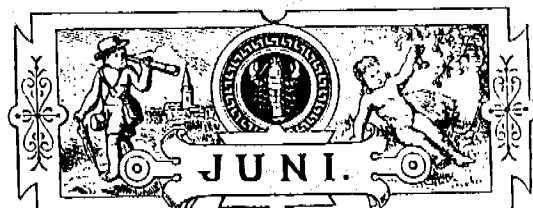


# King Folk

Newsletter No. 21

June 20, 2001



## What's New?

This will be the final issue of *King Folk*. It has been a pleasure to have put these thirty issues together. Over the years, I never knew what would show up as I dug through the files, or what interesting piece of news or data would arrive in my mail box or on the computer. There are still many more articles to reprint and family charts to publish, but perhaps they will be revealed to us by a new editor or even a different media. Files of pictures remain to be published. My hope is to develop a King Family web site. Who knows? That may happen yet.

Allan E. Littlefield wrote after the publication of the last issue that Martha Littlefield had died November 30, 2000 and is buried in the King family plot at River View Cemetery. He also sent a diagram of the plot naming the people buried there: Nautilla May King, Richard B. King, Ella King, Hazel M. King, Herbert Humphrey, Anna Humphrey, Mary Ann King, Melinda King, Amos N. King, Mary King, Alexander Lumsden, Martha J. King, Edw. James Jeffery, Nautilla Jeffery, May Nautilla Jeffery, Oliver K. Jeffery, Frances J. Poulsen, Edward J. Jeffery, and Lola Jeffery.

Earle Greig will give us an update on the cemetery project at the meeting, but he has reported that over 143 stones in the Pioneer Section of the Kings Valley Cemetery have

received attention. The group will be concluding work there this summer.

The Benton County Historical Society has several books for sale:

Benton Co. Marriages 1850-1925, \$25.00

Benton Co. Marriages 1926-1945, \$25.00

Benton Co. WPA Interviews, by Mark Phinney, \$35.00. Postage for each book is \$3.00. Earle will have these available for sale at our reunion or you can order from him, [egreig@pioneer.net](mailto:egreig@pioneer.net) or write to: Earle Greig, 4441 N.W. Elmwood Dr., Corvallis, OR 97330.

Carole Putman spotted an interesting article in *The Oregonian*. She writes, "It was about a Brigham Young University professor building a genetic database to help people pinpoint where their ancestors came from. They take blood samples from people, then study the DNA and the historical data from the donors. It is thought that in the future, the place of origin (such as a city) and a time will be possible to be provided for a person who submits DNA and query. The article says that 95% of the donors are Utah Mormons."

Enjoy reading the following pages. Hopefully there will be some surprises or something new to you. Once again, thank you for the support you provided for the publication of these newsletters. I certainly learned much more than I thought possible.

A TRIP TO THE IDAHO MINES IN 1864  
by Wiley Norton



*This is a story about Wiley Norton's trip to the Idaho mines which he wrote in a small 2 1/2 inch by 5 1/2 inch notebook dated 1926. Some editing was done by Carole Norton Putman.*

In my early life in about 1864 in the later part of March or the 1st of April, I took a notion to go to the mines. There was a rush to the gold fields of Idaho in the spring of 1864. So I bought a burro, a jenny about the size of a good big goat or sheep. I got a pack saddle with it for \$5.00. Along with my horse, Abe, I was pretty well rigged up for the trip. I did not have a cent of money so I went to Mr. Lilly and told him my circumstances. So he said, "Wiley, you can pay me when you come back from the mines."

I took the burro on those terms. I was proud of that burro as any little boy would be of a pair of red top boots. I was going to the mines then. I don't know what Mother thought about it and I never will. She never said a word, but I guess she had her opinion.

There was a man by the name of Aaron Shoff stopping with my Uncle Roland Chambers who was going to the mines. So I went and saw him and we made a bargain that we would go together. At that time there were great bands of hostile Indians in eastern Oregon and Idaho. We felt the two of us could take on anything that came our way. So I guess we did not know what fear was at that time. When we got there, the miners had a fort, Fort Hogrim, and breastworks to keep the Indians back

We started on the trip about the last of March 1864. The weather was still stormy, raining and snowing. We made it to near Dayton the first day. It was an uncomfortable night as we had to sleep in wet blankets. Next day we went on to Portland.

