better. Elthea and I occupied the same wide lounge, the beds were all full of sick ones.

I was almost five, and again was all the "baby" left. Mine was a happy childhood. I helped Mother, but I loved to run around outdoors with Father. When he was plowing, or haying, he would call for some "gingerwater" (not ale) or a drink of sweetened buttermilk, or some warm "Yellow Twisters", Father's name for those long yellow twisted doughnuts he loved. Then I was rewarded by being allowed to ride around the field several times on old "Fib" who was born on the same day that Elthea was, and was always called her horse. When I was nearly eight years of age, I went to School at "Lloyd's School house", a mile and a half S. E. of our house. Sometimes when the crops were off the fields we could go "cross lots" which shortened the distance somewhat, but we encountered many burrs, and had to climb fences, that was not so very hard until the deep snows came. Then great drifts even filled the roads, and, if frozen, we could walk on top of the hard drifts, many a time over the fences. Often we went to school thro' soft snow and sat with wet feet and skirts, unless we were sent "down to Mrs. Lloyd's", across the road who let us dry our feet. She was small, dark and "wizened", mostly "good" to us girls, but a "terror to evil doers" (meaning boys) who loved to torment her. We also went down to her house for water. It was a great privilege to be allowed to "get a pail of water". Two had to go and unless we were "good", some others were sent. The pail was set on a bench, in the corner of the schoolroom and a tin, long handled dipper hung by its side.

"Teacher, may I pass the water?" was a daily question and the one who was esteemed the "best-behaved" was given the coveted task. Tho' the teacher tried to pass the favor around fairly. Stormy days we had to play in the house at noon and recess. We sometimes played "Colors" - one chose a color and if the "guesser" guessed, he received a "snap of cold water" in the face. There were many other games, but this was more quiet (?). My first teacher was Miss Minnie Douglass, a sweet girl from Sublette, Ill., north a few miles, who "boarded at our house"! I remember I was in a "dialogue" with Elthea and my cousin Mary McKenzie once, and for sometime was regarded with envious eyes by some of the "smaller fry"! My next teacher was Miss Hannah Foster, whose brother was Editor of "The Ladies Repository" a Methodist Magazine in Cleveland, Ohio and we had added respect for her on that account, besides, she was a good teacher. Then my cousin Ellen Haslett was the next, and so on. Winters we had "Men Teacher", who governed the boys with an "iron hand" (sometimes and off times they needed it), my chum and playmate was Fannie Thompson (later Frizzell) nearly two months younger than I, (and who is still living). We always went to school together. They lived on the next farm east of us, and she always waited for me. Coming home we often gathered "sorrel", pink blossoms, and all, and our Mothers would make a saucer "Sorrel pie" for our lunch the next day. Fannie

and I had a playhouse in a rail "cob-pen" - here we gave our dolls (rag or very tiny "boughten ones") dinners and parties. Sometimes I ran away and went up to play with her, and a few times I had a "switching," but I had rather had that than to have Mother look sadly at me and say, "Why Gussy, how could you disobey Mother?"

The summer that I was six years old Mother and I went "down east", to visit Father's and Mother's folks in Maine. When the haying and harvesting were over Father came on and what a fine time we all had! Mother and I went in a steamer from Boston to Calais, a distance of over four hundred miles. For a day or so we were pretty "seasick" but as we recovered the great expanse of the ocean, the glittering of sunlit waves and once a "school" or porpoises playing in the water. I insisted they were whales for they "spouted" the salt water like the picture of whales, I had seen. We visited Mother's people most of the time until Father arrived, then we went to Aunt Mary Young's, really made our headquarters there. She and Uncle Rodney had three daughters, Matilda, Elmina, and Angeline. There had been a son, who had died. Then to Aunt Julia Young's. She and Uncle John had Mary, who was an invalid, Adalaide and Thomas. Then over to Aunt Margaret's and Uncle Mickle's Young's. They had a large family, Laura and Hester, Elmina married and in Boston. Keziah, (Kate and Mary had each married Joseph and moved West) when Kate died, leaving four little children, he had persuaded Mary to be their stepmother. Then there were three boys George, Steven and Nelson. Here we had "clam bakes", clam soup, boiled lobster, saw them put out posts on the "flats", with heavy nets attached ("Weirs") and the tides, receding left countless fish behind the nets. The large ones were taken to market or salted for winter use. The herrings, prepared, and hung up in the smoke house to cure. How good those herring tasted! We children would get some of the "cured" ones, put them in the oven and with a generous slice of bread and butter, we had picnics under the big Spruce trees, and from which we often gathered quantities of "Spruce Gum". The gum of those days, before modern "gums" appeared. Gussie the youngest girl and I were of the same age, so we had merry times together. It was so refreshing on hot days to go down the steep bank and under the shade of great overhanging Cedar trees bathe in "Passamaquady Bay." Away out in the Bay, about three miles from shore, Father and Mother, with a boatload of young people would row out to "Gooseberry Island", a large conical island, and come back with pails well filled with the wild fruit, sour but delicious when made into pies or preserves (no cans in those days.) Then we went to Aunt Hannah's where I spent my sixth birthday. There were a number of children, they were shy and so was I. We only stayed one day as Father was anxious to get home again. Fred and Elthea, with the help of an old lady, were keeping house and doing the chores with the help of a hired man. I have related some of the earlier occurrences of my life for it will give an idea of the way those pioneers lived, and they were happy, too, in spite of inconveniences and hardships and nearly of poverty in many instances. I remember Father disliked to buy or eat fish, for he said -- "When I was young we had potatoes and fish for breakfast in the morning, potatoes and fish for dinner, and potatoes and fish for our supper many a day."

We, in these days, do not appreciate our privileges and blessings! When I was nearly fifteen, Elthea, who had been a teacher, married Francis M. Avery and removed to Waterloo, Iowa, died of typhoid fever leaving one little boy, William Wallace, of nearly two years. She was brought home and buried in the little family cemetery on the farm. Being a rainy day, the coffin was opened in the house; consequently, we children all were very sick with the disease, even little Willie, who was not seriously sick, nor was LaMonte, but Charlie and I narrowly escaped death. Indeed Charlie's eyes were "glazed" at one time, but he was spared (to be accidentally shot) in after years by a larger boy fooling with a loaded revolver. While I was recovering with a partially paralyzed left arm and hand which spoiled my musical career. As it became stronger I "took lessons" of Deacon Frany's daughter for one term. She making the left hand work very simple. A neighbor had advertised some young pigs for sale and I took the little red cart made from the old red cradle in which Elthea and all the babies succeeding had been lulled to sleep in, went over to the neighbors and bought two, at one dollar each, and hauled them home. Father said he "would furnish feed", if I would look after them, and when they were partly grown he would buy them and I could "take music lessons!" I was

a happy girl when I took that ten dollars and took that term of lessons practicing on my teacher's piano. Afterwards we bought a small "Cottage Organ", and I pursued my studies alone, so I was able in later years to give some "beginners" lessons and to play church music when called upon in S. S. or church. My first "going away to school", was to Lutheran College in Mendota, eight miles north-east of us. This was a four story brick building presided over by Prof. Breckenridge, cousin of Senator Breckenridge of Kentucky. Most of the girls in the building boarded themselves, and of course, I did too. Two girls went from Clarion and their fathers and mine took turns in taking us in Monday mornings and coming for us Friday nights. We were sure of getting home then, for as Father said "we had to go to get grub", and we always took back nearly a week's food and also took a few armfuls of short wood for our little cookstoves. The spring before I was eighteen I taught my first school, a four month school, and I was a very proud girl when, at the close, I held in my hand a "hundred dollar bill"! I didn't hold it very long, however, for some had to go for board. I taught in a little red school house under a grove of Mulberry trees about half way between LaMoille and Mendota. I saved some money by walking home on Friday nights.

My next school was in LaMoille, I also taught a "Select School" in the summer vacation. While I was there in LaMoille I boarded at home. I was also privileged to attend two musical Conventions conducted by P. P. Bliss, that "sweet singer" who was in that awful train wreck afterwards, at Ashtabula, Ohio, when the bridge went down, the train caught fire! He could not get his wife out and went back and was burned to death with her. I heard of a place where I could work for my board and attended Wheaton College, so I began to make plans for a College course, hoping and praying (for I had become a Christian that year), that the way would be opened for me to go through. My chum, Lucy Frary, who had sung alto with me in the choir since we were little girls was to be married, and her mother wished to have a very elaborate white quilt quilted for her, for one of her wedding gifts. I was asked to help on this and I gladly assisted partly for the money and more for Lucy's sake. The fall of '72 I started for Wheaton. I worked for my board at the home of a retired minister who had a large vinyard and for a while my work was mostly packing and fastening blue netting over tall baskets of lovely Concord Grapes. I stayed there through two terms when I was asked to go back to LaMoille and teach in my old room (primary). That was a providential opening to help on my college course. I taught the spring term and a private school during summer vacation, went back to Wheaton in the fall and contined to work for my board, but at this time at Rev. Barnes who had once been our paster at LaMoille, whom I was greatly surprised to find married and living in Wheaton. LaMont also came that term and worked for his board at the same place doing milking and other chores. This year I met Roy (A. R. Dodd) who was preparing for the ministry and after a time I promised to help him in the great work of saving souls. The next summer '74 I kept house while Margery, (my step-mother) went to Pennsylvania to see her parents and son "Sammie" who lived with his grandparents.

There was much milk and butter to take care of and it was very hot that summer. All work of that kind had to be done in a cool, damp cemented cellar. I took a severe cold and was sick with "ulcerated" lungs and forbidden by the Dr. to go back to school that term, but I kept up with some of my studies and also had a small German class. Then in the winter I went back. This time I "kept house" in two or three rooms I rented. Cousin Kate McKenzie went with me, also little sister Lillian who could go easily to the town "grade school". Bro. Charlie was to come later and enter "Preparatory" work at the College, but the dear boy never came. A larger boy, fooling with a revolver, accidentally shot him, and my dear sunny-haired --sunny-hearted, blue eyed brother was suddenly cut off at the threshold of manhood. I was able to do some sewing for neighbors for I had bought a "Singer Machine", with some of my teaching money a few years before. Then there were some classes in the "Preparatory" Dept. that I was asked to hear and that helped some, so I was able to clothe myself, very simply. My classmate, Emily Knight became my room mate when Kate left school and as her people lived at Aurora, a place much nearer than LaMoille. She often had boxes of "eatables", etc. sent to her. I sometimes had help from home in that direction, too. Our landlady was a neice of Russell Sage, the great financial magnate, but she was very poor and took in washing and baking for

students and others, but she was good to us girls and gave us a chance to help with sewing (at ten cents an hour) making a specialty of men's fine shirts, and little boy's trousers!

Miss Emily Knight was a dear girl and for more than two years we enjoyed our companionship together, (she is still living, unmarried). One old school-mate is past 93 and bright and cheery. I graduated in June 1876. (Centennial Year at Philadelphia). Some of my classmates and others from Wheaton attended during the summer. I stayed at Wheaton for I was to teach the following year in the fine new schoolhouse. Our Principal was a Vassar graduate only 22 years old! All the teachers were ladies, all experienced. Miss Ida McMicken was a fine Principal, ruling the young men who were in the High School with a firm hand. I had spent the summer at the home of Dr. Walker, looking after the daughter who was an invalid. Dr. Walker was the author of the "Plan of Salvation", a book used in all our American Colleges as well as in many foreign institutions. He had been a member of the Michigan Legislature, a talented lawyer and an Athiest. He and an athiest friend agreed to each write a book against the Bible first reading it. Before Dr. Walker had half finished it he was converted, became a strong preacher of the Word, was pastor of the College Church and Vice President of the College. He had recently married again and wished to take a "honeymoon" trip, hence my chance to stay in Wheaton for the summer. The daughter was a lovely girl and our summer was most pleasant. I taught there in Wheaton and then June 27th, 1877, Roy and I were married in Wheaton, went out to his home near Elgin, Ill., for two weeks, then to the church, the First Cong. Church of Macomb, Ill., county seat of McDonough Co., Ill., between Galesburg and Quincy, stopping on the way for a short visit at home. Father and Margerie had a surprise "Reception" for us. All the old friends and some new ones, all the "Elite of the town! I had another surprise, Fannie was there with her new husband, Ernest Frizzell. They had been married the same day and the same hour as we were and yet neither know of the other's intention! After a fine, but all too brief, visit we started for our first pastorate!

I had often declared I "would never marry a minister, a red-headed man or one a day younger than myself" and now I was doing all three. Roy's hair had been red, in early years, now a very nice "auburn," and he was three weeks younger than I! But Love "makes all the difference in the world!"

In Macomb we found a pleasant people who welcomed us heartily both those in our church, and also pastors and people in all the other churches of the town. We found a nice group of young folks, wide awake and active in church and Christian Endeavor. We had some difficulty in getting a home as there was no parsonage, but we finally found four rooms on a pleasant street and were soon settled. Because we were not blessed with a superabundance of goods, after our stove, chairs, etc. were purchased, we still lacked a table, and as we had determined not to go in debt, we ate for two weeks on a large "dry goods box" from which Roy had removed one side, but we were happy and the food tasted as good, perhaps better, than that often served from a mahogany table.

The church being without a pastor had written to President Blanchard at Wheaton asking him to recommend some young man to serve them as a pastor. Roy had been down once to preach for them, and had received a unanimous call, so he felt somewhat acquainted. But I soon found friends, one family especially, two fine young ladies, Father and Mother, two brothers and one little sister, all had been devoted Catholics. The eldest girl became a Christian, then the other, finally all except the father who opposed every plea of his family for many years, but was converted just before his death. The entire family were subjected to many hardships and insults from their former church associates, but remained firm and true. They were a great help in our work. We spent a very happy, and I hope, a year of real service and some gathered in from the world.

Roy's father had suffered a paralytic stroke a year before our marriage and now grew worse, and, as Roy was the only son, he felt he must go home and help his mother take care of him, so as soon as our year closed we bade farewell to our first home and pastorate. We took with us a dear little brown-eyed girl, Nell Florence (now Mrs. C. M. Smith, Flagler, Colorado) a few weeks old. We spent a year at Father Dodd's near Elgin, Ill. Farm work was very strenuous for there was stock and much milk to take care of. It proved a very dry year. Roy planted his corn over three times and then got a

small crop. But we tried to do our best and help with the sick one, who had been an active U. Brethren minister for many years a "Presiding Elder" traveling from Rock Island, Ill., over all northern Ill. to Chicago, south, as far as LaSalle and Princeton and LaMoille and Mendota. It was very hard for him to lie nearly helpless, but he was so patient and courageous. At the close of the year, Roy's sister, Nell, came home from her graduation in College, a reliable hired man for the farm work, so Roy took a church and we moved to Willard, Wisconsin, not far from Lake Geneva, and only about fifty miles from Elgin, so we could visit his father often, as we now had a horse and buggy. Our new home was in the pleasant "Lake County" in southern Wis. There were three points in our "Circuit", (we belonged to the Wesleyan Methodist Church, then) Lake Delavan was the farthest, 10 miles away, and one country church, about half way between Delavan and Willard. So we were happy and busy; times we had good revival meetings. At one Rev. Hawley helped conduct the Services. He had known Roy at Wheaton and near the close of the second year (1880) Roy was invited thro' him to take the "Chair of Higher Mathematics and Political Science" at Amity College in southwestern Iowa. Father Dodd was a little better and a married daughter and husband and family came from their Nebraska home and took charge of the farm so we were free to take our way westward, "taking with us another brown-eyed baby Mary (Mary) Caroline (now Mrs. M. M. Evans of St. Louis, Mo.) Her husband, a physician, died there of "pernicious anemia". We found a full school in a crowded old college building but a fine class of young people. There was no Art Department and so some of the young ladies were disappointed and said they would go elsewhere if they were not accommodated. The President, learning I had taken Art at Wheaton insisted I take private pupils. I demurred, but he insisted and at last I consented, others came in before long I had a large class which I was obliged to take to a room in the College. About this time a new College building was erected, a fine building. Roy found time to preach at a point near town. Iowa was passing through the "dry" campaign. Roy was active in this, as in all other good causes, and made many addresses, also helped in revival meetings in other churches than our own. He was very successful in his College work. We were in College Springs five years. Here Grace Augusta (now Mrs. H. Van Slyke of Vaughn, Wash.) also Docia J. (now Mrs. Docia Dodd Clap, Vanadium, Colo. and Tacoma, Wash.) also Lillian (now Mrs. Alice L. Noble, Tacoma, Wash.). At the close of five years, Roy received a strong invitation to become Principal of Houghton Seminary, Houghton, N. Y. He accepted and with our "little flock of girls" we "took our way eastward". The seminary was situated in a lovely part of western N. Y. overlooking the Genesee River. Here again I had to open an Art Dept. which became popular and successful. It kept me very busy but by hiring a girl, I was able to attend to my classes. The school was a religious school and Roy was successful not only in guiding his students in their studies and morals but helped many to find Christ. The Seminary had applied for a College "Charter" but had not yet been able to raise the necessary funds. (Is a College at present, Houghton College, one of Roy's graduates, President). Roy preached every Sabbath at Fillmore, four miles farther down the Genesee River. (We were forty miles from Buffalo, and seventy miles from Rochester). After six busy fruitful years, we had word from Mother Dodd, that she had been sick (Father Dodd died before we left Iowa) and wished Roy to come home, as long as she was well she had insisted on managing the farm, with help of renters. Nell being with her part of the time. So again we "winded (1891) our way Westward". We stayed with her until her death nearly or over five years. When we left New York, we brought with us our first son, Roy (Rodney) LaMont, but left the dear form of a second son on a hillside overlooking the Genesee River. He had lived almost a year, but God took him and we knew he was safe forever. After those strenuous years of farm life again, Roy preaching nearly every Sabbath, he was called to serve the Congregational Church at College Springs, and after affairs were settled we again went "toward the setting sun", and after a little Roy was invited to take his old Professorship "Higher Mathematics and Political Science". We stayed here two and a half years, when Roy's eyes failed or began to fail and he was obliged to give up his college work and concluded to resign from the church. Later he accepted a Cong'l. Church at Montour, Iowa not far from Des Moines. I gave the outline of Roy's work, as mine was so closely intertwined with his. A Minister's wife has about the same work in every case. We had now a "bevy"

