

The Collver Letters, Indexed Version 11/6/2008a

When Gordon Ross told me about publishing the Collver Letters, I was very excited to get a copy. My brother, Dan, had given me a disk with images of the original letters but it was much easier to read the typed versions. Unfortunately, few copies were printed and an electronic version was unavailable. So, I manually retyped the letters from Gordon and Barbara's transcriptions.

I added a time line and an index to the names mentioned in the letters. These additions are found at the end of this copy. At a later date, I hope to expand the index with additional information, names and references.

I would like to thank the Powell family for the preservation and sharing of these letters, which contain so much of my family's history. I would also like to thank Gordon Ross and Barbara Sytsma for their work in transcribing the letters for others to read and enjoy.

I would also like to thank my cousin, Dennis Collver, for all the good work he has put into the Collver web site. If you are interested in learning more about the Collver family, his web site is a good place to start. Here is the current web address: <http://www.collver.org/collver>

I would welcome any additions, corrections or questions. My email address is: greg.collver@gmail.com and my phone number is 541-572-0473.

Greg Collver

THE COLLVER LETTERS

This collection of letters was lovingly made available by the descendants of Adelia Emily Collver Powell, who was born on the Oregon Trail near Provo, Utah, during the winter of 1851-1852.

She settled, with her parents, in the Umpqua Valley and, in 1857, came over the Coast Range to the South Fork of Coos River.

In 1876 she married Isaac J. Powell, a schoolteacher and minister living in Empire City. In the late 1870's they moved to Wasco County. In that location, she received many of these letters, which were written to her by her parents and siblings.

The Compiler wishes to thank the Powell family for the preservation and sharing of these letters, which contain so much history of the Coos County area.

I also wish to thank Barbara Sytsma for her many hours of work in transcribing and editing the letters to readable type.

Respectfully, the Compiler, Gordon Ross.

June the 15th, 1864

Dear Cousin,

I take up my pen to answer your thrice welcome letter, which I received nearly two months ago. I was glad to hear from you. This leaves us all well at present. Your mother was gone when I received your letter. I am a-going to school. I study arithmetic and grammar. Little Joel is dead. He died about three weeks ago with the congestion of the brain. Aunt Harriet is sick. She is not able to sit up all day, but she is some better now. I was sorry to hear that your mother was sick with the measles. The doctor says that it is the scarlet fever. Hiram is going to school. I wish that you was here to go to school with me.

June the 25th, 1864

I will now try to finish my long-commenced letter. Uncle Mansfield is a-making a new house this summer. Aunt Harriet is able to sit up all day, but she is not able to work any yet. The children make so much noise that I cannot scarcely write. Tell Henrietta she must write to me. I cannot think of any news to write. Please write soon.

This from your affectionate cousin,

Mercy A. Cook

To Adelia Collver

Notes:

Mercy is 17 years old and living in [Noti, Oregon](#), an unincorporated city in Lane County, Oregon near Elmira and Veneta. She lives with her mother, Mary, father, Joel and sister, Lucy Ann. She is writing to her cousin, Adelia.

Adelia is 12 years old, living up Coos River with her mother, Ruth and father, Alfred. At this time the family has baby Andrew, about 1 year old, 4 year old Sarah, 7 year old John, 9 year old William, 14 year old Ansel and 16 year old Henrietta.

Little Joel is possibly a child of Mary Elizabeth Rice (Cook) and Joel B. Cook that is not listed? Mercy's young maternal Aunt Harriet Lucinda Cook (7 years old) is sick.

Mercy tells her cousin that A.B. Collver's brother, Hiram, who is 30 years old, is also going to school. She and Hiram are not married yet, but they will get married Christmas Day, December 25, 1864, the year this letter was written.

Mercy's maternal Uncle Mansfield (Seley Mansfield Cook?) is building a new house. Young Aunt Harriet is doing better.

Last year, Mercy had lost an older sister, Alvira and next year she will lose her other older sister, Lucy. The noisy children are apparently other relatives living there.

Coquille, Wednesday
December 21st, 1864

Friend Adelia,

We arrived at home yesterday, finding the folks all well, except Mother. She is not very well, and has not been for more than a week. She is some better today. I did not start home the day I left your house. Thomas had not gone to Mr. Bazzill's, the night before, and we did not start until the next day. I carried my boat up safely; got her down Beaver Slough, through the crabapple brush without giving her a scratch; but the worst of it was when I got to Mr. Harry's with her. Mrs. Harry took her away from me, and would not let me take her any farther (bad luck to Mrs. Harry). Mr. Harry's folks are all well. Alvy is building him a ferry-boat.

Clarinda is making a new dress that I got for her when I was down to the Bay. Sarah Belle and Samuel are playing in the corner, making quite a racket. Mother is reading the Bible, and Father is reading some other book. I must brag a little on this Coquille country, little Adelia, for we have had not snow here at all, and you have on Coos River; but I need not wonder at it, for your county is some farther north.

It is a beautiful day, the sun shines in all her splendor, producing a beautiful appearance to the surrounding landscape.

I believe I will draw this letter to a close, for I do not know what to write that would interest you. I would be glad to have you write to me, and for Henrietta to write, also.

Give my love to all who may deem me worthy of inquiry, and accept for yourself a share from your friend and well-wisher,
James H. Rowley
Coquille

Coquille
Flow on, thou gentle River, thy bed is streaked with gold,
Thy banks are well-protected by mountains high and bold.
Thy bottoms rich and fertile, fit for us men to till
Where we can all a living make, if we only have the will.
Thy Elk and Deer are plenty, we need not lack for meat;
There's fishes in the stream, also, we have enough to eat.

Notes:

I have not identified who James H. Rowley was, so none of the names are recognized yet (or listed). Of particular interest is which Harry's these may be.

Named in the letter:

Mr. Bazzill, Thomas

Mr. and Mrs. Harry, Alvy (Harry?)

Father and Mother Rowley, Clarinda, Sarah Belle and Samuel (Rowley siblings?)

March the 5, 1865

The Drummer Boy

When battle roused each war like band
And carnage loud her trumpet blare,
Young Edwin left his native land,
A drummer boy for Waterloo.

His mother, as his lips she pressed
And bade her noble son a'dieu,
With wringing hand and aching breast,
Beheld his march for Waterloo.

But he, who knew no infant fears,
His knapsack o'er his shoulder threw,
And said, "Dear Mother, dry those tears,
Till I return from Waterloo."

He went and e're the set of sun,
Beheld our arms the foe subdued,
The clash of death, the murderous gun
Had laid him low at Waterloo.

"Comrades, comrades," Edwin cried,
And proudly beamed his eye of blue,
"Go tell my mother, Edwin died,
A drummer boy at Waterloo."

They placed his head upon his drum,
Beneath the moonbeam's mournful hue,
And still at night, the battles hung,
They dug his grave at Waterloo.

- Mr. Osmer H. Cook

March the 27, 1865

Dear Cousin,

I take my pen in hand to let you know how we are getting along. We are all well at present, and hope these few lines will find you the same. Well, Ansel, I been harrowing in oats yesterday. Winfield and Leonard have took a job of 4000 rails to make. Well, I must quit for the present.

So goodbye, write soon. This from Osmer W. Cook
To Ansel Collver

Notes:

Osmer White Cook is 18, living in Coquille?, Ansel Mark Collver is 15, living in Coos River.

The **Battle of Waterloo** was on Sunday, June 18, 1815, 50 years before this letter. The poem was written by Osmer H. Cook, not Osmer W. Cook, author of the letter.

The rails are probably not the iron rails, but the wood ties.

Names mentioned:

Winfield and Leonard?

Noti Valley, Long Tom
Lane County, Oregon
September the 12th, 1865

My Dear Cousin Adelia,

It is with the greatest of pleasure that I take up my pen to answer your thrice welcome letter, which I received of September the 10th. We were all very glad to hear from you once again. This leaves us all well at the present, and hope that these few lines will find you all well, enjoying the same blessing. Grandma and Grandpa is as well as usual. All the folks in the valley are well, as far as I know. Those folks that came from the States has gone to Albany. The old man and woman and two children went away last Thursday. Today is Tuesday, and school will begin next Monday. The man's name that is going to teach us is Luce. He is a-going to teach three months. Noti is a pretty dull place just about now. There is nothing going on here now, but a Meeting once every month, and there is nobody to go but Grandpa's folks and our folks and Aunt Sophia's folks. Pa is talking of going down about Oregon City to Camp Meeting this fall. Martha and Nelson is going to move up to Jefferson this winter to live. I went to school down to the Coquille five weeks. I liked it very well down on the Coquille. I went to school on week days and on Sunday I went to Singing School. I went to Meeting twice. Tell Mercy to write to me and I will answer all that I get from her. Uncle Joel and his folks started down there the 10th of August and we have not heard from them yet. Tell Caroline that she said that she would write when she got down there. Tell her to write. You must excuse me for this time, for it is getting late and I must quit for the present.

I remain your affectionate cousin. Please write soon, without delay. Goodbye.

This from your cousin, Mary E. Cook

To Miss Adelia E. Collver

Notes: 9/12/1865

Mary Elizabeth Cook is 15 living in Noti Valley, OR. Adelia is 13, living in Coos River, OR.

Father, Seley Mansfield Cook, a minister.

Mother, Nancy Beulah Rice (Cook)

Grandma and Grandpa Cook - Beckwith Cook and Mary Polly Pettingell (Rice, Cook)

Aunt Sophia? Paternal Aunt?

Martha – Martha Armenia Cook (Longworth), Mary's older sister

Nelson – Basil Nelson Longworth, Martha Armenia Cook's husband

Mercy – their cousin, Mercy Augusta Cook. Why is she telling Adelia to tell Mercy to write? Isn't Mercy still in Noti?

Uncle Joel – their Uncle Joel B. Cook, Mercy's dad

Caroline?

Noti Valley
Long Tom, Lane County
September the 13th, 1865

Dear Sister,

I thought I'd write a line or two, in Eliza's letter, being she has left plenty of room, for I was in such a hurry that I never finished the one I wrote in an answer letter to Ansel. I had a chance to send it to the office, so enclosed it in a hurry and sent it. You must excuse my bad writing and ill-composed letter. Father's and Mother's healths are pretty good for such old folks as they are. I went to Linus's the last of July, and while I was gone, Mother carded and spun wool enough to make two pounds of stocking yarn, besides her other work. The folks are all well, the little few that is left of us. Sofia has Amidy Smith and his wife and one child a-living with her this fall. He does not know whether he will stay this winter with her or not. He has been helping Freeman do his harvesting. We have had a great deal of rain since the last of August. We have not got all of our grain in yet. I must close for this time. Write soon as you get this, so no more.

I remain your sister until death.
Nancy B. Cook, to Ruth Collver

Write soon

Notes:

Nancy Beulah Rice (Cook), 48, living in Noti Valley, writes her sister, Ruth Rice (Collver), 38, living at Coos River. She includes her letter with a letter her daughter, Mary Elizabeth (Eliza), has written to Ruth's daughter, Adelia.

Father and Mother: William King Rice and Mary Polly Pettingell (Rice)
Sofia? Spelled Sophia in Mary's letter.
Amidy Smith
Freeman

Alden
May the 2nd, 1880

My Dear Daughter,

I will now try for the second time to write to you. Nearly one month ago I commenced to write a letter to you. Something hindered me and I put it off. Sarah has been gone from home over three weeks. She is at work for Lawyer Webster, Marshfield, for ten dollars a month. She came up to the May party yesterday, which was at the Smiths', at the Forks. She went back with Albert this morning. She likes the place very well. That leaves me with so much to do I do not get much time for writing. I hope you will not think I have forgotten you; not by any means. I not only think and pray that the Lord may prosper you and your children, also you husband in his good work; in my dreams I am helping you in taking care of the baby. Sometimes it seems quite real. In your next letter you must tell me the baby's name. Libby calls her boy Anson Otis. Clantene was here Friday with her two girls. She looks fleshy for her, but she says she is not strong enough to do any washing or scrubbing yet. I went to see Kate Bridges last Sunday. She is very poor and looks as though she has not long for this world. She's given up work. Elma is at work for her now. Tilla Cutlip is going to board at Smiths', at the Forks and go to school this summer. Her mother has got real stout. She has been out making garden, can put me at hard work now. I don't think I am near as stout as I was when I was to see you. I manage to get along with my washing with Tillo's help to turn the wringer. Orace is still at Smiths' place at work. Albert has been at work digging a ditch for Anson Proyer. It made him sick, so he quit. Andrew and Howard are cutting brush in the Orchard. John has the plowing nearly all done. He was ill. Soon have the crop all in. Henrietta is stout and fleshy, loves her books and chickens as well as ever. Your father has not got home yet. He has stopped in Lookingglass to sell and put up some dryers. He may not get home for several weeks yet.

Do you think you will ever come here again? I hope you may. Sarah wants to go and see you, but she hates to go alone and Orace won't talk much about going this fall. She is not free from sore throat yet. Every little cold makes her throat sore. Write as often as you can. Give my love to all the family and a kiss for the little ones, also my kind regards for my friends and relatives.

This from your affectionate Mother, R Collver
To Adelia E. Powell

Notes:

Lawyer Webster, Marshfield?

Smiths' at the Forks?

Libby?, has a boy, Anson Otis

Clantena?

Bridges, Kate

Elma?

Cutlip, Tilla

Henrietta, age 32

Orace Gabriel Collver, age 26, is working at the Smiths place.

Albert (William Albert) Collver, age 25, was working for Anson Proyer.

John Truman, age 23, is doing the plowing.

Sarah Collver, age 20, and Albert (William Albert, her brother) went to Marshfield after the May party.

Andrew Freeman, age 16, and Arthur Howard, age 14 are working in the orchard.

Tillo - Arthillo Monroe, age 11, helps with the laundry.

Coos River
Aug. 1st, 1880

Dear Sister Adelia,

I will try this evening to answer your very welcome letter, which I received so long ago. We are well, excepting bad colds and almost everyone on the River has that. Mother had such a cold and headache that she wasn't able to go to meeting today. Mr. Bonebrake preached but there was not many out. Florence Smith was here when I got back from meeting and went home a few minutes ago, we took a walk through the orchard and ate green apples and found a few scattering cherries. The cherries are about all gone now. Father took 9 bushels to town a week ago last Saturday. They was the latest we have. There was but few early ones, and the birds and boys got most all of them. They was most all gone when I came back from Marshfield, which was three weeks ago last Saturday. Since then I have been sewing and helping Mother do the work. She has been making Father and the boys some shirts. She is going to make Father and Howard some pants this week. Howard and Tillo are still going to school. There are three more weeks. John and Andrew have been making hay this pretty weather. (It has been very warm too.) They have it all cut and partly put up. Orace has been working on the stone quarry for several months until last week. He worked cutting hay for Mr. Herron on Dannel's Creek. He will go to work at the quarry again in the morning. He stays at home every night. Albert in going up in the morning to cut grass seed for Ike Wilson. He gets half for cutting it. Ellen Flook came in from the valley two weeks ago. She intends to stay until after the harvest. It is so very hot out there. We will have a small apple crop this year. There is so much of the fruit blighted. The plum trees are not as full as they was last year, but the plums are larger and will be better when ripe.

3rd. I will now try and finish the letter that I commenced Sunday. We was all quite surprised to hear of Carrie Wilson's wedding last Sunday. She was married to Mr. Eugene Jones from Roseburg. He has been stage driver and is now mail carrier from Roseburg to Sumner. She was very still about it. She got Aunt Harriet to make her white dress. Some said she would like to make folks believe she was going to get married, but none would believe it. There was no one there but their own folks that I heard of. None of them was out to meeting Sunday. Sadie Bonebrake came in from Roseburg two weeks ago, where she has been since last summer, learning the dressmaker's trade.

I do not know just when I will go yet. One of the boys will go part way with me or as far as Tenmile. I want to stop there a week or two. I will have to close for the present, hoping to hear from you soon.

I remain your affectionate sister. Sarah to Adelia E. Powell

Notes:

Sarah Collver, age 19, writes Adelia, age 28.

Alden
Aug the 3rd – 1880

My Dear Daughter,

While Sarah is after peas for dinner I thought I would pick up the pen and write you a short letter. It has been so long since I wrote that I am ashamed of myself. But then, I am not entirely without an excuse. Your Father came home five weeks ago, his clothes worn out. My own sewing behind as Sarah has been gone all summer. I could do but little else than housework and attend to a few other duties.

Mrs. Bridge had been failing all along until about that time she died. I was with her. She was a long time. I think nearly 24 hours after she was struck with death before she breathed her last prayer that the Lord would spare her life to raise her children. O it was a trying scene. She died so hard. She could not bear the thought of having to leave time and go to eternity. All through her last sickness preachers and Christian friends visited her and while we were conversing with her she would pay good attention and seemed resigned at time to the will of our Heavenly Father. But when the last hours came as she expressed her feelings to me when I went there 5 hours before she died, she says Mrs. Collver, I am almost wore out. She had not rested or slept any for one day and night. We had to turn and change her from one bed to another nearly all the time. I stayed all night. She died at ten o'clock. Without any exception she was the poorest human being I ever saw laid out.

I took a severe cold there and have not been rid of it since. I now have a distressing cough and soreness in my breast. I have failed to break it up yet.

Sarah and some of the boys are still talking of taking their trip North next month. I am so afraid she will be careless of her health and get sick. If she comes have her mind and not expose herself to the cold winds but get used to them by degrees. I do not want her to stay all winter if she can help it. I would rather you would come home with her and stay this winter.

Love to all, your own Mother, R Collver
AEP

Notes:
Bridges, M.C. Mrs.

At home
September the 6th, 1881

My Dear Daughter and Son:

I once more will take my pen to converse a while with you. I have been wanting to write to you so long. I must tell you how it has been with me. Through the spring and the first of summer I was alone with the three youngest boys with the care and some trouble of course. I put off sewing, thinking Sarah would help me when she came. Well she came. The first week I helped her finish one of her quilts so that she could go and keep house for Ansel and John and she is there yet and I am at home yet plodding along with my housework. Henrietta does the visiting and feeds the chickens when at home. She only stayed at South Slough three weeks.

The 7th. Your Father came home from South Slough yesterday and brought a letter from your dated July 19th. It had laid in the Empire PO, it has been over six weeks since he was down before, he has been picking and drying plums, and attending a Protracted Meeting Bro. Mosher has been holding at the Elk Rock Schoolhouse. Between thirty and forty have professed Justification, seventeen baptized by immersion and still it continues every night. Last night there was four came forward to the mourners' bench, a goodly number was old backsliders. Wm. McKnight, Leo Mortimer, old Mrs. Yoakam, John Yoakam, Stephen Rogers, his wife Cynthia, Frank, several of his hired hands. Old Mrs. Steward, two of Nathan Smith's boys, Albert, Howard and Sarah, Ansel, Tilla Cutlip and Mark, Hiram Gramby, Sarah Cup and Marion Yoakam and some others you would not know. Some of the members are bright and shining lights. O if they will only continue on is my Prayer.

After Dinner. Your Father went to South Slough yesterday. Sarah is working today. Andrew and Wm. Cotton are picking apples. Howard is trying to poke around since he has been sick with a cold for three days. Now whenever he tries to work his nose sets to bleeding so he does not do much. Henrietta is trying to wash the dining _____. Ansel and John have gone up home again. _____ They are busy hauling hay _____. I would like to _____ time to think and pray. While we may not have the power to act, we have a long and soul inspiring work. The Lord saw fit to answer our humble and oft repeated petitions of mercy to a throne of Grace in behalf of my children, my neighbors and those around us that were ungodly. Dear Isaac and Adelia, I ask you two to pray that the good begun work may move on even to the end of the earth.

This from your affectionate Mother,
R Collver

I.J. And A.E. Powell

Sept the 6th 1881
At home

Dear daughter and son,

I once more will take my pen to converse a while with you. I have been wanting to write to you so long. I must tell you how it has been with me through the spring and first of the summer. I was alone with the three youngest boys with the care and some trouble of course. I put off sewing thinking Sarah would help me when she came. Well, she came the first week. I helped her quilt on of her quilts so that she could go and keep house for Ansel and John and she is there yet and I am at home yet ____ along with my housework. Henrietta does the visiting and feeds the chickens when at home. She only stayed at South Slough three weeks of the 7th. Your father came home from South Slough yesterday and brought a letter from you dated July 14th. It had laid in the Empire PO, it has been over six weeks since he was down before. He has been picking and drying plums, and attending a Protracted Meeting Bro. Moshier has been holding at the Elk Rock School house. Between thirty and forty have professed justification, seventeen baptized by immersion and still it continues every night. Last night ____ four came forward to the mourner's bench, a goodly number was old backsliders, Wm McKnight, Geo Wortimer, old Mrs. Yeocum [Yoakum?], John Yeocum [Yoakum?], Sliphene Rogers, his wife, Cinthia Frank, several of his hired hands, old Mrs. Steward, two of Nathan Smith's boys, Albert Howard and Sarah Ansel Tilla Cutlip and Mark Hiram Granby, Sarah Cup and Marie Yeocum and some others you would not know. Some of the number are bright and shining lights of my will only continue on is my prayer has finished. Sep the 25th the protracted meeting, two more baptized and Bro. Mosher gone to conference. We do not know yet whether we will have any preacher here or not this year. If we only had good Class leaders that would be great help to the young. The way it is, they are in great danger of falling into bye and forbidding paths. We have only to trust to the Lord to keep them and use my influence in helping them from going I have been most sick with a cold for over a week. .. many others. This seems to be a general time for bad colds... I went up to the Huntly place a .. lives there by the name of ???... They have five children. The two youngest are twins, eleven months old. The Mother and ... very sick ... [the rest of this page is very faded and difficult to read]

Sept 25, 1881, Coos River
Dear Daughter,

Your mother has given me this half sheet. She is reading from Whitefield's life. We went to Class meeting today. Stephen and Anson and Mrs. Stephen Rogers talked so good and prayed so earnest it would make your heart glad and you would think Coos River the dearest place on earth.

I should be now at home below Empire if John had not dropped the scow anchor in a tree top. Albert and Sarah are now with Mark and Matilda Cutlip. Ina Woodson and Ada Smith got back from the Light House last night. They stayed one night at Simpson, one night at the light house, one night at Majon Young at the break water. I expect to meet the children at Charleston but it rained and I could not go. I had the keys(?) of the house and they could not get in. I have my plums and Bartlett pears dried. I have 200 boxes picked to dry this week. Your mother was mistaken in the time I have been home from Charleston. I was there in the week of _____, got back here the 8th of August was there the first week in September got home the 8th. Arthillo was with me the first week. I must get back this week, September 26th Ansel and John went to Marshfield with 10 tons of hay on Landrith's scow. Sarah and Henrietta are on my left hand reading and you moth on my right singing by the little blue table in the sitting room by a cheerful fire in the fireplace. Sarah says she was delighted with her visit to the lighthouse and the ocean. I have been picking peaches and pears today. Albert and Andrew have gone

to the Flook(?) house to milk Angels and Johns cows. The weather is warm and still and pretty. It is nine o'clock and Will Cotton just came over from Anson Roger's and gone to bed. President Garfield's funeral oration was delivered today in Marshfield. It is said that he could not of lived his term of office out. Please write me to Empire on receipt of this. My love to you. Kiss all the children for their grandpa.

Alfred B. Collver

Note: President James Garfield died September 19, 1881 as the result of assassination by a disgruntled federal worker.

Coos River
Feb 26th, 1882

Dear Sister Adelia,

I will try this morning to answer your letter, which I received a few days ago. This leaves us all well as common. I came home nearly two weeks ago from Mrs. Robertson's. I worked for her six weeks for \$2 a week. She has a little girl nearly eight weeks old, I do her washing for 50 cents for half a day. I will go in the morning if it does not rain too hard. Albert and Ike Wilson are making them a boat. They give me two dollars for making the sail. I have it about half done. I do not have much time for sewing when most of two days are taken for washing and we have had two or three men here for dinner most of last week, besides the family. They have been making a road from the mouth of the creek this way to where they are going to build the church. There has been from eight to twelve men at work most of the time from Tuesday morning till Friday night – they would have finished Saturday if it had not rained so hard. Perhaps you had not heard that we were going to have a church about half way between here and the mouth of the creek. They have enough subscribed, excepting about \$128. Ansel, John and Marve Wilson are going to make four thousand shingles apiece. They are going at it tomorrow, Dannels creek. Rogers board them at his place. They intend to have it (the church) finished in June. Mr. Mosher intends to do most of the work. There is no meeting on the river today. Mr. Mosher preaches on the Slough today and next Sunday, and then he preaches over here two Sundays, once at the upper schoolhouse and once at the lower. Mrs. Herron is still on the hill in our house. The sewing society meets there next Wednesday. They has it down at Mrs. Martin's last Wednesday. Mother, Henrietta, Mrs. Herron and Sarah Herron went, and it just poured down rain before they got back and they got awful wet. Then I wasn't a bit sorry I had to stay at home to get dinner. There is not many that goes this winter, it has been such bad weather. I was glad to hear that you had a sewing machine and that you are getting your sewing almost done. I have some sewing for myself besides several quilts set to gather and quilt. I will sell some of them if I can. I do not intend to work out this summer if I can help it. There is going to be several logging camps on the River this summer, and I think I can get the men's washing to do. If the boys go on their place to work, I have promised to cook for them. I do not know whether they will or not. I heard yesterday that Fanny McKnight was married to Lawyer Hazard at Marshfield. I must bring my letter to a close, as I can't think of any more news. Write as soon as you can and tell me all the news about everybody that I know. I would like to see you all and wish you could come to see us this summer. Give my love to all and a share for yourself, from you affectionate sister.
Kiss Annie and Alice for me and the boy too.

Sarah D. Collver

Notes:
Ruth is 55 years old.

Daniels Creek
March 28th, 1882

Dear Sister Adelia,

It has been a long time since I have heard from you, so I thought I would write a few lines. This leaves all well as usual. I have not entirely regained my strength since I was sick last spring but am able to do the housework by being careful not to try to do too much at a time. Mother is stouter than she has been for some time. She rode horse back over the hill Saturday, stayed overnight here with me, and we all went to church the next morning in the wagon. Ansel came over with her and took her back home in the boat. She left Howard and Tillo at home to batch. Andrew has gone out on his place to do some work and get his preemption papers for his place. He intended to be back last Wednesday but has not returned yet. I think there is some attraction there, besides his place, that keeps him. Albert is working for Nathan Smith but was here Sunday morning. Father was up here about three or four weeks ago and stayed overnight but have not heard from him since. We have been having some nice weather for about two weeks. John has got the yard fenced in and seeded to grass. I have had a few flowerbeds made and am going to try to raise some flowers. I have never tried to raise them out of doors but have had a good many house plants, but think it would be better for them and me, too, to be out of doors more. Dell Clinkinbeard brought me a nice lot of plants of the tiger lilly this morning. Philura has had them blooming in her yard for several years. They grow some larger in the garden than they do in the wild. Dell was wanting to find a piece to speak at the Prohibition Club. It was organized last Saturday night at the Church. Henry Smith was elected President and Florence Smith vice President. They will meet every two weeks. I was not out. The boys went. I cannot be out much nights, without making me nearly sick. I was at a Basket Sociable on Wednesday night at Anson Rogers'. The girls took the baskets and had their names wrote on a slip of paper and shook up in a hat. The boys paid 50 cents and drew a name and ate supper with the one they drew. Some got little girls and some, old women. They played games before and after supper. All seemed to enjoy themselves, had a good time and lots of fun. There was no kissing or dancing allowed. It was got up for the benefit of the Sunday School. There was just ten dollars raised. We had about eight dollars before, so there was enough to get papers and cards for three months, new singing books and a library. Sunday School will commence about the first of April. All are looking forward to its opening and expect a large attendance. We have had preaching every other Sunday all winter unless it was too stormy, but Mr. Mosher is going to the valley this week to be gone three or four weeks. The Methodist preacher from Empire has meeting here once a month. His name is Richardson. There will be a prayer meeting when there is no preaching. It is bedtime and I must bring my letter to a close, for John wants to start to town early in the morning.

O, how much I would like to see you all. It seems such a long time since I was out there. I hope the children haven't forgotten me. I suppose some are almost grown. I would like to have them write some with you. Alice wrote a nice letter to Father or Mother, I forget which, some time ago. Give my love to all and a share for yourself. This from your affectionate sister, Sarah Collver.

Notes:

At home, Coos River
Aug the 13th – 1882

Dear Daughter,

I received your very welcome letter two days ago. I was real glad to hear from you but very sorry that you were sick. This leaves me well, for I am staying in this large house alone, and still I don't feel alone. The children in passing are some of them here nearly every day and often stay the night. Andrew came home yesterday, wounded. He struck the ax into the end of his large toe. He will be unable to go to his work for several days. Henrietta has gone with your father and the boys to South Slough. She has been there since the 6th of July. The boys was here two weeks ago. They said she made good salt rising bread and gets along with the work first rate. The boys were well enough but looked poor. I think they work very hard. They are so anxious to get through.

Ansel and John and Wm. Wilson were here today. They went back home to do the milking. Sarah and the boys will be down early in the morning. Sarah will stay with me tomorrow, and the boys are going with Albert to the Bay in the morning. I went home with her last Wednesday and stayed all night and picked Lawton Blackberries. They are worth 50 cents per gallon in the market. Crops of all kinds look well. Fruit, except plums, are more plentiful and freer from blight than last year. Government has commenced work on cribs at Rocky Point. They are paying from 3 to 4 dollars per day for hands. The demand seems to be large in the logging camps, as well. Good teamsters are getting 80 to 100 dollars per month. Common hands are getting 40 to 45 dollars per month. Bro. Mosher was sent back here. He came, but is laid up with rheumatism. I am thinking the church (will) not be built this season. Carpenters are very scarce. The lumber is nicely seasoned, doors & windows ready, but no one to do the work. This has (been) a very dry summer, but heavy dews every night that keep the gardens growing nicely. I have plenty of vegetables now to use and some to spare. O, how I wish Isaac would sell enough of his stuff to pay where is owing, then rent his place for one year and come with you and the children. The change would do you all good. He can get plenty of indoors work in winter if he is able to work, teach school, or preach the Gospel. I feel as thought he can do a great deal of good to himself, you, and the children by coming and staying a season and giving your boys a chance as well as mine of school, as teachers are scarce here. Charles Vanderburgh has poor health, weak lungs, I think. He starts on a vessel to California tomorrow. The rest of the family are well. Elma and babe are at her father's. Her husband works in a logging camp. Albert still runs his express boat, often stops here for his breakfast, so I must close and get this ready to send in the morning. Please write soon. I remain yours in love. You do not say what was the matter with Isaac or yourself, I hope your lungs are not diseased. I am so afraid you neglect your health. Do tell me what is the complaint. Your Mother.

A.E. Powell

Notes:

Charles Vanderburgh would be AB Collver's nephew.

Alden Dryer
Oct the 29th, 1882

Dear children,

I am fifty-five years old today. I wish I could see you all, but I cannot, so I must be content by writing to all.

Dear Isaac

I wish to address a few lines to you on the subject of Christianity, your influence in your family and those around you.

I know your trials and difficulties are great, living as you do in a land of strife and wickedness, but remember, dear son, Christ has said my Grace is sufficient for thee. Think of righteous Noah, Lot, Abraham, David and hosts of others that have left their examples on record for our encouragement to faithfulness as Christians, and never for one moment give way to doubt and fear but trust in the Lord wholly, and He will bring you off more than conqueror.

Establish family devotions while the children are young. Let God's word grow up with them in their hearts, and ever pray earnestly and leave the result to him who hath said, "I will never leave or forsake thee."

If you please, write; this from your true friend.

Dear Adelia

I received your kind letter in due time. I don't quite remember whether I answered your last letter or not, but I think I wrote to Orace not long ago. This leaves us not all very well. It has been a general time for colds. Now we are having our share. Sarah made her first visit to Aunt Emily, since you left. Last Friday she went down on the steamer and came back with mail in an open boat in the rain. Today, she is almost sick. Her throat bothers her very much. I do not know as it will ever be well. She quit the boys' work one week ago. Henrietta has gone in her place. If she is well enough, she talks of going to school this winter. Florence's school is out. Her and Cynthia Rogers are to start in about one week to Salem to go to school six months. We expect to have one school at Elk Rock and one on Dannel's Creek commencing next month. Howard and Tillo are gathering in the apples when the weather will permit. Your father came from South Slough last Tuesday. On Wednesday he started for Roseburg to the land office. He has quite a time getting his land or homestead claim arranged to suit him just right. He is not home much of the time. I hope he will let the boys stay at home and go to school this winter. They dislike living on South Slough very much. Our church building is enclosed and nearly covered. Bro. Mosher is away on other appointments. The Methodists have sent a preacher to Empire City. Their first Quarterly meeting commences next Saturday. There are no members in Marshfield or Empire. Mrs. Smith and Philura and her husband are the only ones here. I suppose you are having cool and wet weather too. I hope you will excuse poor handwriting. I have a very poor pen and ink. Take your children to church and Sunday school as often as you possibly can. If they are clean and comfortable, they may learn many a good lesson.

I would like to write more but time will not permit just now. I hope if we never meet on earth you will try to train your children for Heaven that we may make an unbroken family above.

Write as often as you can,
This from your affectionate Mother.

Nov. 1st

I want to write some to you little boys. I was so astonished to hear your ma write to me that you two run the reaper. I am glad you are so much help to your pa. I hope you will soon be able to read and write, too. Howard and Arthillo have to do men's work. They have been catching fish today. They caught 15 large trout and one sucker, 1 foot long, only a few steps from the door. It quit raining this afternoon so they went to the orchard for grapes. They got a pail full and a basket full. They say there are several bushels of nice large ones. The grapes are not very sweet. They grow too much in the shade. I hang them up in the kitchen a few days to get sweet. Little Jimmy, you have grown some since I saw you. You perhaps can count to 100 and know your letters by this time. Many a time, Grandma has wished she could take Jimmy and rock him to sleep. Now you are large enough to carry in stove wood. Always be a good boy and do what good you can, that you may have the praise of God and man.

Much love to the little boys.

Dear Alice,

I wanted to write some to you. You are eight years old, old enough to help your ma and save her many steps and I suppose you do, but you must not forget to get your lessons. If you have no school to go to, be careful and learn and be a very good girl so that your little sister will learn to grow up a good girl too. I am very sorry your stomach troubles you yet. I hope you will be careful of what you eat. Then you may outgrow that and be healthy. Give some attention to learning to sew. Then, you can be of great use to all.

Much love to the little girls.

This from their Grandma.

Notes:

Aunt Emily Collver (Vanderburgh)

Florence Smith(?)

Charleston, Coos Bay
March 25, AD 1863

Dear Daughter,

It is a-raining, the first rain I remember in this month. The roads have been dry and dusty between here and Empire only (on the beach). I was at town Thursday. Mr. Anderson's fishermen told me that for the last six weeks, they had not made their salt a-fishing, for he would have to throw out and kill more than 100 crabs every morning. So by this time he has thrown away more than 4000 crabs. They keep the herrings out of their nets. I made me a long-toothed rake and rake out as many as I can carry in a minute or two. On the 22nd, I went to the landing and raked out 7 for the cat and two for myself and did not have to walk as many steps as I had crabs. I baked them and give the cat one at night and in the morning as long as they last, and then go down and rake out some more. The two I brought up for myself measured two feet across the back.

It has been fine growing weather this month. Last week I planted out a patch of thornless raspberries and a patch of Kittitinna Blackberry and the Australian Blackberry. My Hosac Thornless Blackberries are a-growing fine by my Wachusetts. Thornless blackberries are growing but I have not had them set out long.

Tell Alice I love so much to hear that she can help her mother when she is not well. That lovely little girl that used to cling so tight around her Grandpa's neck and cry for him at the head of the stairs. I would like to see Jimmy and Annie and all the rest of the children. Tell Herbert he is old enough to write to his Grandpa. I wanted to plant corn and squashes and melons this week, but it may rain all week, as it has started in.

I sent for the Milo-Maize, the new food plant published in N.F. And the LeConte pear that grows from cuttings, and if they succeed I will send you some of the seed and cuttings. I have a nice place for a peach orchard and the trees to plant it, but if the Maize comes, I will put it there and plant the tree there this fall. There is an abundance of wild flowers in large patches. First you may come to a purple patch, then a white patch, the yellow, then a verigation of all colors. My currant bushes, cherry and Victoria are in blossom. My Kititunny Blackberries were opening to bloom, but I cut them off to re-set, to enlarge the patch so as to make the growing profitable. I must sow grass seed tomorrow, if it does not rain too hard. If it does, I must lay the bricks in the hearth of my Givens house. Mr. Wilson is making the shingles for my new house. The rain is warm. It has been very still until now. I think it will blow up a regular Equinoctial. It is a-getting 'most night. I just got back from the Givens house and brought my boat in from the Point. I put on turnips and parsnips to cook, as I started. I have but one more mess of parsnips but plenty of turnips and potatoes and carrots. Last evening the Bertha went by, up the Slough. I am hungry, so I must hurry up my dinner. I have a-plenty of good cedar, alder, and spruce-knots, dry as powder, and the make the stove roar. My new stove has a fine coal grate. If I was not so busy, I would take the scow and go to the Loness mine and bring a scow boat of his coal screenings. Jo. Columer went and got a load. It is beautiful coal, only fine. It costs nothing, only the fetching, and stops the chopping of stove wood. I have got my bread nicely baked so I must stop.