The day after we made it to The Dalles by steam boat. We had to go around Cascade falls by land and reached The Dalles about 9 o'clock that night. The next morning we bought a few supplies and started on toward the mines. All day we traveled in the snow and rain. We camped on the prairie. With difficulty we made a fire and cooked a meal. It consisted of coffee, fried bacon and a pone of bread. We had self rising flour which made excellent bread mixed up with water. We ate our supper and went to bed in wet blankets and slept soundly until about day light. At that time the most unearthly yells that ever penetrated human beings were heard. I thought my last day had come. We were covered completely with snow. When we dug ourselves out and took a look around, there was nothing there but a few coyotes. I was asleep and I thought there were about seven million of them all singing at once.

After shaking myself and finding I was all there, I proceeded to get breakfast. The sun was shining, so we spread our blankets out to dry. After breakfast we saddled

our horses and made ready to move on. In the warm sun the snow melted and we soon got dry and comfortable. Nothing happened worth mentioning for several days. Now and then a toll bridge attendant would take a quarter or half a dollar on the old Emigrant road. At the bottom of a steep grade to the Grande Ronde Valley, the road was almost blocked with trees. This was caused by the emigrant wagoners who had to cut trees, 2 or 3 feet in diameter, to fasten to their wagons to hold them back on the steep grade. The valley was just beyond and we reached it about sundown and camped.

There was one little shack in La Grande selling provisions. We moved on the next day and camped next to the hot springs. There we found an abundance of duck eggs and had a fine dinner. On reaching the east end of the valley, we camped for a couple of days to let our horses rest before moving on. The valley is about fifteen miles wide and 25 miles long and the air is so pure and clear that you could see a cow or horse halfway across the valley as easily as you could see a horse or cow one-half mile away at home. We rested here about two days. The ranch where we stopped belonged to Mr. Load, a quite pleasant and agreeable gentleman. He wanted me to stay with him and work and offered to pay me sixty dollars and board. Being more interested in the adventure ahead, I continued on with my companion.

After leaving we turned to the east around the valley on the mountain. The scenery was very beautiful to the eye. We traveled about three days in a northeastern direction. The country was barren, no grass, occasionally a small patch of shell rock. This would ring like glass under the horses feet. As we were traveling one day we came upon a beautiful sight. Ahead of us we could plainly see a band of elk or buffalo. We could not determine which because of a steep bluff. The valley was about the size of Blodgett Valley and put me in mind of it.

As we turned to the right, we struck a ravine with walls of rock about fifteen feet high with just room enough for a man and a horse. Here in the ravine I heard a rattle sing. I did not see it but knew that it was a snake and did not lose any time getting out of that place. We traveled up this ravine about a half of a day as near as I can recollect. As we came out on an open flat, a beautiful view lay ahead--beautiful streams and quartz rock, shining like lilies in the sun. The water was clear as crystal. We nooned at this place. We tried a pan of dirt but there was no gold so we move on.

About sundown that evening, an old Frenchman joined us in camp. We were glad to have his company. There were rumors of Indians and he had a double barreled shotgun. However what we prized more highly was his liberal supply of dried vegetables. He was generous and we had one of the best suppers I ever enjoyed with dried onions, parsnip, potatoes, squash and every kind you could name. But he proved no good where Indians were concerned. He insisted on keeping up a fire and either held his horse by rope or staked him close by. We were accustomed to turn the horses loose in the sage brush after supper and put out the fire. Then take our blankets into the sage brush and sleep until morning. Luckily, no Indians appeared.

It was a very lonesome trip. In the evening the calling of the sage hen made us think of our dear ones at home and the land of the red apples. Nothing happened of an excitable nature for several days. Near the Idaho line, we came to the Washoe Ferry on the Snake River at the mouth of the Payette River. It was a beautiful spot with level land and the wild rice as high as a man's head. We traveled up the Payette River, leaving it to the left as we came in view of the Snake River again. The elevation was perhaps about 3000 feet which gave a beautiful view of the river and also the horse shoe bend in the river. In the evening we left the river and came to a patch of dwarf laurel or chaparell so dense that a man could not possibly penetrate it. It looked as though a giant had taken a huge pair of shears and clipped a trail through it. The trail was only about three feet wide, just wide enough for a man to ride through and his feet drag on the side. If a man had met a grisly bear there he would have been in it, in the bear, I mean.

After sometime of monotonous travel, one evening we arrived at the outskirts of the encampment at Fort Hogrim. This desolate back-place on the head waters of the Boise River did not appeal to us so we moved on to another little town about five miles farther on. In Pacerville things looked more agreeable but still not what we were looking for. About seven miles farther on was a little town by the name of Bannock City, later know as Idaho City. Here we camped and after supper strolled around to see the sights.

