

I think I'll call this article *Dead Ends or Unmarked But No Longer Forgotten*. These are a few of the people who show up in the State death records but not much is known about them, even though I search newspapers, genealogy sites, and Find A Grave. I believe they knew people and somehow touched their lives within the community but for whatever reason, not much is known about why their graves are unmarked.

John W. Henton (Hinton) and family. John and his wife Lydia came here from Wisconsin and then Missouri. He was born August 18, 1838, and was described as a pioneer in our area. He was a merchant, delivering fruits and vegetables from Helena. He farmed in the Confederate and Rock Creek areas. He and Lydia had five children, Edward, Willie, Lela, Lizzie, and Alice. Lela is also buried at Centerville somewhere. Both she and John are part of the unmarked grave community. The rest of the family are buried in various locations throughout the Pacific Northwest.

Edward Huff, born in 1883 and came to the area from Baarson Center, Minnesota. He worked as a ranch hand for Thomas Dixon for 20 years. He was single and died on June 28, 1944 at the age of 61 from stomach cancer. That's it but at least it's something.

Here's one that really makes me sad. Linda Huth found the reference to it in the July 20, 1901 Townsend Star. Reference was made in the paper that two Japanese men were swimming in the river near Painted Rock. Anyone know where that is? One got a cramp and drowned. His body was brought to Townsend and given a *respectable burial* in Centerville. No name. No marker.

This will be a quick one. Harmon Bengel was a sheepherder and died May 15, 1911. That's it.

John Story was a miner up in Hassel. He was known as 'Deaf John' and worked for Thomas and F.T. McCormick up there for several years. He died suddenly of a heart attack on February 9, 1896. He was laid to rest in Centerville by Reverend Goulder and many comrades. Described as trustworthy, honorable and an old soldier. I found nothing else, like where he was from, when he was born, or if he was a soldier. He doesn't have a marker either.

I'm planning to keep working on finding more about the indigent or what I call, the lost but not forgotten people. At least we'll have a better record of them even though their graves aren't marked. These days, everyone knows everything about a person. You couldn't be lost if you wanted to.

Benny and Joon, the ospreys, spent another summer being abject failures at building a nest or becoming parents. They even disappeared for a few weeks and I thought they had moved on or found another nesting platform. But they came back. I wonder what the reasons are. Are they too old to raise a brood; is the platform too slanty? I had such high hopes. Either way, they are good company. I think I'll blame the wind this year.



The picture for this article is a reminder. It will cool off one of these days and we'll be cussing the cold. In the meantime, I'm sweating my guts out. Happy summer! Drink lots of water!