



Olympia

Genealogical Society

Newsletter

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Eileen Dodge, Editor

A Note from Zoom Coordinator – Nancy Cordell

As you all know, OGS will continue to have General meetings, Board meetings, Special Interest Groups, and the 2021 OGS Seminar via Zoom. You will be able to enter the Zoom meeting at least 15 minutes before the scheduled time of any meeting. Below is some information for each type of event:

General meetings: Links (and passcodes) will be posted on <http://OlyGenSoc.org> on the calendar (found in the right column of the home page). As always, the general meetings are open to the public; members and guests are welcome to attend.

Special Interest Groups: Links (and passcodes) are posted in the Members Only section of the website. At present, there are five SIGs offered through OGS: Ancestry, DNA, FamilySearch, Family Tree Maker, and Writing. Participation in the SIGs is a benefit of membership. See Kerry Upton's message for more information about SIGs.

Board meetings: Olympia Genealogical Society Board meetings are open to the public. If you want to attend an OGS Board meeting, please send an email to events@OlyGenSoc.org and we will gladly share the link with you. If you use an electronic calendar of any kind, you can copy and paste the relevant meeting link onto your calendar. Be sure to include the accompanying passcode, as all Zoom meetings will require that passcode.

If you are new to Zoom, please give a try!

You can learn how to participate in a Zoom meeting by viewing: [Joining a Zoom Call for the First Time at: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9isp3qPeQOE](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9isp3qPeQOE)

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A Note from Vice President – Greg Nordlund

Our November meeting will feature a presentation about Olympia by a Tacoman! Tacoma transplant Chris Staudinger isn't a NW native, but he has come to love all things Puget Sound and its history. His fresh perspective will reveal new twists to old history.

Olympia, An Origin Story by Chris Staudinger

What was Olympia before it was our state's capital? How did it rise to power, and how was it betrayed? These questions and more will be answered in this tour of historic Olympia presented by Chris Staudinger, operator of [Pretty Gritty Tours](#) in Tacoma. Chris will tell the history of downtown Olympia's bumpy beginnings, taking us down its streets and alleys and showing us cool things to do in downtown Olympia's historic district. You'll hear the tales of the indigenous hunters, railroad tycoons, brewmasters, lawmakers, and artists that called Olympia home.

The Zoom link for this meeting will open at 6:30 pm for a "Happy Half Hour"!

A Note Regarding the OGS Website – Kerry Upton

There's a new link in town! or at least on our website!

As a member benefit we have added a new page to our website. You'll now be able to view a recording of the main presentation from the past general membership meeting. Simply log onto our website through the "Members Only*" link in the navigation menu in the left column. Once logged in, click on Community Events; the dropdown menu has a new feature "Recordings*". Click here to see the recordings available to members. Some recordings will be for a limited time while others will remain in perpetuity. The September meeting giving our website overview is live! Jerri McCoy's October presentation on "The Salem Witch Trials" will be accessible through 17 November 2020!

Log on and Enjoy!!

A Note from Membership Chair – Bob Monn

Please welcome the following new OGS members who joined this past month:

Jeanne Harris Theresa Meek Mandy Stahre

Thanks to our members who renewed their OGS membership last month. A special thanks also to those who have made donations to OGS!

The grace period for renewals ended October 31. Members with expired memberships still will be able to log in to the website, but they only will be able to renew their membership, i.e. they will be unable to access "Members Only" content until they renew their membership. The Membership page on the website has been updated to include this information. If you have any questions about membership renewal, please contact me at membership@olygensoc.org.

This past month the Members Only page on the website also has been updated to provide improved guidance on what to do if you have trouble logging in to the website due to a lost or forgotten login name and/or password.

We continue to encourage members to provide photos for use in the Membership List accessible to members only. To have your photo included, please send it to me at the above email address and I will post it.

Changes Ordering Washington State Birth & Death Certificates

Important changes are coming to the ordering of birth and death certificates effective 1 Jan 2021 as a result of a new vital records law. See [WA Dept. of Health FAQ web page](#), [birth certificate handout](#), and [death certificate handout](#) for more info.

