

roy
captain snyder and his twelve of west virginia

carlton

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carrie harman roy





ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Carrie Harman Roy was born during the first decade of this century into the family of Simon P. and Nettie (Snyder) Harman at Harman, West Virginia. She was number three in a family of three sons and four daughters. Mrs. Roy grew up on a farm living and doing all the things a farm girl does. The writer and her childhood sweetheart Herbert have recently celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. They have three children; Joan Lois, Herbert Howard, and Helen Lee.

Mrs. Roy taught elementary school for thirty years and held the elected office of town recorder. She has been involved in a wide array of community and church organizations, which include the Order of the Eastern Star and numerous teacher retirement organizations on the national, state, and county level.

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CAPTAIN SNYDER AND HIS TWELVE OF WEST VIRGINIA

by

Carrie Harman Roy

The phenomenon of *Roots* has created in people a desire to know more about their family history and the beginnings of their communities. In tracing *her* particular "family tree," author Carrie Harman Roy has discovered a gold mine of fascinating people and events that she shares with the grateful reader in imaginative poetry and prose.

Here is an intimate history of the early days along the Dry Fork River that flows through Harman, West Virginia. This history is related by a descendant of founding-father Harman. What a rich historical background this community possesses! The Snyder family described in these pages were an important lot during the Civil War period and, as Mrs. Roy documents, throughout American history through this bicentennial era.

Mrs. Roy's family, both past and present, are a multivaried lot of interesting people. The author's love for her kinfolk and other Harmanites is evident in every word she writes. The Snyder and Harman families will surely come alive for the reader in the superb collection of photos and other illustrative material.

(Continued on back flap)

The book takes a fresh look at West Virginia history, shedding light on such topics as how West Virginia became a state right after Virginia seceded from the Union at the onset of the Civil War. It's also a nostalgic look at bygone, more gracious times. Indeed, the reader will come away from this book with a new appreciation for the gracious, hospitable South and an intimate acquaintance with and love for Mrs. Roy's relations and fellow citizens.

Captain Snyder and His Twelve of West Virginia makes one feel good about America's past, present, and future.

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west virginia**

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carrie harman roy

Carrie Harman Roy

A Hearthstone Book

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To Mother

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

My sincere appreciation goes to all the Snyder families, the children, the grandchildren, and relatives of the Snyders, who have helped me to secure the data I used in writing this biographical and genealogical sketch of the Captain Sampson Snyder families of this section of the country in which they lived.

To Dan Harman, thanks for the paintings you have done for me. All this is appreciated. Also, the encouragement all my family have given me.

The information and memories in the book will be a mainstay to some of the younger generation who have never known the family of twelve, but who feel the sentimentality of belonging to the family that once roamed the hills and the valleys of the Dry Fork, in West Virginia, and that has left so many memories and things to remind us of them.

My indebtedness goes to all who helped in any way to get this book together. To *all*, I am grateful.

It is your genealogy and memories, and it is with much hope that the color, the life, the beauty, of this Snyder family will give you a warm feeling as you survey the pages in your spare time.

CONTENTS

UNIT ONE

<i>THIS IS WEST VIRGINIA ON THE DRY FORK</i>	11
Author's Note	11
The Town of Harman	13
Hills of West Virginia	16
A Tribute to West Virginia	17
Formation of West Virginia	18
Our State...West Virginia	20
Seneca Rocks	23
Last Indian Raids Across the Mountains	24
Relics and Customs That Haved Passed By Nature's Way of Life	25
A Granddaughter's Reminiscing	26
Randolph County	32

UNIT TWO: THE SNYDER FAMILIES

34

Family Tree...John Snyder IV	
Henry Snyder	35
Children of Henry and Mary Elizabeth (Bonner) Snyder ...	36
Family Tree...Sampson Snyder	38
Snyder Ancestry	40
Snyder Sisters	
Phoebe Snyder Cooper	43
Affidavit...or...Affirmation	45
Mary Jane Snyder Bennett	45
Why Come To America?	46
The Midnight Ride of Jane Snyder	48

Jane's Ride. . . Painting	49
The Home Place	51
Grandfather—Captain Snyder (1840-1910)	51
Captain Sampson Snyder	53
Our Pioneers	58
The Encounter Between Captain John Snyder and John D. Imbodemmon the Dry Fork	60
Painting. . . (The Encounter)	63
The Call of The West (Poem)	63
Captain Sampson Snyder Family	66
Grandmother Snyder (Photograph)	68
Grandmother Elizabeth (Bonner) Snyder	68
Memories of Grandmother Snyder	69
Nettie's Old Rocking Chair	70
The Snyder Family	72
The Snyder Family	75
Oh, Me! Oh, My!	77
The Snyder Farm (Drawing)) Lorenza Dow Snyder	78
Phoebe Catherine Snyder	82
Elmer Ellsworth Snyder	83
Samson Snyder, Junior	87
Prince Albert Snyder	91
Go West, Yound Man. . .Go West	99
John Wesley Snyder	100
Ann Toy Nettie (Snyder) Harman	104
Lucy Estelle Snyder Cooper	111
Carrie Viola (Snyder) Cooper	114
James Blaine Snyder	119
Henry Clay Snyder	124

UNIT THREE: MEMOIRS AND SHORT STORIES127

I Am The Nation	127
This Is the Day!	128
Meaning of History	130
Carrie's Fish Tale	134
Our Inidan Friends	136
The Fire	136
Then, There Was an Indian	138

Reptiles on the Dry Fork	140
Ellsworth. . .The Trainer of Horses	141
A Winter Cattle Drive	144
My Father. . .The Organ Salesman	145
Parody to "Home Sweet Home"	146
I've Only Been Down to the Club	148
If I Was As Young As I Used to Be	149
The Irish Jubilee	150
I Had But Fifty Cents	152
Down by the Stream	153
Our Church in the Wilderness	154
Church Photograph 1915	157
Golden Memories	158

UNIT ONE

THIS IS WEST VIRGINIA ON THE DRY FORK

AUTHOR'S NOTE

I am a country girl, and grew up among the beautiful Appalachian Mountains of West Virginia. The mountains have been my home; they have sheltered us in the valley of the Dry Fork from many storms. The mountains have barred some of the high winds from crossing them and doing damage in the valley. They have provided us with water on the hot summer days, and with ice in the winter. I have found that God is much closer to me among the mountains than in other places. I can feel His presence and protection very near when on top of the highest peak.

"Once upon a time" is the beginning of many stories which are written for children. My story will have the same beginning, only with a slight difference. It will be as real and true as only I can make it from the many adventures I have had, and from the stories and legends told to me by my parents, grandparents, relatives, and natives of this vicinity.

The time element will go back to the 1800's. These were the years of the migration into this area from Virginia, Pennsylvania, and New York. This book will encompass stories of the Snyders mostly, but in telling about them I will have to include others who are so closely connected.

My mother was one of Captain Snyder's twelve. Consequently, I have some first-hand knowledge of some of the stories about this great family.

There have been some histories written about Randolph County, but none have been written of this area telling some of the stories about it. There have been stories. . .yes, some good and some not so good, some hair-raising incidents, lynchings, hangings, and murders, just as in other places. I dislike to think

or even remember the bad things, and I will refrain from doing so.

These were the days of the early settlements, and of the hardships they had to withstand when they first moved into this wooded area. As in the early days of the American development, houses had to be built, roads had to be blazed, and many things entered into the life and demands of rearing a family in the wilderness of what is now West Virginia.

Exciting! Yes, there were many exciting events. There was war in which Grandfather Snyder became involved to a great extent. His experiences were many and dangerous, but he managed to survive.

Would you like to read about the first jail? Logs floating down the dry Fork? The first sawmills, schools, churches, hotels, telephones, etc? We did not have a Matt Dillon or a Miss Kitty, or a Doc Adams, but I could cite you some very similar people who lived here. The time elements begins around the early 1800's and that was just the beginning of the migration period.

My first attempt to write a book was the *Harman Album*. It seemed to be appreciated, so I hope many people will enjoy this historical sketch.

L. to R. Nela Cooper, Zetta Graham, Arthur Cooper, Robert Cooper, Lucy Yokum, Herbert Roy (Chair), Gettie and Asa Cooper (owners), at Central Hotel, 1908.



The TOWN OF HARMAN, West Virginia, is situated near the junction of the Dry Fork River and Horse Camp Run. For many years a quiet country village, with the advent of the Railroad (Central West Virginia and Southern) which ran from Hendricks to Horton, West Virginia, the town began to grow and many people moved in.

The town was chartered in 1901 and the first mayor was Imboden Stalnaker. The population, according to the 1910 census, was 159. As of 1976 it is 180. A new post office, a new bank (Stockman's Bank), a new twelve-year school, a modern garage and service station, and a TV. cable corporation keep the people alerted to the many problems of our great country and its people.

The two main families at the beginning of this little community were the Harmans and the Snyders. Rev. Asa Harman owned most of the land on the east side of the river and Sampson Snyder owned most of the land on the west side.

Reverend Asa Harman (1834-1902), the son of Solomon Harman, was a traveling German Baptist preacher. He went from place to place and would hold services wherever he could. There were no churches at first, but he would visit in the homes and have services there. There the Harman Church of the Brethren was organized by him in 1859, in the home of Mrs. Jonas Cooper. Her husband had been killed in the war.

When the town of Harman came into being, there was much discussion as to what to name it. Reverend Asa Harman had donated 170 acres of land for the town and it was felt that it should be named after him, and it was.

Reverend Asa Harman, due to a financial need, began to sell off parts of his vast domain. The Coopers bought a goodly portion and soon many people owned parts of it.

Reverend Asa Harman married into the Cooper family. First, he married Elizabeth Cooper and to them were born two boys, Henry Clay Harman and Job Harman. After Elizabeth's death, he married her sister Barbara because Elizabeth requested it.

To them were born seven children, namely, Jason, Daniel (who became a doctor), Martin, (who became a lawyer), Simon P. (who became a lawyer and a teacher), Mary, Anna (who died a young girl), and Asa, Jr. These families were all prominent in the growth of the town of Harman and the community.

Captain Sampson Snyder (1840-1910) was the son of John

and Lucinda (Hensley) Snyder, and was born on the Dry Fork. He owned much land west of the river and played a very prominent part in the community during the war. He was commissioned Captain, by West Virginia Governor Boreman, of the Independent Scouts of Randolph County. He organized a group of men called the State Guards or Home Guards, and they were clothed and provisioned by the United States but paid by West Virginia. He had many hair-raising experiences as well as the men in his group. They suffered exposure due to inclement weather, and lack of food and clothing, and when he retired he was a sick man. He developed asthma and died in 1910.

He was a tall man, wore a long beard, and had a family of twelve.

He married Elizabeth Bonner, a twin, also born on the Dry Fork. They lived across the Dry Fork river, and they had to ford it when they wanted to come to the town.

The Dry Fork River gets its name because at times it would go dry, or at spots it would go underground for a distance, leaving an area dry. But during flood times it could become a raging stream, and would cause much damage.

The first house built in the Harman area was about 1823. It was built along the Horse Camp Run in order to have water.

At one time this whole area was covered with virgin timber of many kinds. Land had to be cleared in order to plant crops and have gardens. During the war many men came across the Allegheny Mountains and camped along this run. That is how it got its name, "Horse Camp Run."

The first schoolhouse was built about 1830. It was located out in the field just below the iron bridge where one turns off to go to Job, West Virginia. It was know as the Roy School.

The railroad came into Harman about 1896. It was the Central West Virginia and Southern. There was a great need for this railroad due to the vast amount of timber and the need for shipping it to market.

During the time it was being built, many migrant workers came into the community to help build it. At that time they were called foreigners, but that only meant they were of other nationalities. The town had two or three hotels, and food and lodging were very cheap. One could stay a night, get a huge breakfast, and all of this for one little quarter of a dollar.

During this period whiskey seemed to be plentiful. That meant some sort of disciplinary measures were needed. A lock-up was built, just beside the blacksmith shop, and many nights it was filled.

When the young men went courting, it was in a one-seated buggy pulled by one horse. If they happened to imbibe too much, the horse knew the way home. Today, the automobile does not have that intelligence, so there are accidents.

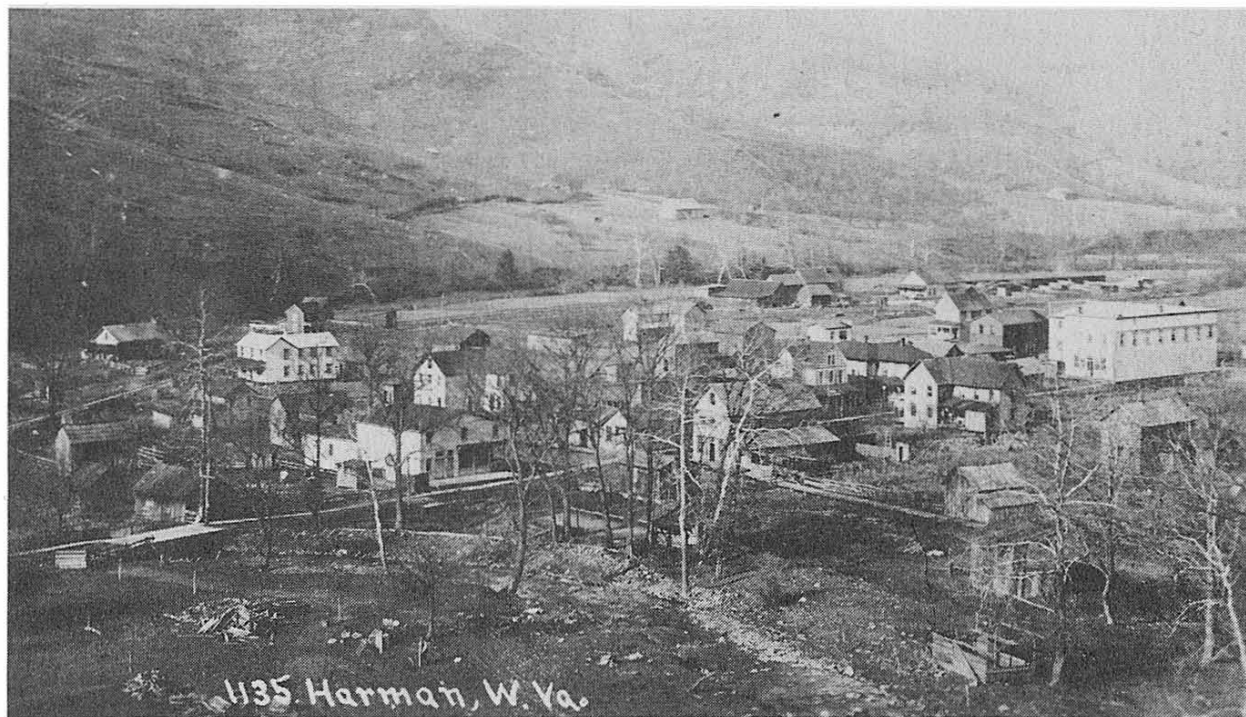
We have just celebrated the 200th years of our great nation. Harman is in the midst of some beautiful scenic spots, and many tourists will be traveling back and forth across our state.

About twelve miles east of Harman on Route 33 are the Seneca Rocks, named after the Seneca Indians. *The Legend of Snow Bird* is told far and wide and songs have been written about them. The rocks are very high; but after one gets to the top, the scenery is beautiful looking down in the valley below.

On the north of Harman about eighteen miles is the Blackwater Lodge and Canyon, one of nature's wonders that is so strange yet wonderful, and the Blackwater Falls are simply majestic. Then, in Canaan Valley the new golf course and the ski area are attractions that tourists are looking for.

On the south of Harman is the Spruce Knob Lake and the highest point in West Virginia, a vacation spot worth looking for. Even the bear might visit you while camping.

Harman, West Virginia. Nestled among the hills, where the tops of the mountains touch the sky, and where the valleys are still, except when nature speaks in her voice through the creatures that she has created.



To the West of Harman is the county seat of Randolph, Elkins, West Virginia. It is in that city where the annual Forest Festival is held and where thousands come each year to see and to feast their eyes on the gorgeous colors of the forest leaves on the hills and mountains—the glorious colors of the rainbow, the reds the golds, the blues, and browns, that only God with His mighty paintbrush could make.



Harman, 1915. Captain Snyder's home. . .under the spot. . .over the river. . .to the left. . .at the foot of the hill.

THE HILLS OF WEST VIRGINIA

Mountains! West Virginia is called the "Little Switzerland of America" because of her mountains. They are called by many names, but the valley of the Dry Fork is between the Allegheny and Rich Mountains. This valley is very narrow and the branches of Cheat River flow from one end to the other.

Harman is located on the east side of the Dry Fork River, and Captain Sampson Snyder, about whom this book is written, lived on the west side of the river.

It did not matter to the family about the river, for all of them were skillful riders. If swimming the river was a necessity it mattered not. The horses were well aware of their duties, they were trained and beautiful.

But mountains were the life of the early Snyder family, as well as many other families. There was plenty of wild game to be had and the sport of hunting is still experienced among these mountains and hills.

The black bear, which is the state animal, still gets out of hand and kills some of the farmer's sheep, and pretty soon a hunting party is organized and Mr. Bear is brought in, and the hide may become a beautiful rug for the floor of some cabin.

Today, some of the mountains and hills have taken on a different picture. The new four-lane highways are claiming a goodly portion of the hillsides, and many trees are being sacrificed for these. They say we need them. Do we?

A TRIBUTE TO WEST VIRGINIA

Coming from the east, you will see a mountain wall. From the west you look up toward the headwaters of hurrying streams. There among the tops is West Virginia, the Mountain State.

Rivers go roaring down with the power of a million horses, to flow at peace among the fields and pastures and hillside orchards. Industry hums in the valleys. Paved highways course beneath the Warrior's Road where moccasined feet once trod. Deep in the earth the wells go reaching for West Virginia's oil and natural gas, and deep lies her coal that can be mined for many centuries more.

West Virginia raised the barrier of her mountains against early comers from the East, but there were breaks in the barrier and men passed through to take control. The oak tree from which whole states were mapped, the earliest corner tree in all the Mississippi Valley, is still standing at Marlinton.

Trees, trees, always trees. . . . West Virginia dwells in their shade. Here is the botanist's paradise, the native home of more than sixteen hundred flowering plants. Here one may pay tribute to the mother trees of Grimes golden apple and the golden delicious. Natural forests lure you, streams where fish

abound lure you, and once you get your feet wet in West Virginia the attraction stays with you the rest of your life.

Your wanderings will bring you to strange rivers that dive under mountains and flow mysteriously for miles before they return to the lights. You will find a spot where ice is forever forming, no matter how hot the sun. You will stand where your gaze can sweep across a score of mountains.

You will look on Harpers Ferry, with its memories of John Brown, and on other fields of battle. You will taste the waters and the welcome of the white sulphur and other springs, famous since colonial days as spots of loveliness and rest.

This is the state where the mother of Lincoln was born. This is the state where Miss Anna Jarvis helped to establish Mother's Day and set the second Sunday in May each year to honor all mothers.

Stonewall Jackson, too, was born in West Virginia. James Bridger, scout of the Oregon Trail, learned his craft in these woods. True mountaineers they were, these sons of West Virginia, and truly did they live her motto that "Mountaineers are always free."

West Virginia, I honor you as the Old Dominion's daughter; I distinguish you as the youngest state east of the Mississippi River. You have the culture of the Old South, the enterprise of the industrial North, the rugged spirit of that West whose gates you opened, and which enticed many to travel the hard way to get there.

O the hills, beautiful hills,
How I love those West Virginia hills;
If o'er sea or land I roam,
Still I think of happy home,
And the friends among the West Virginia hills.

FORMATION OF WEST VIRGINIA

The reorganized government of Virginia made all things ready for the creation of the new commonwealth. The people of Western Virginia had waited long for the opportunity to divide the state. When at last the war created the occasion, the people

were not slow to profit by it, and to bring a new state into existence.

I will not go into details here, but one year and ten months were required for the accomplishment of the work, and it was done in that time.

It was at first proposed to call the state Kanawha, but the name was changed at the constitutional convention in Wheeling on December 3, 1861, to West Virginia.

After a great deal of work a bill was passed and signed by President Lincoln, but there were some things yet to be worked out concerning slavery before the new state would be in effect. On June 20, 1863, West Virginia became a separate state.

The creation of the new state of West Virginia did not put an end to the reorganized government of Virginia. The officers who had held their seat of government at Wheeling moved to alexandria and in 1865 moved to Richmond, where they held office until their successors were elected. Governor Pierpont filled the gubernatorial chair of Virginia about seven years.

In the summer of 1864 General Benjamin F. Butler, in command of Union forces in eastern Virginia, wrote to President Lincoln complaining of the conduct of Governor Pierpont, but President Lincoln replied saying, "I am sure you are loyal, but just quit meddling."

Virginia's day of dominion west of the Alleghenies came to a close, and the Southern Confederacy's hope of an empire was already doomed.

There were more than three hundred battles and skirmishes within the limits of West Virginia, and numerous scouts, raids, and campaigns. But on June 1, 1865, the paroled Confederate soldiers were coming home and were trying to plant some crops without much to work with. By the terms of surrender granted Lee by Grant, the Confederate soldiers who had horses or mules were permitted to keep them. Old cavalry horses and artillery mules were harnessed to plows and peace again reigned in the mountains of West Virginia.

West Virginia furnished 36,530 soldiers for the Union, and about 7000 for the Confederate armies. In addition to these there were thirty-two companies of troops in the state service, some counties having one company, some two. The majority of them were organized in 1863 and 1864.

The captains for these counties were as follows:

Barbour County
Pendleton County
Preston County
Tucker County
Hardy County
Randolph County

M.T. Haller
John Boggs
M. M. Pierce
Nathaniel J. Lambert
John S. Bond
Sampson Snyder

It is not my intentions to revive any of the feelings of the war between the Confederates and the Union soldiers within the limits of West Virginia, but rather give just a few highlights in order to impress on the reader the importance of some of the people who had a large part in the conflicts.

OUR STATE. . .WEST VIRGINIA

If you live in West Virginia, you know the location. But many people still think it is just a western part of Virginia.

West Virginia became a state June 20, 1863. President Lincoln issued a proclamation declaring West Virginia to be one of the states of the United States on that date.

At the close of the Revolution, the colony of Virginia became the state of Virginia. She had a governor and a legislature chosen by the people. It was one of the original thirteen states, which at that time were governed by the Continental Congress.

Under a charter granted by the King of England, the colony of Virginia claimed land which extended to the Mississippi River. Out of this territory, Kentucky, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, and a part of Wisconsin have been formed.

After the Revolution, Virginia made an agreement with the other states and ceded all her land west of the Ohio River to the Federal Government. Under this agreement and deed of cession, the Ohio River became the western boundary of Virginia.

Finally, after a few scattered people saw the commercial, political, and social differences of this territory, they began to think of separating from the Old Dominion, and the Civil War gave them the opportunity.

An election was held on October 24, 1861, and 18,408 people voted in favor of the new state, while 481 voted against it. Then delegates from the various counties were selected as members of

a convention to make a constitution. Copies of this constitution was published in the newspapers and distributed in the form of pamphlets.

On April 3, 1862, the constitution was submitted to the people for approval; 18,862 voted for the adoption and 514 voted against it.

This constitution was then presented to the Congress of the United States for approval. Fault was found with the provision that had to do with slavery, and Congress asked that this be changed. The provision stated that no slave or free person of color could come into the state to make a home. Congress asked that this be changed to a provision for the freeing of all slaves at a certain time; and when President Lincoln signed the bill which admitted West Virginia on December 31, 1862, it was with the understanding that it was not to go into effect until the change relating to slavery had been made. So, after a few problems had been solved, West Virginia became a state June 20, 1863.

West Virginia has become one of the most beautiful states of the United States. Her mountains are one of her greatest assets. In the spring it is ablaze with color from her many wild flowers that bloom abundantly on the hillsides, and in the fall the mountains take on all the colors of the rainbow and astonish all who see them. Is it any wonder that tourists love to come to West Virginia?

The first people known to have lived in West Virginia were the Mound Builders. They were called by that name because of the large mounds of earth which they would erect. These mounds were thought to be the monuments or burial graves for their chiefs of tribes. One city was named after them. The largest of these mounds is located near Moundsville. It is called the Grave Creek Mound and is sixty-nine feet high with a circumference of 900 feet around the base.

The Indians in West Virginia were very influential, because of the many places named after them. We do not seem to know just when the first Indians appeared in America, or to the exact origin of them. Some people think they descended from the Mound Builders. They had no written language, so far as we know, but signaled by signs, smokes, and hieroglyphics. They lived on the foods that the forests provided: wild fruits, animals, and birds. The larger animals provided skins for their clothing and teepees, and also meat for their stomachs.

The braves made their bows and arrows from the wood of the forest. They made arrowheads from flint found in many places among the Alleghenies. Hatchets, tomahawks, and other instruments were made of stone and bones of the animals that they killed.

The Indian had a queer idea of right and wrong. He thought he had the right to steal from anyone who was not a relative.

One of the greatest love stories of the Indian is the *Legend of Princess Snowbird and the Senaca Rocks*. Songs have been written about her. It was told that she promised to marry any brave that could climb to the top of Senaca Rocks first. She is a loved Indian princess in that area, and her face is even found in the caverns there.

The Indian tribes that lived east of the Mississippi River had no horses until after the white man came.

The Indians who had a part in the early history of West Virginia were all members of the numerous Algonquin family. Some of them claimed the land which is now West Virginia. Possibly the most famous Indian was Cornstalk, a Shawnee chief, a great statesman and warrior who led raids into many sections of our state.

Another well-known Indian was Logan, chief of the Mingos, who was a friend of the white man. He became bitter, however, after his family was killed by a gang of drunken white men at his home opposite the mouth of Yellow Creek in what is now Hancock County.

Although the Indians had moved their permanent homes away from West Virginia long before the white men came, many of the tribes traveled over the state frequently. Also, the Shawnees, the Delawares, the Mingos, and the Six nations still claimed the land and fought to protect what they considered to be their right.

Most of the earliest settlers in the state of West Virginia came in by the way of the Eastern Panhandle. For the most part, they were from Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey and other northeastern states. Sometimes the men came in advance and selected a spot to settle on, built a cabin, and then brought their families, but oftentimes, they brought their families in wagons with their belongings and blazed a trail over the mountains with their axes.

It was rough traveling. . .there were no places to sleep but

under the stars or in their wagons. The cries of the wild animals could be heard in the night, and often a fire had to be kept burning to protect them from the wolf, coyote, or bear.

In the bicentennial year we were celebrating the 200th birthday of our nation. as we think of West Virginia 200 years ago, the whole area, 15,411,000 acres, was covered with fine timber. There was only an open glade here and there, and in a few places, usually along the streams, the Indians had cleared away a tree or two in order to raise a couple of crops.

The forest which the first pioneers saw from some high hill must have been wonderfully beautiful and attractive. Some of the trees were reported to be fifteen feet thick. Yet, even after 200 years of removing our trees, our state is still one of the leaders in producing lumber and other forest products.

SENECA ROCKS

One of the most interesting natural wonders east of the Mississippi River is the Seneca Rocks, found in Pendleton County, West Virginia, twelve miles east of Harman.

They are located on the north fork of the south branch of the Potomac River, near the town of Mouth Of Seneca. They rise more than 900 feet above sea level. The stones are of many colors and stand as if on edge, which makes them look like the ruins of some medieval castle. No prettier sight, when the afternoon sun shines directly on them, can be seen anywhere.

History tells us that the Indians camped for many years behind these rocks for protection from the storms and where there was plenty of wild game for the killing.

In this same area of Pendleton County are several caverns, one of which is Seneca Caverns. In it there are several miles of halls which are well lighted with electricity. The most interesting features are the "ballroom," "Niagara Falls," and of course "Princess Snowbird," which looks like the head of a young Indian girl.

From these legends, the song "Princess Snowbird" was written, a beautiful Indian love story, which brings to memory the great song "Indian Love Call" that has been sung and played for years, and one that is loved by so many.

West Virginia has many such places of interest that one can visit and see when touring this wonderful state.

LAST INDIAN RAIDS ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS

In the summer of 1782, thirty savages, led by an outlawed Englishman named Timothy Dorman, burnt the fort at Buckhannon, broke up the settlement there, killed Adam Stalnaker near Beverly, and then followed the old Shawnee trail across to Dry Fork, and reached the top of the Allegheny Mountains at the head of Horse camp Run, and passed down the eastern side into what is now Pendleton County. A short distance from the top of the mountain, on the waters of Seneca Creek, lived the Gregg family, with whom Dorman had formerly made his home. The local tradition is that he wanted to marry one of Gregg's daughters and that after he had taken her prisoner he offered to spare her life if she would consent to marry him. She refused and he killed her. The settlers pursued the Indians, and overtook them at the "shradder Spring," on top of the Allegheny, where Jacob. C. Harper once lived, but there were too many Indians, and no attack was made.

RELICS AND CUSTOMS THAT HAVE PASSED BY

On the Dry Fork are found still a few things to prove that they were once used and found important in days long gone by: the mowing machine, the reaper, the scythe and the cradle; the repeating rifle and the muzzle loader of long ago; the bridle path, the railroad, the log school house like that in which Ichabod Crane lifted the urchins over the tall words with a hickory, and the neat, scientific frame or brick structures.

In most things they were not so good. The painted and ventilated house is better than the cabins of the grandfathers, because they are more comfortable; the iron bridge is better than the old wooden structure because it is stronger; the mowing machine and the reaper require less labor than the scythe and the cradle, and are therefore preferred.

To appreciate modern things, we should cultivate our acquaintance with and keep warm our veneration for what is past. The better the historian, the better the patriot. From a thousand channels the past enriches the present; and to appreciate the present and prepare for the future, we must trace back to their sources the streams which come to us from the years gone by.

