

NANA'S  
ALASKA  
JOURNAL  
1919

My Trip To Alaska  
Aboard The Alameda  
Eva Lee Hirst Marshall  
(29 years old)

Thursday April 8, 1919

We have had a wonderful day at times, the water was so smooth we hardly knew we were moving. Clayton (her brother) and I have met many very interesting people. Everyone is so congenial such a brotherly spirit. There are 187- 1st class passengers and the steerage is full.

I took several long walks around deck. I am feeling fine, not even a headache. I miss my little girls (Arvilla, 9 & Ramona, 6) in far away Spokane, if they were only along I would not worry about them. But I know they are in good hands.

(One paragraph erased)

The day has been spent in making acquaintances and you hear on all sides someone asking of someone else, "How far in do you go?"

Tomorrow night we stop at Ketchikan and I will mail some letters. We danced tonight in the social hall and the evening went so quickly. I just heard five bells up on the bridge so I must write my letters.

Friday April 9, 1919

We are having beautiful weather, everyone on board enjoying themselves. So many people aboard who are making their first trip. I wrote some letters home. My room mate is a typical north woman, swears, plays cards and knows the world. She gets off at Ketchikan.

It is amusing to listen to some of the younger men that are going in. You would think they were sour-doughs instead of cheechawkers. The real Sour-doughs just sit back and laugh.

Will not make Ketchikan tonight.

Saturday April 10, 1919

Arrived in Ketchikan - went ashore and took some pictures, sent some letters and cards home to my dear ones. Ketchikan is fish canneries from one end to the other. My roommate left and another can aboard. She is a very nice woman about 40 years old. She is a sour-dough. Runs a restaurant and hotel at Juneau.

We make Juneau tomorrow. Wireless reports big storm ahead.

I am going to bed early as I am getting sick., boat rolling badly. Glad my babies are home on land.

Sunday April 11, 1919

I wish I had the power of pen and brain to describe the sensation I went thru with last night. A storm was right, I was terribly seasick. We arrived at Juneau this morning and it was raining, very few went aboard (ashore). I went over to the P.O. to mail some letters. I know they are anxious about us. Clayton is having the time of his life.

Tonight I am eating crackers and chipped beef. The steward said that would settle my stomach. We are going thru Icy Straights and the old boat is rocking. We will soon pass Icy Point into the open sea. Then for the sick ones.

The big search light is sweeping the watery path tonight and the whistle blows every 5 minutes and the bells are ringing constantly.

The Alameda is the fastest on the line, we passed the Princess Mary, she is going to Skagway. I have no roommate tonight.

Monday April 12, 1919

I spent in bed.



Tuesday April 13, 1919

We arrived here at 8:00 am, everyone feeling very weary and tired. We leave tomorrow for Chitina. Clayton and I both homesick. I will surely appreciate my dear ones when I get back. Seward is a busy little town. The mountains are beautiful. Quite a snowfall today. It was snowing when we came ashore this morning. I had made many interesting acquaintances and I really hated to say goodbye to them. A dear old lady going to Valdez, and a Mr. Long and Mr. Mainland. (By Mt. Blackman)

Wednesday April 14, 1919

Up bright and early this morning. Took the train at 8 o'clock for Chitina, 129 miles. We passed thru many wonderful scenes. At Mile 56 or Abrecrombie the snow was up to the roofs of the houses and still snowing and blowing. Miles Glacier is just half mile away from there which makes it much colder.

We passed many deserted mining camps. Just a few log houses and dilapidated shacks to tell one of the story of a mad rush for gold of just a few years back.

Another interesting sight was the Indian burial grounds built up on stilts or props about 4 or 5 feet from the ground on which was placed the coffin and often times just the bodies wrapped in canvas.

We saw some eagles soaring over by some rugged looking hills, they were beautiful and majestic in this vast country.

The train was a scream, a dinky little engine and rotary about thirteen boxcars, a combination baggage - mail and smoking car, then Pullman - diner, back of that more box cars.

As we came nearer to Chitina the snow was melting fast and the river was breaking. By the time we reached Chitina at 5:45 p.m. the wind was blowing but not so cold as I expected. The snow almost gone.

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Earl Hirst (cousin) was not there to meet us and I was a little wee bit discouraged, but I struck out to a hotel. I found out Earl was at Gulkana. We ate our supper walked around town and found out that services were to be held in the hall by Rev. Rowe, so Clayton and I went and it was such a help. It gave me courage in this new country.