A Note from President – Kathy Erlandson

Back in January, I wrote about my love of old photos, & how I'd love to be a photo detective. Since then, I have continued to slog through my 23 photo albums and several drawers of loose pictures – sorting, categorizing, labeling, copying, sometimes tossing, and sometimes investigating.

Recently, I came across one of my photos in the Ancestry Tree of a distant cousin. My copy is labeled as being my great-grandmother Sophronia at age 19. My distant cousin has that photo designated as one of Sophronia's daughters. Well, as you may already have guessed, that sent me off on another adventure in detecting. After comparing that picture to others, coming to no conclusion, I did some online searches, trying to date the clothing. Unfortunately, I do not have the original photo. So, I do not know whether it was a Tintype, Daguerreotype, Ambrotype, or what.

Not finding what I needed online, I asked a few OGS members if they had books about photo identification that they would lend to me. I was blessed with several positive responses, and have since spent lots of time reading lots of pages. Alas, still no solution to my dilemma. Feeling frustrated, I left off my search for a while, and then, just last night, while looking through this week's new list of virtual classes, seminars and conferences on ConferenceKeeper.org, I came across a listing for "A Day with Maureen Taylor, the Photo Detective". Imagine my elation! THE Photo Detective, on November 14! Of course, I signed up right away, and now I can hardly wait.

I can't overemphasize the benefits of today's plethora of virtual classes available to us; many of them for no cost at all. I took a class on DNA Matches last weekend, one on Cemetery Art the week before, and before that, a Seminar covering Land Records, Probate and the Federal Census.

If you aren't already plugged in to ConferenceKeeper.org, I recommend that you check it out. And members keep posting other opportunities on our Facebook page and website, so keep checking back there as well. And don't forget that as a member of OGS, you can attend a one-hour program of genealogical or historical interest on the second Thursday of every month at our General Meeting. Did you come for Jerri McCoy's presentation about the Salem Witch Trials? It was wonderful. I hope I'll see you at our next meeting!

A Note Regarding the Timberland Library – Retired Librarian, Pat Harper

Genealogy information – US Immigration Records, SSDI, and Census images available anywhere (yes, in your home!) with your TRL Library card number and PIN through December 31, 2020 ([Ancestry Library Tutorial](#)). It says US records, but when I did a search on an ancestor in England I got results from English records.

A Note from Spring Seminar Chair – Peggy Cooley

The OGS Virtual Spring Seminar will be held on Saturday, April 24th. We are looking forward to an informative day with Certified Genealogist, Richard G. Sayres as our speaker.

The Seminar Committee is meeting and ticking off items on the To Do list. We will have more information at the November Zoom meeting.

A Note from Sunshine Chair - Gayle Strom

As the Olympia Genealogical Society Sunshine person I like to bring a bit of "sunshine" when needed. I would like for you all to let me know, when you know, that someone is ill or needs a thoughtful note. You may contact me at ggnpoppa@comcast.net.

Notes From The Monthly Newsletter Of Claudia C. Breland:

Claudia is a Professional Genealogist and author living in the Key Peninsula in Western Washington. To read the most recent Online Newsletter go to <https://www.ccbreland.com>

Eastman's Online Genealogy Newsletter:

To read the most recent Online Newsletter go to: <https://blog.eogncom>

A Note from Special Interest Group (SIG) Chair – Kerry Upton

Special Interest Groups 2020~2021

Two years ago we started up small groups to focus on various genealogy subjects relating to data management programs and "How-to" groups. Each group met in person on a monthly basis, learning and sharing about the focus topic. The best part of each of these groups was getting to know each other beyond our monthly general membership meetings! Last spring we suspended all in-person gatherings. An Ad-Hoc group was formed to determine how we could move forward as the Olympia Genealogical Society under the current environment. The Zoom online platform was adopted for our meetings. Although not the same, it gives us the opportunity to continue our meetings. This is exciting to be able to offer this, especially for snowbird members and those unable to attend due to time of day or transportation issues. You will be able to log in and attend the meetings no matter where you are!