It is with the greatest of appreciation for the ancestry of our Randolph County that I am including in this book some of the past living conditions, as well as the many hardships the early people had to endure and overcome, as well as the battles of life, some losing their life, yet some remaining to tell the stories of such life to the growing generations who would follow in their footsteps.

One cannot appreciate the good things of today unless one knows of some of the hardships of former times. It is something that the younger generations are losing since so many forget and fail to pass on to their children.

NATURE'S WAY OF LIFE

The falling leaves are dressed in gold,
With silver in their hair.
They twist and turn like gay gazelles,
Then dance upon the air.

They fall and play their merry tunes,
As they rustle in the breeze.
And we who watch them flutter down,
See limbs made bare upon the trees.

Each Autumn time they tumble down,
Toward Dame Nature's breast.
Tired of the summertime,
In search of peaceful rest.

Fly on wild leaves, then slowly fade,
Your life will soon be over.
Your duties done, so flutter down,
The Earth you soon will cover.

We, too, like leaves, when day is done,
And Winter winds break through,
We fall like leaves along the way,
And bid the World Adieu.

A GRANDDAUGHTER'S REMINISCING

Ofttimes the years roll back for me,
And for a while I seem to be
Doing the things I one-time did,
Becoming again just a carefree kid.

This book is full of the experiences and thrills of a somewhat carefree girl growing up on a West Virginia farm and doing all the things a farm girl would do.

I roamed the hills in the springtime, picked all the wild flowers I could find, hunted mushrooms after an April rain, and took care of baby chicks after the mother hen did her part of the hatching.

Then, too, in lambing time there were always strays that the mother would not own and which would have to be brought into the house and cared for. Sometimes they would be born in a snowstorm, and that would be the only way to save their lives.

It was a thrill to be awakened in the night by the bleating of the lambs in the kitchen, and someone would have to get up and feed them, which meant warming the milk as for a baby.

Then there were the baby kittens. We would search for days trying to find where the mother had hidden them from the big old tomcat in order for them to live.

Oh, on the farm there was always something to be done, and something interesting going on. There were the horses to be ridden, and if one was not careful they might land on the ground like the boys in a rodeo. I remember especially one time my brother Snyder having such an experience with a horse, who was perhaps two years old. He fell off the horse and she politely picked him up by the skin of his back with her mouth, and my mother went screaming from the kitchen to rescue him. It really left a black and and blue mark on him.

Father was a horse trader at times, and sometimes traded for a horse that was not suitable for the children to ride. One time he traded with the gypsies for one that had been on the race track. We called her Kitty, an incident with her will be told later in the book.

Hay-making time was most exciting. One time my brother Harry, just a little tot, wanted to ride the shocks to the barn. I was riding the horse and my brother Worth placed him on top

of one. I started out but for only a short way, the shock upset and Harry was turned under it. He was screaming and I was screaming, but soon they had him out and he was not hurt, just scared badly.

In the spring, I love maple-sugar time. We had a camp about a half mile from the house. It was hard work to gather the water and boil it down. Someone had to stay at the camp day and night when boiling. Fires had to be kept up, and we had to take turns staying there. One night I went with my brother to keep him company so the night would not be so long. Before very long I got sleepy and lay down by the furnace and was soon fast asleep. Guess I was not much company.

Maple sugar has been called the fruit of spring, and rightly so. It takes lots of work, but it is lots of fun to make.

During World War I, when sugar was rationed, it was very necessary to make it if one wanted any sugar on the table.

Father had a camp built, just a shed-like building with a furnace-type fireplace inside to boil down the sugar water into syrup. He had a flat pan made of tin, with divisions in it so that as the water or sap boiled down it would move from one division to another; and when it got to the last part of it, it would be ready to take off and place in jars or jugs.

First, the trees have to be tapped. To do this, a hole about one inch in diameter is bored into the tree, but not too deep. At first the older people used hollowed-out elderberry limbs or some other bush limbs to make the spouts, but later they were made of tin. Ours were made of tin and were really good except one had to be careful with them due to the sharp edges. They would cut very deep into a finger.

Buckets were hung below the spouts to catch the sap or sugar water as it flowed up the tree. February was the good time for making sugar. After a hard freeze the sap would really flow.

These buckets would have to be emptied every day or at least every other day. We placed barrels on a sled which was pulled by two horses, and we went about the camp through the trees gathering the water and emptying it into the barrels. The pan would be filled from the barrels on the sled.

The fire was kept going day and night, which meant that some of the family had to be with it at all times. It was thought that it took about forty gallons of sap to make a gallon of syrup, and that about seven pounds of sugar could be made from a gallon of thick syrup.

It took many hands to do this work. Many cords of wood had to be cut and made ready. This had to be done in advance. There was plenty of work to be done if one wanted sugar on the table for the coffee or tea.

I was always the tomboy on the farm. I thought I could do everything the boys did. I helped do all the chores, and my sister was to do the work in the house, like cooking, washing dishes and other things. Consequently, I helped do the milking, pulled down hay from the mow for the animals, fed the chickens and hunted for all the hens' nests so I could get the eggs.

One year my mother decided she wanted some guineas. They were such lovely creatures. She must have had twenty or more. They always kept us company with their squawking and talking to each other. We knew when anyone was coming because they warned us; but if anyone wanted to yell down from the hilltop, it was to no avail. They carried on at an awful rate and no one could hear. She soon got rid of them.

I don't believe I could say which of the four seasons I liked best. In the springtime there were so many wildflowers to be picked and all nature would come to life or wake up from the long winter's sleep. It was then when all the farm animals had their babies, and that was the time that much care had to be given them.

In the summer, there were so many things one could do: swimming, berry-picking, hay-making, and all the things one can do when the weather is warm.

Then, in the fall, it meant going to school, Thanksgiving, Hallowe'en, and many things I liked to do. It was then that the great apple-butter-making time came along. All the neighbors and friends came and peeled and cut apples for a whole day, and then the next day would be the stirring of the butter in the big copper kettle. Oh, the sugar it would take for a kettle full. Sometimes Mother would boil down sweet apple cider and use it to help sweeten it. That helped and also made the butter jell better. Nothing better to take to school for lunch than an apple butter sandwich, especially with a slice of homemade bread.

My roots go deep into the soil of Harman, West Virginia. My grandfather, Captain Sampson Snyder, owned many acres of land on the west side of the Dry Fork River, a branch of Cheat River, and he was one of the leaders of our community.

He was a tall man, in my memory, never stout but lean and strong in more ways than one. I remember him with a long beard and smoking a corncob pipe which he always carried with him. His adventures, which were many, he often told a few, were interesting and exciting. I would marvel at the things he saw and did. There was never a dull moment in the Snyder family life, I am positive. The stories would fill volumes if they could have been recorded.

Times are different now than in the years when Grandfather roamed the countryside. He had many horses, all very beautiful, and all in the family. Girls in their sidesaddles and boys, large and small, were skillful riders.

The stories and data in this book are true, at least as far as I can relate them. I have lived here all my life and my parents, neighbors, and friends have told me of many incidents of interest, which are relatively true.

Life was not easy in the early days on the Dry Fork. The hardships our Forefathers had to withstand were very similar to the ones of the early pioneers of America.

Weather was an element to overcome when shelter was not available. Food was scarce, unless one lived mainly on the meat from animals of the forest. Clothing had to be made, sometimes very roughly done. Skins were tanned and shoes were made by hand. I remember very well my first pair of homemade shoes. Mr. Sam Blizzard made them and they were really uncomfortable to wear. I had blisters all over my feet when I first wore them. My father thought he could grease them and make them softer, but it did not help much.

Woolen stockings was another item. They were so sticky and itchy that I could not wear them either. I must have been one with an allergy, but who heard of that word in those days?

Talking about tanned leather, I remember well my father's ashbin where he put the hides of the animals he wanted to tan. The lye in the ashes would cause all the hair to come off the hide and pretty soon it would be ready for him to work on. Shoestrings for all of our shoes would be cut from one of the hides, and they were really strong...never broke until they would be completely worn out.

Grandmother wove the cloth for our clothing on her loom, and made the yarn from the wool of the sheep. It had to be washed, combed, carded and spun into yarn before she could

knit us mittens or stockings. Linsey-Woolsey was what she called the cloth she wove, It was very heavy material, and from it she made the boys, trousers, and the girls, dresses.

The Philosopher's soul dwells in his hand,
The Poet's soul is in his heart;
But the souls of men who live among the
things of nature,
Walk hand in hand with eternity.
written by the Indian Poet.

Here, on the Dry Fork, it is extremely beautiful in the springtime. Everything takes on new life and all are awakened with the beauty of nature. The flowers peep out from under the dried leaves of the fall before, and hearts begin to take on a new life and a feeling of warmth toward others.

Since I have lived in this valley all my life and have had many relatives and friends who have lived here and have gone to live with the Master, I feel that I can relate to you some of the legends and stories told to me and also some happenings or events that I have lived through.

Our loved ones who once roamed these hills and valleys are mostly gone, but memories of them linger on.

The tree; it tips, it sways, its trunk is hollow sometimes, it looks tired, and one wonders whether such a tree could last until spring.

But the answer is with God. Deep roots. We, too, must have deep roots if we are to appreciate the wonderful things that God had made for us. Only God can make a tree, says the poet, and only God could create life as it comes forth on this earth in the spring. We should be thankful for the wonderful, glorious things that we have and are able to see, and should appreciate them, knowing and realizing that only God in all His wisdom could have done it all.

The beauty of nature is wonderful, but how about the beauty of Man himself? God made man in His own image, and breathed into his body the breath of life, and often we look at the outward beauty, although it can be exciting and full of fun attimes. But it is the inward beauty that gives life more meaning and perspective. If one does not have inward beauty it can mean

only loneliness in the midst of popularity, emptiness in the midst of laughter, suspicion in the midst of compliments, and a frustrated feeling of being cheated out of something in life.

I am trying to reveal some of the history of the courageous and spirited family of Snyders who once lived in the valley and who have many relatives and friends still living here.

History . . . much has been written of places and areas around Harman, but none has been written about it.

I hope to give some of the highlights of Harman, and at the same time give some biographical sketches of a few of the families who lived here.

Harman . . . Is the town. This area was settled in the early 1800's,. It was, in the beginning, just a forest of all kinds of trees, and a haven for all the wild animals and birds of the land.

The history of this area is very interesting and, if all were told would fill volumes, as many other places around here.

There are many historical spots in West Virginia, the state with its many mountains and rivers, and the valley of the Dry Fork is one of those spots.

In the spring, the dogwood, laurel, rhododendron, red bud, and many other trees and bushes make the hilltops and mountains a carpet of colors. Then, in the fall it is even more glamorous and fantastic with the varied shades of browns, golds, yellows, reds, and purples.

It is then that the Forest Festival is held in the city of Elkins, the county seat of Randolph County, and where thousands come each year to view the mountains and to see the Queen of the Forest crowned by the governor of the state, and where many products are placed on display, and many things of interest are shown. It is the one time of the year that the Mountain state is on display.

m300, Captain Sampson Snyder's family consisted of eight boys and four girls. My mother was number eight, and it has been from her that I learned most of the Snyder history.

Although I was quite small, I can remember Grandfather. He smoked a corncob pipe and I got a thrill watching him. I do not remember him blowing smoke rings, but I do remember my mother gathering herbs for him to smoke and which they thought helped him to breathe.

One dislikes to think or speak of the ravages of war, but in the history of our nation we have had many. Grandfather

played a very important part in the Civil War. He tried to protect the neighbors from looting and robbing, which seemed to be his most important job.

Captain Snyder (1840-1910), of whom most of this book is about, was born on the Dry Fork. In 1861, he joined the Federal army and was soon in active service. He was a brave, courageous, and determined man.

Captain Snyder was the first postmaster of Harman. He and his boys operated the first saloon in the town.

The town of Harman was a lively place during the early years. A railroad, Central West Virginia and Southern, was being built and migrant workers of all nationalities came in to work. Whiskey was plentiful, and some form of disciplinary measures had to be taken. A "lock-up" was built, by the blacksmith shop, and most all the time was filled.

The railroad was a necessity since so much lumber had to be marketed and shipped out by rail. It was during those years that the big Fourth of July celebrations were held.

RANDOLPH COUNTY

Randolph is the largest county in West Virginia. The highest point in the county is Snyder Knob, named after Harmon Snyder, and its elevation is 4730 feet. This is only 130 feet lower than Spruce Knob, the highest point in West Virginia, elevation 4860 feet. However, now they are saying Snowshoe Brow is 4867 feet, and it is in Pocohontas County.

There are many scenic spots near Harman. One of natural curiosity is the Sinks of Gandy. Gandy Creek makes a remarkable subterranean passage beneath a spur of the Allegheny Mountains. This passage is an opening in the hill fifty feet wide and twenty feet high, and is approximately a quarter mile long. Into this orifice Gandy Creek's waters glide incessantly. When the water is at low stage one can go through by wading and creeping in one or two spots.

Randolph was never the settled abode of the red man. By a treaty at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in 1744, the Six Nations or Six Tribes of Indians relinquished their claim to all lands between the Blue Ridge Mountains and the Ohio River. The payment was 400 pounds. . .one half in gold and one half in

goods. The treaty was signed by all the chiefs of the Six Nations on July 18, 1744.

The first pioneers who came into West Virginia found traveling very rough. There were no roads, and trails had to be cut through the mountains. Many hardship faced the families, and life really was dangerous, in more ways than one.

West Virginia was a rich country, and still is. There were ideal spots for homes, plenty of wild game, and plenty of water.

In 1561, King Charles III made the first land grants in what is now West Virginia. It was in the Eastern Panhandle section where George Washington first entered the state to survey parcels of land.

He came in to blaze a trail in 1747-1748, and at this time it was for Lord Fairfax.

It was through some of these land grants that the Harmans and the Snyders bought their land in this area. Then, as times grew hard and money scarce, they began to sell off sections of their acreage to neighbors who moved into the state.

UNIT TWO

THE SNYDER FAMILIES

Arrived 9/30/1740 on Ship Samuel & Elizabeth, Commander
Chilton Phila. Pa.

JOHN I

(Pickle) JOHN II
(Simmons) JOHN III
(Hensley) JOHN IV

Children:

1. Elizabeth m Malan Woford (Columbus)
Fred and Emmett
2. Sampson m Elizabeth Bonner (Twin) (Mother Ann Bonner)
(1840-1910) (1844-1928)
Dow, Phoebe, Elmer, Samson, Albert, Job
John, Nettie, Stella, Carrie, Blaine, & Henry.
3. Mary Jane m Martin V. Bennett (Father Aaron Bennett)
(1843-1908) (1839-)
Andrew, Elizabeth, Mary Jane, Walter,
Oscar, and Minnie.
4. George W. (1) Rebecca Bonner
(1845-)
Mary Jane, Seymour, Denver & Victor.
(2) Margaret Carr
Alston, Emerson, Verna, Lena, Lilly, & Solomon.
5. Henry m Mary E. Bonner (Father Solomon Bonner)
(1847-1938) (1865-1916)
Clara Belle, Hulda Jane, John, Pauline, Blaine,
Howard, Walter, Sterling, Ester, & Grace.

Snyder family tree

6. Phoebe m Daniel Cooper (Father Jonas Cooper)
(1854-1916) (1840-1915)
7. Lorenza Dow (1856-1863) Shot during the war.
8. Hannah (1858-1962) Died of Diphtheria at age 4
9. Ebolene m Isaac Vandevender
(1862-
Sylvester and others

HENRY SNYDER

HENRY SNYDER born (May 15, 1847-March 20, 1938) near the town of Harman, West Virginia, was the son of John and Lucinda (Hensley) Snyder.

Taken from an article printed in the *Lewiston Morning Tribune* in Idaho is the following information concerning him.

Hale and hearty at the age of ninety, he lives in retirement (1937) musing over memories mellowed with age, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Grace Laufer, Lower Asotin Road.

He was born during the Mexican War, and nearly half a century before the states of Washington or Idaho were admitted to the union.

He was fourteen when the War Between the States began, April 15, 1861, and did not enroll with the northern forces until nearly three years later.

West Virginia at that time was still a part of Virginia. Tragic was the case of many families living in the north-western portion of the state, where son would be found pitted against father, and brother against brother. Communities during the war, and in most cases for years afterward, were a beehive of espionage. Distrust, cruelty, and suffering stalked them during that period of internecine strife.

The discharge papers of Henry Snyder, signed by Adjutant F. P. Pierpoint, who later became the second governor of West Virginia, showed the near centenarian, who was then ninety, as a member of the Independent Order of Schouts, commissioned by the state but paid, clothed and fed by the United States government.

Our scouts did not partake in major engagements but were involved in guerilla warfare among the neighbors of opposite sympathy, said Mr. Snyder. His only injury was sustained in Pendleton County, near what is known as the Harman Hills sector. The scouts were skirmishing against the southern soldiers. He was afoot when a horse bolted with the rider and its sharp-shod hoof splintered a thing, and he carried the injury the rest of his life. He had to walk with a cane from then on.

He served with the Union forces for only a few months, and most of that time was taken up with patrolling and an occasional light skirmish. Most of the people of this community were northern sympathizers although there were some who favored the South, and he said they were kept in close surveillance by the scouts. His discharge took effect April 15, 1865.

After the war Henry Snyder married Mary E. Bonner, and lived in Tucker County for thirty years. Ten children were born to them, five sons and five daughters.

In 1895 he moved to Ford Creek country, near Orofino, Idaho, homesteaded and continued farming until 1915 when Mrs. Snyder passed away. Later he moved to Clarkston, Washington, in 1936 and spent the rest of his life with his daughter Grace.

Although ninety years of age, he belied his age. Slightly hard of hearing, he had excellent eyesight and asserted at that time that his health was very good, but because of his injured thigh he had to walk with a cane.

CHILDREN OF HENRY AND MARY ELIZABETH (BONNER) SNYDER:

1. Clara Belle (1871-1953) mied Archibsd Bonner.
2. Huldah Jane (1873-1964) married Dell Fisk (1870-1964)
He was was born in Rutland, Vermong, and married 1897.
 - a. Ellen West (1898-1974) married Frank B. West in 1926
Died of cancer. b. Carl Fish (1900-)
 - (1) Olive Emma Havens (Deceased) (2) Thelma M. Blackburn
 - c. Clark Rawley (1902-1972) married Hattie White,
 - d. Bert Fisk (1911-) married Doris—

3. John Solomon (1876-1956) married Octava Snyder.
4. Paulina (1878-1949) married Frank Carrico.
5. Martin V. (-1917) married Hattie White.
6. Riley B. () died when a child.
7. Blaine (1884-1971) married Hazel Cochrell.
8. Howard (1888-1950) married Minnie Jane Bonner.
9. Walter (1889-1976) married Flarney May Bonner.
10. Sterling (1891-1976) married Oressa Bruebaker.
11. Grace S. (1894-1975) married Arthru Teed.
12. Bryan (1896-1919) single, killed when young.
13. Esther (1902-1951) married Bud Cardwell.
14. Son, died at birth.

All but the last 3 children were born near Harman. He moved his family to Orofino, Idaho, in 1895, homesteaded and farmed until 1915, when his wife passed away.

Since his accident, he had walked with a cane, and spent his later years with his daughter Grace. Like all the Snyders, he was strong in body as well as mind.

THE SAMPSON SNYDER FAMILY TREE

Lucinda Hensley mm. John Snyder IV

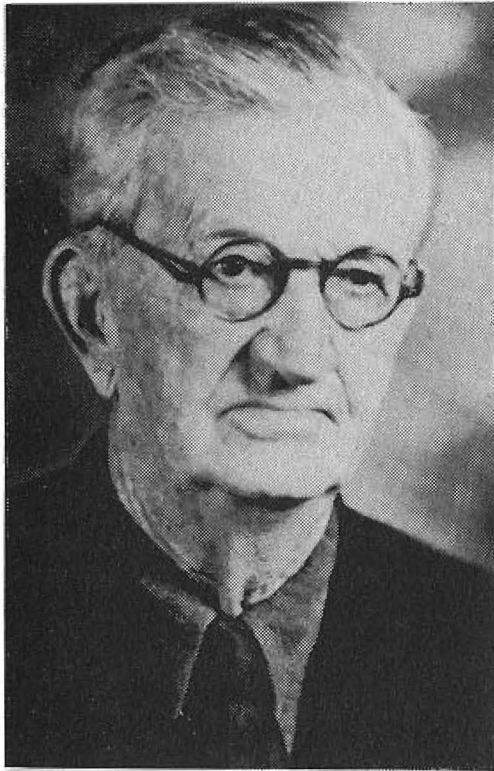
Elizabeth Bonner m. Sampson Snyder
(1844-1928) (1840-1910)

Families of:

1. Lorenza Dow (1864-1916) m. Sarah E. Roy (1860-1935)
Annie and Addie (Twins), Veta, Bertha, Rose, Harmon,
Lottie, Octavia, and Amos.
2. Phoebe Catherine (1865-1946) m. A. Daniel Carr (1859-1918)
Homer, Albert, Minnie, Gordon, and Elizabeth Ann
3. Elmer Ellsworth (1867-1940) m. (1) Maggie Payne (1872-1893)
Dixon and Maggie (2) Sarah E. Harrison (1871-1955)
Elmer, Myrle, Anna Belle, Elizabeth, Fred, and Franklin
4. Samson, Jr. (1868-1945) m. Elizabeth Clark (1875-1956)
Virgie, Pearl, Lola, Eldon, and Loren
5. Prince Albert (1870-1957) m. Clara Bodkins (1874-1952)
Glen, Omar Argel, Stelman, Mabel, Harmon, Emil, and
Ruby
6. Job (1872-1925) m. Sallie L. Lantz (1874-1945)
Amy, Zerna, Harry, Ella May, Russell, Beulah, Hazel
Pearlina, Edith, Beattie, and Guy
7. John Wesley (1874-1960) m. Mary Cooper (1880-1926)
Nola, Otta, Myrtle, Milton, Johnny, Danny, Marie
Mildred, and Wildred
8. Ann Toy Nettie (1875-1962) m. Simon P. Harman (1875-1956)
Ellsworth, Iva, Carrie, Tacie, Snyder, Harry, and Twila
9. Lucy Estelle (1877-1958) m. James Cooper (1873-1943)
Sherman, Rollin, Mabel, Rachel, Ruth, James, Lola, & Leonard

Snyder family tree

10. Carrie Viola (1880-1951) m. Jacob Cooper (1875-1950)
Clarence, Johnny, Sampson, Emerson, Mary, Paul, Melvin,
and Anna Lee
11. James Blaine (1883-1965) m. Cora Cooper (1883-1962)
Roy, Curtis , Pearl, Blake, Johnny, Ward, Blaine, and Hilda
12. Henry Clay (1884-1971) m. (1) Ella Smith (1892-1932)
Howard, Ruby, Opel, Thelma, and Leo
(2) Anna Larson



Henry Snyder



Mary Elizabeth (Bonner) Snyder,
Henry's wife

Henry Snyder's daughter,
Hulda Jane, and her husband,
Dell Fisk.



SNYDER ANCESTRY

At the Library of Congress in Washington, D. C., in Volume I of the *Pennsylvania German Pioneers*, was found the following information.

On September 30, 1740, a ship named *Samuel and Elizabeth*, arrived in Philadelphia, with a commander, Mr. William Chilton, and the following Schneiders were on it. The ship's commander listed the following Schneiders and their ages: John Adam Schneider, age twenty-four Crymon Schnyder, age fifty; John Peter Schnyder, age eighteen Tys Schnyder, age forty-four; John Frederick Schnyder, age thirty; and Thomas Schnyder, age fifty.

However, when the passengers of the ship appeared before judge in Philadelphia, when entering them into the country they were listed as the following: Henricius Schneider, age fifty; Theis Schneider, age forty-eight; Thomas Schneider, age fifty; John Peter Schneider, age eighteen; John Adam Schneider, age 24; and John Frederick Schneider, age thirty. The ship, *Samuel and Elizabeth*, had sailed from Rotterdam, a seaport of the Netherlands.

We know that our John Snyder IV came from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, down into Virginia and then on out to the Dry Fork region.

John Peter Snyder (1/18/1729-6/18/1807) married Mary Catherine Elizabeth Stautz, and he was a corporal out of Pennsylvania during the Revolutionary War as indexed by the Daughters of the American Revolution.

It is very possible that these Snyders were our ancestors, and since the women were not registered it is hard to trace them.

We have learned that there were four generations of John Snyders, and this John Peter Snyder could well be the John Ist in our group.

John II, Married Catherine Pickle, John III married Catherine Simmons, and John IV married Lucinda Hensley, of Albemarle County, Virginia, one of seven girls in the family with one son named Winslow.

Children of John and Luncinda (Hensley) Snyder:

1. Elizabeth () married Malan Wolford (1862-).

2. Sampson (1840-1910) married Elizabeth Bonner (1844-1928).
3. Mary Jane (1843-1908) married Martin Van Buren Bennett (1839-1900)
4. George Washington (1845-) married Margaret Carr.
5. Henry (1847-1938) married Mary E. Bonner.
6. Phoebe (1854-1916) married Daniel Cooper (1840-1915).
7. Lorenza Dow (-) was shot during the Civil War.
8. Hannah (-) Died at the age of four of diphtheria.
9. Eboline (-) married Isaac Vandevender

During the Civil War, John Snyder was a staunch Union man, and he had many narrow escapes from death. Once a large force of Confederates crossed into the Dry Fork area, with orders to find John Snyder and kill him. He didn't know the danger he was in, but somehow he escaped.

He was a brave, courageous, and hardy man, ever ready to face dangers of war if it threatened his own family or his neighborhood. According to Pendleton County history, John Snyder was commissioned a captain in the army too.

On one occasion only an accident saved his life. He was shot by bushwhackers who had waylaid him, but he survived because of his great vitality and strength.

During the war a Confederate newspaper published a song, which had been written in celebration of the attempt on his life.

On another occasion, in 1862, at the time of Imboden's first raid on St. George, Snyder met the Confederates in the road near that village, and the fight he gave them received a special mention in Imboden's report of his expedition.

Snyder escaped through a laurel thicket. It was on that occasion that his daughter, Jane Snyder, performed her perilous ride in the night, down the Dry Fork, to notify the Union outpost that Imboden was coming. She saved the outpost from being captured and also saved her father's life.

Jane Snyder's ride at midnight, through the mountains, has often been compared to the ride of Paul Revere. Many poems and verses were made up about it. One is included in this book.

Jane Snyder had learned from a spy just where the Confederates were. She knew also where her father and his men were camped, and her main idea was to save them, and she did. When the Confederates arrived at the place where the Union forces had been camped, they were all gone, and they wondered why. They had been tricked. The blue smoke raised to the sky. The words used are not printable, but they have been talked about for years.

The Snyder sisters. On the left, Phoebe Snyder (1854-1916), on the right Mary Jane Snyder (1843-1908), daughters of John and Lucinda (Hensley) Snyder.



PHOEBE (SNYDER) COOPER, (11/4/1854-3/8/1916), was born on the Dry Fork, wn the home of John and Lucinda (Hensley) Snyder.

She married Daniel Cooper (1840-1915) on March 19, 1874. He was the son of Jonas and Mary (Rohrbough) Cooper. To them were born the following children:

1. Hoy (1877-1950) married Eva Bennett, daughter of Amos J. Bennett.
Glenn (11/23/1905)
2. Nora Belle (1880-1921) married John Armstrong (1873-1933).
Eli (1899-1959) married Kate Warner.
Dan (1902/1953) married Mary Teter.
Ruby (1905-) married Theodore (Ted) Harper.
Dick (1907-) married Edith Carr (1926)
Blake (1910-1971).
Norman (1916-) married Elsie Elizabeth Miles.
3. Laura Jane (1882-1966) married Preston Harman.
Edgar (1901-1943).
Glenn Ray (-) married Avanell.
Charles Arnold (1911-1930).
4. Oscar Camden (1885-1970) married Elsie Harper
Clara (-) married Herschel Henderly.
Nora () married Jack Rickley.
Mary Virginia () married Glenn Allen.
Latie Lee () married David C. Ross.
5. Barbara Elizabeth (1887-1967) married James Mauzy
Lewis (1913).
6. Pearlle Blanche (1890-1962) single.

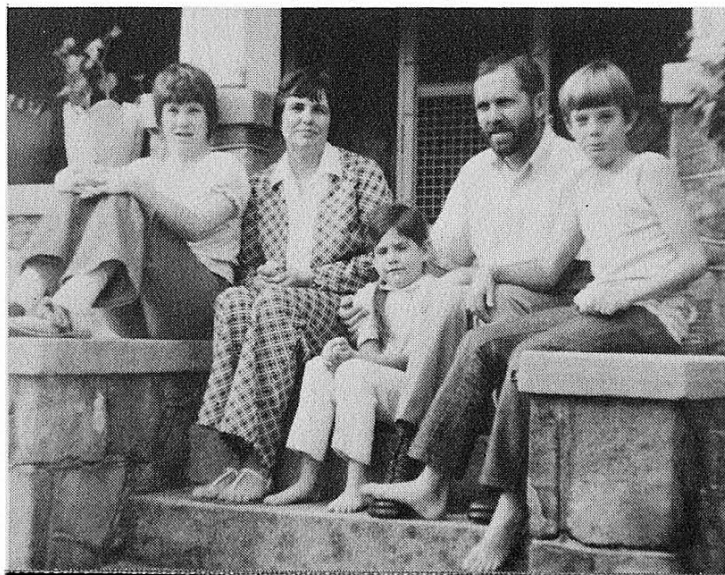
7. Charles Henry (1892-) married Flodie Lantz (1894).
Virginia (1916-) married Gifford Blizzard.
(Phoebe) married Carl Lawrence.
Joe Henry (1924-).
Sally Elizabeth (1927-) married Grover Harper.
Calvin (1929-1929) five months.
Mary Alice (1931-) married Marvin Vance.
Carol Jean (1933-) married William Perine.

