



SOULE NEWSLETTER

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS: No C371, Volume XXXVIII No. 4, October 2004



Frank Flint Soule III, President, presenting Certificate of Appreciation to Carol and Stan Soule, Hosts of the 2004 Soule Kindred in America, Inc. Reunion in Ottawa, Canada, August 18-22.

Soule Kindred in America, Inc. – Soule Kindred officers 2004-2005

53 New Shaker Road, Albany, NY 12205-3615, 518.869.8368

Web Site: <http://www.homepages.rootsweb.com/~ruthhall/Soule/Sksoulekindred.html>

Tax ID – 23-725-3936

Governance

President

Frank Flint Soule III, 1413 Dorothy Drive,
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847-991-7923 ffsoule@juno.com

1st Vice president

Christine Hill, 2402 Kipling Place,
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620-663-7288 hillc@hhosp.com

Secretary To the Board

Margaret A. "Peg" Rocke, 2208 Nevarra Ave.,
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pegrocke@bellsouth.net

Treasurer/Membership Secretary

Betty-Jean Haner,
53 New Shaker Road, Albany, NY 12205-3615.
518 869 8368

Board of Directors - Class of 2005

- 05 – Christine M. Hill, 2402 Kipling Pl.,
Hutchinson, KS 67502 620-663-7288
hillc@hhosp.com
- 05-Judith Hughes, 295 Young Cove Road,
Franklin, NC 28734
828-524-7740 judyh@dnet.net
- 05 –Geraldine Schlosser, Apt.B202 W 180 N
7890Town hall Rd., Menomenee Falls, WI 53051
- 06- Eldon Carey, 1102 Mill Creek Dr., P. O. Box 1010,
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- 06 –Christine Hornsleth, 4452 Argyle Lane,
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chris-schlosser@wi.rr.com
- 07 – Judith C. Hill, 119 Porter Hall, Carnegie Mellon
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412-268-8314 jhill@andrew.cmu.edu
- 07- Mary Soule Kelly, 1218 Fourth Ave. W.,
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- 07- Norman Soule', 526 A Midway Drive,
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<http://homepages.rootsweb.com/~ruthhall/Soule/Sksoulekindred.html>

e-mail messages can be posted at: soule-L@rootsweb.com

Administration

Counselor-

James B. Tiffin, Tiffin and Tiffen, 160 Federal St.,
Boston, MA 02110 617-330-9001

Genealogical Committee-

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twolions@shawneelink.com

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Frank Flint Soule III 1413 Dorothy Drive,
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ffsoule@juno.com

Lynde C. Randall, P.O. Box 114,
Yarmouth, ME 04096

Mayflower Historic Sites committee- (sponsor needed)

Keeper of the Banners-

Norman Soule', 526 A Midway,
Ocala, FL 34472

Assistant Treasurer-

Harrison C. Leland, 225 Consaul Rd.,
Albany, NY 12205 518-869-6418

Newsletter Board-

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Scholarship Committee-

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Harrison C. Leland, 225 Consaul Road,
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Evan I. Sowles, 558 Jesse Road,
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Judith C. Hill, 119 Porter Hall, Carnegie
Mellon University 500 Forbes Ave.,
Pittsburgh, PA 15313 412-268-8314
jhill@andrew.cmu.edu

2005 Reunion Host-

Christine Hill in Hutchinson Kansas

From the President.....

Frank Flint Soule, President
Soule Kindred in America, Inc.
1413 Dorothy Drive
Palatine, IL 60074-5749
(847) 991-7923
E-Mail: ffsoule1@juno.com



Dear Soule Kindred members,

A most enjoyable Annual Reunion was held at the Lord Elgin hotel in Ottawa, Canada on 18 August to 22 August. We were treated to a wonderful summer light show on Parliament Hill on a balmy Friday night. This was a wonderful way to celebrate the Canadian culture in visual and sound effect media. Several of us even had dinner beforehand at the "Mayflower Restaurant". We went on a bus ride on Friday and took to the river for a boat tour. It was a bit brisk at times on the open top of the double Decker bus but everyone seemed to have windbreakers or sweaters. There was so much to see that one realized that it would take more than a week to see at the attractions at Canada's Capitol. We had to stop our business meeting on Saturday morning to rush downstairs to catch the "Changing of the Guard". The little [8 year old?] soldier at the end made the march. The meeting was called back to order promptly when everyone had returned.

The task at hand at the Board meeting was to elect a new slate of officers for 2004/2005. I was nominated and re-elected as your President for a second year. Please continue to communicate your fears and aspirations to me as often as you feel the need to. This is your society. I serve to channel how you want to progress to enhanced and enlarged membership. My e-mail is: ffsoule1@juno.com and my phone number: 847 991 7923. I still have teenagers in my house but I do have voice mail. I vow to answer each query or consult the Board in case one of them would like to reply.

Betty-Jean Haner was re-elected Treasurer and Margaret "Peg" Rocke was re-elected Secretary. Christine Hill was re-elected First Vice President and is your 2005 Soule Kindred Reunion Chairperson. You will hear much more about the Reunion and possible activities from her.

The general meeting on Saturday 21 August 2004 was very lively in the most positive sense. Avenues to retain and attract new members by e-mail on a web site(s) were discussed. It is not enough to try to get new members we must actively try to retain more members. I was most heartened by the outreach to the recent scholarship winners by voting in a financial incentive that waives their Reunion registration fees and try to fund, by donation, their travel costs to the Reunion. Genealogy today is far more popular than it was 10 years ago or even five. It is an opportunity for us to use all modern media, financially feasible, to reach all who are interested in George Soule of the Mayflower.

We honored the outgoing Directors, Carol Soule, Barbara Johnston and Carol Godreau for their service to Soule Kindred. Not only did Carol and Barbara serve as Directors they co-hosted and planned the 2002 Reunion at Mystic, CT. Mary Soule Kelley, who hosted and planned the 2001 Reunion at Henderson, NC agreed to serve as a new Director (07). Norman Soule' who is our Keeper of Banners also accepted a Director position (07) Judy Hill who has served on the scholarship committee accepted the third Director position. I am very pleased that these people have stepped forward to serve our society.

At the Reunion it became known that we need to find a new newsletter editor for the January 2005 issue. I have produced a few newsletters myself and know what an immense task it is to do this. It became too much for me. Christine Hornsleth has had a lot of family issues to deal with and she is to be commended for her hard work in doing this difficult task as long as she has. Judy Hughes has been a great help to me and Christine in this effort and I know she will continue to help in any way she can.

A Soule Kindred member, William Warden of Cincinnati, OH has come forward to apply for the Newsletter Editor position and I have appointed him newsletter editor for the January 2005 issue and beyond. I have had several e-mails from him and he has much of the task already mapped out. Bill is energetic and has a desire to produce a well organized and informative newsletter for the Soule Kindred. We should submit our articles and news to him as he is composing the January issue now. His e-mail address is bwarden1@juno.com . His "snail-mail" address is: 6399 Stirrup Road Cincinnati, OH 45244

The Soule Kindred In America, Inc. has a positive outlook for 2005 in striving for progress in membership, research and having just "plain fun" at our Reunions. With your help we will all be glad we are members, cousins and friends in this society.

I wish all of you a safe and joyous holiday season.

Your most humble servant,

Frank Flint Soule,
President
Soule Kindred In America, Inc.

Query.....

Is David Soule, the actor, really a Soule? Ask research editors...

SOULE KINDRED IN AMERICA, INC

Betty-Jean Haner, Treasurer
and Membership Secretary
53 New Shaker Road
Albany, New York 12205-3615

Membership Secretary's Report August 2004

281	Regular Members
102	Life Members
31	Libraries and Family Soc.
414	Total Membership
14	New Members
31	2002 didn't renew
6	Net loss of regular & life members

Of 31 members who did not renew

4	were new in 2003
0	were new in 2002
4	were new in 2001
1	were new in 2000
3	were new in 1999
3	were new in 1998
7	were from 1986-1997
9	were long term members from 1985 and before

Some statistics on renewal patterns over the years:

51	members did not renew in 2000
41	members did not renew in 2001
33	members did not renew in 2002
66	members did not renew in 2003
31	members did not renew in 2004

I have answered 219 letters since the last reunion.

Respectfully submitted,

B. J. Haner

Betty-Jean Haner
Membership Secretary



**Soule Kindred in America, Inc.
Annual Meeting
August 21, 2004**

The annual meeting of Soule Kindred in America, Inc. was held at the Lord Elgin Hotel In Ottawa, Canada. Frank Soule called the 36th general meeting to order at 9:35 A.M.

Frank announced the officers for the coming year as elected by the Board of Directors.