of growing, yes, of grown girls, Florence, May and Grace had attended College, and Florence had graduated in musical Conservatory of which Prof. Wilber Whiteman (father of Paul) had been Excellent Head, now later, he had gone to Denver, Colo. and an Oberlin lady graduate had taken his place. The younger children attended Public School in College Springs. We were in Montour seven years, Florence taught music and went to Chicago for post-graduate work under Prof. Liebling. May attended "State Normal" at Cedar Falls and taught in Public Schools in Legrand, Iowa and Montour until her marriage to Dr. Evans. Grace had a good millinery shop until she had an opportunity to attend Northfield "Ladies Seminary", Mass. for two years. The three younger girls and Roy graduated from Montour High School, Docia went two years to Wheaton College. Meanwhile Roy's eyes became so much worse he went to Chicago and had them examined by an expert, who told him he had "Anterior Catract" and to come back a little later for an operation, not a final but a preparatory one. Now my work was a little different from other minister's wives, for I had to do Roy's reading for him, find his references, etc. I had had some Art pupils, here, but gave those up to help in every way possible for Roy never lost a day except when he was in the hospital. I went with him to Chicago when he had the first operation "Irridectomy" spent my days with him until he was strong enough to help himself, for he still had his right eye, which was only partly affected. Florence here married Mr. C. M. Smith, a young graduate of Cornell College, Iowa, a young business man of Montour. We had two large weddings in one year, "lost two girls, and gained two sons." May settled about four miles from Montour at LaGrand, Iowa, a college town, where the Dr. already had a good practice. Florence stayed in Montour, of course. Mine had been a busy life, but a happy one. We had tried to bring our children up "in the fear and admonition of the Lord." and with the splendid help and example of their father they all became Christians.

After seven years, Roy's eyes grew worse and thinking the final operation might not be successful, he resigned and having a letter from a cousin (who had gone to eastern Colorado for his health) saying that there was a "good relinquishment" - "for sale cheap", not far from them, and begging him to come and take it, which he did in 1906, went out and helped, by hiring to build a very good story and a half house, then returned to Montour to finish out the year. For many years we had taken care of his aunt, a partial invalid, the last of his father's sisters and family. As the law said "you must live on your land" for so many months, before "proving up". I offered to take Aunt Julia and go out and live on the claim for three months to "hold the land". She was quite old and feeble and no one else could take care of her. Roy and Roy Jr. could stay with Florence, Docia was in Wheaton College, Alice had decided to come out and "take a claim" about five miles from us, and do dressmaking in Burlington, our nearest town, County seat of Kit-Carson Co., Colo., Grace in Northfield. Roy just graduated from High School in Montour and I away on the prairies, two miles from the nearest neighbors (cousin Mary's). We went out in Feb. Roy stayed four days to help us get settled, as we had taken a little furniture with us etc. The day before Roy left he spaded up a small garden and I planted some lettuce and peas and radishes etc. Two days later he left us, I thought the air "felt strange" and something prompted me, to carry in a large quantity of coal. I already had a lot of good shavings and kindlings upstairs, for the house was unfinished inside. That night began a severe blizzard "the worst" it was said for "seventeen years". A great barrel of little boards and kindling, which had been left out of doors went rolling over the prairies never to be seen again. The fire in the stove was drawn up thro' the pipe and I had to pack it with ashes. I got Aunt Julia to bed, put the ink under my pillow and the little alarm clock in the oven which kept it a little warm. I happened to have a good supply of food, potatoes, I covered up warm (didn't take them to bed!) In the morning a heavy blanket of pure white met my eyes, in one of the little spots before the house was a little clear space sheltered by the house and I counted thirteen Meadowlarks, driven from their homes in the short "Buffalo grass." Before long a plump Badger came scouting around, but seeing us at the window scampered off. The storm continued almost four days. On the fourth, the sun came out and we had a glorious sunset and were we glad!

On Saturday Alice came wading out from town, five miles from us, through the snow to her waist she was so worried about us. She stayed all night. Saturday had been bright and sunny and hot! The

snow melted rapidly and when she went back Sunday afternoon she went on bare ground by picking "round about" ways. Such strange weather in this new country! After this we had nice weather for several weeks. The garden began to look pretty green, when, one morning, early, I heard a great twittering and very sweet notes, too, and looking out I saw a big flock of strange little birds (I found afterwards they were "Mexican Sparrows" (Bobolinks). They cleaned my nice garden of all green stuff, later I planted again, and put up "scarecrows", which helped some. One night I saw three "prairie fires" in different directions. The wind would surely bring one of them our way. They were still far off for we could see many miles in that flat or rather rolling country. There was a road about two miles south of us, but there was no "fire-break" yet plowed on our land, tho' Roy had engaged a man to do this before he went away. What could I do? with an old lady to look after. I was helpless, apparently. Well, I did the only thing I could do, first I got all the water, which was scarce, in pails and my mop ready to "fight fire" as best I could, and then prayed hard, perhaps it was in answer to my prayers, and probably in answer to many others but in within an hour a severe sleet storm came and one side of the house was covered with an ice coating and the oily Buffalo grass was frozen stiff. Anyway the Lord heard and answered some one! I could tell many episodes of those three months, - of roving herds of cattle, of numbers of horses which roamed "unfettered and free", of howling coyotes and rattle snakes, etc.

From some light lumber and some "two by fours" stowed away upstairs I built a small porch over the front door to shelter us from the hot rays of the sun. I had only a hammer and a saw, an axe and a meat axe, and plenty of nails. In myfixing the top I had to lean out of the chamber window and hold on with one hand while I drove the nails. I even took a nice narrow board, and sawed out little squares and made a fancy heading for the porch and it looked well, too, and the porch would hold two chairs" There are many things I must leave out in this brief (?) sketch!

The two boys came out the last of June and Clarence and Florence came on in July, stayed with us for awhile and liked it so well, they concluded to stay and took a claim at Flagler, Colo. farther west. Docia came from Wheaton and Grace from Northfield and all of them "filed" on claims. Docia taught school near her little cabin. Grace had a nice (?) little "sod house" which her father and Roy built and Alice had a small "shack" so we all were "pioneering" and enjoyed it in some ways. A town twenty miles across the then Kansas - Colorado line was without a paster and insisted Roy to serve them. He accepted and went down on the train every Sat. night or Sunday morning. He was able to see a little with his right eye. After we "proved up" on the claim, we moved to Goodland, Kansas where we stayed two years. There Roy's Aunt Julia died at the age of 87. Now we were free to "go west" and resigned the work, and made preparations for leaving. Roy had had the final operation on his left eye, and was a very happy man for it was successful tho' he had to have "special glasses". Lillie had also married a minister, and had come to Oregon where they located at Hood River near Portland. We came to Vaughn, Wash. in 1909. We were there eleven years over the church (Cong'l) and then one year after his resignation, I taught several pupils in oil painting. I went with Roy on many calling trips. We had no auto, or horse and buggy, so a boat or once in a great while we could borrow a horse etc. and often we walked. Roy preached at Allyn, also all those twelve years, and for six years at Lake Bay and also at Victor occasionally so he had plenty of exercise. I could go with him across the North Bay in a boat. Some times the storm came up very quickly, and many times we were almost overwhelmed, once or twice, a heavy fog overtook us and it is no easy job to try and find one's way in a fog, especially on the water. We liked this new Western country, pronounced it the "best climate" we had known, "fell in love" with its beautiful scenery. Enjoyed the people at Vaughn where the young people were active and devoted and we knew our work was not in vain. After we left Vaughn we spent one year at Fox Island at our daughter Docia's who with Alice, Roy and Grace had followed us to the "Great West". Docia taught a year at Allyn, then the way opened for her to attend "Emerson Oratorical College" in Boston. After working her way (partly) thro' she graduated, taught two or three years in the East, came home, taught in the Oratorical Dept. in Lincoln High School, Tacoma for four years, and one year in a private studio, married and they lived on Fox Island for a while. We stayed there for one year, then came to Tacoma.

We had carefully saved our slender resources for many years and now the Bank failed, and we lost most of our savings, but we struggled on not wasting time or strength in repining. We bought a much poorer house than we had planned. The next spring, April 22, 1922 Roy was stricken with paralysis. He stayed with us nearly ten years dying at the age of eighty-one and seven months, March 22, 1932. I was able to take care of him all those years and was so glad we had those last years together. He was very patient and courageous, always a smile and a glad word. I have a longer sketch than I intended and have omitted many things of interest.

I have for many years been a member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, have been in Christian Endeavor work, also a S. S. Teacher, have tried prayerfully to bring up our children to choose the best and to be Christians, all were converted when young. After we came to Vaughn, Alice, Grace and Roy married and Docia later. I am lonely but trying to spend the remaining years not idly, but keeping busy with painting, reading, Bible study, some sewing, some church work, trying to improve every opportunity to help some one to seek Christ. Lonely but looking forward to a new and better Life. "And so, beside the Silent Sea,

I wait the muffled oar"

I know my loved ones watch for me,

They beckon from the farther Shore.

The family of A. Roy and Augusta Smith Dodd --

1. Nell Florence (Mrs. C. M. Smith)
2. Mary (May) Caroline (Mrs. M. M. Evans)
3. Grace Augusta (Mrs. Harmon Van Slyke)
4. Alice Lillian (Mrs. Noble)
5. Docia J. (Mrs. Calp)
6. Roy (Rodney) LaMont
7. Son nearly 1 year, died in New York.

GROUPS IV - V - VI

John Eliphalet Smith - 1878

Willetta Joan Smith, Mrs. Charles A. McDougald
Wendell Allen McDougald 1953
Richard Lee McDougald 1954
Catherine Josephine McDougald 1956
Jacqueline Willetta McDougald 1957
Elizabeth Vera McDougald 1957
Marcella Joan McDougald 1959
Jonathan Aaron McDougald 1961

Maude Elthea Smith - 1879-1962, Mrs. Frank Roth
Normand Avery Roth, 1912-1920

Clara Bell Smith - 1885-1889

Orilla Martha Smith - 1889, Mrs. Carl V. Jonasson
Mary Glee Jonasson, 1915, Mrs. Joe McQuaid
Patricia Jo McQuaid 1940
Susan Joy McQuaid 1942
Carl Victor Jonasson, Jr., 1917
Carl Forbes Jonasson 1945
David Craig Jonasson 1947
Kirk Randall Jonasson 1949
Alicia Brooks Jonasson 1952
Elizabeth Evan Jonasson 1956
Tod Forest Jonasson 1958
Georgina Jonasson, 1918-1918
Drucilla Jean Jonasson, 1918, Mrs. John A. Sutherland
Judith Glee Sutherland 1945
Linda Jean Sutherland 1947
Wendy Rilla Sutherland 1950
John Martin Sutherland 1952
William Bradford Jonasson, 1920
William Bradford Jonasson, Jr. 1946
Stephanie Ann Jonasson 1946
Brian Charles Jonasson 1957
Bruce Frederick Jonasson 1959

Chester Lyman Smith - 1891

Virginia Ann Smith, 1920, Mrs. Stephen Drop
Stephen Dale Drop 1941
Larry Eugene Drop 1943
Gene Alden Drop 1944
Keith Leroy Drop 1946
Myrna Marlene Drop 1951
Jeanette Marie Drop 1953
Chester Lyman Smith, Jr., 1927
Janis Robin Smith 1951
Terry Michael Smith 1953
Timothy Colin Smith 1957
Scott Evan Smith 1959

Esther Ruby Smith - 1893, Mrs. Floyd Foster
Ellen Jane Foster, 1922, Mrs. Delbert Mikkelsen
Scott Foster Mikkelsen 1943
Pamela Jean Mikkelsen 1946
Patricia Ann Mikkelsen 1950
Gloria Jean Foster, 1927, Mrs. Van George
Anka Esther George 1951
Lloyd Foster George 1952
Vanesse Louise George 1957
Sarah Catherine George 1959



Smith Family Descendants of 1962
Picture, Family picnic at Lyman's country home, Aug. 19, 1962

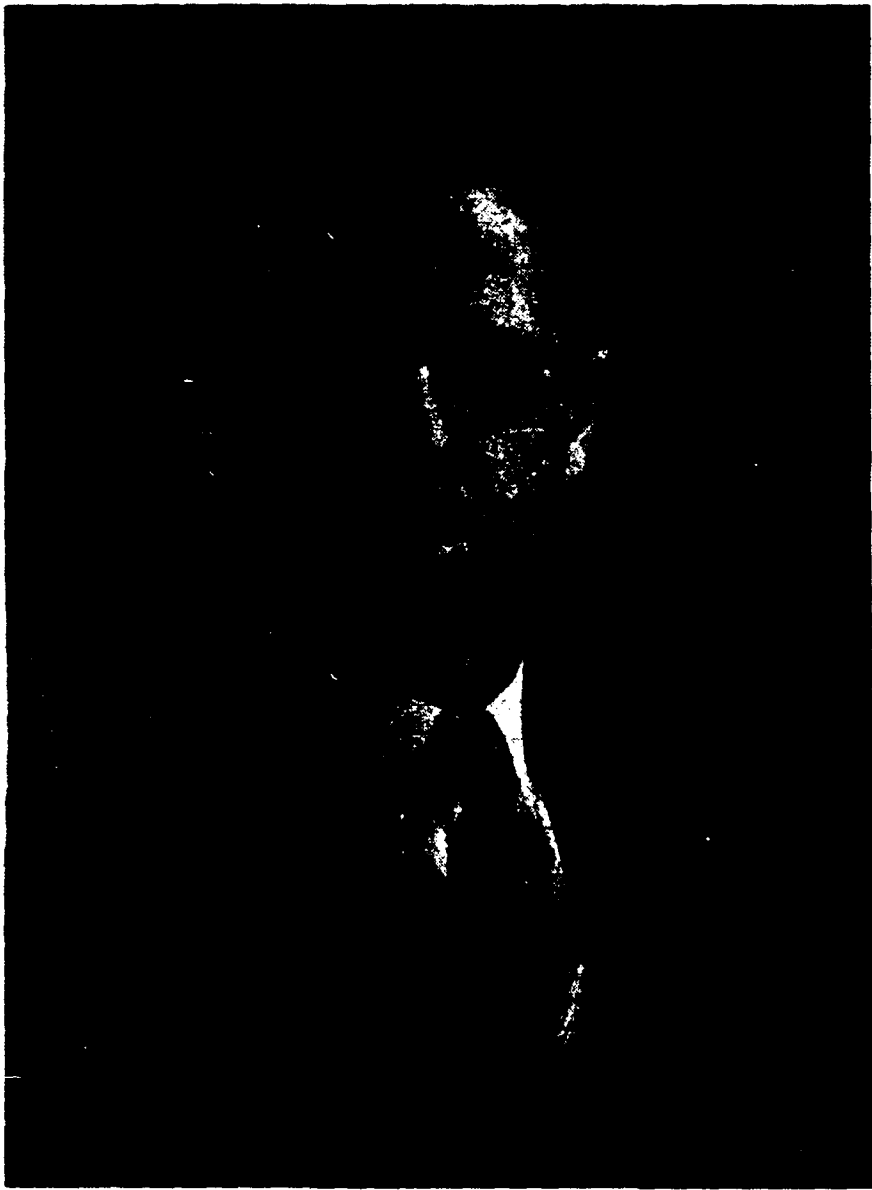
Standing: Patricia S. , David J. , Joe McQ. , Kirk J. , Carl Forbes J. , Wendy Su. , Betty J. , Patti McQ. , Ellen Jane M. , Lyman S. , Judith Su. , Susan McQ. , Pamela M. , Linda Su. , Scott M. , Jean Su. , Delbert M. , Steven D. , Carl J. , Gloria George. John Su.

