

UP THE CREEK

Hacker's Creek Newsletter

June 2020

How has HCPD been coping with COVID-19?

We have not conducted library business in the normal way for months and may never be able to go back to the old normal. Our doors were closed for over a month, due to the Governor's mandatory shut down of non-essential businesses. The doors are still locked, but we will allow researchers in by appointment. Luckily we can communicate and conduct business through the internet. The times have changed and we need to change with them. Our goal is to offer much more genealogy and history information through our website. With the fundraising we had to get creative! The quilt raffle, tea party and take-out spaghetti dinner helped raise money for our operating cost. We did apply and received some funds from the paycheck relief program for payroll and utilities. Many do not realize we are a non-profit and are not supported by state or federal funding. We do not have a mortgage or credit card debt, however we still have to pay for building repairs, office expense, utility bills, insurance and (2) payroll. Our treasure, Betty Ann Nicholson does a wonderful job of keeping our finances in order. It's not sloppy, we know every penny that we take in and every penny that goes out.

A deep appreciation goes to you members for your continuing support. Without you we could not do what we do.

Keep history and family genealogy alive!

*The true way to
soften your
troubles is to help
others in theirs*

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WV roots found in Ohio Clinic

Long time member **Arline Hardman** had a collection of old HCPD Journals and needed to find a home for them. Her husband, Robert (Bob), passed away in March and she would be moving to a smaller home. She contacted us, but I told her we did not need them as we have copies. They found a good home with a lady that found she had roots in WV. Below is the interesting story, told by Arline per email.

Patty, after I e-mailed you I contacted a young lady who is a nurse in the Heart Failure Clinic in our local hospital. The first time Bob went there he kept teasing Christy that she reminded him of his cousin in West Virginia. Bob's cousin is Tillie Hardman Fowler who lives near French Creek now. Their land was taken by the Corp of Engineers where the large buildings for Stonewall Jackson Park are located. This is the same place that the Mitchell Cemetery is located. Her grandfather was a Mitchell. After a couple of visits to the Clinic, Christy admitted to having roots in West Virginia. When Bob asked her where, she said it is Jane Lew. Having read the Journals over the years I asked her what her grandmother's name was. She said "Bonnett" She was puzzled as to why her grandmother would insist it be pronounced "Bo'ne" which is the French pronunciation. I knew that Bob's fourth great grandmother was Elizabeth Waggoner Hardman, wife of John D. Hardman, son of Peter and Charlotte Hardman. I knew that Elizabeth's mother was Margaret Bonnett Waggoner. Margaret and her younger children were massacred by Tecumsah and his band of Indians. The three older children, Elizabeth, Mary, and Peter, were taken captive and brought to Ohio to the Indian camp near Toledo.

Christy was thrilled to know the history that I told her so I gave her the information on HPCD. She bought her mother a membership in the Library for Christmas a couple of years ago. I have contacted Christy and asked her if she would want the Journals and she replied a resounding "yes". I am glad someone with WV roots will benefit from the information. She will take good care of them.

Life is funny at times! You never know when you may meet others with WV roots.

Submission from long time member

George Long

William Weekley was born in 1851 and started preaching at age 17. Reading this book and establishing a chronology based on the few dates he references, the building of the church in Waterloo would have been between 1869 to 1872. He speaks of his horse and his travels through the area describing the terrain and challenges of travel along with the families he stayed. His ministry brought him to his first "charge" of Upshur and Lewis Co.

Twenty Years on Horseback, or Itinerating in West Virginia

By William Marion Weekley, c. 1904

Excerpt from book; pages 35 – 43

(p. 35) I was appointed by this conference to Lewis Circuit, an old, run down field, embracing parts of three counties. Rev. Isaac Davis was sent along as a helper "in the Lord". We had grown up together in the same neighborhood, and were members of the same congregation. He was a young man of sterling moral qualities, and proved himself a loyal and valuable coworker.

After spending a few days with our parents and friends, we started, early in April, for the scene of toil to which we had been assigned for the year. From the day we left home, we ceased not to pray that the Lord of the harvest would give us at least one hundred souls as trophies of his grace, and to that end we labored constantly.

We found the following regular appointments; Gladly Fork, Hinkleville, Union Hill, Little Skin Creek, White Oak, Waterloo, Indian Camp, Walkersville, Braxton and Centerville. Soon we added two more, namely Bear Run and Laurel Run. The charge agreed to pay us \$210, but fell a little short, reaching only \$170. Of this I received \$90, and Brother Davis the remaining \$80. The assessment for missions was \$25, and about \$10 for other purposes, which we regarded as a pretty high tax for benevolences. Yet the entire amount was raised after a most virous and thorough canvass of (p.36) all the appointments. As I now remember, no one gave more than twenty-five cents.

Our protracted meetings lasted more than six months, and resulted in the reception of one hundred and one persons into church fellowship. While in the revival at Hinkleville, a great shout occurred one night over the conversion of some far-famed sinners, during which the floor of the church gave way and went down some two feet. Before dismissing the people, I announced that we would meet and make repairs the next day. At the appointed time it seemed that nearly all the men and boys in the country round about were on hand, ready to render what service they could in repairing the house of the Lord.

