

DAVIS COUNTY GENEALOGY SOCIETY

Volume 33 Issue 1



Preserving our Family Histories and Heritage

It's time to Hibernate

We always seem to keep things interesting, and with the decision to make the 2nd Saturdays our meeting day during the bad weather months, we have seen the attendance well received. Election of Officers was held, and some roles have changed. We did not receive our digital newspaper grant, but continue to investigate ways to get this accomplished.

IGS Region 9 Representative

I have been selected to represent Region 9, for the Iowa Genealogical Society, and am looking forward to visiting other societies in our area. Sharing what works and finding how other societies face the same struggles, celebrations and membership, volunteer and visitor highlights. From growing with Social Media, to keeping the research real at the courthouse level.

~ Deb Barker, President DCGS

2016 MEETING DATES

Saturdays 1PM

February 13th

March 12th

April 9th

Thursday 7PM

May 19th

June 16th

July 21st

August 18th

September 15th

October 20th



Bloomfield Public Library Genealogy Room Concept

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"Pa took a spell of pneumonia and the whole train was held up for a while. My mother wasn't very well either part of the time.

"Because of the scarcity of green feed for the stock our train separated into two groups, one going two or three days ahead. After that the Indians tried several times to stampede the stock, but never succeeded in getting any. An old white mare was belled and the mules always followed her. So; when Indians threatened our men would tear out looking for her and they always brought the whole herd back without having to fight. At a sign of any real danger a rider was sent to bring up the other train.

"Shortly after Pa's spell of pneumonia, while the train was still together, we reached the Platte River, probably while we were still in Nebraska. The river was swollen from cloud-burst until it was a mile wide and impossible to ford. On the opposite bank was a train of freight wagons waiting for the water to go down. I guess we lost another ten days there.

"One day a freighter, pulled by about twelve oxen, tried to ford the river. The oxen were swept around by the current and became so tangled in each other's gear that the driver had to cut them loose from their yokes to save them from drowning. Then the big wagon loaded with food-stuff all tied in under canvas rolled over and started down stream. It lodged on a sandbar close to our side and our men were able to salvage some of its freight. Boxes and boxes of soaked crackers were carried to shore and we children didn't wait for them to dry but dived in and devoured all in sight. Barrels of flour and sugar were in some better condition; they got wet on the outside, forming a crust which left most of the inside still usable. Bacon, potatoes and the like weren't damaged but much of the coffee and tea was lost.

"After that, Pa decided to buy lumber from a mill near by and make a barge large enough to ferry one wagon at a time if the lumber man would agree to buy back the barges. He did and established his own ferry system for future wagons. This way our wagons and the families in them reached the other bank of the river in safety, but the mules had to swim.

"The mules had to be led across and not a man volunteered for the hazardous job. Pa was still weak from pneumonia and still suffered from his war injuries, but he said he'd take them across. Ma felt he'd never live if he got wet in that icy water and Pa, himself, didn't expect to come out of it alive and didn't much care, but he mounted the old white mare with the bell and rode into the river. All the way across he fought mules as the current swept them around; sometimes they were under him, sometimes stranded on a sand bar, and other times sinking into quicksand, but he made it across without the loss of a single mule.

"The men on the freighter's side undressed Pa, wrapped him in blankets, filled him with whiskey and Jamaica ginger, and put him to bed. Until many years later, at his last sickness, I never knew him to have a sick day.

We rode on from here for several days. One night while the wagons were being unhitched, several Indian braves approached the one owned by James Patterson, Louie's brother, a young man with a young family. The braves asked for 'bissy cuts' but Lizzie, James' wife, had no biscuits or bread and offered them crackers. They were insulted, crumbled the crackers and threw them back into the wagon. James picked up a neck-yoke and hit one, knocking him out. The braves picked up the fellow and carried him away but returned in a little while and demanded the man who hit the chief's son! James had been hidden in one of the wagons by that time and the men refused to give him up. The Indians threatened to burn the whole train, but little spit-fire Abe Ramage gave them such a dressing down they got good and scared and went away.