You'll need to be a current member of OGS. Once logged onto the website, you'll be able to access the different Zoom links for each SIG meeting. The SIGs will be listed in the navigation menu in the left column once you have logged onto the website.

Special Interest Groups and Facilitators:

- ANCESTRY - Greg Nordlund
- DNA - Kerry McHugh Upton
- FAMILY HISTORY WRITING - Cindy Neff
- FAMILY SEARCH - Carolyn Gibbons
- FAMILY TREE MAKER - David Abernathy

Special Interest Groups are open to all members. Feel free to contact the facilitator to learn more about the group. More information is shared on the Forum page once you have logged onto the OGS website. Access to the Forums is a benefit of membership; if you aren't a member yet, join up and start taking in all that membership offers!

If you have a subject that you feel would be of benefit to other members, please contact Kerry McHugh Upton to share your idea. We'll send out a notice to the membership to see if there are other members interested in a SIG group on that topic. These groups can be a cultural group, other genealogical database groups, etc.

Nuggets From The Washington State Genealogical Society Blog:

To access their very informative website: <https://wasgs.org/blog/>.browser.

RootsTech Conference 2021

For the first time ever, the world's largest family celebration event will be entirely virtual and completely free. Get ready to celebrate shared connections with people from around the world. Connect with friends, your family, your past, and your heritage and homelands—all from the comfort of your home and in your browser.

For more information and to register, go to <https://www.rootstech.org/?lang=eng>

From the Refreshment Table – Dianna Bargmann

With our new form of meetings comes a new form of refreshments! I'll bet some of you must have thought I was now out of a job when OGS could no longer meet physically. But thanks to the suggestion of one of our board members, I have repurposed that job. In lieu of our non-existent refreshments, I am asking all of us in the general membership to consider submitting recipes for our newsletter - any type of food, main dishes, desserts, vegetables and fruits, holiday, snacks, etc.

If we can't actually eat together, we can salivate together as we read them! Also, please include a bit of information about yourself, like your name, how long you've been a member of OGS and/or the areas in the U.S. or world where you are doing your genealogical research, and definitely something about your recipe: why is it a favorite, is it a recipe that's been handed down, is it made during a certain time of the year, have you tweaked the original, etc. You get the idea - just consolidate all of that into a few sentences.

We look forward to seeing recipes from our OGS members. Please send them to me at barbourgenealogist@yahoo.com

Our contributor this month is our very own OGS president, Kathy Erlandson! Sounds tasty!

A pasty (pronounced past-ee) is a traditional food of common people the world over. You may even have one such in your family traditions. You may call it pirog, empanada, tourtiere, turnover, or hand pie, but they are all similar. They are a portable meal, common in many lunch pails for centuries. Often filled with leftover meat and vegetables of any kind, ours have settled down to a fixed filling.

I got this recipe from my husband's Canadian/Norwegian grandmother, who learned it from her mother. I don't know where she got it, but it was always a family favorite, and still is. I've since learned that this is the quintessential Cornish Pasty. It makes 15-17 Pasties

Ingredients:

- 1 pound ground beef
- 1 average baking potato, chopped
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- Salt & pepper to taste
- Double batch of pie dough

Directions:

1. Heat oven to 400 degrees
2. In large fry pan, cook meat, potato, onion & seasoning, crumbling meat as you go
3. When barely done, remove from heat
4. Keeping pie dough covered until needed; roll out a small, thin round of about 8 or 9 inches (I like to use 2.2 ounces of dough per piece)
5. Place a small scoop of meat filling onto the dough
6. Fold dough in half and crimp the edges, making a half circle pasty.
7. Place pasties on baking sheets and bake 15-18 minutes, until edges are just browning

These can be eaten just as they are, or as we do, you could serve them on plates with gravy or white sauce. They also freeze well for later.