I went into a place where they seemed to be at work and spoke to a man that seemed to be the foreman. He ask me if I wanted to work. I asked what wages he payed and he told me six dollars for a nights work. I concluded I would work one night for luck. So I told him the same. He brought out a wheel barrow, pick and shovel and told me to sail in. This was about six o clock in the evening after traveling all day. I did not feel very fresh for a twelve hour job on the night but I stayed with it. But I thought it was the longest night I ever spent. He came around about eleven o clock to see how I was getting along. He made no remarks only told me to look out for the nuggets. He meant the small chunks of gold that possibly might show up. But there was none showed up. I got pretty tired after traveling all day before, so I was glad when 6 o clock came. When he came to relieve me, he payed me. He had a bag of gold and a pair of scales and weighed out my six dollars in gold dust and I went on about my business which was to get my breakfast. After breakfast I went up to the mining camp and the first man I run onto was one of my uncles, Mr. Price Fuller, which made me feel like I was not entirely alone.

I loafed around most all that day and in the evening struck a job on a ditch for six dollars and board which I thought was pretty good. Next day I went to work. I worked about a week and then took sick. I had to quit and stayed a few days hoping to get better. As I got no better I concluded home was a good place for me.

I forgot to mention a couple of incidents that happened at the mines which I will insert here. One morning we heard a revolver shot ring out and then heard a man scream. Later in the day we learned that it was a drunken man, who was practicing with his revolver and shot himself through the foot. On another evening as I wandered out in the

camp. I went into a drink shop about dusk through curiosity. The house was full of miners and liquor was the attraction. An Italian minstrel performed on a harp. I think he was hired to play to draw customers for that house. It was one of those quiet sleepy evening when music almost put you to sleep. Every now and then a miner would drop a quarter or a half dollar for the minstrel which he would never miss. On the inside of the house there was a man that had a bag of gold perhaps a \$1,000 or more. Things were getting pretty warm in the shack. This man took his bag of gold by the end and about that time somebody drew a revolver. The man scattered the gold dust all over the floor of the shack. The floor was a dirt floor. When the revolver was drawn, there was a rush for the door. The men on the inside fell over one another to get out to safety. I guess the proprietor made a rich haul the next morning when he swept up his shack. I think he got about one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars cleaning up his house. That is the way of the miner. A man may be wealthy one day and the next day be as poor as a church mouse.

On the first day of my homeward journey I fell in with an old man perhaps about sixty years of age that had enough of the mines. This man's name was Joel Chrisman and he lived in Yamhill County in the Willamette Valley. We traced together on the homeward trip until we got to Portland.

One evening we camped near a company of volunteer soldiers who were scouting for Indians. This made us feel safe for the night. I was happily surprised to recognise one of the volunteers as one of my old friends from home, Mr. R. Clark. We had quite a little visit until he had to go on duty. It gives a man a tight hold on life and the world to meet an old friend at such times.

It was three or four or more days to the Umatilla landing where we boarded a boat to Portland. The fare was very low, \$2.50 from there to Portland. We were on the boat about two days which I think was remarkable. The reason was on account of rival steam ship lines trying to run one another off the river. The next day we would have had to pay about \$10.00 for the same service. It took from early in the morning until about 9 o'clock at night to reach The Dalles. After staying the night there the boat came to Portland the next day. I sold my gold dust which I think brought about \$20.00 as near as I can recollect. I payed my Uncle Amos King a visit and next day started for home. In Washington County I visited with an old school friend, Elias Wizer. He was a half brother of Jake Wizer who was hung near Lewiston along with Dave English and Billy Peoples for rustling horses.

Next day I arrived home and I never was so happy as I was when I got in sight of my old home. I felt like singing home sweet home. I came in sight of home in north end of the valley where Jake Chambers built his store. My home was only a few minutes away and also my old play ground was right there. My mother and my sisters and brothers were as glad to see me as I was to see them.



**Back When in Benton County**  
**The Kings of Kings Valley**  
**Part 17**  
**Sol King, My Grandfather**  
By Warren King of Fruitland, Idaho

From what I have heard about Sol King, he was taller and bigger than most men of his time; very strong and active. His son, Abe, who happens to have been my father, said that one time Charley King, Sol's nephew and step-son, and another fellow set out to tie Sol up with a lasso rope, all in fun I guess. Well, when the contest was over Sol had tied up his opponents.

Sol had four boys—Eli, Will, Abe, and Scott,—and two older girls, Anna and Lucy. An "S" was sometimes put with Eli's name. Will, in later years, had a "y" put in his name. When he was notified by the Federal Land Office in Lakeview that his homestead rights to a piece of ground was going to be contested, he rode horseback from Burns to Lakeview. There he found that it was another Will King and another piece of land; so he had the "y" put in for identification.

