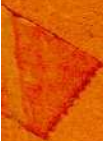


OF
SUCH
AS
THESE

BY

MINNIE ALICE RHOADS



Wishes for a good life -
Minnie Alice Rhoads

OF
SUCH
AS
THESE

BY

MINNIE ALICE RHOADS



OF SUCH AS THESE

by Minnie Alice Rhoads

If you should meet your ancestors
All standing in a row,
Would you be proud of them?
Or don't you really know?
Strange discoveries are sometimes made,
In climbing the family tree.
Occasionally one is found in line
Who shocks his progeny.

If you could see your ancestors
All standing in a row,
Perhaps there might be one or two
You wouldn't care to know.
Now turn the question right about
And take another view,
When you shall meet your ancestors,
Will they be proud of you?

-- George B. Everton, Jr.

PREFACE

The majority of the population of this land called the United States descended from pioneers who sought a better way of life than they knew in the crowded areas of Europe. Beginning in the seventeenth century they came finding freedom of religion and opportunity for home and accumulations. Those objectivities were not always to be found in the Old World.

Few of them have stayed totally the race or people from the Nation they left, but have intermingled with other people until America has become known as the Great Melting Pot of the world. They have become a great people thru the strength of the many Nations drawn together. While we have made much progress we still have never excelled those great minds that established a united nation of the many people by setting up the standard of laws in our great Constitution. Those men were our ancestors and the lives they lived in those far away days are the heritage they left for us to revere.

The direct ancestral line of both of my parents began in this country early in the 1600s. Their history is recorded in the nations from which they came as far back as the 10th and 11th centuries. My Mother's people, the Duryeas, were men of importance in France and my Father's people, the Maccombers, came from Scotland to England in the 11th century, then to America with the Boston Colony in 1630. They, too, were men who made history in their lands. The marriage of the two lines with others uniting with them became the composite family. Since I am the last one of the five offspring of these particular lines I felt it my duty to record as much of the history they made as I can.

Only through comparison can we judge progress. If we who know the stories of our ancestry and the early history of our country do not record them they become lost in the younger generations.

DEDICATION

These pages are dedicated to all of my "Kith and Kin" that they might know the heritage left to them to claim as their own. Especially, I dedicate all I have written to our daughter, Nellie Rhoads Buchanan, who has urged me to record the history and the many stories of our ancestry that I have been told and have told her and her growing family, lest they be forgotten.

Geneological charts of each family may be found under the family name in that section of the book.

PART ONE

THE ANCESTRY OF NELLIE ERMINA DURYEA - MY MOTHER

From the middle of the first millenium until the present one the small provinces of Europe were constantly changing, being conquered by one then another war. Those were the years when those who took the lead in building a country to call home established themselves in families. Such were those who came to America and became our ancestors.

The name Duryea originated in the Province of Burgundy, France. They became prominent as judges, men of letters and of State Affairs and Divines. Devious spelling was used for the name, the most remote being "Du Ryer", and the most prominent was "Dyrie". Others were Duree, Dury, Duri, Durier. Through the years some became artists, inventors, historians and nobleman.

Monsieur Simon, the first of record, was a member of the King's Chamber and about the 12th century there was a family of Durie in Scotland. They were as important in State Affairs as those in France and were a branch of the family, deemed so by the ancient records of both countries. The coat-of-arms were almost identical and the motto of the French was "Le Promise of de Future"; that of the Scottish was "Gages Future", each meant the "Promise of the Future". Also, the two branches were allied through marriage.

Andrus Durie was the Abbot of Melrose and Bishop of Galloway. Lord Alexander Durie was a famous Scottish Judge; Robert Durie's daughter became the wife of Robert Bruce of Clackmore.

During the latter half of the 15th and the first half of the 16th centuries the country of France was literally torn by a succession of religious wars between the French Catholics and Protestants, or Huguenots.

Leaving their titles, wealth and homes many of the protestants fled rather than lose their lives and freedom to the Catholics; many to Mannheim, Germany. George Duryea was among these. Evidently his first wife died before leaving France for she is not recorded in the Dutch Reformed Church as were the rest of the family. George became Joost Duryea in Germany and his second wife was Magdalena LeFevre.

At the end of the six years, Joost and his family migrated to New York, landing on Long Island in 1675. If Simon came he died soon after because his name is not recorded here and Joost became the American head of the family. Monsieur Durie, he was called.

The family lived first at New Utrecht and associated themselves with the Dutch Reformed Church there. After two years

they moved to the Bushwick area. In 1679 a son, Jean, was born to them. They were so proud of him that they had his name recorded in the Church in Mannheim for all their friends to see. Later he was baptized in the Reformed Church in Brooklyn as Jaque.

In 1681 Joost Duryea built a large home in Bushwick, Long Island. It was occupied by members of the family for 200 years. According to the January 4th, 1904 issue of the New York Sun the old house had to be sacrificed for the Manhattan Railroad. The old open hearth had been replaced by a modern fireplace and much of the quaint old furniture had been carried away but the house was good for at least another 100 years.

Children listed to Joost were : Joost Jr., Peter, Charles. Cornelius and Magdalena, all born in France. Joost Jr., and Cornelius, lived to come to America. In America were born: Jacques Antonette, Abraham, Jacob, Philip, Charles and Simon. When a child died, another was often given the same name, hence another Charles.

Joost married a third time but there were no children. He passed away in 1727 and it is not known when Magdalena passed away but her youngest child was born in 1693. His will left everything equally to each of his children and his third wife.

The heads of Duryea families in the succeeding generations were Joost, Charles, Joost, Jr., Jacob, Joshua and Jacob, Next was Sylvenus, my Grandfather. They followed the profession of farming and blacksmithing. All were fond of music and a few taught music. They were of the Methodist Faith and most of them were Masons.

THE SCHENCK FAMILY is said to derive its name from Edgar De Schenck, Chief Aid to the Emperor Charlemagne, who granted a title of nobility to Edgar, and assigned him a coat-of-arms.

Johannes Schenck, a common ancestor of the Charles Duryea family, is believed to have been the son of Martin Schenck, W. L. D. Lieut. Baliff of Wyck Kessel, and Margaritha de Boeckhorst. Martin was a judge of the province which office was also held by his grandfather and great-grandfather. Johannes was born Sept. 19, 1656, in Kessel. He married Maria Magdalena, born Oct. 7, 1660 in Middleburg. They were married in Middleburg, of the Island of Walcheron in Zeeland. She is said to have been a relative of Roeluf and Jan Martense Schenck who settled in the Flatlands, Long Island, New York in 1650. Roeluf and Jan, along with Johannes, are the imigrant ancestors of the Schenck family in America. Some emigrated to New York in 1684.

Johannes bought a plantation in Bushwick, New York, and moved there in 1712. Both Johannes and Maria Magdalena died on April 10, 1729. Their children were Johannes, Susannah, Johannes Jr., Peter, Margarieta and Cornelia, who married Capt. Charles Durje- - the parents of Joost Duryea, born 1709, the first of this line on the chart.

THE WETMORE FAMILY - In the sixth generation of Duryeas in America, Jacob, then living in Northern Pennsylvania, married Thankful Gracia Wetmore, born in Vermont, who came to Pennsylvania with her parents. She was of the sixth generation of Wetmores in America and from the long and distinguished line in England.

The Wetmores were first accounted in England in 800 A. D. near Straffordshire. They built the improvements on a 3000 acre estate during the years 800 and 900 A. D. From that time on the estate has been in the hands of the family heirs -- the longest family succession of heirs of any estate in England. For this reason England now declares the estate a National Shrine to be owned by no other than the family.

During two of the past generations no son was born to become an heir. The place was therefore inherited by the oldest daughter. Hence it is now the Rafe Cavanaugh Mainwaring (Pronounced Mannering) property. Their son, Guy Wetmore Cavanaugh and his wife are the future heirs.

The Manor house is most fascinating with it's exquisite furniture; each room heated by two or three huge black marble fireplaces. These still remain but there is a central heating plant now. The walls are lined with 8 by 10 foot paintings of all the Lords and Ladies of the family from the very beginning. They were painted by the best artists of the time and all were handsomely dressed and coiffured except one couple who were of the era of Cromwell's Puritan domination. They were plainly dressed in black and must have found it expedient to comply with his edicts. The earliest of the paintings are done on wood and the later on canvas.

In the cellars beside the wine cellar and the meat storage one there was a large room with a stone floor. In one of the rocks was a heavy iron ring. When the stone was lifted fresh water from a spring bubbled up into the room. The reason for the location of the building was in case of siege there would always be plenty of fresh water.

From the manor house down a walk, lined on either side by lime trees is the Estate Church, called St. Mary's or All Saints. It is half lumber and half stone as is common in Straffordshire. The original stones were cut by the old Saxon Masons with a sunburst design and the familiar Saxon black iron cross hangs above the entrance.

Inside, the five stained glass windows above the door show the coat-of-arms of the family, the first one bestowed on them in the year 1086 and others show honors bestowed on them in succession.

In May 1965 a large stone was removed from the floor in the Church to allow a pipe for central heat to be brought in. The workmen reaching down could find no lower floor. Putting a light

down to see why, They found caskets, beautifully carved and decorated extending the full length of the Church. One had a stone figure of a man wearing a gold tooled armor and by his side lay a long sword such as used in the Crusades.

Beyond the Church was an area of woodland where ancient trees harbored hundreds of song birds and the ground was covered with dainty bluebells. It was untrampled by any but the family and has been a sanctuary for them and the birds for generations.

The first Wetmore in America was John, who had taken his heritage in money and come to the new land in 1635. The coat-of-arms which he brought had four Martlets across the Chief showing that he was the fourth son. With him were his wife and five children, born in England. Thru his son Thomas, 1615, he is the ancestor of our family.

In 1648 John Wetmore, while walking through his timber land looking for his cattle, was attacked and murdered by a Mohegon Indian. Everyone was deeply shocked and his wife wanted revenge but the Indians became so insolent that no punishment was meted out. The matter was dropped and Thomas became the head of the family in America. He established residence at Watertown, Mass., then later with a company of citizens led by Pastor Richard Denton he went to Stanford, Conn. He purchased many acres of land and established the town of Middletown, Conn.

THE CLAUS FAMILY - Jacob Duryea and Thankful Gracia Wetmore had eleven children - eight of whom lived to maturity. They owned a spacious home atop a hill in Pennsylvania that over-loaded their land extending for miles around. The sixth one of their children was Sylvenus Duryea who married Celestia Elizabeth Claus, also of Penn. They were my Mother's parents. I never knew my maternal grandparents because they had both passed to their reward before I was born. Now that I have learned more about them I can better understand my Mother and the fine person that she was.

After the marriage of Sylvenus and Celestia in 1856, they started to Nebraska driving a team of oxen. They stopped for a time in Wisconsin near Madison and about a year later a daughter, Nellie Ermina Duryea, My Mother, was born October 20, 1857.

Eventually Sylvenus and Celestia arrived in Nebraska with their small daughter, the oxen and wagon, one cow, a few pieces of furniture, a dog and \$3.00 in money. When the cow's feet got sore from traveling, Sylvenus cut the top off his boots and made protectors for her feet.

Soon the Civil was broke out and when Sylvenus went to war Celestia took her child, Nellie, to live in Falls City, Nebr., where she boarded and nursed wound soldiers.

Sylvenus had a sterling character and all who knew him were lavish in their praise of his fine qualities as a citizen, a father and a Christian. He was a very religious man, his preference of churches being the Wesleyan Methodist, but since there was only a Methodist Episcopal Church in that area he happily worked

in that church. Like most of the Duryeas, he loved music and had a fine singing voice. He led the singing in the community and church, giving the congregation the right pitch with his tuning fork.

Not much is known of Celestia's ancestry. Her father, Benjamin Claus, was a dairyman living in Penn. in the early part of the 18th century. The will dividing his property and money with his eight children indicates he was a man of thrift. The story is that his father came from Germany and fought in the Revolution for the colonies, but there is no proof of this account.

Celestia Claus Duryea was a very pretty woman with curly auburn hair. She was of Pennsylvania Dutch and German descent, and inherited her parent's meticulously clean way of keeping house.

When Sylvenus went north to quell the Indians who were on the war path, he became ill and his companions dispaired of his life. As he lay half conscious he heard them planning where they could bury him, a place where the Indians would not find his body. He could hear them planning but could not answer. He finally recovered and soon was able to enlist for another year. He was made a 1st Sergeant and after the war he returned home but his health was never good again.

When he returned home he built two stone houses near Humbolt in Southeastern Nebraska. One was their home and another for a neighbor. He had been trained as a stone mason in his youth. Both houses had arched doors and windows and held up well. His home, built in 1864, is still lived in. He built many of the bridges in the area which are still being used.

Six children born to Sylvenus and Celestia were, Nellie Ermina, my Mother, Desdamona, Elva, Walter, Grace and Alice. Celestia taught school in her home and it was all the early schooling the children had, but they acquired a well rounded amount of knowledge. Their stories follow.

Life in those times was meager in Nebraska - known as the Great American Desert. Sorghum was their sweetening - twenty-five cents worth of sugar a year was reserved for company. Their fruit was wild plum which they washed, pitted and spread out on a board then pounded into a thin layer which was dried in the sun and rolled like a scroll, wrapped and hung in a cool, dry place. When wanted for a meal they were sliced off a roll, sweetened with sorghum and cooked.

One time Celestia hid behind a door and shed a few tears because she had no soda with which to make biscuits for unexpected company. With all her desire for the nice things, she was never selfish in wanting to the extent of depriving her children. She was a very devoted mother.

Wheat and Corn were ground at a neighbor's mill for their

flour. Another staple of the family was a hog's head of soft soap. A hog's head is a good sized hollowed out log with a hinged board for a lid. The soft soap was made with fat and lye. The lye was made by catching water which had filtered through wood ashes. The soap was a cleaner, a salve, an antiseptic, shampoo and an all-round household product, and an everyday necessity. Such as the time Celestia came around the granary just in time to hear her son, Walter, say, "What shall I do with this, Elva, throw it away?" He had cut his thumb nearly off in a hand corn sheller. It was only hanging by a tiny bit of skin. Celestia took in the situation at a glance and said quickly, "No, don't do that". Grasping the thumb, she put it back in place and held it until they reached the soft soap supply. She bound it up in a good coating of the soap and the thumb grew on as good as ever.

The family all had lustrous hair, shining with good health and during the next two generations there was never a bald headed one among them. Their hair was regularly shampooed with soft soap. Nellie's hair, like her mother Celestia's, was auburn, heavy and very curly.

PRANKS - The circuit riding ministers of that era always found a welcome at the Sylvenus Duryea home. There, too, the community gathered for meetings. There was one minister who came that didn't find favor with Elva and Walter, the two mischievous sons of Sylvenus and Celestia. When he was getting ready to leave one day, the boys put a handful of cockle burrs, which were plentiful, under the saddle on the minister's horse. They knew that the minute he sat in the saddle there would be some rodeo fun to watch. The horse bucked as was expected, threw the rider over the fence into the yard breaking his leg. The boys were punished for many more days while he was a patient in their home, and they were forced to be nice to him.

As they grew up Celestia worried much about all her children -- Nellie and Desdamona moved out west - Elva and Walter were considering marriage and she was more than a little concerned by the fact that Grace had gone to a neighborhood dance. To her way of thinking, that was a step toward the down grading of morals.

wife was the charming Amelia Bacon and their
Elva's/family numbered seven, a daughter and six sons. He made his home at Dawson, Nebraska, about 20 miles from Falls City. One son, Chester, lives in Dawson and owns a grocery store. Another, Donald, was a music instructor in Grand Island for many years and one was a 1st Lieutenant in the Air Force.

Elva loved music and bought a grand piano for his children when they were not too plentiful. The little Dawson band marched with Elva as it's leader and he could play any of the instruments. His other hobby was working with machinery and he bought about the first auto in that part of Nebraska. It was a Reo, with a stick to guide it, no windshield or top and one seat.

Walter was married first to Minnie White and they had two daughters - Ethel lives on a farm near Grand Island and Emma Leta died many years ago.

Walter divorced Minnie White and married a fine dependable woman named Lottie Allen. They moved to Seneca, Kansas and had a good life together. They raised eight children to whom he was very devoted. They all loved music and Sundays were song days - the entire afternoon and evening was spent around the piano singing. Walter had an excellent voice and loved best of all the hymns. The entire neighborhood was welcome to come and join for song fests and the house was always lively with many singers. He built a huge screened porch with a good floor for dancing and would hire musicians to come and provide music for everyone to enjoy. He worked very hard and provided well for his family. He passed away at Seneca, Kansas at the age of 72.

The two younger daughters of Sylvanus and Celestia Duryea were Grace and Alice. Alice died of scarlet fever at the age of three. Many children in the west were victims of that dreaded fever in that day.

Grace was a very pretty girl with Auburn hair, soft and curly, big brown eyes and a clear complexion. Celestia sent her to Wellsboro, Penn. to live with Lucretia, Celestia's sister, and her husband, Alanson Johnson. She was to get her High School education there. Many of the Duryea family still lived around Wellsboro.

Grace finished her schooling, taught a while, then went to Sugar Grove Seminary to study music for two years. In 1894 she married W. L. Nuttal of Findlay Lake, New York and they had a daughter but Grace and her baby both died.

Desdamona, second daughter of Sylvanus and Celestia Duryea was a very tiny person, about 4ft. 9in. tall and with a school girl figure although she was the mother of four children; Rilla, Edna, Wanda and Carl. Her husband was six foot tall, Fred Jenkins. Fred was devoted to his family and was an excellent provider. He became prosperous by farming on the arid prairie in northeastern Colorado. If one crop failed he had a substitute ready to grow and somehow it worked out well.

Desdamona was thrifty and quite the general of her home despite her size. All the children helped with the work and when it was completed in the morning, she and the girls freshened up, put on dresses or skirts and blouses and combed their beautiful hair and put ribbons in it. Rilla and Edna had auburn hair and Wanda's was dark. Carl was a blonde. So they all appeared at the noon meal looking very trim.

Once in a while Fred was in a bad mood and then he was a little abusive to Desdamona but she always had an answer or a come back in some way. She was never cowed by him. Once he came home from town - 25 miles away - smoking a big cigar. He also laid several more on the shelf and that evening when some neighbor men came to chat Fred passed the cigars to them. Without a word Desdamona went to the shelf, took a cigar and seating herself in the circle she proceeded to smoke her cigar.

There was a circle of embarrassed men in the room and they soon left. Fred made no comment but he never smoked again.

In spite of all her home duties, Desdamona managed to teach school, sometimes holding it in their home. She served two terms as County Superintendent of Schools in Yuma County, Colorado. She had the first Sunday School in that area in her home and the Presbyterian Church built there was much the product of Desdamona and Fred Jenkins and they were charter members.

When they grew older they spent a winter with friends in San Jose, California, then returned in the summer to farm. The next winter they decided to retire and live on the coast. They went Northwest to the Willamette Valley where they bought a small acreage. The first year they canned 400 quarts of fruit which lasted for years as there was always fresh fruit to eat. The only fruit grown where they lived in Colorado was ground cherries, a tasteless berry which was only palatable with lemon juice and sugar and made into a preserve.

Most of the family worked in some capacity at Corvallis University or the Oregon Agricultural College. Fred was an assistant to the head of building department and Desdamona worked with foreign students and kept some of them in their home when necessary.

Rilla, the oldest daughter of Desdamona and Fred Jenkins came to Falls City, Nebr. to stay with Wes and Nellie Macomber to get her High School Education, then taught near Wray, Colorado. She married John Alexander of Iowa and lived near Wray for several years.

Desdamona came to Wray to be with her second daughter, Edna, who had married Edward Jones and was expecting her second child. At the same time Rilla went to Oregon to care for the younger members of Desdamona's family. Doing her best, she bought three bushels of gooseberries and by enlisting the help of her younger brother and sisters, she finally got them cared for. They became a family joke for they lasted more than 20 years.

In later years both Rilla and Edna and their families moved to Oregon near Corvallis. Rilla worked for several years for the University Press there.

Wanda, the youngest of the Jenkins children, studied at Corvallis University and became a dietician there. She married and had one son then divorced. She married again but there was no family. She passed away in her forties.

Edna and her husband passed away in 1972 at Corvallis at their home among the beautiful roses.

Iris, daughter of Rilla Jenkins and John Alexander, compiled a very fine genealogy of the Duryea family going back as far as five generations in France. Her husband, William Georgesen, passed away in 1972. Iris has been a true inspiration to me in writing of ancestry. She visited me in 1971 and again in 1973.

DURYEA



Henrietta &
Lucretia Claus
Seated:
Desdamona Duryea
& Celestia Claus



Jacob & Thankful Duryea



Nellie Ermina Duryea



Sylvanus & Celestia & Ch. Nellie & Desdamona

WES MACOMBER FAMILY



Wes & Nellie ab. 1895



Jackson & Mary C. Crook
(Wes' sister)



Mabel Ariel



Miles Sylvene



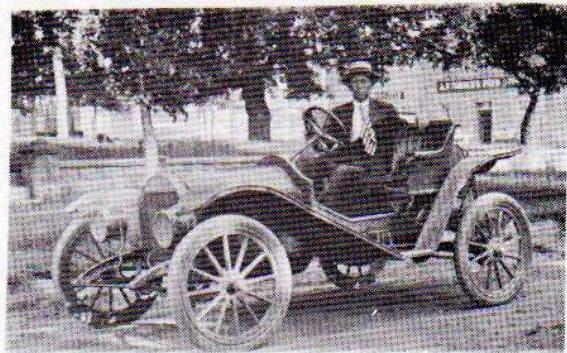
Minnie Alice



George Burton



Samuel Everett & Auto - 1910



An ancestor in France Named Walter E. Duryea invented the "Duryea", a horseless carriage in 1787, and it was supposed to be the first of it's kind ever made. The first "Duryea" made in America was in 1887 and is in the Smithsonian Museum in Washington D. C.

It is interesting to note that a "Duryea" was the engineer who laid out the wharf and the first streets of Omaha, Nebraska City and other river towns. This is according to a historical issue of the Omaha Bee.

THE ANCESTRY OF JOHN WESLEY MACOMBER - MY FATHER

The ancestors of Macomber family in America point to Devonshire, England. Combe in old English means a valley and is a very frequent termination of surnames and names of places in Devonshire. There may have been a Maycombe, just as there was a May Hill and a May Field. Indeed at place called Maycombe, or Macombe, may have given origin to the surname Maycombe, Macombe, Maycomber, Macomber, Macumber and may have originated in some place called May Valley.

Others insist that the name is of Scotch origin and that some migration carried the name into Devonshire. I am informed that Harry Alfred Long's Personal and Family Names, published by John Menzie & Co., Edinburgh, 1883, derives the names MaComb, McCombe, McComber, and McCumber from the Gaelic "Omish" (Thomas) and that other forms of the same name are Omish, McTavish and McTance. A member of the Families of McCombe and Thomas, originally McIntosh and Mc Thomas, by William McCombie Smith, Edinburgh, 1890, says that McThomie, McOmie, McOmish, McOmy, McComie, Mc Combie and Thos, McThoms, McThomas, and McIntosh are all names used to designate member of the same clan. Antiquarians seem to agree that the McIntosh clan are a branch of the clan McIntosh, taking its rise in the latter half of the fourteenth century. It is claimed that the founder of the clan McIntosh was Shaw McDuff, second son of the Fifth Earl of Fife, who distinguished himself in quelling a rebellion among the Moray tribes against Malcolm IV., about the year 1161-63.

In 1904, Dove, Lockhart and Smart, lawyers of Edinburgh, wrote to Charles Sumner Macomber, lawyer of Ida Grove, Iowa, as follows and the same is excepted by the Rev. Everett S. Stackpole.

"Judging from your name we should say you were undoubtedly a Scot by origin. The name "Macomber", in its various forms is well known here. As you are no doubt aware it is claimed (and the claim we believe is generally admitted) that the Macomers are a branch of the clan McIntosh - also sometimes called the Shaws.

The branch was formed by Shaw McDuff second son of the Fifth Earl of Fife. As you are also aware the clan McIntosh was one of the clans which took part in the memorable duel on the North Inch of Perth, videe, Scott's "Fair Maid of Perth", where they are designated the "Clan Chatten". You will also see in Scott's "Waverly" that a scion of the clan, "Evan Dhu Maccombish", is one of the leading personages.

Current tradition is that the name of Macomber is of Scotch origin. First comers to America knew how to spell the name. Pronunciation in early Mass. of Mac'omber suggests Scotch Origin."
End Quote.

A family Bible published in 1903 and now in the hands of Grant Macomber, Madison, Kansas - son of George Burton Macomber, is the beginning of our family record. It was the rule that the oldest son who had a son should be the keeper of the Bible.

The first one listed is Hugh Macomber, born 1770, in Maine, the son of a Captain Macomber of Maine. The Captain is said to have drowned at sea after the Revolutionary War in which he served.

Through material received from the Old Historical Society of Taunton, Mass. and the Augusta, Maine Historical Records and the help of Mrs. Frances Pauling, County Clerk of Brunswick Co., Maine, the geneology following is believed to be true.

Hugh came to Mentor, Ohio, from Maine in 1800 and that year married Sally Sears, a Mentor girl. They moved to Utica, N. Y. where their five children were born: Serena, Surrannus and Polly lived; Lyman and Sally and the mother died there. Hugh lived four more years - until 1813. Richard Sears was made administrator of the property and brought Surrannus to Mentor with him. The census reports of Ohio and New York prove these dates.

Surrannus grew to manhood in Mentor and when 25 he married Catherine Parker, a daughter of Captain Clark Parker of the War of 1812. Catherine and Surrannus raised eight of the eleven children born to them. They were George, Serena, Margaret and Mayette (twins), Samual Parker, Hugh II, Clark and Sally.

Margaret married Captain Eleazer Burridge who wrote a large Volume of the geneology of the Burridge family, leaving space for Margaret to write of her family. The following is a certified copy of the story of Hugh.

"Captain Macomber of Scotch Parentage, a Native of Maine, was a sailor, Captain and owner of a vessel sailing in trade with the West Indies. He was a man of means and influence; a staunch patriot and aiding the colonies at all times.

He was a member of the Boston Tea Party. His wife was one of the PATRIOTIC women who dashed her tea cup against the Boston Flag Pole and joined hands and danced around it singing, "Hurrah for the Liberty Pole".

"When the war was over the Captain resumed sailing and was drowned at sea, his son Hugh of Utica, N. Y. came to Mentor, Ohio about 1830. A cousin named Hugh McDougal came to Mentor with him. Hugh's son Surrannus was drowned in the Cuyo-Hoga River near Cleveland, Ohio."

This except is a true and exact copy from Page 415 A of the "Hawley Record", by Elias Hawley.

Printed - Buffalo, N. Y. 1890
Signed Rita McMullen
Notary Public, Lake Co. Ohio.

The date 1830, is corrected to read 1800. It is proven so by the census reports of New York and Ohio. There was no census in Maine.

An article from Maine is very similar to this except that it states both Captain Elijah and his wife, Sarah Pitts Macomber were drowned. This is questionable because in the Taunton Cemetery there is a stone inscribed, "To the Memory of Captain Elijah Macomber who died on Feb. 2, 1802, age 83 years and Mrs. Sarah Macomber who died May 29, 1810, age 81 years.

Hugh gave to his son, Surrannus, a painting of himself inscribed Hugh Macomber, born 1770. It is now in the home of Margaret Macomber Burrridge's daughter, Mrs. Charles Howley, Plainview, Ohio.

When Captain Elijah and Sarah went to Boston for the Boston Tea Party in 1773, Hugh would have been age three. A record from Maine states that Hugh spent some time around Utica, N. Y. before he came to Mentor, Ohio, and that he married first, Reliance Hatch from Marshfield, Mass. in 1789. Evidently she died within the following ten years because Hugh went to Mentor and married Sally Sears in 1800. No record of Reliance' death has been found.

After Surrannus Macomber's death the oldest child, George, took over the family affairs in a most masterful manner. He decided to go to Columbus, Ohio, to make his way. He took with him the twin, Mayette, and Sally. The twin remaining, Margaret, never forgave him for taking her twin sister away from her.

George seemed to have an unusual power of persuasion because over the years he would write for others of the family to join him and they would always do so. But not Margaret. She stayed in Mentor and married Captain Burrridge. They were the parents of six children. One daughter, Emma, married Dr. Charles Hawley. The Burrridge Book containing much of the Macomber history is in their care. Also, the painting of Hugh with the inscription 'Hugh Macomber, born 1770; is in their care.

The Hawley grandsons, Edwin and Charles, are owners of a huge greenhouse at Mentor, Ohio. One son took college courses in Horticulture and one in Business Administration. Together they have achieved as fine a greenhouse as is to be found and they operate nine stores where their products are sold. I have corresponded with Margaret's daughter, Dr. Hawley's wife, many times.

THE BURTON'S of Delaware, forebearers of my father's mother obtained one of the first homesteads in the State of Delaware. This homestead was by William Burton in 1677. The seal from the patent of the land is still on display in the Hall of Records of Dover, Delaware. The land is south of Lewes, Delaware.

William Burton was no doubt the grandfather of the William Burton, born 1750, and listed in our family Bible - who owned a plantation south of Lewes, and also an island in the mouth of the Indian River, called Burton's Island.

The family came to our shores from England, most of them stopping first in Virginia. Many of them are still in Sussex County, Del. They were loyal to Great Briton, these Burtons, remaining Tories all through the Revolution.

Their chief crop was probably tobacco for Del. was the principal tobacco producing area in early New England, and the plantation was worked by slaves.

William Burton and his wife, Mary Smith, of our knowledge lived on a plantation south of Lewes, Del. and Mary Smith Burton (called Mary Burton) was their youngest child. She was my father's mother's mother. Her brothers were John, William, Albert and Cornelius; her two sisters were Eliza and Ann. The older children all married except Cornelius.

Mary Burton was born March 13, 1805, and was the petted baby of them all and the worshipped little "Missy" of the slaves. She was bright and self-reliant, no doubt a little spoiled. She possessed a loving, happy disposition and was a great joy to her mother, who was ill a considerable amount of the time.

Mary Burton was schooled by private tutors and took pleasure in teaching the young negroes on the plantation. When her father learned of what she was doing, he protested loudly saying, that teaching the negroes was contrary to the law. At that time there was a law to that effect. He told her that if she didn't stop he would send her away to school. She declared there was nothing wrong with teaching the negroes but he was as good as his word and she finished her schooling in Philadelphia and in Baltimore. She was very sad to leave her happy days at home, but liking to learn she adjusted to school. She was 18 years old when she came home after finishing school. She had as much schooling as was available for women in those days.

She returned to the plantation a beautiful young woman with an unusual amount of dark red, curley hair and a very clear complexion, but one of her eyes was badly crossed. She entered into the fun on the plantation, thoroughly enjoying the clambakes and oyster feeds the negroes prepared for all the young people of the community.

Mary Burton found her mother more frail as the years passed. Her maid, Linda, had cared for her mother during Mary Burton's absence. Mary Smith and Linda often blessed Mary Burton because, unknown to her father, Mary Burton had taught the negro slave, Linda, to read and write. Thus Linda could read to the invalid Mary Smith and write for her.

William Burton and his household, as well as most of their community still clung to the Anglican Church of England, called the Episcopal in America. They didn't sanction a break with England through the Revolution and remained Tories as did many of the older, more sedate colonists. As is often true, it was the younger hot heads who were ready to do battle.

At this stage we feel sure the hot heads chose the right way. We resented the teaching of the histories used in our schools when we were young; that the Tories were thoroughly unpatriotic people willing to sacrifice our colonies to the enemy. We know now that this is not true; that many Tories were patriotic but thought there was some way we could compromise which was better than war. So think many people today, and many are the hot-heads. Perhaps they may come with a better way.

Not long after Mary came home, Peter Cartwright, the noted Methodist Minister, was holding camp meetings in the Methodist Missions in the New England States. It was during the early 1820s that the young people of Mary Burton's neighborhood decided to take a day's outing and drive 20 miles to attend one of the meetings. Many were their jokes about getting religion at the hands of the Methodists.

Mary Burton and her friends reached the campground in high spirits. When lunch time came they were inclined to be very quiet during their meal. By the close of the afternoon sermon, almost all of the crowd had gone forward to accept the Methodist Faith. By the time the evening service was over all had joined the ranks, and indeed it was a serious group who returned home that night.

Mary Burton's father learned of the incident a couple of days later, and his anger knew no bounds. He stormed into the house with eyes blazing. "Mary", he said, "Did you join that Methodist group?"

She said that she had. "Well, you'll renounce them at once, and you will go to our Church as usual." He thundered, but she stood her ground. "I'll go to your Church if you wish, but I'll never renounce being a Methodist." She answered.

"Then you'll leave me house", he stormed, "and never enter my doors again." Mary Burton and mother pleaded that he withdraw his words. Mary Smith pleaded that in her weakened condition she must have Mary Burton to care for her, but he held fast to his threat so Mary Burton left her beloved home.

She went to the home of her brother, William, four miles away. He told her that she was welcome, but that he stood with his father in the matter of religion. So she left there, and found a place as governess to a family of children 12 miles away and stayed there several years.

Occasionally there was a day when her father left early to go to the city on business. Then the negro slaves sent a boy post haste, with her horse and saddle to bring her home for a few hours. What a gay time they would have, Mary Burton and her mother, spending a few hours together.

After four years there came a day when her father himself came for her, telling that her mother had worsened and called for her constantly. Would she please come. Of course, she went and cared for her mother until she passed away.

She was gathering her things to leave when her father begged her to forgive him and to stay with him now, but she said she was soon to go to a home of her own as she was to marry Issac Holland. So her father persuaded her to stay until the wedding. He gave her many gifts, her own horse, and a hog to take to their farm. The hog refused to stay away from the plantation 12 miles away. After three or four trials of returning him to Mary Burton's home, they gave up and William Burton went to the market and bought her a hog that wasn't so dedicated to home.

THE HOLLAND FAMILY, came to America in an early day from England. There were Howlands on the Mayflower but whether Issac Holland was of that family with a change of spelling is not known.

Isaac Holland was a bit older than Mary and had been married before. His wife had died and their daughter lived with her mother's people.

Isaac and Mary worked hard and prospered. Of the first three children born, only John lived, then in August 1835, Eliza Ann was born. She was my father's mother. She was fragile but full of energy and a little old for her years. Probably her advanced thinking was for the best, for being the oldest girl much responsibility was to fall on her shoulders. Next was Miles Hansen, named for Isaac's best friend. He was sturdy and very full of fun and ideas. Eliza Ann was forever having to help him out of some predicament or take the blame for it herself. Two more girls completed the family, Mary Hannah and Emma Burton. During this time the family moved from Delaware to near Columbus, Ohio, then a village. It was a long, hard journey in a covered wagon, crossing several rivers, the mountains and numbrous swamps and forests.