This was a revival of far-reaching influence. The country for miles around was thoroughly stirred. One of the leading men became interested on night, and decided upon a new life. As he approached the church the next day, he heard us singing what was then a very popular song – "Will the Angels Come?" The words and melody fairly charmed him, and kindled new hope in a life that had been given over to sin. As he opened the church door, the key of faith opened his heart's door to the Savior, and he rushed down the aisle to tell us of his wonderful experience. It was all victory that morning. (p. 37) The conversion of such a man profoundly affect the people and led to many more decisions for Christ.

During this meeting my colleague arose one evening to preach. As he had the text, with book, chapter and verse all by heart, he did not open his Bible, but began by saying, "You will find my text in Revelation, third chapter, and twentieth verse." Just then an apple fell through a hole in his coat pocket on to the floor. As he stooped to pick it up, another fell out. Returning them to his pocket, he again started--- "Revelation, third chapter and twentieth verse", when suddenly the two restless apples dropped out again. After picking them up, he started in the third time, "you will find my text in" --- but all was gone. He couldn't even think of Revelation. The audience was at the point of roaring, so in the midst of his confusion he turned to me and said, "Brother Weekley, what is my text? I don't know what nor where it is". I answered, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." "Yes, yes," he said, "I remember it now," and proceeded with his discourse, but did not recover that evening from the knock-out blow he had received.

Preaching through such a long revival campaign was no easy thing, when I had only a few sermons in stock, and these were all "homemade". (p.38) I think the material in them was all right, but the mechanical construction was not according to any particular rule. I endeavored to give my hearers plenty to eat, but I did not understand how to serve the food in courses. It was like putting a lot of hominy, and port, and cabbage, and beans into the same dish, and saying to the people, "Here it is; help yourselves". But as a few sermons could not be made to last indefinitely, I was compelled to apply myself to study, no little of which was done on horseback. Every itinerant in West Virginia at that time had to do the same thing. While this method of study was not the most desirable, it nevertheless had its redeeming features. Oft-times, after riding a dozed or fifteen miles over rough, hilly roads, I would alight, hitch my horse and while the weary animal was resting, mount a log near by and practice to my heart's content the sermon I was preparing for my next appointment. Again, and again did I make the welkin ring as I preached to an audience of great trees about me. Does this appear amusing to the reader? Do you doubt that such experiences ever occurred? If so, ask some of the earlier preachers of the conference who are yet living if they ever did such a thing while circuit-riding among the mountains.

(p.39) Did we ever feel lonesome as we traversed the forests or climbed the hills? Not for a moment. It was an inspiring place to be. The birds sing so sweetly there. The gurgling, murmuring streamlets are ever musical as they steal their way along through gulches, over their rocky beds. The scenery is sublime. Nature's book stands wide open, and abounds with richest lessons and illustrations. No wonder Glossbrenner and Markwood, Warner and How, with a host of others would preach! The very mountains amid which they were born and reared conspired to make them lofty characters, and majestic in their pulpit efforts. While Union Biblical Seminary, and our colleges generally are grand, helpful schools, let it not be forgotten that "Brush College" is not without its advantages, and should be given due credit for the inspiration and rugged manliness it imparts to its students.

My home this year was with Brother James Hull, on the headwaters of French Creek, fully forty miles from the nearest railroad station. Mother Hull was one of God's noble women. She professed sanctification, and live it every day. I can never forget her helpfulness to me, a mere child in years and service. I must see her in heaven.

(p. 40) If I returned home after each Sabbath's work, it required one hundred- and fifty-miles travel to make one round of the circuit. My associates also had a good home on another part of the charge; but unfortunately for him, and for some others as well, his zeal led him into trouble. Brother Mike Boyles, with whom he stayed, was a good, true man, and was ever delighted to have a preacher with him. One Sunday he went to see a friend a few miles distant, and innocently carried home on his horse a large, nice, well-matured pumpkin. His purpose, no doubt, was to prepare a special dish for his guest; but his preacher was not pleased with such an infraction of the Sabbath law. A short while after this he discoursed in the neighborhood church on the text, "I stand in doubt of you". Among other things, he said he stood in doubt of a church member who would go visiting on Sunday and carry "pumpkins" home with him. Brother Boyles very naturally made the application a personal one, and ever afterward refused to be reconciled.

During the year I married two couples. One of the men was a horse buyer, and was considered "away up" financially. Of course, I expected no insignificant sum for my services; it ought to have been ten dollars or more; but let the reader imagine, if he can, my disappointment, (p. 41) if not disgust, when he handed me forty cents in "shinplasters". By "shinplasters" I mean a certain kind of currency which circulated during our civil strife in the early sixties, in the form of five, ten, twenty-five and fifty cent certificates.

Speaking of this wedding recalls the fact that it was on this circuit, while visiting my uncle the year before, that I married my first couple. I remember, too, that I approached the occasion with great trepidation. It was an awful task. But the eventful hour finally came. The parsonage, so called, where the nuptials, were to be celebrated, was a log cabin of one room. The kitchen, which stood several feet from the main building was the only place offered in which to arrange the toilet. At last I stood before the young couple and began the ceremony, which I had committed to memory. Yes, I had it sure, as I thought. I had gone over it twenty times or more. In practicing for the occasion, I had joined trees and fence stakes, and I know not what all, together; but at the very moment when I needed it, and couldn't get along without it, the whole thing suddenly left me. There I was. After an extend pause and a most harrowing silence I rallied, and began by saying, "We are gathered together." Just then my voice failed me; it seemed impossible to (p.42) make a noise, even. I fairly gasped for breath, for that was the one thing I seemed to need most. At last the effort was renewed. How I got through I never knew. I seemed to be in a mysterious realm, where the unknowable becomes more incomprehensible, and when all the past and future seem to unite in the present. Finally, I wound up what seemed to be long, drawn out affair, and pronounced the innocent couple man and wife. I am glad they always considered themselves married. I have but little recollection of what I did or said during the ordeal. In fact, I do not care to know, since I am so far away from the occasion. Yes, that was my first wedding.