Seated: Joan McD. holding Jon, Willetta S. , Mabel S. , Esther Foster, Orilla J. , John E. S. , Chester S. , Virginia D. holding Jeanette, Wendel McD.

Frontrow: Timothy S. , Cathy Jo McD. , Betty McD. , Myrna D. , Janis S. , Scott S. , Elizabeth J. , Linda Su. , Jackie McD. , Alicia J. , Todd J. , John Su. Jr.

Abbreviations used: S for Smith, Su. for Sutherman, D. -Drop, McD. -McDougald, J. -Jonasson, McQ. -McQuaid, M-Mikkelsen.

Present at picnic but not in picture: Terry S. , Richard McD. , Wm J. , Myrtle J. , Billie Brad J. , Stephenie J. , Brian J. , Bruce J.



John E. Smith, 1929



Willetta M. Smith, 1956



John E. Smith Family, Corvallis, 1943
John E., Joan, Willetta M.



John E. Smith home, 2751 Orchard Street, Corvallis, Oregon
from Sept. 1937 on

John Eliphalet Smith

John Eliphalet Smith, the oldest child of Frederick S. T. Smith and Drucilla Shepard Smith, was born on January 24, 1878 on the farm near McCoy, Polk County, Oregon. He was named for his grandfather, known in LaMoille, Ill., as Deacon John E. Smith.

While we lived on the Elder Richardson (now Stewart) farm, part of the time the Elder Richardson family occupied the west side of the house and we the east side. Mary Stewart Graves and "Sadie" Stewart Elmore lived there with us part of the time as well as Uncle George L. Shepard.

In 1878 father bought the north 230 acres of the Richardson farm extending from the present 99 W highway to the Bethel-Amity road on the east, and to the eastwest road joining the two roads. This section of the rectangular system of roads had been opened shortly before this. The eastwest cross road was full of rosebriars as no grading had been done and tracks were winding from one side to the other in several places.

We moved there the fall of 1884, the house 16 x 32 ft., was built by Frank Kimsey, later of Amity. The barn was built by Henry B. St. John, of McCoy and finished in time for winter use.

A strawberry patch was set out and 25 almond and walnut trees were planted (half of what were brought) from Calif. by Elder Richardson. There several large oaks were still standing on the hill in the middle field but Richardson had cut all the fir trees off the farm.

Fred Huntley, son of Sarah Richardson Huntley (Gragg), a neighbor boy was left motherless at the age of 7 (1884) so father and mother legally adopted him, but did not change his name. I remember of mother's making Fred and I each a set of clothes on the new sewing machine (American) she had purchased in Salem with money (\$40) she had made from selling plums, apples, corn, etc. that she had dried. When I was about 12 years old both Fred and I were given little trunks for helping around home. When the family moved to Corvallis my little trunk was left in the barn at Springfield. It contained my childhood treasures, trinkets, autograph albums, etc., which I still miss.

In the fall of 1885, Maude, Fred Huntley and I started to school in the Patty District. It was a one room school with three months in the fall and three months in the spring. Martha Robison was our first teacher. When the new school building was built it was officially named by the school board the Arbor Green School (name suggested by Fred S. Smith.). Other teachers were Buena Snelling of McMinnville and M. Anna Nash, Bertha McDaniel and Fred R. Rogers.

In March of 1893 father bought into a general mercantile store in Amity, which was known as "Jones & Smith" and sold drygoods, clothing, groceries, boots and shoes, etc. The "Amity Popgun," a weekly newspaper was published on the second floor of the store building.

Father and I drove back and forth, from the farm, in a cart until the family moved to Amity on June 3, 1893. We lived there and attended school the next two years. Father sold his interest in the store to J. W. Roth and we moved to the farm Dec. 13, 1895. The rest of that school year we attended the Bethel school.

The editor of the "Polk Co. Itemizer", W. A. Wash, advertised he would sell a scholarship to the Holmes Business College the fall of 1896, which I bought and went to Portland. I finished a course in bookkeeping and went home to help on the farm when the spring work began, March 19, 1897.

One of the joys for a small boy on the farm, during my day as such, was that of making a trip to town with father and this privilege was often extended to us. On one such trip I remember of going to Amity with our dog "Watch," a medium sized black and brown, running alongside. One of our neighbors, T. H. Blair, whose home we passed along the way, had a large, ferocious dog whose habit it was to attack most of the dogs that came along the road. As we approached this home, a quarter of a mile away, "Watch" jumped over the fence on the opposite side of the road from the house and trudged along in the field until we were well past their farm, thereby avoiding a conflict. Father and I had been observing this action and during the conversation which continued as we rode along, he said that if I were always as careful to avoid trouble as that dog had been, I would find it an easy matter to get along peaceably in the world.

In the season of long harvest days, haying and reaping, father started to work early, he would say, "now about 10 o'clock a little lunch would be very acceptable. It was always forth coming and was heartily enjoyed. During the long hot day of binding grain this often was repeated about 4 P.M. As he climbed to the seat to start again he sometimes remarked that "this (the lunch) is like putting more fuel on the fire".

(following paragraph written 11-18-1930)

When the tide of commercial fortune seemed to have turned against him and a return to the farm from the mercantile business was begun Dec. 13, 1895, father was beset with many difficulties. He was disappointed by the outcome of his several years in town. He was burdened by the weight of debt, he was accompanied by a family not altogether favorable to a move back to the farm. The land was worn out for wheat production. It was here that father's progressive nature determined his actions much to his advantage. He had already turned down the hop yard, which was too spasmodic in price returns to suit him and substituted the prune orchard of 1000 trees, one rod apart, planted in 1890. He had seen in his boyhood days in Ill. great fields of clover, but many men had told him it could not be grown here. He saw it growing at Broadmeads and decided that he would try it. Hence he was one of the first farmers to raise clover successfully in that vicinity.

On September 20, 1898 I went to Corvallis and spent several days taking entrance examinations, for admission as a student at "Oregon Agricultural College". Classes started on Sept. 28 and I registered in the agricultural course. The first quarter I roomed and boarded in the home of Harvy L. Jones at 302 N. 13th St. At Christmas time I moved into bachelors apartments on south 10th St. with Bob McKee, a neighbor boy from Yamhill Co. and others including Wm. R. Dilley of Wren and Elmer Baxter of Dayton Prairie. We paid \$6 per month for the unfurnished house and to keep the board expenses down we brought food from home as ham, bacon, canned fruit and such items. We had the laundry for the whole group done for 25¢ per week at a Chinese Laundry. We lived there for two years and then moved to south 15th St.

About two weeks after classes started, the mechanical hall burned, which ended the wood working class.

I joined the Philadelphian Literary Society the first term and was president my third term. I took an active part in the society all during my college career, taking part in inter-society debates, and represented the society in the oratorical contest in 1902.

Military drill was a required part of the Land Grant College's schedule and by the end of the first year I was promoted to the non-commissioned office of corporal. During the third year we had artillery and I was 2nd sergeant for one platoon. We had two guns (cannons) that had been used in the War of 1865. In the fourth year we had four companies and I was captain of the 4th company.

My senior year I was president of the Archaeological Society.

I graduated June 12, 1902 as valedictorian of the class of 32 members.

Father had sold the Polk Co. farm and bought another farm near Springfield. We moved to this farm arriving June 30, 1902 starting from McCoy via Independence, Albany, Muddy Creek, Rowland, and Coburg. We had two wagon loads and ten head of horses and cattle. We camped two nights en-route, the first night between Buena Vista and Independence and the second was at Muddy Creek, Linn Co., where we saw pens of turtles in the creek being grown for the San Francisco market. Father's chief object in moving was to get a location near the state university in order to give the children the benefit of "all the education they would take."

While we lived on the farm near Springfield, Mr. Marion Bonnett was one of our neighbors on the west. He and father talked of joining fences on the mutual boundary between their farms but for some time had made no definite assignment of the part to be maintained by each. Before reaching an agreement concerning this, Mr. Bonnett began to build relocation fence on the higher, well-drained area for his part, leaving that through the lake and marsh for father. He was provoked by this action and, during a conversation with Mr. Bonnett about it soon afterward, said to him, "Are you going to take all the easily maintained part to fence and leave me that part which may be destroyed by flood every year?" What kind of a man are you? What kind of a fellow do you think I am? If you are going to join fences with me," he continued, "you'll take half of that in the lake just like a man ought to." Mr. Bonnett

agreed to this and each took half the distance through the area of most difficult building and maintenance. After that they were always good friends, as they had always been before this incident. Discussing this matter some days later, father said that we should all try to make friends and to be friendly always with everyone in our new home neighborhood for "by so doing", he said further. "we shall make the community a better one by reason of our coming here to live in it."

I began my teaching career in the fall of 1902 in a one room school about a mile up the McKenzie River from Thurston. It was the Gray-Conley School and there were 23 students beginning with the second grade and on through the 8th. I roomed and boarded in Alex Gray's home for which I paid \$2.00 per week and it came out of my salary of \$30 per month. The school continued for 4 1/2 months.

The next fall (1903) I taught at Walterville where they had a nine months school. There were 63 students that year but because of bad weather etc., the average attendance was 38. That year there were five first graders and all eight grades, with 4 finishing the 8th in the spring. That year living at the Hickenbotham Hotel added some to social life.

Moving the next year (1904-5) to the Roseburg High School was an advancement in rank and salary. As instructor in mathematics and science, I taught algebra, botany, physical geography and astronomy and received \$60 per month.

The next year (1905-6) found me teaching in the Salem High School for \$75 per month. The first three months classes were held in the old East building until the new high school building was finished where the present Meier & Frank store is located (1962). The first year my classes included botany, physical geography, physics and chemistry. The other two years there (1906-7-8) I had only botany and physical geography classes.

The next several years were spent in the Middle West getting training, experience and background for my geology and geography work I was to follow for many years. The summer quarter of 1908 I attended the University of Chicago which lead to college teaching for the rest of my professional career. That fall found me an Assistant in the Botany Department at Kansas State Agricultural College at Manhattan, Kansas with a salary of \$900 per year. I was there two years going back to the University of Chicago both summers (1909-10) for graduate work.

The fall of 1910 I was registered in the geology courses at Iowa State Agricultural College, Ames, Iowa and received my Master of Science degree that spring (1911). During the school year of 1911-12 I was at the University of Missouri (Columbia) as Curator's teaching Fellow in Geology and laboratory assistant with a stipend of \$250 for the year. During that year my sister Orilla visited me.

In the fall of 1912 I accepted the position of instructor in geology at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. The next summer (1913) I made a round trip to Corvallis, Oregon, where Mother and the children were living at that time. That trip took me through Atlanta, Birmingham, Memphis, Kansas City and on to Corvallis.

During 1914 I made several trips to Washington D. C. to see Julia McCulloch whom I had known at Salem, Oregon. She and her sister Cecil (Mrs. Claude Derr) were working there. Julia was filing clerk and Cecil secretary for A. W. Prescott who was secretary to Senator Jonathan Bourne Jr. Mrs. Prescott had been a schoolmate of theirs at Monmouth Normal School. Christmas that year I went to Philadelphia to hear Billy Sunday's sermons and also visited in Washington, D. C. The Derr's were living in Washington at that time.

I summer of 1914 I went on an excursion to Atlantic City (\$12.50 round trip) and again one Christmas to attend the A. A. A. S. meeting.

While at Chapel Hill the summers were spent on the North Carolina Geographical & Economic Survey, Dr. J. H. Pratt in charge and I made many trips out into the state and made reports that were published in the N. C. G. & E. reports. During the summer of 1916 I worked on the geological survey for the Carolina & Northwestern Railroad from Charlotte west through the Appalachian Mountains. As we were in the war that year, on one trip we found a camp of German prisoners in the southern mountains. We went to see different mines and had many fine trips and saw lots of geological formations that helped me in my class work. At a talc mine we met a man who had six sons in the war (World War I). He had received a letter from President Woodrow Wilson commending him for that.

In August of 1915 Julia McCulloch and I were married at Worchester, Mass., where her sister Cecil Derr was living then. Julia and her sister graduated from Oregon State Normal School, Monmouth in 1896. After teaching several years in grade school, including two years at Jefferson, Oregon, and at Salem she graduated from the Capitol Business College in Salem. After that she was bookkeeper in the Capitol National Bank and for the Salem Water Board until she went to Washington, D. C.

In the early summer of 1917 I received an appointment to come to the State College of Pennsylvania for \$1200, but I had reserved the right to take a better position if it came to me. So in August the opportunity came to go to Iowa State Agricultural College at Ames as Assistant Professor of Geology where I taught for 20 years (1917-1937).

At Iowa State College I was in charge of Agricultural Geology and taught courses including paleontology, glacial and general geology, also industrial, economic and world geography. I revised and enlarged the text book on Agricultural Geology by F. V. Emerson and published a booklet for laboratory and lesson assignments.

Summers were frequently spent on the Iowa Geological Survey. When the college began having summer school, I was on the summer school staff and often conducted trips to the Ledges State Park, at Boone, Iowa, as a part of the summer session work.

I spent considerable time on research projects on artesian water supply (putting flowing wells under faucet control, etc.), moulding sands of eastern Iowa, limestone and other fertilizer materials found in Iowa, had considerable to do with opposition to wildcat oil drilling and other subjects related to Iowa geology.

I was a fellow in the Iowa Academy of Sciences and generally presented papers at their annual meetings. See "American Men of Science", A Biographical Directory, fifth edition, pg. 1037, N. Y. The Science Press.

While at Ames I was elected to the Oregon State College Chapter of Phi Kappa Phi, when their charter (1924) was granted, as one of the outstanding alumni. In 1927 I was elected to the Iowa State College chapter of Sigma Xi for my publications in scientific work in geology and geography. On May 29, 1941 the Xi chapter of Alpha Phi Omega admitted me to membership in recognition of my work with the Boy Scouts of America.

Until I went to Chapel Hill my church membership had always been in the Christian Church, where in the absence of a Christian Church I was invited and joined the Baptist Church. At Ames we joined the Collegiate Presbyterian Church which was near our home. There I served as Deacon for a three year term and was on the board of trustees for three, three-year terms.

While at Chapel Hill I joined the Masonic Lodge becoming a Master Mason in August 1916, a Royal Arch Mason in 1918 at Ames. In 1924 I served as Excellent High Priest for the Chapter and in 1926 was Illustrious Master of the Council, was Watchman of the Shepherds of the White Shrine of Jerusalem in 1931 and Worthy Patron of the Order of Eastern Star, in 1932.

After living at Ames five years we built a home at 258 Hyland Ave. (1922) which we occupied the remainder of our residence at Ames.

Julia took an active part in church, lodge and community affairs until she became ill. After doctoring locally and at Des Moines for several years we went to the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minn. After undergoing surgery there for a brain tumor she passed away May 1, 1930 and was laid to rest in the City Cemetery at Ames, Iowa.

During the next two years I established three memorial prizes--one at Oregon State College known as the Drucilla Shepard Smith Award (1930), one at Iowa State College named the Julia McCulloch Smith Award, and the third at Oregon State Normal School at Monmouth, Oregon, the Julia McCulloch Award.

The summers of 1930 and 31 Chester and family visited me at Ames and in the latter year we made a visit to our grandfather's old home near LaMoille, Ill. There we visited several old timers who had known our father and knew about our family. We spent some time on the farm that had belonged to our grandfather "Deacon" John E. Smith. We secured materials and built a fence around the little, neglected cemetery from which we took the following inscriptions:

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Footstone only, marked | M. M. S. was for Martha M. Smith
born Sept. 1813
died
Feb. 25, 1848 |
| 2. Elthea H. Avery
Died
Oct. 12, 1867
Age 24 Y's 5 M's | "Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above." |
| 3. Charles B. Smith
Born
May 17, 1860
Died
Oct. 23, 1874 | Remember now thy Creator
In the days of thy youth. |
| 4. Silas Smith
Born
Aug. 1775
Died
July 1859 | (Three line verse below, not legible) |
| 5. Lily Alfaretta
Dau. of
J. E. & C. S. Smith
died Dec. 21, 1855 | "Beneath this stone in sweet repose
Is laid a Mother's dearest pride
A flower that scarce had waked to life
And light and beauty ere it died." |
| 6. Sewall E.
Son of
J. E. & S. C. Smith
Died
Oct. 10, 1853
9 mos. 7 days. | This lovely bud so young and fair
Called hence by early doom
Just came to show how sweet a flower
In paradise could bloom. |

Graves are numbered in order from south to north.