My day has surely been full. I am sure I will never forget this day. In fact it will be a red letter day for I seem as tho I am entering on a new life never to see the old.

I wrote letters home. How long it seems before I hear from my dear ones at home. We are waiting for the stage to take us to Gulkana.

Thursday April 15, 1919

I have met so many interesting people, their lives are so different it is such a study to see a few of the old timers sitting around swapping stories.

I met a Mr. Cramer - and such a personality that he has when I shook hands with him I instantly felt that he was a powerful man, alto his face betrayed no emotions of any kind all thru our conversations. He leaves for Gulkana with us. He is a very old timer. Knows Earl. He made me feel so "at home" in this far away world. I would like to have him as a friend, a real friend.

We leave at 4 in the morning so I must write letter and go to bed.

The hotel keeper just to see him bustling around and to hear him talk always with a smile on his face I could just write a book hinged on his expressive face he seems to be somewhat of a landmark. How I miss my little girls. There are quite a number of Indians in here. And one rather clean.

Friday April 16, 1919

No Entry

Saturday April 17, 1919

I did not have time to write yesterday for it was the "fullest" day of all. I was called at 3:30 this morning. I hurriedly dressed and ate breakfast and started for Gulkana. We made Copper Center by 8:30, stopped and got warm. Altho I was not cold.



The roads were frozen and the jolting was awful. (On a stage) I was wrapped up well. We arrived at Gulkana at 11:00 and Earl was there. I met Mrs. Griffiths, of whom I had heard so much of. Also her daughter, a beautiful woman of 30 years, tall and graceful dressed all in white, with snow white hair. Such a delicate beauty that she has. She looked like a transplanted lily.

Well we ate dinner there and started on our last leg of the longest, most exciting journey I ever had expected to have. 40 miles up the middle of the river with dogs. We never stopped after leaving Gakona 6 miles this side of Gulkana. Got here at ten o'clock, tired but happy that the journey was finished. I just tumbled in bed after eating a few bites, never woke up until ten this morning. I met Mr. Paulson the man we bought from. A Mr. DeWitt, a handsome young specimen of manhood.

Mr. Paulson shook hands so cordially and said, "Welcome to Chistochina: and I did not feel like a stranger in a strange land. He is a very clean cut, clean minded young man. (Trading Post in Chistochina)

I have just loafed around all day, I will get into the harness tomorrow as there is so much to be done, I looked over our possessions today. I find a half interest in 80 acres of land. Fix corrals, store, road, house several log cabins, a barn, two coaches - a dozen hens - a cat and the dirtiest yard I ever looked at. But I will not get homesick if I have work and I surely have.

I will write a letter tonight as Mr. Paulson goes out tomorrow.

Sunday April 18, 1919

An Indian came thru today his name is Frank Charlie. The Indians up here are a little different from the ones down at Chitina. The shape of the head is different, very high above the ears.

We are expecting some mushers from off the trail tonight, I baked bread and cakes and pies.

My chickens are laying. I have a setting of eggs saved up. A woman come in tonight. I had seven for dinner.

Monday April 20, 1919

I had to get up early this morning as all the men left. Earl went up to Slate Creek to get some lumber out. Clayton and I will have to run the "Place". Mrs. Bryson will be with us until the first so it won't be so lonesome.

Clayton and I started to clean out the store today. It is so dirty we cleaned shelves and swept the floor out. I am tired tonight but I love this wild free country.

Tuesday April 21, 1919

I rather loafed today, some Indians came thru from up river going to Gulkana to a funeral of an Indian woman who died Wednesday night. One was Skukum John - Frank Charlie - Teddy and Adam's wife and baby.

They bought some groceries and took some mail out for one and will bring back the mail Just to think I left Spokane April 6th. (Several line written then erased)

Wednesday April 22, 1919

Last night very late two tired Indians came to the door. Wanted to stay all night. They brought some bread and moose meat and built a camp fire out a ways from the house, cooked their supper. Their dogs were so tired. They had traveled three days, perhaps over 200 miles. This morning I gave them their breakfast and they phoned to Gulkana for more Indians to go back with them to their country over near the Canadian border. As they were going to have a big Potlatch and elect a Chief as the old chief died last summer. We sold them about \$60.00 worth of supplies.

