

## SMITH FAMILY – 4 GENERATIONS

Taken from Pam's Notes - PAF File

### **EDWARD VERN SMITH (1901-1958)** [See Grace Michael Smith for more on Vern's life]

**Pam's memories:** "My grandfather, Vern, was born in Browning, Sullivan Co, Missouri on 7 April 1901. All of his siblings, except Uncle Claude were born in Missouri. They moved to Oregon about 1905, as Claude was born in Oregon in 1906. Vern worked as sheep shearer in Oregon and Montana; meat cutter in Milton-Freewater, Oregon & in Walla Walla [9th St Grocery]. Lived at 318 W Willow. We spent lots of time there: holidays, dinners, & I stayed overnight with Gram when Grandad was so sick. She & I slept in Janice's room, as Grandad didn't sleep well. He was a diabetic & gave himself insulin shots. Grandma cooked with a special set of scales to determine the amount he could eat, but he would sometimes sneak a piece or two extra of fruit, as he loved it.

They were so good to all us... Gram sewed our school dresses, doll clothes & cooked yummy meals etc. Grandad made wooden cribs, cupboards & many other things from his 1 table saw on the back porch. Christmases were always held as a family on Christmas Eve at their home. We would hide in the bedroom while Santa came. Grandad took us to movies or played games with us while Grandma, Mom & then Jan cooked dinner, or we would go after dinner. Grandad took time to come up to our house on Division, even just at lunchtime. They took us to the fair every fall, & I remember riding the big ferris wheel with him, when it stopped, with us on top. Grandad made it seem fun to look over everything on the fairgrounds, trying to keep me from being afraid. They encouraged my art & bought my first paint-by-number kit. Just holding his big square warm hand made me feel secure.

After we [Bob and Pam] moved to Montana, Gram talked more of their sheep-shearing days, out of Hardin, where they came every summer for a number of years. Grandad got typhoid fever. Grandma made their summer home out of a tent, by making curtains for boxes that were used for cupboards, etc. Read more about their life together in Gram's autobiography.

**June Smith Hallmark, 1991:** "Dad did not graduate from high school. When Marcus & Lennie lived in Hermiston, Vern & family lived across the way, at the "Y" in road [see Marcus notes]. When Vern lived in Pilot Rock, they lived across alley from Grandma Wegner. Grandpa Wegner died before I was born. She had a big 2-bedroom house. Elery & Mae Michael lived at a ranch outside Pilot Rock first, then into town. Albert Michael (my great grandpa) had a townhouse, with a farmhouse outside of Pilot Rock. Ted Michael lived in Pilot Rock with Goldie & kids - Bonnie & Muggins were born there. Elbert worked out on a ranch & came into town to Vern's on weekends to clean up & go to Pendleton for entertainment. June would run up the hill to Grandma Wegner's & play the piano and go to the restroom. On Willow Street, Dad & Mom had a piano in living room.

The Smith boys tended camp, but I do not know where they worked most of time. Vern drove for Standard oil, plowed snow for Hwy Dept in mountains above Pilot Rock, sheared sheep in Montana and Blue Mountains, bucked wheat – the mountains their summer home. Barely lived through the winter if made enough. ...Dad had typhoid fever, went to Spokane when he was so sick. A woman there had diabetes & had gone to Rockland Clinic Spokane. Aunt Net came on the bus & drove Gram back & forth from hospital. He was tested for Undulant fever & for typhoid fever.

Dad drank a lot. Even though he quit after he joined the church, he thought "a cold bottle of beer sounded good." He had diabetes & knew he shouldn't have been drinking, but he drank until he joined the church. The drinking made him difficult to live with at times. I remember Gram always having a pot of coffee on the stove, in an old green tea pot. Mom loved tea, hot or cold. I remember her saying how she loved a cold glass of iced tea. She also quit after joining the Church. Dad had shingles & walked the floor with the pain. Diabetes caused him some problems, especially when he went to the hospital - had a bad hot water bottle burn, and took a long time to heal.

He was killed when he took a bolt from the Studebaker engine he was working on [in the old 2-story garage], & the engine fell on him [his face turned sideways, there was a round stone on the floor at his temple, apparently quick & no pain]. Gram was watching Jan's girls at her home, & working on baptismal pants for the Church. The Bishop came by, & Gram asked if he would mind stopping by to check on Vern, as he had not answered the phone when she called. He went to check and found him under the car.



