

Benton County Genealogical Society NEWSLETTER



Located in Philomath, Oregon
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From the President

Hi everyone, I hope this finds you well and enjoying our much needed spring weather. Vaccinations are progressing and I hope we all can look forward to returning to a near normal routine again.

The board members are going to meet later in May to discuss plans to resume our monthly meetings. Take care and thanks for your patience.

Sincerely, George Davidson

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Origin of The First Official Memorial Day



As soon as the Civil War was over, many towns honored their dead, and several claimed to have been the first to have an official Memorial Day. However, when Pulitzer Prize author, David Blight, was doing research for his book *Race and Reunion: The Civil War in American Memory*, he found two newspaper articles that proved something different.

In the last year of the war, a racetrack owned by a Charleston, SC plantation owner was used as a place to imprison Union soldiers. Two hundred and fifty-seven soldiers died, most from infections, and were buried there in a mass grave. At the end of the war, most of the white residents were evacuated from burned-out Charleston. The people left behind, mostly black, were left to pick up the pieces.

A group of several dozen former slaves and a few missionaries came together to honor those Union soldiers who gave their lives to end slavery. Together they decided to mark the place where they died by reintering their bodies in suitable graves.

They laid the bodies in appropriate rows and fenced off the graveyard. An archway overhead spelled out **“Martyrs of the Race Course”** overhead. Below is a section from the Charleston newspaper describing the day of remembrance May 1, 1865.

From the Charleston Daily Courier May 2, 1865:

The Martyrs of the Race Course

“The ceremonies of the dedication of the ground where are buried two hundred and fifty-seven Union soldiers, took place in the presence of an immense gathering yesterday. Fully ten thousand persons were present, mostly of the colored population.

The ground had been previously laid out, the mounds of the graves newly raised, and a fine substantial fence erected around the enclosure by twenty-four colored men, ‘Friends of the Martyrs’, and members of the ‘Patriotic Association of Colored Men.’ The exercises on the ground commenced with reading a Psalm, singing a hymn, followed by a prayer. The procession was formed shortly after nine o’clock, and made a beautiful appearance, nearly every one present bearing a handsome boquet [sic] of flowers. The colored children, about twenty-eight hundred in number, marched first over the burial ground, strewing the graves with their flowers as they passed.

Outside and behind the Race Course a picnic party was present with refreshments. The crowd dispersed and returned to their homes about dark.”

In the 1880s the graveyard was torn down and the soldiers reinterred in a National Cemetery in Beaufort, South Carolina. The site became a part of Hampton Park, named for Wade Hampton, Confederate General and Governor of South Carolina after Reconstruction. The terrible use of the site was forgotten by most.

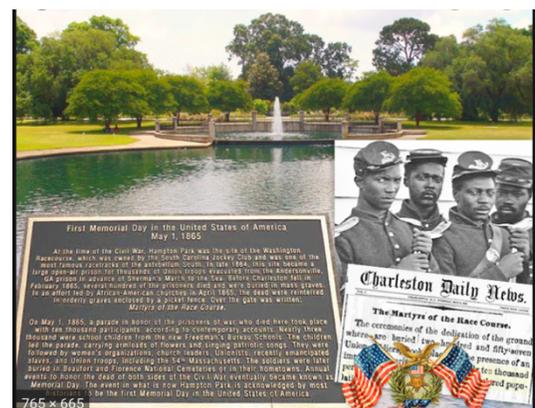
Thanks to author David Blight, we now know how Memorial Day started. And to make sure this story is never buried again, he and other Charlestonians dedicated a marker at the reflecting pool in Hampton Park for the first Memorial Day. [Time.com/5836444/black-memorial-day](https://www.time.com/5836444/black-memorial-day)

Photo: chicagocrusader.com/memorial-day-was-founded-by-blacks

Other information:

[nytimes.com/2011/05/30/opinion/30blight.htm](https://www.nytimes.com/2011/05/30/opinion/30blight.htm)

[History.com/news/memorial-day-civil-war-slavery-charleston](https://www.history.com/news/memorial-day-civil-war-slavery-charleston)



Keepsakes for Remembrance

by Linda Olsen

Keepsakes or treasures of the heart can be anything that gives you pleasure to look at over and over and evokes happy emotions as you remember its significance.

Just the fact that this plate has been cherished for approximately 100 to 150 years makes it special. It must have brought pleasure to the first woman who owned it when she started housekeeping at 15 years of age with nearly nothing. I have no way of knowing exactly when my great grandmother, Mary Catherine Lewis Allen, was given this pottery plate, but it has been passed down in the family generation after generation by those that would keep it safe and tell its story.



