

**Columbia Gorge  
Genealogical Society**

P.O. Box 1088

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**NOTE! NEW MAILING ADDRESS**

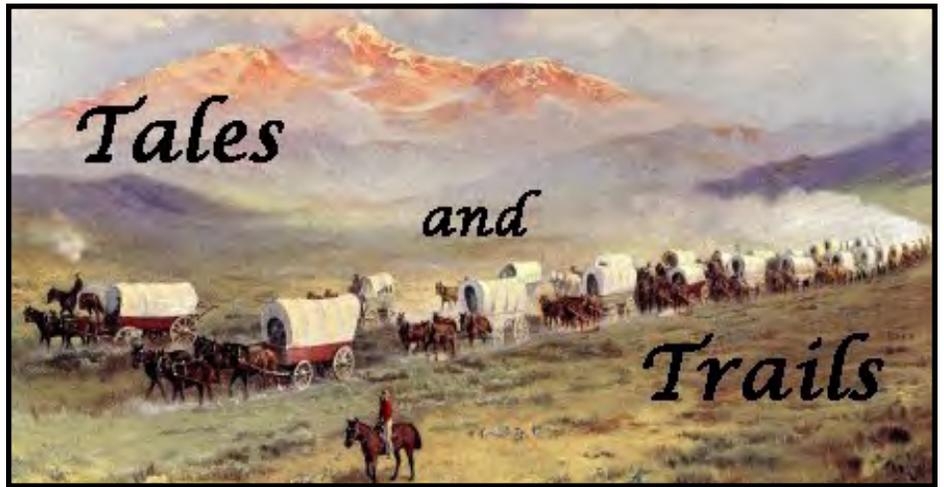
**April 2016  
Volume 30, Number 2**

Serving Hood River, Wasco and  
Sherman Counties in Oregon and  
Skamania and Klickitat Counties  
in Washington

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Can you identify the April Fool's item?



**President's Report**



**WHO KNEW?**

And you ask,  
"Who knew what?"  
My reply is simple.....who knew  
there was so much to genealogy?

When I began this journey years back, still being at it 40 years later is a surprise. Now I know there are folks out there who have been at it longer than me, but who knew.

In the process I have stumbled upon more subjects to study. For instance, Planning the Fabulous Family Reunion. (That's Jim's area of expertise.) Others are Planning a Trip to Salt Lake City, Protecting Your Precious Documents, Creating a Family Website, Displaying Your Family Photos and Charts, and more. One item I just stumbled across is very intriguing ...write your own obituary.

It is exciting though, to have your "family" around you in your home. I had the opportunity to visit my father's sister in Sweden. Many of those photos put a smile on my face. But I digress.

Keep searching and keep adding to your family's heritage. With that I say have a great summer.

*Barbara*

~~~~~  
**President Barb  
Asks For Information**

By Jim Bull

Our fearless leader would like to have some idea of what country each members is focusing their research on. Or if your efforts are on the United States, what state(s) your efforts are directed toward.

She provided paper for members at the meeting on March 12 to jot down their areas. She asks those that weren't in attendance to please send an email to ([bpashek@gmail.com](mailto:bpashek@gmail.com)) with the locations that drive your research.

~~~~~  
**By-Laws Changes  
Proposed**

By Jim Bull

Ever since some questions were raised as the Board of Directors started the elections process last September we have been having

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**2016 Dues Are Past Due**

If you are one of the eleven members that haven't paid yet, this is your last T&T!

discussions about what, if any, changes need to be made to our current By-Laws. The change to a Post Office Box for a mailing address, the location of our physical assets, and a sense of the board needing a bit more flexibility to cover operational tasks led a detailed review at our January and February meetings.

At our March 12<sup>th</sup> meeting the board recommended passage of the proposed changes to the membership and it was announced at the general membership meeting that a vote of the membership would be taken at the April 9 general meeting.

All members were sent a copy of the proposed changes on Feb. 13. If for some reason you did not get one, or if you have questions about the proposed changes, please contact a board member.

**Story Telling Program**

By Jim Bull

When do you realize that you are hearing a FANTASTIC story?



I knew in the first sixty seconds as February presenter Holly Robison described her grandmother's attention to detail while teaching Holly's mother needlepoint skills at an early age. Holly herself was dressed to the T's in a skirt and jacket ensemble that her grandmother had

made for herself those many years

earlier. Sadly she related how her mother's efforts at stitchery never seemed to meet grandmother's satisfaction and made a vow to never sew again.

Holly went on to describe how her mother started to bake bread, but as the results of any new venture always seems to be less than desired, it took many tries to slowly make the adjustments that eventually produced a quality loaf. As she went on to describe how she looked forward to getting home from school on baking day and enjoying a slice of hot bread and fresh jam with her mother, I could almost smell and taste it myself.

A wedding present of a bread making machine started Holly on the path to being a bread maker herself. The results were okay but, as machines often do, it went "kaput".

She thought she would start from scratch with her mother's recipe. But alas, for a while she could never seem to get the taste of her mother's masterpieces. Eventually though she started to get baking assistance from her three children and realized that bread making was now a three generation tradition.