The summer of 1935 I attended Clark University at Worchester, Mass. for advanced study in geography and the summer quarter of 1936 found me at the University of Chicago.

On August 30, 1932 Willetta Moore and I were married at the home of Kenneth Moore (brother) Eugene, Oregon by Rev. Clay Palmer of the First Congregational Church.

Willetta Moore was born in Eugene, Oregon March 1, 1894 the daughter of William Waldon and Nellie Snodgrass Moore. She graduated from Oregon Agricultural College in 1916, and from Iowa State College with the M. S. degree in 1925. She taught Home Economics at Eugene High School (1916-1921), Iowa State College (1922-25) and at Oregon State College (1925-32).

Our daughter was born at Ames, Iowa, January 25, 1934 and christened Willetta Joan. -- see Willetta Joan Smith McDougald story.

Having completed 20 years in the Department of Geology at Iowa State College, we moved to Corvallis, Oregon in September 1937. My years in Corvallis have been spent in study and writing Oregon history with emphasis on pioneer history of local and adjoining counties. This study has lead to many articles published in the Corvallis G-T and the Amity Standard, and to my founding The Benton County Pioneer Historical Society (1951).

Beginning in 1942 I was engaged in war work at Camp Adair as a civilian employee with the division of army engineers and in the property department.

For a short period (1946-47) after the war I taught Geography at Oregon State College. Since then I have been retired.

In 1941 I published a booklet entitled, "Bethel, Polk Co., Oregon," which gave the history of Bethel College. In 1865 Bethel combined with Monmouth University to form "Christian College," the title of another booklet published in 1953, "Corvallis College" was also published in 1953. These three were bound in one volume entitled "Early State Colleges of Oregon." In 1957-8 a series of my articles in the Amity Standard were bound in a booklet called "Annals of Amity."

Indians at Polk County Farm
by John E. Smith

In 1886 Uncle Dave (David Henry Smith) came to visit us. He and father laid out some land to have cleared along the edge of the timber (oak) now in the west field. Some Indians, from the Grande Ronde Reservation came along, wanting work and father contracted with them to grub part of the area marked out.

The group consisted of a young Indian, his wife and her father, a very old man. They made their camp by the creek where the bank was highest and the creek widest, which was frequently used as a swimming hole. It was not far from their work. The squaw worked right along with the men, but the old man would give out and spent a good deal of time lying by the fire. In the contract father was to furnish them so much meat, potatoes and other foodstuffs.

For cooking they used a camp fire in which was placed several large, flat stones, which retained heat after the fire had gone out. A bath house was made, close at hand, by putting a hemispherical cover, 3 or 4 feet high supported by willow or hazel rods bending to the ground over such a fire. The bather would get inside and slowly pour water on the hot rocks until he began to sweat profusely (Turkish style) when he would run out and jump into the cold water of the stream.

When they had finished and the settlement was made, father handed the balance due to the young Indian, who in turn handed it over to the young woman, who put it in a wampum belt or something similar. Mr. A. (Dutch) Sheldon a neighbor who was visiting there at the time said, to the young man, "I wouldn't hand my wages to my wife like you do to yours". Then the wrinkled face of the old Indian brightened up, his worn and broken teeth showing. as he broadly smiled and said, "Naw! she spend em all."

In the fall the squaws used to ride their spotted ponies over from the reservation to gather hazelnuts. They would tie their ponies to a tree or fence post and go all through the pastures and along the streams gathering all they could find anywhere.

The Records in the Rocks
by John E. Smith

Through the vista of the ages
Of the dim and distant past,
Of the earth in many stages,
Continental changes vast,
Hill and valley, mountain making,
Changing seas and quaking shocks,
Leads a stanza in the story
That is written in the rocks.

Life in simple forms beginning
Spread but slowly to the land;-
Ancient lamp-shell types and crawfish;
Vertebrated fishes grand;
Mosses, ferns, and big mud-puppies;
Many more swamp loving stocks-
Left their impress as an entry
In the Record of the Rocks.

In the rivers and the marshes
There were, mostly breathing air,
Frog-like forms and ugly reptiles
Slowly crawling everywhere.
Fossils formed, of flying lizards,
Ere the birds of ancient flocks
Left their marks of pinny plumage
In the Record of the Rocks.

Then an age of sluggish reptiles,
Alternating drouth and flood,
Age of palms and piney forests;
Early life with red warm blood;
Land and sea in rhythmic measure
(Far beyond the power of clocks)
Alternated - thus it's written
In the Record of the Rocks.

Flowers, hardwood trees, and grasses,
Mammals leading, forms that run,
Life on hill and plain and mountain
Animating shade and sun-
Each in modern form appearing
And the story it unlocks
By the Master Hand was written
In the Record of the Rocks.

Lo the phantom of the forest,
Ape-man, rough and shaggy he,
And the cave-man of the cliffside
With his rugged family
And the stilted-cottage dweller
Of the lake-with sheep and ox-
Tell a tale of human history
In the Records of the Rocks.

"Mineral, vegetable, animal, pre-man,
Ape-man, cave-man, lake-man, man;
On towards races superhuman,
Aid this progress all you can, "
To the people of the nations,
Liberal and orthodox,
Speaks the voice of Mother Nature
From the Record of the Rocks.

The Days of Arbor Green
by John E. Smith
about 1921, Ames, Iowa

My thoughts return to youthful days
The best I've ever seen
Which were by far, in many ways
The days of Arbor Green.

'Twas in the farm, a quarter space
From our old home serene
Where father chose and named the place,
The school of Arbor Green.

The days when parents kept us, mind
And heart so pure and clean,
With mother's love we went, well dined
To school at Arbor Green.

The care-free life of boys and girls
In years before thirteen
With thought of nought but pranks and joys
Was ours at Arbor Green.

A day of childhood's first love rare
A love both rich and keen
'Mong us beyond parental care
In school at Arbor Green.

Each Arbor Day a tree was set
Some lessons taught between;
No tree or mark remains there yet
To locate Arbor Green.

But lessons learned were carried far
In lives they now are seen
And monuments of pride they are
To the days of Arbor Green.

O district school days, you're held still
In minds with sacred mien;
We can't forget, we never will,
The days of Arbor Green.



Charles A. McDougald Family, Dec. 1961

Charles (Chuck)

Joan, Wendell, Richard (Rick)

Jacqueline (Jackie), Elizabeth (Betty), Jonathan (Jon), Catherine (Cathy), Marcella (Marci)



Wendell
Richard
Kathy
1957

Willetta Joan Smith (Mrs. Charles A. McDougald)

Willetta Joan Smith was born January 25, 1934 at the Mary Greeley Hospital in Ames, Iowa the daughter of John Eliphalet and Willetta Moore Smith. She was christened Easter Sunday, April 1, 1934 at the Collegiate Presbyterian Church by Dr. Walter Barlow. She attended the Iowa State College nursery school, spring of 1937 and in Sept. of that year moved to Corvallis, Oregon with her parents. She attended the Oregon State College nursery school and Mrs. Armstrong's private kindergarten when she was five years old. She attended Harding grade school and graduated from Corvallis High School in June 1952.

During her high school days she was a member of Tri-Y, Glee Club, Acappella Choir, Pep Club, Spar Skis and Thespian drama society. She was a member of the Rainbow Girls and took an active part in youth groups at the church. Joan joined the First Congregational Church of Corvallis with a group of her friends on Easter Sunday, 1948.

Her main activities outside of school and church included Camp Fire Girls and 4-H Club. She was an active Blue Bird (1943), Camp Fire Girls (1944-48), Horizon Club (1949-1952) member, attaining torch rank in both out door craft and nature craft. She enjoyed and gained much from attending (CFG) Camp Kilowan both as a camper and later as a counselor. She carried 4-H club projects in both foods and clothing for 8 years, earning many county and state honors. In 1950 her cotton school dress won the state champion and a blue award at the Pacific International. In 1951 she won the Senior Bread Baking contest at the State Fair.

During summers she picked string beans, making \$60 in 1947 and for three years watered lawns on the College campus, then a coveted job for high school girls. She won scholarships to attend 4-H summer school five years.

On Sept. 8, 1952 she was married to Charles Allen McDougald at the First Congregational Church in Vancouver, Washington. Charles Allen McDougald was born June 9, 1933 in Portland, Oregon, the son of Charles Archebold, born May 13, 1905 in Saskatchewan, Canada, and Vera Helen Mills McDougald, born Sept. 5, 1911 in Portland, Oregon, who were married July 1930 in Vancouver, Washington.

Joan and "Chuck's" first home was on a dairy farm near Tillamook, Oregon. Then after a few months in California and at Carl Sandell's farm near Harrisburg, Oregon, Chuck took a position with Boeing Air Plane Co. in Seattle, where he is still (1963) working in the Renton Plant. They had one summer (1956) on a farm near Estacada, Oregon and two years in Denver, Colorado (1960-61) where he worked with his Mother in the photographic studio at Lowry Air Force Base.

In 1957 they bought a home and moved to Eastgate (Bellevue, Wash.) where they were charter members of the Eastgate Community Congregational Church which was organized by Rev. Franklin Kelsay whom they had known as minister of Education at the Corvallis church when they were in high school.

Joan taught swimming two summers with the Seattle Red Cross summer program.

At present (1963) they are busy with a family of seven happy, healthy children. Wendell Allen and Richard Lee are busy in Cub Scouts and playing baseball in the Little League. Catherine Josephine is a happy Blue Bird. The twins, Elizabeth Vera and Jacqueline Willetta are through kindergarten and ready for the first grade. Marcella Joan and little Jonathan Aaron are active and wanting to keep up with the rest.

Maude Elthea Smith (Mrs. Frank E. Roth)
1879 - 1962

Born May 24, 1879, the second child of Frederick Samuel T. Smith and Drucilla Shepard Smith on the farm near McCoy, Polk County, Oregon. The farm is now (1962) owned by S. L. Stewart Jr. and is known as the Woodland Park Farm. Her second name was after her father's sister Elthea Henrietta Smith (Mrs. Francis M. Avery).

At six years of age Maude started to school attending the Patty School in the district that later became known as the Arbor Green School. From June 3, 1893 to Dec. 13, 1895 when the family lived in Amity she attended the Amity School. Her teacher there was Miss Alta Lancefield (Mrs. E. B. Jamison). Maude attended the Bethel School in 1891-2 and again from 1895 until she graduated in 1898 from the then two year High School. During 1897-98 she batched in rooms in the home of Mr. James D. Taylor near Bethel School, where Orilla and Chester lived with her so they could also attend the Bethel School. Previous to this she had driven with a horse and cart from home about two and a half miles daily. The horse was kept in a six compartment shelter, one section of which was owned by father. Once or twice on the way home the horse ran away, after having to stand all day, tied, but Maude was able to control the horse when it started up the Wisner Hill. Her teachers at Bethel included B. F. Mulkey, Mrs. J. C. Taggart and W. O. Sims. Her close friends included Belle Wilcox (Mrs. Elmer Shields) and Mattie Wilcox (Mrs. George Shields). When they had their graduation pictures taken in Salem, Belle and Maude put their flowers they had received together and had their pictures taken with their diplomas in among the flowers. (See picture in "Bethel" booklet by John E. Smith.)

Maude was married to Frank Elmer Roth on Dec. 19, 1900 at Amity, Oregon. They made their first home on the Robinson farm near Briedwell Station in Yamhill County. In the fall of 1902 they moved to Amity and first lived in the Mulligan house and in 1903 moved to the I. L. Martin house near the bridge west of Amity.

From 1905 to 1910 they lived in Albany, Oregon where Frank learned the undertaking business with Fred Fortmiller. After receiving his embalmer's license they returned to Amity where he was engaged with his brother in the furniture and undertaking business. In 1918 he ran a similar business in Sheridan.

On Dec. 21, 1912 at Amity their only child was born, Ormand Avery. He was a great joy to the home and was a fine young lad when he developed diabetes and died at the age of 8 years on July 7, 1920, in Portland. His body was laid to rest at the Portland Memorial Crematorium and Mausoleum.

1920 found them in Portland with Frank as Supt. of the Graves Canning Company, at Sherwood. In 1926 they were living at the Campbell Court Residential Hotel where Maude was a companion to an elderly widow.

In 1939 Frank was employed as a millwright at a plywood mill in Willamina, Oregon. On Oct. 1, he had gone to the Post Office to mail a letter to Maude in Portland when he was struck by a careless driver and killed instantly. On Oct. 4th the family gathered for a funeral service at the Macy Chapel, McMinnville, and he was laid to rest by his son in Portland.

Maude remained in Portland until 1945 when she went to make her home with her sister (Mrs. Lloyd Foster) in Santa Barbara, California. She and Esther enjoyed sixteen years together, attending church, clubs and many social gatherings in sunny California, where they had many friends.

On May 1, 1962 just before her 83rd birthday she passed away at Santa Barbara, Calif. having lived a long and useful life. A commital service was held at the Portland Memorial Crematorium and Mausoleum on May 10th where she rests beside her husband and son. The service was conducted by Rev. Brown of the Christian Church of which she was a member for many years.

Quoted from a letter signed by Maude, dated Portland, Oregon, Oct. 3, 1928.:

"I have just finished canning peaches and prunes, making apple, grape, crabapple and quince jellies, want to make some kraut and pickles and that's all this year. I do not do as much canning and preparing as I did when our Mother was with us.

We have zinnias, asters, nasturtiums, glads, coreopsis, hydrangeas, geraniums and marigolds blooming in the yard besides a long row of Michaelmas daisies, the length of the house on south side.

Frank Elmer Roth

Copied from - "The Centennial History of Oregon, 1811-1911
Biographical Vol. III, by Joseph Gaston, pg. 133.

F. E. Roth is successfully engaged in business as the proprietor of a furniture and undertaking establishment at Amity. His birth occurred in Henry County, Iowa, on the 16th of June, 1878, his parents being Michael and Nancy (Goldsmith) Roth, both of whom were natives of Pennsylvania. The father removed to Iowa in early manhood and spent the remainder of his life in that state, passing away in 1904. Throughout his active business career he devoted his attention to general agriculture pursuits. His widow is still living and makes her home in Wayland, Iowa. Unto them were born four sons and six daughters as follows: Emma, wife of C. Egil of Trenton, Mo.; Katie, who gave her hand in marriage to H. B. White and resides in Brighton, Iowa; Anna, the deceased wife of Joseph Reschley; Ella, wife of Benjamin Hill, of Brighton, Iowa; Joseph, a sketch of whom appears below, a blacksmith of Wayland, Iowa; Lean, who is deceased; Otto E. who is associated in business with his brother Joseph; Frank E. of this review; and Bertha, wife of Walter Wood, of Wayland, Iowa.

F. E. remained under the parental roof until nineteen years of age and then made his way to Oregon, here embarking in the machinery business and operating a sawmill, a thresher and other machinery. In 1909 he purchased a furniture establishment at Amity and later added an undertaking department and has won well merited success in both branches of his business. -----

In 1900 Mr. Roth was united in marriage to Miss Maude Smith, a native of Polk County, Oregon. In politics he is an independent democrat, while his religious faith is indicated by his membership in the Christian Church, in which he is now serving as deacon. His wife is likewise a devoted and consistent member of the church.

Fraternally he is identified with the Knights of Pythias at Albany and the Woodmen of the World and the Independent Order of Odd Fellows at Amity. Both he and his wife belong to the Rebekahs. Mr. Roth is a member of the Funeral Directors Association of Oregon. His position in business and social circles is an enviable one and his many friends believe that a bright future lies before him.

Clara Bell Smith
1885-1889

Clara Bell Smith was born Dec. 2, 1885 in the new home built in 1884, on the farm bought from Elder Richardson, near McCoy, Polk Co., Oregon. She was the third child of Frederick Samuel T. Smith and Drucilla Shepard Smith. The name Clara was taken from a poem in the Independent Second Reader which John was using at the time of her birth. The name of the poem was "Mud Pies" which included a line, "Clara rolls the flour all of Golden dust--"

As Clara only lived 3 1/2 short years, her life was a strong factor in developing the emotional in all of us.

The following are incidents remembered as she said them:

One time when she was feeling hungry she asked; "Have we anything to eat?" "No." was the answer. "Well," said she, "go make fire in stove."

She was trying to cut something and she thought the scissors were too dull so she took them out to the grindstone and sharpened them awhile and then came in and cut with them.

At the dinner table one time, when everyone was momentarily quiet a bull came along making a noise and she said, "Aw, hear that old bull," which was most amusing from such a child.

When Wm. W. Avery came to live with us he would smoke cigars and Clara would imitate him and say, "Willie smoke cigar."

