

the Thayer Quarterly

A QUEST FOR YOUR HERITAGE

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Summer

BHS Returns Books to Author

By Don Munro

Twenty-three years ago, it was Henry Hobart Holly, Braintree Historical Society's (BHS) renowned Genealogist and Historian, who challenged Patricia to research and complete an accurate Genealogy of the Thayer Family. This occurred sometime before TFA was officially organized. Upon return from our 1988 trip to Braintree, Massachusetts, we met with Brigadier General James Burdett Thayer, who recognized the importance of Patricia's work and promised to meet with Mr. Holly and Philip Standish Thayer in order to get the ball rolling on establishing what we now know as the Thayer Families Association in order to secure financial backing for Patricia's future enormous publishing project. Previously, other genealogists had attempted, and fell short of finalizing an accurate, complete and comprehensive Thayer genealogy; while with each passing year, the project enlarged exponentially.

Supportive individuals in Braintree, such as Malcolm Chandler Walker and Raymond Alexander "Rick" Thayer, guided BHS and encouraged our ongoing relations. However, when BHS lost its paid director, Brian Kolner, and long-time supporters one by one died, remaining volunteers' attempts to maintain the survival of BHS fell short of all expectations. The long established commitments and trusts were disregarded, funds were merged with general BHS operating funds, and responsibilities to the author and TFA were also disregarded. All of our letters, phone calls and E-mail attempts to inform and review commitments with BHS failed to bring about any response or solution.

Patricia and I sought assistance from Peter Sault, TFA member and a long time Thayer correspondent in nearby Quincy, Massachusetts. As Peter had worked over 30 years with UPS, he possessed the necessary knowledge and showed a desire to assist us. Following communications with Al Morton, TFA President, our final letters to BHS were at last copied to the Massachusetts Attorney General, whereupon serious attention to my request was finally accomplished. We released BHS from the book sales payments which were to have been returned to the author, and which had never been received, and gained entrance to BHS for Peter Sault to take an inventory of remaining books, box them up, and return them to the author. Peter arranged for labels to be printed and boxes were purchased for mailing, with General James B. Thayer kindly financing the cost of this endeavor.

In May, twenty boxes of shelved books were received by Patricia, and while important plates and computer disks remain somewhere in the holdings of BHS, all future printing and book sales will again be handled directly by the author and editor/publisher. Following the upcoming printing of Volume V this year, Volume III, now out of print, will be reprinted.

Much of the reprinting will require efforts to recreate disks and cover plates not returned by BHS. Books now available include Volume I, Volume II, and Volume IV. We have been reviewing the present inventory of the available "Comprehensive" volumes, and report that there are sufficient copies of Volume I and Volume II for member orders. We will work to print additional copies of Volume III once volume V goes to press. Fifteen copies of Volume IV are available at this time.

Patricia's Progress on Volume V – A Comprehensive Genealogy of the Thayer Family of America

By Don Munro

First let me say that good progress is being made on the first in the series on the descendants of the Immigrant, Thomas Thayer. Only a few things slow Patricia down. Her recent Cochlear Implant Surgery is one; an ugly virus is another! Our most recent virus requiring down time and special assistance was a program that attaches to your computer and tells you your hard drive is faulty and corrupted and your ram is having problems. "Send \$75 dollars and we will rush you our program to correct this major problem before you lose all your data." The only thing you can't get rid of is their message. This virus attaches to E-mail and rides along until it finds a home on your computer. We've learned to step back and take a big breath before reacting. It is times like this that having a local computer business which covers problems for life pays off. **Patricia will no longer open any E-mail messages without a subject heading, so be sure to at least put "THAYER" in your E-mail subject headings!**

You may be asking yourself, if the research is completed what takes so much time prior to publishing? Or, perhaps you've asked, how are the volumes of Thayer genealogies as accurate as they are? Let me explain by sharing with you the process that Patricia uses as she edits. During this process new family ties and information is discovered which must be carefully included. In the case of Thomas and the five volumes to come, great care must be made to keep male descent correct.

There are 700 pages of single line 8 point type of notes to edit. During this time, individuals must be contacted to secure photos needed for volume V. 105 index pages are expected, and some 140 photos will be included, with captions needing to be written. Here are some of the steps Patricia is now doing:

- Remove any text that may verge on sensationalism
- Make necessary explanations
- Correct and clarify contradictions of other published works
- Make sure that confidential notes remain confidential
- Correct spelling, grammatical and punctuation errors
- Review to insure comprehensive understanding
- Insure no general errors or duplication
- Insure that citations are proper
- Personal telephone #'s and personal addresses are removed for privacy
- Improve writing where possible

Five Thomas volumes are projected. The final step for Volume V will be to transfer the book document into a PDF file to prevent text and movement between pages, retaining pagination, locking photos in place prior to printing. We are looking for improved speed, but accuracy is our first priority. A new printer and bindery have been located and now await our printing needs. *A campaign to secure pre-sales will soon be necessary.* Please clip and send the order form, found on page 14 to Patricia, so that we will know how many copies of Volume V to order.