That was the first ten minutes of the program. As Holly went on to share many factors of developing a good story with the involvement of attending members, I realized that the story she told at the start was a metaphor for the attention to detail and practice, practice, practice that is needed to develop a good story.

Toward the end Holly asked

small groups of three to share with each other the rough stories each had developed. From the high degree of vocalizing I heard it was obvious that our society had experienced another excellent program. (And this article is the story I worked on that day.)

{For a related article click [here](#).}

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**RootsTech 2016**

By Jim Bull



Linda Colton gave what has become her annual overview of the recent Rootstech convention held February 3-6 in Salt Lake City.

Out of the over 100 presentations made she focused on four:

Homespun and Calico: Finding our Foremothers by Peggy Lauritzen (RT1792)

Proven Methodology for Using Google for Genealogy by Lisa Louise Cooke (GS2345-F)

A Digital Treasure: *PERSI* and your Family History by D. Joshua Taylor (RT2489)

Using the Genealogical Proof Standard for Success by James Ison (RT2230)

Videos for each of these sessions, and many others, can be accessed by going to [www.rootstech.org/video2/4741761571001](http://www.rootstech.org/video2/4741761571001).

Scroll down the page to find these specific topics and additional ones. These four are all about an hour in length; others vary from 25 minutes to 2 hours.

To find a listing of all session topics go to [www.rootstech.org](http://www.rootstech.org), then click on RootsTech tab at the top of the page and then type "Session Topics" into the search box at the top. If you find another topic that interests you, note the identification code similar to those given for the topics above. Then go to [www.rootstech.org/about/syllabus](http://www.rootstech.org/about/syllabus) to find a listing of the codes. Click on the code to see the syllabus/handouts for that session and either print or download it.

FYI, Lisa Louise Cooke (of Google session above) is the featured presenter at the Bend Genealogical Society Spring Seminar to be held April 23<sup>rd</sup> at the Bend Golf & Country Club, 61045 Country Club Drive. Click [here](#) for more information.

Finally, regarding the topic of Genealogical Proof Standard, I mentioned at the meeting that I had discovered an excellent written "conclusion" which is the last step in the overall process. If you would like to see what it looks like go to <http://home.netcom.com/~fzsaund/tydings.html>. This document essentially proved that everything else I had found over the last few months regarding Richard Tydings of Maryland was in error and that I still need to keep looking for his parents and spouse's surname. (Or maybe not!) 🤔

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**The black sheep keeps the best info on the family.**

**Pa Was a Bum**

(In the Best Sense of the Word)

By member PJ Sisheck

Clyde Russell Elliott was born 28 June 1917, son of a none-too-prosperous farmer in rural Chariton County, Missouri. The coming of the Great Depression did not help their economic situation. Pa told stories of how, as a young teenager, he would have to go to bed so his mother could wash the one set of clothing he owned – a pair of overalls and a long-sleeved shirt. Then there was the year all crops failed except the turnips – they never knew what would "turn up" on the dinner table, but it was always better if they managed to shoot a squirrel or possum to flavor it.

"Ace", as he was called, did have some money placed in trust for him in 1918 by the estate of his grandfather George Washington Staubus (once proclaimed the richest man in Brunswick, Missouri). But as banks began to fail, the value of this resource fell to just pennies on the dollar. By time Ace graduated from High School in 1934 at not quite 17 years old, his bank account was worth about \$30.

So, he invested in a suit with two pair of pants. Ace could not find a job – there were few to be had – but he could get a scholarship to attend college, thanks to Montgomery Ward. Off he went to Kirksville Normal School for two years. During this time, he would invest in a four cent postcard to write to his mom about once a month, and would "attach" his

laundry bag! She would do up his washing, and return to sender.

After two years, Ace transferred to the University of Missouri at Columbia. There, he played football (reasonably well) and basketball (poorly). He majored in Journalism, and graduated May 1938 with a Bachelor's Degree. He got a great job offer, with Reuter's News Service, as a War Correspondent to China. Alas, he was six weeks shy of his 21<sup>st</sup> birthday, and neither of his parents would sign for him to obtain a Passport. By time he had reached his majority, the offer was no longer open.

In the summer of 1938, Ace got a job as a reporter for a small weekly newspaper in Iowa. As he wrote in his memoirs, the enterprise folded six weeks later, due, no doubt, to his short tenure there! At this time, Ace obtained his Social Security card. With that and his Bachelor's Degree in Journalism, he hit the road.

We have, in the family archives, photographic evidence of his time working at a family dairy/cheese factory in Wisconsin. We have heard of his exploits working with his brother Jim at a radio factory in Saint Louis, Missouri. He did show up in Brunswick, Missouri in 1940, long enough for his brother George's wedding.

Somewhere about this time, Ace applied to join the Merchant Marines, the Coast Guard, and the Army. He was declined by all three, due to being nearly deaf in one ear and nearly blind in one eye (from childhood diseases). So, on he went, searching for his

place in this world.