26th. It is a-raining nicely this morning. I thought I would write while the bread was baking. My Early Rose potatoes are 6 inches high and 6 inches across the tops, with new potatoes as large as hens' eggs, but they are scattering and not profitable to dig. I laid my hearth, and it rained all the forenoon. It was too windy this afternoon to sow grass seed. I will shell my seed corn and fix it for planting and hoe potatoes. The sun comes out by spells. Night has come again. I have put in a faithful afternoon's work:

hoeing potatoes, grubbed a lot of alders; set out 8 apple trees, 2 plum trees, 1 peach tree, and 50 currant bushes; shelled my seed corn and put it to soak, for I don't know whether it will grow or not. It is the best seed corn I ever had and the best kept, but I put it in a bag of barley chop, and the weevils got in the chop, and the cobs smell sour. I must tend to my bread again, so good night.

27th. Raining. I just put on apples to cook. I wanted to go to Coos River this week, but if it keeps raining, I shall not go until the weather is better. My chestnut and persimmon trees are coming out in leaf. I wish you could see how nice I have kept my nice graniteware stew pan. I bought two of them two years ago. One, your mother is using on the river. She has got hers blackened inside in the bottom. Henrietta, when she was here, burned a spot half as large as your hand in the bottom of this, but one can hardly see it now. My apples are now done, so I must eat my breakfast of bread, vegetables and sauce. It rains too much to go outside and fish, and pork I eat but little of. I have a good lot of mustard greens, a foot high and very rank. They are a-growing around the barnyard. It keep raining, so I will go over to my Givens house and build a fire and take two parts of lime and oil and one of turpentine and rub the bedsteads, the one I got of Ingersoll, and Henrietta's, with the oil and cloth, to brighten the varnish and fill up the scratches. It turned out very still this forenoon and I sowed seed grass. This afternoon it has been windy and I have been hoeing potatoes. It is now near night and a-raining again.

Wednesday, 28th March 1883. It was very windy through the night, but the wind has gone down. It has been very still weather all the winter and spring. It is a-raining heavy and a little cooler this morning. I have a Silver Prune tree very full of blossoms. I hope it will not get cold enough to kill them. It rains too hard to sow grass seed yet. It is hard to tell what it will do after breakfast. In hoeing potatoes yesterday I pulled up some volunteer Peachblow potatoes with new potatoes on them and inch and a quarter through. In going out that way, I saw that the rain had washed them clean. They looked so white and pretty, I brought them in and scraped them, so I will have a mess of new potatoes for dinner. On 28 March, can you do that well in Wasco?

It is a heavy rainstorm and I concluded I would save your mother some hard work. I have been burning brush and handling black wood. I have two pairs of colored shirts, two pairs of wrappers, and two pairs of drawers, 3 pairs of socks, two pairs of pillowcases, and one double towel that I am a-washing. I washed them once before when it was stormy. I washed them once before, last winter. I then washed the sheets, but they do not need it now. There is a frame at the Givens house. I can dry before the fireplace. I have got them through one suds, and the water is nearly warm enough for the next. I have got to be at the Givens house, a-working my bedsteads, and might as well dry the clothes as not.

March 29. The sun shines bright by spells and rains by spells, but it is still. I can sow some grass seed. Some grass seed I sowed the last of January is just coming up now, so you may know it has been dry. I was sowing red top and timothy grass seed this forenoon. There came a shower and I had to come in. The Satellite came along. She blew her whistle for passengers, and took three boats in tow and a scow load of matchwood. It is not quite noon, but there is a big shower on hand. The middle of the afternoon now. I forgot my new potatoes. I think I have as good old potatoes as I ever ate anywhere. When I commence to eat the new ones, I wanted to throw the old ones all away. They were as mealy as the old and so much sweeter and better. I have been hoeing potatoes this afternoon and shall go at it again, as soon as the shower passes, but the shower will not pass before morning I guess.

March 30th. Prospect of a fine day for sowing my grass seed. A few drops of hail this morning. I must now eat my breakfast. The day was too blustery for sowing, but I got in a fair day hoeing potatoes.

March the 31st, 1883. This is your Uncle Darius Mansfield Collver's birthday. He is fifty-three years old

today. It is a beautiful day. I sowed grass seed all the forenoon. I planted corn this afternoon and took up 70 peach trees to plant in my peach orchard.

April first, 1883. It rained through the night, but is clear. Now I will take this letter over to the Works and have it mailed. I wanted to go on the River this week, but I have so much work to do. I do not know when I can go.

One o'clock. Cook house. Government Works. Mr Rozelle. Keep it. Owen Short carries the mail from this place to Empire, so I send this letter by him.

Affectionately your Father,
Alfred B. Collver

Notes:

AB Collver is 63 years old.

Fruit mentioned:

Australian Blackberry

Hosac Thornless Blackberries

Kittitinna Blackberry, Kikitinny

Wachusetts Blackberries

Chestnut tree

Currants

[LeConte pear](#)

Peachblow potatoes

Persimmon

Silver Prune

The Silver prune is, as the name indicates, of light color, and is a very fine large prune when it does well. Its large size, attractive color, and sweet flavor sell it at fancy prices, but, with us in Southern Oregon, we find the tree is not hardy, it being very tender and winter-kills badly. That we may overcome this defect of the Silver prune I think is possible. The remedy Dr. A. Sharpies, an enterprising and thoughtful fruit-grower of Eugene, Oregon, uses to prevent the Silver prune from winter killing is to wrap the trunks of his Silver prunes with burlap in the fall. This he lets remain on the tree until May. The burlap protects the tree from sudden changes of the weather. That Dr. Sharpies' remedy is a specific, I am a believer. In his orchard of over 1,000 trees, seven or eight years old, I did not find a tree that had winter-killed.

[Biennial Report, By Oregon Board of Horticulture, Board of Horticulture, Oregon, 1893, p. 217]

[http://books.google.com/books?id=geQ1AAAAMAAJ&pg=PA217&lpg=PA217&dq=%22silver+prune%22&source=web&ots=Sc9hWrN5X4&sig=fH-
uqR2CO4J5fDWuVfH6_ECIGlk&hl=en&sa=X&oi=book_result&resnum=4&ct=result](http://books.google.com/books?id=geQ1AAAAMAAJ&pg=PA217&lpg=PA217&dq=%22silver+prune%22&source=web&ots=Sc9hWrN5X4&sig=fH-
uqR2CO4J5fDWuVfH6_ECIGlk&hl=en&sa=X&oi=book_result&resnum=4&ct=result)

Milo-Maize

[Crop Production, By C. Wayne Smith, p.141]

http://books.google.com/books?id=6phFr8cb_PUC&pg=PA141&lpg=PA141&dq=milo+maize&source=web&ots=gpWBFEIDzY&sig=kQL0IukKD4pZC_MpNATgBYxtfkA&hl=en&sa=X&oi=book_result&resnum=1&ct=result#PPA14

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1,M1

Plant corn & squash in March?

Government Works

Across the bay from Empire City. Site of the picnic for the Coos County Pioneer Association reunion (1892 Oct – p.13-15). This note is from an index to Early Day Stories, a collection of eight stories submitted by adults for a 1944 story contest. These stories are bound together in one volume. When indexed, there are over 150 names and places referenced in this work.

<http://coquillevalley.org/Indexes/MPBeginnings/early.html>

Coos River
June 17th (1883)

This leaves all well. Sarah has gone to the valley to Camp Meeting. I started to go, but they said the time of the meeting was changed, and that left me out. I go in the morning to Charleston. The Chestnut tree, here at the corner, is 20 inches around at the ground and 55 feet around at the points of the limbs, with two thousand fruit blossoms. Your mother is tending to the milk of 12 cows, and it is hard on her. Ansel says his crop is dried out. There is but a small apple crop. The pear fruit is not blighted as bad as last year, what are a-bearing. Andrew is being set over the river, to go to the logging camp to work. This leaves all well. I must get ready, for I must start at daylight for home, on account of wind.

My love to you all,
Alfred B. Collver

Charleston, Coos Bay
July 22, 1883

Dear Daughter,

Mrs. Adelia E. Powell of Wasco Co., Oregon

This leaves all well. I cam down from Coos River Thursday. I left all well. Sarah and your Uncle Linus came in from the Y.U.B. Conference held on Deer Creek, Douglas Co., before the fourth. It was very hot in the valley. John McGuire was shot by his brother-in-law. Brother Mosher's family came in and are a-living in the parsonage. The boys were putting up hay on John's place. Ansel's hay crop on the Benton place dried out. The two boys on the place finished hauling in their hay yesterday, if they got Van Houser's wagon. They broke on wheel of mine before they got the hay in. I have got some more hay to put in the shed here. Then I think I will mow some and put in the barn at the Givens house, if it does not get too ripe, before I get my velvet grass seed cut. I have velvet grass as high as my head. H.H. Luse has sold his Coos County property for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. His store is closed. His mill is shut down. His steamers are tied up. The Myrtle, the Lulu, the Wasp, and the Comet are a-doing business on the Bay now. They say that the company that bought H.H. Luse has two steamboats about ready to start from Boston for the Bay, of over one thousand tons each, to run to San Francisco. They commence the railroad at Roseburg for Coos Bay. The company has a streamer and a long lining flag at the terminus above the cribs.

Notes:

Y.U.B. Conference

Yearly? United Brethren Conference

Coos River

Feb 3rd 1884

Dear Daughter

I shall now begin and answer your letter which I recd some time ago but have not had time to answer. It has seemed as though bad colds would never let up. Someone is sick or had [been] sick the most of the time which keeps my boys at home to be nursed. Isaac Wilson has been here _____ all winter. Cary Jones and her child came last _____ visit to stay a week. So large a family nearly all the time keeps Sarah and me busy [with] the housework. We are not very well. I have a sore throat today. I think I took more cold going with Albert in the skiff up to s Rogers yesterday. Today, Sunday, it is raining to hard for anyone to go to church but I hear Mark laugh down in the sitting room. It seems he has ventured out. Bro Wm Bonebrake and Elma's husband has sold their place to Ansel and Albert for \$1600 sixteen hundred and fifty dollars cash down the 1 of April. Ansel wants us to go and live with him on the place. I don't know but we will. I could stay here and raise chickens and sell eggs but this house is so tall and hard for me to go up and down so many stairs that perhaps I had better move over for a time at least. I hope you and Isaac will not move any farther away for I want to go and make you all visit before very long. I think you have a very pretty name for your babe. I like it better than Orilla. Take good care of the little ones, dress them warm. They will be much less trouble to you. I hope you will move where you can send them to school and if possible to no colder climate.

Feb the 8th Ansel was going over on the slough with the skiff to take over some gooseberry bushes to set out. He wanted me to go along so I went and have just returned and supper over. I will now try to finish this to you. I [have] a letter here from Herbert. I am very glad he can write and whats also very good him and Tommy is reading the Testament through. I will try and answer it soon. The members from Coos River together with help on the slough are building a small meeting house. Bro Mosher and Albert are the principle workman. They have set it near Bro Stocks landing. This is the first time I have been there for 8 years. There has another family moved on a place between Uncle Billys and Bro Stocks. They are from Texas. They were Methodists but have joined the UB church by letter. I like their appearance quite well. I think they will help build up that poor little weak society over there that has been trying so long to exist. The lady has been a schoolteacher. She has five children.

This week has been clear and cold. Freezing ice ½ inch thick on standing water. Very much colder than before this winter. The wind has changed to the south and raining some this evening.

I must close. I hope you will write [as] often as you can. Has Jim Jackson got well? Has Alice's stomach well yet?

Give my love to all the family and a share for yourself. This from

your affectionate Mother

R. Collver

A E Powell

Marshfield
July 30, 1884

Dear Sister Adelia,

It has been so long since I have heard from you, that I thought I would write you a few lines and let you know that we are all well. We are having fine weather at present and everyone is busy getting in their hay. I have not done much for the last three weeks. I cut my leg just below the knee. I was barking logs for Jas. Yoakam and the axe glanced. I will be able to go to work next Monday. I have been getting \$2 per day all this summer. The Vanderburgh boys want me to quit and come and work for them. They offer to give me \$55 per month. It is not much of a raise, but it is better than nothing. I suppose you heard that Al Smith and Tillie Cutlip were married. They were married on the third of this month at her father's on Daniel's Creek. There were no outsiders present at the wedding. Ansel and Albert are working for Wm. Luse on the old place. Sarah is stopping at John's. She is not very well. She works too hard, I think. Father is still staying at South Slough. Henry Flook and family came in from the valley two weeks ago. They are intending to stay all summer. Henry is working for Vanderburgh Brothers, who are logging on Nathan Smith's place. Well, I must close for the present. Write soon.

From your brother,
A.F. Collver

Marshfield, Coos Co. Oregon

September the 7th, 1884

Dear Daughter,

I received your very welcome letter several weeks ago, but I had so much to do I had to put off answering at the time and so it got put off until the present. I received those needles you sent. They are nice or they look nice. I have not had time to use any of them yet, they are just what I shall need as soon as butter season is over. I have quilting and other sewing to do. Thank you much for your thoughtful kindness in sending them, my health was very poor all the fore part of the season. I was very miserable, hardly able to do anything, everything I eat seemed to disagree with my stomach. I got one bottle of Warner's safe kidney cure that helped me more than anything I have taken in the medicine line for years. I think it is good medicine for liver and kidney complaints. I suppose you know I am living with Henrietta, Howard and Tillo near Kitchen Slough on Ansel and Albert's place. We are milking thirteen cows at present and making about 45 pounds of butter a week and am putting up Lawton blackberries and plums in glass jars for winter and have some company now and then with washing and house work. You see it is very easy to neglect writing when once put off, but I must try and not do that any more. I am living in a more secluded place than I was at the Dryer and must do better about writing if I have my health and I think I will.

Your father was here last week. He seems in good health, he is getting the lumber to build a house. He wants Howard to go and help him. I don't see how I can spare him at all. I think this is an excellent place for cows, the pastures are so nice and green all the time. I think the boys ought to stay on and improve the place, but they are at work in the Dryer now and Sarah is cooking for them. That is why so many cows. John drove his cows over for us to milk and him and Sarah went to help Ansel in the dryer. Albert is building a barn on the old place for William Luse. Sarah got those needles you sent her but I don't suppose she has answered your letter yet. Adelia, I want to tell you what is the reason. She looks as though she was killing herself with care and hard work. She has been getting poorer and poorer all summer until she is little else than a skeleton. I saw her about one week ago, she had a severe cold. I tried to persuade her to come home with me and take something for her sore throat, but no, the boys could not spare her at all. They promised to help her all they could, then she has so much company that keeps her trotting when she ought to be resting. I think I shall try to keep her home this winter, if she lives to see winter. I wrote to your Aunt Mary sometime ago, but have not received and answer so please tell me in your ___ if she is well. I would like to see you all once more and I think I will if I live, but I can't say when. Write as often as you can and tell me about all of the children, Isaac and yourself. Much love to all, your affectionate mother, Ruth Collver

to Adelia

Catching Slough
Dec 30th, 1884

Dear Sister Adelia,

I will try and answer your very welcome letter, which we received a few weeks ago. This leaves all well at present. Mother and Andrew went this morning up to Uncle John's(1), visiting. They live about two miles up the slough. John went with them and was going on to Sumner. Tillo has gone to school, so it only leaves Henrietta and Howard at home today with me, so I will improve the morning in writing letters and the afternoon in finishing some sewing for Henrietta. Albert is still working for Mr. Luse. He was here Christmas to dinner. They had a Christmas tree on the River in the Church. I went over the day before and stayed overnight with Florence (2) and went up with her to help trim the tree. It was a prettier tree this year than last, but not as costly. I got two small picture frames, a large purse, a pretty shell with the "Lord's Prayer" written on it, a pretty letter holder made of cardboard, and a sweeping cap. All the girls got one just alike, or nearly so, that helped with the Christmas tree, and the boys got smoking caps. Of course, they were all homemade, but very pretty. Elva Hoshier got a purse with thirteen dollars, 74 cents and a few other presents. Cynthia, Emma and Frank Rogers came home with us to dinner, and in the evening they, with Albert, went to Marshfield to Tom Houser's wedding. There was to be three couples married in the hall at once, but I have not heard whether there was or not. Howard went down to see Father last week. He was well then. I have not seen him since the middle of October, or near the first. He does not come up very often. I get very uneasy about him when it storms. He lives so close to the ocean. I was down in August and will try to go again before spring when Albert gets through working for Luse, if it does not storm too much. We have had about three weeks stormy weather. The first snow flakes fell Sunday morning but did not snow much until night. The next morning there was about an inch of snow. It froze last night and is still clear and cold. I suppose you have a good deal of snow and cold weather by this time. I think I could enjoy another sleigh ride but would not like to stay as long as I did before, for I sometimes get very homesick, not when I was with you, but when in the Dalles. I wish I could be there to help you when you are sick with a cold and let you have a good rest. I will close for the present. This from your loving and true sister, Sarah.

I forgot to thank you in my last letter for those nice needles you sent me and will try to make something nice for you or the children with them. I have a dress for Anna or Eva nearly done and will send it soon. I commenced it so long ago that I suppose it is too small for Anna. You must write soon, as soon as you can and tell the news and how you spent Christmas. I hope you had a pleasant time and wish you a happy new year.

Give my love to the children. S.D. Collver

Notes:

- (1) Uncle John is John K. Vanderburg.
- (2) Florence is Florence Smith?

Portland, Or
Jan. 4, 1885

A.B. Collver
Empire City, Oregon

Dear Father,

Your letter of Dec. 24, 1884, was gladly received a day or two since, and I should have answered sooner but have been very busy lately with my books. I closed my ledger last night and will commence in the six column journal tomorrow, which is a new study for me, but I understand what I have gone over so well I don't think it will be very hard to understand what follows. The arithmetic is not as hard to understand as I had expected. I was sorry to hear that Rozell had not paid Howard yet. He seems to have a hard time to get his money. I am glad to hear you have so good a crop and get such good prices for them. It commenced snowing, I think four weeks ago last Friday evening, and has been about two or three feet deep ever since. It has drifted, so it is hard to tell how deep it has been. It commenced to thaw Friday morning and is going off quite fast. The Willamette is raising considerable tonight. I wish you would eat some of those nice potatoes, squashed and turnips for me, for I have not had a squash or turnip since I came to Portland, only a mess of good potatoes. My Christmas spendings were 40 cents, 15 cents for my breakfast and 25 cents for my dinner. The rest of the day was spent in my room as I had no place to go to enjoy myself. The ladies of the Young Mens Christian Association got up an entertainment for the young men of Portland, and they sent me one (invitation). I went and enjoyed myself. There was dinner at 12, gymnastics and music, the presentation of a large flag to the YMCA and a great deal more I cannot enumerate. After the entertainment was supper; after supper, the concert, which lasted until about half past ten, which took all the day. The YMCA is free & open to everyone, every day, with a good library. I go up to the hall as often as I can, but have not much time.

A.P. Armstrong thinks I can get through the course by the first of April and get my diploma. If I can I will be satisfied. The church bells are ringing all round for church. It is now seven o'clock. Have you heard from Orace or Adelia since I left home? I have not heard from either since I came to Portland and have written to both, but they have neither answered yet. I wrote to Mother tonight and also one to Andrew. There is not much news to write or that I thought would interest you, so I will close for this time. Please write as soon as you get this and tell me all the news. Direct as before, Portland Business College, Portland Oregon, care of A.P. Armstrong.

From your ever true son, Ansel M. Collver

Marshfield
Jan. 29th, 1885

Dear Sister,

I received your most welcome letter last evening. Was very glad to hear from you. I came down from home last Saturday and am staying with Mrs. Painter. Her husband has gone to California on business, and it leaves her alone with her three children. The oldest is a girl nine years old and two little boys. She was my neighbor on the creek. They moved down here the day before I moved out of the Dryer. I intended to have went home the last of this week, but she wanted me to go with her to the concert for the benefit of the church here Saturday night, so I will not go home until Monday on the express boat. It runs up the slough every day. The folks were all well at home when I left. Mother was going to put on a quilt, and I must get back as soon as I can to help her. I have got me two dresses, since I came down, and have them partly made. I want my sewing done as soon as I can, for John wants me to go on the Creek as soon as I can get ready. He thought of renting for awhile, but has given that up now and is going to improve his place and getting out ditch blocks for Mr. Luce. I do not like it as well on the Slough, as well as I thought I would. It is so shut in, in the winter, one can hardly get out. I think I would like it better there in the summer. Mrs. Painter and I have gone every day or evening, calling and shopping. We called today on Mrs. Lynch. It was the first time I had seen her to speak, since she was married. She has three children. The oldest one is going to school. I suppose you see her mother once in a while. Mrs. Lynch said she lived about four miles from Dufur with her son Harrison, that she had not heard from her for some times. She thought their letters must have been lost.

Andrew is working with Al Smith getting cord wood. Howard will work for John most of the summer. Albert has rented his place to the Coffelts for two years, so mother and Henrietta will not have much to do in the summer. They will have a cow and a small garden. Tillo's school will be out in a few days. He will stay with Mother. I will send Annie a dress with this letter, but will not make it for fear of getting it too small. I hope she will like it. I will send a dozen buttons and five yards of velvet trimming with it. I think it will be enough to put two rows around the skirt and sleeves, with or without a narrow plaiting on the skirt. Ii would have liked to make it, if I had a pattern to fit her. I have not sent the other dress yet. I started in such a hurry, or I would have brought it down with me and sent it, but it is more of a summer dress than a winter one anyway. I will send you a piece of my dress and would like to have a piece of yours.

Win and Lola live in town. He still works in the butcher shop. I was up on the hill to see them Sunday. Lola has been very sick, but now is able to be up most of the time and helps with the work. She has three children. Two of them go to school. The youngest is three years old. Philura still lives on the Creek. Her little boy is running everywhere. They call him George. I thought I would only write a short letter, but I have filled the sheet and must close. Hattie Painter is waiting for me to read to her out of her Sunday School book, so I must close. Give my love to all.

This from your loving sister, Sarah D. Collver

Charleston, Coos Bay
Feb 19th, 1885

Dear Daughter,
Mrs. Adelia E. Powell,

I was so glad to get your letter of the ninth of Feb. yesterday, but sorry to learn that Issac had lost my sheep and that Wesley was sick. This leaves us all well. Mrs. Allen is sick with the liver complaint. She has been thinking it was the ague all winter. I wanted to sow my hot bed today, but it is a-raining – for all that is out. I put on my Snowflakes (potatoes) to boil for dinner, and they are so mealy and nice. It has rained so hard; I have not cut a load of grass yet for the calf. I feed velvet grass. The marsh grass has grown a foot high in three weeks. Oats has grown the same, cut at the same time for the calf. Wild currants have been in bloom since Feb. 1st. My peach trees are a-blossoming. Wm. Porter started for Rozell's, and it rained so hard that he went back. The rain is very warm, and everything is growing very fast. Arthillo and Arthur Howard were here Tuesday, last week. Arthillo had grown so, I thought he was Andrew. He is taller than I am. Herbert(1) and Arthillo were so near of a size, when he was here. I would like you to write his size and heft, and tell him to write. I let Fidelia Allen take your letter to read this morning. Allen's wife people live at Colfax, and they like to hear any news from east of the mountains. Fidelia Allen was 12 years old the 17th of this month, and you was 33 the 17th of last month.

Feb 20th. I cut a load of grass that made me sweat to carry it to my calf, for I shall go to Empire in the morning with a load of turnips. I get 20 dollars a ton for them. I finished my hotbed, and sowed it, but it seems so warm that we do not need a hotbed. The thermometer has been from 55 to 70 degrees nearly all the month. Thimble brush has new leaves as large as my hand, and my peach trees have the large old green leaves that grew last year and a new crop this winter. My Victoria currants are in full bloom and will be as full as they can if not frost to kill them. I sent to San Francisco for one glass door for the upper porch for my new house and 8 more windows. That will make 5 doors and 12 windows in my new house. The Arcata brought them up, but they made a mistake. They sent 10x14 lights in the place of 12x14, and my window frames are in 10x14 _____, so I will see if I cannot get them changed in Empire tomorrow. The wind is North, and it is 11 o'clock and it is a-raining. I must go in the morning and get some crushed barley for my horses, if I cannot take my turnips. I have bread to bake yet, so I will bid you good night.

Affectionately, your father,
Alfred B. Collver

Mrs. Adelia Emily Powell

Ten o'clock Feb 20, 1885

It is bedtime, but I will finish this letter tonight and mail it in the morning. Mr. Baker is a-teaching Mr. Allen's children in my Givens house and he generally catches one or two coons every morning. He keeps 5 or 6 traps set all the time. He and Mr. Allen go out every other day and catches from 10 to 40 fish and he baits his traps with fish heads. I think I will take my calf up to Alex Scott's to wean, and then I shall have as much milk as Mr. Allen's folks and I can use. You ought to see my cow come up at nights. She has all the grass her skin can hold. She is shedding off, and her hair looks as slick as can be. Scotch and China Broom and Scotch Vetch, with a yellow bloom, have been in blossom all winter. This has been the nearest no winter that I ever saw. I sold a cow to Horace Ingersoll for to get the roof my new house and kitchen painted with fireproof paint.

Notes:

(1) Who is Herbert?

At home
March the 21 – 1886

Dear Daughter,

I improve the present opportunity of writing you. I received your and dear Alice's letter in due time, and was glad to hear you was doing so well with your fourth little girl, and Alice is able to write a letter. I hope she will write oftener than I have. Since I received your letter, several in the neighborhood was very sick. I was gone from home to watch with, and help take care of, the sick. One was Russell Stephen's wife. The other was Mr. Wards wife. Then Bro. Mosher's wife was very low for several weeks. Sarah went there and stayed nearly two weeks, until she was nearly on the lift; they are all much better now. We have had a warm, rainy winter until the first of March. The rain began to be colder the 15th. The snow fell one inch and a half on the low land. John came over the hill. There, he said, it was about four inches.

I will send the baby a cradle quilt. It is smaller than I wished. I bought it of the sewing society. Enola Lacross pieced it.

I expect you hear from your father, perhaps as often as I do. He has not been here this winter. Ansel was there once, last month. They were getting along very well then. Sarah has been calculating to go there on a visit but has not got started yet. Ansel said Henrietta was getting homesick. She would have come home with him, but he had to walk too far for her to come. I am here with Howard and Tillo. Ansel is at work for John. Albert is still at job work. Andrew is on the Coquille at work on his place. I would like to see you all very much. The boys do not seem to try to get them wives. I think they could, if they would try. Then, I would go and see you; but then, the rest want to see you all as much as I do. I wish you could come here and stay one winter. If you will, we will raise plenty of vegetables this year, so that it won't cost you anything, and we have plenty of house room. Try and coax Isaac to come. I think it will do us all good. Write soon and let me know how you are, and what you have named the babe.

A.E.P. (from Ruth Collver)

Dear Alice,

I was very glad to receive a letter from you. I hope you will try and improve your time when in school, in gaining an education, and when at home, in aiding your Mother in caring for your little sisters, in keeping them quiet when your Mother is sick or busy, and try and do whatever you can to help make your home a happy one. Now I will write a poem on your middle name. I hope you will find a nice name for the baby.

The Rose

The rose has one powerful virtue to boast
Above all the flowers of the field
When its leaves are all dead, and fine colors lost,
Yet how sweet a perfume it will yield.

So frail is the growth and beauty of man
Tho' they bloom, and look gay like the rose
All our fond care to preserve them is vain
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty
Since both of them will wither and fade
But gain a good name by performing my duty
This will scent like the rose when I'm dead.

Alice Rose Powell

from her Grand Mother

Charleston
Coos County, Oregon
3/26/1886

Dear Daughter,

I was so glad to get your letter of the 18th of March. As I keep a diary, I will copy up to date.

March 18th. Clear some trees, planted sunflowers, went to Empire afternoon, sold eggs, got beans and rice. Warm, fine, pleasant.

March 19th. Bailed boat and scow, cut grass, chopped wood. Cloudy morning, cool, wind: Southwest.

March 20th. Warmer, cloudy. Set out 12 Damson Plum trees. Went to Ingersoll's, got sunflower seeds, and planted the rest of the day.

Sunday 21st. Not very cold, but windy. Ling broke through the creek into the garden. Wind died out at six morn, evening warm. Rain before day.

22nd. No wind, but steady rain all day.

23rd. Clear and warm. Split rails and posts, got bolts for pickets, went to Ingersoll's to see if he was going to Empire.

24th. Frost; fine, warm morning. Put 5 crabs in my boat for the hens. Ingersoll's drawing their seine. They gave us 8 fish. I split posts.

25th. Took eggs to Empire, got mail and beans. Fine day. Got a letter from Adelia and Herbert Powell.

March 27th. Frost on sticks, but gone by first ½ hour's sun. The peach orchard between here and Henrietta's are beautiful with blossoms. Henrietta has a row of yellow, red and variegated Dahlias, red and white roses, and Tiger Lillies. My peach orchard at the other place is as pretty. I planted about 2 or 3 acres of sunflowers there. The prettiest thing over there is my Leconte pear. It is in big leaf while the other pear trees are not leafed. I have lots of small Lecontes. My Keifer Hybrid blossomed in February. I planted 12 little Broom Trees and two short rows of Dahlias at the new house. Henrietta has Brooms. The cat has aroused a skunk under the kitchen floor and Henrietta is after it. Henrietta has 50 young chickens hatched out and will have a hundred and thirty in a week or two. 8 o'clock. The day is lovely, and I must go to work. We have plenty of fish every meal. I wish I could send you some. 12 o'clock. I have been riving and nailing on pickets all the forenoon, south of bottom between Henrietta's and mine. I see the rows of peach trees in full bloom and full view. Blue skies and bright, with just about enough sea breeze. As this is Saturday, I must put in the afternoon at my fence.

Sunday 28th. I went over to Mr. Ingersoll's for a few minutes. This is a clear, warm day. I understand that Wm. Granger and others from here are out surveying a railroad from here to Huntington, near the Idaho line, to join with the Union Pacific there. The water is good on the Bar, and the prospect is good for an appropriation, which will make good times here.

29th. Saturday night I changed my under clothes. They had been hanging after Henrietta had brought them in. It gave me quite a cold in my head and last night I sweat it out. I had but the usual clothes on. I

cannot remember when I had a night sweat before. It was foggy until 8 o'clock this morning. I think we had two foggy mornings in January and February. I went out and got crabs and made a fence. The Keifer pear that bloomed first of February is bearing. The pears are a-getting some size. I must go at my fence again.

30th. First cloudy day since the rain. I took a sweat again last night. I made fence 'fore noon. Had a swelled face in the afternoon. Went and got 5 crabs for hens and a duck for the cats. Fix flower bed.

31st. Your uncle Darius is 56 years old today. It cleared up after dark. Tell Mr. Hamilton Kelley and his wife that I remember them for their kindness and should be exceeding glad to see them a little over three years from now. I shall be 70 years old, so you see I am getting to be scarcely useful or ornamental any more. Henrietta is a-lacking one of 80 chickens, hatched, so we hope we will have eggs to sell in the fore part of winter when eggs are fifty cents a dozen. Mr. Ingersoll's folks were very busy hauling the seine yesterday, so I suppose they will send their fish to Empire this morning, so I must take this letter over to send.

Affectionately, your Father,
Alfred B. Collver

Charleston
Coos County, Oregon
March 26, 1886

Dear Grand-Son,
Mr. Herbert Powell

I was pleased to get yours of March the 13th, yesterday. I got one from your mother yesterday too. It is too warm to work out in the sun, so I thought I would take an hour's nooning and write some. So, I tried my pen above and it would not go, so I broke it and took one that goes better. I am a-making picket fence, fencing against Henrietta's chickens. She will soon have 150. She feeds them crabs, fish and wheat. I ought to be making garden, but I must fence it to itself for the hens dig it up. They dug the potatoes last year. We have nice fish every meal. I wish I could send you some. The peach trees are a-looking beautiful now, dressed in pretty blooms. I must go now to nailing on pickets.

March the 31st. This is the birthday of one of your great Uncles, Darius M. Collver. He was born March 31st, 1830. So he is 56 years old today. There has been a few drops of rain once in a while all day. It is now 4 o'clock. I have been fixing fence all day. It is quite warm. Mr. Ingersoll is drawing his seine lively, yesterday. I went to the point and brought back five crabs for the hens and a duck for the cats, someone had shot. Ingersoll's took their fish to town today. I finished your mother's letter for them to take, but was a little too late. All kinds of trees are a-leaving out. The Steamship Beba sprung a leak and, as far as heard from, but 2 men got ashore. She was built at North Bend, and had 130 tons of railroad iron on board. We expect good times here this year. We expect the saw mills to start up and a large appropriation for the breakwater, and we hope they will do something for the railroad. Wm. Granger has gone out on the survey, so that is some prospect.

Apr 2nd. Showery, warm. I made fence in the forenoon. Went to Ingersoll's; got my scow and boat in the creek. Thirty-five thousand dollars has been granted or recommended by the River and Harbor Committee for Coos Bay, but Hermann thinks they will be able to get 50,000. Tomorrow we can register ourselves for voting at any election for 2 years. On the 15th of March, I landed on the wagon road from my boat, crossed to Nicol's and walked to New Port and to East Port, and then to Marshfield. The boys have walked through, often, but I had never been through before, only by the Empire road. It was showery and from New Port to East Port it rained hard. The road is a nice buggy road to New Port and in summer all the way through to Marshfield. They are a-working the New Port mine, and they have built up a pretty New Port to the Town through the pretty young alder groves towards East Port. East Port is not worked. The houses are vacant; half of them with windows and doors out, but Marshfield is building up fast; grubbing out the stumps, grading, leveling, lawns, planting ornamental hedges, and such things. I learn that the River and Harbor Committee has decided on 35,000 dollars, but Bingen Hermann is in hopes of increasing the amount to 50,000 dollars in the House. That amount paid to working men here will do some good. Government has appropriated 2500 dollars for a bridge across South Slough, and the county proposes to furnish the same amount and build one that I can walk all the way from here to town on foot. Dear Herbert, write soon.

Affectionately, your Grand Pa, Alfred B. Collver

April the 3rd, 1886

My Dear Alice,

I will not try and answer your most welcome letter that I received some time ago. I am well at present, tho' some tired. I walked over a mile this afternoon and back, besides doing the housework. My family consists of Ansel, Sarah, Arthillo, and a bound boy, 15 years old. We commenced making cheese yesterday. Sarah makes the cheese and I do the housework. We have been here five years today. Time seems to pass swiftly with old people, but with the young it is quite different. Some are so anxious to become men and women that time goes very slow. I hope you will have a chance to go to school and learn all you can, for it is a sad thing for the young to grow up in ignorance in this age, where schools are so cheap. I will send you a package of seeds. We took out some of each packet. I will send them so you will have directions for each kind. Your Uncle Ansel did not go to town this morning, as he expected he would. He had to go and drive in some more cows. He expects to go in the morning. I will write some to your mother. You must write me as often as you can. I hope you will come and visit us some time.

This from your Grand Mother,
Ruth Collver

Alice

July the 4, 1886

Dear daughter,

I received your letter in due time. Was glad to hear that you and the children were well. I have neglected to write sooner, having a good deal to look after, Sarah being sick. I stayed with her nearly one month. That put me back with my work that should have been done early in the spring. I must do it now in hot weather. I have so little strength. I can do but little in a day. I wish I knew where I could get a small girl or boy to feed the chickens and do light work. O, how I wish you lived near enough I could help take care of your children and they could help me. I have been here with Tillo since the boys have been gone. They came home yesterday. We were all at a picnic celebration on this hill above Anson Roger's house. All the old neighbors was there. We had a nice sociable time. Sarah was able to be there. She looks much better than I expected to see her. We have been having some refreshing showers of gentle rain, which came mostly in the night for the last week, the first that has fell since the middle of May. It was hailed with joy by the most of farmers although it made the picnic ground damp and cool. If you come to Isaac's mother this fall, come on to Roseburg and some of the boys will bring you here and stay here if you want to. Here is schools handy and plenty of work for those that are able to work and, O, how much Oregon needs good men and ministers of the Gospel. It seems as though they have sold themselves to Satan, to do his bidding. The U.B. Church has gone wild, their ministers contending about first one thing, then another, devices of Satan to draw their minds from God's Holy Word and his commandments, "Go ye into the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." O, could they realize the peace and comfort every believing child of God has in this promise, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end." What more do we need if Jesus is with us? He is more than all that is against us, but the love of money is of more value in the sight of many professed Christians than the Love of God in the soul. But how true it is, we have to see it at home as well as all over our nation. In a day when we are not aware, death comes and takes from time to eternity, where all will be judged according to his work, whether it be good or evil.

Wednesday July 7th. I have just finished washing. Now, I will finish this letter and send it by Ansel tomorrow to the post office. The weather is still warm and showery. Sarah is gaining in strength. She got breakfast the other morning, before May came back from the Celebration on the Coquille. Albert was down to South Slough yesterday. I told him to bring Henrietta home on a visit, but she has so many chickens to look after she could not leave.