Mary Burton had some Shanghi chickens which she thought were very fine. In order to keep the strain of them and have a start in her new home, she lined a basket with wool, packing a setting of eggs carefully in the wool, covered and tied the basket to the highpoint on an overhead bow on the covered wagon where it could swing freely. She brought the eggs to Ohio, set them and raised

8 or 10 nice chickens. Her family had laughed at her for bringing them, saying they would never hatch.

Isaac Holland was a most versatile worker. The family found a cabin in which to live, and immediately went to farming. He soon had a crop growing and reaped a fair harvest. That fall they built another house on some better land and moved into it.

The Mother, Mary Burton, was busy with spinning and weaving and often was gone to doctor some sick neighbor. Isaac and John, busy with the fields or in the woods. This left Eliza Ann and Miles with the two little girls to care for. Eliza Ann did much of the cooking, although she was only nine years old. Once when they were alone they decided to go to the woods to gather oak balls which their mother used in making dye for the homespun linens. Miles took his 'tomahawk', (an old hatchet he had sharpened). It was a mean weapon. After they gathered all the Oak balls they could reach there was yet a tempting lot on a branch too high to reach. Miles thought he would throw the tomahawk into the tree and knock the branch off. He missed the branch and the weapon fell on baby Emma's head., cutting quite a gash. Frightened, they started home, taking turns carrying the child while Mary Hannah trudged behind carrying the basket of oak balls. Soon Eliza Ann and Miles were covered with blood. They finally came to a slough which they had to cross and there was a lot of mud in the path which gave Miles an idea. "Lets plaster the cut on Emma's head with mud. It might make it stop bleeding." They plastered the gash with several fresh coats of mud and at last were successful in stopping the bleeding, then proceeded home. Emma recovered, and there were no serious consequences from the cut or the mud plaster.

While they lived near Columbus, Ohio, Mary Burton had a Methodist Church to attend. It meant a great deal to her. One time a Methodist Minister who was something of a Doctor wanted to operate on her crossed eye and she let him, but it was not successful. Mary's brother, Cornelius, the sailor, who was visiting them complained to her that she would let a Methodist Minister cut off her head if he asked to. But nevertheless he gave her one of his precious gold pieces to help pay for the useless operation.

Again, tales of a fairer land than Ohio had begun to circulate - a land where the grass grew tall and the fields were free of rocks that impeded plowing. This land was in Eastern Iowa. Again, the family moved, with a basket of Shanghi eggs and their small belongings to live in Iowa, not far from Davenport.

Cornelius was much help in moving and helping care for the children who liked his stories of the Seas. Not long after the move he began to get homesick for the sea and went back to Delaware. He never sailed again, but would walk on the beach listening to and loving the sounds and the smell

of the sea. He only lived a few months after going back to his old home. His parrot, which he always took with him died two weeks after Cornelius, apparently of loneliness.

Isaac Holland and his friend, Miles Hansen, found temporary homes in Iowa and soon had crops growing. They took pre-emption homesteads and built homes later.

They had a neighbor where they lived at first, a Mr. Mahoney, who was a kind man, but who would not keep his livestock at home. One old sow in particular was forever in Isaac's corn field, and son Miles had to try to keep her out. One morning when the children were alone, Miles came in and asked Eliza Ann for the gun. He said he intended to shoot that old sow, that he had chased her out of the corn field at least 100 times and that was enough. Eliza Ann tried to talk him out of his idea but she was busy with the two little girls and did not notice that he had taken the gun. Soon he was back and asked her to help him put the gun up. While they were doing so he whispered to her to get the little girls something to play with so they wouldn't come outside because she would have to help him bury the old sow. Eliza Ann was horrified, but as usual she had to help him out of his difficulty.

She gave the little girls the coveted button box to play with, then went out where Miles waited. They took a spade and a hoe and went out where the sow was lying by the straw pile. There, Miles explained that she had stopped to root for wheat, and he just put the gun to her ear and pulled the trigger. "Then she fell right over," he said. "I thought she would get up again, but she didn't." So they dug furiously, finally getting a hole deep enough to hold the sow. With all their strength they pried and pulled until they rolled her into the hole, covered her and scattered straw and chaff all around. They had just returned to the house and put away their hoe and spade when Mr. Mahoney came asking if they had seen his old sow. "She was here this morning," said Miles, "I chased her out of the corn field. You see! She has eaten a whole acre of corn." "Yes sir," answered Mr. Mahoney, "That old sow is a real tornado in a corn field. I wonder where she is now. I'll go look farther back in the field." He never looked toward the straw stack. When he came back he stopped by the house and related that he hadn't found her. "Just can't imagine where she is. It just seems like the ground must have opened up and swallowed her." And indeed it had. Anyway, who would suspect two youngsters, 9 and 11 years old. And the two youngsters didn't reveal the deed until years later. The family moved soon and didn't discover it.

TROUBLE FOR ISAAC AND ELIZA ANN - After the harvesting John, their oldest boy, who had grown to be 16 years old, went to help a neighbor for a few days. Suddenly he became ill and died.

Trouble never comes singly it seems. Soon after John's death Isaac Holland developed erysipelas, starting in his feet. He had to take to his chair, but as long as possible he was busy

with his hands, making small craft that would sell and keep up a bit of income. At one time while he worked in his chair, son Miles got a bit unruly. Isaac gave him a spanking and sent him under the bed until he could behave. Soon the father saw little Emma making motions to him. Asking what was going on, Emma told her father that Miles was drinking from the "Demi-john" under the bed. Isaac called to him to come out, just what he wanted to do. He was scolded for drinking that liquor. "It's only for medicine", he said. Miles vowed he didn't drink a drop -- was only pretending so someone would get him out. His father told him to "Never drink that stuff" because it would only lead to his destruction. And as far as anyone knew he never drank, at his work, in the army -- anywhere.

Isaac Holland succumbed to his illness, Oct. 10, 1846 and Mary Burton with her family of four was left alone. Eliza Ann and Miles were 14 and 12. Both children worked hard - doing nearly adults work. That fall all the children had measles in a very severe form. Eliza Ann lost her voice, and didn't regain it for a year. Her mother had dispaired of her ever being able to speak again.

In the spring the neighbors came to help Miles put in the crops for another harvest. One of the first neighbors to come to help was Mr. Mahoney. "Thought to pay back a little of that which the old sow et", he explained. "Never could guess just where she went. "Looked like the ground just opened up and swallowed her". Miles had no answer for him.

That spring - 1847 - a young fellow from Ohio came looking for work. Mary Burton Holland hired him to do the farm work. He was diligent, well educated, and a good hand on the farm. His name was George Macomber. Mary Burton didn't know that he was an opportunist, and in grasping an opportunity he never knew when to stop. He took from everyone he could, and somehow never got around to paying back because he always had another venture in his mind that needed money. He had no intention of being dishonest. but somehow it often worked out that way.

He hadn't been at Mary Burton Holland's long until it became evident that he would like to marry the Widow Holland. She was a good cook and housekeeper, had better than average education, a good farm and a fine team of horses. She evidently sized him up as a good farmer, educated, likeable and ~~this~~ would solve the hired man problem. So Mary Burton Holland became Mrs. George Macomber. The fact that he was 27 and she was 40 seemed to make little difference because it was a marriage of convenience.

George always called her Mother and thus he treated her. Some of the relatives who were unhappy about the marriage said that it was probably Mary's good team of horses that he thought the most of. Soon after the wedding they were to go to a barn raising on a neighbor's farm. At these affairs the men of the community worked hard to put up a barn in one day. The wives went along to cook a feast for the men, to visit, and perhaps do a bit of quilting. So the George Macomers went, walking the

distance. when they came home they found one of the horses almost dead with colic. In it's struggles of agony it had kicked the other horse and broken it's leg. Both had to be put to death. There was genuine chaos in the household, and George had to buy a team of oxen to finish putting in his crops. Oxen were much cheaper then horses and much less usable.

George was always good to the children and sent them to school if there chanced to be one near enough. He would help them with their school work at night and taught them to sing. When not in school, each had work to do for George.

Mary Burton Holland Macomber was away from home much of the time with her doctoring. When she had time at home she was busy at the loom. This she loved to do, but it had begun to give her a severe pain in her chest. She was beginning to wear out with all the years of work.

Eliza Ann got six months of schooling - her first and only. Besides school she did the cooking and housekeeping for the family, walked two miles to school, carrying little Emma. Having little chance for school, made the opportunity worth working hard for, and she did work hard. Eliza Ann was an excellent student.

Talk began to circulate in the community of the rich land in southwestern Iowa. George immediately got the fever to move again. It took him two years to persuade Mary Burton to sell her property and let him use the money to buy a new location. Probable she knew she would be bidding farewell to the money and property Isaac Holland had left her because once George had it she was afraid she would never see it again and she didn't. But finally she gave in and they moved to a small village called Hawleyville, twenty miles from Clarinda, Iowa again taking the basket of Shanghi eggs in the top of the wagon.

George bought a small piece of land for a mill site on a stream and a store building. He put his wife, Mary Burton, in the store to do the selling and she did very well. He began to write to his younger brother, Sam, to come from Ohio to find work in Iowa which he said was plentiful. George wanted more from Sam than he pretended. He also persuaded Miles, another brother, who had become a brick and stone worker, to come. Miles did the Masonry for the mill.

Sam Macomber, who was a very honest and thrifty young man and knew his brother's short comings, came to Iowa and fell in love with Eliza Ann Holland who was about his age. When they were eighteen they were married, January 22, 1854, and moved to Davenport, Iowa, where Sam worked in a mill. A daughter, Mary Catherine, was born in 1855. They lived there until they had enough to bring them to southwestern Iowa and buy property. They came as far as Iowa City on the train and there Sam put Eliza Ann and the baby, Mary Catherine, on a stage and he walked to save money. In Iowa City he went to the land office, and found that George had only bought enough land for a mill site and store instead of land

for each of the children as Mary Burton had planned. Sam noticed 40 acres next to the mill site, filed on it, paid his money, received his deed or patent as it was called, and went to Howleyville, Iowa. Quite soon after he arrived George asked to borrow some money to buy a piece of land. Sam assured him he had none. "But you were saving your money to buy a piece of land, weren't you?" asked Geroge.

"Yes", answered Sam, "And I bought it."

" But where?" from George.

"Right here joining your mill." Sam answered. George gave that laugh which they all learned to recognize as half frustration and half ridicule. "Well, how foolish", he said. "If you had waited you could have bought a whole section in a few years."

"But I'm glad to know that I have 40 acres of my own." answered Sam. George never asked him for money again.

Samuel Parker and Eliza Ann (Holland) Macomber kept their 40 acres of land, having it as a heritage to my father, John Wesley Macomber.

Sam went to work running the mill there while Miles had more than he could keep up with his masonry work in the community. The mill did a thriving business, and as the money came in from all the enterprizes George had established, he absorbed it all to continue to expand. Unbelievably he kept all of the family working for him with little pay, but a good living. With pay or not, to the last one, they did his bidding and came through liking him.

In 1858, a son was born to Sam and Eliza Ann in Howleyville, Iowa. Eliza Ann was as staunch a Methodist as her mother, Mary Burton, and hoped that her son would be a Methodist Minister so she named him John Wesley and he was called Wes. He was the only son, premature and very fraigle through his childhood and later was an asthmatic. John Wesley Macomber was my father.

THE CIVIL WAR - President Lincoln issued a call for volunteers in 1860. Many relatives enlisted, among them, Sam Churchill, Serena Macomber's husband; Sam Glasgow, husband of Emma Holland and Sam Macomber, who wanted so much to go but was refused at first because of his short stature. He was persistant altho Eliza Ann begged him not to go. He had not been very strong and she knew he could not stand the heat of the south.

In the second enlistment he was accepted and took his training near Davenport in the spring and was sent to southern Louisiana for skirmishes in the extreme heat of summer. Several of his friends, already in the south, knew he was coming and went to his ship to see him. Sam Glasgow and Miles Hansen found him ill.

Once Sam Glasglow found him lying with a picture of Eliza Ann and the two children on his breast and his New Testament which his little girl, Mary Catherine, had given him. "I'm going to have to leave them, Sam. I'm going Home now." Then he said, "God has promised to care for the widows and orphans, but he will need you and George to help. Take care of them for me." The doctors did all they could, but they said he had brain fever caused by the heat. He passed away Aug. 13, 1864 aboard ship and was buried in Morganzo Bay, Samuel Parker Macomber.

Serena, one of his sisters, kept a picture of him in her bedroom. He was her favorite brother. The morning he passed away she called her husband, Sam Churchill, to come to where the picture was. "Something is wrong with Sam this morning. He is trying to tell me something. See how different the picture looks." "Oh, that's just your imagination," said her practical husband.

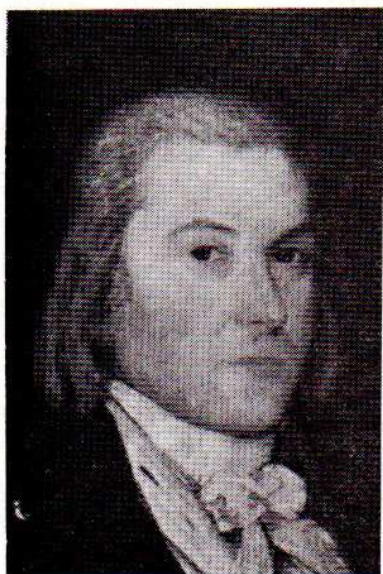
That same morning, Samuel Parker Macomber's wife, Eliza Ann, was attending a camp meeting in Hawleyville and fainted. They carried her into the tent, and tried to revive her, but she remained in a faint for three hours. When she finally came to herself she said, "Why did I ever wake up?" "My Sam is gone. I saw him with a flag draped over him." Everyone tried to comfort her but she just insisted that she knew, and when a week later, the official notice of his death and a letter from Miles Hansen came, she showed no surprise at all. Was this ESP? Evidently, Sam's wish to be with them again was so strong that his thought waves came through to them.

After the long lonely months the war ended, and those who were left came home - among them Sam Glasglow and Miles Holland, altho Miles did not come until August, and in the meantime caused some alarm because he had been kept to help demolish the barracks and camp site at Jefferson City, Mo. and had neglected to write home. But he wasted little time for soon he married an English girl, Hannah Bently, whom he had liked before he went to war and had never forgotten. The grandchildren of Miles Holland and Hannah Bentley still own the land that they purchased after the war.

Mary Burton and her daughter, Eliza Ann, put in a big garden that spring, and planted many flowers in the yard. Since Samuel Macomber's death, Eliza Ann had been working hard in the store for George. She had worried about the money George owed her, so she asked him if he would repay her or at least give her a note with good security for the amount. She told him she wanted to invest it for her two children. He would not give her money or note. She reminded him that he had borrowed all of her husband's back pay and the pension money until he owed her over \$300. besides her land which he had sold. She told him she was tired of living like she had been and that if he would pay her, she and the two small children could live on the money and the pension she would get.

Finally he told her that she really didn't need her money now because he had and would continue to keep them all, and that

MACOMBERS



Painting
of Hugh,
b 1770



Hugh, Sally, Clark & Serena
Ch. of Surannus

Eliza Ann,
Ch. Wes
& Mary C.
carried
by Samuel
Parker
Macomber
in the
Civil War



Samuel Parker Macomber
Civil War Casualty

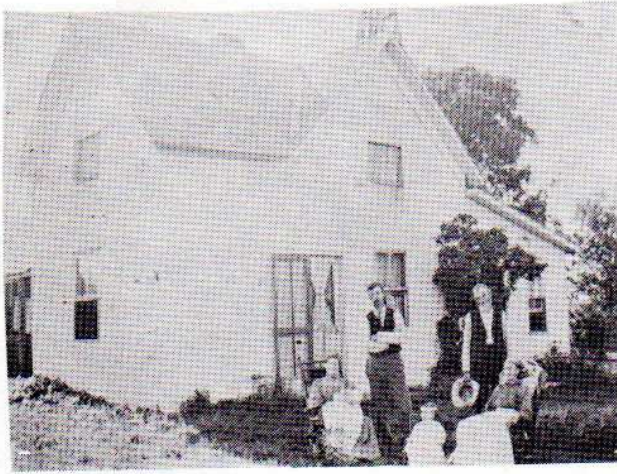


John Wesley ab. 1878 Samuel P. Macomber

MARTINS



Rev.
Elza
and
Eliza
Ann



Home near Falls City, Neb.



George



Ann



George

in lieu of the money he would build her a house and furnish it. She knew this was not enough to pay her, but she also realized that it was, no doubt, all she would ever get so she agreed. He started the house but seemed in no hurry to finish it. He would stop for this and that. When he knew that she was to be married the second time he really went to work and finished the house.

After Mary Smith Burton Holland Macomber's death; George eventually married again. They had all supposed he would marry a younger woman, and probably have a family to share his fortune. Instead he married an older woman who had an adopted daughter and there were no children.

I believe George must have been pleasant and thoughtful in everyway except in paying back what he borrowed, for they all came through liking him for many things and naming their boys for him. The idea - from his standpoint- seemed to be that with the money and help from all of them he could make a fortune and they could all share it together.

George Macomber did amass a fortune in land and enterprises. But with a new wife and step-daughter the Macomber and Holland helpers saw none of it. None of what he owed them of their own money. He died in 1890.

ELZA MARTIN - I remember Grandfather, Elza Martin, as a tall and well built man with not an ounce of surplus wieght. His eyes were blue and deep set, and he wore a short cropped iron grey beard. His hair, too, was iron grey with a soft curl. He looked for all the world like Abraham Lincoln although it made him furious to be told so. He greatly admired Lincoln. He told me that at one time he voted for a Democrat- the first time he voted - because he didn't know any better. His father-in-law had advised him thus. But the next election he voted for Lincoln and had voted Republican every time the rest of his life. He was 81 at that time.

His father, Isaac Martin, was a Circuit Rider starting in New York and with his family worked his way West as he carried the gospel to the frontiers on his way. The Isaac Martin family had reached eastern Illinois when Elza was eight years old, and had had about six weeks of schooling. One fall morning, Isaac took leave on his trusty pony, telling Elza that he was a man now and must look after the family. His mother, thinking that six weeks of school was ample time to give a boy to learn to read, said to Elza, "Elza, you are a man of the house now so you must read the scripture each morning for family worship" Elza tried valiently, but his schooling hadn't prepared him to read the Bible. His mother was horrified that he hadn't learned it. She, herself, never having had an opportunity to attend school didn't realize the time such reading should require. She knew her Bible quite well but all from memory. She worried all day about Elza's failure to read the Bible. That night she built an extra bright fire

in the fireplace and placed her chair near with a keen little switch nearby in case of rebellion. Then she handed Elza a Bible (their only book), stood him by the fireplace and stating, "This winter you are going to learn to read."

With only a memory to help her the lessons started and Elza did learn to read the Bible that winter. However she put the knowledge across, she never dulled his reverence for the Bible. I have heard many people read the Bible but never one who could read it with the love and understanding that Elza put into it.

I saw Elza's Mother once when I was about ten. She was very tiny with snowy hair that served to intensify the beauty and sparkle of her brown eyes. She must have been ninety years old, but was alert, interesting and interested in everyone. It took courage and stamina to be a wife and mother in the home of a circuit rider in those pioneer days. Elza's mother possessed all of the qualities needed. She had a small homemade rocker which she said was the one she rocked her babies in. That was during the 1830's. I am fortunate enough to have that worn little rocker now well over 100 years old, but still in use. One time a little neighborhood girl seeing the aged look of the chair said to me. "Mrs. Rhoads, my Daddy would be very happy to haul that chair to the dump for you sometime."

Elza Martin's first wife, Mary Stone of Iowa, only lived six months after they were married, dying from an aborted pregnancy. He then married another Iowa girl named Sarah Morris. From her home in Fremont County, Iowa, they crossed the Missouri River at the Omaha crossing. Omaha was then the territorial capital of Nebraska Territory. The young couple was married, the first white couple married in the capital.

From Omaha the young couple went down the river to near Nebraska City where they procured a small holding of land. A log cabin, some homemade furniture, a fireplace for warmth, light and cooking were the essentials of housekeeping on a pioneer's homestead. A few years passed and the house was enlivened by four children - Hannibal, Milton, John and Emma.

Elza helped establish what he believed was the 1st Sunday School in Nebraska. With his trusty team of oxen and wagon, they attended the meetings until they froze out in the winter for there was no heat in the school house - an old log structure, where they met. Elza told of Elder Good, one of the early stalwarts of the Methodist Church, and how he accepted Elza's hospitality and spent a day with him in his humble cabin. Elza said he was one of the best men he had ever known. On their way from the meeting to the Martin home, Elder Good remarked that, "Oxen are like Christians. When the going is hard they fall to their knees".

CALIFORNIA - While the family was still small, Elza and his wife, Sarah, decided to move to California where Sarah had relatives. They traveled in a wagon train as most everyone did.

At one time the wagon train had stopped to camp for the night when they noticed Indians were lurking around. Realizing that they must move on to avoid an attack when night came, everyone was called together to prepare to move on. Milton and Emma, Elza's small children, could not be found. They called and searched frantically and in vain, but dark was almost upon them and it was imperative that they go. Then, just at that moment, Milton and Emma were sighted, trudging hand in hand across the plains. Milton, writing of it later, said he couldn't understand at that time why everyone hugged and kissed little Emma and he only got a spanking.

Another incident of their journey occurred when the wagon train grew short of meat. Elza was made the hunter of the troop because his aim was true. As his train moved along he skirted the area for game. Not having a saddle horse of his own, he borrowed a mule from one of the fellow travelers. In his hunting he fell back a few miles. At last he had a chance to kill a fine antelope. He dressed it out while the mule grazed nearby. Ready to go, he picked up the meat and approached the mule to load it and start toward the rest of the travelers. As he lifted the meat to load it onto the mule, that wily beast moved out of his reach and began grazing again. A second time he lifted the meat and approached the mule, only to have a repeat performance. He kept trying, but always without avail until he was weary. Then he threw the load across his own shoulders and headed for the caravan. He had to walk several miles to catch the wagon train. The mule never lost sight of him, but kept trudging after him. He was angry at the beast that he said had it been his mule he would have shot it. His temper was unwavering, but in later years he could laugh at the incident.

Once they were waylaid by Indians and felt that their time had come. Elza's wife, Sarah, had spent a year in Oklahoma with her parents when she was a child and had learned several Indian phrases. When the situation looked bad for the party, she stepped out and repeated as many of the words as she could remember. The Indians were so surprised and pleased that she could speak words they could understand that they wished the travelers well and sent them on their way.

They reached California safely but only stayed about ten years. Sarah developed consumption and wanted to go back to Iowa and her people before she died. After her death Elza took the children to his former home in Fremont Co., Iowa and he again took up Circuit Riding.

THE CIRCUIT RIDER usually started out in the fall after he had harvested his little store of food and had chopped enough wood to provide the family with fuel and light. The homes they found as they moved so frequently were usually one room log cabins and if possible located where the children could go to school.

The Rider would set forth some fall morning with saddled pony and his clothes, a packet of the medications kept in any pioneer home and available at the little neighborhood grocery. His Bible was always carried under his arm and his other necessities were made into a pack and tied behind his saddle. He had to depend on the goodness of the people along his route for food and lodging. Usually both were given willingly but were often of questionable value. The only bed a needy family might have to offer would be place in a hay loft with an old comforter or two for cover. Bugs, mice and sometimes rats were common bed fellows. A sturdy soul - the Circuit Rider - and he had to accept any hospitality where he could find a place to hold meetings and settle down to lectures for all who would come. He was usually gone from home about three months at one time.

In Elza Martin's Circuit riding after the Civil War he met Eliza Ann, my Grandmother, widowed when Grandfather Samuel Parker Macomber died in the war. Elza said in all his travels he had never found anyone, man or woman, with as keen an intellect as was hers. He said she had a better conception of the many issues besetting the country after the war than most. Besides, she was a most ardent Methodist, so they were married in 1867. My father, John Wesley Macomber, was ten years old and sister, Mary Catherine, was 12 at that time.

One day a Clarinda, Iowa, minister, Brother Wallace, whom Eliza Ann knew, stopped at her home on his way home from Conference. She asked him if he knew the new minister the Conference was sending to them. Brother Wallace said he couldn't tell them much but it was a man named Martin, but there were two by that name there, both very fine ministers.

He came - Elza Martin. He did have two brothers, John and Joe, both ministers in the Methodist Church. He boarded with the Thompsons, who were near the church. Before long Mrs. Thompson became ill, and the minister had to find a different place to stay. He came to Eliza Ann's, but before many days he became ill and Eliza Ann had to care for him.

Mary began to worry because she said that though she was a child, she could begin to see that the Rev. Martin and mother were becoming very friendly. She told her Grandmother, Mary Burton, of her worries, but the older woman insisted that she was wrong. Soon there were two weddings to be performed some distance away. Eliza Ann went with the minister so Mary said to her Grandmother, "You see! What did I tell you?" But all Mary Burton said was, "Well, he is a nice man." Mary Catherine cried.

The next summer - on July 19, 1867, the grasshoppers came to that area - so numerous they darkened the sun like a cloud. When they came down to the ground they struck like wind blown hail and

immediately began to eat. Mary Burton Holland Macomber said she would watch the flowers and Mary could attend the garden, but they accomplished nothing because when they shooed them off one place twice the number came to take their place.

Mary Burton hired a man to haul straw and put it over the garden and that was wonderful for the grasshoppers. They could be under the straw and in the shade to eat. She cut the cabbage and although it was early she made good kraut of it. Many neighbors came and bought it in the winter. One small corner of the flowers the grasshoppers left.

That fall, Eliza Ann and the minister, Elza Martin were married. The wedding was at Mary Burton and George Macomber's home on September 5, 1867. The relatives, and there were many in that section of Iowa made the wedding a big and gala affair. After the ceremony Mary Catherine kissed her mother and shook hands with the preacher and called him "Pa", then went out back of the house and cried. She cried so hard she didn't notice for a little while that Elza's oldest brother, John, was there and he was crying.

"What are you crying for little girl?" John asked.

"What are you crying for?" Mary answered.

"I'm so worried", said John. "Elza has had such bad luck with his women. His first wife, Mary Stone, only lived for a few months. She was an angel and I, too, loved her although I was only 15 years old". Mary was aghast, so? The preacher had already been married! But John continued, "Then his second wife Sarah Morris, died about three years ago. I'm afraid things will go that way again".

"Well, maybe not", said Mary. "This is the third time and maybe it's a charm." So they both dried their tears and went inside again.

They were ready for the big wedding dinner. A famous negro cook, Lucy, had been hired to prepare the food. The next day Mary watched her chance to ask her mother,

"Did you know that the Preacher had been married before-- twice?" Eliza Ann laughed and said, "Yes, I know all about that". So Mary was a little more at ease.

Later she admitted that "that preacher" was a very fine father. With Eliza Ann's two, Mary and John Wesley, and Elza's four, John, Hannibal, Milton and Emma, all living in the house at one time there was sure to be arguments and misunderstandings. Elza patiently heard both sides of every argument, then reasoned with them until they reached a settlement. He never struck one of them and they got along reasonably well.

One thing Elza demanded of all of them was obedience. He would give orders to clean up to go with him to Sunday School. At a small creek they crossed on the way he always stopped and inspected the hands for cleanliness. If they were found a bit

grubby they got a good scrubbing in the cold creek water with a corn cob and sand for soap and Elza to do the scrubbing. One lesson was enough.

Elza and Eliza Ann went to Fremont County, Iowa after the wedding to get his four children, and were gone two weeks. When they came home Elza had to start immediately on a revival meeting in another part of the County. Mary had been ailing all the last month of the summer. She didn't want to play with the other children but hulled the last of the hazelnuts they had picked and finished her quilt blocks. Then she took very ill with typhoid fever. She had a great deal of fever for six long weeks. Elza came from the revival meeting to help Eliza Ann care for her. She was very weak for a long time and unable to walk until after Christmas.

They had never moved into the house that George had built for them. When the doctor said Mary could be moved, she was carried on a couch by George and Elza to the new home she had so much wanted to live in. The doctor thought it safe to bring the other children home so they could start to school for the spring term, but Milton took the fever. He was only ill two weeks and was up and around while Mary was learning to walk. Mary lost all of her hair and Eliza Ann gave her a net cap to wear so she could go to school as soon as she was able. Mary made her grandmother, Mary Buton an apron for her 64th birthday in March and was able to spend the day with her.

That spring the grasshoppers were still there. Mary Burton didn't put in a garden, but did try to save some of the flowers by digging a trench around the beds and pouring it full of lime. Then with her chair under a tree and a long twig to brush with she saved a few nice blossoms.

In June the grasshoppers mysteriously left and crops could be planted. The season was good and most things did well so there was a fair harvest.

Elza's father wrote that he had purchased an 80 acre place for each of his three sons, Elza, John and Joe, south of Falls City, Nebr., on the edge of the Sac and Fox Indian Reservation which was up for sale by the government. He wanted Elza to come to see it, and see if he thought he could make a home there. Elza took his boys back to Fremont County, Iowa to his people to have them out of town during the summer, then he and Eliza Ann and their two daughters went to Nebraska to see the land. Wesley stayed with George and his grandmother, Mary Burton.

They were gone two weeks, and when they came home Mary Burton was ill. "You just help me now and we'll save our flowers," she said, but she soon had a sinking spell and only lived nine days more. The neighbors said that she had just "overdriv'" herself trying to save her flowers. They gathered the flowers and Mary Burton's sister-in-law Mary Hannah, made a wreath and a floral spray to put on the casket.

Those were sad times for Mary Burton had been a person who made her influence felt with all who knew her. Whether or not her marriage to George Macomber was right, he did miss her very much. He was completely lost and refused to go back to their home again. He had his things moved to a room in his store-carpenter shop. Mary Hannah and her husband, Willie Arrison, who was a painter, lived in the up stairs rooms also. They had three children but Mary Hannah died at the age of 32 with that number one killer of that day, consumption. Only child mortality came near equalling it.

It was the beginning of a new life for Eliza Ann and her children, Mary and Wes. They rented the little house that George built for them and at last she wasn't working for George with a good living but little pay. Elza moved the family to Nebraska and after putting in his crops they settled on a rented farm.

Soon after that Elza's team of high spirited horses ran away as he and Eliza Ann were coming home from a Sunday night meeting. Both were thrown out of the buggy and Eliza Ann's leg was badly hurt. She didn't walk for a number of weeks. She was very fraigle and that summer she gave birth to twins, Ann and Ashbury. Ashbury was a husky baby and grew satisfactorily but Ann was a long time getting started.

Emma, Elza's daughter, 12 years old and Mary Catherine, Eliza Ann's daughter, 14, did the housework with Mary Burton's advice. After the twins came they had a "Hired girl" for three weeks.

There was a school where all of the children went except Mary Catherine who stayed with her mother. The boys said they did learn but "Lickin" went with learning.

Elza never lost his determination. It was his custom to announce to Eliza Ann after breakfast that he planned to make a trip to town with the team and buggy and that if she wanted to go to be ready at a certain time. When that time came he would drive up to the gate, wait as much as five minutes and if Eliza Ann hadn't shown up he drove on with not a look back.

It was not only with his own family that he was so unyielding. Years later when George Martin moved his family to Kearney, Nebraska, his daughter Katheryn had a kitten she loved very much. Elza kept it for her and promised to bring it to her at her new home. Elza boarded the train with the kitten safely in a small crate which he held on his lap. The conductor objected saying they didn't allow pets in the passenger coach. Elza was adamant and answered, "But I promised my granddaughter I would deliver this kitten safely and this is the way I propose to do it." No amount of coaxing could make him budge or let go of the kitten's crate. Finally his smile won and the conductor let him alone and there the kitten rode throughout the long day.

In his plan to move to Nebraska, Elza figured three full days for the horses and cattle to travel the 75 miles. He wanted to reach his parent's home by Saturday night so he planned to start on Thursday. Mary was much relieved that they didn't start on Friday because of a superstition that anything started on Friday was doomed to disaster.

They were to take two teams and wagons, Elza and Eliza Ann doing the driving. The cattle were driven by the four boys who took turns riding and walking. Eliza Ann's wagon was a covered one and a bed was made for the twins in the back. A dozen of her best Shanghi chickens were in a crate on the back of Elza's wagon.

By the end of the first day they had reached the home of a friend thru the Methodist Church, Brother Michaels and his wife. The home was small so Eliza Ann, the twins, Mary Catherine and Emma slept in the house and Elza and the boys slept under the wagons.

The next day everything went smoothly and they arrived at the home of Elza's Aunt Lucinda and her husband Mose Vanness. The Vannesses lived a little more than a mile from the old Brownville Crossing on the Missouri River. They had a fine night's rest with the Vanness' - hot baths, good beds and excellent food and a comfortable Christian atmosphere. The twins were bathed and "greased" to prevent muscle soreness. What they used for grease is not known - surely none of the rose scented baby oils of today but probably just as efficient.

Breakfast over the next morning they started for the ferry boat crossing of the Missouri River. Even though they started on Thursday and not Friday a bit of disaster awaited them. The long, flat boat had ropes and cables to guide it, and was propelled by a rudder or a revolving paddle under the the boat. The paddle was started by a rope wound around a big wheel on deck. The ferry man gave the rope a quick jerk which started the paddle.

Elza and the boys got everything on board, teams, wagons, cattle and family. The ferry man pulled the rope and the boat began to shake as the paddle started. It was all too much for the placid cows. They stampeded into the river and back to the Iowa shore where there was heavy timber.

After much chasing they were again on board and started. Elza and the boys were grateful for the effortless ride across the river. From there on they had to urge the cattle every step of the way for they were weary and getting foot sore. When they were about five miles from their destination they let the cattle lie down and rest, going back after them the next morning.

It was about 10:00 P. M. when Elza's family arrived at the home of his parent's, Isaac and Mary Martin, one and one-half miles north of Falls City, Nebraska.

After a few days rest they went to their own place some ten miles west of Falls City where Elza had rented an improved farm joining his own land where they lived while he built a house.

Eliza Ann had brought roots, seedlings and seed of many kinds. Soon she had a good orchard started on their place as well as on the rented one which was appreciated by the owner when he married and moved there two years later.

There was a school nearby and all five of the children went. Mary was easily the head of the class and after a couple of years her teacher told her he was sure she could pass the examinations for teaching. She was delighted and so were Elza and Eliza Ann. She taught a term in the home school.