The year was not without its material enterprises, for we completed the churches at Glady Fork and Waterloo, repaired one at Indian Camp, and started a new one at Laurel Run. Some of these stand yet as moral and religious centers, and, at times, through the intervening years, have been the scenes of great spiritual awakenings.

Conference was held at New Haven, in Mason County, with Bishop D. Edwards in the chair. While our report was thought to be fairly good, I asked for a change, believing that I could do better work on another field. The (p. 43) favor was granted and Hessville Mission assigned me as my third charge.

At the close of this year there were thirty-one ministers employed in the conference, whose aggregate salary was \$4551.77, or an average of \$147 each. The three presiding elders received, all told, \$843.83. These figures indicate something of the sacrifices made by the men who gave themselves to the early work of building up the Church in the Virginias. Greater heroism of the apostolic type was never displayed by any of the sons of Otterbein, nor can any part of the country show greater achievements for the work done.

Thomas Bidwell

From Bredwell to Bidwell

Indiana to West Virginia to Oregon

I first became interested in Thomas B. BIDWELL when I inherited my grandmother's postcard collection and found postcards to her from him mailed from Astoria, Oregon. Thomas was the half-brother of my grandmother, Mary Alice FARNSWORTH FERRELL, known as Alice. In a photo collection inherited from my aunt, I found an old faded picture of a man taken in Astoria, Oregon, whom I assume was probably Thomas. The mystery I was trying to solve was his true name which I found recorded in half a dozen spelling variations.

The first record I found of him was while I was researching my FARNSWORTH line. He was recorded as Thomas B. BUDEWELL in the 1860 census of Calhoun County, Virginia, where he is listed with my great-grandparents, William C. Johnson FARNSWORTH and Rachel BELT. Also in the household are three brothers of Thomas – Orlando, James H. and Walter BUDEWELL and my one-month old grandmother, Mary A. (Alice) FARNSWORTH. The BUDEWELL siblings were all born in Indiana. Rachel was born in Harrison County, VA, William in Pocahontas County, VA. Both counties later became part of West Virginia. The 1860 census supports a birth date of 1848 for Thomas.

With Indiana as a clue as to where Rachel was earlier, I searched the 1850 census and found her in Sullivan County, Indiana in the household of Richard BREDWELL, a shoemaker, with Maria, age 12; Orlando, 10; James W. 5; and Thomas B., 2. Richard and Rachel were born in Virginia, the children in Indiana.

In 1856, Rachel was back in Virginia, where as Rachel BRAIDWELL, a widow, she married William C. J. FARNSWORTH in Wirt County on 11 September. The wedding record identifies her as the daughter of John and Sarah BELT. The 1860 census reveals she was born in Harrison County.

In the 1870 census of neighboring county Wirt, Thomas and Walter, the only two brothers still in the Farnsworth household have become BREDWELLS. Thomas A. BRIDWELL, b. 1848 in Indiana, is in Charleston, WV, as a 22-year-old U. S. soldier in Company E. 4th U.S. Artillery under Marcus P. Miller.

Walter and James are listed as household heads in the 1880 census of Wirt County, WV, Walter as a BREDWELL. James is indexed as a BREDWELL, but the entry looks like BRIDWELL. Thomas BEDWELL, age 31 and widowed, is in Jefferson Township, Sullivan County, Indiana with four children, ages 2 to 10. The family is listed as a household in the dwelling of Elisha BEDWELL aged 55. Could Elisha an uncle?

By 1900, Thomas is in Astoria, Oregon, and seems to have settled on BIDWELL as his name. He is now 50 years old, has been remarried for 25 years and there are six children in his household, ranging in age from 2 to 16 years old. All the children were born in Oregon. Based on the ages of the children, Thomas was in Oregon by at least 1884. An 18-year-old daughter-in-law is also in the family. Another mystery. Could the daughter-in-law have been married to an older son of Thomas who is deceased?

Based on the 1850 Sullivan County, Indiana census and the 1870 and 1880 censuses of Wirt County, West Virginia, I believe that the correct name is BREDWELL. How the BREDWELL brothers became BUDEWELLS in 1860 Calhoun County is perplexing. Why did Walter and James keep the BREDWELL/BRIDWELL name while Thomas gradually became a BIDWELL. In 1870, he is a BRIDWELL, in 1880 a BEDWELL and finally in 1900 a BIDWELL which is how he signed his name in postcards to my grandmother.

Looking for any information on the Farnsworths of Pocahontas County and the Belts of Harrison County or surrounding areas.