They started back tonight to Mentasta where they will wait for some Indians before going up the Tanana River.

This is the realization of my wildest dreams. (some written scratched out) part of this wonderful country. I am feeling fine and Clayton is in all his glory trading with the Indians.

(One was Peter - Chief Davidson the other was Paul)



Thursday April 23, 1919

Another wonderful day, the Indians come and go many interesting types. I like Adam, I think best of all. He is clean and understands well.

The weather is fine, ice going fast.

Nothing so very interesting occurred today. I talked over the phone to Mrs. J, and she will send the mail up by Frank Charlie. That will be such a help.

The Signal Corps agent Mr. Barnett of Gulkana calls me up every day and asks me if I still like Alaska and asks me if I am lonesome, also if I would like to hear some music, as he has a new phonograph and he entertains every one from Valdez to Fairbanks with it. When he played some of those good old one steps and waltzes I long (some written then scratched out).

Friday April 24, 1919

Last night very late after we had retired the dogs barked. We got up and there was a white man and an Indian come in very tired - they wanted something to eat. I got up and got them some supper. They were from Mentasta the white mans name was Olie Esplian, the Indians name being Jack. They were so tired and weary - they had two dog teams of five dogs each.

This morning they started on down the river with their load of furs to ship out to the states.

Olie is another interesting character, a Swede with a pug nose and a roguish eye - a smile and winning as a girls.

Jack was a serious minded, clean Indian, he was so tired I let him sleep in the bunk.

Sunday April 26, 1919

I was so busy yesterday I did not even have time to say "Jack Robins" and today I have been almost equally as busy.

Jack came back with one team and over a thousand pounds on the sled. He was so tired he ate dinner here and then started for Mentasta.



While here he bought a few things and he pulled out a small notebook to make note of the articles. I was surprised that he could write I asked him "you write Jack", he said "Yes, this way now me no savvy hand yet. But learn soon now." And he could spell almost all words most commonly used and could print them in his little book I ask him who taught him and he said, "No one me just guess it: Ah the pity of it - instead of the white men trying to help the bright ones a little they just push them back and try and keep them in ignorance so they can better themselves. The greed of our race. It snowed today.

Tuesday April 28, 1919

A musher came off the trail today. He came from up near the Sour-Dough country, cut across the glaciers till he struck the Chistochina River, then here. Tomorrow he will go up the Copper River prospecting.

So many prospectors have gone up. I do hope there is a big strike this summer.

I really must describe this musher. His name is Mr. Martin, stand at least 6 feet 2 1/2 inches in stocking feet. The are all very tall men in this country!

He has the most peculiar head and face I ever saw, absolutely nothing back of the ears. I only wish I could sketch. I most surely would take home some amusing pictures of heads.

The mail is on the trail up soon I will hear from the outside world. Mrs. Leeks phoned and told me I had eight letters.

I heard some more music over the phone tonight again - (another portion erased.)

Wednesday April 29, 1919

Olie came thru with the mail - how happy I am with eight letters.

Thursday April 30, 1919

Well some excitement tonight - Earl came home tonight - mushed 40 miles from 8 am to 8:30 pm. Then two hours later Mr. Paulson and a miner came in.

Clayton leaves for down the river in the morning. Mr. Paulson and Mrs. Bryson go up to the mines. It is now 12:30 and I just finished washing dishes for the men.

Friday May 1, 1919

Everybody off this morning except Earl and Mr. Martin. The miner went down the river with Clayton. I am so glad for I feel so revived. Such a depressed feeling, as if the ice was opening up and letting him thru. I cannot shake this feeling off. I will go to bed maybe I will feel better in the morning.

They expect to make Gakona, but I have called and called, bet they are not there yet.

Saturday May 2, 1919

Since one o'clock I have been frantic because I did not hear from Clayton. At last he called me at 6:30. I was so nervous I just stood and trembled then when he told me the cause of his delay - I cried.

I will try and tell it as near as I could get it for I was so upset from anxiety and so overjoyed at hearing his voice that all I know is he fell in the river and very near drowned. If it had not been for that miner Mr. Allen who was with him, the "North" would of marked the toll of another.

"Teddy" the lead dog went thru the ice. Clayton ran ahead to help hem and he stepped on what he thot was a solid piece of ice and down he went. I have not all the details untill he return, but I do know that Mr. Allen ran to the sled, turned it over and pushed the handles to the edge just as Clayton was going under.