OGS Member Contribution - Diana Bargmann

House #1

Again I am taking you back to West Virginia, specifically Barbour County in the northeast section of the state, the stomping grounds of my paternal ancestors. I had been to West Virginia a couple of times before – once in 2002 with a friend on a cross-country driving trip (think *Thelma and Louise* but without all the craziness and definitely a different ending!) and the first time in 1966, traveling with my birth family, right after high school graduation, with my parents and the 5 of us children – constantly fighting – squished in a station wagon pulling a trailer, driving from southern California along Route 66. We were going to meet up with my grandmother, also coming from California but by train, who wanted to make a nostalgia trip back to where she was born and raised, and also to introduce her 2nd husband to the relatives and friends back there. My family landed on the doorstep of my uncle and aunt (my father's sister) – she had been the only member of her family not to move to California around 1935. My aunt and uncle were childless so they looked a little shell-shocked when their quiet home of 2 adults was suddenly transformed into one with 9 people total including 5 noisy children. They had both been schoolteachers but had never had to “live” with their students! I remember my aunt being amazed at things like how much food we children could consume and telling us that her hot water heater wasn't big enough to accommodate all those showers and baths – we would have to go down to the nearby river to bathe and shampoo our hair; which is exactly what we did. All of us kids thought it was a real lark to experience. Just think if we tried doing that today!

But back to my grandmother, because after all, this trip was for her. I distinctly remember how bored I was driving from cemetery to cemetery, with my grandmother narrating and reminiscing about the occupants of the various graves. There were even drop in visits to friends and neighbors of hers who were still alive and now everybody was reminiscing – good grief, could this get any worse? One couple living in the countryside still didn't have electricity but used kerosene lamps. In 1966! Meanwhile, I was thinking about my boyfriend back home – the important stuff – and wondering if I had a letter waiting for me at my aunt's house. Of course, what I wouldn't give now to go back and listen to all those memories, especially if I'd known that my boyfriend of then was going to become my husband.

Fast forward to 2004 to my very first trip to West Virginia as an adult, coming with the sole purpose of doing genealogical research. Pure bliss! My guide was my short but energetic friend Dorothy. I may have mentioned her in my earlier story contribution. She had attended the same aunt's funeral a couple of years earlier – relatives noticed her quiet presence in the back of the room and discovered she had been a friend of the family. They also detected that she was a walking encyclopedia of information on the county so took down her phone number and told me to get back to her as soon possible – how right they were. I was just in the planning stages of where to go in Barbour County to obtain family history; the usual spots: courthouses, libraries, etc. Before I arrived though, Dorothy had cased out a few places she thought might be of interest, including the farmhouse of my grandfather's brother. It was currently owned by the brother's grandson who was roughly the same age I was. He lived about 100 miles away but was working on making the 150 year old house, a retirement home for he and his wife, so spent his weekends and vacations at the farm remodeling and refurbishing. This is where Dorothy found him one day as she was driving around, planning my itinerary. After she explained who I was and that Jim and I were second cousins, he graciously offered a room at the house where I could stay during my visit, though he didn't know me from Adam. Today, that type of hospitality doesn't surprise me. I, like probably many of you, have had the experience of being welcomed without question simply on the basis of a familial connection from the past. I was, of course, thrilled when Dorothy relayed

this offer to me over the phone. The opportunity to stay in my great uncle's house where my own grandfather must have visited was like a dream come true. Dorothy herself had been a good friend of the brother's youngest daughter Mary and had spent many a sleepover in the very same room and bed that I was using during my visit. In fact, I found out later that I was sleeping on a feather-tick so perhaps it was the same mattress, too! My experience with that feather-tick was less than satisfactory, as it continually wanted to slide off the bed onto the floor! Of course, I have to admit that it might have had something to do with my squirming around in the bed, throwing the blankets over my head as that stupid cockroach flew from one side of the large bedroom to the other, dive bombing me. I had to restrain myself screaming each time it launched itself aerially – I didn't want cousin Jim to come running and find me looking like a big ninny!