Dear Children, I am truly sorry for both of you, to think you have been obliged to allow a boy of Johnny's age to go so far from home to herd stock and perhaps be among evil associates when he ought to be in school. I tell you, I cannot see how you can have a clear conscience, to allow anything of the kind. In a great measure, parents are accountable for their children's wrong doings. If you are living in a country where you can scarcely make a good living, retrace your steps for the sake of those whom the Lord has entrusted to your care. Do try and have them raised respectably, and the Lord will bless your efforts. I must close for this time. Write soon,

With great regard for your future welfare and happiness and much love to you all, I remain you affectionate Mother, R. Collver

I.J. And A.E. Powell

Notes:

Alder Hallow
Nov. 21, 1886

Dear Daughter,

I received your welcomed letter several days ago. I had almost despaired of ever hearing from you. This leaves us well, except Sarah. She is still taking medicine from the doctor. She is able to be around the house and does the work for John and herself. Henrietta met with a severe accident at South Slough. She was going down a hill from her house after stove wood. She stepped upon a log that rolled, which threw her shoulder against another. Her left hand struck the under side of the log and broke her wrist. She came home five days after the accident. Her hand swelled full. When I got the swelling reduced, she went to the Doctor and had it set. She was here five weeks. The boys took her back last Wednesday. They found your Father well, but out of flour and oil. John sent an order for him to get one barrel of flour and can of oil at Empire. He has raised but little for two years, not enough to buy his flour and clothes. Still, we can't coax him to stay here with us. They are very poorly situated for wintering. We are now having cold, rainy weather, almost cold enough to snow. Arthillo is going to school. Howard thinks he has too much to do to go to school.

I think you have a hard time to get berries. I wish you could have picked John's that went to waste.

I hope Isaac will forgive my plain talk in my last letter, for I deeply felt for your children and the importance of early training their young minds for future usefulness or future ruin. You all know that just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined, that is the utter ruin of too many of the youths of Oregon. Parents have their minds occupied with anything else than training immortal souls for the happy future. Perhaps you think I do not consider your circumstances. Indeed, I do, but you are beyond my help at present except through prayer to Almighty God, the giver of every good. Be assured you having them morning and evening. Though in weakness, yet in faith that Jesus will hear if we trust him. Yes, dear children, read the Bible and pray with your children that the Lord may bring you out of every trouble. He is my only stay, and I know he alone can help in time of need.

I must close for the present. Ansel is waiting to take this to the office. I thank the children for their cards. Write soon. Much love to you all. Let the children write to me.

Your affectionate Mother,
Ruth Collver

A.E. Powell

June the 27th, 1887

Dear daughter,

I received your welcome letter on the 25th. I will now hasten to answer it, lest I put it off and so neglect to answer it. I have a girl hired, but she has to go home at the end of another month to go to school, and I have three quilts I want to quilt before she goes away. I have been busy weeding in the garden for several days. I am making 45 pounds of butter per week. I have sent one bbl of butter to San Francisco. John sent three. He makes that much more than I do. The boys have planted several acres to roots and vegetables. That keeps them very busy hoeing and weeding.

The summer so far has been cool and windy. There has been three or four frosts this month, not hard enough to injure gardens any, but steady north winds.

Supper over, Lillis is washing the dishes. The boys has butchered a hog to take to town in the morning. I will get this ready to send. Sarah is quite well again. Albert is able to commence building another house. Wm. Luse has hired him to put up a house on the old place. Andrew is at work in a logging camp. Ansel is chopping brush for Mr. Robertson at the mouth of Dannels Creek.

I am glad you have a garden this year. It is a great help in a family, and I hope you will not be so scarce of water as you were last year.

You spoke of dissatisfaction among the Indians. If there is any danger, I hope Isaac will go home and move you all the way. If he does not, and you want to come here and think it best to leave there, write immediately to me. We would all be so glad to have you come back, where you can send your children to school and live more comfortably than you and the children can there. I can't feel reconciled to your staying where you are. I feel worried all the time. I try to commit you into the hands of a Merciful Father in Heaven, but still, it seems to me there is something I ought to do or say that I have not done or said. I do not want to offend, but I do want to better your condition, if it is in my power. My dear children, that is what I am living for, to do good. My first duty is in my own family. I want to help you if you need help, but I cannot help you and you stay there, because you must be placed where you and your family can help yourselves. The children then can go to school. Excuse me, for it is growing dark.

Yours in love,
R. Collver

Adelia

Dear Alice,

I thank you for those lines. I think you have improved. You said you had some chickens. You did not say what kind. I have some non-setters, as they are called. Your Uncle John sent me some Brown Leghorn eggs. They are not hatched yet. I have raised 30 this year.

R.C.

A.

Charleston
Coos County, Oregon
Jan. 10th, 1888

Dear Daughter,
Mrs. Adelia Powell

This leaves us all well. It is a-raining today. I got your letter yesterday. I went to town yesterday. It was a fine, nice day. I got home at 2. It was very still. It commenced a slow rain and it has been raining ever since. Henrietta is a-living in her own house, and I will get my meals there. She was gone 2 months on a visit and to the boys' weddings. Howard and Lizzie and Henrietta came home on the 6th of January. Lizzie is a lovely, little woman and as pretty as a picture. I know you would love her dearly. It was the coldest time we had, when Arthur Howard and Lizzie went back up to Catching Slough and the night before they got home.

Henrietta was here a minute ago. The rain has slacked some. It is a quarter to 11 o'clock. I dug some potatoes yesterday and the day before for dinner. She wanted me too dig some for dinner, but there is a barrel and 3 sacks here and 6 sacks in the old house. I had 8 or 10 sacks of potatoes in the old house through the freeze. I had some newspapers and sacks spread over them and one side. The covering did not come down to the floor. The floor was thin, planed flooring, and high off the ground. I got 4 buckets of rotten and frozen potatoes from them. I think I never put in as comfortable and pleasant a winter in my life, as this winter. It has been clear with white frosts nights and snow off only in shaded places here at the new house. The sun raises early and sets late and would take the forst all out of the ground every day in the sun. It is the first winter I have not worn boots for 42 years. I have warm shoes and in consequence of a corn on the joint of my little toe of my right foot, I cut off the feet of my socks and has the sock legs come down to the tops of my shoes, and my feet has been comfortably warm all the time, although I have went barefoot in my shoes all winter. I will now copy from my journal, from the first frost in January until now.

January 1st. Fine. Commenced to rain on the second at 7 o'clock. Darkest day of the season.

3rd. Clear night, froze the ground. Some hail showers.

4th. Snow ½ inch on the ground, one and ½ inches on boards. Went off in sunny sports and south hillsides by 9.

the 6th. Clear night, some freeze. Beautiful day.

7th. Sent cabbage to Eugene Shetter. Fierce in night. Clear. I have been chopping all the time from the first. Arthur Howard, Lizzy and Henrietta came from Catching Slough yesterday, and started before sunrise. Stopped at Marshfield and Empire, got here at 11 o'clock. I chopped.

8th. Howard and Lizzy got home on Stock Slough last night, after night. This is Sunday. Clear, Cold. Fine.

9th. Cold, clear. Fine day for work. Chopped.

10th. Cold morning, warm through the day. I chopped. Ingersoll's and Scott's little children, boys and girls were out barefooted, digging clams and putting in crabs in their boats (filled it) until dark.

11th. Misty forenoon. Chopped.

12th. Rained.

13th. Clear and (1) cord chopped.

14th. Clear. Cold. Chopped.

15th. Henrietta and myself went to Scotts'. Matty, Eaton, Janey, Elliotts, B. Kasey, Herin were there.

16th. Hardest freeze this year. Ice in the spring. 3 degrees over zero. Chopped wood.

17th. South wind. Warmer. Chopped.
18th. Heavy white frost, went off by 9.
19th. Went to Ben McCormack to see about his cutting a raft of logs. Cut wood.
20th. Snow went off of all shaded places. Misty. Rained until 6 o'clock. Andrew Wakeman went to Empire with me.
21st. Stormy day. Chopped wood, some.
22nd. Sunday. Henrietta went to Fanny Elliot's, to see her baby.
23rd. I pulled turnips. Went for Henrietta.
24th. Rain.
25th. High wind. Pulled turnips.
26th. Fine day. Went to Empire.
27th. Windy. Misty. Ellen Scott & Christa came.
28th. Wind & rain.
29th. Rained all day.
30th. Rained all night and day.
31st. Went to Scotts' and same Drops* Luk* me.
Feb 1st. Fine. Chopped. Pulled turnips.
2nd. Chopped. Lakin (?) got potatoes and turnips.
3rd. Clear. A little frost. Topped turnips.
4th. Fine. Frost. Chopped wood.
Sunday 5th. Went to Porters. 14 persons there. Read the Scriptures and good books.
6th. Planted potatoes.
7th. Planted potatoes.
8th. Planted potatoes.
9th. Went to Empire.

Write soon to your affectionate Father,

To my darling Adelia,

Alfred B. Collver

Daniels Creek
Feb 24th, 1888

Dear Sister,

I received your most welcome letter a few days ago. We were all very glad to hear from you. This leaves us all as well as common. We are having some pretty weather now, and would put in a garden, if the seeds had come that we sent for. Emma(1) was out hoeing the strawberries yesterday. I am not strong enough to use a hoe much or do much very hard work. I am going to learn to make cheese this spring. John and Howard have both sent for cheese vats. I think it will be easier work than making butter. Ansel started to the valley yesterday morning. He is going to visit in Tenmile and going to Roseburg and Wilbur, will be gone three or four weeks. He rode Nellie, a horse John raised. He is going to sell her, if he can get 125, one hundred and twenty-five dollars for her. She is black, pretty, and good to ride, but is easy to get scared, so John will not let either of us ride her without he is along. He has two colts he is going to break to ride and work. Mr. Armfield took one home the other day to break.

We did not go to prayer meeting last night. It was too far for me to walk both ways. I am going to stay all night, tonight, with Philura (2) and going with her up the North Fork of the River to Pipers (3), visiting. Will have to start very early to catch the steamer at the Forks. We will be gone several days or a week. I do not know just how long. I have never been up there, since they lived on the River and Philura wanted me to go with her. I have not had a chance to go down to South Slough, and have not heard from Father since I last wrote. Mother has been wanting to come over on the Creek for some time. She is about tired out and needs to rest. She was sick about a week, while Lizzie(4) was out home on a visit. And Lizzie has been sick ever since she came back. We wanted them to stay all night here, as she was so tired, but they were afraid it would rain.

Jimmy must be quite a man, to be plowing. How much I would like to see them all. You spoke of Bessie, as the baby. I think you wrote before, of her name as Laura Pearl, but perhaps you changed it, or I have the little girls' names mixed. I have a book I got of Elva(5) for you, two or three years ago, and neglected to send it, for I thought I would read it first, and it was put in with other books and almost forgotten. I have quite a number of books and am taking three papers: "The Housekeeper", "The Ladies Home Journal" and the "Christian Conservator". I do not suppose you have much time to read, but if one has a book or paper handy, they will rest sooner, both body and mind, and be better prepared for their work. I hope Alice will form a taste for good reading while young. I am glad she is learning to make lace, and think it is nice work for girls, if they do not exclude reading entirely. I have some extra copies of the "Journal" which I will send and, if she likes them and you approve of the papers, I will send it to her for a year. It may be several days before I go to town or have a chance to send, so do not look for them to soon. I will have to bring my letter to a close for the present. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain your affectionate sister,

Sarah D. Collver

Notes:

- (1) Emma Rogers or Emma Eveline Armfield (Collver)? Probably the latter.
- (2) Philura Vanderburgh (Clinkinbeard)
- (3) Pipers?
- (4) Nancy Elizabeth (Lizzie) Benham (Collver)

(5) Elva Hoshier?

March 25th, 1888

I received your most welcome letter on the 9th, and got one from Arthillo, and one from I.D. Bostwick, and one from Kate and Lucinda Olivant, all on the same day. Mr. Bostwick as so many questions, that it took four pages to answer his questions, and then it was not half answered. When that was answered and Arthillo's half written, Arthillo, John, Emma, Sarah, and Isaac Wilson come. Orace wrote me a letter dated the 11th of March, so I have I.D. Bostwick's and Orace and Arthillo answered. Isaac Wilson was out a-taking landscape views. He took my Given's house, part of the peach orchard, and Henrietta's house. He takes a good picture, and I will send you one when I get them. This has been a pretty month. I shall have to be a-hoeing my cabbages, potatoes, and strawberries this week. I shall have to plant potatoes too, and set out more cabbage plants. We have milk now.

Mrs. Adelia E. Powell

Dear daughter,

Sarah and Henrietta are a-laying on the bed and a-trying to sleep and read at the same time. Sarah has not been very well since she has been here. She has been here since the 16th. O, Adelia, you do not know how good it is to have some of the children here, even for a few weeks, especially Sarah, and she likes the place. Ansel was out in the valley, and they told him that your Uncle Horace's folks would be there in June, and that they and Lenases' folks and Eliza Olivant's folks and a host of others would come down here. It is pretty and clear. It is now 4 o'clock and the wind is a-blowing up from the North East. I hope it will not freeze, for the plum and peach trees are commencing to blossom.

March 26. It is a beautiful morning. A little frost. I must finish for want of paper.

My love to my Darling Daughter Adelia and family,
Affectionately, your Father,
Alfred B. Collver

Notes:

Emma could be Emma Armfield (Collver), Arthur's wife, if they were living at Alden, or Emma Rogers, who was a close friend of Sarah's.

Lenases' folk (is this possibly a mistake and should be Linus' folks, meaning Linus Bushnell?)

A postal card, marked Empire with a one cent stamp on it.
Addressed to Mrs. Adelia E Powell, The Dalles, Oregon, Wasco. Co.

Coos River, June 17th. This leaves all well. Sarah has gone to the valley to camp meeting. I started to go but they said the time of meeting was changed and that left me out. I go in the morning to Charleston the chestnut tree here at the corner is 20 inches around at the ground and 55 feet around the points of the limbs with 2000 fruit blossoms. Your mother is tending to the milk of 12 cows and it is hard on her. Ansel says his crop is dried out. There is but a small apple crop, the pear fruit is not blighted as bad as last year, what are a-bearing. Andrew is being set over the river to go to the logging camp to work. This leaves all well. I must get all ready for I must start at day light for home on account of wind. My love to you all, Alfred B. Colver

Daniels Creek
Aug. 22nd, 1888

Dear Sister Adelia,

I will try and write a few lines this afternoon. It has been so long since I have heard from you, but I suppose it is my fault for not writing. I get so tired making cheese and helping with the other work, that I do not have time when I feel like writing, and then I did not know your address, or whether you had moved or not, till I heard from Father. Albert, Andrew and Clara, and Clara's sister Lora were down to see Father and Henrietta about a week ago. They stayed several days and went to the beach and lighthouse. We are milking 21 cows, and are making nearly sixty pounds of cheese a day. Andrew and Clara have been working here over a month. They want to get their pictures taken as soon as they can. There is no one on the bay that takes pictures, except Isaac Wilson, and he does not take very good ones. He does better taking views and groups than any other kind. Ansel has been working at Wilson's for some time. He got through there last night, and is going to town tomorrow. He is talking of going to the State Fair this year. He intends starting in a short time. Albert is staying on the Slough. He is getting lumber to build a house on his homestead place this fall and winter. Mother was over last Friday evening and went back Saturday evening. Lola Vanderburgh and Philura were here Friday. Lola had not been on the Creek before, for over three years. We have been drying plums and apples, and putting up berries and part of the plums fresh. We will have a good many peaches and some pears. I must close for the present, with love to all.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain your Sister Sarah.

August 31st, 1888

Dear Daughter Adelia E. Powell,

I was at Empire this morning. I got your letter of the 26th at Samuel Rozell's. It was postmarked 27th. He says he got it Tuesday, the 28, so you see it came quick. Andrew and Clara, Albert, and Lora Williams were here on the 7th. Was here four days boat riding, shelling, clamming, crabbing, fishing, strolling on Charleston Beach, Ocean Beach, Light House, and Big Creek Bay, bringing in every night loads of skinny, scaley, and shelly fish, as jolly as crickets. Clara, I called my little bit of a girl. She only weighs 170 lbs. Andrew weighs 157. Arthur Howard come on in the 14th and went home the 17th. Him and Lizzie proposes to live here this winter, and Andrew and Clara live with Henrietta in her house, and cut and haul out logs and match wood. All the folks are well. Your mother makes a 36 lb. Cheese every day but Sunday. Sarah makes two 30 lb. Cheeses every day. Arthur brought me one half of a cheese. There is no finer cheese than they make. They are working at the road and bridges like beavers. In the picture of Henrietta's house, I stand first in the bottom, Henrietta next; John, Emma, and Sarah on the grade. Arthillo stands with his gun across his lap. Since last winter, I have cut timber back of her house. It makes quite an alteration. When her addition is built it will make more difference. I dug some of Henrietta's potatoes that turned out 480 bushels to the acre. The peaches are not ripe, but the plums are gone.

This is the first day of September, 6 o'clock in the morning. I must go to breakfast.

It was foggy this morning until ten. I was setting out turnips, when I dug Henrietta's potatoes. It has been very hot ever since I dug Mayflower potatoes on the 14th of July, right west of where I am setting Turnips now, and planted turnips that are 12 inches around now, so I think if I get a crop of turnips in a month and a half, where I have just dug potatoes with vines 8 feet long, 480 bushels to the acre, raise two crop and sell at 60 cents a bushel, as we have so far this year, we can make a living I have some Evergreen blackberries to pick and take to Captain Littlefield. There is 50 thousand dollars appropriated for here, but the President won't let the money come until October, so it cannot be used this year. I must try and have something to sell next year; if they get the coal bank a-running 2 miles south of here and the government works in sight north of here, my market will be handy enough. I guess I will get some brush on fire now.

Sunday 3rd. I think the clouds will give way about 10, as it did yesterday. Henrietta has just come in. She is very hoarse, with sore throat and cold. She worked hard yesterday, cleaning and scrubbing, and it was very hot. She can hardly speak for it today. I brought in the last Coes Golden Drop and Bleaker Gage plums and some apples. Henrietta and myself ate the last of a variety of plum that I got of Josiah Bonebrake. The prettiest plum I every saw and equal to the very best freestone. It has been a warm, still, cloudy Sunday. I have been reading all day and resting. Arthur Porter and his wife and children was a-talking of coming, but they did not. Tomorrow is the School Meeting, for to build a new schoolhouse. It may be here, or at the bridge $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile South.

My love to my Daughter and family,
A.B. Collver

Apr 4th, 1889

Dear Daughter,

I will now try and write you a few lines, hoping you will excuse me for my long silence. It was not because I did not feel the same interest and love towards you and yours as formerly, for I do, and sometimes dream of visiting you and your family. O, how I long to see you all. Five of us went with Albert in his boat last Sunday to a Quarterly Meeting on Coos River. Bro. Mosher preached with his knee in a chair. He had sprained his ankle very bad, two days before. I was at the Parsonage and saw some of my old neighbors. Sister Mosher has been confined to her bed for nearly one year. Nathan Smith's widow, she looks very sad. Sister Cutlip, she looks old and feeble. She went from Meeting up the river to visit Mark(1) and his family. They have three children. They have bought your Uncle Hiram's old place. Elma and Will Bonebrake live on half mile from here. They have four children. Andrew's father-in-law lives between us and Will Bonebrake. I called on Marion Yoakam at the Dryer. She looks very sad. Jap has taken her two children away from her. I heard Mrs. McKnight was very sick and not expected to live. Tillo is not well. He took cold in the back of his neck, pulling, and the wind following on his neck, when he was sweaty. I hope he will soon be better. I must close for this time.

Wirte and tell me about all the family, and if you have found a name for the little one. Clare is a very popular name now, but I think Clarace is the prettiest name.

I remain your affectionate Mother,
R.C.

To Adelia

Notes:

(1)Mark?

(2)

Charleston Coos County Oreg.
March 4th 1890

Dear Daughter

Mrs. Adelia E. Powell

I was exceedingly glad to get your letter dated march the second 1889. It had been one year and one month a-coming, for the Boys brought it to me March 2nd, 1890. Arthur Howard had been a suffering with neuralgia and toothache and Sunday morning he could not stand it, so him and Tillo got in Albert's grand new boat. Clara's Mother and Netta Gage, her Sister, came down in with the Boys Last week and sat sail for the dentist at Marshfield. Got one tooth and a piece drawn. He felt better Sunday night, but yesterday, he was crazy with his teeth in his under jaw. The wind was a-blowing and a-raining or he would of went back. He did not sleep any last night. He intended to go this morning, but it is storming so he cannot. He is a laying on my bed a-suffering. Poor boy, but I hope it will be so he can get them out tomorrow. I went to the School meeting yesterday I saw the road viewers that have located the road from here to South Bay and the Light House. The viewers say that their steepest grades measure from 2 to 6 inches to the rod. Two horses can trot a load right through on it.

10 O'clock. Henrietta is making the beds. Arthur H. has gone. He said he was not a-going to walk the floor all night tonight, as he did last night, if he could help it, if he did get wet. I have planted about one fourth of an acre of potatoes besides planting out apple, pear, peach, plum, prune, cherries, quinces, gooseberries and currants.

As to my age I was Born Dec 12th 1819 and named by my Mothers Father and called Alfred Bainbridge Collver after General Bainbridge, who commanded the United States Forces in the Tripoli on the Mediterranean. They were neighbor boys in early life. Grandfather, at Albert's age, if they were sat down together, you could not tell one from the other in size, speech, make, or motion, same height. Albert is getting barefooted on top of his head. So was he.

I was Born in Warrensville Township, Cuyahoga County, State of Ohio, 9 miles south west of Cleveland, Ohio, in the year December 12th , 1819, and was married July 13th, Sunday, 1845. They tell me that the lovely spot I first saw the light, where the beautiful peach orchard in front, on a gentle decline to the brook, and the equal beautiful cherry orchard to the left, while the Apple orchard East, with its apples, quinces, plums, nectarines, grapes and apricots, with mulberries, strawberries, currents and gooseberries, all were their to delight, and (O, it is all under brick and mortar in the city) satisfy my youthful appetite.

2 o'clock. Arthur H. is a sitting by me, reading the Testament. Arthillo will take him and Mrs. Williams and Netta home in the morning. He will mail this letter. You have no idea of the push and drive of the people of this county. There are 3 railroad companies selected their terminus here: one at North Bend; another here below Empire; the other has bought the sand hills and are working like beavers, laying off lots, selling off lots, leveling of the sand, laying foundations. Ansel owns the sand on this side, and it is liable to turn his sand to gold. One 60-acre lot above North Bend sold for thirty thousand dollars. They have completed the street in Marshfield to near Centerville. They're building 3 big warehouses and wholesale establishments below where _____ lived in Marshfield on the main channel.

My love to you and family.
Affectionately, your father

Alfred B. Collver.

Empire City
Coos County, Oregon
May 8, 1890

Dear Daughter,

I got your letter Monday, but could not write sooner. I was glad to hear you were all well. You wrote about all but Herbert. I would like to know about him. The weather has been fine for some time. It rained yesterday and today. Arthur Howard has a boy, born the 23rd of April, and calls him Ellis Roy, my fine boy. And Rosa hops and jumps around, and says, "He is my pretty, sweet brother." Arthur is at South Bay, but will be back tomorrow. Andrew sold his land on the Coquille to Doctor Tower for fifteen hundred dollars. He fell on a knot four or five days ago and hurt his back. He must have taken cold in it, for he is not able to stir, lay down, or sit up. Tillo was over for H.H. Horce medicine. I got a letter from Orace the same day I got yours. They were well and had lost no horses or cattle. He was working, putting in his spring crop. It is now 4, I must finish hoeing my potatoes, for I must work on the road tomorrow. The road will be ready to go to South Bay from Empire in a buggy, before the 4th of July. It looks as if it might rain tonight, again. Henrietta has made application for to make her final proof on her homestead. It will be likely in June. She will have money for her matchwood. She thinks she will make you a visit after her peaches are gathered. She has 53 fruit trees on her place. The peach and plum trees are very full, what is bearing. The frost did not hurt anything here, but now and then there was a potato vine bit. Sarah will be here in a week or two. I hope will stay all summer. Ansel lost 8 or 9 of his cows. John will milk those that are a-living, so Sarah will not have to work at cheese or butter making. It is now six. I must close and go to supper. Arthillo and Andrew haul fish in my wagon twice; spend about a day at it and get ten Dollars for it, and they will haul their matchwood the balance of the time.

My love to you and family,

Affectionately, your Father,

Alfred B. Collver

Notes:

H.H. Horce medicine?

At home
July 19 – 1890

My Dear Daughter,

I will now try and write you a few lines in answer to your April letter. I think I can sympathize with you, when you speak of being too tired to write. I was then making butter to sell. Since then I have been making cheese. I have made about two tons now. I am making butter again. Ansel wants to dry up and fatten the most of his cows. Our time is out on this place, so he is going to sell off his stock. I have not decided what I will do. I would go and see you this fall, if I could get the money. The boys are owing me, but it seems hard work for them to raise any money. Andrew and Clara and Howard and Lizzie and their two children have been here for ten days. Tillo is at home to help Ansel do his haying. He will commence tomorrow. Sarah is at home also. She has been taking Dr. Darins medicine, of Portland, Ore. She is getting well fast. O, how I do wish you could come and make us a visit. We all want to see you so much. I cannot realize how it is that you and your children are not permitted, ever, to come and see us. I am growing old, and hard work is fast diminishing my strength. I am desirous of seeing all my children doing well in this world, and striving to be prepared for a better world above. Albert is at work in his trade. In summer, he took a little girl, seven years old, to be company for his wife, but she is too cowardly to stay at home nights, so I have had to fix up a room and a bed for her and the little girl to sleep here. They have gone on a visit to her father's, to be gone this week. Mabel stays with me. Altogether, I have a large family. Isaac Wilson came a short time ago. I was just looking at his pictures. He goes around taking pictures of logging camps, family groups, towns,, schools, and the ruined farms of Coos River. I suppose you have heard about the great freshet and landslides from the head to the mouth of Coos River, covering their fine farms with sediment from two to four feet deep, so that their farms are of no value to them this year. Some lost nearly all their stock. It was the rainiest winter I every knew, anywhere. John and his family are well. They made a picnic, the fourth, on Daniel's Creek. They had a nice time. Sarah went off with a party to South Slough. Ansel went to the picnic. I was left alone to take care of home. I seldom go anywhere, except to church. I must now close, hoping you will write and tell me if you move, how soon you expect to start. I do not know whether I can get there in time to see you, if I start in September. Ansel has his hay to make, bail, and haul to the slough, before he is done here. I bid you an affectionate farewell. I close for the present, great love to you all, Ruth Collver

To Adelia

Empire
Coos County, Oregon
July 23rd, 1890

Dear Daughter,

Arthur Howard gave me your letter of the 13th of July, a short time ago. All the boys and girls were all gone onto Daniels Creek for near 2 weeks. They all came back last night. Lizzie said she got very homesick before she got back. Sarah stayed with us the week of the 4th of July. Arthillo has been mowing with Ansel's mowing machine. On Monday, the ground was so rough that it broke the machine and shook him sick. He has two more weeks riding on the machine. It has been dry and warm so far this month. We have had all the small fruit we could use since Spring. Ellis goes into short dresses today. He sits alone. Charlie Eckoff's farm is laid off into a town and named Yarrow. All the town maps are on file in the Clerk's office.

July 24th. There was a light mist this morning, but it is a clear, hot day. A Presbyterian preacher stayed here last night. He was here for the purpose of furnishing Sunday School books.

25th July. It is so clear and beautiful this morning. 7 o'clock. The long row of Dahlias, yellow and variegated that run from the door look so pretty. The largest I ever saw grow. My cabbages are late. The garden looks fine. Arthur Howard left Marshfield at dark last night and got home at 12 in the night. He says everything is fairly in a blaze. They are a-clearing away Merchant and Deans Mill for a railroad depot. They call Bay City "East Marshfield". Everything is going ahead full speed. The Drain railroad is surveyed through there to Coquille City. They are a-working on it. I will have to go and help locate a road from here to New Port a week from Monday. Arthur will mow clover today. He is a-mowing now, where you can see us standing, in the picture of my and Henrietta's place. Land is coming up so fast, it makes one's head swim. The land at Tarheels was sold to the Southern Oregon Company for fourteen thousand dollars. It is 2 ½ miles from here, in sight.

Mr. Ingersoll's people have moved east of the Cascades. Mr. Nelson's folks are stopping there, waiting for their folks to come from Oakland, California. I went there with Mr. Robertson, the preacher. It is but a little ways, but the grass is high, and I got my feet wet, and I am writing and drying my feet. The boys are all gone today. Henrietta is a-going to Lizzie's, to tend Ellis, while Lizzie washes. Clara is alone. Mr. Armfield lost his little girl with diphtheria and the next child, they do not know if it will live or not. They live at Coos City. They sent for John and Emma, but your mother stopped them.

Oh, Adelia, do come and see us before you leave the Willamette, for if you do not, it is not at all likely you will ever see us all alive, and we can never expect to see you all in this world.

The lifesaving station have bids out for buildings seven hundred feet long. The engineers and a big crew of men are landed from the government steamer and are busy surveying and laying off the grounds in sight of here. Andrew and Arthillo are a-making arrangements to move to the Station as soon as it is completed. They get 600 dollars a year and but little to do. It will be ready for them in 5 or 6 weeks. I am afraid it may work against Henrietta and myself, for we have our titles for 316 acres of land, and the land adjoining us is held at 100 dollars an acre. That will make us pay taxes on 31 thousand six hundred dollars., and that would break us up, or we will have to sell out and move. Rozell's folks say they don't know what the world is a-coming to, for when he refused 100 dollars an acre for his land, they went right around him and bought up the rocks and paid 100 dollars an acre for them.

My love to my daughter and family.

Write soon.

Affectionately, your father,

Alfred B. Collver

Haystack, Ore.
Crook Co.
Dec. 19, 1890

Dear Sister Adelia,

Your welcome letter was received Sunday, and was glad to hear from you. This leaves us well as common. I am stout enough that I can plow a part of the day. I went to mill at Prineville, Saturday, and got my flour, for I didn't know how long this pretty weather would last. We are having beautiful weather this fall. We have had one snow of about an inch, but it went off the next day. We have had rain enough to plow. I am breaking sod now. It breaks first rate. I want to fence about 80 acres more in the spring. I raised a hundred and fifty bushels of corn this year. I shelled out a part of it, and took it and got it chopped for my horses. It makes fine feed.

If you come east of the mountains, be sure and come see us and take a look at the country; but I expect you know about how it looks.

I like it here better than any place I have seen in Eastern Oregon. There is plenty of vacant land, lots of grass and wood, but water is pretty scarce; but by digging, I think what can be got in a good many places, and good land, too. Where do you think of locating, if you move? What did Isaac do with his horses?

Well, I will close, as Maggie is going to take some letters over to Jeff Healy's. He is going to town tomorrow. Jeff Healy lives where Joe Nichols used to live. It is a little over half a mile.

Write soon,
Your brother,
Orace Collver

Mr. Orace Collver
Oregon, Needy, Oregon
Need, Oregon
Clackamas Co.

My precious golden hearted
Christmas Rose that I hoped
would blossom, lives no more.
No May-time can the lost life restore.
Withered, it lies beneath the last-year's snow,
Long months ago.

Alder Hollow
March the 24, 1891

Dear Daughter,

I have not delayed writing because I did not want to hear from you. I wanted to go on down to see you last fall when I was at Roseburg. I did not have the money to go. John's wife took the scarlet fever at Roseburg, on their way back to Tenmile from a visit to her Father. I went to Roseburg, took the two children to Elijah Olivant's, and took care of them one week. Then she was able to travel. It was so late in the season, we took such severe colds we were all nearly sick. The relatives were generally well. Your Aunt L. Bushnell is complaining, very much, with something the Dr. at Roseburg calls a cancer. It is a hard cake in her left side with a deep dent in the center. It seems to affect the whole side of her. We started home the 26 of Nov. Tillo took sick at Chloe's. When we arrived home he was hardly able to sit up. He had a severe spell of the quinsy. When John got his family home, they were all sick. Lottie Olivant came home with us to stay through the winter. She remained well and took care of John's folks. I had to do the best I could with what little Sarah could do. She is not very well any of the time. She gets along very well when she stays at home. The next day after Christmas, Sarah, Lottie, and Tillo went on a pleasure trip to South Slough. They were gone over a week. Sarah took cold and a sore throat set in. She had a very bad spell. Dr. Derin of Portland has been sending her medicine for one year. She sent for more last week. If she would stay at home, I think, perhaps, the medicine might cure her. Henrietta came up with Howard last week on a visit. John's wife came over yesterday and persuaded her and Sarah to go home with her. She expected to come home tomorrow. It is now raining. Howard and his wife and two children came here the last day of Dec. His wife and baby was sick over a month. They stayed in the house with us two months. They have now moved into the cheese room. They expect to stay until Oct. Howard will go down and work on his place. Albert's wife has a daughter, born the 7th of this month. Andrew's wife has a son three months old. Tillo is at home now, helping Ansel, when he is able to work. He has a pain and stiffness in the cords of his neck for several days. He is better tonight. You wanted me to write my age. I was born in the town of Mantua, Portage Co., Ohio, October 29, 1827; was married July 13, 1845.

We have not had any snow. There has been some on the hills in sight. Very much rain fell in Feb. A good deal of high water, and still it is raining, with a fair day and a half, sometimes. Ansel has been planting some garden today on the side hill.

I must close for this time. Write soon.

Love to all, this from your Mother, Ruth Collver

A.E.P.

June the 4th, 1891

Dear Daughter,

I will now try and answer your welcome letter that I received some time ago. This leaves us in reasonable health. We have all had the "Lagrippe". Some of the neighbors have not fully recovered, and some have died. Old Mr. Rogers died this spring. His wife died nearly one year ago. Mrs. Cutlip has been very sick, but is slowly recovering. A. Nasburg died the 8th of this month. He was sick several months. He leaves a wife and one daughter and a son. Sarah's health is improving some. She has gone over to John's to make cheese this summer. Lottie Olivant is there doing housework. We are not making much butter this season. Howard's family is living in the next room. They expects to stay until fall. Tillo & Ansel are at home. Andrew has been very sick. He is a-going to work on Monday. This has been a very wet season, so far. People have been sick, and it has rained so much, I don't suppose there will be much raised but grass this year, in these parts. This is the first pleasant day for over a week. Grass and weeds predominate. Times seem very dull. The preacher in charge here has been very sick. His wife is helpless; his daughter, a cripple. He does not preach much. It seems the dullest season I ever knew. My right wrist is so weak and painful, I can hardly guide my pen to write, and with difficulty do my work. I have not got strong since I had the last spell of the Lagrippe. I started to write to Alice five weeks ago. I took sick and could not finish it, so I will try to write to you two. Sarah was here and stayed two days last week. She came to send for more medicine to Portland. Her throat looks almost well. I don't think she will have to send for any more.

I am so glad you have a chance to send some of the children to school. I hope you can stay there long enough to do some of them some good. The two oldest, I suppose, are so large they have lost their interest in schools. I am very sorry, but I suppose it cannot be helped. When you move away, please write and tell us where you are.

June 19. My wrist is some better. Tillo has just scrubbed the floors. Ansel has gone to John's, to turn the cheese and help Frank milk, while John and his wife are gone to Coquille for a four days' visit. It has been raining since daylight this morning, very hard. Emma's health is very poor. I don't think she has recovered from her trip to the valley last fall or the scarlet fever she had out there. She rides out a great deal, but I don't think that will cure her. The weather is too wet for health. Please write soon, and tell me how your Aunt Mary is. I wrote to her last month. I have received no reply.

This from your affectionate Mother,
R. Collver

Adelia

Empire City
Coos Co. Oregon
July 8th, 1891

Dear Daughter,
Mrs. Adelia E. Powell,

I was glad to get your letter yesterday. Ansel brought it. It makes me feel sad to learn of the sickness in your family. This leaves us all well. I wrote a long answer to your letter and to Orace's, the day after I got them, and sent them to the post office. Orace writes he did not get his and you, yours. We had hard rain the 10th here. Crops look well. Ansel, Arthur Howard, and myself have been settling up with the Williamses. They are owing me 12 dollars. Ansel 92 dollars, and Henrietta owes them for hauling lumber for her house on her Light House Prairie preemption. I have been making rails for to fence 10 acres of her preemption in. Old Mr. And Mrs. Rogers are dead. Lizzie's grandmother is dead. Andrew Nasberg is dead. Henrietta has 240 acres of land. Ansel is talking of getting Tommy Todd to survey off a town on his Lakin land and selling town lots. They are working on the second sea wall at the breakwater. We hear the blasting going on yet, on the railroad.

3 o'clock. It is so hot, I laid the hoe up and took the pen. Henrietta has 46 two-pound rolls of butter for me to take to town tomorrow, it is not windy. We get 45 cents a roll. Sarah is making cheese for John. Sherman and Laurie Smith were married on the 4th.

In haste, write soon.
Affectionately, your Father,
Alfred B. Collver

Bill of lemonade: 20 cents

Miss Eva Powell

One glass of lemonade 5 cts
One glass of lemonade 5 cts
One glass of lemonade 5 cts
One glass of lemonade 5 cts

Empire City,
Coos County, Oregon
August 12th, A.D. 1891

Dear Daughter,
Mrs. Adelia E. Powell

I was glad to get your letter of the fourth. Mr. Williams brought it from Empire, the 10th, and forgot to give it to me. You said it was dry, there. It rained the day you wrote, and the day after, here. It is very hot here, now. Albert, John, and Ansel have got their hay all in their barns. John did not get a drop of rain on his. Ansel got his cocked before the rain. About one-third of Albert's will not be saleable. Arthur Howard's was not cut. He turned the cattle off of his late. He may be cutting it now. Henrietta and myself went to her preemption claim on the Light House Prairie, the 10th. I work on her House. She brings the dinner.