President	Frank Soule
Vice President	Christine Hill
Secretary	Peg Rocke
Treasurer	B.J. Haner

The election of members for the Board of Directors is done at the General Meeting. Suggestions from the Board were:

Norman Soule'
Judy Hill
Mary Soule Kelly

Carol Soule moved that these three people be nominated. Judy Hughes seconded the nomination. B.J. Haner moved nominations be closed. The president directed that the secretary cast a unanimous ballot.

Christine hill invited the group to Hutchinson, Kansas for the 2005 reunion. She has done some pre-planning including a trip to Dodge City. She plans to schedule the meeting in late June. Frank Soule accepted the invitation, therefore the Annual Reunion will be held in Hutchinson, Kansas in 2005.

Judy Hughes announced that Christine Hornsworth is resigning as Newsletter Editor. She will be doing the October Newsletter. Frank will be looking for a new editor. Frank will work with the committee to make sure the Newsletter is published quarterly since it is an integral part of the organization.

There was a short adjournment at 9:45 in order that the members could see the changing of the guard parade. This is a daily event in Ottawa when the soldiers march to the Capital and perform a Changing of the Guard Ceremony.

The meeting was resumed at 10:00 A.M.

The Minutes of the 2003 Annual Meeting were reviewed. Christine Schlosser moved the minutes be accepted. Christine Hill Seconded. Frank called for vote. The minutes were unanimously accepted.

There was a short discussion of where George Soule was born. It is still unknown where this was.

The Treasurer's report was presented by B.J. Haner. After a brief discussion Peg Rocke moved the report be accepted and Bertha Erickson. Frank called for the question and the report was unanimously accepted.

The Luther & Merle Soules Family Foundation Grant Report of Finances was presented by B. J. Haner.

Frank has made some discoveries pertinent to the birthplace of George Soule and we will probably hire a professional person to research in England. He is in contact with Luther Soule. Chris Hill moved the report be accepted, Libby Lunding seconded. Frank asked for the question. The report was accepted unanimously.

B. J. Haner presented the Membership Report. There was still a loss in membership, but less net loss than last year. See the report in the Newsletter.

There was a discussion as to the difficulty to get on the Soule Kindred web site. The easiest way to get on the Web Site is to go to search on Google and click on Soule Kindred.

It was suggested that an article be put in the Mayflower Quarterly about the reunion in June. Chris Hill suggested a silent auction at the reunion to benefit the scholarship fund. She suggested that if anybody had any desirable articles for the auction they contact her or bring them to the reunion.

B.J. Haner presented the Scholarship report. There were 5 applicants. The recipients are Benjamin John Harbough from West Salem, Ohio-The Colonel John Edward Soule Memorial Scholarship and Molly Ann Gallentine of Conrad, Iowa-George Standish Soule Memorial Scholarship. The January Newsletter will include more information about these two young people.

Judy Hill suggested that maybe we could find a way to help subsidize scholarship winners to attend the Soule Kindred annual reunion. Peg Rock moved that the organization waive fees for the annual meeting for the previous year's scholarship winner and put a notice in the Newsletter asking for donations to defer travel and housing expenses for the recipients. Judy hill seconded the motion and it was passed.

There was a discussion of ways to get new and younger members. Suggestions were:

1. Lower membership dues on 20-35 year olds to \$15.00
2. Send Newsletter to all scholarship applicants who do not get Newsletter in their home for one year.

Judy Hill moved that non-students 30 and under pay half the annual membership and provide scholarship applicants the Newsletter for one year if there is not a Newsletter being received in their home. Chris Schlosser seconded the motion and it was passed unanimously.

B.J. Haner moved for adjournment. The meeting was adjourned at 10:45 A.M.

Respectfully Submitted,

Margaret Rocke, Secretary





Ottawa 2004

SOULE KINDRED IN AMERICA, INC.

Betty-Jean Haner, Treasurer
 53 New Shaker Road
 Albany, NY 12205-3615

Annual Report

For Period September 1, 2003 to July 31, 2004

Balance on Hand September 1, 2003 **\$85,622.03**

Receipts

Operating Receipts

Dues	7,045.00
Newsletter Sales	145.00
Notepaper Sales	11.00
Reunion	1,560.00
Reunion Song Tapes	10.00
Postcards	1.25
Life Membership	600.00
Patron Membership	150.00
Donations	10.00
CD Rom Index	75.00
Newsletter Postage Refund	76.28
Interest on Operating Funds	6.73

Total Receipts for Operations **9,690.26**

Scholarship Receipts

Soule Kindred Annual Scholarship Appeal	75.00
T-shirts & Sweatshirts	75.00
Scholarship Interest	649.99

Total Receipts for Scholarships **799.99**

Bequest of Col. John E. Soule

Interest on Bequest Account # 1	204.78
Interest on Bequest Account # 2	42.31

Total Bequest Income **247.09**

Total Receipts **10,737.34**

Expenditures

Operating Expenditures

Newsletters (2 issues) and related expenses for 2002 change	2,610.78
Newsletter Copying	204.38
Office Expense (Treasurer, Membership Sec., Scholarship)	577.92
Corporate Annual Fees	15.00
Historian (Postage, Copies, etc.)	635.44
Reunion	1,593.61

Total Operating Expenditures **5,637.13**

Scholarships

Col. John E Soule Memorial Scholarship	1,000.00
George Standish Soule Memorial Scholarship	1,000.00

Total Scholarship Awards **2,000.00**

Total Expenditures **7,637.13**

BALANCE ON HAND AUGUST 1, 2004 **\$88,722.24**

Soule Kindred in America, Inc.

Bank Account Balances

As of July 31,2004

Operating Accounts

1. Savings Account	210.59
2. Checking Account	9,067.59
3. Life Membership Operating Account	907.08

Total for Operating Accounts

10,185.26

Scholarship Accounts

4. CD 5 Generations #1	10,000.00
5. CD 5 Generations #2	9,674.93
6. CD Scholarship #1	24,486.68
7. CD Scholarship #2	5,359.10
8. CD Scholarship #3	1,719.51
9. CD Scholarship Savings	1,679.32

Total for Scholarship Accounts

52,919.54

Bequest Reserve for Publications and Research

10. CD Bequest of Col. John E. Soule (Estate Acct.)	20,506.03
11. Bequest Savings Account	5,111.41

Total for Bequests Accounts

25,617.44

TOTAL OF ALL BANK ACCOUNTS

88,722.24

All bank accounts are held in the Trustco Bank in Schenectady New York

Notes: 1. The 2003 report covered a 12 month period.
2. The 2004 report covered a 11 month period

Respectfully Submitted,

Betty-Jean Haner

Luther and Merle Soules Family Foundation Grant

Soule Kindred in America, Inc.

Charles Jack Sowles and Frank Flint Soule III, Administrators

Report of Finances by B. J. Haner

For Period ending July 31, 2004

Beginning Balance-Checking Account	\$4,537.98
Expenses	
Charles Jack Sowles	17.15
Balance in checking Account 7/31/04	\$4,520.83
Balance in C.J. Sowles Expense Account 8/31/03	177.04
Charles Jack Sowles expenses	177.04
Balance in C.J. Sowles Expense Account 7/31/04	00.00
TOTAL AVAILABLE	\$4,520.83

Respectfully Submitted

B.J. Haner
Treasurer, Soule Kindred in America, Inc.

THE SOULE OF AN EDUCATOR AND HER FAMILY

Browsing our library's online catalog for inspiration introduced me to our subject, **Annah May Soule**, who was indicated as an 'additional author' in the writing of, *The Ohio-Michigan Boundary Dispute*, authored by A. M. Schlesinger. Further research provided details about her family and are here presented.

ANNAH MAY SOULE

Annah attended public school in Jackson, Michigan, then spent a year in a convent school in Canada. She studied history and political science at the State Normal School at Ypsilanti, Michigan for three years, followed by two years studying history and constitutional law at the University of Michigan. She left the University to teach at normal schools in Ypsilanti, Michigan.

She later returned to the University of Michigan and earned both her bachelor's and master's degrees. In the fall of 1896 Soule came to Mount Holyoke College, to teach in the History and Political Economy Department, where she developed new and innovative courses concerning social issues. One course, called "Elements of Political Economy", required students to visit a factory or other industrial institution and make a formal report about it.

She was an active member of the American Historical Society, the Michigan Historical Association, the New England Association of Teachers of History, the New England Educational League, and the Association of Intercollegiate Alumnae.