Historian's Report 12 June 2011 From Patricia's mailbox:

Celestial Navigator, Thomas Lincoln Thayer

By Barbara Thayer Johnson

Thomas Lincoln Thayer was born November 19, 1915, near St. Louis Crossing, in Bartholomew County, Indiana. He was the second son of Leonard Ray Thayer and Sarah Emaline (Dodd) Thayer. The Thayers were a farm family and Thomas learned early the need to work hard to succeed. Thomas attended school at the two room

schoolhouse in St. Louis Crossing for his first eight years, a school where he would later teach. For high school he transferred to Clifford High School where he was most successful as a student and an athlete.

Both his parents were teachers and insisted their children get a college education. When Tom graduated, he objected to further schooling because he had no money. Tom's father took him to Danville, IN, gave him \$75, and signed him up for the 18 month teacher training there. Tom managed to room with several other young men who also needed to cut their costs. He was able to work several part time jobs, one of which was milking the cow of the president of the college. Tom tells about the weekend he made a trip home to collect food for himself and his roommates, leaving a substitute to milk the cow. The other young man didn't show up for the job, and the president attempted to milk the cow himself. When Tom returned, the president was quite angry and fired Tom on the spot, but due to the shortage of farm boys on campus, he had to re-hire Tom the very next day.

When Tom completed his requirements for a teaching license, he returned home to teach first at St. Louis Crossing and later at Clifford. Being only 19 years old when he started teaching, he was nearly the same age as many of his students. Tom was considered one of the wealthiest young men of the area at that time. Others were struggling through the depression, while Tom drew a salary that first year of \$800!

As World War II broke out Tom found himself with a very low draft number, so rather than be drafted into the army, he enlisted in the Army Air Corp. While waiting to be called for active duty, he became the assistant to his father who had been elected County Auditor. This job allowed plenty of free time, which he used to play on as many local basketball and baseball teams as would take him. He also had time for a few social affairs including

one square dance in Shelby County where he met a young lady named Mary G. Scott, who would play a role in his life that would eventually lead to marriage.

When he was finally called into active duty he was sent to England where the Air Corp was making both daytime and nighttime raids over Germany. As luck would have it, Tom's crew was sent to North Africa where the odds were much better that each plane would return from a raid. While there Tom would have quite a mishap that would lead to an interview with Ernie Pyle, the newspaper correspondent from Dana, Indiana, who wrote human interest stories about the lives of the service men. These stories were circulated throughout the United States. Tom's story appears in Ernie Pyle's book, Here Is Your War (Page 116). The story goes like this:

It was a long jump from teaching grade school in Indiana to leaping out of an airplane eleven thousand feet over some African mountains, but Tom Thayer made it. He hoped his next jump would be right back to an Indiana farm, and there he would stay.

Tom Thayer was "the hope of Hoosierdom," as the boys called him. He was from Hope, Indiana. Tom was twenty-seven, weighed two hundred pounds, taught fifth and sixth grades for five years at Clifford, Indiana, and was the navigator of a Flying Fortress when I met him. They said he was the best celestial navigator in his squadron.

One day a bunch of Fortresses started a bombing trip to Bizerte. Over the mountains, they ran into stormy, freezing weather. The ship Tom was navigating iced up and went out of control. Over the intercommunication phone, the captain gave the order for the crew to put their parachutes on and get ready to bail out. A minute later he gave the order to jump. Lieutenant Thayer was first on the list. He opened the escape hatch, and out he went.

Now, in the next few seconds some things happened. The other men didn't jump immediately, because they couldn't get the ball-turret gunner out of his turret. While they were pulling and tugging at him, the captain got some control over the plane. Then he ordered the bombs slaved—which means dropped so they won't explode—and that gave him still more control. Then he countermanded the order to jump. But poor Tom was already halfway to earth. The plane returned safely to base in less than an hour. It took Tom four days.

After his parachute opened, Tom said, he could still see the plane but it seemed to be below him instead of above. He thought he must be falling up. He couldn't figure it out.

He dropped through several thousand feet of clouds, still holding his pulled ripcord, for he knew if he saved it he would become a member of some club, although he couldn't remember its name—it's the Caterpillar Club. Anyhow his hand finally got so cold he threw the ripcord away.

The mountains where he landed were very rocky. His head struck as he came down, and he bled a good deal. He was conscious, but couldn't get up for about five minutes.

He says the mountains were full of Arabs, working in the fields, and finally he walked a short way and spoke to one of them. They tried to talk, but not knowing each other's language they didn't get far. So the Arab took him to a village and they went to a stone house, apparently the home of the village chief. The whole village clustered around to stare at him.

The chief was friendly and brought Tom a mattress, and also gave him an Arab nightgown to keep him warm. It was only 4:30 in the afternoon, but Tom lay down and went to sleep. Pretty soon the Arab brought in what Tom supposed was tea, though he wasn't sure. Then he went to sleep again. About

8:30 the Arab came in with dinner—goat meat. It wasn't too good.