In his travels, Ace encountered one of those proverbial rainy nights in Georgia. He was arrested as a vagrant, and hauled off to jail. There, it was warm and dry, and he was fed. In the morning, before the Judge, he was accused of "no visible means of support" – probably, they were hoping for another able-bodied person for the chain gang. But Ace pulled his fountain pen and his Journalism degree out of the pocket of his oiled rain coat, and produced his means of support. The Judge ordered the arresting officer to take Pa to the county line and drop him off. He also invited Ace to never return to that county.

Ace went on to work in a deli in New Orleans. He was only there about six weeks before the owner made him Assistant Manager, scheduled him for the evening shift, and entrusted him with a set of keys. His instructions were that any leftovers could be distributed to the needy, as they had no refrigeration other than ice blocks, which would not keep overnight in sultry New Orleans. Every night, as Ace walked the eight blocks or so to his rooming house, he was approached by beggars wanting money for a cup of coffee or some food. Pa would offer to take them back to the deli, but his offer was declined, except on one occasion. This was a fifteen-year-old runaway, who ate an incredible amount of food. By the time the kid was full, Ace had convinced him to return home.

Growing bored, Ace headed

"Out West". I know he worked at a boarding house in Arizona, assisting the laundry lady. During this time, he took a side trip to Mexico, and managed to get himself deported back to the US (he never would tell us why). The heat got to him, so around 1941 he headed up to the Yakima Valley in Central Washington, where his third cousin, "Pappy" Underwood, had a fruit ranch.

Pa loved the Yakima Valley. He wrote of trips to the mountains to harvest huckleberries and fire wood. He invested \$1 in a fishing license. This may be how the Yakima County Draft Board became aware of his existence. Or maybe his mother forwarded his Draft Notice to him. In any case, he found himself enlisting in the army. This occurred in Spokane, 17 September 1942.

World War II was growing hot and heavy, and warm bodies were needed. Ace was sent off to Fort Leonard J. Wood for Basic Training, then stationed at Vancouver Barracks in Clark County WA. Because of his degree in Journalism, he was made an Information Officer. Part of his duties included sending coded telegrams to Washington, D.C. He would move about from telegraph office to telegraph office, never using the same location two weeks running.

Until January 1943, that is. That is when he "met" an operator with the most beautiful contralto voice. He could not see her, due to the secrecy protocol of his mission. But, he could chat with her. The following week, he found himself back at that location. After composing his report, he chatted with

“Jane” some more. Working up his courage, he asked her out on a blind date. Her reply was sure, only if it were Sunday Dinner at her parents’ house. Jane figured any guy with guts enough to do that was a guy worth considering.

The family archives show evidence of that fortuitous day! There was about six inches of snow in Portland, Oregon then – not a common occurrence. There are several pictures of Ace on the sidewalk in front of 4402 SE 76<sup>th</sup> Avenue. There are several more of Ace and Jane frolicking in the snow on Mount Tabor (with several of her siblings along for propriety’s sake).

The wedding occurred at the Chapel at Vancouver Barracks 22 April 1943. My Uncle Don was there. He reported that the Officiate seemed rather bored with the whole procedure, droned on for several minutes, pronounced Ace and Jane husband and wife, then said “That will be \$10, please”. Ace pulled a fiver out of his wallet, said “Here’s my half”, then looked inquiringly at Jane. She was rather embarrassed, but Uncle Don got \$5 out of his own wallet to hand to the Minister.

The Honeymoon was a deep-sea charter salmon fishing trip out of Depoe Bay, Oregon. Jane became so very sea-sick, that even years later, a mere mention of salmon-fishing, Depoe Bay, or any other related subject would turn her green around the gills.

In the spring of 1943, the cherry crop in the Yakima Valley ripened weeks ahead of usual, long before the migrant workers were

in the area to help with harvest. A plea went out for assistance, and since foodstuffs are considered a Military Necessity, especially in Wartime, Ace was granted an Emergency Leave to help his Cousin Pappy with cherry-picking. He took his bride with him – she also had to have a Leave from her job as a Telegraph Operator (another Wartime Necessity).

Jane fell in love with the Yakima Valley. The vistas of the mountains, including Mount Rainier at 14,000 feet and Mount Adams at 12,000 feet, are stunning. The Yakima Valley is rather glorious in springtime any year, but especially so in 1943. Jane made Ace promise that after the War was over, they would settle in there.

Ace’s Army assignments took him to San Francisco, and Jane went with him. Finding a job as a telegraph operator was easy for her, but one night, she almost single-handedly escalated the War. She had been pressed into working a double-shift, and fifteen and three quarters hours into it, she made a mistake in a telegram addressed to the Russian Embassy, changing the context of the message. Called on the carpet, she explained how tired she was, and that she did not know a word of Russian, and was not familiar with the Russian Alphabet, and was willing to quit her job on the spot...instead, she and Ace were both promptly transferred to an outpost in Oakland. The first night there, an earthquake occurred. Jane was ready to return to Portland, and being pregnant was a good as an excuse as any.