The Annah May Soule Papers consist of papers by Mount Holyoke students, Soule's writing and research notes, correspondence, memorabilia, bibliographical information, and photographs. The materials date from ca. 1896-1907, the time she spent as a professor at Mount Holyoke in what was successively called the departments of Constitutional History and Political Economy, Political Economy, History and Political Economy, and History. The papers reflect her work as a professor as well as her outside professional interests.

The student papers, ca. 1897-1904, were written for her courses in "Political Institutions," "American Colonial History," and "History of Industrial Society." These papers deal with the history of New England, particularly Massachusetts, as well as social and political issues. One paper from 1904 is titled "What the Founding of Mount Holyoke Seminary did for the Cause of Woman's Higher Education: A

Comparative Study of the Highest Girls' Schools Existing in 1837 and Mount Holyoke Seminary." Other papers are on topics such as "A History of the Town Meeting of South Hadley, Mass." (1899); "Steps Leading to the Establishment of the Bureau of Education" (1902); "Growth of Party Management in the United States" (1902); and "The Relation of Slavery to Party Platforms" (1904).

Soule's writings and research notes date from 1900-1904. They include an article about Mount Holyoke's Constitutional History and Political Economy Department (1900); an article published in "New England History Teachers' Association Report" in 1901 on how to incorporate new history requirements into a curriculum; replies to a questionnaire that Soule sent out in 1903 regarding a physical education requirement for college entrance and graduation; a 1903 lecture entitled "Relation of the School and College to Public Health"; and a paper entitled "The Likeness of Mary Lyon to Emerson" published in 1904.

The correspondence dates from ca. 1897-1904. It includes two 1900 letters from Susan B. Anthony. The first requests information about Zilpah P. Grant Banister and Ipswich Female Seminary, where Mary Lyon was a teacher, and the second recommends that Soule teach Anthony's books "Life and Work of Susan B. Anthony," and "The History of Woman Suffrage" in her courses. Also in the correspondence is a photocopy of an 1897 letter from Woodrow Wilson regarding a possible visit to Mount Holyoke College and a photocopy of a 1904 letter from W.E.B. DuBois responding to Soule's praise of his work.

Other correspondence from the principals of area high schools is written in response to her apparent inquiry as to how the subject of history is taught.

Memorabilia includes a manuscript newsletter, "The Safford Hall Chronicle, edited by the Soule-Table-Association" which was written by some Mount Holyoke students living in Safford Hall dormitory. It contains notes about the activities of students and affectionate comments regarding Soule. Another document, called the "Safford Hall Family Chart of Farewell" contains humorous greetings addressed to Soule. Both documents date from the spring of 1902. Memorabilia also contains a letter written after Soule's death by her mother to "Mrs. Lane" (possibly Clara E. Lane, the Superintendent of Domestic Department at Mount Holyoke from 1887-1891) commenting on the College's domestic work system.

Biographical information dates from 1905 and consists of Soule's obituary and a program from her memorial service at Mount Holyoke.

Cite as: Annah May Soule Papers, Mount Holyoke College Archives and Special Collections, South Hadley, MA.

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'WE LIT THE CLOCK'

At Commencement time in 1936, when the class of 1906 came back for its thirtieth reunion, it brought one banner for the alumnae procession that delighted all beholders. Across the campus marched the class, waving high the prideful slogan, 'WE LIT THE CLOCK.'

The clock referred to was the one on the tower of Mary Lyon. At the time when they lit it, clocks were not as generally illuminated as they are now, and the convenient four-way radiant clock-face made a great impression every evening upon all. An alumna wrote in a letter recently to her freshman daughter a remark that was quoted in the freshman Sphinx: 'I can see Mary Lyon's clock-tower winking her cheerful face at you - much the way her eyes in the odd old picture twinkle out at me from under the flappy edges of her cap.'

The light in the clock was given in memory of Miss Annah May Soule, a lady after Miss Lyon's own heart, witty, original, a born teacher. Those who knew her remember one evening when a good friend of hers on the Faculty started a campaign to abolish Miss Soule's favorite hat. The hat had been Miss Soule's favorite for some time, and the friend felt strongly that it ought to be 'called in.' After the friend's vocabulary (no mean one) was exhausted, the bystanders asked Miss Soule what she was going to do about it.

'Oh,' said she, quite unruffled, 'I just let the heathen rage.' In her memory one of the seminar rooms was given, and also the chimes in the tower of Mary Lyon.

Library Home Page, Mount Holyoke College, Archives and Special Collections.

In the *Detroit News Tribune*, Sunday morning, December 1, 1907, were sketches of the services of Major Harrison Soule, from which we make the following extracts: "Major Soule's record as treasurer of the university is an enviable one. The absolute accuracy of his accounts, the manner in which the details of his office have been administered and the unvarying attention and painstaking devotion which he has given to his work are matters for congratulation among the

officials of the institution. His office in short has been administered in a soldierly manner and at the same time in a large-hearted and genial way that has attached him to every one with whom he has come in contact. Major Soule is a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows which he joined 58 years ago, and he has held every office in the order up to and including that of Grand Master, to which he was raised in 1885.

While Major Soule has endeared himself to all with whom he has come in contact, none the less has Mrs. Soule been filling a place which no one else could fill among the students of the university. If ever so busy, she always found a moment for the homesick college girl, and has probably mothered more girls than any other ten women in the faculty. She has been one of the moving spirits of the Woman's League ever since its organization, and her counsels on the board have been invaluable.

He is highly esteemed for his social qualities, and like his honored father has won many friends because of his social disposition and university, entitles him to be represented as one of the leading citizens of Ann Arbor.

Mr. Soule served in the Civil War where he suffered a gun shot wound to the right arm at the battle of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, August 5, 1862. He had risen to the rank of Major at the time he mustered out in August 1865.

HARRISON SOULE, born August 4/5, 1832, Kendall, New York and died January 2, 1922, Ann Arbor, Michigan. Married Mary E. Parker, November 24, 1855 in Detroit, Michigan.

MARY E. PARKER, born September 13, 1838, Porter, Michigan, and died July 3, 1929, Ann Arbor, Michigan. Mrs. Soule was the daughter of Charles T. and Sally Ann (Beardsley) Parker, the former a native of Ohio, and the latter of New York.

I. MARY EVA SOULE, born December 20, 1857, was married to LUCIUS L. CLARK, August 14, 1878 and resides at Ann Arbor, Michigan. She resembled her father. Issue:

(1) MARY WINIFRED CLARK, born May 27, 1879; was married to NORMAN H. MOORE, born October 31, 1852, and has (data missing).

(2) JANE S. CLARK, born September 6, 1880 and was married to HENRY WOOD BERGER. One son, Henry W., Jr., born October 17, 1916.

(3) GEORGIA P. CLARK, born October 1, 1885, was married to ELLIS W. TEST, born April 19,

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Spring/Summer 2003

1884. Four children:

(a) MARY ELIZABETH TEST, born March 31, 1909.

(b) FRANCIS WILEY TEST, born April 7, 1910.

(c) HELEN JANE TEST, born September 29, 1916.

(d) JULIA CLARK TEST, born January 14, 1920.

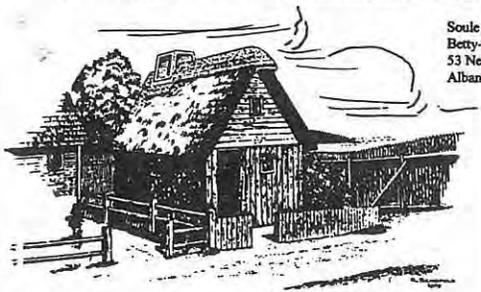
(4) HARRY SOULE CLARK, born July 31, 1892; married August 25, 1917, ESTHER BURY, born December 11, 1892, by whom David Bury Clark.

II. ANNAH MARY [May?] SOULE, born [September 5, 1859?] 1860, died March 17, 1905, at the age of 45 years while on leave from Mount Holyoke College; she was for several years a successful teacher, and at the time of her demise was professor of American history and political economy.

Appreciation is extended to our Soule historians, Jack Sowles and Lynde Randall who provided biographical material; as did Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Massachusetts, Soule papers, 1896-1907. Manuscript Collection: MS 0728, 3 boxes Agency History/Biographical note; and Ridlon: Author: G.T. Ridlon Sr., Call Number: CS71.S72 V.2. This book is the second volume of the history and genealogy of the Soule, Sowle and Soulis families of Connecticut. Bibliographic Information: Ridlon, G.T. SR. Soule, Sowle and Soulis History Vol. 1. Journal Press. Maine. 1926; History, Biography and Genealogy of the Families Named Soule, Sowle and Soulis, Volume II.

Respectfully submitted,
Anna L. Bristol

Please make your check payable to Soule Kindred In America, Inc. and send to:



"Soule House in Pilmoth Plantation, Plymouth, Mass."