## **MARCUS MELVIN SMITH (1871-1934)**

**Book, "Descendants of John and Abigail Thurlo:** "It was reported that Markus married and moved to Oregon & had a large family. Another report said he had died young & no information."

**June Smith Hallmark, June 1991-92:** Mom said family when in Hermiston grew melons, had chickens, alfalfa, had a workhorse, which June got to ride, but no other grandchildren did. Marcus & Lennie lived in small house in Hermiston- 1 small bedroom, living room, kitchen, pantry, back porch). When June was a baby, Vern & family lived across from his folks, where "Y" in the road is.

Grandma Smith had a dirt floor in one place-not sure where - had to haul in their water by wagon for the garden. Grandpa Marcus had grain in the barn & would let no one play in it, except June, as she was a favorite of Grandpa's, & he would let her ride on his horse - would put her up there & she could hardly get her legs around horse. Grandpa would irrigate at night, barefooted. The day he died, he went to town to get a new plug of tobacco. He told Grandma what he had bought, & that he was going to kill some his chickens. He always killed them with his rifle - think he stumbled in a low spot of ground & shot himself. I remember driving to town with Dad, in tears over his death. Grandma Smith was always up early, bought scraps of material and made quilts, doll clothes for grandkids.

**Kathryn Varko Smith [md to son, Leo], May 1992:** Marcus & Lennie tried to prove up on a piece of land in Hermiston. Your Uncle Leo helped the family financially. Marcus was a good man. He was deaf. He was killed by his own gun, when went out to shoot some chickens, which was his usual way of taking care of the chickens.

Marcus & the family lived in a shack on Butter Creek when the children very small, near Echo. Net & Peggy were the oldest & went to work for the Thomsons [Peggy later married Sloan Thomson]. Peggy & Sloan lived on the ranch where Jule lived last. When Jule lived there, Peggy & Sloan lived in the big house in Echo. Doris enjoyed Aunt Peggy's girls & spent time in Portland with Aunt Peggy, when she lived there. Linda (Kathryn's daughter) lived in Portland & saw Aunt Peggy.

**Nat'l Archive Pension 692.296 #15 by Marcus Melvin Smith, Apr 1901:** Marcus living 5 miles northwest of Browning, Sullivan Co, MO. and a farmer. Took names and dates out of family Bible written by mother: "Mary Bell Smith, Laurah Josephine, Marcus M, Rosey Gertie. Mary Bell md JW Atkins. Laurah Josephine md Edward Bradshaw. Rosey Gertie md Joseph Nickell. Mary Bell lives about 3 miles north from me. Laura Bradshaw lives near Unionville and Rosey Gertie lives 1 mile south from me."

## **ALBERT JACKSON SMITH (1829-1873)**

Albert Jackson Smith was born about 1828, Boone Co Missouri, to George & Mahala SMITH, known as Jack. In the 1850 Sullivan Co, MO census, he is shown living with his brother, Meshack Smith Jr, working as a laborer. Jacob Watson, 1 of his childhood friends & from the Civil War [re National Archive Pension file on Albert Jackson Smith, hereafter called N/A], said: "Jack went from Boone Co to Sullivan Co, where he lived with relatives, then back to Boone Co, where he was married Permelia Varvel, perhaps a distant cousin & daughter of Isaac Varvel, on 24 November 1859 in Boone Co, Missouri. Jack's parents came to Sullivan County & were 5 miles NW of Browning & 1 1/4 miles SW of Scottsville, where they settled on farm about 2 miles from Mr. Watson. Jack lived with first wife in this neighborhood a few years before the war. Mr. Watson said he never knew Jack to be sick before he went to war, nor any disease among the Smith's. His parents died when they were quite old."

Jack & Permelia moved to Grand River MO with his brother James F Smith & his new bride. Sometime in the 1850s Jack went to California & left his wife, according to Mr. Watson and his mother, Mahala Smith, who had an affidavit in his pension file - said he went to CA in the 1850s & there joined the Army. She also said that Parmelia had gone to California but had not seen him nor lived with him. In 1857, Permelia divorced him in Holt County, moved back to Boone Co, & may have given birth there to Matilda F [named in Jack's father's will in 1880], their one child.

