

ANCESTOR STORIES
WEST
&
HERR

MARILOU WEST FICKLIN
GRASS VALLEY, CA
2016

Ancestor Stories

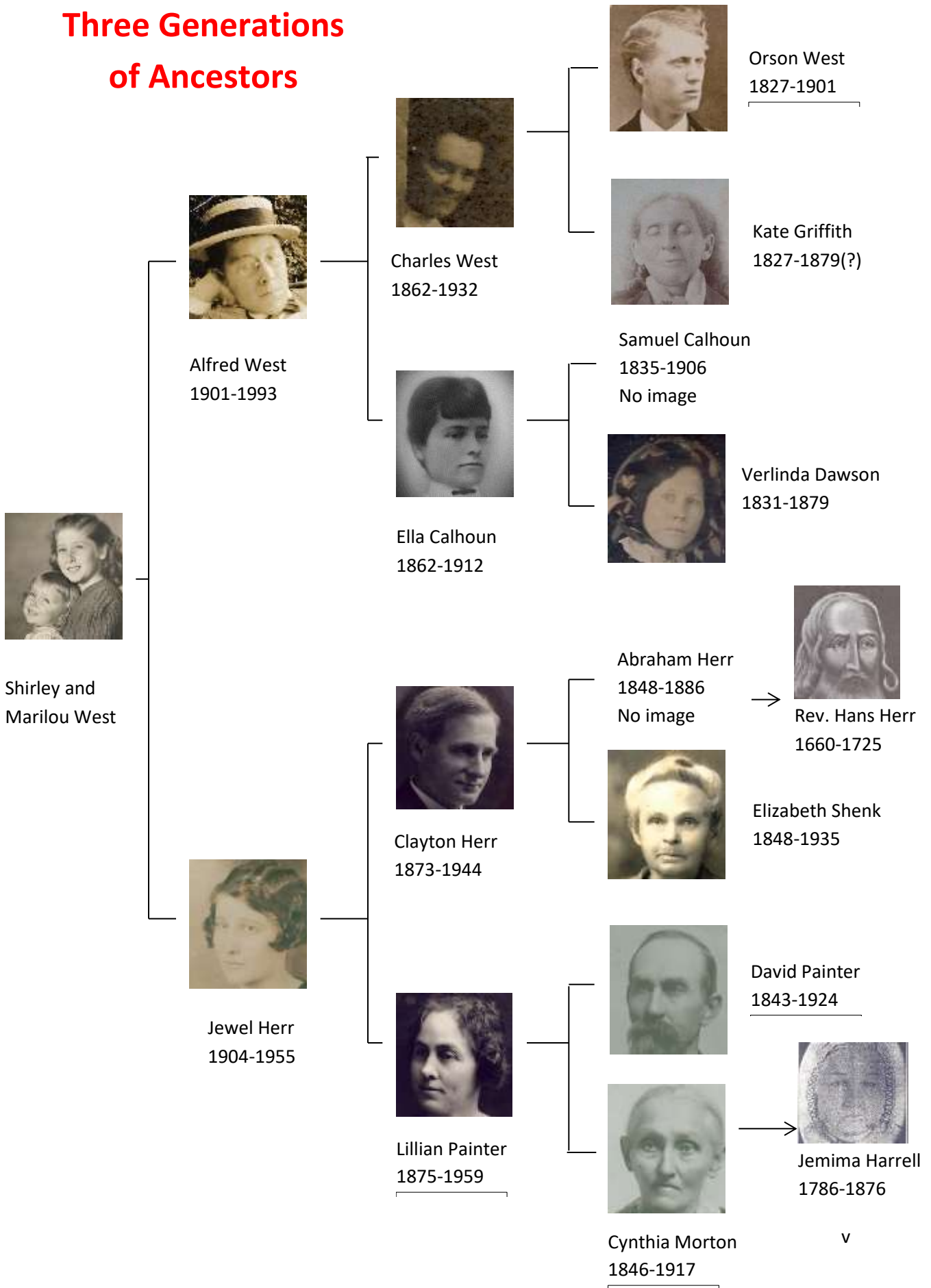


Shirley and Marilou West

Circa 1940

Ancestor Stories

Three Generations of Ancestors



Ancestor Stories

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WEST

1. Alfred West, Hunter and Movie Star

Alfred Lynn West, born in Kansas City, MO in 1901, came with an identity mystery: His uncle was also named “Alfred Lynn West”. Many of his cousins and his own child bore the middle name “Lynn” for generations. Where did the name come from? I **have** no clue.

Alfred always claimed to be ‘orphaned’ by his father when his mother died in 1912. Alfred was only eleven years old. Nevertheless he saved a letter his father wrote him in 1919 until his own death in 1993. His father’s letter showed no hint of alienation.



Despite the loss of his mother, Alfred grew up in Kansas City surrounded by a loving family of siblings, cousins, aunts and uncles. He is shown (left) with sister Margie.

Alfred is shown (right) as a teenager about 1917 at age 16. He shortly dropped out of school to find his own way. He followed the wheat harvest in Oklahoma, Nebraska and Kansas in the summers but returned to Kansas City in the winters to work in the Cuddahay slaughter house. It soured him on the meat industry forever. He never ate lamb again.



At age 18 in 1919, he set out on an adventure to follow the wheat harvest to Canada, first to Cupar, on the Qu Apelle and then leaving civilization behind he travelled north to Cumberland House at the lake of the headwaters of the Saskatchewan. He spent two years hunting, making his way west across Canada.

He turned 19 in September 1920 and tiring of the cold winters he made his way south working railroads and ranches in Texas and New Mexico.

Some say it was during this time he met, married, and divorced his first wife—but no record of such marriage has been found. Alfred never spoke of it.

In 1921 he reached Hollywood and tried acting in silent films. He lived at the Keswick Hotel on South Flower St. in downtown Los Angeles. Alfred received an invitation to a celebration honoring Hubert Hughes which suggests Alfred had played a small role in a Hughes film. The envelope enclosing the invitation shows he had moved to San Francisco by the time the invitation was sent.



This photo may be a promotional for a Rupert Hughes movie. The name of the movie is not known.



Alfred ↑



Alfred's movie career was less than spectacular. When he reached San Francisco he became a bit of a playboy—if beach photos are any indication. He spent lazy days with friends at Black Point in Marin County. But that life ended when he met a school marm named Jewel Herr.



Their courtship spanned two states, Jewel taught school in Chehalis, Washington, and Al clerked in the accounting department of Southern Pacific Railroad in San Francisco.

Al and Jewel married in 1926 in San Francisco. They raised two daughters and built a house in the new village of San Carlos, California.



Al and Jewel 1926



San Carlos Home



Jewel with Shirley 1928



Al with Shirley 1930



Al with Marilou 1938

2. Charles (Charlie) West, Last Progenitor

What can be said of Charles Orson West other than that of the seven children of Orson and Kate West, he was the only one to extend the West family name to the next generation.

None of his siblings produced any offspring at all. Unfortunately Orson's line also died out despite Charles' efforts: Charles' sons produced only daughters. Although his one daughter did produce two sons, they were not "Westes"—they carried on the name of "Kruse."

So good on Charlie. At least he tried.

Born in 1863 in Quincy, Illinois, Charles is registered in the 1870 census as "Charlie." At least at age seven he was regarded fondly by his family (or the census taker).



*Alfred and Margie West, Kansas City about 1903
Note the man in the background.
See closeup*

In the family photo album there is no photo of Charles except for one possible accidental image (above, right). In the upper left corner of the photo is a man peeking out from under the stairs of what is presumed to be the West home. Is it Charles? That small image is enlarged here (right).

Charles married Ella Calhoun in 1889 in Kansas City and shortly thereafter they went to Colorado with Charles' father and siblings. Their children, Fred, Cora and Marge were born there. They then moved to Texas about 1897. He returned to Kansas City when Cora died in 1898. Alfred was born in 1901.

The family had different residences in Kansas City over the years, but the house shown on the next page was their home in 1900.





Charles' wife, Ella Calhoun died in 1912. He remarried to a woman named May Garrett who outlived him.

When Charles died in 1932 May tried to open a probate but the court refused--his estate was too small; it totaled only \$105, mostly household items. Books and the family Bible were worth \$10. (Hopefully descendants will treasure it—it was his only legacy!)

There was one more item in his estate: "One Essex Coupe, 1928 Model, \$35."



Generic Essex 1928 Coupe

3. Orson West--Gold Rush, Cattle Dealer, San Francisco Tragedy

Orson was born in New York in 1827. He came with his father and a large extended family to Solon, Iowa as a child. He learned the cattle trading business.

In his twenties he married Kate Griffith, also of Solon. He then went to San Francisco, California and earned \$3,000—possibly in the gold fields—but more likely as a cattle merchant.

Kate and Orson raised four sons and two daughters. The oldest, James, was born in 1851 probably while Orson was in San Francisco. Twins, Alfred Lynn and Albert, were born in 1857. Pleasant Morris was born in 1860.



Hostilities between the Bushwackers of Missouri and the Jayhawkers of Kansas made Kansas City a violent place to live. When Civil War broke out Orson moved his family to Quincy, Illinois. Son Charles and daughters Cora and Opal were born in Quincy.



Kate died before 1870. Orson and his children returned to Kansas City where they lived in the old market area on the waterfront of the Missouri River. Sometime before 1890 all but Pleasant Morris left for Colorado.

After a brief stay in Colorado Orson and two sons and his daughters moved on to California. Orson settled on a ranch in Napa County near

his son James. His daughters married—Cora to a wealthy oilman. His son Alfred Lynn worked as an insurance agent in San Francisco in the Phelan Building, one of the city's newer high-rise buildings. And that is where Orson came to a tragic end.



From San Francisco Call, 9 April 1901
found inside family bible of
Ella Calhoun West

**FATALLY MANGLED
BY AN ELEVATOR**

O. C. West, an Aged Napa Rancher, Killed in the Phelan Building.

Orson C. West, an aged rancher residing near Napa City, met an awful death by being crushed by an elevator in the Phelan building yesterday afternoon. Mr. West and his son, Alfred L. West, an insurance agent, entered the building at about 6 o'clock to go to the younger man's offices. The son stepped into the elevator and his father, who was close behind him, had just got one foot inside the door when the elevator suddenly shot upward. The old gentleman was thrown off his balance, and he was caught between the floor of the cage and the wall of the elevator shaft and dragged upward several feet. By this time the elevator boy had brought the cage to a standstill, and the body of the unfortunate man was dropped to the stone floor below.

A hurried examination showed that Mr. West was still alive, and he was hurried to the Receiving Hospital in an ambulance, but life was extinct before he reached there.

Police officers went in search of the elevator boy, but could not locate him. No one about the building could give any information regarding him except that he had been employed in the building only a day or two.

Mr. West was 72 years of age and well known in Napa Valley. He was fairly well-to-do, being the reputed owner of several pieces of valuable land in Napa County.

The remains were removed to the Morgue, where it was found that the skull had been badly fractured and both legs broken.

From San Francisco Call
11 April 1901, p. 12

Image provided by:
Kelly Olsen, granddaughter of
Redmond Johnson

**DEATH BROUGHT
BY BOY'S HAND**

Orson West Killed Through Redmond Johnson Turning Lever.

Redmond Johnson, a bright-faced little boy 10 inches high and who had a half year old, told the Coroner's jury yesterday that it was by his hand that Orson C. West came to his death in the Phelan building elevator last Monday night.

The testimony of the witnesses was that Alfred L. West, a son of the victim, stepped into the elevator first. Waiting behind him were his father and Edward N. Borg. Just as the older West stepped upon the floor of the cage, the elevator went up at full speed, crushing him against the second floor. Hugh M. Cameron, 20 years old, and in charge of the elevator, reversed the lever and brought the elevator half way down to the starting point, and the injured man fell to the bottom of the well.

Cameron said he saw Mr. Borg waiting to enter the cage after Mr. West, and he did not have hold of the lever and that the elevator ascended at full speed, so the older Mr. West was stepping into it.

Redmond Johnson, the innocent cause of the old man's death, was very nervous and very much frightened when he took the witness chair. He said he had gone into the elevator with his father, who requested him to wait until he returned.

"I pushed the lever with my arm, and it went up as Mr. West was going on," he said. "I didn't think it was dangerous."

"I pushed it accidentally, didn't you?" demanded the Coroner.

"No, sir. I pushed it with my arm, but I didn't think anybody would get hurt."

The jury returned a verdict that Orson C. West was accidentally killed by the elevator of the Phelan building, and we receive the owner of said building for permitting others to ride in the elevator during hours of public service.

Death of Orson West, San Francisco Mortuary Record 1901

MORTUARY RECORD OF THE			
No.	Name	Age	Sex
101	Orson West	42	Male
102	John Smith	55	Male
103	Mary Jones	38	Female
104	James Brown	60	Male
105	Elizabeth White	45	Female
106	Robert Black	50	Male
107	Sarah Green	35	Female
108	William Hall	65	Male
109	Anna King	40	Female
110	George Lee	58	Male

CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, BOOK 7.			
No.	Name	Age	Sex
111	Orson West	42	Male
112	John Smith	55	Male
113	Mary Jones	38	Female
114	James Brown	60	Male
115	Elizabeth White	45	Female
116	Robert Black	50	Male
117	Sarah Green	35	Female
118	William Hall	65	Male
119	Anna King	40	Female
120	George Lee	58	Male

Pioneers' Graves In Laurel Hill To Be Moved

Cemetery of 38,000 To Make Room for City's Expansion

Laurel Hill, historic final resting place for thousands of San Francisco pioneers, today was about to surrender its domain to further growth of the city which its sleeping residents helped build.

FEB 26 1940

New homes and business structures are destined to rise on the lonely hill where 38,000 founders and past figures of the city now lie.

To make way for this development, workmen are to begin removal this week of the remains of the famed statesman, educators, financiers, inventors and plain citizens which have rested there since bonanza days.

Several bodies have already been removed privately and several hundred more will be taken to new resting places by individuals.

IN COLUMBARIUM

All others will be placed temporarily in the Cypress Lawn Columbarium at a cost of \$200,000, then go into a permanent haven now under construction at Lawndale. This repository will be known as the Laurel Hill Mausoleum and is expected to be completed by midsummer at posts estimated between \$250,000 and \$300,000.

October 1937 p. 35

THE MUNICIPAL RECORD

Burial at Laurel Hill, San Francisco Pioneer Cemetery and later removal of remains to Cypress Hill, Colma (see next page regarding tombstones)

S.F. Chronicle, April 1, 1977

S.F. Mystery

Tombstones at the Beach

By Michael Grieg

Scores of tombstones — some dating back to the 1930s — surfaced mysteriously yesterday along a wind-swept stretch of Ocean Beach.

Joseph Mirabile of 1635 47th avenue was jogging along the beach when he noticed the slabs of granite and marble jutting out of the sand opposite Rivera street and the Great Highway.

"It was sort of scary," he said.

One broken slab bore part of an inscription that read: ". . . Saunders . . . in Alexandria, Va. . . San Rafael, Sept. 10, 1869 . . . 80 years."

Parts of pedestals and memorial columns lay scattered in the foam of the surging Pacific. A piece of marble shaft was inscribed with the simple name "Hunt."

