

Steve's Article from 12/30 Cottage Grove Sentinel

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# ***The Secret of Uncle Henry***

**HENRY DAVID PEARSON**

**“HERO” of the Annie Gold Mine on Bohemia Mt.  
&  
Perhaps Opal Whiteley’s “Angel Father”**



By Stephen Williamson © 2018 [storiesbysteve@gmail.com](mailto:storiesbysteve@gmail.com)

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## **HENRY D. PEARSON**

### **Perhaps Opal Whiteley's Real "Angel Father" & "HERO" of the Annie Gold Mine on Bohemia Mt.**

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In the parade of people in Opal Whiteley's life there is no one who is more important or little known than her great-uncle Henry David Pearson. He has become almost forgotten in the Opal story, but he may be the most important person in her early life.

Without Henry D. Pearson we probably do not have the same young Opal Whiteley who is so interested in nature. He may even be Opal's "real" Angel Father as he does virtually everything Prince Henri d. Orleans is alleged to have done with her.

Pearson was a successful gold miner. In 1892 a newspaper called him the "Hero of the Annie Mine". Articles over the years frequently credit him with making a major discovery of a vein of gold on Bohemia Mountain, thirty-five miles east of Cottage Grove. He also traveled from Alaska to the Southern Hemisphere mining gold. Pearson was also a close associate and gold mining partner with the legendary Dr. William Oglesby, one of the very first discoverers of gold in the Bohemia District.

Henry David Pearson was highly educated for his time, knowing both a good deal of science and literature. Several witnesses said he was the only one in the family who was really close to young Opal and supported her nature studies. Her early writings are full of praise for Henry D. Pearson. I call him the "Prince of Fairyland".

This report (and supporting online documents) contains the references I have about Henry David Pearson, including quotations and stories by Opal plus what little biographers have written about him. I've also collected historic newspaper articles about Pearson. They offer important new insights in this fascinating man.

Yet, in 1920, after years of praising Uncle Henry, Opal turned her back on him and denied he had much influence on her education. She wipes him out of her life. Why? This report also contains my speculations for erasing him after he was so important.

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## **Did Opal Have Two Angel Fathers ??**

**Henry D. Pearson & Henri d. Orleans**

***Uncle Henry Does Everything Opal's "Angel Father" Prince Did***

- + Both men have the same first names and middle initial
- + Both are said to have taught Opal about the natural sciences and nature
- + Both travel to "far lands" (Pearson traveled to South America and Alaska)
- + Both were said to be interested in studying natural history
- + Both men sing and both men know some Latin - and also poetry
- + Both have light colored eyes (Opals says Angel Father's are blue in diary)
- + Opal's nickname in Fairyland Around Us is "Liloriole" or "Little Oriole"  
 - which is an ear rhyme for "Little Orleans" (pronounced OR-LEE-AWNS)

## **Uncle Henry - Prince of Fairyland**

**Henry David Pearson 1861 - 1914**

**Pearson and Dr. Oglesby struck gold in Bohemia Mts. with the Annie Mine**

**He was Elizabeth Scott Whiteley's maternal uncle and Opal's great-uncle**

**His Sister is Opal's Grandmother, Achsah Pearson Scott**

**Opal said when he that died his thoughts lived on in her**

**He taught Opal about nature & poetry, geology & Latin names**

**He is mostly forgotten by biographers, but he may be her real "Angel Father"**

## What Opal Biographers Have Said About Henry D. Pearson

NOTE: It's curious that biographers of Opal Whiteley have paid little attention to Henry Pearson. Apparently, they did not read the Fairyland Around Us closely nor speak to Opal's friends who knew Uncle Henry. He may be the role model for Angel Father.

But some people in Boston could not believe that a "rough miner" to quote Atlantic Monthly editor, Ellery Sedgwick could have had any major influence on Opal's genius. Biographer Katherine Beck writes about the prejudice towards Westerners, which was still strong in Opal's day as evidenced by Ellery Sedgwick's dismissal of testimony from people in Oregon. Of course, an uncle in Oregon who had a similar name as the French "Angel Father" and taught her similar things would cast doubt on her story. She and the Atlantic Monthly had to write him out of her life. There could not be two Angel Fathers.

### **From: Fabulous Opal Whiteley, by Elbert Bede, 1954:**

Page 91: Elbert Bede was the former editor of the Cottage Grove Sentinel newspaper and can be called the "discoverer" of Opal's talents. He certainly promoted Opal in her young years. His book is overall the fairest to her and best about her younger life.

"When Opal's mystifying knowledge of biology, botany, and geology became a major problem for those who wished to explain the sources of her unbelievable familiarity with many things to which the average person gives little or no attention, there were some who believed they had the solution when they gave credit to an uncle (the Uncle Caleb of the diary), well known as a miner along the Pacific Coast.

A woman, who said she was a child associate of Opal's, told me that both she and Opal learned botany, biology, and astronomy from this uncle, who was a brother\* of "the mamma" of the diary. In a letter to me, from Boston, Opal said her knowledge did not come from that source, that an article in the Eugene, Oregon, *Guard* which advanced such a theory "was a make-up of the reporter;" that the uncle, a kind-hearted miner, told her frogs gave warts, and horsehairs turned into snakes, points upon which science has been strangely-- no doubt discreetly -- silent. The uncle was no longer here to speak for himself. He had become one of the many disappearing witnesses whose absence hindered the search for information about Opal's knowledge, her parentage, and many incidents with which the diary is associated."

\* error by Bede: Henry (Caleb) was Elizabeth Whiteley's uncle, but about 12 years apart

**From: Opal Whiteley, The Unsolved Mystery by E. S. Bradburne. 1962:**

Page 46: It has been suggested that much of her knowledge, particularly of nature, was given to her by an uncle, a brother of Mrs. Whiteley. Opal wrote, in a letter to Mr. Whiteley in April 1920,

“Mr. Bede, in a letter to me spoke about the Uncle Henry Pearson suggesting the names for my pets. You know that couldn’t have been for you know Henry cared nothing for learning -- and the names he suggested for my pets were Mike and Tom and Jerry instead of the funny ones I gave them. He always said the names I gave to my pets were queer ones that didn’t have any sense in them. Of course he said it in a kindly way. And also Mr. Bede spoke of Henry Pearson’s interesting me in the natural science studies. But, Papa, he never told me the name of a flower, nor a bird, nor a tree. He liked the out-of-doors but it didn’t make a difference to him whether a bird was a sparrow or a wren. He just liked the out-of-doors. I early learned I could not learn from him the things I wanted to find out about natural science.”

Her childhood diary leaves no doubt that she believed that the source of her knowledge and love of nature was her “Angel Father”, later identified as Henri d. Orleans.

When I was coming back from the house of Elsie I did looks about as I did go along. I saw a piece of bark. I did turn it over with care. There were ants. I made a set-down to watch them. Some ants carry bundles with queer looks. Big Jud at school says they are ant eggs. I have not thinks so. They be too big for ant eggs -- and I have remembers that Angel Father did call them nymphs de fourmis.”

**From: The Singing Creek Where the Willows Grow, by Benjamin Hoff, 1986:**

Page 17-18: “Another possible source for the characters of Opal’s angel parents was her uncle, Henry Pearson, a miner and self-taught naturalist who entertained his young niece whenever he came visiting with accounts of the animals and birds he had tamed and rescued, as well as with imaginary stories about their lives. In addition to mentioning him in her diary, Opal seems to have included him in a semiautobiographical short story she wrote at nineteen, in which a girl is introduced to wildflowers and birds by her uncle, who instead of attending social functions, “preferred to roam over the hills and through the meadows.”

**From: Opal A Life of Enchantment, Mystery and Madness - Katherine Beck, 2003**

Page 106: Back in her Junior Endeavor days, Opal had given a newspaper interview in which said she came by her love of nature from her uncle Henry Pearson, a miner. Opal now denied this. Sedgwick said that the idea that “a rough miner” could have taught her a love of nature was “fantastic” and “preposterous.” Later he wrote that while he was investigating Opal, he received “letters from persons, many half illiterate, from the rough Northwest.” Eastern ignorance of the West was not unusual for the times. An old lady once told this writer that as a young girl in the 1920s she went to a tea party in New York. Her hostess, upon hearing she was from Seattle, said, “Oh, there’s another girl here from the West. She’s from Chicago. Perhaps you know her.”

Page 201: Opal’s devotion to Henri d’Orleans never wavered. She believed that many of her traits that she felt the Whiteleys did not possess were inherited from him. Steve Williamson, the Oregon Opal researcher, is also a mental health worker who once worked with schizophrenics. He looked for clues to where Opal may have gotten her ideas. Pointing out that the mentally ill often base their thoughts on “ear rhymes,” he noted that her uncle Henry Pearson, the miner whom she initially said in press interviews and in *The Fairyland Around Us* had inspired her interest in nature, was actually named Henry D. Pearson. He speculated that in her mind she might have made the connection from “Henry D.” to “Henri d’.”



**Circa 1910 Photo of Uncle Henry Pearson and his sister, Opal’s maternal grandmother, Achsah Pearson Scott. He left his small estate to her daughter**



## PLAY OF COLORS - 2005 book by Germaine Cross - page 19

### *Uncle Henry's Lost Gold Mine*

**Germaine Cross is a member of the Scott family and accurately portrays Opal and Uncle Henry's relationship. Below read about Uncle Henry and his lost gold mine! Her family biography of Opal is filled with details not found in other books.**

P. 19 "Many of Opal's female classmates felt that a geology major was inappropriate for a woman. "What is so interesting about rocks?" they ask. Henry David Pearson certainly contributed to her geological knowledge. Achsah's brother and Opal's maternal great-uncle, Uncle Henry, was Opal's favorite relative. A handsome and successful miner, he traveled up and down the West Coast, making several successful strikes. By the early 1910's he had moved to Bakersfield, California hoping to sooth his lungs in the arid desert. At the time, Bakersfield had the reputation of one of the last of the old western frontier towns. Between 1899 and 1910, the population had tripled in Bakersfield due to the discovery of oil. A section of town called the Tenderloin was full of saloons, gambling houses, dance halls and over 40 brothels."

"Opal often fondly recalled Uncle Henry's tales of the desert, forests and fields of the Sierra Nevada's. Prior to leaving the University of Oregon, Opal said she was on her way to do research work in the San Bernardino Mountains, Mojave Desert and the Sierra Nevada's."

**"In fact, legend has it that Uncle Henry struck gold in the Bohemia Mountains outside Cottage Grove. The legend goes that he did not inform the mining company he worked for. Why should they profit from his hard work? He took the location of the mother lode to his grave, dying in 1914, as a bachelor in Bakersfield. Today, in warmer months, people can still be found searching for gold in the Bohemia Mountains. Perhaps someday someone will locate the lost mine of Henry Pearson."**

[https://books.google.com/books?id=DkY\\_LBhiNMoC&pg=PA19&lpg=PA19&dq=%22henry+david+pearson%22+california&source=bl&ots=1aVOFByd1i&sig=enTze\\_APGPsID7haaZGGLYKueM&hl=en&sa=X&ei=8r4qUue1OeOZiAK0l4CwAg&ved=0CFwQ6AEwBg#v=onepage&q=%22henry%20david%20pearson%22%20california&f=false](https://books.google.com/books?id=DkY_LBhiNMoC&pg=PA19&lpg=PA19&dq=%22henry+david+pearson%22+california&source=bl&ots=1aVOFByd1i&sig=enTze_APGPsID7haaZGGLYKueM&hl=en&sa=X&ei=8r4qUue1OeOZiAK0l4CwAg&ved=0CFwQ6AEwBg#v=onepage&q=%22henry%20david%20pearson%22%20california&f=false)



## 1915 - UNCLE HENRY'S THOUGHTS LIVE ON IN OPAL

*Quote from Opal About Uncle Henry by Elbert Bede in 1915 (Henry died in 1914) I think this sounds more fatherly than like an uncle to his niece. His thoughts live on in her and she is learning what he wanted her to learn.*

Elbert Bede article Sunday 3/21/1915 Oregonian after Opal's First Visit to U of O:

"She attributes much of her interest in nature to an uncle, Henry Pearson, a pioneer miner, known all along the Pacific Coast, who died last year. "He used to tell me of nature, and now, though he's dead, his thoughts can live on, because I'm learning those things he wanted me to know," she says."