All I know for certain is the name of the first owner, my great grandmother, and that she used it as a bread plate. Everything else is supposition. It has a chip on the edge without any story to tell how it happened. The delicate transfer pattern in the center has lasted much longer than you might expect it would have lasted on a plate this old if it had been treated roughly. Perhaps it was saved in a trunk and only used on special occasions as my great grandmother had 11 children. One of her daughters no doubt saved it as a family treasure. Probably Nora or Rosetta saved it. Rosetta had the most children of the females from this generation but I think she had a tender spot for her mother and cared for her in her last years here in Philomath, walking the distance to and from her mother's house. Rosetta's home was in Rose Park and her mother's home was on 9th Street. Then Rosetta's daughters, Mabel or Viva Ann cared for the special plate and as Mabel lived longer than any of the other of her many siblings, and had no children, she cared for the plate. I inherited it from my Aunt Mabel and eventually, I hope one of my daughters or grandchildren will care for the treasured bread plate that came to live in our family many years ago and pass on its story.

Another theory I have is that Mary Catherine's husband, William Franklin Allen, acquired this plate perhaps on one of his journeys as a freighter up and down the Willamette Valley. He had traveled some distance from his home in Ohio and came to the Willamette Valley, some say, on the same wagon train as his future wife. She was only four years old when she traveled from her Kentucky home by wagon train to Oregon. Then she and her future husband met again at Lewisville, Polk County, and married on her 15th birthday when he would have been about 25 years old. They lived

near Mary Catherine Lewis's family in Lewisville for a while until they built a home at Bridgeport in Polk County. Eventually, they moved to Benton County, in 1874, just before my grandmother, Rosetta, was born at Beaver Creek, south of Philomath. Later, Mary Catherine and William Allen moved closer to Rosetta and her family in Philomath. If the plate started out as a wedding gift in 1856, for Mary Catherine and William Allen, it's truly remarkable that it survived at all.

The crackle lines are very prominent today in 2021 and I should pack it away to save it from crumbling to pieces. I intend to tell the story of its history to the next generation using only photographs if I have to. That's what treasures are for.

The Art of Serendipity and Finding Relatives **(To Have Luck Finding Valuable Things Unintentionally)**

In the early 1980s, my husband, son and I took my mother and father to Estill County, Kentucky, to find where my grandfather Harlan Winkler was born. My dad only knew that his father was born in Estill County and the names of Harlan's parents.

On our drive from Nebraska to Kentucky we decided to go to the capital, Frankfort, to do some research in the Kentucky State Archives. We were absolute newcomers to genealogy, but somehow we found a list of graveyards in Estill county. To our surprise, in that list was a Winkler Cemetery. We knew then we had to keep going.

Arriving in Irvine, the county seat, we stopped at a filling station to get some information. We asked if we were in Irvine, and the attendant said, "Yeah, tain't much is it?" That quickly became a family saying! He gave us directions to the courthouse where we asked about the cemetery. The clerk took us to a small room with the county books where we met Sandra Rose, a genealogist. When she heard the name Winkler, her eyes lit up. Sandra told us her maiden name was Winkler and she had been working on our same line for years. She kindly gave us copies of family group sheets going back to Ludwig Winkler, the first Winkler from our line who arrived from Germany around 1745. My parents were so excited.

The next day we went to the Genealogy Society's building to get directions to the cemetery. We followed the directions but had no luck. While driving down the road a lady come out of a small church on the side of the road, so we stopped to ask directions. This lady looked strangely familiar, like someone I knew but couldn't think of. My mother asked if she knew where the Winkler cemetery was and the woman said, "Why do you want to know?" Taken aback, Mom told her that my dad was the son of Harlan Winkler who was born here but moved to Nebraska in the late 1800s. The lady's whole demeanor changed and she told us she was a Richardson with ties to the Winklers. I finally realized who she looked like: one of my dad's sisters.

This relative offered to introduce us to a man named Preacher Arvin (another relative) who could take us to the cemetery. The next day we met with Mr. Arvin and his granddaughter. He took my parents in his truck because there were several shallow creeks to cross. He told us to take his granddaughter with us and follow him. We wondered what we were in for. After

maybe a mile, the trees, water and underbrush gave way to a clearing. It opened in sight of a large log cabin and outbuildings, known as the original Winkler homestead. Later we learned that the Winkler clan met there once a year for reunions, and we were invited to come the next year.

Before we walked around the area, we drove up a hill to the cemetery and Mr. Arvin gave us a tour. He knew stories about everyone who was buried there, including, sadly, his wife. We found my great-great grandparents, Andrew Jackson and Mariam Jones Winkler's, headstones and many other relatives' stones.

We walked around the homestead, especially the house. We could see that the house was built of huge hand-hewn logs where the clapboards had fallen off. Anyone who has watched TV's Barnwood Builders knows the excitement that a hand-hewn log can bring to the conversation! We weren't able to go inside the house this time, but we made up for it the next year at the family reunion!