Soule Kindred In America, Inc.
Betty-Jean Haner, Treasurer
53 New Shaker Road
Albany, NY 12205-3615

SOULE KINDRED NOTE PAPER

New stock of Soule Kindred In America notepaper has arrived. The notepaper measures 8.5 X 11 inches folded into quarters. It is available in packets of 10 notes with envelopes for \$5.00 plus \$1.50 postage.

Please send:

_____ Packet(s) (10 notes with envelopes) @ \$5.00 + \$1.50 postage per packet: \$ _____

NAME _____

STREET ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

New Mayflower Society Governor General is a member of the Kindred

Robert Ellis Davis, newly elected Governor General of the Society of Mayflower Descendants is a descendant of John and Priscilla Alden. He has already had an opportunity to visit the Alden House and meet several of his fellow Kindred members.



Robert E. Davis

Bob was born in 1930 in Norwich, CT to Emery Hatch Davis and Adelaide (Ellis)

Davis. He graduated from Norwich Free Academy in 1947. He then attended the University of Connecticut with a major in Industrial Management.

His career was in the Textile Fibers Department of DuPont Company from 1951 to 1985, working in sales and marketing in Rhode Island, North Carolina and Delaware.

He married Jeanne Louise Clark in September, 1951. Their family includes two daughters, a son and four grandchildren.

Bob is a layman at Aldersgate United Methodist Church in Wilmington, Delaware. He is a member of the Delaware Sons of the American Revolution (SAR), Lincoln Club of Delaware, Pilgrim Society, Plimoth Plantation and the DuPont Country Club. He joined the Society of Mayflower Descendants in the State of Delaware where he was an active member. He served as State Treasurer, State Governor, Assistant General, Deputy Governor General and Captain General.

In addition to John Alden, he traces his ancestry to George Soule and Stephen Hopkins (2 lines). He is also a member the Soule Kindred. □

Subj: Research in CT as Mentioned in the Newsletter
Date: Friday, 27 August, 2004 9:57:27 AM
From: s.fogg@utoronto.ca
To: ffsoule@juno.com, Cparrh@aol.com

I saw mention of the problems encountered while trying to do research in CT. That state has instituted laws designed to protect abuse of records, but also allow access to bona fide researchers. This applies particularly to birth records. To access these records, one must belong to one of three state approved genealogical societies. One of them is the Connecticut Society of Genealogists, Inc. Members are required to sign an oath stating that their research will adhere to ethical standards and not result in abusive or illegal activities. A card is issued. Showing the card when seeking access to records usually results in a far more pleasant experience than Frank had. Their contact information is as follows:

Connecticut Society of Genealogists, Inc.

Office and Library: 175 Maple Street, East Hartford, CT 06118

Mailing Address: PO Box 435, Glastonbury, CT 06033-0435

Ph: 860/569-0002

Fax: 860/569-0339

Anyone doing research on behalf of Soule Kindred members living in other states would have to be a member of this or one of the other 2 societies to obtain records. Hope this helps. The CT set up is actually quite a good one as it protects both the public and the rights of genealogists to access info. It is a model we should encourage other states to follow.

Sincerely,

Susan Fogg Eisdorfer

Soule Kindred Member from NJ

s.fogg@utoronto.ca

Memories of the Plains, 1854

By Andrew Soule

From notes taken down by one of the party of twenty-two.

INTRODUCTION

WHAT I have to tell in this little book, is the story of our little company of 22 from New Lebanon, Ill., as we journeyed day by day across the plains. I take it from notes taken down each day's travel. Now, there are many, these days, who do not realize the care and danger the first parties had to endure to gain the gold mines of California.

Now this little company had for its captain, Willard Stone, who had crossed the plains in '50 and '52. Now in '54 he is our leader o'er mountains, plains and deserts for 180 day's travel. Oh, think now of going it in three or four days. I have crossed the plains in 180 in '54 with an ox team, in '61 crossed in 140 with horses and again in '88 crossed in four days on the cars. Yes, four times have I crossed the plains, twice in cars, that was only a pleasure trip, no guard to stand, no Indians to fear, no streams to ford, no graves to count by the scores as we did along the Platte, no one of your company to bury along the rivers and leave forever to go on with a sad heart, but this hidden treasures of Earth is at an end. Three of our company are still left to tell the "Story of the Plains" of April the sixth, eighteen fifty-four, H. N. Eddy, Mrs. W. Stone, and myself.

In Memory I start once again across the continent. The little company goes on its way rejoicing, singing as they go:

*"Susanna, Oh, don't you cry for me,
I'm bound for CALIFORNIA,
The Gold Dust for to see."*

And many other California songs. We sang, as we journeyed along. The morning of the third day was the Sabbath and we were in a little town called Oregon City, Ill. We did not travel. We thought of our Father's command and we went to church---the last time for many months-yes, for years.

Monday, April the 10th, we started on, passing through many a town, dotted here and there on the beautiful prairies of Illinois. As night closed in upon us on the 13th, we found ourselves at Fulton City, on the Mississippi's banks. April 14th we spent here. We could not cross for the wind, storm and rain. On the fifteenth there was still a fearful storm. Our cattle were hard to keep in the poor yard that we had for them, for we had 75 cows in the drove. Fulton City was a small town then.

At four o'clock on Sunday, April 16th, the wind, rain and snow let up. It was calm and the ferryman said that he could cross us in safety. So he did, but it was twelve o'clock at night when we were all on the other side, cold and hungry, yet we were in Lyons City, Iowa, where we had longed and wished to have been for the last three days. It was the storm and the "Father of Rivers" that had our prevented our being here.

The 17th of April we started on through a fine prairie country with many fine farms, It was here that we passed DeWitt, the county seat of Clinton County, Iowa. Three more days brought us to Upton. This is in a level country with many swamp holes of mud. Many times we had to hitch to each other to pull through. One day more brought us to Cedar River where we had to ferry. We only went eight miles that day. The 22nd brought us to Iowa City. This was a beautiful town (in those days) on the prairie not far from a fine grove of burr oak timber.

On the 23rd we could not find any feed to buy, as the country is new and there are not many settlers, hence we had to turn everything out to grass. It looked hard for the grass was short and our stock had had corn and hay a plenty, as corn was 12c. and 15c. a bushel and hay only \$2 to \$3 per ton; and we, ourselves, were tired of eggs at 5c. per dozen. The poor farmers had no market. They were ahead of the railroads and had no way to market their corn.

We traveled on, April 24th, passing through many little towns and creeks, the country looking all about the same. On the night of the 28th we pulled to South Skunk River. Here we overtook Sol Gage with the other half of our number who had gone on ahead of us, for we had divided so there would not be so large a company. Many places could not feed all our stock over night, hence we divided. But now we had "turned out to grass," so we could all travel together again.

The next day we reached the old fort Des Moines, and ferried Des Moines River and camped for the night. Sunday, April the 30th, brought, us to Coon River. Here we camped to wash on Monday, May the 1st. Here our horses swam the river. In getting them back, one of Sol Gage's drowned. This was the first loss we had.

We have passed through a fine country the last few days. May the 5th brings us through prairies and high hills, to a level country without any timber in sight. From this on the hills are plenty and several large streams that cross our path with no bridges or ferry boats. There are no settlers here. One old Indian town -- all in ruins.

Wednesday, May the 11th, a day of twenty miles travel brought us to Council Bluffs, or Kanessville, which is a few miles north of Council Bluff, where the council was held with Indians and whites, years before. Now, we are here to get ready for the plains and its enemies. Norton Stone and wife are sick and two or three more are not well, so we will stay a few days and doctor and fix up for the plains up Platte River -- five hundred miles -- a level stretch to Fort Laramie. Hundreds of people and thousands of cattle are camped here, forming companies and electing captains of their companies. In fact, the whole bottom along the Missouri River is covered with wagons and tents. This flat is from one to two miles wide.

Kanessville is back in the hills in a ravine away from the river bottom. Here we have those who are married. The women -- some sick and some homesick -- wanted to go back to some of those beautiful prairies we had passed over and take up farms and thus not go any further. They did not want to go over the river among the Indians to be scalped. We young fellows said to them: "We have paid you \$50 apiece, cash, and have agreed to help you all the way -- stand guard, drive team, and drive loose cattle." We did not want to turn back, although it did look gloomy, cold, a drizzling rain and many sick.