I could never of gone back if anything had happened to him. As I coaxed him to come so much. Nothing more tonight as I am tired and exhausted.

Tuesday May 5, 1919

I was home sick yesterday. Mr. Martin left this morning. Three men came in tonight from going to Slate Creek. Three old "Sour Doughs", Mr. Sullivan, a typical Irishman. He had had many interesting tales to tell of his experiences of the north, the loss of his thumb on the left hand. A Mr. Nelson a big husky brute and he had the third finger off his right hand. Mr. Haregon, a little quiet unassuming man who has spent 20 years in Alaska, his experiences have been many and varied especially the big snow slide where two lives were lost and his narrow escape from death with his partner thru the sluice boxes.

I do not hesitate to ask them of their experiences. Mr. Paulson will be back tomorrow.

Thursday May 7, 1919

Mr. Paulson came yesterday and today he went up to the Indian camp after meat. I went along and such a sight I will never forget - an old Indian woman sitting huddled on a few dirty rags in the corner with an infected thumb. I looked at it and it looked like blood poison. she was just rocking with pain. What filth no one could imagine its equal anywhere.

I don't feel extra good tonight as I fell in the Chistochina River on our way back up to my knees and I got cold and chilled before I reached home. Well Clayton and I have both been initiated to the "North". Earl says, Clayton in the Copper River and me in the Chistochina.

I called Mrs. Griffiths at Gulkana and she said there was no mail in on this outside bunch.

Sunday May 17, 1919

Earl and I walked five miles to a lake yesterday after muskrats and we hit a snowstorm on the hill, so we returned home. I made the five miles home in 1 hr and 25 minutes. Earl said I was the fastest woman musher in this country. The rest of the Slate Creek men came thru today and are here, will leave in the morning. I had some outside mail and o how good it did seem. But my loved ones are all sick. I wonder if I should give up and return? Well I must write some letters home as Mr. Doyle of Gulkana returns in the morning.

Monday May 18, 1919

The men started this afternoon. Did not get away this morning because we had a big snow storm last night, almost 3 inches of snow fell.

Mr. Elmer had some new records and we had a few good dancers. The Indians came in today with a bunch of muskrats and did some trading and ate their supper here. I wonder what my loved ones are doing, I sent some money home.

Sunday? May 23, 1919

I have been loafing all this week. Nothing of importance happened since the last of the Slate Creek crew passed thru. Mr. Esplain came in last night and one of his dogs killed a hen for me. He left for Gulkana this morning and I sent out some mail.

Monday May 24, 1919

We planted garden all day today. A Mr.. Walker came in at 1:30 am and he is another type that I will write more of later. I am feeling well. The Indians came this afternoon and brought in 70 muskrats it's wonderful to watch them, they are very keen in trading and they will haggle and bicker as much as a Jew.

I bought the children some moccasins.



Wednesday May 26, 1919

Earl and I walked 12 miles yesterday afternoon after Rats - we got in at 12 last night, got five rats and 3 ducks.

My hen is hatching, she has six out and several will be out in the morning.

Mr. W.W. Elmer came tonight and will be here a few days. Earl met two brown bears in the trail tonight.

Friday May 28, 1919

Mr. Elmer is still here. Earl went after rats last night, got eight rats and five ducks. Mr. Esplain came up tonight from Gulkana and had no mail. The bridges are washed out between Chitina and Cordova. My chickens are doing nicely, I have nine out of the setting.

The ice is almost all gone and it seems so good to see the river flowing swiftly by. I do not get so terrible lonesome only I long for my little girls so at times it positively hurts.

Sunday May 30, 1919

"Decoration Day" (Memorial Day)

So far away from the spirit of the day. But I roused a little enthusiasm and planted some flower seeds I dream every night of my little girls if I only had them. Some times I think my heart will stop beating from the pain of longing.

At times the desire to see them to go to them is so great I almost smother. "God keep them till I am with them again and I promise never to leave them again."

My heart is heavy tonight and my eyes blinded with tears when I think of the dear ones whose graves I cannot go to today only in spirit. "May there be no more new ones this year please dear God."

Tuesday June 1, 1919

Such a beautiful June day how I long for my dear ones. some mail up tomorrow I do get homesick sometimes. Mr. Elmer left today, he may go outside if he should he is going to see my little girls for me.