One time Sol was up for election as Benton County Sheriff, he was asked by a church group how he stood on the local option issue. Granddad allegedly answered, "If it is good, I am for it. If it's bad, I am agin it." He won the election.

Julian McFadden once told me that the Democrats had a hard time ousting Republican Sol from the office of sheriff. "At the start of Sol's last term," Julian said, "two Democrats changed their registration and became Republicans. At a Republican meeting Sol said, "Boys, I have had the job for quite a while and do not want it again, but if you will make the nomination by acclamation, I will take it and run again." Everyone stood up but the two ex-Democrats. Sol refused to run.

I have been told he worked hard for the Benton County Courthouse; whether or not he had anything to do with the plans and the construction, I do not know.

The night Sol's livery stable burned, there was an important meeting in town and people from all over the county had driven their horses and buggies or wagons into his stable for the evening. Grover Hedrick told me that he was sure the fire was set, but there was no proof. Hedrick and others got their horses out. The horses ran down Second Street to the Mary's River Bridge and then back again, trying to return to the burning barn. They were headed off and ran back to the bridge, where planks had been torn up so that they could not cross it again.

Both Mr. Hedrick and my father said that the people who lost personal property (buggies, wagons, harness, etc.) were reimbursed for whatever was burned up. Sol King's word was allegedly as good as his bond—as was the word of many persons in those gone-by days.



**Back When in Benton County  
The Kings of Kings Valley  
Part 18**

**Abigail, Lydia, and Rhoda Ann King  
By Charlotte L. Wirfs**

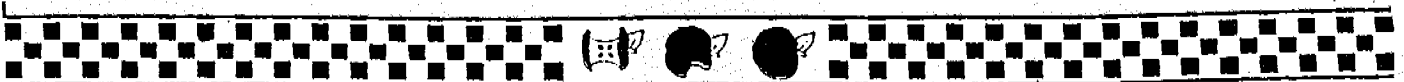
Nahum King's three youngest daughters were Abigail, Lydia, and Rhoda Ann. Like most of the other children, they were born in Madison County, Ohio and were ages 16, 14, and 10 when they arrived in Oregon in 1845.

The trip to Oregon culminated in marriage for Abigail when she married Price Fuller, son of Arnold, on August 23, 1846 in Benton County, Oregon. Price was born in Franklin County, Ohio in 1826. His younger sister, Melinda Fuller, had married Abigail's brother, Amos King, in the spring of that year. By 1850 Abigail and Price had three children named Albert, Sarah A., and Sarepta J. and they lived on their Donation Land Claim in Benton County. In May of 1857 Abigail died in Benton County and Price married Mrs. Martha Jane McMann or McMahan.

Lydia became the bride of another 1845 immigrant, Jonathan L. Williams, in Benton County two days before Christmas, 1847. "Jont" was born in Granger County, Tennessee in 1826 and arrived in Oregon in 1845 with his parents, James Edward and Martha Williams. They settled at Airlie, Polk County, Oregon. That is also where "Jont" and Lydia settled their Donation Land Claim in May of 1854. Their known children were: Lafayette (Lafe), Lena, Emmett, and a daughter who died in infancy. "Jont" died in Polk County January 24, 1907 and is buried in the Oddfellows Cemetery in Salem, Oregon. Minnie Price, 92 (1980), of Portland remembers hearing her mother, Sarepta Norton Price, speak of "Aunt Lyd," who lived in Portland and was almost blind.

Minnie also remembers hearing about "Aunt Rhode"—that would be the youngest child of Nahum and Sarepta King. Rhoda Ann, who was born April 17, 1835 lived briefly in Portland with her parents and brother, Solomon. Perhaps that is where she met and later married John Phillips. They were married February 19, 1850 in Clackamas County, Oregon. Phillips was a native of White County, Illinois and was born in 1830. He arrived in Oregon in 1846.

Rhoda Ann and John lived for a while with Nahum and Sarepta on their Donation Land Claim near Wren, Benton County, Oregon before settling their own DLC next door in November of 1850. John must not have lived long after settling his claim, for Rhoda Ann married her neighbor, Eli Summers, about 1856 or 1857. Summers was born in Mahoning County, Ohio and arrived in Oregon in July of 1853. He proved up on the DLC that had been obtained for Luther King, the orphan of John and Susan King and Rhoda Ann's nephew. It was East of Wren on Blakesly Creek. Summers settled there in September 1853. John Phillips, Solomon King, James Edleman, and Heman S. Hallock signed the affidavit for Eli's claim. Rhoda Ann died near Heppner, Oregon after 1905.