CHAPTER II From Home to the River

By the 15th of May the sick were much better. The rain had ceased, the sun shone bright. All were more cheerful. That day, I remember, we crossed the river into Nebraska and camped. The hot sun had gotten up a heavy thunder shower for the night so we did not travel the next day. Willard Stone was sick also. There was not a hut on this side of the river. Two Indian graves were all. In sixty-one I crossed there and a little farm was there. In eighty-eight I crossed there again, and the mighty city of Omaha had grown up and stood where the two Indian graves were. That's what time had done since eighteen fifty-four. The Pawnee has given up his rights. No more wild game to hunt, -- the white man is sole possessor. Hourly trains carrying passengers and traffic fear not the attacks of Indian tribes. No more fear of losing oxen or horses by alkali or theft, and perishing alone on the plains. Surely I know of what I speak, having crossed with oxen, horses and the pleasure of palace ears, trying all ways but the flying ship.

Tuesday, May the 15th, according to my diary, we lay in camp and made two ox yokes, and fixed Sol Gage's wagon tongue. Willard Stone is too sick to travel. He is captain of the train. May 17th, rains fearfully; we stay in camp. Stone is little better. May the 18th, we start on. We traveled six miles and then had to fix a bridge. We went two miles further and camped on Papare Creek. We had to make a bridge for the creek was high. When we had the bridge finished trains of emigrants had arrived and the creek's banks were lined with campers.

May the 19th, crossed the new bridge with 37 wagons and traveled fifteen miles to Elkhorn River. Here we camped one day and washed and hunted wild turkeys. Sunday, May the 21st, we traveled twenty-five miles to the Platte River over a level plain. Here two of us, myself and Tim Cook, got behind the train and two Indians stripped Tim Cook of his clothes, and when I came along they sprang up out of the grass. One Indian held my horse and the other wanted my clothes. I showed them a Colt's Navy. They let me pass on.

The 23rd of the month we reached Loup Fork of Platte River, following it up. The next day we crossed Beaver Creek. There were plenty of Red Skins here. The 25th brought us through several ruined towns of the Pawnees. The Siouxs had cleaned them out, years ago.

As we started after dinner, Kean's boy, twelve or thirteen years old, started to get into the wagon as it was going along. He slipped and fell under the wheel and died in a few minutes. We buried him in his blankets that afternoon and sadness filled all our hearts for he was the favorite of the train, being the only boy in the company. We left him there and journeyed on up the Loup eighteen miles where we found no ford.

The 27th of May we went two miles looking for a ford, then the boys who were on horseback, found a place where we could go in and follow down the river bed for eighty rods and come out on the other side. The river had a quick sand bottom. The channel changed all the time; Some day one place and the next. day somewhere else. While crossing we saw Indians watching afar off. Willard Stone said: "Boys, we must, keep watch. We were all day in getting across. The next day, Sunday, we were held up by a rain.

May the 29th we traveled twenty-four miles to Prairie Creek, putting out that night double guards, but at three o'clock in the morning there came up a shower of rain and our guards came in to the tent. They hitched their horses to the wagons, but when daylight came we saw that five of our horses were gone. Their ropes were cut and Indian blankets left close by. Two horses of Sol's and two of Stone's and one mule and one horse of Kean's were the missing animals. Imagine our feelings, if you can hundreds of miles from anybody, except those who were traveling as we were. We lay here all day the 31st of May. Nine of the boys took track and followed the Indians but returned late in the night, without finding any horses or the mule. What was to be done? The yokes that we had made now came into use. A yoke of oxen had to go on the spring wagon and a yoke of cows in their place on the big wagon of Gage's. So we moved on again with watchful eyes.

June the first we started for Wood river, a distance of twenty miles. For three days, until June the 4th, it has rained and here we are with a creek too high to cross. We had to bridge it with box elder scrub poles and we hauled the wagons across by hand. There is nothing of note on the 5th or 6th but on the 7th, while camped on Skunk Creek, it rained hard and the thunder shook the very earth. The water stood everywhere, so we had to cut down box elders and lay the limbs in the tents on which to spread our blankets in order to sleep. There was a Dutch train camped close to us, who had two of their horses stolen during the night. At Skunk Creek was the last timber or brush for two hundred miles. There was nothing but buffalo chills to burn and cook with heard of thereafter. Buffalo were plentiful around here. They jarred the whole earth when they stamped. For five days we traveled on seeing nothing but one vast plain.

On the 13th a twenty mile journey brought us to Court House Rock. Twenty-three miles travel on the 14th brought us to Chimney Rock -- a high spire. On the 15th we went to Scott's Bluff, a day's trip -- twenty miles. All these rocks and bluffs are red sand or clay. They are all on the south side of the Platte River as well as the forts Fort Kearney and Fort Laramie. Oh, the graves we have passed the last six or seven days of those who died with the cholera in fifty-two and fifty-three. But few died in fifty-four. The 16th and 17th were uneventful level plain is all. The 18th was Sunday, we rested.

The 19th of June brought us opposite Fort Laramie. Now we have come to the Black Hills, to the end of the level plain of five hundred miles. The rest is hills and mountains all the way. At this place I went across the Platte with an Indian in his canoe to the fort on the other side. We all expected news from home, as we had not heard since we left Kanesville, but there was nothing for any one of us. Sad, indeed, the thought! Had our friends departed from us as the Lord did from Saul? And must we hunt for the Witch of Endor to raise up a prophet to tell us why our friends had not written to us? So we returned to camp, and some of the women shed tears for they had longed to hear from home.

On the 20th we lay still and washed, starting on the 21st over the Black Hills. Up and down we traveled for six days. On the 28th we came near the Platte again. The hills were all sand and the wind would blow it like snow. It would soon make a new hill in the middle of the road and you would have to go around it. The west wind was fearful. In some places the teams could hardly move the wagons on account of such a loose road bed. The 29th brought us to the bridge on the Platte River, where the teams and trains that traveled up on the south side had to cross over to the north side, for here we leave the Platte and cross the hills to the Sweet Water River.

The last of June was Friday. My notes read: "We did not travel today. John Gage is sick with fever." On July 1st we traveled over very high hills -- the foot hills of the Rocky Mountains and broken spurs of the range. On July the 2nd we went twenty-six miles to a spring near Grease Wood Creek. There was no grass there but plenty of alkali, hence we started as soon as we could see on the morning of the third for Sweet Water, 14 miles ahead. We found good grass on July the Fourth. We lay here all day. Here was Independence Rock, one half mile around it - free from any dirt, oval in shape. After our washing was over and being the Fourth of July, the most of the crowd thought it well to have a dance on the rock, Independence.

The fifth of July we went eleven miles to Devil's Gate, nooned and went seven miles and camped. This Devil's Gate is a deep canyon through a spur or high ridge of the Rockies. It is a square cut, three or four hundred feet walls on each side. The Sweet Water River runs through this canyon so we had to pass over the ridge. For three days we traveled over high hills and broken mountains along this river. The nights were cold and frosty. On Sunday, July the 9th, we went ten miles north of the road to a fine brook of water and good grass. Here we stayed two days. I camped here in 1861 when I crossed the plains again with horses. There was plenty of game. We killed three antelope, so we had fresh meat. On the 12th we started for Sweet Water for the last time. On the 13th we journeyed ten miles to the top of the dividing ridge between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Seven thousand, four hundred feet elevation, according to our guide book, is the height of this pass. Now we will descend to the Pacific Springs, on the west side of the South Pass, the first water that runs to the Pacific Ocean. We journeyed twenty-one miles one day to Little Sandy Creek. The next day, in ten miles, we reached Big Sandy Creek. We forded this and went ten miles further and camped. The next day we crossed a twenty mile desert. On the 17th we went ten miles to Green River. We ferried here, costing us four dollars a wagon. We pitched our tents for the night.

This ferry was owned and run by the Mormons of Salt Lake City; the only ferry on the plains. This was a Mormon scheme to make money out of the emigrants, for the river had a ford miles above, where the old trail went, but they had guided the travel to their ferry by changing the road and claiming on the sign boards by the road side that the ford had been washed out. From here on we had the mountains of the plains from the ferry back to the old trail we took greenhorn's cut off, to the Ham fork of Green River.

CHAPTER III.

Crossing the Mountains.

JULY 18th and 19th we traveled 32 miles to a springs at the foot of a high mountain that butts against Green River. My notes read: "July, the 20th -- This morning we have those high hills and mountains to climb. At noon we reached file top, on a snow drift. A cold wind prevailed. We descended down the mountain to a creek and followed its channel down over rocks both great and small. At last we came to Ham's Fork of Green River, an eighteen mile's travel.