Four other Arabs slept on the floor in the same room with Tom that night. Their snoring kept him awake. So did the fleas—he's still got the welts. A sheep slept in the same room, too. Tom didn't sleep a wink all night.

Next morning they fed him three fried eggs and some fried potatoes, and wound a turban around his injured head. Then they went out and killed the sheep that had slept in the same room. They butchered it and cooked it heart in the same coals where the Arabs had been warming their feet. They gave the heart to Tom, and he figured then that he was safe for sure.

After all this they got six donkeys, lashed the sheep's carcass onto one of them, put Tom on another, and started out. The donkeys over here are very small, and Tom is very big. When they would ride along the edge of a chasm, on a little shelf just wide enough for a donkey, Tom could feel his long legs itching for the ground.

He finally got home after four days. He tried to pay the Arabs, but they wouldn't take anything. However, the photographs in his wallet fascinated them, and they indicated their desire for some, so Miss Mary Scott of Shelbyville, Indiana, will be interested to know that her photograph now reposes, for all I know, next to some Arab's heart.

Tom says he's going to marry Mary the day he gets back home and then start farming and never stop.

For a while Tom was pretty mad about the others' not jumping, but he was all over it by the time he got back to the airdrome. They say he's the best-natured guy in the outfit. Nobody had ever seen him really mad, so they decided to rib him plenty when he got in.

One of them came rushing up to him and said:

“Tom, the captain didn’t say to bail out. He just said, ‘Look at the hail out.’”

They had him fooled for a minute, but not for long.

Tom’s dad used to be county auditor back home. He had one term and then got defeated last fall for re-election, by only 133 votes. The boys told Tom that if he’d only had the gumption to make his spectacular jump a couple of months earlier, his dad no doubt would have been re-elected on the strength of it.

As further information to this story, Tom said that all airmen actually carried a card written in the local languages asking whomever they might meet to return them to the base for a reward. Tom was not sure anyone could actually read, but he guessed someone must have figured out what it meant. Tom went on to make several successful raids over North Africa before his tour of duty was ended. No one from his crew was lost during the war. Some received minor injuries as their plane was shot at nearly every time they went out.

Tom’s story appeared in newspapers all over the United States. From that story, Mary received letters from people from all over the country wishing her well and telling they were praying for Tom’s safe return so they could be married. When Tom returned, he and Mary were married (not the first day he returned, but soon after). They were invited to New York to appear on the radio show, “Meet the People”. They went on to be transferred to Tennessee where Tom was given the “easy” job of teaching celestial navigation until his service time was up.

They then returned to Hope, Indiana, and Tom started farming and teaching. They remained in the Hope area.

Tom and Mary had three daughters, Linda Ann Thayer born April 16, 1945, in Tennessee, Barbara Sue born March 9, 1948, and Susan Jane born

September 25, 1953. All daughters live within 20 miles of the home Tom and Mary first owned.

Tom went on to teach school for 40 years. He retired in 1976. Following retirement he continued to farm, doing mostly truck farming, taking vegetables to market many times a week, while he cash rented his farm land to a local farmer to grow the usual field crops.

He thoroughly enjoyed watching his three granddaughters participate in sports in school. He especially enjoyed watching volleyball and basketball games. He was for years one of the most loyal fans for the local high school (Hauser High School) basketball teams. He was a sideline coach for the girls who played basketball, joining them under their home basketball goals, suggesting ways to shoot better or to guard.

Mary passed away in April of 2000. Tom continued to live in Hope alone until 2010 when he moved to Miller’s Merry Manor, a local nursing home. At age 95, he continues to enjoy conversing with others, spending time with family, attending church services, and talking about the war! He just wishes he could walk better so he could do more!

Of the Leonard and Sarah Thayer family—there were 6 children. Tom was the second oldest. As of March 8, 2011, only three are still living.

Tom will be the first to say he had a wonderful life. His time in the service was a time when he says he never thought about the fact that he might die. He took each minute as it came and made the best of it. He has continued to follow that pattern throughout life.

Tom Thayer’s follows:

Thomas Lincoln (Leonard Ray¹⁰, Lincoln Hamlin⁹, John David⁸, Charles⁶⁻⁷, Daniel⁵, Samuel⁴, Isaac³, Ferdinando², Thomas¹) THAYER

More from Patricia's mailbox:

A recent query received by me led me to the information in my files on Sceva Thayer (1772-1826) of Petersburg, Dinwiddie, Virginia. In doing so it became apparent that new information had come to light which was not published in Volume IV of *A Comprehensive Genealogy of the Thayer Family of America* (page 14). The following is published here for all to see the additions and corrections as appears in my genealogy files:

Sceva Thayer was born 13 Apr 1772 in Braintree, Norfolk, Massachusetts, the oldest of 14 children born to Revolutionary War soldier Josiah Thayer (1752-1814) and his wife Avis Hayward (1752-1795). His family had lived in the town of Braintree six generations before him. With the continued growth of the population there, I am assuming that Sceva left the area for more land or better opportunities in Virginia and he was in Petersburg by 1795.