So I began my stay at my great-uncle's farmhouse and visiting with his grandson, my second cousin Jim. There were about 160 acres of hay fields, some of which Jim still managed but most of it rented out to other farmers. His grandfather's name was Porter Shaffer and the farm was located on Porter Shaffer Road – that doesn't happen for just anybody. Besides being a farmer as were most of his brothers, Porter also dealt with the buying and selling of land. His farm was large and prosperous as were his land dealings but according to Dorothy who witnessed the event, there was nary a tear shed by the community at his funeral so I'm not sure what to make of that. Porter and his wife Lillie raised 4 children, 3 girls and a boy, losing another son and daughter to childhood maladies. Their only son Paul Porter died in California in May 1943 while flying a B17 during a training mission so he never actually participated in WWII. The 464th Bomb Squadron left the Caspar Army Air Base in Wyoming on May 30 bound for Eugene, Oregon. After a stopover in Marysville, California, they continued on to Eugene but Paul's plane disappeared on route. Assuming he was lost somewhere over the waters of the Pacific Ocean, it was several weeks before the wreckage and his remains were located on August 10 on Leech Lake Mountain in Mendocino County, California, the only casualty of that mission. It was undoubtedly a great blow to his family and Dorothy pointed out to me one of the downstairs parlor rooms where his casket had been laid out. She and her father came over to spend a night sitting with the body so the other family members could all get some sleep. It was just the neighborly thing to do. Dorothy also recalled walking over to see the daughter Mary during this time of bereavement and coming upon Lillie kneeling in her flowerbed outside, weeping. Lillie was apparently known for her beautiful flowerbeds and being summertime, it must have been in full bloom. The poor woman was probably trying to find a private moment, away from the eyes and needs of the other family members, to cry for the loss of her son. The flowers, simply following their predetermined schedule of bursting forth with color, could not know that this was a house of grief for which no blossoms could lift the mood that year.

But back to my presence in Porter and Lillie's house. Fortunately, cousin Jim had not made too much progress remodeling the house yet so I was seeing pretty much the original rooms. On the other hand, Jim had brought in several modern conveniences for when he did reside there – T.V., computer, microwave, etc. – which made it difficult to take pictures inside and have them resemble the original trappings. But I did what I could. One of my pictures was of the stairs leading to the 2nd story – those risers must have been at least 10 inches high and made it daunting to race downstairs during the night to the only bathroom on the first floor. After that, I was a firm believer in chamber pots!

Jim was the son of the oldest of Porter and Lillie's daughters and she had also inherited the farmhouse. Jim had grown up celebrating many a holiday and other happy events at his grandparents' home and he shared those memories with me. He remembers family summer picnics and reunions where the men of the family would go through the house and remove the doors from their hinges, put them on sawhorses outside and have them serve as tables for all the

guests. That one makes me smile. Jim was also now the owner of Porter Shaffer's family Bible – a huge book complete with metal clasp. Instantly, I experienced the sin of coveting. But I spent time transferring the family information out of it instead. I discovered Jim's middle name was Bradford, the name of Porter's brother, my grandfather, J. Bradford. These two brothers were purported to have a very close bond between them. Jim's mother had evidently bequeathed him that name as a middle name to please her father. Porter and Bradford were said to have the most prosperous farms among their siblings. Their father, William Henry Harrison Shaffer, was supposed to have been a wealthy man and had given each of his sons a farm. I don't know how he came by his wealth, maybe it was in the lands that he acquired, similar to Porter. Dorothy had indicated that she suspected Porter's house had previously belonged to the patriarch, W.H.H. I don't know how she would have known this but just a few years later, I located the will of W.H.H. and luckily he had included a short phrase stating that he bequeathed to Porter the farm "where he now resided". I never did find anything that Dorothy was wrong about!

When my stay was over and it was time to say goodbye to Jim and his inherited surroundings, I wanted to take a picture of the front of the house. It was impossible due to the huge tree that completely hid the front; even when I climbed up the hill to the road to try, there still was no way. I was so fortunate to have been able to view this house when I did. A couple of years later, when I happened to drive by it again, I almost didn't recognize it – there was a new roof and new siding or paint job – instead of white, it was now yellow with green trim. Of course, I knew that Jim and his wife would have to make some major changes in order to make it livable for them through their retirement. Still, it made me sad. I thought about stopping and saying hi but then I knew I would get the tour of the inside and really didn't want to see how different it might all look. I would just need to be happy that I'd seen Porter and Lillie's home in the nick of time.