That night the Indians had a big war dance and we all got so tired of the noise that Pa and about a half dozen other dare-devils went over and actually made them calm down.

For several days after that the savages marched on each side of the train threatening all kinds of destruction if James wasn't turned over to them. They finally left us from fear of our guns, I suppose.

Once we traveled a mountain pass where the Indians really could have done us a lot of damage and Grandpa Patterson and Dr. Fulkerson, being old men and cautious, warned all to be quiet, not to speak above a whisper during the night we had to camp there. But the young folks weren't afraid of anything and cut up and sang all night long. There were some mighty fine singers in that crowd. We never saw those Indians again.

After we came out of the pass there was less danger because of the forts and soldiers along the route.

At Fort Bridger there were many soldiers and we were invited to the fort to dance. Pa said we'd go if the soldiers would promise to treat the women with due respect, which they promised of course. Most of the older women stayed in camp to take care of us, but Pa and Ma went and all the other young people too. The soldiers sent out the ambulance to bring in their guests - an ambulance drawn by army mules. Ma said that when they drove up to the gate a soldier looked out with surprise all over his face and said "My Gawd! Look at the women!". As punishment for his profanity before the ladies, he had to carry a sack of sand around all evening on his back. Ma said she never felt so sorry for anyone. After dancing they were served a dinner. Such a dinner they hadn't seen the likes of in many a day! Food had been kind of skimpy for us for some time.

Going through Utah the Mormons gave us more trouble than the Indians; they disguised themselves as Indians and tried to run the stock away. Once two men in their own clothes, spies, came to the camp late at night and Pa made them get off their horses, lay their guns down, and sit by the campfire as his 'guests' 'till daylight when the rest of the camp woke up. Then he let them go.

Guess I didn't tell you Pa was Captain of the train.

We had trouble among our men too - political, religious and family. Even the children got into fights that drew the older ones in. Just the same we all had our fun and good times. We had church and singing - lots of it.

We saw many Buffalo and antelope but the men never killed buffalo. I don't know why not - they did kill many an antelope. Maybe it was because we needed the buffalo chips for our fires! We hadn't any wood.

One night all who had legs and could use 'em walked the desert to give the mules a rest from our weight.

We didn't always have decent drinking water either, and nothing by this time to put in it to make it taste better.

Whenever we'd stop we children would fan out and explore the big ant hill that were thrown up all over that Utah country. Years before, the traders had brought beads to trade to the Indians for hides, food, etc. The Indians decorated their clothes with them. Beads, evidently lost, were gathered by the ants and we'd find as many as a cupful at a time in these hills. Of course we had to fight the ants - they weren't the biting kind - big ones though and we scared them off. I collected two or three pints of beads.

Near Salt Lake we laid over so the men could work to buy food, ours being too low for comfort by that time. In fact, were about to starve. I remember Ma taking two necklaces I had, a blue one and an amber one, along with all those Indian beads and trading them to a Mormon for buttermilk. The woman we traded with asked me not to tell or the other wives would kill her.

We hadn't had any green vegetables but wild onions and some kind of wild lettuce for over two months. Our original food supply was meant to cover a three month trip but, owing to having to forage for mule feed along the way, we were five months reaching California. Why, people traveling with oxen and traveling every day arrived before we did!

Our food, by the time we reached Salt Lake, was down to crackers and dried apples and many were sick. Only one died, however, on the whole trip - a baby.

When we got to Carson City, Nevada, Uncle Henry met us with three or four wagon loads of melons, fruit and vegetables, and there was such a celebration that many of the train never even went to bed that night. Not only had we had no food but Uncle Henry hadn't seen his family for over a year. There was cause to celebrate!