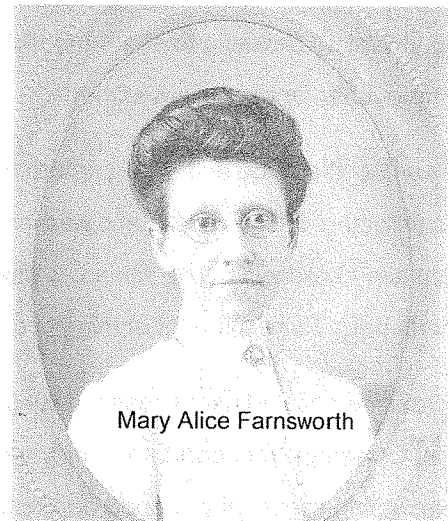
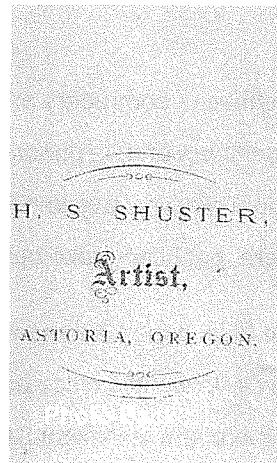
Contact:

Linn Baiker

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Thomas B. Bidwell was the half-brother of my grandmother, Mary Alice Farnsworth Ferrell. In the 1850 census of Sullivan County, Indiana, her mother, Rachel Belt, appears as the wife of Richard Bredwell, one of many forms of this name. In 1856, Rachel Belt Braidwell, widow, married William C. J. Farnsworth. In the 1860 census of Calhoun County, West Virginia, her children from her marriage to Richard are noted as Budewell. In the 1870 census of neighboring county Wirt, the two-brothers still in the Farnsworth household have become a Bredwells.

By 1900, Thomas is in Astoria, Oregon, and seems to have settled on Bidwell as his name. He sent postcards to his sister from there signed T. B. Bidwell.



95 year-old Resident Sews Masks to Help During COVID-19 Crisis

Walnut Crossing resident Miriam Looker-Linscott is celebrating her 95th birthday today, and we wanted to share her story.

Miriam never thought she would be sewing masks to protect health care workers during a pandemic. Miriam, a resident at Walnut Crossing Senior Living Community in Marysville, Ohio, stepped up to fill a need, sewing over 800 cloth masks to date. Her stepson, Dr. Joe Linscott, compares her to WWII "Rosie the Riveters," a movement of women in WWII who aided the war effort, declaring, "We Can Do It!"

Mrs. Looker-Linscott came up with the idea early on in the pandemic when she saw news reports about the shortages of personal protective equipment (PPE) plaguing the nation. As an avid quilter, she had plenty of fabric, donated by The First United Methodist Church, and a sewing machine that worked, though in need of repair. While it being serviced, she used an extra machine from Walnut Crossing, to keep production going.

Miriam donates the masks to Linscott Family Practice, which provides each of their patients with a mask and an additional one for family members if needed. The doctor's office has also donated masks to a local nursing home. The residents marveled at the craftsmanship and were happy to know that the masks were made locally by someone in their age group.

Miriam's John Deere tractor masks are especially popular. One was given to a local business owner who lost a tractor in a flood. Some of her masks were given to the Department of Agriculture and they continue to ask for more due to local shortages. Recently she made a baby John Deere mask for her great-grandson, Theodore!

Miriam has a long history of donating her work to worthy causes. She is part of a quilting group that donates quilts to each memory care resident, cancer patients, and to the First United Methodist Church. On Saturday's she meets with the quilting group at Walnut Crossing to share her skills there. She was thrilled to be featured in the "Daughters of the American Revolution" newsletter for her valiant efforts.

Her, 'can do it' attitude and giving nature has ignited a sense of comradery among residents at Walnut Crossing. She has recruited others to sew masks and has inspired team members and neighbors to ask how they can help during this important and challenging time. Miriam is always looking for creative ways to help. She values being part of a community that supports her. "There are a lot of things I can't do anymore, but I can make quilts."

After reading about Miriam's mask making project in the local paper, an anonymous donor dropped a sewing machine off at Walnut Crossings front door, and many have called the Dr. Linscott's office asking if they could have masks. Due to the overwhelming community support and response, team members at Walnut Crossing will be helping Miriam create a video tutorial so others can learn how to make masks.

Walnut Crossing is grateful for residents like Miriam who use their gifts and talents for the benefit of others. Our philosophy is to help elders write the next fulfilling chapter of their life, and it starts by taking the time to build a connection with each resident and support their pursuit of activities that help them thrive.

*** Story from Walnut Crossing Assisted Living & Memory Care Blog**

HCPD Quilt

Miriam Looker - 1998

In 1998 a cry went out for HCPD members to submit quilt squares in order to make a unique quilt.

The "rule" was that the same material be used for all squares. Members could create squares with photo transfers, stenciling, embroidery, quilting and other methods with the subject matter being family ancestors or WV history.

After all the squares were in, Miriam Looker finished the quilt dated for the 1998 Gathering. The same lady from the previous story.

Members purchased raffle tickets and the winning ticket was picked at The Gathering. The winner was Paula Curran and he gave the quilt back to HCPD with the stipulation that it be hung at the library and not be raffled or sold.