Jack is found in 1860 in Amador Co CA, as a laborer. He did enlist in the 2nd Regiment of the Mass. Calvary Volunteers on 21 March 1863 in San Francisco. Other affidavits showed interesting facts re his Civil War service:

A Francis E Barron, Mar 1895, of Napa CA, said, "Albert J Smith was in the same Co & Regiment as I was & we occupied the same cabin during winter of 1864-1865 near Winchester to White House landing. In spring of 1865 I remember AJ had a very hard cold (Christmas, it affected his throat & lungs, causing a



cough) & before it was over, we started the march to White House. On the 2 March, it rained very hard, wetting our blankets thru & running under our bed. It was cold, the frost not yet out of ground. We did not get clothes or blankets dry for 3-4 days. He took more cold, causing "catarrh". He was not over it when we landed at White House 26 Mar 1865: detailed as regular pioneers, built cabins for officers before building own. Still in little tents at Christmas 1864."

Apr 1895: Geo E Baldwin, Napa CA- "I knew Albert J Smith. He was very ill from severe cold contracted while at Camp Russell near Winchester VA Dec 1864. I was Sgt in his Co. We were not to have any campfires. We all were quite ill from exposure. He was very sick & had lung trouble from that time. We received our marching orders Feb 1865. All who had poor horses or were sick were to be sent to Harpers Ferry, the rest to Richmond. Many of us were ill, but we determined not to be left behind. Albert J was one of them. We traveled thru rain & mud to White House landing. He had a bed quilt tied under him, a rubber poncho around his head & throat. No doubt his early death soon after the war was due to the cold & exposure we went thru during those days."

Mar 1894: Edward D Bruner: "I knew him well. At time of his enlistment, he was a sound & robust man. After exposure during winter 1863 & 1864, he was really sick. He was a good soldier & always performed his duty when able. We came from California together & he was in good health."

Feb 1890: Officer Seaber, special examiner: "I had interviewed several people who didn't know anything about the case, except for rumors, and that Mrs Mahalia Smith, mother of soldier was really the source of the rumors. Then he took her testimony."

While Jack was fighting for the North, his brother, Thomas was fighting for the South. After 2 yrs in the Civil War, he was mustered out in Fairfax County VA. He had become sick in Feb 1864. Jack went back to Sullivan Co to his father's place, lived with his parents until he met & married his second wife.

Jack married again, this time to Mrs. Princess E Thurlo Curtis on 13 Dec 1866 in Sullivan Co, MO. She also had been married before, to William P. Curtis [apparently shot or killed somewhere in the west; died in 1865]. Jack & Princess lived in the same neighborhood as his family in Sullivan Co. In the 1870 Sullivan Co MO census, Albert J is shown living in Duncan Township with his wife, Princess and 2 daughters, Mary B, 2 yrs & Laura J, 1 yr. By 1880, he had 2 more children: Marcus [my great grandfather], 7 yrs & Gertrude, 5 yrs. He farmed there until he was too sick to do so before he died.

On 1 May 1873, Jack died near Scottsville Township at his father's farm, after about 2 weeks of being sick. He died of pneumonia, winter fever or lung fever. A sister, Lurinda F Smith, said that he had died with a struggle, choking. Mr Watson, his childhood and wartime friend mentioned above, said in his N/A pension affidavit: I was there when Jack died; he was very thin. I helped dress him for burial. Jack had complained about catarrh long before he died & he could not make a full hand at farm work after the war, but he never complained of his illness due to the service, unless I've had forgotten."

There was a question as to whether he had contracted his sickness while in military service, so many, many affidavits were filed after his death with the government & found in a N/A pension file created by family, relatives, friends, doctor, etc. in his behalf, to show that he had been healthy before. However, the government determined by 1904 that he was not sick due to serving in the military. Princess did receive a pension to live on [don't know how large it was].

A daughter, Belle Smith Atkins, said that his brother, Thomas H Smith had attended him during his last illness & that he was also the administrator of his estate. He died intestate [no will]. He was buried in Hoover Cemetery, which is west of Browning, Sullivan Co MO, where many family members are also buried. He apparently had a wooden sign on his grave, as his daughter, Belle, in her N/A affidavit said there was one there in 1895, as she saw it. There is no stone found in the cemetery with his name on it today [Pam and Bob visited in 1992].

The probate that followed showed these details: Dr. Joel Dewitt showed \$16.00 for medical services rendered to Jack during his last sickness. In 1875, a petition was entered for an allowance for Princess E Smith, widow, who had a family of small children that depended upon her for support & personal property left by the deceased was exhausted & there was no means of support. She asked for a small allotment out of the estate until she could provide by other means. From the Thurlo family, Pam learned that she sewed for a living & worked very hard to raise her family of 4 children. She continued to live west of Browning on the farm of her brother, Columbus Thurlo. She lived there with her son Marcus M Smith & never remarried.