A term in those days was a two or three month session at some time in the year when the older boys were not needed on the farm. Wages ranged from \$15.00 to \$25.00 a month. Each student went at his own speed. If above average in learning and fortunate enough to have a teacher who was qualified, one could get help in learning Algebra, Latin and advanced History classes beyond the 8th grade level.

The first two years in Nebraska were good years and Elza's crops did well but in 1871 there was sadness. Elza's oldest son, John, had scarlet fever lightly and was soon well. They tried to keep the twins away from him but he had always played with little Ashbury and the little fellow would slip into John's room when he could. Of course, he became ill with the fever and a doctor was called but from the beginning he said there was no help for the child. After three days husky, happy, little Ashbury succumbed, and was buried in Falls Center Springfield Cemetery, not far from the old Falls School.

In 1872 Elza and Eliza Ann Martin had another son named George Ellsworth. He was healthy and grew well from the start. That year was rather dry and 1873 was worse. By mid-summer the grasshoppers came - clouds of them - big and hungry and hitting the ground like hail. Elza managed to get some hay stacked and about 10 acres of corn was good enough to put away for cattle feed. Then he and his boys, John, Hannibal and Milton went to Iowa to find work for there was none in stricken Nebraska, and Wes stayed to help his mother. The grasshoppers stayed until 1876 and then left about mid summer as mysteriously as they had come. During these years there was little to eat except meat and turnips which grew quickly.

Elza and the boys came home bringing seed of many kinds, anything that would have a chance to mature they planted and managed a little feed for winter. The Government also, sent out seed to the farmers of the area which was deeply appreciated. The next year, 1877, nature really showed what she was capable of doing, barring drought and grasshoppers.

Soon the family was growing up and each seeking a niche in life. Elza's daughter, Emma, married Ben Foster, a good man and a practical joker. He wore a full, black beard and had black hair. Sometimes he embarrassed Emma for she was a serious minded person but she laughed at his jokes. They had three children, Effie, a pretty hot tempered red head, who died many years ago. Ross, another red head, was tall and good natured, but he too passed away when rather young. Claire, the youngest, had dark hair like his father, Ben. He was a teacher and passed away in Falls City in 1970. All three had families.

Elza's sons all drifted back to California where John and Hannibal became Methodist Ministers and Milton was a writer.

Ann and George, Eliza Ann's and Elza's two children, both started teaching at the age of 16. Ann finished her school days serving as principal of the Nebraska City Schools. She never married and took care of Elza through his late years. She was a good instructor and the student's name for her was "Old Ironsides", and she was as dependable and uncompromising in principle as was that old battleship. She was tall and very sparse, what was often called a raw-boned person.

Mary Catherine Macomber, Eliza Ann' and Sam Macomber's daughter, married Jackson Crook, a member of one of the old families of Virginia. They lived on a farm for many years then moved to Falls City where he was postmaster. They had five children, Anna, John, Elva, Asa and Miles.

Mary Catherine was a great hand to read and could relate what she read like a master. She was the best conversationalist and cook but the poorest housekeeper. If one could forget that perhaps the dishes were carelessly washed, the meal was enjoyable, and they were usually forgotten.

She would sit in the kitchen churning with a book in one hand while she occasionally lifted the dash in the old stoneware churn. If she got butter by noon it was quite all right -- the book came first.

She finished her days in the old Weaver Mansion with her daughter, Anna. She almost lost her eyesight but lived to her 80's. She and her brother, Wes, were both victims of asthma for many years. In spite of continually failing eyesight, Mary Catherine Macomber Crook compiled a manuscript telling of the life of the Hollands and much of the story of the Burtons as she remembered the stories told her by her grandmother, Mary Smith Burton Holland Macomber. Some of that information is included in this story.

Her husband, Jackson Crook, was a likeable fellow but he met with a tragic death. One morning, as was his habit, he came down stairs early to start the breakfast. It was before

the days of electricity so he opened the kitchen door and struck a match to light the lamp just inside the door. Evidently the gas stove had been left with the burner slightly open and the room exploded killing him. It was thought a small grandson visiting there might have been playing unnoticed with the burner.

Anna, daughter of Mary Catherine and Jackson Crook, was a beautiful young woman - walked like a queen and knew so many lovely big words to use and used them easily. She taught school a few years then married Paul Weaver. The Weavers were an influential family of lawyers and Paul's brother, Arthur, became Governor of Nebraska.

The Weaver house held a large library with shelves of leather bound, legal volumes, a huge mahogany desk and many tall files. It was furnished with the finest of furniture and windows were arched and high. Anna said they took nine foot lengths of lace curtains and she bought new ones when she went there to live of the finest Irish lace ordered directly from Ireland. There were huge fireplaces, ancient grand piano and rich Persian rugs.

Anna and Paul had eight children. After the parents were gone the State wanted to keep the old home as a museum but one heir disagreed so it was finally sold and there is now a modern car lot to replace the beautiful old brick mansion and the huge trees that guarded it for so many years.

Mary Catherine and Jackson Crook's oldest boy, John, was tall and seldom in a hurry or excited. Once he was in a hurry: he was sauntering around in our bee colony and the bees were offended for some reason and started buzzing around him. He started to run, blindly, and ran into a clothesline. It struck him in the throat and threw him back with a pretty hard jolt, and he never wandered near the bee colony again.

There was a time, too, when he almost had to hurry as a tornado came down the valley directly at their farm. The family ran to the cave and kept calling John to hurry and join them, but he sauntered along. Finally, just as he got to the cave door, he looked back and a fair sized chickenhouse was rolling across the yard right after him. He started to shut the door over his head when the building struck and finished banging the door shut, giving him a sharp rap on his head and sending him sprawling down the steps. The building decided to stop there on the door, pinning the family in the cave for several hours while they worked with prys found in the cave to move it until it rolled a bit and they were able to get out.

John never learned to hurry and married a woman who was his exact opposite - a bundle of energy and they had one son. In their later years they moved to Texas and were divorced just because of their different personalities.

THE EARLY MARRIED LIFE OF WES AND NELLIE MACOMBER

One of the first schools Jackson Crook taught was the Middleburg School. Middleburg, Nebraska was a very small village consisting of a grocery store, post office and blacksmith shop. In later years it boasted a garage where Elva Duryea did car repair work. It had a good sized school as most schools were in that time. Near Middleburg was where my mother, Nellie Ermina Duryea lived. My father, John Wesley Macomber, worked with his parents, Eliza Ann and Elza Martin, was often sent to help Jackson Crook with extra work in the school. While in that neighborhood he met my mother and soon a romance started.

Wes and Nellie were married in 1878 at the home of her parents, Sylvennus and Celestia (Claus) Duryea. Wes' land joined the Duryea land and Sylvennus helped Wes build a house, but Sylvennus died just a short time before they were married. Wes and Nellie lived on the farm until 1884. During that time Ariel Mabel, Samuel Everett and George Burton were born to them.

In 1884, Wes decided he would like to try living in Western Kansas, so he sold his farm, loaded their belongings and their three small children into a covered wagon and left. They secured a homestead near Bird City and built a sod house. Desdamona, Nellie's sister, lived about 50 miles west, near Wray, Colorado.

The adventure of a sod house and a new country was quite a challenge to Wes and Nellie after leaving their good farm and nice home. The windows were covered with heavy waxed paper, which let in the light and the heat of the sun, and the deep window sills were a wonderful place for house plants. There were no floors, but Nellie put a home woven carpet on the earthen floor. The walls were covered with cloth that was white washed, making the rooms clean and light. It was a cool summer home and a warm winter one - the children went barefoot in the house the year round.

The years 1885 and 1886 were fairly good years and things went well for the family. In 1886 the fourth child was born. Miles Sylvene, brown-eyed, red haired and as full of ideas as Eliza Ann's brother Miles for whom he was named.

The year 1888 is known as the year of the "Big Blizzard". On January 12th of that year one of the most vicious of winter storms raged throughout the middle west. It was a storm never to be forgotten for the ruthlessness with which it swept over the open prairies of the Dakotas, Nebraska and Kansas. Where there was nothing to break the force of the wind as in western Kansas it was at it's worst.

The day began clear, with a light balmy breeze and was so inviting that Nellie did the washing. Wes and two neighbor men took advantage of such a nice day to take wagons to the Arickaree River, eight miles away and bring home loads of wood for fuel.

The nearest such commodity to be found was along the river for the prairie was practically treeless.

All went well until about four in the afternoon. Nellie was gathering in the clothes when she noticed a dark haze along the western horizon. She decided to hurry and do other little out-of-door tasks for it might grow dark early. Within half an hour the air was full of snow. The wind was strong and the temperature began to plunge downward. It was soon 20° below zero and night did come fast. She managed to care for the chickens and a few calves near by the barn and to carry a bit of wood and a basketfull of prairie coal or cow chips which everyone used as fuel. The three older children were home from school.

The storm gained momentum as night came on. If range cattle had not been driven to shelter of farm buildings there was no shelter, and few had been because of the speed with which the storm struck, so they drifted with the storm. Their eye lashes soon filled with the snow and froze together blinding them. Their nostrils filled and froze. Thousands of them were lost.

Many people perished or at least lost hands and feet. One woman who lived at the edge of Bird City was alone with two children - a boy 6 and an infant. She left them alone while she trudged to a store half a mile away to buy a small sack of coal to keep them warm. She managed to get back to her own door step, but there she fell, too exhausted and cold to call or to rise and was found dead after the storm. The small boy had been resourceful enough to take the infant into bed with him and they managed to keep from freezing.

Wes and his companions with their loads of wood were on their way home when the storm struck. When they could travel no further with their loads they unhitched from the wagons, each man walking between his horses, holding on to their bridles and proceeded letting the horses "Have their heads" as it is expressed. That wonderful creature, if unguided, will unerringly find his way home.

Nellie kept a fire and with hot flat irons, tried to keep enough ice off the window so that Wes could see a glimmer of light. But he could not see it for the heavy snow fall. The horses bumped into the corner of the house, not able to see but straight on their path home. The two neighbors had reached their homes first - half a mile away. They were both badly exhausted and each had his feet so badly frozen that they had to be amputated. Wes was more fortunate or as he said, "Too ornery to freeze". He came thru fine.

The storm abated about noon the next day. The sun came out brightly and as usual, people began to dig out and assess their losses. Many tales of heroism of isolated places were told. The scope and ferocity of the storm added to the staggering loss

of life, human and livestock, giving it the name of the worst storm of the century.

In November of that year of the blizzard I was born - in that soddy near Bird City, Kansas - out where the prairie was wide and treeless and fenceless, where the storm struck hard. Whether the storm or I influenced the other I'll never know, but each of us had an abundance of vim and vigor, and wore everyone out with our tireless energy.

Wes Macomber and his sister Mary were very, very different. She disliked keeping house or doing much of anything but reading and Wes was as fastidious as any one could be. One of his mottos was 'a place for everything and everything in it's place'. He was so concerned about details that he didn't have time for the necessities. He liked to study and read and as a teacher he was a natural, for he could always put his thoughts across to others.

Wes was honest almost to a fault if that is possible. He taught his children that it was as bad to loaf at work as to steal money. As a farmer he was all wrong - "A square peg in a round hole" as the old saying goes. He would spend a good working day getting weeds out of a fence corner instead of getting them out of the field. What he really wanted to be was a pharmacist. He studied books on the subject as long as he lived.

Having grown up in a strict Methodist home, Wes had never been introduced to the ways of the world, especially to those of the wild west. When the drought began in 1889 and there were no crops to harvest, and having a good team and wagon, he along with others, decided to do overland freighting from Bird City, Kansas to Benkelman, Nebraska and return hauling commodities.

Wes learned that most of the haulers upon their arrival at the end of their trips made a speedy dash for the saloon and a long drink, after which they felt refreshed and ready for some excitement. He decided he should try the trick and it went pretty well for a while and he became a regular with the good fellows. Next came a hand at gambling. He was naturally alert and soon decided he was proof against reverses so he bet his trusty team of horses and his means of making a living against his chance to loose.

Wes lost. He didn't take it too seriously though he wanted to get home for he knew Nellie was out on the prairie with the children doing her best. He thought all those buddies who drank with him so happily would come to his rescue and he would soon be home again. But he learned that the friends made at the bar are only friends of the drink and if he had a bit of bad luck he just had to fight it out for himself. Not a soul offered him a dollar of help nor did they offer to take him home - not even a drink for solace. He stayed in Benkleman for three weeks while he worked out his betting debt and got his team back. He went

home an enlightened man, found Nellie seriously doing her work and not overjoyed at seeing him - to his utter amazement. Nellie's scorn of a human being who claimed to be a man and acted a weakling was unmistakable. Wes proceeded to fight another battle, unaided.

He never drank another drop of liquor and bent his scorn on anyone who did drink, sell or favor alcohol. Gradually he won Nellie back and some worth while friends among the neighbors who abstained. His hatred for drinking was strongly impressed on all of his family at every opportunity. It became almost an obsession.

In the year 1890, crops in Western Kansas and in many other areas of the country were almost nil for the great drought swept the land, and as if that were not sufficient to lay all farmers low, the whole United States went into a severe depression. Prices for produce were very low, often no market at all and livestock feed was so scant that young stock had to be killed or starve.

Nellie churned butter to sell, if at all, for 10¢ a pound and having been raised in Wisconsin on a dairy farm, she made good butter.

A third plague visited the west - the flea. They seemed to thrive on hot weather, and when there was nothing else to eat they began on people. They seemed to inflict the worst of their punishment on Mabel, the oldest of the family. She was 11 years old then, Samuel 10, George 8, Miles 4 and I, Minnie Alice was 2.

Wes decided to go back to Eastern Nebraska where Mabel, almost ready for high school, would have a chance to go and he said he couldn't have her grow up for ever scratching fleas. Their belongings were loaded into two covered wagons. Nellie took charge of one team and wagon with Mabel, Miles and Minnie. Wes and the two older boys, Samuel and George, took the other wagon. Nellie cooked the meals along the way, and she loved to travel and to camp out so that part of their 400 mile journey was a pleasure to her.

The trip was uneventful except when Nellie's wagon upset going down into a steep little canyon. With all hands to help it was soon righted with little damage. Miles was pinned under something for a few minutes, but escaped with only minor bruises. At last the caravan arrived at the home of Wes' mother, Eliza Ann and step father, Elza Martin, a mile and a half north of Falls City, Nebraska. John Wesley Macomber and family had gone far west and returned.

Wes and Nellie found a place to live and work 20 miles from Fall City called Aspinwall. It was near the Missouri River, some 20 miles south of the Old Brownville Crossing. Aspinwall

was located in the bluffs and was scenic and rich with vegetation. In the fall the trees and bluffs became a dream land of color. Hickory nut, hazel nut, walnut and oak trees - in beautiful bronze and red colors that were lovely.

Wes managed a store for Dr. Gandy and Nellie operated the Post Office from their home. The house was an old style square, white one, three stories high. The third floor was one big room with a nice floor and windows that let in much sunshine. Supplies for about 200 colonies of bees were kept there.

Once a stranger drove into the yard with a fancy buggy and a high stepping horse. He drove down by the bee colony where Wes and two or three other men were working. For some reason the bees were irritated at the horse and several of them sallied forth to do battle. One must have stung him. He took off, made a turn and ran right straight through the length of the bee colony. Hives were upset and scattered everywhere. By that time the bees were everywhere, too, stinging as fast as they could. The horse was running wild - out through the gate to the road and out of sight but he cut the corner too short and left the buggy and the driver hung up on the gate post. All the men were running and fighting bees.

When Miles was about five he became ill with typhoid fever. Two other boys of the neighborhood became ill, too. Searching for the source of trouble it was found that all three boys had been playing cowboy and lying on a flat rock by a stream below town and drinking the water.

Wes and Nellie lived in Aspinwall about three years. One night the store Wes managed burned and was not to be rebuilt so he decided to move where there were better schools. They moved to Nemaha City, Nebraska, a town near the Nemaha River that drains into the Missouri River and were there only about six months. Wes transported the mail from Nemaha to Barada, Nebraska another small town in the bluffs along the river.

While in Nemaha, Nellie became acquainted with a very good doctor and his wife, a diminutive woman who lived near. The good doctor would not leave the cup alone. His wife knew if he would stop drinking he had a chance to be a good doctor for many years, and if he didn't, his usefulness was doomed. She decided to take things into her own hands. One warm night she made a bed with only a sheet on it. He came home late and very drunk. She persuaded him to lie down on the bed and rest. He did, going sound asleep at once. As soon as he was asleep she carefully pulled the sheet around him rather tightly and tied it securely. Then taking a buggy whip she gave him the soundest thrashing a man ever had. He writhed and yelled, but was unable to get loose. When she thought he had had enough and had sobbered up, she gave him a good lecture on what he was doing to himself and his practice and assured him he would get more punishment if he ever got drunk again. As far as anyone knows, he never did. The doctor's wife confided it all to Nellie.

Wes and Nellie moved from Nemaha City before school began, and settled in Fall City. Wes's job with the mail was transferred to one carrying mail from Falls City to Barada, but soon he was elected Deputy Sheriff.

Falls City at that time, about 1895, had a population of 3000. It was located in the southeastern corner of Nebraska about three miles from the Nemaha River. A natural fall about five feet high on the Nemaha gave the town it's name.

There was a very small settlement at the time of the Civil War, and it was where Nellie had lived with her mother, Celestia Claus Duryea, while Sylvennus Duryea was at war. There were about five houses in Falls City at that time.

The Nemaha flowed the length of Richardson County, past Falls City to where it flowed into the Missouri River near the Rulo Bridge - 12 miles east of Falls City. This bridge was a sturdy one, built to carry the trains as well as the wagons crossing to Rockport, Missouri. It was 80 feet above the water to allow the steamboats clearance and make room for the flood waters carrying debris. There have been many serious floods along the Missouri River - six miles wide, boiling, muddy water, full of trees, boards, soil from the rich farm lands -- all being carried to the Mississippi on it's way to the ocean. Riff-raffing, channeling and a net work of stratigically placed dams have halted most of the flooding on the main river. Running slower because of the many dams holding back water, it has filled with sand bars in so many places that the steamboats can no longer come as far north as Nebraska.

It is still a treacherous old stream and has a tendency to undermine huge blocks of low land along it's course and carry them into the stream and deposit them either on the Iowa or the Missouri shore. There have been many law suits between the states as to the ownership of the maverick land.

There is a cave near the little village of Barada called the Indian Cave because it was a station of the underground railway for run-away slaves. The cave is formed by two outcropping layers of rock half way up the slope of one of the bluffs. It is quite a tourist attraction. In July, 1972, six young people visiting the cave drown when a false river bottom broke letting them all drown.

PART TWO

THE ROAD OF LIFE

A scenic path. This road of Life that all must tread:
Nor dare dismay nor turn aside at rut or clod.
If they would reach their journey's end to meet their God.
The youth rejoices as he climbs the verdant hill that lies ahead.
Is he not strong? Is he not free? He has the will, that all can see
Where danger lurks he bids it flee.
Ahead Life's venture waits his tread: A conquering hero-he!

Across the sky, or sea, or plain are many paths
And man must choose. But one will seem to cast a spell
A golden promise, his to attain.
To this he hurries. Eager now.
He finds a mate who goes his way.
Then hand in hand they forge ahead
The golden promise to possess.
Their path is fret with sun and shade,
And beauty's wand has touched the land. Still on they go,
Now little know that what they seek is at their hand.
This is Life's store of promised gold
This now is theirs to have and hold.

Their path by now has sunset gained.
The way trends down toward the plain.
Where sunset's glow makes light the way.
He plods alone, his step is slow,
His cloak drawn close to hold the warmth
Of love once known, she who was once his trusted mate
Was lost long since on Life's stern road.
He feels the breath from snow capped hills that skirt the plain,
And the sunset, now, scarce lights his trail
As slower still, his halting steps
Cling to the sod. His head is bowed.
So thus he goes to meet his God.

by Minnie Alice Rhoads

STORIES OF MY CHILDHOOD

The later life of my parents, Wes and Nellie Macomber, my sister, Mabel, brothers, George, Sam and Miles and my grandparents, Eliza Ann and Elza Martin and their children, George and Ann will be told in the story of my life as I remember them.

There are a few incidences that I remember of the time when my parents lived in Aspinwall and Nemaha, Nebraska. My first encounter with abject poverty and death occurred there when my mother took me with her to a dug-out home where a baby had died and I shall never forget it. The other was ghost stories which caused me quite an emotional disturbance. Old Hank Barker, grey hair and beard, lived in our community and often visited us in the evening because he was lonesome. He didn't really require answering comments -- just a listening ear for the tales he wanted to tell. Everything happened in sequences of three - a horsebacker would ride by at night three times - a rock would drop on his roof and roll down three times and always it would mean death. The next morning he would receive word of a death. Mother and Dad would always try to explain that the wind could cause such noises in old houses but at any rate when I reached the place in school to read, "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow", with it's headless horsemen and his trips three, I was well prepared to accept it as a whimsical tale to be enjoyed.

Miles and I started to school but had gone only a short time the winter before we moved to Falls City. The Falls City Harlan Street school was a one story, brick, four roomed structure with Primary, First, Second and Third Grades, and we walked thru the door confidently. There were a number of youngsters in the hallway surrounding a small table where a teacher sat recording things, and a number of other adults were busy about the hall. When it came our turn to be recorded, the teacher looked at us and said, "You are new here. Where did you come from?" She turned to one of the others and said wearily, "Oh, dear! What shall we do with these two?" They conferred a while, asked how much we had gone to school, then someone said, "Put them both in the first grade". Just like they were sorting cattle. I felt rebuffed, as if put some place I wasn't wanted, and to be not wanted was a new experience.

I saw a negro for the first time that day and was so interested in him that I probably missed everything else. If he had said "Boo", I would have run as far as I could. He was bigger than anyone else in the room and his hair looked more like Mother's caracul coat than hair. I ran home at noon telling Mother that there was a black boy there with rag hair.

From that first day at Harlan, Miles and I always remained in the same grade. I'm sure he could have outdistanced me, but he was quite content the way things were. He got his lessons easily and had time for extra activities.

Once when I was quite small Uncle Elva Duryea drove his Reo to Falls City to visit Wes and Nellie and asked if they could take me home with them for a visit. After much coaxing, Mother consented. We crossed the Nemaha River at dusk and how the bugs did strike in our faces as we crossed the wide, low bottom land on either side of the stream. It was my first automobile ride - quite a thrill, and not without incident.

When we had but three of the 20 miles to our destination left, the Reo refused to run forward but it would go fairly well backward. Elva was concerned and said, "If I let anything happen to you, Nellie will never forgive me". We were close to his brother-in-law's, so Elva walked to his house and asked him to take me the final three miles with a team of horses. It was 9:30 p. m. and Hiram Bacon, like most rural men had gone to bed, but he good naturedly got up and got his team into the barn, harnessed and hitched to his wagon and riding high on a spring seat atop the wagon I finished that first auto ride.

One time when visiting Uncle Elva, his daughter, Myrtle, and I found that by putting a sheet of paper under the strings of his grand piano we could produce different sounds and we had a wonderful time with a make-believe orchestra. Our fun lasted until we got several bits of paper down in the piano and Elva discovered what we were doing. He had to sent to Lincoln, Nebr. for a man to come and clean it out.

Walter Duryea was at our house in Falls City on the day of a political rally featuring the late William Jennings Bryan, who was to deliver one of his famous speeches. We were all out front watching the parade except Mother who always found work to be done inside. I was quite small and Uncle Walter picked me up and sat me on the gate post and said, "Now when I tell you, you yell, 'Hurrah for McKinley' as loud as you can. When he said 'now', I yelled as loud as I could with a voice that had a terrible capacity to penetrate. To my surprise, there was Mr. Bryan right in front of me in a carriage. He heard me, laughed and tipped his hat, but before I could figure it all out, here came Mother. She snatched me off the gate post and proceeded to address some scathing remarks at her brother, Walter.

Probably all small towns were much alike in being especially made to order for growing youngsters. No cars in those days to be a hazard to our areas of play. We could coast down almost any street that provided a slope and we had a neighbor boy who owned a pony. When he would harness his pony it was signal for all of us to tie our sleds on tandem style. If we were too many the pony knew how to take care of itself. It simply turned squarely around in the street and started rapidly for the barn. Of course, the sleds toppled and piled up and we were scattered along the street.

In the summer we could wander about town looking for new houses being built to pick up the long honey colored shavings

falling from the builder's plane and pin them around our heads for curls and become blonde beauties. If we had a chance we would walk the floor joists but we were usually sent on our way.

Each girl had a jumping rope and no place was far away as long as we could jump rope. We usually went to the depot to see the late afternoon train come in. We played around the platform until someone heard the distant whistles. At that we all scampered up against the old red depot with the name Falls City in white on each end of the building, and waited for the high puffing engine to come thundering in - close and noisy. We watched every wheel and listened to the signals of the trainmen. If anyone boarded or arrived that we knew, it was a red letter event. After the jaunt to the depot it was time to hurry home for most parents had evening chores for us to do.

My special chore was to clean and fill the lamps with kerosine, trim the wicks and wash the chimneys. Miles had to bring the cows for the neighborhood from the pasture, about a mile out of town, and put each one in it's own barn lot in time for evening milking. Sometimes he rode his pony. Everyone could have a cow, some horses and now and then someone would have a pig or two. Yes, we had flies - hundreds of them. They were universal and every housewife fought them in her own way. The wire fly traps set around public places, sticky fly paper for the house, but no sprays or pesticides to rid them.

Many women stood during the meal with a twig from a tree and kept the flies away from the food. Mother always kept the house cool and dark until the food was on the table. Sometimes we had a general fly round-up. She would arm everyone with a towel and shoo the flies out the door. There was a short broom stick with several strips of clothe nailed to it and it was tied at the side of the door to shoo the flies before opening the door. If a return of the good old days would mean flies, I have no desire to return to them.

We had lived in Falls City one winter and Nellie was using every nice day to do her spring house cleaning. Ours was a rented home and not too nice, but we had nice neighbors.

House cleaning in those days was quite an ordeal. After the curtains were all washed and ironed, windows cleaned and walls cleaned or repapered, the work began on the floors. Our living-room or parlor as it was called, was carpeted with a woven rag carpet.

Carpet rag sewing was quite a pastime - worn aprons and dresses, etc., were washed, torn in strips an inch or more wide and these strips were sewn together end to end and wound into big balls. When enough of these were ready they were taken to Old Mr. Hendricks, the weaver, and made into strips of carpet. The carpets were colorful and quite attractive.

To clean the carpet in those days 'sans' vacuum cleaners or modern sprays, one had to move everything out of the room, then crawl around on the floor to remove every tack that held it down. Then it was put over the clothes line and whipped with a wire until all the dust was out of it. It was left to air while the floor was cleaned. A wagon was backed up to the door and the straw that was under the carpet was loaded and hauled away. It had been mashed down until it was almost powdered and of course, full of dust. The floor was scrubbed with hot water and strong lye soap. By that time, Wes would be back with a load of clean straw which was spread evenly over the clean floor then the carpet was brought in and carefully spread over the straw.

The worst task was stretching and tacking the carpet down. Mother did most of it, and still in my memory is the anguish I felt at seeing her work so hard.

She started at one end of the room, tacking that edge tightly then the ends and up each seam. She had a gadget about a foot long with teeth to hold the carpet tight while she tacked, but the pulling and stretching had to be done by hand and muscle and on hands and knees. Her hands would be swollen and sore for days after the ordeal. No, I don't think everything about the 'good old days' was desirable. To sweep the rug, she scattered damp tea leaves over it and most of the dust adhered to the leaves.

One thing was nice, the first few days the straw under the carpet remained springy and nice. We liked to play on it turning somersaults and hand springs. Miles would be the biggest clown of all, then he would crawl off somewhere and fall asleep so soundly that he had to be prodded upstairs to bed.

Mabel, Sam and George were so much older than Miles and I that we were almost like two families. Mabel was a tiny person with beautiful big brown eyes, an olive complexion and dark, heavy hair which fell down to her knees in two thick braids. She had a beautiful voice and took voice lessons.

Sam spent most of his time out of school at the home of Mary Catherine and Jackson Crook, learning to farm. George finished the eighth grade, then stayed with Elza Martin until he was grown. He got some schooling there and learned to farm. Being away so much they never seemed just like my brothers.

One Sunday in May, 1896, about 6:30 in the evening, it began to sprinkle big drops. We began stepping from one raindrop to another until they got too numerous, so we all ran to our houses just in time. It began to pour and hail furiously. A terrible wind blew from the north and hail began to break windowpanes out. Mother stuffed pillows, rugs, anything available, in the broken windows. The lamps all blew out and it was pitch dark. Dad tried to hold the door shut but he was almost powerless against the wind, so he called for someone to bring him a hammer and some nails to nail the door shut. He simply couldn't hold the door

and hit the nail in the dark so mother took the hammer from him and with never a miss she nailed the door shut.

We all kept watching the stand pipe across the street for it had been filled that day and if it blew over it would just about wash us away but it held. It rained about five inches and the streets and yards were washed full of debris. Little did we realize that one of the worst tornadoes ever to hit Nebraska had literally devastated the south end of town. The storm began at Beatrice, Nebraska and traveled 50 miles to Maryville, Missouri, one-half mile wide and destroyed all in it's path. There along the Nemaha River it had uprooted many big trees, flooded the river and blown a mother and her baby into the deepest part of the flood. The railroad depot and tracks in the area were ruined as well as many cars on the tracks.

Although I didn't know him at that time, the home of my husband-to-be, six miles south of Falls City, was blown board from board and the family scattered. The rain barrel which was at the corner of the house was unscathed. They found a team of horses half a mile away along a small stream called Pony Creek, both tied to the manger as they had been left in the barn. Chickens hung in high trees, every feather plucked off them and straws were driven by that miraculous electric force into boards or trees or cows backs as straight as a nail could be driven. A small neighbor boy was killed.

The storm appeared at first to have missed them, then unexpectedly came back from the opposite direction. An old farmer said the storm went east as far as the old Dutch Brewery, got drunk, then came back west and just raised hell. Huge trees were lifted out of the ground and strewn about and when the two oldest boys of the Rhoads family became conscious they gathered the family and put them under the heaviest leafy part of a big tree for a bit of shelter from the driving rain. Only the light from flashes of lightning guided them. They found their father and youngest sister about a quarter of a mile away at the far side of the orchard, the father with a badly crushed chest on his hands and knees in a ditch of water. Their invalid sister was near but not hurt. Their boys feet were very badly cut from broken glass and nails.

The neighbors to the south were cut off because of a deep gorge full of water and the ones to the north were newcomers who at first protested taking them in, but when the boys explained their fathers condition they took them all until morning.

The next morning the sun shown brightly and the usual repairs progressed and life came back to normal. A banker and several businessmen came to see what they could do for the Rhoads family. They built a house as soon as they could, telling Mr. Rhoads not to worry about the cost until he had a few years crops.

The doctor said if Mr. Rhoads had been a man with any bad habits, he couldn't have lived, but he had all his reserve strength and he said he had to live to care for his children. His wife had been dead about three years.

Many tall tales emerged from the tornado - - one told of a tea-kettle left on the stove full of hot water when the storm struck the house. When found, the water was all gone and some tiny chickens were inside safe and dry and the lid was on.

On nice days I would walk with Miles to take the cows to the pasture. Just at the edge of town a woman had a summer kitchen, and did all her heavy cooking out in the yard under a huge tree. She washed the pots and pans out there, hanging her fruit stained dishrags on the fence to dry. One morning an inquisitive old cow sauntered over by the fence and began chewing the dish rag. She was still chewing it when we put her in the pasture gate.

The next morning the cow made a straight run for that dish rag on the fence. She seemed to find them to her liking. Every morning she got one if she could and went on her way chewing it. The lady of that summer kitchen asked us if we would try to keep the cow from getting her dishrags. We did make an effort but the old cow was determined and, no doubt, we could have tried harder. Finally she decided to hang the rags on the tree.

Summertime meant games at night such as "Run Sheep Run". In the winter Mother almost always read to us or played the organ. It was an old pedal organ but it a lot of music in it and so did Mother. We loved to sing or just listen. She read books like "Little Women", "Black Beauty", and the "Aunt Samantha Series", or what ever we produced that interested those of the group.

We had 'Taffy Pulls' that were such fun. Mother would make a big platter of molasses or white taffy. Sometimes our Sunday School class sponsored it, but Mother was the one at whose house such affairs were always held and she seemed to enjoy them, sticky mess and all. The only draw back was when some Mischievous boy would get taffy in my hair, which was long and curley and very hard to comb.

Once a new girl at school wore a pretty new sunbonnet and I asked to try it on, then went home and asked Mother if I could have one like it. She wasn't much impressed but warned me about wearing others' clothing, especially bonnets because I might get lice. Sure enough, in a couple of days I had a nice crop of them. The way I got my hair washed and dosed and combed with a fine comb made that an episode I'll never forget.

On our way home from school we often stopped to watch old Mr. Hendricks using his big weaving loom, and learned the ways of the webb and woof, or we went to see Mrs. Banks flower garden. Her pride was a Yucca. She told us that the botanical name was

Yucca Willa Metosa, but if that was hard to remember to call it "Uncle William my toe's sore". How I would like to show her the Yucca (soap weeds) of Western Nebraska covering a complete hill side.

There were Band Concert nights when we went to the Court House Square to walk the four blocks around, then rest on the blue grass lawn in groups to talk and laugh. There, too, is where the political speeches were held. William Jennings Bryan many times gave his "Silver Tongue" oration, always pleading for the Silver Standard for the American dollar instead of the Gold Standard, but never winning. Mr. McKinley was there too, making a staid and studied speech. Then, Theodore Roosevelt with his fiery, explosive ways and his white teeth gleaming when he laughed. He always drew a good audience and much applause. He was there on several occasions. Dad took me to many political speeches and insisted that I listen and try to learn something. I did learn things and among them to evaluate politics for what they are - a necessary evil.

The majority of citizens at Falls City in those days were German. Of course, they had an active German Band which provided the music for all of their gatherings. Once a week they practiced at the Old German Hall. The hall was a stone building rather dark and forbidding; we never went inside. It looked too scary but we always managed to be in the neighborhood on practice night so we could hear the music. It sounded to us as though half of their band was trombones, and how they did bear down on those deep base tones.

Such wonderful, carefree days - we played about town at will. However, a distressing thing happened to put a curb to our freedom that left a deep impression on all of us for it happened to one of our play mates. She was taking a short cut home for lunch and was seized by a bum who dragged her into a building back of her home where he abused her in every possible way, leaving her gagged and half conscious where her parents found her.