The photo to the right was of the left side of the house. Left in the photo are Preacher Arvin and granddaughter, my father Bill and mother Marge. I'm so glad I took this picture because Preacher Arvin is wearing bibs with a tie as my grandfather Harlan did, too, on occasion!

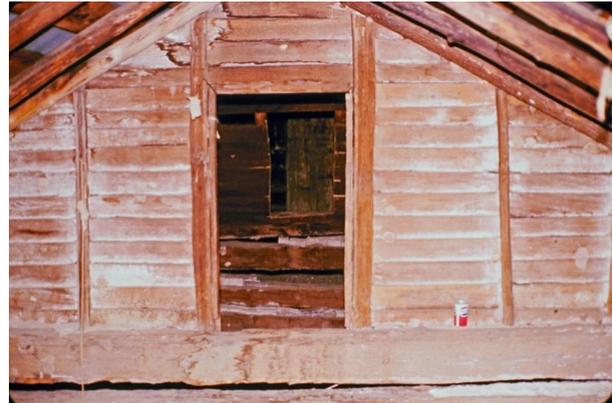
When it was time to leave, Mr. Arvin took us on a ride through the back country in the Appalachian Mountains, ending at a small country store that he owned. It was everything we could imagine a store would be deep in the countryside: potbelly stove, candy in a large glass jar, pickle barrel. The real thing, not a tourist trap. We promised we would be back for the family reunion the next year. He told us everybody would want to meet the "lost" Winklers.



The Family Reunion

This trip and the next year's reunion were major highlights in my parents' lives, and mine, too. We met about 200 relatives and went for a tour of the inside of the house and barn and visited the cemetery again.

The photos below are of the downstairs on the left; on the right is the second floor showing the hand-hewn logs.



Just to think one of my ancestors probably spent time in the house and surroundings was exhilarating. Someone in the group told us that the cabin was from 1820, but I didn't ask which Winkler built it. I assumed it was my relative, Henry, who was the first Winkler to move from North Carolina with his family to Estill County around 1810.

However, I recently found proof that Henry lived in a place named Station Camp. Station Camp Creek runs into Crooked Creek where many of the Winklers later lived and where the house was. I'm so glad that I took photos of the inside of the house because it's gone now. Writing this short story has made me want to restart my research and MAYBE serendipity will help out again!

How Did Serendipity Help?

Finding the Winkler Cemetery-

Led to being introduced to Sandra Rose-

Led to accidentally meeting a relative at a church when we lost our way to the cemetery-

Led to being introduced to Preacher Arvin-

Led to the family reunion, meeting relatives and taking photos of the house-

Led to learning so much about the people I come from

Shared by Sue Van Laere

Free Family History Webinars for May 2021

SALT LAKE CITY, UT--The FamilySearch Family History Library announced its free online webinars for May 2021. Increase your **Nordic/Scandinavian research** skills by tuning into classes throughout the day on 1 May, covering Bornholm, Denmark, Getting Started with **Finnish Research**, the Norwegian Historical Data Centre (NHDC) and the Tax Records of Sweden in two parts. Get help with your **Canadian ancestral research** with the **Skimming the Surface (Ontario Land Records)** and **Ask Your US and Canada Research Questions** webinars. Those with African-American ancestors will want to check out **United States Colored Troops and Buffalo Soldiers**.



Choose from a variety of **beginner FamilySearch sessions** and learn how to Navigate, Add, Edit, Standardize, and Print from the FamilySearch Family Tree. A Spanish language class entitled **Comenzando tú árbol en FamilySearch** (Starting your tree in FamilySearch) will also be offered. No registration is required. All class times are in Mountain Standard Time (MDT).

From Eastman's Online Genealogy Newsletter: eogn.com/page-18080/10364826

Go online to see more information

The logo for "Many Hands Make LIGHT Work" features seven colorful hands (orange, teal, red, grey, pink, yellow, purple) raised in a line. Below the hands, the text "Many Hands Make LIGHT Work" is written in a bold, sans-serif font, with "LIGHT" in yellow and "Work" in grey.

In preparation for becoming a working Society again, take a look at the open positions and think about which one sounds just right for you (and maybe a co-leader, if that sounds good.)

The Society needs you! Send any one of the Board an email to find out what the duties are for each position. THANKS!

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Appointed Positions

Membership: OPEN

Librarian: OPEN

Programs: OPEN

Historian: OPEN

Photographer: OPEN

Audit: Connie Patterson

Refreshments: Pegge Gee

Host: Kathryn Moss

Research: Lois Courtney

Book Sales: Maridee Symons

Website: George Davidson

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