8. Latie Formost (1895-1911), single (died of pneumonia).



William Rouse, Sr., and wife Olive (Cooper) Rouse

The William Rouse, Jr., family



Camden and Elsie (Harper) Cooper



AFFIDAVIT . . . OR . . . AFFIRMATION

Due to the fact of the University of West Virginia asking and securing from Mrs. Nettie (Snyder) Harman, all the army papers of Grandfather Captain Snyder, we do not have any of his legal papers to include in the book. They promised, however, that all of it would be in the University archives for anyone to see if they so desired.

But to prove the validity of such information, I am enclosing a discharge certificate of a neighbor and brother-in-law of Captain Sampson Snider (Snyder).

Daniel Cooper (1840-1915) was born in the Harman area, and was the son of Jonas and Mary (Rohrbough) Cooper.

He enrolled in the Scouts for Randolph County, of West Virginia, on February 29, 1864, and was discharged March 13, 1865.

He married Pheobe Snyder, a sister of Captain Sampson Snyder. These were their children.

1. Hoy (1877-1950) married Eva Bennett.
2. Nora Belle (1880-1921) married John Armstrong.
3. Laura Jane (1882-1966) married Preston Harman.
4. Oscar Camden (1885-1970) married Elsie Harper.
5. Barbara Elizabeth (1887-1967) married James Mauzy.
6. Pearlle Blanche (1890-1962), Single.
7. Latie (1895-1911), single.
8. Olive (1897-1965) married William Rouse.

MARY JANE SNYDER (BENNETT) (5/7 /1843-7/3/1908) was born on the Dry Fork, the daughter of John and Lucinda (Hensley) Snyder. She married Martin Van Burin Bennett (1839-1900) in 1865, and to them were born the following children: Andrew Johnson, Elizabeth, Mary Jane, Walter, Oscar, and Minnie.

It was Mrs. Bennett, then Mary Jane Snyder, who, in 1862, notified the Federal Outpost station where Parsons, West Virginia, now stands, of the advance of Imboden down Gladys Fork, and thus saved the Union troops from being captured, and also saved the railroad bridge and its trestles from destruction.

Mr. Martin Bennett came to Randolph County to make his

home in 1865, but he had been in the county before while a member of the Home Guards, under Captain Sampson Snyder, and also while a scout under General Milroy.

Immediately after settling in Randolph County, he became a farmer and dealer in livestock. Sometimes he would ship as many as 800 cattle and 4,000 sheep in a single year. He shipped principally to Baltimore, and Philadelphia, but visited many of the other eastern markets.

He would usually drive his stock through the country to market, but soon he became interested in the lumber business.

In 1890 he went to Indiana Territory and spent three years in the fur trade with the Indians, having dealings with more than twenty-five tribes and learning a considerable number of their languages.

He found them as honorable as the white men with whom he associated.

Speaking of the portion of Randolph County in which he lived, Mr. Bennett said, "When I first knew Dry Fork, it took all the men from Gandy to Red Creek to raise a house or roll the logs on a clearing. I went to school parts of three winters, about eight months in all, in the old-fashioned pay school. The house was made of logs with no floor, and an open fireplace for heat. There was no window glass on the windows, they were covered with a certain kind of paper. The doors were boards pinned together with wooden pins.

"We made our own ink and wrote with a quill pen made from a feather, and made only when needed. Our boots were of country-tanned leather and made by a traveling shoemaker or cobbler. Our clothes were entirely homemade made from what they called Linsey-Woolsey, a material woven by the women from wool.

"When I came into this country, I saw barren country forests and mountains. A lonely forsaken area, as far as I could see."

WHY COME TO AMERICA?

Germany in the seventeenth century was a very loose collection of despotic monarchies. It was repeatedly devastated by civil and religious wars. At the command of the same bigot who drove the Huguenots from France, the Palatine province of

Germany was desolated by its soldiers as thought by a horde of savages. William Penn invited these homeless people to come to America, to Pennsylvania, and thus began the German immigration to our new country.

It was not pressure of population that led Europeans to come to America. Europe was not thickly populated. Yet, neither was there a strong desire to settle a distant wilderness full of savages. America was a safety valve to Europe. It was a land where parties and sects of unbending opinions could get elbow room from each other. It was a land where the liberalizing of social institutions would go forward more rapidly than in the eastern world.

So, it was along with this situation that the Snyder brothers came to America and settled in Pennsylvania probably in 1740. From there they came to Virginia and later to the West Virginia area.

John Snyder IV, because there had been three John Snyders before him, was the father of Sampson Snyder of whom I am writing about in this book. John Snyder IV settled on the Dry Fork early in the 1800's. The Snyders were German. Sometimes their names were spelled very differently.

Sampson Snyder was born on the Dry Fork in 1840. He had eight brothers and sisters. Their mother, Lucinda Hensley, came from the state of Virginia.

There were seven girls in the Hensley family. Their father lived behind the Seneca Rocks for several years.

John Snyder married Lucinda Hensley, of Albemarle County, Virginia. To them were born nine children: Elizabeth, Sampson, Mary Jane, George Washington, Henry, Phoebe, Lorenaa Dow, Hannah, and Eboline.

During the war John Snyder was a staunch Union man, who many times had narrow escapes with his life. He was shot by bushwhackers, who waylaid him; but even though the wound was severe, he came out of it due to his great vitality and will power.

All the children of John Snyder were strong and hardy. There was one story, often told, about his daughter Mary Jane. She performed a perilous ride down the Dry Fork River in the night to save her father and his men who were camped down next to Parson, West Virginia. As the story goes, John's men had decided on a password for the night so the men on watch would know who to let pass by.

All at once a rider was heard approaching, coming along the river. When they came closer the guard yelled, "Halt! who goes there?" The reply came, "Jane Snyder." She was allowed to pass, for that was the password for the night. She warned her father and his men about the Confederates and where they were camped. John and his men escaped that night and were gone when the Confederates came the next morning.

By her ride that night, she saved the lives of her father and his men, and saved the railroad being blown to bits. She had learned from a spy where both groups of men were, and so she took this dangerous ride to warn them.

THE MIDNIGHT RIDE OF JANE SNYDER

The rebels, equipped for a galoping raid,
Came over the mountain through forest and glade.
They followed no path that had ever been followed,
But through swamps where the bear and the buffalo wallowed,
Long ages ago; and they took to the ridges,
And crossed the ravines without grading or bridges.
They had crowbars and axes and all kinds of tools,
And howitzers strapped on the saddles of mules;
They had powder and matches and fuses and funnels,
And they struck for the railroad to blow up the tunnels.
They were grizzled old warriors, as rugged as Odin,
And they followed the daring and dashing Imboden
Who aimed to strike quickly with blow that was bold
And come down in the night like a wolf on the fold.

"Jane Snyder's Ride," 1863



There was only one thing that appeared in the way—
A squad of Yankees out scouting that day
Were right in his road and he knew it. What next?
The grizzly old Rebel for once was perplexed.
But small things like Yankees, though squarely his road in,
Could not long block or bother the plans of Imboden.
For, in one thing he always was quick and expert—
To start, go and get there and never get hurt.
If it happened the yankees he found in his path,
He slugged them, like David the Giant of Gath;
Unless it so happened the Yankees came back
With a hillside maneuver and hit him a whack
Where he looked for it least, and when such was the case,
He could double and twist at a powerful pace
Into gorges, o'er ridges, through ravine and hollow,
Confusing his tracks till no bloodhound could follow.

"There are Yankees ahead of us," Imboden said,
"Let us flank 'em and whip 'em; file on," and he led.
The night was as dark as the Land of the Nile
When the plagues were on Egypt; and mile after mile,
The Rebels rode silently. Seldom a word
To break the monotonous raindrop was heard.
The path which they followed was only a trail
on the shelves of the cliffs where the footings were frail;
While the noise of the dashing of water below
Came up through the night with a murmur of woe.
If a horse lost its footing on terrace or scar,
And went down the abyss. . . 'twas the fortune of war:
If the rider fell too and went down in the gloom,
They left him. What better than that for a tomb?
Then Imboden spoke: "'Tis a treacherous track!
If the Yankees lambaste us we'll never get back."
"If they chase," replied one who was nobody's fool,
"We can stop them. . . blockading the path with a mule."

Thus they rode in that night which so many remember,
That terrible night of the stormy November,
When the winds through the pines on the mountains were roaring,
And the torrents re-echoed with splashing and pouring.
But the Rebels while flanking the Federal pickets
Were flanked by a woman who rode through the thickets.
O'er bypaths and no paths, o'er mountains that rose

To the clouds, and their summits were spattered with snows;
And she outrode the Rebels and came in ahead. . . .
They were balked, they were beat, for the Yankees had fled.
She had warned them in time, but no moment to spare;
The sentinel challenged her; "Halt! Who comes there?"
The horse was brought up by the bit, and the rider
Replied to the sentinel's challenge, "Jane Snyder."
The Yankees, disturbed by the sudden intrusion,
Ran this way and that way in stupid confusion,
And they stumbled o'er luggage and saddles and packs,
Till she said, "Here, the Rebels are coming, make tracks!"

Then they went in stampede like the Clans of Colloden,
And were gone when the Rebels came down with Imboden.
And the oaths that he swore were of very high rank,
As they reined up his horse on the bleak riverbank.
Then one said, "We will cross, and will follow their tracks,"
"If we do, we'll have Mulligan right on our backs,"
Said Imboden, adding, "Where laurel is thick
We can fight them or dodge them, and give lick for lick.
But the country before us is open and level,
And Mulligan's Irish will fight like the devil.
Let us take the back track." And they took the back track,
Through the desolate mountains, stormy and black.

—Anonymous

THE HOME PLACE

Back from the river the log cabin sat,
With many large cherry trees, all 'round the back.
All over the country the Snyders did roam
The father a Captain, the mother at home
Sewing and cooking for a family of twelve.

The winters were cold, but all kept warm,
'Neath the feather coverlets, somewhat free from harm.
But as the children grew, the house was too small,
Father built a new one. . .that could hold them all.

In the new house, the ceilings were high,
All the Snyders were tall; and they could not get by
Unless there was room for the twelve to grow,
So, he built a large one. . .as you well know.

The house is still standing, a Grandson lives there,
With his family most gone, and the house plenty bare
Of home folks. But fond memories linger of days long ago,
When the Snyders lived there, and went to and fro.

—C. H. R.

GRANDFATHER—CAPTAIN SNYDER (1840-1910)

Captain Sampson Snyder was born on Dry Fork, Randolph County, West Virginia, August 19, 1840. Life was hard. . .for his family were among the early settlers of the county, and none of the luxuries of today were even known. Candles and oil lamps were used for lighting and wood for cooking and heating the home.

He was the son of John and Lucinda (Hensley) Snyder. John Snyder had come from Pennsylvania, and Lucinda from Albemarle County, Virginia. The Snyders, probably five brothers, had come over to America from Germany, and settled in Pennsylvania. There were several different ways to spell their name: Schneider, Snider, and Snyder. In the family Bible Grandfather spelled it with an "i," but later changed it to Snyder.

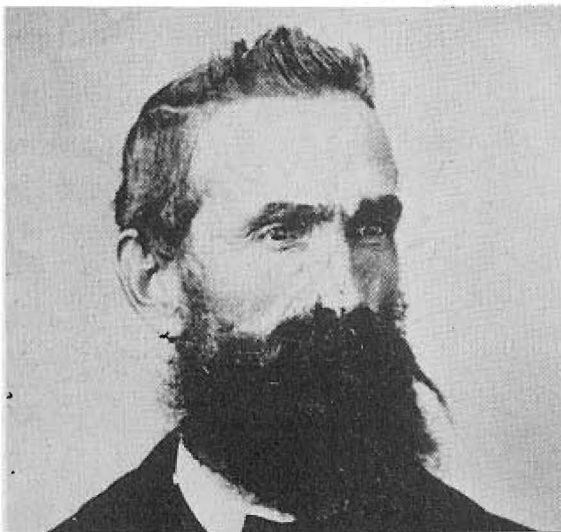
Captain Snyder's education was very limited, not any more or less than others as compared to the times. There were one-room schoolhouses scattered around the territory, where the three "Rs" were taught, and that was the extent of the education system for a while.

Captain Sampson Snyder married Elizabeth Bonner, a twin, on December the 24th, 1863. They first lived in a log cabin a little way back from the river. At that time, to get across they had to ford the stream, and sometimes when it was overflowing its banks they would swim their horses across. This was fun for the Snyders, for all of them were skillful riders, even the girls on their sidesaddles.

At that time there was plenty of game in the forest for food, animals and birds everywhere. The homes were small. Land had to be cleared for any kind of farming, and not too many crops were grown. There was such a demand for lumber, due to the need for houses and buildings, until soon this whole area was a busy place. Sawmills were located along the Dry Fork River from Hendricks to Horton, West Virginia, and most of the time one could see the logs floating down the stream winter and summer.

In 1861, Sampson Snyder joined the Federal Army at Beverly, Randolph County. He volunteered in an Ohio company and he was soon in active service.

Captain Sampson Snyder died March 10th, 1910, at his home near Harman. He developed asthma from exposure during the war. He smoked a corn cob pipe, and often it would be filled with herbs from the fields, which Mother thought might help him to breathe. I was not very old but this I remember: him sitting by his huge fireplace in his living room, smoking and no doubt thinking back over the exciting, though hard days of his life, possibly events of the war.



Capt. Sampson Snyder

CAPTAIN SAMPSON SNYDER

Captain Sampson Snyder, son of John Snyder, was born and raised on Dry Fork. His education was limited to the common schools, and in his early years these were few and poor. In 1861, he joined the Federal Army at Beverly, volunteering in an Ohio company, and was soon in active service, fighting among the Allegheny Mountains as the Confederates were pushed back across the range. He took part in the battle at McDowell in the spring of 1862, and sometime after that he was sent to the Southwest and became attached to General Grant's army, and took part in all the hard fighting leading up to the siege and capture of Vicksburg. But he was not present when Vicksburg surrendered. Before that event he was sent back to West Virginia to act as a guide for the Union forces among the mountains, where his intimate fitness or acquaintance with the rugged country gave him peculiar fitness for that duty. From that time till the close of the war, he was in constant and active service, often on posts of great responsibility and danger.

On February 29th, 1864, Governor Boreman commissioned him captain of the Independent Scouts of Randolph County. They belonged to the State Guards, were clothed and provisioned by the United States and paid by West Virginia. Captain Snyder proceeded to organize a company to operate in the mountains of Randolph, to prevent marauding and to protect the lives and property of loyal and peaceable citizens as well as to pursue or fight Confederate forces which might invade the county. The roll of this company, when discharged April 15th, 1865, showed forty-three men. There were more at an earlier date, but the casualties of war reduced the number. Following are the names of those who were once enrolled, in Captain Snyder's company.

Sampson Snyder, Captain
John W. Summerfield, 1st Sergeant
Martin V. Bennett, 1st Sergeant
John H. Middleton, 2nd Sergeant
Samuel Harman, 3rd Sergeant
George W. Snyder, 4th Sergeant
John W. Harper, Sergeant
Cyrus Simmons, Corporal

John D. Harper, Corporal
John Keller, Corporal
Jesse Keller, Corporal
Joseph Roy, Corporal

Arbogast, George
Arrington, F. M.
Bennett, Daniel
Bishop, George
Champ, Thomas
Colens, Mathew
Cooper, Daniel
Cooper, Elijah
Cunningham, George
Darrel, John S.
Dugger, Benjamin
Archard, Absalom
Echard, Henry
Everts, George
Gennings, George
Gray, Charles
Harman, Andrew
Harman, David H.
Harman, Jesse
Harman, Joseph
Harman, Solomon
Harper, Elijah
Helmick, David
Helmick, David
Helmick, Mathias
Helmick, William
Huffman, Solomon
Jordon, A. D.

Jordon, Noah
Judy, Harness
Keller, Adam
Keller, Job
Keller, Philip
Long, John W.
Long, Samuel
Mick, Absalom
Mick, Sampson
Mink, John
Mowery, Henry
Nazelrod, Elijah
Nelson, David
Pennington, Jesse
Roy, Isaac
Roy, John P.
Roy, Solomon A.
Rymer, George L.
Simmons, Daniel
Smith, Isaac
Smith, Abraham
Smith, Laban
Snider, Benjamin
Snider, John
Snyder, Henry
Stalnaker, Alfred
Wheeler, John D.
Wolf, Adam
Wolf, George

Speaking of the Home Guards, many stories were told of the conflicts between the Confederates and the Scouts led by Sampson Snyder.

In explanation, persons who fought with the South were known as Rangers, and those who fought with the North were called Home Guards. There were some other names hung on these groups, namely. Independent Scouts, and Swamp Dragons.

Much has been said of McNeill's Rangers and the Virginia and West Virginia Home Guards by friends and sympathizers of the opposite organization, tending to impugn, belittle, and mini-

mize the motives, conduct, and service of these units of the South and North in the War Between the States.

In fact, terms and epithets have been applied to each of them by partisans of the other which, in the light of present-day thinking based on then-existing facts, have been unfair and unwarranted.

Sentiment of the people in what is now West Virginia, while predominating in favor of the North, was in some counties and sections strongly with the South, and each side made a desperate struggle to hold such territory as a part of its government.

Though times were hard, and the territory rough and covered with trees and brush, the men tried very hard to perform the duties given to them. Many suffered and died for their beliefs, and we recognize their courage and bravery in doing so.

In the year 1864 occurred a running fight of three days, between Captain Snyder's men and a force of sixty Confederate guerrillas, under Captain Ezekiel Harper. The Confederates had made a raid upon the store of a merchant named Hart below Beverly and were retreating through the mountains toward Pendleton County when they were intercepted and surprised by Captain Snyder at the house of Isaac Taylor, on Shaver Mountain, late in the evening. They were very hungry and had stopped there to cook a sheep and a deer which they had killed. They had stacked their guns some forty steps away and were in the act of sitting down to supper when Captain Snyder's men charged from the woods, captured more than half of the guns, and drove the Confederates into the woods. Having eaten the supper abandoned by the Confederates, Captain Snyder pursued them to Dry Fork, and far up Gandy surprised them again and captured all their guns except one musket. Finally they scattered through the woods and made their way across the Alleghenies in an almost famished condition.

The Federal authorities were desirous of locating Imboden's camp, who was believed to be on Jackson's River, and Captain Snyder was sent for, to go to Wheeling for consultation. He undertook to spy out the camp of the Confederates, and returned to his home on Dry Fork, arriving at midnight. Two hours after he went to bed, his house was surrounded by twenty-seven Confederates under Colonel Elihu Hutton and he was taken prisoner, together with others who were at this house.

He was taken with all speed to Jackson's River, for his men on Dry Fork were in hot pursuit to rescure him. His victors took his boots from him and he was compelled to walk in his socks. hands were tied; and as they approached Imboden's camp, Colonel Hutton, who was his special guard, held him by the coat. They were some distance ahead of the main squad of Confederates. Captain Snyder had quietly untied the rope which bound his hands and, suddenly seizing Colonel Hutton, he threw him into the ditch and ran for his life, while the bullets were whizzing about his head.

(In speaking of this affair, Colonel Hutton afterwards said: "Captain Snyder was a powerful man, and there was nothing to prevent him from overpowering me, taking my pistol from me, shooting me with it and escaping before my my could come up, but he contented himself with giving me a shove and then running.")

He took shelter in a thicket, where the darkness of the night made his concealment safe; but soon he discovered that the Confederates were surrounding the woods, and he knew they would find him at daylight, so he emerged from his hiding while he could, and ran across a large field and reached a mountain, where he felt that his chance was good for escape. At daybreak he was twenty miles away on the road toward home. His feet were worn out, and he stopped long enough to cut off parts of his pants legs and make himself moccasins. He arrived on Dry Fork after three days. He had located Imboden's camp, and that was what he was sent to do, but he hardly expected to gain the information in the manner he did.

Captain Snyder, in company with Martin V. Bennett, had a narrow escape from bushwhackers about that same time. They were riding up Dry Fork in Tucker County, when they were fired upon from the woods, and Bennett was shot in the lungs. Captain Snyder hid him under a shelving rock at the river's edge, and with a revolver went back and fought the bushwhackers as long as his ammunition lasted. He killed a horse, and wounded one of the bushwhackers in the arm. Bennett ultimately recovered, and afterwards married Jane Snyder, Captain Snyder's sister.

William Harper, of Tucker County, a noted Confederate scout, was killed by Captain Snyder's company at the house of Leonard Harper, in Pendleton County. He refused to surrender.

He had been tracked to the house, and was found about two o'clock in the morning, lying on the roof, and he nearly escaped detection, and might have escaped had a he not betrayed his presence. One of the Federals approached a window to look out and harper probably supposed that he had been discovered, although he had not yet been seen. He fired through the window and barely missed a soldier inside. He then leaped off the roof and ran toward a thicket. Captain Snyder headed him off and met him face to face, with the fence between them, and called on him to surrender. Harper's reply was a shot from his revolver, which by some miracle missed the mark although held within a few inches of Captain Snyder's face. Captain Snyder fired and Harper fell, but immediately attempted to rise. Captain took hold of his coat and harper struck him with a knife, and he carried the scar the rest of his days.

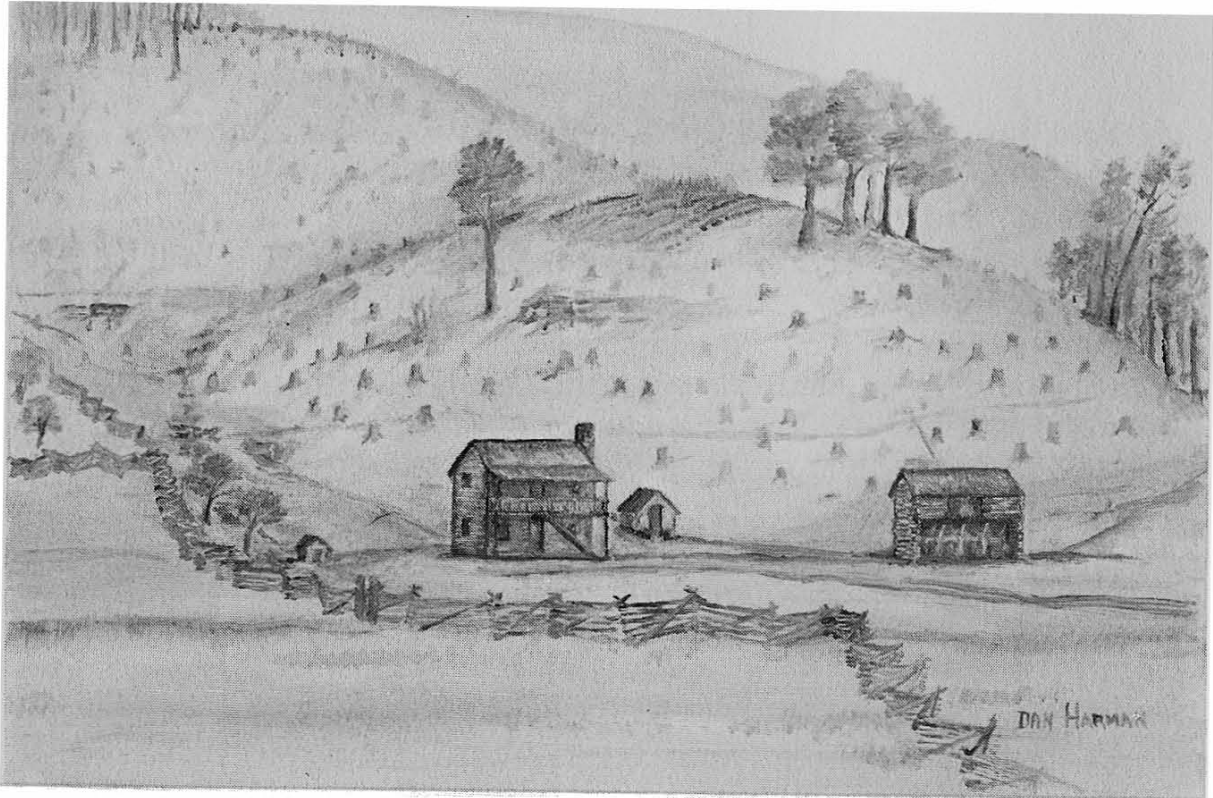
At that moment several shots were fired, and Harper, exclaiming "Don't murder me!" fell dead. He was a man of terrible courage, and was much feared by the Union scouts in that region. He had piloted Imboden on his second raid into Tucker County. He was a brother of Captain Ezekiel Harper of Tucker County.

When the war closed, Captain Snyder's company was mustered out. The next year he was commissioned by Governor Boreman captain the the West Virginia militia. He took up the pursuit of peace, and entered upon various lines of business on Dry Fork, where he ended his days.

In relating these incidents, it is not my intention to revive the hostilities of war... for to me, "War is horrible in any form," but to bring into mind some of the historical events that took place in the making of our nation, in which the Snyders of this section of the country was involved.

I am sorry for the killings...I am sorry for the war...but without them we would not be a great nation.

America was settled by God-fearing people. God has been with us, and it is my hope that we, as Americans, hold fast to the heritage we have and never let go our faith in God, although somepeople in our land are fighting to put God out of our land and our lives. Let's not let them do it, or our great country is doomed.



The Snyder home, 1860

OUR PIONEERS

They first lived in a log cabin
Not far from the river's edge.
Built by the men themselves
With ax, hammer, and wedge.

The trees were cut. . .the logs were hewn,
And carefully put in place.
Until the cabin, not too large
Had a very homey face.

The clapboard roof was soon installed,
The windows and doors cut out,
The fireplace and chimney made of stone,
For heat and cooking, no doubt.

The downstairs. . .all in one big room,
The furniture made by hand,
The weaving done on a homemade loom,
And clothes were really grand.

Grandmother knitted the socks and mitts,
For the children in the Fall,
Off to school. . .in one room they sat,
One teacher taught them all.

Readin', Ritin', and 'Rithmetic,
Both to the large and small.
Were taught to the tune of a hickory stick,
Discipline. . .you'll recall.

After supper, when the chores were done,
Up the ladder went every one;
Except mother, father, and Baby John,
To sleep on straw ticks 'till the early dawn.

Then, one day, Grandfather said,
"This house is much too small.
There must be a larger one, you see,
So there'll be room for all."

On the Snyder farm, the new house was made,
Many rooms, high ceilings, a spring house too,
Where the milk was kept, and washing done,
Grandmother is happy. . .plenty to do.

The boys grew handsome, the girls very pretty,
The rooms all filled. . .no space. . .what a pity!
Soon they all scattered. . . to the West did go,
Girls all married, Grandmother one row to hoe.

It takes a heap of livin', in a house to make a home,
The Plan of life. . .the Good Book says
In years. . .left all alone
Is not too long. . .so heed its ways;

Live it. . .and make life better,
For the person whom you meet.
And Happiness. . .to the very letter,
Will make your pathway sweet.

THE ENCOUNTER BETWEEN CAPTAIN JOHN SNYDER AND JOHN D. IMBODEN ON THE DRY FORK

This encounter happened near to the time that Miss Jane Snyder made her extraordinary ride down the Dry Fork to warn her father.

It is now known that Imboden's advance down the Dry Fork was not betrayed by a "Union man," as was supposed, but by a woman, Jane Snyder, who suspected the design of the Rebels and rode to Parsons Mill and warned the Federal garrison at that place in time for the troops to fall back toward Rowlsburg. She was the daughter of John Snyder and afterwards married Martin V. Bennett. Imboden (John D.) afterwards ascertained who had betrayed his plans. John Snyder, the father of Captain Sampson Snyder, about whom this book is concerned, was one of the leaders of the Union men on Dry Fork, and he and Imboden seldom crossed each other's path without an encounter. On the present expedition they met, and Imboden thus speaks of it in a letter to Charles W. Russell.