It is 3 o'clock. I thought it would get cooler, but it is hotter. There is heavy blasting on the railroad between Coquille City and Roseburg today. Tom Herst is selling of the Nasberg and Herst Property. In a few years, it will be as if there never had been a Nasberg & Herst at Marshfield. The plums are a-ripening, some. We don't have as many peaches to dry this year as last. I think it was the pigeons that picked all our pears. We will have apples, Wachusett and Australian blackberries & plums. We commenced cutting cabbage heads a year ago, now, from last years planting, and cut sometimes every day, heads weight from 6 to 15 lbs. summer and winter. If the tide is right, I will take a load to town tomorrow. There is a row of red Dahlias over the yellow ones, about as high as my head, before the door, about six rods long looking afire.

I must go and milk now. I milk 4 cows. The ferry at Ansel's place is kept busy. There was 6 buggies went over, while I was a-milking. Jack Williams is a-hauling Ansel's matchwood, off of Henrietta's and my land. Jack pays Henrietta and myself one dollar a cord for the timber, Ansel 4 ½ dollars for the cutting, the scow man 1 ¼ dollars for scowing, Jack gets 2 dollars a cord for hauling. They have taken 50 cords from Ansel's land and 100 from Henrietta's and my land. We have as fine a squash patch as I have seen in this country. This hot weather will make them fine. I did not think, this spring, that the cars would be a-running in plain view, in front of our door less than two miles, every hour in the day, but so it is. The engines and government steamers blow 3 whistles, except for meals, so you see we have noise.

Affectionately, your Father,
Alfred B. Collver

August 15th, 1891

Tillo and Lotta Olivant came. Lora Williams is a-going with them to the Ramsey Beach and Big Creek encampment, to see the sights. Tillo will go to town this afternoon and Monday, again, so I will get your letter off. Ansel is a-talking of building a new house here and running a ferry here. Tillo goes to Empire for the Sherards and the Sumner crowd, this afternoon. It is very hot, yet. I am a-going to picking plums now.

Affectionately, A.B.C.

As I went to milk, 6 little girls were rolling down a little sand hill. Charlie Whitted said there were 15 of them from Bay City. They are camped here on Ansel's place. People are camped all round the coast.

Notes:

Matchwood = $\$1 + 4.50 + 1.25 + 2 = \8.75 to market

Empire City, Oregon
September 16th, 1891

Dear Daughter Adelia,

I got your letter of September 8th. Was glad to hear that you were well. Henrietta scalded the top of her foot into a solid blister night before last. She is a-stringing beans now. John and Emma went on the Wilmington to Portland, left here on the 20th of August. Emma underwent a surgical operation. Came very near dying. John took the Cholera morbus. The doctors thought he would die. They got home Monday. Emma had to be carried, John is barely able to stand on his feet. The doctors said they had to leave Portland, or they would both die. Williams went from here, Tuesday. Mrs. Williams is so sick, they sent for all her children. Andrew and Clara are a-living on a scow at Stephen Rogers', quarrying rock for building rock to ship to Portland. Every steamer takes it off. He gets it 15 dollars a week, wet or dry, all the year. Arthur H. has another boy, born the first of September. He is a-going up in the morning. I want to send this letter by him. Last evening, about 400 people landed at the Government Works. Arthur Howard has been digging his potatoes at South Bay today.

17th. The wind has been South and very warm. It is after 5. Arthur is asleep in bed at my back. He is a-going home when he gets breakfast. Milton Elliott will bring us up a big salmon this morning. You Uncle Linus and Aunt Lucinda are very low and are not expected to live. We have a new neighbor by the name of Beamer. He says he was born and raised on the Collver Plains in Canada, neighbor to my cousins and uncles. There is two families of them. They were wealthy people in Canada. He says my Uncle John Mark and Darius had the finest farms and farm building he ever saw.

Affectionately, your Father,
Alfred B. Collver

In haste, please correct and read.

Empire City
Coos County
Oct 28th, 1891

Dear Adelia,

Jack Williams brought me your letter of the 20th. I am glad to know that you are well and most of the folks. Your Uncle Linus has been dead more than 3 weeks. Your Aunt Lucinda is now better. Henrietta's foot is not so she can bear any weight on it yet. She was in Marshfield a week, under Dr. McCormack's care. The erysipelas set in, and the doctor thought her leg would have to be taken off, but she is out of danger now and is a-mending. Emma is mending slowly. John is a shadow, yet, but is around. It is a stormy, rainy day. Ansel went up home from his place here, Friday. He has two scows loaded with match wood. They will make the fourth load the scow men have taken; one more load to go: in all, 110 cords. Arthur Howard has 200 cords to haul here from my place and Henrietta's; but if winter has set in, it will not be hauled before spring. They sell it for seven dollars and a half a cord. The Dahlias are in bloom yet, and as fine, large pretty ripe tomatoes as I ever saw a-rotting, and Henrietta not here to eat them. It is so stormy out Sunday School has to go by until Spring. Arthur and Lizzie and children were a-going to move here into Ansel's house this week until he gets his things hauled to South Bay, then move there, but it is too stormy. Arthillo is a-working for John. Sarah has been working for him, and was a-going to come here, but the boys had to make night trips, bringing loads with the scow, and she is not stout enough for that.

Dear Daughter, you may well think I am lonesome, this rainy weather, and would like to be there a few weeks, until the weather gets some better. Lizzie and the children would be here if the weather was good. Then I would be all right, but I have to stay here, milk the cows, and make the butter all alone. It is going on 4, I must quit and work over some butter I churned and salted last night. Butter is 50 and 60 cents a roll.

29th. It is 12. I got a good time to milk, but it rained before I got in. It hailed some in the night and a little lightning, but it has been clear with showers this forenoon. Andrew and Clara are still living in a scow on Coos River. Andrew has been at work for Johnathon Hodson since they shut down the stone quarry. It is one o'clock and looks like another shower.

I have been reading just an hour, while it rained hard, but now it is clear and bright sunshine, with the rain drops on all the leaves and flowers in the Dahlia row sparkling like diamonds, with a black cloud gathering in the South West. I dropped my pen, to look out of the North door, to see if the boys dropped out into the stream to load their 50 cords of their matchwood on their two scows. I could see the Life Saving Station's white tower and buildings and the long row of government buildings, and a half a mile of their elevated railroad with the locomotive on it; but in less time than I could tell it, the sunshine was put out. The rain a-dashing down furious, but the sun is out again, half past 2.

I close for want of paper,

Affectionately, your Father,
Alfred B. Collver

My love to you all.

Empire City
Coos Co., Oregon
Jan 6th, 1892

My Dear Daughter,
Mrs. Adelia E. Powell,

Luke Hays brought your letter of the 17th of Dec. yesterday. It was a warm beautiful day. I am sorry that you are not well. This leaves all well. Henrietta's foot is well, but the leaders are so contracted, she limps; but we hope they will get strength and get straightened out soon. Mr. Ryan is bringing over his team to haul to wood that Arthur cut on Henrietta's land. He hopes to get it hauled in 2 weeks. Then Henrietta will get her 100 dollars to pay out her preemption. Then she will be the owner of 220 acres of land with a vein of stone coal cropping out on it 5 feet thick. Ansel had to pay her doctor bill and board bill out of her timber he had cut. If the boys could stand the cedar smell, they would get out wood enough to give her plenty of money to pay her out and go and visit you folks east of the mountains. I have red cedar posts and rails split for to fence Henrietta's Light House Prairie land. Mr. Ryan want to haul the posts and rails and plow the land. It is wonderful potato land. Arthur Howard will move next week into Henrietta's preemption house and work on the road until next May. From that time on, he will live on his South Bay place. Andrew will help him on the road, some. Arthur is helping Ryan bring his team over now. Andrew will put in a crop on his prairie farm. He has rented a place on Catching Slough for three years. Christmas, it froze hard enough to kill the leaves on the tomato vines, but it has not killed all the potato vines. My apple nursery is in green leaf, but my peach and pear nursery is mostly out of leaf. The cars have been running from Marshfield to Coquille City a month. I am grafting apples, pears, peaches, and cherries. Expect to graft 4 or 5 thousand of the best kinds. I hope to get some money out of them. Next year, my orchard and Henrietta's will be bearing, and fruit brings money about as it did when you was here. So we have to look to the future, if we live, but we have apples now to eat, some that looks as if they would keep always. We are all well here, consequently, all hopeful. I am hopeful for a glorious future when the end comes. Why, my neighbors say that I look the same as I did 20 years ago. They would all be flatterers, but it is well that I know better. They say that I will live to be 100 years old. They are all flatterers. For the proof, the hair is gone from the top of my head and half way to the back of my neck. The teeth are all gone from the upper jaw, but one, and from the under jaw, but 3; half sighted, dull in the ear, unsteady in step, palsied in limb, paralysis in side, ache in bones, deficient in memory, but they say I am temperate in all things. They do not think that one thousand have died, to one that lives to my present age. There are probably not a dozen, of all the people I ever knew, that are alive 5 years in advance of me. Enough, I have to chop wood, for I hope to take this to town in the morning. I have to set out my grafts too.

Affectionately, your Father,
Alfred B. Collver

Notes:
Alfred is 72 years old, with 10 years of life ahead of him.

Empire
Coos County, Oregon
February 8th, 1892

My Dear Daughter,
Mrs. Adelia E. Powell

Mr Andrew Freeal delivered your letter of the 28th of January. I am glad to get yours and Alice's. Her letter makes me think of Herbert John and her running to meet me away on the ridge in the sage brush and grass and kiss Grand Pa. And here is little Rosa at my elbow, almost as large as Alice was then and little Ellis, with the iron poker, parading before the fire, with his Father's hat on, and Rosa bowing to him and calling him Mr. Collver. The little children are a jolly little set. Little Lorin is the brightest, best little boy in the country, sitting up crowing in his cradle. Sarah stayed with me 10 days and had the LaGrippe. We all had it when Sarah was here, children and all, for one week. We had to hire Mr. Freeal to cut firewood for that week. The next week, Arthur got well enough to take the scow to Catching Slough and bring hay and his wagon back. Albert and Arthillo came to take me home with them, but I could then milk and was the only one that could do any thing, so they went back.

7th. It has been all most a month since the Grippe got us. It is a-raining today some. Arthur is splitting matchwood. Ryans and Freeal are a-hauling. I am not stout enough to stand the mist today. All are better than myself now. I had to stop my grafting. It affected my eyes so I could not see for awhile. They sent me boxes of Sunday School books and papers. I am Sunday School Superintendent, but I could not go over and spread the Grippe. Mr. Ryan and Mr. Freeal have been here all the afternoon. It rained all the time.

Notes:

Herbert John????

Rosa and Ellis (and Lorin?) are Arthur Howard's.

Empire City
March 20th, 1892

Dear Daughter Adelia,

Ansel brought your letter of the 4th on the fifteenth, but I was busy digging and planting potatoes and will now answer. We are all well. Arthur and Lizzie moved to South Bay on the 25th of February. I went there on the 2nd of March and stayed two days. They were as happy as larks. They said they wanted to build me a new house there for Henrietta and me to live in, where they could see to our wants in sickness and old age. Albert and Tillo came when we were sick, to move us up to his house, but I was the only one then able to get wood and milk and see to the cattle. Ansel, when he was here, said he came on purpose to take us home with him to stay. I told him that I could not go even for a visit, for Mr. Hibberd would be here to plow Henrietta's Prairie on her preemption, and my potato ground was plowed, and I was planting that. But the idea of our being sick here, they could not stand it. Well, maybe they all felt lonesome.

Sarah was married on the 8th of March to William Henry Church (a Methodist Circuit Rider), and started that day for Siuslaw, and Tillo started for the valley that morning. So, Ansel with the farmers of the Bay have incorporated a cooperative company. He is secretary of the company. 10,000 dollars: 3 thousand paid for a creamery. They have two thousand cows now secured. They give at the rate of 50 cents a pound for all the butter the cream will make. The cows will average from 50 to 75 dollars to the cow a year. This afternoon is clear and bright. The forenoon was partly cloudy. The row of quince trees before the door are in full leaf. The Elberta peaches and Leconte pears have been in blossom since February. Grass around the house is a foot high. Henrietta's flower garden has been in bloom all winter. Laurels have been in blossom all this month. Grass is 1 ½ feet high around the house. We have not had any frost this month.

This is the 26th, Saturday. I have been hoeing and planting potatoes all the week. Henrietta has been trans-thinning out and hoeing carrots and cabbages. If it keeps this kind of weather, we will have a large crop of fruit of all kinds, and berries. It is a-raining hard and blowing, so I can't milk. Arthur was a-coming to go to town and take this letter, but will stop him. The rain has turned from warm to cold in ten minutes, but we has a cheerful fire in fireplace and stove. Henrietta has no chickens. Arthur had some. He has taken them to South Bay.

Lorin was sick a little last week, and all the other children had worms, but they are all right now. Arthur says his garden is all up and a-growing fine. His beans are a-coming up. It is 8 o'clock, and I go to milk at 6, but it raining too hard, yet. It rained heavy until eleven. I worked until 2. It then rained hard, thundered and hailed, the first in March.

It is six. Henrietta is a-getting supper. It has been showery, sun shining, and blowy all day.

It is Sunday, the 27th. I expect Arthur to get this in the morning, so I finish.

My love, with all my heart, to my dear child and hers, write soon.

Affectionately, your Father,
Alfred B. Collver

At home, May 31, 1892

Dear Daughter,

I received your May 10 in due time, was glad to hear from you. I am glad if so much rain as has fallen this spring has done some one good for it has been a great draw back to the farmers here. Their plow land is low and have just got their spring grain and gardens. I am making a good deal of butter but no sale for it. Ansel this morning turned in to the hills five large fat beef cattle. No sale for them or money. Very little business going of any kind, we have Sunday schools. No preaching this summer.

Mrs. Mosher died one week ago today. She has lain in bed for four years, nearly half that time she has not been out of bed. Rheumatism and paralysis was the cause.

Mrs. Williams has been confined to her bed since Sept. They are our nearest neighbors. She is Andrew wife's mother. Mrs. Williams mother is there on a visit. She says she thinks it is rheumatism that ails her daughter. Mrs. Todd lives in Douglas County near the mineral springs. She says she has know bad cases cured of rheumatism at those springs. She wants her to try them or the water brought from there. I suppose we will have to make writing to ___ for visiting until times are better. I may never live to see it, but perhaps you will.

I have not heard from South Slough since I wrote before Sarah sent you her and her husbands pictures, yet I understand them to say they would. My wrist is very weak and torn sometime. I do not know if you can read this.

I received a letter from your Aunt Mary. She said her health was very poor. She is, I think, very much discouraged. I would like very much to see her once more but the Lord knows what is best for us all.

I love to hear from you all, it we cannot visit June 2. It is raining this morning hard.

Good bye. I remain your affectionate Mother, Ruth Collver.

Adelia Powell

Empire
June 27th, 1892

Dear Daughter,

This leaves all well. I have been picking blackberries with Henrietta for an hour.

4 o'clock. I was at South Bay yesterday. Lizzie sends her best love to you and the children. They have the finest garden in the land, their milk and vegetables at the door for cash, get their supplies brought to them, and are as happy as clams. The daily stage runs near there, now. Oliver Hilburn was buried Saturday. A.H. Hinch shot and killed Andrew Wakeman, and is in jail. This host weather makes me anxious about your wheat crop. Mr. Bostwick is a-coming on a visit.

Write soon, my love to my daughter and family,
Alfred B. Collver

Empire City
Coos County, Oregon
September 4th, 1892

Dear Daughter Adelia,

This leaves us all well. The boys came with a boat load of red fish here, over the Bar, the 15th of August. Will Bonebrake came after Andrew and Clara. Netty Gage was sick. Andrew threw out 10 dollars worth of fish, and they went to Catching Slough. Netta went crazy. Andrew went to help take her to the asylum at Portland and is not back yet. It is fine for fishing outside. They sometimes caught 25 dollars worth in 3 hours, but after salmon come in they could get sale for none but halibut, ling and sole. After the salmon season, they can sell all kinds of fish. O, Adelia, I am so glad your wheat crop is a-turning out so well. The Prospect of seeing you again makes me joyful, for I know you will come and see us when you are able. It is pleasant and dry, without the dust here, now, and see if the blue Damson plums will do to pick. I find I will have to wait until the last of the week. We picked Evergreen blackberries the 25th. Arthur is here and wants to go to Empire. It is a fine hot day. Andrew and Clara are not back yet.

Write soon, affectionately, your Father,
Alfred B. Collver

10th of September, 1892

Andrew and Clara went home yesterday, but we did not see them. They left their boat to the ferry and rode their horses.

Sept. 27, '92

Dear Daughter,

It has been some time since I received your last letter. Since then, I have been affected some, and my nearest neighbor have been terribly afflicted for a time, besides. I am growing more slow, as I grow older, and no one to help me in the house now. Sarah has gone. She used to pick the berries. Now, I have that to do and the apples to peel. I am canning them this year. We have so few, and no plums or pears. They are a failure, with few exceptions, in this part of the country, but wild berries were plenty. Ansel and Tillo are away today, helping to bind oats. We have had quite a heavy rain for several days. People here on the Slough thought they were going to lose their crop of oats. It injured them some, but now there has been three days of fine warm weather, they feel encouraged to try and save them. Albert is now helping John build his house. He is building a better one than he had before.

Oct. the 4th. I commenced this one week ago. Since then, Tillo has concluded to not send the milk to the creamery any more, this year. I have to make butter again. We have 14 cows, and are getting 20 gallons of milk daily. I like to make butter, when I feel well enough to go ahead with my work. Now, for over a month, I have been troubled with a lame back, so bad I can hardly keep on my feet. I often think, now, if I was living near you, I might have some of your girls to help me I heard you have another little girl. How I wish I had two of them. Charley Dickman's oldest girl is living with her Grandmother Smith, learning to make cheese this summer. I had a letter from Sarah a short time ago. She says that Conference has not given Will anything to do, so he has got a job and gone to work for himself, to earn their living. Tillo started to do his first churning yesterday, and broke the flanges, so he has gone to town to buy another churn. Ansel came in from his hunt for a beef steer, so I laid my letter by, to set him some dinner, and other work kept me busy, until this evening, the 5th. Tillo is quite sick. Clara and her child is here this week. Andrew has gone to South Bay, to fish with Howard, out in the ocean. Clara's folks has a place near here. Her mother has not been off the bed for over a year. Her oldest daughter, Mrs. Netta Gage, came to stay with them this summer, while her husband went over on the Isthmus to work. She had one child one year and half old. In August, when her next child was five weeks old, she took a strange spell of cold numbness, and then it went to her head, and for two weeks, she had to be watched day and night. She grew worse, until her husband and Andrew went with her to the insane asylum. She seemed to get better, and has wrote several letters home. Her husband got work in Salem. Clara's folks, with Netta's two children, have gone to Lookingglass, to stay this winter and get better medical aid for her mother. Andrew and Clara are staying at their place, to care for what little crop they raised. He has to hold his place down there and stay here on his father-in-law's place. It keeps him busy.

6th. I will now try and finish this, and send it to the post office tomorrow. I worked over and scalded 24 lbs. of butter today. Butter is 50 cts a roll or 25 cts per pound. Tillo is better. The weather is very warm, no frost yet. We have an excellent minister on this circuit, this by the name of Rhys Gwinn. He preaches once a month.

Love to all, write soon,
Ruth Collver

Adelia

Marshfield, February 5, 1893

Dear daughter and loved ones,

I received your letter in due time but could not well answer it then. I was called from home, was absent two weeks, when I came home, I was nearly sick with a cold and neglected, house hold duties was all I could perform. I am much better now, I was very glad to hear from you but sorry to hear that John has been so sick. I trust he is well now. I suppose you have found a name for the baby before this, if you have not and this name suits, Alta Marie, you are quite welcome. Andrew and Clara have another son. They call him Lloyd Maxwell, born Jan 5, 1893. Howard and Lizzy have another daughter, born Jan 18, 1893. They call her Bessie Vega. They are well and doing as well as they can under the circumstances. John has not finished his house yet. His lumber and money run short so he has to wait. Tillo went out to the valley in January. Your Aunt Lucinda was very bad while they were removing the cancer they had to apply the burning process once more to remove the last root when Tillo left for home. I have not heard since Chloe Laird was here in November and stayed nearly two weeks, the first visit she has made us since her first husband died. Her children are all living near her except one daughter. Eva is married and lives at Drains Station. I suppose you have heard her brother, Horace Cook, died last August. We have some cold snowy weather. Snow fell the 1st, three inches, then nearly all went off last night. It fell 1 inch and a half, but it is melting and falling alternately today. I must close for the present. Andrew has come with Ray. He is such a talkative child I have but a poor show for writing. Tillo goes to town in the morning. I wish to send this along. I received Herbert's picture. I was surprised at such a change. I would to had his wife by his side. I hope they will make us a visit sometime. I would be more than glad to see you and all the family or as many as you wish to bring. Write soon and tell me about the other relatives. Orace writes sometimes but his letters are very brief. I hope you will excuse this short letter.

Yours in love,
Ruth Collver

Adelia Powell.

I would be pleased to hear from the children, those that can write.

April the 21, 1893

Dear Daughter,

I rec. your kind and welcome letter some time ago, but have been sick some and have more work than I am able to do alone. Too, Ansel and Tillo have rented a place (it joins Ansel's) making, in all, 300 and 60 acres, for five years, and bought his stock horses and wagon and farming implements. They have to pay him some money now and some work on the place. They will milk fifteen cows this season. We are now making 50 pounds a week (and) are selling it as fast as we can make it at 25 cts per pound. Tillo skims the milk and does the churning them. It takes all my strength to do the rest of the work.

Albert has now gone to his trade. He seems to be thoroughly tired of farming. His wife also is a very poor manager on a farm. He has two little girls, Josie and Myrtle. He has finished the lower rooms of John's house. He is now at John Clinkenbeard's, at work. Your Aunt Harriet is quite sick. I heard yesterday that your Aunt Lucinda is worse. I received a letter from Sarah day before yesterday. She wants to come home. I think John will send some money to her, tomorrow, so they can come. She said they were out of work and out of money. It has been so rainy he couldn't work. I was well pleased with Herbert's picture. I will send him mine as soon as I can get the money to spare. I suppose we will not be able to see each other this year.

Write often as you can, this from your affectionate Mother,
R. Collver
Adelia E. Powell

Notes:

I am not sure who Aunt Harriet is, unless it is her cousin Harriet Lucinda Cook, daughter of her Aunt Nancy Rice (Cook).

Empire
January 30th, 1894

Dear Daughter,
Mrs. Adelia E. Powell

I got your letter and one from Albert S. Collver, from Green Basin, Marion County. He said in 20 hours, they had a fall of three feet of snow. We had one inch, but it did not last one day. All the folks on Stock Slough, but Arthillo and a hired girl, are sick with the Grip. Albert is down with pneumonia; had the doctor several times, but they are all getting better. Your mother and Henrietta are sick with colds. They are all well at the Cape. Mr. Norton was acquainted with Charley Dickman in Grass Valley. He is a-living in his scows and getting out timber, and hauling to his claim at the Cape. It has been very rainy here this winter. Yesterday and today is summer-like.

I see there is a potato vine 8 inches high in front of the door. Primroses and daisies are in bloom. Andrew brought me a fine big codfish, dressed nice, all ready for cooking. The biggest, fattest Canvasback duck I ever saw, so fat he could not raise out of the creek, and I run him down. So you see, I have fine living, all by my self. I have two fresh milk cows. If I keep all the cows and heifers I have, I will have ten. One is a calf, thought twelve months old. There is 9 that may come in another year. I wanted to mail my letters tomorrow. The wind is in the south, and it may rain tomorrow. I have promised sixteen rolls of butter to the Arago Hotel, but if it is windy I shall not go. I wonder if it will ever be my good luck to see you all. It is two o'clock and I must close.

My love to all, affectionately, your Father,
Alfred B. Collver

At Home
March 25, 1894

My Dear Daughter,

I received your welcome letter in due time, but we nearly all took sick with the LaGrippe. I was sick nearly four weeks; Albert, his wife, and two little girls. The oldest is not quite over it, yet. Her throat troubles her some yet. I will now try to write some to you. Well, this has been a very rainy winter, with scarcely any pleasant weather since the 1st of Sept. One week ago today and tomorrow, it was raining, hailing, and snowing. Since then, it has been clear and slight frosts. This morning was foggy, and it looks like rain. Henrietta is still with me. She is troubled with rheumatism.

April the 1. I laid my pen down to receive a caller. This is the first that I have taken the time to write, since. There has been some pleasant days and some rain since. We received a letter from Clara at Cape Arago yesterday. Her youngest boy has been very sick with lung fever, but is much better now. The rest of the folks are well. Albert's youngest is very sick. She is teething and taken a severe cold. It is raining today, so I could not been out to church since the last Sunday in Dec. We can't drive to the meeting house, but have to walk a quarter of a mile along a muddy dyke to the church. Everybody has been busy preparing and planting their early gardens. I was busy last week planting out tulips and other bulbs and renewing the soil in geranium boxes and making butter. I am now making from ten to twelve pounds daily. Henrietta is so much help to me. I do not know how I will get along, when she goes back home, which she expects to as soon as she gets some new teeth put in. I am not stout enough to do the work here, unless the boys send the milk to the creamery. John has been making cheese for six weeks. He is not very well, and talks of sending his milk to the creamery. I am real glad Alice is improving in health, and that they all have a chance to attend school. I think the hardest part would be to support your family in a small town. Times are hard everywhere, but a man has a better chance on a farm. O, I wish Isaac, you, and the children that are at home would come and make us a good, long visit this summer. I think it would do us all good. May the Lord bless you all. I hope you will write.

This from your loving Mother,
Ruth Collver

Adelia

(The following marks and words appear on the last page, apparently from the hand of a child and added at a later dateL

y y y j cat. Rat bat fat e tat Hazel Ruth Powell Barzee ac Dear Corin
Graund and lala at)

Aug. the 12, 1894

Mrs. A.E. Powell

My Dear Daughter,

Once more, I will try to pen you a few lines. I rec. yours of May 25 some time ago. Was very glad to hear from you and yours. You spoke of having so much to do. One would suppose, to count up your girls, you could sit back and let the older ones do the work. But, it is invariably the case, where there is many in a family, it takes hard work and the Mother has the care and the bulk of the work to perform. It sometimes feel that I am working too hard, that I must have the boys help me more. But then, they get forgetful and go away to their work, and I have it all to do. Henrietta went away in May. Before she went, she set four hens. She said she thought she would come back in a few weeks and stay this summer and help me, but your Father needed her help more than I do. The eggs she set hatched well, and three more hens have stole their nests and hatched, so that I have quite a swarm of chicks to care for. Andrew and his family, including, at present his wife's father and mother and sister and child, they now live a few rods from us. He has had a sore hand that kept him from work for three weeks until now. He is running the express boat from Sumner to the creamery, thence until now. He takes passengers, milk, and freight. They expect to move to Sumner soon. John went to Roseburg with 500 pounds of cheese he sold for ten cents per pound. He was gone less than one week. He saw Al. Bushnell. He said his mother is worse again. The cancer in her side was a running sore. The rest of the relatives are well. Sarah and Will are living in Isaac Wilson's house. Will preaches on the Coquille nearly every Sunday. He is holding his first quarterly meeting yesterday and today. Elder Stewart is helping him. She has a small girl stay with her to care for the baby. I rode over the hill with John and his family in hs buggy, two weeks ago, for the first time on the new wagon road. It is quite a good road. I made Harriet Cutlip a short visit. She has been very sick. She is a very poor in flesh. Her breath is so short, she can scarcely talk. When I went in, she was out in the garden picking peas for dinner. She does her work with Abraham's help.

I also visited Sarah. Her little girl is a stout looking girl but cries a good deal, afraid of everyone. Sarah is stronger than I ever expected to see her.

Isaac has such a beautiful flower garden, the greatest variety of flowers I ever saw. I thought I had nice flowers until I saw his. It left mine in the shade. O, well, he has time and strength to make them pretty and perhaps an object: the three Hodson girls, or women. Emma Dillon and her two children: her oldest is a young woman, her boy is nine. Inez married last winter to a man, a grass widower, in California. They both lived in San Francisco. Last spring, they came home and are still there. Ellen is still single. They went to see Sarah last week. Isaac went home with them. Some say he takes Ella boquets quite often. She has been, for several months, nearly blind, but she is well again.

We are to have a quarterly meeting here next Sunday. Our meetings are very dull, to what they used to be. Members are diminishing, no Sabbath school; prayer and class meeting once in four weeks, preaching once in two. Times are rather dull all around; plenty of dry, hot weather; gardens look well; grass grows nicely on wet land.

I hope you are well and doing well. Please write soon. Tell Alice to write me. I send my love and good wishes to all, and a kiss for the little ones. I cannot tell how much I want to see you all, but if not permitted, let us all love Jesus here, that we may live with him in Glory.

R. Collver

To Adelia

Notes:

Not sure which sister of Clara's and child was living with them along with Clara's mother and father.

The paragraph referring to Isaac and his flowers and the Hodson girls is kind of a mystery for now, filed in the names index under "Hodson girls". Maybe more information will untangle the mystery of which Isaac Ruth is referring to and which Hodsons she is referring to.

At home
May the 11, 1895

My Dear Daughter,

I rec. yours of the 1st, day before yesterday. I can truly sympathize with you in your bereavement, but then, the beautiful are nipped in the bud, to be transplanted in the Paradise of God; there to be educated by holy angels and fitted for eternal happiness above. O, yes, I once sorrowed and grieved over the loss of an only child, but since the Lord has taught me a better way, I can look back and smile at God's great mercy. I know I have one good child, in heaven, waiting to welcome me home. Here has been some sickness, but not any in my family except Henrietta. She was sick awhile. Your Aunt Harriet Cutlip died the 9 of April. She had been slowly failing, for several years, and seemed willing to depart. She bid her children goodbye and had them promise to meet her in heaven. Sarah was here and stayed to this spring. She is now living on Coos River with her two children. Will is here at work for the boys. They run through about seventeen hundred pounds of milk each morning. He gets through in the forenoon, then works in the field in the afternoon. I am having a large family to cook for now.

A Mr. Herd came here this spring and bought a small place joining us and sent for his family. They came: his wife and three girls. Then he got a letter from his brother in Colorado, wishing him to come and live near him. Then he sold his place and started for Colorado two weeks ago, leaving his family to sell the stove and furniture and come when he wrote. So, the man took possession of the house. Then, they came here. They have been here ten days. One of the girls is at work for Clara all summer. She is not going with the others. They expect to go to Marshfield tomorrow, and go on the first steamer.

John has rented his farm, and is at present living in the house with Albert. They are talking of, if they can make arrangements to suit, to take a trip into your country and make Orace a visit. Also, they want to start in June. They have just returned from a visit to Medford, Jackson Co., to her father's. They visited your aunt. She is suffering from sight cancer. They don't think she will live longer than fall. I would go and stay with her, if I could do her any good, but I can't see that I can. She wants me to come. She has Della and her husband living with her.

I will now close for the present, hoping to hear from you soon,
your Mother.

May 16th, 1895

Dear Alice,

I will now try and pen a few lines to you, although it has been some time since I received your letter. I was sorry to have put off writing you so long. I have had my hands full this spring. I infer, by what your mother wrote me, you are preparing yourself for a teacher. That is right, if you are careful of your health. It is a more remunerative employment than housework, and sometimes, or with some, it is a pleasanter occupation. I thank you for the lace you sent me. It is very nice. Be careful you take plenty of out-of-door exercise mixed in with your studies and lace making. If your Uncle John's folks makes you a visit, I would be pleased to have you come home with them. Then, some of us will go back with you. Come if you can, anyway.

I will close for it is suppertime. Please write soon. Love to all. Your Grandma, Ruth Collver

Alice

Dufur, Or.
July 16, 1895

Mrs. A.E. Powell

Dear Mamma,

I received your most welcome letter a few days ago; was glad to hear from you. Papa was about to think you had all got drowned or concluded not to write.

We are all well.

Eva came home last Thursday. She, Nancy and Lee came over alone. Eva stayed and Nancy went over to the McCoy's to pick berries. I guess Herbert will come over after her. Eva is a fine cook, since she got back. I guess Nancy trained her, for she can almost best me (that is not saying very much, of course). We are getting along fine, housekeeping. You need not worry about Myrtie, for she is just as sweet as a doll. She never says anything about Mamma, unless some asks about you, then she says, "Mamma is way off."

Mr. Bryan's meetings were met a week ago last night. He held over, 2 weeks, and one convert. He was a stranger or I guess he would not have been converted. O, yes! Elmer Greene was converted over again, and shouted as big as ever.

Did you folks take Mrs. Covey's old hack with you, across the mountains? If you did, John is in danger of his life. She says she is just counting the weeks and day and he has to pay for it.

Jimmy just got back from the mountains. Bessie and Eva are flying around, getting summer. Papa came in a while ago, and said he guessed you would start home Monday. I guess he thinks you are getting homesick.

Lida says to tell you she is a good little girl, but I told her I did not like to tell fibs. Well, I have to close for this time.

Answer soon, from your affectionate daughter,
Annie

Notes:

Eva is Annie's younger sister. Not sure who Nancy, Lee and McCoy's are. Or Herbert.

Aug 19, 1896

Dear Daughter,

Once more, I am permitted to be able to pen you a few lines. I am quite weak, yet, from that long spell of sickness. O, how good to have the comforting words of Jesus. Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end, but it seems my life work is not quite finished, for I feel I am slowly gaining strength. Then, our dear Alice has been such a help and comfort. Last week, she went three miles to her boarding place, then came home Friday eve and worked until she started away Monday morning, only when we slept. We have a girl hired, but Alice can work all around her. You mentioned about me not writing about coming to visit you this fall. It is hardly possible for me, under the present circumstances, for me to see you soon. If you and Isaac can never more come, perhaps your children can come and make us a visit. This is a very scarce season for Coos Co. No fruit, very late potatoes, which always make a poor crop. Hay yields well. I think the most of folks will winter through comfortably.

I tired yesterday. I will now finish and sent it to the office in the morning. He brings Alice home tomorrow evening, which is the last of her school. Then, she will be gone most of next week to the Teachers Institute at Coquille City. Howard just came up from South Slough. Your Father is well. You must excuse this short letter, as I have a headache today. Perhaps I sat up too much today. I have been busy, mending.

This from your loving mother,

R. Collver

A.E. Powell

Oct. the 29, 1896

Mrs. A.E. Powell,

Dear Daughter,

I will now try and pen a few lines to you. I am feeling better today, so I will write you all a letter. This is my sixty-ninth birthday. I am not strong as I was, before I was sick last summer. The rest of the family are well as usual. Alice is busy cutting and making herself a winter dress. I believe she has the notion of leaving me and going north. If she, like the geese, would come back in the spring, it would be alright. I expect she will stay as long as she pleases. So she improves the talent that the Lord has given her in doing good to herself and others around her, I am satisfied, although we will miss her wonderfully. I do not know as you have, very much, as you have other girls, also much company.

I was at Sumner one week ago last Sunday. I went to hear a Dunkard preacher. He was a young man and an excellent speaker. His text was from John's words, "If a man die, shall he live again." It was well worth the trip. We found Clara's house so full, we did not stop there long. They had all been sick with colds, but were better. Her mother and sister, Mrs. Robertson, was there from Roseburg. Her Mother was down with the asthma. They have all been exposed to the measles, I heard Sunday. We have no preaching here yet, perhaps will not have this year.

I received a letter from Sarah a short time ago. They are well. Her husband is at work for a man near there. She has named her baby Ruth Almira. She says they are well supplied with preachers. They have four on that circuit this year. Sarah is not very pleasantly situated. She does not like the place, but the three children are growing and look healthy. Sarah is getting real strong and well.

Your Father was here yesterday. He said Andrew and Howard were at South Bay, catching deep sea fish. They salt down what they cannot sell.

I must close for now, for they are driving in the cows. I must tell Annie about supper.

When you write, tell me how your Aunt Mary is, and if Wesley Rice has recovered and the relatives generally.

My love to all, write soon.

R. Collver

Adelia

Notes:

Dunkard Preacher: Most likely the Old German Baptist Brethren

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Old_German_Baptist_Brethren

Possibly the Schwarzenau Brethren

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Schwarzenau_Brethren

The third group using this name, the Dunkard Brethren, was not started until 1925.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dunkard_Brethren

Haystack
Crook Co, Oregon
November the 16th, 1896

Miss Alice Powell

Dear Niece,

I will try once more to answer your most welcome letter, I received some time ago. I have started to write two or three times, but did not get them finished, so I will try to send this to the office. This leaves us all well, hoping this will find you well and at home once more. I would like to have you come out to see us this winter. Tell Tillo to be sure and come, and to write and let us know when he will be here, and if he wants Orace to go down after him.

Well, this is a stormy day, and we can not get out very much. Orace did not intend to go to town today, but it was so bad he did not go. Well, you wanted to know where Dave was. He is at home. He has been sick with neuralgia in his head and eye. Well, I cannot think of much to write.

Well, I am at the office today, and it is still storming. The folks is all well, excepting Dave. He is not as well today. The man that is working for them went for medicine, but has not got back yet.