There he met and married Miss Christianna Ashbrurthnot E. Fawcett on 12 December 1798. Sceva and Christianna were the parents of one known child:

i. James Howard Thayer, born 2 Mar 1801.

Christianna died 8 days later on 10 Mar 1801, and her baby probably died with her as there is no further mention of him to my knowledge. Her headstone inscription in the Blanford Cemetery in Petersburg reads:

Sacred to the memory of

Mrs. Christyanna A. E. Thayer

The beloved wife of Sceva Thayer

She died 10 March 1801

Aged 20 years

Sceva THAYER remarried in Petersburg on 4 August 1803 to **Mary Ursula FOLLETT**, who was born 1787 in France. They were the parents of the following children, all born in Petersburg:

- i. **Henry Howard THAYER**, b. 2 Sep 1804, d. 27 Dec 1844.
- ii. **Richard Faxon THAYER**, b. 22 Aug 1806, (probably died young).
- iii. **Charles Martin THAYER**, b. 10 Feb 1809, d. 1894 Volusia County, FL.
- iv. **Catherine Avis THAYER**, b. 20 Dec 1810, (probably died young).
- v. **Stephen Dodge THAYER**, b. 22 Jun 1812, (probably died young).
- vi. **Christianna THAYER**, b. 28 Jan 1818 (probably died young).
- vii. **Sceva THAYER**, b. 14 Mar 1821, d. 20 Mar 1884 Petersburg, Dinwiddie, VA.
- viii. **Abel Wales THAYER**, b. 2 August 1823 (probably died young).
- ix. **Mary A. THAYER**, b. 24 October 1825 (married Peter Moran).

Mary (Follett) Thayer is listed on the 1830 Petersburg census as between 30 & 40, with one male (10-15), two females (15-20). In 1860 she was listed with a net worth of \$2,500. She is listed in that enumeration with one female slave, 14 year old Julia A. Patterson.

Sceva Thayer was a blacksmith and had his home and shop in Old St. Petersburg (this is located on Grove Ave. in Petersburg today). He became a founding member of the Petersburg Benevolent Mechanic Association (PBMA) in 1825. He was elected as a director (3rd) at their first meeting, along with eight other directors.

The following article is from the *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography*, telling of his murder and the meeting of the Petersburg Benevolent Mechanics Association in the cemetery following the funeral.

“Last Tuesday night, between 8 And 9 O'clock, Mr. Sceve Thayer, one of our most respectable, peaceable citizens, being on his return from service at the Presbyterian Church, received from some

unknown hand a blow on the head, doubtless inflicted with a sharp but weighty instrument; which through his hand and several folds of paper, laid open the fore part of his skull, and penetrated considerably into his brain. They found him within twenty yards of his house where he was taken and lived to more days. He died 1 December 1826 and was buried Blandford Cemetery 2 December 1826."

He had been a founding member of the Petersburg Benevolent Mechanics association and the records are on microfilm at the Petersburg Library. The association and the Mayor of Petersburg put up a \$750.00 to find the assassin as he (or she) was called. A lot of money in 1826!

A manuscript called the *Manual of the Presbyterian Church of Petersburg*, shows Sceva's brother, Joseph, a Deacon there, and another brother, Martin, a member, and also Sceva's wife Mary. (Also in the church records is listed a Francis Follett, who was perhaps Mary's father?)

Sceva Thayer was murdered November, 28, 1826, on his way home from the Presbyterian church just a few doors from his house on Old Street a reward of \$750 was posted, but no one was ever apprehended. "The PBMA met in special session on December 1st and ordered secretary Davidson prepared an inscription with the age etc., etc., of our deceased member to be put in a sealed vial to be deposited in his grave." The PBMA also pledged \$250 towards a the reward for his killer and various PBMA members acted as marshals at the funeral held on December 2nd at Blandford Cemetery. His wife took over the operation of his blacksmith shop. Sceva Thayer is buried in Blandford Cemetery along the south side of its entrance lane.

His son, Henry Thayer, was taken into custody and accused of murdering him. There are court depositions taken from members of his family giving their account of what happened that night. It seems that he was very jealous of William Peterson, an orphan that Sceva was appointed guardian of in 1815.

As Sceva's blacksmith apprentice, perhaps Henry was afraid that Peterson would get the blacksmith business instead of him. According to the

depositions, Henry had been in a fight with Peterson earlier, and it was thought that because it was dark out, he could have mistaken Sceva for Peterson! It is not known if Henry was ever convicted, but he inherited from Sceva's estate several years later. Henry married two years after the death of his father and had four known children which suggests that he was not convicted.

Patricia Thayer Munro,

Thayer Family Historian

Moratorium created on razing of Northville's Thayer's Corner School Owner, officials reach agreement

By Pam Fleming • STAFF WRITER • June 24, 2010

Northville Township officials and owners of the historic Thayer's Corner School have come to an agreement so that the structure will not be torn down.

"There's a moratorium on the demolition of the building," said Margie Banner, township trustee. The school dates from the late 1800s.