"Just in the edge of the village of St. George, I was riding some distance ahead of my men and suddenly came upon old John Snyder. Just as he was aiming at me with his long rifle, I fired at him with my revolver. He dropped his gun like a hot potato and leaned forward on the neck of his horse and escaped. I have since learned from some refugees that I wounded him badly, though I fear not mortally. I had a fair shot at about fifty yards and aimed at his hips. We were bushwhacked half a day in Tucker as we fell back from St. George by Union men, but the cowardly scoundrels went far up into the mountains that they hit only one of my men, and he was slightly wounded in the foot. I sent out a whole company once to try to catch three of these bushwhackers, but it was impossible to come up with them in the brush. If I caught them I intended hanging them in five minutes. The greatest difficulty



Henry, Grandmother and Grandfather Snyder on the porch

The Snyder home, 1880



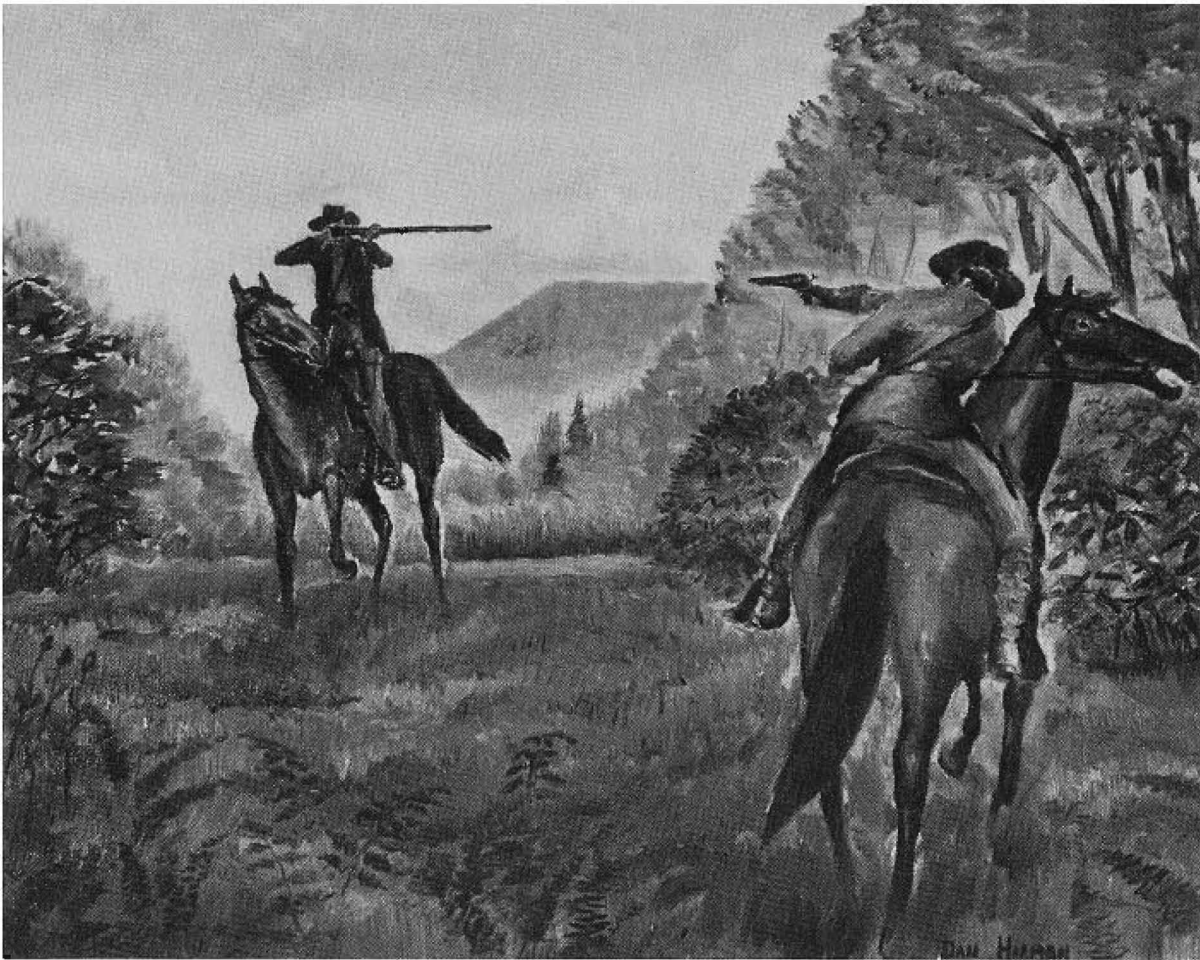
in our way out here is the infernal Union men. They carry intelligence and bushwhack us wherever they can, and yet will swear allegiance a dozen times a day."

This excerpt, taken from the *History of Randolph County*, is given here in order to give the readers some idea of the conflicts of the war, yet I do not wish to bring into the minds any memories of the ravages or bitterness between the two divisions, but rather to enlighten the readers of a few incidents which concerned the people of whom I am writing, and in retrospect show some of the historical data of that period of our history.

The picture is a drawing by Dan Harman, a great-grandson of Captain Snyder, in which he hoped to portray the actual meeting of the two enemies during the war. The background is very true of that area near St. George, for it is a beautiful country.

John Snyder was the father of Captain Sampson Snyder. Some of the Snyders spelled their name with an "I" when first coming into Randolph County, but now it is spelled with a "y." The Snyders came over from Germany.

During the war, John Snyder was a staunch Union man. He had many narrow escapes, as told by the above article from the history book. He was shot by bushwhackers who waylaid him. Although the wound would have killed an ordinary man, his great vitality enabled him to live through it. Once a large force of Confederates crossed into Dry Fork with orders to "find John Snyder and kill him." His escape on that occasion was due to an accident, and he never knew what danger he had been in.



“The Encounter.” Col. John Daniel Imboden and John Snyder met in an armed encounter near St. George during imboden’s first raid in August, 1862. Imboden specifically described the affair in correspondence with a friend. In the shootout which ensued, John Snyder was seriously wounded, but recovered and resumed military activities.

THE CALL OF THE WEST

I have read a lot of stories
Of the great and glorious West;
Of the gay romantic cowboys,
And the glamor they posessed.
With their silver spurs a-jingle,
And a bronc between their knees,
They rode the western ranges
As free as the Northern breeze.
They joined the Sheriff’s posse,
And twanged a mean guitar,
All those tales made the Snyders
Want to go where the cowboys are.

They packed their cardboard suitcases,
And caught a westbound train;
They're off to be a cowboy,
On some distant western plain.
They got off at a place. . . Orofino,
The name that sounded right.
But it was just like some Eastern town,
Not a cowboy was in sight.
So, they asked about the ranches,
And which one would be the best,
To start in to be a cowboy,
In this grand and fabulous West.

They asked, "Where's all the Indians,
The Redskins, braves and squaws?"
A man said, "They're on the Reservations
According to all the laws."
They asked about the stagecoach,
With hope high in their chest;
Man said the smoking engine
Was the carrier of the West,
They asked, "Who cuts the timber,
Who saws it into slats?"
Man said, "Look over yonder,
You'll recognize the hats."

They often thought of Harman,
But liked it out there best.
For at least they're fine workers
In that great and glorious West.
This is just a parody,
It was not true of all
The Snyders who went west,
And heard the inward call.
Idaho was a rough country,
Just being opened up,
Much work, much open spaces,
Enough to fill their cup.

Pioneers at heart, they were,
So off they went in quest.
Families grown now, and scattered,
It was the CALL OF THE WEST.
The WEST! It was quite attractive,
To even the boy so small;
But after seeing and knowing
It was not easy at all.
We talk about, "How the West was won."
In those early years, back when
Hard work, long hours, low wages,
It took the strongest men.

So, all young men take notice,
If you hear the "WESTERN CALL."
Think twice before you get on board,
The WESTERN CANNONBALL.
It's here among the mountains;
Life's greatest dreams are found.
Just find a girl. . .you're looking for,
For this is special hallowed ground.

—C.H.R.

CAPTAIN SAMPSON SNYDER FAMILY

Sampson Snyder (8/19/1840-3/6/1910) married Elizabeth Bonner (11/5/1844-4/1/1928) on December 24, 1963.
To them were born the following children.

1. Lorenza Dow (10/15/1864-1/13/1916) married Sarah E. Roy.
Children: Octavia, Lottie, Amos, Veta, Bertha,
Harman, Twins, Addie and Annie, and Rose.
2. Phoebe Catherine (3/9/1865-7/6/1946) married A. Dan Carr.
Children: Homer, Albert, Tezy, Minnie, and Gordon.
3. Elmer Ellsworth (3/9/1867-8/29/1940) married a. Maggie Payne
Children: Leota, and Dixon, b. Sarah Frances Harrison.
Children: Elmer, Myrle, Anna Belle, Harriett E.,
Frederick, and Franklin S.
4. Samson, Jr. (8/9/1868-9/6/1945) married Elizabeth Clark.
Children: Virgie, Pearl, Lolo, Eldon, and Loren.
5. Prince Albert (9/11/1870-3/25/1957) married Clara Va.
Bodkins.
Children: Glen, Omar, Argel, Stelman, Mabel, Harmon, Emil,
and Ruby.
6. Job (3/22/1872-5/8/1925) married Sally Linnie Lantz.
Children: Amy, Zerna, Dayton, Ella May, Russell, Beattie
and Forest Guy.
7. John Wesley (2/23/1874-4/27/1960) married Mary E. Cooper.
Children: Nola, Oda, Myrtle, Milton, John, Marie, Mildred,
and Willard, and Virginia.
8. Ann Toy Nettie (12/1/1875-4/3/1962) married Simon P. Harman.
Children: Ellsworth, Iva, Carrie, Tacie, Snyder, Harry,
and Twila
9. Lucy Estelle (7/6/1877-12/30/1958) married James Cooper.
Children: Sherman, Rollin, Mabel, Rachel, Ruth, James, Lola,
and Leonard.

10. Carrie Viola (2/6/1880-9/22/1951) married Jacob Cooper.
Children: Clarace, Johnny, Sampson, Emerson, Mary, Paul,
Melvin, and Ann Lee.
11. James G. Blaine (2/2/1883-5/24/1965) married Cora Cooper.
Children: Roy, Curtis, Pearl, Wilbur, Johnnie, Ward,
Blaine, Jr. and Hilda.
12. Henry Clay *7/8/1884-1/29/1971) married—
a. Ella Smith.
Children: Howard, Ruby, Opal, Thelma, and Leo.
b. Anna Larson No children.
there were ninety-three grandchildren in all.

Octovia and daughter Flodie



GRANDMOTHER ELIZABETH (BONNER) SNYDER

Elizabeth (Bonner) Snyder (11/5/1844-4 /1/1928), was born on the Dry Fork, what is now Tucker County. She and her twin sister was the daughters of Ann (Bonner) and Jobe Parsons.

Jane, her twin, married into the Carr family and went West along with many of the Snyders, Carrs, etc.

Elizabeth married Sampson Snyder on December 24, 1863. To them were born twelve children, eight boys and four girls.

Grandmother was a beautiful petite girl and remained little all her life. She was about five feet four inches tall and weighed a possible 110 pounds. I never remember seeing her angry, although I know that things did not always run smooth in such a large family, especially with that many boys who were very lively while growing up, and I feel sure there were incidents that were not so pleasant at times; but she took everything in stride and I believe she thought, "What is to be will be."

She always wore dark dresses. She wove the cloth for the children's clothes so much I guess it was better to have it dark in color than to have it show spots.

Grand mother Elizabeth (Bonner) Snyder (1844-1928), twin daughter of Ann Bonner, twin sister of Mary Jane Carr.



The spinning wheel sat by the fireplace. I never learned to operate it, but it was fascinating to watch her spin the wool into yarn. She knitted me a pair of stockings, but they were not comfortable to wear. I guess I was allergic to wool because I would break out in hives or something of the sort.

The mittens were different. They really kept our hands warm, and I did not mind the wool in them.

In her older days she wore black caps on her head most of the time. I do believe she made them, although I never saw her making one.

MEMORIES OF GRANDMOTHER SNYDER

Grandmother was petite in size, but in heart she was huge as they come. She was a rare person, but bless her heart, she never knew it. They say little girls are made of sugar and spice and everything nice, and Grandmother Snyder was all that and more. Her cooking was just that and you could taste it, and Grandmother lived as she cooked: very simply.

She got up early in the morning, built a fire in her old black cookstove, put on the coffee with water from the spring, and began her chore of getting breakfast for her family of fourteen and more, for she always had a hired hand or two.

Today we would call her an ecologist. She saved everything, and plucked the feathers from her chickens and geese to make feather pillows and ticks for her family to sleep on. She probably never heard of an inner-spring mattress at that time.

When we think of inventions, Grandma was the greatest. She didn't have a laboratory to work out her problems in, but she just figured them out herself. The clothes were patched, the socks were darned, and the old sad-irons were used for ironing and pressing.

There was really a lot of work to be done in the Snyder home, eight boys and four girls besides extra help. It took a world of cooking and baking. For instance, a plate of biscuits or a pie or two had to be carefully hidden or they would disappear before suppertime.

Grandma had no automatic washer, but come Monday she took the dirty clothes to the spring house and scrubbed on the old washboard until all would be shiny and clean.

Grandma learned many shortcuts too. She could tie a string to the door knob and pull the children's teeth. She knew how to make a toothbrush from a twig of the birch tree. She knew how to make her little girls a doll out of a corn cob, and would make the doll's dresses from scraps out of the scrap bag. of course, when there were quite a few scraps left she would use them to make quilts and comforter tops.

Then when the baby would cry and she would be very busy. She would take a piece of scrap cloth, tie up a piece of bread and butter with a little sugar sprinkled on it, and put it in the baby's mouth. This was called a sugar tit by the boys, and it carried the name after that.

Grandma saved everything. To save matches she would carry hot coals from the heating stove to the kitchen stove to make a fire. Of course all the paper was carried outside to the little house in the back.

In the wintertime Grandma was always busy. She carded the wool, spun it into yarn, and then knitted the mittens and socks for all the children.

Grandma, how sweet the name! She was always doing something for the grandchildren. After Grandpa's death she came and lived with us a while. She slept in my room for we had two beds in it. My sister and I slept in one bed and she had the other one. It seems but yesterday that I would be awakened in the night by her little light snoring sounds. When she exhaled she would whistle, and that I loved to hear. We really loved her, all of us.

She was always kind, and never seemed to get out of fix at anything that happened, as if that was the way it had to be. She was a good mother to her family and also a good wife to Grandpa.

NETTIE'S OLD ROCKING CHAIR

NUMBER ONE: Is that the Baby?
The lullaby sung, so dear.
He loves the soft arms of the lady,
It's Mother! That's very clear

NUMBER TWO: It's Grandma,
Rocking alone as she wills.
Dreaming perhaps of the old days,
Which included plenty of thrills.

NUMBER THREE: No! Grandpa!
Just hold me once more on your knee.
And tell me the tales of yesterday,
When you were young and free.

NUMBER FOUR: It's Aunt Iva,
Looking quite young and alive.
Just how do you like the rhythm
After you're sixty-five?

NUMBER FIVE: Yes, It's Uncle Worth,
Thinking of his ladies fair.
Why! All the hearts he has broken,
None other could ever compare.

NUMBER SIX: It's Twila, my dear,
Dreaming as she rocks. . .Grade One!
So many years in the schoolroom,
Could one forget so soon?

NUMBER SEVEN: Where's Harry?
Holding a little girl so pretty.
"Tell me, Grandpa, while rocking,
Just sing to me one little ditty."

NUMNER EIGHT: Oh, it's Snyder!
Full of tall fish stories wild.
Rock and tell me, Dear Brother,
Why run away when a child?

NUMBER NINE: Who is that humming and singing?
It's ben, with a child on his lap.
Helping to mind the small ones,
Just letting them take a wee nap.

These are all memories, you see,
Understood better by some.
Happenings during the years of each,
As if they had just begun.

—C. H. R.

THE SNYDER FAMILY

In the 1860's Sampson and Elizabeth met,
It was not too long 'till the date was set.
In 1863, they took a ride
To the Preacher, and the Knot was tied.
This was the beginning of the SNYDER clan
And in 1864. . .the first little man
To arrive, was Lorenza Dow
Very much alive, and making a bow.

In 1865, PHOEBE CATHERINE came
To the SNYDER home, to enjoy the name.
In later years she married Dan Carr,
And moved to Idaho, which we thought pretty far
From the hills of home.

In 1867, ELMER ELLSWORTH was born,
Hale and hearty, in the early morn.
He grew tall and handsome, as along the years came,
And for his first wife, he chose Maggie Payne.
But fate declared. . .this union won't last,
She dies. . .thus his happiness passed.
He needed a mother for his only son,
So, looking he went, and soon found one.
Her name Frances Harrison, beautiful and gay,
She became his wife. . .thus time flew away.

A dear little baby, in 1868, too,
They named him Samson, as mother do
After their fathers. That was his fate.
He grew tall, and soon made friends,
With the pretty girls. . .there seemed no end.
But alas! Came one of the merry group,
Elizabeth Clark. . . .He gave a whoop,
He asked her to marry him on his knees,
Didn't even stop to say. . . .Please, please.
He took her off to the preacher quick,
Where they were married. Click! Click! Click!

PRINCE ALBERT, a name of fame. . .
Where do you figure they got his name?
Born in 1870, sure quite alert. . .and crying no doubt,
For exercising his lungs, the sounds came out.
A pretty little Miss became his bride
Clare Virginia Bodkins stood by his side.
"Go West, young man," he heard the call
They were not long answering. . .that's all!

In 1872, another added to the SNYDER crew.
JOB, they named him, Bible name for sure,
Proud of his coming, healthy and pure.
He became quite popular as he grew up.
The girls all knew him, and wished to ride
One of his horses, right by his side.
But Lennie Lantz, was the one he chose
To be his helpmate and wash his clothes.

In 1874, another came to the SNYDER door,
His name, JOHN WESLEY, his eyes bright blue.
A beautiful baby, True! true! true!
A cooper lass, began to tarry, to talk to him
Her name was Mary.

She became his bride. . .and the West refrain
Hit them, like others, and they boarded the train.
The call of the West had hit again.

ANN TOY NETTIE in 1875, came in the winter
And much alive.
Cherished and loved by so many boys,
The house was filled with plenty of noise.
A horseback rider she became,
Had lots of fun, worked. . .just the same.
For there were many to cook for, and boarders too,
It seemed there was always something to do.
She fell in love with a handsome man. . .Simon
Harman, his name, soon he joined the clan.

In 1877, came LUCY ESTELLE,
Hale and hearty. . .seemed quite well.
Number nine, in the SNYDER home.
A very large crew to feed and clothe,
Never a dull moment, as everyone knows.
Along came James Cooper, a merry young man,
Spotted Estelle and he knew quite well
She was for him, out of all he knew.
He asked her to marry and off they flew.

CARRIE VIOLA. . .really quite pretty,
Born to the SNYDERS, in 1880.
Eyes of blue and really fair,
A happy moment for the SNYDER pair.
As time went by she grew and grew,
Along came Jacob and then she knew,
That it was a Cooper she really loved.
Soon they were married. . .Stars above!

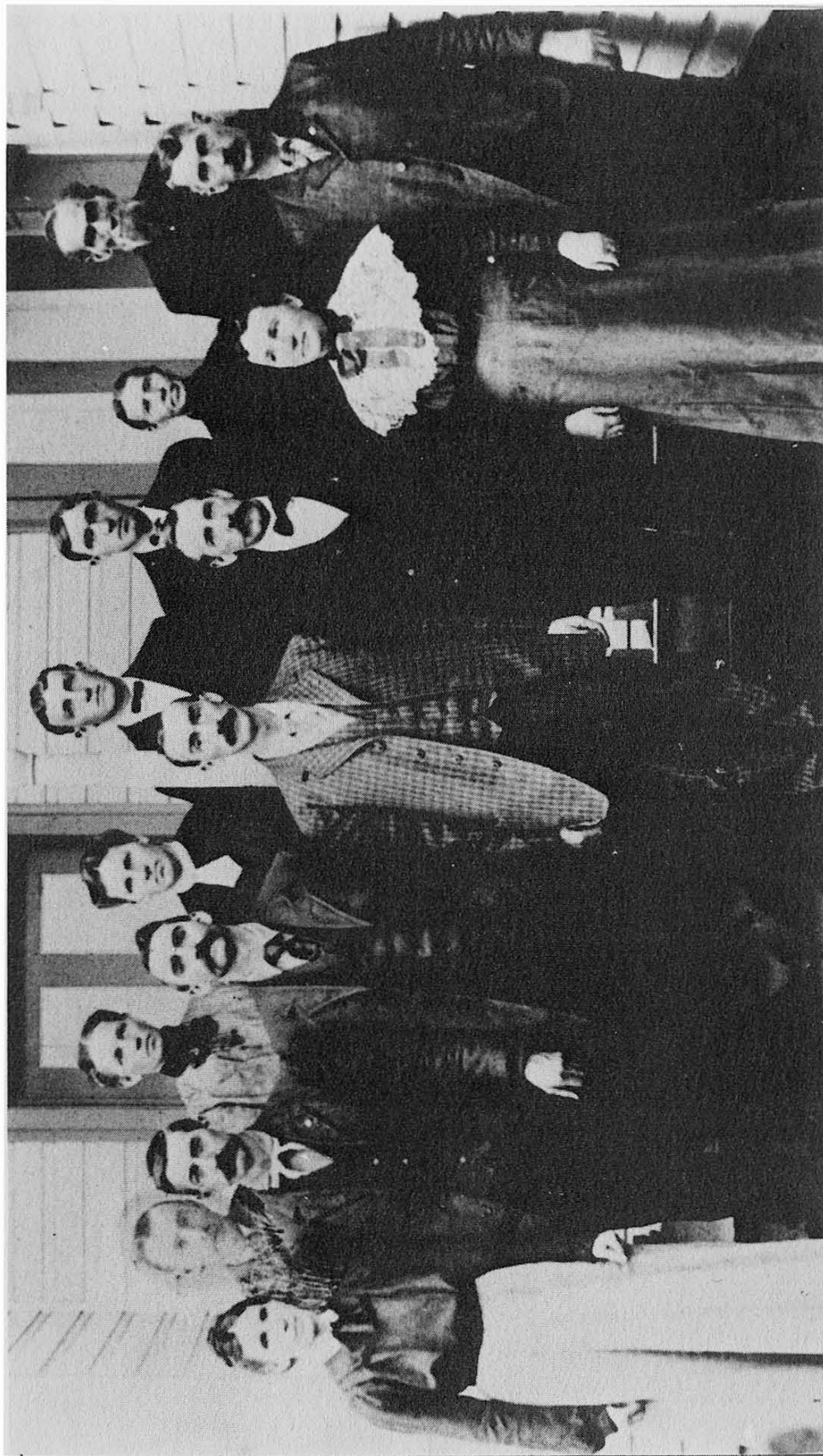
In 1883, JAMES BLAINE appeared—
He was a live one. . .and they all feared,
He would grow up and be gone—like all the rest—
But he met Cora Cooper. . .and liked her best.
They lived on a farm. . .had a family of seven,
And in the SNYDER clan, he was number eleven.

Last came HENRY CLAY, in 1884,
The merriest brown eyes that added a score
To his good looks. . .yes, even more.
Last, but not least, in the SNYDER home,
He romped and played and was never alone.
The girls gathered 'round, he soon chose one,
Ella Smith, her name. . .a wife he had won.
He, too, heard the call, "Go West, young man,"
Off they went, to Idaho land.

This is the story of the SNYDER TWELVE,
More you will learn as in this book you delve.
Find the history. . .the photos too.. .you'll find none better,
Than the SNYDER FAMILY to the very letter.

The Snyder home





Capt. Sampson Snyder family. L. to R., front row: Nettie, Albert, Job, Samson, Elmer, Phoebe, and Lorenza Dow; back: John, Estella, Carrie, Blaine, Henry, Grandmother and Grandfather Snyder.

OH, ME! OH, MY!

Funny little wiggly toes
With a button for a nose,
Hardly fits at all in clothes,
That's Brother.

Sweet and smiling all the day,
Fine at kissing hurts away,
Says that being mean won't pay,
That's Mother.

Big and loud and lots of fun,
Calls me kid; calls Mother "hon,"
When I'm bad, Gee! How I run,
That's Father.

Smarty thinks she knows it all,
Dresses like a baby doll;
Kisses her fella in the hall,
That's Sister.

Twelve there were, of children tall,
Eight boys, four girls, that was all.
Made life rough. . . yet had a Ball,
The Snyders.

Grandmother, she did very swell,
Managing the household, as you can tell.
She wove, she knitted, she clothed them well,
The Snyders.

"Work does not kill," so people say,
Each child helped, in some small way.
The twelve were raised, but not in a day,
The Snyders.

A new house was built, made very large,
Yes, room for every one.
Today, a Grandson is living there
He and his wife alone
The Coopers.

The children are gone,
Have homes of their own,
But the Snyder Spirits
Still call it home.
The Spirits.

—C. H. R.

LORENZA DOW SNYDER

Lorenza Dow Snyder (10/15/1864-1/13/1916) married Sarah Elizabeth Roy (7/5/1866-6/9/1935) She was the daughter of Jacob Roy and Amanda Wade. Born at Harman, West Virginia.

Lorenza Dow was the son of Captain Sampson and Elizabeth (Bonner) Snyder, and was born at Harman, West Virginia.

They moved to Pierce, Idaho, about 1894. He homesteaded on upper Fords Creek, then moved to Orofino, where he live until 1907;

He traded his homestead for a saloon in Palluse, Washington, where he lived until 1910.

Soon after that he moved back to West Virginia and farmed until 1913, and again moved to Idaho.

He had a grain business, but was never well after moving back to Idaho. He died in 1916, and was buried in The Old Hill Cemetery, at Orofino, Idaho.

Children:

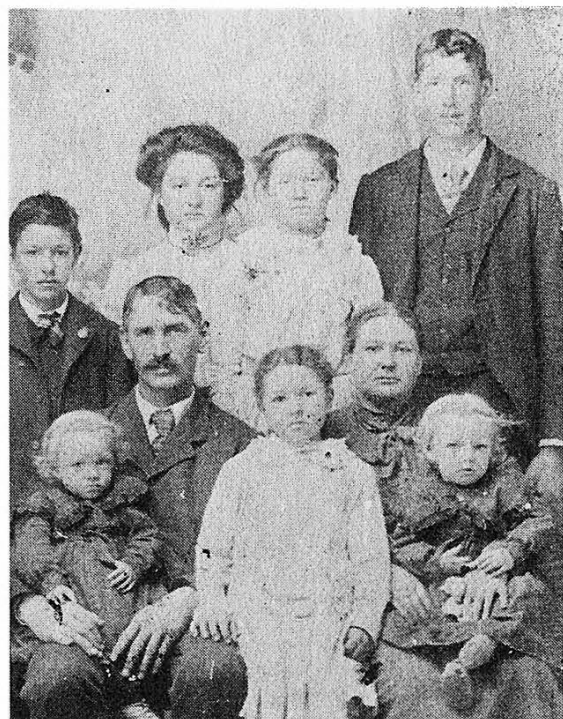
1. Octavia Gertrude (9/8/1884-1959) married J. Archer.
2. Amos James (5/23/1886-6/17/1965) married Leola Baker.
3. Lottie Jane (12/7/1887-) married Frank Ball
Had one son and one daughter.

Son Name

Name (daughter)

4. Benjamin Harrison (Harmon) 9/23/1889-1918)
married Margie Noble.
5. Bertha (3/6/1894-3/15/1973) married Lester Hamilton.
) married Vern South
7. Annie Elizabeth Twin (5/26/1901-) married Oscar
Japlin
Two sons killed in Alaska one daughter
-
-
8. Addie Amanda Twin (5/26/1901-4/3/1945) married John Dunn.
9. Rose (10/18/1904-) married Harold Pasila.
Son ————— Mayor in almira, Washington.
10. One adopted daughter
Eva (Snyder) Rice (10/25/1888-6/4/1968).
married John Rice (10/15/1888-1/15/1960).
One son Taft Rice, lives at Harman, West Virginia.
John and Eva (Snyder) Rice are buried at the Davis Cemetery,
Davis, West Virginia.

Lorenza Dow Snyder and family. (Annie and Addie) on the parents' laps. Harmon, Octavia, Lottie and Amos. Standing in front: Bertha and Veta. Rose is absent.





Vern and Veta (Snyder) South

Dow Snyder tending bar 1907, Palouse, Wash.





John and Eva (Snyder) Rice, and Taft

PHOEBE CATHERINE SNYDER (11/17/1865-7/6/1946) was the second child of Sampson and Elizabeth (Bonner) Snyder. She was born at Harman, West Virginia.

She married Daniel Adam Carr, the son of Joab and Lucretia (Bright) Carr. Soon they, too, came up with the Western Fever, and ended up in Orofino, Idaho, or near there. Daniel Adam Carr (1/1/1859-7/13/1918).

Children Born to them were:

1. Homer (married Linda Burr.
2. Albert P. () married Esther Edmonson.
 - a. Texy c. Ward
 - b. Frank d. Minnie
3. Gordon () married Ada Shelburn.
 - a. Daniel (1915-1970)
 - b. Violet (1919-)
 - c. Albert (1923-)



Phoebe Catherine (Snyder) Carr

ELMER ELLSWORTH SNYDER (3/9/1867-8/29/1940)

The third child born to Sampson and Elizabeth (Bonner) Snyder at Harman, West Virginia.

Like all the Snyder boys, he was tall and handsome, a very industrious man with his share of problems as all other.

He first married Maggie F. Payne. She came from Virginia. Born 7/27/1872-6/10/1893. To them was born a son, Dixon, (5/3/1891), and while a second child was born to them (Maggie Leota, 6/10/1893), both mother and child died.

This was a sad blow to Elmer. He was living in Davis, West Virginia, then, and both mother and daughter are buried in the Bennett Cemetery at Harman, West Virginia.

He married again to Sarah Frances Harrison (1/8/1871-7/12/1955). She was the daughter of Washington and Harriett Harrison, and was born in Kentucky.

They moved to Morgantown, West Virginia. To them were born the following children:

1. Elmer Harry (1/22/1900)

Married Ruth Heflin of Oklahoma.

2nd. wife Ethel Keefer

2. Myrle I. Snyder (2/7/1901-10/22/1903)

3. Anna Belle Snyder (12/15/1903)

married Brooks Collins in 1924.

Children:

Janice Deloris Collins (2/27/1925)

married Robert W. Beal 7/23/1944.

Children: Patricia Carroll Beal (8/27/1945)

Brooke Ann Beal (9/11/1947)

Bradley Scott Beal (2/14/1958)

4. Harriett Elizabeth Snyder (7/10/1905)

married Earle Vernon Frieriend No children.