Meantime, Ace was sent overseas.

Ace was assigned to the 75<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division, still as an Information Officer. He was in Unit B289 – interestingly enough, his brother Jim, drafted from Brunswick, Missouri, was in the same unit (since Jim knew how to peel a potato, he was the Company Cook). Ace wrote down as much as he was allowed during this time, and collected maps, travel brochures, and photos. We have donated a fair amount of his material to the 75<sup>th</sup> Division Museum in Houston, Texas.

Ace’s adventures took him to England, France, Belgium, and Germany. He returned to US soil when his first child was fourteen months old. As soon as could be arranged, Ace and Jane did indeed move to the Yakima Valley in Central Washington. Except for a less-than-two-year stint in Scappoose, Oregon (where they experienced spring flooding twice, ruining the crops), they farmed in the Wapato area of the Yakima Valley for nearly fifty years. They were Organic Farmers before Organic was cool, but when Certification by the State of Washington began, they easily qualified (I think they were the 12<sup>th</sup> party to do so).

Beginning about 1980, Pa and Ma began trucking over to Pike Place Market two or three days a week during the growing season. After Ma died, Pa continued on his own for several years, but was forced into retirement by declining health. He died 16 May 1997 in Wapato. His ashes are under a rose bush at Elliott Organic Farm. I still have the Pike Place Market signage from Ma and Pa’s booth –

it hangs over my refrigerator.

Somewhere along the line, Pa's name evolved. The 1920 and 1930 censuses show him as Clyde R. Elliott, as does his Army enlistment Record. By October 1981, he was C. Russell Elliott. His SSDI listing has him simply as Russell Elliott. But! His obituary calls him Clyde Russell Elliott, so he made the full circle.

As a college student, Ace collected used books, most of which he paid four to five cents for. Many are classics, some are Mark Twain volumes, and several are First Edition works. Some date back to 1890 or so. This collection went to my daughter, who once had them appraised at well over one thousand dollars (not that she sold any, but figured they were insurance against running out of college funding).

In his travels during his bachelor days, Ace collected tax tokens from most every state and county he ever passed through. My daughter still has much of this collection. Most are early examples of plastics (and are warped, discolored, and faded). Some are metal (I remember playing with these as a child, as they had holes in them, and would string up as necklaces quite nicely). Someday, she and I are going to re-search each locale, and attempt to trace the wanderings of Pa, the Bum!

**Sources**

1. Birthdate listed in "United States Social Security Index" accessed on-line 30 January 2014 from FamilySearch. Also supported by 1920 and 1930 Federal Censuses, Brunswick, Chariton Co MO.
2. U.S. Social Security Death Index

accessed on FamilySearch 21 August 2004. SSN 480-14-1446 issued in Iowa. Death Residence Localities for Zip 98951 include Donald, Sawyer, and Wapato, all in Yakima County, Washington.

3. "United States World War II Army enlistment Records, 1938-1946" accessed on-line 30 January 2014 from FamilySearch.
4. Russell Elliott, "United States Social Security Death Index" accessed from FamilySearch 30 January 2014.
5. Elliott C Russell, "United States Public Records Index" 1 October 1981-1 January 2004, accessed from FamilySearch 30 January 2014. While he was deceased since 16 May 1997, when my sister obtained a PO Box to handle the affairs of the estate, she was issued good old Box 183, recently vacated.
6. Obituary and Death Notice published in "Yakima Herald-Republic" May 1997. Clipping in my personal files.

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**Serendipity**

By Charles Hansen

(From wasgs.org/blog Jan. 28, 2016)

Serendipity means a "happy accident" or "pleasant surprise"; a fortunate mistake. Specifically, the accident of finding something good or useful while not specifically searching for it. The word has been voted one of the ten English words hardest to translate in June 2004 by a British translation company.[1] However, due to its sociological use, the word has been exported into many other languages.[2]

**Etymology**

The first noted use of "serendipity" in the English language was by Horace Walpole (1717-1797). In a letter to Horace Mann (dated 28 January 1754) he

said he formed it from the Persian fairy tale The Three Princes of Serendip, whose heroes "were always making discoveries, by accidents and sagacity, of things they were not in quest of". The name stems from Serendip, an old name for Sri Lanka (aka Ceylon), from Arabic Sarandib. Parts of Sri Lanka were under the rule of South Indian kings for extended periods of time in history. Kings of Kerala, India (Cheranadu) were called Chera Kings and dheep means island, the island belonging to Chera King was called Cherandeeep, hence called Sarandib by Arab traders.

For more click on <http://encyclopedia.thefreedictionary.com/Serendipity>.

Judy Rice of WASGS commented: I love the word "serendipity" and have been known to especially love the sound of its adjective form, "serendipitous". Indeed it is a word applicable to genealogy findings, at times. The history of the origin of this word is intriguing and mystical.