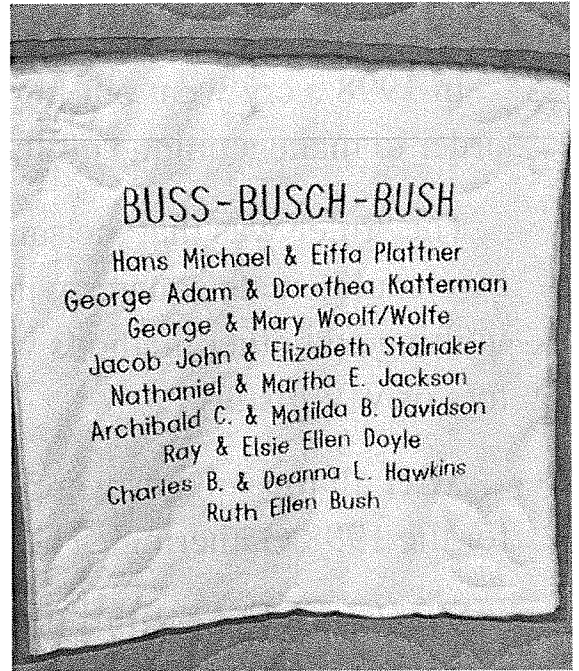
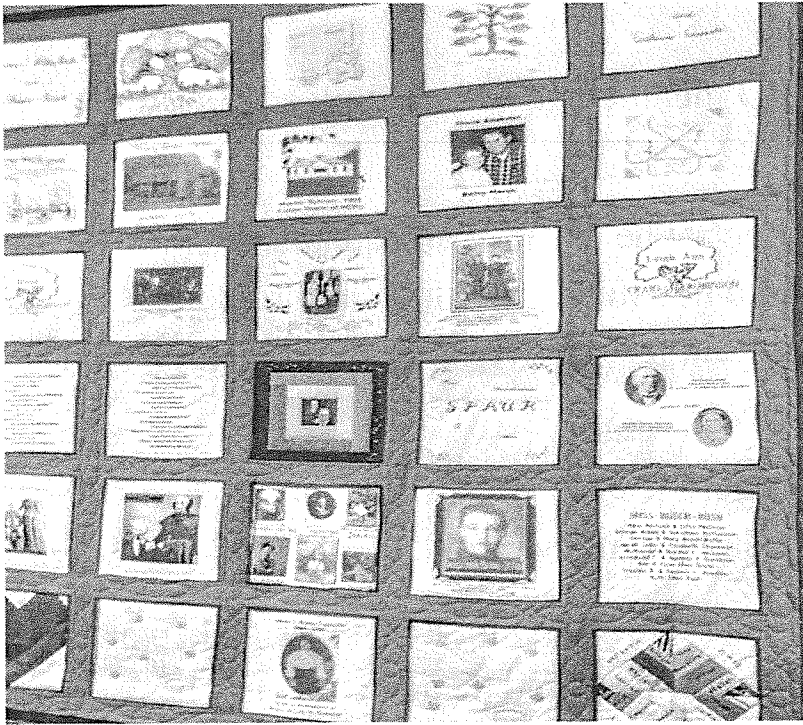
The quilt still hangs in the HCPD Library for ALL to enjoy!



Lifetime Member Miriam Looker

Pictures of the 1998 HCPD Quilt

This quilt is on display hanging on the back wall of the library



History of Shadybrook

The accompanying short history of Shadybrook was written by Virginia B. Ervin, a student in the Shadybrook school and was awarded first place in a contest held among the pupils of the school. It is an excellent piece of work to have been done by a student in the grammar school.

Shadybrook, a prosperous resident suburb of the city of Weston, located about one mile from the heart of the city, on the west bank of the West Fork of the Monongahela River. Mr. George Wilson was the founder of Shadybrook, purchasing a tract of land from J.P.Cole, located a short distance from the B. & O. Shops, extending down the West Fork river to the Minnich farm. Shadybrook was laid off into lots in the year of 1905 and derived its name from a brooklet which flows through the center of this plot of ground, into the West Fork River at Eleventh Street. As this brooklet had quite a few trees along its course, it was name Shadybrook.

The first settlers of Shadybrook were: Mr. Fred Bailey, near the old county road; Mr. Reece Steele, 12th Street; Mr H.R. Mallonee, Brooklet Avenue; Mr. Fred Yates, 12th Street; Mr. A.J. Lawson, Brooklet Avenue; and Mrs. J. J. Ervin, 9th Street Building increased rapidly. In the year of 1910 the Shadybrook Grammar School was built on 9th Street. It was a two room brick structure. Mr A.C. Hughes built a store on 12th Street about the year of 1909. In the year of 1909, Mr. A.G.Gould laid a part of his farm off into lots and offered them for public auction. this farm lay to the west of Shadybrook. In the fall of 1909, Mr. Wade Flint built a store on 12th Street at the same location as Mr. Arthur Wimer's store.

A few years later the Minnich Farm, located Northwest and adjoining Shadybrook, was laid off into lots on which have been many homes built.

In the year of 1912 the Monongahela Valley Traction Line, now known as the West Penn Public Service Company, was extended from Clarksburg to Weston. the Trolley line passes along Central Avenue and the sub-station near 12th Street. Mr. Grimes built a store on Central Avenue some time before the Trolley was in operation.

In the year of 1914 by the rapid increase of the population of Shadybrook it was found necessary to enlarge the school building by erecting another story of the building making four rooms.

Shadybrook, by having good trolley service has grown very rapidly. Having the Freeman's Creek District Road passing through making a much better way of getting to Weston and Clarksburg. Shadybrook found in the year of 1925 it was necessary to build an addition to the school of which two rooms were added making in all a six room building, employing six teachers of which Mr. A. Clyde Clark is principal.

Many new residences have been built recently. Shadybrook has four stores: Grimes and Co., General Merchandise; A. Wimer, General Merchandise; Oberstadt, Grocer; and Ramsburg, General Merchandise. Grimes and Co. has recently built a garage with two apartments on the second floor. The population of Shadybrook at this time is from 800 to 1000. the voters registered in the year of 1924 was about 309 in this precinct.