Gail Bills, 25, who grew up in the area, said the find was "the strangest stuff I've ever come across in a city that's weird enough."

"Maybe there was once a ship carrying bodies and tombstones to home towns back east that capsized around here," she speculated. "Hey, it could be an omen of the end of the world. . ."

But more ancient beachcombers knew the true tale. The tombstones were from among 38,000 taken in the early 1940s from old Laurel Hill Cemetery to make way for the Laurel Heights development west of Masonic avenue.

The city used the tombstones and old pavement slabs as the core of Marina breakwaters and as anti-erosion barriers for Ocean Beach sand — whose continuing wind-erosion has uncovered them again.



By t

Gail Bills and Richard Rainery wandered among the grave markers on Ocean

4. John West—Blackhawk Land, Pilgrim Roots?

John West achieved some fame among the settlers on the Blackhawk Lands of Iowa after the legendary Blackhawk war of 1832. He “platted” – and some might say “founded”--the town of Solon in eastern Iowa. He was among the earliest pioneer settlers. His achievement is recorded in the town’s published histories but not much of a personal nature is recorded.

John is mentioned as being a founding member of the Methodist-Episcopal Church in Solon with his “wife.” Piecing together his life in Solon from fragments of information, it appears that John arrived in Solon in the 1840s with a large extended living under one roof—of which he was head. Elderly people also lived with him—possibly his parents or his wife’s parents. Nothing more is known.

His wife was named “Clarissa.” They seem to have had several children. The only known child was Orson. It also appears that Clarissa died between 1850 and 1853.

John remarried to Hannah Hill. Then, unfortunately he died in 1861. He left a will that mentioned only his second wife and step children. He is buried at the Sandtown Cemetery in Hills, Iowa.

And that’s it. That’s all we know—except that according



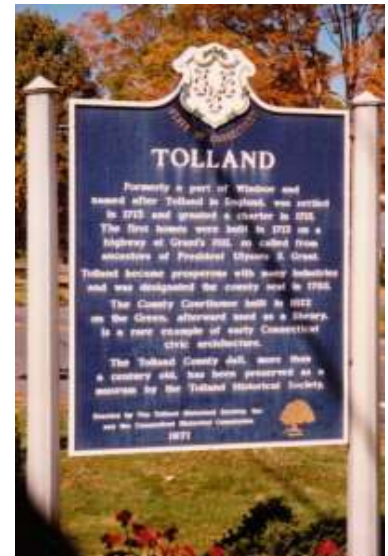
Rattlesnake Hill--vicinity of West settlement

to the 1850 and 1860 census John was born somewhere in New York about 1796-7.

Footnote: Recent DNA tools for genealogy provide a clue to John’s ancestry. My autosomal DNA matched a fifth cousin named “Melatiah Hatch” who married “Mary West” of Tolland, CT and Lee, MA in

the mid 1700s. These Wests trace back to Francis West of Duxbury a member of Plymouth Plantation. (Ficklin: “Wests of Tolland, CT and Lee, MA”)

Lee, MA



DNA Update: West

Recent DNA comparisons online suggest a possible connection of 'our' Wests to Pilgrim ancestors.

DNA matches suggests two separate lines—one or the other—or neither—may be correct:

1. Francis West of Duxbury: Thirty seven years ago when I began to research my great grandfather, Orson West's line, I believed the Wests descended from Francis West of Duxbury a member of Plymouth Plantation. In 2000 I discovered another Orson West with a completely different history—the correct one. So I put aside the connection to Francis of Duxbury. What remained was a trail that ended with the 'new' Orson's father, John West.

But surprise! When I had my DNA tested recently I found my autosomal DNA matched a fifth cousin named "Melatiah Hatch" who married "Mary West" of Tolland, CT and Lee, MA in the mid 1700s. I knew a lot about this line and produced a work entitled "The Wests of Tolland, CT and Lee, MA which described these very Wests and Hatches. Their story is of pioneering the glass industry in Lee, MA is well known. It now appears that we may be, after all, descendants of Francis West of Duxbury.

Pelatiah West and his partner Joseph Hatch in Lee MA ran the Glassworks factory in Lee. Although no specific documents have been found to prove a West-Hatch marriage in Lee, circumstantial evidence strongly suggests a Hatch/West connection during Revolutionary period in Lee, MA. (See extensive doc in "Wests of Tolland and Lee).

2. William West . DNA matches at the fifth cousin level also suggest a connection to a completely different Pilgrim line. George Soule was a ____ on the Mayflower. His daughter, ____ Soule, married a man (unfortunately) also named Francis West (not even related to Francis West of (1) above. They had a son, William West, who married Jane Tanner. They removed from _____ to settle in New Hampshire/Rhode Island in _____. They had ____ children. Among them were Ebenezer and Benjamin. My autosomal DNA matches both of them at the level of 5th cousins. Benjamin's descendants migrated to Rensselaer Co. NY in the late 1700s. Ebenezer's descendants migrated to New Hampshire where twin sons, Joseph and John were born. The family then migrated to Shroon Lake and Minerva in Essex County in upstate New York. John West (born 1766) had a son John who got into some trouble in ____ NH and for whom no further record. It is tempting to believe my great great grandfather might have been that 'John.' He might have left New York for the West because of that trouble. It is all conjecture.

Is it possible both scenarios are true? Did a descendant of Melatiah Hatch—or some other Hatch—meet up with descendants of William West?

Note: Unreliability of DNA databases. Raw DNA data can be compiled scientifically. Family histories can be compiled from church, family land civil records—but more often than not they are completely whimsical. Yet DNA databases services such as Ancestry.com and GedCom allow (or encourage) users to draw conclusions from these co-mingled sources. For decades I have struggled against family researchers who use Ancestry as a database. For years it has produced a database built on fantasy built on fantasy copied by yet another generation of family historians.

It is this hodge podge of ridiculous family trees that has probably led to my conflicting DNA matches. No doubt I have 5th cousins out there with matching DNA. A few posted family trees may be well-researched. Most are not. An ancestor like a 'Pilgrim' becomes a magnet to which dozens if not hundreds of family researchers attempt to attach. Legitimate potential ancestors who never became rich and famous (or infamous) are left in the vacuum of unclaimed ancestors. As far as Ancestry is concerned they never existed—because no one claimed them. The sad truth of genealogy is that it pays to be rich and or famous. Otherwise you seem to have left no prodigy.

In my case I believe from DNA evidence that I do have West cousins out there somewhere. I just do not believe they are all descended from Francis West of Duxbury (either one of them).

I think I descend from some poor pauper born in New York who struck out west after the turn of the 19th century. Because his parents were also paupers they never recorded a baptismal certificate or a will naming children. But they existed even if not named in any church or civic documents. If only they had committed a crime or bought some property.

GRIFFITH

5. James Griffith, the Disciples of Christ and the Mormons, 1820

Rachel Griffith wrote of her father: "He was a member of the Campbellite, or Christian Church, and a truly devoted man."

History of the Campbellite movement: In the beginning Alexander Campbell travelled throughout eastern Ohio from Mt. Pleasant, Jefferson County to Medina and Portage Counties accompanied by Sydney Rigdon and William West and others between 1827 and 1830. His mission was to convert Reform Baptist congregations. He accumulated an ever-expanding body of followers who became known as "The Disciples of Christ." About 1830 Rigdon broke away, joined the Mormon movement in Kirtland, Ohio and became one its leaders. Elder William West denounced Rigdon and Mormonism in general. It is likely James Griffith was caught up in the Disciples movement about that time.

It is conceivable James Griffith met John West of Portage Co., Ohio through Elder William West of the Disciples—but there is no proof John and William were related.

James Griffith may have been born in Brooke Co. VA (WV) on Buffalo Creek in the shadow of what is now Alexander Campbell's "Bethany College." (Some Griffiths actually sold Campbell land where the college is located.)

James Griffith's first ties to the Disciples Church was documented in Bladensburg, Ohio where the Elder Samuel Wheeler performed the marriage of James and his bride, Elizabeth Hall. Her sister Anne married Samuel's son, Samuel, Jr. and her sister Ruth, married another "Disciple", Evan Payn. Together they migrated west to Solon, Iowa and formed a Disciples Church there.

There were other sides to James Griffith besides his religious fervor. He was a merchant, veterinarian and horse ferrier. He might have been a gold seeker too.

The census of 1850 shows him as a farmer worth \$450. The 1860 census lists him as a merchant worth \$35,000—and his son William H. Griffith suddenly had

\$12,000. It is possible James and William accompanied Orson West to San Francisco in the early 1850s and got lucky.

However, it is equally likely they gained this fortune because of James' in-laws, William and Jane Hall who died in 1852. Although gravestones confirm their deaths, no will or probate has been found for either of them.

Regardless of his sudden wealth in 1860, James, apparently was no money manager, for in the 1870 census he was listed as a horse Ferrier in Hannibal, Missouri with only \$1000. (Maybe he gave his money to the church.)

James and Elizabeth went from Hannibal to Chicago. They died in Chicago in 1894 and 1891 respectively. We have no photographic record of James or his wife – not even their gravestones.

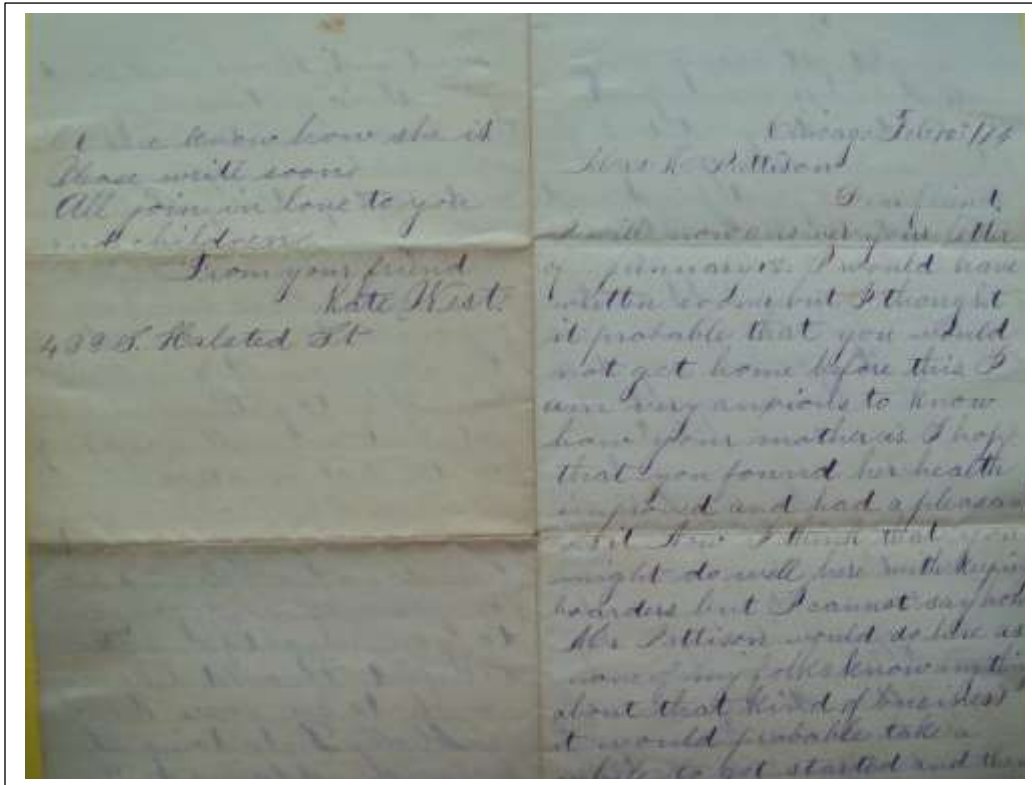
Their daughters Rachel and Kate did leave images behind. Not quite equal images, however. The image on right shows Rachel as a young woman. The image of Kate below is a post mortem funeral photo.



Rachel Griffith Harlan



Fortunately Kate left a letter expressing her feelings about every-day life in Chicago in 1874, a few years before her death. An image and excerpt is shown on the next page.



“Chicago is a great place and I do not think it costs more to live here than any other place excepting that rent is a little higher than in small towns. It has been very dull since the Panic occurred up to the present time. But business is beginning to look up now. “

Letter from Kate to Mrs. H. Pattison (the mother of her future daughter-in-law, Henrietta Pattison who married Kate and Orson West's son Pleasant Morris West).

6. Joseph Griffith--Misbehaving Quakers

Everybody and his brother claims to be related to Joseph Griffith. Joseph happened to be the son of a man named Isaac Griffith of Gunpowder Falls, Maryland. Isaac was descended from a Welsh immigrant that had been extensively researched and the research published long ago. Lazy family historians have been [erroneously] adopting this family ever since—even Richard Nixon’s descendants [though the Nixon claim appears valid].

In the case of Joseph, I resisted trying to prove I was related to him—even though I knew from hard evidence that I descended from a man named Joseph Griffith born in Maryland in 1758.



Gunpowder Meeting House

It turned out *my* Joseph was actually *the* Joseph. Imagine that! I have been defending my claim with hard-earned evidence ever since.

It turns out Joseph’s birth and marriage are contained in the records of the Friends Gunpowder Monthly Meeting and other Quaker Meetings. Those Quakers recorded everything—and in colorful terms.

It appears that Joseph was born a Quaker, the son of Isaac and his wife Ann Burson. His mother died and his father married another Ann Burson (the wife of his brother-in-law Benjamin Burson.) Then Joseph himself married a woman named Catherine Burson. Got pretty confusing—but all documented in detail in those Quaker Meeting records.

Marriage of Isaac Griffith and Ann Dickey Burson (Isaac’s second marriage)

Joseph’s mother, Ann Burson Griffith died about 1773. Shortly thereafter his father, Isaac, removed to Loudon County, Virginia west of present day Washington, DC where he attempted to marry the sister-in-law of his deceased wife. However the Friends Meeting at Fairfax disapproved of the close existing

family connection and turned down his request. So he married the woman (Ann Burson) outside the faith in Frederick County, Maryland. The couple was disowned for that act.

Isaac and Joseph remained in the jurisdiction of Fairfax Meeting during the Revolution.



In 1779 the Fairfax Meeting condemned Joseph for *'taking the test'*. The test was essentially an "oath of allegiance" to the United States of America. The government administered the "test" to ferret out "British Loyalists." But the Quakers saw the 'test' as a means to force Quakers to support bearing arms—which was against their faith. They feared they might be forced to fight.

Somehow it worked out all right for most Quakers. They satisfied their oath and their faith by providing agricultural supplies to the troops.

Joseph and his siblings survived the war but attitudes within the family seemed to have changed.

Marriage of Joseph Griffith and Catherine Burson

Joseph married Catherine Burson in Virginia and then returned to Gunpowder Falls in Maryland with his new wife. **On July 9, 1786 the Gunpowder Meeting condemned "Joseph Griffith and Catharine (before marriage Burson) for marrying outside the good order."** One of them, probably Catherine, was a lapsed Quaker. Perhaps neither one of them felt particularly bound to the Quaker customs.