Monday June 7, 1919

I have been very busy this week out trapping. Tuesday had two mushers here, Indians once and today a Mr. Beeswanger came in from the mines, brought the horses down for the summer. They will go to Gulkana soon after supplies and I will be left alone again.

Thursday June 10, 1919

Mr. Bee. left for Gulkana today and we went down the river and set some traps. When we got home tonight Mr. Cramer comes in on his way down the trail. We saw bear tracks today some within one mile of the house. I wrote a bunch of letters out on this mail. I still like it up here but get so homesick for my babies. The old Sour Doughs are so interesting they tell so many wild and weird stories of the north.

An amusing thing happened yesterday. Earl and Mr. Bee started plowing - first they quarreled who should hold the plow and who should drive. Well Earl was to drive the first round and Mr. Bee to hold the plow - When Earl took the lines he yelled "Mush on" to the horse, well we just screamed.

Friday June 11, 1919

Earl and I went down the trail today and set some traps. Mr. Bee left for Gulkana he will be gone a few days. Just after we came home tonight Mr. Cramer came in, he had "mushed" 36 miles today. We saw all kinds of bear tracks down the trail. The bear are leaving the hills.

Sunday June 13, 1919

The Indians were here yesterday and I worked so I was pretty busy. This morning at 4:30 Mr. Maloney and a Mr. Bieul came in from the Cleveland Mines. They will wait here untill Mr. Bee and Mr. Cramer returns from Gulkana. I have never been so homesick as I am today. How I long to be with them at home. I have some little chickens hatching today.



Tuesday June 15, 1919

Mr. Bee returned today and I received eight letters. How happy I was to get them. I received a wire today - I cannot get my dear little girls up here so I go out this fall. The men will all go up the trail tomorrow and Earl leaves for Gulkana in a few days so I will write some letters. Today two large Eagles soared over the river opposite the house. I have wished for for some mail.

Thursday June 17, 1919

I went fishing today, rode horseback for 12 miles. The fish in the small streams are so good. The grayling. I wrote home tonight I can hardly believe that it will be a month before they receive it.

Friday June 18, 1919

Earl left today for Gulkana, Teddy went with him. Adam and his Klweh have gone also and I am all alone tonight. I never felt so far away from home, my nearest neighbor is 36 miles away. Up the river six miles is an old "Kloreh" she sit down there. I am alone alone in this country and to make it all the more wild and weird it is raining in torrents. The dogs are tied up and they are whining with that half human half wild animal cry. It makes your hair stand up on end and your flesh creep. Well nothing eventful has happened except that a woman is on the trail she has made 17 miles today and will be here soon. It is a very interesting case and I imagine will become more so as the summer goes on. Her husband is an old timer and she just a bride of 19 summers.

Saturday June 19, 1919

This has been another long day, have not seen anyone for two days just the dogs with their hoarse wild cries. I don't know what I would do if it were not for Mr. Barnett, the Signal Corps Agent at Gulkana. He calls me up several times a day and gives me all the news of the trail. He plays the phonograph for one quite often. The little girl bride made Tolooner last night and she is almost exhausted. They will wait there untill Earl picks them up on his way home. There is considerable comments as to her husband bringing here in like he is. They are going prospecting and from here they have at least 50 miles farther to mush. I have just loafed around all day. Wrote a little, sewed awhile and read awhile; took a few messages off the line - one message is for a miner from his wife to come at once. His name is Sullivan, there are so many Irish up here. Such a happy go lucky bunch of men. My O my how I miss



my darling girls, but the months will soon go by I hope. Sometimes I wonder what will be my next turn after I return to the States. Well I must not brood over it. For what ever it is will be for the best. My little girls are in Seattle tonight. God keep them for whatever I do is for what I think is right. My only ambition is to educate these little girls, to give them the advantages I lacked. So if criticism falls on my head, I will always know and feel that God guided my foot steps. I first looked out the window and saw a half dozen sea gulls flying up the river. The beautiful Copper River is right in front of our house and some time when I am blue I go alone to the bank of the river and sit there and dream and review my life. I have made so many mistakes, but who of us haven't. O if we could only see forward there a few of our undertakings. I often wish I could send a message to the dear ones far away, on the placid bosom of the Copper. When I sit there and dream the miles roll away and - - portion erased. Just to cuddle those dear little girls in my arms once again. I am sitting here by the table with the receiver at my ear and listening to some Hawaiian give music only 40 miles away and how my heart longs to be holding my little girls in my arms and know they are loved, am sure that our happiness would be complete.