Taken from:

The Weston Democrat, April 9, 1926

Catholic Church to Columbia Club

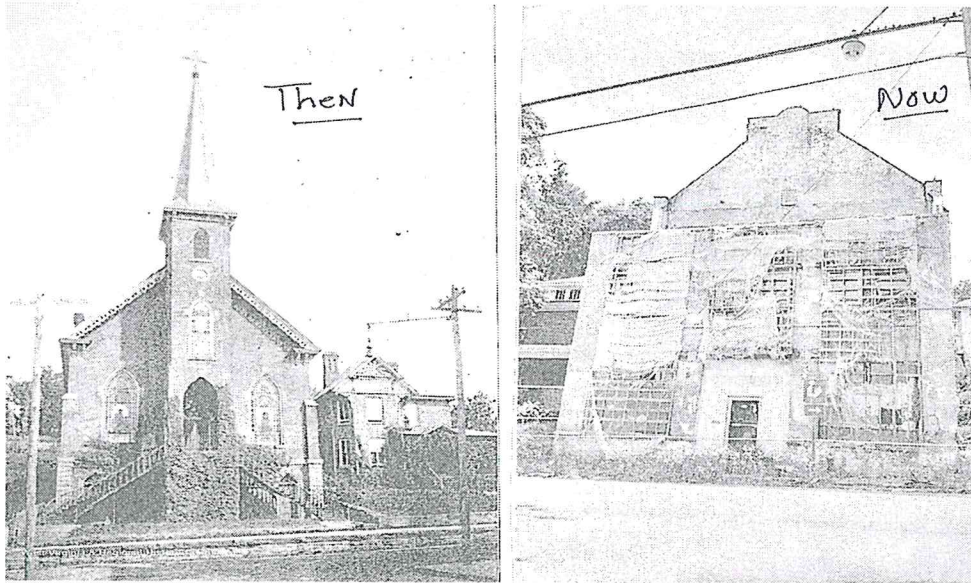
An old historical building is crumbling away on Court Ave, Weston, WV. We do not know the future of the abandon building, but we do know some history to share. The following is a short history of the church.

Downtown Weston: Historic Resource Survey, Lewis County, WV page 16

164 Court Ave, commercial/vacant Knights of Pythias/Columbia Club/St. Patrick's Church

Date: Ca.1876

Description: Tall, one-story, end gable church building with stepped parapet wall on the front. Slate roof. Paired brackets along side eaves. Pointed windows are covered. Painted brick with stucco, two-story addition on front. Brick and concrete foundation. 3X4 bays. Gothic Revival style. Deteriorated.



In 1876 the Catholics built a new church at the head of Second Street which they occupied until 1915. The location of the new St. Patrick's Church was Court Ave. directly facing East Second Street. It was finished enough by Nov. 1878 to be formally opened and dedicated. The Weston Democrat reported in detail the ceremony.

From The Weston Democrat

No more interesting ceremony has been performed in the history of the Catholic Church than that of Sunday last. The clergy present for the dedication, as well as Bishop John J. Kain, were Fr. Daniel O'Connor of Clarksburg, Fr. E. M. Hickey of Newburg, Fr. Michael Fitzpatrick of Roaring Creek, and Fr. F. Haimun of Doddridge County.

Following the Dedication service, High Mass was sung by Fr. Daniel O'Connor. the rendition of Coleman's Mass by the Weston choir under the leadership of Mrs. T.A. Edwards, was creditable to the participants. Jacob Schmitt, Jr. played the organ.

The edifice, of which L. H. Wood, Esq., of Weston was the architect, is 75 X 40 feet with a basement of 40 X 30 feet. The auditorium is 60 X 40 feet and is capable of seating 400 persons. the style of the building is Gothic and Byzantine and is built of brick and interspersed with stone. The interior work is of white finish executed by Thomas Bradbury of Weston. The altars and doors, exquisite pieces of workmanship, were made by Weeden S. Smith, Esq., and the altar railing by Jacob Schmitt, Sr. the painting and glazing was done by the Watson Bros. of Weston.

A handsome collection of \$225 was taken by Father Tracy. The following is what was placed in the cornerstone of the church. Whether this is still there is a question?

From The Rock From Which You were Hewn. (pg.7) This book is out of print. Copy in library.

The following is a copy of the document placed in the cornerstone of the new St. Patrick's Church. I discovered a copy of this document, written by Father Tracy himself, on the flyleaf of the Baptismal register The document was written in Latin. Here I give the English translation.

Day, 18 September, A.R.S. 1876

Pope Pius IX happily reigning in the Apostolic See;

The Most Reverend and Illustrious John Joseph Kain Second

Bishop of this Diocese of Wheeling;

Reverend John A. Tracy, Pastor

Ulysses Grant, President of the United States;

John J. Jacob, Governor of West Virginia,

John H. Todd, Mayor of the City of Weston;

This cornerstone was blessed and laid by Reverend John T.

Sullivan, Chancellor of the Diocese,

For the Greater honor and glory of God,

Under the title of St. Patrick,

A great gathering of the Faithful present,

A sermon was delivered by Rev. John T. Sullivan

To the joy and approval of the faithful

Who had come in great numbers

Fr. John J. Swint was appointed in January 1914. After his appointment he set about to relocate the parish. The old church and rectory was built on a hill and expansion was not possible. The congregation had outgrown the church. The old church property was sold in 1919. The interior dismantled. The church furnishings were sold to other churches. By May 1920 all the old church property was sold for approximately \$14,000.00.