She knew the song and could carry the tune perfectly, part of which follows:

"Oh the children, little children, to the Sunday School they go,
And we too shall swell the chorus when we leave this world below.
'Tis the Sunday School I hear them, singing sweet their songs of praise
Angels catch the joyful echoes sent above in joyful lays."

And a little story she learned to tell, included the lines:

"A cat that had a nice soft fur, sat on a chair to rest and purr
Near to the fireplace stood the chair---
The room was warm, no one was there---
So puss who had not slept all night, for in the dark cats want no light--
Shut both her bright green eyes and soon she went to sleep."

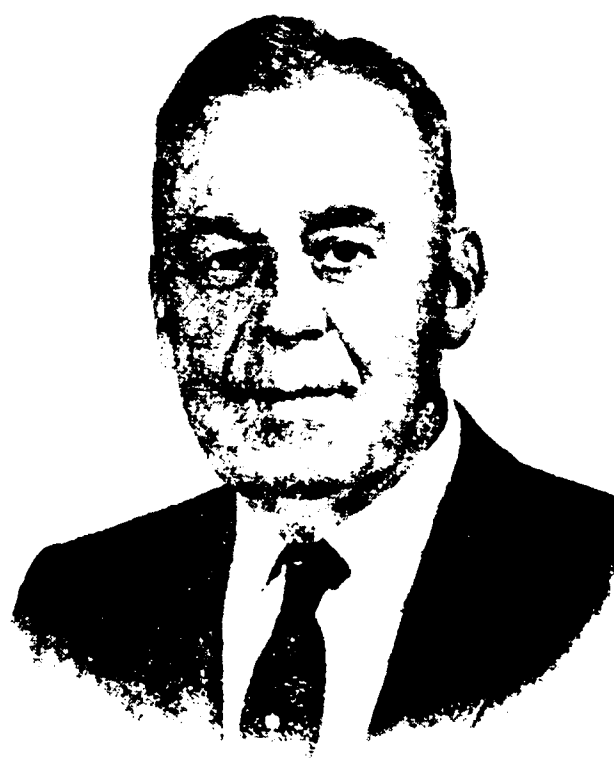
"Little Clara" as John always affectionately speaks of her, was ill for more than a year and Dr. George Wilson Goucher of Amity treated her for "worms". She was taken to Salem for consultation with Dr. L. L. Rowland, who at once diagnosed the case as dropsy. In many cases with mature people dropsy was treated by draining the water off the lungs through a tube, but the Dr. said, "We mustn't think of tapping baby." Dr. Rolland did all he could and then recommended seeing another Dr. Dr. Henderson was contacted and consulted regularly but was unable to effect any improvement in the case.

Clara died June 15, 1889. The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. L. C. Haulman, minister of the Christian Church at Bethel who referred to her full knowledge of the poem and song quoted above. She was buried in the Bethel cemetery and on her stone is inscribed:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
And pray the Lord my soul to keep."



Orilla Smith Jonasson, 1963



Carl V. Jonasson, 1957



Jonasson home 4838 S.E. Woodward Ave., Portland, Oregon 1932



Orilla Smith Jonasson and Family, Christmas 1962

Orilla Martha Smith, Mrs. Carl Victor Jonasson

Written by her in June 1963

Since my husband, Carl, passed away in 1960, I find that loneliness lends itself to reflection on the many years past, chiefly our home and children. Now in 1963, our large and robust grandchildren are an ever present challenge to the future, bringing strength and interest to an adoring grandmother.

Our new home in 1916, located in Portland at 4904 S.E. Woodward Avenue (later the number was changed to 4838 same street) was located atop a slightly hill looking north to Mt. St. Helens and southeast to Mt. Hood. Seven-eighths of an acre surrounded our home.

When our four children, Glee, Carl, Jean, and William were young we had to solve a critical problem of early religious training. Our home was too distant from a Protestant Sunday School for small children to reach alone, for these were the years before cars were prevalent. Their father Carl worked Sundays, as well as weekdays, as manager of the Multnomah Hotel and could not take the children to Sunday School, while I couldn't leave my invalid mother alone long enough to take them. There seemed to be only one workable solution that would satisfy all the "must do" requirements, namely the substitution of a Sunday afternoon "Nature Study Walk" for the Sunday School while Grandmother Smith was taking her nap.

With this decision, we could utilize the abundant natural beauty of four nearby segments of once large lush forests. Three of these segments are now replaced by luxurious homes and parks. With a promise of ice-cream and cake on our return home. these Sunday afternoon journeys became popular with the younger set. Neighbor children often enthusiastically joined us.

The lovely Reed College back campus, bordered by a string of spring-fed lakes. had a prominent place in our summer vacation repertoire. After Grandmother Smith passed away the children and I often took advantage of a warm day to visit this Reed College wonderland of water, flowers, and plants. Being well fortified with a favorite lunch made these trips never forgotten pleasures. All these wooded areas were full to overflowing with Trilliums, Fritillaria, Coral Root, Violets, Dogwood, Currant, Spirea, and Johnny Jump Ups (little Carl called them "hoppers"). These blocks are now filled with exquisite homes or parks. The fall season gifted us with enough hazel nuts to see all gatherers through the winter with a generous supply of nuts. Each youngster had his own "cracking rock" and bag.

Among other fun times remembered as high-lights were our trips to the five beautiful city parks. Sand lots and wading pools at first held their attention then they graduated to swimming pools. Dad joined us for annual playground circuses in the evening and our picnic dinners.

Another popular annual event was the Al Kader Shrine Picnic day held at the Oaks Park and later at Jantzen Beach after it was built. All concessions were free, making it a haven for youngsters.

Many summers were spent at the beaches: Twin Rocks, Rockaway, Cannon, and Newport, where bonfire singing, hiking into the forests for red huckleberries, clamming and crabbing added to our unforgettable experiences.

All four children and a few neighbors learned to identify most of the vegetation by its Botanical name as well as the common one. They learned its habit of growth and uses of its improved descendants. They also learned, without preaching, about their origin, our common Denominator, and our human relationship to our Maker.

Over the years, our four developed a recognizable Spiritual Faith. They grew to believe that all growth in nature and mankind is an individual expression of our Maker, called "God" by many people; that the innumerable forms of life in vegetation, insects, birds, animals, and man is visibly self-evident proof of this expression. In later years our children and grandchildren are learning that as we accept and cooperate with every fiber of our Being, we become the visible evidence of "God" or "Universal Law" in action.

Our children and their mates to be were either just entering or finishing High School when World War II came upon us. Only one son, Carl, actually received his degree from college, in Civil Engineering at Oregon State College. He re-entered college at the close of the war and graduated,

as he was determined to do, just ten years after the war took him for its services. Our other son and two sons in law finished their formal educations "on the job." They are actually holding positions now that only Master Degree graduates are able to manage.

Indeed I feel grateful for our four happy, prosperous families. Collectively our sixteen grandchildren give us great hope for their futures. The oldest four who attended Ford Foundation classes were selected as "gifted children" for extra instruction. They were chosen for their abilities, excelling in mathematics, science, music, and art. The oldest grand-daughter Patricia McQuaid graduated from Oregon State University in 1962 with a Bachelor of Arts in Humanities and Social Sciences. During her four years she received many honors: Phi Kappa Phi, mortar Board, Senate Secretary, President of her sorority, Kappa Alpha Theta, and was chosen as one of the outstanding women of her class.

I was able to attend her graduation from OSU (with honors) in 1962, just 60 years after attending my brother John's graduation when he gave the valedictory address. Patti will graduate with a Bachelor of Music Degree from Lewis and Clark College in the spring of 1963.

Also this spring, Patti was chosen by AIESEC foreign business exchange program as one of their student representatives from Oregon. She will spend her training time as an employee of a Precious Metals Company in Paris, for six weeks, then will spend the remainder of her summer with Jean and family in Wiesbaden, Germany.

Susan McQuaid, the next eldest grandchild will graduate from Oregon State University with a Bachelor of Arts Degree in Humanities next spring. She also received many honors on the campus, including: Assistant to the President of the Student Body, Vice-President of the People to People movement, President of her Kappa Alpha Theta Sorority, and serves as President of Kappa Pi, a national professional art honorary, to which subject she devotes interest, time and talent.

The next in college will be Carl Jonasson. Carl Forbes graduated from Beaverton High School in 1963 among the top students scholastically. I was able to attend his graduation where he graduated with honors and was seated in the 4th place according to his grade point. He will enter OSU in the Fall of 1963 in the School of Engineering. All grandsons old enough to register preference excel in Mathematics, Science and all athletics.

Brad Jonasson excells in all the balls--Foot, Base, and Basket. He will graduate from Wilson High School next Spring. He has not as yet decided which branch of Science he will study. Brad's name was engraved on the Freshman Perpetual Trophy as the most valuable basketball player his freshman year, and the following year it was engraved for baseball.

Our younger girls favor Business and Music, however, they are too young yet to predict their future studies. One grand-daughter has chosen medicine as her choice of study.

Glee, Carl, William and families all live here in Portland; Jean and family live in Weisbaden, Germany. Her husband John is a civilian with the Air Force. Their life has been an interesting one for the past 12 years, living in different countries including Austria, Italy, England, and Germany. Before going to Europe they spent 6 years in Honolulu, Hawaii.

Their trips home in the last several years have resulted in many enjoyable summer family get-togethers, including the large family picnics held at Pat and Lyman Smith's, where fifty some members of the family were able to attend in 1962.

Added to fill in Family Records
by J.E. S.

Orilla Martha Smith was born on the farm near McCoy, Oregon, July 29, 1889, the fourth child of Frederick S. T. and Drucilla Shepard Smith. She received a special welcome coming about a month after little Clara's death. She attended Bethel and Amity grade schools and after the family moved to Eugene in 1902, the Patterson school and later graduated from the Springfield High School



Joe McQuaid Family - Dec. 1962
Patricia, Glee, Joe, Susan



Joe McQuaid Family - Aug. 1962
Patti Susan
Joe Glee



William Jonasson Family - August 1962
Myrtle holding Bruce, William, Brian
Standing, William "Billie Brad" Jr., Stephanie

in 1907 (by special arrangement--oral exams, etc.).

She attended Oregon Agricultural College, now Oregon State University and then received training in three nurses' training schools, including the San Diego County Hospital where she received her R.N. in 1911. She spent the next several years in private practice and administering Dental anesthesia.

On Dec. 24, 1914 she was married to Carl Victor Jonasson at her mother's home--112 S. 9th St., Corvallis, by Rev. J. R. N. Bell. Carl Victor was born March 5, 1880 at Warren, Pennsylvania to Olaf M. and Marie Charlotte Venman Jonasson. After a thorough business education, he was employed by Wells Fargo for several years in Penn. and also in Oregon. He came to Portland in 1905 to see the Lewis and Clark Exposition, fell in love with Oregon, and returned in four years to make Oregon his home. Carl is a direct descendant of the King Vasa family of Sweden on his Mother's (Venman, sometimes spelled Vanmen in other century) side.

Carl bought his first hotel in 1914 and during the next 46 years became prominent in the Pacific Coast hotel business.

During the depression beginning in 1929 when the banks were all closed by government and hotel business suffered like all other business, Orilla went back to her nursing profession for a period. And during World War II, her service to our country was as Nurse Technician in Ophthalmology in the hugh Kaiser shipyards first aid station in Portland. She had completed graduate training at the University of Oregon Medical School in Ophth-technical course, consisting of three years.

They spent the years 1929-30 in Corvallis where Carl managed the Corvallis Hotel. Then were back in Portland where Orilla spent the years while the children were growing up taking an active part in P. T. A., local, city and state social organizations along with public service in children's clinics.

The four children all finished Franklin Primary and Richmond grade school and graduated from Franklin High School, Glee in 1933, Carl '36, Jean '37, and Bill in '38. On September 18, 1938, Carl Jr. and Bill came to Corvallis to enter OSC, just 40 years to the day after their Uncle John E. Smith had entered the Oregon Agricultural College, Sept. 18, 1898. They both enrolled in the School of Engineering and were members of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon social fraternity. World War II broke up their education after a year or so (from here see the stories of each child).

After the war Carl and Orilla owned and operated a hotel in San Francisco from 1946 partly through 1958 when the freeway took over their location adjoining the San Francisco Civic Center. This left them free to spend a year, late 1958-59, in Germany and England with Jean and family, and gave them the opportunity to travel in Germany, France and Sweden as well as 5 months in residence, Kingston--King VIII castle city-- in England.

Returning to Portland they purchased a home near the McQuaid's at 3006 N.E. 67 Ave. and sold their old home at 4838 Woodward Ave. Here Orilla is close enough to keep in touch with her grandchildren and enjoys caring for her lovely International flower garden. It is admired especially for its gleaming Dianthus border; seeds for which she picked herself from a garden border of the Ancient Bradford Manor, Osterfield, Yorkshire, England--now a national shrine maintained by the Royal Crown and a memorial to William Bradford.

Mary Glee Jonasson (Mrs. Joe Ellis McQuaid)

Glee, as she is known, was born in Corvallis, Oregon, Sept. 14, 1915, the eldest child of Carl V. and Orilla Smith Jonasson. After graduating from Franklin High School in Portland, Oregon in 1933, she took post-graduate work for one year and then held several business positions. For four years she was with the Meier & Frank store in Portland and was chosen to represent that store as their queen to ride in the Rose Festival Floral Parade.

After her marriage she has directed her time, talents and devotion to her home and raising two lovely daughters. She is a gracious hostess and entertains for young people as well as her husband's

business associates in a most charming manner.

The following written by her in June 1963 reflects this nicely:

At the present time, our eldest daughter, Patti, has just arrived in Paris as a business and cultural exchange student in the AIESEC Program. Patti's outstanding scholastic achievements and varied activities have made her long hoped for goal of traveling to Europe finally a reality. Before leaving for Paris, she had a wonderful week's tour of the East with her proud father.

Early in August, she plans to join my sister Jean and family in Wiesbaden, Germany and travel with them through several countries on their summer vacation for the month of August. We are all sharing her enriching experiences through her delightfully descriptive letters.

Reflecting back over the years since my husband, Joe Ellis McQuaid, and I were married on June 10, 1939 at Westminster Presbyterian Church, Portland, Oregon by Rev. Perry Hopper, it seems that travel has often guided and enriched our lives.

Joe Ellis McQuaid was born Feb. 12, 1915 at Osawatomie, Kansas, the son of Charles Francis and Lona Katherine Wagers McQuaid, who were married March 23, 1906 in Paola, Kansas. Charles F. was born April 8, 1885 at Greenleaf, Kansas and Lona Katherine on Oct. 23, 1890, at Osawatomie, Kansas.

Seattle was our home for a short time after we were married. Then we moved back to Portland, built our first home on Canyon Road in 1940, and moved into our new residence that same year with a new baby, Patricia Jo McQuaid. In 1942 during the war years, I brought a plump Christmas package home, Susan Joy McQuaid, on Christmas Day. Luckily Joe could spend these happy years with us as his position with Electric Steel Foundry Company, who manufactured war equipment, deferred him from having to serve in the armed forces.

During this time many trips to the beach and lake country enlightened our lives. One particularly memorable trip was when we took Grandma "Jonnie" with us as a babysitter to Lake Munsel. Patti, being at the squirmy stage was quieted en route by joyfully feeding an entire box of salty soda crackers to a patient, understanding, and loving Grandmother.

When the time came for Patti to start kindergarten, we moved to Reed College Place in the Eastmoreland District, which afforded a good place for our eldest to begin her schooling. Shortly, Joe was transferred to Esco's San Francisco office. Fortunately finding a nice home on the Peninsula in Millbrae, Patti was able to finish kindergarten. Our new California home offered the beautiful areas of the Monterey Peninsula and Carmel to explore. Trips homeward were highlighted with side-trips to Crater Lake.

After living in California for a year and a half, Esco transferred Joe to Seattle where we lived for three and a half years. There we settled in the Laurelhurst District in a home which overlooked the ever-changing view of Lake Washington. At this time, "Susan Syrup," Grandma Jonnie's nickname, started kindergarten at Laurelhurst Grade School and Patti began taking piano lessons.

While in Seattle, we looked forward to frequent trips to Vancouver and Victoria, British Columbia, where the girls were particularly enthralled with the ferry and Tallyho rides. We also spent summers at Lake Crescent, where the girls and I looked for wild flowers and hunted licorice roots, while Joe and his faithful companion Smokey, a small black cocker spaniel, spent long hours fishing. One morning Joe was preparing for a fishing trip while our lively little dog darted in and out of the boat. Starting off, Joe was unaware of his missing companion till he glanced around and saw a small black pup frantically dog-paddling to catch up with his master. After turning back, Smokey boarded the boat, and the two faithful companions continued their journey.