Misbehavior of Joseph's siblings

Some of his brothers and sisters also slipped into disfavor with the elders of Gunpowder Meeting:

Abraham Griffith stayed true. He married first, **Mary Moore**, but had to bid at public auction to settle the tax liens of his new mother-in-law.

Mary Moore's brother John was charged 23 Sep 1772 with *"leaving his wife and children, and we have great reason to think he intends to take a young woman with him on a private and scandalous manner."*

David Moore, son of John, was charged 28 Apr 1773 with *"frequenting places of diversion."*

Rachel Griffith stayed true. Her husband, Joseph Shaw, got in trouble with the Friends in 1773 *because of drunkenness*. In 1779 Gunpowder Meeting granted a certificate to Rachel and her children but ignored her husband Joseph who was still alive. (The term 'shunned' may not be used by Quakers but Joseph obviously got the cold shoulder.)

Sarah Griffith: *"On 25th day of 11th month, 1772, Sarah Griffith charged with keeping unseemingly company with a married man of her neighborhood."*

Elizabeth Griffith: *"On -[?] day of 8th month, 1780, Elizabeth Griffith was charged with 'having' lately married out from among us by a priest."*

John Griffith: *On 30 Sep 1786 he was charged with "uncleanness and leaving these parts in a clandestine manner to the injury and disadvantage of his master."* (It sounds as if John skipped town—perhaps to go west.)

As to proof that Joseph (son of Isaac) was the father of James Griffith (our ancestor) it is much too convoluted to explain here. There is a document that explains it all—which I doubt you will ever read. (Ficklin, *"Joseph Griffith and Catherine Burson,"* 2012)

CALHOUNS AND DAWSONS

7. Ella Calhoun School Teacher--Keepsakes

Ella (shown at left) was born in 1862 in Calcutta, OH which is near the border of Ohio and Pennsylvania on the Ohio River. Her father's Calhoun family had pioneered the land on the south side of the Ohio River at Hookstown and her mother's Dawson family founded Georgetown. Dawson first cousins had intermarried for several generations—if not longer. They came from Maryland and had been in America many generations. The Calhouns were recent arrivals, her grandfather Johnston had not come to America until after the Revolution.

A woman of Ella's generation would not expect to make history. However Ella left something quite valuable that her male counterparts did not: she kept an autograph album and thereby preserves the sentiments of many of our ancestors --her sisters, her



father, husband and friends.



Her parents left Calcutta during the Civil War and settled in El Paso, Illinois. A young brother died there in infancy and a sister, Dula, died there at two. In the late 1870s they went to southeastern Kansas, settling in Wellington. Her mother, Verlinda Dawson Calhoun (left) died there in 1879 when Ella was only seventeen. Ella went to work as a teacher in Wellington. Her father moved on to Rich Hill, Missouri. Her sister Eva married

Henry Holder there in 1883. Her sister Mary married Bud Neptune.

In 1888 a terrible mining disaster claimed the life of J.C. Neptune trapped underground and suffocated.

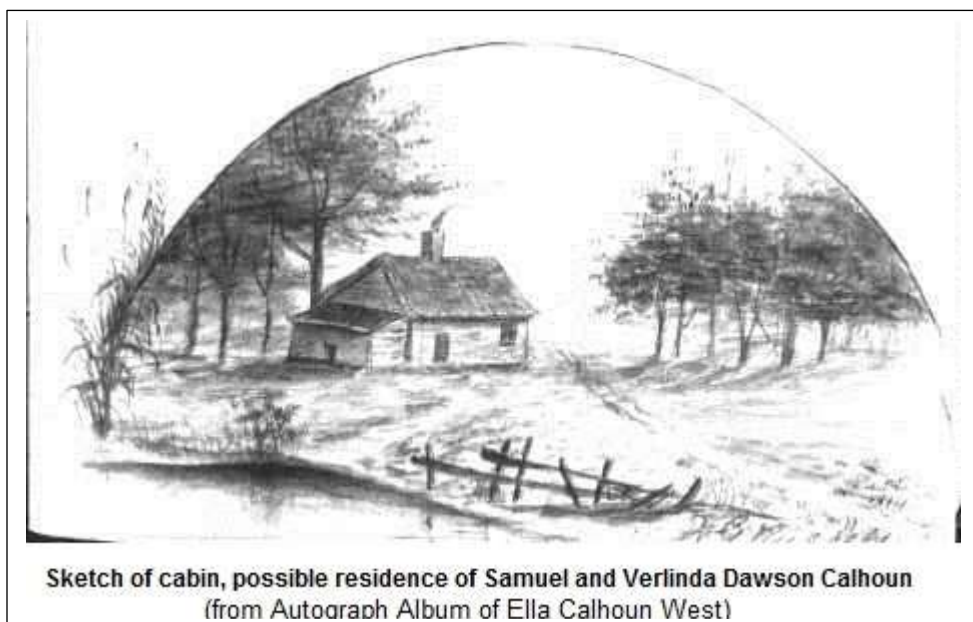
The disaster was described in a Kansas City newspaper:

Kansas City, Mo., March 31. -- Further particulars of the disastrous mine explosion at Rich Hill, Mo., show that there has been a great loss of life. The mine is 240 feet below the surface, and eighty-five men were employed in the mine, but it is thought not all were at work at the time. At the time of the explosion eight men were in the cage coming up. There was a sudden report, a collapse of the shaft, and the horror had been completed.

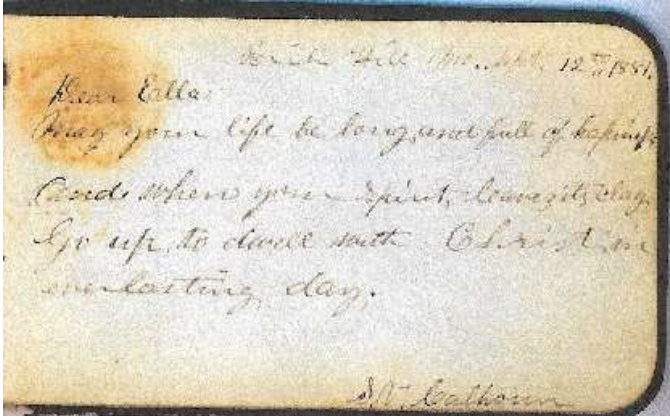
Superintendent SWEENEY immediately went down the shaft in a tub lowered by ropes. He had scarcely reached the bottom when two other reports were heard, followed by the screams of wounded men. It was impossible to make any extensive exploration, but the most conservative estimate puts the loss of life at thirty. The mine is six miles from Rich Hill and it will be some days before the debris can be cleared away and the actual loss of life known. "

Ella married Charles West of Kansas City in 1889. Their daughter, Cora, died at five in 1898. Ella's sister Mary died the next year at 41 in 1899. Her father-in-law, Orson West, died tragically in 1901 and her own father, Samuel Calhoun, in 1906. Ella herself died at fifty in 1912.

Images from Ella's autograph albums:

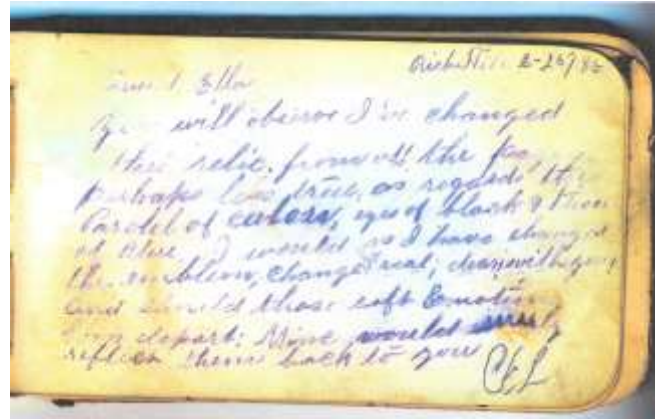


Ancestor Stories



Left: from father, S.V. Calhoun

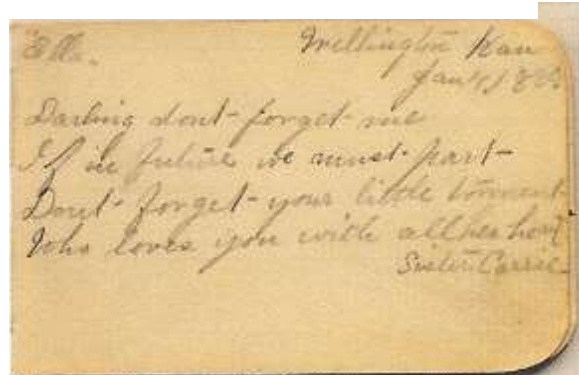
Below: from fiancé, Charles



Left: from sister-in-law Opal West, Colorado



Below: from sister Carrie



Below: from sister "Jew"



Above: from sister Mary Below: from sister Rosebud



Ella's notes to herself: the schools where she taught:



North Muddy, Rich Hill 1881-2

Elkhart, Sumner, KS 1881

Willow Branch, Arthur, MO 1883



Rich Hill, 2003

Sixty-Fifth Year

FALL FROM TRACTOR FATAL

William Holder Killed Monday—World War Veteran

William Holder, aged 38, was killed Monday morning at about 6:30 o'clock, when he fell from a tractor at his home near Kingsville. He had left the house early in the morning to haul water.

After backing the tractor astride the tongue of a sled which was frozen to the ground, he apparently was thrown from his seat, falling between a tractor wheel and the tongue of the sled. When he was found by his brother he was dead as the result of a crushed chest. The wheels of the tractor were still spinning, grinding into the left shoulder of the dead man.

William Holder was a single man, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Holder with whom he lived.

He had seen active service in the World War, and had suffered severe injuries. He was a member of the American Legion Post at Pleasant Hill.

Funeral services were held Wednesday with burial in Raytown cemetery.

A Bright Child Dead.

A 5-year-old daughter of Mrs. Ella B. West died at the home of Mr. Bud Neptune, south of Rich Hill, yesterday, of membranous croup. Mrs. West is a sister of Mrs. Neptune, and resides in Texas. She and her daughter were here on a visit. The husband and father, who is in Texas, has been telegraphed and will probably arrive to-night.

MRS. J. B. NEPTUNE PASSES AWAY AT NEVADA HOSPITAL

Mrs. Eva J. Neptune, 62 years old, wife of J. B. Neptune of this city, died at 3:30 o'clock Tuesday afternoon of pernicious anaemia at the Vernon hospital in Nevada, where she had been taken for an major operation, a blood transfusion being restored to with the hope of saving her life. Her death was a shock to the family and friends. She was a member of the Presbyterian church and a woman highly esteemed in this entire community. She was born Bloomington, Ill., April 15, 1865, and come to Bates county in 1881, with her parents Mr. and Mrs. S. V. Calhoun. She was united in marriage to J. B. Neptune, December 24, 1883. Surviving are the husband and seven sons; Homer C., Earl A., Leo V., Herschel P., of the home; Guy O., Basil B. of Kansas City, and James M. Neptune of Nevada Mo. Funeral services will be held at 3:30 o'clock Thursday afternoon at the Presbyterian church conducted by Rev. Canaday. Interment in Greenlawn cemetery. The pallbearers; C. W. Orris, T. W. Hicks, J. W. Jamison, F. E. Jacobs, J. P. Klumpp, H. P. Robinson.

Obituaries found in Ella's Bible

8. Benoni Dawson, Pioneer, Rebel, Slave Owner, Ferryman

Benoni Dawson came from Maryland to the Pennsylvania frontier in 1782 before the Revolutionary War was over. He brought 13 children, seven slaves, and wife Rebecca Mackall. In 1790 he drove his cattle to the Ohio River, cleared ten acres and planted corn on “Mill Creek Bottom.” As was custom in his home state of Maryland the land had a name: “Bone of Contention.” Benoni founded the village of Georgetown on the river and with his sons established a ferry business. Indian raids plagued the settlement. His sons served as riflemen stationed at the frontier to protect the families of Georgetown and what would become Beaver County.

The natives were not the only enemies. After the War President Washington made war on the whiskey distilleries of Western Pennsylvania. Monongahela Rye was the standard spirit. Almost everyone had a still. The new government levied a tax on them and all hell broke loose.



Georgetown from across the Ohio, 1983

A corps of inspectors and revenue collectors came west to search out offenders and collect taxes. The ‘revenueurs’ broke into homes and businesses and demanded immediate payment of the tax. Benoni and his neighbors rebelled—it was called the “Whiskey Rebellion.” The rebels burned the home of a local collector and robbed the outgoing mail to gather intelligence on government operations. Robert Johnston was the first casualty. He was serving as excise collector in Washington and Allegheny Counties when in September of that year a party of armed men attacked him at Pigeon Creek in Washington County. They cut his hair and then tarred and feathered him. Raids on premises of other government agents continued through 1793.

On writing about Benoni’s descendants, an author said: “his descendants were as numerous as Pharoah’s frogs having spread themselves all over the western and northwestern states” GWD 1854 in , Charles Dawson, *The Dawson Family*, p 235

Benoni's genealogy is a bit convoluted. First cousins married first cousins every other generation. One boy married his aunt. They were prolific too.

9. Johnston Calhoun, Brig Cunningham, Whiskey Rebellion

Outrageous claims: cousin of John C. Calhoun etc.

“The progenitor of this family was Gloud or Thaddeus Calhoun, of Ireland, who married a sister of Lord Blaney, at Blaney’s Castle (now called Blarney). His son William married a Miss Sprowl, a daughter of Jane Johnston, who escaped the siege of Derry by hiding in a potato furrow....William had a son Johnston and a daughter Jane. Jane married a distant relation in Ireland, named Samuel Calhoun. They came to America and settled in South Carolina. The great statesman, John C. Calhoun, was their son. Johnston also came to America in 1790, in the Brig ‘Cunningham,’ and landed in Philadelphia. He lived three years in Kennigojig, Pa., then went to Washington County and rented a farm where the Washington County Home now stands. He sold provisions to the government troops commanded by George Washington, when he was sent to quell the whisky insurrection. In 1800 he bought over 300 acres of land at Mill Creek....”¹

The legend published many times in Beaver County, Pennsylvania is mostly unproven hogwash. (Regarding John C. Calhoun, see the next section, # 10.)

One part of the legend is true. The Brig Cunningham was real and so was “Kennigo-jig” – given a distinctly Irish phonetic spelling of the French name of the “Conococheague” River.

Johnston Calhoun did bring his wife, Jane Donnehay/Donaghy, and their children to America from Ulster in 1790 on the brig:

They had possibly lived in Letterkenny, Donegal County. The legend of their voyage to America states they sailed from Derry (Londonderry County) to Philadelphia.

Conditions on the ship were so deplorable that the Captain, Robert Cunningham, was tried, convicted and sentenced by a Philadelphia court for brutality and ill

¹ *History of Beaver County, Pennsylvania* (Philadelphia: A. Warner & Co., Publishers, 1888), p. 832. See also John Calhoun Ewing, MD, “The Calhoun Family of The South Side of Beaver County, Pennsylvania, Pioneer Settlers and Rivermen,” (Typescript, Pittsburgh, PA, 1969). See also Alan Taliaferro Calhoun: A collection of manuscripts and correspondence provided to him by Calhoun family researchers, microfilmed by the Utah Genealogical Society in 1956. (LDS microfilm # 362375). The cited item appears under item #3 as “Johnston Calhoun 1753-1835, Beaver Co., PA.”

treatment of passengers.² Although sentenced to prison, Robert Cunningham served only a short time because his friends exercised influence over the court resulting in his early release in 1791.