<http://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn83045782/1915-03-21/ed-1/seq-63/#index=6&rows=20&words=Henry+Pearson&sequence=0&proxtext=%22henry+pearson%22+&y=-280&x=-483&dateFilterType=range&page=1>

she	He is very observant, she says, and she	
rsity	knows he will bark if danger is near.	
rsity	She attributes much of her interest	Man
here	for nature to an uncle, Henry Pearson,	
bi-	a pioneer miner, known all along the	
y in	Pacific Coast, who died last year.	
she	"He used to tell me of nature, and	
use-	now, though he's dead, his thoughts can	Jol
oree	live on, because I'm learning those	citize
for	things he wanted me to know," she	days
She	says.	by D.
She	<b>Collects Thousands of Specimens.</b>	Euge
ants	Perhaps the most remarkable feature	cide
and	of her life is the amount she has accom-	says:
ogy.	plished in three years, during which	A
iasm	time she has built up collections with	physi
	thousands of specimens of actual mater-	ty ia

## March 21, 1918 Oregonian News - Opal Leaving Oregon for Calif

**NOTE: Opal says she is leaving the University of Oregon. She is going to study in the Mojave Desert and San Bernardino Mts, where Uncle Henry loved and is buried. The article also has a photo of Opal dancing the "Spirit of Nature".**

"Miss Whiteley will leave for California in the middle of March to do research work there until September. She will carry on her work in the Sierra Nevada and San Bernardino Mountains in the Yosemite, the Catalina Islands and the Mojave Desert. She plans to lecture on her nature work while in California and raise funds for a children's museum.

"I want to say to my many, many friends in Oregon". She said, "that I am not saying "good-bye" to Oregon but am taking Oregon right along with me." She will continue her work in the university beginning with the next October semester."

<https://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn83045782/1918-03-03/ed-1/seq-59/#words=Opal+Whiteley>



## **FALL, 1904 - UNCLE HENRY & ANGEL FATHER IN OPAL'S DIARY**

Uncle Henry appears by name in Chapter Two - very early in Opal's childhood diary which was allegedly written in the fall of 1904 to the fall of 1905. It's the second day in her diary and was perhaps written in August or September 1904.

Opal also knows about the gold mines - mentioning them twice in her diary. The road to the mines ran in front of their house in Walden. Uncle Henry gives Opal a nice blue ribbon for her hair but Opal then gets into trouble with "the mamma" for giving the ribbon to a mother pig!

This is the only time he is directly mentioned in the diary. However, I speculate that some of the incidents attributed to the Man Who Wears Grey Neckties and is Kind to Mice (neighbor, George Miller) are more likely to have been done by a closer family member - like an uncle.

### **Chapter 2 - Possibly Aug or Sept 1904 - Uncle Henry's Blue Ribbon for Aphrodite**

" I felt I ought to do something to make up to her for having come into her home out of the arms of Michael Angelo Sanzio Raphael instead of calling on her in the proper way. I decided a good way to make it up to her would be to pull down the rail fence in that place where the pig-pen is weak and take her for a walk. I went to the woodshed . I got a piece of clothesline rope. While I was making a halter for the mother pig, I took my Sunday -best hair ribbon, the blue ribbon the Uncle Henry gave to me. I made a bow on that halter. I put the bow just over her ears. That gave her the proper look. When the mamma saw us go walking by, she took the bow from off the pig. She put that bow in the trunk; me she put under the bed."

---

## Uncle Henry does many of the things with Opal as her “Angel father “

Below are two references below from her childhood diary where Angel Father tells Opal the Latin name for ant's eggs and teaches her how to listen to lichen voices. It's very similar to the way Opal writes about her uncle's teachings in *The Fairyland Around Us*. Both men also know the Latin names for insects and plants.

### Chapter 16 | Paragraph 271: *Listening to Lichen Voices*

( NOTE: Day 27 in Opal's Diary - possibly February 1905 )

Lichen folks talk in gray tones. I think they do talk more when come winter days. I hear their voices more in December than I do hear their voices in July and June time. Angel Father did show me the way to listen to lichen voices. Most grown-ups don't hear them at all. I see them walk right by -- in a hurry sometimes. And all the time the lichen folks are saying things. And the things they say are their thoughts about the gladness of a winter day. I put my ear close to the rocks and I listen. That is how I do hear what they are saying. Then I do take a reed for a flute. I climb on a stump -- on the most high stump that is near. I pipe on the flute to the wind what the lichens are saying. I am piper for the lichens that dwell on the gray rocks, and the lichens that cling to the trees grown old.

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### Chapter 27 | Paragraph 441: *Ant Eggs*

Day 49 in Opal's Diary, possibly written May 25, 1905)

When I was coming back from the house of Elsie I did look looks about as I did go along. I saw a piece of bark. I did turn it over with care. There were ants. I made a set-down to watch them. Some ants did carry bundles with queer looks. Big Jud at school says they are ant eggs. I have not thinks so. They be too big for ant eggs and I have remembers that Angel Father did call them nymphes de *fourmis*.

## 1918 - UNCLE HENRY IN THE FAIRYLAND AROUND US

### *Opal's Uncle Henry Teaches her Poetry, Botany, Biology and Latin Names*

Opal's book, *The Fairyland Around Us* is composed largely of diary entries from about age 9 to about age 17. She often gives the month and day but seldom the year in her diary entries. Her "uncle" is mentioned many times. The view of her family is very different from in the diary. I don't believe the Papa (Ed Whiteley is mentioned more than once or twice. Her grandparents are all favorably written about. However, Lizzie Whiteley still spansks Opal just as much as before!

The name "uncle" is mentioned over 30 times and at least 13 times it refers directly to Uncle Henry Pearson. He is always mentioned in the most glowing terms. Opal writes that he teaches geology, biology, botany, Latin, poetry and lessons in life. He does all of the things that she later credits Angel Mother and Angel Father with doing. He is the Prince of Opal's Fairyland. It's hard to imagine a closer uncle-niece relationship.

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### Uncle has "much sympathy" with Opal's Nature Studies

PAGE 94: July 29th -- I've found several centipedes today around decayed stumps and pieces of old hollow logs. Centipedes haven't as many legs as millipedes, but what they have are larger. Centipedes belong to the class Chilipoda. Centipedes are neither worms, insects nor bugs, but they are Centipedes. Can't we call them always by their right name, Centipedes? Three times I've started to raise Centipedes, but something always happens to them before they become grown-up, and they disappear. **And Uncle, who has much sympathy with my nature study, thinks that I had best wait until I am older to have a Centipede Farm.**

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### Along the Road - story of Water Boatman and Uncle eating cakes Indians made

"Are your eggs laid in the water, or on land?"

"In the water," gravely answered Water Boatman ; "in the water on the stems of water plants. And the little girl who put me back in water told me that the eggs of our cousins in a land farther south are gathered by the Indians and made into cakes with meal. She gave me a nibble of one her uncle had brought to her; but I didn't care for it. I was very glad when she placed me in the water here - and I like to live here."

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## **“HOUSE OF SALOME” - A STRANGE & FUNNY PART OF FAIRYLAND**

NOTE: Salome, the play written by Oscar Wilde is based on the Bible story of Salome and her uncle. It seems very strange for an uncle to send his favorite niece the suggestion to name her pet's home The House of Salome - which sounds like an Old West saloon. Henry lived in mining towns that had many saloons and brothels. The name Salome was notorious around 1910 because of the popular Oscar Wilde play. Many dancers portrayed Salome.

It's a very strange gift from an uncle to a niece. See my notes here on if Opal was molested by Henry Pearson (probably not, because he had tuberculosis).

Here is a Wikipedia article about Salome and her uncle in the Bible and how she dances for the head of John the Baptist (who used the phrase “Heaven On Earth” referring to Jesus walking on the Earth. <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Salome>

PAGE 105: August 21 -- Troubles, troubles, and in our own Flower Room, whose synonym is "Heaven on Earth"; but now Salome has ruined his reputation. Salome, the collared lizard, whom Uncle Henry sent to me from California, the other day, was a thing of beauty in the flower room, but alas, not a joy forever. First she ate little bits of Clover blossoms; then bigger bits of the Crickets; thirdly, all the bits of Hadrian (the pet Swift who is nearly as large as she is); fourthly, every bit of Moses (the baby Grass Snake); fifthly, and last of all, all of Aristotle (the pet Horned Toad). And then, as though she thought "Our Flower Room" an ideal place for her children and her children's children, she deposited sixteen eggs therein. The prospect of the possibility of their being seventeen Salomes in our beloved "Heaven on Earth" room was overwhelming; and I was sorely puzzled until Uncle's letter came with its suggestion for "The House of Salome." O, if that letter had only arrived with Salome, as it was meant that it should. Four of the Camp Children are going to help me -- together we shall build of bits of board and screen, a goodly sized house, with much sand.

August 25 -- "The House of Salome" is finished and in it we have placed Salome and her sixteen eggs.

P. S. -- We've also discovered that Salome's cannibalistic appetite is pleased with grasshoppers. Jimmy says, "Hurrah!" So do I, and all the rest of us. That makes a twenty-seventh excuse for the existence of our "Grasshoppery" -- the existence of said "Grasshoppery" being much opposed by the grown-ups.

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PAGE 112: October –  
**O, those dear Earth-star fairies --**  
 they were rolling about yesterday  
 when the sun was shining; but last  
 night it rained -- and to-day they  
 were resting. Uncle told me that  
 they are found all over the world,  
 and that when they are rolling about  
 they scatter their Baby Spores, who  
 will be, when they grow up, Earth  
 Stars "Water-measuring Earth-  
 stars" Uncle calls them. Their  
 scientific name is Geaster  
 Hygrometricus.

---

### **Uncle teaches Opal which mushrooms are good and which are poison**

PAGE 160: August 11th -- In Grandpa's pasture we found many **Mushroom fairies**,  
 they who are called the Common Mushrooms, they whose scientific name is *Agaricus  
 campestris*. And Uncle went out and gathered some for supper, for these are good to  
 eat. But this Uncle says -- "You children must never taste the Mushrooms you find for  
 some Mushrooms are poison -- and lest it be a poison one you taste 'tis best to taste  
 them not at all." And we won't because Uncle, he knows what is best.

---



## Uncle teaches Opal poems about nature

PAGE 171: It seems only yesterday, but it is seven years since Uncle taught me this verse, which we children all love.

Then in that solemn hour I heard  
A hymn that comes so sweet and clear;  
So pure a tone, it seems to be A bit of  
heaven's minstrelsy.

PAGE 175: May -- To-day while going softly through the woods I met someone else stepping carefully, too -- 'twas the Oven Builder, whose other name is Golden-crowned Thrush, he who is cousin of many Warblers. Have you found his home -- his wonderful home? When you do it will make him all the dearer unto you for nearer do we come to our little brothers of the air as we know their home-life. When I was just a very little girl Uncle taught me this verse, and I want you to learn it too.

In the days of spring migrations, days  
    when the warbler hosts move northward,  
To the forests, to the leaf beds, comes the tiny  
oven builder,

Daintily the leaves he tiptoes,  
    underneath them builds his oven, Arched  
and paved with last year's oak leaves,  
roofed and walled against the raindrops.