The men of the town found the bum and took him to the scene of the crime and there, with the supervision of the little girl's father, a tall German merchant, and his brother, a doctor in the town, castrated him, then took him to the edge of town and told him to get going fast. This became known as the Falls City treatment, and it was most effective. The police made no outcry about the mob action and the people of the town were glad to see action taken. The incident put a stop to our playing about town at will and made us begin to grow up. I read a great deal and by the time I was in the 5th grade, had exhausted the school library and there was no city library then.

PASSING DAYS

About the time Wes and Nellie Macomber moved to Falls City, Nebraska, Elza Martin's father, Isaac Martin, passed away. His wife, Mary Irwin, went to live with her daughter, Sarah Laird, and she wanted Elza and Eliza Ann to move to her farm. It was only one and one-half miles from Falls City where Elza was preaching. The old Martin house was a roomy, two-story house with attic, built about 1830. It wasn't elaborate but very liveable with a big screen porch, always cool in the summer.

Grandmother's yard had roses of every kind she could grow. She liked to tell me all about them - the Moss Rose had a pink blossom and the stems were covered with fine briar like hair, not prickly at all but covered with an invisible stickiness. They are native in Scotland. Also, the Rose Moss, a well known ground cover purslane-like herb that had rose-like blossoms. The true name was Portulacaceae and the seed is very small and said to be the most costly per ounce of any flower seed.

All among the roses in the yard were little brick walks, laid without rhyme or reason, where ever they led past a different rosebush. It was like threading one's way through a maze.

A special treat at Grandmother's was to go to the attic, a big sunny room with shelves of books. She would let us look at her scrap books when she was there. They were large and filled with choice clippings of literature from the best writers of that century. She liked good literature and saved a valuable collection of it. There were many good books and periodicals and I spent lots of happy days there, oblivious of the rest of the world.

There were feather beds as high and as smooth as a table in the second story. I couldn't climb upon them and Grandmother, Eliza Ann, would toss me into the middle of the soft feathers. It was such fun that we always had a good laugh about it. Then I would lie still and the old windmill would keep steady rhythm - a high key squeak, then a low key squeak, softly, softly, unhurriedly -- I didn't remember any more until morning came and I came down stairs to sit on the bottom step until breakfast was ready.

Just south of the kitchen only a few steps was the windmill and the milk house. They were focal points on a hot day for there was always quantities of cold water or milk. The windmill pumped constantly into a pipe which led to the tank in the milk house. The big wooden tank with boards like the cuts of a pie across the top of it where milk was put in bright cans and sunk into the water, each centered under a board to keep it from upsetting. To get one out one had to push the can down and out from under the board. An overflow pipe in the tank constantly ran a stream of fresh water down across the barn lot and into the pasture. There it ran into a small stream where the cattle and hogs had a supply of fresh water.

Two steps up from the flagstone platform that surrounded the windmill and milk house was the door to a small closed porch which lead to the kitchen door. The kitchen was a long room serving as both cooking area and diningroom. The cooking area and pantry were on the west end of the room. There was a wash stand or shelf holding a wash basin, soap dish and a wooden pail for water. A dipper rested in the bucket and everyone drank from it. The east end of the room was the dining area and about midway in the room was a stairway to the upstairs with two steps coming out into the kitchen. It was a wonderful place to sit after coming down stairs in the morning, sleepy and lacking the push to get going.

Breakfast at Eliza Ann's was something to remember. The long table was usually laid with a yellow and white damask cloth, tealeaf china and bone handled steel cutlery. The sun, just up, shining through the east window sent rays of yellow gold to reflect on everything in its reach.

Elza, coming in from his morning chores, brought a pail of fresh, cold water to put on the stand. He took a hearty drink before he washed his face, hands and arms, drying them on the roller towel near by. He got a comb from the little case on the wall to comb his curly, iron grey hair.

He was an impressive figure, tall and thin, as he strode across the long kitchen to a book shelf in the corner near the table and took down his well worn Bible then seated himself and found the passages he planned to read. An emphatic, "Ahem!" was the signal for everyone to be seated for morning worship.

GEORGE MARTIN, the youngest son of Eliza Ann and Elza, spent many summers with his parents, helping with the farming as Elza grew older and in those years I was spending much time there too, and became well acquainted with him and his family. He was a fine and memorable person, more than six feet tall and well built; noticable in a crowd and equally tall in character.

In 1895, Geroge married a southern girl, petite, lovely, Alice Kriger of Kentucky. She had a beautiful singing voice and said her singing could be heard across the wide Mississippi. They had four daughters, Inez, Ruth, Frances and Kathryn.

George was a good student, beginning his teaching career at age 16, and continuing his education as he could until he held his doctorate and was considered one of the best on the lecture platform. He spent his summers on the farm with Elza and said it was his method of keeping in good condition physically.

Elza always raised fine watermelons and being so close to town they were a temptation to many a lad. He tried to watch the patch at night but someway the boys always destroyed a lot of melons and Grandfather never caught them. One night George

said, "You go to bed Dad, and I'll watch the patch." He fixed a place to hide close to the road and that night three boys came on their horses. One of them came into the patch rather close to where he was hiding and started cutting open melons and pulling the vines around. George yelled and startled the boy who ran for his horse but George caught him and knocked him down then got him by the ears and gave his head a good shaking and mauled it in the dirt. He helped him on his horse and gave him orders to never return. He didn't. The boy's name was Charles Heck but from that time on he was "Watermelon Heck".

George taught the Falls School and my husband told me of going to school to George Martin two terms. The first morning when George arrived he had a fair sized bundle of right keen switches which he put in a hole in the foundation, dusted his hands but said nothing. He never did use one and had no trouble.

He taught in Dawson and Nebraska City for some time, then went to Kearney State College as President in 1919 during a revolt among the students. The former president and several of the teachers had been driven out. The State Board asked him what he would do if faced with such a situation. He answered, "I don't know, never having had anything like that happen to me, but I believe I would stand in the door and knock them down as long as I was able".

The students soon found he was their best friend as long as they did their part. He often walked the streets of Kearney to solicit help for a worthy student. He introduced sports in the school for he loved a good clean contest. His one dislike was of a liar, and if he was ever lied to by a student, that one lost all his sympathy.

Inez, George's oldest, loved to read and we spent many days together in Eliza Ann's attic with the fabulous scrap books. She became a Social Worker on the west coast but died of cancer at an early age.

Ruth was quite different and we used to run and play in a very active way. Once I arrived for a few days stay and she met me at the door with her newest doll, I exclaimed over it and asked it's name. She said, "Well, I'm sure it isn't a very pretty name". Then added happily, "But I call her Minnie". Children are so refreshingly truthful and delightfully loyal. Ruth was an exceptionally bright and likeable child - the most beautiful of the four girls. She grew up to be such a wholesome, Christian girl that she seemed too fine for this world.

While they lived at Kearney she married a boy from that locality and when they were expecting their first child Ruth became more beautiful than ever. She did not live to enjoy her baby for she died at it's birth.

Frances was named Frances Wesna for my father, Wesley, because Alice liked him the best of all her in-laws. She said he was always so kind and gentle to her. She was witty and full of fun. She and Kathryn loved to visit me after I was married.

Kathryn, her husband gone now, lived happily in the mountains of Walla Walla, Washington, many years. They had two daughters Mary Alice, who passed away May 24, 1972 and Jeanne is married and lives near her mother.

George, Alice, Inez, Ruth and Frances are all gone now and Kathryn is in very poor health.

CAREFREE DAYS

The days when one is carefree to bask in complete abandon sped by rapidly. Miles and I finished the Harlan Street School and we moved to the central part of town.

At last I was old enough to drive "Old Fann", our driving horse. At one time Fan had been a fine race horse, but was going blind with an affliction called "Moon Eye". We had her racing cart but were never allowed to hitch her to it. She was a good traveler and she was proud. She would go at a good speed if you simply picked up the reins and said, "Get Up", but if you slapped her with the reins, you might as well forget the trip for at least ten or fifteen minutes while she balked and sulked and the more you urged her the worse she acted.

Once some neighbor women came to borrow her and the buggy to drive to the country. Mother told them to watch for sometimes she would bite a stranger. Sure enough - she missed the lady but got hold of a fine black cape of velvet ribbon and lace. She didn't let go until she had torn it to shreds and had it on the ground. The borrowers went ahead with the trip but they didn't ask to borrow her again.

I often drove her and took some friends to Grandmother's where we had lots of fun. Grandmother would load a toy wagon with watermelons and we would take it to the timber about a quarter of a mile from the house to play or pick flowers or nuts, as the occasion allowed. When we wanted melon we simply dropped a big one on the ground and popped it open, ate the heart out and left the rest for the birds or cows to eat. Sometimes we brought home a load of apples, hazel nuts, walnuts or hickory nuts.

We knew where all the longest stemmed violets grew - May apples or Sweet Williams. Even "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" and "Dutch-man's Breeches" were found in their own little lair. On

a little bridge over the creek which we had to cross we usually stopped a while and dangled our feet in the water while we held a weighty debate on some subject as, "which is more destructive, water or fire".

While we were in fourth grade we planted a tree in the school yard for Arbor Day. I was chosen to christen the tree and making the speech was no trouble for me. The flowers had been submerged in water to keep them fresh - the teacher handed them to me and took her place opposite me with the tree between us. I stepped toward the tree, lifted the dripping bouquet, pronounced the name and gave the flowers a toss. Well, the tree was small and that wet bouquet carried amazingly - striking the teacher's chest all wet and soggy. I was embarrassed to tears, and everyone laughed except the teacher and me.

There was Lucy, a tall, lanky, mulatto and how she could dance. We devised shows where she was the chief attraction and she loved the attention she merited and would put on a good show for the penny admissions we charged.

Our sixth grade teacher was Ollie Miller, a tall, big boned woman and an excellent teacher that I was very fond of. The entire town of Falls City had a good laugh at her expense when she served on the City School Board. New fire escapes, the large tube type, had been installed at the schools and were being inspected. She didn't approve, saying that her objection was the immodesty of going down that pipe, especially for the girls with their skirts flying every way. They were standing on the the small fire escape platform and Ollie was stepping around as she explained her objections when suddenly she lost her footing and disappeared down the escape tube. She demonstrated more clearly than words can describe why she objected to escape tubes.

When Miles and I were ready for the seventh grade we were surprised at being sent into the eighth grade room. Because of the crowded condition six of the strongest pupils skipped the seventh grade. I believe my Dad should get the credit for that because his delight was taking part in our home work. He never let us leave a problem in mathematics until we could satisfy him with an explanation of why and how it was worked and in high school it was the same which surely made us stronger students.

Of all my teachers the one I had in the eighth grade had the most influence on me. She was a dedicated teacher and we received a thorough schooling under Cora Botts. She gave us memory training, Christian ethics and things that really helped us in life. Missing a grade never seemed to give us trouble and so ended our work at Central School.

High School was so different from grade school and we felt quite grown up and--indeed we did begin to grow up. For three years I had been carrying milk to some neighbors to pay for music lessons. My teacher lived in the next block and I went to her

home to practice everyday. She was the daughter of a woman who had served as a Lady-in-waiting to the Queen of Belgium and had the best in musical education before coming to America. This year my family bought a piano for me, and I really gave it a good work out. I played for the chorus at high school and for everything at Church. On Sunday afternoons it was the center of our entertainment. All the gang would gather there for singing and Mother loved every minute of it. She would always have a cake ready for us and often let us make ice cream. In those days she really spoiled me because she would say, "I'll clean up the kitchen and the dishes if you will play for me"

THE NEIGHBORHOOD CHURCH

We lived near the Disciples of Christ Church, the Minister lived in our block and practically all our neighbors went there to worship. I went to the youth meeting and soon found a niche where I was needed. I enjoyed the Junior League and Bible Study classes and the things I learned there have always stayed with me and have served me well.

Mother and I both became members in 1900. Dad would go with us if he could delay his arrival until after the hymns were sung. For some reason they always made him weep. He hated to do so in public and Mother hated to be late. My sympathy was with them both.

So many memories come to mind of the people and activities there. I recall the choir which had only a spot on the "Stage" where the pulpit, the pastor, and the piano also found room. And the old communion set consisting of two copper goblets, at least copper colored, one for each side of the congregation. A fine old gentleman, Colonel Grinstead and his daughter made a gift to the church of one of the new communion sets of individual cups. Most of the congregation was delighted, but the idea caused a rift in the members and several thought the new set was the work of the devil - Christ and His Disciples used a cup and we should, too, regardless of sanitation. So they wouldn't worship there anymore and quit altogether. I have seen other churches divided over things no more meaningful to Christianity. Have they been members of some form of religion or have they been members of the followers of Christ's teachings? One could build a sermon on the difference.

The Disciples of Christ finally built a bigger and more modern structure which still functions in Falls City.

THE EARLY 1900's

In 1903 Wes and Nellie Macomber purchased a small hotel, in Falls City Nebraska. Wes' health was at the point where he could no longer perform his duties as Deputy Sheriff and Nellie thought that she could make a living in the hotel but it was certainly not easy work - no vacuum cleaners, electricity or city water and sewage system. A wood and coal range with a reservoir and a five gallon tank on top to help supply hot water, an oil stove and a cistern were the only help. The cistern had a little hand pump that brought the water to a galvanized sink and that was used for cleaning and washing dishes. All drinking water was carried from a well. How Mother would have enjoyed a water system such as all homes have today. She simply would not be stinted on water for she was extremely clean about her household.

Mabel was home in the summers and took voice lessons and taught school during the winter. We would be so excited when she came home for a week end but after she had been home a few hours we were all ready to let her go back to her school. She would order us around just as she did her pupils and we didn't think it was necessary. Everything she thought was out of place she would busily put away. But where? We usually had things located and were about back to normal when it was time for her to come home again.

George came home to stay as he had decided to wanted to try something other than farming. He contracted with an oil dealer to haul kerosene to the towns in the county.

Sam was still with Wes' sister Mary Catherine and her husband Jackson Crook working on the farm but came home on Sundays. He and George would spend the afternoon trying out their strength on tricks they had learned during the week or take long rides on their bicycles.

Miles and I were kept busy washing dishes and doing errands. On days when there was a circus in town or some other special event we would have 100 people to feed at the hotel and it would take as long as three hours to wash the dishes.

Of course I pounded the piano every chance I got. One day the manager of a dance hall across the street asked my mother if I could play for his dances but she said no, she didn't approve of public dances. I was glad because I had only played classical or semi-classical music and dance music is different.

The summer before I started to High School I not only got a piano, but a bicycle, too, and the jump rope was laid away. I had a mile to go to school and always came home for lunch.

During the later half of that first year in high school I spent some time with Ann Martin, my father's half sister, who was

caring for their Mother, Eliza Ann who had fallen on an icy walk and broken her arm. She failed rapidly, developing pneumonia and passed away on March 1, 1904, at 64 years of age. No more happy days with Grandmother, looking at her lovely scrapbooks or wandering through the woods. No walks on her little paths to learn about the roses. No morning worship in Grandmother's long sunny kitchen with Grandfather reading so beautifully the poetry of King James Version of God's Word.

Grandfather gave up his preaching and there was a big stained glass window put in the Church at Falls City depicting Christ as the good shepherd which had Elza's name and an inscription suitable to him designed in it. He went to Nebraska City to live with Ann, his youngest daughter, and lived only a short distance from the little one room log cabin where Elza and his second wife, Sarah Morse, had begun housekeeping long ago. It was there that he established what is said to be the first Sunday School in Nebraska about 1850.

He wrote to me in 1912 that he was attending a Sunday School Class and that he had joined a group of octogenarians and was enjoying it very much. "Sometimes we oldsters get into a rousing argument over some passage of scripture. But I believe at our age such things are permissible", he wrote.

In his last illness Grandfather lay in a coma for two weeks. Suddenly he gained consciousness, sat up in bed and said, "To think that I, Elza Martin, should be ushered into the presence of my King", then laid back on his bed and breathed no more. His death came on June 20, 1916.

Ann lived until 1928 though she gave up teaching a few years earlier, and lived in an apartment in Nebraska City. After her funeral, relatives went to get the things she owned. The owner of the apartment had burned everything -- even the fabulous scrapbooks which had belonged to her Mother, Eliza Ann.

The year I was a Junior and took Chemistry was when I made my big mistake. The laboratory was next to the assembly and one teacher watched both rooms. Of course, we always had a little sulphur at hand to burn close to the door so it had to be closed then I got busy with my project of drawing heads of the teachers on glass with some white substance. Then the glass was burned over an acid which made the likeness permanent. I always had orders ahead and I loved doing it but it didn't help my Chemistry grade. One day the teacher caught me and confiscated all that I had and made me make one^o him. I don't recall the substance used on the glass and Chemistry was my only poor grade.

In my Senior year I took a refresher course of some grade school subjects and passed the State examinations for my certificate to teach. I worked hard that year, was Salutatorian, which meant giving the opening address for graduation exercises. The

only thing that kept me from being Valedictorian was that low grade in Chemistry, so thus do our acts affect us for all our lives and there is no regret quite so poignant as that of remorse. But there I was with a teacher's certificate and a two year scholarship - it was a hard decision to make and it had to be my decision.

In 1907, just a few weeks before my graduation, my parents moved to Indian Territory and that same year the territory was taken into Western Oklahoma to become part of that state. My father, Wes, was in very poor health and was restless but was made a Representative for that area and attended the Constitutional Conferences in Tulsa. The two sections of the state had to consider and agree on the laws that would govern them both. He enjoyed that activity very much and George and Sam did the farming. Miles returned to Falls City after they were settled.

Mother came back for my graduation and I went with her to Oklahoma for the summer. There were some nice people there and I made new friends.

The farm where we lived was near Coweta, an arid country with many dust storms, very hot in summer and a bitter, damp cold in the winter. The wind blew from the Gulf of Mexico which made it so damp that a stove pipe would rust thru in one year, anything that could mold did so promptly and the fleas loved the area.

Oil wells dotted the landscape, many of them belonging to the Cree Indians, a branch of the Algonquins from Canada - many of them very handsome and intelligent people. We could look out and see about a half dozen Oil slick fires every day, mostly along the rivers. There were two major rivers, one on either side of us, the Arkansas and the Verdigris. We often went on sight seeing trips, especially along the Arkansas River. It was flanked on each side by low bottom lands covered with a heavy growth of timber stretching up to 40 miles from the banks.

There were many species of trees new to us and the most interesting was the Pecan Tree, the lowest branches were about 30 feet from the ground. The method of getting the crop was to go out each morning during the nutting season with a battering ram and bump the trunk of the tree to shake the nuts out of their husks, then rake through the leaves, which were the same color, to find the nuts. Special care had to be taken because of a species of tarantula spider that made them it's habitat. The wood from the trees was used to make fine furniture, bread boards and rolling pins, etc.

As we would drive through the wide timber we saw many share croppers cabins, exactly as one sees them pictured. In an open window of practically every one there was a bed drawn close and someone there pale and ill -- with 'Ague' or the 'fever' or the 'shakes' as they called it, which we know as malaria. I am glad to know that most of those cabins are gone now for the people

looked so pitiful and I'm glad to know that most of the malaria has been stamped out.

There were many negroes living around Coweta, Oklahoma, intermingling with the Cree Indians until it seemed many of them claimed and got land just as the Indians did. They carried a big chip on their shoulders against the whites, and many of them became insolent and mean. They forced whites off the sidewalks as they walked and finally went on a rampage because one of them was arrested for something and jailed in the county jail about forty miles away. The Sheriff hired my brother, Sam, to drive his car to take the prisoner to jail. The negroes put five bullets in the back of the car as it pulled out of town then went down the street firing bullets aimlessly.

They happened to shoot a young lawyer, Attorney Beaver, a friend of our. The negroes were really shocked and dismayed when they learned they had shot their best friend for he was their best protector against the scheming oil magnates, or swindlers, who took advantage of their ignorance in leasing their land for drilling. They would often pay the landowner for a lease they would read to them to be for 10 years and often the lease would read for 100 years. Attorney Beaver compelled many an oil man to make the lease honest for the poor. The authorities went through the countryside then gathering up several wagon loads of fire arms they were holding, for what, they didn't seem to know exactly.

TEACHING

In August of 1907, I returned to Falls City, Nebraska, planning to teach for two years then use scholarship and finish college. Most of the close-in schools were taken by August but one called the Arago Center School, eleven miles from Falls City was still vacant so my sister, Mabel, and I drove a team and buggy out to make application. Arago Center had once been a postal service station and figured importantly in anti-slavery days. I agreed to teach for \$45. a month - pretty good wages for those days. Mabel had taught eight years beginning at \$25. and at that time was getting \$50.00.

I boarded with a family named Gleason who after the evening meal would retire to the living room and just sit and rest, I guess. We were never allowed to sit idly dreaming, we either had to read or work at something. One evening I sat down and played the old organ. That delighted Mr. Gleason and he got out an old fiddle, tuned it up and began to play old country tunes while I chorded and that was the way most evenings were spent.

There is no other place in the state where nature is more lavish with the gift of fall color than along the bluffs of the Missouri River.

Soon the mornings were growing frosty making silver lace of the spider webs atop the weeds along the road side. Diamonds of dew were sprinkled lavishly through the lacy webs. The distant hills had drawn a soft lavender curtain about themselves, making them beautiful to behold. From that distant mysteriousness often came faint reports of a gun for it was hunting season. And during the warm part of the day the amber sunshine brought the busy flies and wasps to buzz in the warm rays within the open door ways. It was a pleasant walk to school those lovely Indian Summer days.

The first day of school I went early in the morning to look things over before the students came, but I wasn't early enough. As soon as I got in sight of the building I caught glimpses of faces peeping around each corner to get sight of me. I went bravely toward the door and spoke good morning to all who came out into view and they all followed me inside. They were big fellows, most of them 14 to 17 or 18 years old. How unfortunate that boys as old as they should still be in rural school and I wondered how to begin teaching them.

I sat down at my desk which had a slant top that lifted up to make storage space. As I lifted the top to look inside, out jumped about a dozen mice put there, of course, by those big boys so eagerly standing around watching me. For the first time in my life I appreciated the training I had had in not acting afraid of mice and worms, etc. in Miles' hands. I sat still - and said, "Well, it looks as if we have company. You boys will have to catch them because we certainly don't want them here. Shut the door and catch everyone of them". They gladly made a big scramble for the mice. One boy said, "Did you see that! One went right across her foot and she never even jumped". The desks were full of rotted apples, sandwiches, scribbled papers and just about everything not pertaining to school.

There were thirty-five students enrolled when school began and in all, probably thirty-five books. I ordered books and was surprised to get them as most of the people were German - very typical of the ones of that time before the World War I. There were as many German schools as there were English and many of the older citizens didn't care for their off-spring to learn English, but the law required them to go so many days of the year. I tried very hard to impress them with the treasure they had in books and they seemed to grasp it and took very good care of them.

I was very busy with all eight grades but in November all of the older German students left to attend German School until February 15th.

One German patron didn't like to have his children attending public school, showed his protest by making a big black mark through his daughter's grammar each month. After he had marked it out the third time, I talked to the girl and had her tell him that it was required while she was in English School

and then made no more trouble. There were ten beginners and many of them could not speak a word of English and they gave me many occasions to laugh. When night came, I trudged home wondering if I had succeeded in teaching them anything.

An epidemic of whooping cough hit hard that spring and at the end of the term there^{were} only fourteen students. One of the school board members sent word that he would like me to teach another year because his boy had learned to want to read. The others wanted me too, but I had an offer of the Old Falls School nearer to Falls City and where so many of my relatives had taught.

In the years since, when visiting Falls City, I have met many of those first students and have been so glad to see them and learn what they are doing. They seemed equally glad to see me.

Again, I spent the summer in Oklahoma with my parents, returning in August to prepare for my second year of teaching. It seems that the Old Falls School was almost a part of our family history. My Father's sister, Mary Catherine, and her husband, Jackson Crook had both taught there as had George Martin and Emma Martin Foster, Elza's children.

There was a great deal of activity centered at the Falls School - Sunday School every Sunday - Literary on Friday nights when there would be readings of some old time literature like the "Wreck of the Hesperus", "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight", or some equally choice bit of literature popular at the time. A musical solo or duet if it could be arranged, but the highlight of the evening was always a debate. Such profound subjects were debated as "Which is the wiser of the Two Sexes", or Which is more destructive, Fire or Water?" It was all fun.

My sister, Mabel was married and teaching the Five Point School close to Falls School so I saw her often, but I boarded with a couple from the south called Aunt Nolie and Uncle Jim. They were kindly, elderly people who never ate light bread if they could have biscuits as is the custom of a true southerner. Aunt Nolie's biscuits were tops but they made poor sandwiches for a noon lunch.

There was three-quarters of a mile to walk to school and I always enjoyed the out-of-doors. One afternoon as I walked home a young fellow of the neighborhood came up behind with a team and wagon with very high side boards that put the seat up high. He stopped and asked me if I would like to ride. I would. He was Ralph Rhoads and had been interested in a schoolmate of mine so I climbed up over the wagon, and in no time was sitting on the seat beside Ralph. He told me afterward that the speed and ease with which I climbed into that wagon amazed him. Well, I hadn't climbed trees and fences for naught and Mother was right when

she said I would never learn to be dignified.

My ride on the high seat of the wagon led to a date for Church that Sunday night, and a drive in the moonlight afterward. Not in a wagon but in a shinny buggy drawn by a spirited horse. The dates for Church and literaries continued. Ralph was not the flashy type and I was glad, He was kind, gentle and trustworthy. His thinking was sound - never going off the deep end on any subject.

Ralph's father, Isaac Rhoads often came to visit my Grandfather, Elza Martin. Grandfather told me that they had been neighbors once and that he thought a great deal of Mr. Rhoads and that he was one of the finest men he had ever known; that he lived in the country, had a large family and his wife had died when some of the children were small.

ISAAC RHOADS was born in Wellsboro, Penn. in 1835, where many of the Duryeas lived. His parents were William and Mary (Jones) Rhoads and ~~Isaac~~ ^{William} made fine leather boots which were sold to the British Gentlemen in an early day.

In 1849, Isaac age 14, and his friend age 15, purchased a team and wagon and started to California to search for gold. With a few supplies they started across the wide plains from Lena, Illinois, and one night camped on the spot where the Falls School house stands. Isaac liked the spot and commented to his pal that some day he was going to come back and own that piece of ground. There was an Indian camp nearby and they asked the boys to come and eat with them. They visited the camp and spent an hour or so but the sight of their meat stretched out on a flat surface to ripen and covered with flies was too much, so they went back to their own camp to eat.

They went as far as Beatrice, Nebr. then they changed course and went south to a river port at Atchison, Kansas. They sold their team and wagon and took a boat to New Orleans. They got across the Isthmus of Panama someday and then to the gold fields around Sutters Mill where they prospected for ten years. They didn't strike it rich but had some gold to bring home.

By that time the Civil War was imminent. Isaac enlisted and served for four years, a part of his assignment being with Sherman on his march to the Sea. He was a member of the scouting party.

MARY MARGARET WEBER - When the war was over he went back to Illinois and before long he married a neighbor girl, Mary Margaret Weber, whose parents were Nicholas and Anna (Gerde) Weber, both of Berne, Switzerland. There were only two children, Mary and John, both born in Switzerland.

Soon after their marriage Isaac and Mary started west. He had never forgotten the land where he had camped so took what he could as a homestead and then bought more until he owned what he wanted. His land cornered with the Falls School grounds and his house was one quarter mile away.

He planted an orchard, and people laughed at him, saying he could never grow fruit in Nebraska. He did, and the time came when that part of Nebraska from Omaha south and on into Missouri as far as St. Joe became the greatest apple producing area in the United States. Delicious peaches grew there - so many of them they could not be used and were often used for hog feed.

Isaac Rhoads often told me tales of his Father, ^{in law} Nicholas Weber saying that he was the meanest man he ever knew, and was most thoughtless of the comfort of his wife.

Nicholas Weber had not wanted his daughter and Isaac to move from Illinois to Nebraska. When the grasshoppers completely destroyed the Nebraska crops, Isaac wrote to his father-in-law, sending money, and asked if he would send him ten bushel of grain for seed, Nicholas wrote back that not a kernel of grain would he send to Nebraska but if he would come back to where he belonged he would give him a well improved farm for nothing. Of course, Isaac wouldn't do that. As he studied how to get some seed grain, he remembered the box and barrel in the attic in which they had packed dishes in oats when they came west. He cleaned the oats and planted every kernel by hand so there would be no waste, and had a bumper crop so started farming again without Nicholas' help. They prospered thru the years, raised twelve children and lived out their lives in that vicinity.

The fates were against Nicholas. In America he had learned to tie bundles of the cut grain with a few long stems. He went back to Switzerland for a visit and they were cutting grain and hauling it to the threshing floor loose. He undertook to teach them to tie it in bundles as they did in America and he was very quick at it so the Swiss watched in amazement. They decided that no human could work that miracle and that Nicholas was a witch and the only way to overcome witchery was by stoning or hanging. Nicholas made a hasty retreat and was glad to get back to America.

Toward the end of the term at Falls School, Ralph asked me to marry him but I asked him to wait until the next spring so I could learn a few things about cooking. He wanted to get me a diamond but I persuaded him that it was too costly and he might need the money to start farming. He got me a pearl in a tiffany setting and it must have been just as expensive. He gave me many presents during the years and just before our 50th anniversary he came home one day with a small package for his best girl. It was a diamond and I loved it.

There went my scholarship - I went back to Oklahoma to learn to cook.

In Oklahoma, I had expected to learn to cook under Mother's teaching but was disappointed as Mother went to Falls City to be with my sister, Mabel, who was expecting her first child. My brother, George and his wife had come to stay with Dad and keep house while Mother was gone. Bertha was a wonderful cook but I didn't learn much. Mother came home in the fall and the next spring Ralph and I were to be married. We had lots of sewing to do in those days as we made everything including sheets. Mine were made of unbleached muslin and lasted for twenty-five years.

Ralph came to Oklahoma on February 22, stopped at Wagener, the County Seat to get our license. None of us had thought about it being a holiday and there he was in a strange town not able to get in the Court House. He walked up and down and around the Court House until the janitor got suspicious of him and asked him what his business was. When Ralph told him he was supposed to get a marriage license, He gave a hearty laugh and said, "Well, I can take care of that", and called the county clerk to come at once and after a lot of teasing Ralph got the license and was at the depot in time to catch the train to Coweta. The train arrived in Coweta early the next morning and the wedding was to be at eight o'clock that night, February 23, 1910, but when night came it looked like the fates were against us. I had called on the minister, quite an elderly man who had been in town only a week. Eight o'clock came but no minister. After a time during which Ralph and I waited in unheated rooms to come for the ceremony, George hitched the driving horse to the buggy and drove to town to find the minister. He was at home enjoying the warm fire - just hadn't realized that we lived in the country and after looking all over the little town for a wedding just gave up and went home.

Ralph and I and our attendants had to go to the kitchen where there was a warm fire and since then I've always rather liked the kitchen and feel at home there.

When the minister finally came and warmed up a bit we had a very informal wedding, then Mother served us all a dinner. We left by train early the next morning for Falls City where Ralph had rented a farm and furnished the house enough that we could start living there. Our home was between Ralph's Father's home and the Falls School. Mother insisted that I take the piano and told me afterward that when I and the piano both left, she felt like it was the end of the world for her.

ISAAC PRESTON RHOADS, WIFE & DAUGHTERS



Mary



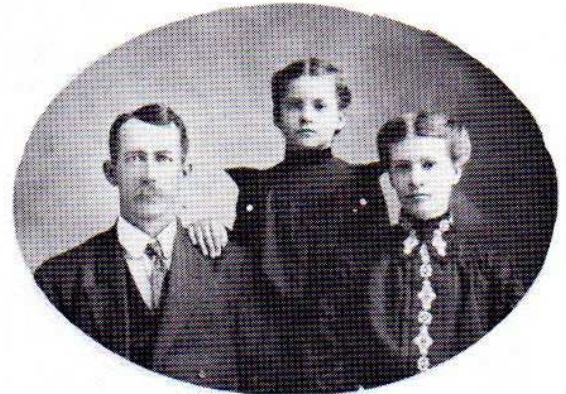
Isaac Sr.



Mary Weber
Mother



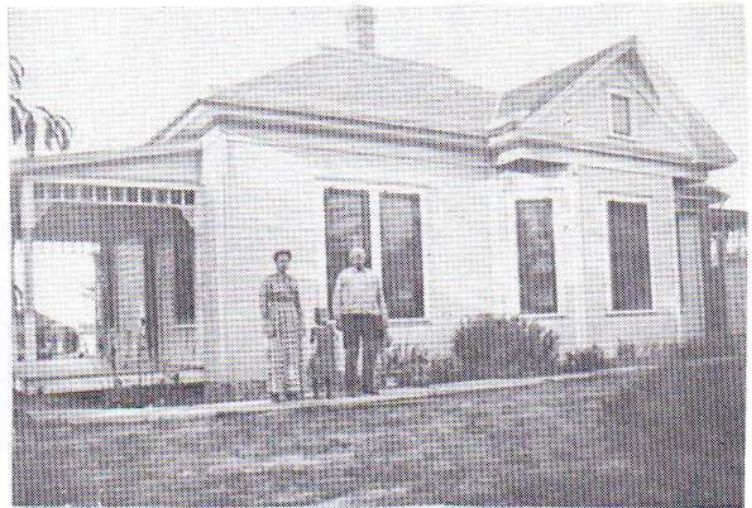
Chas. & Annie
Martin & Ethel



Chas. & Sarah Tipton & Muriel

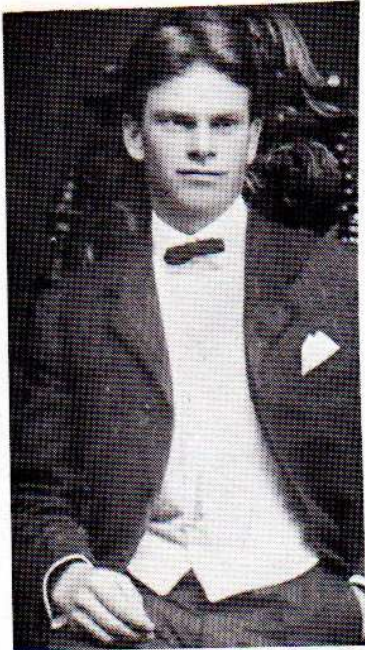


Clementine



Rhoads Home

SONS OF ISAAC PRESTON RHOADS SR. - William not shown



Howard



Oscar & Family



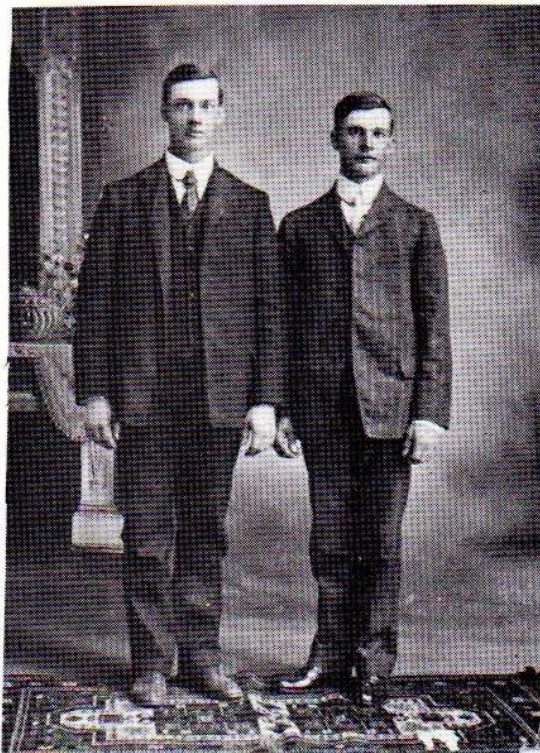
Isaac Jr.