"In 1788, for example, a Philadelphia court found against an Irish captain "for brutality and ill-treatment of his passengers." Eighteen months later, the Hibernian Society for the Relief of Immigrants from Ireland was founded in the same city. This society lost no time in denouncing **Captain Robert Cunningham** of the brig Cunningham (Derry to Philadelphia, 1790) for his "flagrant violations of the precepts of humanity" and later sponsored his indictment on charges of overcrowding and scarcity of provisions, despite the vessel's advertisement to the contrary. As a result, Cunningham was fined 500 [pounds sterling] and spent several months in prison. He was eventually released in April 1791 after "friends of the master" had petitioned for "relief" and "clemency." However, the appeal was not effective until the Hibernian Society itself was seen to formally support such leniency. (25) This case showed that the complaints of newly arrived Irish immigrants, as coordinated by their immigrant-aid societies, could not be ignored. Moreover, ship owners were again reminded that their passengers were no longer mere ballast for their holds."³

Family legend suggests that Johnston's year-old daughter, Mary, died on the voyage. His son, Robert, born in 1790-92, was born after the voyage, possibly in Franklin County, PA.

The evil captain of the ship was probably his own cousin. The Cunninghams and Colquhouns of Dunbarton in Scotland and Ulster had intermarried for decades, if not centuries.

Upon arriving at Philadelphia Johnston travelled inland to Franklin County on the Conococheague. It was a settlement of many Ulster immigrants. He made the acquaintance of one Robert Johnston, a veteran of the Revolution and prominent citizen. (Possibly the same Robert Johnston tarred and feathered in 1793 by the folks in Beaver County [previous section].)

George Washington came to Franklin County in 1794 and visited the home of Dr. Robert Johnston.

² Britte Marie Perez, Anthropologist, Albuquerque, NM: J. Franklin Jameson, ed., "Letters of Phineas Bond, British Consul at Philadelphia," *Annual Report of the American Historical Association for the year 1897* (Washington, 1898), pp. 472-473, 482.

³ Maurice J. Bric, "Patterns of Irish emigration to America, 1783-1800," *Eire-Ireland: Journal of Irish Studies*, Spring Summer 2001, citing: FJ, 30 August 1788; *Philadelphia American Daily Advertiser (ADA)*, 4 March 1791..

"...President George Washington came into the area to quell the opposition to the tax on whiskey that the federal government had levied. This incident in the nations history is known as the Whiskey Rebellion. In October of 1794, the President assembled an army at Carlisle..... On October 11, the military forces, led by Washington and his staff, left Carlisle and reached Chambersburg that evening. The next day, they marched to Greencastle. The President visited his friend, Dr. Robert Johnston, and stayed overnight in the Johnston home....George Washington's visit with Dr. Johnston was due to a friendship that had been established in the Revolution....President Jefferson appointed Dr. Johnston as the United States revenue collector for western Pennsylvania...."⁴

It is possible Robert Johnston was a distant relative of Johnston Calhoun. In the aforesaid legend, Johnston's maternal grandmother was "Jane Johnston" the colorful figure, and brave little girl who escaped the Siege of Derry by hiding in a potato furrow.

Sometime after his arrival in Washington County, Johnston Calhoun contracted to sell provisions to the U.S. Government to put down the Whiskey Rebellion. He moved from Franklin to Washington County (the part that later became Beaver County).

As a new immigrant, who was also provisioning the federal troops, he must have alienated his new neighbors. However no evidence suggests he suffered any abuse for his actions. Johnston became a respected member of the community and a distiller himself. He was appointed Supervisor of Hanover Township, Beaver County, in 1805 and auditor in 1809.



Hookstown scenes 1983.

The early tax tables for Beaver County show the pervasiveness of distilleries. Curiously, one of the distillers listed in County Taxables of 1802 was *Benjamin Cunningham*. Lawsuits were filed in Circuit Court against Johnstons and Cunninghams in nearby Shenango Township. The 1805 Tax List for New Hanover Township shows Johnston himself as a distiller:

Johnston Calhound [sic], 225 acres, 2 horses, 3 cows and a distillery

An often repeated anecdote around Mill Creek states that Johnston built a mill in the creek and “put in a set of choppers. By putting the grain in the hopper in the morning when he started to plow there would be enough ground by noon to feed his horses. On one occasion he accidentally shut his hound in and when he came to get the noon feed the hound had eaten all in the feedbox and was barking up the spout for more.”

Johnston and Jane Calhoun raised their children on a 300-acre farm on Mill Creek in Beaver County during the opening days of the Ohio frontier.

Their son Robert Calhoun married Mary Young and the couple raised three daughters and three sons in Hookstown on Mill Creek. Robert died at age 46 in 1836 leaving his widow, Mary, to raise their young family. One of the children was her new-born infant son, Samuel V. Calhoun, born a year before his father’s death.

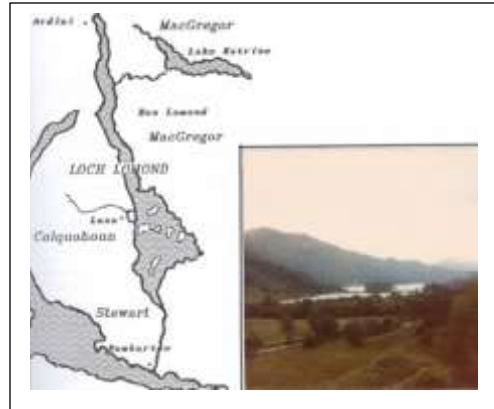
Grave of Robert and Mary Calhoun, Mill Creek Cemetery,
Hookstown, Beaver County, Pennsylvania



10. Colquhoun Massacre, Loch Lomond, 1602

Alexander XV Laird of Colquhoun and Luss

In early December 1602 **Alexander XV** fought the final battle for the lands of **Luss** against Alastair MacGregor. The first battle was fought at Glenfinlas near Rhosdu in Luss. Two hundred Colquhouns were killed in the massacre. Following his loss Alexander went to Stirling to seek the King's support. The women of the Colquhoun warriors accompanied him carrying the bloody shirts of the wounded and killed. The King was persuaded to support Alexander XV, investing him with "the powers to repress crimes...and to apprehend perpetrators."⁵



The act of the King aroused the MacGregors to more aggression against the Colquhouns and they brought a large armed force to Glenfruin in February 1603. The MacGregor strategy trapped the Colquhouns and massacred 140 men, women and children⁶.

The King felt compassion for the Colquhoun survivors and hatred for the MacGregors. He officially crushed the whole Clan of MacGregor, "exterminated them,



confiscated their lands and hunted them down like animals, allowing them the use of only simple blunted knives to defend themselves."⁷



This conflict was immortalized in Sir Walter Scott's, "Lady of the Lake." The Colquhoun's Scottish lands along the

⁵ Fraser, p. 189.

⁶ Fraser, pp. 193-196 gives a detailed description of the battle.

⁷ James Scarlett, *Tartans of Scotland*, Littleworth Press, London, 1972. See also Fraser, p. 188-189.

lake at the village of Rhosdhu remained secure.

Popular legend suggests that the King took pity on the clan and granted land in Ulster to Alexander XV, Lord Colquhoun. Regardless of the royal motives, the Colquhouns did acquire a plantation across the sea in Ulster.⁸ In his will **Alexander XV** left this plantation to his son, **Adam**.⁹

The first Colquhoun to permanently settle in Ulster is thought to be Adam's only son, **Robert**, who occupied Corkagh Manor near Letterkenny in County Donegal.

Robert Colquhoun had several sons, including a **William** and a **Charles**.

The Calhouns of South Carolina, including **John C. Calhoun**, descend from **William**.

Johnston Calhoun is thought to descend from **Charles**.

Johnston's paternal grandfather, according to the legend in the previous section (9), was named "Gloud" Colquhoun, which has not been proved or disproved. He supposedly married the sister of "Lord Blaney/Blarney." The English Blayneys held estates in County Monaghan in Ulster where they named their estate, Blaneycastle or Castleblaney. A Calhoun-Blaney marriage is possible but has not yet been found.

However it is certain is that the legend in the previous section about a marriage at "Blarney Castle" is false. Blarney Castle is located in the south of Ireland in what is now the Irish Republic. The Colquhouns were Ulster Scots Protestants—not Irish Catholics. The two cultures were quite eparate in those days.

⁸ Ulster included all of current Northern Ireland, plus Cavan, Monaghan and Donegal Counties which are now part of the Irish Republic.

⁹ Details of Colquhoun land holdings in Donegal Co., Ulster, and the will of Alexander XV are given in Appendix A.

HERR

11. Jewel Herr, School Marm

Jewel was born to Clayton and Lillian Herr in Medicine Lodge, Kansas in 1904.

In her late teen years her parents moved west and settled at Chehalis, Washington. Jewel earned her bachelor's degree from the University of Washington after which she took a teaching job in Chehalis. The school was in timber country which is obvious looking at her class. She appears relatively small compared to her students in the photo—especially the top row.



The Herr Family at Chehalis, WA
Left to right: Jewel, Lillian, Opal, Clayt



While in Washington Jewel's father won some timberland in a poker game. It contained a shack and a squatter and was called "Cherry Gardens" (It was later passed to the grandchildren who sold it in the 1970s.)

In 1925 the Herr's long-time friend from Medicine Lodge, Nealy Chapin, took over a newspaper in a Nevada mining town, called Ely. He asked Clayt Herr to come south to be the editor. Clayt wrote his first editorial in 1925 and his last on August 20, 1929.



About that time young Alfred West had come to Washington on a visit and met Jewel. She returned to San Francisco with him. They were married in December 29, 1926 at the Presbyterian Church at Fillmore and Jackson.



After marriage they settled on the San Francisco Peninsula. She did not teach again but became a Red Cross volunteer in WWII. Jewell passed away at age 50 in 1955. Friends and relations near and far mourned her untimely death.

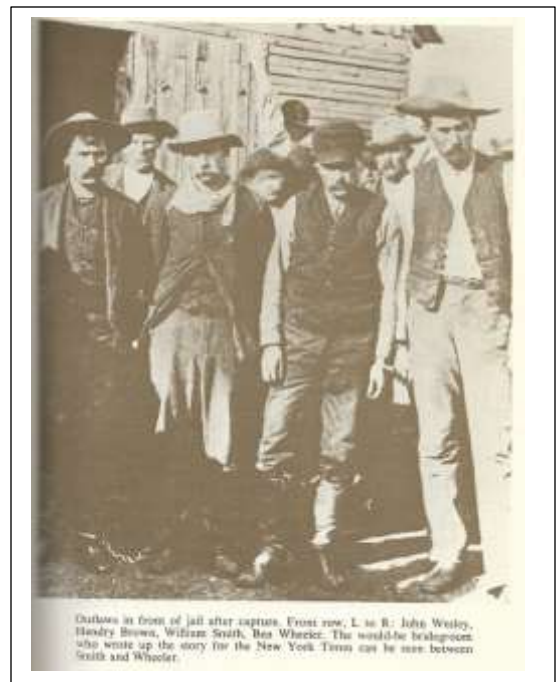
In 1929 the Herrs left Ely and came to California to settle on the San Francisco Peninsula.

12. Clayt Herr and the Medicine Valley Bank Robbery

Uriah Clayton Herr, known as “Clayt” was already thirteen when his father moved the family from Pennsylvania to Kiowa, Kansas. Although expected to help out on the farm, Clayt had other interests. He went to work as a printer’s devil at the *Kiowa Review*.



In 1884 the Medicine Valley bank was robbed by a gang which included the marshal and assistant marshal of Caldwell County and a former companion of Billy the Kid. The gang shot and killed the bank president and rode out of town. A posse captured them and brought them to jail. That night angry townspeople broke into the jail, and shot one who tried to escape, and lynched the other three.



Outlaws in front of jail after capture. Front row, L. to R.: John Wesley, Healdy Brown, William Smith, Ben Wheeler. The would-be background story for the New York Times can be seen between Smith and Wheeler.

The bank president happened also to own the *Barber County Index* in Medicine Lodge. His widow sold the '*Index*' to the owner of the *Kiowa Review*. The owner then hired Clayt and a man named "Charley Painter" to edit and publish the *Index*. Charley had a smart and capable sister, Lillian. So they hired her as a typesetter. She married Clayt in 1897.

They ran the newspaper successfully for many years. Clayt was a civic-minded Democrat, was elected County Printer, served five yeasers as Postmasten and fifteen on the school board.



Index building

Clayt and Lil settled into a home in Medicine Lodge . They had two daughters, Opal and Jewel, and one son, Roland, who died in infancy.





Opal Angeline Herr



Jewel Kathryn Herr

Clayt was not the only child of Abraham and Elizabeth Herr to abandon farming for a professional life. Abraham Lincoln (Link) Herr went into Law and eventually served as Justice of the Supreme Court of Oklahoma. Ada Herr became Professor of Sociology at Southwestern College, Winfield, Kansas. At right is believed to be Clayt's half-brother shown in uniform for WWI.

Clayt and Lillian's daughters both earned college degrees and teaching credentials, Opal from the University of Kansas. About that time the Herrs left Medicine Lodge to go west. Did they go in Clayt's Touring Car ?



WWI soldier thought to be the half-brother of Clayt Herr—possibly "Cyrus (Cy)" Herr



13. Defection of Abraham Herr and the Run for the Cherokee Strip

The Mennonite Herr family had lived in Lancaster County Pennsylvania since 1709 when Rev. Hans Herr founded his church in the Pequea Valley of Pennsylvania. Few families ever moved more than fifty miles from the original Church—nor did they marry outside the faith.

Abraham Herr was no exception. He lived in Hummelstown, Dauphin County where he married a Mennonite woman, Elizabeth Schenk in 1869. They had four sons and a daughter. At news of the ‘closing of the western frontier,’ Abraham decided to take a chance and go west. Some family members imply he had tired of the restrictions of his religion.

Kiowa, Kansas was situated on the border of Oklahoma Territory. Originally a trading post for Indians and buffalo hunters, a speculator-rancher turned it into a booming cattle town by convincing the Southern Kansas Railroad to run a new rail line along the border of his ranch to Kiowa. In less than a year Kiowa was a thriving town. The railroad opened in 1885. In 1886 the Herrs boarded a train and some days later de-boarded at the station in Kiowa. They settled on a half section of land west of Kiowa.



Abraham died three months later. The eldest son, Allen Ethan, assumed the responsibility for the farm at age 16. Abraham’s widow, Elizabeth, remarried in 1887 and had two more children but her second husband died in August 1893. Allen Ethan Herr was again forced to manage his mother’s farm. By then he had taken a teaching job. Then in September a bit of luck:

Oklahoma Territory had originally been guaranteed to the Five Civilized Tribes 'for as long as grass shall grow and rivers run' as compensation for the confiscation of their lands in the southeast. Eventually the government reneged on the treaty and opened the Territory for settlement by the Plains Indians. Bitter fighting developed between plains people, white settlers and the Five Nations. So the government purchased 2,000,000 acres for sale to whites and scheduled a land rush for 1889. Fifty thousand settlers swarmed into the territory with their wagons. But there was not enough land to meet demand. The government under Grover Cleveland went again to the Cherokee in 1893 to obtain the land in the Cherokee Strip along the Kansas border. The greatest land rush of all time lured people from all across the country. The Herr boys participated and Allen Ethan grabbed a claim. He married the next year. He went into politics and served as secretary to an Oklahoma State Senator.