His brothers all died, but 3 sisters were still living in 1900: Lurinda Fields of Humphrey, Mary Katie Thurlo near Scottsville, & Ann Thurlo of Tina or Bogard, Carrol Co, MO.

A physical description of Jack was found in his pension file: Age of enlistment 35 yrs. 5'9" high, fair complexion, grey eyes, brown hair. Born Boone Co MO. Occupation: farmer



## **GEORGE SMITH (abt 1803-1887)**

**Sept 1908 obit for Silas Thurlo:** "George Smith is a pioneer merchant of Scottsville [Sullivan Co, Missouri], where he also had a farm. Before he left Boone Co to go north to Sullivan Co, he went to California in 1850 with James Smith and W Smith [which I assume were his sons, James F and William.]"

**Letter from George to sister, Sharlota McALASTER (sp) 26 Nov 1851 from Boone Co MO** (from *Researcher*, April 1992, Elizabeth Prather Ellsberry, Pub), spelling as he wrote it:

"Dear Brother and Sister I take this opportunity of informing you that we are in a reasonable state of health hoping when these few lines comes to hand they will find you well and Enjoying Every Blessing that this life can afford. We were glad to hear of you Being so well satisfied and a Doing so well I am still Living on the same place I was when you Left Home. Albert J and James F are both married and settled themselves on grand river Albert Jackson married Amelia Varvel Daughter of Isack Varvell James Franklin married Sophrona Coalman Daughter of Straucher Coalman. We have six Children Living with us 4 girls and 32 boys Nancy Ellen and Mary Catharin She is 7 years old. James Franklin has been to California and got back home Last spring Every thing is very high horses mules cattle pork is worth from 3 1/2 to 4 Dollars or 100 pounds Corn from 1 Dollar to 1.25 pr Barrel wheat 50 cents pr Bushell Apples from 30 to 50 cents pr Bushell \_\_\_\_\_ / Apples 100 pr Bushel potatoes from 20 to 40 cents pr Bushel We have no money now but the pure suff goale and silver goale pieces from 1 Dollar to 50 (ct.?) And Coming from California Continueally as it respects money matters Times is a great deal better than it was when you was here. The people are generally Doing well And seem to use a greater Deal more industry than they Did when you Lived here Land has advanced Considerabel it is worth from 10 to 30 Dollar pr Acre there has bin great improvements made in this County Since you Left it we have the first Court house in the State and Co Beds fare (?) to Be one of the best in Land Towns in the state Rochpote is quite a Business place there is 8 stores 2 groceries 2 tobacco factoris one soap walk 2 Black smith shops e carding machines 2 wagon (?) make shops and a teem mill \_\_\_\_\_ A Building There has bin to many strange things happend since i saw you that i hardly know how to rite or where to begin I hope you will rite as soon as this letter comes to hand I would be glad to know how you are situated for I \_\_\_\_\_ and churches I have not had A Letter from you since you Left home Richard Pulam and family is well and sends there Love I have bin up to grand river this fall and the Conne\_\_ion (children?) were All well I will Bring my Letter to a cloas assuring our selves your affectionate Brother And sister Till Death \_irewell (farewell?)"

## **GEORGE'S SISTER, CHARLOTTE MARTHA SMITH MC ALLISTER (1816-1865)**

***Reminiscences of Hon. John Minto, Pioneer of 1844, V2 1901 pg 242:*** Mrs James McAllister & 4 children part of a boatload leaving The Dalles 26 Dec 1844 on Columbia River to north bank 29 Dec, after a terrible storm in the narrow gorge of Cape Horn: "We left The Dalles 26 Dec with the running gear of 3 wagons in our boat and 17 persons, young & old, on top of that, leaving also our Indian oarsmen... We reached & passed the cascades in safety... We met with no unusual difficulty until some distance below the rapids. But on 29th, as we entered the narrow gorge of Cape Horn from the east, a storm of wind entered from the west. It was the most awful effect of wind that I have ever seen... Clark at the steering oar...decided to land on the north bank rather than on a sandpit near us on the south side. This made it necessary to cross the river in front of the storm...accelerating our speed. The first blow received was the most violent-we crossed river right on crest of its turmoil...swallowed up completely from sight of some Indians in a canoe who hugged the south shore & who believed us sunk, and so reported to our friends at Linnton.