After passing through other hands, the old church building was purchased by the Knights of Columbus of Weston in July 1929. It became known as the Columbia Club.

What the future holds or who owns it now is a mystery. We do know it is probably beyond repair.

SOME FUN FACTS:

Did you know a way to support the church, families paid pew rent? From the pew rents and the taxed subscriptions the pastor received his annual salary of \$500 and allowance of \$100 to maintain his horse.

Father Tracy had a pet bear as a companion. Article from The Weston Democrat Nov. 1884

About 12 o'clock on Monday night, a pet bear belonging to Rev. John Tracy broke loose from its fastenings and, bruin-like, the first thing he made for was something to eat. A hog which was in the lot soon fell victim to his appetite. He then made a raid on Gus Ewic's pig-pen, where the squeals of the porker aroused everybody in the vicinity and brought several parties to the rescue. But bruin tasted blood, and it was impossible to rescue him. With a natural instinct, he started off up the hill for the woods and all might have been well with him, had he not stopped to pay some folks who live on High Street a friendly visit. Here he burst open a door and unceremoniously bolted in. When the terrified inmates rushed out, the scene may be imagined. The rescuing party now arrived, and poor bruin came to grief from clubbing and half-dozen bullet holes in his carcass. Not one of the gallant party was injured.

Members Share Information:

This nice update is from member Julane Crabtree. She sent this when I asked what people have been doing during COVID-19.

My current project is working on a narrative for my family lines. I want to get to the 3rd generation (ancestor, children, grandchildren) for each one before heading to the next. I am primarily working on the Jesse Curtis family of Lewis County. You may recall that there is an article on Jesse & Nancy appeared in a previous journal.

One wonderful thing happened this past month - I was looking into the Curtis 4th gen (before I streamlined my plan) and found this family on the census with "extra" children and wives. That is, these are people I had not ever found in any of my prior research. What to do?

I found a descendant on Facebook - she (Mimi) is the daughter of one of the children. I found Mimi using an obit of one of her mom's sisters that listed her married name. Her mom, Virginia, is 90 and I called and spoke with her. Virginia and one brother had been sent to work with another family (there turned out to be 10 kids in her family) and had lost all contact with her family. Her brother died in Japan during the Korean War. It was so wonderful to speak with her and hear what had happened and what she knew.

Then I went to the Mason Co WV Genealogy Facebook page and asked if anyone knew the family. One person replied "I grew up next door and am Jimmy's friend. Here's his phone number!" The phone number was incorrect but, due to some diligence by Mimi, we got the right phone number. Mimi called Jim and left a message and he called his sister! Here's what Mimi told me:

Well James called mom today and they had a great conversation. He is making arrangements to come and visit. It is wonderful. They both said they never dreamed after all these years they would find each other. He told mom he loved her and would be calling her often.

Since then Jim has made plans to travel to WV to see Virginia and her family. He plans on bringing their brother-in-law along (someone else she has never met).

It has always frustrated me when people only do their direct lines - no brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles, cousins, etc - as it means that so much found in the records can be lost. These collateral families, as well as friends, acquaintances, and neighbors, add not only so much richness to the story but also clues to our direct lines. And who can argue with such a great outcome as this?

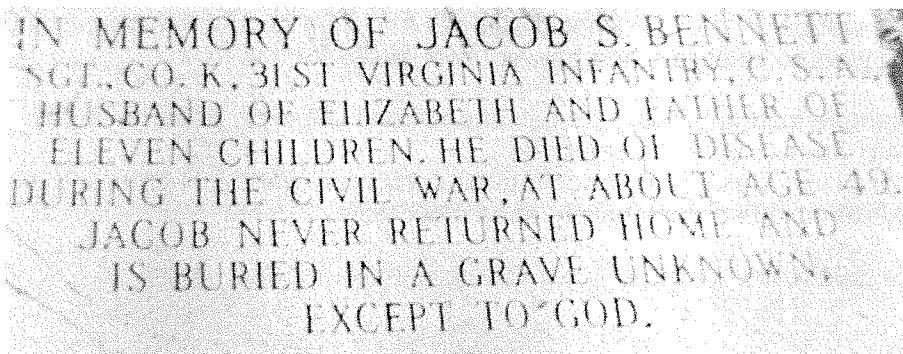
While there is so much talk of connections through DNA, you just can't beat the old-fashioned way - looking through records. And I find that Facebook is a great resource as well - especially since so many history groups and societies now have pages. Check these out and also join the historical societies in the area where you are researching. They need the support and are happy to help - just ask Patty!

Julane Crabtree (Liberty, MO)

XX

Member Ralph Bennett sent this information and picture

Member Ralph Bennett had a published HCPD Journal article in 2005 "The Mystery of Jacob S. Bennett" Mr. Bennett had a memorial stone installed in the Crossroads Cemetery, Tacy, Barbour County, WV



THE STALNAKER FAMILY HISTORY DAY

The Stalnakcer Family Association (Captain Samuel Stalnakcer Heritage Society) had to cancel the July History Day, Reunion and Annual meeting with live Auction due to Coronavirus-19.

We are please to announce that we will be having our ever first Autumn meeting in Historic Beverly, West Virginia.

The Stalnakcer Family Association Annual History Day will be Saturday October 24, 2020 at the Jacob Stalnakcer Cabin in Beverly, WV, from 10am to 4pm.