14. Rev. Hans Herr—Founder of Mennonite Church in America, 1710

Hans Herr was born in 1639 near Zurich, Switzerland. He became the Bishop of the Mennonite Church in America. He descended from the Shwabish Knight Hugo, the Herr or Lord Bilreid in 1009. Eventually the tribe renounced its nobility but retained the noble name and coat of arms. In 1593 John Herr, Lord of Bilreid, obtained from Emperor Ferdinand the right to the Coat of Arms. The ancestral home is said to be the *Jungfrau*.



Photo by author, 1957¹⁰



Bishop Hans Herr was born in the time of the Reformation. The German states began a campaign to suppress the movement. The Mennonites were exiled from Zurich. They fled to the Palatinate as a temporary measure but intended to go to America to

Penn's colony in Pennsylvania.

Rev. Hans Herr, his family and 18 of his Mennonite friends sailed on the Ship Mary Hope to England and then took an ocean-going vessel to Philadelphia. They purchased 10,000 acres of land in the Pequea Valley in what became Lancaster County.

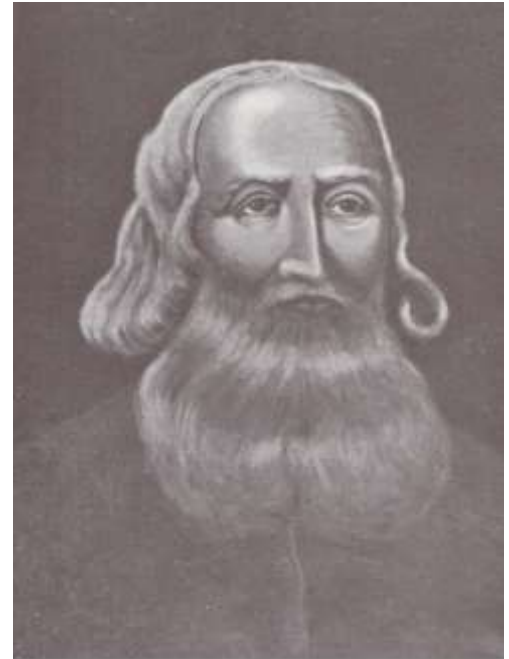


¹⁰ I took this photo of the Jungfrau in 1957 on a student tour of Europe. It was a freak image accidentally taken with a borrowed 35 mm camera. It is essentially a double exposure that simulated a panoramic view. I had no idea at the time that I was overlooking my grandfather's ancestral home.

They built a stone dwelling and used it also as a meeting house—calling it Willow Street. It is now a museum. Shortly Mennonites arrived from the Palatinate and settled all over Lancaster County: creating villages like Manor, Lampeter, Strassburg and places with fetching names like “Bird-in-Hand” and “Intercourse.”

When I first started to research my Herr roots I travelled to Pennsylvania and visited the “Hans Herr House.” There I found a large book for sale in the gift shop. It was entitled *Genealogical Record of Reverend Hans Herr* by Theodore W. Herr, published in Lancaster in 1908. I looked in the index and to my astonishment, there were the names and birth dates of my mother and my aunt. I followed the numbers attached to their names and wound my way back through the book, generation by generation, until I reached the Reverend himself (by way of his son Christian).

Wow, I thought. This genealogy stuff will be easy!



Portrait of Rev. Hans Herr
from a painting by John Funk

Reproduced in Theodore W. Herr: *Genealogical Record of Reverend Hans Herr...*, Lancaster, PA, 1908

And here he is, gggggg--grandpa,



Copyright 1979 © by Andrew Wyeth

And here is a watercolor of the Hans Herr House painted by one of his most famous descendants, Andrew Wyeth (reproduced in the brochure, Hans Herr)

PAINTER

15. Lillian Painter--Carrie Nation at the Grand Hotel



Lillian Painter was born in Indiana in 1875 and came with her parents, David and Cynthia Morton Painter to Barber County, Kansas in the 1880s.

As homesteaders on the prairie she grew up living in a dugout or sod house. Eventually the family was able to move in to the town of Medicine Lodge. Lillian was a young woman by then and went to work as a typesetter for her older brother Charley at his newspaper, The Barber County Index. She married Charley's partner, Uriah Clayton Herr, "Clayt."

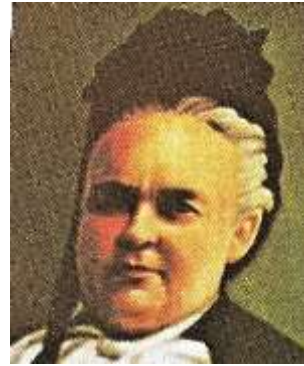
Lillian, "Lil," as she was known, had always been especially close to her sister Ora Kathryn, "Kate." Kate married a man named George "Horney" (not a typo). George built a magnificent Hotel (magnificent for Medicine Lodge in those days). He named it the "Grand Hotel."

Lillian soon had three children. She often took her children to the hotel to visit Kate. It became a second home to them.





The Grand Hotel, Medicine Lodge—*photo furnished by Beverly Horney McCollum.*



Carrie Nation, *from a Medicine Lodge brochure.*

One of the hotel’s semi-permanent residents was the famous Carrie Nation. She had moved to Medicine Lodge with her husband, but when he turned to drink, she divorced him and moved into the Grand. She was devoted to temperance (which was a very trendy movement in those days). She went about Kansas yielding an axe, barging into saloons and shamelessly destroying the premises.

Lillian met Carrie at the Grand. She apparently admired the woman greatly. Lil became a teetotaler herself—for her entire life.



Historic snapshots --the streets of Medicine Lodge 1880s-1890s.



Opal and Jewel Herr, daughters of Clayt and Lil Herr
Medicine Lodge, Kansas abt 1905

16. David Painter—Homesteader, Stabbed in New Jerusalem

David Painter was described as a scrapper most of his life. He was stabbed more than once. He went to jail several times. He was tall and tough. But make no mistake, he was a devoted family man. But apparently he had a short fuse.

He survived the Civil War and married Cynthia Morton in Petersburg, Indiana soon after his discharge from the Union army.



David Painter

They raised six children--one died in Petersburg as a child.

In the 1880s Dave took the remainder of the family and journeyed west to Kansas seeking better fortune in one of the new Kansas boom towns.



Cynthia Anna Morton Painter

After a false start in the cattle town of Newton he acquired a 160-acre homestead southwest of Medicine Lodge in what was (and is) called the “Gyp Hills.”

This prairie of red sandstone and sparse vegetation did not appear to be the promised land. But the U.S. Government offered quarter sections for sale cheap if the buyer actually worked the land. Times were hard. Settlers poured in.

Dave and his sons carved a ‘dugout’ home from a small rise in the rocky red soil and planted a crop hoping for the best. But the best was not to come—a three-year drought struck. Homesteaders struggled to coax a corn crop from the parched soil.



“Dave,” as he was known, had little choice. He had to rely on his grown sons to tend the field. He, himself, had to go into town to earn a living at day labor.

He walked twenty miles to town every Monday morning and hired himself out as a plasterer. He walked the twenty miles back to his family every Friday night.

While living under those difficult circumstances, life got even more precarious. The story was published many times, once under the headline: “A stabbing in New Jerusalem.” (See the story on the next page.)

Eventually the Painters were able to move into town. Despite their harsh life David and Cynthia raised a respectable family. Dave suffered from the results of stabbings all his life but lived to 81.



The Painters: [Not certain of position of each member]

Top row: Charley, Edie, William ?

Middle Row: David and Cynthia

Bottom Row: Lillian and Kate?:

Stabbed in the Gyp Hills

In 1887 the 45-year-old Dave Painter was a tall, imposing man with a full beard. He loved his family and was kind to his friends and neighbors; he was afraid of nothing; and he tended to be rather brusque at times.

The Plotkins family's being in a new and strange environment, David Painter's abruptness, and a misunderstanding about a cornfield led to a dreadfully unfortunate incident.

The Cresset carried this front page story on January 13, 1887.

Last Friday morning an affray occurred near Sexton post office in which David F. Painter was stabbed by Harris Plotkins. It seems that Painter had rented some land of a man named Dikeman on which he (Painter) had raised some corn. Dikeman afterwards sold the land to Harris Plotkins, and Plotkins insisted on turning his cattle into Painter's corn. On the morning of the cutting, the cattle were in the corn, and Painter went to drive them out. He was met at the gate by Harris Plotkins, Jacob Plotkins, and Harris' wife, who refused to let the stock out, and then the trouble commenced. The woman struck at Painter with a club. His efforts to take the stock away from her were retarded by the men and finally ended by his having a knife plunged into him. Painter got away and went to a neighbor's house, that of Allan Adams, where he told of the affair and sent to the Lodge for a doctor to dress his wound. Dr. Davis went down. He reports the wound, which is at the point of the left shoulder and penetrating into the chest, as dangerous but not necessarily fatal. The Plotkins, who are members of the Jewish colony in the southwest part of the county, were arrested by Constable Cox, and on last Monday the two men were brought before Squire McCanless, who committed them until next Monday, the 17th, when they will be given a preliminary hearing.

Two weeks later, on January 27th, the Cresset reported that "it was rumored here on Saturday last that Painter, the man who was stabbed by the Plotkins near Sexton, was dead. The rumor proved to be false, and we have been informed by Dr. Lockwood, who has charge of the case, that the wounded man has every show for a speedy recovery."

David Painter's health was followed closely by the newspapers, and early in March readers knew that the patient had been moved in to Medicine Lodge, where he could receive closer medical attention from Dr. Lockwood.

David was feeling better by spring, and the Cresset carried an item on May 26, 1887, that "Painter, the man who was stabbed by the Plotkins, was in town yesterday. He had on the coat he wore when he was attacked and a knife-cut in the back shows where he was stabbed. He is far from well yet." Not well, but certainly the center of attention in Medicine Lodge that day.

Among the cases on the court docket for June was the State of Kansas vs. Jacob Plotkins and Harris Plotkins. A. J. Jones was the attorney for the plaintiff; Sample & Vickers were attorneys for the defendants.

When the June term of District Court opened on June 8, Judge Ellis

was presiding. A week later Harris Plotkins came to trial, and he was found guilty of felonious assault in stabbing David Painter.

Things were not going well for the victim. The Cresset carried this story on June 30.

Dr. Gillette, assisted by Dr. Moore, on Monday performed an operation on Painter, who was stabbed by Plotkins. Painter's lungs were penetrated by the knife and as a result he is troubled by the pus sacks forming. Dr. Gillette opened up the old wound and got a large amount of putrid, offensive matter from Mr. Painter. The sick man is in very bad shape and as the wound is one which generally results in death, the physicians are not over confident of Painter's final recovery.

In July on the last day of court, Judge Ellis passed sentence upon Harris Plotkins.

Harris Plotkins was first called upon to stand up, and when the Judge asked him if he had anything to say, or any reason why sentence should not be passed upon him, appeared to not understand or else was overcome by the seriousness of the occasion. His wife, who was present with her little babe, explained to him the interrogation of the Judge, but the prisoner merely mumbled a few broken words. Judge Ellis then explained to him the seriousness of his crime, and after telling him that he would have sentenced him for five years were it not for extenuating circumstances — such as his poverty, the fact that his brother claims to have committed the crime, his wife and three children, his being a foreigner and not understanding our language and laws, etc. — sentenced him to one year in the penitentiary. Plotkins' wife seemed terribly distressed and created much sympathy for him.

On August 4, 1887, the Cresset informed its readers that "David F. Painter, who was stabbed by Plotkins, has been admitted to the hospital at the Soldiers' Home at Leavenworth. Mr. Painter belonged to Co. 1, 64th Indiana Infantry. If he can be cured, they will bring him out at Leavenworth. First Plotkins went to Leavenworth for his crime and now Painter goes for his wound."

And from the Cresset on September 1, 1887 — "Mr. Painter, who went to the Leavenworth Soldiers' Home for treatment for the wound given him by Plotkins has returned. He says he received no attention at the home, but that the travel did him good and that he is much better than when he left."

POSTSCRIPT: David Painter died on May 9, 1924, in his 81st year.

POSTSCRIPT: David Painter's youngest daughter, Kate, married George W. Horney on November 3, 1898.

POSTSCRIPT: By January of 1888 most of the Jewish families had moved from Barber County to Wichita, Kansas City, and St. Louis.

17. Samuel Painter—Sons in the Civil War

Samuel and Katy Frank Painter came to Petersburg, Indiana from Preble County Ohio in the early 1850's and opened a mill. They had five sons: Henry, John, Jeremiah, David, and William.(They also had one or two daughters, Louisa and perhaps Susan.)

When the Civil War broke out Indiana was one of the states that signed up volunteers to fight for the Union. At least three of the Painter boys volunteered. The records of their service are in the National Archives.

The older boys, John and Jeremiah signed up in 1861.

Jeremiah joined as a private in Co. I of Captain McIntyre's 42d Indiana Reg. He was 22 years old and described as 5 foot 8 inches tall, with sandy hair and complexion and blue eyes. He was assigned to be the company teamster.

John joined Co. G of the 14th Indiana Infantry at age 23. No muster-in description found.

In June 1862 at age 18 David enrolled in the 54th Indiana Infantry. He was tall for his time, standing six feet tall. He had blue eyes and auburn hair and was strong and feisty. He was assigned to Captain Ball's unit but after three months he transferred to Alonzo D. Harvey's volunteers as a private in the Fifteenth Indiana Battery of Light Artillery. His unit was transported by train through Pennsylvania and Virginia to Harpers Ferry.

P. 142 | Ind.

Jeremiah Painter
 Co. I, 42d Reg't Indiana Infantry.

Appears on
 Company Descriptive Book
 of the organization named above.

DESCRIPTION.

Age *22* years; height *5* feet *8* inches.
 Complexion *sandy*
 Eyes *blue*; hair *sandy*
 Where born *Preble Co. Ohio*
 Occupation *farmer*

ENLISTMENT.

When *Sept 20*, 1861.
 Where *Preble Co. Ind.*
 By whom *A. P. McIntyre*; term *3 yrs.*
 Remarks: *Company teamster*
part of the company Oct 2
1861 in regular order with
the team
Resubstituted Jan 1/62

P	15	Battery.	Ind.
<i>David F. Painter</i>			
....., 15 Batt'y, Indiana Light Art'y.			
Appears on			
Battery Descriptive Book			
of the organization named above.			
DESCRIPTION.			
Age	20	years;	height 6 feet .. inches.
Complexion	<i>fair</i>		
Eyes	<i>blue</i>	;	hair <i>Auburn</i>
Where born	<i>Preble Co Ohio</i>		
Occupation	<i>Farmer</i>		
ENLISTMENT.			
When	<i>June 6.</i>		1862.
Where	<i>Ferro Haute</i>		
By whom	<i>J.C. Von Schlen;</i>		
		term	<i>3</i> y'rs.
Remarks:		

About that time, Stonewall Jackson had led his troops down the Shenandoah Valley gaining victory after victory for the Confederates. General Robert E. Lee had won the second battle of Bull Run on August 30. The Indiana Volunteers arrived from the West and were garrisoned at the federal fort where the Potomac meets the Shenandoah River at Harpers Ferry. General Lee dispatched Jackson to take the fort.