In 1950 we were transferred back home to Portland and the main office of Esco Corporation. These several moves were but stepping stones to Joe's present position as General Sales Manager of this company. We have lived at the same address, 3356 N.E. Alameda, for 13 years. When we first arrived, Patti entered the fifth grade and Susan the second. Our years here have seen the girls graduate from Beaumont Grade School, Grant Hi School, and Patti graduate from OSU (1962), cum laude, Susan will graduate from OSU next year (1964). They have both held responsible offices and have been given many honors of which we as parents are mighty proud. Joe and I have had many fond



Carl Jonasson Family - August 1962
 Carl, Todd, Elizabeth, "Betty" Olive Elizabeth,
 Standing - David, Carl Forbes, Alicia, Kirk



John Sutherland Family, August 1962
 John A., John M., Jean, Judith, Wendy, Linda

memories connected with their school years, among which were recitals, chaperoning at proms, and the fun of Mom's and Dad's Weekends.

Patti's main interest and talent has always been playing the piano. She went on to Lewis and Clark this year, 1962-1963, to get her Bachelor of Music Degree and plans to give private piano lessons in the future. Susan's main interest, on the other hand, seems to be in art, and she hopes to continue her training in this field. While in college, Patti served as President of her music honorary, Euterpe, and Susan is now serving as President of the National Professional Art Honorary, Kappa Pi. They also both served as Presidents of their sorority, Kappa Alpha Theta. One of Patti's honors during her senior year (1962) was that of being chosen to be a member of Phi Kappa Phi, a scholastic honorary and attending the initiation banquet with her great Uncle John and Aunt Willetta. Uncle John having been a charter member of the OSU chapter when it was installed at OSU in 1924 and who graduated just 60 years before in 1902.

Two vacation trips we remember as highlights when the girls were older. Before Patti's second year in high school, we traveled to Yellowstone National Park, where Patti joyously collected bugs for a biology class, requiring us to often promptly halt the car so she could dash after a prize butterfly. Two years later Susan added greatly to her similar collection on our trip to Palm Desert with a Sphinx Moth as the crowning glory, which was captured in the middle of the swimming pool.

We have recently acquired a small cruiser, the "Glo-Jee," and are looking forward to many good times aboard. A dinghy to be added will be christened P. S. for our daughters.

Business has taken Joe and I to many memorable places including Phoenix, Arizona; Santa Barbara, California; the Monterey Peninsula; Victoria, B. C.; New York; and beautiful Hawaii. Joe also was able to have a three-month trip to South America for his company in 1955. All of these trips have widened Joe's and my vision of life and enriched our girls' experiences as they have passed from one stage of life to the next. We now look forward to another chapter in our lives as our girls are becoming adults.

Carl Victor Jonasson, Jr.

By Betty F. Jonasson, June 1963

Carl Victor Jonasson, Jr., born June 26, 1917, at the Jonasson family home on Woodward Ave. in Portland, Oregon, spent all his childhood days on that same scenic hill, with the exception of a year while his father leased and managed the Corvallis Hotel.

He attended Franklin High, enthusiastically majoring in football. After graduation he worked three years for the Oregonian, then entered Oregon State College's school of civil engineering in the fall of 1938, and became a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity.

In 1940 he left college for employment with Boeing Aircraft Co., then worked for Oregon Ship-yards, and in February, 1942, entered the service as a private in the U. S. Army, Corps of Engineers. In November, 1942, he graduated from the officer candidate school at Fort Belvoir, Va., receiving a commission as 2nd Lt. In December, 1942 he was assigned to the 32nd Engr. Combat Co., Sep., at Nome, Alaska and later received a promotion to 1st Lt.

In August, 1944, he returned to Portland and on August 28 was married to Olive Elizabeth (Betty) Forbes, Oregon State College graduate and member of Chi Omega sorority, in the First Presbyterian Church by Rev. Mervyn E. Moss.

Olive Elizabeth Forbes (Betty as she is known) was born May 20, 1918, in Spokane, Wash., the daughter of Edward John and Ethelmae Fuller Forbes, who were married in Spokane, Wash. in 1916. Edward J. was born in 1888 in Wisconsin and Ethelmae on Sept. 30, 1889 at Baker, Oregon.

Carl was stationed during the next two years at Fort Rucker, Alabama--Camp Shelby, Mississippi and Camp Gruber, Oklahoma and was separated from the service in March, 1946 at Fort Smith, Arkansas. Carl and Betty's first child, Carl Forbes, was born October 22, 1945 in Portland,

Oregon and their second son, David Craig, on March 18, 1947--the night of final exams for father Carl, who had returned to Oregon State College to complete the work for his degree in civil engineering.

Upon graduation in June, 1948, he was employed by Timber Structures, Inc., Portland. Son Kirk was born on August 2, 1949. In November of that year Carl started work with the Oregon State Highway Department. In May, 1950, he passed the registration examination for professional engineers of Oregon. He was transferred to the Salem bridge division office in 1951 as assistant office engineer. There in Salem Alicia Brooke was born on August 6, 1952.

In 1955 he accepted a position with a contractor on The Dalles Dam as assistant project manager. Elizabeth Evan was born in The Dalles on February 28, 1956, and Tod Forrest on January 13, 1958. The family's stay in The Dalles was enriched by attendance at the First Congregational Church. Carl and the boys enjoyed many fine fishing trips along The Deschutes and expeditions along The Columbia River in search of Indian arrowheads and artifacts.

In 1960 Carl was employed by Tektronix in Portland as an engineer on construction of new buildings for the Tektronix industrial park. The family purchased a suburban home near Beaverton, joined Bethel Congregational Church, and settled down to enjoy the first home of their own in ten years. Frequent vacation trips to grandmother Ethelmae Forbes' home "Seacliff" at Wecoma Beach, Oregon provide the children with exciting beach-combing experiences in winter as well as summer. In the fall of 1963, Carl Forbes enters Oregon State University as brother, Tod enters kindergarten at McKay school.

Drucilla Jean Jonasson (Mrs. John Arthur Sutherman)

Drucilla Jean Jonasson was born July 20, 1918 in Portland, Oregon. Her twin sister (Georginia) "lived only a few hours and was pronounced 'still born' in statistics."

Jean, as she is known, graduated from Franklin High School, Portland, Oregon in 1937.

She was married to John Arthur Sutherman on March 12, 1944 at Vancouver, Wash. John was born Mar. 7, 1918 at Anyor, British Columbia, Canada, the son of John Martin and Lethine Julia Nelson Sutherman who were married Feb. 12, 1910, in San Francisco, Calif. John Martin Sutherman was born Aug. 8, 1883 at Stockholm, Sweden and Lethine Julia Nelson was born Nov. 14, 1883, at Gottenberg, Sweden.

Since World War II John has been a civilian with the U. S. Air Force which has taken them to Honolulu, Hawaii, Austria, Italy, England and Germany.

William Bradford Jonasson

By Myrtle C. Jonasson, June 1963

Shortly after our country entered the Second World War, Bill Jonasson enlisted in the Navy. He spent six months in Alameda, California, attending metal-smith school and was then transferred to the Naval Air Station in San Diego. From there he was sent to Moffett Field, California, where "Lighter Than Air" or "Blimp" squadrons were being formed for coastal defense. In March, 1943, he had the good fortune to be sent to Tillamook, Oregon, and remained there flying in these "Blimps" until the end of the war in Sept., 1945. He was an A. R. 1st Class (airship rigger), A. M. 1st Class (Aviation Metalsmith) in the Z. P. (Lighter than Air Patrol 33).

On November 12, 1944, Bill married Myrtle Mae Church in the Centenary-Wilbur Methodist Church, Portland, Oregon. Myrtle, a Portland girl and Franklin High School graduate, took nurses

training at the Emanuel Hospital School of Nursing and became a registered nurse in 1942.

Myrtle Mae Church was born Apr. 11, 1920 in Portland, Oregon. Her parents were Stephen Arthur Church, born Aug. 20, 1892, at Portland, Oregon, and Virginia Sabina Anderson Church, born Aug. 29, 1893 at Salina, Kansas. They were married June 22, 1919, in Portland, Oregon.

On the first day of October, 1945, Bill went to work for the Electric Steel Foundry now known as Esco Corporation. After eighteen years he is still enjoying being associated with this company.

The William Jonassons have called four places "home." A beach cottage at Oceanside, Oregon, was first; an apartment on 21st N. W. Savier, Portland, was second; and for ten years, the old Jonasson home was third.

Brad, Stephanie, and Brian were born during this period. Brad, William Bradford Jr., was born on January 29, 1946, Stephanie Ann the following December 18, 1946, and Brian Charles eleven years later, July 17, 1957.

The fourth and present home is located in S. W. Portland. Here the family increased to six. Bruce Frederick was born on December 15, 1959.

Bill has bowled with the Esco bowling league for many years, while serving as its President in 1960-61. He also is an ardent fisherman and has been joined in this sport by his son Brad. He is actively interested in his son's love of sports including football, baseball, and basketball which he himself played in high school.

The family has enjoyed many activities together, one of which has been summer camping. This has been a wonderful way to spend vacations as well as to see many places not normally visited by non-campers. Trips into all parts of Oregon, Washington, and as far as Jasper National Park in the Canadian Rockies, have been taken. One is planned with a great deal of anticipation for the summer of 1963 to Yellowstone and the Grand Teton National Parks.



Chester Lyman Smith
picture, 1917



Mabel Norton Smith
picture, May 1919



Mabel N. Smith, Chester Smith, Maude S. Roth
Lyman Smith, Virginia Smith
Picture, Ames, Iowa, summer 1930

Chester Lyman Smith
By him 1962

Born Feb. 27, 1891, to Frederick Samuel Smith and Drucilla Shepard Smith on the Polk County farm four miles south of Amity, Oregon.

The name Chester was chosen because Johnny, older brother, was studying about Chester A. Arthur, former president of the U. S. in his history class at the time. Lyman was the name of a gun sight appearing in gun catalogues of that day and L. C. Smith a typewriter manufacturer of that time.

(Added by John) During his first year, failing to find an agreeable diet, he grew very thin and frail; his parents feared he would be unable to continue. After several experiments, he began to thrive on a diet of cream only. Before he was two years old, he was hale and hearty. "While living in Amity", he recalled, "I remember of putting on button shoes when getting ready for Sunday School."

Starting to school in the fall of 1897, I entered the first grade at Bethel, Polk County, Oregon. Maude, Orilla and I had living quarters just across the way, north of Bethel School. Belle and Mattie Wilcox occupied the remaining part of that residence, the J. D. Taylor property, for that school year. In my second year of school, we Smith children went to school from the farm home via Tobey (the horse) and the buckboard. Claude and Leona Munkers, neighboring school children, rode with us.

In Feb. 1902, father sold the farm to Will Werner who wanted possession at once. To keep us kids in the same school until the end of the spring term we moved to the Andy Tealing home in McCoy until late June of that year. At which time we moved by wagons to the Springfield farm and to our new home in Eugene at 2056 Lincoln St., which was called Stewart Ave. at that time. The 100 acre farm 1 1/4 miles north of Springfield was purchased from P. M. McPherson.

My sixth grade work was at the Patterson School, 13th and Alder Streets, Eugene. There after Father and I batched on the farm until about 1904 when he had the first unit of our new farm home built. In about 1905 Mother, Rilla and Esther moved onto the farm, too. The remainder of my elementary and my high school was at Springfield.

In June 1905 I was very pleased to attend the Lewis and Clark Exposition in Portland, thanks to the generosity of my older brother, John. This was my first visit to a city and we even went out of the state of Oregon to Vancouver, Washington via the Columbia ferry. I thoroughly enjoyed everything.

Because of father's failing health, he sold the farm in the summer of 1908 and built a new house in Springfield at 627 North "B" St.

In the fall of 1908, I started to school at O. A. C., now O. S. U. in Corvallis. From June 4 to 11, 1909, the O. A. C. cadets were encamped on the University of Washington campus, giving military exhibitions and drills on the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition parade grounds. Ulysses Grant McAlexander, commandant of O. A. C. cadets, and later became General "Rock-of-the-Marne" McAlexander, arranged a special train with sleepers, package deal "all expense" trip for us at \$15.00 per cadet, round trip. On our return we marched in the Portland Rose Festival parade (their second annual Festival). It was my great pleasure to have participated in these activities in Seattle, Washington.

In the spring of 1910, father became interested in a colonization of Americans at Macineso, Oaxaca, Mexico on the Rio Tonto (Spanish for stupid or foolish river). It was virgin land of almost unbelievable fertility, and the climate was tropical in nature. He went there in March and we received a telegram from Mexico telling of father's passing away July 6, 1910.

While operating a hopyard store for M. Tillery, I contracted typhoid fever from poor quality well drinking water. A Civil Service examination was given a few weeks after my recovery from the fever and my appointment to the Corvallis post office resulted, beginning Jan. 1, 1913 with the advent of parcel post service. My starting pay was 35¢ per hour; \$600 per year. However, on July 1, 1913 the starting salary at second class post offices was raised to \$800 per year. At this start of parcel post service, each parcel post package must bear parcel post postage, no other kinds of stamps were accepted for parcels. This made it easy for the post office department to follow the progress of

parcel post.

During my vacation in the summer of 1915, Roy Cairns (of Springfield) and I went to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco, which commemorated the opening of the Panama Canal in 1914. After taking-in the Fair we visited Roy's relatives in San Jose and then went on to Los Angeles from where Roy visited other relatives at Pasadena while I continued south to see the San Diego fair and to attend a bull-fight in Tia Juana, Mexico, in celebration of California's Admission Day (into the Union). I still have the stub of my ticket of admittance to the bullfight.

In the fall of 1917 I resigned from my post office job to become a partner in the Corvallis Auto Transit Company which operated jitneys and busses and at that time added taxi service.

Before entering military service in the spring of 1919, I sold my interest to the remaining partners, Lawrence and Mae Russell who continued its operation for many years.

Military service (First World War) was as follows:

1. Receiving station was Ft. McDowell, Angel Island, San Francisco Bay.
2. After a few days to receive uniforms, equipment, first shots etc., we entrained at Oakland for Ft. McArthur, Los Angeles Coast Defense, San Pedro, Point Fermin, California.
3. In Sept., a number of us were selected to be transferred to Fortress Monroe, Va., to the candidate school and to study with the Coast Artillery School Troops and work for a commission in the Coast (heavy) Artillery.
4. Came Nov. 11, 1919, with the cessation of hostilities, we were privileged to resign from further military service or to remain at the candidates school and possibly complete the course and receive a commission - to be placed on the inactive list. I chose the former option, as did about 75% of the candidates and we received our discharges on the day before Thanksgiving. Others from the Pacific coast also received their pay and "travel pay" home and we left "Old Point Comfort" for Washington, D. C. on the S. S. Northland.

At Washington, D. C. we viewed that area from the top of the Washington Monument, visited some Capitol buildings and had G. I. turkey dinner before entraining for New York City. Our arrival in N. Y. was exactly right to accept invitations to Thanksgiving dinners in lieu of guests who were unable to attend.

Next day we went to the Chase National Bank, cashed our G. I. checks and then to John Wannemakers where we purchased and donned our new "civies" (suit, shirt, shoes, tie etc.)

After a few days we started for the Pacific coast. I went to Corvallis and started learning the real estate game under the tutelage of Frank Kinney and continued there until the end of 1919.

On May 16, 1919, in Seattle, Wash., Mabel Norton and I, by previous plans and arrangements, completed the plans for our marriage in the manse of the University Christian Church, Cleveland Kleihauer, pastor performing the ceremony. A trip into British Columbia followed with headquarters at the Empress Hotel, Victoria.

Mabel May Norton was born May 10, 1894 at Coquille, Oregon, the daughter of William Norton, born June 3, 1845 at Stockholm, Sweden; and Ann Marie Carlson Norton, born Sept. 28, 1860 at Uppsala, Sweden; who were married in San Francisco, California in 1886. Mabel graduated from Oregon Agricultural College June 16, 1916 and taught in the College English Department for one semester and then at Prairie City, Oregon, Colville, Wash. and in the Vacaville, Calif. high school. Since then she has been a homemaker and helped in the restaurant at Tenino while we operated it.

Upon returning to Corvallis, Kinney wanted me to open a real estate office (Kinney & Smith) in Salem, Oregon. We lived there at 666 S. Summer St. when our first child (Virginia Ann) was born at nearby Deaconess Hospital on August 7, 1920.

Real estating was very interesting and I sold a goodly number of homes in Salem and farms in that area. My first sale was a farm east of Salem to Charlie Dancer whose son Leslie was formerly a classmate of mine at Bethel. The last sale was a home in south Salem to Edw. Underwood, a friend of college days at Corvallis.