When we reached Susanville the train divided, the Patterson train going north and the Fulkerson train, including the Griders, (remember, I was a Grider then) going south to Santa Rosa.

The Pattersons settled in Tehama County near Red Bluff.

The other branch of the family went to Uncle Dick and Aunt Sally Fulkerson's place in Rincon Valley, east of Santa Rosa. They had a big two-story house, a big vineyard, a wine cellar full of wine, (and maybe you think they didn't drink it!) and a room full of water melons so large I couldn't lift one. I was six years old. They had all kinds of fruit and vegetables and it looked like Paradise to us. From the stories I'd

heard of California I expected to find gold in the streets and all the trees and the country red because of the 'redwoods' I'd heard them talking about.

I went to school there and I remember our teacher's name was Fontz. He was studying to be a doctor and during recess he'd sleep and all of us would go clear off from the school and keep quiet and he'd often sleep over time.

We lived in a place called 'The Hawkins Place' and my brother Harry was born there.

Some of the names of people in that neighborhood were:

Mary and Vade Lambert, twins; Wilkinson; Old Man Docker and Lou Birch.

Some of the families in the combined trains were: Greeves; McNutt; Uncle Sam Grider, Pa's younger brother; Joe Luster; George Morris (he was a teacher and taught me to read on the plains); the Pattersons- Joshua and Grizzy-Ann whose children were James, Louie, Tommy, Billy, and Nancy. Billy died of tuberculosis and six weeks later Nancy died. There were George Merritt and wife Sally, and their children: Frank, John, Joe, George, Mary, Tom and Ann. Stufflebean (can't recall his first name) and his wife Rachel with their children: Johnny, Annie, and Jimmie. Annie stood up with me when I was married. There were Turner Wallace; Henry Grider and wife Sarah with thir sons Dode, Elmer, and Newt.

James Patterson, son of Joshua, married ~~Mary~~ ^{Lizette} ~~(White - she is now)~~ ^{Scott}. Mary and I are the only two, as far as we know, who are still living of all those who crossed the plains when we did. (Mary died in 1954)

X
Lizette
Scott
Mary
Patterson
X

We spent about three years in Rincon Valley on Santa Rosa Creek, then moved to Kelseyville. Two or three years later when I was sixteen we went to Red Bluff. There I renewed my acquaintance with Louie Patterson and we were married and started raising Californians".

Uncle Henry Grider 's father came from Holland. Dr. Fulkerson was the father of his wife Sarah. Henry Grider died about 1873. Their sons: Dode, Elmer, Newt.

X X

James R. Grider, Janey Patterson's father died in Fresno 1910.

Sam Sam Erider went back to Iowa and raised a family.

John Grider died in California 1900.

Louisiana Amanda (Williams) wife of James R. Grider. Children: O.C., Janey, Harry, Charlie, Jim. Louisiana Grider, mother of Janey Patterson, maiden name Williams. Her great grandfather lived to be 104. Known to the Clark family as Grandma Grider.

Joshua Patterson and wife Grizzy-Ann Cates parents of Louie Patterson, who married Janey - both crossed the plains as children. Other Pattersons, brothers and sister to Louie: Sally, Jane, Catherine, Rachel, James, William, Tom. (This James known as J.W. Patterson a settler who opposed the Southern route)

Grandma Janey Patterson Page

Louie and Joney Patterson's children: ^{✓ My Father ✓} May, Horace, Walter, Harry, Hom

May Patterson married Dudley Howell Clark. Their children: Maxine, Hazen, Leighton (Hap), and Janey.

* Maxine Clark married John Tyler. Their children: DeWitt, Lillian, Ja

Jane Clark married Charles Couchot. Their child: Renee Jeanne Couchot

Renee Couchot married Nathan Earl Scott. Their children: Linda, Natha Cary, Pamela.

Hazen and Leighton Clark no known descendants.

* DeWitt Tyler killed 1943 while member of the armed forces.