Lee had decided to invade the north and crossed the Potomac, September 4, 1862 intending to push on to Pennsylvania. Harpers Ferry was the first tactical objective of an elaborate plan. There were blunders on both sides. The Union General McClellan met Lee and two battles raged until late on September 13 when part of Lee's forces retreated back to Virginia.

On September 14, 1862 Stonewall Jackson advanced on Harper's Ferry. He defeated the artillery deployed at Maryland Heights and Loudon Heights protecting the fort. The fort, left unprotected, surrendered unconditionally without Jackson attacking. The Eighth New York Cavalry and Captain Harvey's Fifteenth Indiana Battery, **David Painter** among them, were taken prisoner, September 15.

Two days later on September 17 McClellan and Lee met five miles north at Antietam in the bloodiest day of the war. Lee lost 11,000 men out of 55,000. McClellan lost 12,400 out of 97,000. Lee was pushed back across the Potomac to a high bluff overlooking Fredericksburg, Virginia.

Two months later **David Painter** was released from prison on November 16, 1862. He returned to Indianapolis to be treated for “mumps affecting the privates, catarrh and rheumatism affecting the heart.”

Next on New Years Eve 1862, **David Painter's** Fifteenth Indiana Battery was deployed along with four other batteries and twenty-six regiments to the front at Stone River. This army of inexperienced volunteers fought for three days with terrible losses. In David's battery 38 men were killed, seven were missing and 143 wounded.

One young private wrote home:

“Our regiments are all very small since the battle...many were wounded, and many are sick....Only half of the men who leave home are fit for service. The officers resign and go home and the privates die. A regiment of five hundred men, well drilled, which has had all the poor men sifted out by service, is worth two new regiments of a thousand men each.”

P	14	Ind.
John Painter		
Private, Co. D., 14 Reg't Indiana Infantry.		
Appears on Returns as follows:		
July & Sept 1862 - Absent sick. Wounded		
July 3/63 Gettysburg - Sent to Gettysburg		
Oct 1863 - Present Oct 1/63 Washington		
In Camp		
Mich 1864 - Transf'd from Div. Confed. July 21/64		
Newark by order Wm. A. R. R.		
Absent sick - Gettysburg since July 3/63		
Apr 1864 - Discharged Apr 22/64 at Staunton		
by order Col. Coona		

Lee was doing well against the Union that winter. In May he was again victorious at Chancellorsville. It was his last great Confederate victory. (Meanwhile Stonewall Jackson had been accidentally shot and killed by his own men.)

Energized by Lee's victory Jeb Stuart's raiders attempted to invade the north again. He took his troops to Gettysburg using a circuitous route through Carlisle, Pennsylvania. His troops were exhausted when they reached the battle site.

Lee's troops were defeated in three days, but the cost to both sides was immense. Among the Union troops was Company G of the 14th Indiana—John

Painter's unit. When the Battle of Gettysburg ended July 3, 1863, John lay wounded on the field. He was removed and transported to a hospital in Washington.

Jeremiah was captured Oct 2, 1863 at Searachee Valley. In the Fall of 1863 on the western front, the Union General Bragg concentrated 40,000 troops on Chickamauga Creek, a forested region ten or so miles south of Chattanooga, Tennessee. After two days of head on assault the Union forces were defeated on September 20. Indiana had sent 28 regiments of infantry including **Jeremiah Painter's** 84th and **David Painter's** 15th. Battlefield casualties soared to over 30,000. Among the three thousand Indiana casualties was **David Painter** who was stabbed by one of his fellow volunteers and sent to the hospital at Lexington and released later to Weickman Bridge, Kentucky to recuperate.

P	42	Ind.
Jeremiah Painter		
Wag., Co. 1, 42 Reg't Indiana Infantry.		
Appears on		
Company Muster Roll		
for Sept & Oct 1863		
Present or absent absent		
Stoppage, \$ 000 for		
Due Gov't, \$ 000 for		
Remarks:		
See transfer taken prisoner in Searachee Valley Oct 2 - 3, 1863, Term 1 with the train.		
Book mark:		

D	15 Battery.	Ind.
David Painter		
Pro, 15 Battery Indiana Light Artillery.		
Appears on Returns as follows:		
June/July, 1863; Absent sick in Hosp. at Lexington, Ky. since June 26/63.		
Dec, 1863 & Jan, 1864; Absent without leave at Kingston, Tenn. in jail.		

David rejoined his company at Crab Orchard on December 20. The company was moving with the campaign of Rosecrans from Chattanooga to Georgia. David was barely back with his company when he went AWOL again—this time in jail in Kingston, Tennessee. He got out of jail sometime in January just in time to join his company as it started a long hard ride—a ride that may have made David wish he had stayed in jail. By February 1 David had suffered from severe intestinal and

rectal problems and required medical treatment.

In February 1864 General Sherman began his infamous march starting at Vicksburg, Mississippi. **Jeremiah Painter** was Wagon Master of the Supply Train from May to July 1864.

John Painter, still listed as an invalid in the hospital in Washington was transferred to a Newark, New Jersey hospital. A month later, according to his record, he deserted.

David having marched with Sherman was treated for disease of the rectum and hemorrhoids after the fall of Atlanta. The war left David with a lifetime disability. He was

P	42	Ind.
Jeremiah Painter		
Pvt., Co. D., 42 Reg't Indiana Infantry		
Appears on Returns as follows:		
May & June 1862 - Co. Teamster		
July 1862 - About - about 40 miles -		
inspector, with Gen. Woods' staff		
Aug. 1862 - Co. Teamster		
Nov. 1862 - Co. Teamster		
Jan. to Sept. 1863 - Co. Teamster		
Oct. 1863 - About - in hands of		
enemy		
Nov. & Dec. 1863 - Teamster		
Apr. 1864 - About - about 40 miles -		
May to July 1864 - About - forage		
Master supply train, 12th		
14 a.c. May 1/64		
Sept. 1864 - Co. Teamster - About - in		
Dist. Train, Sept. 20/64		

P	14	Ind
John Painter		
Pvt., Co. G, 14 Reg't Ind. Inf		
Age 23 years.		
Appears on Co. Muster-out Roll, dated		
Indianapolis, Ind., June 20, 1864.		
Muster-out to date _____, 186		
Last paid to _____, 186		
Clothing account:		
Last settled _____, 186 ; drawn since \$ _____ 100		
Due soldier \$ _____ 100; due U. S. \$ _____ 100		
Am't for cloth'g in kind or money adv'd \$ _____ 100		
Due U. S. for arms, equipments, &c., \$ _____ 100		
Bounty paid \$ _____ 100; due \$ _____ 100		
Remarks: Deserted from Gail Hoop.		
Newark, N. J. Mch. 9 64		

honorably discharged at Indianapolis at age 22 on June 30, 1865. He later received a pension for his service. He married Cynthia Morton 6 Dec 1866 in Petersburg. He lived until 1923 and left children and grandchildren.

Jeremiah survived the war and married Austina Klutz in 1870 in Petersburg. He lived until 1925 and left children and grandchildren. John may have survived the war and returned home to Petersburg at war's end—or he may have died in the war. He was buried near his parents with the simple inscription, 'John Painter, Company G, Indiana 14th Infantry'. Other records imply he might have married later in Petersburg—but it is an open question.

18. George Painter—Massacre at Stoney Creek, Virginia, 1758

Samuel and Katy Frank Painter came to Preble County, Ohio before 1840. Some Painter families who lived near them are known to descend from the Painters of the famous massacre described below. It has never been proved or disproved that Samuel Painter was part of this family. The following article is reproduced from John Wayland's book, as noted below.

The Stoney Creek Massacre-

from John Wayland, *Shenandoah Valley, VA*
Strasburg, VA, 1833, 3rd Ed. (pp 65-67)

About 1758, says Kercheval, some fifty Indians and four Frenchmen came into Shenandoah, to a populous community nine miles south of Woodstock, and attacked the house of George Painter. Painter had a large log house, with a good-sized cellar, and many of his neighbors had assembled there upon the alarm. The attack came late in the afternoon. Mr. Painter, for some reason not stated, tried to get away, but was shot and killed, pierced by three bullets. The others then surrendered. The Indians plundered the house of what they desired, dragged Painter's body back to the house, threw it in, and set fire to the house. While the house was burning they seized four infant children, wrenched them from their mothers, hung them up in trees, and shot them in savage sport. They then fired a stable and burned up in it a lot of sheep and calves. After these atrocities they marched away with forty-eight prisoners. Among the latter were Mrs. Painter, five of her daughters, and one of her sons; a Mrs. Smith and several of her children; a Mr. Fisher and several of his children, one a boy of twelve or thirteen, large for his age and fleshy.

Two of Painter's sons and a young man by the name of Jacob Myers were concealed somewhere about the place and escaped capture. That night Myers and one of the Painter boys ran over to "Powell's Fort," a distance of fifteen miles, to Keller's Fort, for aid. They had neither hat nor shoes, nor any clothing besides shirt and trousers. Early the next morning a small party of men, well mounted and well armed, set out to avenge the outrages their neighbors had suffered. They reached Painter's place early in the day, but learning the strength of the enemy from the other young Painter, who had been able from his place of concealment to count the marauders, they gave up pursuit.

After six days of travel over mountains and river valleys the Indians and their captives reached their villages. There they put

the Fisher boy already mentioned to death with fiendish tortures, as a spectacle to the howling camp.

After an absence of about three years Mrs. Painter, with her son and two of her daughters, was allowed to return home. The other three Painter girls remained with the Indians, either by choice or constraint. Mary, the youngest, who was about nine when taken captive, was a prisoner with the Indians eighteen years. The other two never returned. Mrs. Smith, Mr. Fisher and his remaining sons, and several others of the prisoners returned home with Mrs. Painter at the end of three years. Mrs. Smith brought with her an infant son by a distinguished war chief. This boy, grown to savage manhood when the Revolution broke out, enlisted in the army and never returned.²

The story of the attack on Painter's Fort and the resulting tragedies was told to Kercheval by Mr. George Painter, an aged man, who lived at the old homestead a hundred years ago and who was a grandson of the George Painter who was killed there in 1758. The place is in or near the present village of Hensburg, Shenandoah County, and less than two miles from Woodlawn, the birthplace and boyhood home of the author of this book. So far as known, the number of prisoners taken at Fort Painter was the largest secured at any time by the Indians anywhere in the Shenandoah Valley.

The tract of land where Fort Painter stood has never been out of the Painter family since the first settlement. The present owner is Garnett Painter, a son of Nanson Bear Painter, and a first cousin to Otto V. Pence, the present clerk of the court of Shenandoah County. Mr. Pence's mother was a sister to N. B. Painter. Some one, probably one of George Painter's sons, and after the massacre of 1758 had shown the need for it, erected a stone house near the site of the old log house; also a stone barn at a distance of about fifty feet from the stone house, the two being connected with an overhead bridge well enclosed on either side. These two structures were evidently built and thus connected for defence against the Indians. This stone barn stood until about the year 1840. The foundations of the stone house can still be seen; also the depression in the soil on the east side of the road that indicates where the cellar of the log fort stood. In 1921, when the road was being repaired, part of the old foundation was dug up. Lime mortar and charred bones were found in the debris of the old cellar wall. On the hilltop a few rods westward is the old Painter graveyard, started when the victims of 1758 were buried there. The Painters and their relatives continued to bury in this graveyard until a few years ago. Possibly two hundred bodies in all lie resting there. Near the site of the old fort two abundant springs gush out of the limestone ledges and contribute materially to the sources of Painter Run, a small stream that flows into Stony Creek a mile west of Edinburg. One of pioneer George Painter's grandsons had a tanyard below the springs and operated it there for a number of years.

Many of the above facts concerning the later history of Fort Painter are stated in a letter written by Mr. Garnett Painter, under date of December 27, 1924. In Civil War days several houses stood near the site of the old fort, and the place was called Painter Town. At present this historic homestead is known as "Indian Fort Stock Farm."

19. Katy Frank and Roberta Frank, Refugee

One of my grandmother's favorite tales was about "Roberta Frank." Although I was young when she told me the tale for my seventh grade family history paper, I remember that she told me Roberta Frank was a French refugee. Her brothers had fled persecution *"by riding across country on horseback"*.



As an adult I asked my Aunt Opal Herr if the legend was true. She confirmed it was passed down through generations as true.

I began to research "Katy Frank" from the Civil War pension papers of her son, David Painter. In those papers Katy was said to have been born in 1808 in Pennsylvania.

This makes it unlikely that Roberta was a refugee from the French Revolution.

Searching genealogical and historical records, two possibilities emerged:

1. Published Historical Narrative: Pioneers Michael and Jacob Franks scouted the Pennsylvania frontier circa 1750s. They did ride horseback across Pennsylvania to settle the frontier. Michael served with Washington and Braddock against the French and Indians. They were among the first to bring their families west and settle the Pennsylvania frontier. No known Roberta Frank was born into the family of these pioneers. They were not considered refugees but they were immigrants from Alsace-Lorraine. This prolific and well-documented family produced offspring that migrated into Ohio—even to Preble Co., OH. There were females named "Catherine/Katherine". Most settled in Wayne Co. OH. Those who went to Preble Co. only did so to acquire land. So far no credible "Katy Franks" nor "Roberta Franks" of our line has been found among this legendary family.

2. Circumstantial evidence: Katy Frank is plausibly the daughter of David Frank and Louisa Hornette of Dauphin, Co. PA. The problem is, these are probably German by heritage. However careful research into baptismal, census and other primary records suggest that Katy was, in fact, the daughter of David Frank and Louisa Hornette of Upper Paxton, Dauphin County. In order to fit the 'refugee' scenario, it would be necessary to find a fitting legend: Two possibilities:

A. Many French Acadians fleeing from Nova Scotia and other Canadian Maritime Provinces settled in Dauphin County in the mid to late 1700s. Perhaps David Frank was one of those (or a child thereof)

B. Many Hessian soldiers fighting for the British deserted after the battle of Trenton. Some defected and sought refuge in Lancaster and Dauphin Counties. Could David Frank descend from one of these?

Whatever the origin of Katy Frank, she did marry Samuel Painter. They did raise their family on Twin Creek in Preble Co. OH. Where did they marry? No one knows.

Both the Painter and Frank families of Preble County, Ohio migrated to Petersburg, Indiana before the Civil War. Maps of Petersburg seem to support that Samuel Painter and Simon P. Frank (son of David Frank) both owned mills in Petersburg. Both men came to Petersburg from Preble, Co. Ohio.