Well, I guess I have written all I can think of this time. Write soon and do not wait for me. I will try and do better after this. I went to the mountains with Pa and was gone two weeks, and have had so much work to do, I did not get much time to write.

Well, write soon.

From your aunt,
Maggie Collver

Notes:

Dave? Not sure who this could be???

July the 10th, 1897

Mrs. Adelia Powell

Dear Daughter,

I received your sad letter of the 4th on the 8th, was sorry that sister Mary was so afflicted. I hope she is better now. It was kind of you to write and tell me although my poor health and distance keeps me from going to see her. I am glad you could be with her. Such acts of compassion are crosses that all Christians are sometimes called to take up. You said Alice was not well. Write and let me know how the sick ones are. I have been in poor health for the last four weeks. I now have a girl to help in the kitchen. I am afflicted with a severe cold at present, we have been having a month of rainy, misty, cloudy weather. Gardens look fine, the trade winds are blowing. I think there will be good haying weather now. Tillo has commenced this week to run the mower. Albert is at work at his trade. That gives his wife and children a chance to visit around all she wants to. They have been here three or four times this summer and stays several days. She has come now to pick blackberries. The children are here now, she is out picking berries. The folks at South Slough are well the last I heard from them. Clara has another boy born the first day of June, they seem to be all alive for exchange. That is all your Father wants to talk about. Well, I hope they will be able thereby to provide food and clothing for their families but their eternal interest is sadly neglected.

Write soon, this from your affectionate mother,
Ruth Collver

Adelia

Oct. the 10, 1897

Mrs. Adelia E. Powell

My Dear Daughter,

I will now try and pen a few lines to you, in answer to one I received from you soon after you was injured by a fall. I hope you are well long ago. I have so many things to do and look after, that I necessarily neglect writing. I am sorry, but I fail to remedy it under the present circumstances. I have been to preaching and the dinner is over. Tillo says he is going to town tomorrow, so I will take this small chance to write to you. I went with Ansel, in John's buggy, to make Sarah a visit. She lives 23 miles down the coast from Port Orford. We found them in good health. We started from home the 21 of Aug., was gone 10 days. I was greatly improved in health and strength. It was, to me, a very pleasant trip.

On the 29 of Aug. Martin Bushnell's folks came: his wife, his wife's sister, their two children, and his daughter Annie, a girl 22 years old. They thought her a consumptive and as a last resort, would leave her here for her health, charging us, if she was any worse, to send them word. She has been here six weeks and has gained six pounds. She thinks she will stay this winter.

Ansel and Tillo has three men hired digging their potatoes. They had four acres in. They have been three weeks digging. It will take part of this week to finish.

Annie has been helping me with the work. I have been giving her simple remedies, such as I have in the garden. She says she feels stronger than she has felt for one year. I hope she will get strong and well. I think she has studied teaching some and worked to pay her board and to buy her clothes, and she has been teaching some, and all together she has overtaxed her nerves and her strength. She was called from one of her schools, she was teaching, to the bedside of a very sick brother. She stayed and helped nurse him until he died. Then Hamilton's wife died, then her stepmother was sick. She has his three children, with her father's family to care for. Hamilton was sick with heart trouble. He was so bad, she jumped onto a wild horse, in a hurry for help. The horse threw her off and hurt her, but she took little notice of it until she took cold and her lungs began to pain her. Then, she had slight hemorrhage and her strength began to fail. She taught one school this summer, just before coming here. She intended to go to school this winter, but her friends thought it was not best.

Lottie Oliphant was married the first of Sept. I heard today that William Bushnell is very sick with cancer in the stomach. Martin's wife is sick all the time. She has a tumor or something growing in her stomach. She is liable to die any time.

Me and my family are in health, as far as I know. It is now raining. Howard started to South Slough this morning, with some potatoes for your father. We have had fine weather, not frost enough to kill the Dahlias or morning glories. The Arago, a large steel vessel, was wrecked ten days ago. She started from Marshfield heavily loaded with coal, butter, and cheese fro creameries, about daylight. She went out beyond the Government Works, when the fog set in, and when it lighted up, the Captain saw the vessel was in line with the jetty and before he could turn her about, there came a large wave or land swell, one after another, and dashed the vessel against the jetty with such force that it broke in the stern. She sank in two minutes, fourteen lives lost. John Norman from Marshfield was drowned. They were mostly strangers to us, no women or children. The Captain and some of the crew clung to the rigging, and the life boat saved them. A few passengers, also, was saved. The butter and cheese floated out and

was picked up. One case of cheese was sent back to Mr. Hodson on Coos River. Tillo lost one box of butter.

I must now close this poor writing. Ansel is waiting for the desk, to write a letter. Excuse my delays. Write soon, and tell me the news from our friends and relatives.

Yours in love and affection,
Ruth Collver

A.E. Powell

Notes:

Not sure who Hamilton is????

Locale health poem supp-q CCH Nov 30, 1897

Son of Mr. & Mrs. Howard A Collver, S. Slough near Empire City, died.

He was 3 years old. Poem about him.

Dear little brown eyes fallen asleep,
Never again to awaken or weep---
 Never to wrestle with pain;
Little hands folded in silence and chill,
Little feet restless, forever more still,
 Never to patter again.

Dear little bud, thou only wast given
A brief stay on earth to blossom in Heaven,
 To lead us the Christ-trodden way;
Sooner or later we'll look for thine eyes
Meeting our own in a loving surprise,
 In the regions of infinite day.

O, for the glorious rest thou hast won!
O, for the praises so sweetly begun,
 Thy pure infant lips to attune;
Great was the love of our Savior to thee,
Saying: "Let children come unto me,"
 O, loveliest blossom of June!

We'll not forget thee, beautiful boy,
Earth hath its treasures; thou wert our joy,
 Our bud in the garland of love;
And though thou art gone to thy home in the skies,
We'll claim thee again, dear little brown eyes
 In the Christ-prepared mansions above.

[[M. no credit line to indicate whether local or famous.]

<http://history.coquillevalley.org/years-ago/Herald2/1897-11CCH.html>

At home
Dec. the 26, 1897

Mrs. A.E. Powell

My Dear Daughter,

I will now try and write you a few lines. I was glad to hear from you, but very sorry you are troubled with a cough. You must get something for it. Onions are good, if properly used. You should keep trying something, until you get it cured. I hope you are well, as the weather has moderated since you wrote. Christmas is over. The people on Coos River had a Christmas tree at Mosher Chapel. Annie and Tillo went to John's and rode with them to the River. It rained for three days, until 3 o'clock today. They came home. They had a pleasant time. Your father came yesterday, through the rain and mud. He seems well and hearty. Andrew and Howard have been afflicted with something like blood poison (the Doctor called it) on one arm that swelled and broke out in sores, caused by fishing in salt water. Andrew was under the doctor's care one week. Howard got medicine and cured it up. Your father is all alive for the Labor Exchange. The boys here takes it quite coolly, which annoys him some. We have had a warm, rainy winter so far. Albert expects to move on his place tomorrow, if it does not rain too much. Annie is staying here with us, helping me with my quilts. The boys are preparing to move to the Williams house and fix it to live in. They have rented a part of Albert's place again. We have preaching here once a month. The preacher's name is Owens. He has a wife and eight children. They live in the parsonage. He seems to be earnest in preaching, though not much of a revivalist. Our neighbors are mostly Russian. They seldom go to meeting, so the turnout to church is small.

Write soon; excuse my short letter.

Love to all,

R. Collver

A.E.P.

Catching Slough
Dec 27th, 1897

Dear Daughter,
Mrs. Adelia E. Powell,

I got a letter from Orace Thursday. He wrote they had not had any snow, but a good deal of rain. Anna Bushnell is piecing your mother a quilt. Your mother is writing you. I will put this in with hers. It is fine and warm. The dandelions and most hardy blossoms are up. Arthur and Andrew had boils and carbuncles on their arms. The doctor said he could not of saved his (Andrew's) arm, if he had stayed away any longer. Arthur's was as bad. I have a letter written, ordering a sawmill for our place on South Slough. I expect to have 10 or 12 cows giving milk in the spring. I think I will sell all my cattle to Ansel and Arthillo. Clara is Accountant and I am President of the Labor Exchange Association. We have to attend to all the business, sign all the checks; we have 80 letters to write and answer now. My time will all be taken up. I am a-going in the morning with Arthillo to Marshfield. It looks like a storm tomorrow. I must close.

My Love to my Darling Daughter and her family,

Your Father,

Alfred B. Collver

Empire
Coos Co., Oregon
Feb 25th, 1898

Mrs. Adelia E. Powell
My Dear, Darling Daughter,

It makes me feel sad, to think that you are not over your cough. You should send to The Dalles, and get a bottle of Swamp Angel, and take according to directions. It is the greatest cure-all that I know of ever coming to this land. You should not fail of getting it. Andrew's family all have colds. They live in an open house, the children playing and falling in the water. Andrew worked very hard, making posts for John Bastendorf. I left him day before yesterday. He got some Swamp Angel of me and is better. Arthur's folks are all well. It is beautiful weather. My LeContes pears blossomed the middle of the month. I am at Ansel's, got here last night. The weather is fine. Albert has the piles and went with Arthillo to see the doctor. Some people are gardening. I am busy with the Labor Exchange. Arthillo and Albert is back from town. Your mother and Annie Bushnell is busy quilting, Henrietta feeding chickens, Ansel sacking potatoes. Albert and the boys have up a big, fine, big house. I have arranged for a sawmill to be put up at the Light House Road on land leased from Ansel by the Labor Exchange. It will be shipped from Salem, Columbiana County, Ohio, next Monday the 28th. It will get here in 3 weeks. We will saw lumber for wharf, store and depository, and probably 2 dwellings. The Exchange will saw Ansel's, Henrietta's, and my timber into lumber, box lumber, and fence posts. We have orders for all we have. We will work the refuse into wood. They will send us a big sawmill for South Bay, as soon as we are prepared for it. They have their railroad surveyed: Tarheel Point to the head of South Slough, along the Slough. Andrew is accepted in the Life Saving Station, at 65 dollars a month. Arthur is going to apply at Bandon for a situation.

My love to my darling daughter and her dear children,

Alfred B. Collver
Your Father

Notes:

Swamp Angel Medicine was advertised in the Coquille City Herald, 2/11/1896
Health a-p2 CCH memo Feb 11, 1896 [Big ad] Swamp Angel Medicine.
<http://coquillevalley.org/history/years-ago/Herald/1896-CCH.html>

Marshfield, Oreg.
Dec. 4, 1898

Miss Alice Powell
Dufur, Oregon

My dear niece,

We received your welcome letter yesterday and were glad, but surprised, to hear from you, as I thought you had forgotten us.

Tillo and I went to town yesterday. I guess I took a little cold, for my head aches today. I helped Tillo pull about half way up from town. I never tried to pull but once before.

Yes, indeed, I remember last Thanksgiving. I thought of that a good many times.

Tillo and I went up to the Cavanaugh schoolhouse, as the Christian Endeavor up there had some exercises and a Thanksgiving sermon, and after that, we all got our dinner baskets out and had a big dinner.

It seems queer that you folks should have so little rain, and we have been having lots of rain the last three weeks. It is raining now. You see, I have addressed your letter to Dufur. I received a letter from Annie P. yesterday, and she said your mother was real sick, and that she had sent for you, so I suppose you are home now.

We were so sorry that your mother is sick, and hope and pray that if it is the Lord's will, that she will get well. You must write and tell us how she gets along.

So you have a new dress. What color is it? I wish you would hurry and have your picture taken.

Which Mrs. Southern is it, that is going to stay with Rena? I suppose it is the old lady. It seems like Wesley Rice's folks have weak lungs.

Now Alice, you know that we want to know who that fellow of yours is, and all about him. Where does he live when he is at home, and what is his occupation? Is he a Christian? How old is he, and what does he look like? You had better beg a picture from him and send it to us. We won't tell anyone that he is your fellow.

Oh, yes, has he popped the question yet? You had better tell me to mind my own business. I guess you don't care, though, if I do ask questions, or you would not have told me about him. Nevertheless, you know I am part Yankee, and it has to crop out once in a while.

I am glad you have changed your mind about being an old maid, as married life is a much happier life than a single life, if you get a good husband.

Your grandpa came up yesterday, all the way from South Slough in a row-boat. He is here now. He hadn't been her before, for four weeks.

Annie Bushnell was over here yesterday, when we got back from town.

Mamie is mad at me yet. But I don't care a bit. Albert was here last evening, and said she had the [neuralgia](#).

Tillo and I, and John and Emma, are talking of going to see Sarah next week. We are not sure yet of going. She lives eleven miles from Bandon.

No, indeed, I won't tell anybody what you tell me, that you don't want me to tell.

Tillo and I received a letter from Sarah, the other day. She has four children. They were all well.

We also received a letter from Clara. Her mother and father are living with them.

Tillo says to tell you that this letter is for him and I both. Well, I must close and help get dinner. Write soon.

Your grandma says that she is going to write to you folks soon.

Your loving aunt,
Carrie Collver

P.S. Your grandma received a letter from Henrietta yesterday. She is going to stay in Douglas County all winter.

Mrs. A.E. Powell, Dufur, OR

When on this page
You chance to look
Just think of me
And close this book.

'Tis sweet to love
But O, how bitter
To love a girl
And then not get her.

Dec. the 8, 1898

My Dear Daughter,

With a sorrowful heart, I will try and write you a few lines. I heard of your sickness a week ago, and wanted to hasten to your bedside; but when I take a glance at my frail body and ask myself the question: would I be able to help you, or would I be an extra care for your girls, a winter trip is too hazardous for me to try with my poor health. By using remedies, when I know I need them, I keep up and superintend the work, but I have not had as good health since the spell of sickness I had when Alice was here. I hope your disease may turn for the better. I pray for your recovery, but I hope and trust you are prepared for either event.

John and Emma, Tillo and Carrie, are going in the morning to make Sarah a visit. She lives near Bandon. How I wish it was our lot to live near, so we could see each other when we wish to, but we will soon join each other in that happy place where Jesus has gone to prepare a place for all those that love him. There, we can sing together of redeeming love, and be forever at rest.

It seems sad for you to leave so many girls, but then, if they go to Jesus in prayer, he has promised to direct all their ways aright, even the very youngest one (and that is sure, God cannot lie.)

I would like to write more, but they have concluded to go this evening, as far as Marshfield, to be ready for the cars, early in the morning. Your father is here. He goes back in the morning.

I must close the for present. Alice, please, or some of you girls, write to me. I want to hear, so much.

Love to you all and may the Lord bless you all,

R. Collver

Adelia Powell

Empire, Oregon
Feb 9th, 1899

Dear Anna Powell,

You know not, how glad I was to get your letter, when I tell you what trouble it is to get it, when it is sent to Marshfield. Your mother knows. From my place, by water, here at Catching Slough, is 16 miles; making the trip around home 32 miles. Now, the tail end of your blizzard switched around here and made things jingle, as you say. By 5 o'clock in the morning, the cold has got within 12 degrees of zero. By daylight, it was up to 17. By noon, it was quite pleasant. Then, Feb 1st at 7 o'clock, it commenced snowing. The ground was frozen 2 inches in the roads. It snowed 2 inches at South Slough, 4 inches at Catching Slough; Monday, chinook; Tuesday, all snow was all gone. Yesterday I walked to Marshfield, 12 miles through the rain, my feet slipping and sliding all over the place, making the joints of my knees crack, first on one side and then on the other. Got to Marshfield at 2 o'clock; got on the Ruth; was landed at the mouth of Stock Slough; then walked a mile to Ansel's by half past three; in all, 18 miles. Tomorrow, I go back home again. Now, my dear and loving little girl, you see how far I generally walk that, on an average. It makes a difference of 32 miles walk, besides the delay, for Arthur to bring the mail from Empire, the most of time, so please mail to Empire.

It is now 12 o'clock. Arthillo has gone on the Slough to butcher a beef. Ansel is by the fire, reading. It has been raining all morning.

Now, dear Anna, let me hope that you and all the rest can come over and make us a visit in the fall, including your Mama, as well as she was when she was here last.

Arthur & Lizzie and family will live in Ansel's house on South Slough. He will work for me and fence in Henrietta's and all of my place, 320 acres. I hope the freeze has not killed the fruit, for I think there would have been a fine lot.

Affectionately and lovingly,
your Grand Pa,

Alfred B. Collver

Feb. the 9, 1899

Mrs. A.E. Powell

My Dear Daughter,

I received your welcome letter yesterday. Was very glad to get a letter from you again. I am so thankful you are able to be around again. How I wish I could have you where I could nurse you into health once more. Try and avoid taking cold, if you have to bundle up all the time. The weather is cold and changeable. Oil of Peppermint is good for neuralgia, and sweet oil is good to run on the chest and back. Use plenty of onions for yourself and Myrtle, to loosen the cold and cough; simple remedies, if one only knows them, relieve much suffering. My health is better than it has been since the first of Sept. I took cold sitting in a draft of cold air peeling apples to dry. I dried some, over three sacks full, just around the cook stove. John and Tillo and their wives went to Sarah's. She has four children. Will does not provide much for the family. They live eleven miles beyond Bandon. I was a good deal disappointed, when John and Herbert did not come last fall. I hope they will come next summer. Perhaps you or some of the girls can come along? There has been a great deal of sickness here this winter. Mostly old people are passing away. It is a reminder to us to be always ready, when our call comes.

Please write soon, Carrie and Tillo says they will write.

Love to all, your Mother,

R. Collver

Empire
April 2nd, 1899

Dear Daughter,
Mrs. Adelia E. Powell

This leave all in good health. Arthur was here this forenoon and thought he would start for Catching Slough with his skiff and boat. He is a-going to work on the boys' barn. He is a-living in Ansel's house, at the boat house. He came in over the bar yesterday, with his sowing machine and fish. He planted potatoes and garden on Ansel's place. Potatoes are \$160, and he has got to buy, until his grows. Today has been a fine day, but a little windy. I have not anything planted yet, but potatoes and squashes, but pears, peaches, plums and prunes are all in bloom, all around the house, with the appearance of having good crops. It is now 3 o'clock. The sun is a-shining yet, but it looks in the Southwest as if we may have a shower. This leaves all well. I have been thinking so much about Herbert and John's folks and you and the girls coming this summer, but Annie having a long term of school makes me feel down in the mouth about it, as the saying is. When I think of my age, 80 in December, and my longing to see you all, with no better prospect, you may imagine how sad I feel over last year's disappointment, but what is to be will be. But the Lord help us all.

Well, I must tell you that the 14th of March, I got Arthur to set me over at the Government Works. I started to walk to the Ten Mile Lake Creamery, said to be 18 miles. When I got within two miles of the turn off place to go through the Sand Hills, a man calling himself Razor told me too take his tracks and I could not miss the way, but the wind filled all tracks with sand. I missed my way by 5 miles. Dark came, rain and hail with it, all night long the wind a-howling. I went into a hollow, pressed the salal bush apart, spread my large umbrella, the brush holding it in position, no wind there. Dark as Egypt, no fire, sand and pine leaves made my bed, my feet comfortable after 12. I got to Oliver Landrith's, on Ten Mile Lake, at 3 o'clock the next day.

Affectionately, your Father,

Alfred B. Collver

Marshfield
Apr. 23, 1899

Mrs. Adelia E. Powell

Dear Daughter,

I will now try and write you a few lines. I received your letter in due time, but have not written. I was out of stamps and envelopes. The boys are very busy, and so was I. It takes faithful work to get three meals a day for a family of seven. Howard is here helping the boys build a barn. Rosa is here, going to school. I would like to have the boys come very much, but I was glad to hear that Herbert has an easy job to make something for his family. The summer is the best time to work for supplies for winter. I hope Anna will not miss coming to see us this fall. Alice, I suppose has a good school. Do you think she will ever come and see us again? I wish I could have coaxed her to stay when she was here. I hope she will do well, if she ever gets married. I suppose your family seems small, with Isaac and five of the oldest children from home. I hope you will get rested and recruited (refreshed) up this summer and get stout and well again. I feel very uneasy about Sarah. I wrote to her in Feb., but she did not answer the letter. She wrote to John, near a month ago, that will was not able to do a day's work, asking John to find them a house and help them move. He found a house and wrote to them how to come, but we have not heard anything from them since. I mean to write soon and try to hear something from them. We had quite a hard frost last night. I think the fruit will be short this year. Grass seems to be growing well. The boys are milking 26 cows.

'24. The boys are talking of going to town in the morning, so I will send this by them. I will close by asking you to write soon.

Your affectionate Mother,
My love to all,
Ruth Collver

Adelia

Antelope, Ore.
April 25, 1899

Miss Alice Powell,

Dear Sister:

I received your letter yesterday. Was somewhat surprised to hear from you so soon, but nevertheless, it was a pleasant surprise. I have been real lucky getting letters, since I came. I was counting them the other day, and I had 11 and I got 2 more yesterday, makes 13. That is what keeps me from getting lonesome. All my spare time I write, sometimes in school, I have so much time. I am writing this in school, between classes. I just write a little at a time.

I received a letter yesterday, from

(Anna Powell?)

Marshfield, Oregon
May 16, 1899

Mrs. Adelia Powell,
Dufur, Oregon

Dear Sister:

I received yours of May 1st about ten days ago and will answer now.

We are all about as well as usual, with the exception of bad colds. Tillo has a pretty bad cold at present.

Howard is working here now, helping the boys build a new barn. The boys are building a barn between where the old house used to be and the old barn, across the hollow. Winfield Vanderburg was here the other day and asked Tillo what he was building, and Tillo told him he was bridging the hollow.

I don't suppose you would know the place now, if you would come. Howard and Tillo are tearing the old barn down today. The creamery is the only building in the place that will be as it was when you was here.

The old house is torn down, and fences torn down, and new ones made, and changes are being made, continually.

Last Thursday, John Hodson died with paralysis. He leaves a wife and eight children. Three of them are his first wife's children. And they are very poor folks too.

Will Nasburg was married two or three weeks ago.

Emma and John went to court two weeks ago, and Ansel went over to John's and worked while John was gone., but John came home nearly a week before Emma did. Your mother went over and took care of Clarence and Lora and did the housework.

Rosa Collver (Howard's oldest girl) is staying here, going to school. She will be here about two months more. Albert's little girls are both going to school this spring, for the first time, I think.

I received a letter from Clara about six or seven weeks ago, and have not answered yet.

Sarah has moved from where she was, when I was there last December. I think her address is Parkersburg, but I am not sure, though.

We are having some cold rains today. Isaac Wilson prophecies good weather after the 20th of this month.

I haven't heard from Annie since she went to teaching. Lottie Covey said that Annie has six scholars, I believe.

Henrietta has 52 little chickens, I think. Your father came up yesterday. He thinks of going to town tomorrow. I believe that I will get a letter from Alice. Albert is building him a new house. Emma is talking of going to California, but I don't know whether she will go or not. She has talked of it so many

times.

The Liberal U.B.'s are going to hold their quarterly meeting down here two weeks from last Sunday. Rev. C.C. Bell will be here. They are going to have a basket dinner too.

We have been eating young onions and radishes for several weeks. Well, I must close for the present, hoping to hear from you soon.

Your loving sister,
Carrie Collver

P.S. Tillo has been talking of writing to Eva. Tell her to have lots of patience. Maybe it will come after a while.

Notes:
Carrie is 17.

June the 2, 1899

Mrs. A.E. Powell

Dear Daughter,

I will now try and answer your very welcome letter, which I received in due time. I have been suffering from a very severe cold, for several days; have a bad cough yet. I am unable to do much, am up and around all the time, now. I received a letter from Sarah, written May 18. She has another girl, born the 10. She wanted me to come and see her. It rained so much, I did not go. We seem to have very much rain and cloudy weather this spring. The low land keeps too wet to plow. We have few potatoes in. They are at work on the barn today. Miss Lucy Black and George Ross were married the last day of May. Elmer Norton, one of our neighbor boys, fell off the gasoline steamer, coming from Marshfield, near Ross Slough, and was drowned. I think it is very kind of Anna to wish you to come. I want to see her very much. Alice has promised me she would come when Anna comes, and I expect her too. Another year would be as well for them, if all is well. Perhaps Jimmy could come, and with them in his wagon, that is a good healthy way to come. Tell Alice, I do not forget her (dear good girl). If I do not write to her, I hear from her in Carrie's letters. It is a great effort for me to write, if I am not feeling well. If you come, come with Mrs. Moore; then Tillo can bring you both at one trip. I must close and go to breakfast. I send this to the office this morning.

Yours in love, write soon,

Ruth Collver

A.E.P.

Notes:

Is Jimmy, James Walter, Adelia's son, Anna and Alice's brother?

Mrs. Moore is Carrie's mother (Tillo's mother-in-law).

Empire
June 17th, 1899

Dear Daughter Adelia,

I got your letter of the 7 last Tuesday, as I came home from Catching Slough. I went up with Arthur, started Sunday night at 11 o'clock, got there at 4 o'clock Monday morning.

Jake Evans stole my bull and marked him in his mark. Arthur saw him Sunday. He said he would shoot anyone that would try to take him away. I went to see W.C. Douglass, Prosecuting Attorney. He said he would not have him arrested now, for Jake would have to lay in jail 5 months at the county's expense, before Court, and this was his first criminal. He wanted to make as little expense for the County as possible. I expect I will lose him. My eyesight is poor, I cannot run through the brush after him. The Law says a man marking an animals he knows is not his own shall be imprisoned in the Penitentiary not more than 5, or less than one year.

Mrs. Nathan Smith died and was buried last week. Went to bed well, was dead in the morning. I have been budding some prunes and Summer Sweet Paradise apples. I wanted to set out some cauliflower plants, but it is too clear. My lima beans have run up the poles knee high. My potatoes are in blossom and above my knees. Fruit is plenty and growing fine. I was at John Clinkinbeard's day before yesterday. Philura had a letter from Emily. She had a letter from your Uncle Orace. All well there.

Dear Adelia, can't you come down with the rest of the folks this fall? If you don't, I shall feel sorry, for I cannot see you many times in my life time. Charlotte Vanderburgh is Vanderburgh no more; is married. The folks are all well, but Mr. Linsley. He has heart trouble sometimes.

Lizzie and the children live alone here, two weeks at a time. Arthur comes every other Saturday. They tend to their gardens and their cows. I guess the rain has stopped for this summer.

25th. I made a wrong guess for the 17th, for yesterday rain commenced at 6, stopped at 11, commenced ____ now. Today 6 and is raining now and I am at Arthur's. I send this letter by him. He says Ansel goes to marry the Widow McCullough Saturday. My potato vines go up to my hips. I have apple trees as full as ever on Coos River.

My love to all.
Affectionately, your Father,
Alfred B. Collver

Notes:

Mr. Linsley is probably either Carrie Vanderburgh's husband or father-in-law.

Aug. the 9, 1899

Mrs. A.E. Powell

Dear Daughter,

I will now answer your letter which I received last week. We are ___ having a spell of mist. It commenced this morning. The boys have not got their barn quite _____. They hauled in two loads yesterday. The rest is getting wet. We had quite a pleasant surprise yesterday. Herbert came over from John's, horseback. He left his family there. I did not recognize him at all. They had to lay by, several days, at Neva Harry's, on account of him getting sick with the measles. He said he was well, but some danger of his oldest boy taking them. Lora has the whooping cough. I hope they won't get their measles mixed. Mrs. Moore does not want her boy to take either. She says you have not taken any of her rheumatism. She has all she ever had, and some more. I am thinking of going there this fall, if it is the Lord's will I should. So Alice is married. Carrie received a picture of him yesterday. He is a nice looking man. I hope he will always be as good as he looks. I want to go see Sarah as soon as I can. I have some more sewing to do and helping about the house work. I have a little spare time. Carrie is going about as nimble as ever she was, as far as I can see. She is having a good visit with her mother and sister. The Liberals had a camp meeting at the Landing that goes up to the graveyard on Coos River. Very little good was done. My pen is so poor I do not know whether you can read all of this.

My love to all,
R. Collver

A.E.P.

Ross Notes:

Large portions of the letter were missing, on account of the edges of the paper being torn. Therefore, the editor has added words, or parts of words, where needed to clarify the meaning of a sentence.

Notes:

Lora? Lora Williams (Robertson)?

Empire, Oregon
Oct 20th, 1899

Mrs. Adelia E. Powell

Dear Daughter,

I walked to Empire, Tuesday, and got your letter of the 8th. Was glad that your mother, Herbert and Nancy, and the children got through all safe, the children having measles coming and going out. I hoped to hear how the children got along with the whooping cough, for their children gave it to Arthur's children, and they have had it hard, staying at home; and how did Mrs. Moore get home? I hope your eyes will get so you can see as well as ever.

It is a bad day for me to see to write, and the ink is clotty and bad blots. Then the sun will shine bright a minute or two, then turn dark and rain with some thunder. Sunday and Tuesday were fine days. The rest, so far, furious. The morning of the 14th, the ground was covered with frost. The ground froze. Some killed part of the squashes, but none of the beans. I have on a pot of green beans. Some beans in blossom. The Dahlia, now, is as pretty as ever. The wind blew off 5 boxes of apples, some peaches and pears, and broke down a fine pear tree, west of the kitchen.

Arthur has quit the Government Works, and in the nick of time. He would get one, or it two, days' work at one dollar and 20 cents and pay 4.50 a week for board. He is going to be cutting match wood on my place.

21st. The same rainy day, yesterday was only a little cooler. I was in hopes it would dry off, for I have a fine lot of lima beans I want to pick, and these warm rains bursts the cabbage heads. Where I mowed clover, the clover is above my knees, all in blossom. It is now half past 7, the sun faint shining before a black cloud a-raising for the next shower. I have not been to Catching Slough since before Ansel was married, but fruit picking, potato digging, and bad weather prevents. I have not heard from there either. Arthur and me have set the time often, on clear days, but the next day would be storming. I want to get some calves of Arthillo, for the feed is getting high, and he will be short, after losing 35 tons of hay. Then, I don't know where Ansel is, or what they are a-doing, or whether John is there or brought somewhere else. If it is as stormy tomorrow as today, our preacher will not get here.

Hoping that this letter may find you and all the folks in good health, as it leaves me so.

Affectionately, your Father,
Alfred B. Collver

Notes:

Herbert and Nancy and the children. Herbert is Adelia's son, Herbert Wesley Powell, and Nancy and the children are probably his wife and children.

Empire, Oregon
November 10th, 1899

Dear Daughter,

Mrs. Adelia E. Powell

This leaves all well. Andrew and Arthur left here yesterday, at 3 o'clock. It is now 10 minutes past 2 and a dark day. I went out and brought in part of a sack of apples. I eat my last peaches day before yesterday. We got an order from San Diego, for a ton of pitch wood. The boys have most of it out and sacked. It will take 20 days' work to get it out and we got a hundred dollars for it. They have to fish two days in every week. I brought the tools for mining coal _____, if we can get coal, that will pay on Ansel's, Henrietta's and my land. It is very still now. Most likely, the boys will be home with their fish tomorrow. They have a sack of nice dried fish here. I eat of one, once in a while.

November 11th, 1899. It is a nice warm day. Arthur anchored the boat so far out, with a heavy scow anchor, I could not pull it in, so I cannot get this letter off. I went out and got some more apples after writing. I have some beans to pick. I have work to do in Henrietta's orchard, I should do. O, the huckleberry bushes are very full of berries in this lot, yet. People are shooting ducks all the time, night and day. I finished my pot of ducks I cooked day before yesterday, this morning.

In Love and Affection,
Your Father,

Alfred B. Collver

I picked a large pan of beans, some green, some ripe, some bunches in blossom as nice as in summer. I picked and cut blackberries, Early Rose potatoes by the row 3 inches high, looking like early Summer.

A.B.C.

Empire
November 15th, 1899

Dear Daughter,

Mrs. Adelia E. Powell

Yesterday was a fine, warm day. I went to Empire, and was glad to find your letter of the 7th of November waiting in the office for me. I came home with Fred Gette and his mother, who was Mrs. Rozell's youngest sister, and Roy Rozell. Mrs. Gette said she came over to see Arthur and Lizzie, about sending their children to school there, at Mrs. Wilson's, north of Rozells'. Four of Arthur's children can go. He can set them over. She said they would have quite a full school. Arthur, Lizzie and all the children were gone to Sunday School. Mrs. Gette said she thought the Sunday School had stopped for the winter, for her children went at the hour appointed. Nobody was there, but she heard afterwards that the hour was changed. It is now 3 o'clock. It rained all the forenoon. I stopped to pick a pan of green beans. I pick a pan of green beans every other day. There were several hills of beans in blossom, Sunday, but the rain and wind knocked them off. I finished picking my apple, Saturday, and picked my last pear. I have volunteer potatoes a foot high. I thought I would hoe them, but it has been too showery since noon.

November 16th, 1899. It is now 2 o'clock and a-raining, and has been all day. I got a load of wood before it rained very hard. Arthur came at 10, and talked and read the Bible until 12. Henrietta had dinner on the table, but he would not stop to eat, for he said Lizzie would think him lost, if he was not home for dinner. I see your letter to me was backed in my hand. I cannot account for it in no other way than that I put the envelope in the letter sent to you that was intended for William Lusk of Myrtle Point, for a return answer about a sawmill he has got that was shipped to me for the Labor Exchange Association, Branch No. 218. I think it must be, for I have got no answer.

It is now 3, and seems to be getting colder, but still a-raining. Henrietta says, like Samuel Rozzell, when living, "Going _____ (to snow?)". But, if it was not a-raining, I would pick my pan of beans now, and not wait until morning. 3:15, the sun is a-breaking through the rain and mist, the first time today. I hope it will not freeze, for everything looks so pretty and green, clover over knee high and in blossom, wild blackberries in blossom. It is not so good for us, to have green grass over our knees loaded with water, but keeps the cattle fat.

Affectionately,
Your Father,
Alfred B. Collver

July the 4th, 1900

Mrs. Adelia E. Powell

Dear Daughter,

I will now try and answer your welcome letter I receive several days ago, but came as near having the blues as I ever allowed myself to give way to. I have three ungovernable kids (as they call themselves), from ten to fourteen, and trying to straighten out some of the crooks they have got into, it would puzzle a stouter and younger person than me. They were in the habit of quarreling at the table, so I take my Testament and read to them a part of a chapter. Then I can talk about it while they are eating. It is the only way I can get their attention. They are milking 18 cows now and go to school. Then they are on the tilt, sometimes til after nine in the evening.

This is the 4th of July and I am left alone. It is five years today since you all arrived from eastern Oregon. Oh, so many changes has taken place since then, and perhaps many more are before us in the next five. I pray they may be happy ones. All the people around here planned to have a nice time today. Some were going to Marshfield, some were to have picnics, some were going visiting, some were going up Coos River in a fine gasoline boat. The heavy mist and rain this morning spoiled many plans.

Carrie, her babe, and Almira [Elmira] Moore has been vaccinated. It makes them feel too bad to go out in the rain. Anna came through the rain. Bertha Pierce went with her up the Slough, with Will Cavanaugh. Clarence and Lora went up to Albert's. The picnics are a failure.

Your father was here ten days ago. He had been to see Sarah. She was some better. She is now able to do her work. Will is at work in the sawmill, so that he can supply their present needs. She is taking cough medicine that she thinks will cure her. Your father said that he was going to take Henrietta to see her, as soon as it gets drier weather. She has not seen her since you was here. I want to make her a visit this fall.

I am kept right here and I can hardly get away at all. I walked up to see Tillo's folks last Sunday, the first time I have been away since I came six weeks ago. I am too tired, when I get the work done, to walk so far. Ellen Hodson is very sick, and her brother, Josiah Valentine are both at home sick. Poor Ella, she has had her wedding dress made three times. She had one made last March, of white silk. Her intended failed to appear. He lives in Salem. They have been engaged for a long time. She has been sick so much, and he has met with financial reverses that has kept them from getting married. Some think that is the cause of her illness.

Joe nearly killed himself running a foot race and never got well. The preachers are all at Conference at present. I must close. Please write soon, and tell me about all the dear ones and how they are prospering.

This from your affectionate Mother,
Ruth Collver

Adelia

The relatives are all well, as far as I know. I got the bureau all right, except some damage at the top and bottom.

Notes:

Not sure which Anna this is.

Do not know who Joe the racer is.

Empire, Oregon
August 11th, 1900

Dear Daughter,
Mrs. Adelia E. Powell

I got your and Alice's letters of July 23rd, and so very glad to get them at that most solemn, grief stricken time for us all; as I came home from the burial of your most dearly beloved sister, Sarah, at L.P. Church. The loss is ours, but to her it is peace everlasting, joy with your oldest sister that we buried in Iowa, as pure and spotless as a dove, while living. The last word she ever uttered, placing her arms around my neck, and said, O Pa, as if she wanted to take me to Heaven with her, and, O how she will enjoy the loving presence of her grandmothers, in the presence of the Master. Her 5 little children are being cared for by your mother. The boys will provide for them. Will Church is moving their things over from Parkersburg. Sarah was buried Saturday, a week today, in the burying ground on Coos River. I brought Henrietta home from Catching Slough yesterday. This leaves all well. The weather is hot and dry. Henrietta is a-cooking string beans and stewing blackberries. Stephen Hollenbeck and family is expected here tonight. He preaches at the schoolhouse tomorrow, after Sunday School. Arthur is a-working at the Government Works at 2 dollars a day, 8 hours a day. He hopes his job will last 2 months. He is filling in concrete around the piling. I will send Alice's letter with yours.