5. Frederick Snyder (2 /23/1907-8/5/1929)

6. Franklin Sampson Snyder (4/20/1908-1/19/1937)

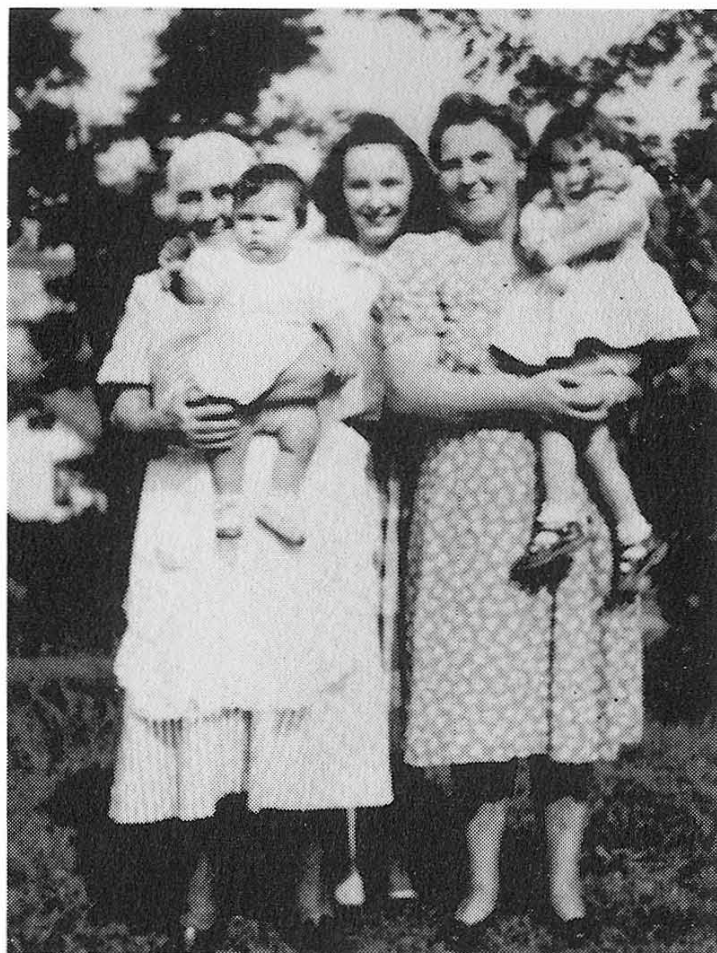
Betty Lee Snyder (9/24/1922) born in Oklahoma City.
married Donald Bailey Hall (8/15/1923)

Children:

Donna Lee Hall (9/4/1952) Morgantown, West Virginia
David Douglas Hall (6/12/1955)

Elmer and Maggie (Payne) Snyder, his first wife





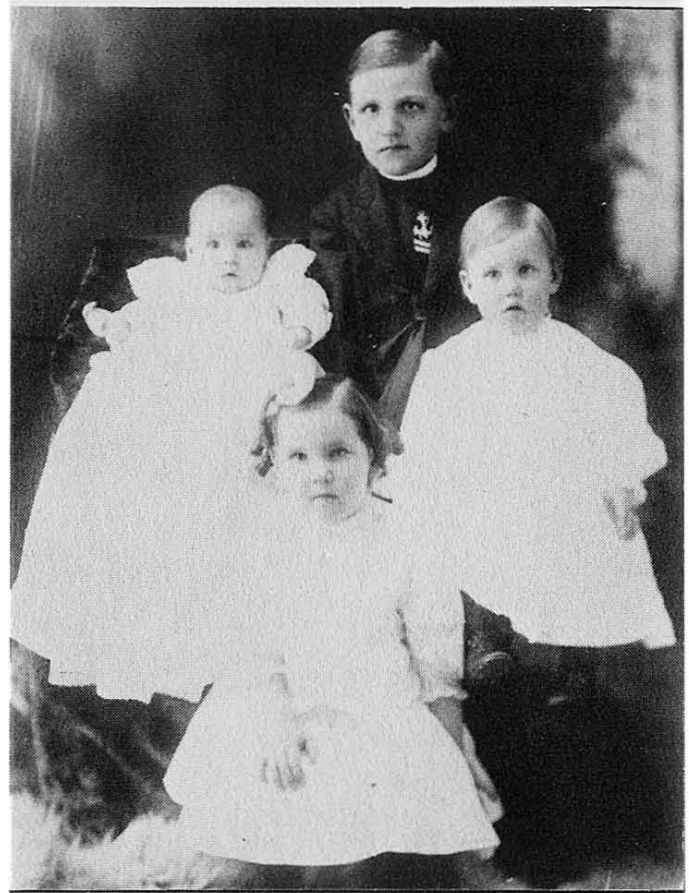
L. to R. Sarah (Fannie Snyder, Elmer's second wife, holding Brooke Anne, Janice Collins, and Anna Bell (Snyder) Collins, holding Patricia Beal. Four generations.



DIXON and Etta (Brannon) Snyder



L. to R. Dixon Snyder, Harry Snyder,
Baby Marie Snyder



L. to R. Baby Elizabeth Snyder, Harry
Snyder (in back), Fred Snyder, Ann
Belle Snyder



Brooks (1902-1973) and
Anna Belle (Snyder) Collins (12/15/03)

SAMSON SNYDER, JUNIOR

SAMSON SNYDER, JUNIOR, (8/9/1868-9/6/1945) was born at Harman, West Virginia, the fourth in a family of twelve children. He was the son of Sampson and Elizabeth (Bonner) Snyder.

Married Elizabeth Clark (11/25/1875-7/16/1956) on November 2, 1892 at Postville, Nebraska.

There are so many things of interest that could be said about Samson, Junior. He went West in 1891, a widely known pioneer in Clearwater County, Idaho. He had attended West Virginia University before going West. He was a 32nd Degree Mason, a member of the Calem Temple of the Shrine and the Scottish Rite body of Lewiston, Idaho.

He was the first schoolteacher at Fraser, Idaho. He ran a Hotel At Pierce, operated sawmills at Weippe, went into the Telephone business, then, later building a garage known as the Snyder Motors.

He died of a heart ailment, but all his life he had been active in many affairs of the community where he lived. To them were born the following children:

1. Virgia (3/8/1894-) married J. W. Perkins on (10/14/1915)

Children: Thelma (7/2/1915)
Elaine (4/2/1917)
Phyllis (5/31/1918)
Kermit (11/10/1920)
O. W. (2/28/1925)
Shirley (8/31/1927)

2. Erma Pearl (9/14/1895) married A. Z. Hadley
Daughter Elizabeth ()

3. Oro Lolo (6/23/1898-) married I. R. Morrison
Frances Elizabeth ()
Priscilla Mae ()

4. E. Eldon (4/19/1905-) married Rosella Parkins on 6/5/1927.

Maurice Eldon (2/18/1930)

Elbert Burton (12/14/1932) married Lois Dryden

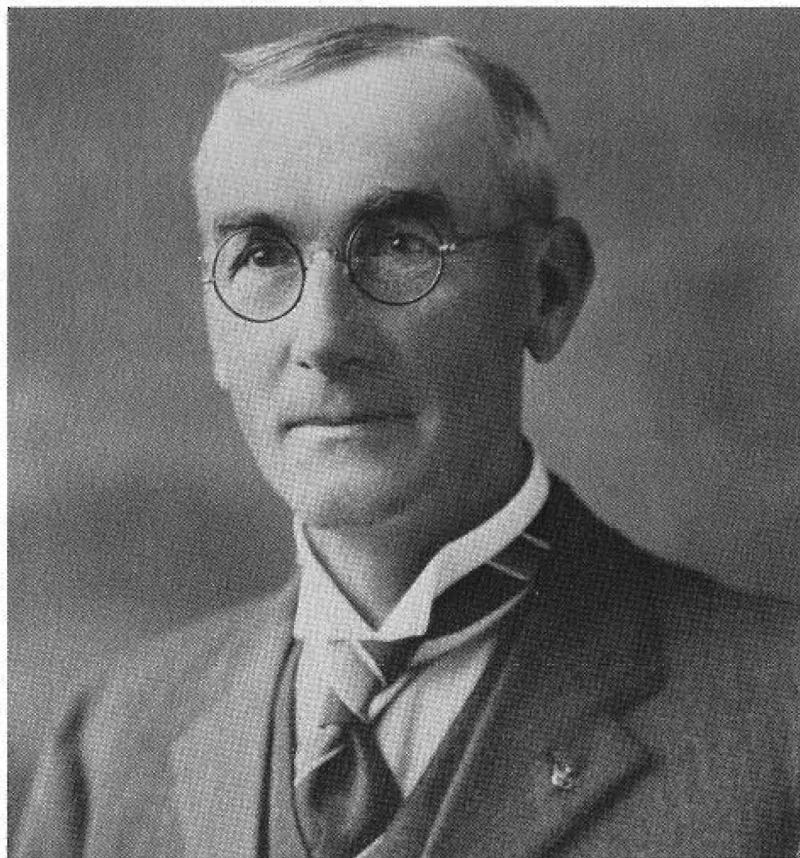
Alan Craig (8/16/1953)

Thomas Clarke (12/12/1956)

5. Loren Clarke (2/1/1907- 1942)

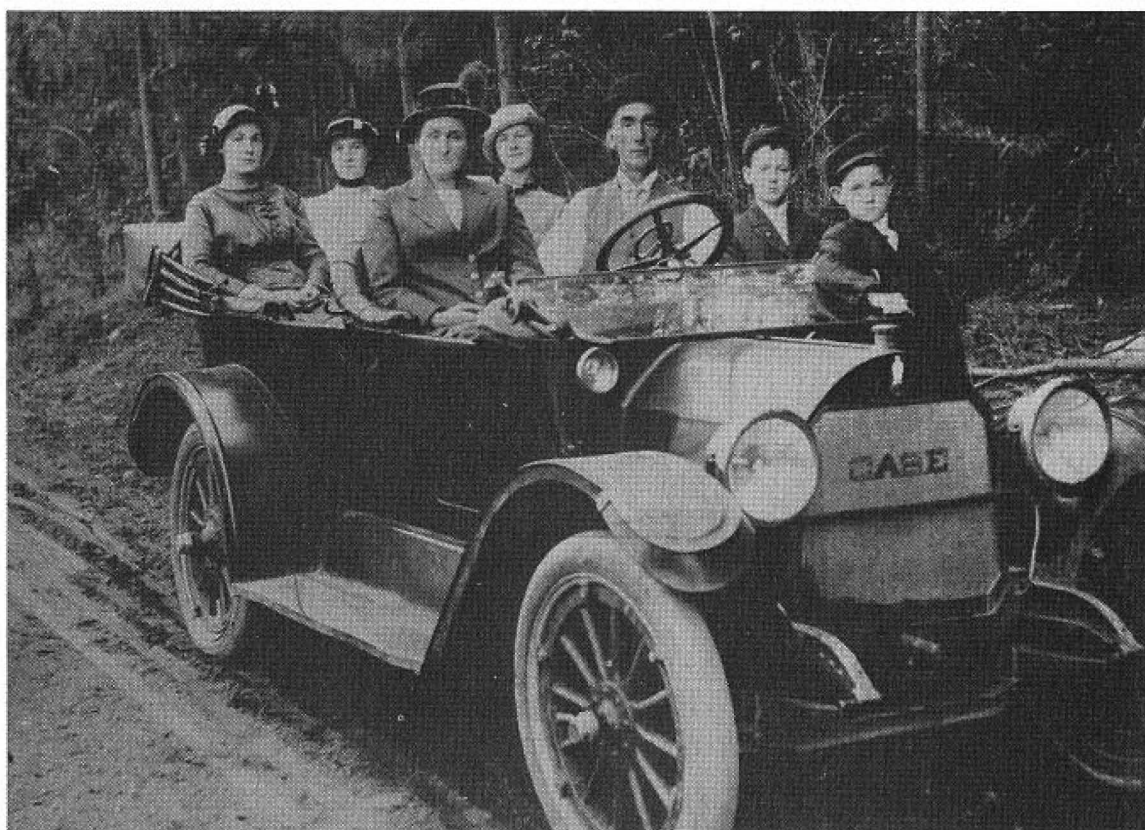


The Samson Snyder family. Pearl, Samson, Lolo, Elizabeth, Virgia, Eldon and Loren.



Samson Snyder

The Samson Snyder family on th Orofino Trail





The Snyders. Eldon, Lolo, Pearl and Virgia

Eldon and Rosella Snyder



PRINCE ALBERT SNYDER

Prince Albert Snyder (9/11/1870-3/22/1957) was born at Harman, West Virginia. He was the fifth child of Sampson and Elizabeth (Bonner) Snyder.

He went to Orofino, Idaho, about 1900, with his family. He married Clara Virginia Bodkins (4/3/1874-2/12/1952), the daughter of Henry Benjamin and Nellie (Puffinbarger) Bodkins.

Children:

1. Glen Rivers (6/4/1892-11/4/1921) single.
2. Omar D. (5/10/1894-8/3/1968) married Ada Gallsher (5/10/1919).
 - a. Lloyd
 - b. Everett
3. Argel N. (10/8/1896-1/31/1901) age five.
4. Stellman S. (5/1/1898-) married Hattie Barry (6/24/1922).
 - a. Helen Louise
5. Mabel E. (4/30/1901-) married LeRoy Lewis (1/27/1920).
6. Harmon (8/6/1903-) married Louise Schloder (9/30/1926).
 - a. Dean
 - b. Donna
 - c. Clara
 - d. Glen Albert
7. Emil (6/25/1907-) married Mildred Lyons (2/21/1945).
 - a. Wayne
 - b. Claudia
 - c. Carol
 - d. Jimmie
 - e. Janet
 - f. Gary Lee

8. Ruby A. (6/26/1912-10/15/1970) married Elmer Bowles (5/16/1933).



L. to R. Phoebe Carr, Samson and Elizabeth Snyder, Albert and Clara Virginia Snyder, John Snyder, Marie and Beuna Vandevander. Kneeling: Stella and James Cooper, Nettie Harman, Carrie Cooper, and Henry Snyder.

L. to R. Carole Frances McCord, Anna Lee and Johnny Barkley, Albert Snyder, Nola, Carrie Cooper, Mary McCord, Lennis, Louise Ann, and Nola's children.



JOB AND LINNIE (LANTS)
SNYDER'S CHILDREN

1. Amy (7/6/1894-8/28/1894).
2. Zerna (7/9/1896-) married William Henry Harrison Roy (1911)
 - a, Robert Lee Roy (3/26/1915) married Louise Fergeson.
 1. Rondy Ray (11/26/1915) married Carroll Riley.
 2. Judy Lana (12/13/1943) married Ronald Ross.
 3. Janet Lee (7/4/1945) married Victor Lewis.
 4. Tamara Jane () married
 - (1) Melvin Lewis
 - (2) John Newman.
 - b. Paul Roy () married Devona Wilson.
 - c. William Lester Roy (6/18/1920) married Jane G. Miller
 1. Stephen 3. Rebecca 4. Kim Steven Roy
 2. William, Jr. married Velma Dodkins.
 - a. Rebecca married Dawn Cotterell.
Steve Kim.

Zerna married Ora Price on 11/16/1924.

 - a. Cora Lee Price (5/2/1926) married Robert Sammons.
 - b. Helen Price (4/3/1928-1969) married Earl Livingston.
 - c. Virginia Price (8/26/1931) married John Jared.
 - d. John Price 2 /10/1936) married Ruth Sherman.
 - e. Jimmie Price (6/28/) married Rose Moore.
3. Harry Dayton Snyder (6/16/1898-12//13/1966).
4. Ella May Snyder (11/28/1899-4/13/1959) married
 - (1) Edmond Ball
 - a. Dorothy May (3/2/1917) married Walter West
 1. Phillip
 2. Sharon
 - b. Edwin Cameron (7/7/1919-8 /9/1944)
married Freida Beatty. (Edwin was killed in World War II.)
 1. Pamela Jane (5/18/1944).

Ella May's second husband was Walter Vandevender.

5. Russell Job Snyder (2/6/1904) married Emma Weber
 - a. Ralph 9/10/1930-6/9/1956) married Barbara Robinet.
 1. Stephen.
 - b. Vernon (11/20/1931) married Virginia Zimmerman.
 1. William Russell (5/12/1953).
 2. Vernon E (4/5/1955).
 3. Timothy R. (12/2/1957).
 4. Shirlee Jean (4/6/1959).



L. to R. Linnie, Zerna, Ella May, Russel Job, Beattie, Ethel, and Forest Guy

- c. Edna Fay (11&13/1932) married Robert Leachman 10/17/1952)
 1. Daniel G. (6/1/1955).
 2. Donald R. (9/12/1954).
 3. Dean A. (5/1/1956).
- d. Georgia Elenore (2/3/1934) married (1951) Raymond Grimm (5/10/1930)
 1. Pamela Rae (3/11/1952).
 2. Sherril Kaye (5/14/1954).
 3. Julia Lynn (8/3/1957).
 4. Bryan Dwayne (7/21/1964).
 5. Kristen Demise (4/4/1966).

- e. Elsie Louise (8/1/1935) married (12/31/1952) Charles Piper.
 - 1. Debra Louise (12/21/1953).
 - 2. Douglas Charles (2/5/1955).
 - 3. Darrin Michael (9/2/1963).
 - f. Alice Elaine (10/5/1936) married 6/5/1954) Robert Leachman Wallace.
 - 1. Michael Nolan 8/25/1955).
 - 2. Cindy Gaye (6/13/1957).
 - g. Raymond Lee (8/6/1938) married (1) Marjori Eixenberger.
 - 1. Carolyn 9/?/1961) married (2) Marlene Wilson.
 - 1. Wendy Lee (10/12/1964).
 - 2. Lawrence Albert (4/22/1967).
 - h. Gordon Dean (12/24/1939) married 1959 Judith Redshaw.
 - 1. Rose Marie (4/4/1961).
 - 2. Russell Dean ()
 - i. Sharon (11/22/1942) married Cecil Darrell Nelson.
 - 1. Darrell Arthur (2/10/1961).
 - 2. Darla Kaye (2/7/1962).
 - 3. Darren Dwayne (1/4/1966).
 - j. Marilyn Jeannie () married (1) Gene Dugger
(2) Corky Luther.
No children
 - k. Glenna Joyce () single.
6. Beulah (3/16/1906-4/1/1907), thirteen months.
7. Hazel Linnie (2/3/ 1907) married 2 /6/1924 Ralph Amos Bond 6/22/1901-8/16/1967).
- a. Edna Marie (1/18/1926) married Theadore Weldon Foss
 - 1. Bradley Weldon (3/23/1953)
 - b. Jean Kathryn (10/12/1927) married 5/28/1945 Robert S. Himmelright.
 - 1. Stephen Leslie (11/16/1947).
 - 2. Christy Janelle (6/9/1950).
 - c. Riva Oressa (2/25/1938) married 6/10/1956) Gene Wayne Bursch.
 - 1. Gregory Allen (4/11/1957).
 - 2. Grant Clifton (6/10/1958).
 - 3. Eric Scott (7/10/1959).
 - 4. Rory Gene (12/14/1960).

5. Dion Ralph (5/9/1963).
6. Shawna Laree (1/6/1965).
- d. Gary Ralph (4/15/1942) married (1960) (1) Connie M. Little.
 1. Lori Lynn (7/15/1961).
 2. Brian Gary (7/7/1962).
 3. David Allen (8/8/1963).
 4. Curtis Raymond (12/13/1964).
Wife (2) Patricia Whyte.
No children.
8. Ethel (5/31/1908) married (3/26/1923) Leon Thornton.
 - a. Lazetta (8/2/1924) married (1) William Lutes (1941).
 1. Joan (8/7/1943) married Dale Crawford.
(a) Jody (9/23/1966).
(2) Vinson Lyle Holloway.
 1. Kim Novelle Holloway (8/9/1964).
 - b. Irene (9/2/1925) married Norman Parsons.
 1. Janet (11/30/1945) married Tom Smith.
(a) Keith.
(b) Wade.
 2. Wesley () married has two boys.
 3. Marcia.
 - c. Leo (1/2/1927) married Shirley Oleson.
 1. Gail Ann (1958).
 2. Corene (1960).
 - d. Donald (4/18/1929) married Darlene Bacon
 1. Donna Lee
 2. David L.
 3. Douglas
 4. Debra
 5. Daniel
 6. Damion
 - e. Harold (9/8/1930) married Mary Bowman.
 1. Terry Lee.
 2. Judy.
 3. Leon.
 - f. Darrell (12/19/1936) married Carolyn Hoyt.
 1. Robert Leon.
 2. Jeffrey Lynn.
 3. Beverly Anne.

4. Stephen Wayne.
5. Carla Kay.

9. Edith (5/31/1908-8/1/1908) three months.

10. Pearlina (5/3/1910-5/26/1910) twenty-three days.

11. Beattie Levere (5/8/1911) married 1927 (1) Oscar Hendrickson.

a. Jeannine Levere (6/15/1927-12/25/1930)

b. Donna Ray (8/29/1933-1967) married Norman Peterson.

1. Norman Lee (3/11/1952).

2. Carl (10/?/1957)

c. Robert Lee (1/29/1932) married Carol Smith (killed).

(2) Jan.

1. Terry Lynn (1/28/1932).

2. Robert, Jr. (11/15/1937).

3. Robin Jeannine (9/21/1956).

(Beattie's second husband. . William Ed. VanKirk.)

No children.

12. Forest Guy (6/8/1915) married 1935 Arvilla Anderson
(12/26/1920).

a. Norma (12/12/1936) married Claude Storm.

1. Vincent (1/5/1961).

2. Amelia (7/6/1961).

b. Larry (6/15/1938-1950).

c. Michael (10/17/1942-4/7/1968) married Susan _____

1. Carrie Kay (5/9/1961).

2. Gregory Allen (6/9/1962).

Michael was killed in Viet Naam (4/7/1968).



Job Snyder (3/22/1872-5 /8/1925) was born at Harman, West Virginia, the son of Sampson and Elizabeth (Bonner) Sbyder. On September 28, 1893, he married Sallie Linnie Lantz (5/17/1874-1/17/1945). She was the daughter of Abraham and Martha (Harold) Lantz, Her people were from Pendleton County. About 1908, the "Go West" bug hit them and off to Idaho they moved.



Raloh and Hazel Bond

GO WEST, YOUNG MAN. . .GO WEST!

The Snyder boys were handsome and tall,
Inherited it from Dad, that was all.
Courageous and daring as each one grew,
Tho times were hard. . .it was work they knew.

Helped on the farm, in the woods, too,
Seemed there was always something to do.
But as each grew up, adventure flew in
Their thoughts traveled West. . .and moving began.

The GOLD RUSH was over, but tales of Hard Cash,
Were told and made bigger, and off with a flash,
Went the Snyder boys West, in Idaho landed,
And there they remained as if they were stranded.

The girls much alive, in West Virginia did stay,
Found fine young husbands, never went away,
Except for one, who too, went far,
In Idaho landed and married Daniel Carr.

There are so many there, relatives I've never seen.
But in this book you'll notice, it's as if they had been.
For love them I will, each and every one,
'Till time will erase the rising sun.

Come hither! Come hither! and visit with me,
The Snyder Families, wherever they be;
Because there are many, and you'll find them right here.
Why miss it? Take a look! Just History made clear.

—C. H. R.

JOHN WESLEY SNYDER

John Wesley Snyder (2/23/1874-4/27/1960) was born at Harman, West Virginia, the son of Captain Sampson and Elizabeth (Bonner) Snyder.

He was number seven in the Snyder Family. He went West as a young man to the Fraser area of Idaho. He was a resident of the Ford's Creek and Fraser area for forty-two years. He was a farmer, served on the school board, and was good in more fields than one. He helped with the sick. He helped the animals. He was in fact an all-around man, a man of many gifts, which was a help in any community.

He married Mary Cooper (12/19/1880-10/8/1926) in 1898. She was the daughter of Elijah and Hannah Susan (Bible) Cooper. They were married in Cumberland, Maryland.

After Mary's death he married Jessie Lee Pritchard at Orofino, Idaho, Dec. 31, 1933.

Children of John and Mary Snyder were:

1. Nola Susan (8/20/1898-4/22/1952) married Roy M. Cochrell (1/6/1915).

They Had five children.

2. Oda B. (3/15/1900-9/3/1901). Died as a baby.

3. Myrtle (3/12/1902-/?/1969), single.

4. Milton C. (6/3/1904-7/23/1943) married Marie Alice Pritchard. Two boys; Milton Lee and Melvin (1/12/1906). Milton Lee (11/15/1929). Melvin D. (6/7/1933).

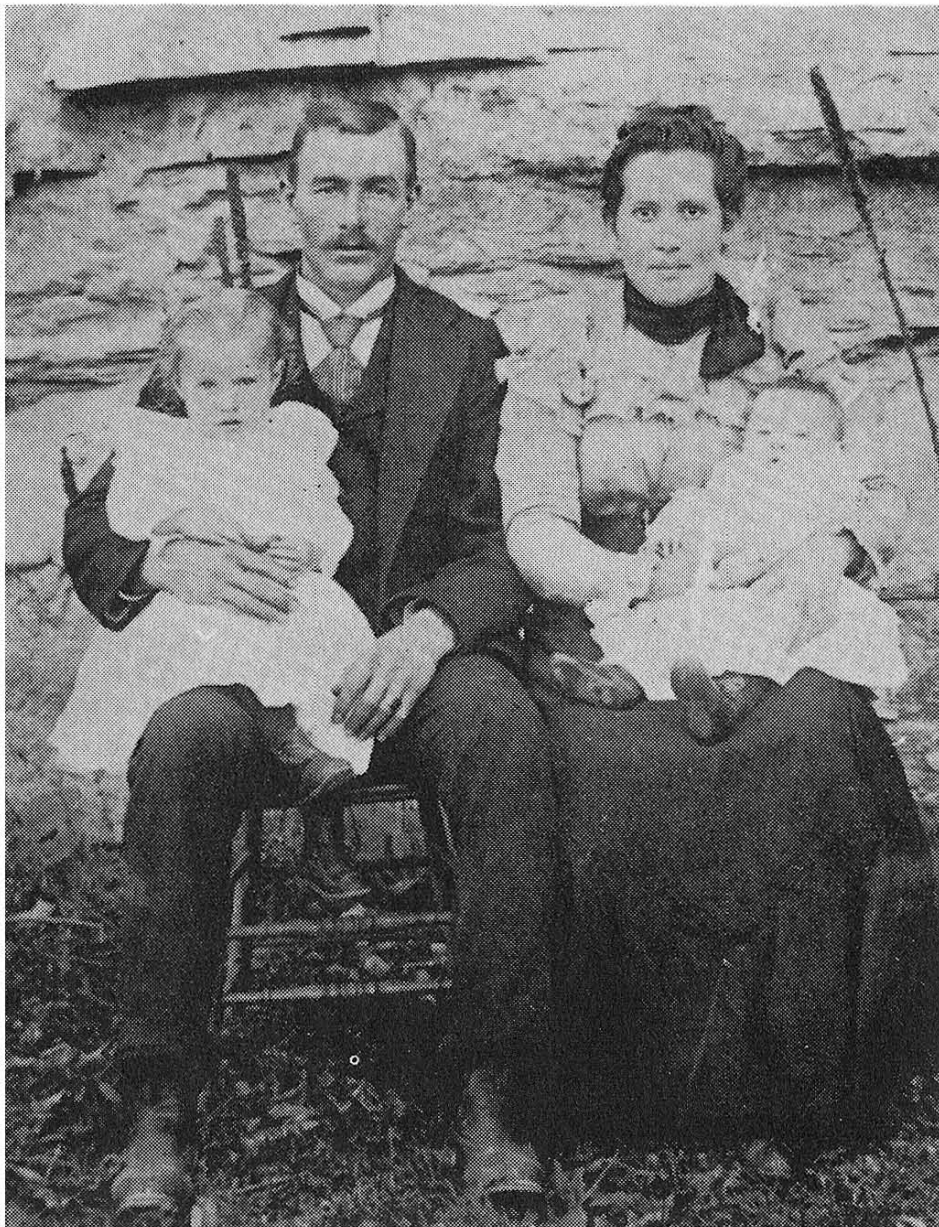
5. John G. (11/15/1905-1/17/1947) single.

6. Marie (10/17/1907-11/6/1911), single.

7. Mildred (11/9/1911-9/10/1913), single.

8. Danny E. (8/29/1913-3/17/1926), single.

9. Willard (10/9/1915-?) married Blanche Agatha Pritchard (7/16/1935).
four boys, Larry, Keth, Gary, Wesley: one daughter, Twila.
10. Virginia (11/25/1917-?) married Frank Stocking (5/19/1934).
Two boys: Loren (3/ /1935),
Victor (10/20/1936).