The owner, Veolia Environmental Services, who also owns the Onyx-Arbor Hills Landfill at 10690 Six Mile Road in Northville, just south of Napier Road, has agreed not to demolish the building at the request of Northville Township Historic District Commissioners.

Veolia owns the property on the northeast corner of Six Mile and Napier roads that is less than an acre. The school is surrounded by Thayer's Corner Cemetery.

"We think it dates from the 1870s," Banner said. Jean Beamish, who lives off of Napier Road, actually attended school in the building in the 1930s, as did some other township residents. The building was once a private home.

“We hope to make the property with the cemetery and the school an historic district,” Banner said. That requires a process involving the state.

“Our goal is to rehabilitate it and return it as close as we can to its previous condition.”

Banner said Veolia officials have been very cooperative concerning the school building.

“They have been very open to the idea of donating the structure to the township,” she said.

“Reprinted with permission of Northville Record.”

pfleming@gannett.com (248) 437-2011, ext. 260

<http://www.hometownlife.com/article/20100624/NEWS12/6240386/1029/Moratorium+created+on+razing+of+Northville+s+Thayer+s+Corner+School>

From the Membership Chairman

Let me start by saying that if you're reading this in the Summer Issue of Thayer Families Association (TFA) quarterly newsletter you received from us, you're considered paid up through 2011.

We normally send out our dues notices on, or about, November first of each year. If you did NOT receive a dues notice last November, then our records showed you as paid for 2011. We follow up on the November notice with a reminder about March 1 of the current year just in case you overlooked the first notice.

On April 1 of each year, all delinquent members are removed from the membership list, and all of our regular mailing lists. That's why, if you're reading this in the Summer 2011 newsletter addressed to you, our records show that you're paid up through at least 2011. Some of you are paid further out than that.

Here's another thing that you need to be aware of...

If you requested the paper edition of the newsletter, that's what we'll mail.

If you requested the electronic (PDF) newsletter, delivered by email, then that's what we'd like to send. If you'd like both --- no problem.

BUT, if you requested the electronic edition, and all of a sudden find yourself getting the paper edition only, we're probably having trouble with your email address. If any email addresses bounces, I simply change the member over to the paper edition until I receive the correct email address. Of course, that increases the likelihood of missing an issue of the Newsletter during the time the change is made. It's impossible to keep track of all the correct addresses unless we're told ahead of time that a change is being made, and the exact date of change.

We need to be informed of any change in USPS mailing address, or of any change of email address, EACH time a change is made.

Albert Thayer Morton, Membership Chairman
Thayer Families Association.

Obituaries

Clifford Glenn THAYER May 1, 1920 ~ April 25, 2011 An lifetime outdoorsman, decorated veteran of WW2, world class pocket billiard player and a wonderful father and husband. He is survived by his wife Shirley, his sons Bruce and Clint, two grand children Sean and Nicole and a great grand daughter, Rian. Services at Tahoma National Cemetery in Kent at 1:15pm, Monday, May 2nd.



Published in the Seattle Times on May 1, 2011.

David Landon THAYER January 4, 1969 ~ April

6th, 2011 DAVID,
YOU ARE LOVED
MORE THAN YOU
WILL EVER

KNOW!! David leaves
behind his loving wife
Teresa, his son
Adrian Thayer, his
Father and Mother
Peter and Faith
Thayer, his Sister



Shirley Myers, his brother P.J (Kimberly) Thayer,
his sister Stephanie Siemer (Ryan), his Brother
Joshua Thayer (Angela), and his sister Rachel
Wolfe (Jeff). He also leaves his grandmother,
Shirley Frees, 11 nephews and 1 niece, his Mother-
in-law Kathey Lenius, plus several loving Uncles &
Aunts, Cousins, and many beloved Friends.
Memorial Service is at Wiggen and Sons, 2003 NW
57th St, Seattle WA. 3:00pm on Monday April
11th. Viewing is at 2:00pm. Please sign the online
memorial at www.bonneywatson.com. WE WILL
MISS YOU DAVID AND WE WILL BE
LOOKING FOR YOU INSIDE THE EASTERN
GATE.

Published in The Seattle Times on April 10, 2011

Roger Denton THAYER Roger "Rod" Thayer

passed away on April
10, 2011 at the age of 76
after a long and valiant
battle with cancer,
outliving all of his
doctors' expectations.
Born on May 2, 1934 in
San Jose, CA to Merritt
Denton Thayer and
Eunice Margarete



Thayer (Quien). Roger lived in Edmonds,
Washington for the last 45 years of his life. He is
survived by his loving wife of 49 years, Sharon, his
sisters Marilyn Thayer and Patricia Merrill, his sons
Brad and Christopher Thayer, as well as two
grandchildren and numerous nieces and nephews.
Roger split his early life between Seattle and the