## **Titles of Remaining Back When in Benton County Articles of The Kings of Kings Valley**

**Charles King Family**, by Dorothy Brown, published November 26, 1980.

**Adella King, My Grandmother**, by Dorothy A. Brown, published December 3, 1980.

**Kings Valley Legends**, by Kenneth Munford, published December 10, 1980.

**Charles King's Second Family**, by David D. Morgan, published December 17, 1980.

**Map and Land Claims**, by Charlotte L. Wirfs, published December 31, 1980.

(The map is included in this newsletter)

**Abe King's Family**, by Albert Warren King, published January 21, 1981.

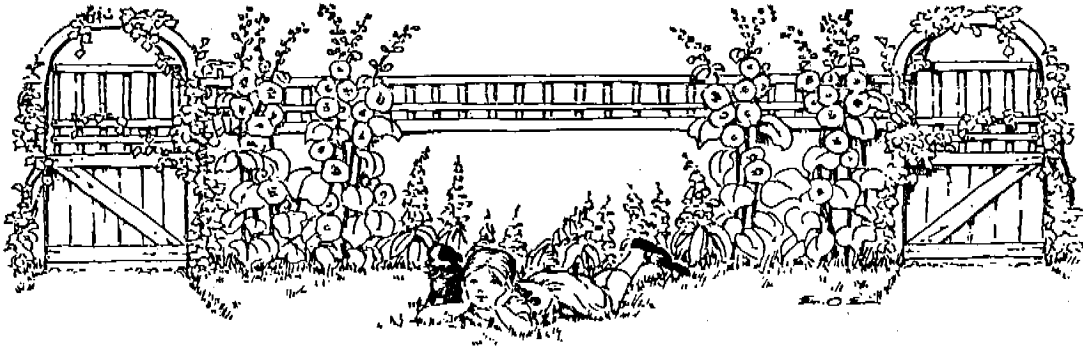
**More on Abe King's Family**, by Warren King, published January 28, 1981.

**Larkin Price**, by Charlotte L. Wirfs, published February 4, 1981.

**A. H. Reynolds, Millwright**, by Charlotte L. Wirfs, published, February 18, 1981.

Copies of these articles may be ordered from Charlotte Wirfs, 15109 Second St. NE,  
Aurora, OR 97002, 503-678-2837, [charw@teleport.com](mailto:charw@teleport.com).

Cost is \$2.00 to order all of the above.



### **David Trask Requests Family Group Sheets**

Our family historian, David Trask of Medford, reminds everyone that he will continue to collect obits of our relatives. These obits can be from your archives or from very recent publications. He will catalogue them in a system of notebooks and have them available to any family member upon request. Please mail your family obits to him.