Edward



Ralph



Ralph & George



Oscar & Blaine

THE LATE YEARS OF WES AND NELLIE MACOMBER

In 1918 following the First World War, a killer type of flu struck our land. Many people died of it and those who did were seemingly the most healthy ones. A virus pneumonia seemed to accompany the disease and with no antibiotics, it was fatal to many.

Early in 1919, Mother became ill with this flu. She and Dad had been living in Emporia with Sam. Mother kept house and Dad was bookkeeper at the Auto Supply Store owned by Sam and George. I went immediately from my home in Dawes County, Nebr. to help care for Mother.

Dad met me at the train when I reached Emporia, Kansas. He said he felt alright but he was very pale. After his evening meal he went back to the store to complete his book work, but soon came back saying he was ill and wanted to rest. Sam came very soon with a doctor, but Dad had already lapsed into a coma. He passed away about midnight with uremic poisoning. His last words were, "How is your Mother?"

Sam and George took him to Falls City for burial. Poor old Dad. Always miserable with asthma. They laid him to rest in Steele Cemetery, John Wesley Macomber, sixty-four years old.

After a few days, Mother's pneumonia began to improve and she was finally able to be up and about, but always remained thin and fragile. As soon as she could stand the travel, she spent her summers with us near Chadron and the winters with Mabel near Falls City.

After George's illness, Mother's chief desire was to see him again and she did see him at Christmas time in 1937. She seemed satisfied after she saw he was doing alright, but the trip tired her greatly.

On January 8, 1938, she simply couldn't gather strength enough to get up as she usually did. Mabel advised her to rest a while longer and she dropped off to sleep immediately. Mabel called the doctor but by the time he arrived her breathing was very weak and it was difficult to tell just the moment her breathing ceased - God had taken her so very gently. We all realized that her frail little body lying there had housed the soul of all that was noble and good. She was laid beside Dad in the Steele Cemetery at Falls City, Nebraska.

OTHER MEMBERS OF THE WESLEY MACOMBER FAMILY

MILES SYLVENE MACOMBER - Miles did not finish high school - his heart was not in it as he was such an active boy and really needed work. His first job was at the James Poultry House. He didn't like the killing and plucking chickens, but Mr. James soon gave him a better job.

Mr. James came to Falls City from the rural area around Barada, Nebr. with only an eighth grade education. He was ambitious, honest and very successful. Soon he was shipping carloads of chickens to the west coast. He took Miles with him on one trip and after that Miles made the trip alone. The fact that he was only 16 did not bother Mr. James as he said Miles was reliable and alert.

After about a year Mr. James became interested in the oil business and Miles went to work in a furniture store where there was also a thriving mortuary business. By the time I was in my last year of high school, Miles had grown into a nice looking young man - beautiful red, wavy hair full of fiery glints, and an even row of white teeth and a ready smile.

When he was 20 years old and firmly established in the furniture store he married a pretty, blue eyed, dark-haired, Irish girl named Cora McIlvain who was 18. Miles was helping with the mortuary work and studying it and was soon able to pass the state examinations. Cora was employed at the City telegraph office for two years.

Miles and Cora had three pretty girls and the youngest one inherited Miles' dark red hair. She became a registered nurse and when it was time for her to earn her cap her teachers said they regretted covering up so much as one hair on her head.

After a few years the owners of the furniture store and mortuary wanted to retire so Miles bought the establishment and years later sold the mortuary business. The families for whose loved ones Miles had been the mortician still insisted on having him in their time of need. Finally the firm had his name included and gave him a part in the arrangements.

Miles passed away suddenly in April,²¹ 1961 at the age of 74. His wife Cora still lives in the home and her three daughters, Helen, Ruth and June and their families can all find room in the big house and try to get together two or three times a year.

Miles had quite an extensive library collected and never tired of studying some deep subject. He often was asked to fill the pulpit during the absence of the pastor of the Presbyterian Church where and Cora were members.

To complete the story of Mr. James for whom Miles worked - hearing of a millionaire oil man in Falls City when visiting there I found that it was the man who had come to Falls City with little

more than a dime in his pocket and started the chicken dressing business years ago.

ARIEL MABEL MACOMBER - The school just west of the Falls School was called Five Point because there was a bell cupalo on top that had five points. Mabel finished her teaching career there in 1908 and during that year was married to Joseph Thompson, the youngest of the Thompson family with whom she boarded for two years. When school was out they moved to a farm in the Salem, Nebr. area about five miles from Five Point. It was a good farm and Joe was progressive so they lived out their lives there. Their five children became Mabel's career.

Hazel was their oldest and went to Kearney and stayed with George Martin to get her teaching degree. She taught many years and is retired now in Hiawatha, Kans. She married first, Roland Myers and they raised four children - Roland, a Colonel in the Air Force, Marjean, Linda and Mary Alice all married and raising families. Hazel married second, Ralph Fridell.

Fred, the only son of Mabel and Joe Thompson, is still on the farm and has added more land. He married Gladys Wenger and they cared for his parents many years as they grew old. Their oldest son, Donald, has graduated from the University of Nebraska is married and has a small son. Steve, Carol and Dwight are at home.

Next were the twins, Margaret and Marjory Alice, looking so much alike they had to be identified with pink and blue ribbons. When grown, Margaret was tall, out going and capable. She went to Wesleyan College and was married to Orville Carlyle, a radio and television technician with a shop in Nebraska City. They raised five children, a son and four daughters - exceptionally beautiful girls.

Marjory Alice graduated from Wesleyan College and is still working in an office in Kansas City. She married Bill Mullen, an employee of the Chevrolet plant in Kansas City, who is now retired. Their two oldest children are married and Susan is still in school. Bill has built a cabin on a lake shore in the Ozarks and enjoys fishing and hunting.

Jean was several years younger than Mabel and Joe's other children and was not very sturdy but an exceptional student. She graduated from the University of Nebraska with an exceptionally high grade average, then worked at the Ordinance Base at McCook, Nebr. after graduation, then for the Officers of the Armed Forces in Leavenworth, Kansas, where she was one of the four top ranking workers. She married Glenn Marmon of Kansas City, who had been supervisor of the Postal Service for many years. They are both retired and spend much time traveling.

In the summer of 1949, a tornado struck the Salem area of Nebraska. Mabel and Joe Thompson's home was directly in its path. Mabel, Joe and Their son, Fred, were in the house. It was a large two story house with a closet in one corner up stairs. The tornado took the west and south walls and completely sheared off the top story, except the closet, which contained all their valuable papers. Fred Grabbed his father and mother one in each arm and locked his hands around a colonade post between the living room and dining room. He said he held on with every ounce of his strength and he is a strong man. The colonade and a small circle of the floor where they stood was all that was left, the rest of the house was in splinters.

Fred's house near by was only moved off its foundation and his wife, Gladys, and his children were unharmed. The garage was gone but the car was not damaged. A new and more modern house was built but soon Mabel and Joe moved into the smaller house and Fred and Gladys with their growing family moved into the big house.

Joe Thompson was fragile in his later years and passed away in the spring of 1963 at the age of 83.

Mabel earned a fifty year pin for membership in the Methodist Church where she did much work. She loved working in her yard and had many beautiful flowers. It was a show place for many a Sunday driver to view, but she fell in her yard the summer following her husband's death, and broke her hip. Her daughter, Jean, took her to her home in Leavenworth, Kans. and cared for her. Her mind stayed clear and her lovely hand writing never changed. The years had mellowed her temper and she was liked by everyone. She loved beauty in nature as well as in people and as it was with Eliza Ann, our grandmother, her greatest joy was always well written literature. She passed away in the fall of 1964 at the age of 85.

SAMUEL EVERETT MACOMBER - Sam married Adar Brown, a teacher in Emporia, Kansas, where he had an auto parts store with his brother George. They had a thriving business and were well liked, probably because there never were more honest men. Like their father, Wes, they were honest almost to a fault. Sam and Adar had two daughters, Thelma and Ardyce. One day as Sam was coming home to lunch, Adar and the girls were on the porch waiting for him. Ardyce, a pretty little red headed child, ran out to meet him just as a truck came around the corner. It ran over her breaking both her legs. Being a witness to the accident was too much for Sam and he suffered severe shock that eventually brought on a stroke, paralyzing him and he was bedfast for two years before his death.

Sam's family continued to live in their home with the girls in school and Adar teaching. Thelma, a steady and studious girl, much like Sam in her ways, married Kenneth Humphreys, an engineer working for Boeing Aircraft. He served four years in the Air Force and they live in Emporia and have four children.

Ardyce, the one who had the accident, was a bright, cheerful and talented high school graduate when she married John Seiler from Woodlake, Nebraska. In less than a year Ardyce was stricken with Multiple Sclerosis. Adar, being a strong woman, insisted that Ardyce be moved to her home, she gave up her teaching and spent her entire time caring for the girl who grew steadily worse but lived about 20 years. Adar still maintains her home in Emporia and does some work for the College there.

GEORGE BURTON MACOMBER-George married Bertha Palmer of Stella, Nebraska, and they had two sons, Grant and Wayne. In the 1930s George began to have serious health problems. He had a large skin colored mole on his chin and one day when he was splitting wood a splinter struck it making it bleed and become sore and then he had it frost bitten. The mole began to spread almost immediately and his doctor sent him to Savannah, Missouri to the only cancer clinic in the area. Bertha was so kind to him during his illness. At last the flesh healed until he could have plastic surgery to build up a new lip and chin and though disfigured, his health came back. George and Bertha belonged to the Baptist Church and lived near it. George spent his last years caring for the Church property.

Their son, Grant, was a dependable lad, strong and a good worker. He married Geraldine Smedeger and they had a son and a daughter, both married now. Grant is in the entertainment business and they live in Madison, Kansas. He looked after his parents as long as they lived. Grant Macomber has custody of the Macomber Bible published in 1803 which contains much of the information in this story.

Wayne, the younger son of George and Bertha, liked people and when with them he lost all account of time or responsibility to home. One house was as good as another to him. After many interruptions, he got thru school and married Juanita Zichefoose. They had a small son when Wayne decided to join the Army. He was sent to the Aleutian Islands on a scouting mission and took his wife and son along. He rose to the rank of Captain, then war was declared and the Japanese invaded the Aleutians. Wayne sent his wife and son back to the United States but he was captured and put in prison where he died a few months later of malnutrition.

A recent letter told me that Wayne's son, Dennis Macomber, is now married and has a son. Their home is in Reno, Nevada.

MY FARM WIFE UNIVERSITY

The decade of 1910-1920 was a turbulent one for much of the world. In that ten years the United States was in and out of a war on foreign soil. Howard Taft was our President at the first and in 1913 Woodrow Wilson, although he had no son, ran on the slogan, "I didn't raise my son to be a soldier". It was effective and he won. Another reason - the Republican Party was split by Theodore Roosevelt, the former President, who decided to run on a Progressive ticket, making it a three party election.

Wilson, a pacifist, resisted getting into war though Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany was making much headway against England, France and Belgium. The Kaiser had many submarines everywhere and had caused the killing of several Americans. Finally he sank the huge passenger ship, the Lusitania, with 119 Americans aboard. This was too much for the American people to overlook and Wilson was forced to prepare for war. In 1916 our soldiers went over. England rejoiced to see us for they were almost exhausted, and the Germans were amazed at the force of our fighting men and the amount of good equipment we had. They were begging for armistice by the fall of 1918.

It was to have been a war to end all wars. President Wilson organized a form of League of Nations but evidently the world was wasn't ready for it and it didn't last.

It was the year 1910 when the doors opened for my university course - not two years but 48 years. Mother said I wasn't cut out to make a farmer's wife but I spent 48 years at it. I liked school, music and church activities more than housework and most of all the out-doors. I was most fortunate in having Ralph for my husband for he had learned more about house work than most girls. Because of a severe attack of appendicitis when he was a child which left in a weakened condition for a long time, he stayed in the house to help the girls with the house work. He could churn, put out a washing and do lots of cooking and cleaning. He was so very patient with me and didn't seem to mind that I had so much to learn.

We started our farming with four work horses, one cow, one sow and two dozen hens. For machinery, there was a walking plow, a two-row cultivator and a two-row planter. A far cry from what is required in this day to begin farming.

We had a kitchen cabinet which cost two dollars and for additional cupboards we used orange crates covered with oil cloth and curtained in front. Ralph bought a small cook stove, a heating stove, and ironing board, a black iron kettle which set directly over the fire, two or three kerosene lamps and a few odds and ends of dishes - all this for \$20.00. A very plain table and six chairs were our dining room furniture and for the bed room, a dresser, small but with a good mirror and an iron bedstead. We bought linoleum rugs, a few pans, a bucket and

dipper, a set of dishes and we were ready to keep house, A little later I bought a sewing machine with money saved from my teaching. It was like playing house with the little cook stove and everything and I enjoyed every minute of it.

I tried so hard to bake bread but always failed. Sometimes I would put it on the table then go off and have a good cry. Ralph would always cheer me up by saying, "Now, if that was a field of corn that failed it might be worth a few tears, but what are a few loaves of bread. You can always try again and anyway the crust is good. So we ate the crust. I learned about making a garden and setting hens. Oh! the things I didn't know.

At last there was a Chautauqua in Falls City. They were assemblies held in big tents that would seat two of three hundred people and were instituted in the County of Chautauqua, New York. They would last about a week, the one coming advertised a special series of morning lessons on how to make bread. It must have been a fore-runner of today's Extension Service given by our Universities. We both agreed that I should go so on Sunday evening Ralph took me to my brother Miles' home to stay where I could go each morning for my lesson on bread making. The last lesson was on Thursday but on Wednesday Ralph came after me because he was lonesome and took me back the next morning for my final lesson. No instruction ever paid off in dividends as that did.

One summer night after the work was done we went out to sit on the porch where it was pleasant and there was a cool breeze. I sat there complimenting myself inwardly, 'I believe I am getting along as a farmer's wife and he is satisfied with his choice. He seems contented.' About then he heaved a sigh, I said, "What is the matter, Ralph?" "Oh, nothing," he answered, "Only I was just wishing I had a man to talk to". My ego went down flat. For a few seconds I thought, 'I'm a failure - a complete miserable failure'. Then I thought of his life. He had grown up one of eight boys. Of course, he wanted to see them - less than a quarter of a mile away. Then I laughed and said, "Lets go down home.". He agreed and we were soon there. He never knew what a let down I had that night.

Ralph's sister, Annie, had been married for sometime. She and her husband, Charles Martin, a nephew of Elza Martin, with their daughter, had moved to California. This left his sister, Mary, alone with the housekeeping chores but the family was much smaller now.

When the two girls and Ralph were doing the housekeeping for the entire family they had schedule that was staggering. They baked bread every other day - 12 huge loaves of it. They washed twice a week and made the boys' overalls, three pairs for each two boys near the same size. They would bake big pans of beans seasoned and covered with strips of home cured bacon, and a lovely, big glass bowl was always on their table full of canned fruit, berries, peaches, pears -- all kinds grew there.

The cellar was always full of food -- three or four hundred jars of fruit, shelves of jelly and pickles, a barrel of souerkraut and bins of several kinds of apples. There was also a barrel of apple cider which eventually made their binegar.

One day when Ralph was small his father, Isaac, was working in a field and sent Ralph to the house for his plug of tobacco. When Isaac was young he worked along the Erie Canal, about 1820, driving a team of mules pulling a dredge. His face and lips sunburned from the hot sun shining on the water. The older men working there told him that if he chewed tobacco his lips would heal. So he chewed and of course kept it up. When Ralph brought the tobacco a corner of the plug had been nibbled off. He thought it over, then threw the tobacco away and never chewed again.

The first of the boys to leave home were Ed and Howard, the two just older than Ralph. They decided to go to California to seek their fortune in 1906 and arrived there just in time to experience the earthquake and fire that so devastated San Francisco. They were not hurt so they joined the crew of workers who helped untangle the City. They both married out there and both became building contractors. Ed has been gone several years and his wife still lives at Walnut Creek, California. Ed Jr. is a contractor working around Lake Tahoe.

Howard and his first wife divorced. They had one daughter who is married and she and the mother both live near Oakland. His second wife was a nurse and lives with their only daughter and husband in Fresno. Howard built many of the big beautiful buildings in and around Fresno.

Isaac Jr. and his wife, Mary, and five children also went to California hoping it would relieve his asthma, but he didn't live long after they moved. Mary, about 100 years old now, lives with their oldest son Elmer. She is still mentally alert and physically quite agile. Their three girls live in the area and Robert, the youngest son, was killed in a motor cycle accident when he was quite young.

Will and Oscar both stayed near Falls City. Will had 12 children, all scattered and Oscar had two daughters. All four parents are gone.

George, his wife Elizabeth Kratz, and Blaine came to Chadron five years before we came. George and Elizabeth had no family. Blaine married a Chadron girl, Zena Gorr and they had three daughters. The twins are both dead and Betty, a Nurse, lives in Chadron with her husband, Curtis Thompson. George, Blaine and their wives are gone, so now all of the Children of Isaac Rhoads are gone.

The mother and Clemmie had died before I came into the family. So there was only Dad and Mary at home but it was home for all the boys thought of Mary as their Mother and she did give her life to care for them She was likeable and I enjoyed her.

RALPH S. RHOADS SR. FAMILY



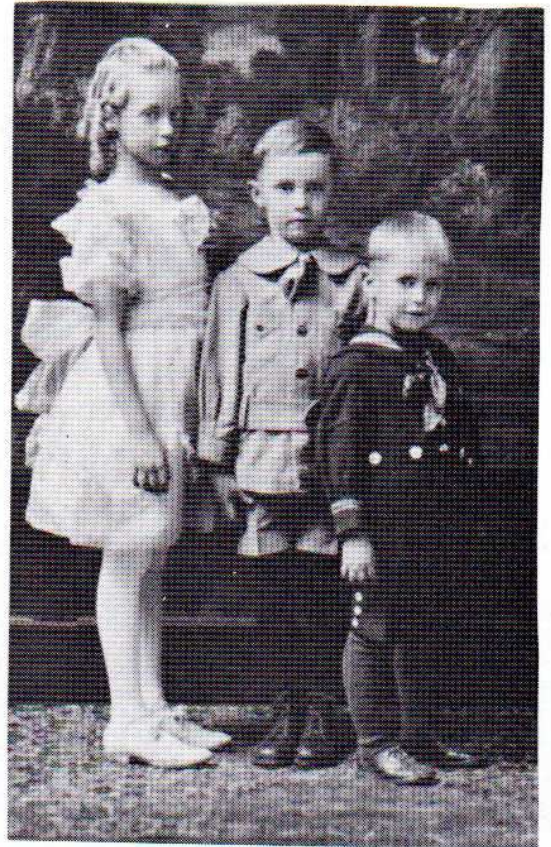
Falls City High School



Our Church



The Falls School



Nellie, Ralph Jr. & Edwin



Ralph, Minnie Rhoads & Nellie



Homes of Ralph and Minnie Rhoads Along the Deadhorse



Minnie Alice and Ralph Rhoads Sr.



My Painting Group



Minnie Writing

Two years after our marriage - 1912 - Ralph rented a larger farm three miles north of Falls City, and we moved there in the spring. It was a good farm and lovely house but had been rented for some time and was very dirty. Ralph's family helped us clean it and it was a pleasant place to live. There were two porches, one on the south and one the east that had seats built along the sides. Big, old trees shaded the lawn and a white picket fence surrounded the place.

George Martin's younger girls visited us in those early years. They adored Ralph, who was good entertainment for them. He was tall and strong and they loved to ride on his shoulders while he did the chores. Sometimes he would carry them and at the same time two pails of milk. And all the time, to amuse them, he would make rhymes of everthing he said. Ocassionally his rhyming would last all day. It was as miraculous to me as to them how he could carry on all day long with such clever jingles.

Once a team of mules Ralph was working in the field ran away while hitched to a cultivator. They took off down a fence row, soon losing the cultibator, then continued along the fence, one on either side. They did the neatest job of taking out every post. When they reached the end of the fence they were tired and stopped. A mule never hurts himself, when he is tired he just quits.

Ralph was hitching a team of mules to a wagon one time to drive to town. They were feeling pretty full of life but the road was icy so they went along with very mincing steps all the way to town. Ralph decided to have them shod to protect their feet. They only had to go about a block to realize they wouldn't slip on the ice. Their good spibits took the upper hand and they staged a splendid run away. Finally to get them stopped, he headed them into a snow drift. That was presenting them with too much effort so they slowed down nicely the rest of the way.

During the next five years the United States was in World War War I against the Germans. Sentiment ran high against the Germans around Falls City. Whether or not their sympathies were with the United States, they knew that no amount of reasoning would excuse them if they stirred up the suspicions of the people, so they were docile. I'm sure that many of them secretly were favoring Der Vaterland, and could not imagine such a thing as Germany defeated because their slogan was always, "eber Allus".

Comic strips are also something that came in this century - the first ones were about 1912 - the Katzenjammer Kids; Happy Hooligan; Mutt and Jeff; and My Dear Alfonso became well known characters. When they first appeared there were arguments, pro and con, as to their advisability for children's reading, but the concern about World War I began in 1914 and soon took precedent over comic strips.

Most of the young fellows were sent across the seas and German or not, I think they made good soldiers. The sad thing is that many of them did not come back.

It was during World War I - the years 1913 - 15 - 17, that our three children were born, there in the big, well built house. Nellie was out first and very tiny and frail - a quiet child and yet so busy that she needed correcting often. Ralph decided I found too many occasions to correct her. He was helping me do the washing as he always did, so I said, "All right, she is all yours this morning and I'll not interfere".

In those days Ralph filled the boiler on the stove with buckets of water carried from the cistern. When the water was hot and the soap melted a bit, the hot suds were carried to the washing machine on the porch. We had all the water in the machine and were getting the clothes ready to take out. During that interval Nellie pulled the plug out of the machine, letting all the hot suds out on the ground. Not so good, but I said nothing. Ralph talked to her very kindly, and started carrying water all over again. During another minute when we were not looking she got Ralph's hip boots which all farmers had to have when the feedlots thawed in the spring, and filled them full of water at the cistern. That was very bad - they dry very slowly and they were needed. In a few minutes she tried to climb the rick of stove wood nearly piled along the fence. She must have been up toward the top at one end when the wood started to slide. We fished her out from under a few sticks, but about a wagon load of it scattered over the yard. Ralph said, "I see what you mean. She is yours now", and I had a good laugh.

A few days before Christmas in 1915, Ralph came home one day with a beautiful brass bed, complete with springs and mattress. It was my Christmas present and I was happy to have it. I believe I repaid him on Christmas morning for I presented him with a son, Ralph Jr., weighing eleven pounds, healthy and hungry, demanding food oftener than every four hours. Ralph Sr. went around that Christmas day with a very happy grin on his face. A man's first son is something special. He adored Nellie, but from time immemorial the first son has been the favorite and important heir. Ralph Jr. had dark brown eyes and hair. His skin was very fair, so a bit of fresh air and sunshine made his cheeks rosy and he was definitely an out-of-doors lad. Before he could walk he would manage to get outside somehow. He loved to tease and especially little girls if they were pretty, he would make them cry and then kiss them. He finally outgrew the teasing but never lost his interest in a pretty girl.

Edwin was born, October 8, 1917, weighing nine and one-half pounds. He was a long baby and we supposed he would get as tall as his Daddy but when grown both the boys were five feet nine inches and Nellie, so tiny to start with is five feet four inches. I barely made five feet.

Ralph's sister, Mary, passed away the next day after Edwin was born. She had typhoid fever and the doctor never quite determined where she contracted it.

Edwin was a quiet little one - he and Nellie could play all day very quietly but the minute Ralph came on the scene there was action. He was a good overseer but one had best know what his proposed project was to be. Edwin loved cars and music.

In the spring of 1918 we moved to Dawes County where Ralph had purchased a farm along the Dead Horse Stream the year before. For three weeks it snowed every night but didn't get cold enough to stop the eaves from dripping. The constant dripping of the water kept me awake as I wasn't accustomed to it.

We had lots of building to do that first summer, and hired a man called Debs who loved to argue. He was a bachelor and always hungry. I made pancakes - big ones the size of a big plate, so Ralph wouldn't have to stop his eating so many times to fix them for the children, and Debs would eat ten or twelve of them and then want fried potatoes and meat, "Something solid with my pancakes so I won't get hungry". We brought 20 gallons of apple butter with us because fruit was scarce here and it lasted no time at all.

After supper Ralph would sit down in his rocker and go to sleep from exhaustion because of his long days work but Debs didn't sleep. He would perch himself where I couldn't help hearing him and chatter away the whole evening. His one extravagance was the World Almanac, and he memorized the facts from it - dozens of them, then would try to argue about them. I could do no less than answer once in a while. He told a group of neighbors that it sure was an evening well spent when two well educated people could discuss world events. How they did tease me about it. It was a jolly neighborhood.

When homesickness was about to overtake me after moving out to this new part of the State, a neighbor, Mrs. Clay Grantham, called and said, "I am entertaining the neighborhood club tomorrow and we want you to come if you care to". I don't remember how I answered but know I wanted to shout, "You bet I want to come".

With the three children, Edwin four months old, Ralph, two years and Nellie, five, with all their things and moving from a house with nine large rooms to one with four small rooms, until we could build on, I really didn't know what to do with everything. My nearest neighbor, Mrs. Ollie Buchanan, was a real help to me, let me store some things at her place and helped me look after the children.

Mrs. Buchanan loved a good story and never tired of telling one on Ralph about the time he was working near their house and she went out to ask him something. He put his pipe in his pocket

without knocking the all the fire out of it and his overalls caught on fire. He kept turning from her and working his way toward the water jug and she kept following him trying to get an answer. Finally he grabbed the jug and poured water on the front of his pants. Then she noticed the smoke and began to laugh.

Ralph and Bill White had come to the Deadhorse Creek area about the time we did and they were good neighbors. The Harold Smiths came from Hiawatha, Kansas, and the Arch Harris' from the Bethel Community. We spent many happy days together and are still good friends. Our families were all near the same age.

Arch Harris was full of fun and loved a good laugh. The neighborhood to the south held a nondenominational Church in their school house. One preacher they had called on parishiners often, and called on Arch one night at milking time. Arch had a saddle horse that was very hard to catch but was always looking for a little extra feed, and sometimes came to the barn door when Arch was milking the cow. Arch heard a noise at the barn door and without looking up, yelled, "You old S O B you. You always show up at meal time". Then he looked up to see the preacher running toward his car. He took off with all speed. Arch's wife, Lillie, didn't forgive him for many days.

The women at the club meetings seemed much like those at Falls City except they all had care worn expressions and the wind of this area does dry the skin rapidly, but I found them kindly, sensible women and their friendship has remained steadfast through all the years. The club is called Rose Hill, because of the wild roses that cover some of the hills in the area, and I go as often as I can. At first the club was the Dorcas Society, and was begun by Old Grandma Morey. She brought Christianity to the Deadhorse Club by inducing members to make quilts for the mission work of the Christian Church in Chadron, our nearest town. Her log cabin home was located toward the south end of the Deadhorse Stream which has it's source in the Pine Ridge south of Chadron, and flows to White River and thence to the Missouri. Grandma Morey's log cabin is steadily sinking to the ground, but her influence still lasts.

Many laughable incidents occurred during the early years of the club. We usually had to go in a spring wagon or a lumber wagon. One club day most of the men were at a wood sawing. My neighbor, Lorraine Schmechel, called and said, "I want to go to club so much, what can we do about it"? I wanted to go to club too but the only conveyance was a lumber wagon which held a small "Jag" of corn. Lorraine said she would bring a team of horses if she could get their harness on, and she thought she could.

Someway I got the corn unloaded and she came with the team. We were soon on our way, stopping to pick up others on the way. The meeting was about six miles away and for some reason the horses didn't guide very well, but we finally got there. Several of the men who had brought their wives came out to take care of our horses for us.

When they came to the house they were laughing so much that we made them tell us what was so funny. They said that we had hitched the horse that was accustomed to working on the right side on the left and visa versa. This put the wrong harness on each horse. Small wonder the poor things didn't understand which way they were supposed to go. The men hitched them up properly when it was time to go home and we made a flying trip. These poems I wrote many years ago bring back lots of memories:

OUR CLUB

Along the "Dead Horse", years ago, When friendship's need was great
The wives and mothers formed an "Aid", Of this we will relate.
Two groups at first were organized, Long distance meant dismays,
The roads were poor and travel slow - 'Twas horse and buggy days.

The south group was the "Dorcas Aid", and kind old Grandma Morey,
Who now has passed to her reward, was leader - so the story.
And if I have been told aright, at meeting you would see
The Manchesters and Bertha Law and Mrs. Jim Tyree.

Amelia Whitsel, too, was one who came and did her best.
She'd speak a piece or quilt a bit or office hold with zest.
Good Mrs. Egly, gone beyond, was of this group, and too,
Was Bernice Nylen Masters one, who came, her part to do.

The North group was the "Rose Hill Aid", whose aim, as was the
"Dorcas"
Was making quilts or sewing for the needy, or the hostess.
Since work of both groups was the same, their friendship grew until
'Bout 1918 they combined, with the name of Rose Hill still.

At Sadie Grantham's home they met. There all would welcome be.
Her's was the blood of pioneers, -- true hospitality.
Among those present, so they say, Was staunch Luella Snyder
And Dora Spracklin and her girls, if nothing did betide her.

The Goff girls, with their Mother came. To her our hats we'd doff.
She met life's battles square and brave. That wonderous Effie Goff.
And Mrs. Harris, if she failed to reach the meeting --
Maybe it wasn't lack of interest - but the care of someone's baby.

The Grantham girls were there, of course, and always welcome they.
And Lillie Harris, with a smile, and Mrs. Clapp, they say.
And Ollie B. they liked to see. At telling funny stories and
Getting lots of laughs stirred up, she gathered all the glories.

The first for president, of course, would Mrs. Geiser be
Efficient, wise and full of fun and always there was she.
And I have heard some stories told, of deep, dark mystery.
Wild things did happen when this group would at their meetings be.

I've heard of buildings over thrown and doors that strangely locked.
 Of pranks and jests and doing strange but still no one was shocked.
 And in those days the men would go to "Aid" when'er they could.
 It was a day for all to be a good pal if he could.

We hope that we can follow thru with deeds that mean the most of
 Good to our community. So this will be our toast:
 Here's to our members who have been. Long may their mem'ry live,
 And to our "Rose Hill Aid" as is. To it our best we'll give.

ILL WIND

Our Rose Hill Aid on May the 5th with Mrs. Claussen met.
 The clouds hung dark, the thunder rolled. But we were there you
 bet.

You see we always try to go our neighbors will be there,
 And we will laugh and talk with them and share with them their care.

Also, we know what we will have - a project lesson great
 Which our two leaders, we are sure, will be there to relate.

So on this day as of before we came from near and far.
 Each lady hoped it would not rain while she must drive the car.

But scarce had we begun our work, when loud the thunder roared,
 With frightful din upon the roof, the rain and hail fair poured.

We worried, yes, as women will, about the things at home.
 We pictured all our chickens drowned, also, the sheep that roam.

About the children off at school - and husbands in the field.
 To all the dire and dreadful things we let our fancies yield.

Our project lesson for the day was "Closets - trim and neat",
 Our hostess served a dainty lunch and gladly we did eat.

At last the rain was nearly o'er, there came an icy breeze
 From pine clad hilld where thick the hail, like snow lay 'mong the
 trees.

"Tis ill indeed, a wind that blows and serves nobody well
 And that same icy blast that day, for one good luck did spell.

For as a member of our aid, one by us all held dear,
 Was gathering thistles from the ditch to help the car to steer.

There in her hands among the weeds so wet and icy like
 A rattler raised his angry head but was too cold to strike.

And so at last we all reached home, our worries were in vain,
 For husband, Children, Chickens, sheep, all greeted us again.

We meet again on June the 3rd with Mrs. Cecil White
 And on this one day of the month we hope the sun shines bright.

In the 1920s, the State Universities began to reach out to the rural areas with their many facets of learning to the housewife, the youth, and the farmer himself. There were interesting demonstrations on Homemaking and farming. Tractors became a necessity and farmers could care for more land. There were 4-H Clubs for the youth and they learned to vie with each other to raise better calves and hogs or do better baking and sewing and all benefitted.

The first 4-H demonstration in this county was given by Bernadine Goellert and our daughter, Nellie, on altering a pattern to fit.

Ralph joined a Pig Club when he was twelve. He spent many hours getting them ready for the Fair, and I caught him with my hair brush and my best talcom powder on his way to give his pigs a royal toilette. When he was thirteen he won the State Championship which meant a week long trip to Chicago to see the National Stock show. Also, he won a gold watch from the Wilson Packing Co. but had to wait until he was fourteen to accept it and win all over again. He had no trouble winning the second year. He was a member until he was eighteen and has lead many clubs since.

Edwin was a member with a calf project and did well but was not as dedicated as Ralph.

4-H Clubs have broadened into many facets - Money Management, Legal Matters, Reading, Home Decorating, Electricity, Automotive, Entomology and Climatology and others. They are helpful and include urban as well as rural youth.

NEBRASKA

Nebraska, in a long past age was part of the Inland Sea that covered the Great Plains. When gigantic volcanic action threw up the great Rocky Mountains the Plains were tilting and drained so the water drained out of the Central States to the Southwest and into the Ocean. The Great Plains States were once the floor of the Inland Sea and evidence of this can still be seen.