Samuel and Katy's graves are documented in Joan Woodhall, *Pike County Indiana Cemetery Records, Vol. 3, Washington Township*, p. 168. However a road project (in the 1980s) 'required' the County to take the land of the former Leslie Cemetery (a family cemetery) for highway expansion. The graves were relocated to site across from the Towne Motel for the Highway 57 project. I inspected the site as did another family researcher, Fred Herman. We found no trace of any grave markers.

HARRELL-MORTON

20. Jemima Harrell Morton: Part Cherokee?

Jemima Harrell was born in Person County, North Carolina on the Hico River. In



1801 she married Joseph Morton who lived across the river in Pittsylvania County, Virginia. Within a decade they had gone as pioneers with a large family contingent to Pike County, Kentucky.

She bore fourteen children and each of them produced quantities of descendants. And most of these created legends around “Mima” as she was called.



A persistent myth is that she was one-quarter Cherokee—by way of a grandmother no doubt. Lots of frontier men took Cherokee wives, but a woman marrying a Cherokee man—not so much.

Luckily for the legend there was a ‘long’ rifleman, hunter and tracker who might be her grandpa. His name was William Henry Harrillson, a noted frontiersman who travelled the wilderness into Cherokee territory in the early exploration of Kentucky.

There is much dispute among descendants about the name of Jemima’s mother. Her mother left Kentucky as Sarah Harrell presumably the widow of Elijah Harrell.

Her maiden name was probably “Brooks”—but some say “Barnett.” Some say she crossed Cumberland Gap with Daniel Boone in 1776. There is no proof.

The name Harrell in the communities on the Hico was a short form of the name “Harrillson” or “Haraldson.” The spelling varied—the family were Dutch immigrants.

So it is conceivable that William Henry Harrillson encountered a Cherokee woman and that Jemima’s mother was the product of the encounter. Suffice it to say that Jemima named one of her sons “William Henry Harrillson Morton.” (He died in Petersburg, IN and is buried with the family at Flat Creek Cemetery.)

That Jemima might have had Cherokee blood did not alter the fact that Jemima was terrified of ‘Indians.’

One of the descendants who remembered her, told this story:

“When Joseph and Jemima were living in Kentucky the Indians made attacks quite frequently. Once while Joseph was gone to the mill (it was a two-day trip), just before nightfall a tribe of Indians came to camp by a spring near their home. The chief came to their house to borrow some fire and said, ‘Paleface need not be ’fraid. Indian friendly.’ However, Jemima carried her baby Drucilla and with little Tommy walked four miles through the woods to Daniel Boone’s son’s home and stayed there all night. Upon their return home the next morning the Indians were gone.

“Jemima always cooked on a fireplace, never on a stove, because she never learned how.

From “Mortons of Petersburg,” *Pike County Indiana History*.

ADDENDUM

THE HERR FARM

140 O'Connor Street,
East Palo Alto, California
1929-1945



History of the farm

Sometime after 1929 Uriah Clayton (Clayt) Herr and wife, Lillian, bought a two-acre utopian chicken ranch and berry farm in East Palo Alto, California. It was part of an experimental community founded by Charles Weeks and called "Runnymede."¹¹ The concept undoubtedly appealed to their progressive attitudes.

The couple became active in the community, Clayt as President of the Water Board and Lillian in the Women's Club.

They were much loved by their grandchildren who called them "Grampa and Granny."

They harvested bartlett pears and raspberries for market. They raised chickens—Leghorns, Rhode Island Reds and Hampshires--and sold the eggs from their garage and at local stores. It was a lot of hard work. Poultry provided the main protein in their diet.

They hired Chinese laborers to harvest the berries. The berry patches were much like vineyards with vines wrapped about wires supported by posts. The pickers plucked the berries by hand and dropped them into coffee cans hung on straps from their belts. They emptied the cans into 'flats'.

During WWII the workers disappeared. The question is: were some of the workers Japanese and were they sent to the internment camps? I do not know the answer.

Grampa tended the one and one-half acre pear orchard himself. He carried a heavy sprayer on his back to apply dormant spray in winter. He would harvest the pears in the autumn and pack them into wooden 'lugs.' The berries were packed in 'flats.'

He drove his Ford Coupe to deliver produce to the Sunnyvale freight depot as well as to a small market on University Avenue in downtown Palo Alto called "Fullers Market."

The Grounds

Runnymede farms were initially marketed as one-acre subsistence farms. Many were developed east of present US 101 on the SF Bay Margin. The two-acre Herr farm, however, was located between San Francisquito Creek and 101.¹²

¹¹ See short article about Runnymede appended at the end.

¹² What is now US 101 was then called "Bayshore Highway" or "101 Bypass.," El Camino Real was the official U.S. 101 in those days.

The house was approached with a circular drive separated from O'Connor Street by a hedge and lawn.



Front yard facing O'Connor Street about 1935 showing hedge and homes across O'Connor St. (Clayt and Lillian Herr—"Grampa and Granny,"—shown here with Shirley West and her dog, Mitzi)



Same location 1941. Grampa, Granny, Jewel West and Marilou.

The prominent feature of the entry was its distinctive portico and walled patio. To the right of the portico was a pond with tropical vegetation and water lilies.



Shirley West with Lillian Herr at pond in front patio adjacent to living room, about 1930



Sometime before 1940 the pond was converted to a gold fish pond with fountain. It was the center of attention for many grandchildren—the fountain was in the form of a small male cherub urinating into the pond. At least that’s the legend my grandfather perpetuated—with a smile.¹³

Shirley in patio adjacent to breakfast nook

¹³ The same Grampa who told me his ancestor was “Hans Schultz,” the “preacher on the Mayflower.”

To the right of the house was a grove of pine, cedar and fir surrounding a rose garden. To the left of the house was the garage, work room, sales office and out house.

A wisteria arbor and lawn with carved stone benches and a birdbath was located immediately behind the farm house. It contained rose beds and exotic fruit trees such as persimmon, pomegranate, mulberry and crab apple. A hammock was suspended between two giant cherry trees. To the rear of this garden the orchard extended to the rear property line. The hen house occupied the north property line flanking the orchard. The berry patch lay on the south property line along the side of the orchard.

The Farmhouse

The house was part 'rambling ranch' and part contemporary Mediterranean. A walled patio, tropical plants and pond led to the arched portico entrance.



The above photo of the farm was taken about 1931 during the visit of the Kruse family.¹⁴

To the right is a close-up showing cousins sitting on patio wall left to right: Bob, Dick, and Jackie Kruse and Shirley West.



¹⁴ Marge Kruse of Ohio was the sister of Alfred West.

The front porch and portico led to the large living room, the east side of which was a wall of full-length windows looking onto the patio and pond. At the far end was a fireplace faced with brightly colored Spanish style tiles. French doors on the west side led to a large sun room.

The sun room featured a wall of small paned windows overlooking the wisteria arbor and the back garden. A similar wall overlooked the side pine grove and rose garden. In one corner sat a vintage "Victrola," a classic wind-up phonograph standing about four-foot high. It played quarter inch thick records. The grandchildren would dance to music such as songs by Enrico Caruso.



(Picture of generic Victrola from Ebay, 2016)

A breakfast nook with French Doors opened onto to the front patio and pond. It featured tall leaded glass display cabinets where Granny kept her hand-painted plates, cut-glassware, Haviland China, various figurines and collectables. Breakfast was served on a circular walnut drop-leaf table. An arched doorway led to the kitchen.

The kitchen contained the basics: a large sink and drain board; a one-door refrigerator; a stand-alone gas stove with oven and a trash burner. It was topped by a large black metal smoke stack that vented through the ceiling. There was one bank of cupboards over a cutting board counter where Granny rolled out dough for bread and pie crusts.

Just off the kitchen was a small square room, the "central hall" containing the main floor furnace. The hall also opened onto two bedrooms and the bath. Everyone congregated over the furnace on cold mornings competing for position astride the wooden hot air grate. Hot air blasted upward billowing our pajamas and nightgowns and fighting off the morning chill.

The bedrooms and bathroom were typical of the era: bedrooms large, closets small. The bathroom walls were tiled in green and the floors tiled in a honeycomb pattern.

The dining room was a separate room opening onto the living room. It had a walnut buffet and table. The hardwood floor was covered with an oriental carpet.

The Hen House

Sadly there is no photo of the hen house. It was a simple rustic wood structure with peak roof. It must have been 75-100 feet long. It was divided into two parts, the rear half for the hens, the front half for the humans.

The hens laid their eggs and slept on roosts at night in the rear portion. In the daytime hens could exit to the hen yard through small openings in the walls and down plank runways. The hen yards were enclosed with chicken wire. Granny collected eggs from the hen's nests every day. Sometimes "slops" from the kitchen were thrown into the hen yard.

In the middle of the hen house was a large earthen-floored room where Grampa kept his farm equipment, feed sacks and the brooders where baby chicks were incubated. The chicks were soft and cute. They squirmed and chirped constantly. Eventually they grew into scrappy, feathery pullets and roosters and met their individual fates according to gender: to become egg producers or Sunday dinner.

Granny had a "lath house" —kind of a greenhouse without glass. It sat next to the hen yards. She grew seedlings there. At the side of Granny's greenhouse was a post with an axe stuck in it. That was where the beheadings took place. I only watched once. That was enough. It proved to me that it was true: chickens did dance after their heads came off. Briefly.

The front end of the hen house contained living quarters—of sorts. The first room had an electric light, a sink, a stove, an iron bed with quilts, a cupboard, a chair or two and a water closet. Before my time, it housed hired help and visiting relatives. Later children used it as a playhouse.

The second room had only a bed, chairs and two trunks filled with very old treasures—or junk. It was dark and dusty. Clothing in the trunks were very old—from another era. Supposedly my cousins from Medicine Lodge, Kansas, "Candy" and "Beverly Kay," had been forced to sleep in that room. I suspected it was haunted.¹⁵



era.

Below, left to right: Beverly Kay
Candy, Shirley.

Above, Thelma Skinner

¹⁵ In 1990 my cousin Barbara Bailey Jewel and I went to Medicine Lodge to visit cousins Beverly Kay Horney and Candy Skinner. I returned the following year to attend the "Peace Treaty Pageant." (Google it if you want to know what it is.)

Visiting grandchildren and other relatives

I did not live on the farm—originally. My parents lived in San Carlos, twenty miles away. We visited regularly as did my cousins, Barbara Ann and Bobby Bailey. Other family from Medicine Lodge and Kansas City also visited.



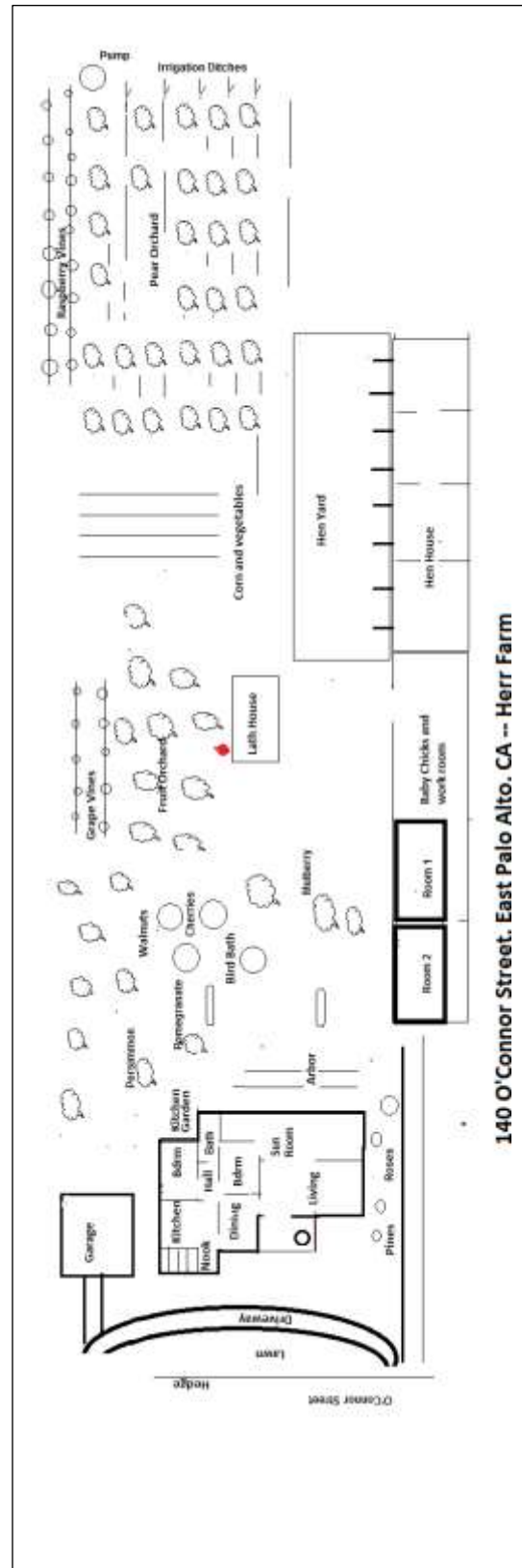
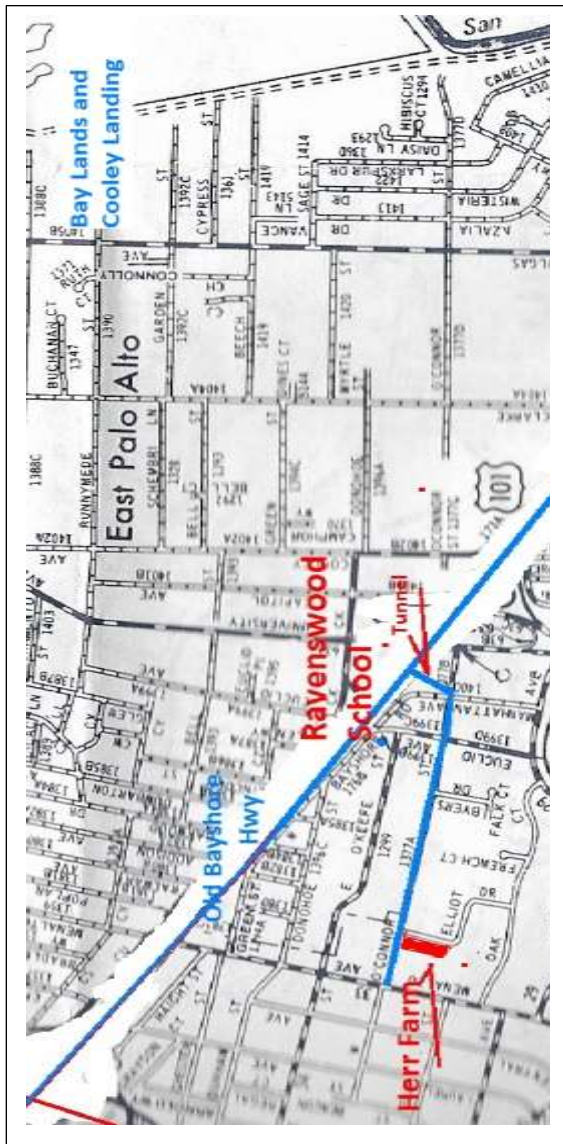
Backyard in rose garden at bird bath about 1931. Left to right: Jewel Herr West with daughter Shirley. Kruse children on bird bath. On right Marge West Kruse.