Hour by hour his voice he raises,  
    mingling with the red-eye's snatches, Answering  
to the hermit's anthem;  
    rising -- falling, like a wind-breath;

Strange, ventriloquous his music,  
far away when close beside one; Near  
at hand when seeming distant;  
    weird -- his plaintive crescendo.  
Teach us! Teach us! Is his asking,  
uttered to the Omnipresent;  
Teach us! Teach us! Comes responsive  
from the solemn, listening forest

## **Henry Travels from the Southern Hemisphere to Alaska (Far Lands?)**

PAGE 200: January 8th -- 'Tis a wonderful day I have had with the Incense Cedar trees. Pandora, the pet Chipmunk, went with me this morning to the woods on the side of the hill. Then I went to Raphael, my chum among the Incense Cedar Trees. He stands so great and tall; and last year when Uncle Henry saw him he said that he was several hundred years old -- and one of the finest he had ever seen, even among the wonderful ones in the Southern Hemisphere.

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## **Uncle travels to the far northland (Alaska)**

PAGE 200: January 19th -- In the woods today was someone I had never seen before. There he was looking so solemn, sitting in the broken part of a tree. I climbed another tree just over the way, and sat there solemn, too -- watching him. I'm sure he came from the north -- from the far north. His clothes would make one think so.

I think that he is one of the Snowy Owls which Uncle told me about when he came back from the far northland .I wanted to say, "How-do-you-do, Snowy Owl," but most likely he would do just what I didn't want him to. I just waited and the longer I waited the more solemn I felt, with him looking so solemn. Pretty soon I began to get hungry (I remembered that Uncle said he ate meadow-mice, rats and sometimes muskrats -- Snowy Owl, not Uncle).

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## **Page 216: LILORIOLE IN SEARCH OF THE HOMES OF FAIRYLAND**

One of the most intriguing parts of *The Fairyland Around Us* is Opal's alter-ego, Liloriole (little oriole) on page 216. She is a small human-like fairy who is also taught nature by her Uncle. Liloriole flies all over Fairyland seeking ways to teach children about nature. It is a good chapter with much detail about wildlife.

"Once upon a time there was a little girl -- a little girl who very, very much wanted to know about things -- especially how other folks, the folk of the fields and woods, lived; where they built their homes; what their homes were made of; what they fed their children. The more she thought about it, the more sure she felt that other boys and girls were wanting to know these things also.

Now, this little girl's name was Liloriole -- and there came a day, 'twas the hour between sunset and darkness, the hour all children love, when Twilight, the child of Day and Night, came and led Liloriole forth in search of the homes of Fairyland."

### ***LILORIOLE ... LITTLE ORIOLE .... LITTLE ORLEANS EAR-RHYME ?***

What is curious is that her name, Liloriole, is an ear rhyme with "Little Orleans". When "Orleans" is pronounced in French it is "Or-Lee-Owns" – an ear rhyme with Liloriole. Did she know about the rhyme? Opal wrote about word games her family played.

Opal's alter personality in Fairyland (last chapters) is "Liloriole". I believe that may come from the affectionate term "Little Oriole". Liloriole is clearly an alternate personality for Opal – Liloriole is sent on a mission by her Uncle. She is a tiny human fairy. She flies all over Fairyland learning things to teach children.

Let's play some word games with Uncle Henry & Prince Henri. A child writing in a diary may have spelt Henry as Henre or Henri - both are correct in French and Spanish.

Now, try to say out loud the words "Oriole" and "OR-LE-AWNS" - this is called an "ear rhyme", The verbal sounds of the two words are fairly close. Might be too far of a stretch - but many people with Opal's gift for language make associations like these.

## **PAGE 220: LOON STORY – LILORIOLE’S UNCLE IS MENTIONED**

After an all-night's journey Liloriole arrived with Twilight at the home of Mother Loon. 'Twas at the edge of a Northern pond. As they paused they heard a strange cry; but Liloriole soon learned 'twas the call of the Loon. When she saw Loon alight and move along at the edge of the pond she remembered what her uncle had told her -- 'twas a legend that when Mother Nature made the first Loon she forgot to put legs on him, and he started off before she noticed her mistake. Then she picked up the pair of legs nearest to her and threw them after him. They landed too near unto his tail -- and they were also the wrong pair of legs.

So Loon fairies stand up -- but apparently that pair of legs were not suitable for graceful walking legs. And Liloriole, watching Loon, saw the reason for the legend. Two wonderful days she had with a Mother Loon, and a baby Loon, whom she named Gavoralee Gavia -- for his scientific name was Gavia.

## **UNCLE HENRY IS HOME FROM ALASKA AND TEACHES OPAL ABOUT ANIMALS, MUSHROOMS, ROCKS AND PET RACCOONS**

PAGE 188: July 29th -- Have you tasted Salal Berries -- those dark purple berries on Salal Shrubs that carpet the forest floor in some places? We were on a long tramp in the woods today, and those berries tasted so good. Even Pliny and Cicero, the two pet squirrels, like them. Its flowers look much like Manzanita, Rhododendron, Wintergreen and Indian Pipe.

In the woods is a Raccoon -- and this Raccoon's name is Achilles. Achilles and I are good friends. You see it is this way -- I knew Achilles when he was a youngster. Like many other of his tribe, he was interested in pieces of shining tin -- and even as some of his relatives he met his fate in a trap baited with a piece of shining tin. It so happened that some hours later I was passing by. After much difficulty with the trap and with Baby Raccoon both arrived at the hospital.

At first Raccoon Junior refused to be on friendly terms -- then as his leg healed he became very gentle and more likeable. Achilles was his name -- and with him this name staid when, having recovered from his injuries, he followed me about in the woods. We were great chums -- but sometimes I was spanked for Achilles' pranks. He was, like most all of my pets, forbidden the premises of the yard -- as, of course, was best. But sometimes he, like they, would come in with me from the woods. There was that day when I went into the pantry to get a sandwich -- and, the butter being in the refrigerator, I opened the door, took it out, and forgot to shut the door. I went upstairs (for just a moment), then as I started out-of-doors again I stopped to close the refrigerator door. I

called Achilles, but he did not come, so I started across the yard to the brook that flows through the garden.

And if there wasn't Achilles -- and he was very busy washing something. When I saw what it was my heart went pit-a-pat -- and then it beat lower -- for Achilles was engaged in washing that lovely steak Mother had placed in the refrigerator for supper, for Uncle was coming, and this his first evening since home from Alaska, and this his favorite steak -- and there was simply no way of getting any more from town until to-morrow noon. But even though I felt the shadows of the hour ahead, the next ten minutes were exciting as Achilles soused that steak about. And the next ten minutes were exciting in a different way, for Mamma also saw Achilles doing a stunt with that which had been only a few minutes previously a choice steak in the refrigerator. Mother even had me go cut the switch I was to be whipped with. Then when Achilles had been taken back to the woods and I had received the whipping the pathos came in having to be sent to bed when Uncle was there. But my! There was a silver lining in the cloud after all, because when supper was over Uncle came in and told me about a pet Raccoon he had when he was a boy -- and thus helped me to forget about not liking to be sent to bed. (Of course I deserved the spanking for leaving the door open -- which wouldn't have happened if I hadn't gotten the sandwich which I wasn't to -- but it's hard for little girls to wait as long as grown-ups, especially when you are out tramping in the woods, and don't arrive home at dinner time when you are supposed to).

Uncle told me that the last part of Raccoon's scientific name, *Procyon lotor*, refers to Achilles' habit of washing meat. Uncle, when he was a little boy, was also sent to bed for giving his pet Raccoon corn in milk.

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### Uncle settles an argument about reptiles and animals

Page 111: On the way home from school we had an argument about who belonged to the Reptile class of the animal kingdom -- and our argument became heated. Jane and I were sure that Lizards, Snakes, Tortoises, and Turtles belonged. Sammie said he knew Turtles were not reptiles and that Horned Toads were not either. When we arrived home we talked the matter over with Uncle and found out Jane and I were right; but we all forgot about Crocodiles who also belong to the Reptile class. (Anyway they are not every-day **fairies** for which we children are all glad.) Horned Toads belong to the Reptile class because you know they are really truly lizards.

### **Page 132 - Raindrop's Journey: a little girl's uncle offers her an Indian cake to eat**

Just around the bend in a place where the stream was dreaming, Raindrop came upon Water Boatman, he of the family of Corixidae, swimming on the surface of the water. And when Raindrop from the bottom of the stream called unto him, Water Boatman, being an air breather, as he descended below the surface of the water, carried down with him a film of air among the fine hairs over his body.

'I've been watching you — how quickly you move about. This is your home?'

"Yes," answered Water Boatman, "this is now my home. Last year I lived in a pond ; but when the warm days came it dried up, and I, with several others, flew away in search of water somewhere else. On our way we saw something shining — so bright — we flew about it. I afterwards learned that it was an electric light. And while we were hovering near it a little girl came and watched us, and I heard her say: 'They do not belong here.' I'm sure we must have looked clumsy, for we are not nearly so quick on land as in the water. Then she caught us and next day brought us to dwell here, where the water is dreaming. I think that she must have understood the longings of a Water Boatman's heart for water."

Raindrop was pondering about something. "Are your eggs laid in the water, or on land?"

"In the water," gravely answered Water Boatman ; "in the water on the stems of water plants. And the little girl who put me back in water told me that the eggs of our cousins in a land farther south are gathered by the Indians and made into cakes with meal. She gave me a nibble of one her uncle had brought to her; but I didn't care for it. I was very glad when she placed me in the water here - and I like to live here."

----- **END OF UNCLE REFERENCES IN FAIRYLAND AROUND US** -----

## A Blue Day

### *Short Story Written in 1917 for a class at UO*

**NOTE: in this story the girl's uncle even helps her overcome feeling "blue" (depressed) and also teaches her life lessons. It's a good, old-fashioned way to deal with depression.**

**Opal was about 19 when she wrote this story. It is similar to the "Joyous Blue" in Fairyland Around Us. She has a good relationship with her Grandmother.**

Helen stood in the doorway. The usual brightness was gone from her face as she exclaimed in a disappointed tone, "O, I feel so blue. Our plans are all upset. Dorthy's car had a breakdown at the very last minute, some old friends of the Campbell's had to come and now Minnie can't use their car because her mother wishes to show the guests around. Now we can't have the jolly picnic we had planned for the last two weeks! This whole day is just going to be a blue day!"

Just as she said the last words, her grandmother with whom she had been making her home for the past six months, paused at the door on her way to the garden. She had heard the girl's last words, and glancing at the clouded face, stopped to make the suggestion that as it was going to be a blue day anyhow, why not make it a joyous blue.

"A joyful blue day! Why the very idea. Who ever heard of a joyful blue day, grandmother?"

"Well I have heard of them and have had joyful blue days."  
"O, tell me about it, grandmother."

"Yes, Helen, of course I should be glad to tell you about it, but I shall be more glad to start you in your search for a joyful blue day."

As Mrs. Harlow followed her tall graceful grand-daughter down the garden path, her tender, motherly eyes rested lovingly upon the girlish form of this, her youngest granddaughter whom she had tried so hard to come close to in the six months she had been with her. When they reached the garden, she said, "The secret of a joyous blue day is just finding blue things."



"O, grandma, that's plenty easy. Why I've found enough things this morning to be blue about for a whole week." And grandmother laughingly replied, "Dear girl, the secret of the day is not in finding things to be blue about, but in finding blue things to be happy about."

After going a few steps farther she softly said, "We'll begin with these" as she pointed to a bed of purplish-blue flowers. Helen noticed the quivering note in her voice as she went on softly, "These grew wild in the moist woods by the old home back in Virginia. The last time I went back there I brought them with me because when a child I found them there and father left them growing wild because I loved them. They are called Job's Tears, and I wanted you to see them this morning while they are wide awake and pert for shortly after noon their petals will begin to change and watching them you can understand why they were so named. They are cousins to the Wandering Jew plant on the porch. Helen, it was back on the old home place where these grew, that I had my first joyful blue day and it was a glorious May morning much like this."