A Mrs James McAlister with her 4 children was among those in the bateau (her husband engaged with care of their property; the family had given Clark a temporary home and to assist whom was his chief object in being there) She sat mute under the onset of the storm, with her little ones close to her; she was the first to get out onto the bank, & her children were passed to her. After receiving the hand of the last & youngest she turned her face to Clark & said "Dan Clark, I have been your good friend; but you have just put my children in great danger without reason and I never wish to speak to you again." Her face was bloodless with the intensity of her emotions, & Clark, naturally ruddy, was also as white as he could be.

It is but just to give his reason for his decision to reach the north shore: From this side a trail led to Vancouver, and had we been stormbound long, some of us could have gone to the fort for relief and not eaten boiled buffalo hide for soup as a group had done in 1843. The wind fell & the rain came but we succeeded by breaking up a wood rat's nest of huge size in starting a good fire. During the night the



weather turned colder & a few inches of soft snow covered us at daylight. Against the Chinook wind we made the Hudson's Bay Co's sawmill. There a "canny Scot" gave us shelter...after supper, after hearing our previous night's experience, he returned with a pail of nice white turnips bidding the party to "Help yerselve's". Mrs McAlister thanked him & helped the children all around...this was a homely treat but was greatly enjoyed.

29 Dec: On entering mouth of Willamette, we found brig Chenamus and asked to come aboard by a man named Cushing. We were treated to best supper and given the officer's quarters for women & children.

30 Dec: Landed on west bank of Willamette at Linnton, which was a village of tents, blacksmith shop, home & few outbuildings.

### **Husband James Benton McAllister (1812-1855)**

**Manuscript, U of WA Lib, NW Coll., by Mrs Sarah McAllister Hartman, daughter, 20 Feb 1893,** Sherlock WA (Nisqually old town, called Sherlock few yrs, now called Nisqually again). Story of family living & Indian war time, shortened quite a bit.

1843: "James McAllister arrived at New Market (Tumwater) with M T Simmons & others late Oct 1845. In 1843 James McAllister & family left for MO to come west following spring (left MO 1843, to MO before 1834 when married). To Whitman Mission where stayed 8 wks when America [dau] sick with mountain fever. James had heard of schools on sound. Met by Chief Leschi of Nisqually Tribe, bearing gifts. Took them to Bush Prairie where tool claims about 12 miles from Ft Nisqually.

The Sound Indians were kind to us & we never had any trouble until we reached the Cowlitz River... A roving band of Indians met the party while encamped. They thought white man a poorly nourished & weakly creature, & when men absent from camp they saw bright-colored quilts & bright, useful utensils & thought they could "help themselves to whatever took their fancy. But unfortunately for them they began at the wrong camp, that being mother's, who was of fighting stock. She jerked a tent pole and laid it about her with such effect that she had her squat of Indians going on a double quick in a very short time. The others, seeing them going, took to their heels, leaving the camp forever."

"One day mother was making some cakes in a "dutchoven," when some Indians came in: she had an occasion to step out: when she came back one of her cakes was gone. She glanced about & saw an old Indian holding arm out in suspicious manner. She suspected where cake had gone, stepped up to him, grabbed him by the arms & pressed his arms to his sides & burnt them almost to a blister, while he jumped & howled with pain. When the other Indians understood what the matter was, they yelled with delight. He was after known as "Old Hotcakes."

13 Mar 1844-5 James B McAllister [son] born on Bush Prairie, first white child born on Puget Sound. Father came by Leschi's invitation to Nisqually Valley & selected his farm at junction of Shnonabdaub & Squaquid Creeks. Destined to see many wild & horrible scenes that other settlers were spared. Planted wheat but no bread for 3 yrs. Plenty to eat-all kinds of game, fish, clams, dried & fresh-Indians showing us how to prepare them. No salt. We learned to like Indian foods.

1845, mother not like being alone while father building. He laughingly told her he saw two large stumps side by side & if she would live in them, he would take her with him. She did. He scraped out the stump & made a roof, & mother moved in with 6 children-very comfortable, lived there till father built new house on north part of the land-stump house about 300 yards from new one.

Learned Indian language. Mother, a southern woman & used to servants, adopted 3 Indian maidens, trained them to do housework. 2 boys also, who were faithful during Indian trouble. One gave his life to save the family.