A great sand basin was left in Nebraska. It blew back and forth through thousands of years until at last a bit of vegetation held with tenacious root in many places. Sand was held in little mounds until at last the land was in hills and valleys and became covered with vegetation. It was the prairie dog that was the greatest aid to the vegetation for it was by means of it's burrows that the moisture finally penetrated the hard dry surface enough to allow plant life. Buffalo grass, yucca and pines were among the first plants to hold and grow. Buffalo grass is a short, tough plant with wide spreading roots and is one of the most nutritious having a seed pod resembling wheat. It matures quickly and withstands the arid conditions amazingly well.

When the white men first came to Nebraska the Indians of the area never ventured into the Sand Hills. For some superstition

they feared them. Too, the white men feared they would lose their way if once they ventured away from trails they knew. In a winter blizzard which was especially vicious, a large cattle ranch along the North line of the hills lost a 1000 head of cattle that drifted into the Sand Hills with the storm.

The cattle men hesitated to go after them. Finally a young cowboy said he would go if he could have five or six men on horses to help drive the herd home. Six men volunteered to go. Instead of 1000 head of cattle they came out with 6000 of the fattest cattle they had ever seen. They were mavericks that had strayed into the hills. The men also reported that the Sand Hills were covered with lush grass, and that there was water in abundance in the area. It didn't take cattlemen long to grasp an opportunity to own such land.

The ranches are large in the Sand Hills, and there can be found the wealthiest people in the nation today. Nebraska beef is rated the best in the Nation. Tourists driving through the United States along the edge of the Sand Hills perimeter think Nebraska must be the most desolate state in the Union. Little do they know the value of those hills. Every acre is a heritage of gold.

When the Government put electric power lines in Nebraska towns and farms, they halted at the edge of the Sand Hills saying the cost would be prohibitive with so many miles of line between ranches. Mrs. Hilda Black, a rancher's wife, living at Lakeside in the edge of the hills, knew how much electricity would mean to the ranchers and knew that one ranch would use as much as a small town. She loaned the Government \$300,000. which was their estimate for putting in the lines, and told them to pay her back with the money they received in excess of what they figured on obtaining. In ten years she was paid back, the ranchers loving her for what she had done for them, held a big celebration at the burning of the mortgage.

THE 1930S

A depression of national scope spread across the country in the early 1930s. In 1929 everything was booming and a man could figure his wealth as considerable. Real property had doubled in price as had most personal property. The break came over night and Stock Markets fell, Banks closed, Savings and Loan companies failed. More than one heavy investor took his own life because he could not face the world as a poor man.

President Hoover began at once to set up the machinery to call a moratorium on drawing money from banks, but believed in doing all things through Congress which is a slow process. In the mean time an election was due and Franklin Roosevelt promised immediate aid to everyone and was elected and President Hoover went out of office a down cast and misunderstood man. No one

remembers that the Bank Moratorium was his idea.

President Roosevelt didn't bother to confer with Congress, he simply handed out the money putting the country on a welfare basis. He did help the people by loaning money at low interest and on long terms. The economy began to climb again but it was a slow process, and the midwest particularly slow because of a severe drought.

Several years in the 1930s the only feed we had for our cattle was a pest weed - the Russian thistle. If they were cut and put in small mounds and salted, a bit of moisture softened them and the cattle ate them quite well. Arguments that this land should have been left as pasture went to naught that year because only the cultivated land produced the thistles.

As if nature wasn't satisfied with a depression and a drought in this area, a horde of grasshoppers, the biggest and hungriest ones imaginable came and everything edible disappeared. The more one covered a particular plant to divert the visitors, the more they appreciated the shady, cool places to eat. The garden was as bare as the well swept floor. Even the onions were hollowed out in the ground and the bark eaten from fruit trees.

In spite of all the plagues of drought and hoppers and no money, we found much to appreciate in Western Nebraska, gifts not purchased with money. There was always fresh pure air, exotic scenery, and tall cool evergreens in the Pine Ridge nearby. Fascinating bad lands and beautiful Black Hills, and hour's drive away, and the people friendly, good neighbors. No one ever came from the 'wrong side of the tracks' unless they proved that that was the kind of life they wanted to live. All comers were welcome and had their chance to stay. So much to be thankful for.

Other major events that occurred in the 1930s that brought changes to our family were, Nellie and Edwin were graduated from High School and 1931 and 1934 and Nellie was married in 1934 and Ralph Jr. was married in 1936.

Nellie was married to Forrest Buchanan, a neighbor with whom she had gone to school. Forrest was the son of Reuben Mortimer Buchanan and his ancestors were war casualties from Ireland.

Two brothers were sent to America as war orphans to work. They were in their early teens and one was sent to New Amsterdam, the other to the Mass. Colony. Early in 1885 young Reuben and his brother, Montgomery, the two youngest of eleven children, with their mother, Christena White Buchanan came to Dawes County when the passenger train came only as far as Valentine, Nebr. A group came at that time but there were not enough wagons to haul all that they had shipped from their homes. Christina, the mother, age 65, walked from Valentine to make room in their wagon for a rocking chair, a hand carved table and a small chest of drawers. Reuben and Montgomery walked, too, leading the team of oxen and the cow.

As they came along the trail that passes near the Indian Reservation an Indian man came out and began to talk to Reuben. Of course, he didn't understand a thing he said but he didn't want to offend the Indian so he kept nodding his head in an affirmative way. The Indian took the cows halter from him and led her away, and Reuben made no protest, but the further he went the more he realized he simply had to have that cow. It meant so much of what they would have to live on. The next morning he borrowed a horse to ride and went back to where he found the ^{cow} peacefully grazing while the Indian sat in front of his teepee watching her. Reuben went up to the cow, took hold of her halter and led her away. The Indian made no protest at all.

The Buchanans came on past Chadron to the Deadhorse Creek just west of our home. With them a relative of Christina, Charley White, who took a homestead about four miles to the northeast. He married Nora Young who lived along the Deadhorse Creek, just south of our home. Nora lived to be near 100 in spite of a Rattle snake bite when she was quite young. Charley White has been gone many years but their three sons, Cecil, Harold and Dale still own the place and Cecil's son, Robert takes care of it. They have raised fine polled Herefords and Shorthorns cattle.

Rueben, Montgomery and their Mother built a dug-out until a house could be made. That was the practice of most homesteaders. Occasionally Christina's daughter, Cora Hutton (Mrs. Charles)), and her two small children came to stay a while with her. Charles Hutton was working on the railroad. The first summer the Buchanans were here they had to go to Valentine for groceries and supplies. That meant a trip of 380 miles, about four days from home. One day Reuben and Montgomery went to Valentine leaving Christina and Cora alone. They had heard so many stories of the cow boys and their rough life that they were afraid of them. Christina was outside the dug-out churning when three cowboys came by and they stopped and asked if they could have some buttermilk. Christina had told Cora to stay out of sight in the dug-out but she was curious to see a real cowboy so she walked past the doorway with little Charles in her arms. The cowboys saw her and immediately wanted to see a little white baby, so she brought the baby outside for them to admire. They were delighted and held him and played with him. They had seen nothing but Indian babies for so long.

They inquired if there was any work they could do for the women, and every day after that they came back to see if all was well with the new acquaintances who decided that all cowboys were not rowdies. After Reuben got a house built, Christina took a homestead near Trunk Butte, northwest of Reuben's and Mr. and Mrs. Hutton and Montgomery took land about eight miles to the southwest on Indian Creek.

The land across the creek from the Buchanan's was homesteaded by Bill West and purchased some years later by the Piersons. The Peirsons came from the same town in ^{Missouri} as the Buchanans, who had stopped there for a year on their way from Illinois. The Piersons' had a

daughter named Sadie. Clay Grantham came in 1884 and spent his first winter in a dug-out with Pierre Chadrone, a French Trapper for whom the town of Chadron was named. Clay homesteaded about two miles south of the Pierson and Buchanan Homesteads and later married Sadie Pierson.

In the fall of 1885 Chadron was incorporated and filled up rapidly. The Fremont and Elkhorn Railroad had reached the area. In 1903 Clay's father, T. Y. Grantham and wife came from Missouri. Some of their sons came with them and also, their daughter and an orphaned girl who had made her home with the Granthams since she was orphaned. She was Ollie Broderick, a nice looking, lively blonde girl. She took a job at the Buchanan's caring for Christina who died in 1904 and soon after she and Reuben were married. They had two children, Lorraine Christina who married Richard Schmechel and Forest Reuben, who married our daughter, Nellie.

Later in the 1930s our first grandchildren were born, Nellie and Forrest's sons Robert in 1935, and Dean in 1936 and so goes the circle as new countries fill up with families. We had bought the Pierson place in 1918. Mr Pierson had planted a row of cotton wood sprouts east of the house with a few to the south. The creek was on the west and north of the house, so we had good shade and windbreaks on all sides. The cottonwoods are great, majestic old trees now.

The marriage of Ralph Jr. to Ermine Whitsel was in 1936. Ralph had said from the time he was small that he would marry a girl who had had 4-H Club work so she would know how to keep house. And so he did. For a time they lived in town because Ralph was working for the Express Company. He was fortunate to have a job for work was hard to get, but it wasn't long until he was on a farm. Ermine's people were pioneers in Dawes County. Her mother, Sarah, was one of the family of John Butler. Her grandmother Whitsel was Amelia Chilton, a direct descendant of the James Chilton, of May Flower history. William and Amelia Whitsel's first son, Earl, was born in the Court House during an Indian scare. Sarah Butler and Earl Whitsel are the parents of Ermine, our sons wife.

In 1890 when the Indians of the Reservation were hungry and cold in the time of severe drought, the United States Government had cut their rations about one-third, although they had promised to give the Indians 13,000 acres more land, the Indians were easy prey to the wiles of a Pronta Indian from New Mexico bringing them the story that he had seen the Messiah. He led them in a series of ghost dances which were supposed to invoke the Messiah to give back to them their hunting grounds of old. To be closed in on a

reservation of some of the poorest land in Western Nebraska and South Dakota with a meager source of meat they were desperate, defeated and hungry.

At one time the Washington authorities sent each Indian man a McCormick grain binder to harvest his grain. They had no grain no land to grow it on, no knowledge of how to farm and nothing to farm with. They were not agricultural people. They didn't even know what to do with the binders so they were left to rust away in a fence corner. The makers of the machines reaped a nice reward, the Railroad got good pay for hauling them and the Indians were starving. It was a sad situation indeed.

The Indians restlessly started roaming around the country, finally congregating in a place called Wounded Knee, but they harmed no one. The settlers between the Reservation and Chadron began to bring their women and children to Chadron for protection. Many of them were billeted in the Court House, and were supervised by Chadron's Mayor, Jim Dahlman, the Texas cowboy who became Mayor and then went to Omaha and was made their Mayor. He was also the campaign manager for William Jennings Bryan running for President of the United States against William McKinley in 1889-1900. McKinley won on the issue of a high tariff on imports and a gold and silver standard. Bryan ran on a free silver, 16 to 1 basis and lost. Then he blamed Jim Dahlman for his defeat, and a fine friendship broke up. Politics can do such things.

THE 1940 YEARS AND GRANDCHILDREN

The 1940 years became even more memorable to much of the world than had the previous decade. Electrical and motor power had been coming to the fore since the turn of the century and by the 40s

had become universal and necessary. Man, as a source of power was pushed aside by mechanical power, but only temporarily because it was soon learned that man, skilled in caring for all the new equipment was more essential than ever.

Schools, Night classes, work shops, etc., were needed at once. The trusty old team, once so valued on a farm, was put out to pasture, and the old walking plow was left to rust away in a fence corner beside the horse drawn mower machine. Every farmer had to have a car, a truck and a tractor along with new machinery and air planes were becoming commonplace.

It was in December 1941 that the Japanese sent a group of their ambassadors over to Washington, D. C. to negotiate some new trade treaties and buy more of our scrap iron. They had been buying all they could of it. They were most affable while here, and we were gullible. While they were bowing and scraping and we were smiling back at them they sent a fleet of their airplanes to bomb our flotilla of war ships, peacefully lying at ease in the water of Pearl Harbor. They destroyed many of our best ships as well as killing many of our sailors. It was all planned so by them - a sneak attack indeed, while they deceitfully bargained with us as our guests. It is doubtful if they knew how nearly our Navy was done in with that blow.

Washington declared war at once, and the conflict was on. Edwin had enlisted in November but was called ahead of schedule and by Christmas was in Boot Camp at San Diego Naval Base. When the officers selected men for special training they chose Edwin to be a signal man. He had almost perfect eyesight and an extraordinary ability to memorize. He rode on the bridge above the deck and his captain called him "Flags".

As long as the war was on, the ship had to sail blacked out. Even a lighted match was forbidden. While in the Coral Sea, Edwin, riding on the bridge, spotted a periscope of a submarine. His ship set off a torpedo in the direction of the submarine. They saw it no more, but they did see an oil slick in the area where the submarine was. The crew of the ship didn't know that there was a serious battle in the Coral Sea at that time.

There was a negro on the crew who often boasted that he was not afraid of any bombing, but when a bomb struck near they noticed the black boys' complexion was close to white. One day the negro took a nap on the deck directly below the bridge. Although each man was allowed but one quart of drinking water a day, Edwin wasted most of his supply that day trying to pour some of it into the open mouth of the sleeping sailor. He finally succeeded and the frightened negro thought a bomb hit him. Edwin had a hearty but thirsty laugh.

Edwin told us many stories of the pranks played on each other. One time a ship sailing ahead of them put a case of beer at the end of a rope down in the water to cool. Their ship following proceeded to lariat the case of beer, pull it aboard and that was the last of that except for a lusty protest from ahead.

At one time their ship was docked in the Figi Islands to be unloaded quickly then return to the United States. For some reason no one unloaded anything except one day. That day United States Secretary of Navy Knox was there for a tour of inspection and they all worked like mad. The ship lay in dock for three months and there was little for the sailors to do. They could go swimming every other day, but their area was limited because of sharks and they could not go inland because of enemy sabotage. Edwin studied for his next advancement there and memorized the book. When at last the ship sailed it went to New Zealand where he took his test for his next rank and he rated 100. The examining officer raved about it saying no one could do that. So one day they gave him a surprise test thinking that he might have cheated. But again he had a perfect score, so they gave up and decided it could be done.

He was offered a petty officers rating next, but he wouldn't accept it. He said he had seen so many officers hated by the men that he would prefer not to be one. The ship Edwin sailed on for two years, I never heard a name except "The Old Rust Pot", was one held over from World War I, It carried warcargoes in the hold and it was manned by salty old seamen. The radio man, Edwin and

his under study were the only Navy men aboard. He sailed all the Seas except the one from Australia to India. He spent six months in the Mediterranean sailing from Africa across to Italy and Sicily and the roughest sailing he experianced anywhere was the Messina Straits between Italy and Sicily.

The only injury he received was in the Marshall Island in the Pacific and it was not due to the war. The ship was held up there for a few days and the boss organized a baseball team. Edwin and another player were both running for first base and as they slid in the knee of the other fellow struck Edwin in the face breaking his jaw bone and causing a concussion which kept him unconscious for several days and his ship sailed without him. His cousin, Betty Thompson, knew the doctor who attended him as they had been in training together at the Mayo Clinic. After three weeks he was flown to Guam where he caught his ship. There was a real celebration for his ship mates never expected to see him again.

In 1943 he was in harbor for several weeks at Beaumont, Texas, and went to some USO dances in Houston, Texas where he met Anita Mary Lewis, a pretty, black haired, French girl.

Anita's Mother was Anita M. LaBauve, born in St. Louis of Franch decent and raised in a Catholic Convent. Her Father, John Lewis was of French and German decent and was born in New Orleans. They owned a restaurant in Houston where they raised their family.

Edwin spent many happy days at her home with her family of two sisters and three brothers. She and Edwin were married but there was no time for a church wedding so they were married by a judge. Anita's Mother was very unhappy about it so when the war was over and they came to Nebraska they were married by the Priest in the Church here. Anita's parents are gone but her brothers and sisters all live in Houston, except John, who lives in El Paso, Texas.

Anita lived at home until near the end of the war when Edwin was stationed at New Orleans. He ended his Navy Career as Senior Signalman on the Commodor Flag Staff Ship, making trips from New Orleans to Guantanamo Base in Cuba. They lived in New Orleans and had a son, Edwin Jr., born January, 1945. Edwin described the streets of New Orealsn the night the war ended as the wildest he had ever seen - like all the Mardi Gras rolled into one. When he was discharged, he and Anita came to Chadron to live.

One April 13th during the war as I was doing my work one morning, I suddenly knew without any doubt that Edwin had fallen in the Ocean. It seemed not to be tragic, but just a light experience. I went to the calendar and noted the date. In a few months he was home on leave and I said to him, "Edwin, did you ever fall off the boat into the Ocean?" He said, "Yes, I did. We were having a drill for emergency and I got my feet tangled in a rope when we were letting a life boat down and just tumbled overboard." He could swim well but was a little afraid of sharks.

He said the fellows razed him a lot. We compared dates but he couldn't remember the exact date but said it was about the middle of April. It happened just as it did with Serena and Eliza Ann when Samuel Parker Macomber died in the Civil War. I do not know why some perceive more than others, but I do know that such things have happened.

During the war we had three more grandchildren in addition to Edwin Jr. Forrest and Nellie's Neil was born February 21, 1940, and their Annette on September 8th, 1943 and Ralph and Ermine's first child, Arvid was born March 2nd, 1943. All lived within a half miles of us, where we had built a new house during the war. October 27th, 1949, Barbara Alice was born to Forrest and Nellie,

Early in the 1950s we had two more granddaughters. Anita Kay was born December 17th, 1950, to Edwin and Anita and Garlan RaVae was born April 21st, 1951 to Ralph and Ermine, making us a total of ten grandchildren.

Ralph Jr. had been on our place since 1943 and told Edwin that if he wanted to come back and farm that he and Ermine would move to Ermine's Fathers place east of Chadron. Ralph Sr. insisted that Edwin take a year of G. I. on-the-job training before he tried farming so he took a year of mechanics training. Paul Rhoads, son of Ralph's brother Will, who owned a Service Station had a good mechanic from whom Edwin took his training.

When the year was up Ralph, Jr. and Ermine bought the place east of town and now have a well improved farm and a nice home.

It was a big change for Anita to live on a farm. She had always lived in Houston, and scarcely knew all of the farm animals. If anything, she had more to learn about the farm and housekeeping than I had. She would longingly say how she would love to walk between two rows of buildings that reached to the sky. She did very well at it without all the help I had from Ralph, because Edwin had much to learn, too. Anita learned to raise chickens and garden, can fruit and vegetables and did very well at raising their three children and keeping them in school. She was a good mother and taught them high principles.

THE BLIZZARD OF 1949

Beginning on January 1st, 1949 this part of Nebraska experienced one of the worst snow storms for many years. We got 64 inches of snow. The wind blew constantly for a month and snow fell nearly every day. The wind kept the roads closed in spite of all the shoveling the men could do. If they shoveled a mile of road they would have to shovel the fresh drifts out before they could return home. The piles of snow got so high along the roads that there was no place to throw more snow. The storm began on the first of the year and it was the middle of February before we could get out safely. Snow drifts almost reaching the telephone wires were still evident thru March.

Anita was expecting her second child in January. We knew we must get her to town and the only way possible was to have a small plane land on a hill top about a mile from home, that was swept clean by the wind. Nellie's husband, Forrest, had a good team and a bob sled. Forrest, Edwin and two other neighbors scooped snow most of the day and then it took them four hours to get Anita to the top of the hill in the sled. It was quite an experience for her as she had never ridden behind a team of horses nor in an airplane. Her oldest child, Edwin Jr., stayed with me and we were quite relieved when she got to town. It was a difficult birth and the doctors said both she and the child would have died had she not gotten to the hospital, but Ralph Richard arrived on January 30th, 1949, a fine healthy baby, and our sixth grandchild.

Our cattle had some shelter from the trees along the Deadhorse which ran close to our buildings and through the winter pasture. The cattle bedded down on the ice over the wide place in the stream. Twelve beautiful pheasant cocks stayed with them all through the storm. We had stacks of feed along the pasture fence Ralph could throw feed over the fence to the cattle each morning,

There were instances through the area where the cattle had no shelter, but a few trees along a lake or dam. They found a place to bed down on the ice. After warmer weather came they still preferred their bit of tree shelter and at last the ice gave way, drowning quite a number of them.

We were out of meat, but we didn't kill any of the pheasants. However, one morning a young deer jumped into the yard. Although Ralph had never killed one this one seemed like a providential happening. He shot it and we had meat.

The Government sent out Army jeeps and snow plows to assist in rescuing several families so snowed in that they couldn't manage. Especially along the edge of the tableland the drifts were enormous. One family escaped in a jeep that drove on the drift to an upstairs window to rescue them. Planes hauled baled hay to cattle on the open prairie.

One incident seemed about the worst in this area. A man living on the table land couldn't find some of his cattle. They had been pasturing among the trees below the high flat tableland. One day he noticed a large flock of magpies (a scavenger bird) in a clearing among the trees. He woked his way down to where they were and found his cattle drifted over until they couldn't get out but with their heads partly above the snow. Many of them were already dead, picked to death by the merciless birds who were eating their ears, eyes and the tops of their heads.

Planes brought groceries ordered by phone, dropping them in sacks near the houses. Nellie ordered a box of matches and some cabbage for Forrest's Mother who was a diabetic. When the sack hit the snow drift it ignited the matches, and the heads were

charred but they did not blaze, but the odor of sulphur had penetrated everything until it couldn't be used.

Our neighbor had ordered a sack of flour and a box of powdered soap. Both packages burst when the sack fell and the contents were mixed. She said she didn't know whether to bake or to wash with it. I had a little yeast and made a starter so I could bake bread when we needed it. How little Eddie, Jr. enjoyed playing with a bit of the dough. He made little loaves from it, of course, dropped it several times and it was somewhat off color but he ate it with no apparent harm.

One thing for which we were grateful was the perfect service on our telephone line. We had genuine round table chats every morning.

Our new home was about the same distance from Nellie's and the place where both Edwin and Ralph lived. Nine of our grandchildren had been close by when they were small. Only Garlan, who was born after Ralph and Ermine moved east of Chadron was not close to us when she was small. Everyone of the nine took a turn at running away to our house except Barbara.

When Arvid first ran away, we heard Ermine calling for him frantically. Just then Ralph saw his little white head come into view over the fields of grain, so he ran and picked him up so that Ermine could see him.

When Dean decided he could find his way, he had been eating watermelon and it was a hot, dry, dusty season. Walking was too difficult so he crawled. Nellie discovered ^{him} in the dusty road and brought him to show me. He was so dirty.

1950

The half century mark was reached. Looking back there were so many changes since the days when I skipped rope to school every day without a thought of being afraid to be run down while crossing the street. Even the few cars that were there traveled at a speed of about 25 miles and hour and felt that was a frantic speed. From horse drawn vehicles, buggies or wagons, with a lantern in case of emergency - to the time when electricity lights much of our road and street, and our cars have lights front and back at the flick of a switch. All the years of Mother's life except a few at the last had been lived in those "Lantern" days.

Another drastic change was in the style of clothes -- especially those of "My-lady". From the long dresses of those early 1900 days, with their high collars and long sleeves and at least two full ruffled petticoats, to the present styles of short dresses for any time of day. Somehow the long skirts which fashion is pushing hard to bring back do not interest me much. I grew up in them and still recall the sense of freedom of movement introduced with the short skirts.

I still recall watching the perfectly dressed women with their tailored suits of high collar, long sleeves and skirts that they must gather with their gloved right hand and hold daintily just high enough to keep them from sweeping the dirty streets. And of being embarrassed the first time I 'dared' to walk down the street with sleeves just below the elbow. It seemed that every one was looking at me.

I don't recall, though, what people told me about my strutting along the street with my head held high clutching a not too long skirt with my right hand and holding it up much more than was necessary, when I was about four or five. It must have been one of the moments of wanting so much to be a fine lady.

After the long presidential terms of Roosevelt and Truman, 1930 - 1948, many of the young people coming of the age to vote in 1950 had never known anything other than Roosevelt and his vice-president who followed his footsteps quite closely. Roosevelt had introduced the Welfare State system and there are many today who still like to follow those principles.

From 1948 to 1956, Eisenhower served as President. He had been Chief of Staff of the Allied Forces in Europe during World War II. He was highly esteemed by everyone and was successful in bringing the Korean war to an end.

During the war years we managed on the farm with only a pickup for conveyance and work because the Government asked us to get along with as few vehicles as possible to save for the Armed Forces, so we sold our car.

Ralph was always patient and even-tempered. All children adored him and among the neighborhood men he was called the peace maker. If two men found occasion to use hot tempered words, Ralph would apparently pay no attention to the quarrel, but in a pause he would unexpectedly make some witty remark about the cause of the fight. Then everyone would laugh and forget the argument.

In 1951 I was elected as President of the Chadron Women's Club. It was quite an undertaking because we had a membership of 150 and had three departments to manage. That meant a club meeting every Tuesday for two years. Thinking back over those years of being the Club President, I have often wondered if the membership wasn't embarrassed at seeing my conveyance.

In 1952 I had the chance to join a group of Club Women taking lessons in painting from Etha Brooks, wife of Dr. W. G. Brooks, our college president. Her thought was that through the Women's Club she could interest the public in art to the extent that they would allow a stronger art department in some of the new buildings being designed for our campus. I think I was the oldest one to take the class but I'm sure no one enjoyed it more. Ralph was most patient with my being gone so much. He enjoyed the pictures but we spent much time in the open getting our pictures from nature

and I would come with a rash over my face and chest and breathing hard. It was Asthma. The doctors here, in Denver and at Mayo Clinic all said it was a congenital heart asthma which I had always had in some form and they could only relieve but not cure it. It was inherited from my Father but medical science has found much more to control it than was available to him.

During the 40s I wrote a series of historical articles of the settling up of Western Nebraska. They were sold to the Chadron Record. The editor, Maurice Van Kirk, put the articles in book form and I named it, "A Stream Called Deadhorse," because of the many interesting tales told of how the stream got it's name. The stories were told to me by old timers and the third edition is on the market.

In 1957, a Nebraska Chapter of the National League of American Pen Women was established. Having sold many paintings and writings I was invited to become a Charter Member. We began with only five members but have grown to 25 here. We were instrumental in setting up an Omaha Branch and in so doing lost 12 of our members to them as it was closer for them to go to Omaha. Many talented women belong to the league, so talented that I feel very humble among them. In spite of their talents they are friends I hope always to keep.

In the spring of 1957 Ralph and I went with Ralph's brother, Geroge, and his wife to the sale of a house belonging to an elderly couple who could no longer keep it up. To the surprise of all of us, Ralph bought the place. He said he just thought he would put it in good shape and rent it. So we went to town every morning and worked on the house, getting it painted inside and out and making changes in the lighting and kitchen and really enjoyed making it more libeable. The rooms were all large and on one floor. There was a spacious porch on the east side, where we enjoyed the afternoon shade. By the time the place was in shape to rent, Ralph decided he wanted to live there.

The trips to town - 10 miles each way - were beginning to get hard on both of us. Edwin and Anita had bought our farm on the Deadhorse. We had given the old Red Pickup to Edwin with the farm and bought a Mercury Monterey. It was a good car and delightful to drive after all the years in the pickup.

We made a trip back to our old home at Falls City and visited relatives and friends there and in eastern Kansas. It was in the fall and weather was fine for the trip. The sand hills and the bluffs along the Missouri at the eastern boundary of the State were almost beyond description with their gorgeous colors. The grass in the Sand Hills was lush and had colored with fall to show all of the colors nature can produce. Huge cottonwood trees were medallians of gold against the azure sky. The oak trees covered the river bluffs with red and bronze and seeing them I realized how much I had missed them all the years we had lived in Western Nebr.

We came home across Northern Kansas, to Sterling, Colorado, then north through western Nebraska. It was beautiful every mile of the way. Not many falls are as right for richness of color as that year of 1957.

Ralph enjoyed the trip more than I had thought he would because he had always been adverse to being away from home very long. To my surprise, the high point of his trip was a chance see the tree he had planted at the Falls School when he was a boy. Several of the pupils had planted trees on Arbor day but Ralph's was the only one that survived a hot dry summer. The reason; every day he took a bucket of water that quarter of a mile to the school grounds and watered his tree - an ash - which he named Longfellow. So we hurried to the tree as fast as we could. It was a beautiful tall tree near the gate and I took a picture of him under the tree.

Seeing the four sides of the state and being so thrilled with it's variety of beauty I described it in these few lines:

Hills of green, fields of gold;
Streams of crystal, clear and cold.

Miles of ribboned highway grey,
Cattle red, beside the way.

Sage and sand hill, gleaming bright,
Purpling in the evening light;

Apples turning autumn's hue,
Or all a sky of blue,

That's Nebraska

For three years I had written a column titled "The Rural View" conveying my thrill with nature as rural people can enjoy it. After we moved to town I tried to continue but the writing fell flat. I couldn't write what I couldn't experience. I had to watch the activities of the fields and woods - to hear the small creatures night sounds or watch the birds in their flight. Writing of something you are foreign to has no depth or imagination to give it sparkle.

1960

The early sixties were sad for us. My asthma was bothering more each day and most of my activities came to a halt. I tried to paint once in a while but it was hard to do. Ralph's reasoning power was ebbing daily and his kind disposition was changing. He couldn't understand why I couldn't do the things I always had done, but he would do anything Nellie wanted him to do. Much of my time was spent in the hospital.

In 1961 Nellie insisted that both Ralph and I should come to her home to live where she could look after us and still carry on her work.

Ralph enjoyed unusually good health through the years. Walked a lot and drove a car until he was 80. He read the newspaper from start to finish every day, nearly always out loud and often without the aid of glasses. He was a beautiful reader. When he learned to read everyone in the school studied reading out loud and all at the same time. He lost one tooth which was the extent of his dental care and he walked as straight at 80 as he ever had. He had always worked hard and his shoulder and neck muscles were muscle-bound causing an obstruction to the circulation to his head. A cerebral hemorrhage took him quietly in his sleep on December 13th, 1963. The children chose a polished oak casket for him because it reminded them of his old rocking chair. They loved to sit on the wide arms of it and talk to him.

I was glad death came easily for him. He was almost 81. The loneliness left by his passing still lingers.

I was in very poor health for several months and spent most of the time in the hospital. By summer I was better and made several trips to the Black Hills with the Sketch Club to paint. Usually we stayed in the cabins at Game Lodge or Legion Lake. Sometimes we cooked a little but usually spent most of our time sight-seeing and painting. We saw several plays at the Black Hills Play House and the Passion Play at Spearfish. Those were real fun times for us and I have many memories of painting days.

I was feeling more like painting these days and won a State award for design representing the State of Nebraska. I was interrupted in this painting with a stay in the hospital and when I was released I only had a few days to get it finished. The painting contained a meadow lark, our state bird, and when great-grandson, Ralph, age two, saw it he said, "Mmm Duck" and with his finger, smeared it clear across the painting. I simply couldn't paint another stroke that day but the next day I did it over. I won the \$50.00.

In 1964, my granddaughter, Annette, went with me on the plane to Kansas City and then to Falls City. We visited all the old friends and relatives and attended a picnic at Leavenworth, Kansas and saw many neices and nephews. All of George's and Mabel's children were there. I visited there another time while Nellie attended a business meeting at the College in Lawrence, Kans.

In 1965, Chadron celebrated it's 75th anniversary - the Diamond Jubilee. Nine days after the town was incorporated, the First Congregational Church held it's first gathering in Chadron so it was also their Diamond Jubilee. That year I wrote a seventy-five year history of the church.

In December of 1966 I went to California and stayed with my granddaughter, Annette, and her husband, Douglas Kirk. I had lots of fun with my little great granddaughter, Kimberly Annette, who was six months old when I arrived. During Christmas Vacation we went to southern California for the Rose Parade and a visit to Disneyland.

In May of 1967 the Pen Women had a Regional Midwestern State's convention in Chadron. Being Nebraska's State President at that time, I was made Chairman of the convention, which was held at the Campus Center of Chadron State College and was well attended. Nebraska, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, North and South Dakota and Kansas were represented. The National President, Esther Dixon, attended as did presidents of most of the states. Mrs. Haven Smith, a nationally known speaker gave the address. It was a beautiful and smooth running three day affair. Nellie made my formal for the banquet and Barbara and her friend Kathy did the the serving for one of the afternoon sessions dressed as Indian Maidens. We finished by taking several of the visitors thru the Black Hills on the fourth day.

After the convention I put on a one man show at the Episcopal Guild Hall and sold six paintings at that time. Of course, I continued to painting in every free minute. Forrest and I had many arguements about which smelled the worst, turpintine or cigars.

In the fall of 1967 I had an unusual accident. A cat jumped at me and bit my leg - took a chunk right out of it. The poison spread rapidly and I was not able to walk for ten weeks. It finally did heal and doctor dismissed me one December day.

I had lost a lot of time so started to make it up. Almost that same day, Mrs. Geirau called to see if I wanted to go to California again. Of course, I did and I stayed for six months with Annette and Douglas. We did and saw so many interesting things - the Big Sur, Sutters Mill, Daffodill Hill, Hearst Castle, Yosemite Park, the Redwoods and so many things. We went someplace nearly every week end and I enjoyed seeing everything so much. I painted during the week while they were at work and sold nearly \$1000. worth of paintings that year that I was , not 29, but 79 years old.

We came back to Nebraska about the 4th of July and Douglas and Annette visited here that summer. I was glad to be back and see all my old friends and to do a lot more painting.

In 1968, Nellie took two of the Sketch Club friends and me to the beautiful land of the Tetons and Yellowstone Park. We left home on the 26th of June and returned on the 30th, but regardless of the summer season, it snowed 15 inches in the Park.

In spite of several sieges in the hospital, I continued to be active, to a degree, in the Women's Club and the Congregational Church. I was president of the Council of Church Women one year and am still on the Board of Directors of the Women's Club. I

attend the National League of Pen Women's meetings but gave up the job of Treasurer when I was 81.

In October of 1969, Nellie drove to Florida to visit her children, Dean, Neil and Barbara. She took my friend Margaret Hebbert and me along and we planned to do some painting and traveling about the State. But again, my plans went a-gee. The first night I missed seeing a step in Neil's home and fell, shattering a bone in my spine. I spent my trip in Cape Canaveral Hospital - a fine hospital with good doctors. I was fitted with a heavy brace after a time and amazed all of them by being able to walk. They had told me I would be a wheelchair patient, but I have walked many miles since then.

I was released on my 81st birthday, November 30, 1969, and there was a cake and gifts at Neil's home. The grandchildren were wonderful to, coming to see me everyday after Nellie and Margaret left.

In about two weeks after I was released to come home on the plane, but was never able to see much of Florida.