Since her keen disappointment, Helen had not stopped to notice the glory of the morning until now, when looking over the garden to the meadows and hills beyond and up to the sky, she said with a glad light in her eyes and a new determination in her voice "Grandmother dear, I am going to start on my way to find the joyous blue. Which path is best to follow?"

Grandmother pointed to the path that led through the orchard and meadow into the winding road near the hills.

Helen had not gone far when she suddenly stopped as she heard a familiar whistle and turning her head she saw her uncle Fred coming quickly down the path. When he reached her he asked in a teasing tone, "And may I go along Miss Joy Seeker?" To her surprise she found herself answering, "Why of course" to this young uncle she had never taken much time to get acquainted with, as she had thought him queer, because during his leisure time instead of going with their set, he had preferred to roam over the hills and through the meadows.

As they came into the orchard Uncle Fred suggested that they go very quietly. She wondered why and was just going to ask him when she saw a flash of blue and a beautiful bird alighted on a bough close by and burst into a rapturous song. As they listened she felt a new joy in her heart.

"Why Uncle Fred, I never heard such a song before."

"Yes," replied her uncle, "and it is one of the sweetest songs you ever will hear. E.E. Rexford, a lover of birds, has written a poem in which I remember that he tells of the blue bird blending in a silver strain, the sound of laughing water, the patter of Spring's sweet rain, the voice of the winds, the sunshine and fragrance of blossoming things."

"My! What a wonderful blue its color is. I would just almost believe that it took a part of Heaven's blue."

"Helen, you are one of many who have thought of that. Another poet who loved the bluebird has said:

'Heaven loves to scatter earthward  
Flakes of its own soft hue  
The first bird, the last flower  
Wear the same shade of blue.'"

After the singer had flown, her Uncle suggested that they go on to the meadow. As they emerged from the orchard, Helen cried out: "O! I didn't suppose the meadow was so big." "Father has always left it wild because, (and there was a thoughtful look on his face) because mother loved it so." He was indeed his mother's son and like her, he loved this great meadow

They stood silently looking over the meadow for some time until her uncle was aroused from his reverie by Helen's eager voice, "Why who would have thought of there being so many different flowers in one meadow."

To which her uncle answered, "Yes, there is a greater variety of wild flowers found in this meadow than for many miles around. I have found pleasure since childhood in helping mother and father to keep it as you see it now -- a garden of wild flowers. Although father takes much pride in the cultivation of the big grain fields which you see to the east and north, he finds greater joy in leaving this as nature planted it."

As they walked on slowly, Helen noticed many clusters of violet blue flowers, and as he told her that they were the wild Hyacinths, he also explained why the ants, bees and butterflies visited them.

Next she caught sight of some gorgeous violet blue flowers. Her uncle pointed out that these blue Iris were relatives of the Fleur-de-Louis chosen by the pious crusader Louis VII as emblem of his house and were also called fleur-de-lis.

At this time she laughingly told him how when her English teacher had read from Ruskin about the fleur-de-lis being the sword of chivalry, with a sword for its leaf and a lily for its heart, that she had wondered what that flower was like.

When they had gone some distance farther, Helen ran ahead and dropping lightly on the green meadow grass among many small flowers of ultramarine blue, called gaily, "I think I have found one that I know -- the Blue-Eyed Grass."

"You are right and did you know that it is sometimes called little sister of the stately blue flag?"

"No I didn't know that, but I do know that I have always loved it since I first found it back home. I wonder why when the poets have written about so many beautiful things of nature that they have kept still about this dainty flower."

"And her uncle with a merry twinkle in his brown eyes said: "Why Helen, the poets have not kept still, for one who loved this little flower has written this:

'Blue-eyed grass in the meadow  
And yarrow blooms on the hill  
Cat-tails that rustle and whisper  
And winds that are never still;

Blue-eyed grass in the meadow  
A linnet's nest near by  
Blackbirds caroling clearly  
Somewhere between earth and sky

Blue-eyed grass in the meadow  
And the laden bees low hum  
Milkweeds all by the roadside  
To tell us Summer is come."

Helen began to understand her uncle's interest in nature. After being silent for some time, she gently said: "I thought I knew lots but I am beginning to see that many of the things which mean so much in our everyday life I've yet to learn."

Then her uncle pointed to the lower end of the meadow which was a mass of vivid blue. She hastened on with him, eager to find out what it was.

"Say, did you plant this?"

"No, we did not plant it. 'Tis the wild lupine, a member of the pea family."

"I think they reflect the blue of the sky."

"Yes," remarked uncle Fred, "they reflect the blue of the sky until, as Thoreau wrote, 'the earth is blued with it.' And lupines are interesting also because they are one of the curious plants which go to sleep at night".

Leaving the meadow, they started down the winding road where Helen, now constantly seeking for blue, saw several small butterflies flitting over a damp place by the roadway.

"O, Uncle Fred, what are they called" Helen asked eagerly.

"What color are they" said her uncle laughing.

"Why blue -- are they just called blue butterflies?"

"Yes, that is their common name. But look yonder!" he suddenly called "over there is a pair of Shasta Blues. The Judge will want those for his butterfly garden."

He had no sooner finished speaking than who should they see coming up the road a few steps from them, but the judge. A merry twinkle was in his eyes as he said with a jolly laugh, "Right you are for I do want them."

After they had secured the pair, Helen told the judge why she had noticed them. He was very much interested in the idea of a joyous blue day and asked them to come to luncheon, as he had thought of something which might help in the carrying out of that idea.

When luncheon was over, he showed them a case of butterflies among which was one with such beautiful blue iridescent wings that Helen could not help but admire it. The judge, noticing her admiration, told her how he had found it in a land across the sea. Then he led the way into his study where, above his desk hung a small panel picture of deep, bright blue flowers at the sight of which Uncle Fred exclaimed "Why bless my heart if it isn't fringed gentians."

The judge, keenly looking at him said, "So you too like them. For years they have been my favorite flower, for mother loved them best. She found much pleasure on bright October days just to see them growing wild about the place. That was the last picture she painted and it was not more than two hours after she had written that verse from Bryant on the panel when we found her with the picture in her lap, facing the setting sun." Then in the hushed stillness of the room, he softly read to them the words written by the Fringed Gentians.

"Thou waitest late, and com'st alone  
When woods are bare and birds have flown  
And frosts and shortening days portend  
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth the sweet and quiet eye  
Look through its fringes to the sky,  
Blue -- blue -- as if the sky let fall  
A flower from its cerulean wall."

They went slowly from the room and when they reached the garden, he pointed out a pale lilac blue flower as he said, "That is the wild blue phlox. I found it growing in a moist rocky wood some years ago while on an eastern trip and brought it home because I, too, find joy in blue things."

From the garden, they followed a path through the lower edge of the woods. There Helen noticed how much larger the blue violets were than those she had seen in the meadow, and as she decided to share a part of the joy of this blue day with a little shut in neighbor, she stopped and gathered a handful of these. As they went along they talked of the flower. Uncle Fred told her of how the Arabians sang its praises and that their prophet Mohammed liked the violet best of all flowers. He also told her about Shakespeare's proverb that the violet is for faithfulness.

"Yes" interrupted Helen, "I remember that when we were studying about the renowned Napoleon, we learned that it was his favorite flower and that it became the emblem of the Bonapartists."

Uncle Fred then spoke of her fondness of quoting from Scott and asked if she could recall his lines concerning the violet. She studied for several minutes but had to admit that she could not. And he began:

"The violet in her greenwood bower."

Then Helen joined in with  
 "Where birchen boughs with hazel mingle  
 May boast herself the fairest flower  
 In forest glade or corpse wood dingle."

The path wound out from the grove along a mountain stream. As they were resting by the stream listening to the music of its rippling waters, Helen saw a faint glimpse of blue among the ferns waving over the water and she lost no time in climbing down the bank to investigate.

There among the graceful ferns she found the loveliest fairy-like bells of blue, swaying daintily on slender stems, growing out from the moist rocks. As she stood wondering what they were, she heard her uncle singing from the depth of his heart the old song --

"Let the proud Indian boast of his jessamine bower,  
 His pastures of perfume and rose-colored dells  
 While humbly I sing of those little wildflowers,  
 The bluebells of Scotland, the Scottish bluebells."

As she stood there taking in the beauty of the flowers and listening to the singing waters, she gaily called to him "Why I thought that the bluebells of Scotland were found only over there." Her uncle answered, "Not only in bonnie 'Land of cakes and brither Scots' but also in some parts of our own America are found these, which are to me, the loveliest of all flowers."

They silently went homeward. Helen was thinking of this blue day so different from all other blue days she had ever known. She was aroused from her thoughts by her uncle's eager voice and looking to where he pointed she saw a solitary fisher, the great blue heron, dressed in colors of sky and water, fishing in the valley stream.

"My blue day is not yet complete," she remarked.

"No," he replied as he pointed to the blue larkspur. "Notice how much smaller it is than the purple mountain larkspur which you brought home from the last picnic, and how blue it is."

Even yet her blue day was not over for on arriving home as she entered the door, she saw there in the center of the room on the table many tiny, fragrant flowers of turquoise blue, in grandmother's best cut-glass bowl.

Running to the table, she buried her face among the flowers. A moment later she called to her grandmother, "O, are these the tiny for-get-me-nots you were talking about the other day?"

### **HER FAMILY IS FAMILIAR WITH SHIRAZ, PERSIAN POET**

Her grandma assured her that they were and her aunt who had just come into the room, noticing her interest in the flowers, told her they had been sent by the professor who had gathered them far up in the mountains.

"Aunt Mary, can you tell me more about the forget-me-not?"

And looking at the eager face of the girl, her aunt replied with a smile, "Most certainly for this afternoon at our literary meeting, while discussing folk tales, one of our members told of the pretty folk-tale of the Persians from their poet Shiraz about an angel in the golden morning of the early world, sitting outside the closed gates of Paradise, weeping on account of his having fallen from his high estate because of his love for a daughter of earth; he was not allowed to enter until the one he loved had planted the flowers of the forget-me-not in every part of the world. On his return to earth he started out to help her and together they went hand in hand. And when the work was completed, they entered Paradise together, for his companion became immortal like he whose love her beauty had won, as she sat by the river twining forget-me-nots in her hair."

Then grandmother said in her own sweet way, "There are many legends about this wee, dear blue flower, but the one I love best is the one that tells how...

"When, to the flowers so beautiful The  
 Father gave a name  
 There came a little blue-eyed one  
 (All timidly it came)  
 And standing at the Father's feet  
 And gazing in His face  
 It said in low and trembling tones,  
 Yet with a gentle grace  
 'Dear Lord, the name thou gavest me  
 Alas I have forgot,  
 "Kindly the Father looked Him down  
 "And said, forget-me-not."

They went slowly across the room and looked toward the west. 'Twas the hour of sunset and the rays of the setting sun vivified the glorious beauty of the snowy summit of Mt. Hood until it seemed to Helen that it had never been quite so beautiful. Finally when the pink clouds had drifted over and the last golden rays had faded away, Helen brought her grandmother's big old armchair to the window and when grandmother had sat down, she nestled close beside her and quietly said "This has been one of the sweetest days of my life and O, now, grandmother I understand better why you have found so much joy in life. I shall always remember my first blue day!"

And there in the twilight the girl opened the door of her heart and grandmother had come into her own.

----- END OF STORY FROM UO CALLED "A BLUE DAY" -----



## April 1920 OPAL DENIES UNCLE HENRY

### *LETTER FROM OPAL TO ED WHITELEY ABOUT UNCLE HENRY - APRIL 1920*

Both Ed Whiteley and Elbert Bede had written Opal in Boston asking her about the influence of Uncle Henry D. Pearson in her life. Opal responds that while he was “kindly”, he had little interest in nature or her studies. This directly contradicts what she wrote about in in Fairyland Around Us just a year earlier ... WHY?