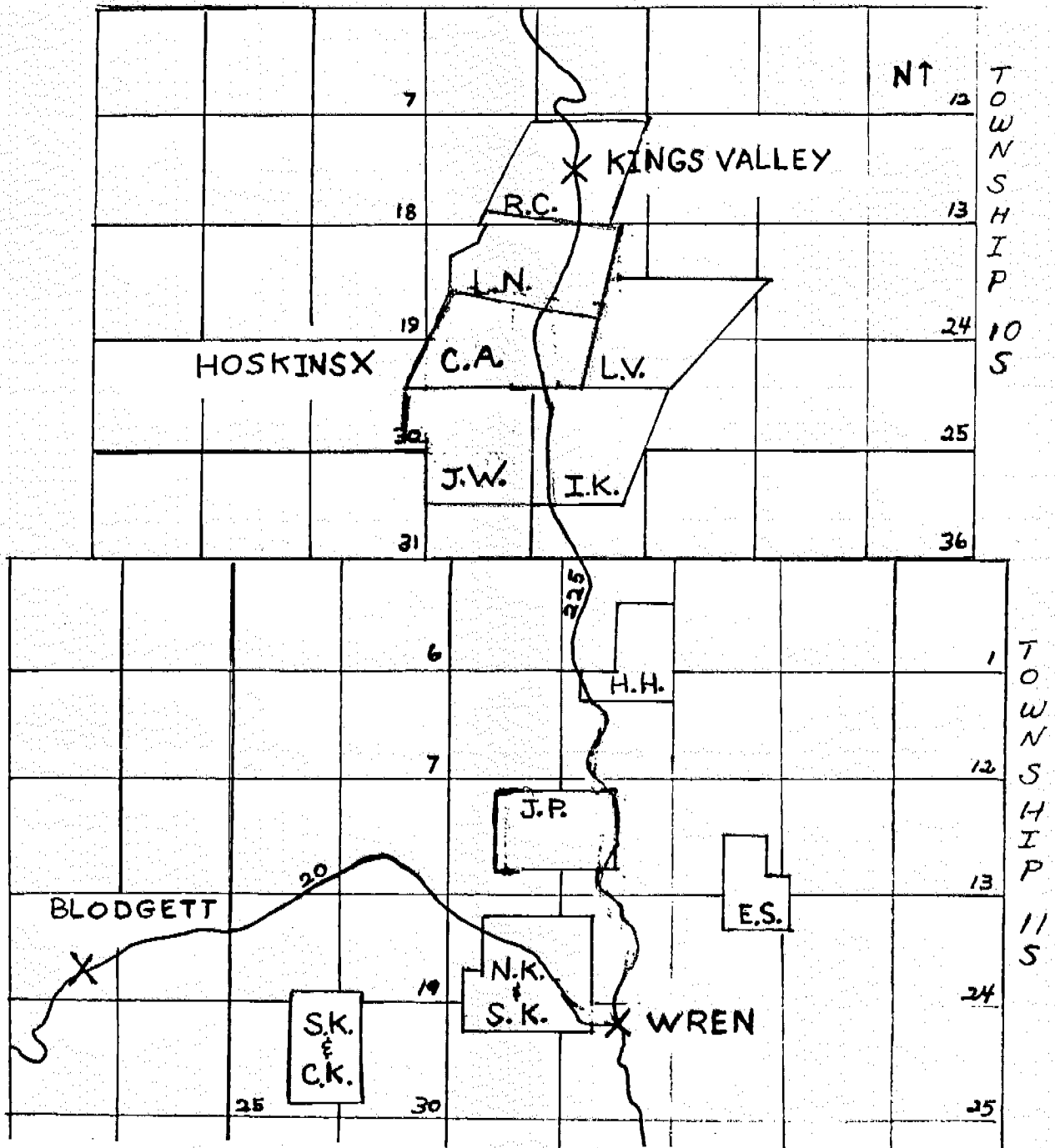
He also requests that we send him our family sheets that show three to five generations of our King connections. If your ancestor sheet has not been published in any of the *King Folk* newsletters please mail them to David.

**David Trask, 691 Murphy Road Suite 115, Medford, OR 97504**

Telephone: 541-734-3250 e-mail: [DLTRASK@aol.com](mailto:DLTRASK@aol.com)

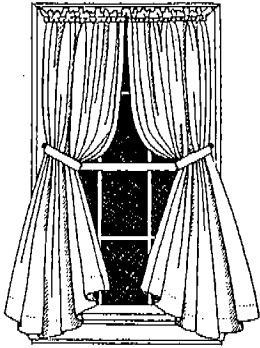


RANGE 6 W



**King Family Donation Land Claims**

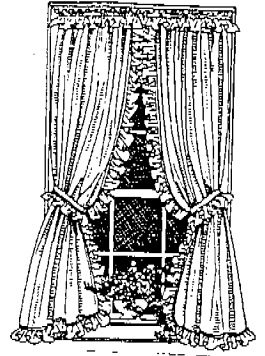
Donation land claims in the Kings Valley area mark the sites of the earliest settlement in that part of Benton County. From the north end of the valley: R.C., Rowland and Lovisa King Chambers (on which the mill was constructed); L.N., Lucius C. and Hopestill King Norton; C.A., Charles Allen (who donated land for the cemetery); L.V., Lazarus and Martha VanBebber; I.K., Isaac and Almada VanBebber King (barn is still standing); H.H., Heman S. and Lucretia King Hallock; J.P., John and Rhoda Ann King Phillips; E.S., Eli Summers; N.K., Nahum and Sarepta Norton King; S.K., heirs of Stephen King. (Published in the *Benton Bulletin*, December 31, 1980.)



FAMILY RECORD.

MARRIAGES.

Hiram J Masfield and  
Lydia Chambers married  
Feb. 22 1874.



FAMILY RECORD.

BIRTHS.

Frank E Masfield born  
July 17, 1882 Benton Co.  
Reason M, Masfield born  
Feb 25-1885 Benton Co.  
Rowland H Masfield born  
April 30 1889 Benton Co  
Addie Masfield born  
Dec. 11, 1891 Benton Co.  
Lyman Masfield born  
Mar. 4 1893 Benton Co  
Gladys P. Masfield born  
Feb 22, 1896 Benton Co.

FAMILY RECORD.

BIRTHS.