Sunday 12th. Henrietta, myself, Arthur, and Stephan Hollenbeck and families went to Sunday School. Hollenbeck preached two sermons. Got back at 4. Brother Crooks preached Sarah's funeral. O, if I could have his sermon in print, to send to you. It would be a blessing to all Christians, wherever it might go. He read the Revelator; the most part of the after-part of the 7th chapter of Revelations. He said and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. So Sarah is hearing the shouts of welcome from that multitude that no man can number, understanding all languages, conversing with all.

Affectionately,
Your Father,
Alfred B. Collver

August the 18, 1900

Mrs. Adelia E. Powell

Dear Daughter,

It is with a sad heart I take this opportunity of answering your kind letter I received some time ago, but was called away to the bedside of dear Sarah, almost in a dying condition. When I arrived there, she lived five days, and died the 2 day of August. I got there on Friday. The next Friday, we brought her remains in the coffin, with her husband and five little children to John's new house on Catching Slough. From there, on Saturday, she was buried in the Coos River Cemetery. Sermon preached by Rev. Crooks.

For one week, I had the care of all the children. It was Sarah's request that the brothers should take the children, but Will will not consent to give them up, but he will have to, for they can prove that he is not a capable man to have them. Ansel has Alice and the baby, Eva May. One is seven, the other is one year the 10th of May. Albert has William Alfred. He will be six in September. Tillo has Ruth. She is four. John has Eleanor. She was two last February.

I am now at Ansel's helping to care for the baby and fix them some clothes. Dora has so much to do, she does not have time to care for the baby. She is cutting teeth and has a cold. That makes her fretful. She has only four teeth through, yet, and cannot walk nor talk. I will stay one week longer, then I will have to go and stay with Tillo, as Carrie and Anna will start to Dufur one week from tomorrow. I am to keep house until she comes back.

Fruit of all kinds are plentiful, good market for it and butter at the logging camp. The cars are taking logs to the river very fast.

I hope you will be happy in your new home. Write and tell me all about it. I must now close and help about dinner. Please write soon.

This from your affectionate mother,

Ruth Collver

Notes:

Anna (is this Anna Powell?, Adelia's daughter?)

This is a complete version, for some reason, the transcription in Gordan's book left out a couple of pages...

Clover, Washington
Oct 28, 1900

Mrs. AE Powell,
Wapinitia, Ore.

Dear Mother,

I received your ever welcome letter a few days ago, was glad to hear from your, but sorry to think Lida was not well. Hope she is better by this time. I was surprised to hear you were going to move out there this winter. Where will the poor little girls go to school this winter? I am afraid Bessie will never have a chance to go any more. I hope they will try and study at home all they can so they won't be too far behind in their studies. We have school in a house in our back yard. There are six or seven pupils. They have no school house built in this district yet.

I like the country ever so much, we haven't had a bad windy day since we have been here. The people expect a railroad to be built along the river in a few years. We are milking two cows and I make some butter. Elfend's uncle went away Friday, he had been here since we came. It seems nice to be by ourselves once more.

Hazel is fat and well all the time. She is getting so cute, she jabbers like she wants to talk and says mam-mam. Her teeth don't come through, I don't know what to think about it. They started so long ago.

It has been raining and cloudy for several days. It snowed a time or two, enough to cover the ground, but it isn't very cold, we have good appetites and I never felt better than I do this winter. Provisions are high, bacon is 16 cents a pound and sugar is 14 pounds for a dollar. We intend to raise our own meat by another winter.

I will send you one of Hazel's pictures when they come. Please write for I am anxious to hear from Lida, as well as the rest.

Your loving daughter,
Alice

Dufur, Or.
Nov. 5, 1900

Mrs. A.E. Powell
Wapinitia, Or.

Dear Mamma,

I will now answer your most welcome letter, which I received last week. Was glad to hear from you. We are all well, hoping you the same.

I am a-getting along first-rate in school. I had to study pretty hard last week to catch up with my class.

Mr. Shelton's have moved in our house. Tell Lida that there is one girl that has red hair and freckles. She is just about the size of her, so I guess the house will not get lonesome.

I suppose that you heard about Welsie Quinn; he died last Monday night about nine o'clock. He got to coughing and burst a blood vessel and bled to death.

James came up last Saturday morning before we was out of bed. He will be up again tomorrow to vote.

Charlie is still hauling grain to town.

Edith Sawyer and Talley Vanderpool were married Sunday.

Did Papa take my cape back with him? I cannot find it here. If he did, I wish you would please send it to me, if you get a chance. I have to wear my jacket to school.

I think we will go up to Eva's Saturday night. She wants us to. James has come, all ready this morning. It is hardly daylight. I must close for this time, as I must help with the work before school.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, as ever, your loving daughter,

Bessie Powell

Notes:
James?
Charlie?

Feb the 15, 1901

My Dear Daughter,

I received your most welcome letter last week. Was glad to hear from you. It had been so long since I heard from you, I thought you or some of the family was sick.

Your father was here two weeks ago. He seemed real well. We thought the sore on his lip was cured; but I saw, when he was here last, there was a place on the inside, near the gums, a small sore. He said there was no pain about it, but it don't heal, thought he would try the same medicine once more.

The relatives here are all well, as far as I know. The Liberal part of the U.B. Church are building a parsonage near here. They expect to move into it in two weeks. My brother, Cyrenius, died the 9th of January. His youngest daughter, Mrs. Ruth Belle Bash, wrote me; after nine weeks of sickness, he died at her home. If he had lived until the 2nd day of this month, he would have been 79 years old. Your Uncle Horace and myself is all that is left of a family of eight children. Five times, within a little more than one year, have I realized this fact: that we are all passing over the river of death. I make no plans for time. My great aim is to be ready with my lamp burning and oil in my vessel, waiting for the Bridegroom.

Although I have taken to care for and teach this little girl that is left for me, though but a short time shows me the great necessity of striving to lay a firm foundation of Christian principles that, in after years, if she is spared, can be an anchor to her soul.

This is John's birthday. He is 44 years old. Emma has just sent me an invitation to come over for a surprise party for John, but it is too stormy a day for me to go out. I am just getting better from a severe cold and cough. It would be very imprudent for me to venture out today. It rains as though there was coming a flood. There has been a long spell of frosty nights and fair days. Now we are getting paid up for it.

We do not seem to have much preaching this winter. I have not heard but two sermons. I suspect the people do not support the preacher well enough. There is so many calls for help that no one person gets much.

I wish it was possible for you to come see us this coming summer. I suppose Orace is married again. He was to be, the 7th of this month. Do you think you will have another daughter-in-law soon?

I will now close, hoping to hear from you soon.

This from your loving mother,
Ruth Collver

A.E. Powell

Empire, Oregon
May 7th, 1901

Mrs. Adelia E. Powell

Dear Daughter,

Lorin brought in your ever-welcome letter, as the children went to school the 25th of April. The Arthur brought me 7 very large crabs, already cooked. Ellis brought a sack of crabs, all dressed and cooked, that was not all eaten. So you see, they don't any of them forget me.

On the 14th, Brother Oz ____ held an eight days meeting, here at the schoolhouse. Eli Metcalf and Bert Wyman joined.

It is fine and warm. I am spading and planting Zulu beans at the south end of the Dahlias. The strawberries have mixed with the wild ones and have most taken the front side hill. Arthur's calves fed them off, in January and February. They were in full bloom, then. If they hadn't been eaten up then, they would be ripe now. They blossomed right out and are full of berries as large as peas and the end of my finger, and over all, as white with blossoms as can be. I had to spade one rod of berries under, to get room for my beans. There is a cherry tree, 15 feet through the limbs, full of cherries, at the south end of the Dahlias, a Bartlett pear, 4 peach trees as full of fruit as they can hold. The peaches blossomed the first of March and are all right. I have a big patch of beans that are up, with six leaves, 5 inches across, a fine lot of squashes up and potatoes, 16 inches high. Gooseberries very full, if nothing happens.

8th. The rain has been gently falling, since half past 4, without a breath of wind. It is now 9:30. I must tell you what happened to me last Sunday morning. I got up, thinking it was Saturday. I went out to planting potatoes. A little past 12, here come Arthur, Lizzie and the 5 children all dressed up; I thought the most beautiful flock I ever saw. They have grown in size and beauty, and I in my dirt, planting potatoes. I could not think what it meant. They were a-coming from Sunday School. They have a good turnout. All came up. Bessie, I thought the prettiest child I ever saw, her hair almost as white as the whitest snow, her sparkling eyes, plump as a partridge. O, how I wished I had your Bessie's picture, but my children are so scattered, I cannot expect to see their children in this world; but dear Adelia, we have that blessed assurance of meeting beyond.

9th. Wet day. I am a-going to take this letter to Arthur's now, to send to the office.

This leaves all well.

Affectionately, your Father,
Alfred B. Collver

Notes:

This is AB's last letter to Adelia.

Lorin and Ellis are Arthur's sons.

Brother Oz? Possibly Owen?

At home
Aug. the 25, 1901

Mrs. A.E. Powell

My Dear Daughter,

I will now try and write you a few lines. This leaves us all well, as usual. Carrie has another baby boy, nine days old. Henrietta and Ruth has gone to Sunday School. Perhaps I can write now without being disturbed so much. She is so restless, it is hard to write when she is by. Yes, Orace and Virginia made us all a short visit, but it was pleasant and much better than none. Dora was very sick. I was there when they were coming to make me a visit, so my visit was cut short. They only stayed two nights with me. Your father was here and done his share of the talking. I fixed the medicine and done all I could, then he thought he must go back. He was gone ten days, then he came back for me to fix some more medicine of elder flower. I made some strong as I could. That took all the smarting pain away and was healing the sore fast. Then, he must go back. That has been 3 weeks, Tuesday next. I have not heard from him since.

The Liberal U.B. Has been holding a camp meeting about four miles from here. There was but two tents, besides the tabernacle. It was carried on mostly by an evangelist by the name of Moore and I.G. Bunyon, the preacher in charge of this work. There were 8 or ten conversions and 4 joined the church; two from the Methodist and two from the Radical U.B. They have now moved their tabernacle some twenty miles from here on the Coquille. There was a wagon load of women and children went from here. Albert's wife and his two girls. Among those converted: Josiah V. Hodson, his wife and oldest son, 7 years old, and Byron's wife. He came to the alter for prayers several times, but no satisfaction. Old Mrs. Yoakam is still living, but too feeble to go around much.

Ansel and his family are going to the valley as soon as they can get ready. I expect to go and stay there and dry fruit while they are gone.

John's folks are as well as usual. Emma is not able to work any yet. They keep a hired girl yet. There is quite a stir made about sanctification. Bro. Moore preached it, and some half dozen professed it. There was a shout in the camp. Some run away and some got angry. They had some very good meetings. Time, alone, will tell the good that is done.

Give my love to all,

Yours truly, write soon.

R. Collver

Notes:

Ruth is Ruth Church.

Dora must be Dora McCullough (Collver), Ansel's wife.

Byron is unknown, possibly a Yoakam?

Nov. the 20th, 1901

Mrs. A.E. Powell

My Dear Daughter,

I received your kind and welcome letter one week ago. It made me feel sad and very sorry to have such an accident happen to dear Lida. I felt as though, if I could fly like a pigeon, I would soon be with you. O, I am sorry. Are you sure there is no bone broken? If not, she will be better soon. You live so far from a good surgeon, it is hard to get help.

This leave us all in good health. Your father was here about three weeks ago. His lip was quite sore. He had got some medicine from a noted doctor at Wilbur. He was going to try it when he went back home. I have not heard from him since. I wanted him to stay with me, so I could help him, but he wanted his own way about it. I hope he will get it cured this time.

Howard was here nearly all the fall, working for the boys, to get supplies for winter. They had a fine crop of potatoes. We have had a warm, pleasant fall. Grass grows fine. Ansel has green corn and tomatoes in his garden. One slight frost, in places. Tillo makes 100 pounds of butter a week yet. Butter is 3 cents per pound, eggs 4 cents per dozen.

We are well supplies with preachers. We have three on this work this year: one Radical U.B., one Liberal, and one Baptist. The Radicals Quarterly Meeting commences the second Saturday and Sunday in December. We have a good Union Sunday School and good attendance.

Tillo and Carrie went to Marshfield, Monday, to have their new baby's picture taken. They call him Vernon. He is some better looking than Chester.

You never told me if you have good society and Sunday School near where you live, or not.

Please write soon, this from your Affectionate Mother,

My love to all.

Ruth Collver

Feb. 4, 1902

Mrs. A.E. Powell

My Dear Daughter,

This is a very dark and stormy day. I will now try and answer your welcome letter, which I received some time ago.

I waited awhile to hear from South Slough. At last, Tillo and John went down to see him. He was at work, getting in wood. They thought he looked poorly. They came home the same day, with a promise that he would come up with Howard on Wednesday, which will be three weeks, tomorrow. A short time before he came, I received a letter from Mrs. Charlotte Vanderburgh Hawley. She had seen Clara, Andrew's wife. She told her about your father's cancer on his lip. She wrote to me about it. She said: "take a bunch of violet leaves, mash them, and put them in a quart of water and soak lint in the green infusion" has been known to cure cancers. I have been trying it for nearly three weeks, but with little success. It diminishes the red, angry color. One sore came on his neck. It has reduced that very much. It is very hard to reach a cancer on the lip. The saliva from the mouth weakens the medicine. He is suffering today, with a fresh cold. He is troubled with cold feet. We have the room too warm at times.

The 10th. The duties of the family has hindered me from finishing this. Howard and his family has moved up. He intends to live near Ansel's place on Dannel's Creek. He intends to work for them this season.

We have had 8 days of rain since I commenced writing. Howard moved up before the day before the rain. Has had to visit around ever since. Lizzie is getting very tired, I think. They will take some of their things over today, if it does rain some. Emma took sick yesterday. She says she has been exposed to the smallpox, and now is times for her to come down with it. It has been in Marshfield and Coos Bay all winter. It is in a very mild form. Some are exposed and not take it at all.

Clarence was here a few minutes ago, said his mother is all right today. They have all been exposed, but did not think they would take it. I do not think your father's lip is any better. I am still using the leaves.

The 11th. It looks as though the storm has broke, although it thunders and looks showery. Your father says you wrote him that Mrs. Hamton Kelly lives near you. He wants some of her medicine that she makes. He wanted me to write to her about it. I will send it in this letter, if you will please take it to her. If she has any to spare, send it to me and I will pay all expenses. He is no better. His eyes are very bad. He cannot read or write, but very little.

May the Lord bless you.

Love to all the little ones,

R. Collver

Adelia

Marshfield, Or.
April 1, 1902

Mrs. A.E. Powell
Wapinitia, Or.

Dear Sister,

I thought I would write and tell you about our mother. She has been sick about a week with pneumonia. She, Father and Henrietta, and little Ruth Church have been living in a house by themselves. Sunday, Mother was moved to John's, so it would be handier to take care of her. She is getting weaker all the time. The doctor we had was gone to Portland and will not be back before Saturday. I suppose we will have to get another.

Father has an awful bad cold. His cancer doesn't get any better. Carrie is going down to sit up with Mother tonight.

Your affectionate brother,

T.M. Collver

Alma, Wash.
July 28, 1902

Mr. and Mrs. Powell & Babies
Wapinitia

Dear Father and Mother,

As I have not heard from you since I came back, will write again. I wrote you a letter as soon as I returned, but have as yet received no reply; but I expect a letter every day. I have not felt well since I left Oregon. My kidneys are bothering me a good deal, but have been taking Swamp Root and am feeling much better of late. I am haying on my early grain now. Will start for the harvest fields in a few days, for the summer crops here look fine. I have not found a buyer for my place yet.

Did you get the piece of land on White River we were looking at?

Trusting these few lines to find you and babies all well. Kiss the babies for me many times. Does Hazel ask about me much? I would so much like to see them. Bless their little hearts.

When you write again, address to Wilbur, Washington.

I am, as ever, your affectionate son. Love to all,

E.L. Barzee

Notes:

Was Alice Rose Powell (Barzee), his wife, dead when he wrote this? She died in 1902.

The Dalles, Or.
Sept. 8, 1902

Mrs. Powell,
Wapinitia, Oregon

Dear Friend,

Yours of the 5th, received Saturday, but have been unable to see the doctor until just a few moments ago. He will have some more medicine prepared and send out by tomorrow's stage. He said he would also find out if the salox had been sent. I knew it was prepared, for it was on the bill, which I paid the first of the month. Perhaps the stage driver has lost it. I told the doctor to have some alcohol sent with the other medicine.

You said you never knew of so small a child as Leuvil having boils. My sister-in-law (Mrs. Taylor, who lives here in the Dalles) had a terrible time with her first baby. When she was about Leuvil's age, she broke out all over with large, angry looking boils. They were very bad on her face and head. Dr. Logan treated her, and I think they kept her well oiled with olive oil, they lasted for months, and after they got well, her skin was very clear and smooth.

The poor little darlings have certainly had more than their share of suffering, and you, also, have had your hands full, but I trust there will soon be a change, and that they will be well and strong, again.

I always remember you and the babies in my prayers, and I have faith that all will be well in time.

If, at any time, there is anything you wish for the children, be sure and let me know.

Hoping to hear from you again, soon, and

[Fragment of a letter found among Adelia Powell's letters]

Feb. the 13th, 1903

Mrs. Adelia E. Powell

My Dear Daughter,

After so long delay, I will now try and answer your truly welcome letter. I am glad to tell you I am now improving in health, slowly. I have had a hard time since Christmas. I had a spell of nettle rash. I suffered terribly with it for nearly four weeks. I was so reduced. I could barely go about the house. I got some more catarrh cure, which has been curing me. I have had it in my system for a long time and had taken six bottles last summer. When I thought I was so near well, I quit taking it. I went to a camp meeting in September, was out late in the evening, I took a severe cold. The catarrh came back with full force. I have had a cough ever since. It is loose now. I raise very much night and day.

I had some nice Christmas presents. Clara sent me a wool crocheted round cape, very nice. Each of the four little boys worked a beautiful doily in flowers in different kind of stitches. They were done very nicely. Dora made me a present of a rice cooker, very nice, and a sugar bowl and a cream pitcher, but Henrietta broke that, before she got home. Ruth got a book called "The Willing Worker", she thinks very nice; a small cup and saucer. She reads well in any book. Howard has been living on Dannel's Creek one year now. Tillo is going to build him a house on this side and hire him another year to help on the place. He would like to stay on his place at South Bay, but there is no school. Five of them are old enough to be kept in school. Their baby is a very large, fat boy; they call him Fay.

Dora's health is not very good. One lung is badly affected. She takes cold, very easy, that sets her to coughing. She has more work than usual this winter. She boards the teacher and the teacher's sister. There will be four weeks more of school. We have preaching the third Sunday in each month. John's folks are well. The five orphan grandchildren are healthy and happy, except Willie, the one Albert has. Mamie makes a very poor substitute for a mother. I feel so sorry for the poor child and have no way to help the child. It is all that I am able to do, is to care for the two I have.

We are having sunshine-y days but cold frosty nights.

I will close for this time.

Please write soon, my love to all,

R. Collver

Adelia

Marshfield, Oregon
April 27, 1903

Mrs. A.E. Powell
Tygh Valley, Ore.

Dear Sister:

It has been a long time since I received your very welcome letter. I am ashamed to write, now that I have waited so long. We are all quite well now, with the exception of coughs, which the La Grippe has left us.

Most everyone in the country has had or are having the La Grippe. Albert's and Howard's families are sick now. Tillo was real sick on Easter Sunday, and doesn't feel very strong yet. I received a letter from Lottie Covey about two weeks ago, and she said that your girls were going to start school the following Monday. But we heard since, that Lyda has been quite sick, but hope she is better now.

Anna and her husband spent Easter Sunday with us. She seems to like her new home fine. I have been to see them once, since they went to housekeeping.

Tillo is milking 22 cows now. Howard is working for us this year. Tillo helped him make him a house, and he has his family near us. He has a nice family. I suppose you have heard about Andrew and Clara having a little girl. They are very proud of her too. I guess I will have to stop writing and go to bed, as the fire has gone out.

Sunday, May 3. I had better finish this letter right now. This is a lovely day. There is to be a Quarterly Meeting at our school house today.

Since I last wrote, all the sick folks are getting better. I think Howard will be able to help Tillo milk tonight.

I was down to see your mother last week. She seems to feel better, but she isn't a bit strong. She hasn't taken the La Grippe yet, and I hope she won't, as I believe it would go hard with her. Old Mr. Cutlip and wife came over to Quarterly Meeting yesterday, and stopped with your mother.

How are Alice's children? I would like so well to see them. Have you had their pictures taken this spring? You spoke in your last letter like you would, when the weather was good.

How are Annie and her babies getting along? We never hear from them anymore. Her youngest one is almost a year old now, isn't she?

I believe I had better stop writing for this time, as I have run out of something to say. Please write soon, and I will try and do better next time.

Your loving sister,
Carrie Collver

I wish you could come down this summer. I am afraid you will not get to see your mother, if you don't.

Notes:

Not sure which Anna this is.

Andrew & Clara's little girl is Cynthia Blanch.

Marshfield
May the 29th, 1903

Mrs. A.E. Powell

My Dear Daughter,

Once more I will try and answer your very welcome, yet sad, letter. I am so sorry that Lida has to be so afflicted. She is so young and full of hope. It seems as though my own afflictions are slight, to be compared with one so young. Tell her to ask Jesus to help her. I have been afflicted for eight months. But then, I have enjoyed good health since I was sixteen, until now, for which I am truly thankful to my Heavenly Master. I suffer the most now, from a stupid, inactive feeling, cramping in my fingers, and a distressing cough and a slight soreness at the pit of my stomach. I have a good appetite the most of the time, or I never could do the work I have to do. I have the housework. Sweeping is the hardest. A little work tires me. I sit down in my arm chair, in a room with no fire, and am asleep; awake in an hour or so, chilly. Then comes on a fresh cold. I think it is best for me to work all that I can. I do not go out much. It hurts me so, to walk. With help, I have been out to meeting once in 8 months. The preachers will start to Conference next week. Henrietta is busy with her chickens. She has seventy she has to care for, that takes nearly all her time. Ruth is going to school. She is learning well. She is only seven. She is ahead of those who are ten.

We are having some warm, fine growing weather. May has been quite wet, the most of the month. Everything looks fine. Fruit will be very plentiful. The boys are planting potatoes. They are so busy at work, they don't often come to see me. They have all been sick so much this spring. About the time you wrote your last letter, we were all sick with La Grippe; but now they have fine weather, but are not very strong yet. Is your place large enough to raise your bread and hay to winter your cows?

Well, I must bring my letter to a close. Please write. I have wanted to hear from you all, so much, but when I have not been so stupid. I have had so much repairing to do, I had to work at that. Perhaps I can do better about writing since warm weather has come. That keeps me poorly, when there is no one to chop wood. We have to do that. Without, then I must stay in the cold kitchen. I take cold very easy. I must try and walk around more. Excuse my crooked lines. My glasses are not very good.

My love to all,

This from your affectionate mother,
Ruth Collver

A.E.P.

Marshfield, Oreg.
Sept. 13, 1903

Mrs. A.E. Powell
Tygh Valley, Or.

Dear Sister,

Your welcome letter of August 26 was received. We were sorry to hear of the death of Eva's little girl.

Orace, Virginia and Andrew came last Tuesday.

Mother is no better. She has been unconscious for several days, until this morning. She sent for us boys to all come over. She sleeps a little more natural today.

We have a little girl, two weeks old.

I would write more, but I have to send this to the office now.

Please write soon,

From your affectionate brother,

T.M. Collver

OBITUARY

Mrs. Ruth Collver was born in Portage County, Ohio; October 29, 1827. She lived in Ohio until she was eleven years old, and with her parents, Mr. And Mrs. Wm. Rice, moved to Iowa in 1839. She was married to Alfred Bainbridge Collver at Bur-Oak Ridge, Iowa, December 25, 1844, and to this union a family of seven boys and four girls were born, all of which are living, except two girls. They lived together until his death, May 7, 1901.

They left Tipton, Cedar County, Iowa, the first of April 1851, crossed the plains as far as Salt Lake City, Utah, and stayed over the winter with the Mormons. Came to Oregon in the fall as far as Oregon City. The next spring moved to Long Tom, Lane County, Oregon. The next fall moved to the French settlement in Douglas County, Oregon. They moved on Coos River in August 1857. In the spring of 1884, they moved to Catching Slough, that being her home until her death, September 18, 1903. Her age was 75 years, 10 months and 19 days.

Marshfield
Sept. 18, 1903

Mr. I.J. Powell

Mother died this morning at eight o'clock.

M.P. (T.M.) Collver

Phone from The Dalles

C.J.L.

Marshfield, Ore.
August 29, '04

Mrs. Adelia E. Powell
Simnasho, Ore.

Dear Sister:

It has been a long time since I have heard from you. I didn't know whether you lived at Tygh or not, so wrote to Annie to get your address. I am all ready to go to town, to attend Mr. Cavanagh's funeral. I am just going to take the baby, as Henrietta is going to stay with the children. Tillo is going to send the knives and forks to you today. I hope you will get them all right. How are _____ this since. I hope you are well.

We are all quite well at present. Mamma is with us girls this summer, but is talking about going back soon. We have had a good visit this summer.

Well, I must hurry, as the boat is coming. Will write more next time.

Your loving sister,

Carrie

Notes:

Knives and forks? Her mother's?

Hood River, Or.
Apr. 23, 1905

Dear Mamma:

I will write you a few lines this afternoon, if I don't melt before I get through. I think it is the hottest weather I ever saw for April. It seems more like July.

I was just over-joyed to think you were really thinking of coming down. Why can't you all come in the wagon, children and all? I would like to see them all so well. Doesn't Papa get a vacation this year? I think he might get off for awhile.

The strawberry patch is white with blossoms. In about a month, it will be red with fruit, and I hope you will be here to see them in all their beauty. I just returned from taking the girls for a little walk over to the woods. They picked flowers and enjoyed it so much. I have 10 little Plymouth Rock chicks, out of 24 eggs. I only have 13 chickens, but I am thankful for that many. I got the eggs from Eva.

My cow is doing first rate, have sold 5 rolls of butter in 3 weeks, got 60 cents a roll for the last 2 rolls. We are feeding the calf skim milk and bran. I didn't feel able to go to church this morning, so the little girls went with their papa. Gertrude spoke a little piece along with the other little girls. It was her first attempt, and her papa thought she didn't do very well.

Mr. B's school was out Friday, and they hadn't more'n got rid of him, until they turned right around and hired him over again, so he is solid for another year (providing he behaves himself).

As it is getting late, I will close. Be sure and come down, all of you.

Write soon to your loving daughter,

Anna (Brown, nee' Powell)

Notes:
Eva?

Simnasho
May 13, 1905

Mrs. A.E. Powell

Dear Wife,

I have just received your letter. I got home yesterday, walked home, was very tired, and when I found you all gone, I was the worst out of patience I ever was. Well, I can't come. Have no way to come, even if I get a permit, which is not likely. I wanted to settle that with Herbert myself and have it all done. Now it is unfinished. Don't wait for me to come, but go on when you can.

Did you write to Elferd, that you wanted him to take the children this summer? If you did, I want you to correct it at once. I have been wanting to see my little boy, awful bad, all week thinking of him, nearly all the time.

What did Herbert do with the check, without my name on it? Talcott wants the Patent. Did we get it, or has Herbert got it? Ask him, if you don't know. Millie come after her kitten and found none. I go back to the mill Monday, 3 or 4 days more.

From your hub (husband),

I.J. Powell

Notes:

Herbert must be their son, Herbert Wesley.

Millie is unknown, a neighbor perhaps?

Talcott is unknown.

Feb 1?, ????
(Letter fragment)

I'm not sure how they determined the date on this, there is only pages 2-3 and no date I could find, but I kept their date for now.

...
has certainly been of benefit to him. He has no trouble with his stomach this winter either, only a little trouble trying to keep it filled. We expect to sail for home a week from next Saturday, Feb. 26, if nothing happens, we are going to ship our things Tuesday this week so they will be there by the time we are there. We are going to take our little niece and nephew with us so as to have something to do to keep us out of mischief. (I'm beginning to find a few gray hairs in my head).

I hope we will find some good weather awaiting us when we get back to H.R. It would be quite a blow to us if we should have to face a snowstorm on going back, am afraid basking in the sunshine has spoiled us.

I hope you folks will try and come to see us this summer as I am not going to try to go anywhere with my flock. I think I do well enough by keeping the at home. I took them all four down town with me one day and I certainly had my hands full. I only had to cross the street once. Then the police had to assist me. There are about 500 cars and automobiles to every minute on Market Street. A person has to have their eyes open.

Gordon Note: Handwriting appears to be that of Anna J. Brown, who may have had a niece and nephew in her care. In that case, the letter would have been written after the untimely death of her sister, Alice R. Barzee, in 1902.

Notes:
H.R.?
Market Street (Portland?)

1849-1910

You are requested to be present at the sixty-first wedding anniversary of Mr. And Mrs. H. Rice, Thursday, February seventeenth, at their home on East Jackson Street, the Dalles.

Committee:

Mrs. Tim Evans

Mrs. Ray Butler

Marshfield, Ore.
Jan. 20, 1914

Mrs. A.E. Powell

Dear Sister,

Your kind letter received some time ago. I should have written sooner, but the cares of this life sometimes wreck good intentions. I hope this will find you well. We had a family reunion Christmas, and a tree at the farm. I had a nice long letter from Ansel last week. They seem to be getting along quite well. He has gone into the wood business. Willie Church is back home from his job at Loon Lake. He is going to Forest Grove soon, on a visit, and may go to Eastern Oregon. Henrietta is here. She came last night. She seems to fare very poorly, on account of her very poor eyesight. Tillo and Fred, George Ross, and a few others go to Lodge about every Monday night at Marshfield, and sometimes get back very late. Last night they went in Fred's new gas boat. I was told Sunday the steam schooner Acma was wrecked on the Coos Bay bar, Saturday night. I have not heard since any more of it.

Anson Rodgers died Christmas day. A street car is running from North Bend to Marshfield, every few minutes, every day. When the railroad is finished to Coos Bay, perhaps you can come to see us. How far is it from where you live to the railroad depot? Is there any stage goes by your place? We have had lots of wind and rain, but not much cold weather. Grass growing fine, roses in bloom in the garden.

Good bye for this time.

Your loving brother,
Albert C.

Note:
Fred is most likely Fred Messerle, Albert's son-in-law.

Marshfield, Ore.
Feb. 14, 1914

Mrs. A.E. Powell

Dear Sister:

I will not try to answer your kind letter, which came some time ago. The folks are all stirred up over the death of Loren Collver, who was buried at Coos River, the 12th, at one o'clock. He died of bowel trouble, only sick about a week, age 22, Howard's boy. He has been working in the sash and door factory, North Bend. Howard will move the family up to the farm in a few days.

John still lives at North Bend. Tillo has been having some trouble with his dyke: big tides washed out some of it.

We have had some very hard windstorms, but very little cold weather this winter. Today is warm and sunny, like summer. My health has not been very good this winter. Rheumatism and a queer numbness in my left side. Been able to work most of the time. The rest of the folks are getting along nicely.

As I think of no more to write at this time, I will close.

Please write soon.

As ever, your loving brother,

W.A. Collver

Issaquah, Wash.
5-4-16

Mr. & Mrs. Powell
Tygh Valley, Oreg.

Dear Parents and Children:

I received your letter, which was gladly received, and was glad to learn all were well.

Hazel certainly is some girl for her age. I am glad she is going to be a good sized woman.

I would like so much to see my children, but anyone that has to work for their living are in luck to keep even, these times. It seems odd, to think of Lee being married. He was a little boy, when I last saw him, but time goes very fast, and a child grows up very quick.

I planted a sack of potatoes in February, and they are up 2 or 3 inches high now. I was afraid the seed was going to rot, as the weather through March and April was so cold and rainy.

This Spring is about a month later than usual, and all garden is growing very slow.

I hatched about 1200 chicks this year, but don't expect more than about 300 good pullets, as there is so many roosters, and there is always a loss to count on. We have been having an awfully lot of colds this Spring. We have taken enough medicine to start a small drug store. But in the poultry business, one has to keep their work did, whether they would like it or not. I have the head ache most all of the time. I think a lot of it comes from catarrh. This is a very bad country for that, as there is so much damp weather here, and also, it is hard on the lungs, so much colds, and they most always affect my lungs.

The days are getting warmer now, and I think we will feel better as soon as we get a little dry weather.

We had quite a hard electric storm about a week ago.

Wishing this to find all well and to hear from you as soon as convenient.

With love,

E.L. Barzee

Notes:
Lee?

Issaquah, Wash.
5-4-16

Mr. & Mrs. Powell
Tygh Valley, Oreg.

Dear Parents and Children:

We were glad to hear from you and to learn you are all well.

We have been having another time here with whooping cough. This time, Loyd was exposed to it at school, and the last two weeks they missed school, but they both passed their grades: Loyd to the 5th grade and Percy to the 3rd grade. The children are most over it now, but at times they cough pretty hard. This is the best time of the year for anyone to have whooping cough. Six weeks is the shortest time it takes to get over it, and if one gets it in the fall of the year, it will not leave them until the next Spring. We certainly have been having a time of it, for three weeks or a month we were up with some of the children every hour in the night and sometimes three or four, and I had it along with the rest of them. Sometimes, we were all coughing at once and some of the children throwing up, so we had a nice mess of it; and Jennie and I are about in, losing so much sleep and doing our work too. The baby had an awful time. He got so weak, he could hardly raise his head up, but thank goodness, we are past the worst of it. Whooping cough is not contagious unless they breathe the breath of one that has it, or be in the same room.

We are having a very cool summer here, only about one week of warm weather, so far. It has been so wet the potatoes are getting a scab or a disease of some kind. Our strawberries are nearly half-rotted on the vines, fruit of all kinds is very short. The cherries most all cracked open on the trees, on account of so much rain.

We have a nice bunch of pullets coming on, about 400, I think, but when feed is shipped in, it makes it very expensive; and with chickens, all the feed, except the green stuff, has to be bought. We will feel pretty lucky, if we hold our own.

Jennie canned up about 50 quarts of strawberries this year. Year before last, she had 150 quarts. The boys and I went out on the hills to see if we could find any wild blackberries, but they have all blighted, so I guess we will have to buy dried fruit, if we get any.

We have two cows now. We raised a heifer from the old cow. The heifer is doing fine for her age. She is 20 months old and gives over three gallons a day. The old cow hasn't been feeling well for a week, and has nearly dried up. We don't have much pasture, and I have to feed them pretty good, or we don't get any milk.

Trusting this to find all well and hear from you and all about the children.

With love and best wishes,

E.L. Barzee

Notes:
Loyd

ADELIA E. POWELL

Adelia E. Collver was born in Utah, January 17, 1852, where her parents were spending the winter on their way from Ohio to Oregon. On January 18, 1870, she was united in marriage with Rev. I. J. Powell, at Coos Bay, Oregon.

For nearly 50 years, they labored together in the Lord's work, ever gladly accepting the responsibilities and cheerfully discharging her duties as mother in her own household and faithful companion to her husband in the work of the ministry.

She was truly converted and united with the United Brethren Church. The faith she had in God was unwavering and in health was evidenced by her practical Christian life, in failing health it expressed itself in a calm resignation to God's will and an undimmed hope of the Eternal World. While able, she daily read the Book, and when weakness prevented, she gladly listened while others read. In the valley of shadow of death, the "rod and staff comforted her."

She peacefully fell asleep May 31, 1920, at 10:45 pm at the age of 68 years, 4 months and 14 days.

Of her family, 2 preceded her in death, viz: Mrs. Alice Barzee, and a 2-months-old child.

Those living are:

Herbert W., of Hover, Wash.,
John M. of Wasco County, Oregon,
James W. of Hartland, Wash.,
Mrs. Anna J. Brown, of Vernonia, Ore.,
Mrs. Eva L. Heisler of Dufur, Ore.,
Mrs. Bessie Nickerson, of Wasco County, Ore.,
Mrs. Lydia Killian, of Grandview, and
Mrs. Myrtle Nickerson, of the Dalles, Oregon.

She also leaves her husband, 23 grand children, 3 great grandchildren, and 7 brothers.

Funeral services, conducted in the M.E. Church Wednesday, June 2, at 2:30 pm, by Rev. F.L. Cook, assisted by Rev. Anderson. Interment in Grandview cemetery.

HERBERT W. POWELL
December 1, 1870 – June 6, 1942

"Service is Held for H. W. Powell, Retired Farmer"

"The funeral service was held at the Church of The Nazarene Monday afternoon, with Rev. T. E. Martin officiating, for Herbert W. Powell, 73, of 1307 South Seventh Street, Kelso, who died at his home following an illness extending over the past two years. Interment was in the Kelso IOOF Cemetery. Pallbearers were George Wheeler, J. D. Jackson, Warren Arnold, Henry Mihsch, Jack Dixon and Percy Holland."

"Powell, a retired farmer, came to this community 14 years ago from Amsville, Ore. He is survived by the widow, Nancy M. Powell, and two sons, Lee of Washougal and Ray of Portland. There also are eight grandchildren and three great-grandchildren."

"The Reardon Funeral Home was in charge of the arrangements."