Uncle Henry is mentioned by name in the 1st printed book version of the Diary by the Atlantic Monthly. However, when the book was serialized in the AM Magazine and in other book editions his name was changed from Uncle Henry to Uncle Caleb. Why was this done? Possibly to keep people from looking into Uncle Henry D. Pearson and making comparisons with Henri D. Orleans. Still, it's hard to believe the same young woman wrote this letter - she completely dismisses any influence on her studies.

.... **“Mr. Bede, in a letter to me spoke about the Uncle Pearson suggesting the names for my pets. You know that couldn't have been for you know Henry cared nothing for learning - and the names he suggested for my pets were Mike and Tom and Jerry instead of the funny ones I gave them. He always said the names I gave my pets were queer ones that didn't have any sense in them. Of course, he said it in a kindly way. And also Mr. Bede spoke of Henry Pearson's interesting me in the nature science studies.**

**But Papa, he never told me the name of a flower, nor a bird nor a tree. He liked the out of doors but it did not make a difference to him whether a bird was a sparrow or a wren. He just liked the out of doors. I early learned I could not learn from him the things I wanted to find out about natural science.”**

### **FOUR POSSIBLE REASONS FOR OPAL TO DISMISS UNCLE HENRY IN 1920**

- 1) **Ambition** - Opal could not have two "Prince Henri"/ angel father figures in her life and sell the diary - is that why the name changes from Uncle Henry to Uncle Caleb?
- 2) **Anger** - She may have thought he would leave money for education, but he died almost broke. Henry died in 1914, at age 51. Most people thought him rich from gold mining, but he died with little property. Both Opal and her mother seem to have been expecting an inheritance or money to pay for Opal's education. Perhaps they thought Uncle Henry would remember her in his will – but he only left an old will written in 1911 naming another niece. Opal had not yet become well-know for her Christian Endeavor work with children as she would in just a couple of more years. Maybe she was angry.

**3) Molestation** - She has a very close relationship with him - but is it sexual? She never accuses him of any wrongdoing- but denies his influence when she's in Boston. Plus, he had Tuberculosis which was very contagious, and it would hard for people to be physically close to him. While denying his influence, she always said he was "kindly".

**4) Mental** - this could show her deteriorating mental condition whatever it's root cause - or it could be another symptom of autism, which I believe she had - not schizophrenia. I've written about Opal possibly having autism.

<https://www.storiesbysteve.com/opal-whiteley-mental-health-report/>

Not many people turn on their families the way Opal did without good reason. There are cases where abuse is alleged - but she attacks her entire family - including people who were kind to her. She frequently wrote about how much work she did for the Whiteley's. There is no doubt in my mind that her mother, Elizabeth Whiteley, spanked her – a lot.

Yet, while Opal being angry with her sisters may be simply sibling rivalry, and her relationship with her mother may not have been the best, it's hard to understand why she turned against Uncle Henry who seemed to only want good things for her. Maybe she was very disappointed in him after he died almost broke while seeming rich.

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## DID UNCLE HENRY MOLEST OPAL?

If you were to ask 100 mental health counselors about all the glowing things that Opal writes about him in Fairyland and then show them what she wrote denying his influence just 2-3 years later probably 75% of all counselors would think that there was some type of abuse in the family.

**HOWEVER, a couple of things argue against Opal being molested by her uncle:**

1) He was in ill health for most of his life with a lung problem - his death certificate reads that he died of tuberculosis and his obituary said he had been sick for at 15 years. He lived in the desert for his health but died at age 51. Both his obituary and the account by Scott family member Germaine Cross testify to his lung's poor health. If he had TB then he could not get overly close to anyone - this may be why he never married. This makes it less likely he would get close enough to Opal to molest her.

2) In 1918 she left Oregon to go to Yosemite and the Mojave Desert to continue her nature studies - this is very near where Henry Pearson lived and was buried. By the time Opal left for California, Henry had been dead four years - yet she still thought about him. Later, in 1920 Opal denies he helped her, but does say that he was "kindly".

## **STEVE'S SPECULATIONS & HAZARDOUS GUESSES**

### ***Notes About Things I Cannot Prove - Breadcrumbs for Future Researchers***

#### **1) Why did Opal and Ellery Sedgwick cover up Henry's influence**

Was it because it was too similar to what "Angel Father" did for her? Lessons in Latin, geology and botany - not to mention poetry and song were allegedly taught to her by both men. It was easier for the editors at the Atlantic Monthly to believe that he was, as they said, "a rough miner". Henry Pearson was much more than that. However, East Coast intellectuals did not believe a gold miner could have taught Opal much. Henry D. Pearson and Henri d. Orleans even shared the same first name and middle initial.

According to the local newspaper, Henry D. Pearson was in the area during the time of the childhood diary from 1905-1906. Being a family member, he is likely to have been around Opal - and buying her gifts. Opal also shows that she is familiar with the gold mines - she mentions them twice in her diary. I believe that some events that Opal says neighbor, the Man Who Wears Grey Neckties did, may have been done by Pearson. Both men do similar things - encourage Opal to write and give her ribbons. Henry appears early in the diary - Chapter 2 - right about the same time as the Man Who Wears Grey Neckties comes in - also with a blue ribbon like Uncle Henry had given her.

#### **2) Was Henry Pearson Opal's biological father? Is he the real "Angel Father"?**

Henry often stayed with the Whiteleys when he was in town, and he really dotes on Opal. Some of the quotes Opal says about his soul and thoughts coming to live within her and how she is now learning the things he wanted her to sound much more like a father-daughter relationship than an uncle and niece. She was closer to him than anyone else. His obituary says he had been ill with tuberculosis for fifteen years - Opal would have been about 2 when he became ill. A 1906 Bohemia Nugget mentions Henry and "his wife" going South, but I have been unable to find documentation for this "wife".

Opal's "Fairy Name" for herself in the Fairyland Around Us is "Liloriol" - or Little Oriole - which is an ear rhyme for the French pronunciation of "Little OR-LEE-AWN". I tend to believe this was Uncle Henry's nickname for her - but I have no exact proof. Her next-door neighbor and cousin was a girl named "Merle", which is French for "blackbird". This is the child in the diary, born to Elsie and Her Young Husband (Lela Garoutte and Walter Scott) in February 1905 Opal says she names. I never believed the story - but it's true. Merle's son told me!

Also, Liloriol also has an uncle who teaches her about nature. Read this sentence from page 220 of The Fairyland Around Us: "When she saw Loon alight and move along at the edge of the pond she remembered what her uncle had told her -- 'twas a legend that when Mother Nature made the first Loon she forgot to put legs on him, and he started off before she noticed her mistake."

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## CHANGING UNCLE HENRY TO UNCLE CALEB AT THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

According to Cottage Grove Sentinel editor Elbert Bede, Uncle Henry's name was changed. Bede reports Uncle Henry Pearson as being the real "Uncle Caleb" in the March 1920 Atlantic Monthly edition of Opal's diary – but no one in Boston believed him.

This is also a lesson in how creatively Opal names things. Why did Opal name him "Caleb"? It is a name from the Old Testament (Numbers 14:24) - she knew the Bible very well. He's a major figure in Israel's history. We also know that Uncle Henry went on long trips exploring for gold in the - like Caleb explored for the Promised Land in the Bible. Caleb a big hero for exploring the new land the Hebrews were going to, like Pearson was for finding gold. Maybe Uncle Henry is where Opal's love of "explores" comes from.

Opal put Henry's name in the first printing (the limited edition of 650 copies) but it's gone from the Magazine and later print editions. He is called "the Uncle Caleb". However, this actually argues for a younger age for the diary. Opal would not have written about "Uncle Henry" if she had planned ahead to introduce an Angel Father named Henri.

In the Atlantic Monthly's limited edition of Opal's diary, she mentions Uncle Henry only once. However, in the March 1920 AM Magazine they change it to "Uncle Caleb".

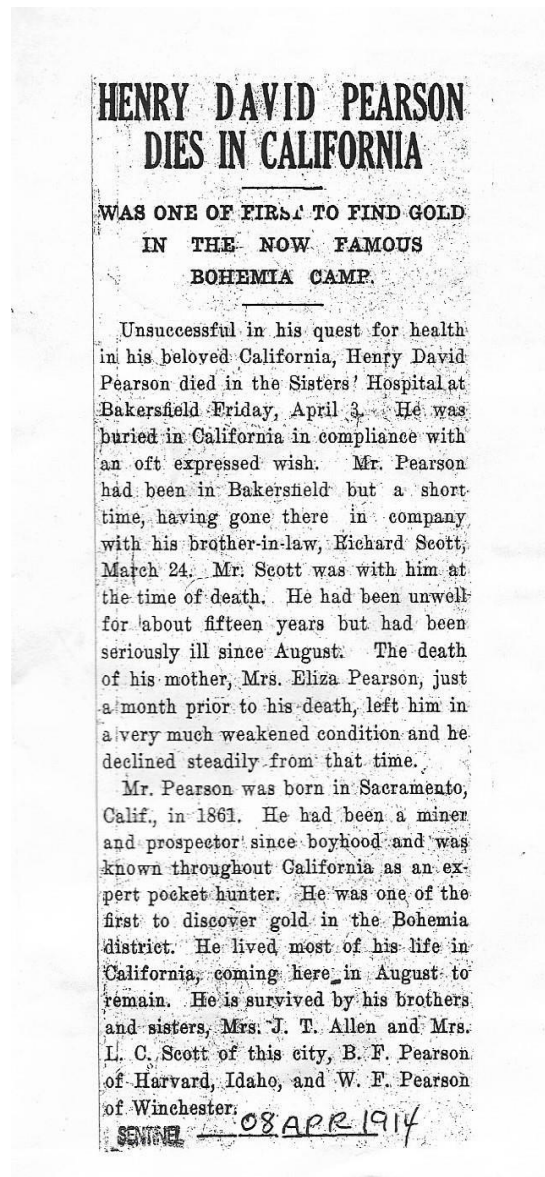
Why the name change from Henry to Caleb? Perhaps to get rid of an inconvenient uncle with the same name as Prince Henri and does everything she says the French prince does? There simply could not be two Angel Fathers.

## HENRY PEARSON OBITUARY: 1862 - APRIL 1914 - DIED IN CALIF

Note: Henry Pearson's obituary says that he loved California. It also says that he was "much weakened" from the death of his mother, Eliza Pearson who had died just one month before. She was 82, Henry was only 51. He died of tuberculosis.

But is his age correct? If he was born in 1861 that would make him 53 when he died in 1914. The obituary says he was 51.

Opal later traveled to his gravesite when on her way to Los Angeles. Her news release leaving Oregon mentions studying in areas where Henry lived and mined. She did not spend long in the area, but she did visit a relative.



**November 30, 1970, LETTER FROM OPAL IN NAPS BURY**

**TO MRS. ELWYN WHITELEY - mentions Uncle Henry and his mother, Eliza Pearson - they knew she was French and wanted her to be back in France. - copy of letter in Cottage Grove Library archives**

"Dear Helen:

Lizzie Whiteley never claimed me as her child. She called me her Bourbon Dago slave from France. I wrote the book when 7 & 8. Lizzie Whiteley believed that my grandfather Duke of Chartres drove her mother's family from their home in Georgia in the civil war; but he was never near Georgia as he was with General MacLellan. Lizzie Whiteley's maternal grandmother was Eliza Pearson. She was a good woman & wanted me home with my family in France.

Elwyn had a great Uncle, Henry Pearson, who was a miner in Alaska & California. He died about 3 years before Elwyn was born. He wanted me home with my family in France. Ed Whiteley never claimed me as his child till 1920. It was wicked because I was trying so hard to get home to my family in France. I was called "dago" because I was born in Rome."



