



Roots and Branches

Genealogy Club of Montgomery County IN Corp.

Join us for a journey through history and time. An Odyssey for those beginning or experienced in genealogy.

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American Revolutionary War Soldiers — Buried in Montgomery Co. IN. - By Pat Wills

SAMUEL GREGORY

Born: 1760, Westmoreland Co. VA.

Service: Minuteman,, was at Yorktown when Cornwallis surrendered.

Died: 10-8-1842/43

Buried: Turkey Run Cemetery, South of Wingate, IN on ST RD 25

Proof: Pension No R.F. 297

H.W. Beckwith Montgomery Co History PP518

This book states he died in 1843

Cemetery Files say 1760 to 1842

Cemeterys in Indiana, Montgomery Co, (blue book)

Vol 4 pp 21 (DAR)

Cemeterys in Coal Creek Twp. Mont. Co., IN

Vol 3 pp 145 42a

Soldiers and Patriots buried in Indiana

By O'Byrne pp 163.164

Gravestone is in condition, has been cleaned.

Has DAR marker 9says he died in 1856) this has to be an error,

All other records say 1842.

Wife: Sarah Davis

Children: James —Was in war of 1812

John

William

Ester (McClure)

Elizabeth (Kerr)

Charlotte (Clarkson)

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Local Girl Climbs Mt. Rainier By Sam Evans

On a trip three years ago to Seattle, WA, I visited my first cousin, Kay Marilley For, who lives about 60 miles north. While there I asked about information on her mother. Kay shared the article with me and it was from the **Indianapolis Star Magazine Section** dated Sunday morning, September 21, 1913. The title of the article was "INDIANA GIRL RISKS LIFE IN TREACHEROUS MOUNTAIN PASSES". The girl was Kay's mother and my aunt, Lola Davidson, daughter of David Henry and Saloma Ellen (Harshbarger) Davidson of Whitesville, IN. Lola's brothers, Dr. Homer Davidson and Dr. Cline Davidson, had graduated from Wabash College and John's Hopkins Medical School. They established their medical practice in Seattle, WA in the early 1900's. Lola joined her brothers there and accepted a teaching position.

A sub-title of the article reads "Plucky Woman Scales Glaciers, Where a Slip Would Have Meant the Fate of Dr. Calvin I. Fletcher". Dr. Fletcher was killed while scaling the famous Blackfoot Glacier in Glacier National Park. This climb was less tragic, but non-the-less and adventurous trip of an Indiana girl who scaled Mt. Rainier to the highest point ever attained by a mixed (male and female) party of climbers. Quoting from the Indianapolis Star article, "For six weeks Miss Davidson walked and climbed among the towering glaciers and peaks surrounding Mt. Rainier, many times walking in the valley of the shadow of death, but coming away unscathed", unquote.

The following is quoted from the article.

Miss Davidson, after her school had closed, was invited to join a party on a jaunt up Mt. Rainier. The Indiana girl grasped eagerly at the chance. It was early in July 1913 that the expedition departed from Seattle. It was decided that the party should avoid the traveled paths up the famous mountain side, and should plunge into the almost unknown fastnesses through which they would reach the base of the peak at a point seventy-five miles away from the nearest railroad. And that involved a seventy-five mile tramp, not over smooth country roads or paved streets, if you please, but over dangerous mountain ranges, up and down steep slopes, along the brink of rocky cliffs, where a misstep meant a plunge of two or three thousand feet to instant death.

Although a score of young women made the trip, there was not a skirt in any one of the packs which thirty horses carried across the broken trail. Skirts are garments not common among mountain climbers. Even if false modesty had been one of the characteristics of the score of young

Local Girl Climbs Mt. Rainier By Sam Evans. continued

women who accompanied Miss Davidson, they never would have dared to attempt the journey in skirts, for the garments would have spelled almost certain death. So bloomers were the compromise. "Bloomers were bad enough," said Miss Davidson, "for they continually caught on protruding rocks, and several girls narrowly escaped being jerked backward into chasms hundreds of feet deep."

The most popular member of the party was Charley, the cook. Before the sun came creeping over the distant foothills to the east each morning, Charley was at work, providing food for this band of sleeping toilers, whose appetites were kept constantly on edge by their unaccustomed exercise. Charley built the fires, prepared the flapjacks and coffee, fried the bacon and had things ready when the travelers awoke, and then he was away in advance of the others, driving the pack train to the next camping site, where hot edibles awaited the mountain sightseers when they ended their day's climb.

"Summerland Camp," 6,800 feet above sea level, was the topmost point reached by the party as a whole, although six brave men went ahead and scaled Mt. Rainier to its very summit. But the site of Summerland Camp is the highest point ever attained by a mixed party of mountain climbers.

Miss Davidson tells interestingly of the first sight the party had of Mr. Rainier itself. The travelers had just forded the junction of two mountain streams on the eighth day out and had begun an ascent up a rugged valley, closed on one side by a sheer wall of rock, on the other by close-set trees, when suddenly, far above the beyond, sixty-five miles away, loomed the mountain, dazzlingly clear and wonderful. Up higher and higher toiled the little company

"It was hard to hold us back now, with the breath of the hills in our nostrils and the hill flowers pressing against our feet," continued Miss Davidson, After a final scramble up the last few hundred yards, a miniature park burst into view at our feet. Its jutting headlands, guarded by turrets of living green, were spread for us with carpets of crimson and violet, embroidered in green. It was our first sight of Summerland."