The 'back yard' between the house, hen house and orchard was a particularly magical place for the grandchildren. There were rose bushes, a birdbath, vineyard, fruit trees of every kind: fig, walnut, cherry, apple, peach, plum, apricot—on and on. An irrigation system with a big pump was located at the rear of the orchard. Children liked to watch Grampa turn the big wheel to open the valve. Water rushed through the many ditches in the back acre. The children waded barefoot through the channels.

Great places for forts, places to hang a hammock, trees to climb were scattered throughout the gardens and orchards. The farm was not fenced except for barbed wire so kids could come and go more or less at will.



Location and layout of Herr farm



140 O'Connor Street, East Palo Alto, CA -- Herr Farm



Shirley West in garden at carved stone bench about 1931.



Cousin “Bobby Bailey” with neighbor cow about 1940.



Above: Bobby at age 4, 1937.

Left to right: Shirley West, Barbara Bailey, Marilou West, Bob Bailey

The farm next door had a milk cow. Cousin Robert Bailey (Bobby) was a frequent visitor to the farm. He had a habit of wandering off to explore. He once led me to a huge water storage tank that was part of the district water supply. One day some kids climbed up the sides and swam in it. Supposedly one drowned. Granny warned me of the danger and told me never to go there again.

Another time Bobby found a billy goat tethered in the same pasture. The goat ran toward us and “butted” Bobby. We ran as fast as we could. The goat chased us until he reached the end of his tether. We kept on running and climbed through the barb wire fence to our orchard. I don’t remember venturing into the pasture after that.

Another time we climbed onto the roof of the hen house. The shingles were loose and there were lots of gaps in the roof. We watched the hens through the holes and began dropping pebbles through the holes. The hens squawked and went crazy. Inspired, Bobby thought of another way to rain down torture on the hens. Although I was not constructed to participate, I watched in fascination and never forgot it. Bob denies it to this day.



Kruse children picking peaches on the Herr farm. Left to right: Bob and Jackie Kruse, Shirley West, Dick Kruse and Alfred West. About 1931

Ancestor Stories



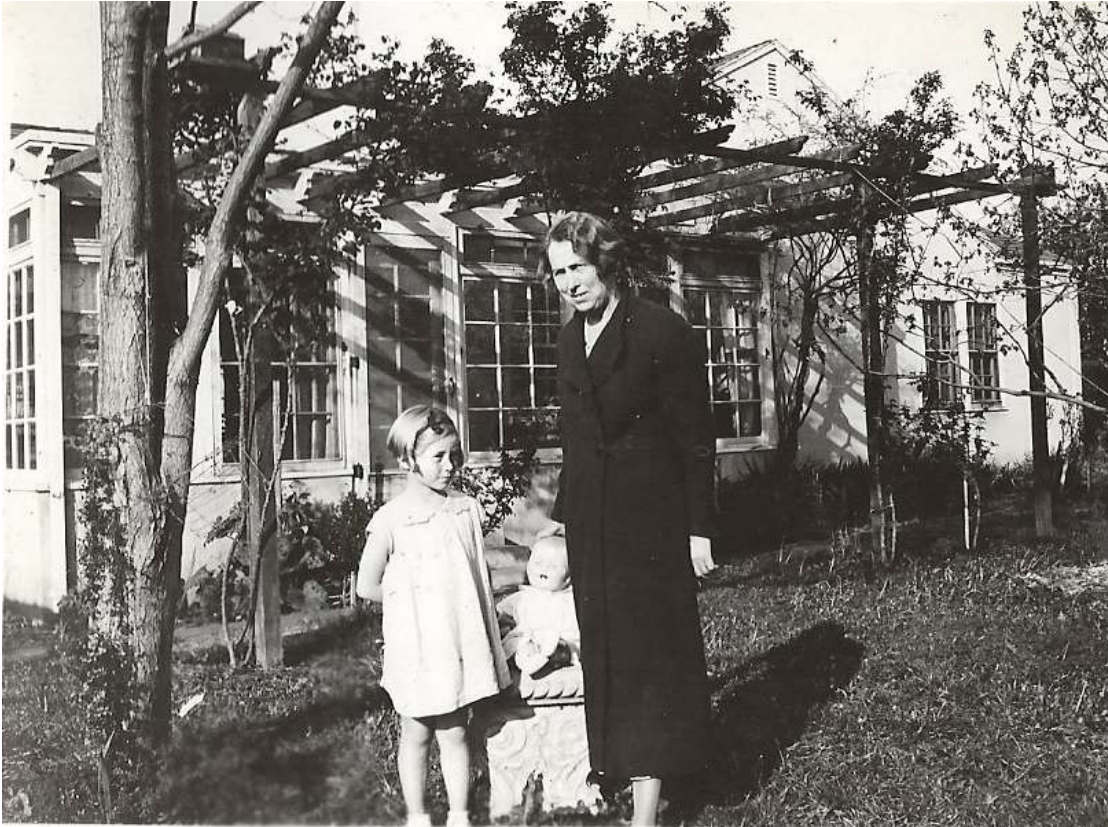
Shirley West and Jackie Kruse about 1931



Left to right: Shirley West, Jackie Kruse, Dick Kruse, Bob Kruse, Jewel West, Alfred West. About 193



Top to bottom: Bob Kruse, Jackie Kruse, Dick Kruse in orchard. 1931



Shirley West with Lillian Herr about 1934 standing by one of the carved stone benches beyond the wisteria arbor. The doll on bench was Elizabeth Ann—almost a member of the family. In the background is the sunroom.

Alfred West with Marilou about winter 1938. Garage in background



1941. Marilou about age 4 with the family stockbroker, "Mr. Bocci" shown with Clayt and Lillian Herr in front of the wisteria arbor.

Subsistence Farming and Cooking

Granny cultivated a kitchen garden near the house, but also grew many vegetables out along the irrigation trenches in the orchard. There were potatoes, tomatoes, corn, turnips, parsnips, rutabaga, celery root, chard, cabbage, kale, beets, carrots melons, winter and summer squash. In other places she grew strawberries and herbs. There was a vineyard of concord grapes which she processed into juice and jam. She harvested walnuts and almonds for baking.

Granny was a wonderful cook. She canned and baked. She believed in a healthful diet high in vegetable content. She cooked “roastin’ ears,” corn cobs roasted in the husk in the oven, and served them on Sunday nights in season with the weekly hen or young rooster.

Grampa would capture and behead a chicken. Then Granny would gut it, pluck it, clean it, season it, dress it, roast it and make the gravy. Then Grampa would carve it. I must have been a carnivore in those days because I always asked for a drumstick.

Granny grew and cooked everything from scratch. But it was a limited diet. She sometimes bought beef and pork at the store. I don’t remember her ever serving fish or seafood.

She baked bread once a week: a loaf of white; a pan of parker house rolls, a pan or two of cinnamon rolls with nuts—and oatmeal cookies.

She canned all the excess fruit and vegetables the farm produced. She did not have a freezer. Canning was the means to provide year-round food.

Occasionally she got milk from the neighbor’s cow. One day I watched the neighbor milk the cow and pour the milk into a mason jar for Granny. We walked home and Granny immediately poured me a glass of the warm milk. I lifted the glass and saw hair in the milk. I could not drink it. (Never again liked milk of any kind.)

I liked the brown eggs from the farm. I helped Grampa candle the eggs for blood spots. I would not eat an egg with a blood spot.

They bought white flour and chicken feed in fifty pound sacks. When empty Granny used the cloth to make clothes. Nothing was wasted. When the clothes wore out she cut the cloth into squares or strips and made patchwork quilts and hook rugs.

End of An Era

On a winter afternoon in 1944 in the workroom of his hen house, with a sprayer on his back, Clayt Herr was struck with a heart attack and died. He was 70. Lillian found him. She was completely devastated.

My parents got her phone call and we immediately drove the twenty miles to the farm. I was too young to fully understand. The sight of my grandmother slumping into the arms of my father and sobbing, “Oh Clayt, Oh Clayt,” shocked me. I had never seen her cry.

The next thing I remember was riding with my parents and Granny to Palo Alto. We went into a building on University Avenue at Middlefield Road called “Roller and Hapgood.” It was quiet like a church and filled with flowers and people. I followed my parents to look into the coffin. I saw my Grampa so lifeless—but he had pink cheeks. Some men in suits carried the coffin down the aisle and out the door to something called a hearse. I followed behind with my parents and got into a long black limousine. Everyone was silent. I hardly knew what to do but understood I was not to speak. Instead I found some buttons on the car door and started to push them—over and over—as I watched the windows go up and down. I felt a nudge in my side and saw my mother frowning at me. Now in addition to feeling said, I felt embarrassed.

When we arrived at Alta Mesa Cemetery,¹⁶ the same people and flowers were waiting under an awning. I saw chairs and a big pile of dirt next to a huge pit. The same men lifted the coffin out of the hearse and placed it on a contraption above the pit. After some ‘prayers’ were spoken, the coffin suddenly started to sink into the dark empty hole. When it stopped, men with shovels began to fling dirt over the coffin. I wanted to shout ‘stop’. Grampa was being buried in dirt. Not until that moment did I realize Grampa was really gone—and into a cold, dark, damp place with no air.

--*--

We were at war when Grampa died in 1944. My father had a desk job in San Francisco. He commuted by train six days a week.

My parents sold the San Carlos house and moved to Granny’s farm. It had to be managed, and Granny could not do it all. My Dad tried to keep his six-day-a-week job in San Francisco and tend the farm on Sundays.

I enrolled mid-term second grade at Ravenswood Elementary School. Daylight savings time was implemented for the duration of the war. Every school day I started my half-mile walk to school

¹⁶ My Grampa would be the first to be buried there but not the last. We also buried Granny, my mother, and my father. My name is also on my parent’s stone there.

in the dark. I arrived at Bayshore Highway at daybreak and crossed through a tunnel to the school on the other side. I would make the reverse trip after school and arrive home at the farm a little after noon.

Moving Away

It became clear that my Dad could not run the farm and keep his city job. Granny could not manage the farm herself and with WWII still going on, she could not hire labor. She had to put the farm on the market.

Land developers had been trying for years to buy up the old Runnymede parcels on the cheap. Grampa had often refused such offers knowing the developers wanted to put in a road and subdivide the land. He would have none of it.

But Granny had no choice. She sold the farm in 1945 for \$20,000 several months before the surrender of Japan. The buyer, Mr. Elliott, got a great deal. He put in a road, subdivided it, and built tract houses. He named the road for himself, "Elliott Drive."

Granny sold off her personal property to a "Junk Dealer." When she sold the Victrola for \$5 it broke my heart.

Granny lived another fifteen years. She was a true matriarch and held the branches of her extended family together through good times and bad. She became a mother to me. She was a very outspoken liberal democrat. She never learned to drive a car. Well into her eighties she would walk three-miles round trip to town to shop for groceries.

RUNNYMEDE:

East Palo Alto's early seeds of utopia

Poultry farmer Charles Weeks envisioned a community based on livestock
by Steve Staiger

California's attraction to utopian communities in the late 19th and early 20th centuries is evident in the number of California communities and ghost towns with utopian-flavored histories. Point Loma and Anaheim in Southern California, Sonoma County's Fountain Grove and Holy City near Los Gatos all trace their history to the establishment of some form of a utopian vision. Usually in reaction to the growing industrial economy, most of these utopian communities emphasized a self-sustaining, scientific-based agricultural economy for their residents.

In 1916, Charles Weeks established in East Palo Alto his version of utopia with his "one acre and independence" plan for living off the land, by which family farmers could grow and earn enough to support their families.

Weeks was born on an Indiana farm in 1873. In 1904, he came to California and purchased 10 acres in Los Altos. His plan for raising poultry in Los Altos failed because his farm did not have an adequate water supply.

In 1909, he relocated to a five-acre farm on the outskirts of Palo Alto, near Hamilton Avenue and Newell Road. He discovered that chickens could be raised in compact houses without the long chicken runs previously thought necessary. His small farm was extremely successful, attracting visitors who came to study the "Weeks Poultry Method".

One visitor was socialist utopian William E. Smythe, who promoted a vision of independently owned small farm communities. Residents of these communities would work together while sharing facilities, new technologies and marketing efforts. Charles Weeks adopted Smythe's utopian ideals and set about establishing his version of such a community.

In 1916, he began purchasing agricultural land across San Francisquito Creek from his Palo Alto farm. The community, *Runnymede*, was ideally situated for the utopian plan to succeed. There was an abundant water supply and perhaps some of the finest soil in the entire state. Most important was the community's location near the urban markets of the San Francisco Bay Area. Too many of the other utopian dreamers located their communities far from any sizable market for their products.

Weeks divided his tract into one acre and half-acre parcels, advertising the parcels with the slogan "one acre and independence," which was also the title of his book detailing his poultry method. He believed that 2,500 hens on one acre could yield \$5,000 per year net and still leave room for fruit trees, berries and grape vines, as well as a small house. Remember that this was \$5,000 per year before the federal income tax.

Weeks was not only a visionary but an entrepreneur. He wrote and spoke extensively to promote his utopian community. As a demonstration project, he established the Charles Weeks Poultry Farm on the property. He also published a monthly magazine called Intensive Little Farms, which was distributed throughout the country, attracting additional buyers.

Initially, Runnymede was quite successful. About 600 acres were developed by Weeks and sold in small parcels. Eventually, 250 families lived and farmed in the community, which stretched from Bay Road to San Francisquito Creek and from Cooley's Landing to Menalto Avenue. Within five years, 1,200 people were living in Runnymede. While the land sold quickly, turnover was high, as new residents found that life in Runnymede was hard work. Many residents stayed and thrived for years, but other parcels remained vacant, owned by real estate speculators instead of farmers.

In the early 1920s, Weeks' interest in Runnymede diminished as he began to promote a new colony, Owensmouth, outside of Los Angeles. By 1923, he was no longer living at Runnymede. His son ran the operation for a while, but in his absence the colony became less stable. The cooperative Runnymede Poultry Farms Inc., which marketed the eggs, went into liquidation. Eventually the local water supply became less reliable as salt water began to contaminate the wells.

In the late 1920s, an epidemic hit the chicken farms, killing most of the cash crop. Many of the remaining farmers turned to other agricultural interests, such as raspberries. With the Great Depression in the 1930s, Weeks lost almost everything. Eventually, he went to Florida, where he grew papayas and raised fishing worms, spending his time skin diving until his death in 1964.

Certain physical evidence remains of Weeks' vision of utopia in East Palo Alto. Essential to his farming plan was an abundant water supply, and there are many remaining tank houses in East Palo Alto that were built by colony farmers to irrigate the crops and supply water to the homes and chicken houses.

But the most distinctive landmark left by Charles Weeks is the layout of the one-acre plots. Because he wanted the parcel owners to feel they were part of a community, with neighbors as close to one another as possible, he lined the streets of Runnymede with long, narrow one-acre parcels whose short sides faced the street. This gave the neighborhood the appearance of a normal suburban development, even though the lots were extremely deep. This appearance can still be seen today on many of East Palo Alto's streets.

Steve Staiger of the Palo Alto Historical Association writes "A Look Back" once every two months.

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