Oakland, California area. As a young man he lived
in the Montlake neighborhood in Seattle, and at the
age of 6 used to sneak into UW football games at
halftime. Joining the Boy Scouts helped foster a
love of the outdoors at an early age. He attended
high school in Oakland and was the president of the
Toppers high school fraternity. Later, he studied
Forestry at Lassen Community College in
Susanville, California, where he was the student
body president and football team captain. Roger
always enjoyed working with children, and he
dedicated much of his life to working with young
people who came from troubled backgrounds. For
over 30 years he worked at Ryther Child Center in
Seattle as a social worker and counselor. Roger
often took a group of kids from Ryther to a lake in
the Cascades for weeklong camping trips. Other
than his family, Roger's two main loves were the
outdoors, including the family cabin, and UW
athletics. The cabin was his happy place - he was
known for his "tarzan" yell when he jumped into the
Cooper River's icy cold waters - and he considered
the outdoors and the beauty of nature as his church
where he found peace and contentment. He was
passionate about Husky sports, often saying that he
"bled purple and gold," and he was a football season
ticket holder for decades. In addition, he thoroughly
enjoyed gardening, often puttering in his yard for
hours and actively participating in the Seattle
Rhododendron Society. Roger was outgoing and
gregarious and always had a joke or a kind word at
the ready. A sweet and caring man, he will be
greatly missed by his family and friends. He passed
peacefully in his bed at home with his loving wife at
his side. A private memorial service will be held
this summer at the family cabin. Donations may be
made in his memory to the Sierra Club, and friends
may sign his guestbook at

www.asacredmoment.com/obits

Published in The Seattle Times on April 30, 2011

Fetching the Cows

Richard James Thayer 1914 - 2009

As a young boy growing up on a small dairy farm in Vermont I had a few afternoon and after school chores to do, such as filling the wood box behind the kitchen stove, chunks for the parlor stove, and in summer the 5 p.m. ordeal of fetching the cows from our 100 acre pasture. I say "ordeal" as this pasture is located about 3/4 of a mile from the farm, with about half of the distance on the main dirt road and the rest up a very steep hill which had frequent water bars to divert rain water to the sides and avoid wash outs of the gravel surface. There is a story that these water bars were called "thank you ma'ams," as they were an aid in resting the horse when pulling up this very steep hill, by letting the rear wheels of the wagon stop in the lowest part of the ditch, thus taking away some of the load for the horse to hold. Supposedly, at this time, the horse would look back with sort of an expression of gratitude — thus the "thank you ma'am" expression came about. — At a much earlier time in history this road was the main and only connection between the east and west parts of the town, a road also travelled during the Revolution by Ethan Allen and his "Green Mountain Boys" — hallowed ground indeed! — But enough of history... there are 15 cows to fetch from the pasture which was virtually divided into 3 sections: the south woods – a heavily forested area of pine and hemlock, the middle section – comprising of an old apple orchard and some open grazing, and the "sugar woods" – with hundreds of maple trees and also the most open grazing section of the pasture — and — the most distant part of the pasture. This area was bordered on one side by what was known as the old Boston Post Road connecting Brattleboro, VT with Boston, MA. Several old cellar holes along this abandoned road told of earlier occupation — holes long ago fallen in and overgrown with grass. I remember of running as fast as I could down into and up the other side of these depressions — sort of a roller coaster effect! It was here that I had my scary experience with wild life...

A light misty rain had been falling all day, coming, it seemed, from clouds only tree top high and giving me a feeling of depression – and even more so when

I found no cows waiting for me at the pasture bars. Cupping my hands around my mouth I went through the routine of calling "ca-boss — ca-boss" several times while intently listening and hoping to hear the sound of bells from the two cows wearing them. This was a time when "silence was not golden" so I set out to find them. I was wearing knee high rubber boots, had an open umbrella and started to follow a cow path which would eventually lead me to the so called sugar woods. As I was passing by a large tree stump, in a line fence that had been cut off just above the top wire and about head high to me, there was a sudden explosion of feathers only inches from my face, scaring me so that I quickly reversed direction and ran for home – not taking time to close the umbrella –and how I wished at that time that my rubber boots were sneakers. Of course, running with an open umbrella would be a bit like rowing a boat without pulling in the anchor. As I reached the bar way, I was greeted by a small animal, the likes of which I had never seen before and causing me to make another detour, running through a field of tall wet grass that soaked me to the waist. —Out of breath and scared I finally got home and told my story of the big bird with the explosion of feathers, was assured that it was only an owl, and possibly the animal was a weasel. Without even a snicker or a reprimand, my brother-in-law said he would get the cows, while my mother calmed my fears of my first wild life experience, and advising that I should always close the umbrella while running and that owls and weasels are not harmful to little boys!



“Casey” advances Thayer Home

By Yadira Betances
ybetances@eagletribune.com

Recommended by Helen Thayer Chapel

LAWRENCE — About a month before players take to the diamond, the author of baseball's most famous poem will be recognized by his native city.

Ernest Lawrence Thayer, who penned "Casey at the Bat," was born in a yellow Victorian house at 3 Jackson Terrace.

Yesterday, Rocco Canale and his son Marc of Colizzi Memorials Inc. of Methuen etched Thayer's name, his accomplishment, and his dates of birth and death on the steps leading to the house.

Michael A. Colizzi, the company's owner along with Jonas Stundza, chairman of the Lawrence Historical Commission, came up with the design.