**Notes**

1. "[Words hardest to translate - The list by Today Translations.](#)". Global Oneness. 21 April 2009.
2. For example: [Portuguese](#) *serendipicidade* or *serendipidade*; French *sérendipicité* or *sérendipité* but also *heureux hasard*, "fortunate chance"; Italian *serendipità* ([Italian Dictionary Hoepli, cfr.](#)); [Dutch](#) *serendipiteit*; German *Serendipität*; Japanese *serendipiti* (セレンディピティ); [Swedish](#), [Danish](#) and [Norwegian](#) *serendipitet*; [Romanian](#) *serendipitate*; Spanish *serendipia*, Polish: *Serendypność*; [Finnish](#) *serendipiteetti*

## Probate Records

By Jim Bull

Starting on Feb. 10 Alicia Crane Williams has had a series of posts on *Vita Brevis* on the many details that can be found in Probate Records.

The outline for the six postings so far include:

- Testate Estate (Part 1 Feb 10)
- Parts of a Will (Part 2 Feb 19)
  - Identification of Testator
  - Payment of debts and costs
  - Bequests
  - Executors
  - Date & Signatures
  - Witnesses

### Probate

Contested Will (Part 3 Feb. 26)

The Inventory (Part 4 Mar. 7)

Intestate Probate (Part 5 Mar. 14)

Appointment of Appraisers and the Inventory (Part 6 Mar. 22)

Guardianship Records (Part 7 to be posted Mar. 29?)

The author provides images of actual documents as references points to the 7 pages of her narrative to date. You can click [here](#) to access the first in the series. A link is provided at the end of each post to access the following ones.

## Folks Aren't Always What They Seem To Be

(From an email I received that I thought was a good example of storytelling-*JB*)

### STAGECOACH DRIVERS

TRUCKEE, Calif. — Western stagecoach companies were big business in the latter half of

the 19th century. In addition to passengers and freight, stages hauled gold and silver bullion as well as mining company payrolls.

Stage robbery was a constant danger and bandits employed many strategies to ambush a stagecoach. Thieves rarely met with much resistance from stage drivers, since they had passenger safety foremost in mind. The gang was usually after the Wells Fargo money box with its valuable contents. Passengers were seldom hurt, but they were certainly relieved of their cash, watches and jewelry.

Before the completion of the transcontinental railroad over Donner Pass in 1868, the only transportation through the Sierra was by stage. Rugged teamsters held rein over six wild-eyed horses as they tore along the precipitous mountain trails. The stagecoaches were driven by skilled and fearless men who pushed themselves and their spirited horses to the limit. One of the most famous drivers was Charles Darkey Parkhurst, who had come west from New England in 1852 seeking his fortune in the Gold Rush. He spent 15 years running stages, sometimes partnering with Hank Monk, the celebrated driver from Carson City. Over the years, Parkhurst's reputation as an expert whip grew.

From 20 feet away he could slice open the end of an envelope or cut a cigar out of a man's mouth. Parkhurst smoked cigars, chewed wads of tobacco, drank with the best of them, and exuded supreme confidence behind the reins. His judgment was

Continued on Page 8, Col. 1

## Upcoming Events

**April 2, 2016**

**9:00—4:00 7809 Tieton Dr., Yakima  
Spring Seminar**

Kelvin Meyers on several subjects. See <http://yvgs.net/> & click seminar link

**April 2, 2016**

**8:30-3:00 8415 N. Wall St., Spokane  
Spring Seminar**

Bill Dollarhide covers Deeds, Wagon Roads, Migration Routes & Census substitutes. See <http://www.ewgsi.org/cpage.php?pt=303>

**April 9, 2016**

**1:00 PM—Discovery Center  
CGGS Monthly Program**

Georga Foster will share how she used City Directories to create a biography of Wasco County family of Jesse Hostetler

**April 23, 2016**

**Bend Golf & Country Club  
61045 Country Club Dr., Bend, OR  
Spring Seminar**

Speaker: Lisa Louise Cooke see <http://www.orgenweb.org/deschutes/bend-gs/springseminar.html>

**May 14, 2016**

**1:00 PM Discovery Center  
CGGS Monthly Program  
To Be Announced**

**June 11, 2016**

**1:00 PM Discovery Center  
CGGS Monthly Program  
To Be Announced**

**Save the Date**

**October 15, 2016**

**D. Joshua Taylor**

Nationally known genealogical author, lecturer, and researcher, D. Joshua Taylor will be at the GFO's October 15, 2016 Seminar and Workshop events this fall.

Don't miss it!

sound and pleasant manners won him many friends.

One afternoon as Charley drove down from Carson Pass the lead horses veered off the road and a wrenching jolt threw him from the rig. He hung on to the reins as the horses dragged him along on his stomach. Amazingly, Parkhurst managed to steer the frightened horses back onto the road and save all his grateful passengers.

**NO PATIENCE FOR CROOKS**

During the 1850s, bands of surly highwaymen stalked the roads. These outlaws would level their shotguns at stage drivers and shout, "Throw down the gold box!" Charley Parkhurst had no patience for the crooks despite their demands and threatening gestures.