Barry Stalnakcer, Founder of the Stalnakcer Family Group Facebook page, Manager of the Stalnakcer Family Association Website Submission page, and Vice President of the Stalnakcer Family Association will be available to answer family history questions at the cabin. Other members of the Stalnakcer Family Association Board of Directors will be present.

The Stalnakcer Family Association Annual Meeting and Reunion with live Auction will be on Sunday, October 25, 2020 ,at the Beverly Volunteer Fire Department in Beverly, WV ,starting at 11am.

Barry Stalnakcer will be the speaker and his topic is: "The Southern Stalnakcers in America."

This information is not in the "Chronology of the Stalnakcer Family in America"

The WV Governor's office may be sending someone to address the impact of the Captain Samuel Stalnakcer Descendants from across America on the local economy in Randolph County. We will be inviting the mayor of Beverly, WV to come this year.

The association is now a 503 (c)3 tax exempt organization. We are dedicated to preserving the Stalnakcer history in Randolph County and educating the community on the impact of the Stalnakcers on local history. We are an all volunteer organization so all monies go directly to the cabin and cemetery maintenance.

Bring a covered dish. The many of the Stalnakcer cousins are gourmet cooks.

Paper products are provided.

There is an live auction with many handmade items and lots of fun

Open to the public.

If you would like to donate to the maintenance fund for Jacob Stalnakcer Cabin (ca 1744) and the Old Stalnakcer Cemetery where Revolutionary hero's Jacob and Valentine Stalnakcer are buried in Historic Beverly, WV.

Please send your donation to:

Stalnakcer Family Association

C/o Dan Wilson, Treasurer

7700 Deerfoot Trail

Novelty, Ohio 44072

You will get a notice of your donation for tax purposes.

Brad Stalnaker, Professional Technologist for WVU and artist who grew up in Elkins, WV has made special notecards (a series of 4) as gift to each person that makes a generous donation. Notecard #1 is this year's gift.

Start your collection today!

Currently the cabin is closed due to Coronavirus-19. It is impossible to do social distancing in the cabin.

According to Mark Bowe of Barnwood Builders, this is the only two story cabin in excellent condition that is still in the hands of the original family per his knowledge.

Season 6 Episode 6 "At the Crossroads"

Thanks

REVIEW of HCPD Fundraisers!

Take out spaghetti dinner raised approx. \$700.00

Raffle for Quilt 100 tickets sold at \$20 at ticket raised \$2000.00 the winner was Lifetime member Sandy Wilson.

Tea Party for members, raised approx. \$3500.00

The beat goes on! We can't quit our fundraisers and we have to be creative! Got any ideas? We plan on take-out dinners for the up coming months. We will have used books and glassware to sell. Maybe another raffle on some vintage quilt tops, but tickets only being \$1.00 each.

PLEASE NOTE

Please submit stories, pictures, etc. all during the year. We will use in the newsletter or Journal. Long stories normally go into the Journal and shorter ones into the newsletter. If you submitted an item and don't see it published, then please let us know. Mistakes do happen, we are human! We apologize for any typo errors. Send submissions to : www.hcpd@hackerscreek.com, comes directly to me (Patty).

MY DNA ROOTS ARE FROM...
39th Gathering - Virtual Agenda
August 8, 2020
TENTATIVE SCHEDULE

Due to the COVID-19 this year we had to close the HCPD library, due to the strict guide lines provided by our State and Federal Government. However this gave us the opportunity to expand upon our use of the internet for our members. After several meetings our group came up with the following internet video presentations as shown below.

Opening of the GATHERING (Welcome)

WEB SITE Improvements (Patty & Paula)

LIBRARY Improvements (Paula)

DNA class for beginners (Mary Glass)

FAMILY HISTORY Class (Carol White)

TOUR of Southern Lewis County (Cary Williams, JR and Elaine Coulter)

MEMORIAL SERVICE (All Board Members at church, will record service)

Once the presentations are complete you will be able to access these presentations by logging onto the HCPD web site. Each presentation will be shown under the members only section, " Virtual Gathering 2020." Click on the presentation you want to watch and you will find an internet link. Open the link at your leisure and watch the presentation. We will have Question and Answer Sessions on Saturday, August 8, 2020. More info on this as time goes by. We are still in the planning process, as this is all new for us, like you!

The following agenda will be done using ZOOM on SATURDAY, August 8, 2020. You will be notified and a link provided.

Annual Business Meeting will be held on line at 11:00 AM, Eastern Time.

We know everyone will miss the person to person contact, the sharing of information, the classes, enjoying the moment, our lunch times and of course The Banquet and Awards Ceremony.

Now we will look forward to a Great 2021 GATHERING. So please be safe and take care.

Junior Coulter
Vice President of HCPD

FYI:

Please remember to renew your membership. Dues are \$40.00 a year. 2021 year is due Oct. 1, 2020. If you know someone who would like to join, have them join now and we will give 3 months free!

EVENTS:

Virtual Gathering August 8, 2020 (more info as time goes by)

Library doors are locked and open only by appointment. Due to the COVID-19 virus, we feel it is safer for our staff and trying to research with mask on and social distances is no fun! Makes extra work on us, because we have to sanitize all books and surroundings if a person is in the library.



Contact Us

Give us a call for more information about our library.

HCPD
45 Abbott's Run Road
Horner, WV

(304) 269-7091

hcpd@hackerscreek.com

Visit us on the web at
www.hackerscreek.com

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PLACE
STAMP
HERE