Our oxen and some of the cows had such sore feet that we were compelled to lay over the 21st. We shod our oxen and doctored the cattles' feet. The medicine, or treatment, was to draw a small rope between their claws and clean out the sand and gravel and then pour in hot grease. We worked hard all day. Here was an Indian camp of fifty or sixty. The little fellows could shoot an arrow ten steps and hit a dime, on the split end of a stick, without fail. Here was a French trader living with all Indian woman, and he was the worst looking being you ever saw - his only robe was deer skin pants, his hair hung in matted locks to his shoulders -- it had not been combed since his mother combed it, whiskers down on his breast. Surely he looked worse than the Flat Heads (Indians) of the Rocky Mountains. With his hosts of Indians about him, he seemed as happy as if he had been clothed in purple and fine linen and fared sumtuously every day.

Saturday, the 22nd came at last. The mountains with their lower hills stood before us. We moved on, and, by hard driving, we made fourteen miles, bringing us near the Smith fork of Bear River where we camped. The next day we went seven miles to Bear River. Willows and mosquitoes abounded in this place. The pest came near eating, the entire camp. "No peace for the wicked here." Hence bright and early the following morning we moved camp. That night brought us to Brookhearts' Creek, eighteen miles farther west. This creek received its name from a man who died there. It, is at the foot of a very high mountain, which we ascended on the 25th of July. The trail was steep and sidling. We held our wagons with ropes to keep them right side up and in going down the mountain we were forced to put chains on our wheels. We made twelve miles that day.

My notes say that Willard Stone bought one Indian pony to drive the loose cattle. Tim Cook was the lightest of us boys, so he had the pony and the job of driving the loose cattle. On the 26th of July we lay still. Harvey N. Eddy was taken with mountain fever. There was no feed here, so we had to go on the next day. After fourteen miles we came to a muddy creek. The rain poured down, but still no feed for the stock, which mooded as they went along. Eighteen miles on the 28th brought us to Soda Springs, on Bear River, and to plenty of good grass. We remain until the 29th on account of sickness. L.N. Eddy had a hard time over the mountain with his fever and now is worse. John and Sol Gage contracted the mountain fever here and Mary Stone is also Sick.

Here are many soda springs and they form soda rock as they run out until the rock gets so high the springs dry up, so there is a flat covered with these high soda mounds. The most curious one, is the "Steam Boat Springs." It is on the bank of the river. It comes out of the rock every few minutes with a puff and the water goes up three or four feet high, and then it is all dry until the next puff.

July the 30th we started on. Here the road forks. The road to Oregon keeps to the north of west, going to Snake River, Fort Boise, and so down the Columbia River. We go on west, across a volcanic plain with deep chasms, toward volcanic craters -- steep and very rough. We upset one wagon, smashed the bed and broke my rifle breach. I had to leave it with a lot of other relies that other trains had left before.

The last of July we traveled over mountains all day. The 1st of August we went to a small brook, twenty-four miles. We got there late at night. There was no grass, so we started early the 2nd of August and went seventeen miles to Clear Creek. Willard Stone had the fever again, but we bad to move on for there was no grass. The 3rd we traveled up along a crooked ravine and down a steep mountain. Still there was no grass. On the 6th we went twelve miles to a small creek. Here was fine grass, so we rejoiced and waited a day that the cattle might fill up. This was Sunday, August the 6th. Monday and Tuesday we passed Raft River and its branch, traveling 32 miles.

Here, in 1861, we nooned. One of the horses being lame we sent a man named Toney, on horseback, leading the lame horse, ahead to save time. Soon the horses returned, one of them red with blood. We suspected at once the cause.

Corraling our wagons for safety from the Indians, we mounted in haste and rode forward. Toney we found shot through the body, laying, under a little juniper tree. The wound was not fatal. He said that two Indians ambushed, one on either side of the road, surprised and shot him, at the same time trying to steal his horses. The horses wheeled with fright and dashed away. One of the Indian's horses followed them. They tried to recover them but when they saw us coming they dashed down a little ravine and escaped. After a two hour's search we moved on, taking the Indian's horse with us. He had been stolen from some other train, because he had one shoe on. Later, when Toney left us at Susanville to go to Grass Valley, we gave him the Indian's horse. I have never heard of Toney since in '61 we had more trouble with the Indians than in '54, because they had become more bold; besides they had fire arms instead of arrows.

The 9th brought us to the Pyramids white, soft rocks of clay. Some columns and spires are a Hundred feet high. This was a fine sight here. Some looked like ancient, cathedrals or a ruined city. One road goes to Salt Lake, While the other leads us on to Goose Creek over a twenty-two mile road, fearfully rocky and no wood. There had been a few cedars but they had long been dead and were petrified, for all we found were solid stone limbs and body. Friday, the 11th, we went 18 miles to Goose Creek Canon. We had to follow the creek channel for several miles and then over a ridge to Rock Spring and camped. We found a dead Indian here that had been killed by the train ahead of us. He did not smell, so he had not been dead long, hence we thought the Indians might light on us for doing it, so we traveled Sunday, August the 13th, twenty-six miles.

We have now reached Thousand Spring Valley. There are hot and cold springs here near each other and fine grass. Monday the 14th, we did not travel. We washed and kept watch of the cattle and horses. The next day we went on past many cold and hot springs. The weather was hot. We passed through deep and rocky canyons. On the 18th we went 18 miles to Mary's River, a branch of the Humbolt. Here we found Seril Gage and Joe Hogeboom, who had come out from California to pick up lame stock and buy the same for a few dollars. They also had the Indians hunt up the lost and strayed cattle along the willow brush. We have come now to a place where the Streams are thick with willows and the stock hide in them. Here Sol Gave and Sid Terwilliger stopped with their cattle for two weeks until they got so they could travel. They had two hundred. They got in with 125 head, the rest dying.

August the 19th and 20th we traveled forty miles down the Mary's River. On the 21st we went two miles and camped. It rained too hard to move farther. It was a terrific rain. We had two cows die in this storm. The 22nd, 23rd and 24th we passed thru some high hills, one deep canyon and one dry canyon, a forty-mile travel. Now we come to Humbolt River. We have level sailing. From the 25th to the 31st of August we traveled 98 miles down the Humbolt River. We saw many dead cattle and some graves, but not so many as on the Platte River. Sept. 1st we had heavy sand to pull through, but by the fourth of the month we were out of it and back to the river again.

CHAPTER IV. Crossing the Desert.

SEPTEMBER the 5th and 6th we did not break camp, but spent our time in making hay for feed on the coming desert. Others did not make hay and lost their teams and all they had. We bound our hay in bundles and loaded all our wagons, tying all we could on the sides with hay ropes that we had twisted. The sick are all better, so on the 7th, just after midnight, we left for the desert. We camp to Antelope Spring at 9 o'clock, Friday morning, the 8th. There was a very little seepage water here, but no grass. We ate a bite, rested the cattle then went on all day and at 12 o'clock at night came to Rabbit Hole Spring, covering a distance of twenty-one miles. This place was on a barren flat, with but very little water and no grass at all. We fed some hay, ate a bite that the women had prepared and then went on to Black Rock Spring -- a large, boiling hot spring. We got here at ten o'clock the 9th and fed some of our hay, as there was no vegetation. We rested until four o'clock then started and traveled all night until eight o'clock Sunday morning, the tenth of the month, covering twenty-nine miles in that stretch. There was good water and grass here so we rested the remainder of the day -- tired and worn nearly out. But that is not the half of it. The scenes along this road for the last few days, no man can describe and have any one believe him! Hundreds of dead cattle lay strung along the road and in the road! Such a smell! It is the worse by night. Not only the dead cattle and their smell, but the discord of men. Brothers blaming each other for having lost their teams and leaving them all behind. Some divided their teams and left their wagons, packed a few things on their backs and walked on, cursing. In such a situation that which is within a man will reveal itself. There were three men with one ox team and wagon. As they neared Black Rock Spring, their team gave out and both oxen died. They were so beside themselves that they never took off their yoke. This happened in a train just ahead of us, for we saw the oxen lying beside the road with many other cattle and wagons and all kinds of camp fixtures. But to tell all the scenes of troubles on the desert would make a book as large as the Mormon Bible, so I have said enough.

And now to say a word about the mighty Sentinel of the Desert, Black Rock, many feet high, rising out of a level plain, and from under it gushes out a boiling hot spring with a dense fog of steam. It's bottom can't be seen, thirty or forty inches of water flows from it, so brackish of brimstone you can't drink it without feeling sick, and not a green vestige can

you see. You can smell this spring for miles, and now as I gaze on this scene I think of Dante's Inferno, and this great black Rock of Despair, whose waters cannot cool it off. I have seen many hot springs but this one can swallow them all and still flow on, It is no wonder this is a desert country, destitute of any vegetation, with this mighty engine of fire so close to the surface. It's life is burnt out.