The most notorious road agent was nicknamed "Sugarfoot." When he and his gang accosted Charley's stage, it was the last robbery the thief ever attempted. Charley cracked his whip defiantly, and when his horses bolted, he turned around and fired his revolver at the crooks. Sugarcoat was later found dead with a fatal bullet wound in his stomach.

In appreciation of his bravery, Wells Fargo presented Parkhurst with a large watch and chain made of solid gold. In 1865, Parkhurst grew tired of the demanding job of driving and he opened his own stage station. He later sold the business and retired to a ranch near Soquel, Calif. The years slipped by and Charley died on Dec. 29, 1879, at the age of 67.

A few days later, the Sacramento Daily Bee published his obituary. It read; "On Sunday last, there died a person known as Charley Parkhurst, aged 67, who was well-known to old residents as a stage driver. He was in early days accounted one of the most expert manipulators of the reins who ever sat on the box of a coach. It was discovered when friendly hands were preparing him for his final rest, that Charley Parkhurst was unmistakably a well-developed woman!"

**NOT LIKE OTHER MEN, ER, WOMEN?**

Once it was discovered that Charley was a woman, there were plenty of people to say they had always thought he wasn't like other men. Even though he wore leather gloves summer and winter, many noticed that his hands were small and smooth. He slept in the stables with his beloved horses and was never known to have had a girlfriend.

Charley never volunteered clues to her past. Loose fitting clothing hid her femininity and after a horse kicked her, an eye patch over one eye helped conceal her face. She weighed 175 pounds, could handle herself in a fistfight and drank whiskey like one of the boys.

It turns out that Charley's real name was Charlotte Parkhurst. Abandoned as a child, she was raised in a New Hampshire orphanage unloved and surrounded by poverty. Charlotte ran away when she was 15 years old and soon discovered that life in the working world was easier

for men. So she decided to masquerade as one for the rest of her life.

The rest is history. Well, almost. There is one last thing. On November 3, 1868, Charlotte Parkhurst cast her vote in the national election, dressed as a man. She became the first woman to vote in the United States, 52 years before Congress passed the 19th amendment giving American women the right to vote.

(Additional information: [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Charley\\_Parkhurst](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Charley_Parkhurst))

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**Upstate New York Research**

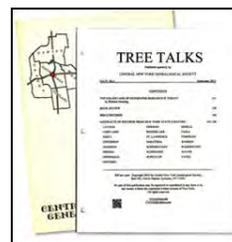
By Jim Bull

In the Winter 2016 issue of *American Ancestors* I came across an article on pages 60-61 regarding a resource for genealogical research in upstate New York that was unknown to me.

The Central New York Genealogical Society (<http://cnygs.org/>) has a journal called *Tree Talks* they have been publishing since 1961 containing valuable abstracts and transcripts of sources as well as articles.

The Journal focuses on all counties in New York State **except** Sullivan, Ulster, Dutchess, Putnam, Westchester, Rockland, Nassau, Suffolk (on Long Island) and the 5 counties (boroughs) of New York City.

I have not had a chance to dig into the source, but I'm sure that



anyone with ancestors from the rest of the state will have a chance to find something of value. Good hunting.

**A Different Burial**

By Barbara Pashek

(ED NOTE: Names have been omitted to insure privacy. JB)

The deceased wanted to be put to rest in one of those mausoleum vaults. Family checked on the price...\$7,000. Way too much!

So, they put the casket on his Kenworth Truck with a sign on the back that said "There goes \_\_\_" and paraded through downtown on their way to Napa Auto Parts and then on to the cemetery.

Many cars, trucks and even a cement truck were in the parade. At the cemetery, the hole had been dug, a few words were said, and the casket was lowered into the grave. The minister said a few words, then tossed in a Rain Bird sprinkler in memory of all the water situations this particular man had helped people with. Then the concrete truck pulled up and 3 yards of cement went into the grave. On his tombstone rests a beer can.

**Theory of Relativity: If you go back far enough, we're all related.**

**San Francisco Research**

By Fred Henschell

Part of what makes genealogical research for ancestors that lived in early San Francisco a nightmare is explained in the article that can be read [here](#). Records from cemeteries are not duplicated or archived in other locations. The SF Earthquake destroyed most locally held county records. And then the decision was made to abandon and remove most SF cemeteries. The removal of remains was very crude and uncaring to say the least.

I finally traced that my Great Grandmother was buried in an IOOF cemetery that no longer exists. (It is now a residential neighborhood). I know her remains were moved to a cemetery in Colma. After repeated attempts I learned: No records survived; No gravestone. There may be a numbered point in the ground in an un-maintained part of the cemetery. I may yet go there and check it out, but why? Maybe just to bow my head in respect.

**Did You Know?**

Photographs taken before 1949 are considered to be in the Public Domain.

**DIGITIZED OREGON IMAGES POSTED BY LIBRARY**

From Oregon Heritage News  
Jan. 1, 2016

The New York Public Library has released some 180,000 out-of-copyright items from its Digital Collections as high resolution downloads. Among the items are hundreds of Oregon items, including stereographs and programs. See <http://digitalcollections.nypl.org>.