My Beloved Dorothy 1924-2009
House #2

In 2006, on yet another fact-finding mission to West Virginia, I stayed at the farmhouse of my Aunt Georgie. This is the same aunt as in the previous story except by this time she had died. As mentioned, since she and her husband had never had children; the house was inherited by a

nephew on her husband's side who had been like a son to them. They had remodeled the home and had moved from Virginia to live there. They invited me to stay with them during my 2 weeks there and were gracious enough to put up with me and my crazy schedule, (e.g. "Don't wait dinner for me, I may be following a hot lead and can't get home in time!"). All I had to do each day was get up and get dressed, have breakfast, make my bed, zip out to my rental car and be gone for as long as I wanted doing genealogy. After 2 weeks of all play and no work (well, not that kind of work anyway), I was one spoiled lady!

As my visit began drawing to a close, having wandered through courthouses, cemeteries, and the like, I remembered to get some photos of the small town of Philippi, the seat of Barbour County, my research area. I had noticed a white 2-story home exactly kitty-corner from the courthouse commons. It was obviously being renovated as part of the siding was off. It was located on a huge corner lot with a storage building that leaned over so much it left you wondering how it could possibly remain standing. The house was obviously empty so I decided to go have a peek through the windows on the bottom floor, always enthralled by older houses. As I walked around the house having a good time observing the inside, I failed to notice that the police station was across the street, in another house, and that I was being observed by one of the officers there. What struck me as odd was the way he was going about it, though. Instead of strolling over and inquiring as to what I was doing, he was hiding behind one of the big bushes by the front door over there, with just his head sticking out at the top. If I turned around his way, his head would immediately disappear behind the bush. That continued for some 15 – 20 minutes and was like some scene from an old Charlie Chaplin comedy. But since it was the police, I decided not to push it and just return home. I had felt drawn to the cozy-looking white house and was tempted to take some pictures of it but thought I should probably save my film for more "family pertinent" subjects.

At dinner with my hosts that night, I happened to mention the house and they were surprised that I didn't already know that it had been lived in by my grandparents and their children at one time, including my father and his sister, the aunt in whose farmhouse I was currently residing. It was the last home that the family had stayed in before moving to California in 1935. And in fact, the house directly across the street – the one now housing the police department – had been the home of one of my grandfather's sisters and her family. I was excited to find out this piece of information and was curious to see if I could get to actually see the inside of the house in the short time I had left.

Early the next morning – my last full day there – I began making phone calls to see if I could track down the owner. It turned out the house had been lived in for a long time by an elderly lady who gave it to her church in her will. The church then gave or sold it to the city who had sold it to a couple in Maryland who were renovating it for their retirement. My hopes of seeing the inside were dashed at that point but I went ahead and left a message on the Maryland couple's phone explaining who I was, my connection to the house, and a hope that maybe I might be able to see it on a future visit. Then I took off for a final day of running around – a last visit to a couple of cemeteries, a library in another county, etc. I finally rolled in close to dinner at the end of the day only to have my relatives tell me the phone had been ringing off the hook for me all day. The couple from Maryland were apparently very excited that there was someone with a family connection to the house, and had made arrangements for the woman's parents, who lived near Philippi, to come over and let me in. I was so excited myself that I could hardly eat dinner. Returning to town that evening, I met an older gentleman at the white house. He shook his head and said he couldn't understand why his daughter and son-in-law had bought such a dilapidated place. He looked at me as though he had doubts about me, too, why I was so anxious to go inside, but unlocked the door and let me go inside by myself, after a few cautionary words about

watching where I stepped. I soon found out what he meant. Momentarily I thought about glancing over to the police station so I could flaunt the fact that I got inside after all but, well, time was running out...