On the 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th we traveled on over hills and low mountains -- some very rocky and bad. Our cattle's feet sore, but still they are alive, while so many have died since they have started across the desert. We have passed through three canyons in the last three days. One had a large cave on the side. We went in, but did not find Saul in there asleep that we might cut off his skirts as David did.

The 15th we rested. The 16th traveled twenty-five miles to a small brook on the east side of the Sierra Nevada mountains. Two miles on the 18th, brought us to the top of the Sierras. We then descended ten miles to a creek covered with heavy pine. It was here that Carson and Fremont had camped some years before and had buried some of their papers and tools that they had with them.

The next day we went on to Goose Lake. The 20th we followed along the lake shore in the water for two miles, the bluff being so steep. We camped on the west side of the lake. The next, three days brought us to Dry Creek -- a level country but very rocky. We passed Willow Springs and journeyed on to Swamp Creek. Here we had to cut down tules and bridge the creek. It was narrow but very deep and lacked a current to wash away the tules. Twelve miles on the 24th brought us to Clear Lake. At this place were twenty-five volunteers, under Crosby as captain, because a short time before the Indians had murdered a whole train and burned their wagons. This happened at Bloody Point on Tule Lake. When Crosby, who was in Yreka, heard of it he raised a small company of men and came out to help us in, for they were looking for the Stone brothers arrival.

At the Natural Bridge on Lost River we camped. Five hundred Indians came to our camp and asked for Muck-a-muck. We had none for them. They were big strong Indians and afterwards caused the government a great deal of trouble. The Modoc war being one of the severe Indian wars of our country. They wrestled and threw our boys as fast as they could get up. Then they would make the air ring with their shouts, but at last Dan Rodaball threw their bully three times. Then they were as still as death. Willard Stone hired an old Indian and his squaw to stay with us that night and all the rest left at the old Indian's command. Then we felt safe when one of their number camped with its.

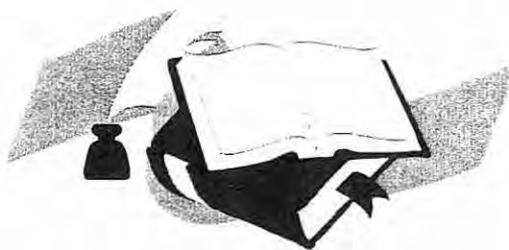
The 26th brought us to Klamath Lake and the 27th to Willow Springs. Thirty or forty Indians were here but we had to stay, for it was twenty-two miles to Butte Creek, and a very rocky road. The next day we followed up Butte Creek for six miles and pitched our tents. We lost a fine horse here. The last day of September we journeyed twelve miles to a swamp. It is now called Grass Lake Valley (railroad.) The first day of October we journeyed west. Four-teen miles to the Snelling Ranch, now called the Herd Ranch, near Sheep Rock, Shasta Valley. The next day we went to Shasta River and on the third day of October we started for the Stone Ranch, in Shasta Valley, which was the end of our journey of 180 days of active travel and 33 days of rest.

On October the 4th, 1854, we arrived with our hearts light and free with the thought that we had reached the Golden Land of California. We felt thankful to the Great Giver of Life, who had guided us through those many strange lands and those many tribes of hostile Indians that we had passed through on our long and tedious journey. With many, sickness and death had carried away but we had escaped the Mighty Hand of Death to dwell in a land far in the West.

But as time went on, our number scattered. Some mined, and some engaged in other employments, but, of course, a number of them failed and got discouraged and homesick and then, instead of singing "Susanna" with joy, as they did when they first set sail for California, their tune was changed to "Lily Dale:"

*"Oh, miners, poor miners, hungry and cold,
Though poor I'll return to my home far away,
So farewell to the land of gold."*

So many went home and many stayed and, have done well.



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Farewell Letter From The Editor

Dear Members,

The following few pages are from my family tree, sent to me by my cousin, Laurie Clark. She is the genealogy buff in our family. She found all of you when she was following the family tree back as far as she could. We heard about the scholarships and from there she proved our lineage. I didn't know we didn't HAVE to be proven descendents to apply. I'm glad we didn't know, for as you genealogists out there know, it can take months to close one gap in the line. Laurie saw it through and here it is:

1. George Soule
2. Mary Soule
3. Jonathan Peterson
4. Rueben Peterson
5. Sarah Peterson
6. Abner Williamson
7. Lydia Thomas Williamson
8. Mary Putnam Thurston
9. George Leonard Wilmarth
10. Theodore Orin Wilmarth
11. June Marjorie Wilmarth
12. Christine Lee Parr (Hornsleth)

This letter you may read next is from a cousin that she has built a relationship with during her varied search of our ancestry. It is a letter to my grandfather's grandfather from his father. If George had gone to sea with his Father, Ephraim, as the letter encourages him to do, I wouldn't be here today!! (Captain Ephraim Reynolds Wilmarth was married to Mary Putnam Thurston.)

This is my last issue as Editor-In-Chief for the Soule-Kindred Newsletter. I am so very honored and proud to have contributed my part to The Kindred. I have had a sense of belonging that I am passing on to my children. If my grandparents knew that they had an original Pilgrim for an ancestor, they never told my mother. My Nana, my mom's mother, never mentioned it. I wish I could have seen the look on her face if I had been able to tell her. She was married to "Teddy", who died young of lung cancer. She would have been so proud. I am so glad that my mother, June, lived to know that her father was a direct descendant of George's. I will be making sure that as many as possible join The Kindred, and I hope you will, too. I am always amazed to think that we have the DNA of one of the original signers of the Mayflower Compact. My daughter, Courtney, has a passion for history that was born from all this. Thank you. Thank you to my Editorial Board, and to all of the Directors, and Governance that made me feel welcome and appreciated.

Stepping up as Editor will be Bill Warden. I am very excited and grateful for his enthusiasm and for him to take my place. He will have lots of help, but I think you will be pleasantly surprised that he is more competent than I ever was for this job!! As I have said many times, my lack of experience on the computer has been a hindrance in this field of "publishing" today. I don't want to say any more, as Bill will introduce himself in the next issue.

My apologies to the genealogists, who I am sure, have missed our Genealogical Committee report the last two issues. I take full responsibility for this-computer glitch. The next issues will be very exciting - so watch for them.

Forgive my indulgence in adding this letter to the newsletter this issue. It is one of the perks of being Editor-In-Chief. I thought it was historically interesting and I thank you one last time for bearing with me. See you at the reunions!

Sincerely yours,

Christine Hornsleth

Ship Prospero
Rangoon March 11 1876

George L. Howard

My dear son

Your letter of the 3rd december
did not reach me before I sailed from Bombay and I should
not have answered it before but I wrote Mr. Howard and
I think all my own what is a very family letter.
By your letter that you are still out of employment
is a very poor prospect which is not surprising to
me at all it is just as I expected it would be and what
I told you over I over you have made one of the
greatest mistakes that you can make during your natural
life you have voluntarily thrown up a good situation
in an uncertainty and spending the best part of your
life in idleness I should think you ought to have
some ambition I am sorry to hear that you lost your
passage in the steamer my family seems to be famous
for hardiness however as your dear father I hope you will
do something to do to keep you out of mischief
You will know before this reaches you
I discharge Mr. Burdett in Bombay and set him

in Mr. J. S. Arnason suffering from ^{neuritis}
 I didn't ship any one in his place consequently I
 was without a second mate at present you see what
 nice chance there would have been for you had
 you been here you could have taken his place
 and filled it nicely to my satisfaction I been getting
 5.5 per month instead of doing nothing. I shall not
 ship any one without I can get a good man for I
 had much rather be without any one than to have
 such trash as I have had of late. I understand that
 Mr. Cope made himself very busy about my affairs
 in Liverpool the two faced scoundrel if ever I come
 across him I will ring his nose for him the scoundrel
 puppy. You know that I have a colour crew they
 are very passable but I don't think that I shall
 ever have them again they are very indifferent sailors
 and not much account. Mr. Snow don't do quite a
 well as I expected ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{mid} ^{of} ^{the} ^{state} ^{he}
 was in when I left Liverpool they were the drunkenest
 lot I ever saw.

Doctor Macgregor enquired ^{particulars}
 about you I wanted to know how you were getting
 along. He was doing all the ship in port. I was then
 22 days and 116 going out some what longer than I
 expected to have been however I beat every thing. I miss
 Old Parker very much. My Steward is a drunken puppy &
 not up to much when sober but I manage to get
 along nicely.