Hiram J. Masfield born  
Feb 4<sup>th</sup> 1850 St Clare Ill.  
Lydia Masfield born  
Mar. 26 <sup>1855</sup> Benton Co Oreg  
Nellie E. Masfield born  
Jan 18<sup>th</sup> <sup>1875</sup> Benton Co. Or  
Mary L Masfield born  
Nov. 12<sup>th</sup> 1876 Benton Co  
Charley E Masfield born  
July 2, 1878 Benton Co.  
Anna L Masfield born  
Dec. 05, 1879 Benton Co.  
Nettie Masfield born  
July 10 1881 Benton Co.

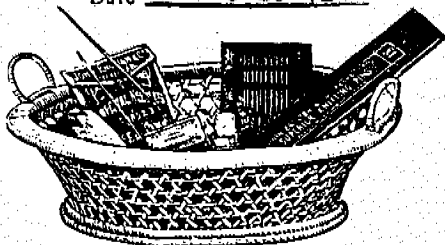
Name Marie Lillian (Hewitt) SORENSEN

PEDIGREE CHART

Address #184 Smithridge Park

Reno, Nevada 89502

Date 5-29-72



2 Wesley Cosert HEWITT

Born 26 Apr 1892  
Where Portland, Oregon  
When married 16 Sep 1914  
Where " Corvallis, Oregon  
Died 8 Dec 1968  
Where San Francisco, Calif

I Marie Lillian HEWITT

Born 30 Jan 1919  
Where Berkley, Calif.  
When married 28 Jul 1945  
Where married Virginia City, Nevada

Died  
Where

NAME OF HUSBAND OR WIFE

Owen Christian Hill SORENSEN

3 Lillian Lavina OREN

Born 19 Jun 1897  
Where Corvallis, Oregon  
Died 17 Mar 1919  
Where Berkley, California

4 Charles Francis Hewitt

Born 5 Apr 1860  
Where Beaver Dam, Wisconsin  
When married 21 Feb 1879  
Where "  
Died 6 May 1921  
Where Portland, Oregon

5 Mary Belle COSERT

Born 10 Sep 1859  
Where Fairbault, Minn  
Died 14 Jul 1923  
Where Portland, Oregon

6 Lewis Warren OREN

Born 23 Jan 1874  
Where Oregon, Missouri  
When married 23 Sep 1894  
Where " Corvallis, Oregon  
Died 1 Aug 1950  
Where Portland, Oregon

7 Edna PRICE

Born 7 Dec 1877  
Where Kings Valley, Oregon  
Died  
Where

8 Charles Harold Hewitt

Born 1829  
Where of New York  
Mar. 18 Mar 1854 Where  
Died  
Where

9 Catherine Isabella Salisbury

Born 31 Jul 1838  
Where Carolina, N. Y.  
Died 5 Mar 1894  
Where

10 John COSERT

Born 14 Apr 1816  
Where Broome Co., N. Y.  
Mar. 1841 Where  
Died  
Where

11 Mary Maria UPSON

Born 10 Nov 1818  
Where Wolcott, Conn  
Died 24 Aug 1892  
Where

12 Levi OREN

Born 23 Feb 1842  
Where Clinton Co., Ohio  
Mar. 1860 Where  
Died 21 Nov 1920  
Where

Fannie MOORE

Born 7 Nov 1838  
Where Indiana  
Died 23 Feb 1925  
Where

14 Willard Lane PRICE

Born 21 Apr 1850  
Where Clackamas Co., Oregon  
Mar. 1870 Where  
Died 18 Feb 1911  
Where Kings Valley, Oregon

15 Serepta NORTON

Born 9 May 1850  
Where of Kings Valley, Oregon  
Died 2 Mar 1909  
Where Kings Valley, Oregon

WPA INTERVIEW

Interview -- Mrs. Della KING TURNER

May 1938

Mrs. Della TURNER, widow, was interviewed at the ancestral home at Wren where she was recently returned and where she is living with her son.

My father, Charles KING, was born in 1848. He was the son of Stephen KING and the stepson of Sol KING. Stephen KING died not long after coming to Oregon, and later his brother married his widow. Although that part of the Luckiamute River valley in Benton County is called Kings Valley, only one of the KING Brothers, Isaac, actually settled there. Amos KING settled on the site of Portland and Nahum and Sol KING settled on Marys River near Wren. Sol KING soon sold or transferred his farm and went to Corvallis where he served as sheriff for ten years following 1876.

My father's mother was Marie ALLEN. She was not related to the ALLENs of Kings Valley, who came a little later than the KING party. Beside my father the King children were: Lucy, who married Richard "Doc" KIGER; Anne, now Mrs. KINDER; Eli and Will who went to eastern Oregon; and Abe and Scott.