(Unknown Town, Wash.)
(Unknown Date)

(Received by Isaac and Adelia E. Powell)

[The first page of this letter has been lost, but the remainder was found among letters received by Adelia E. Powell]

... Bessie will never have a chance to go any more. I hope they will try and study at home all they can, so they won't be too far behind in their studies. We have school in our back yard, in a house. There are six or seven pupils. They have no school house built in this district yet.

I like the country ever so much. We haven't had a bad, windy day, since we have been here.

We are milking two cows, and I make some butter.

Elferd's uncle went away Friday. He had been here ever since we came. It seems nice to be by ourselves once more.

Hazel is fat and well all the time. She is getting so cute. She jabbars like she wants to talk and says, "Mam-mam". Her teeth don't come through. I don't know what to think about it. They started so long ago.

It has been raining and cloudy for several days. It snowed a time or two, enough to cover the ground, but it isn't very cold. We have good appetites and I never felt better than I do this winter.

Provisions are high, Bacon is 16 cents a pound, and sugar, 15 pounds for a dollar. We intend to raise our own meat by another winter.

I will send you one of Hazel's pictures, when they come.

Please write soon, for I am anxious to hear from Lida, as well as the rest.

Your loving daughter,
Alice

Notes:
Is Elferd her husband?

Daniels Creek March 28th

Dear Sister Adelia,

It had been a long time since I have heard from you so I thought I would write a few lines. This leaves all well as usual. I have not entirely regained my strength since I was sick last spring but am able to do the house work by being careful not to try to do too much at a time. Mother is stouter now than she had been for some time. She rode her horse back over the hill Saturday, stayed over night here with me and we all went to church the next morning in the wagon. Ansel came over with her and took her back home in the boat. She left Howard and Tillo at home to ???.

Andrew has gone out on his place to do some work and get his preemption papers for his place. He intended to be back last Wednesday but has not returned. I think there is some attraction there besides his place that keeps him. Albert is working for Nathen Smith but was here Sunday morning. Father was up here three or four weeks ago and stayed over night, but have not heard from him since.

We have been having some nice weather for about two weeks. John has got the yard fenced in and seeded to grass. I have had a few flower beds made and am going to try to raise some flowers. I have never tried to raise them out of doors but have had a good many house plants but think it would be better for them and me too to be out of doors more. Dill Clinkinbeard brought me a nice lots of plants of the Tiger Lillies this morning. Philura has had them blooming in her yard for several years, they grow some larger in the garden than they do wild.

Dill was wanting to find a piece to speak at the Prohibition Club. It was organized last Saturday night at the Church. Henry Smith was elected President and Florence Smith Vice President. They will meet every two weeks. I was not out, the boys went. I cannot be out much nights without making me nearly sick.

I was at a basket sociable on Wednesday night at Jason Rodgers'. The girls took the baskets and had their names wrote on a slip of paper and shook up in a hat the boys paid 50 cents and drew a name and ate supper with the one they drew. Some got little girls and some old women, they played games before and after. All seemed to enjoy themselves, had a good time and lots of fun. There was no kissing or dancing allowed, it was got up for the benefit of the Sunday School. There was just ten dollars raised. We had about eight dollars before so there was enough to get papers and cards for three months, new singing books and a Library. Sunday School will commence about the first of April. All are looking forward to its opening and expect a large attendance. We have had preaching every other Sunday all winter unless it was too stormy, but the Marshes is going to the valley this week to be gone three or four weeks. The Methodist preacher from Empire has meeting here once a month. His name is Richardson, there will be prayer meeting when there is no preaching.

It is bedtime and I must bring my letter to a close for John wants to start to town early in the morning. Oh how much I would like to see you all. It seems like such a long time since I was out there. I hope the children haven't forgotten me. I suppose some are almost grown. I would like to have them write some with you. Alice wrote a nice little letter to Father or Mother, I forget which, some time ago. Give my love to all and a share for yourself. This from your affectionate Sister Sarah Collver.

November 9, 0000
Oregon City

Dear Brother and Sister,

We have not heard from you for a long time. We are living in Oregon City and getting along the best we can. Though we are poor enough, we are tolerably well and getting along as well as could be expected. The children are going to school.

John Rook started for Coos Bay not long since and I suppose he has told you of Mothers and Fathers trouble. I have not heard from Mother since he went away. Oscar and Francis are living with Father.

I got letter from John Powell a few days ago. He is in Louisville, Kentucky. He has not been there long and I suppose hardly knows how he will like it but seems to be in good spirits. I suppose he wrote to you he was going.

I want you to write. How you are getting along and how is Johnny and Herby. How are you all? Write soon. Is John Rook there or where is he? I should like so much to see you. Do you think you will ever come see me?

Your affectionate sister,
Mary Roberts

Notes:

The missing year on this letter is a problem. The letter is to Isaac and Adelia Collver Powell, it mentions their first two children at the end, Johnny (John Melvin) and Herby (Herbert Wesley) at the ending.

It could not be Mary Collver, she died in 1849 in Iowa.

Could it be one of Isaac's sisters?

Timeline

See also: <http://www.coohistory.org/histone.html>

1792

12/30/1792 William King Rice born in Conway, Massachusetts.

1812

War of 1812. 1812-1815

1815

6/18/1815 Battle of Waterloo.

1819

12/12/1819 Alfred Bainbridge Collver born, Warrensville, Cuyahoga Co, Ohio.

1827

10/29/1827 Ruth Rice (Collver) born, Matua, Portage County, Ohio.

1839

12/29/1839 William King Rice dies in Ottawa, Illinois.

1841

1/21/1841 Mary Polly Pettingell (Rice, Cook) marries Beckwith Cook.

1845

7/13/1845 AB Collver, age 25, and Ruth Rice (Collver), age 17, marry. They meet on a wagon train from Ohio to Iowa.

1846

8/16/1846 Mary Philura Collver born to Alfred and Ruth in Tipton Iowa.
12/28/1846 Iowa becomes the 29th state.

1848

?/1848 Henrietta Mathilda Collver born to Alfred and Ruth, Tipton Iowa.

1849

Mary Philura Collver dies Tipton, Iowa.

1850

7/15/1850 Ansel Mark Collver born to Alfred and Ruth, Tipton, Iowa.

9/12/1850 Cedar, Iowa Census shows Beckwith Cook, age 64, listed as a miller, living with Mary Polly Pettingell (Rice, Cook), age 60, his son, Seely Mansfield Cook, age 37, and his wife, Nancy Beulah Rice (Cook), age 60, their children, Chloe, age 8, Martha, age 7, Osmar, age 2, Mary, age 6 months, and also shows Beckwith's other son, Joel B Cook, age 35, living nearby with Mary Elizabeth Rice (Cook), age 30, and their children, Elvira (Alvira), age 10, Lucy, age 7, and Mercy, age 3. [Heisen]

1851

4/1/1851 AB Collver and Ruth Rice leave Tipton, Iowa for Oregon. [Ross, 9/18/1903]

Fall 1851 AB and Ruth winter with the Mormons at Salt Lake City, Utah [Ross, 9/18/1903]

1852

?/?/1852 Adelia Emily Collver born to Alfred and Ruth, Salt Lake City, Utah.

6/3/1852 Alfred, age 33, & Ruth arrived in Oregon. [Dodge]

AB & Ruth came to Oregon City in the fall. [Ross, 9/18/1903]

1853

AB & Ruth move from Oregon City to Long Tom, Lane County, Oregon in the spring. [Ross, 9/18/1903]

AB & Ruth settle on a claim near Looking Glass valley in the fall. A French settlement in Douglas County. [Ross, 9/18/1903]

Alfred works his land claim in Coos Bay.

1854

2/16/1854 Orace Gabriel Collver born to Alfred and Ruth, Looking Glass, Or.

Alfred Collver, Lionel Bushnell and John Alva Harry explored headwaters of the Coquille.

1855

5/14/1854 William Albert Collver born to Alfred and Ruth, Melrose, Oregon, at Fort Sitkum.

War broke out with the Indians along the Rogue River.

1856

Alfred Collver, Lionel Bushnell and John Alva Harry formed the Coquille Guard for the Indian War.

1857

8/7/1857 Collver family moves from Melrose to Alden, Coos River. [Dodge] [Ross, Obit. 9/18/1903]

Collver bought the homestead rights from James Gordan.

11/3/1857 John Truman Collver born to Alfred and Ruth, Noti, Oregon.

1859

2/14/1859 Oregon becomes the 33rd state.

1860

AB Collver organizes the first legal school district in Coos County. [Oregonian]

Coos County School District #1 was on Collver homestead.

8/22/1860 PO Franklin, Lane County, Oregon Census shows Beckwith Cook and family, Seely Cook and Joel Cook.

11/3/1860 Sarah Dewey Collver born to Alfred and Ruth, So. Coos River, Or.

1861

3/4/1861 Abraham Lincoln becomes President. Before this seven southern states declare their secession from the Union.

American Civil War (1861-1865)

4/12/1861 Confederates attack Fort Sumter in South Carolina.

1863

6/23/1863 Andrew Freeman Collver, born to Alfred and Ruth, So. Coos River, Or

1864

Ruth Rice (Collver) has the measles [Ross, 6/15/1864]

6/15/1864 [Ross] Mercy A. Cook writes to Adelia E. Collver.

6/15/1864 Abraham Lincoln signs the patent for the James Gordon place to AB Collver. [Dennis]

12/21/1864 [Ross] James H. Rowley writes to Adelia E. Collver.

1865

3/27/1865 [Ross] Osmer W. Cook writes to Ansel M. Collver.

4/9/1865 Lee surrenders to Grant.

4/14/1865 Booth assassinates Lincoln.

9/12/1865 Mary Elizabeth Cook writes to Adelia E. Collver.

9/13/1865 Nancy B. Rice (Cook) writes to Ruth Rice (Collver).

1866

The Cape Arago Light on Gregory Point, near Sunset Bay, began operation (see right photo). This was the first permanent lighthouse established on the Oregon Coast. (see Century, pp 119-121)

<http://www.cooshistory.org/histone.html>

4/9/1866 Arthur Howard Collver, born to Alfred and Ruth, So. Coos River, Or

1868

A huge Coos County fire burned 90,000 acres of old growth Douglas Fir in what is known thereafter as "the big burn". (see Tricky Like Coyote , p 53.)

1869

5/1/1869 President US Grant signs patent for an adjoining 44.5 acres for AB Collver. [Dennis]

10/21/1869 Arthillo "Tillo" Monroe Collver, born to Alfred and Ruth, So. Coos River, Or

1870

1/18/1870 Adelia Emily Collver, age 17, marries Isaac Jamison Powell.

1872

The first Dora school was built of logs and stood in the middle of the road below the 1913 school house.

1873

Coos Bay Wagon Road is opened.

1874

Marshfield became the first incorporated town in Coos and Curry counties. (see Century, pp 101)

<http://www.cooshistory.org/histone.html>

2/4/1874 Mary Polly Pettingell (Rice, Cook) dies in Buena Vista, Or.

1875

Empire City's first courthouse was demolished. [Hull, p. 18]

1876

Alfred purchased the Alden patent for a fruit dryer. [Dennis]

1877

Alfred becomes an agent for the Alden dryer in SW Oregon. [Dennis]

1880

Alfred B. sold his Alden ranch to William Luse in the early 1880's. [Dennis]

1880 finds Ruth alone with her children at Alden and Alfred at South Slough.

5/2/1880 Ruth Collver writes Adelia from Alden.

8/1/1880 Sarah Collver writes Adelia from Coos River.

8/3/1880 Ruth Collver writes Adelia from Alden.

1881

Kansas becomes the first state to outlaw alcoholic beverages in its Constitution.

9/6/1881 Ruth Collver writes Adelia from "At Home".

10/16/1881 Orace Gabriel Collver, age 27, marries Margaret J. Barnett in Lebanon.

1882

2/26/1882 Sarah writes Adelia.

3/28/1882 Sarah writes Adelia.

8/13/1882 Ruth writes Adelia.

10/29/1882 Ruth writes Adelia.

1883

3/25/1883 AB Collver writes Adelia from Charleston.

6/17/1883 AB Collver writes Adelia from Coos River.

7/22/1883 AB Collver writes Adelia from Charleston.

1884

In the spring, Alfred, age 65, and Henrietta, age 36, move to Catching Slough (Inlet). [Ross, 9/18/1903]

7/30/1884 Andrew Collver writes Adelia from Marshfield.

9/23/1884 M. D. Cutlip, Preemption D S No. 4623 for the N E ¼ Sec. 34 T 27 S R 12 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: B. H. Haskins, Andrew Collver, Alvin Smith, John Hastings (all of Fairview, Oregon.)

Also at the same time and place.

Alvin Smith Preemption D S No. 4624 +-for the N E ¼ Sec. 34 T 27 S R 12 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: B. H. Haskins, M. D. Cutlip, A. F. Collver, John Hastings, (all of Fairview, Oregon.)

<http://history.coquillevalley.org/years-ago/Herald/1884-Oct21CCH.html>

12/30/1884 Sarah writes Adelia from Catching Slough.

1885

1/4/1885 Ansel writes AB Collver from Portland Business College.

1/29/1885 Sarah writes Adelia.

2/19/1885 ABC writes Adelia.

1886

3/21/1886 Ruth writes Adelia.

3/26/1886 ABC writes Adelia.
3/26/1886 ABC writes his nephew, Herbert Powell.
4/3/1886 Ruth writes Alice.
7/4/1886 Ruth writes Adelia.
Henrietta falls and breaks her wrist.
11/21/1886 Ruth writes Adelia.

1887

6/27/1887 Ruth writes Adelia.
12/4/1887 John Truman Collver, age 30, marries Emma Eveline Armfield.
12/14/1887 Arthur Howard Collver, age 21, marries Nancy Elizabeth (Lizzie) Benham.

1888

1/10/1888 AB writes Adelia.
2/24/1888 Sarah writes Adelia.
3/25/1888 AB writes Adelia.
7/3/1888 Andrew Freeman Collver, age 25, marries Clara Hester Williams.
8/22/1888 Sarah writes Adelia.

1889

4/4/1889 Ruth writes Adelia.
1889 Clara loses her first child, Alphonse.

1890's

Dairy became king of Coos County and local dairies formed co-ops. [Dodge]

1890

Lots of flooding this year on Coos River. [Ross, 7/19/1890]
1/1/1890 William Albert Collver, age 34, marries Naomi Steinon.
3/4/1890 AB writes Adelia.
5/8/1890 AB writes Adelia.
5/11/1890 Clara Hester Williams (Collver) begins her diary on the South Slough.
7/19/1890 Ruth writes Adelia.
7/23/1890 AB writes Adelia.
10/26/1890 Andrew & Clara move to Sumner, the P.C.L. Place [Clara]
12/19/1890 Orace writes Adelia.

1891

3/24/1891 Ruth writes Adelia.
6/14/1891 Ruth writes Adelia.
7/8/1891 ABC writes Adelia.
8/12/1891 ABC writes Adelia.
9/16/1891 ABC writes Adelia.
10/?/1891 Linus Bushnell dies.
10/28/1891 ABC writes Adelia.
12/1/1891 Andrew & Clara on Ross Slough [Clara]

1892

1/6/1892 ABC writes Adelia.

2/8/1892 ABC writes Adelia.
3/8/1892 Sarah Dewey Collver, age 29, marries William Henry Church, Coos County.
3/20/1892 ABC writes Adelia.
5/31/1892 Ruth writes Adelia.
9/4/1892 ABC writes Adelia.
9/7/1892 Andrew & Clara at Stock Slough [Clara]
9/27/1892 Ruth writes Adelia.

1894

1/1/1894 Andrew & Clara at South Bay. [Clara]
Andrew and Clara move to Sumner and work for a farmer. [Dennis]
1/30/1894 ABC writes Adelia.
3/25/1894 Ruth writes Adelia.
8/12/1894 Ruth writes Adelia.

1895

Andrew had a homestead at Cape Arago. [Dennis]
5/11/1895 Ruth writes Adelia.
5/16/1895 Ruth writes Alice.
7/16/1895 Annie writes Adelia.

1896

County seat moved to Coquille.
8/19/1896 Ruth writes Adelia.
10/29/1896 Ruth writes Adelia.

1897

10/10/1897 Ruth writes Adelia.
11/30/1897 Son of Howard A Collver died, 3 years old.
<http://history.coquillevalley.org/years-ago/Herald2/1897-11CCH.html>
12/26/1897 Ruth writes Adelia.
12/27/1897 ABC writes Adelia.

1898

2/25/1898 ABC writes Adelia.
4/23/1898 Coos Bay News. Collver Bros. will soon have a saw mill running in the South Slough neighborhood. <http://coquillevalley.org/history/years-ago/opapers/1898bMPE.html>
6/15/1898 Arthillo Monroe Collver, age 28, marries Carrie Evelyn Moore, age 16.
12/4/1898 Carrie Collver writes Alice Powell.
12/8/1898 Ruth writes Adelia.

1899

2/9/1899 Ruth writes Adelia.
2/9/1899 ABC writes Anna Powell.
4/2/1899 ABC writes Adelia.
4/23/1899 Ruth writes Adelia.
5/16/1899 Carrie writes Adelia.
6/2/1899 Ruth writes Adelia.
6/17/1899 ABC writes Adelia.

6/20/1899 Ansel Mark Collver, age 49, meets and marries Dora McCullough.
8/9/1899 Ruth writes Adelia.
10/20/1899 ABC writes Adelia.
11/10/1899 ABC writes Adelia.

1900

7/2/1900 Hurley Monroe Collver is born.
7/4/1900 Ruth writes Adelia.
8/2/1900 Sarah Dewey Collver dies at age 39, in Parkersburg, possibly from tuberculosis. The five children are separated to be raised by aunts and uncles.
8/11/1900 ABC writes Adelia.
8/18/1900 Ruth writes Adelia.
10/28/1900 Victoria Chrisman writes Adelia.
11/5/1900 Bessie writes Adelia.

Ruth Rice (Collver) is renting a place in town (South Marshfield) and living with two of John Truman Collver's children: Clarence R. Collver (born Sep 1888) and Laura D. Collver (b. Nov 1889). [Dennis] Andrew Freeman Collver is living at Newport, Lincoln County, Or, working for Newport Life Saving Station. [Dennis]
Hurley Monroe Collver is born to Andrew Freeman.

1901

2/15/1901 Ruth writes Adelia. AB's cancer is mentioned.
5/7/1901 AB writes Adelia, one year before he dies.
8/25/1901 Ruth writes Adelia. AB's cancer is mentioned.
11/20/1901 Ruth writes Adelia. AB's cancer is mentioned.

1902

2/4/1902 Ruth writes Adelia. AB's cancer is mentioned.
4/1/1902 Tillo writes Adelia. AB's cancer is mentioned.
5/7/1902 Alfred Bainbridge Collver dies at Independence, Polk Co, Oregon.
9/8/1902 Unknown friend writes Adelia.
Alice Rose Powell (Barzee) dies. [Ross 2/13/1910]

1903

2/13/1903 Ruth writes Adelia.
4/23/1903 Carrie writes Adelia.
5/29/1903 Ruth writes Adelia.
9/13/1903 Tillo writes Adelia.
9/18/1903 Ruth Rice (Collver) dies at Daniel's Creek, Coos Bay
9/18/1903 Tillo writes Adelia.

1904

8/29/1904 Carrie writes Adelia.

1905

5/13/1905 Isaac writes Adelia.

1910

2/13/1910 Anna Brown writes Adelia?

2/17/1910 Mr. & Mrs. H Rice celebrate 61st wedding anniversary.

1914

1/20/1914 Albert writes Adelia.

2/14/1914 Albert writes Adelia.

1916

5/4/1916 Barzee writes Adelia.

7/9/1916 Barzee writes Adelia.

1917

5/28/1917 Henrietta Mathilda Collver dies, Marshfield, Oregon.

1920

1920-1933 The Prohibition

5/31/1920 Adelia Emily Collver (Powell) dies in Grandview, Washington.

1932

11/10/1932 Ansel Mark Collver dies, Forest Grove.

1939

7/13/1939 Alfred Freeman Collver dies, Cottage Grove.

1940

1/17/1940 William Albert Collver dies in Coos County.

1947

11/13/1947 John Truman Collver dies at age 90, in Corvallis.

1948

Electricity comes to Collver's place up Stock Slough. Grandma Collver gets a stove half electric, half wood. [Shirley E. Tilley (Collver)]

1954

9/11/1954 Arthillo Monroe Collver dies at age 85.

1956

4/24/1956 Arthur Howard Collver dies at home.

NAMES

Unknown first names from Clara's Diary:

Arealius, Uncle

Charlie

Crick

Cris

Elvire, Aunt

G.T.F.

Jack

Jessie

Jimmie, Uncle

Levi, Uncle

Liah, Aunt

Lora

L.S.

Mable

M.C.

Nettie (possibly Naomi Steinon?)

Tommie

Walter

Most of these names relate back to the Rice sisters, of William King and Mary Polly Pettingell (Rice). For this index, I use the maiden name for all of the women and cross referenced to their married names. Family trees are listed under the father's name.

Allen, Mr. [Ross, 2/19/1885]

Allen, Mrs. [Ross, 2/19/1885]

Allen, Fidelia

Born 2/17/1873

[Ross, 2/19/1885]

Anderson, Mr. - a fisherman in Charleston, [Ross, 3/25/1883]

Anderson, Rev. (Grandview) [Ross 5/31/1920]

Armfield, Mr. [Ross, 2/24/1888, 7/23/1890]

Armfield (Collver), Emma Eveline

Married John Truman Collver, 12/4/1887.

[Ross, 2/24/1888?, 3/24/1891, 6/14/1891, 9/16/1891, 10/28/1891, 12/4/1898, 5/16/1899, 2/15/1901, 8/25/1901, 2/4/1902]

Armstrong, A.P. - professor at Portland Business College? [Ross, 1/4/1885]

Baker, Mr. A teacher. [Ross, 2/19/1885]

Barnett (Collver), Margaret “Maggie” J.

Married Orace Gabriel Collver 10/16/1881

[Ross, 11/16/1896]

Barzee, Alfred L. - born about 1876

[Ross 0/0/0000, 7/28/1902, 5/13/1905, 5/4/1916, 7/9/1916]

Married Alice Rose Powell.

Children:

Hazel

Married second Jennie L.

Loyd

Percy

Jennie is first mentioned in [Ross 7/9/1916] and she is not mentioned in [Ross 5/4/1916], both letters are from Alfred in Issaquah, WA. Residence with Jennie is Coos Bay in 1930 federal census.

Barzee, Hazel

[Ross 0/0/0000, 7/28/1902]

Bastendorf, John [Ross 2/25/1898]

Beamer [Ross, 9/16/1891]

Bell, Rev. C.C. [Ross 5/16/1899]

Liberal United Brethren preacher.

Benham (Collver), Nancy Elizabeth (Lizzie)

Married Arthur Howard Collver, 12/14/1887.

[Ross, 2/24/1888, 8/31/1888, 7/23/1890, 7/8/1891, 10/28/1891, 3/20/1892, 6/27/1892, 6/17/1899, 5/7/1901, 2/4/1902]

[Clara 1890: 5/15, 5/22, 5/31, 6/2, 6/3, 6/10, 6/17, 6/26]

Benton The “Benton Place” [Ross, 7/22/1883]

Black (Ross), Lucy [Ross, 6/2/1899]

Bonebrake, Elma [Ross, 4/4/1889]

Married to Will.

Bonebrake, Josiah [Ross, 8/31/1888]

Bonebrake, Will [Ross, 4/4/1889, 9/4/1892]

Married to Elma.

Bonebrake, William F.

A minister of the United Brethren church, settled on Catching Inlet in 1869, went back to Roseburg, but returned to Coos Bay in 1874. Moved to Washington in 1883.

[Gaston3, p. 894, biography of William I. Bonebrake, William F.'s father]

[Ross, 8/1/1880]

Bostwick, I.D. [Ross, 3/25/1888, 6/27/1892]

Bridges, M.C. Mrs.

There is a M. C. Bridges buried at the Coos River Cemetery, dates 6/10/1849 – 7/7/1880.

<http://ftp.rootsweb.ancestry.com/pub/usgenweb/or/coos/cemeteries/coos-river-pioneer.txt>

[Ross, 8/3/1880]

Bryan, Mr. [Ross 7/16/1895]

Bunyon, I.G. , a U.B. Preacher, [Ross 8/25/1901]

Bushnell, Alva Sylvester [Ross, 8/12/1894]

Born, 4/30/1852, died 2/28/1934

Md. Anna Mary Mitchell, 10/27/1889. Lived in Olalla, OR in 1920.

Bushnell, Anna (Annie) [Ross, 10/10/1897, 12/26/1897, 12/27/1897]

Bushnell, Linus

Born, died 10/?/1891

Married Lucinda Rice (Bushnell), sister of Ruth Rice (Collver)

[Ross, 7/22/1883, 9/16/1891, 10/28/1891]

Their children are:

1. Martin Lewis, born 1844 Cedar Co. Iowa, died 2/28/1926, Tenmile, OR.
2. William Constant, born 1846 Cedar Co. Iowa, Md. Mary Elizabeth Fordney on Feb 13, 1882. Died May 24, 1916, Tenmile, OR. He was run over by an automobile in Roseburg, OR in 1916, which caused his death per Ralph Howard in 1980.
3. Thankful Lucretia, born 1847 Cedar Co. Iowa, Md. Elijah Ollivant of Lookingglass on Jan 1, 1868. Died Oct. 17, 1938 in Olalla, OR.
4. Henry Erastus, born 1850 Cedar Co. Iowa, Md. Kate Jane Lamb. Died about 1922. Probably at Olalla or Tenmile OR.
5. Alva Sylvester, born in Provo, Utah April 30, 1852. Md. Anna Mary Mitchell, Oct 27, 1889. Died Feb 28, 1934. Lived in Olalla OR in 1920.
6. Edmund Linus Bushnell, born Feb 15, 1857 Oregon City, OR. Md. Mary Persilly Higgins, Feb 12, 1882. Died 1923. He lived in Olalla, OR in 1920.
7. Austin Elmer Bushnell, born Nov 13, 1859 in Tenmile, OR. Md. Mary Casteel Stewart, of Polk County, OR. Nov. 1, 1900. Died March 24, 1929, Tenmile, OR.
8. Ulysses Sylvester Bushnell born July 1864, Olalla, OR. Md. Nanny Higgins of Deer Creek Dec 1, 1884. Died June 4, 1929, Redmond, OR.
9. Adella Deborah Bushnell, born Feb. 15, 1869 Tenmile, OR. Md. Jasper Howard of Tenmile, Sept 26, 1893. Died Feb. 1958, Tenmile, OR.

Bushnell, Martin Lewis born 1844 Cedar Co. Iowa, died 2/28/1926, Tenmile, OR.

Md. 1. Mary Ann Olmstead on 7/12/1863, and 2. Mary Josephine Swift after 1880.

[Ross 10/10/1897]

Children of Martin and Mary Ann:

Anna (Annie) [Ross, 10/10/1897, 12/26/1897, 12/27/1897]

Children of Martin and Mary Josephine:

- 1.
- 2.

Bushnell, William Constant Born 1846 Cedar Co. Iowa, Died 5/24/1916, Tenmile, OR.
Md. Mary Elizabeth Fordney on 2/13/1882. He was run over by an automobile in Roseburg, OR in 1916, which caused his death per Ralph Howard in 1980.
[Ross 10/10/1897]

Cathcart, Mr. [Clara 6/24/1890]

Cavanaugh, Will [Ross 7/4/1900, 8/29/1904?]

Center (Tull, Powell, Roop), Rachel
Married Theophilus Powell. Adelia's father and mother-in-law.
[Ross 10/20/1899]

Chrisman, Victoria [Ross, 10/28/1900]

Church, Ruth Almira
[Ross 10/29/1896, 4/1/1902, 2/13/1903, 5/29/1903]

Church, William Henry
A Methodist Circuit Rider. Married Sarah Dewey Collver, 3/8/1892.
[Ross, 3/20/1892, 9/27/1892, 8/12/1894, 10/29/1896, 2/9/1899, 8/18/1900, 1/20/1914]
Children:

- Alice - b. 1893 (raised by Ansel)
- William Alfred – b. 9/??/1895 (raised by Albert)
- Ruth Almira - b. 1896 (raised by Tillo)
- Eleanor – b. 2/??/1898 (raised by John)
- Eva May - b. 5/10/1899 (raised by Ansel)

Clinkinbeard, Dell
[Ross, 3/28/1882]

Clinkinbeard, Anna Dell
Anna Dell Clinkinbeard is the author of "Across the Plains in '64: By Prairie Schooner to Oregon", which details her mother's crossing the plains when she was a young girl.
<http://flag.blackened.net/daver/1sthand/atp/index.html> for a full transcription of this book.

Clinkenbeard, James
Born 10/11/1819 Diead 2/5/1897 Oregon
<http://hindskw.com/KennethHinds/24344.html>
Married: Mary Ann Holman 8/19/1849
Children:

- Edwin – born 4/00/1850
- John Jay – born 1/9/1852
- Sarah Ada – born 1/25/1854
- Viola Eugenia – born 11/5/1855
- Mary Ann – born 2/18/1857

Susan Warren – born 10/13/1859
Lavelle Flowers – born 12/5/1861
Perry Ellsworth – born 7/14/1863, Wilbur, Douglas Co, OR
Alice Olivia – born 2/13/1867
James Dillard – born 12/12/1868, died 12/28/1960
Lucy Leona – born 7/16/1871

Clinkinbeard, John Jay

Born 1/9/1852 Multnomah Co, Oregon Died: Unknown

JOHN J. CLINKINBEARD is one of the well known citizens of Coos River. Coos county, Oregon, where he is successfully engaged in the cultivation of a large farm of five hundred and fifty acres. He was born in Portland. Oregon. January 9. 1852, and is the son of James L. and Mary Ann (Holman) Clinkinbeard, the former a native of Kentucky and the latter of Missouri.

The father emigrated to Oregon in 1846 and the mother in 1845. Shortly after their marriage they removed to Portland and later in 1853 they established their home in Douglas county where the father was engaged in farming during all his life. The mother died February 4, 1879, and the father on the same day in 1897 at the age of seventy-six years. They were the parents of thirteen children, of whom ten are living: John J., of this review; Mrs. Sarah E. Piper of Coos county, Oregon ; Violn E., the wife of W. S. Vanderburgh of San Francisco, California; Mary Ellen, who is the widow of E. W. Sprague, of San Francisco, California; Susan Warren, the widow of E. T. Woodruff of Douglas county, Oregon ; Lavelle F., who married Clinton Newby, a resident of Roy, Washington; Perry Elsworth, a resident of Los Angeles, California; Alice O., who is engaged in school teaching in Roseburg, Oregon; James I.), of Coos county, this state; and Lucy L., the wife of Morton Woodruff of Roseburg, Oregon.

John J. Clinkinbeard was reared in his parents' home and received his education at the Umpqua Academy at Wilbur, Oregon. He remained under the parental roof until he was twenty-one years of age and then took up work as a surveyor in the employ of the government. In 1880 he purchased eighty acres of land located on Daniel's creek in Coos county where he lived for fifteen years. In 1900 he purchased a farm of three hundred and twenty acres to which he has made additions until he and his wife are now joint owners of five hundred and fifty acres of highly developed land located on Daniel's creek. Mr. Clinkinbeard was united in marriage August 29, 1875, to Miss Philura Vanderburgh, a native of Dubuque, Iowa, and a daughter of John K. and Emily (Collver) Vanderburgh. Mr. and Mrs. Clinkinbeard, six children have been born: George, born October 10, 1883, who has a high-school and business college education and resides at home; Anna D.. born on May 15. 1885. who has a high-school education and is engaged in school teaching; Jay, born April 15, 1887, who is a graduate of the high school and resides at home; Karl S.. who was born on February 17, 1889, and is a graduate of the high school; Ada, born January 3, 1891, who has a high-school education and resides at home; and Ralph, who was born February 18, 1893, and is a pupil in the high school.

Mr. Clinkinbeard is affiliated with the republican party and has been a member of the board of commissioners for Coos county. He has fraternal relations with the Masonic lodge and is a member of the Knight Templars. He is also a member of the Woodmen of the World. Mrs. Clinkinbeard and her family are members of the United Brethren church. John J. Clinkinbeard is one of the enterprising citizens of Coos county and a man who is held in high esteem by his friends and acquaintances throughout this portion of the state.

[Gaston3, p. 745, biography of John J. Clinkinbeard]

Married Philura Vanderburgh (Clinkenbeard) 8/29/1875

Children:

George – b. 10/10/1883
Anna Dell - b. 5/15/1885, died 1/00/1977, Oregon
Jay – born 4/15/1887
Karl S – born 2/17/1889
Ada G – born 1/3/1891
Ralph – born 2/18/1893, died 6/20/1987

[Winfield Scott Vanderburgh marries Viola Clinkinbeard](#), 29 August 1875, Coos Bay, Oregon

[John Jay \(J.J\). Clinkinbeard married Philura Vanderburgh](#), 29 August 1875, Coos Bay, Oregon.

Horace and Hansel Colver signed both marriage certificates as witnesses.

<http://flag.blackened.net/daver/gen/clinkinbeard/index.html>

<http://flag.blackened.net/daver/1sthand/atp/atp.html>

[Ross, 4/21/1893, 6/17/1899]

Coffelts [Ross, 1/29/1885]

Collver (Powell), Adelia Emily

Born 1/17/1852, Salt Lake City Utah, died 5/31/1920, Grandview, Washington. Married Issac Jamison Powell, 1/18/1870.

[Ross 12/4/1898]

Collver, Albert S. [Ross, 1/30/1894]

AB Collver's relation, of Green Basin, Marion County

Collver, Alfred Bainbridge

Born 12/12/1819, Warrensville, Cuyahoga County, Ohio, died 5/7/1902, Independence, Or. Buried at the Buena Vista Cemetery, space 55, near Mary Polly Pettingell (Rice, Cook), his mother-in-law. His parents are Gabriel and Philura Collver. [Dennis]

The children of Alfred Bainbridge Collver and Ruth Rice (Collver):

Mary Philura - born 8/16/1846, Tipton Iowa, died 1849, Tipton
Henrietta Mathilda - born 1848, Tipton Iowa, died 5/28/1917, Marshfield, Or
Ansel Mark - born 7/15/1850, Tipton Iowa., died 11/1932.
Adelia Emily - born 1/17/1852, Salt Lake City Utah, died 5/31/1920 Grandview, Wa
Orace Gabriel - born 2/16/1854, Looking Glass Oregon, died 11/14/1939
William Albert Collver - born 5/14/1855, Melrose Oregon, died 1/17/1940
John Truman - born 2/15/1857, Noti Oregon, died 11/13/1947
Sarah Dewey - born 11/3/1860, So. Coos River Oregon, died 8/2/1900
Andrew Freeman - born 6/26/1863, So. Coos River Oregon., died 7/1939, Portland
Arthur Howard - born 4/9/1866, So. Coos River Oregon.
Arthillo Monroe - born 10/21/1869, So. Coos River Oregon, died 11/11/1954 Or.

Collver, Andrew Freeman

Born 6/26/1863, So. Coos River Oregon., died 7/1939, Portland.

Married Clara Hester Williams, 7/3/1888 at Alden.

The children of Andrew and Clara:

Alfie (who died as an infant)

Ray Clement b. 12/16/1890
Lloyd Maxwell
Ralph Allen
Lysle Freeman
Hurley Monroe, born 7/2/1900, died 11/14/1992
Cynthia Blanche
Ona Grace

Collver, Ansel Mark

Born 7/15/1850, Tipton Iowa., died 11/1932.

Married Dora McCullough, 6/20/1899. The eldest brother of the AB Collver family.

[Ross, 3/5/1865, 7/19/1890, 6/17/1899]

Children:

Alice Church (adopted 8/1900)
Eva May Church (adopted 8/1900)

Collver, Arthur Howard

Born 4/9/1866, So. Coos River Oregon, died 4/24/1956, Marshfield.

Married Nancy Elizabeth (Lizzie) Benham, 12/14/1887.

Children:

Rosa
Ellis Roy, born 4/23/1890
Lorin - died 2/?/1914 [Ross 2/14/1914]
Fay

Listed as a school board member in 1901, Empire, 57-South Inlet

<http://coquillevalley.org/Indexes/1901schools.htm>

Collver, Arthillo "Tillo" Monroe

b.10/21/1869, South Coos River Or, d. 9/11/1954 OR.

Married Carrie Moore, Dufur, Wasco County Oregon, 7/15/1898.

Children:

Chester Alfred – 3 boys, adopted a girl
Vernon W Williams – 1 boy
Gladys Lucille – no children
Gordon Monroe – no children (b. 12/26/1890? [Clara])
Enid R. (Barbara Sytsma's mother)
Barbara
Terry
Karen
Keith Truman (died at 21 months, diptheria)
Joyce Almira (Gordon's mother)
Gordon
Margaret
James
George III
Marshall Monroe
Philip
Judith
Caroline

Ruth Church (adopted 8/1900)

Collver, Clarence

Son of John Truman Collver.

[Ross 2/4/1902]

Collver, Darius

Born 1798, Ontario, Canada. AB Collver's uncle.

[Ross, 9/16/1891]

Collver, Darius Mansfield

Born 3/31/1830 Ohio, AB Collver's brother. [Ross, 3/25/1883, 3/26/1886]

Collver, Ellis Roy

Born 4/23/1890. Son of Arthur Howard Collver.