John and Mary (Cooper) Snyder and two children



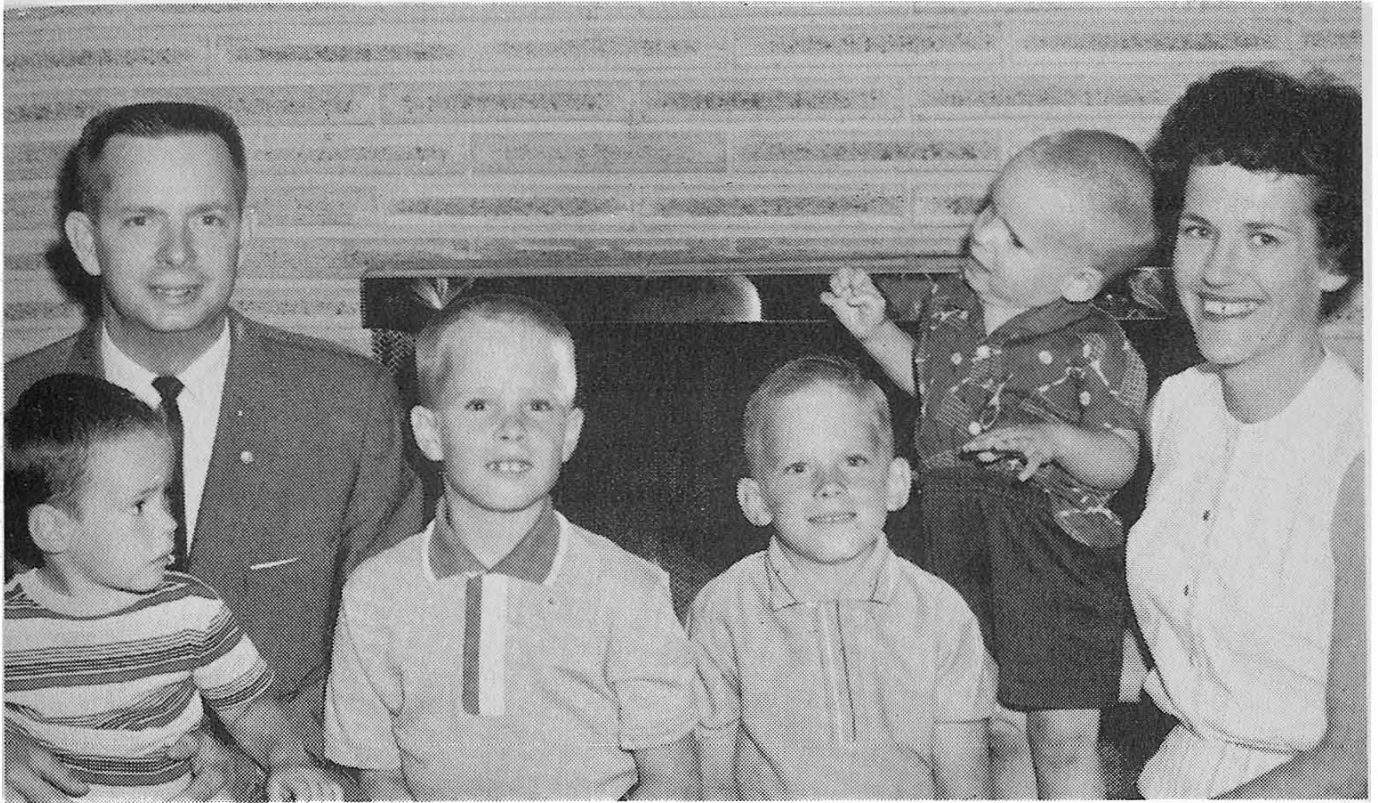
Milton Snyder family. Marie, Milton, Milton, Jr., and Melvin



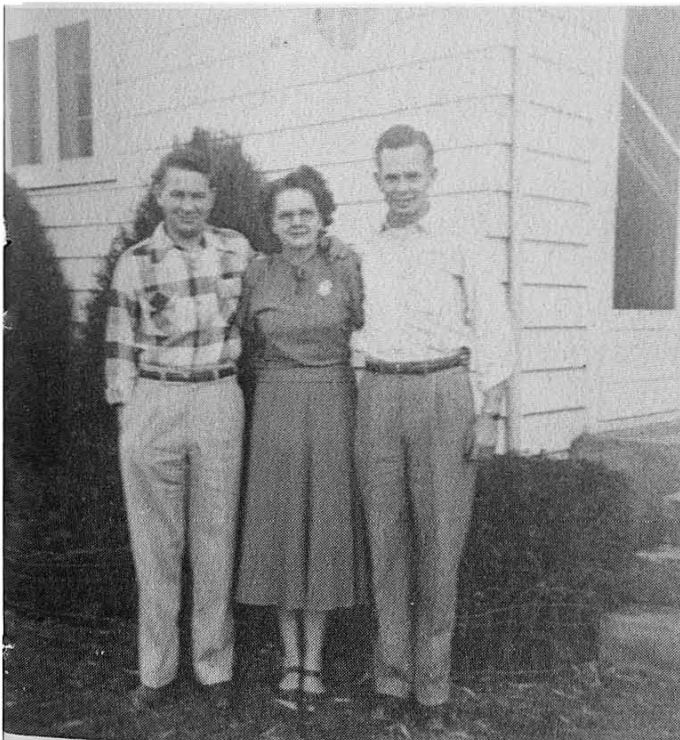
Roy and Nola (Snyder) Cochrell



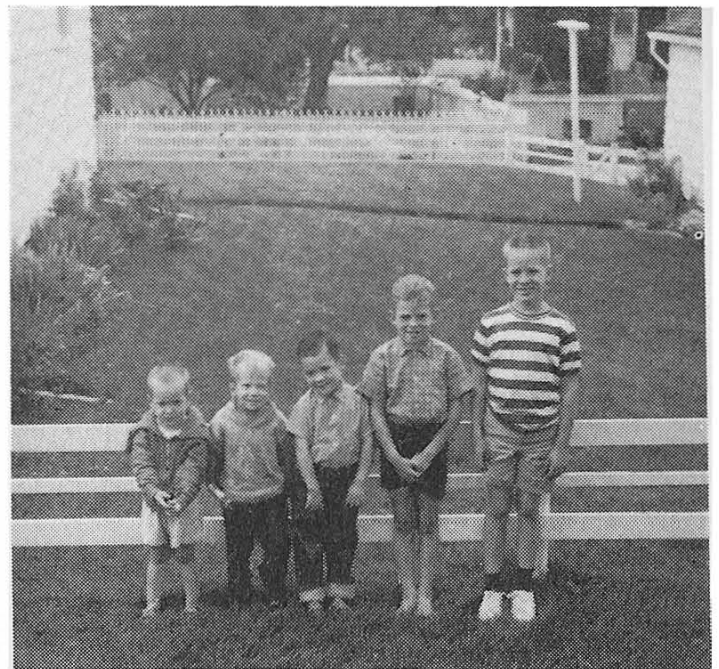
Willard Snyder family. Standing: Larry and wife Claudia, Keith and wife Sharon, Twila and husband Steven, Gary and wife Jean. Seated: Willard and Blanche, Keith, Alicia, Trevor.



The Milton Lee Snyder family. Wife E. June (Brown), Mark, Brent, Craig, and Matthew.



L. to R. Melvin, Marie, and Milton Snyder



L to R. Matthew Scott, Jeffery Melvin, Mark Albert, Craig Cooper, Brent Milton, grandsons of Milton and Marie Snyder

ANN TOY NETTIE (SNYDER) HARMAN

Ann Toy Nettie (12/1/1875-4/5/1962) was born at Harman, West Virginia, the daughter of Sampson and Elizabeth (Bonner) Snyder.

She married Simon P. Harman (10/29/1875-4/25/1956), on August 31st, 1899, at Horton, West Virginia. He was the son of the Reverend Asa and Barbara (Cooper) Harman.

Instead of going West like many of her family, she remained in West Virginia. She was a schoolteacher for a while and became a skillful horseback rider on her sidesaddle. She rode her horse to school and many times had to swim her horse across the river, especially at flood time.

She studied the herbs of the field, and became a great helper to the doctors of the community. She delivered many of the babies, and helped many sick people, since the doctors were few and mostly lived some distance away.

Children born to them were:

1. Ellsworth Samson (5/2/1901-?) single.
2. Iva Pearl (2/1/1903-) married Hansel Montoney
 - a. Eva Arlene (7/3/1925-) married Roger J. Nicosia (9/15/1923).
 1. Roger J. (Randy) (2/12/1952).
 2. Debra Kim (6/5/1954) married Robert Bales on 8-14-1976.
 3. Diane Iva (10/24/1958).

Iva married Robin Shore (1/25/1910) at Ottawa, Kansas.

Married (3/22/1946) at Angola, Indiana.

- J. Carver*
(3-19-05)
M. 8-26-27
Herbert B. Ray
(11-25-05)
- a. Joan Lois (8/26/1928) married Carl B. Teter (3/23/1926).
 1. Carolyn Joan (7/11/1948) married Hugh Butcher (divorced).
 2. Vickie Sue (2/23/1951) married Gary Crosston.
 - a. Kory Cullin (KC) (1/25/1975).
 3. Carlotta Jill (5/15/1960).
 - b. Herbert Howard (12/19/1929) married Dottie Harman (6/26/1934)
 1. Kevin Howard (7/4/1961).

c. Helen Lee (9/1/1931) married Herbert J. Bennett (11/7/1928).

1. Jackie Lee (3/21/1951) married Ann Hedrick (8/28/1955).
2. Herbert Charles (5/4/1953) married Vicki Ratliff (2/15/1954).
 - a. Danica Dawn (12/11/1974).
3. Mark Duane (7/5/1962).

4. Tacie Elizabeth (10/25/1907-610/1927). Heart leakage

5. Snyder Simon (8/19/1910-) married Anna Myers (2/24/1915 on 8/20/1935).

Children:

- (1) John Simon (5 /28/1936) married Gretchen Lewis (6/27/59) (2/19/1935).
Laura (9/7/1960).
Scott Myers (1/26/1964).
Emily Margaret (3/21/1967).
- (2) Dan Myers (3/25/1938) married Amy Littin 12/14/1963) (11/9/1939).
Eric Wayne (12/27/1967).
Benjamin Alan (1/29/1975).
- (3) Richard Snyder (8/19/1942) married Emily C. Gearhart 8/14/1971 (10/22/1945).
Steve Patrick (5/28/1974).
- (4) Karen Antoinette (2/19/1946) married Kermit Tingler 6/22/1968.
- (5) Judy Ann (5/2/1951) married Tom Kinzie 6/22/1974.

6. Harry William (7/8/1912) married Helen Raines 10/6/1939 (11/30/1919).

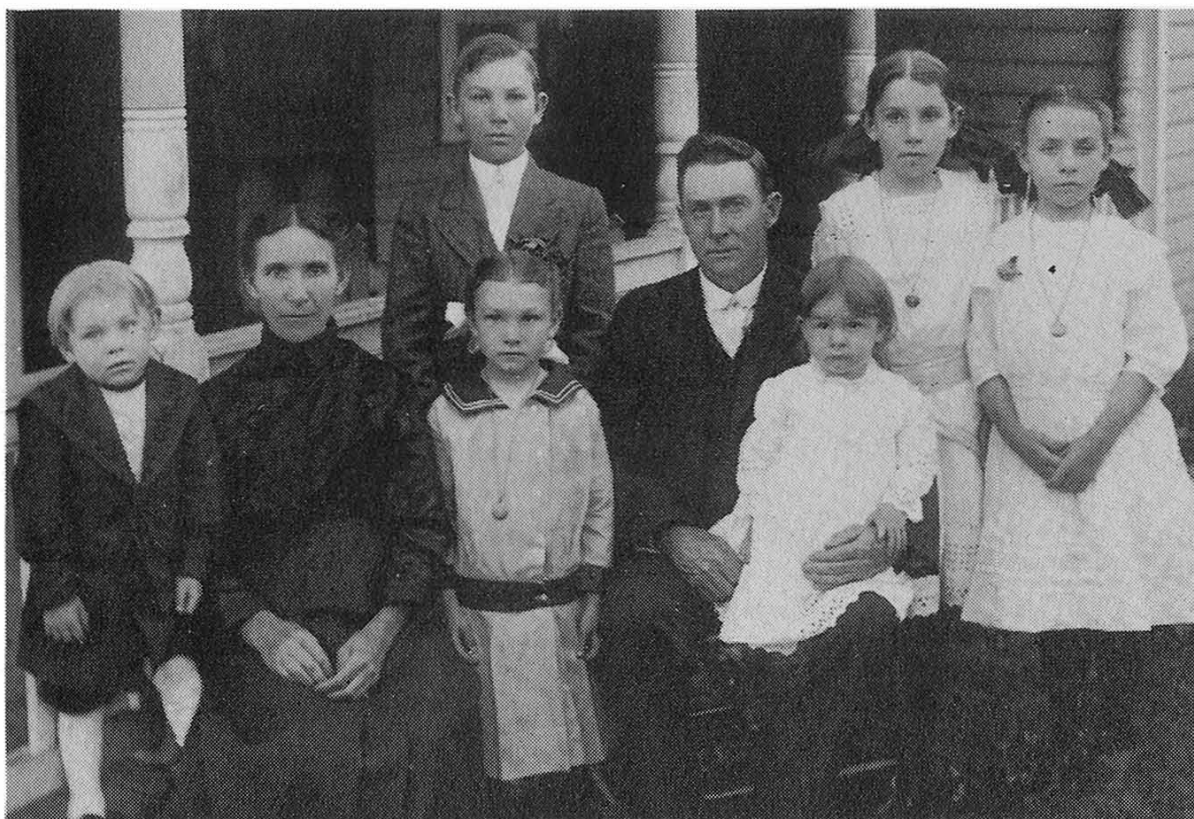
- (1) Barbara Sue (5/22/1940) married Ronald Blake Lambert 2/3/1959.
Ronda (9/16/1960).
David (9/1/1965).
Darla Susan (7/29/1967).
- (2) Harold Blair (2/22/1942) married Jean Elaine Savage 12/9/1962.
Cynthia Dawn (10/25/1964).

Cheryl (7/1/1968-9/19/1970).
Wendy Lunn (7/22/1970).
(3) Harry Joe (3/10/1944) married Reva Johnston
Chad Wesley (5/6/1972).

7. Twila Vivian (1/8/1917) married Lewis Mauzy 8/24/1967
(5/31/1913).



L. to R. Joe, Harry, Ellsworth, Tom Horhoe, Leta Horhoe, Helen,
Willetta Hinkle. Seated: Twila and Nettie.



The Simon P. Harman family. L. to R. Snyder, Nettie (Snyder), Tacie, Simon P. Harry. Back: Ellsworth, and Carrie. (1914) Twila was born later.

L. to R. Iva and Bob, Carrie and Herbert, Anna and Snyder, Helen and Harry, Twila and Ellsworth, wives, husbands or children of the Simon P. Harman family





Nettie and her daughters Twila, Iva, Nettie, and Carrie (1960)

Nettie and youngest daughter Twila

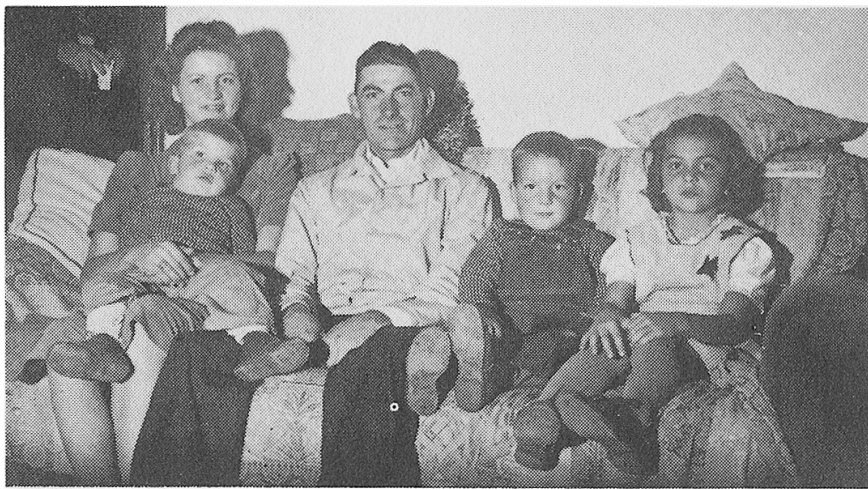


Twila (Harman) Mauzy





Snyder Harman family. Front: Karen, Snyder, Judy, Anna. Back: John, Dan, and Richard (1955).



Harry Harman family. Helen, Joe, Harry, Blair and Barbara (1945).

Front: John, Simon P., Blair, Barbara, Nettie, Richard, and Dan. Back: Joan, Eva, Howard adn Helen Lee (1943).





The James and Stella (Snyder) Cooper family, 1910. L. to R. Front: Rollin, Mabel, James, Ruth, Rachel, and sherman. Back: James, Stella, and Lola the baby. Leonard is missing from the picture.

The James Coopers, 1920. L. to R. Leonard, Lola, James, Ruth, Rachel, Mabel, Rollin, Sherman, Stella James Cooper.



LUCY ESTELLE SNYDER COOPER

Lucy Estelle Snyder (7/6/1877-12/30/1958) was born at Harman, the daughter of Sampson and Elizabeth (Bonner) Snyder.

She married James Cooper (5/2/1873-10/11/1943), the son of Valentine and Rachel (Bible) Cooper.

To them were born the following children.

1. Sherman Clair (12/11/1897-6/1/1930) married Lena Hedrick.
 - a. Enid (deceased).
2. Rollin Snyder (4/29/1899-5/13/1944) married Versie Hedrick.
One son and three daughters.
3. Mabel Elizabeth (9/13/1901-) married Estin R. Teter.
 - a. Alene b. Estin.
 - c. James H. d. Jack.
4. Rachel Estelle (9/13/1903-) married C. Dennis Westfall.
5. Gracie Ruth (7/26/1905-) married 1. Harry Day
 2. Richard Heminger
 - a. Roger
 - b. Phyllis
6. James Valentine (6/13/1907-1/15/1933) married Sylvia Dolly.
Four children.
7. Emma Lola (5/22/1909-7/25/1967) married Guern Mullenex
 - a. William married Shelby Gordon.
8. Leonard Brown (9/21/1911-) married 1. Velma Teter
 - 2 Nellie Hedrick.
 1. Three children.
 2. Eight children.

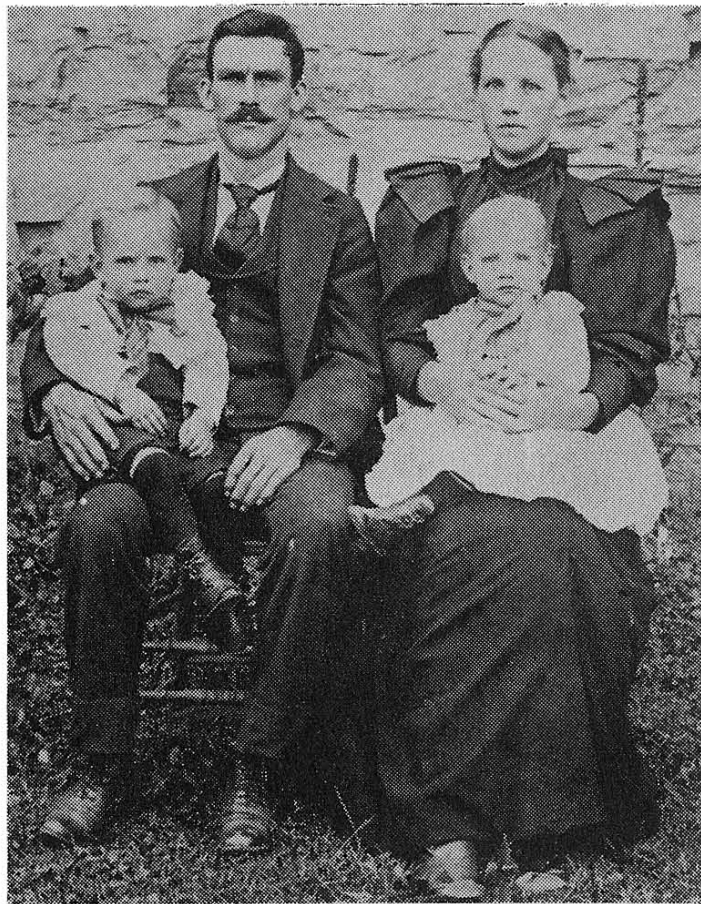


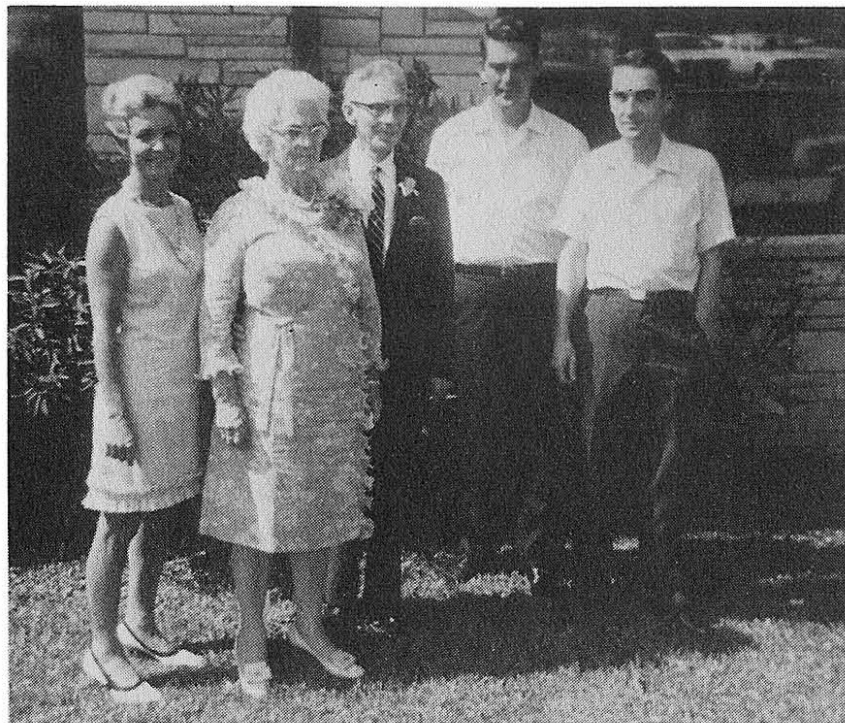
Nettie, Carrie, John, Grandmother, Stella



Stella

James and Stella (Snyder) Cooper and Sherman and Rollin (the two oldest)





E.R. and Mabel (Cooper) Teter and children Alene, James H. and Jack



The Cooper girls. Mabel Rachel, Ruth, and Lolo.

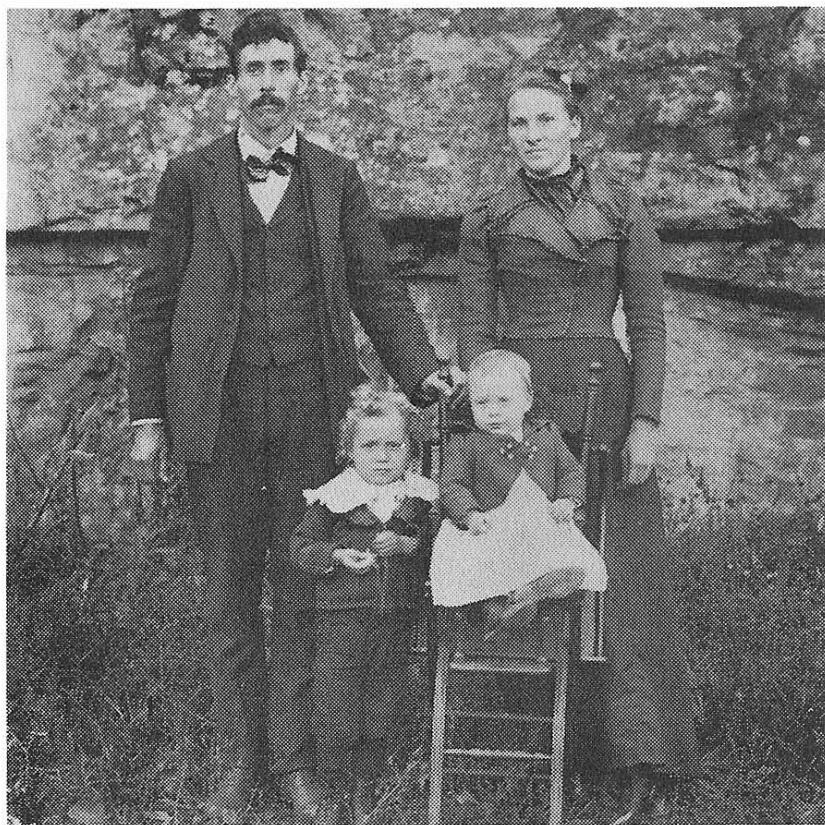
CARRIE VIOLA (SNYDER) COOPER

Carrie Viola Snyder (2/6/1880-9/22/1951) was born on the Dry Fork, near Harman, the daughter of Sampson and Elizabeth (Bonner) Snyder. Married Jacob Smith Cooper (3/17/1875-7/12/1950), the son of Elijah and Hannah Susan (Bible) Cooper.

To them were born the following children.

1. Clarace Rheard (9/8/1899-12/21/1965) married
 - a. Eva Cayton One son John (1927) married Leonore Shearer.
 - b. Virginia Baughman. Daughter Rosalee (1944) married Bruce Sites.
2. Johnny (1901-1906), Five years old.
3. Sampson Sherdon (11/12/1903) married Grayce Shears (1905-1975)
 - a. Arlene.
 - b. Timothy married Snoden Vance.
 - c. Peggy
 1. Teddy.
 2. Tommy.
 3. Linda.
 4. Faith.
 - d. Collette married Tommy Bennett.
 1. Ronald.
 2. Cindy.
 3. Timmy.
 - e. Bonnie
4. Emerson Abraham (6/25/1908) married Josie Smith.
 - a. Billy (7/23/1929) married Kathryn Bryson Curtis
 1. Cathy Curtis.
 2. Richard Emerson (1960).
 3. Carrie Elizabeth (1970).
 - b. Dorothy (11/27/1931) married Andrew Waybright.
 1. Andrea Joy (9/18/1951).
 2. Jearold Milton (11/17/1953).
 3. Vaughn Allen (7/9/1957).
 4. Kendall Phillip (5/12/1963).

- c. Palmer (10/11/1933) married Phyllis Mock.
 - 1. Derrick (10/17/1959).
 - 2. Susan (12/1962).
 - d. Wilma Jean (4/1/1935) married Carney Ratliff.
 - 1. Victoria (2/15/1954) married H. Charles Bennett.
 - a. Danica.
 - 2. Denise Darla Shuman (9/19/1963).
5. Mary Geneva (7/6/1910) married William Mccord.
 - a. Louise Ann (11/7/1935 married Ernest Grandinetti, married Albert Thergesen.
 - b. Carole Frances (11/6/1938) married Robert Guy Godwin, married George Pastine, married Brooks Stalnaker.
 - 1. Frances Rossana Godwin.
 - 2. Diana Lee Godwin.
 6. Paul Jacob Cooper (12/1/1913) married Jane Snow (3/1/1916).
 - a. Paul Edward (9/25/1938) married Esther Joe Ann Goldizen (3/4/1941).
 - 1. Elecca (5/6/1962).
 - 2. Douglas (1/10/1967).
 - b. Nancy (5/1/1942) married Leo Charles Pennington 5/30/1941).
 - 1. Tracy (2/28/1967).
 - c. Michael Perry (3/11/1946) married Olicia Huffman (5/2/1946).
 - 1. Jonathan David (3/10/1965).
 - 2. Amy Olivia (3/12/1970).
 - d. Nathan (7/24/1948) married Karen Vance (2/11/1950).
 - 1. Shawn Eric (6/15/1971).
 7. Melvin Harrison (8/14/1916-9/27/1962) married Clara Roy.
 - a. Sheila (12/21/1939).
 8. Carrie Anna Lee (6/21/1921) married Mack Barkley.
 - a. John (6/28/1950) married Mary Catherine Wolfe. (Anna Lee's second husband) married Russell Wolf (7/27/1952).
 - a. Carole Ann (9/1/1953) married Roger Ware.
 - b. Jennie Lee (1/10/1959).



Jacob and Carrie (Snyder) Cooper, Clarace and Johnny



Clarace, Jacob, Carrie and Rosalee (Coopers)



Mary and Anna Lee (Cooper girls)



John Carrie, and Henry Snyder



**Emerson and Josie (Smith) Cooper,
and Whalen Barkley**

**Carrie, Bertha, Floyd, Samson,
Velma, Harman, Mary, Emerson.
Front: Paul, Grandmother Snyder,
and Melvin.**





Paul, Jane and Eddie Cooper



Samson Cooper



Front: Sheila, Dorothy and baby, Carol Frances, Palmer, John, and Anna Lee. Second row: Andy, Mary, Billy Melvin. Third row: Louise Ann, Wilma Jean, Clara, Friend, and Josie (Coopers).

JAMES BLAINE SNYDER

James Blaine Snyder (2/2/1883-5 /24/1965) was born on the Dry Fork, the son of Sampson and Elizabeth (Bonner) Snyder. He was number eleven in the family.

He married Cora Cooper (12/30/1883-2/22/1960) on June 29, 1905. She was the daughter of Elijah and Hannah (Bible) Copper.

To them were born the following children.

1. James Roy (10/21/1906). He is single and crippled.
2. Curtis Cooper (6/1/1909-11/25/1972) married
 - a. Freda Bluett.
 1. Genivee (8/6/1929) married Emmett Conrad
 2. Shirley Jean (2/20/1935) married Paul Eye.
 3. Mary Ruth (9/10/1942) married Dale Elza.
3. Pearl Leone (11/20/1911) married Benjamin B. Watson.
4. Wilbur Blake (11/21/1913-12/17/1913).
5. Johnie Herold (10/26/1914) m. Jessie Thompson.
6. Herman Ward (2/15/1917), single and crippled.
7. Blaine E., Jr. (11/12/1920) m. Elma Pennington.
8. Hilda Elizabeth (2/18/1923).

No. 2, Curtis Snyder's second wife, was;
Connie (Heltzell) (Warner) (8/10/1903). Her first husband had been killed, and she had the following children.

1. Veryl (10/5/1921).
2. Betty Joe (12/29/1923). married Meyerhoffer.
3. Billy H. (3/11/1926) single
4. Bryan (1921-1971)

5. Anna Mary (5/9/1930) married Wilbert Mick, Jr.
a. Wilbert Dale (10/28/1953).
b. Terry Lynn (3/1/1958).
c. John Steven (/27/1965).
Curtis Snyder died (11/25/1972) of a heart seizure.

Genivee (Snyder) Conrad and Emmett Conrad had two boys,
married Rita Harman.
a. Steven
b. Phillip

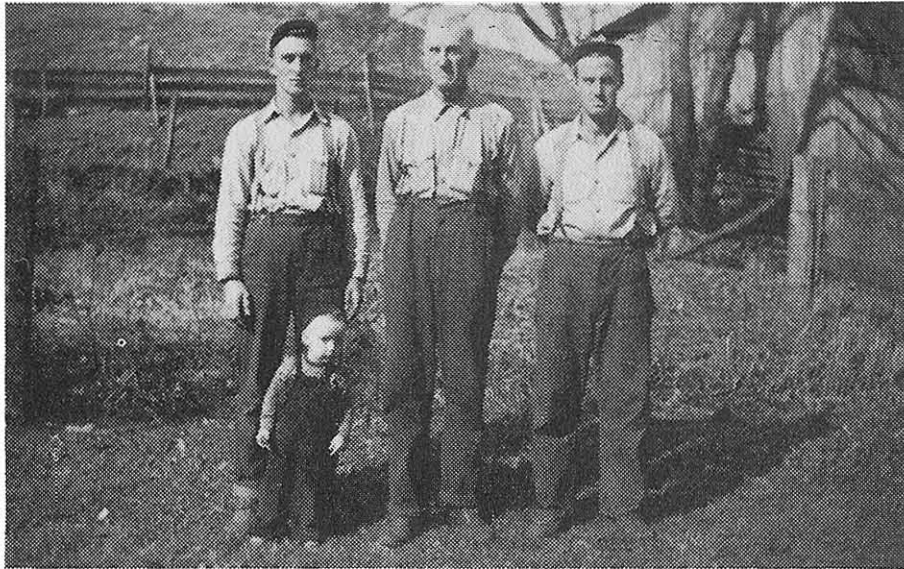
Shirley Snyder married Paul Eye.
Two adopted children.