**Online source for E-books.**

A great place to search for eBooks is Mollie Lynch's "Genealogy Book Links" at <http://genealogybooklinks.com>. Her list is updated frequently and includes many smaller digital collections that you otherwise might never think of.



**DRABBLE**

By Kevin Fagan



## Mid-Columbia Genealogical Resources

### Family History Centers

<p><b>The Dalles FHC</b> 1504 East 15<sup>th</sup> St West Entrance, basement The Dalles, OR 97058 Phone: 541-298- 5815 Director: Sandy Schertenleib Open: Tue 10am-9pm Wed 10am-5:30pm Thur 10am-5:30pm</p>	<p><b>Goldendale FHC</b> N. Columbus Ave. &amp; McKinley P.O. Box 109 Goldendale, WA 98620 Phone: 509-773-3824 Director Don Morgan Open: Tue &amp; Thur 10:00 – 2:00 Wed 1-4pm &amp; 6:30-8:30p.m.</p>	<p><b>Mid-Columbia FHC</b> 18<sup>th</sup> &amp; May St. Hood River, OR 97031 Phone: 541-386-3539 Director: Linda Frizzell Open: Tue &amp; Thur 10-1:30pm Wed. 10am-8pm Sat. 3pm-6pm</p>	<p><b>Stevenson FHC</b> 650 NW Gropper Rd. Stevenson, WA 98648 Phone 509-427-5927 Director: Fae Sweitzer Open: Wed 6pm-8:30 pm Thur 10am-3pm</p>
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### Libraries

<p><b>The Dalles – Wasco County</b> 722 Court Street The Dalles, OR 97058 Phone: 541-296-2815 Hours: Mon.,Tue.,Wed.,Thur. 10 – 8:30 p.m. Fri. 10:00 a.m. – 6:00 p.m. Sat. 10:00 a.m. – 5:00 p.m.</p>	<p><b>William G. Dick</b> The Discovery Ctr. &amp; Wasco Co. Museum 5000 Discovery Road The Dalles, OR 97058 Phone: 541-296-8600 ext. 219 Hours: M-W-F 11-3 or by appointment E-Mail: <a href="mailto:library@gorgediscovery.org">library@gorgediscovery.org</a></p>	<p><b>Maupin</b> P.O. Box 462 Maupin, OR 97037 Phone: 541-395-2208 E-Mail: <a href="mailto:SWCLbrary@centurytel.net">SWCLbrary@centurytel.net</a></p>
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**Hood River County Library District**  
502 State Street  
Hood River, OR 97031  
Phone: 541-386-2535  
<http://www.hoodriverlibrary.org/services/genealogy.html>  
**New Hours:**  
Tues., Wed., Thur.: 10:00 – 7:00  
Fri. & Sat.: 10:00 – 6:00

### **Fort Vancouver Regional Libraries**

<p><b>Goldendale</b> 131 W. Burgen St. Goldendale, WA 98620 Phone: 509-773-4487 Hours: Tue.-Sat. 10:00 a.m. – 6:30 p.m.</p>	<p><b>White Salmon Valley</b> 5 Town &amp; Country Square White Salmon, WA 98672 Phone: 509-493-1132 Hours: Tue. 10:00 a.m. - 8:00 p.m. Wed. – Sat. 10:00 a.m. - 6:00 p.m.</p>	<p><b>Stevenson</b> 120 NW Vancouver Ave. Stevenson, WA 98648 Phone: 509-427-5471 Hours: Tue.-Wed. 9:00 a.m.-8:00 p.m. Thur.-Sat. 9:00 a.m. – 5:00 p.m.</p>
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### Other

<p><b>Dufur Historical Society</b> P.O. Box 462 Dufur, OR 97021 <a href="mailto:dufurhist@ortelco.net">dufurhist@ortelco.net</a></p>	<p><b>Wamic Hist. Society</b> P.O. Box 806 Wamic, OR 9706</p>	<p><b>Wasco Co. Hist. Society</b> 300 W. 13<sup>th</sup> The Dalles, OR 97058 541-296-1867</p>	<p><b>Klickitat Co. Hist. Society</b> 127 W. Broadway Goldendale, WA 98620 509-773-4303</p>
<p><b>Sherman Co. Hist. Museum</b> 200 Dewey St. Moro, OR 97039 541-565-3232</p>	<p><b>Hood River Co. Mus.</b> 300 E. Port Marina. Dr. Hood River. OR 97031 541-386-6722</p>	<p><b>Gorge Heritage Mus.</b> 202 E. Humboldt Bingen, WA 98605 509-493-3228</p>	<p><b>Col. Gorge Interpretive Mus.</b> 990 SW Rock Cr. Dr. Stevenson, WA 98648 509-427-8211</p>
<p><b>Fort Dalles Museum</b> W 15<sup>th</sup> St. &amp; Garrison The Dalles, OR 97058 541-296-4547</p>	<p><b>Hutson Museum</b> 4967 Baseline Dr. Parkdale, OR 97041 541-352-6808</p>	<p><b>Cascade Locks Hist. Mus.</b> 1 NW Portage Rd Cascade Locks, OR 97014 541-374-8535</p>	<p><b>Presby Museum</b> 127 West Broadway Goldendale, WA 98620 509-773-4303</p>

## Why You Should Be Printing Your Digital Photos

Future generations will thank you.