In the fall of 1921, we purchased the Palace Cafe in Tenino, Wash. and soon changed the name to Tenino Cafe, which we operated until the fall of 1942. It was while at Tenino that our son, Lyman was born at the Gallagher Maternity Hospital, Tenino, on Jan. 22, 1927.

I became a Mason in Jan. 1927 as a member of Tenino Lodge no. 86 F & AM, Tenino, Wash., occupied all offices of the Blue Lodge and elective offices in 1938, '39 and 40, put on all "work" of the respective degrees, progressively, attended Grand Lodge in Walla Walla, Wash. (1938) and in Bellingham (1940), and have Past Master's Jewel.

The 21 year grind in restaurant work was terminated when we returned to Corvallis in the fall of 1942 and I started dispatching mail on a temporary basis. The location of Camp Adair a few miles north of Corvallis on Highway 99 W necessitated the help of many experienced P. O. workers to be added to the Corvallis office.

We purchased a home at 211 North 12th St. where we lived until moving to Springfield after Camp Adair's heyday.

At Springfield we bought at 757 "E" St. and I was employed by school district 19 until past the age of 65 at which time I retired. For four years following retirement I continued in the employment of the school district, to the extent of social security regulations. At this time I felt the need of being releived, so I retired completely in favor of World War I vets' pension for which I had been eligible four years.

Have been an American Legion member since its inception, first in Corvallis, Salem and then in the Wm. T. Mulleney Post no. 69, Dept. of Wash., Tenino, Wash. since the fall of 1921 in good standing every year since 1921. Occupied all offices, most of them for several years. Wear a Past Commanders' pin. At present am a member of "Timber Barracks no. 177" World War Veterans', Springfield, Oregon. Hold Disabled American Veterans' claim no. C 20 302 547, Service Serial no. 534 265.

The Story of the Early History of Father's Lane County Farm,
with a Few "Incidents" Thrown In
by Chester L. Smith - Jan. 1931

The first portion of the present home built upon the Lane County farm was constructed in the fall of 1904 by "Goddard & Black" from Fairmount (now part of Eugene). The stone pier foundation was laid by Chas. Rivett, a brick mason and plasterer who owned a farm about 1/4 mile north of the Springfield-Coburg road. I well remember Dorsey Black's son Herbert who with his Mother picked hops in the George (Bush) Smith hopyard on the banks of the McKenzie River one mile east of Father's farm.

Lumber for this new farm house was purchased from the Lindley & See sawmill above Walterville. The lumber for the division fence between Father's farm and that of P. M. McPherson from whom he purchased the 100 acre farm in the late spring of 1902, was also purchased from this mill.

Leaving the farm as soon as the morning chores were done, Father and I would mount the bare chasis of the lumber wagon and start for the Lindley & See sawmill. Father (doing the driving) always sat about where the coupling pole pin completes the contact between the front and rear running gears, and it fell my lot to ride on the rear axle.

The road over which we traveled had, a few years earlier, been improved with a very coarse gravel containing boulders about the size of a person's head. These boulders were only partially embedded in the road and you can imagine the "ups and downs" which were ours in traveling the road. Add to this the dust which in places was 3 or 4 inches deep, and you have a true picture of road conditions at that time. However, a part of the effects of these bumps were alleviated by a cushion made from a half of a gunny sack containing a layer of straw - thanks to our thoughtfulness for that.

This road to the sawmill passed the farms of P. M. (Gum) McPherson, Frank Powers, Peter Boller, August Vitus, Jim Ebbert, Alvie Armitage and then through the village of Thurston to the Cedar Flats community and across the Hendericks ferry to Walterville from where it was only a mile or so, as I remember it, eastward to the mill. The total distance was only about 17 or 18 miles, but for the round trip at a rate which did not average better than about 4 miles per hour, plus about an hour or more for the horses to eat at noon while we loaded, it required just about a full day to complete the ordeal.

Between Thurston and Cedar Flats we passed the Gray district school where John E. Smith (a couple or 3 years earlier) had made his debut as a public instructor, propounding the 3 R's to the then coming generation in that region. The school teacher's salary in those days was literally "not much". If I'm not mistaken, John received \$30 per month, from which he had to pay board and room (\$2.00 per week) in addition to doing his own school janitor work. But the next year John had it better in the Walterville school and then in the following year in the Roseburg High School, from where he went to Salem high for 3 years and then into higher institutions of education such as state colleges and universities in Kansas, North Carolina, Iowa and perhaps others.

At Thurston we noticed that a church was undergoing extensive repairs. One day, the carpenter at work on this church stopped us and wanted to engage us (with team and wagon) to haul some lumber from this same sawmill to the church. An agreement was reached and we accommodated him in this respect. This carpenter proved to be the young preacher who was to hold revival services in this church as soon as repairs were completed. It was none other than David Eugene Olsen, later physical culturist, dynamic evangelist and still later, promoter of oil well drillings at Cottage Grove, Eugene and I understand Corvallis.

I wish to say here, that the division fence mentioned above was built by Father, John and myself assisted by William W. Avery, Father's nephew and my only cousin. It seemed that cousin Will had met with financial reverses some place in Eastern Oregon and had written to us. Father answered his letter enclosing \$20 and a suggestion that Will visit us on our newly acquired farm. When Will arrived, he found us at work on the south line (division) fence which must be about 3/4 mile long. Will

rolled up his sleeves and entered the game in earnest.

In about 1905, for the sum of 50¢, I purchased a pretty yellow (collie or shepard) pup for a play-fellow and also as a necessary adjunct to the farm. This was bought from Jesse Westrope a farm-boy neighbor living about 1 1/2 miles east of our farm in the vicinity of Seavey's Ferry. This pup, Ponto, grew to be a good farm pal and became a good watch dog of nights, scaring away racoons intent upon marauding the chicken roosts and also keeping stray cats away from broods of newly hatched chicks. He (Ponto) never molested our own yellow cats. Our Lane County farm combination of yellow dog, yellow cats, yellow (Jersey) cows and yellow (buckskin) horses was indeed a good one.

While hunting at the lake (or duck pond) in the southwestern part of the farm, Ponto was always on hand to retrieve ducks which had been shot and had fallen into the water. Upon such occasions he was fully as much delighted as any person on the farm.

On another occasion, Father was plowing in the big field, possibly half way out to the west end of the farm when Ponto "jumped" a large jack rabbit. His constant barking with each jump in the direction of the rabbit, attracted the attention of the McPhersons who were plowing in their field adjoining Father's farm on the south. All hands stopped plowing for a time (stood up on their plows) and watched the race. The rabbit was traveling eastward along the north boundary fence (next to the road) and was trying to locate a "safety place in the fence through which he could dodge. Luck was with Ponto, however as no such "safety" place was located by the rabbit, which rabbit became Ponto's meat after a grueling race.

The subject of wild ducks brings to mind the incident in which Chas. Rivett, a neighboring farmer contracted for 5 Mallard ducks for Christmas dinner in the year about 1906. I got 3 Mallard ducks all right and cleaned and picked them, which was some job in itself, but couldn't seem to get the full quota for him. I was to have received \$1.00 for the five, so I was apportioned 60¢ for the 3 delivered, although Mr. Rivett complained about one containing too many shot.

The Mallard ducks frequently nested at the lake on the farm and one spring I was fortunate in catching 4 young wild ducklings which were not yet able to fly. I inverted my big straw hat and placed the little fellows inside. One escaped before I reached home and another died a few days later. For the remaining two we built a pen in the back yard and placed them in after taking off a wing at the first joint, so they would never be able to fly away. At feed time, the chickens would fly into the pen and get a good share of the grain. At one of these times Father picked up a small chip of wood and tossed it at the chickens to scare them away. You can guess the result -- one of the ducks got in in the neck. The remaining bird was a beautiful drake with gorgeously colored wings and head. He was too lonesome, all alone, so I sold him, as a live decoy to Ronald Roberts and Forest Smithson, hunting enthusiasts of Springfield at a cash price of 50¢ delivered in Springfield.

During the early evening of a summer day in about 1903, we saw a weasel running just outside the fence in front of where the house now stands. Naturally he entered a hole in the ground which he reached soon after we first saw him. We immediately procured steel squirrel traps and set them so that he could not leap over one trap without getting into the other. Bright and early the next morning we went to see if we had caught Mr. Weasel and what do you think? We had caught a skunk.

Among Father's sterling qualities was that of absolute honesty in all respects. And this was required of others as well as from himself. On this point I recall an incident involving punctuality which is really one form of honesty. It was while Father and I were baching in the newly constructed first portion of the farm house in about 1906. I had asked Father permission to go to play with a farmer neighbor boy (Chas. Rivett); this was granted providing I would "be back home at 5 o'clock". So, promptly at 4:50, I started back home and lost no time on the road. As I was crawling through the north yard fence at home near the improvised woodshed, Father met me and, taking out his watch from his pocket, said, "Chester, do you know what time it is?" Fearing that perhaps the neighbor's time varied from ours (and I remembered of having run part of the way home so I would be back in time) I replied, "I left Charlie's at 10 minutes to 5 and I thought I could make it home in that time." "Well," said Father as he showed me the watch, "it is just exactly 5 o'clock. If you will always be as punctual as this, you'll be all right, that's just the way Johnny always was."



Stephen Drop Family, Dec. 1962
 Standing - Dale, Gene, Keith, Larry
 Jeanette, Virginia, Myrna, Steve



Lyman Smith
 Oct. 7, 1944



Lyman Smith Family, Dec. 1962
 Terry, Timothy, Lyman, Patricia holding Scott, Janis

Another incident showing Father's honesty in respect for law, occurred while we were baching there before the house was built - Mother, Rilla and Esther were living in our Eugene residence. It was in the fall of the year and I had been hunting China pheasants frequently throughout the open season, but without any success. On this Saturday (just a day or two after the closing of the pheasant season) late afternoon we were on our way to Eugene for the week-end. As was customary, we drove over our private road through the farm to the west end gate where we entered the public road. Just after passing the lake (or duck pond) we saw a pheasant fly to roost in the ash trees along a little draw extending in a northwesterly direction. As we neared the north end of these trees where the pheasant proposed stopping for the night, I noticed he (the pheasant) had no intention of being disturbed. I slipped out the back end of the wagon and armed myself with several good rocks (of which there were a plenty on the farm) and opened fire. I think it was the second rock that took effect. A beautiful China rooster fell to the ground and flopped around only a short time - I had hit him squarely in the head. With all the pride of such an achievement, I retrieved the gorgeously colored bird and climbed into the wagon, showing Father the result of my efforts. Father had but one remark to make; it was this: "My son, you are a law breaker, we must respect the laws of our land." My attitude changed immediately.

Were Father living today, I imagine he would be somewhat disturbed to know that this same son, at times, attains a speed of almost 45 miles per hour over highways in Washington state where the state prescribes a maximum speed of only 40 miles per hour. (I must add that he still remembers his Father's lesson?)

Virginia Ann Smith (Mrs. Stephen Drop)

Virginia Ann Smith was born August 7, 1920, in Salem, Oregon, the daughter of Chester L. and Mabel M. Norton Smith. She moved with her parents to Tenino, Washington in 1921 where she spent her childhood days attending the public schools, graduating from Tenino High School and later attending Oregon State College.

On October 7, 1939 she was married to Stephen Drop of Centralia, Washington at Kelso, Wash. Steve was born in Broughton, Pennsylvania, Dec. 17, 1910. His parents were Mr. and Mrs. Martin Dropalski, who were born in Poland and came to America at an early age. They were married in Pennsylvania where they made their home until coming to Centralia, Wash. Steve attended schools in Tenino and Centralia. When he became of age, to shorten his name, he had it legally changed from Dropalski to Drop.

Virginia and Steve have six children, Stephen Dale, Larry Eugene, Gene Alden, Keith LeRoy, Myrna Marlene and Jeanette Marie.

The Drop family make their home in Centralia, Washington where Steve is engaged in the lumber business.

Chester Lyman Smith Jr.

Lyman Smith, as he is known, the son of Chester and Mabel Norton Smith, was born in Tenino, Washington, January 22, 1927. His childhood was spent in Tenino where he attended the local schools through Jr. high school. In 1942 he moved with his parents to Corvallis, Oregon where he attended High School, graduating in 1945. At Corvallis High he played in the band and on the basketball team.

After high school he joined the navy and received boot training at the San Diego Naval Training Station, where he was with the 32nd company as Coxswain. From there he was sent to Guam, Kwajalein, Bikini, and other South Pacific Islands where he served during World WarII as a coxswain.

Upon his discharge from the service he was employed by the Standard Oil Co. at Corvallis, Ore.

In 1949 he was married to Patricia Opal Kester of Monmouth, Oregon. Patricia was born March 22, 1930 at Corvallis, Oregon. Her father, Ralph Victor Kester, was born at Gervais, Oregon on May 24, 1900 and her Mother was born Laura Opal McCuiston, April 26, 1910 at Rogers, Arkansas. They were

married June 9, 1927 at Independence, Oregon. Patricia attended schools in Polk County and graduated from Perrydale High School in 1947, followed by two years at Oregon State College, where she was a member of the Alpha Xi Delta sorority.

Since 1950 Lyman and "Pat" have lived and worked on Mr. Kester's large farm near Monmouth, Oregon, where the Smith clan hold a happy reunion each summer.

They have four children; Janis Robin, Terry Michael, Timothy Colin, and Scott Evan.



Lloyd Foster Family, Longview, Wash., June 2, 1932
Gloria, Esther Smith Foster, Ellen Jane, Lloyd



Chester L. Smith, Virginia Smith, Esther S. Foster, Mabel N. Smith, John E. Smith
Lyman Smith, Gloria Foster, Ellen Jane Foster
Picture, Longview, Wash., summer 1932



The "Wego" in the Columbia River, Summer 1934

Esther Ruby Smith (Mrs. Lloyd Foster)

Esther Ruby Smith was born May 20, 1893 near Amity, Oregon, the youngest child of Frederick S. T. Smith and Drucilla Shepard Smith. She attended public school at Eugene and Springfield, Ore., and graduated from Oregon Agricultural College in 1914, specializing in Home Economics. She taught at Amity for two years, being principal the second year; then taught Home Economics one year at Bandon, Oregon and then went to Idaho Technical Institute at Pocatello, Idaho as assistant Dean of Girls for three years. Her professional career ended after the next year as Supervisor of Physical Education for the public schools at Astoria, Oregon (1921).

"I have a deep appreciation for the religious background given by our Father and Mother; for my memory, as a child, of daily presentation of some portion of the weekly Sunday School lesson. On Saturdays preparation in the home of meals and work in general was made so that Sundays would indeed be a day of rest as much as possible from the daily tasks on a farm. I am thankful for the memory of our father as a teacher of the men's Bible class and Mother as a teacher for the young girls; of their plans to make Sundays a day for the expression of friendship by inviting families home with us after church to dinner and enjoying together. Sundays were indeed "The Lord's Day" and no better heritage can be given any child."

Being the youngest of the children and Mother afflicted with arthritis all through my high school and college years brought me very close to her. She could not have been any more understanding nor done more to help with the housework considering she moved about on a chair with casters. Her greatest help was her mental attitude, always that of cheerfulness, a result of her faith in God. As a friend once stated while we were in Corvallis and I in college. "Whenever I need cheering up I go and visit with Mrs. Smith."

"I have always been so thankful that Father provided financially so that even after he passed on Mother, Chester and I had a comfortable home together near the campus in Corvallis when I finished high school and college. Mother being afflicted as she was, many of the home responsibilities were mine but her understanding and attitude of cheerfulness lightened the daily tasks. She so enjoyed being taken, in the wheel chair, through the campus and seeing the activities of the students."

Lloyd Foster and I were married Sept. 5, 1921 at Astoria by Rev. Wm. Gilbert. where I had been teaching and Lloyd was a partner in the Cook & Foster Wholesale and Retail Auto Supply Co.

Lloyd Foster was born in Stoutsville, Ohio, June 1, 1884, the son of Frank Foster, born in Marion, Ohio on Jan. 25, 1855 and Sarah Catherine Lathouse Foster born Circleville, Ohio on May 19, 1864, who were married at Stoutsville, Ohio on Aug. 4, 1883. After high school and business training he entered a job with a printing company in Columbus, Ohio. He was a perfectionist so it was only natural that he advanced gradually to a managerial position. All this time he belonged to the Buckeye Lake Boating and camera club. His coming west in 1912 was expressed this way -- because the Pacific Ocean looked better for boats than a seven mile lake is the underlying reason he became a resident of the Columbia River region. That year he entered the Boyer Printing Business as assistant manager, and of course joined a Portland yacht club after buying an efficient yacht "The Sea Wolf". Lloyd neither used liquor or tobacco so his friends and boating guests were always selected accordingly.