Much of my time in the 1970s has been spent in my chair working on this book, writing countless letters to obtain some of the information. I am still able to get around by myself and attend Church and meetings if the weather is good, but missed for the first time seeing the Black Hills this summer. Perhaps the summer of 1974 will be better.

There are few elderly people who are as fortunate as I am in having a good home provided for them. Or, as my friends say, "There are not many Nellie's in the world". If all the elderly people I know had just a little of the attention I get in Nellie's and Forrest's home, what a happy world this would be.

I have written this book so that my decendants may know their heritage as they have ancestors who have been in America since it's beginning - they can say, "This is my Country". Their allegiance is here and they need to know that their ancestry had a part in building the country to what it is today.

Each of them will be different and that is essential to prevent a one-sided society. May they each have a chance to follow a desired path and have the strength to mold an environment which will credit them and their nation.

Since I am the last of the original composite family, I leave these stories for all now and to come of the families I have traced through the past.

My wish - May God's blessing for good be with each one of them.

A SUPPLIMENT

THE CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN OF RALPH S. AND

MINNIE (MACOMBER) RHOADS

Our daughter, Nellie, and her husband Forrest Buchanan lived on their farm near ours for 22 years. Their five children were born there and Forrest's Mother, Ollie, lived with them until her death in November 1948. In 1942 Forrest's health began to fail and although he managed the farming and ranching operations he hired the work done, except what the boys could do, and he worked in an office in town. Nellie did considerable work outside and raised a big garden and did lots of canning and sewing.

In 1955, Forrest developed a serious heart condition and they rented their farm and moved to Chadron. They bought an Insurance and Real Estate business and both went to work. The two oldest boys were gone from home and the three younger children were still in school. The home they bought was only a block from school which made it much easier than the eleven miles they had been driving.

Nellie worked in the office and attended night school at the college, then took training for selling life insurance in Scottsbluff, Nebr., Denver, Colo. and Fort Wayne, Indiana. She has been a Special Agent for the Lincoln National Life Insurance Co. for 18 years, although she has not worked at it much the last five years and has been teaching Art which she studied in her early years of college. Forrest's health is improved now and he is working for the Panhandle Educational Unit, delivering film and equipment to all the schools from Gordon to Harrison, Nebr.

ROBERT BUCHANAN, their oldest son, was an average student, but very good in Athletics, in football and basketball all through high school and was on the State Championship team in his senior Basketball.

He married blonde, Bertha Woodward soon after graduation and they lived on the farm for three years after which they went to California. Leaving Nebraska with an old car, two children Wayne, age two, and Deborah, one, and \$350. they started to seek their special place in the world.

Bob worked at several jobs and got some schooling in California. When the floods were bad and there was talk of two large dams breaking just above them one night, they packed their belongings in a U-Haul and left for Nebraska. The next morning they heard by radio that there was four feet of water at the location of their former home. Bob worked at several jobs here but didn't find what he was looking for. While carpentering, he cut off part of two fingers and a thumb which handicapped him for that trade.

FORREST R. AND NELLIE (RHOADS) BUCHANAN FAMILY



Forrest & Nellie



Group 1959



Forrest and Nellie 1972



Robert Wayne



Deborah Ruth



Robert and Bertha



Ralph William



Rebecca Sue

Home in
Chadron,
Nebraska



BUCHANAN FAMILY



Dean F. and Nancy



Ian Forrest



Patrick Reid



Douglas and Annette Kirk



Kimberly
Annette Kirk



William
James Kirk



Neil L. and Virginia



Barbara Alice

Two more children were born here, Ralph, on Christmas morning in 1960 and Rebecca, July 29, 1966, and they moved to Idaho in January of 1967 where they recently purchased a dairy near Rupert, Idaho. They have a lovely home and Bertha is very artistic in decorating it. Bob is a Master Mechanic for Delmonte canneries and Bertha is a Tester for Craft Cheese Factory there.

ROBERT WAYNE BUCHANAN, oldest son of Robert and Bertha and my oldest grandchild, has brown eyes and blonde hair and has always been an exceptional student. His name is in Who's Who in America and he has won several Idaho State awards in 4-H and FFA. He does lots of skiing and is very good at it. He went to college at Chadron State for his first year of premedical training and has been in the Army Medical Corp for two years.

DEBORAH RUTH BUCHANAN, daughter of Robert and Bertha was graduated from Brooks College of Fashion Design and Modeling in Los Angeles in 1973 and spent that summer traveling in Europe before taking a job. She works in a fashionable clothing factory in Los Angeles. She is blonde, pretty and has always worked very hard at what she does.

RALPH WILLIAM BUCHANAN, Second son of Robert and Bertha, is tall with brown eyes and blonde hair. He shows exceptional flair for making money. He got his start at the age of eight, selling fish worms and opening gates for fishermen. He hasn't shown much interest in school but has \$1,000. out on interest. He likes dogs and hunting and fishing.

REBECCA SUE BUCHANAN is a sweet, blue eyed, blonde child and has spent some time with us in the summers. When I was ill, she was always the first one to answer my bell and seemed to love to push my wheel chair or do any errand I wished. She has spent all of her savings for a piano and loves it.

DEAN FREMONT BUCHANAN, second son of Forrest and Nellie, is very blonde and has always been an exceptional student of Mathematics. He knew at an early age that he wanted to go to the Navy and when he was fifteen he ran away to join but his father persuaded him to come back and finish school with the promise that he would send him to the Navy in style when he was old enough. After one Semester of College he enlisted in the Navy Air Force and studied electronics at the best Navy schools. After four years in the service he was graduated from the South Dakota School of Mines in 1962, with a degree in Electronics.

In his Junior^{year}/at college he was married to Nancy Marie Hovde, a dark, charming, South Dakota girl, who was an X-ray Theropist in Rapid City.

Dean worked first for Collins Radio and finally for IBM in New York and in Cape Canaveral. He held many jobs of importance during his fifteen years in the Space Program including being head

of the Guiding and Timing Systems for the Moon Program and Head of the Space Lab Program. He was introduced to Presidents Johnson, Kennedy and Nixon. In the summer of 1973 he quit his job with I B M and has started a Business Brokerage of his own in Melbourne, Florida, with other business interests around Merritt Island and Titusville.

Dean and Nancy have two fine sons. IAN FORREST BUCHANAN is nine and like his father, very blonde and an exceptional student. He is enrolled in a special school for gifted children at this time - 74-75 term. PATRICK REID is five and very unusual child - serious, but still witty and loves fun. He has very red hair and black eyes and has just started to school this year.

NEIL LESLIE BUCHANAN, third son of Forrest and Nellie, has grey eyes and dark hair and is the tallest of all my grandchildren. My favorite story of Neil is this one. He came into the house one morning for the third time, soaking wet and muddy and wanted clean clothes to put on. Nellie said, "Neil Leslie - do you know that this is the third outfit of clean clothes for you this morning? Now this has to stop". "I know it, Mom", he said apologetically. Then with a note of triumph, "But Mom, I got that frog".

Neil followed closely in Dean's foot steps thru the Navy Air Force. Attending the same schools and doing the same jobs. He enjoyed all the characters he met in the service. He went to college a while at several different times but couldn't stay in one place long enough to graduate. He worked in Denver for Martin-Marietta for a while then joined the University of Denver Research Team. He played ball with the Denver Truckers and enjoyed the mountains there. After three years he came home and intended to finish college but was in a serious accident but after several operations and ten months with one arm in a cast he finally recovered enough to go to Florida and stayed with Dean until he got a job in the Space program, where he worked up fast and has been Supervisor of the Countdown Systems for several years. He, too, has been introduced to the Presidents.

He married a Florida girl, Virginia Warnock, a lovely girl with brown hair and eyes who was in nurses training. She finished after they were married and has worked for a doctor in Rockledge, Florida, since. They have a lovely home in Merritt Island and take great pride in it.

Neil and Virginia have lots of friends and both like to hunt and fish with their dog, Gunga Din, so make many trips in the tropical climate of Florida. They visited us at Thanksgiving time in 1973 and Virginia saw snow for the first time. Forrest, Nellie, Neil and Virginia and Barbara drove from Chadron to Bob's home in Idaho and Annette and Douglas with their family, came from California to meet all at Bob's so Virginia met all of Neil's family and they her, for the first time.

ANNETTE BEA BUCHANAN, daughter of Forrest and Nellie, is a pretty girl, red-blond hair and blue-green eyes. She is an extravert and a manager, and a good student. She went to the National School of Business in Rapid City, South Dakota, and was voted one of the ten prettiest girls in Rapid City. She was graduated top in her class, and worked two years as secretary to the owner of the school. Her picture was used for the School's advertising brochures. She came back to Chadron to finish college and during that time was married to Douglas Jerome Kirk, a graduate of Chadron State College and teaching his first term of school.

After Douglas' second year of teaching in this area, KIMBERLY ANNETTE was born, June 6, 1966, and later that summer they moved to California where Douglas has taught and continued his education. He has gained a remarkable reputation for teaching and organizing Auto Mechanics programs for High Schools in the area.

Annette worked for about three years as an accountant for the schools in their county. Then WILLIAM JAMES was born on February 14, 1970, and she turned most of her attentions to her family, but taught a limited number of piano students in her home.

Kimberly is a lovely child with dark blue eyes and dark hair. She loves her dancing and is very good in school. Billy is blonde and a big, strong boy who could ride a bicycle and dive at the age of four. He started to school this term of 1974-75.

Douglas and Annette have a lovely home and do lots of 4-H and Lions Club work in their town, Tracy, California, and attend the Methodist Church.

BARBARA ALICE BUCHANAN, youngest daughter of Forrest and Nellie is a tall dark girl, very stylish and attractive in her dress. She was graduated from Chadron State College in May, 1973, with a teaching degree in Home Economics and Art. She is very talented and seems to enjoy teaching and has lots of friends.

After her second year of college she was very tired of school so went to Florida for a year and worked at the Buchanan-McMillan Insurance Agency. Again, Dean and Nancy, played host and she stayed with them until she got a start.

Barbara has always enjoyed visiting her older brothers and sister and has made many trips to California, Idaho and Florida. She is a favorite among her nieces and nephews, the oldest of whom are only a little younger than she.

RALPH SAMUEL RHOADS, JR., and ERMINE (WHITSEL) RHOADS, our oldest son and his wife have continued to live on the farm east of Chadron since leaving our place. They have built it into a beautiful place. They raise Black Angus cattle and do lots of farming. Ralph has a nice shop and does about all of his own repair work as well as some for his neighbors. He does some farming and raises quite a lot of wheat.

Ermine keeps her house beautifully and spends lots of time in her yard and garden. She does a tremendous amount of sewing and a number of crafts. She sews for her four lovely grandchildren, makes suits and sportcoats for Ralph and their son Arvid and of course, for their daughter, Garlan and Arvid's wife, Beckie.

Ralph and Ermine attend the Methodist Church and are active in many civic affairs.

ARVID JAY and REBECCA (BROST) RHOADS, son of Ralph and Ermine took one year of music at Chadron State College. Romance stepped in -- he met Rebecca Jane Brost, a pretty, blue eyed, dark haired girl. Soon after they were married he joined the Army and was trained in Air Conditioning and Refrigeration. They were stationed at Corpus Christi, Texas for a time and then at Marionette, Michigan. After leaving the service they lived in Michigan until their two children Nadine and Arjay, were about ready for school, then moved back to Nebraska as they didn't want to raise their family in the city. They have helped Ralph on the farm a lot of the time but are living at the Chadron Job Corp Center now where Arvid is teaching crafts and doing excellent work in guiding the young men there for training.

They have two more small daughters, SARAH and WENDY. All four of the children are very bright, lovely, blue eyed, youngsters and Rebecca is a calm, even tempered mother for them, she is talented and capable in many ways.

GARLAN RAVAE, daughter of Ralph, Jr. and Ermine, was graduated from Chadron State College in 1973 with a degree in Science. She worked on the farm with her parents through-out her college years and did lots of horse back riding as well as tractor and truck driving.

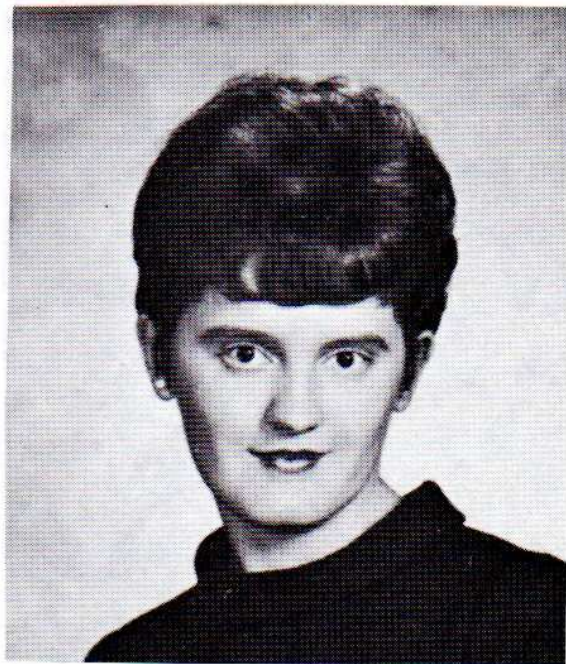
Garlan is nice looking with brown eyes and hair and dresses beautifully. She plays the piano and the organ and has a particular interest in politics. She is working at the Chadron Community Hospital until she enters nurses training.

She is the only one of my grandchildren I was not living close to when she was small and although she visits me and I often spend holidays with the family, I have never had quite as much association with her as I have with the others.

RALPH S. RHOADS JR. FAMILY



Ralph & Ermine



Garlan RaVae



Arvid J. & Rebecca



Nadean RaVae



Arjay B.



Sara Louise



Wendy Colette

EDWIN E. RHOADS FAMILY



Edwin & Anita



Ralph R. and Karen

Matthew Allen Rhoads
Born: June 5, 1975



Edwin E. Jr. and Sharon



Tabetha Ann & Kodee Lynn



Dale R. and Anita Kay Rising



Tandy Kay & Curtis Dale

EDWIN EUGENE and ANITA (LEWIS) RHOADS, youngest son of Ralph Sr. and Minnie (Macomber) Rhoads, lived on the farm southwest of Chadron until 1966 when they bought a service station and garage in Chadron - the one Edwin had worked in when first leaving the Navy. They bought a nice home, completed raising their family and still live there. Edwin works hard at his business and Anita works at the Chadron Community Hospital. Their life is very busy and altho all of their children are married, they live close by and spend a deal of time at home. Holidays are gay affairs with all the children and grandchildren. Anita is a good cook and they all love to come home. She does lots of baby sitting and enjoys it but with her job it keeps her almost too busy.

EDWIN EUGENE, JR. and SHARON BRODRICK, oldest son of Edwin Sr. and Anita, stayed with us the first three years he was in high school. The last year he lived at home and drove to school as I was not able to keep him. After his graduation he went to school in Grand Junction, Colorado, then came back to attend Chadron State College. In his Junior year he was married to Sharon Brodrick a pretty brown eyed, red haired, Chadron girl.

After graduation he was principle and taught seventh and eighth grades for two years, then worked at several jobs; the gold mine in Lead, South Dakota, painting, etc. and this year finished getting his teaching degree and was on the Dean's list last semester. He is teaching in the Alliance Public Schools now.

Sharon has worked hard all of these years and has a job as secretary for the Head Start program in this area. She is a marvelous housekeeper, too.

Edwin Jr. and Sharon have two small daughters, TABETHA ANN and KODEE LYNN, who are both darlings. Tabetha has just nicely started to school and was always a little shy but Kodee never saw a stranger - she loves everyone. They both have very dark hair and eyes.

RALPH RICHARD and KAREN (KEARNS) RHOADS- Ralph, second son of Edwin Sr. and Anita, is a handsome fellow with dark wavy hair and brown eyes. He always showed great interest in farming and growing things but has a tendency toward asthma, which prevented much work on the farm as well as athletics in high school. He went to college in Chadron for a while, but unfortunately married soon. They had a son, Richard Lynn, whom Ralph adored, but when they divorced the mother took the child. It hurt Ralph deeply.

In 1973, he was married again to a lovely blonde girl, Karen Kearns, who received her teaching degree in 1973 in the same class with my two granddaughters, Garlan and Barbara. They married right after graduation and live in a mobil home in Chadron. Karen is teaching her second term of school and Ralph is in charge of

ordering supplies for the Chadron Community Hospital. They seem very happy and are expecting their first child this summer, 1975.

DALE and ANITA KAY (RHOADS) RISING - Anita Kay, daughter of Edwin and Anita, is a very attractive girl with blue eyes and brown hair who is known to her friends as Neets. She inherited her father's love and ability for playing jokes. She finished high school here where she was a favorite with teachers and students alike for her gay, clean pranks of fun.

She married soon after graduation to Dale Rising, who at the time was in the Army. They spent the first two years of their marriage over seas and their son, CURTIS DALE, was born in Heidelberg, Germany on February 12, 1970.

Dale likes rodeo and has gained much recognition in Europe and America for his riding ability. They came back to America, were discharged, when their son was five months old. They purchased a home in Crawford, Nebraska, a town about 25 miles from Chadron and Dale works for the Railroad. They have lots of friends and seem very happy.

Curtis Dale looks like Anita Kay but inherited Dale's love of horses and activity. They have a small daughter, TANDY KAY, a beautiful, healthy, baby, born October of 1973. She has brown hair and blue eyes.

My Mother's Ancestry Duryea Line

1

DURYEA CLAUS WETMORE HAYES JARVIS
BACON FACUNDUS SMITH

Cont.

Jacob Duryea
bap. 8-26-1750
m 10-9-1771
d 8-27-1779

Joshua Duryea
b 1775 LI NY
m
d Pa.

Sarah Smith

Jacob Duryea
b 4-23-1795 LI NY
m 12-25-1844 Pa.
d 8-17-1859 Pa.

Sarah Jarvis

Sylvennus Morton
Duryea
b 3-10-1831 Pa.
m(1) 1856 Pa.
d 2- 1877 FC Ne.

Beriah 3 Wetmore
b 6-2-1707 Cont.
d about 1790

Andrew Bacon
Wetmore

Thankful Gracia
Wetmore
b 1-18-1801
d 2-11-1884

Abigail Bacon
b 11-24-1742 Cont.

Lucy ?
d 11-26-1835

Nellie Ermina Duryea
b 10-20-1857 Wisc.
d 1-8-1938 Ne.
m John Wesley Macomber
See Macomber Line

Ruben Claus
b Germany
m 4-10-1763 G.
In Mohawk Valley
1807 to Tioga Co. Pa.

Benjamin Claus
b 5-4-1801 NY
m (1) 1833/4 NY
m (2) Nancy
Dockstader
d 5-4-1875

Maria Margaretha Facundus
Germany

Celestia
Elizabeth Claus
b 1-4-1835 Pa.
d 1-18-1887

Elizabeth Hayes

2 My Mother's Ancestry Duryea Line

TERHUNE WYCHOFF SCHENCK BACON WETMORE
LEFEVRE DEHASS OTKINSON HALL
MILLER

Simon Duryea
Nobleman France

Joost Duryea
b 1635 France

Unknown

Charles Duryea
b ab.1690

Magdalena LeFevre

Isaac LaFevre

Fanneje Broderick

Joost Duryea
b 1709

Johannas Schenck

Repeat
Jacob Duryea
b 1750

Cornelia Schenck

Magdalena De Hass

Willimype Terhune

Roeluf Terhune

Marretji Wychoff

William
Wetmore
Eng

Andrew Bacon
b 6-14-1666
m 2-12-1691
d 6-1-1723

John Wetmore
England

Joseph Bacon
b 4-20-1706
m 4-20-1832

Thomas Wetmore
b 1615 Eng.
d 12-11-1681 Conn.

Mahitable Wetmore
b 6-1-1669
d 1-19-1732

Mary Platte
(2) Otkinson

Repeat
Abigail Bacon

Thomas Wetmore
b 1615 Eng.

John & William

Bethiah Wetmore
b 1-22-1706

Samuel Wetmore
b 9-10-1655
m 12-13-1687
d 5-12-1746

m(1)
Sarah Hall

John Hall
b 5-26-1573 Eng.
d Age 89 Conn.
Ann Willicke
d Ab. 1590 Eng.

Mary Bacon
b 4-7-1664
d 5-24-1709

Nathaniel Bacon
b Ab. 1630 Eng.
d 1-22-1705
m(1)
Anna Miller
d 7-6-1680

Thomas Miller

Isabella ?

My Mother's Ancestry Duryea Line

WETMORE BOWMAN STOW ANDREWS HALL ATKINSON
FLETCHER SHERMAN WILLICKE BIGG

William Wetmore
Devenshire Eng.

John Wetmore
b Eng. To America
1635 & 5 Children
Deputy Gen. Court
1643. Rep. New Haven
Assembly 1647. Killed
by Indians 10-1648
Thomas Wetmore
b 1615 Eng.
d 12-11-1681 Conn.

John Hall
b 5-26-1573 Eng.
d Age 89 Conn.
40 yrs. in America
Ann Willicke
d ab. 1690

Beriah 1 Wetmore
b 11-2-1658
m 9-8-1691
d 4-11-1756

m(1) Sarah Hall
m(2) Mary
(Platte) Atkinson
m(3) Katherine
(Leets) Robards

Beriah 2 Wetmore
b 4-23-1707
m 2-7-1737
d 1790 Conn.

Beriah 3 Wetmore

John Stow
Rev. Samuel Stow
Middletown Conn.
Elizabeth Bigg

Margaret Stow
b
d 2-26-1710 Conn. Hope Fletcher

Francis Bowman
m 9-26-1661

Samuel Bowman
b 8-14-1679
d 1746
m(1) 11-2-1700
m(2) Deborah Wyeth
b 11-20-1686

Martha Sherman

Hannah Bowman
b 11-24-1737

Thomas Andrews

Rebecca Andrews
d 11-18-1713 Conn.

DURYEA FAMILIES

1. Joost (George) b 1635 France m(1) unknown m(2) Magdalene LaFevre
 1. Joost b 1660
 2. Peter b 1663
 3. Charles b 1665
 Cornelius b 1668
 Joost and Second Wife, Magdalene
 5. Magdalene
 6. Elizabeth
 Both died in France
7. Jean (Jacque) b 1679 in Am.
 8. Antoinette b 1681
 9. Abraham b 1683
 10. Jacob b 1684
 11. Magdalene b 1687
 12. Philip b 1689
 *13. Charles b 1690 m Cornelia
 14. Simon b 1692 Schenck

Issue of Johannes Schenck and Magdalene DeHass

1. Johannes Jr. died
 2. Susannah m Johannes Janse
 3. Johannes Jr. b 4-30-1691
 4. Peter
 5. Margarieta
 *6. Cornelia m Charles Duryea b 1690
2. Charles Duryea and Cornelia Schenck
 1. Joost b 1709
 2. Helena m Gerrit Van Zandt
 3. Johannes
 *4. Jacob b 3-5-1730
 5. Cornelia
 6. Charles
 7. Elizabeth
 8. Tunis
 9. Derrick
 10. Abraham b 11-19-1737
3. Joost Duryea b 1709 and Willimype Terhune
 1. Cornelia b 1737
 2. Roeluf bap 2-11-39
 3. John bap 1-16-1743
 4. Jerus b 9-9-1744
 Charles b 1746
 6. Joshua b 1748
 7. Garret bap 8-26-1750
 *8. Jacob bap 8-26-1750
 9. Mary bap 3-22-1752
 10. Willimype bap 2-16-1755
4. Jacob Duryea bap. 8-26-1750 and Sarah Smith
 1. George bap 4-24-1773
 *2. Joshua b 1775 - m Sarah Jarvis
 3. Garret bap 8-11-1777
5. Joshua Duryea and Sarah Jarvis
 *1. Jacob b 4-23-1795 m Thankful Gracia Wetmore
 2. Jarvis b 11-19-1796 NY m Rhoda Wood b 8-9-1794
 3. Garret - unmarried
 4. Rulof - unmarried
6. Jacob Duryea b 4-23-1795 and Thankful Gracia Wetmore
 1. Lovina b 5-5-1822 m Hiram Kimball b 10-21-1822
 2. Rulof b 2-23-1823 m Margaret McInroy b 5-1-1831
 3. Desdamona b 2-3-1826 Pa. m(1) Austin Coon b 3-8-1854 Wisc.
 m(2) Noah A Conner b 5-3-1814 NY
 4. Amy b 11-6-1827 Pa. m Alanson Thompson b 8-2-1824
 5. Socrates b 1-3-1828 m Lucy Agadors & m(2) Lucy Holcolm

Continued

DURYEA FAMILIES

5

Continued - Jacob & Thankful Gracia Duryea Family

- *6. Sylvenus b 3-10-1831 Pa. m Celestia Elizabeth Claus b 1835
- 7. Andrew Jarvis b 7-24-1833 Pa. m(1) 1885 Sarah Jones NY
m(2) Amelia Harris b 1-24-18
- 8. Sarah b 7-11-1838 m(1) 1859 Leonard Gillette b 1-24-1824
m(2) 1901 Thomas Ayers b 10-23-1845
- 7. Sylvenus Duryea b 3-10-1831 and Celestia Elizabeth Claus
 - * 1. Nellie Ermina b 10-20-1857 Wisc. m John Wesley Macomber
 - 2. Desdamona b 9-10-20-1857 Nebr. m Fredrick Lincoln Jenkins
 - 3. Elva J. b 9-5-1864 Nebr. m Amelia Rose Bacon
 - 4. Walter Eugene b 12-5-1866 Nebr. m(1) Minnie White
m(2) Little Mae Allen - 10-30-1880
 - 5. Grace B. b 6-4-1872 Nebr. m W. L. Nuttall
 - 6. Alice Adda b 1875 Nebr. d 1878

For Nellie Ermina see Macomber Line.

Other Families of Sylvenus Duryea's Children

- 2. Desdamona Duryea and Fredrick Lincoln Jenkins
 - 1. Aurilla Bell b 11-12-1882 m John G. Alexander
 - 1. Iris Bell b 10-18-1906 m(2) Karl W. Georgesen
 - 2. Edna Blanche b 3-20-1888 m Edward Aurther Jones
 - 3. Wanda Fern b 12-8-1890 m(1) Edna Marie Johnson
m(2) Ruth Isabell Scott
m(3) Verda Taylor Brown
- 3. Elva Duryea and Amelia Rose Bacon
 - 1. Myrtle Grace b 4-9-1888 m Robert B. Houshahn
 - 2. Seth Milton b 1-28-1890 m Agnes Ramsey
 - 3. Loyd Elmer b 12-16-1891 m Alma Butler
 - 4. Earl J. b 6-30-1897 - d1929 unmarried
 - 5. Cecil Paul b 7-16-1899 m Frances Eiley
 - 6. Chester Claude b 5-11-1902 m Cleo Deloris Cooper
 - 7. Vernon Dale b 11-14-1907 d 1920
 - 8. Donald Dean b 11-23-1909 m Ruby Lea Brown
- 4. Walter Duryea and Minnie White
 - 1. Ethel died young
 - 2. Emma m Manley Lewis of Grand Island Nebr.
 Walter and 2nd wife Lottie Mae Allen
 - 1. Harold Sylvene b 12-19-1901 m Cora E. Septer
 - 2. Charles Theodore b 8-1-1904 m Marian Devor
 - 3. Henry Laverne b 4-20-1907 m Katherine Elizabeth Grollmes
 - 4. Robert Eugene b 1910 d unmarried
 - 5. Grace Mae b 1-8-1913 m Joseph E. Courter
 - 6. Bedford J. b 10-2-1915 m Velma Dorothy Sayre
 - 7. Ardyce Celestine b 3-19-1918 m Emil Emil Kenneth Haug
 - 8. Georgia Loleta b 9-28-1920 m Wallace Taylor Peckham
 - 9. Walter Eugene b 10-11-1922 m Nelda Jean Welch
- 5. Grace B and W. L. Nuttall - one daughter with the Nuttalls
- 6. Alice Adda died young.

Bacon Families

Nathaniel Bacon came to America abt. 1648-9 and was one of the first to settle in Middletown Conn. in the fall of 1650. He became a large land holder and an influential man of the town. Nathaniel and first wife Ann had children as follows:

1. Nathaniel b 1653 d1655
2. Hannah b 4-14-1655 m 10-1677, John Bourne- 5 sons & 1 Da.
3. Andrew b 2-4-1656 d 7-5-1662.
4. Thomas b 7-20-1658 (Bap. Nathaniel-changed to Thomas).
settled in Simbury, Conn. abt. 1690.
5. John b 3-14-1661-2 d 11-4-1732, m (1) 11-26-1689, Sarah Wetmore b 11-27-1664 da of Thomas & Sarah Wetmore.
m(2) Mary Corwell, 4-13-1710.
6. Mary b 4-7-1664, m Samuel Wetmore.
- *7. Andrew b 6-14-1666, m Mahitable Wetmore b 6-1-1669, da of Thomas & Mary Wetmore.
8. Abigail b 7-13-1670
9. Lydia b 2-18-1672 m Joseph Wetmore b 3-5-1662-3, so of Thomas & Mary Wetmore
10. Nathaniel b 3-1-1675, m (1) Hannah Wetmore, b 1-4-1780 da of Thomas and Katherine Wetmore

Mary Bacon b 4-7-1664 m Samuel Wetmore b 9-10-1655, son of Thomas and Sarah Hall Wetmore. They lived in Middletown Conn.

- *1. Mahitable b 11-14-1689.
2. Samuel b 3-13-1692 m Hannah Hubbard
3. Mary b 6-29-1694.
4. Benjamin b 5-17-1696 m Marcy Roberts, da of Samuel & Mary Robers.
5. Thomas b 8-26-1698 m Ann Hale(1), m(2) Rebecca Lewis.
6. Daniel b 5-9-1703 m Dorothy Hale, Da of Ebenezer & Sarah Hal

Wetmore

Bethiah/b 1-22-1706-7m m Joseph Bacon b 4-20-1706.

1. Bethiah b 6-29-1733
2. Joseph b 5-11-1735
3. Mahitale b 8-24-1737
4. Daniel b 12-1-1739
5. Mary b 11-24-1742
- *6. Abigail b 4-17-1745 m Beriah 3 Wetmore
7. Moses b 10-16-1747

Claus Families

Reuben Claus settled first in the Mohawk Balley, NY at the town of Oppenheim, Fulton Co. He was a farmer. His son, Benjamin was born in the Mohawk Valley, 5-4-1801 - died 5-4-1875.

Benjamin and (1) Elizabeth Hayes

1. Helem b 8-18=1828 m Abigail Dimmick. Settled Richardson Co.
 1. Emma m Elza Coffee *died* Nebr.
 2. Temperance m(1) Minnie Davis 7 children lived 5 died
3. Clara Among them Claude; and Eileen m J. Babb of Nebr.

Continued

DURYEA FAMILIES

7

- Benjamin Claus Family Continued
2. Nelson b 5-27-1830 m Nancy Walker
 3. Oliver b 8-17-1832 m Minnie Allen
 - *4. Celestia Elizabeth b 1-4-1835 m Sylvanus Duryea
 5. Lucretia b 8-17-1839 m Alonzo Johnson
 6. Benjamin b 5-25-1843 m Martha Close
 - Henriette b 12-29-1845 m David Bacon
 8. Eugene b 12-6-1847 m Mary Bliss m(2) ?
- Benjamin Claus and 2nd wife Nancy Dockstader
9. Clara b 12-23-1851 d infancy
 10. Byron J. b 5-31-1853 m Ella L. Hart - Inherited Homestead.
 11. Clark E. b 2-1885 m Norcissus Heiler
 12. Floyd b 12-1956 d 63

The Wetmore Families

- John Wetmore came to America 1635. First wife's name unknown; she died in England. He was killed by Indians Oct. 1648 near Stamford, Conn. Married (2) Sarah Hall of Hartford and Middletown Conn. His son Thomas of England, came to America to take his fathers interest in 1649 and married Sarah Hall of Hartford, Conn., first. Thomas Wetmore and Sarah Hall. His First wife died in England.
1. John bap. 9-6-1646 m(1) Abigail Warner dau of Andrew and Rebecca Warner. M(2) Mary Savage dau of John & Elizabeth Savage.
 2. Elizabeth bap. 1648 m Joseph Adkins son of William Adkins.
 3. Mary b 1649 m John Stow son of Thomas Stow.
 4. Sarah bap. 4-20-1651 d 55 Senator
 5. Thomas b 10-9-1652 m Elizabeth Hubbard dau of George Hubbard/
 6. Hannah b 2-13-1653 m Nathaniel Stow son Thomas Stow.
 - *7. Samuel b 9-10-1655 m Mary Bacon dau of Nathaniel & Ann Miller B.
 8. Izrahiah b 3-8-1656 m Rachel Stow dau of Rev Samuel & Hope (Fletcher) Stow.
 - *9. Beriah b 11-2-1658 m(1) Margaret Stow, dau of Samuel & Hope.
 10. (m2) Mary Allen, dau Deacon Obediah & Elizabeth (Sanford) Allen
 10. Nathaniel b 4-21-1661 m(1) unknown; m(2) Dorcus(Wright) Allen, widow of Obediah Allen, Jr. She m next Benjamin Andrews.
 11. Joseph b 3-5-1662/3 , d 3-25-1717, m 6-6-1706, Lydia Bacon dau of Nathaniel & Ann (Miller) Bacon of Middletown, Conn.

Thomas and Mary

12. Sarah b 11-27-1664 m John Bacon, son of Nathaniel and Ann
 13. Jos h b 3-29-1667 d 1681
 - *14 Mehitable b 6-1-1669 m Andrew Bacon, son of Nathaniel & Ann.
- Thomas and 3rd wife Katherine
15. Benjamin b 11-27-1674 d 99
 16. Abigail b 11-6-1678 m Samuel Bishop of Guilford, Conn.
 17. Hannah b 1-4-1680 m Nathaniel Bacon son of Nathaniel & Ann (Miller) Bacon. Married 2nd Anna (Allen) Lane, dau of Obediah & Elizabeth (Sanford) Allen a widow of John Lane; m(3) 11-28-1772 to Rebecca Doolittle.
- Thomas' will names 16 of his children, John, age 36, to oldest and Hannah the youngest, age one year.