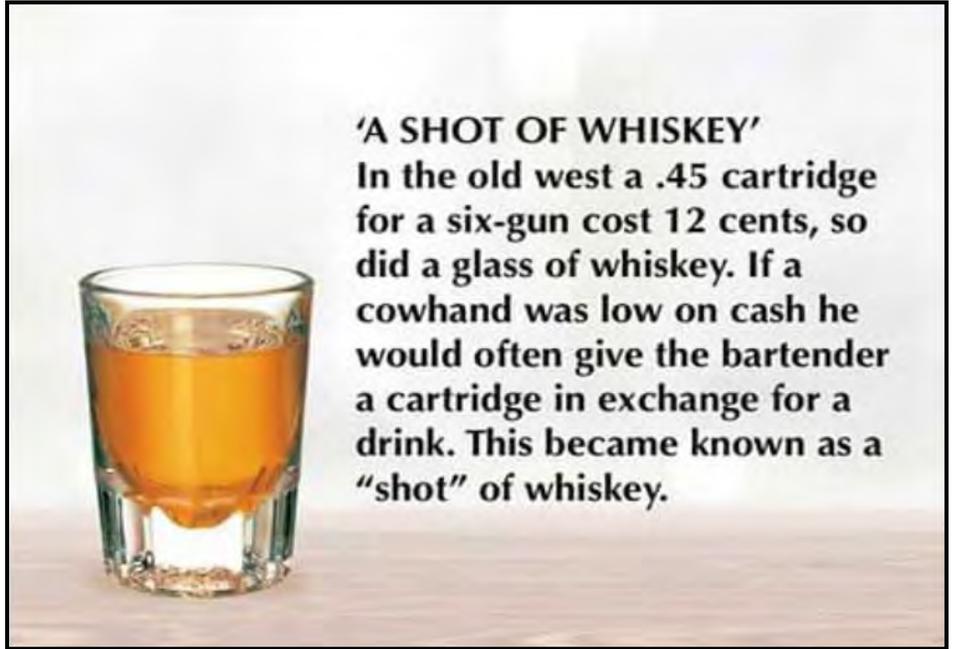
By James Aitchison, cameras.reviewed.com Feb. 24, 2015

Professional photographers aside, for most people below a certain age the idea of actually *printing* a photograph seems hopelessly anachronistic. After all, everything is in the cloud, available to view on any one of our many personal screens.

But according to [Vint Cerf](#), one of the "fathers of internet," printing is the only way to ensure



Think your digital media is forever? Think again.



### 'A SHOT OF WHISKEY'

In the old west a .45 cartridge for a six-gun cost 12 cents, so did a glass of whiskey. If a cowhand was low on cash he would often give the bartender a cartridge in exchange for a drink. This became known as a "shot" of whiskey.

your shots will last. In an interview with the BBC, Cerf argued that despite our love affair with physical and cloud-based digital storage, the chances of our data lasting long-term are slim to none.

This is due to a phenomenon known as [software rot](#)—not to be confused with the far more frightening [data rot](#). Rather than physical degradation, software rot is used to define data that becomes

unusable as the hardware and software required to access it disappears. Anyone who's tried to access old word processor documents, get data off a floppy disk, or run MS-DOS games knows how annoying it can be.

According to Cerf, due to the rapid pace at which computing technology is advancing, previously digitized information will quickly become unreadable as file

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**Clip and Mail To:**

Columbia Gorge Genealogical Society, P. O. Box 1088, The Dalles, OR 97058



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formats and associated software and hardware are abandoned.

Cerf clarified that a [mass digital media apocalypse](#) is not an *immediate* threat. Instead, he argues, current media will be inaccessible to future generations, resulting in a blank space in history books—a digital [Dark Age](#).

He goes on to suggest that the safest way to preserve images is to simply print them out using long-lived materials and keep them in a safe, environmentally controlled place.

Though Cerf's warnings are primarily intended for academics and large institutions, they apply to your personal photos as well. If you want to preserve your memories—your own personal history—for your descendants, you may want to select a few favorites and invest in some high-quality prints.

The moral of the story? Don't assume your digital media is safe forever. Print what you can, and backup and update at regular intervals.

(From NEHGS Weekly Genealogist-Mar. 3, 2015)

*[ED Note: Good advice – but apply it with some critical thinking. Only pick the best of similar shots or those that will really mean something to your descendants when you are gone. And don't forget to label them on the back.]*

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## 2016 Dues Are Past Due

Please send them to *CGGS*, P.O. Box 1088, The Dalles, OR 97058-1088

Columbia Gorge Genealogical Society  
P.O. Box 1088  
The Dalles, Oregon 97058-1088

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