My Mother was Susan ROBNETT, daughter of Stephen and Mary ROBNETT. The old ROBNETT land claim is a few miles east of here on the head of Oak Creek. The ROBNETT family Bible, which I have, shows the following information about members of the family:

Stephen Robnett b. May 23, 1807; d. March 18, 1878

Polly (Mary) Robnett (wife) b. Feb. 18, 1816; d. Dec. 20, 1885

Nancy Jane born 1874 (should this be 1834?)

Rachel Elizabeth, born 1835 (married Chatfield ROBERTS)

James, born 1838

Louise, born 1839 (married Wm. HENDERSON)

Pleasant, born in 1844 (died in boyhood)

William, born in 1847

Jackson, born in 1850 (died in boyhood)

Martha Susan, born in 1852

David, born 1855

Joseph, born in 1861



My parents were married in the early 'seventies and I was born in 1875. I have a brother Ed and a sister Anna. My father and his children attended the same red schoolhouse at Wren. His older grandchildren missed by a few years when the old building was torn down and the present more modern building was built. Grandfather KING gave the land for the schoolhouse but it was never deeded. The directors took his word for the gift and put up the building without a legal title. When the new building was to be erected the board was more particular and a deed was secured from the heirs before the work could go on.

Among my teachers at Wren I remember Anna OWEN and a Mr. CORNETT. We lived at Wren, some distance from the school, and part of the time I stayed with Mrs. James EMERICK in Philomath and attended school there. The Philomath schoolhouse was in an Oak Grove at North and B Streets. Professor REEVES was the teacher and Lydia DAVIS his assistant.

The old schoolhouse at Wren was a frame building that was often overcrowded with the enrollment at times as high as 65. All the furniture was homemade.

When I was eighteen my sister had to leave the Willamette Valley on account of hay fever. We two went to the Dalles. There I met and married Creed TURNER, who became a rail-road engineer. My husband was employed first by the O.R.&N., R.R. and later by the Western Pacific. We lived in Oregon, then in California and Nevada, where his work took him.

Two years ago I returned to spend my last days in the old home. I am living here with my son Edward and his family. I have also a daughter, Dorothy BROWN, who lives at Ventura, California.



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**"Old-Time" Interviews Were Part of Nationwide Economic Recovery Effort**  
By Judy Juntunen

The Work Progress Administration (WPA) was a federal emergency agency for unemployment relief created by order of President Franklin D. Roosevelt, on May 6, 1935. In 1935 and 1936 more than six billion dollars was allocated for the financing of more than 100,000 projects throughout the country. These included new and remodeled buildings and highways, improvements to other public property, and cultural projects such as the Writers' Project, the Theatre Project, and the Art Project.

Oregon received a generous share for a Writers' Project and a Historical Records Survey that included inventories of the county records and interviews with "old timers". Mark Phinney was hired to conduct the Historical Records Survey in Benton County. Little is known about him. We do know that he graduated from Otterbein College in 1912, and taught for a time at Philomath College.

His interviews have been available to researchers for many years, and they provide insight into events and a way of life that would have been lost without them. Although the interviews are reminiscences, they often provide valuable local information as well as family history. Phinney's notes add to the narratives. In one he observes that the same story was told differently by another person, and both his informants thought the other one was wrong!

Many of the unpublished documents for Benton County are housed at the Oregon State Library in Salem, including an Inventory of County Records, an Inventory of Church Records, and Transcripts of the County Commissioners' Journals. Danell Aukerman from the Benton County Genealogical Society has been working on an inventory of these documents.

## King Folk

King Folk is a bi-annual newsletter published by the Family of Nahum and Sarepta (Norton) King, Oregon Pioneers of 1845. Subscriptions are \$6.00 annually. A contribution of \$4.00 can be made at the same time, to be used to repair tombstones and for costs related to the annual reunion. Subscriptions are due Jan. 1, 2001, but reminders will be passed out before that time. Please make checks payable to **King Folk** and mail to Anne Trussell, 2108 Stacia Way, Sacramento, CA 95822

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The King Reunion is held on the first Saturday following Father's Day weekend in June at Kings Valley School. It is made up of the descendants of Nahum and Sarepta (Norton) King, Oregon pioneers of 1845 who settled Kings Valley, Benton County, OR in the spring of 1846. Current officers are:

President, Charlotte Wirfs, (503) 678-2837, [charw@teleport.com](mailto:charw@teleport.com)

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Please send queries to David Trask, 691 Murphy Rd. Suite 115, Medford, OR 97504. Note that David collects obituaries of the descendants of Nahum King. He can look one up for you. Please mail copies of family obituaries to him.

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