To say it was a scary experience to walk in this house would be an understatement. On the lower level, entire rooms slanted away from the center of the house and from the huge, gaping holes where rotten floorboards had been torn out, I could see the exposed beams that the house had been built on. Even a novice couldn't fail to notice that they were in very bad shape. I quickly adopted a method of never stepping on a floorboard without gingerly testing it before putting my full weight on it. It made for pretty slow going, but it was the only way that made sense, and even then I still caught myself holding my breath as I stepped down. I took pictures as I went along as there were still many beautiful features within – the front door, the cupboards and mantelpieces, the stairs and banister. I also imagined my grandparents and their active teen-aged family living there and spoke out loud to them as I fancied them being pleased I was doing this. I think I also may have asked for them to watch out for me as I wandered around inside! I stood at the foot of the stairs wanting so much to go up but picturing myself missing my flight home the next day because I was in the local hospital in traction. But possibly missing a one-time opportunity was too much, so I cautiously made my way up the creaky stairs, imagining how many times my ancestor's hands had run up and down the banister as they lived their lives here. Upstairs was even scarier than below – as I walked along, I could see the lower level through the separations in the floorboards. I wondered if the owners had even thought about a liability issue if I'd gotten hurt here, but my experience has always been that the people of West Virginia are more easy-going and don't seem to have that "lawsuit mentality" that seems so prevalent here in the West. It rapidly became apparent what had happened to this poor house. The previous elderly occupant had simply not used – or couldn't use – the second floor rooms anymore and probably hadn't gone up there in years. My guess was she had most likely only used part of the first floor for living quarters. In the meantime leaks had developed in the roof as evidenced by the long strips of moldy wallpaper hanging off the walls and giant water stains on the ceilings. Still I wandered around looking out the windows at scenery my father, aunts and grandparents must have seen through the seasons.

Afterward, outside, I rapidly took pictures as the sun was beginning to set and I was losing my light. Later, back at my relatives' house, I spent my last evening going through some boxes of photos my aunt and uncle had kept for years in their barn, of all places! How the pictures survived the summer heat and humidity, and the cold winters is beyond me! In the boxes, among the musty mouse droppings (!), I found several photos of the house in town, with the unique low stone wall that surrounded it, apparently an ideal place for people to sit and have their pictures taken, including my aunt and uncle when they were courting.

A couple of years later, on my last trip to West Virginia, as I drove up to the courthouse, I noticed that the corner lot where the house had been was now only green lawn. Mentioning it to one of the county clerks, she told me of how the city ultimately had had to declare the house too far gone to rehabilitate and ordered it razed. While not surprised, I found myself wishing that it could have been restored to its former glory and that I might have had the opportunity to meet the Maryland couple who had been so kind as to arrange my visit there. But most importantly, again I felt fortunate to have had some connection with the house while it had still stood and to have discovered that it had played a role in my family history. Maybe that's why I had felt drawn to it initially. And certainly, again, it was in the nick of time.



Olympia Genealogical Society Board of Directors 2019-2020

Elected Officers

President – Kathy Erlandson
Vice President – Greg Nordlund
Treasurer - Judy Artley
Secretary – Judi Hine
Past President – Nancy Cordell

Appointed Committees

Beginners Workshop - Ann Olson
Book Coordinators – Nancy Cordell & Rebel Romero
FaceBook – Kerry McHugh-Upton
Historian – Joyce Ogden
Library Liaison – Agatha Burstein
Membership – Bob Monn
Newsletter – Eileen Dodge
Publicity – Joyce Ogden
Refreshments – Diana Bargmann
Research – Jerri McCoy
Spring Seminar – Peggy Cooley
Sunshine – Gayle Strom
Special Interest Groups – Kerry McHugh-Upton
Webmasters – Bob Monn, Kerry McHugh-Upton, and Jerri McCoy
Zoom – Nancy Cordell

Community Partners

City of Lacey: Ms. Erin Quinn Valcho
Timberland Library: Agatha Burstein