Lillian Tyler married Bill Mauel. Children: William (Hank) Mauel and Dudley Clark Mauel.

Jacqueline Tyler's children: Penelope Ann Harrington, Tirmy Harrington Michael (Mike) Harrington, and Patrick Mendosa.

~ The End

2016 Officers

President—Deb Barker, Region 9 IGS Representative

Vice President— Danna Johnson

Secretary—Sue Spilman

Treasurer—Vicki Houk



FUND THE FUTURE

Ground Breaking

Your continued Donations are appreciated

With the addition of Grant funding, the ground may very well be ready for a ribbon cutting and a shovel, this very 2016! The Carnegie library was added to the National Register of Historic Places. The community continues to ensure that the future generations of Davis County and Bloomfield have a library, just like generations past. Many a memory has been made in this building which houses an environment of safety, learning, and small town caring. No customer is turned away.

See You Tube Video

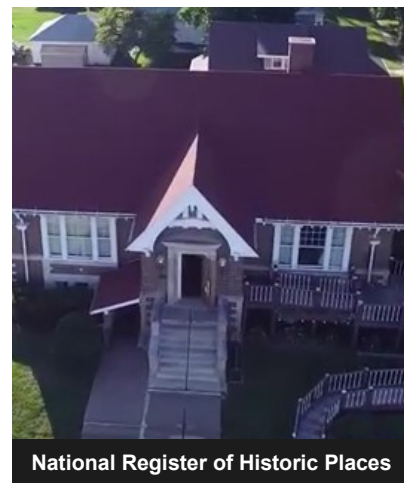
Visit Youtube.com and search for "Fund the Future".

Meeting Spaces

The remodel will allow for meeting rooms available to the public, and also include a genealogy room, if DCGS chooses to move back.

Friends of Bloomfield Public Library

The constant fund raising and awareness for the expansion of the Carnegie Library, may finally be in the last stages before becoming a reality. Many community members are seeing this come together. Grants monies are now being added to the seed monies invested by many.



National Register of Historic Places

Membership Numbers

Memberships tend to decline over each calendar year as renewals come along, and the interest in Genealogy as a Hobby comes & goes. Do you have a friend who would like to join? How about a gift membership. Invite them to our meetings. Bringing new members also results in connections that may bring down Brick Walls.

Connections that may vill your Family Tree void. We appreciate our members, who can be volunteers. We appreciate our visitors. We appreciate and value you.

Three (3) Iowa Genealogical Societies recently gave up as a charter group, due to lack of members, which means lack of funding, volunteers, and Interest. They are Montgomery, Adams & Calhoun County Societies.

Please continue to Support Davis County Genealogy.

New Members are always welcome!



Did you know you can pay your membership dues on the WEB? Visit the societies page at http://iagenweb.org/davis/gene_societ.htm Plenty of Research items for sale also. Check it Out!

2016 MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

Membership: Newsletters, Queries & Email News & Content
Renewal Membership dues are \$17.50 for a Calendar Year

Name _____ Street Address _____
County _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone: _____ Email _____

Receive Newsletter via email | Receive Newsletter by Post Office Mail



Mail to **Davis County Genealogical Society, P O Box 94, Bloomfield, IA 52537**



Surnames Researching:

Your Membership Dues

Are used to pay our annual Library rent: By having an environment clean, dry & safe, we can preserve & archive collections currently in our Library, and those donated by members like yourself, with the intent of sharing our research for generations to come.

Are used to pay Insurance: Safety for our volunteers, members & Visitors is very important.

Are to pay for minor office supplies, stamps: We continue to be one of the few Societies that create Newsletters for your insider resources. Content is not readily public, and the stories are original in nature. See the archives by visiting here: http://iagenweb.org/davis/newsletter_archives.htm

Are used to cover the internet monthly charge, allowing email communications & Ancestry.com access.



Contact Us

For more information
about our services and
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Davis County Genealogical Society



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