[Ross, 7/23/1890] [Clara 6/26/1890]

Collver (Vanderburgh), Emily

AB Collver's sister. Born 1827, Ohio, married John K. Vanderburgh

AB Collver bought land from a John and Emily Vanderburgh, his sister was Emily and was married to a John Vanderburgh, so it is a good bet that was his sister and brother in law. [Dennis]

[Ross, 10/29/1882]

Collver, Gabriel

Married Philura Brown, daughter of Peleg Brown, 4/3/1819.

Married Brazilda (Berzilda) Rosalin Cook (b.1810), daughter of Beckwith Cook 7/7/1829.

The children of Gabriel and Philura and/or Brazilda (Berzilda):

Alfred Bainbridge Collver, born 12 Dec. 1819, Warrensville, Ohio

Orace Micheal, born 6/14/1821/3, Ohio

Emily, born 1827, Ohio.

Darius, born 1830, Ohio.

Charles, born 1832, Ohio.

Hiram, born 1834, Ohio.

Orrin, born 1837, Ohio.

Cornelius A, born 1844, Iowa.

[Dennis]

Collver, Henrietta Mathilda

Born 1848, Tipton Iowa, died 5/28/1917, Marshfield, Or.

Apparently a very short woman, considered a dwarf. [Dennis] Loved books and chickens. [Ross,

5/2/1880] In 1884 she moved to Catching Slough with her father. [Dennis] She moved to South Slough with AB. [Dennis].

Collver, Hiram

Born 1834, Ohio, Alfred B. Collver's brother.

[Dennis], [Ross, 6/15/1864, 4/4/1889]

Collver, John Truman

Born 2/15/1857, Noti Oregon, died 11/13/1947.

Married Emma Armfield, CA, (a sister of Mrs. Stambuck). [Dennis]
AB Collver's son.

Children:

Clarence R., born 9/?/1888, Noti, Oregon

Laura D., born 11/?/1889

Eleanor Church (adopted 8/1900)

In the 1900 Federal census it shows Clarence and Laura living with their grandmother Ruth in South Marshfield. [Dennis]

Collver, John

b. 1768 AB Collver's grandfather.

John and his wife Miriam children were:

Michael, born 1784, New Jersey

Gabriel, born 1793

Darius, born 1798, Ontario, Canada

John Mark, Ontario, Canada

Hiram, born 1815, Ontario Canada

Rhoda, Sarah, Mary, Elizabeth, Miriam(Marian), Dorcas, Susanna

Collver, John Mark

Born about 1799-1814. AB Collver's uncle. [Ross, 9/16/1891]

Collver, Lorin [Ross 5/7/1901]

Collver, Orace Gabriel

Born 2/16/1854, Looking Glass Oregon, died 11/14/1939.

Married Margaret "Maggie" J. Barnett, 10/16/1881

Children:

Virginia?

Ruth Church ended up with him? [Dennis]

Moved to eastern Oregon and founded the town of Culver Oregon. [Dennis]
[Ross, 12/19/1890, 8/25/1901, 9/13/1903]

Collver, Orace Micheal

Born 6/14/1821/3, Ohio

AB Collver's brother.

[Ross 6/17/1899]

Collver, Rosa [Ross 4/23/1899, 5/16/1899]

Collver, William Albert (went by Albert)

Born 5/14/1855 at Fort Sitkum, died 1/17/1940.

Married Naomi Steinnon 8/4/1872.

Children:

Josephine Ruth (m. Fred Messerle)

Myrtle L. (m. James J. Foster)

William "Willie" Alfred Church (adopted 8/1900)

[Ross 8/25/1901]

Collver (Church), Sarah Dewey

Born 11/3/1860, So. Coos River Oregon, died 8/2/1900, married William Henry Church 3/8/1892.
[Ross 12/4/1898]

Collver, William Albert

Born 5/14/1855, Melrose Oregon, died 1/17/1940.
1/1/1890 William Albert Collver, age 34, marries Naomi Steinnon.
Children:

Josie
Myrtle

Columber, Jo. (Joseph?) [Ross, 3/25/1883]

Connett, Mary Elizabeth (See: Cook (Connett), Mary Elizabeth)

Connett, Isaac

Born 3/17/1840 in Indiana, died 4/28/1908 in Beuna Vista, OR.
Married Mary Elizabeth Cook 12/20/1874 in Oregon.
The children of Isaac Connett and Mary Elizabeth Cook (Connett) are:

Eva A
Irena May
Elizabeth Ann
Rosetta
Mary E.

Cook, Beckwith

Born 8/12/1785 in Connecticut and died 3/7/1877 in Beuna Vista, Oregon.
Married Mary Polly Pettingell (Rice, Cook) 1/21/1841.
Children of Beckwith Cook and his first wife(?) are:

Seely Mansfield - Born 10/10/1812 in Onodaga Co., New York, died 11/9/1905 in Jefferson, Marion Co, OR.

Joel B. - Born 5/23/1815 in New York, died 6/29/1867 in Coos River, OR

Married Sybil Olds.

Children of Beckwith and Sybil are:

Harriet E. - Born 2/11/1831

Cook (Harry, Laird), Chloe Amelia

Born 10/10/1841, Cedar Co., Iowa, died 5/31/1929 in Coos Co, OR.
Ruth Rice (Collver)'s niece.
[Ross, 3/24/1891]

Cook, F.L. - Reverend, Grandview. [Ross 5/31/1920]

Cook (Cutlip), Harriet E. Born 2/11/1831, died 4/9/1895.
Married Abraham Cutlip in Cedar Co, Iowa, 7/20 or 25/1847
[Ross, 4/4/1889, 6/14/1891, 8/12/1894, 5/11/1895]

Cook (Connett), Harriet Lucinda

Born 1857 in Oregon, died 4/21/1939 in Portland. Married William Lewis Connett 2/20/1874 in Independence, Oregon.
[Ross, 6/15/1864]

Cook, Joel B.

Born 5/23/1815 in New York, died 6/29/1867 in Coos River, Oregon. Joel was killed in a logging accident by falling timber. [Heisen]

The children of Joel B. Cook and Mary Elizabeth Rice (Cook):

Alvira M – born 3/8/1840 in Illinois, died 1863 in Oregon

Lucy Ann – born 5/2/1843 in Tipton, Iowa, died 1867 in Lane County, Or

Mercy Augusta – born 7/15/1847 in Tipton, Iowa, died 8/24/1866.

[Ross, 6/15/1864, 9/12/1865]

Cook, Little Joel – possibly a child that is not listed of Joel B. Cook and Mary Elizabeth Rice (Cook) or a grandchild?

[Ross, 6/15/1864]

Cook (Longworth), Martha Armenia

Born 1843 in Cedar Co, Iowa and died 1/23/1930 in Hillsboro, OR at the home of her granddaughter Emma Denby. She married Basil Nelson Longworth. [Heisen]

[Ross, 9/12/1865]

Cook (Connett), Mary Elizabeth

Born 3/13/1850, Cedar Co, Iowa, died 1/18/1937, Buena Vista, OR.

She married Isaac Connett 12/20/1874 in Oregon.

Called Eliza by her mother [Ross, 9/13/1865]

[Ross, 9/12/1865]

Cook, Mercy Augusta

Born 7/15/1847 in Tipton, Iowa, died 8/24/1866. Married Hiram Collver (Alfred B. Collver's brother), 12/25/1864 in Noti, Oregon. Adelia's cousin (and also becomes her aunt by marrying Adelia's uncle).

[Ross, 6/15/1864, 9/12/1865]

Cook, Osmer White

Born 10/7/1847 in Cedar Co, Iowa, died 3/7/1920 in the Dalles Oregon. Married Mary Catherine Gilliam 10/12/1873.

The children of Osmer White Cook and Mary Catherine Gilliam are:

Jennie Lorraine

Nettie May

Charles Ernest

Grace Beulah

Ehrman Mitchell

William Mansfield

Anna Myrtle

Florence Dell

[Ross, 3/5/1865]

Cook, Seley Mansfield

Born 10/10/1812 in Onodaga Co., New York, died 11/9/1905 in Jefferson, Marion Co, OR. He is buried in Jefferson. Seley was a minister of the Protestant Church in Jefferson. [Heisen]
Married Nancy Beulah Rice, 1/24/1836 in Portage Co, Ohio.

The children of Seley Mansfield Cook and Nancy Beulah Rice (Cook)

Chloe Amelia – born 10/10/1841, Cedar Co., Iowa, died 5/31/1929 in Coos Co, OR
Martha Armenia – born 1843 in Cedar Co, Iowa, died 1/23/1930 in Hillsboro, OR
Osmer White – born 10/7/1847 in Cedar Co, Iowa, died 3/7/1920 in the Dalles, OR
Mary Elizabeth – born 3/13/1850, Cedar Co, Iowa, died 1/18/1937, Buena Vista, OR
Horace Howard – born 1852 Utah Winter Camp and died before 1905
Edward Alonzo – born 1854 in Oregon, died after 1905
Harriet Lucinda – born 1857 in Oregon, died 4/21/1939 in Portland
Nelson Jasper – born 1860 in Oregon

[Heisen] [Ross, 9/12/1865]

Cotton, William [Ross, 9/6/1881]

Covey, Mrs. (Lottie?) [Ross, 7/16/1895, 5/16/1899, 4/27/1899]

Crooks, Brother [Ross 8/11/1900, 8/18/1900]

Cup, Sarah [Ross, 9/6/1881]

Cutlip, Abraham Born 12/25/1825

[Ross, 8/12/1894, 4/27/1903]

Married Harriet E. Cook 7/20 or 25/1847.

The children of Abraham and Harriet are:

1. Leonard Cutlip, age 2, born Cedar Co. Iowa. Died July 6, 1871, Coos River, Coos Co. OR
2. Roselia Cutlip, Sep. 10, 1854, Oakland, Douglas Co. OR. Md. Henry LaCrosse, Coos Co. OR
3. Mark D. Cutlip, June 16, 1857, Oakland, Douglas Co. or Linn Co. OR. Md. 1. Mattie M. Haskin, May 4, 1884, Coos Co. 2. Marthena M. Wilkins, 1900, Coos Co. Mark d. 1931 probably in Oregon.
4. Elma Almira Cutlip, July 1860, Oakland, Douglas Co. OR. Md. William Bonebrake, June 20, 1880, Coos River, Coos Co. OR. She d. 1946, Coos River, Coos Co.
5. Martha Matilda Cutlip, b. Oct 2, 1865, Coos River, Coos Co. OR Md. Alvin Smith, 1884, Coos River, Coos Co. She d. 1939, Coos River
6. Sherman B. Cutlip, b. July 29, 1870, Coos River, Coos Co. OR. Md. Anna Laura Smith, July 4, 1891, Coos Co. Sherman d. Mar. 17, 1943 in Marshfield, Coos Co. OR.

Cutlip, Mark D. Born 6/16/1857, Oakland, Douglas Co, OR
[Ross, 9/6/1881]

Cutlip (Smith), Tilla (Tillie) [Ross, 9/6/1881, 7/30/1884]

Married Alvin Smith, 7/3/1884.

Derin, Dr. Of Portland. [Ross, 3/24/1891]

Dickman, Charley [Ross, 9/27/1892, 1/30/1894]

Douglass, W.C. [Ross 6/17/1899]
Prosecuting Attorney.

Dulley, Mr. [Clara 11/13/1890]

Eckoff, Charlie [Ross, 7/23/1890]

Egnet (Steinnon), Josephine
Married Joseph Steinnon.

Elliot, Fanny [Ross, 1/10/1888]

Elliot, Milton [Ross, 9/16/1891]

Evans, Jake [Ross 6/17/1899]

Flook, Henry [Ross, 7/30/1884]

Freeal, Andrew [Ross, 2/8/1892]

Gage, Netta see: Williams (Gage), Netta

Gette, Fred [Ross, 11/15/1899]

Gramby, Hiram [Ross, 9/6/1881]

Granger, Wm. [Ross 3/26/1886, 3/26/1886HP]

Greene, Elmer [Ross 7/16/1895]

Gwinn, Rhys [Ross, 9/27/1892]
A circuit preacher.

Hadley (Lynch), Emma
Also mentions her mother living near Dufur with her son Harrison.
[Ross, 1/29/1885]

Harry, Neva [Ross, 8/9/1899]

Hays, Luke [Ross, 1/6/1892]

Hazard, Silas H.
Born 11/3/1867 in Johnson County, Iowa
A prominent attorney at law for some years. Settled in Empire City 1873.
[Dodge, p. 536, Biography of "L.H. Hazard", Silas' son]

Healey, Jeff [Ross, 12/19/1890]

Herd, Mr. [Ross 5/11/1895]

Hermann, Bingen [Ross, 3/26/1886HP]

Herron, Mr.?

A farmer on Daniel's Creek. [Ross, 8/1/1880]

Herron, Mrs. [Ross, 2/26/1882]

Herron, Sarah [Ross, 2/26/1882]

Mr & Mrs. Herrons daughter?

Herst, Tom [Ross, 8/12/1891] Of Nasberg & Herst at Marshfield.

Hilburn, Oliver [Ross, 6/27/1892]

Hinch, A.H. [Ross, 6/27/1892]

Hodson, Ellen

[Ross 7/4/1900]

Hodson, Johnathon [Ross, 10/28/1891, 10/10/1897?, 5/16/1899]

Died 5/?/1899

Married first wife, 3 children, second wife, 5 children, total of 8 [Ross 5/16/1899]

Hodson, Josiah Valentine

[Ross 7/4/1900, 8/25/1901]

Hodson girls (of Johnathon Hodson? And possibly Emma Dillon):

Inez

Ellen (Ella)

Josiah Valentine

[Ross 8/12/1894]

Hollenbeck, Stephen [Ross 8/11/1900]

A preacher.

Hosher, Elva [Ross, 12/30/1884, 2/24/1888?]

Houser, Tom [Ross, 12/30/1884]

Howard, Arthur [Ross, 2/19/1885]

Ingersoll [Ross, 3/25/1883, 3/26/1886, 3/26/1886HP, 1/10/1888, 7/23/1890]

[Clara 1890: 5/11, 5/29, 6/11, 6/13, 6/28, 6/29, 6/30]

Ingersoll, Horace [Ross, 2/19/1885]

Jones, Eugene

A mail carrier from Roseburg to Sumner [Ross, 8/1/1880]

Kelley, Hamilton (Hamton) [Ross, 3/26/1886, 2/4/1902 (Mrs.)]

Lacross, Enola [Ross, 2/21/1886]

Lakin? [Ross, 1/10/1888, 7/8/1891]

Landrith, Oliver [Ross 4/2/1899]

Lenanses [Ross, 3/25/1888]

Linsley, Mr. [Ross, 6/17/1899]

Littlefield, Captain [Ross, 8/31/1888]

Lola and Win [Ross, 1/29/1885]

Is Lola possibly a nickname for Charlotte Vanderburgh (Hawley)? Or Enola Lacross?

Loness [Ross, 3/25/1883]

Longworth, Martha Armenia (see Martha Armenia Cook (Longworth))

Longworth, Basil Nelson

Born 5/14/1828 in Ohio, died 10/8/1893 in Jefferson, Oregon.

Basil kept several journals that are still available including:

“Diary of Basil Nelson Longworth March 15, 1853 to January 22, 1854”, covering the Period of his migration from Ohio to Oregon.

“Basil Nelson Longworth's diary, November 29, 1887 - September 24, 1894”

“Memorandum of Thoughts Reflections & Transactions As Transcribed by Basil Nelson Longworth on His Journey from Washington Township, Guernsey County”

The children of Basil Nelson Longworth and Martha Armenia Cook (Longworth) are:

Abbie Elizabeth

Elma Melvina

Union Grant

Sherman Nelson

[Ross, 9/12/1865]

Luce, ?

A teacher in Noti Valley in 1865.

[Ross, 9/12/1865]

Luse, H.H. [Ross, 7/22/1883]

Involved in steamboat and steam tug transportation on the bay.

Luse, William A.

Son of Henry H. Luse. Alfred B. sold his Alden ranch to William Luse in the early 1880's. (Luse

foreclosed on the fruit drying factory.) [Dennis] [Ross, 7/30/1884, 12/30/1884, 1/29/1885, 6/27/1887]

Lusk, William [Ross 11/15/1899]

Of Myrtle Point.

Lynch, Emma see: Hadley (Lynch), Emma

Mansfield, Uncle (Mercy Augusta Cook's uncle, possibly Seley Mansfield Cook?)

[Ross, 6/15/1864]

Masters, Elijah [Clara 6/2/1890]

Martin, Mrs. [Ross, 2/26/1882]

McCormack, Ben [Ross, 1/10/1888]

McCormack, Dr. [Ross, 10/28/1891]

McCoys' [Ross 7/16/1895]

McCullough (Collver), Dora

Married Ansel Collver, 6/20/1899.

[Ross, 6/17/1899, 8/18/1900, 2/13/1903]

McGuire, John [Ross, 7/22/1883]

McKnight (Hazard), Fannie [Dodge, p. 536, 710] [Ross, 2/26/1882]

Daughter of William McKnight and Mary Wright (McKnight)

McKnight, William [Dodge, p. 709-710, biography of "Charles F. McKnight"] [Ross, 9/6/1881]

Messerle, Fred

Married Josephine Ruth Collver (William Albert's daughter)

[Ross 1/20/1914]

Metcalf, Eli [Ross 5/7/1901]

Moore, the Evangelist, Liberal United Brethren [Ross 8/25/1901]

Moore (Collver), Carrie

Born in Woodbine, Harrison County, Iowa 28 May 1880.

Married Arthillo (Tillo) Collver.

[Ross 12/4/1898, 2/9/1899, 8/9/1899, 7/4/1900, 8/18/1900, 8/25/1901, 4/1/1902, 4/27/1903, 8/29/1904]

Moore, William H.

Married Elmira Towne of Illinois.

Children:

Marshall

Frank

Carrie (married Tillo Collver)
Anna (m. Ed Colfelt)
Jennie (m. Clarence R. Collver)
Arthur

Mortimer, Leo [Ross, 9/6/1881]

Mosher, Brother

A preacher at South Slough? [Ross, 9/6/1881, 2/26/1882, 3/28/1882, 8/13/1882, 10/29/1882, 7/22/1883]

Mosher, Sister

Brother Mosher's wife. [Ross 3/21/1886, 4/4/1889, 5/31/1892]

Nasburg, Andrew

Died 6/8/1891

[Ross, 6/14/1891, 7/8/1891, 8/12/1891]

Nasburg, Will

Married 5/?/1899

[Ross 5/16/1899]

Nelson, Mr. [Ross, 7/23/1890]

Nichols, Joe [Ross, 12/19/1890]

Nicols [Ross, 3/26/1886HP]

Norman, John [Ross 10/1/0/1897]

Norris, Mr. [Clara 5/13/1890, 5/26/1890, 5/29/1890, 6/3/1890, 6/14/1890, 6/15/1890, 6/22/1890, 6/25/1890]

Norton, Mr. [Ross, 1/30/1894]

Norton, Elmer [Ross, 6/2/1899]

Olivant, Elijah [Ross, 3/24/1891]

Olivant, Eliza [Ross, 3/25/1888]

Olivant, Kate [Ross, 3/25/1888]

Olivant (Oliphant), Lottie [Ross, 3/24/1891, 6/14/1891, 8/12/1891, 10/10/1897]

Married 9/1/1897. [Ross 10/10/1897]

Olivant, Lucinda [Ross, 3/25/1888]

Owens, Preacher [Ross 12/26/1897]

A preacher with a wife and eight children.

Painter, Mrs. And Daughter, Hattie [Ross, 1/29/1885]

Pettingell (Rice, Cook), Mary Polly

Born 2/4/1790 in Yarmouth, Maine and died 2/4/1874 in Beuna Vista, Oregon

Married William King Rice in New York.

After the death of William Rice in 1839, she married Beckwith Cook 1/21/1841, at age 51, in Tipton, Iowa. Two of William and Mary's daughters married Beckwith Cooks sons.

Pierce, Albert E. 1921-1995

Pierce, Bertha [Ross 7/4/1900]

Any relation to Al Pierce?

Pipers Up north fork of Coos River [Ross, 2/24/1888]

Porter, Arthur [Ross, 8/31/1888]

Porter, William [Ross, 2/19/1885, 1/10/1888]

Powell, Adelia Emily (see Collver, Adelia Emily)

Powell (Barzee), Alice Rose - Died 1902

[Ross, 2/26/1882, 10/29/1896, 11/16/1896, 4/23/1899, 6/2/1899, 8/9/1899, 0/0/0000, 4/23/1903]

Married Elfred L. Barzee.

Powell, Anna "Annie" Gertrude [Ross, 2/26/1882, 7/16/1895, 12/4/1898, 2/9/1899ABC, 4/23/1899, 5/16/1899, 6/2/1899, 4/23/1903, 8/29/1904]

Children:

Lida

Gertrude

Powell, Bessie Pearl [Ross, 7/16/1895, 11/5/1900, 0/0/0000]

Powell, Eva Lois [Ross, 7/16/1895, 5/16/1899?]

Powell, Herbert Wesley [Ross 10/20/1899, 5/13/1905?]

Powell, Isaac Jamison

Isaac J. Powell was born 21 Apr 1843 in Independence Missouri and crossed the plains at the age of two. He grew up in Waldo Hills and after attending Willamette University, he taught school in Waldo Hills, then Coos Bay/Empire Oregon. He then started to preach and continued this work until his death on 6 Sep 1921. He is buried at Rock Creek Cemetery, near Needy Oregon. It was in Empire Oregon, that he met and courted Adelia Emily Collver. [Dennis, quotes [Dodge]]

He was the son of Theophilus Powell and Rachel Center (m1. Tull, m2. Powell, m3. Roop).

<http://www.oregonpioneers.com/1845.htm>

The children of Issac Jamison Powell and Adelia Emily Collver (Powell) are:

Herbert Wesley
John Melvin
Alice Rose (Barzee)
James Walter
Anna "Annie" Gertrude (Brown)
Eva Lois (Heisler)
Bessie Pearl (Nickerson)
Lydia (Lida) May (Killian)
Myrtle "Myrtie" Alta (Nickerson)
Unnamed Baby, 2 months old.

Powell, James Walter [Ross 6/2/1899? Jimmy?]

Powell, John Living in Louisville, Kentucky. [Ross, 11/9/0000]

Powell, Lida [Ross 7/16/1895, 10/28/1900 (Lyda?), 11/5/1900, 0/0/0000]

Powell, Myrtle "Myrtie" Alta [Ross, 7/16/1895, 2/9/1899]

Powell, Theophilus

Married Rachel Center (m1. Tull, m2. Powell, m3. Roop).

Children:

Isaac Jamison (Adelia's husband)

Quinn, Welsie [Ross 11/5/1900]

Razor [Ross 4/2/1899]

A man calling himself Razor (not sure if this is the last or first name).

Rice, Charles Wesley - born Lane County, Oregon 3/16/1854

Md. Anna Evangeline Barnett, of The Dalles, in Wasco County, 5/29/1876.

Children:

Rena ??? [Ross 12/4/1898]

[Ross 10/29/1896, 12/4/1898]

Rice, Cyrenius – born 2/2/1823, died 1/9/1901

Children:

Ruth Belle Rice (Bash) [Ross 2/15/1901]

[Ross 2/15/1901]

Rice, Horace H. - born 5/20/1829, Portage County Ohio, died the Dalles, 2/?/1915

[Ross, 3/25/1888, 2/15/1901]

The Rice sisters' baby brother.

Married Elizabeth Jane Bolton, daughter of George Bolton and Margaret Duncan of Virginia.

Children:

1. George W., born Iowa in 1850, Md. Ella Southern, about 1880 at The Dalles, OR. Children born after arrival in Oregon are
2. Charles Wesley, born Lane County, Oregon Mar. 16, 1854, Md. Anna Evangeline Barnett, of The Dalles, in Wasco County, May 29, 1876.

3. Emma Adaline Rice, born Feb. 16, 1856 in Lane County, Oregon. Md. Charles Southern on Nov 4, 1878 in The Dalles, Wasco County.
4. Amelia Amanda Rice born about 1858 in Lane County, Md. Lemuel Gassaway. She died Jan. 4, 1885.
5. Austin C. Rice, born 1865 in Wasco County, Oregon, Md. Ada Waller, Nov. 11, 1890 at The Dalles.
6. Maryetta Margaret Rice, born Fifteen Mile Creek in Wasco County, July 26, 1868, Md. #1. Martin M. Waterman of Wasco County and #2. James Duncan in 1917.
7. Nellie Dorcas Rice born Wasco Co., Md. Daniel Mann of Collins Washington.

Rice (Bushnell), Lucinda

[Ross 3/24/1891, 9/16/1891, 10/28/1891, 4/21/1893, 8/12/1894]

Rice (Cook), Mary Elizabeth

Born 5/22/1820, died 1900 in the Dalles, Oregon, married (1) AM Walker and (2) Joel B. Cook (her step brother, son of Beckwith Cook and his first wife).

[Ross, 5/31/1892, 10/29/1896]

Rice (Cook), Nancy Beulah

Born 8/15/1817 in NY, died 6/14/1874.

Married Seley Mansfield Cook, 1/24/1836 in Portage Co, Ohio.

Rice (Collver), Ruth

She met AB Collver, born 10/29/1827, in Matua, Portage County, Ohio, died 9/18/1903 at Daniels Creek Oregon. She is buried at the Coos River Cemetery. She met Alfred Bainbridge Collver on the wagon train from Ohio to Tipton, Iowa and they were married 7/13/1845.

Rice, William King

Born 12/30/1792 in Conway, Massachusetts and died 12/29/1839 in Ottawa, Illinois.

The children of William King Rice and Mary Polly Pettingell (Rice, Cook):

Hamilton – born 1815 in New York, died 1820, NY

Nancy Beulah – born 8/15/1817 in NY, died 6/14/1874

Mary Elizabeth – born 5/22/1820, died 1900

Cyrenius – born 2/2/1823, died 1/9/1901

Lucinda -

Ruth - born 10/19/1827, Ohio, died 9/18/1903, Coos, Or

Horace H.

[Ross, 9/12/1865]

Richardson, a Methodist preacher in Empire [Ross, 3/28/1882]

Robertson, Dr. [Ross 10/29/1896]

The doctor.

Robertson, Mr. [Ross, 6/27/1887, 7/23/1890]

The preacher [Ross, 7/23/1890]

Robertson, Mrs. [Ross, 2/26/1882]

Roberts, Mary [Ross, 11/9/0000]
Writes Isaac & Adelia as “Brother and Sister”

Rogers, Anson

Died 12/25/1913

1875 The first cheese production in the county was going strong on the Anson Rogers farm on the South Fork of the Coos River (see Century, p 341) <http://www.cooshistory.org/histone.html>
[Ross, 2/26/1882, 3/28/1882, 7/4/1886, 6/14/1891, 7/8/1891]

Rogers, Emma [Ross, 12/30/1884, 2/24/1888?]

Rogers, Frank [Ross, 12/30/1884]

Rogers, Stephen and his wife Cynthia [Ross, 9/6/1881, 10/29/1882, 12/30/1884, 9/16/1891]

Ross, George [Ross, 6/2/1899, 1/20/1914]

Rook, John [Ross, 11/9/0000]

Rowley, James H.

Friend of Adelia E. Collver, lived in Coquille.

[Ross, 12/21/1864]

Rozelle (Rozell?), Samuel [Ross, 3/25/1883, 1/4/1885, 2/19/1885, 8/31/1888, 7/23/1890, 11/15/1899]

Rozell, Mrs. (and her sister is mentioned as Fred Gette's mother) [Ross 11/15/1899]

Rozell, Roy [Ross, 11/15/1899]

Ryan, Mr. [Ross, 1/6/1892, 2/8/1892]

Sawyer (Vanderpool), Edith [Ross 11/5/1900]

Married Talley Vanderpool 11/1900.

Scott, Alex [Ross, 2/19/1885, 1/10/1888?,]

Wife is Ellen? Christa is another child? [Ross, 1/10/1888]

Children (???): Matty, Eaton, Janey, Elliotts, B. Kasey, Herin

Shelton, Mr. [Ross 11/5/1900]

Shetter, Eugene [Ross, 1/10/1888]

Short, Owen

Delivers the mail from Charleston to Empire in 1883.

Tot-Empire Locale-CoqR Tot-Bandon(near) Srh-river Srh-CoqR Srh-jetty Srh-govt-works job name-
Short Nn71 CCH July 15, 1884

Mr. Owen Short came over from Empire City, to interview Mr. Von Pegert in connection with the

government works at the mouth of the river. +
<http://history.coquillevalley.org/years-ago/Herald/1884-Jul15CCH.html>
[Ross, 3/25/1883]

Smith, Al [Ross, 7/30/1884, 1/29/1885]
Married Tilla (Tillie) Cutlip, 7/3/1884.

Smith (Flook), Ellen M.
Daughter of Nathan Smith and Emily Hobson (Smith) [Gaston3, p. 377, biography of Lorenzo Dow Smith.] [Ross, 8/1/1880]

Smith, Florence [Ross, 8/1/1880, 3/28/1882, 10/29/1882?, 12/30/1884]

Smith, Grandma [Ross, 9/27/1892]

Smith, Henry [Ross, 3/28/1882, 3/25/1883]

Smith, Mr. Nathan [Ross, 2/28/1882, 3/28/1882, 7/30/1884]

Smith, Mrs. Nathan [Ross, 4/4/1889, 6/17/1899]
Died 6/??/1899.

Smith, Sherman & Laurie [Ross 7/8/1891]
Married 7/4/1891.

Steinnon (Collver), Naomi
Married William Albert Collver. Her parents lived in Medford, OR, in 1895.
[Ross 4/21/1893, 5/11/1895, 8/25/1901]

Steinnon, Joseph
Married Josephine Egnat.
Children:
 Naomi (m. William Albert Collver)

Stephens, Russell [His wife, Ross, 3/21/1886]

Steward, Old Mrs. [Ross, 9/6/1881]

Stewart, Elder [Ross, 8/12/1892]

Swift (Bushnell), Mary Josephine
Married Martin Lewis Bushnell after 1880.
[Ross 10/10/1897 (also mentions her sister)]

Talcott [Ross 5/13/1905]

Todd, Mrs.
Cynthia Ann Todd's mother, Clara's grandmother.
[Ross, 5/31/1892]

Todd (Williams), Cynthia Ann

Married William Allen Williams. Clara's mother.

[Ross, 3/4/1890, 5/31/1892, 9/27/1892, 8/12/1894, 10/29/1896]

Todd, Jessie [Clara 6/2/1890]

Todd, Tommy [Ross, 7/8/1891] A surveyor.

Tower, Doctor [Ross, 5/8/1890]

Towne (Moore), Elmira

Wife of William H. Moore, Carrie Moore (Collver) mother, Tillo's mother-in-law.

[Ross, 6/2/1899, 8/9/1899, 10/20/1899, 7/4/1900, 8/29/1904]

Vanderburgh Brothers [Ross, 7/30/1884]

A logging outfit.

Vanderburgh, Charles

Son of John K, AB Collver's nephew. [Ross, 8/12/1882]

Vanderburgh (Hawley), Charlotte [Ross 6/17/1899, 2/4/1902]

Vanderburgh, John's father and mother

The father died in 1890, at the age of seventy-four years, and the mother died in 1896 at the age of eighty-two years.

[Gaston3, p. 745, biography of John J. Clinkinbeard]

Vanderburgh, John K.

John K. Vanderburgh came to Oregon in 1864, settling first on the Coos river in Coos county where he and his wife, Emily Collver (Vanderburgh), purchased land and there continued to live for many years. They later moved to Lane county. [Gaston3, p. 745, biography of John J. Clinkinbeard]

The children of John K. Vanderburgh and Emily Collver (Vanderburgh):

They were the parents of seven children, five of whom are yet living:

W. S., of California

Philura, the wife of the subject of this review

Darius W., who resides in Florence, Lane county, Oregon

Charles, also a resident of Florence

Mrs. Charlotte Hawley, who resides in Post, Crook county, Oregon

Mrs. Carrie Linsley, who resided in Florence, Lane county, this state, and is now deceased;

Robert, who died at Forest Grove. Oregon.

[Ross, 12/30/1884]

Vanderburgh, Lola [Ross, 1/29/1885, 8/22/1888]

Is Lola possibly a nickname for Charlotte Vanderburgh (Hawley) or is this the wife of Winfield?

Vanderburgh (Clinkinbeard), Philura

Born 11/19/1850 in Dubuque County, Iowa, 10/14/1928 in Coos County, Oregon. The daughter of John K. and Emily (Collver) Vanderburgh. Married John J. Clinkinbeard, 8/29/1875 She completed her

education in the Umpqua Academy and was engaged in teaching school for five years. AB Collver's niece.

[Ross, 3/28/1882, 1/29/1885, 2/24/1888, 8/22/1888, 6/17/1899]

Vanderburgh, Winfield S.

Married Lola.

[Ross, 1/29/1885, 8/22/1888, 5/16/1899]

Vanderpool, Talley [Ross 11/5/1900]

Married Edith Sawyer, 11/1900.

Van Houser [Ross, 7/22/1883]

Wakeman, Andrew [Ross, 1/10/1888, 6/27/1892]

Wards [Wife, Ross 3/21/1886] [Mr. Clara 6/3/1890]

Webster, a lawyer in Marshfield in 1880. Sarah Collver worked for him for \$10 a month. [Ross, 5/2/1880]

Whitted, Charlie [Ross, 8/12/1891]

Williams (Collver), Clara Hester

Born 10/27/1871, W. Looking Glass, Douglas Co, OR, died 9/27/1936, Portland, OR.

Married Andrew Freeman Collver, 7/3/1888.

[Ross, 8/22/1888, 8/31/1888, 7/23/1890, 9/16/1891, 10/28/1891, 9/4/1892, 9/27/1892, 3/25/1894, 5/11/1895, 10/29/1896, 12/27/1897, 12/4/1898, 5/16/1899, 2/4/1902, 2/13/1903]

Williams, Cynthia Ann Clara's mother.

See: Todd (Williams), Cynthia Ann

Williams, Jack [Ross, , 7/8/1891?, 8/12/1891, 9/16/1891, 10/28/1891]

Williams (Robertson), Lora [Ross, 8/22/1888, 8/31/1888, 8/12/1891, 9/16/1891, 10/29/1896]

Married Dr. Robertson [Ross 10/29/1896]

Williams, William Allen [Ross, 4/4/1889, 8/12/1894, 12/26/1897]

Married Cynthia Ann Todd (Williams).

The children of William and Cynthia are:

Clara Hester – b. 10/27/1871, W. Looking Glass, died 9/27/1936, Portland, Oregon.

Lora

Netta

Williams (Gage), Netta (Netty) [Ross 3/4/1890, 9/4/1892, 9/27/1892]

Went to an asylum in Salem in 1892.

Wilson (Jones), Carrie

Marries Eugene Jones, July, 1880 [Ross, 8/1/1880, 11/15/1899?]

Wilson, Isaac (Ike?) N.

Missouri 3/28/1854, Coos Co., OR fall 1854, <http://orgenweb.org/coos/bioswxyz.htm>

On 3/25/1888 he visits AB Collver on the South Slough and takes some pictures of the houses and orchard.

[Ross, 8/1/1880, 2/26/1882, 3/25/1888, 8/22/1888, 7/19/1890, 8/12/1894, 5/16/1899]

Wilson, Marve [Ross, 2/26/1882]

Wilson, William [Ross, 8/13/1882]

Wright (McKnight), Mary [Ross, 4/4/1889]

Married William McKnight.

Wyman, Bert [Ross 5/7/1901]

Yoakam, Jas. [Ross, 7/30/1884]

Yoakam, John [Ross, 9/6/1881]

Yoakam, Marion [Ross, 9/6/1881, 4/4/1889]

Husband is Jap? Had two children [Ross 4/4/1889]

Yoakam, Old Mrs. [Ross, 9/6/1881]

Sources:

[Clara] – Clara Hester Williams (Collver)'s diary, 5/11/1890 – 2/14/1894.

[Dennis] – Dennis Collver's "Culver" web site.

[Dodge] - Orville Dodge in "Pioneers History of Coos and Curry Counties (circa 1898)

[Gaston1] - Gaston, Joseph. "The Centennial History of Oregon, 1811-1912." Vol. 1. Chicago, Clarke Publishing Co., 1912.

[Gaston2] - Gaston, Joseph. "The Centennial History of Oregon, 1811-1912." Vol. 2. Chicago, Clarke Publishing Co., 1912.

[Gaston3] - Gaston, Joseph. "The Centennial History of Oregon, 1811-1912." Vol. 3. Chicago, Clarke Publishing Co., 1912.

[Gaston4] - Gaston, Joseph. "The Centennial History of Oregon, 1811-1912." Vol. 4. Chicago, Clarke Publishing Co., 1912.

[Heisen] – Cynthia Lynn Collver (Lathrom, Heisen), compilation of the Ruth Rice Family

[Hull] Coos County, by Lise Hull, <http://books.google.com/books?id=xKtwB8EhJXYC>

[Oregonian] Sunday, September 21, 1930, "Seven Brothers Hold Reunion"

[Ross] – Gordon Ross' compilation of the "Collver Letters", dates reference the date of the letter

Links:

<http://oregonoverland.com/> Three routes taken to Oregon.

Grippe, LaGrippe – The Flu