Six experienced men made up the group that reached the summit of Rainier, while the main party rested and awaited their return at Summerland Camp. Only a few times in history had Mt. Rainier's peak been scaled from that side of the mountain, and the valiant six had a hazardous

Civil War Soldiers the quest to know who they are

—By Kim Hancock

Murfreesboro Tenn. Jan 16 1863



Dear Wife, Yours of Christmas Eve and Dec 30 came to hand as soon as Could be expected under the circumstances. I was glad to learn by the last that you were all in tolerably good health. I am sincerely sorry for all the afflictions that you have to suffer, and there could hardly a worse over taking you except it were death. We are that you shoul have sickness among you. I sympathize with you in all your trials, and am truly rejoiced that in spite of them all, you have seasons of refoicing with a joy known only to those who love to serve the Lord. You wish to know whether or not I am still trying to do right and make my way to the good Lord, the place of rest where there shall be no more parting and sickness and tears. I am. I have not given up the Christmas hope, nor do I expect to. I am trying to live as right as I can. There are many difficulties in the way of living right in the army, but the Lord has died his grace shall be sufficient for us. In him do I put my trust. You will not fail to remember me when you pray. You need not try any more to sell my gun. I am glad you gave up trying.

Keep it. If a kind providence permits me to return I shall find use for it. If misfortune should overtake me and you see me no more on earth, let my boy have it to keep in remembrance of his father. The calf you speak of that is left unsold yet, I believe I had rather you would not sell, especially if it is a heifer calf. The weather is quite cold here now. It rained all night two nights ago, and all day yesterday till in the evening. Then it began to snow and snowed pretty smartly last night. It has been snowing af little at spells through the day and is at it a little yet tonight. Still we do not suffer much from the cold. I am in good common health and so are the rest of our folks. That is those from our neighborhood. And indeed there is not much sick men in the regiment at present. I need not try to tell you much news. This is a poor place to leave any news, except camp stories that it wont do to believe. I may say truly though that the wounded rebels left here after battle are dying at terrible rate. And there were a great many of them too. Poor deluded souls, Their Congress formed a law, that any soldier in the army that owned twenty niggers could go home and not serve any more, but the poor man that only had a white wife and a family of children that he loved, had to stay and fight and suffer. It seems strange when they are treated so, that any of them will stay at all. I would like to know whether you ever got a pair of boots started for me or not. I live in hopes to come home in the spring. Earthly hopes it is true are liable to be dissappointed sometimes. Still I will hope. Is not God on the side of the right. And if he is for us we must surley conquer. But if it should prove true that we can not, then I think that by spring we must give it up.

Any how, it cant be wrong to hope for the best. But it is growing a little late and my letter must come to a close.

I remain as ever your affectionate husband

William G. Keys

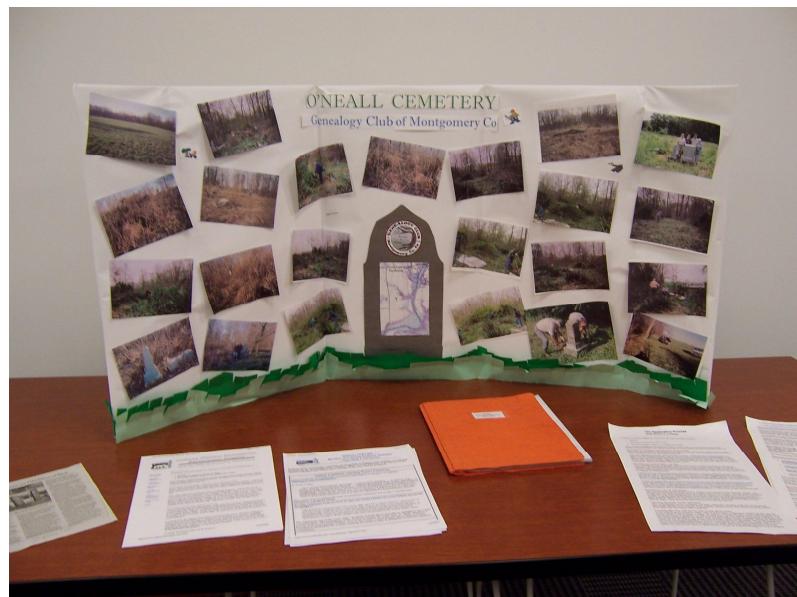
*Note: The letter's are written during the civil war and are transcribed as written. The spelling and the words are as is in the letters. Also, William G. Keys always got others to write his letter's for him, not that he could not write, but what he could get someone else to write in a short time, it probably would have taken him hours to write

Local Girl Climbs Mt. Rainier By Sam Evans, continued

experience.

They found snow at an altitude of 11,000 feet, and the climbing became constantly more difficult and dangerous. Each step higher, too, took them into a rarer atmosphere, and they were all but exhausted when they reached the towering summit, 14,000 feet above sea level.

The descent was fully as hazardous.







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New
 Renewal

Individual _____ Family _____ Institutional _____ Business _____
\$10/yr \$25/yr \$15/yr \$50/yr

Amount enclosed \$_____

Name _____

Family/Families you are researching:

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

Email _____

Skills/Experience Assessment

Genealogical records used: _____

Genealogical resources used: _____

Genealogical computer programs used: _____

Other experiences related to local history, church records, cemetery records and/or preservation: _____

Program suggestions: _____

Projects we as a club could do: _____

Mail Application to: Genealogy Club of Montgomery County Indiana Corp., 222 S. Washington St., Crawfordsville, IN 47933