Wetmore - Continued

Beriah 1 Wetmore m(1) Margaret Stow

1. Sarah b 5-6-1693
2. Hope b 10-27-1695
3. Thomas b 2-8-1698
4. Margaret b 7-16-1700 m Samuel Allen
5. Hannah b 5-2-1703 m Ebenezer Hubbard
6. Bethiah b 4-23-1707 died
- *7. Beriah 2, b 4-23-1707 m Hannah Bowman

Beriah 2 Wetmore and Hannah Bowman

- *1. Beriah 3 b 11-13-1738 m Abigail Bacon
2. Mary b 2-13-1739/40
3. Samuel Bowman b 8-19-1742 m Ann Canfield Ch. Nathan, Asher, Rache
Hannah and Anna
4. Hope b 11-13-1743 m Lament Stow
5. Hannah b 6-3-1745
6. Thomas b 8-10-1747 m ? Ch Thomas and Raplephe
7. Andrew b 8-24-1750 died
8. Susannah b 8-25-1752
9. Margaret b 2-10-1756

Beriah 3 Wetmore and Abigail Bacon

1. Nathan b 10-5-1767
- *2. Andrew b 4-16-1769; d 1839 Pa.; m Lucy ? (Andrew Bacon Wetmore)
3. Mary. 4. Phillip. 5. Nathaniel. 6. Asahel b 7-17-1777.
7. Lemuel b 2-24-1778 Mass. m Eunice Mitcheall

Andrew Bacon Wetmore and Lucy ?

1. Desdamona b 1794 m Sleeman Shumway
2. Lyman b 7-10-1796 m Deborah Cole
- *3. Thankful Gracia b 1-18-1801 m Jacob Duryea
- 4 4. Wealthy b d 1-2-1840 m Joel Culver, son of Timothy Culver
1st settler of Cherry Flats, Twp. Tioga Co. Pa. Wife was
Fanny Beebe.

Thankful Gracia Wetmore - see Duryea Line.

MACOMBER HOLLAND PARKER BURTON
SEARS SMITH

9
Cont.

My father's ancestry.

Hugh Macomber

b 1770 d 3-27-1813 NY
m 10-25-1813 Ohio
m(1) Reliance Hatch
1889 No record death

Sally Sears

b
d 4-24-1809 NY

Surrannus Macomber

b 6-12-1803 Utica NY
m 12-28-1825 Ohio
d 3-4-1845 Ohio

Samuel Parker Macomber

b 1-17-1832 Ohio
m 1-22-1854
d 8-13-1864 USS White Cloud
Morganzia Bend La.

Capt. Clark Parker

b 7-1781 Vermont
m
d 1847 Ohio

Catherine Parker

b 3-9-1809 Ohio
m(2) Luther Mar-
tindale - Iowa
d 3-28-1849 Iowa

John Wesley Macomber

b 7-24-1858 Mich.
m 3-8-1878 Nebr.
d 2-20-1919 Kans.

Isaac Holland

b 1775
m 6-8-1825 Del.
d 10-10-1846 Ohio

Eliza Ann Holland

b 8-26-1835 Del.
m(2) 9-5-1867 Iowa
Rev. Elza Martin
b 10-23-1831
d 6-20-1916
d 3-23-1904

William Burton

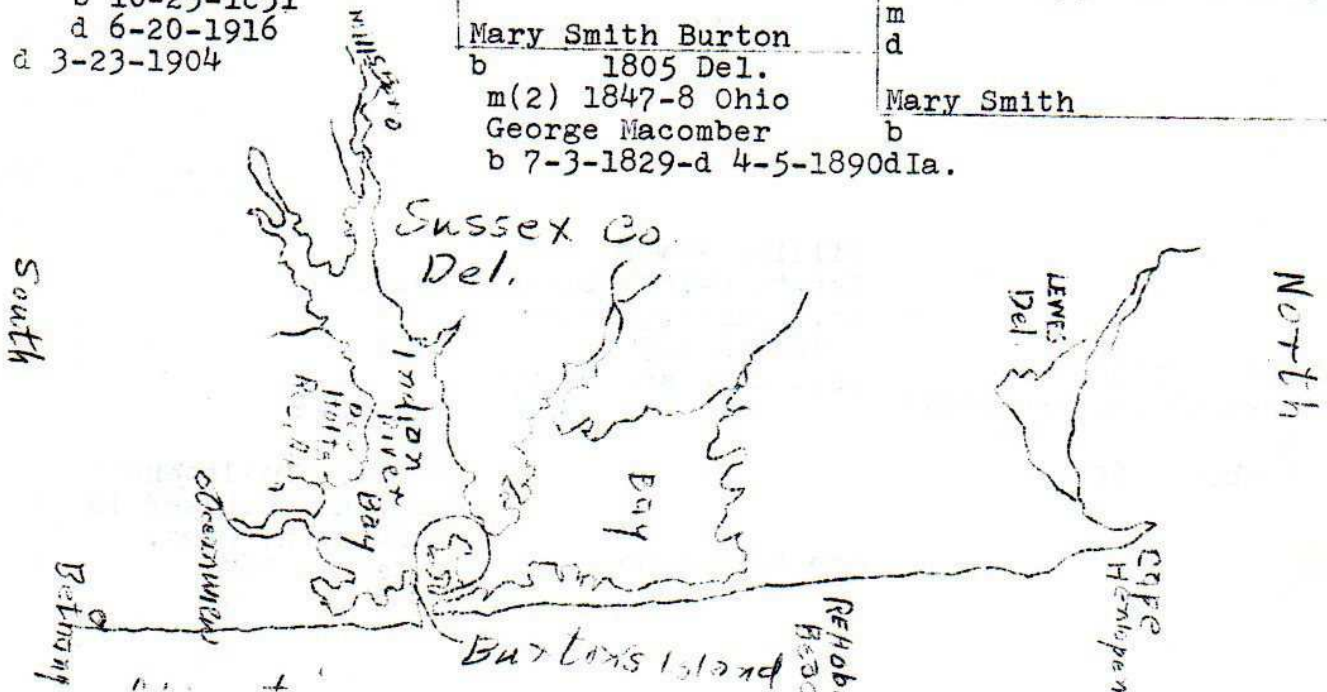
b about 1750 Lewes Del.
m
d

Mary Smith Burton

b 1805 Del.
m(2) 1847-8 Ohio
George Macomber
b 7-3-1829-d 4-5-1890dIa.

Mary Smith

b



10 MACOMBER FITTS WILLIAMS EVANS ROGERS

My father's ancestry (Cont)

Continued

John(2) Macomber below
1691 Queen Anne's War
Signed Legal Papers 1672

John (3) Macomber m 7-16-1678

b 3-18-1681 Tantt.Mass.

m 3-17-1707 (1)

Anna Evans Continued

m(2) Mrs. Lydia (King) Williams m12-28=1742

b Taunton Mass. below

d 12-14-1747 No issue

Capt. Elijah Macomber

b 10-25-1718

m(1) 2-10-1742 to

Judith Williams

d 1747

m(2) --

Deacon Continued
Nathaniel Williams

Elizabeth Williams

b 4-18-1686

d 5-2-1732

Continued

Elizabeth Rogers
m 1668

Continued
Hugh Macomber

John(1) Macomber

b 1610 Eng. - Am. 1630

Am. Military Duty 1643-87

m(1) unknown m(2)1-7-1686

John(2) Macomber

repeated

Iss: John & Mary (Staples)

Mary Babcock

Note: John(1) was admitted as a free man, was a carpenter and built a mill in 1659 - made barrels, etc.

Sarah Pitts

b 1729

d 5-29-1810

William Evans

Estate 9-1671 Taunton Mass.

Am. Military Duty

1643 & 1657

Iss: Anna and Mary

Cont. from Above

Anna Evans (Repeated)

b

d about 1657

William Hailstone
1637 A Purchaser in
Taunton, Mass.

Ann Hailstone

Estate - 1671

DEIGHTON BASSET

My Father's ancestry.

Thomas Rogers

Mayflower Passenger
Citizen of Leyden
Dealer in Camlet

Joseph Rogers

b 1608 Leyden
d 1678
Moved to Eastham 1644
Mayflower passenger
with father Thomas
Iss: 7 children

John Rogers

b 1639

Hannah

Continued

Elizabeth Rogers

b 1660

Hugh Churchman

of Mass.

Ann Churchman

William Williams

b 9-20-1618

m 12-4-1603

Jane Woodward

Richard Williams

called Father of Taunton

Taunton, Mass.

b 1-1606 Glamorganshire,
Wales.

m 3-11-1632 Witcombe, Magna, Eng.

d 8-1693 Taunton Mass.

Continued - Deacon

Nathaniel Williams

John Deighton

Frances Deighton

From Royalty

A town named for her

Jane Basset

John(1) Macomber and Mary Babcock To America 1630.

- *1. John(2)
- 2. Mary (Staples)

John (2) (Queen Anne's War 1691) and Anna Evans

- 1. Thomas b 7-30-1679 m Mary --- Gdch. Abiel, William Anna & Sarah.
- *2. John 3, b3-18-1681 m Elizabeth Williams
- 3. William b 1-31-1684 m Sarah Hollaway
- 4. Samuel b _____ m Sarah Pierce

John 3, b 3-18-1681 m Elizabeth Williams

- *1. Nathaniel b 2-9-1709 (Deacon) m Pricilla Southworth.
- 2. Josiah b 2-19-1711 d 11-18-1801 m Ruth Paul
- John b 2-10-1713 - m Elizabeth Phinney
- 4. Elizabeth b 3-12-1715 d 32 m Wm. Rounsevill m2 Wm. Ashley
- 5. James b 9-12-1717
- *6. Elijah (Capt) b 10-25-1718 d 2-2-1802 Sarah Pitts
- 7. Mary b 7-30-1721
- 8. Abiah b 6-8-1724 m Israel Dean D S P
- 9. Annah b 1-2-1726 m John Smith List 8 ch.
- 10. Joseph b 3-28-1732 m Thankful Canedy

Nathaniel Macomber and Pricilla Southworth

- 1. Job b-11-3-1737
- 2. George b 7-7-1740
- 3. Nathaniel b 7-22-1742
- 4. Ichabod b 5-13-1745
- 5. Ezra b 10-3-1747 d 56
- 6. John b 8-18-1750 d 56

Elijah Macomber b 1718 m(1) Judith Williams in 1742 - A dau Judith died unmarried. He m(2) Sarah Pitts and they had a large family but only Judith born 1754, d 1770 is listed. The family lived in Maine where there were no records at that time and the records of Taunton Mass. were destroyed by fire.

Hugh Macomber b 1770 and Sally Sears

- 1. Serena b 7-30-1801
- *2. Surranus m Catherine Parker
- 3. Lyman b 1805 died
- 4. Polly b 6-4-1807
- 5. Sally d an infant.

Surranus Macomber and Catherine Parker- Catherine m(2) Luther Mart-

- 1. George b 7-8-1827 m Mary Smith Burton indale. 1 son Timothy
- 2. Serena b 2-27-1829 m Samuel Churchill b 2-12-1848. She
- 3. Eunice b 1-20-1831 died d 3-28-1849.
- 4. Mary Ann b 9-13-1832
- 5&6. Twins - Margaret b 4-18-1834 m Captain Elizar Burridge
- Mayetta b 4-18-1834
- Captain & Margaret Burridge had six children. Da Emma married Dr. Charles Hawley ; thair sons were Edwin Charles and George & dau Martha Burridge Judd.
- *7. Samuel Parker m Eliza Ann (Holland) Macomber
- 8. Hugh 2nd. b 10-13-1838 10. Clark b 2-28-1842
- 9. Catherine b 9-18-184- died 11. Sally b 5-21-1844

Macomber Line - Burton - Holland- Martin

William Burton and Mary Smith

1. William
2. John
3. Albert
4. Corneliu
5. Eliza
6. Ann

13

*7. Mary Smith Burton

Isaac Holland and Mary Smith Burton

1. Elizabeth b 8-4-1829 d 31
- Robert b 1-20-1831 d 34
- John b 12-24-1832 d 48

*Eliza Ann b 8-26-1835 m(1) Samuel Parker Macomber
m(2) Rev. Elza Martin

Miles Hanson b 4-19-1837 m Hannah Dale(Bentley) Holland

1. Mary Burton Holland b7-24-1868 m Jackson, C C.
2. George Myron b 1-22-1871 m Lotta Geneveva Crowe
3. Ina Leota b 11-23-1884 m Arthur C. Martindale

George & Lotta (Crowe)Holland

1. Orie Myron b 4-24-1897 m Eva Blanche Carlson
2. Lawrence Berry b 7-3-1898 m Sylvia Cole
3. Harvey Ogden Lamarr b 11-7-1902 m Edith (Gray) itt
4. Lewis Elbert b 3-18-1900 m Velora E Shaw
5. Alma Leone b 9-30-1904 m Alvin Willard Mumford
6. Vera Mae b 5-28-1910 m John William Campbell

Mary Hannah b 7-18-1839 m Willie Arrison 3 Children

Emma Burton b 9-18-1841 m Samuel Glasgow

1. Eva Minnie m Lewes VanDevender

1. Mary Leuella b 3-4-1910 m Russell Price

1. Nancy Ellen, Samuel & Frank

2. Edwin

The Martin Families: Isaac Martin married Mary Irwin; their children were: Sarah (Laird), Jane, _____, John, Joe and Elza

Elza Martin b 9-5-1867 - m(1) Mary Stone - no Issue.

m(2) Sarah Morris d 6-20-1916

Issue: John, Hannibal, Milton and Emma

Emma Martin m Benjamin Foster

Issue: Effie, Ross and Claire

m(3) Eliza Ann (Holland Macomber)

Issue: Ann - unmarried

Ashbury - died age 3 } Twins

b 1869

George Ellsworth

b 1871 d 6-20-1916

George Ellsworth Martin m Alice Kriger b 4-13-1868

d 11-15-1944

Issue: Inez b-5-4-1896 d 7-57 unmarried

Ruth b2-22-1898 d 6-13-1921 m John Nicholas

Issue: Ruth E. Nicholas m Howard Fowler

Frances Wesna b 10-19-1900 m Walter Little

Issue: Martin William Little b 1-12-1926

m Myrna Shannon - 3 children

Sylvia b 11-4-1924 m Judd Gray 5-28-1943

Kathryn Ann b. 2-4-1903 m Harold Rondthaler b 4-18-1891

Issue: Mary Alice b 1-15-1925 d 5-24-1972

m Norman Bradford Chew b 2-1924

Issue Norman Bradford Jr. b died young

Sherry b 3-17-1952

Mike b 4-23-1954

Geoffrey Martin b 12-16-1959

Jeanne - b 5-28-1928 m Low Morello

Issue: Kathryn Sue b 9-7-1957

Laurie b 8-1-1953 & Harold b 3-21-1959

Macomber Families

Samuel Parker Macomber and Eliza Ann Holland

1. Mary Catherine b 4-26-1755 m Jackson Crook
- *2. John Wesley b 6-24-1858 m Nellie Ermina Duryea

John Wesley Macomber and Nellie Ermina Duryea

1. Ariel Mabel. 2. Samuel Everett, 3. George Burton,
4. Miles Sylvene and 5. Minnie Alice. All Carried Further.

Other Families of Macomber Line

Serena Macomber and Samuel D. Churchill

1. George W. b 6-20-1849 d 1938 m Kitty Leatha Nutting b 1863NY
 1. Jessie Mae Churchill b 10-6-1905 m Robert Woods b 1909
 1. Forrest Willard Woods m Helen Morrison - Idaho
 1. Byron Forrest Woods m Mary Carolyn Gobble
 - Patricia Ann and Janice Carolyn Woods

Emma Burton Holland dau of Isaac, m Samuel Glasgow b Iowa 4-12-1831

1. Eva Minnie b 6-16-1867 m Lewis VanDevender
 1. Mary Lucille b 4-4-1910 m Russell Price
 1. Nancy Price m Marcus Stevens
 - Ch. William Craig Gillette Wyo., Mary Susanna
Cynthia Lee.
2. Edwin b 4-7-1869 d 75
3. Samuel
4. Frank b 6-22-1878 d 1959

Mary Catherine Macomber dau of Samuel P Macomber m Jackson Crook

1. Anna L. Crook b 2-6-1878 d 7-8-1963 m Paul Bennett Weaver
b 11-19-1878 d 11-15-1946. m 8-30-1900
2. Paul Jr, b 10-21-1904 6. Lawrence M
3. Archibald b 12-8-1906 7. Christobel Welch
4. Martha C. Weis b 9-10-1911 8. Doris DeGlenn
5. Mary Ann Neil

John Crook and Mina Spence, 1. Arla Crook

Elva, Asa and Miles Crook

NOTE: Captain Clark Parker b 1781-d1847, was born in Shaftsbury Vermont, became a surveyor in the Western Reserve at age 16. He was one of the first to enlist in 1812 and was sent to hold back the British and their allys, the Indians, in the North. He was made a Captain in Cleveland. After the War President Harrison appointed him Post Master at Mentor, Ohio where his family lived He was a Mason and a faithful worker in the Methodist Church. His daughter was Catherine Parker who married Surranus Macomber.

NOTE: The William branch of the Macomber family spelled their name Macumber. My father often told me of relatives in Winterset Iowa of the William line who spelled their name so. The ancestors Avrill, son Alexander Macumber etc. Two women in Chadron bear the name Macumber and came from Winterset, - Mrs. William A. and Mrs. Alida Macumber Keeney. Both William A. and Alida were born in Winterset Iowa.

*Wray the William branch was
Marie Sunday in 1914 a famous writer.
They were divorced in 1919 at Rushville.*

JOHN WESLEY MACOMBER & NELLIE ERMINA DURYEA
& THEIR DESCENDANTS

John Wesley Macomber, b 6-24-1858; d 2-20-1920 Kans; m 3-8-1878
Nellie Ermina Duryea, b 10-20-1857 Wisc; d 1-8-1938 Nebr.
They had three sons and two daughters as follows:

1. Ariel Mabel b 1-4-1879 Ne; d 7-25-1964 Kans; buried Ne. m3-18-1908
Joseph Thompson b 2-14-1879 Ill.; d 4-7-1963 Ne. 1 son, 4 Dau.
1. Hazel Marie b 8-10-1909 Ne. m (1)
Rolland Dayre Meyers b 5-28-1911 Kans. Divorced 10-3-1950. m(2)
Ralph George Fridell b 2-7-1898 Kans. No issue.
1. Rolland Joseph b 9-12-1933 Ne. m 6-5-1955 Kans
Donna Florence Emich b 4-16-1935 Kans.
1. Joseph Kieth b 9-17-1957 Sacramento Calif.
2. Leslie Ann b 6-4-1959 Calif.
2. Marjean Ann b 5-4-1937 Ne. m 6-5-1960 Kans.
James Harrison Shenk b 1-2-1933 Kans.
1. Michael Scott b 10-5-1962
2. Lyle James b 2-16-1964
3. Marilee Jean b 11-3-1965
4. Gregory - a twin b 5-27-1968
5. Jeffrey a twin b 5-27-1968
3. Linda Marie b 7-26-1942 Kans. m 6-9-1963 Kans
Larry Neal Day b 12-6-1941 Kans.
1. Lance Carlson b 12-2-1968
2. Lincoln Neal b 11-25-1970
3. Lori Marie b 12-24-1972
4. Mary Alys b 8-26-1945 Ne. m 9-10-1967 Kans
David E. Robb b ?
5. Michael Martin b 9-20-1947; d 9-20-1948
2. Fredrick S. b 10-17-1911 Ne. m 2-12-1949 Ne.
Gladys Marietta Wenger b 9-16-1922 Kans.
1. Donald Stanley b 9-24-1949 Ne. m 12-13-1972
Norma Kay Schatz, dau of Donald Schatz
1. Son
2. Carol Ann b 6-21-1952
3. Steven Everett b 11-12-1954
4. Dwight Leland b 12-12-1958
3. Margaret Ariel b 6-30-1941 - a Twin - Ne. m 12-30-1935 Ne.
Orville J. Carlisle - b 8-2-1911 Ne.
1. Joyce Gayle b 7-10-1937 Ne. m 12-18-1955 Ne.
BenjaminLee Bennett b 11-15-1936 Ne.
1. Bradley Scott b 8-4-1956 Ne.
2. Samuel Lee b 10-31-1958 Ne.
3. Lisa Gayle b 1-4-1961 Ne.
4. David Mark b 6-28-1963 Ne.
2. Judith Dianne b 9-23-1940 Ne. m 4-11-1965 Ne.
Howard Albert Vann b 12-29-1939 N. C.
1. Sarah Margaret b 12-20-1965
2. Jenney Leah b 1-14-1969 Ne.
3. Scott Howard b 7-16-1970 Ne.
3. Janice Kay b 12-30-1941 Ne. m 4-4-1964
Clifford Burt Hargar, Ill. b 9-16-1941 Mo.
1. Wendy Jennette b 9-2-1965 Anchorage, Alaska
2. Andrew Jonathan b 3-25-1970 Calif.

Continued

Macomber

Thompson

Meyers

Schenk

Day

Robb

Bennett

Carlisle

Harg

- Carlisle
4. James Orville b 3-25-1944 Ne. m 6-20-1966 Ne.
Nancy Jean Moorehead b 11-12-1943 Idaho
5. Jennifer Joleen b 6-17-1954 Ne. m__?
Keith Kurr
- Thompson
4. Marjory Alice b 6-30-1941 Ne. a Twin m 7-18-1937 Ne.
William Dau Mullins b 22-22-1915 Miss.
1. Carol Ruth b 3-13-1940 m 11-4-1961
Jerry Joe Cole b 5-22-1938 Mo.
1. Craig Joseph b 3-10-1966 Kans
2. Gary David b 4-9-1946 Mo
3. Joan Marie b 6-18-1950 Mo.
4. Susan Beth b 1-25-1956 Mo.
5. Jean Elizabeth b 7-11-1920 Ne. m 10-8-1966 Kans
Glann Marmon b 10-8-1911
2. Samuel Everett b 11-23-1880 Ne. d 5-16-1934 Kans. m 8-2-1922
Adar May (Brown) Nolte b 5-30-1887
1. Thelma Eleen b 5-24-1924 Kans. m 1-18-1942
Kenneth Lloyd Humphreys b ?
1. Mary Eleen b 2-6-1943 Kans. m 1-7-1962
Nathaniel Louis Lowery
1. Machiel Suzanne b 3-7-1963
2. Michael Louis b 9-26-1964
3. Lisa Marie b 7-15-1966
2. Kenneth Lloyd Jr. b 2-9-1947 m 9-17-1965
Fonda Leigh Erwin, dau of Wm. Lagene & Ruth Ann(Thompson)
3. Samuel Griffith b 1-14-1951 Sus Erwin.
4. Susan Jeanette b 1-22-1956
2. Ardyce Fern b 9-30-1926 m 11-9-1944 d 2-26-67 Kans.
John Seiler. No Issue.
3. Goerge Burton b 3-23-1882 Ne. d 10-14-1959 Kans m 6-22-1909 Okla.
Bertha Irene Palmer b 12-1-1884 Ne. d 4-13-1960 Kans.
1. Grant Dewitt b 11-27-1910 Okla m 1-18-1937 Kans.
Geraldine Virginia Smedeger b 12-20-1915 Nebr.
1. Hoyt Lee b 2-5-1938 d 2-5-1938
2. Joyce Kay b 6-18-1940 Kans m 4-21-1961 Colo.
Gerrit DeBoer b 11-3-1937 Iowa
1. Niki Dawn b 3-9-1962 Mich.
2. Kipp Gerrit b 5-5-1964 Kans.
3. Tod Randell b 7-5-1965 Kans.
4. Staci Gerilou b 12-20-1967
3. Gary Grant b 12-15-1941 Kans. m 3-9-1963 Colo
Elizabeth Louise Jones b 9-28-1943 NMex.
1. Lorri Anne b 12-29-1965 Calif.
2. Wayne Burton b 5-10-1918 Kans m 10-31-1942 Nev.
Juanita Zichefoose
1. Aaron James b 9-22-1972 Reno Nev.
4. Miles Sylvene b 9-21-1886 Kans. d 4-21-1961 Ne. m 6-5-1907 Ne-OKLA
Cora Bessie McIlvain b 3-12-1889-dau of Wm. & Ida (Gilroy) McIlvain
1. Helen Elizabeth b 3-21-1908 Ne. m 6-5-1927
Henry F. Hey b 11-12-1904 - Divorced 1950

Macomber
Humphrey
Lowery
Macomber
DeBoer
Hey
Continued

- Macomber*
- Hey*
1. Norma Lee b 4-13-1928 Ne. m 9-5-1946
 Glenn Blackman
- Biko*
1. Brenda b 11-24-1957
 2. Janice b 12-24-1953
2. Donald Henry Hey b 9-8-1929 Ne. m 8-27-1956 Ne.
 Elaine Genevieve Keller b 3-25-1931
- Hey*
1. Jenifer Ellen b 11-13-1963
 2. Steven Donald b 10-26-1968
2. Ruth Pearl b 4-17-1916 Ne. m 4-3-1936
 Ralph Oliver Kilbury b 11-27-1917
- Kilb*
1. Richard Roy b 9-4-1937 m 6-21-1957
 Elly Louise Dethlegsen
1. Robert Eric b 4-1-1958
 2. Richard Fredrick b 8-23-1960
 3. Julie Marie b 12-8-1967
2. Charles David b 11-8-1939 m(1) 11-8-1939
 Suzanne Hammond. Divorced. m(2) 3-1-1961
- Kilbury*
1. Cynthia Sue b 10-17-1956
 2. Cheryl Dawn b 12-29-1957
 Charles David Kilbury and Thelma Ann Lemoine
3. Kimberly Ann b 2-13-1964
 4. Michael David b 5-16-1968 a Twin
 5. Debra Lynn b b 5-16-1968 a Twin - d 10-1-1968
3. William Ralph b 9-29-1948 - d 10-1-1948
- Kilbury*
3. June Millard b 6-27-1919 Ne. m 6-14-1941
 Wilbert Franklin Neman b 2-2-1918 - son of John H. & LeNora
- Neman*
1. Robert Lynn b 7-10-1942 Ne. m ~~8-1~~ 1964 T/(Franklin) Neman.
 Jo Estelle Askley, dau of Douglas Lee & Mildred (White) Askley
1. Lynn Elaine b 5-13-1967 Texas
 2. Douglas Lee b 9-23-1969 Texas
2. Judy Ann Neman b 1-25-1948 Tex m 9-7-1968 Texas
- Neman*
- John Burton March b 9-9-1947 -Son of Leonard D. & Zola Mae
 (Thacker) March
3. Donald Kent Neman b 3-5-1949 Tex. m 5-30-1969
 Debra Kay Abernathy b 4-3-1951 Tex. Dau of A. M. and Ruth
 Nancy Lee Neman b 12-3-1952 (Worthington) Abernathy.
5. Minnie Alice Macomber b 11-30-1888 Kans. m 2-23-1910 Okla.
 Ralph Samuel Rhoads b 2-25-1883 - d 12-13-1963 Ne. - Son of
 Isaac and Mary (Weber) Rhoads.
- Rhoads*
1. Nellie Wherry Rhoads b 3-22-1913 Ne. m 8-18-1964 So. Dak.
 Forrest R. Buchanan b 6-28-1909 Ne. Son of Rueben Mortimer and
 Ollie Bell (Brodrick) Buchanan
- Buchanan*
1. Robert Forrest Buchanan b 6-3-1935 Ne. m 1-1-1954 Ne.
 Bertha Ruth Woodward b 12-17-1937 Ne. Dau of William A. And
 Audrey C. (Jones) Woodward.
- Buchanan*
1. Robert Wayne b 8-15-1954 Ne.
 2. Deborah Ruth b 7-7-1955
 3. William Ralph b 12-25-1960 Ne.
 4. Rebecca Sue b 7-29-1966 Ne.

Continued

Macomber

- Buchanan
- Eck
2. Dean Fremont Buchanan b 9-8-1936 Ne. m 3-20-1960 So. Dak.
Nancy Marlene Dovde b 3-9-1935 So. Dak. Dau of
Nels Morris & Eyda (Roberdeau) Hovde of So. Dak.
 1. Ian Forrest b 12-16-1964 Fla.
 2. Patrick Reid b 10-19-1969 Fla.
 3. Neil Leslie Buchanan b 2-21-1940 Ne. m 12-7-1968 Fla.
Virginia Kay Warnock b 2-5-1948 Fla. Dau of
John Eric and Deloris Warnock of Florida
 4. Annette Bea Buchanan b 9-8-1943 Ne. m 12-27-1964 Ne.
Douglas Jerome Kirk b 10-5-1941 So. Dak. Son of
Samuel and Irene Kirk of So. Dak.
 1. Kimberly Annette b 6-6-1966 Ne.
 2. William James b 2-14-1969 Tracy, Calif.
 5. Barbara Alice Buchanan b 10-27-1949 Ne.

- Kirk
2. Ralph Samuel Rhoads Jr. b 12-25-1915 Ne. m 8-25-1936
Amelia Ermine Whitsel b 6-10-1914 Ne. Dau of
A. Earl and Sarah (Sally) (Butler) Whitsel.

- Rhoads
1. Arvid J. Rhoads b 3-2-1943 Ne. m 5-11-1962 Ne.
Rebecca Jane Brost b 5-21-1946 Ne. Dau of
Christian and Ruth (Hutchinson) Brost of Ne.

- Rhoads
1. Nadean RaVae b 12-10-1962 Texas
 2. Arjay B. b 1-28-1966 Duluth Minn.
 3. Sara Louise b 12-28-1967 Ne.
 4. Wendy Colette b 10-12-1969 Ne.
 2. Garlan RaVae Rhoads b 4-21-1951 So. Dak.
 3. Edwin Eugene Rhoads b 10-8-1917 Ne. m 6-9-1943 Houston, Texas
Anita Mary Lewis b 6-16-1925 Houston Texas. Dau of
John and Anita M. (LeBryauve) Lewis of Texas.

- Rhoads
1. Edwin Eugene Rhoads Jr. b 1-21-1945 Tex.. m 3-18-1967 Tex.&
Sharon Lee Brodrick b 9-21-1946 Ne. Dau of Ne.
Donald and Wanda (Ash)(Whetstine) Brodrick.

- Rhoads
1. Tabetha Ann b 9-20-1967 Ne.
 2. Kodee Lynn b 1-6-1970 Ne.
 2. Ralph Richard Rhoads b 1-30-1949 Ne. m (1) 6-14-1967
Marilyn Eberspecher b 5-28-1950 - Divorced 1971.

- Rhoads
1. Richard Lynn b 10-25-1969 - with Mother. m(2) 5-19-1972
Karen Joanna Kearns b 8-11-1951 Ne. Dau of
Edward Bennett and Marguerite Rose (Cavanaugh) Kearns.

- Rhoads
3. Anita Kay Rhoads b 12-16-1950 Ne. m 1-31-1969 Ne.
Dale Ray Rising b 9-12-1949 Son of
Marvin and Ruth (Lee) Rising.
 1. Curtis Dale b 2-17-1970 Heidelberg, Germany
 2. Tandy Kay b 10-20-1973 Ne.

Note: Tandy Kay is the youngest child of the youngest child for five generations. Tandy Kay - Anita Kay - Edwin Rhoads - Minnie Macomber - John Wesley Macomber.

Note: Any errors in this book are accidental and unintentional. No part is meant to be slanderous or written maliciously to injure the reputation of another.

Rhoads Family

<u>Ralph Samuel Rhoads</u> b 2-25-1883 Ne. m 2-23-1910 Okla. d 12-13-1963 Ch. Ne. <u>Minnie Alice Macomber</u>	<u>Isaac Preston Rhoads</u> b 10-1-1835 Pa. m 4-10-1867 Lena Ill. <u>Mary Margaret Weber</u> b 1850 Switzerland d 1893 FC Ne.	<u>William Rhoads</u> b ab. 1800 in Pa. m ab. 1930 <u>Mary Jones</u> <u>Nicholas Weber</u> b 6-21-1821 Switz. m 1848 <u>Anna Eliza Gerde</u> b 1825 Switz. d 1887
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William & Mary (Jones) Family of Wellsboro, Pennsylvania

1. Melissa m John Lawver - friend of Isaac who went to Calif.
2. Isaac b 10-1-1835 m Mary Margaret Weber 1849
3. Margaret 6. Jane
4. Clementine 7. Ann
5. Sarah 8. Samuel

Nicholas Weber and Anna Gerde of Berne, Switzerland

1. Mary Margaret Weber - See Isaac Preston Rhoads
2. John Weber b 8-16-1845 d 7-23-1944 m Susan Eby of Willadengen, Switzerland.

Melissa Rhoads & John Lawver Family

1. Isabelle - a Nurse 5. Ella
2. Edward 6. Rebecca
3. Mary 7. Jane
4. Clemmie

Isaac Preston Rhoads and Mary Margaret Weber Family of Lena Ill. & Falls City, Ne.

1. Sarah Melissa b 12-15-1869 m Charles Tipton
2. Annie Eliza b 3-19-1871 m Charles Martin
3. Mary Margaret b 5-30-1872 d 1917
4. Clementine Jane b 11-29-1873 d unmarried
5. William Nicholas b 3-29-1875 m Etta Adams
6. Isaac Thomas b 6-22-1877 m Mary Douglas
7. Edward Barnett b 4-6-1879 m(1) Sue ?
8. Enoch Howard b 9-25-1881 m(1) Birdie _____? m(2) Erma _____?
9. Ralph Samuel See Above.
10. George Leander b 6-14-1885 m Elizabeth Kratz
11. Oscar John b 9-25-1888 m Bessie Burgner
12. Blaine Philo b 6-22-1890 m Zena Gorr

REFERENCES

Hall of Records
Cultural and Historical Dept.
Dover, Delaware 19901

Kennebec Historical Society
Lithgow Library Building
Augusta, Maine 04300

Old Colony Historical Society
66 Church Green
Taunton, Mass 02780

Mrs. Frances Pauling
Genealogist and Town Clerk
Bowdoinham, Maine 84008

Mrs. Agnes Rounseville
156 Virginia Drive
Ventura, California 93003

Iris Georges
3016 - NE 65th Ave.
Portland, Oregon 97213

Rev. Everett S. Stackpole
Volumes from several
Public Libraries

Mrs. Kathryn Rondthaler
Walla Walla Washinton

Manuscript by
Mrs. Mary C. Crook

The Macomber Bible
Published 1803

General Services Administration
National Archives & Records Service
Washington, D. C. 20408

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Tioga Co., Penn. County Records.

Wetmore History

Wetmore Memorial

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New York Sunn - Issue 1-4-1903

John Macomber of Taunton
and his Descendants.

Copies from Tombstones

Public Library
Alliance, Nebraska

The Burrige Family History
Buffalo, N Y 1890
Florence P. Hawley, Lake Co.
Lake Co., Iowa

J. R. Gobble
POBox 2442
Idaho Falls Idaho 83401

Maine State Library
Augusta, Maine 04330

Orville F. Macomber
Grand Island, Nebraska

And not to be forgotten are a host of friends and relatives who were kind enough to write to me the stories they knew. I have enjoyed the letters and wish to thank each and every one.