Mary Ruth married Dale Elza and had four children.
a. Michael.
b. Twin girls (Diane and Donna).
c. Randall.

John Snyder's daughters.
a. Marlene married Neil Ours and Have a daughter,
Stephnie.
b. Rosalind married Terry Wyatt and have a daughter,
Kimberly.

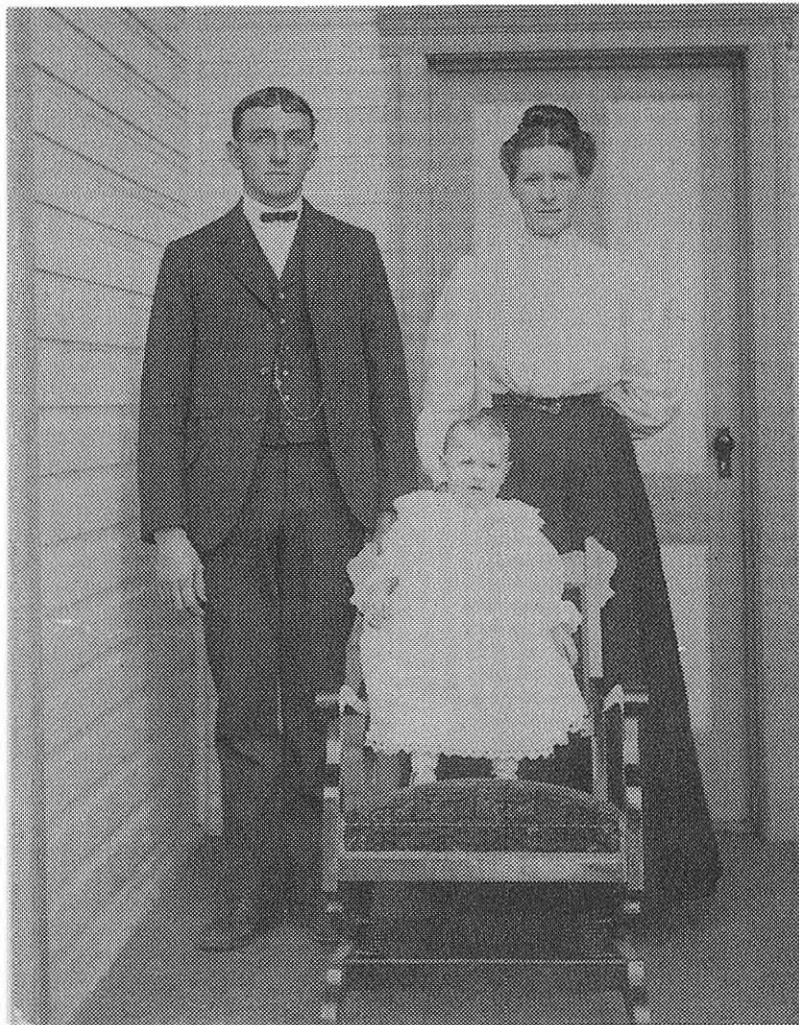
Blaine, Jr., married Elma Pennington, three sons.
a. Benny married Joan Blackburn—1 son.
b. Larry.
c. Billy (Milliam M.) killed in an accident.
Second wife, Alice D. Fisher—one son, Ronald.

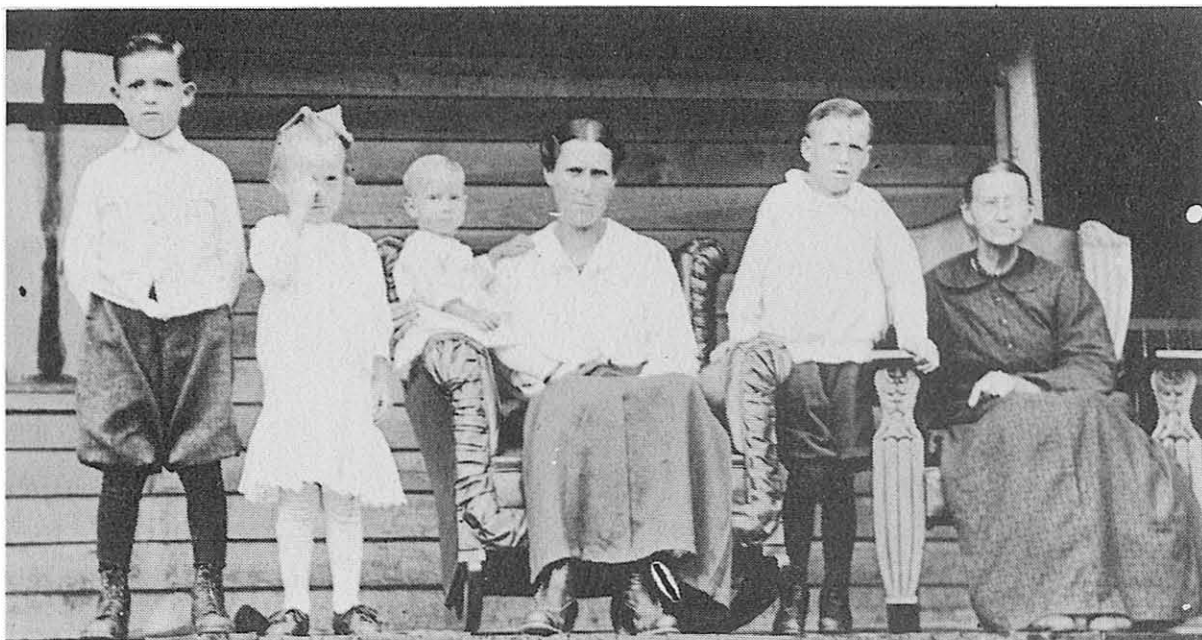
Hilda Elizabeth—two daughters.
a. Carolyn married Jesse Dolly—two daughters.
1. Dedriah (11/20/1963).
2. Sabrina (11/29/1966).
b. Rhoda married Thomas Teter—four children.
1. James.
2. Jill E.
3. Tonya J.



L. to R. Junior, Blaine, John and Benny (Snyders)

James Blaine and Cora (Cooper) Snyder and Roy

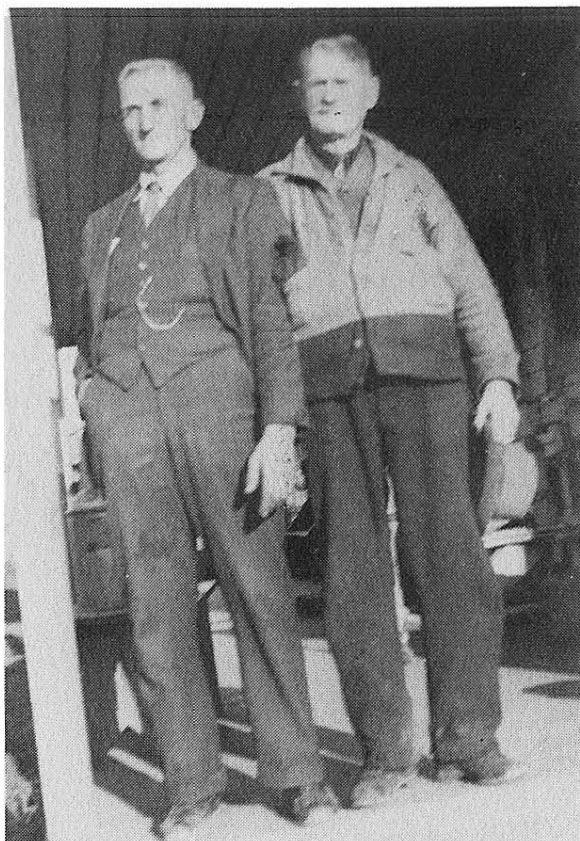




L. to R. Curtis, Pearl, John, Cora, Roy, and Grandmother Snyder.



Blaine, Jr., Elma, Freda, Curtis, and Shirley Snyder



Blaine Snyder and Simon White

Freda, Hilda, Cora,
and Genivee Snyder



Pearl, Dedriah, and Rhoda Snyder



HENRY CLAY SNYDER

Henry Clay Snyder (7/8/1884-1/29/1971) was born on the Dry Fork, at Harman, West Virginia, the son of Sampson and Elizabeth Bonner) Snyder.

He married Ella Elizabeth Smith (3/21/1892-6/15/1932). She was the daughter of Job and Rebecca (Mallow) Smith.

To them were born the following children:

1. Howard W. (2/16/1909-?) married Gladys M. Harrington.
2. Ruby E. (8/17/1910-?) married Monty Warren..
Milo Thompson, Curtis Brown, and John Holliday.
3. Opal V. (9/30/1911-?) married Herbert E. Gridley,
then Oscar Walsvig.
4. Thelma Z. (8/7/1913-) married James St. Clair, two
daughters Ella, Carol.
John J. Stevens, Van Phillips, and J. B. McPherson.
5. Leo B. (2/3/1915-?) married Lola V. Simms.
One son, Robert Howard.

After Ella's death, Henry married Anna Larson on 12/10/1932. There were no children.

Henry Snyder lived at Pierce, Idaho, from 1925 to 1942, and during that time served as a member of the council and as mayor. He also operated the Pierce Hotel.

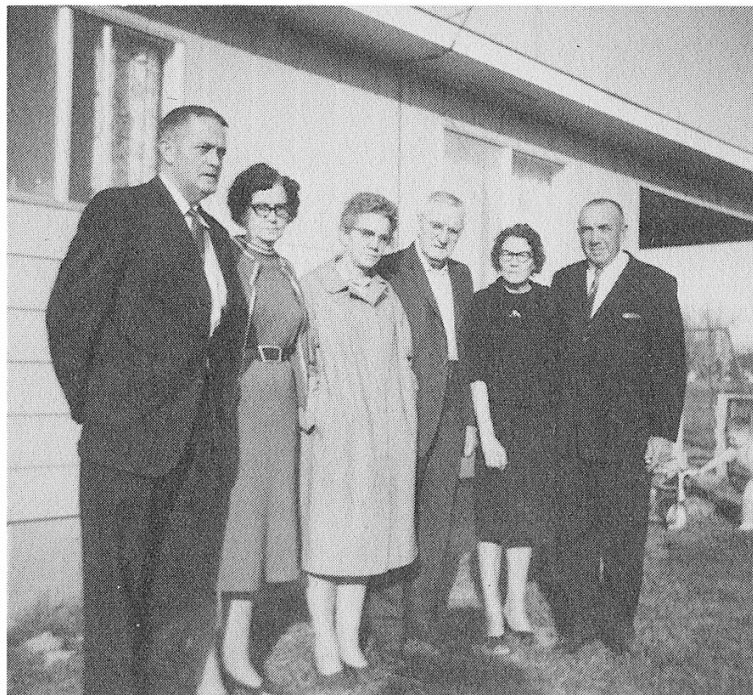
He was born at Harman, West Virginia, and moved to Frazier, Idaho, in 1913. Went into farming until 1925 when he moved to Pierce, Idaho.

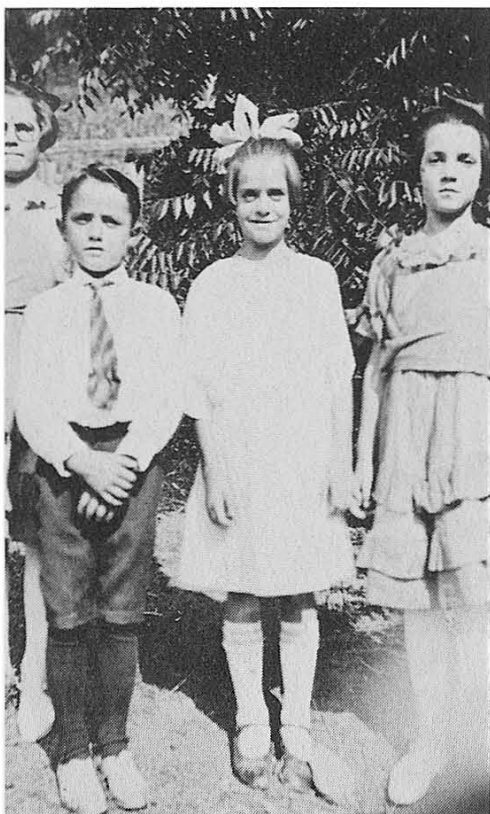
He was a thirty-year member of the Eagle's Lodge. He lived to be eighty-six years old, and was very active all his life.



Henry and Ella (Smith) Snyder, Thelma, Leo, and Opal

L. to R. Leo, Thelma, Opal, Henry, Ruby, and Howard, Henry's children





Ruby, Leo, Thelma, and Opal Snyder



Henry and Anna (Larson) Snyder,
his second wife



L. to R. Karyn and Baby Lisa,
Phyllis, Ruby, and Henry Snyder

UNIT THREE

MEMOIRS AND SHORT STORIES

I AM THE NATION

(Published in the Public Interest
by the Norfolk and Western Railway.)

I was born on July 4, 1776, and the Declaration of Independence is my birth certificate. The bloodline of the world run in my veins, because I offered freedom to the oppressed. I am many things, and many people. *I Am the Nation.*

I am 200 million living souls. . .and the ghost of millions who have lived and died for me.

I am Nathan Hale, and Paul Revere. I stood at Lexington and fired the shot heard around the world. I am Washington, Jefferson and Patrick Henry. I am John Paul Jones, the Green Mountain boys and Davy Crockett. I am Lee and Grant and Abe Lincoln.

I remember the Alamo, the *Maine* and Pearl Harbor. When freedom called I answered and stayed until it was over, over there. I left my heroic dead in Flanders Field, on the rock of *Corregidor*, on the bleak slopes of Korea and in the steaming jungle of Vietnam.

I am the Brooklyn Bridge, the wheatlands of Kansas and the granite hills of Vermont. I am the coal fields of Virginia, West Virginia and Pennsylvania, the fertile lands of the West, the Golden Gate and the Grand Canyon. I am Independence Hall, the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*.

I am big. I sprawl from the Atlantic to the Pacific. . . . My arms reach out to embrace Alaska and Hawaii. . .three million square miles throbbing with industry. I am sure there are more

than five million farms that I am forest, field, mountain and desert. I am quiet villages. . .and cities that never sleep.

You can look at me and see Ben Franklin walking down the streets of Philadelphia with his breadloaf under his arm. You can see Betsy Ross with her needle. You can see the lights of Christmas, and hear the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" as the calendar turns.

I am Babe Ruth and the World Series. I am 130,000 schools and colleges, and 320,000 churches where my people worship God as they think best. I am a ballot dropped in a box, the roar of a crowd in a stadium and the voice of a choir in a cathedral. I am an editorial in a newspaper and a letter to a congressman.

I am Eli Whitney and Stephen Foster. I am Tom Edison, Albert Einstein and Billy Graham. I am Horace Greely, Will Rogers and the Wright Brothers. I am George Washington Carver, Daniel Webster and Jonas Salk.

I am longfellow, Harriet beecher Stowe, Walt Whitman and Thomas Paine.

Yes, I am the nation, and these are the things that I am. I was conceived in freedom and, God willing, in freedom I will spend in the rest of my days.

May I possess always the integrity, the courage and the strength to keep myself unshackled, to remain a citadel of freedom and a beacon of hope to the world.

"This is my wish, my goal, my prayer, in this year 1976. . .two hundred years after I was born."

"I AM A NATION."

THIS THE DAY!

"THIS IS THE DAY WHICH THE LORD HAS MADE; REJOICE AND BE GLAD IN IT."

Today has been given to us by God. It is like a coin. We can spend it for whatever we desire. We can make the day bright or we can make it gray. It will depend on us.

If we make the best and the most of today, we shall be able to make the best and the most of tomorrow, and we shall see that we have made the best and the most of all our life.

The Lord has made today that we should live in it, yet few of us learn to live in today. Either we look back and say, "How

wonderful it was!" or we look forward and say, "How wonderful it will be !"

Yesterday and tomorrow are a dream and a vision. To find in today fullness of life—this is to find the secret of living. Take today, whatever it may offer, and live it to the fullest. If there is much in it, enjoy that much. If there is little, make the most of that little.

How merciful is God, who requires us to live but one day at a time, who has made the day and the night and divided them with sleep! Eternity might overwhelm us if we had to face or comprehend it all at once, but we can face it and can comprehend it one day at a time!

We are as travelers on a journey, and we have arrived at today. Whether we find ourselves sojourning in a valley or climbing among the mountains, let us make the most of where we are.

Both the valley and the mountain are experiences. A noble spirit will invest the valley with a glory as of high places. A peaceful mind will touch the mountain with content. To the brave of heart and the inquisitive of mind, the journey has an infinite variety.

To be perfect, a sea gull must fly. To be perfect, what must man be?

Look back across the centuries. What men or women do you hold in highest regard and wish most to be like?

First of all, the athletes. How quickly they gain our admiration; how soon they are forgotten.

More than athletes, we applaud actors. They enlarge, if only for an hour of pretending, our life's scope for us.

Longer remembered, more revered, are musicians. All of us have deep in us a longing to sing.

More honored yet are heroes. After a thousand years we still remember such brave men as Siegfried, King Arthur, and the men at the Alamo. . .at least in the storybooks of children.

In the front line of heroes we find the great leaders, a few exceptionally wise and able conquerors and presidents and kings, masters of men and circumstance.

We honor even more the scientists and inventors. We hold even higher the poets and philosophers who voice in clear and telling phrases our best thoughts about ourselves and our world; they tell us what we are like and life is like, and what we should like ourselves and life to be like.

And beyond them all, at least for us, He, Jesus, stands, who said "He who believes in me will also do the works that I do; and greater works than these will he do." And He told us, "Heal the sick, raise the dead."

In what then does your perfection lie?

All things find their perfection in becoming that which they were made to be.

You are made in the image of the Infinite, and this is the nature of the infinite. . .however much you make of it, and infinity remains left over for you to make of it yet more.

You are made to be yet more. . .and have you not always found it to be so? Have you ever come to an ending that was not also a beginning?

"A man is never so tall as when he kneels before God. Never more dependable than when he depends upon God. Never so strong as when he draws upon God's strength. Never so wise as, when in his lack of wisdom, he seeks Divine Guidance, Truly, the man who most relies on God will be the most reliable man" (anonymous).

"The things that will destroy us are; politics without principle; pleasure without conscience; wealth without work; knowledge without character; business without morality; science without humanity, and worship without sacrifice" (anonymous).

MEANING OF HISTORY

What is history? We know of happenings and events of our community, and we do not often think of them as history; but history of any community, any county, any state, is closely connected to the history of a nation. In fact, it is the nation.

The course which history takes at any time is not governed by chance. It is not chance that rules the universe. It is not chance that helped the astronauts to go to the moon and back. History is not a thing of chance.

Our Nation was founded by our forefathers who were inspired by Our Creator, to lead a country into being a Great Nation. It was founded by a group of people, men and women, who wanted certain freedoms, and who were inspired by God to go out and get what they wanted.

It took great courage and faith to cross the mighty oceans, as they were at that time, not knowing what would be ahead, what dangers they would encounter, and how many would even lose their lives in doing it. Our Creator had a plan, and still has a plan for us to follow, if we but trust Him and do our part. Put God first.

The Bicentennial Year has passed, where everywhere the retelling of some of the main events of our early history was celebrated. It is only fitting that a small backwoods area as ours should come to life and report some of the early happenings here on the Dry Fork. Not much has ever been written of this part of the country, and I believe there have been important people of history who lived here.

We would like, sometimes, to forget the history. We do not wish to revive the memories of war and its tragedies which at times were horrible. But, rather, think of "Peace in the Valley," living hand in hand with each other, and helping each other through the happenings of an individual's life with its sadness, its pleasures, and life in general.

War was never easy. The soldiers of the Civil War, were not clothed to withstand the rigors of weather. They were not fed enough to keep up their strength. They were not paid Union wages, as so many are scrapping for today. Just what did they get for all their effort? What would you say they were fighting for? Just the right to live in their own way and worship God as they pleased. "The Great Commandment. . . Love Thy Neighbor As Thyself," is that being done today? Yes, just who is my neighbor? Is he the black man, the yellow race, the Indian? Or just who is he?

America was far, far away, in 1492. Today, the whole world has been brought together by many inventions like the airplane. It took days to cross the Atlantic Ocean, today only a few hours. Are all those people our neighbors?

The heritage we have, the lives lost in the making of our Nation, we fail to appreciate sometimes. We should pause and give thanks for the foresight of our forefathers and for the guidance of our Lord and Master, and for the wisdom He gave the pioneers of our great country.

History is in the making, it is being made every day. People move to the forces of their own time. Some will be better tomorrow, and some will be worse.

History, it is thought, is the blending of three forces. One force is through the laws of physiography, giving history a local color which corresponds to the physical aspects of a given region.

The Second force is in man himself. Every person is a unit in some particular nation, just as one leaf is a part of a tree. Since the leaves are never all alike, so it is with man. They are never all alike. They have their individual differences and their individual appearances. It has been said that If all the people of the world were alike it would not be worth living in it.

Then, there is the third force. It is the voice of the Ruler of the Universe, the voice of our Creator. He planned the earth and everything in it, and He has a plan for the continuation of its life and all that is in it.

The mission of history is to enable the men of the hour to avoid the errors and pitfalls of our forefathers, and to help correct them. It is important that we know some of the hardships of our ancestors. It may help us appreciate them and what they did.

God Bless America

God Bless America, Land that I love,
Stand beside her and guide her,
Through the night with a light from above.
From the mountains, to the prairies,
To the ocean white with foam,
God bless America, My home, sweet home.

Each day of his eight years of the Presidency, and every day thereafter until his death, President Thomas Jefferson recited this prayer:

Almighty God, who had given us this good land for our heritage, we beseech Thee that we may always prove ourselves a people mindful of Thy favor and glad to do Thy will. Bless our land with honorable industry, sound learning, and pure manners.

Save us from violence, discord and confusion; from pride and arrogance, and from every evil way. Defend our liberties, and fashion into one united people the multitude brought hither out of many kindreds and tongues.

Endow with the spirit of wisdom those to whom in Thy name we entrust the authority of government, that there may be justice and peace at home, and that through obedience to Thy law, we may show forth Thy praise among the nations of the earth.

In time of prosperity, fill our hearts with thankfulness, and the day of trouble, suffer not our Trust in Thee to fail; all of which we ask through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

There were two very special reasons why colonial immigrants came to America. One was industrial and economic, and the other was for religious freedom.

Slavery seemed to exist in every land, and in America it soon became an issue of thinking. The Quakers of Pennsylvania and a few other sects were opposed to slavery in principle, yet they did not rule out making money by trading in slaves. Soon many discussions arose and this finally ended in one of the worst wars America had ever had.

When the War of the Revolution was over, Virginia covered one fourth of the area of the United States. For about thirty-five years it remained first in size. West Virginia was once a part of Virginia.

The West Virginians of 1861 were almost solidly in favor of separation from Virginia, yet the crisis of that year threw them into two groups. The Federal Party saw an opportunity to gain a coveted end by allying itself with the North, and it accomplished what they wanted. The Confederate Party was not in sympathy with such a method. Consequently, in the war, there were differences of ideas which ended in a great conflict.

The causes of that great war are usually discussed as though they were wholly due to politics. This is not true. It is neither fair, just, nor patriotic to hold up the acts of the other party as base and dishonorable. We do not of today wish this to happen.

To the present generation, the War of 1861 is history. They wish to know what it was all about, but it is not a recent thing, and to them is not reality. However, they will not wince if the truth pinches here and there as to their own families.

The world moves by either evolution or by revolution. The former process is one of peace, the latter is effected through war. By evolution the South like the North would have grown away from its adherence to state sovereignty and would have

put aside the institution that was giving artificial life to that theory.

The industry America of 1861 was but an infant as compared with the industrial America of today. Comparing the processes of that period is much like comparing the modern factory with the old-fashioned loom or cotton gin.

The victory of the North, securing the abandonment of the theory of state supremacy, insured the complete nationalizing of the Union. By doing away with slavery it opened a short path to the reconstitution of southern society on practically the same line as obtained in the North. In short, it unified America, politically, socially, and industrially, and made the United States a nation in fact as well as in name. The southern defense guarantees the early restoration of the right of local government, and it served notice on the whole Nation that the pendulum of centralization must never be allowed to swing to an extreme again.

This is our America. We have fought for it, we have worked for it, let us continue to keep it free, free from fear, free from doubt, free from poverty and free from danger.

“If liberty is to be saved, it will not be by doubters, men of science, or the materialists. It will be by religious convictions; by the faith of the individuals who believe that God wills men to be free (Henri Frederick Amiel).”

CARRIE'S FISH TALE

I cut my line from a ball of twine,
My pole from a tall birch tree;
A common pin with the point bent in
Made the best fishhook for me.
A babbling brook was my favorite nook
In the shade of a maple tree,
A can of dirt so the worms won't hurt,
And I was off on a fishing spree.

Then my wish I knew! A fish I drew
From the waters cool and calm.
He looked at me. Oh gosh, oh gee!
I just couldn't do him harm,
Alas and alack! I threw him back.
I sure did treat him fine.
How large was he? Well, let me see,
Your guess is as good as mine!

C.H.R.



OUR INDIAN FRIENDS

Once only Indians lived in West Virginia. Then came strangers, white strangers, across the Allegheny Mountains from Virginia and Pennsylvania. No land had they; we gave them of our land. No food had they; we gave them of our corn. From the trees of the forest, they built their homes, factories, and furniture. From the hides of the animals they made clothing. . . and also filled their bellies with meat for food. None of these things they brought with them, but we gave what we had.

A little while, and the Indian will no longer be, and the young will even be as the white man. White men and Indians. . .who once fought against each other should now. . . and are now. . .one people. . .and everywhere peace should reign.

The Indian boy learned from his father how to hunt and to defend his tribe. Each girl learned from her mother the many women's tasks around the campfire and elsewhere. The older men recited the history and legends of their tribes. There were no books; there was no alphabet like ours to learn. If an Indian wished to send a written message or leave a record, he would weave pictures and signs with beads on a piece of skin, or painted such signs on the bark of the tree or on rocks.

The Indian had no churches or temples, but he believed there were spirits all about him. . .in the wind, the rain, the sun, in plants, and in animals. All that happened to him. . .good or bad, was caused, he thought, by these spirits, so he tried to win their favor and please them. The Indian's West Virginia was a vast wilderness. Wild animals were plentiful and many tribes roamed the mountains and the valleys of our state.

THE FIRE

One winter afternoon, early in March, 1908, a telephone, one of the old wall type, began ringing five shorts, the emergency ring. Someone answered and into their ears came these words of excitement: "Fire! Fire! The Simon Harman house is on fire!"

It was about a quarter of a mile to Grandfather Snyder's house, but within ten minutes the Snyder boys and many of the neighbors were here and trying their utmost to stop the fire.

There was no fire department then in this neighborhood, and water from the little creek nearby was not plentiful, so the "bucket brigade" method failed to do the job of putting out the fire.

My father was at school, for he was teaching at that time, but soon he was home doing what he could to salvage some of the household furniture and some of the clothing. Only the organ, a desk, and one bed with the bed clothing were saved.

I was about three years old and remember it, for to me it is still a nightmare. My little sister, the baby, was lying on a bed against the wall that caught fire first. My mother rushed in and carried her out and was taking us out away from the fire. I was so frightened that instead of going out through the gate, I climbed the fence. A few people remember it to this day and tell me about it, but it was not funny to me.

The house burned completely, and not much was salvaged, so the family was without a home and without clothing except what was on their bodies.

Well, with a family of four children, and a grandmother, there had to be found a place to stay, a roof over our heads, though the neighbors were very quick to offer help.

On our farm we had a bank cellar with a room overhead which was being used for storage of farm equipment.

My parents along with the neighbors and friends soon had the room cleaned out and made livable, and our family moved in. Here is where we lived until the new house was built.

Simon P. Harman after the fire, the new house



Neighbors, relatives, and friends came to the rescue of the Harman family. They went to work, hauled lumber on their wagons, and began to build a new house for us. They had a shell up with two rooms partially finished by the first of November, 1908, and the family moved in.

One does not realize how important friends are until they are badly needed and help out so much as ours did that summer. How thankful we were for friends and neighbors at that time!

Below is a picture of the new house, but it was taken some years later.

THEN, THERE WAS AN INDIAN

There is a rustling of leaves, the snapping of a twig, and then... a slender figure of an Indian is reflected in the spring. The young Indian listens, then drops full length upon the grassy ground. Eagerly he drinks. He has searched long for some cool water. Now he gets up quickly, raises his head, and with a bound he crouches behind a tree.

He hears the pad, pad, pad of boots on the ground. He does not need to see because he had heard these sounds before. He has learned the sounds of the forest, and he knows that some person is coming to the spring, too.

He waits, and soon a young maiden appears with her bucket. She has come after water for the house. He watches a while, until she has filled her bucket and is ready to go back to the house.

He steps out in front of her. She is so stunned she does not know what to do. He tries to make her understand that he means no harm. He reaches for her bucket to carry it. She draws away but he succeeds in getting the bucket. She starts toward the house and he goes along beside her carrying the bucket. They go up to the door.