If you should think of going to sea again
 I should like for you to go with Capt. Moore and
 what I say I should like for you to do so I don't commiserate
 that day is past but you must support yourself and
 I don't think I can be advised to do so.

off a good situation and a good employ to go to
ask what for. Can you answer you know what I
said in regard to keeping house then I am fully
satisfied. I will not be dictated to by any one and I have
a high time you began to look round you &
and doing not wasting the best part of your life
expectations & operation

I had a nice time down the Bay I was
B. Galle was off there Sunday and lots of boats came
and I bought some few things. I saw a black
writing desk & Ink stand & I had a herd boat
to the island strong easterly winds & westerly current
which we had light winds. I beautiful weather
my arrival at this port. Old Salt as you call him
he sits in the room you see to occupy of con
grow all alone in his glory. Janus is well but
he is a very good boatswain mate. I the boatswain in
much account. he likes his betty and as long as
its enough to eat he dont worry much. This is
very. I hope you ought to have been here. I
ld have been the making of you & a great comfort
me but it seems you must always be in the
ing place just as you got in the way of making
ing you think you must try some new project

A scorned wisdom, and findeth
not. but knowledge is easy unto him that understandeth
soul of the sluggard leecheth and hath nothing but
soul of the diligent shall be made fat.

My Son, forget not the laws of God & thy
servants for they will bring you pain

you have won
all things ⁱⁿ Christ ^{by} grace
do not think of your own under-
-standing and acknowledge him in all your ways
and he will direct your paths. He is not wise in ^{his} own
own eyes; but fear the Lord and depart from evil it shall
be health to thy body and ^{prosperity} to thy bones.

My son, despise not the chastening
of the Lord, for whom he loveth he correcteth; even as
a father the son in whom he delighteth happy is the
that findeth wisdom and he that gets understanding it
more precious than gold length of days peace & happiness
be his reward... I advise all be aware of temptations &
always stop to think before you act.

I arrived here on the evening of
the 6th I am now waiting for my cargo which
not bought yet consequently I don't think I
I shall get away till the last of this month
I hope to be in our place Sat. The matter of getting
business is very slack and they are not doing
much. My mate Mr. Snow has been as usual
as a fool for the last two days. I fear that I
shall have to discharge him he don't look out for
anything. I received a letter from Frank on my
arrival written last November before Mother
I will answer it next mail I shall write you
Mother by this mail & hoping this will find
you all well & that you will be in business
I remain your affectionate Father
E. K. Mcintosh

②

-----Continued-----

My Son, despise not the chastening of the Lord for whom he loveth he correcteth, Even as a father, the Son, in whom he delighteth. Happy is the man that findeth wisdom and he that gets understanding it is more precious than Gold, length of days, peace & happiness will be his reward. & above all be aware of temptations and always stop to think before you act.

I arrived here on the evening of the 6th I am now waiting for my cargo which is not bought yet consequently I dont think that I shall get away till the last of the month I hope to be in Liverpool Dock the middle of July Business is very slack and ship are not doing much My mate Mr. Snow has been drunk as a fool for the last two days & I fear that I shall have to discharge him he dont look out for anything. I received a letter from Frank on my arrival written last november before Mothers, I will answer it next mail I shall write your Mother by this mail & hoping this will find you all well & that you will be in business. I remain your affectionate Father

E.R.Wilmarth.

①

This letter was written to Gramps by his Father just before the last voyage that he took. Gramps Dad was lost somewhere in the Ocean in the year of 1876 or 1877.

Ship Prospero.

Rangoon, March 11, 1876.

To George L. Wilmarth

My Dear Son.,

Your letter of the 3rd December came to hand before I sailed from from Bombay and I should have answered it before but I wrote Mother you and Frank all in one what I term a family letter. I see by your letter that you are still out of employment with a very poor prospect which is not surprising to me at all it is just as I expected it would be and what I told you over & over you have made one of the greatest mistakes that you can make during your natural life you have voluntarily move up a good situation for an uncertainty and spending the best part of your life in idleness I should think you ought to have more ambition I am sorry to hear that you lost your passage in the steamer, my family seems to be famous for tardiness. However as you are there I hope you will find something to do to keep you out of mischief.

You will know before this reaches you that I discharged Mr. Burdett in Bombay and set him in the S.S. Tirnacia suffering from Consumpsion. I didn't ship any one in his

--- page 2 - continued---

place consequently am without a second mate at present you see what a nice chance there would have been for you had you been here you could have taken his place and filled it nicely to my satisfaction & been getting £ 5.5 per month instead of doing nothing. I shall not ship any one without I can get a good man for I had much rather be without any one than to chance such trash as I have had of late. I understood that Mr. Cope made himself very busy about my affairs in Liverpool the two faced Hound if ever I come across him I will ring his nose for him the mean puppy. You know that I have a colored crew they are very passable but I dont think that I shall ever have them again they are very indifferent sailors and not much account. Mr. snow dont do quite as well as I expected he would you know the state he was in when I left Liverpool they were the drunkedest lot that I ever saw.

Doctor Macgregor enquired particular about you & wanted to know how you were getting along. He was doing all the ships in port. I was there 22 days and 116 going out somewhat longer than I expected to have been. However I beat everything. I miss Old Parker very much my steward is a drunken puppy & not up to much when sober but I manage to get along nicely.

If you should think of going to sea again I should like for you to go with Capt. Moor, mark what I say I should like for you to do so, I dont command that day is past but you must support yourself and not look to me if you cannot be advised by me.

You left a good situation and a good employ to go to New York what for can you answer. you know what I have said in regard to keeping house there & I am fully determined to carry out my views in regard to that matter & I will not be dictated to by any one so as I have saw it is high time you began to look around you & be up and doing not wasting the best part of your life in expectations or speculations.

I had a nice time down the Bay I was 9 days to P.Galle was off there Sunday and lots of boats came off and I bought some few things Celon Lace, a black Ebony writing desk & Ink stand & etc., I had a hard beat round the Island strong easterly winds & westerly current after which we had light winds & beautiful weather till my arrival at this port. Old Sails as you call him is swell but I think rather lonesome since Mr. Burdett left he sleeps in the room you use to occupy of course he is now all alone in his glory. Jones is well but he makes a very poor Boatswains mate & the Boatswain is not much account he likes his belly and as long as he gets enough to eat he dont worry much this is the very Voyage you ought to have been here it would have been the making of you & a great comfort to me but it seems you must always be in the wrong place just as you got in the way of making money you think you must try some new project.

A scorner seeketh wisdom and findeth it not, but knowledge is easy unto him that understandeth the soul of the sluggard desireth and hath nothing but the soul of the diligent shall be made fat.

My Son, forget not the laws of God & try to keep his Commandments for they will bring you peace. and perhaps some happiness, trust in the Lord with all thine heart and do not trust to your own understanding and acknowledge him in all your ways and he will direct your paths. Be not wise in thine own eyes but fear the Lord and depart from evil it shall be health to the body and sorrow to thy bones.

Soule Kindred in America, Inc.
Invitation To Join

The Soule Kindred In America was formed in 1967 by a group of dedicated people who were interested in tracing their ancestry back to George Soule who came to America aboard the Mayflower in 1620. The Soule Kindred is dedicated to preserving and passing this important genealogical information on to anyone interested in tracing their ancestry.

The Soule Kindred is a non-profit organization incorporated in Massachusetts in 1972 and has members in France, Great Britain and Canada as well as the United States. Through the diligence of the first president George Soule and first historian, Colonel John Soule, both direct descendants of the Mayflower George Soule, a great heritage was found to have been left by our founding fathers.

Through the Soule Kindred quarterly publication, The Soule Newsletter, information of genealogical value is disseminated to its members.

Genealogical records are available through the Soule Kindred Historian to assist those interested in tracing their family roots. The Soule Kindred has microfilm records containing thousands of names and information back to the Mayflower passenger George Soule.

Activities of the Soule Kindred include the annual Soule Kindred reunion which is held in a different city each year. The reunion provides the forum for the annual Soule Kindred meeting and also offers you the opportunity to meet other members, exchange genealogy information and make long lasting friendships. Some members have their own Web pages on the Internet. Many others communicate regularly via e-mail.

There are no restrictions to joining the Soule Kindred. Your name does not have to be Sole, Soule, Soules, Sowl, Sowle, Sowles or even begin with an "S". We have Abraham, Bishop, Haner, Rocke, Turner, Standish and many other names in our membership. The only requirement to join is that you have an interest in determining and tracing you ancestry.

If the idea finding you roots and meeting new "cousins" appeals to you, we invite you to send in your application and join with us in researching and celebrating our fascinating heritage.

If you would like more information, please contact our President,

President Frank Flint Soule III, 1413 Dorothy Drive, Palatine, IL 60074-5749

Phone: 847-991-7923

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