## GOLD MINING ARTICLES & OTHER REFERENCES

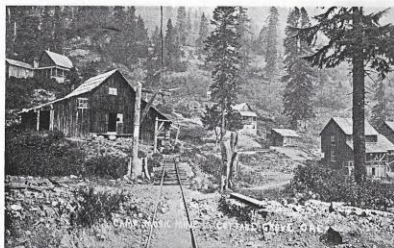
### HENRY PEARSON - FAMED GOLD MINER FROM ALASKA TO SOUTH AMERICA

Henry Pearson was an early discoverer of deep gold in the Bohemia District. He also traveled from Alaska to the "Southern Hemisphere" in search of the yellow metal. Below is a collection of articles and papers about Henry Pearson's life as a miner.

### 1959 Ray Nelson - Facts and Yarns About the Bohemia Mining District - p. 7

Ray Nelson and his father were both gold miners in Bohemia. His father worked the Annie Mine (later named Noonday). Ray Nelson was a respected historian of Bohemia.

<https://drive.google.com/open?id=0Bw2GA7lcXtbjZlIJX2lfdC1LY0k>



The Musick Mine

himself and friends in Los Angeles, came a prospector of much experience in California, Arizona and Oregon - James A. Musick. Stories relate how he, climbing through brush and over rocks on the steep mountain slopes, became tired and thirsty and threw himself down to drink from a sparkling stream which sprang from Bohemia's flank. And there shining up at him from the rocky stream bed was gold - free, glittering, "specimen" gold - in place in the huge quartz ledge lying undiscovered within a stone's throw of "Old Bohemia City."

The following is taken almost entirely from the special mining edition of the Bohemia Nugget, December, 1899 - and was obtained by the Nugget writer directly from the diary of J. M. Cook, one of the original owners of the Musick mine.

"Mr. Musick staked two claims, the Los Angeles and Defiance, one for himself and one for his friend, Davis. A company known as Bohemia Gold Mine and Mill Co. was formed by Musick, Davis, Cook, and Brady; and in 1892 a five-stamp mill was purchased and the men arrived in Cottage Grove. Mr. Cook recalled that freight was 3 1/2 cents per pound from C. G. to the mines, and passenger fare \$9 - one way. The wagon road only extended to the W. W. Hawley ranch on Sharp's creek and from there a trail had to be cut out. However, it was of such uncertain character that heavy freight had to go by way of the Warehouse (Lundpark) and the old Annie Trail.

"Over this roundabout route the mill, engine, boiler, tools and provisions were packed; and in the latter part of October, 1892, the Bohemia mill whistle sent up a shrill blast and the run was started. Since so much time was taken up in getting the mill ready to go, the winter's snows were beginning and the run was short. In nine days time the company took out \$4,000. In the spring of 1893 construction began on camp buildings and a 70-foot tunnel was run to

get under the ore. Between June and October ore taken from the dump and tunnel yielded \$11,000. In 1894 the clean-up gave \$13,000 for the summer's run. In 1895, \$14,496 was realized. A deep tunnel was run, from the mill to the ledge at depth and the Bonanza chute was opened. In 1896, the clean-up was \$17,137.

"In 1897 a bridge, known as 'Red Bridge,' was built across Row River at the mouth of Sharp's creek, and the wagon road was extended to the foot of the mountain. Operations were continued from May until the next February and the clean-up from this longer run was \$35,873.

"In 1898 the road was built up Hardscrabble Ridge to the mine. The county contributed \$700 and the remainder of the grade was built by the company, with the aid of some donations from the miners. Supt. Cook added a sawmill to the mine, a new mill building was built, bunkhouses were erected and a new ten-stamp mill hauled in and set up. Early snow to the depth of 26 feet in the drifts stopped work until spring.

"In 1899 the mill started again and had made a short run when an offer was received for the sale of the mine. The offer of \$85,000 was accepted and Supt. I. H. Bingham arrived and started intensive development. From this time on, the mine ran more continuously, and in 1902 the property was consolidated with the Champion and the Helena in the huge Calapooza Mining and Tunnel Co. Its history for a time merged with theirs and will be treated in that connection later.

"Such is the early history of the Musick, a large easily-seen ledge which lay undiscovered at the very feet of the early miners for some 15 years, and then yielded year after year, what were in those days, very handsome sums in gold."

#### Chapter 7

#### The Annie Mine

In 1890, Dr. W. W. Oglesby and Henry D. Pearson discovered rich out-croppings of ore near the summit, on the northeast side of Grouse Mt., and, as in the case of the Musick, the new discovery was only a short distance from old workings; just over the brow of the hill from the old Knott Mine. The new claim was named "The Annie" in honor of the doctor's daughter Annie (Annie Oglesby Graham). Rich ore was milled by hand power, with the jig pole stamp.

A company was organized in 1891, with John B. McGee as superintendent and one-fourth owner. The old Knott mill was purchased, moved down hill a short distance in order to secure more water, set up and refitted. The summer's run netted \$10,000 in gold, according to mint returns.

In 1892 the run was resumed, the Annie Trail was built from Kerr's ranch at Wildwood on Row River; up and over Grizzly Mt. to the mine;

Nelson.  
Facts & Yarns of Bohemia  
1959-1969



## Henry Pearson - "Hero of the Annie Mine"

**Sept 24 1892 Eugene City Guard - Quote from Cottage Grove Leader of Sept 17th**

[https://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn84022653/1892-09-24/ed-1/seq5/print/image\\_453x817\\_from\\_1499,2812\\_to\\_3057,5619/](https://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn84022653/1892-09-24/ed-1/seq5/print/image_453x817_from_1499,2812_to_3057,5619/)

**Henry Pearson is called the "hero" of the Annie gold mine and says he has bright smiles and a "stately figure". Towards the end of the article a "millionaire friend" of Pearson's is also visiting Bohemia with him. He was a very successful miner.**

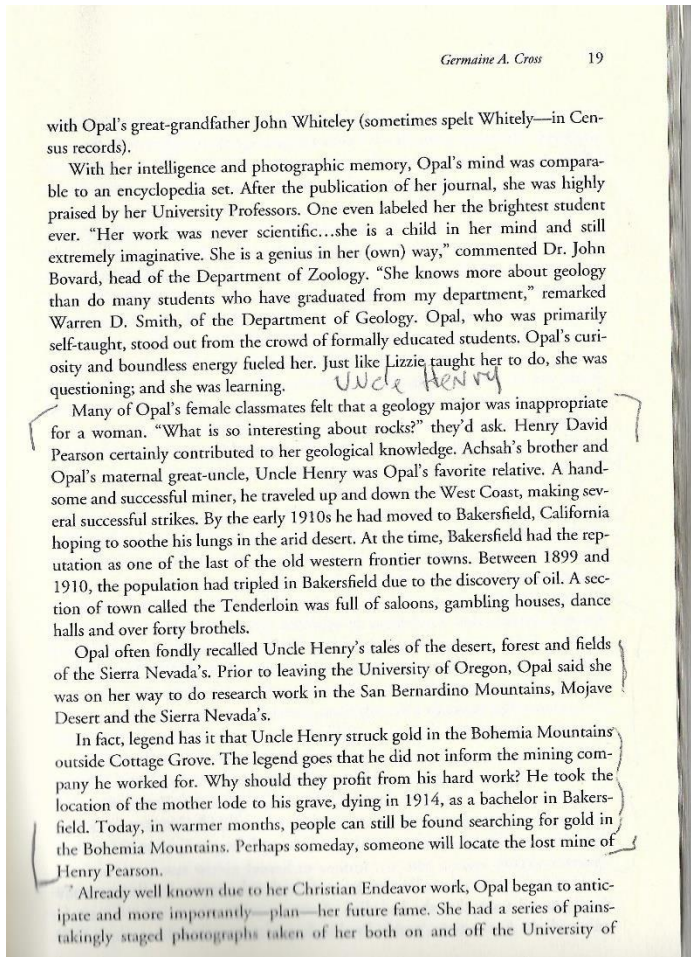
The newspaper article has two short paragraphs. The first paragraph calls him the hero of the Annie mine. "Again the bright smiles and stately figure of Mr. Henry Pearson, the hero of the Annie mine, can be seen on our streets. Henry has been visiting at his home in Hornbrook Cal, where the mercury has been registering the moderate temperature of 112 deg. in the shade."

A later paragraph says that Pearson is traveling with a millionaire mining investor from San Francisco. Evidently, Pearson was a very successful gold miner and well liked in the Cottage Grove community. "Mr. L. P. Drexler, a San Francisco millionaire and one of the principal stockholders in the Annie mine, arrived in this city, in company with Henry Pearson, by Thursday's overland. He went up to Annie mine Thursday, in company with Dr. B. F. Hamell, on business connected with their mining interests."

<p>at Jersey City so the Penn- will be fast time better than that</p> <p><b>Edge.</b> The Sov- Independent at 9:30 this Grand Sir- se of active January 1, was 48,807, se in the his- dge member- e first of last 46, and in- 82,891. relief during 382.08. Af- ary routine, e election of neuing year, ion, Ontario, noon. No lected. election of as follows: John W. N. Y., sec- ambus, Ohio; A. Shepard.</p> <p><b>my.</b> feature of the Grand Army south wing of colored stand, was placed 600 red, white and a living star down near Gen-</p>	<p><b>Cottage Grove Items.</b> Leader, Sept. 17. Rev. E. Gettina, who received the appointment to take charge of the M. E. church in this district, preached his first sermon in their church Tuesday night. Again the bright smiles and stately figure of Mr. Henry Pearson, the hero of the Annie mine, can be seen on our streets. Henry has been visiting at his home in Hornbrook, Cal., where the mercury has been registering the mod- erate temperature of 112 deg. in the shade. The Springfield and Cottage Grove amateur clubs will cross bats at this place Saturday. A very close and in- teresting game is predicted by the sports, and will probably be the clos- ing game of the season. Some time since Mr. Simon, near this place, cut his foot and neglecting proper treatment an abscess formed under one of his toes. His foot had be- come as large as two ordinary sized feet. Dr. Wall, assisted by Dr. Hamell, amputated the toe and scraped the bone. Mr. Wall Davis and family, accom- panied by P. Foley, G. A. Lamb, C. A. Burford and A. L. Lamb, arrived at this place by Wednesday morning's overland, from Nashville, Missouri. They are looking around and it favor- ably impressed with the country will buy land and make this their future home. Mr. Davis says they will be joined at this place by a number of families from the same vicinity in the spring. Mr. L. P. Drexler, a San Francisco millionaire and one of the principal stockholders in the Annie mine, ar- rived in this city, in company with Henry Pearson, by Thursday's overland. He went up to the Annie mine Thurs- day, in company with Dr. B. F. Hamell, on business connected with their mining interests.</p>	<p>London, S ent says: cholera were day One c usefulness of a woman who Hamburg. t but was not t other case is burg orchestra The Potsdam Spree and the bacilli, and b fic between t m. Reports fr the decrease seas and nat attack is ver <b>Breast</b> PHOENIX information hus and of Pacific oce era has bro and other quarantine lines have thing relat mation can P. J. Burko tos. Burko <b>A B</b> New Or publican or second co day. The ship of ex- ated Capta ate steam b chant, a m Leonard w Morris Ma</p>
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## 1914 – Uncle Henry Dies Not Telling Location of Gold Mine

(from the excellent 2005 book Play of Colors by Germaine Cross - page 19)



**"In fact, legend has it that Uncle Henry struck gold in the Bohemia Mountains outside Cottage Grove. The legend goes that he did not inform the mining company he worked for. Why should they profit from his hard work?"**

**He took the location of the mother lode to his grave, dying in 1914, as a bachelor in Bakersfield. Today, in warmer months, people can still be found searching for gold in the Bohemia Mountains. Perhaps someday someone will locate the lost mine of Henry Pearson."**

[https://books.google.com/books?id=DkY\\_LBhiNMoC&pg=PA19&lpg=PA19&dq=%22henry+david+pearson%22+california&source=bl&ots=1aVOFByd1i&sig=enTze\\_APGPsiD7haaZGGLYKueM&hl=en&sa=X&ei=8r4qUue1OeOZiAK0l4CwAg&ved=0CFwQ6AEwBg#v=onepage&q=%22henry%20david%20pearson%22%20california&f=false](https://books.google.com/books?id=DkY_LBhiNMoC&pg=PA19&lpg=PA19&dq=%22henry+david+pearson%22+california&source=bl&ots=1aVOFByd1i&sig=enTze_APGPsiD7haaZGGLYKueM&hl=en&sa=X&ei=8r4qUue1OeOZiAK0l4CwAg&ved=0CFwQ6AEwBg#v=onepage&q=%22henry%20david%20pearson%22%20california&f=false)

## 1914 Henry D. Pearson Dies Leaving Little Money or Property

The estate of Pearson was probated twice, once in 1915 and again in 1916. It was believed that he had died without a will and so his brothers and sisters split a tiny inheritance. However, In 1916 the estate was amended to show that Henry had left a will, handwritten in 1911. It gave all his estate to an older niece, May Allen.