Her mother saw them coming, and opened the door. He made enough signs to her that she knew he was desperately hungry, and wanted to be a friend, or that he meant no harm to them.

She invited him in and gave him food. He gulped it down in a hurry, but then sat down on the floor and seemed very tired and sleepy.

He dozed for a few minutes. Then aroused, he looked toward the woodbox, noticed it was almost empty, and went out the

door. He soon returned with an armload of wood. He continued to carry wood until the box was completely filled. The children watched this all with amazement. "What next?" they thought.

The mother, seeing how he wanted to help, asked him to stay the night, for she needed help so badly since her husband was away in the war, and night was coming on, and she was afraid. . .being so far from any neighbors or friends.

He understood what she told him and he slept on the floor that night. In the morning he arose, went out again, carried water from the spring, and filled the woodbox with wood again.

The mother tried to feed him well, and he must have liked to stay there, for he continued to stay most of the winter. He chopped the wood, and did the outside chores around the house.

One morning he was gone for a while. When he came back he was carrying a deer. He hunted all winter long and kept the family in meat, wood, and water. This was appreciated by all the family, especially the mother.

Days went by. . .the children learned to not be afraid of him. . .he had become a true friend, not an enemy.

Far across the mountains went the fleet-footed Indian. He knew where the animals are. . .he knew how to kill them, and he knew the forest like a book.

He was an Indian, but he had honor. "He was sent by some guardian angel," thought the mother. "for we needed help and he has surely been that."

It was never known from whence he came. He stayed the winter and learned some of the language from the family. He taught them many things too. He taught them about the plants, the birds, the trees, and the ways of the forest. He told them when a storm was coming by the clouds in the sky, and by the wind that blows.

But one spring day he was gone. They knew not where. The mountain had swallowed him and the forest was his hiding place from then on. Sometimes the children wished for his return but he never came back. They tried to think of a suitable name for him. After much deliberation, one of the children said he was surely a friend, "so let's just call him Friend," for truly that was what he was.

This story was told and handed down to the children. The father never came back either, for he was killed in that great Civil War.

He never came back.
He never came back!
His dear face they never saw more.
But how happy they'll be,
When his dear face they see,
When they meet on that Beautiful Shore.

REPTILES ON THE DRY FORK

There is something very exciting about reptiles. When I see one I begin to shudder and shake, for I really fear those creatures of the underworld.

Summer is the time when all kinds of reptiles come out of the ground to lie in the sun and hunt for food and water.

The most common ones of this area are the blacksnake, water snake, house snake, and the poisonous ones: rattlesnakes and copperheads.

The famous old saying goes, "If you smell fresh cucumbers, watch out for a copperhead is near," and that is one way we watch for him, but sometimes he sneaks up on us, and delivers his almost fatal blow. The rattlesnake gives a warning, but the copperhead has none.

My father had a unique experience with a snake. He was walking to town one day when in the middle of the road a snake was sunning itself, for it was in the early summer and the weather not too warm as yet.

He stood for a minute deciding whether to kill it, for it really was a strange-looking one. All at once it seemed to notice him or hear him and it raised its head fairly high and began spraying a fine, misty, milky liquid from its mouth toward him. Behind its head it began to swell out, looking somewhat like a collar or a fan, and all the time it sprayed. Its collar kept getting larger. A very strange happening, thought Father, I will kill it and take it to town and see if anyone knows what it is.

So, he killed it with his cane, the wonder of wonders. But after showing it around, there was no one who knew what it was. No one had ever seen one like it.

Father took it home and began searching in his books to see if he could find a description of it. He finally came up with a name for it, a blowing viper, and it is not a native of West Virginia or in fact the United States. Where it came from no one

knew, and no one has seen one since.

Speaking of snakes, this story was told to me by my Grandmother Snyder herself. it sounds so unreal; but nevertheless, it is true.

She said she went out to milk one morning, and to her amazement the cow had already been milked. She came to the house and told Grandfather about it. She really thought one of the needy families who lived across the river had done the milking.

She continued to watch for intruders on the farm, but not one showed up. When she went to milk that evening, the same thing had happened. This aggravated her no end and she told Grandfather he would have to investigate.

The next morning the cow had been milked again, so she was determined to watch all day. Somehow she began to notice that the cow had been standing in the corner of the rail fence for what seemed like a long time. She went over in the meadow to see. To her utter amazement, there was a huge blacksnake milking her cow, just stretched up on his tail and nursing away. How it seemed to be enjoying the very rich milk!

She ran as fast as she could to the house, and one of the boys went out and killed the snake. It was one of the largest she had ever seen.

When Grandmother told me about it, she had reasoned it out in her mind. She thought the snake happened to be crawling along in the meadow when it ran into some of the milk dripping to the ground. The cow was such a good milker that after the milk would drip from her udder, and figured the snake found out about the milk in that way.

It may sound unreasonable, but forget it, it really happened, just like the mother blacksnake who swallows her young to protect them. This is not a Ripley tale. It is really one of the incidents in the valley of the Dry Fork.

ELLSWORTH. . .THE TRAINER OF HORSES

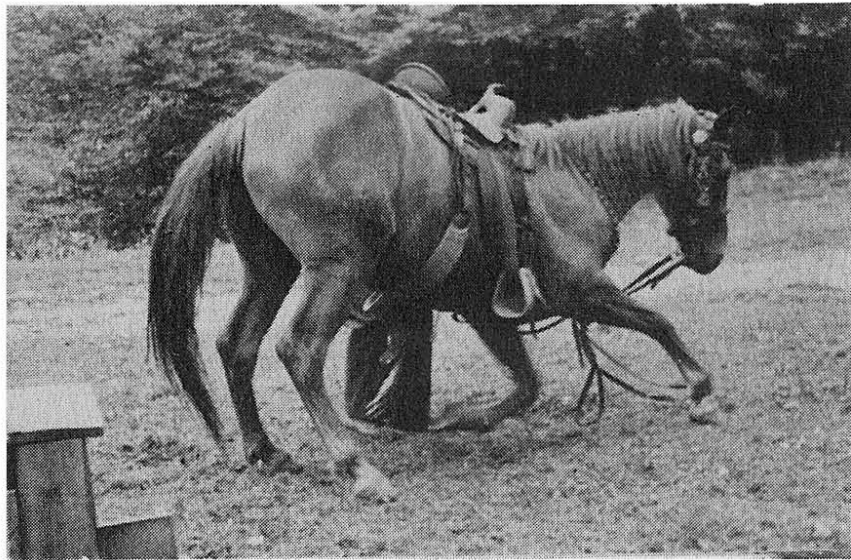
The Snyder family were lovers of horses. They were important to them in more ways than one. They could swim the river, chase a fox or bear, and even get the rider home in case of imbibing too much. This love of horses was handed down to

the Harman family also. Ellsworth, the son of Nettie (Snyder) Harman, fell into this category. He trained them as well as bred them and many people came to him for help and advice about them.

One such horse he called Traveler. Worth had him eating out of his hand, and performing as no other show horse had ever done. A beautiful roan, perhaps sixteen or seventeen hands high, and he listened to Worth with great alertness. When visitors came to the home, that was the first order of conversation. "Show us your horse, and what he can do."

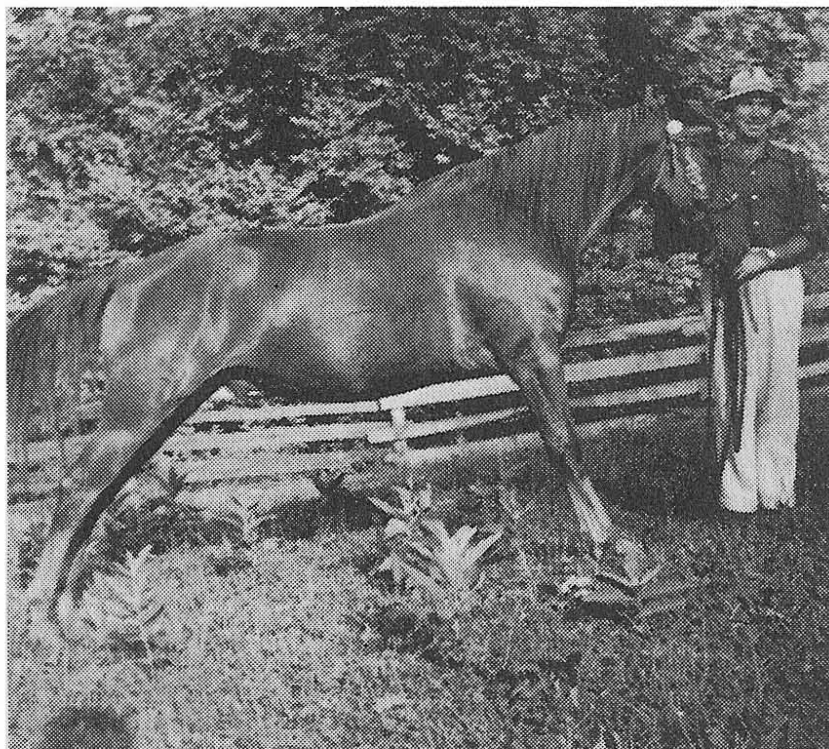
Traveler playing dead





Traveler kneeling

Traveler posing for his picture



A WINTER CATTLE DRIVE

Have you ever rideen a horse twenty miles? Oh, yes, you will have to say so if you are a cowboy; but for me, a girl of twelve years, it is not too much fun.

One day Father asked "Carrie, do you want to go with me and help to take the cattle to the Harman Hills?" I thought it would be a fine experience, so I told him I would like to go. I could ride pretty well. In fact, I had been riding horses since a very early age, and I thought I could help him.

It was in the late fall. There were snow flurries, and the weather was cold. I dressed to be comfortably warm and the next morning pretty early we started with our herd.

At that time the roads were just dirt ones, and narrow besides. There were no cars to speak of, and we were not bothered by them. Everything went fairly well, only it was a very slow speed to me.

Although it took most of the day to go twenty miles, I was extremely tired on arriving. When I got off the horse I thought I could not walk, and I was very cold.

I shall never forget the nice warm meal that they had prepared for us on arrival. It was so delicious and good, I know I ate very heartily. We had packed a sandwich for us to eat on the way, but I was very hungry.

After such a refreshing meal, and from being so cold, it was not very long until I was sleepy. The lady took me up to the room where I was to sleep, and I crawled in the bed between two feather ticks, as they called them, and soon I was snug and warm, and sound asleep. I landed in Slumberland very soon.

It seemed I had not been asleep long, when I was awakened by the queerest squawking and screeching I had ever heard. I could not imagine just what it was. I opened my eyes and saw snow blowing across my bed. I could see daylight through the cracks in the logs of the wall, for we were staying in one of the oldest log houses in Pendleton County.

Can you guess what was making all the fuss outside? It was about fifteen geese, and to this day there is no sound like that in my memory. I loved it after I knew what it was. Geese like guineas are very noisy creatures when they want to be, and they become alarmed when strangers are around.

I remember another time when geese played a part in my life.

I was visiting and playing with two little girls in our neighborhood, when we saw two geese walking around. One of the girls said there was a nest over in the field. We decided to go see where it was. As we came closer to the geese, the gander that watches over the goose when she is setting decided he did not want us there. He started after us and we started running. There was a fence near and we climbed over it, only I failed to get far enough off the ground. That gander gave me one awful pinch. My, how it hurt!

But getting back to the cattle drive, my father called me and told me to get up that we were going home soon. Our ride home was not nearly so bad because we could go faster.

Father had taken the cattle over there to be fed for the winter, since he did not have enough hay to feed them.

To live among the mountains, and be reared on a farm is an experience truly wonderful for a child. I will be forever grateful to my parents for the education I received from growing up on the farm.

MY FATHER. . .THE ORGAN SALESMAN

Will you excuse me for a moment and let me boast just a wee bit about my father? He was Simon P. Harman, the son of Reverend Asa Harman, and was born on the Dry Fork.

As a young man, he had high ambitions, just as other young men have had. He had a desire to make good in life, and his first thoughts were just how to make a little money, and how to get an education.

He attended all the school he could, and ended up taking a teacher's examination in order to get a teacher's certificate. He was successful in this and made very high grades.

So, he became a teacher and began that part of his ambition. However, the salary for teachers was so little, that was not satisfying to his ego. He began to think how he could supplement that money with an extra job.

During those early years there seemed to be very much interest in music. He had some talent in that, for he played the violin some, and he also played the bugle. The town had organized a band, and he was a member.

This, however, led him into thinking about organs. There

were only a few in this whole valley, so he began a salesman's job, and sold organs.

He bought a buggy, and a horse, and soon he was delivering organs around the community to the homes. He would go, usually, in the evening, and carry the organ into the house, and from there he would sing and play his many songs he had learned, sometimes the whole evening through. Then, when he decided to go home, it so happened that the family would not let him take the organ out, they would buy it.

It turned out very good, and he sold many organs. On the next few pages are some of his songs.

PARODY TO "HOME SWEET HOME"

When your wife's relations come to visit you,
There's no place like home.
And they bring in their trunks and they stick like glue,
There's no place like home.

CHORUS:

Home, Home, sweet, sweet, home,
There's no place like home,
Oh, there's no place like home.

When you have to get up in the middle of the night,
There's no place like home.
And hunt the Parogoric without any light,
There's no place like home.

When the baby squalls till his lungs might crack,
There's no place like home.
And your wife's cold feet in the middle of your back,
There's no place like home.

—S.P.H.



Simon P. Harman

I'VE ONLY BEEN DOWN TO THE CLUB

Last night I was out rather late,
Just out on a bit of a spree.
My wife for my coming did wait,
While sleeping I thought she would be.
I found her in passion and tears,
Cried she, "It's a sin a shame."
While she scratched both my eyes and my ears,
I thought I had better explain.

Chorus I've only been down to the club (hic), Love,
Business we had a great sight (hic), Love.
Don't think for one moment I'm tight (hic), Love,
I've only been down to the club.

My boots I left down in the hall,
And softly I crept up the stairs.
I kept very close to the wall,
Trying to slip to my room unawares.
But when I got up to the door,
I somehow got lost in dark
I tripped and I fell on the floor,
And then I could only remark.

She wept and she sobbed and she screamed,
Said she, "I'll go back to my ma."
While I on the mantle piece leaned,
And tried to enjoy my cigar.
Says I, "Let me alone for a while,
And I'll buy you a pretty new dress."
When I saw her beginning to smile,
I gave her a sweet little kiss.

Talk: She was alright then, so I thought I had better explain.
Oh, the club had a meeting tonight (hic), Love,
Business we had a great sight (hic), Love
Don't think for one moment I'm tight (hic), Love,
I've only been down to the club.

—S. P. H.

IF I WAS AS YOUNG AS I USED TO BE

Come, young folks, and hear my song,
I'm old, I won't detain you long.
I'm eighty-four, I'd have you know,
And the young folks call me Uncle Joe.
My hair was black, but it's all turned gray,
But what of that if I feel so gay?
I'm a jolly old fellow as ever you see,
But I'm not as young as I used to be.

Chorus:

Ha, Ha, rickety, whoop, tee, doo,
How I love to sing to you.
I could sing and dance with glee,
If I were as young as I *used* to be.

When I was a young man, I knew life's joys,
But lots of sorrow has come my boys,
My dear old wife, the joy of my life,
I lost her some twenty-five years ago.
I could tell you a story, 'twould break your heart,
But then from trouble we all should part,
I'm as jolly and old fellow as ever you see,
But I'm not as young as I used to be.

When I was a boy, I's a reckless lad,
Lots of fun with the girls I had,
I'd take them out each day for a ride,
And I always had a pretty one by my side.
I'd hug them and kiss them just for fun,
And I've not forgot the way it was done.
If there's a girl here got a kiss for me,
She'll find me as young as I used to be.

—S. P. H.

THE IRISH JUBILEE

Not very long ago, boys, an Irishman name Dauaurty,
Was elected to the senate by a very large majority.
He felt so elated that he went to Dennis Cassity,
Who owned a Bar Room of very large capacity.
He said to Cassity, "Go over to the brewer
Get a thousand kegs of logger beer and give it to the poor.
Then go over to the Butcher Shop and order up a ton of meat,
And see that all the boys and girls have all they want to drink
and eat.
Send out invitations in twenty different languages,
And don't forget to tell them all to bring their own sandwiches.
They've made me their senator and now to show my gratitude,
I'll give the finest supper ever given in this latitude.
Whatever the expenses are, remember I'll put up the tin,
And those who do not come at all, be sure and do not let them in.

So Cassity at once sent out the invitations,
And everyone that came was a credit to the Nation.
Some came on bicycles because they had no fare to pay,
And those who didn't come at all made up their minds to stay
away.
So, two by three, they marched into the dining hall,
Old men, young men, and girls who were not men at all.
Deaf men, blind men, men who had their teeth in apwn,
Single men, double men, and men who had their glasses on.
And before many minutes, every chair was taken,
'Til the front room and mushroom were packed to suffication
When they all were seated they started to lay out the feast,
And Cassity said, "Raise up," and gave us each a cake of yeast.
Then said the manager, he would try to fill the chair,
And we all sat down and looked at the Bill-O-Fare.

There were pigs' heads, gold fish, mockingbirds and ostriches,
Ice cream, cold cream, Vaseline and sandwiches.
Green fish, blue fish, fish hooks and partridges,
Fish balls, snowballs, cannonballs, and cartridges.
We ate oatmeal till we couldn't hardly stir about,
Catch up, hurry up, sweet kraut and sauerkraut.
Dressed beef, naked beef, beef with its dresses on,
Soda crackers, firecrackers, limburger cheese with tresses on.
Beef steaks, mistakes, were down on the Bill-O-Fare,
Roast ribs, spareribs, and ribs that we couldn't spare.
Lake herring, red herring, and herring from Ole Heron's Isle,
Bologna, and fruitcake, and sausages a half a mile.
Pigs feet, frog legs, a dozen old gutter snipes,
And some macaroni which turned out to be the stems of pipes.
Baked liver, friend liver, Carter's Little Liver Pills,
And everyone was wondering who was going to pay the bills.

For dessert, we had toothpicks, icepicks, and skipping ropes,
And we washed them all down with a little piced of shaving soap.
After the supper, we all went to have a dance,
Doyle got so drunk that he said he was the Queen of France.
The band played horn pipes, gas pipes, and Irish reels,
And we danced to the music of the wind that shakes the barley
fields.

We danced jig steps, doorsteps, and highland fling,
And Murphy took out his knife and tried to cut the pigeon's wings.
Such a fine lot of dancers you never set your eyes upon,
When Murphy was in the air, his feet were never on the ground.
And after the dance, of fun they said they'd had a lot,
we all joined together and sang, "Should Auld Acquaintance Be
Forgot, Wherever you may be,
We'll think of the good old times we had,
At the "Irish Jubilee."

—S. P. H.

I HAD BUT FIFTY CENTS

I took my gal to a fancy ball,
It was a social hop,
We stayed until the folks went out,
And the music it did stop.
Then to a restaurant we went,
The best one on the street.
She said she wasn't hungry,
But this is what she'd eat.

A dozen raw, a plate of slaw,
A chicken and a roast,
Some asparagas and apple sauce,
And a soft shell crab on toast.
A box of stew and crackyrs too,
Her appetite was immense;
When she called for pie, I thought I'd die,
For I had but fifty cents.

She said she wasn't hungry,
And didn't care to eat.
But I have money in my old clothes,
To bet she can't be beat.
She took it in so cozy,
She had an awful tank,
She said she wasn't thirsty,
But this is what she drank.

Two whiskey skins, a glass of gin
It made me shake with fear.
Some ginger pop with rum on top,
And a schooner then of beer.
A glass of ale, a gin cocktail,
She should have had more sense.
When she called for more, I fell on the floor,
For I had but fifty cents.

You bet I wasn't hungry,
Nor didn't care to eat.
Expecting every minute to be kicked out
In the street.
She said she'd bring her family around
Some day and we'd have fun;
I handed the man the fifty cents
And this is what he'd done.

He tore my clothes, he mashed my nose,
He hit me on the jaw.
He gave me a prize
Of two black eyes,
And with me he swept the floor.
He took me where my clothes were loose
And threw me over the fence;
Take my advice, don't try it twice,
When you have but fifty cents.

—S. P. H.

DOWN BY THE STREAM

Sitting alone by the river's brink,
Watching the ripples go sailing by.
Giving me time to dream and think,
Of days, oh, so dear, when spirits were high.
College days, other days, and friends so dear,
Evening times, yes, and books galore.
Never a dull moment. . .fleeting by,
Nice memories! Yes, In days of yore.

Taking a walk with the girls I knew,
Talking girl talk, laughter, and so,
Never a care. . .for the world is new.
Time doesn't matter. . .it's dreams. . .I know,
Yes, a young man or two, I'm sure,
For some were there, in the days of yore,
One never forgets, the fun so pure,
Happy days! Gone ever more!

Youth is the time, we remember most,
When years flew by so fast.
Good times, stick close, as September
Comes nearer and noontime has past.
How grateful, how thankful, for memories so dear,
For soon they'll be gone
And evening draws nigh.
Goodby! Sweet memories! never fear.
They'll remain with me, until I die.

—C. H. r.

OUR CHURCH IN THE WILDERNESS

A fair June morning, a young parson left his house in Preston County before his family were ready to go to the grove for the service at Eglon they were going to attend. He wanted to look about him and review the plans for the day. A long day it would be, for he had not been to the Harman community for perhaps four months due to the winter weather. But summer was in the air and he was young and eager. He could see the people about their house doing their morning chores. Soon there would be an assembly of a hundred or more. The word had been sent to the Harman community that on that Sunday there would be preaching, baptism, and the reading of a burial service in the little plot in the clearing, for oftentimes a burial service was not conducted when the person would be buried.

When he arrived in the community there was an unusual hum of activity. The air was full of excitement which even the sabbath could not subdue. The minister felt it. Surely there was something going on. Of course, the community had survived the winter well, and had been free of savage attacks from the Indians. God in His mercy had guarded and guided His people. That was enough reason for thankfulness and happiness.

The hour had come for the service, so the young preacher turned his steps toward the woods where among the trees the people would be gathered. Suddenly he stopped. The conversation was hushed. Every eye was turned upon him as he stood with that look of wonder and joy in his eyes.

"God be praised! Let us worship in the house of the Lord.

May it be blessed forever and ever.”

Then with head erect and firm step he entered the open door of the newly built church, walked to the crude table at the front and stood facing the people. Now they were seated on the homemade benches, the men on one side and the women and children on the other. Their hearts were full to overflowing with love and gratitude. They had labored hard to have this house of worship ready before he returned and this was their reward. Every person in the whole community had helped. Some had carried boards on their backs for the building. God had helped them do it.

How the familiar hymns rung out, although there were but few books. The minister would read the words and they would sing them.

Then began the preaching. That day there were no threats of eternal fire. No picture of the sinner in his agony came from the lips of the speaker. There was no shouting. For two hours the little congregation listened to the words of praise and comfort. Inspired the preacher seemed to be, this young blackclad man of God with his gentle voice. Long dwelt he on that simple text from Psalm 144, “Yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord.” Then fell his closing prayer upon them like a benediction.

Thus, in the year of 1870, The Harman Church of The Brethren came into being, made possible by all the people of the surrounding country and neighborhood, and the minister passed the rest of the day ministering to the people who were sick and bed-ridden. That was Reverend Jonas Fike for sure.

Then the well-rested gray horse was lead out. The saddlebags had been filled by some of the women preparing him for the journey to the next settlement, for he might be gone for days. Then the preacher mounted and with a blessing on his lips passed out of sight.

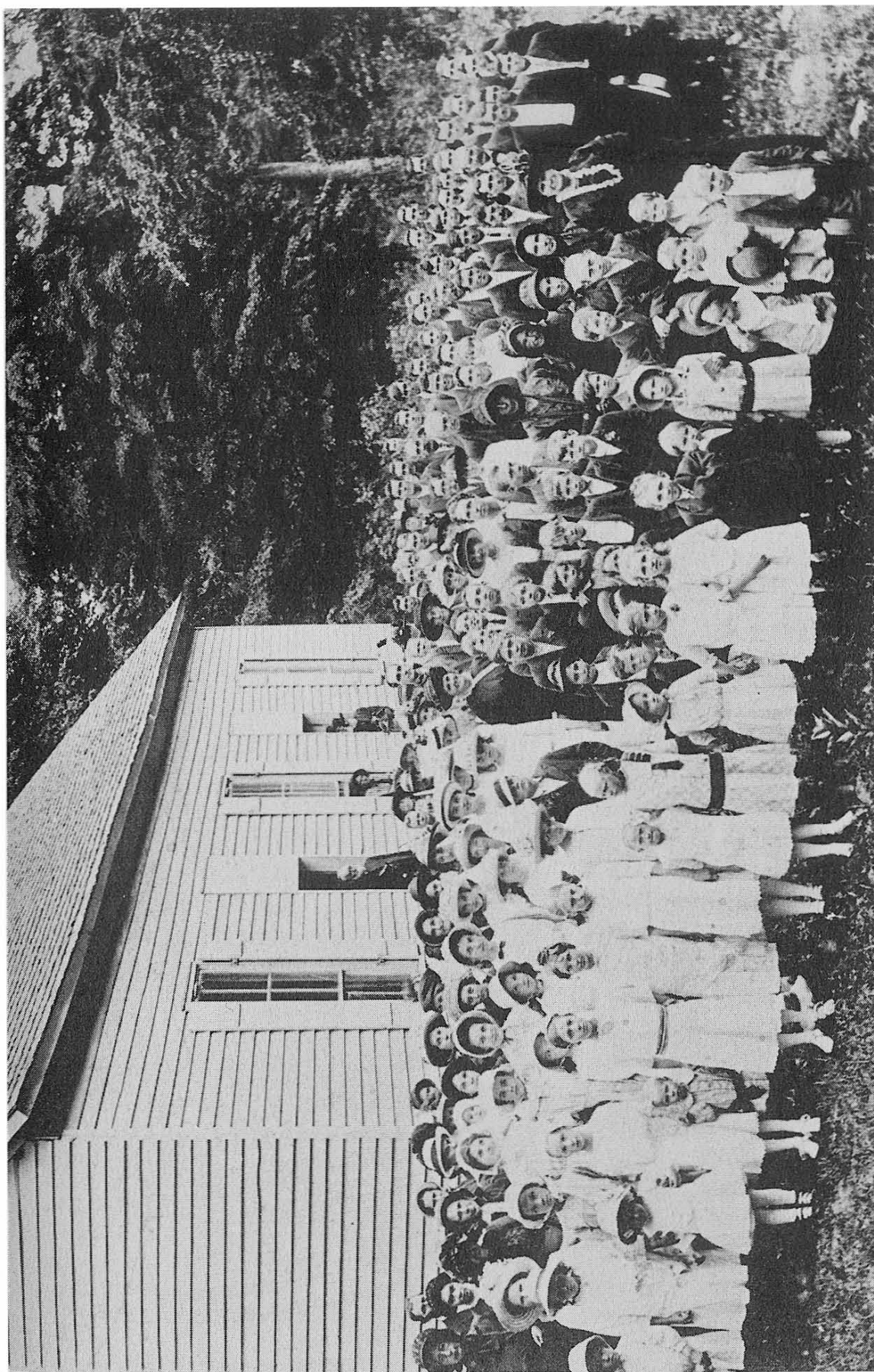
So the faithful circuit rider made his way from place to place bringing the word of encouragement that helped to make life sweeter in the wilderness. He taught the frontier folk to live in peace with their neighbors, and he encouraged industry and decent living.

The humble churches are no more, but even today in West Virginia there are ministers who serve small churches just as did

the circuit rider of the pioneer days, though they may now reach two or three churches on a Sunday. There are newer methods of travel. The horse has been turned out to pasture.



James Fike



Church of the Brethren, Harman, about 1915. Rev. Jonas Fike is in the first door.

GOLDEN MEMORIES

Can one ever replace childhood memories?
Tho some were bitter and sad,
Youth does not realize till later
Just how much they mean, and be glad
That Life's little path we must tread alone,
E'en tho a partner we've chosen,
Each one has his own life to live,
And fate with its web has been woven.

God knows the path we may go,
He hopes we will select the right way,
We've been given the right to choose
Tho sometimes our thinking will stray.
Our goal is Heaven, we know,
But tough is the path we must tread.
We falter, we fall, by the way,
Because we have not looked ahead.

Love! what a wonderful feeling!
It's enthralling, it's heavenly, sure,
Sometimes mistaken and missed
But can always be simple and pure.
Oft-times, rough is the way
We travel, on life's weary road,
If we have carelessly chosen the course
What then? Is all we can say.

We wake up rather late in the morning,
The sun may be high in the sky.
God's Guardian Angel will hover o'er us
If we ask. . .and will be very nearby.
As day slowly turns into night,
And birds flit by to their nests,
So, do not worry, my friend,
With God, it's all for the best.

Yes, memories of life are golden.
We would not trade them at all.
Sweeter, and sweeter as time goes by
Just how much do *you* recall?
Our footprints may not be very deep,
Don't try to fill them, my dear,
Some of the hills have been very steep,
And the going rough, I fear.

But there again. . . Guardian Angel,
Watch over that son or daughter.
Guide them aright, as they follow on
Keep them out of deep water.
Gold is a treasure sometimes very rare,
Sometimes hidden far out of sight.
So are memories that we share,
Keep them, treasure them, that is right.

—C. H. R.

THIS IS A MOM

A mom is a someone to shelter and guide us,
To love us, whatever we do.
With warm understanding and infinite patience,
And wonderful gentleness, too.
The heart of a mom is full of forgiveness,
For any mistake, big or small;
And generous always in helping her family,
Whose needs she places above all.

To my mother
Whose love and understanding
Made my childhood a very happy one.

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