We heard rumors of "gold" in CA, also on Queen Charlotte Islands. Father & others, stricken with "gold fever" went, but a storm came up & they wrecked on the rocks. The Indians were more savage than Sound Indians. They were prisoners 3 months till rescued. As slaves, and thinking to gain the good will of the Indians, Father & Mr Weed began to amuse them by dancing; their efforts were successful - they were relieved from all work, except for dancing. The man added a couple of songs & they were more delighted. The Indians had 1 dish the men were fond of... hashed up roots & berries...wanted to know how to make it. The Indians refused... the 2 men set out to find out, found a circle of old squaws, each with baskets of roots or berries at work; biting off large mouthfuls, chewing until quite fine, then spitting mouthful into a crock over the fire. Somehow the men lost their appetite for this dainty dish.

There were many stories told, one included was of the Indians learning white ways, knocking on doors before entering. They did not think they must do it. One Indian came & found door locked (because he had



not knocked), & he attacked door with a war club. Mother, not sure what happening, grabbed horse pistol & shot as door fell, hitting Indian in both calves. No Indians appeared - went to their camp & told what she did. They laughed, told her of his brags of getting into house without knocking. She showed them how to make a litter, carried him to camp, dressed wounds & nursed till well. They were best of friends after that.

After arriving in the valley, father cleared quite a farm, built a sawmill, blacksmith shop & started a general store. He served 2 terms in territorial legislature.

Indians began to complain about the many things father built, including nice house 2 stories high with 10 rooms on ground floor & comforts & happiness, but poor father not live to enjoy his well-earned comfort. In 1855 Leschi came to our house, bringing both his wives, saying he was going to fight. Mother & father both tried to persuade him to remain peaceful & thought they had done so. Women talked & cried together. He told father if he would not join the army, he should not be hurt or his property destroyed. Shortly after, his family withdrew to mountains & hostilities began.

White people raised companies of volunteers, built forts for families. Father & my older brother George who was only 17 joined Company I, Puget Sound Volunteers. Mother begged him not to do so - said Indians would surely kill him. He laughed, said he would take a cane & cane every one of them home. Think he said that to quiet mother. Army thought he could persuade Leschi not to fight, gave him peace commission, left for stronghold in mountains. Fired on in ambush, father shot twice in chest, killed instantly. Lt. Connell was killed down the road. An Indian boy, Chipwaleon, Charlotte convinced to follow James-horse ran into woods & saved his life. Others were hurt, including bro (took portion of upper lip). Next morning, bro Geo went for reinforcements, then home, where found family surrounded by Indians. 2 Indian friends held rest at bay until boys got oxen & wagon, taking us to fort over 2 miles away.

Pg 54: Mother prostrate with grief & fright- searching parties were sent to find bodies of murdered officers. After long & weary search, found. Lt Connell beside trail terribly mutilated; father hidden carefully away in forks of fallen tree, securely covered.

Pg 55: One day quite a stir in fort...across prairie something coming, an uncanny long object lying full length upon a horse...wrapped in canvas...put in a bier. Mother led to bier, gentleman fanning her with his hat... ladies told us in kindest way possible that our father was dead & his body lay wrapped in that canvas. They led us forward, stood beside mother; grasped the folds of her dress, too frightened to see what was before us, one awful moment & we saw the face of our dearly loved father, cold in death. Then long silence broken, all burst into wildest crying, floodgates broken, grief, fright, despair overwhelmed us.

Pg 8 (typed): After lying 15 days in woods, father's body brought home to mother- buried with military & Masonic honors. Mother grieved.

Pg 56: Father buried near fort by a beautiful lake. Pg 8 continued: More grief-A few days after father's funeral, my sister America left baby asleep in cradle while checked on mother. Stove accidently overturned by cat & dog chasing, pouring boiling water into cradle & scalding baby to death. Remained at this post several months, then to Ft Ragston on the Nisqually & 2 mi from home. Hard times began. No good meals during yr there. John went to farm to get food & trying to shoot duck, shot his hand, crippling for life. Many Indian scares there. Children had to sleep in blockhouse with soldiers below, swearing if we made noise.

Pg 9: Indians captured, tried & one confessed to killing father.

Pg 10: The Indians had many queer customs (tells of marriages & funerals), one that puzzles whites the most is "tonmanomies"-spiritualism. Mt. Tacoma called so by natives. Named Ranier after English admiral. Creek called Shinonadaub by the Indians-afterwards named McAllister's Creek by whites. I have called our farm Chilcoma, meaning raspberry. This story written under many difficulties-if any of the old settlers notice mistakes, regard them as the fault of memory, not intentions. Written by Mrs Sarah McAllister Hartman, Sherlock, WA, Feb 20 1893 (57 handwritten & slightly different in places than the above 12 shortened version, which was typed & included with a typed copy of the first version.