Colizzi said they used a Roman letter font to reflect the time period "Casey at the Bat" was published in 1888. The 13-stanza ballad is about Casey disappointing his fans at a game in a fictitious town called Mudville.

"This is one way of recording the history of the city, which is huge," Colizzi said.

Barbara Brown, executive director of the Lawrence History Center, said it's appropriate Lawrence is highlighting "Casey at the Bat."

"Lawrence is known as a blue-collar, working-class city and baseball is a blue-collar sport," Brown said. "There's also a historical connection with the new immigrants."

Mark Schorr, executive director of the Robert Frost Foundation, said although "Casey at the Bat" was Thayer's only poem, it made a niche for itself in both the sports and literary worlds.

"He is important because 'Casey at the Bat' is one of the poems that has a life of its own," Schorr said. "There is no greater poem about baseball."

Schorr said the poem was translated into only a few languages. "Casey at the Bat" also was the subject of a popular song in the 1920s, a silent movie, and turned into a cartoon by Walt Disney. It was even turned into an opera, "The Mighty Casey."

"It definitely deserves to be remembered in a big way," Schorr said. "It should be recited, not only being a good exercise of memory, but because it has a life of its own."

While he was born in Lawrence, Thayer was raised in Worcester, where his father owned a woolen mill. He graduated magna cum laude from Harvard College in 1885, Phi Beta Kappa and Ivy Orator for his class. While at the school, he wrote for the Harvard Lampoon and penned the annual Hasty Pudding play. After spending time in Paris to hone his French language skills, he began writing for the San Francisco Examiner.

It was in the Examiner that "Casey at the Bat" was published without much fanfare in 1888. Thayer was paid \$5 for it. The poem was made famous when comedian DeWolf Hopper recited it during a performance with the New York Giants in attendance.

Thayer moved to Santa Barbara, Calif., where he married. He died at age 77 in 1940.

Lawrence High School Athletic Director Tim Finn was in the fourth or fifth grade when he read "Casey at the Bat" at St. Patrick School.

"I was surprised when I found out he was from Lawrence. This is a popular poem that everyone knows," Finn said.

"It's a great tribute to Lawrence, specially with the beginning of baseball season starting soon," Finn said.

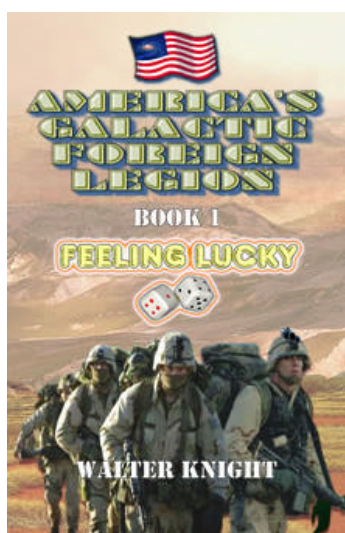
Wally Gator, Author

I enjoyed immensely attending with my wife Barb and my mother-in-law Madora Boyd the Thayer Family Association reunions at Abington, Boston, Salt Lake City, Angel Camp, and now Gettysburg. What better way to get to know friends and family than to go on vacation with them to interesting and beautiful places?

About two years ago at Angel Camp I started writing science fiction. Perhaps I was inspired to write by the many references and memorials to Mark Twain in and around Angel Camp. At first I could not find a publisher, but I kept writing.

Finally, after writing 13 books, I started getting publishers' attention. Penumbra Publishing www.penumbrapublishing.com agreed to publish my America's Galactic Foreign Legion, a 13 book humorous science fiction series depicting America taking humanity and American culture across the galaxy to battle spider-like aliens. The hero is a compulsive gambler (gee, where did I get that idea?) who is tricked by a talking ATM into enlisting into future America's Foreign Legion to pay off a debt.

America's Galactic Foreign Legion is a fun read. The first two books, "AGFL - Feeling Lucky," and "AGFL - Reenlistment," were published in 2010. A third book, "AGFL - Silent Invasion," is due out in August. America's Galactic Foreign Legion is a



three year project, with new books coming out every several months, available at www.Amazon.com in paperback and Ebook (and Kindle).

If you enjoy science fiction, or are just curious, feel free to visit my website:

www.walknight.yolasite.com to view sample chapters, cover art, newspaper articles, a nice book review by Piers Anthony, and updates. Drop me a line, wwallygatorr@hotmail.com, if you get the chance. See you all at the next reunion.

Sincerely,
Walt Knight

Photographer Porter C. Thayer

By John Howard Thayer

Introduction:

Thayer Family Historian, Tricia Thayer Muno, had recently been in touch with personnel from the Brooks Memorial Library who are working in conjunction with the University of Vermont's Center for Digital Initiatives, after discovering that Brooks is currently involved in scanning and cataloging almost 1300 photographic images made by photographer, Porter C. Thayer in the early 1900's (1906-1920)

Porter's lineage is as follows: (Charles Porter 9, Porter Charles 8, Arnold 7, Elijah 6, David 5-4, Thomas 3, Ferdinando 2, Thomas 1) THAYER and Laura Melvina ALDRICH).