During this time his hobby for boats brought him in contact with T. B. Cook and a lasting friendship was formed. Lloyd went to Astoria and worked in a marine electrical works until war broke. Then

he and Cook were engaged in emergency fleet work at Auburn, N. Y. They came west again in March 1919 and started business in a small way in Astoria, Cook & Foster Inc. The business grew rapidly but the disastrous fire in 1922 wiped them out. Undaunted they started again and had better fortune.

When first married we bought a point of land overlooking the then proposed Tongue Point Naval Base. We purchased both homes on this point and Grandma and Grandpa Foster lived in one for several years. In June 1928 we moved to Longview, Wash. Lloyd opened the Foster Auto Supply Co. in West Kelso and Cook remained in Astoria. We bought a home in Longview centrally located and within walking distance of church, grade and high school and down town, at 1153, 22nd Ave. Lloyd and I joined the Community Church and later Ellen Jane and Gloria became members.

Longview, Wash. is a beautifully planned little city, progressive and has a splendid school system. All through the girls' grades and high school years I enjoyed keeping in touch with their many activities; being active in Parent Teachers Associations and as class advisor and on the Advisor Board of the Girl Reserves. Lloyd and I often chaperoned school affairs.

All these years in Longview I belonged to the American Association of University Women, was active in the Woman's Club, and sang second soprano in Rose Corsen Reed's Madrigal Club. She came from Portland each week for rehearsals and we sang for many events. I sang in the Community Church choir for several years also.

The Columbia River was perfect for boating. Our first little speed boat at Longview was "Wego I". Then a small cabin cruiser, "Wego II", and finally a cabin cruiser with sleeping accommodations for our little family of four and a well equipped gally. On this we could take more extended trips, perhaps the most memorable one was a two weeks cruise which we planned so we could be at the dedication of the Bonneville Dam and hear President Franklin D. Roosevelt speak (1938). We had complete camping equipment with us also so some of the time was spent at unusually interesting places.

Several vacations were spent at Seal Rock on Hood's Canal where there was splendid fishing, swimming and boating. We also enjoyed Orcas Island. On trips such as that we took a little outboard motor on a trailer - each painted the same color as the car. On picnics and shorter trips we usually took friends. Lloyd always had his camera so we have many interesting stills and movies of our good times.

Lloyd's passing was the result of a "stroke" caused by over exertion when cutting down a tree on a very warm day. The Dr. ordered that he be taken away from business and suggested Palm Springs, Calif. Gloria who was a junior in high school obtained her transfer and drove the car for us to Palm Springs. We were very comfortable there for three months before his passing on Christmas Day 1944 at the Riverside Hospital. Services and burial were held at the portland Memorial Crematorium & Mausoleum.

At this period of complete uncertainty as to how to proceed alone a friend gave me a Christian Science pamphlet "God's law of Adjustment" which I almost memorized. Each step of progress began to unfold and I was advised by a special business friend to make no major changes before two years. We secured a good manager for the Auto Supply Co. and at the end of two years Del's Mother and Father (the A. N. Mikkelsens) bought the business. Lloyd had planned when Del returned from Service (World War II) he would take him into the store, so that plan was carried out by his parents who still operate it under the same name. Our store building was in the path of the new Cowlitz River bridge so a new and much larger building was built a few blocks away.

Ellen Jane and Scott were with Del who was still in "Service". Gloria had finished one year at Oregon State College and wished to enter U. C. L. A. Through Mrs. Hazel Ralston, a special friend with whom I graduated from O. A. C. and who had been head of the Home Economics of the Van Nuys High School (Calif.) for many years we became interested in making Santa Barbara our home. After Gloria made arrangements for her entrance to U. C. L. A. we spent several days in Santa Barbara. With the help of retired Lt. Col. Van Svarverud, whose home had been in Eugene, Oregon and knew many people we did, we located a realtor and in five days had bought our much loved home at 516 Alameda Padra Serra overlooking the city, ocean and Channel Islands.

We returned to Longview and sold our home on Nichols Blvd. and moved to Santa Barbara arriving Oct. 6, 1946. We were most thankful to Chester and Mabel who drove down with us and also helped us to get established. I was so pleased to hear Maude remark, after living here several weeks,



The Delbert Mikkelsen Family - Dec. 1955
Ellen Jane, Patricia, Scott, Delbert, Pamela



Christmas 1957
Gloria Van
Vanesse Anka Lloyd



Easter 1963
Anka Grandma Foster
Sara Vanesse Lloyd

"You couldn't have selected a city and home I love more."

Entering into the activities of a new location was most enjoyable. All my memberships from Longview clubs were transferred and I became a member of First Church of Christ Scientist, Santa Barbara. Here we have just about every condition for happy living, climate, culture, ocean, mountains, fine school system and our beautiful new University of Calif. Santa Barbara (U. C. S. B.) campus on the ocean bank is said to be the most outstanding in the state.

Shortly after Lloyd's passing my sister Maude Roth came to make her home with us. Being relieved of her former tasks, she had spent many years taking care of old ladies, and by constantly making the effort her posture was much improved. Maude had been bothered with arthritis in her hands and legs for many years. For about eight years after coming to Santa Barbara she was able to go many of the places I went, but the use of a cane became necessary and for the last few years she would go for a ride or maybe shopping not more than once a week. She had a monthly appointment at the clinic, besides many for her eyes.

Maude kept absentee membership in the First Christian Church of Portland, Oregon, but attended church with me while she was able. During those years we would always ask ladies, who did not drive a car and we would enjoy a no-host dinner party at various places after church. Then we would go for a ride. Santa Barbara claims two thousand miles of scenic drive ways.

So many times during these last few years when I would ask her if she would not like to go with me for the ride she would reply, "Thank you but I am so comfortable right here." Our many friends and neighbors were most thoughtful and often came to visit with her. Maude was to the last very alert mentally and cheerful and would often express her appreciation for a home and care. She always had a great deal of pride and enjoyed being comfortably but well dressed. After living in California for five years she received old age pension which met all her expenses. The eighteen years we were together she was always anxious to help with the house work all she could.

Spring of 1963. I have sold my home and moved into a two bedroom duplex at 2537 Oak Crest Drive, in the same city. Here I am free from the responsibility of keeping up a house and yard and can still enjoy frequent visits with my daughter, grand children and "Auntie Peg" (Lloyd's sister) in Pasadena. With good airplane service, as at present, I can be with the other children in Longview, Washington, by making much quicker trips than previously was required.

Ellen Jane Foster (Mrs. Delbert Mikkelsen)

Ellen Jane Foster was born Sept. 17, 1922 at Astoria, Oregon and moved to Longview, Wash. in 1929 where she attended public schools and in her senior year of high school was president of the Girl Reserves. She attended Washington State College at Pullman for two years where she joined the Kappa Delta Sorority. Her education was interrupted by World War II. On July 11, 1942 Ellen Jane was married to Delbert Norman Mikkelsen at Longview, Wash. by Rev. E.H. Gebert.

Delbert (Del) was born at Wanatchee, Wash. Dec. 14, 1921, the son of Anton Norman Mikkelsen, whose birth was at Neenah, Wis. Sept. 18, 1882 and Olive Pearl Jakeway Mikkelsen, born at Snohomish, Wash. Mar. 24, 1900 who were married at Cashmere, Wash. on July 15, 1919.

Del also attended Wash. State College for two years belonging to the Lamda Chi Alpha Fraternity when he was called home because of war conditions. During the first year of their marriage he was associated with his parents in the apple orchard and warehouse business at Cashmere, Wash. Del then served overseas as a tail gunner with the air force. While in service at Tampa, Fla. he became a Second Degree Mason and is a member of the Shrine and past Master of the Rose Croix.

After the war Del and Gloria returned to Longview, Wash. where in 1946 he became associated with the Foster Auto Supply which had been purchased by his parents. This they still own and operate. Del is also a member of the Lions Club, served on Police reserve, Traffic Unit, as Boy Scout District commissioner and in 1960 was elected to the State Automotive Wholesale Association.

Ellen Jane's chief interests, outside of home and school have been with the Community Church, the Beta Sigma Phi National non-Academic Sorority of which she is a past president; and the Woman's Club of Longview, which she also served as president. Del has sung in the choir of the Community Church where they are members.

Their children are: Scott Foster born at Wenatchee, Wash. May 24, 1943. Beginning at the sixth grade and continuing through high school he played the French horn in the High School orchestra and band. While in the 9th grade he was manager of the Junior High football team. For three years he was on the High School Varsity Wrestling team. He held various offices in DeMoley. At 16 years of age he received his Senior Life Saving certificate and a few weeks later saved a boy's life in Lake Sacaquia, Longview. In the fall of 1961 Scott entered Lower Columbia Junior College at Longview and played in the orchestra. During his freshman year he was initiated into Circle K, which is a strictly service club of the Kiwanians to which only twenty boys from each college or university are asked to join.

Pamela Jean Mikkelsen was born at Longview, Wash., Nov. 13, 1946. When in the sixth grade she joined Job's Daughters, an organization, International, for girls from 12 to 20 with Masonic affiliations. She was president of her Camp Fire Girls group and an honor student.

Patricia Ann Mikkelsen was born in Longview, Wash. Dec. 17, 1950. She was president of her Camp Fire Girls group and has a good start towards being of service to her community.

Gloria Jean Foster (Mrs. Van George)

Gloria Jean Foster was born Feb. 21, 1927 in Astoria, Oregon, the second child of Esther Smith and Lloyd Foster. She attended public schools in Longview, Wash. She studied piano and was accompanist for the Glee Club and several soloists, was active in Girl Reserves, Pep Club and received a Girls' Club award as an outstanding senior.

Her freshman year in college was spent at Oregon State College after which she transferred to UCLA and obtained her degree in Political Science. While there she became a member of the Gamma Phi Beta Sorority. Between her sophomore and junior years Gloria spent six months in Europe, three of which were with an American Youth Hostel Group bicycling through parts of western Europe.

After returning to UCLA she became active on the International Board, a group of students set-up to coordinate activities and integrate the many foreign students on the campus. She was chairman of the Board during her senior year and this work led to her election to Prytanean, the Senior Women's Honorary.

During this time Gloria met Van George, a Bulgarian student at UCLA studying English. They were married June 13, 1950 and spent the first year in New Orleans where Van represented the Buzza-Cardozo Greeting Card Co. They have since lived in South Pasadena. Annka Esther born Feb. 24, 1951 in New Orleans, La; Lloyd Foster. Sept. 21, 1952; Vanessa Louise, Nov. 12, 1957; and Sarah Catherine June 16, 1959, all born in Los Angeles, Calif.

Gloria's delight is playing their Hammond organ, sewing and iceskating for recreation.

The Stewart Family

The Stewart family, while related to the Smiths, only by a late marriage, were very close associates of the family while living in the vicinity of Bethel and Amity. They still hold an important place in the Bethel-Amity community.

Mrs. Margery Stewart was married to (Deacon) John Eliphalet Smith in Clarion, Bureau County, Ill., October 17, 1872, it was her second marriage and his third. After John E. Smith's death in 1890 she married Langdon Bentley of Monmouth, Oregon.

From the Amity newspaper--

"Mrs. Margery McLoughlin Stewart Smith Bentley, the Mother of S. L. Stewart, living south of Amity passed away on Sunday evening, Jan. 15th, 1933 at the age of 93 years.

She was born in Ireland, came to Oregon from Illinois and lived in the Bethel section for about 20 years, when they moved to Portland. Her last three years were spent at the home of her son Sam Stewart near McCoy.

Funeral services were held on Tues. at the Macy Chapel, McMinnville with interment at the Bethel Cemetery. Besides her son S. L. Stewart there are eight grandchildren and six great-grandchildren surviving."

Sam(S. L.) and Mary Stewart had two cousins, Sadie Stewart Elmore (Mrs. Edward Elmore) and Marion Stewart Allen (Mrs. Warren Allen). Sadie Stewart Elmore had two daughters, Alice M. Elmore (Mrs. Horace C. Lounsberry), and Edna Elmore, a trained nurse. John E. Smith often visited the Lounsberrys who lived at Nevada, Iowa, just a few miles from his home at Ames, Iowa. On one occasion (Christmas holidays, 1931) he visited the Warren Allens at Willow Springs, Mo. The following is what Aunt Marian Stewart Allen wrote Jan. 3. 1931.

"We (the Stewarts, Sam's uncle) never knew the Allens or the Smiths until after we moved to Clarion, Ill.

This boy Fred came often to our school, Berlin, but only as a visitor to see his 'Sweetheart', Flora Alice Tompkins was her name. She and my sister Margaret were 'chums'. She was a nice looking girl with auburn hair and was well liked by all. Her folks lived in Ohio but she made her home with Grandfather Norris.

Fred wasn't much of a talker but was very pleasant. I often watched them going home together across the field. We never learned why Alice went back on Fred but often heard that that was the reason he went West--he felt so badly over it. She never gave the ring back to him.

I never saw Fred again after she left our school. She attended Dover Academy for a while, then married and went to Colorado. She did not do so well.

Deacon (John E.) Smith, as he was always called, was a very nice, honest and religious man. His daughter, Gussie, kept house for him and went to school in Lamoille. After he married my Aunt (Margery Stewart) we got to know each other better. He drove a spanking good team, as did my father, and they were often together."

See Stewart family chart for relationships.

John Stewart and Margery McLoughlin Stewart Family Genealogy

1	John Stewart	
	m-Margery McLoughlin	B-1839 in Ireland D-1933, Polk Co., Oregon, Bur. Bethel Cemetery, Polk Co., Oregon
	Children	
11	Samuel Leslie Stewart	B-1860, Ill. D-1943, Polk Co., Oregon, Bur. Bethel Cemetery, Polk Co., Oregon
	m-Grace Julia Williams	B-1867 D-1957, Polk Co., Oregon, Bur. Bethel Cemetery, Polk Co., Oregon
	Children	
111	Glenn Emerson Stewart	B-1888, Dak.
	m-1st Lillie Montgomery	B-1890, Yamhill Co., Oregon D- Bur. Bethel Cemetery, Polk Co., Oregon
	m-2nd Laura Jones	
	Children	
1111	Joseph Samuel Stewart	B-1916, Yamhill Co., Oregon
112	Gladys Gertrude Stewart	B-1893, Polk Co., Oregon
	m-Roy Samuel Landis	B-1885 D-1950, Clackamas Co., Oregon, Bur. Bethel Cemetery, Polk Co., Oregon
	Children	
1121	Louise Irene Landis	B-1927
	m-Wendell Austin	B-1929
	Children	
11211	Katherine Louise Austin	B-1952
11212	Bradley Scott Austin	B-1954
11213	Robert Wendell Austin	B-1957
11214	Stephen Lowell Austin	B-1958
1122	John Lowell Landis	B-1932
	m-Susan Elaine Earlenbaugh	B-1933
	Children	
11221	Carol Sue Landis	B-1960
11222	Anna Sue Landis	B-1962
113	Karl Ralph Stewart	B-1891, Polk Co., Oregon D-1947, Linn Co., Oregon, Bur. Bethel Cemetery, Polk Co., Oregon
	m-Jean Schomp	B-1896

	Children	
1131	Margene Stewart m-Bayard Hillway Children	
11311	Channing Hillway	B-1941
11312	Kenneth Stewart Hillway	
11313	Marcia Hillway	
114	Nellie Florence Stewart m-Leon Austelle Turner Children	B-1895, Polk Co., Oregon B-1896
1141	Mary Gladys Turner m-John Robert Stensen	B-1925, Polk Co., Oregon
1142	Margery Ann Turner m-James Robert Mischel Children	B-1927, Polk Co., Oregon
11421	James Robert Mischel	B-1953
11422	Michael Leon Mischel	
11423	Marie Elaine Mischel	B-1958
11424	Kelli Anne	
115	Samuel Leslie Stewart II m-Marjorie Anna Nahouse Children	B-1911
1151	Samuel Leslie Stewart III m-Kay Rene Wiseman Children	
11511	Stephanie Benda Stewart	B-1960
1152	Robert Lyle Stewart m-Darlene ? Children	
11521	Robert Gregory Stewart	
11522	Marlene Stewart	B-1962
116	Margery Grace Stewart m-Francis Henry Hamstreet Children	B-1913 B-1913
1161	John Leslie Hamstreet	B-1940
1162	Susan Frances Hamstreet	B-1941
1163	Carolyn Grace Hamstreet	B-1943
12	Mary Anna Stewart m-Glenn Owen Graves Children	B-1863 D-1927, Bur. Bethel Cemetery, Polk Co., Oregon B-1860 D-1927, Bur. Bethel Cemetery. Polk Co., Oregon
121	Eva Lillian Graves m- ? O'Neil	B-1885
122	Norma Frances Graves	B-1890/1

* Margery McLoughlin Stewart, m-2nd John Eliphalet Smith, m-3rd Langdon Bentley

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