My speculation is that Opal and her family thought Uncle Henry had a lot of money from gold mining and that he would leave money for her future education.

Henry Pearson was the only family member who appreciated Opal's nature studies and he had no children of his own. She may have even thought he was her biological father or even "Angel Father". Opal may have been counting on getting money from his estate. But he died without a will. Nor did he disclose the location of a "lost" gold mine he allegedly knew about. This may have hurt her deeply.

Cottage Grove August-25, 1911  
 My Last- and Only Will  
 I do hereby Will all My Right and title to  
 all My Property, real Estate Money and  
 Minus any and all Property Belonging  
 to Me at My Death. To My Niece  
 Miss May Aneta Allen of Cottage Grove Oregon  
 Said Partic is to have immediate Possession  
 of Same  
 Signed Henry D. Pearson

## NEWSPAPER ARTICLES ABOUT HENRY PEARSON & MINING

I am indebted to the universities and librarians who have provided archives of historic newspapers. Most old newspapers are now online and are a treasure trove of long forgotten local news items. Here are links to Oregon newspapers online and also California papers. Many, many thanks to librarians who did this excellent work. Special thanks to Debra Monsive and the Cottage Grove Genealogical Society for their help.

Oregon Historic Newspapers - University of Oregon <https://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/>

California Historic Newspapers: <https://cdnc.ucr.edu/cgi-bin/cdnc>

**Eugene City Guard - 10/31/1891 - quoting Cottage Grove Leader of 10/24/91  
Henry Pearson has gone south to do prospecting for the winter**

<https://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn84022653/1891-10-31/ed-1/seq-8/#date1=01%2F01%2F1846&city=&date2=12%2F31%2F1893&searchType=advanced&language=&sequence=0&index=1&words=Henry+Pearson&county=&frequency=&ortext=&proxtext=&phrasertext=Henry+Pearson&andtext=&rows=20&dateFilterType=yearRange&page=1>

**Sept 24, 1892 Eugene City Guard - quote from Cottage Grove Leader of Sept 17  
Pearson, "Hero of the Annie Mine" returns from Calif with a millionaire investor**

[https://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn84022653/1892-09-24/ed-1/seq5/print/image\\_453x817\\_from\\_1499%2C2812\\_to\\_3057%2C5619/](https://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn84022653/1892-09-24/ed-1/seq5/print/image_453x817_from_1499%2C2812_to_3057%2C5619/)

Editor Elbert Bede's newspaper article has two short paragraphs. The first paragraph calls him "the hero of the Annie mine" and say he has returned from Calif with his "bright smiles and stately figure".

"Again the bright smiles and stately figure of Mr. Henry Pearson, the hero of the Annie mine, can be seen on our streets. Henry has been visiting at his home in Hornbrook Cal, where the mercury has been registering the moderate temperature of 112 deg. in the shade."

A later paragraph says that Pearson is traveling with a millionaire mining investor from San Francisco. Evidently, Pearson was a very successful gold miner and well liked in the Cottage Grove community.

"Mr. L. P. Drexler, a San Francisco millionaire and one of the principal stockholders in the Annie mine, arrived in this city, in company with Henry Pearson, by Thursday's overland. He went up to Annie mine Thursday, in company with Dr. B. F. Hamell, on business connected with their mining interests."



**July 1904 Mariposa, Calif - Pearson returns to Calif but plans to go back to OR**  
<https://cdnc.ucr.edu/cgi-bin/cdnc?a=d&d=MG19040730.2.16&srpos=14&e=-----1920-en-50--1--txt-txIN-%22Henry+Pearson%22-----1>

**July 29, 1904 Henry Pearson Returns to CG - Opal's diary starts in Aug 1904**

<https://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn96088074/1904-07-29/ed-1/seq-1/#date1=01%2F01%2F1846&city=&date2=12%2F31%2F1915&searchType=advanced&language=&sequence=0&lccn=sn96088264&lccn=sn96088074&lccn=sn96088145&lccn=sn96088146&lccn=sn85033159&lccn=sn96088073&lccn=sn93051662&lccn=sn84022653&lccn=sn97071002&lccn=sn83025107&lccn=2001260330&lccn=sn93051663&index=2&words=Henry+Pearson&county=&frequency=&ortext=&proxtext=&phrasertext=Henry+Pearson&andtext=&rows=20&dateFilterType=yearRange&page=1>

“Henry Pearson, who was one of the early pioneers in Bohemia, but has been in California in years past, has returned to the city recently. He will go up to the mines next week and see the changes since he left”.

**Nov 07, 1906 - Bohemia Nugget - H D Pearson visiting Bohemia, called a pioneer miner. Note nearby article about a “colony” of white people from GA to get away from N word people -** [https://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn96088074/1906-11-07/ed-1/seq4/print/image\\_559x817\\_from\\_527%2C3221\\_to\\_2506%2C6111/](https://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn96088074/1906-11-07/ed-1/seq4/print/image_559x817_from_527%2C3221_to_2506%2C6111/)

**Nov 21, 1906, Henry Pearson & “Wife” - leave for Calif - This is the only mention I have ever found of a “wife” - he was known as a bachelor - But the Bohemia Nugget was the newspaper who knew him best - but there is no other documentation for a wife. Perhaps someday proof of a marriage will be found or maybe it was a prank or misprint. Perhaps he was traveling with a woman from the mines.**

<https://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn96088074/1906-11-21/ed-1/seq-5/#date1=01%2F01%2F1904&city=&date2=12%2F31%2F1908&searchType=advanced&language=&sequence=0&lccn=sn96088074&index=0&words=Henry+Pearson&county=&frequency=&ortext=&proxtext=&phrasertext=Henry+Pearson&andtext=&rows=20&dateFilterType=yearRange&page=1>

**Mariposa Gazette, March 28, 1908 - Pearson has made a good “pocket strike”**  
<https://cdnc.ucr.edu/cgi-bin/cdnc?a=d&d=MG19080328.2.2&srpos=31&e=-----1920--en-50--1--txt-txIN-%22Henry+Pearson%22-----1>

**Dec 01, 1911 Cottage Grove - Pearson Leaves for Calif with his mother & sister**

<https://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn96088073/1911-12-01/ed-1/seq-7/#date1=01%2F01%2F1846&city=&date2=12%2F31%2F1920&searchType=advanced&language=&sequence=0&lccn=sn96088264&lccn=sn96088074&lccn=sn96088145&lccn=sn96088146&lccn=sn85033159&lccn=sn96088073&lccn=sn93051662&lccn=sn84022653&lccn=sn97071002&lccn=sn83025107&lccn=2001260330&lccn=sn93051663&index=1&words=D+H+Pearson&county=&frequency=&ortext=&proxtext=&phrasertext=H+D+Pearson&andtext=&rows=20&dateFilterType=yearRange&page=1>

**Dec 15, 1911 - Cottage Grove Sentinel - HD Pearson and family arrive in Calif**

<https://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn96088073/1911-12-15/ed-1/seq-7/#date1=01%2F01%2F1846&city=&date2=12%2F31%2F1920&searchType=advanced&language=&sequence=0&lccn=sn96088264&lccn=sn96088074&lccn=sn96088145&lccn=sn96088146&lccn=sn85033159&lccn=sn96088073&lccn=sn93051662&lccn=sn84022653&lccn=sn97071002&lccn=sn83025107&lccn=2001260330&lccn=sn93051663&index=3&words=D+H+Pearson&county=&frequency=&ortext=&proxtext=&phrasertext=H+D+Pearson&andtext=&rows=20&dateFilterType=yearRange&page=1>

**April 1, 1914 - Cottage Grove Sentinel - Pearson and Scott brother in law leave for Calif in hopes the drier climate would improve Henry's health. Henry died of tuberculosis a few days later, aged 52, according to his death certificate (see**

**online).** <https://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn96088073/1914-04-01/ed-1/seq-7/#date1=01%2F01%2F1914&city=&date2=12%2F31%2F1917&searchType=advanced&language=&sequence=0&index=17&words=Henry+Pearson&county=&frequency=&ortext=&proxtext=&phrasertext=Henry+Pearson&andtext=&rows=20&dateFilterType=yearRange&page=1>

**April 8, 1914 Henry David Pearson Obituary in Cottage Grove Sentinel**

<https://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn96088073/1914-04-08/ed-1/seq-1/#date1=01%2F01%2F1914&city=&date2=12%2F31%2F1917&searchType=advanced&language=&sequence=0&index=0&words=DAVID+David+HENRY+Henry+PEARSON+Pearson&county=&frequency=&ortext=&proxtext=&phrasertext=Henry+David+Pearson&andtext=&rows=20&dateFilterType=yearRange&page=1>

**March 10, 1915 - Cottage Grove Sentinel - "Little Mountain Maid" -**

**Credits Uncle Henry: says that although he is dead, "his thoughts live on in me".**

<https://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn96088073/1915-03-10/ed-1/seq-1/#date1=01%2F01%2F1846&city=&date2=12%2F31%2F1915&searchType=advanced&language=&sequence=0&lccn=sn96088264&lccn=sn96088074&lccn=sn96088145&lccn=sn96088146&lccn=sn85033159&lccn=sn96088073&lccn=sn93051662&lccn=sn84022653&lccn=sn97071002&lccn=sn83025107&lccn=2001260330&lccn=sn93051663&index=5&words=Henry+Pearson&county=&frequency=&ortext=&proxtext=&phrasertext=Henry+Pearson&andtext=&rows=20&dateFilterType=yearRange&page=1>

**3/21/1915      Sunday Oregonian - Opal's first visit to U of O: best article Opal's first visit to UO - she credits Pearson for her knowledge - longer article**

<https://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn83045782/1915-03-21/ed-1/seq-63/#index=6&rows=20&words=Henry+Pearson&sequence=0&proxtext=%22henry+pearson%22+&y=-280&x=-483&dateFilterType=range&page=1>

**April 3, 1916      OPAL PHOTO - Sturgeon fish caught by cousin Hugh Pearson - also young boy, probably another Pearson cousin. Henry had two brothers.**

<https://www.facebook.com/photo.php?fbid=10154778888020268&set=gm.10152361336436566&type=1&theater>

**March 3, 1918      Sunday Oregonian - Opal Leaving Oregon - Dance Photo**

Oregonian article about her wanting to visit the Mojave Desert and Yosemite - and other places in Central California for her nature study. Henry Pearson is not mentioned by name but the places she says she wants to do nature studies are also areas that he loved - and near where he is buried. The article also has a picture of Opal dancing - interpreting the spirit of nature in dance.