As we all know, Tricia is currently very deeply involved in finishing Volume V of *The Comprehensive Genealogy of the Thayer Family of America*, and turned the story material over to me for completion. To that end, I also contacted Jessica Weitz, Technical Services Assistant at Brooks Memorial Library. Brooks has graciously given us permission to reprint the following article found in the Brooks Memorial Library Newsletter that may be found on hyperlink

<http://cdi.uvm.edu/collections/getCollection.xql?pid=thayer&title=Porter%20C.%20Thayer%20Photographs>

Collection Overview

This archive contains 1300 photographs made by Porter C. Thayer, scanned from silver gelatin prints, held in the collection of the Brooks Memorial Library. The prints were made in 1980 from the 5x7 glass plate negatives created by Porter Thayer. These images are also available on microfilm at the Brattleboro library.

Porter Thayer was born Porter Charlie Thayer on January 6, 1882 on Main Street in Williamsville, Vermont. He grew up in the red house called the Tillotson Place in the Parish section of Newfane, Vermont.

He photographed Windham County, Vermont, beginning in 1906 through around 1920. Like most Vermont men of his generation he was a farmer, specifically an apple orchardist, managing his 50 acre apple orchard on Baker Brook Farm in Newfane. He turned to his apple business after ending his photographic career.

The postcard craze that most likely reached Vermont by about 1905, was perhaps the impetus for Porter Thayer starting up a photographic business. His diaries tell that he sold 1,197 postal cards during a six-month period at the height of his career. The cards were for sale as souvenirs to summer tourists at small general stores, local inns, boarding houses and hotels. Local folks purchased his photographs as well, especially around the Christmas season, to send to distant relatives. A Brattleboro, Vermont directory of 1909 lists Porter as advertising that he would come to anyone's home and make images for a reasonable fee. Around 1911 he recorded that he had 720 customers. Eventually he photographed in all the towns within a 25 mile radius of his home in Newfane.

Porter Thayer perfectly fits the archetype of the town photographer. He traveled the narrow dirt roads in his buggy, behind his faithful mare Lady, who accompanied him daily. He could apparently take extended naps while Lady brought him safely home, as she always knew the way. He used two cameras: a 5 x 7 and a 6.5 x 8.5 view camera and made glass dry-plate negatives. He traveled with stacks of postcards to be delivered at stores along the way to his days work.

Working continually through seasons and years, Porter Thayer left an archive that is a cultural treasure for southeastern Vermont. The quality of his work shows that he was able to combine business needs with aesthetic ones. During the time period Porter worked, Vermont was extremely poor and rural, yet held a close-knit population that shared the labors of life. Farmers helped one another to survive in a subsistence and barter economy. For women, men, and children, life meant constant work. Thayer's images describe the work and the tools involved. His landscape images reveal this working landscape, which today is mostly hidden by trees. The fruits of his labor as a photographer have grown in importance, as both the landscape and culture of Vermont has shifted into modern spheres of living.

Written by Jessica Weitz and Forrest Holzapfel, 2010.

Epilogue:

Porter was seemingly a true character. I wish that I had been there to see him drive down the road with this horse and wagon while asleep. I am personally amazed that 1300 5x7 glass plate negatives are still in existence. Glass plates were also used in the early photography of the Civil War, with most of the glass plates ending up as windows in greenhouses. Sunlight destroyed most of those very valuable images. *JHT*



Postcard of South Newfane Road, Williamsville, VT by Porter C. Thayer with image copyright held by William Thayer. See hyperlink http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:South_Newfane_Road,_Williamsville,_VT.jpg

Future book orders will again be handled by Author and Editor

<i>Book Volume</i>	<i>Number of books</i>	<i>Volume Price</i>	<i>Postage Price per volume</i>	<i>Sub Total</i>
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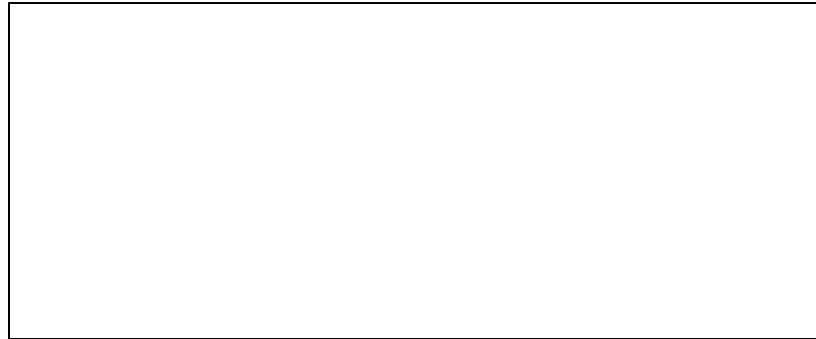
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For genealogical queries, or to find a Family Representative of a particular family, please write:

Patricia Thayer Munro, Thayer Family Historian
3618 North 225 East
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Email: HJThayer@aol.com

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