Sunday June 20, 1919

My little girls are in Seattle now and I alone alone away off in this little corner of the world. I had the Indians here today and it helped the day to pass; they took dinner here and bought a few supplies and then started up the trail. Earl is at Tolsona will leave sometime tomorrow. There are a few things I would like to write in this little book of mine, but we can never tell who will read even a personal diary..

Monday June 21, 1919

The longest day in the year. The folks will all get am tonight sometime and I will wait up and then indeed it will seem the longest day. I only pray there is just one letter from home so I will know they were all well at least. I washed today and cleaned my house and will have the little girl bride for a few days. I hope I may like her and that she will like me. I was talking today with Mr. Doyle at Gakona and he passed one a nice compliment. It pleased me so. I only hope that I may command the rest and goodwill of all I meet while in Alaska. I do not want admiration for it would only be false. I just want the comradeship and brotherly spirit of the Alaskan men.



Tuesday June 22, 1919

Earl and Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins arrived at 4:30 this morning and they were very tired. I got breakfast for them and then we all laid down for awhile. Mrs. J - a "Peggy" as I shall call her now is such a little big eyed frightened girl she has lost confidence in her husband because of his peculiar method in business and she is trying to leave him. She ask my advice and I told her to go on in and then by fall she would know what was best. Poor little lonely girl. She and I had such a good time. I wish she could stay here.

Thursday June 24, 1919

Mr. and Mrs. J left last night, how pathetic she looked when she left. I just wanted to hold her. And poor Mr. Barnett is frantic. But today a telegram from her dad and he is coming after her. We take the wire to her tomorrow. I wonder what the outcome will be. Mr. Sullivan came by today. He is going outside and he took some mail out for me. I lost some mail I sent two letters out last month with \$25.00 in each and I am sure raising a rumpus so I will get them.

Friday June 25, 1919

It rained today and Earl took the telegrams up to sawmill-point and Peggy came back with him. I hope it is all for the best. Her husband is going on in, she will stay with me till her dad comes. Earl is going to Gulkana Saturday. Peggy and I washed our hair.

Sunday June 26, 1919

Earl gone and Peggy and I all alone, we got up late and just loafed around. We read a while and then we practiced our telegraphy. I hope I can get the hang of it.

Wednesday June 29, 1919

Earl came back today, he had over four thousand pounds on the pack horses, he brought me some mail.

Eva Lee Hirst Marshall left Alaska before December 1920.  
When she had returned she met and married Michael Patrick Bogle  
in December of 1920.

Family Of Eva Lee Hirst Marshall Bogle  
July 1889 - September 1965

Arvilla Bonadell Marshall Bogle Somers Heyer	10-2-10	
John Douglas Somers	4-21-41	
Nikki JoElla Somers	5-23-67	
Kimberly Lynn Somers Nordstrom	3-12-71	
Brandon Douglas Nordstrom	11-91	
Taylor Jay Nordstrom	5-17-93	
Jaelyn Kacie Nordstrom	7-18-96	
Susan Lee Somers Peters Greene	2-29-44	
Thaden Earl Peters	3-21-69	8-5-85
Nathaniel Steven Greene	1-27-84	
Jared Andrew Greene	12-12-84	
Michele Byrd Somers Heuer	5-28-52	
Bradley Dennis Heuer	10-15-70	
Jill Maureen Heuer Thurman	12-26-73	
Paige Maureen Thurman	2-17-95	
Teri Maureen Somers Burch	12-26-55	
Keli Arvilla Burch	8-8-85	
Kenna Kathleen Burch	3-20-88	

Ramona Elizabeth Marshall	1-18-13	12-14-92
Robert Faulkner		
Neil		
Kyle		

David Maynard Faulkner  
Matthew



Family Of Eva Lee Hirst Marshall Bogle  
July 1889 - September 1965

Maureen Lee Bogle

8-30-24

Michael Patrick Bogle, Jr.

4-1-27

Lucille Bogle

Michael Patrick Bogle, III

Michael Patrick Bogle, IV

Geri Bogle

Peter Bogle

Eileen Bogle

Tiffany

Peter

Kathy Bogle Wong

Katy Wong

Andrew Wong

Elizabeth (Betsy) Bogle

Daniel