[https://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn83045782/1918-03-03/ed-1/seq59/print/image\\_623x817\\_from\\_0,162\\_to\\_5298,7101/](https://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/lccn/sn83045782/1918-03-03/ed-1/seq59/print/image_623x817_from_0,162_to_5298,7101/)

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## DR. WILLIAM OGLESBY - Medical Doctor - Gold Miner - Friend of Uncle Henry

Oglesby is an Oregon legend. He was a doctor, a gold miner an Indian fighter and respected historian of Bohemia and the Cottage Grove area. He was a mayor of both Fossil, Oregon in the 1880's and Cottage Grove in the 1890's and later a mayor of Junction City. Dr. Oglesby and Henry Pearson discovered gold in the Annie Mine in 1891.

Below is an article about Dr. Oglesby on his 75th birthday - it mentions that he had a ranch for 600 horses in Fossil, Oregon. The article mentions his birthday was May 3, 1911. The article is from the Cottage Grove Sentinel May 9, 1911.

### PIONEER PHYSICIAN CELEBRATES BIRTHDAY

Dr. W. W. Oglesby, of this place, celebrated his 74th birthday last Wednesday, May 3, 1911. He was born in Columbus, Ill., May 1, 1837 and moved to Missouri with his parents when 5 years old. There he remained until the spring of 1853, when the family, himself driving an ox team, started for Oregon. Several times they were surrounded by Indians, who stole some of their cattle, and once to save the cattle the doctor swam a turbulent river in Nebraska. In the fall of 1853 they arrived on the Willamette and spent the winter at Odaville. The following spring they drove up the Willamette river and on Row river about five miles east of Cottage Grove, William Oglesby, the father, took up a donation land claim. On this claim the doctor helped split the shakes or the roof, trimmed and framed the timbers for the sides and hewed the logs for the floor.

A few years later he went to southern Oregon and there discovered and opened several mines. Returning to the Willamette, he was married in 1865 to Sarah J. Morrison, daughter of a Cumberland Presbyterian minister of Benton county. To this union there was born one child, a daughter, Anna. Mrs. Oglesby died in 1869. After the death of his wife Dr. Oglesby took up the study of medicine in California and was married in 1872 to Miss N. M. Morrison, sister of his first wife. Returning to Oregon, he graduated with high

honors in 1877 at the Willamette Medical College at Salem, and soon after moved to Eastern Oregon where he engaged in the practice of medicine at Weston. In 1878 he was elected Captain of the Weston volunteers and fought in several battles in the Bannock Indian war. In one raid, he with a dozen men was surrounded in a cabin by the Indians and lost all of their saddle horses.

In the spring of 1880 he moved to Fossil where he engaged in the stock business in connection with his practice, owning at one time 600 head of horses.

In 1889, with his family, Dr. Oglesby returned to Cottage Grove and was elected the first Mayor of this place. During his term he secured for Cottage Grove the first gravity water system owned by the town. He was also prominently interested in the discovery, location and development of the Bohemia mining district, locating one of the first mines, which was named "Anna," after his only daughter. Dr. Oglesby has been active in politics and was one of the Democratic electors in 1896.

SENTINEL 9 MAY 1911



DR. W. W. OGLESBY

### Itinerant Preacher's Job Is Work of Love

Diary 100 Years of Age Gives Many Interesting Facts Concerning Early Days of Country.

(By ANNA OGLESBY GRAHAM.)  
That modern church going has not fallen into unusual disrepute is clearly evidenced by an extract from a diary which fell into my hands recently at the home of my maternal grandparent at Glennville, Cal., that was written by my late grandfather, Rev. Joseph Pickney Morrison, almost 100 years ago.

The diary contains a complete record of his travels as an itinerant Cumberland Presbyterian minister in the pioneer days of 1836 to 1842. The minister speaks of having traveled one day 12 miles on foot to church in the rain and found "nobody there."

That the itinerant minister was not overpaid is clearly indicated also as compensation for the six years was \$468.83 and he paid out for expense \$3750.93. During that period he traveled 27,068 miles, sometimes on foot and sometimes on horseback, through Tennessee, Missouri, Ohio and North Carolina.

Every item of expense and his sermon texts were carefully itemized in the old book, treasured among other documents in a 150-year-old leather trunk.

Among other old papers is a receipt for taxes on slaves owned by his father, W. H. Morrison, dated November 22, 1814.

Another document is a deed of gift for 200 acres of land in North Carolina dated November 14, 1793, from Andrew Morrison, my great, great grandfather, to his son, W. H. Morrison.

Items of family history of my maternal grandparents, dated 1727, enabled the writer to trace her family tree back six generations.

Joseph P. Morrison emigrated with his family from Richmond, Mo., by ox team in 1862, locating near Corvallis, and up to 1869 was an itinerant minister in the territory from Corvallis to Eugene. He was closely associated with the late Rev. Jake Gillispie of Eugene and of the late Rev. C. H. Wallace of Cottage Grove.

The family moved to Glennville, Cal., in 1870, locating on a donation claim, where they lived for 60 years. The old home is still owned by heirs.

An old slat back hickory chair that is known to have been in the family at least 150 years is now among my treasured possessions. It was carried by the Morrison family from North Carolina to Tennessee, from Tennessee to Missouri and from Missouri to Oregon in 1862. It went from Oregon to California in 1869 and from California back to Cottage Grove in 1932.

SENTINEL 10 JUN 1932

article  
written by  
Dr. Oglesby's  
daughter  
Anna

May 9, 1911

Cottage Grove Sentinel

June 10, 1932



## DR. OGLESBY OBIT - DEC 31, 1920 - HIS MANY ACCOMPLISHMENTS

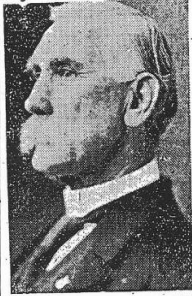
AND COTTAGE GROVE LEADER

COTTAGE GROVE, LANE COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 31,

### W. W. Oglesby, Pioneer Physician Pioneer Miner and Hero of Willow Springs Indian Battle Passes Beyond

Served as Mayor of Lamati—City Health Officer at Time  
of Death—Member of Masons, Elks and I. O. O. F. Lodges

Dr. William Willis Oglesby, pioneer of 1853, Indian war veteran, pioneer miner, pioneer physician and an authority on pioneer lore of the Willamette valley, died Sunday night at 10:15 at his home in this city. Twice before he had apparently passed away but rallied and maintained his full mental faculties almost to the last moment of months racked with rheumatic pain which affected him where bones had been shattered during the activities of younger days. The funeral was held at 10:30 a. m. Wednesday from the Presbyterian church, Rev.



THE LATE W. W. OGLESBY.

J. S. Penix officiating and the Masonic lodge in charge of the services at the cemetery. The floral tributes were beautiful and the church was completely filled with friends and brethren of several lodges.

Dr. Oglesby was born in Columbus, Ill., May 3, 1837, and was aged 83 years, 7 months, 23 days. He arrived near what is now Cottage Grove in the emigrant train of which his father was captain in the year 1853, that train being among the very earliest of the settlers here. During his entire life he was one of the active citizens of the community, with the exceptions of portions of his life spent elsewhere. He was well acquainted with all the Indians found here, learned their legends and spent much of his life among them. He is given credit for having at one time saved the life of old Chief Haholish, one of the best known of the old Indian chiefs. He was one of the first to develop property in the Bohemia mining district. He helped found the Presbyterian church here and contributed to the erection of the first house of worship for that denomination. When Cottage Grove split into two factions he was elected mayor of the short-lived Lamati. In his later life he served as city health officer, which position he held at time of death.

He was one of the pioneer physicians of the Weston country in eastern Oregon and was elected captain of the band of 55 volunteers who, at the famous battle of Willow Springs, held at bay for 12 hours a band of 1000 or more redskins. He was a man of magnificent physique and keen eye and a natural leader. He was shot in the knee the next morning while the company was attempting to escape, but continued at the head of his men until they were saved by the arrival of a detachment of regulars. He also practiced medicine at Junction City, Ore., and in California, in which state he once met up with "Black Bart", noted bandit of the pioneer days and spent several days in bed as a result of the encounter. Several methods which he developed for the treatment of diseases received favorable comment in medical books and were adopted over the country. During the almost two years spent in bed he continued to minister to his practice.

Dr. Oglesby was proud of the 40-year veteran jewel presented him by Junction City I. O. O. F. lodge, of which he was a member and in which he had passed through the chairs. He had been a Mason for nearly the same length of time and served as master of Junction City lodge. For many years he was prominent in democratic politics and was a delegate to the convention which first nominated Bryan for the presidency.

Dr. Oglesby was married August 31, 1865, in Benton county, to Miss Sarah Jane Morrison, who died Nov. 11, 1899. He was married April 8, 1872, to Miss Nancy M. Morrison, sister of the first wife, who survives. Mrs. J. P. (Anna O.) Graham, of this city, daughter by the first marriage, is the only child. Mr. and Mrs. Graham were present at the end. Of a family of 14, four sisters now survive. They are Mrs. Melissa Derriek, of Salem, Ore.; Mrs. Sybil Kahler, of Tacoma, Wash.; Mrs. Frank Grant, of Harlan, Ore., and Mrs. Ida Thompson, of Prairie City, Ore.

Here are all references to "Dr. Oglesby" ( there may be others without "Dr." title)

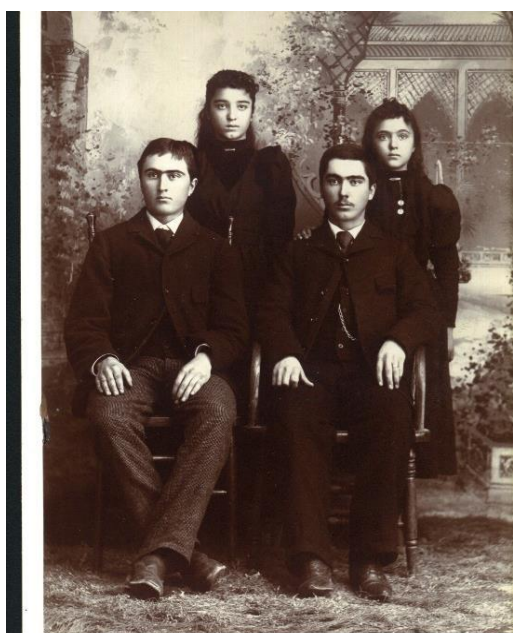
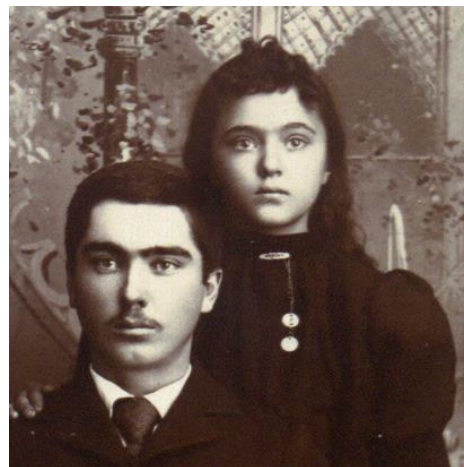
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Doc Oglesby - he was the first mayor of Cottage Grove and also Junction City

<https://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/search/pages/results/?proxtext=&ortext=Fossil&andtext=&phrasertext=Dr.+Oglesby&city=&county=&dateFilterType=yearRange&date1=01%2F01%2F1846&date2=12%2F31%2F1920&language=&frequency=&sequence=&rows=20&searchType=advanced>

## Fossil Family Photographs

These pictures were taken in Fossil, Oregon in the late 1800's. I got them from Opal's cousin, Jimi Scott Mathers. Shown are Henry D. Pearson and a family of dark-skinned people who could be Basques or from Portugal, Mexico, Spain or the Southern US. Jimi Mathers did not know who these people were. One of the women looks very much like Opal Whiteley (but this woman is much older than she would be).



T. L. Stewart,

FOSSIL, OREGON

*Note Opal Look-A-Like at Right*



T. L. Stewart,

FOSSIL, OREGON

*Unknown Fossil Family Children*