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The Fragale Family in Escanaba

My great-grandfather was named Mike Fragale, and I have a photograph of myself as an infant, happily perched upon his lap. I wasn't the first of his great-grandchildren to sit on his lap, but I was possibly the last. I was named after him. Shortly after that photo was taken my father was stationed in Heidelberg, Germany, and Mike Fragale died the following year, so I never knew him.

I did, however, know my great-grandmother, Emma Fragale. When I was little, she lived alone in a house on 18th Street, in Escanaba, Michigan. She was a stern woman and the oldest person I had ever seen. The house was quiet. The master bedroom contained pictures from another era. I had no way of knowing that only a few years earlier, she had shared that house with Mike. Sometimes after church on Sunday, we would visit Grandma Fragale: my mom, my sister Marge, and I. Grandma Fragale often cooked scrambled eggs for us. She cooked them runny, and I was not allowed to complain. Or maybe I was just afraid to. Then we would usually go just down the street to visit Aunt Harriet (actually my mother's aunt) and her husband Dick. It was a much happier place for small children. There were toys and shelves full of comic books. Uncle Dick would perform small sleight-of-hand magic tricks, like pulling nickels out of our ears. We usually left with a few of those comic books for the long ride home after we had moved away from Escanaba.

We moved to southeast Wisconsin in 1962, and after that, no visit to my grandparents in Escanaba was complete without making the rounds to see Grandma Fragale and Aunt Harriet. Grade school and high school passed, and then during the 1980s all of those old ladies in Escanaba passed on too. In 2001 I moved to New Mexico, but before leaving I spent several afternoons at my parent's house going through old photo albums, copying many prints onto film, and taking notes. My mother had saved Emma's photo album, Harriet's photo album, and, of course, her own mother Margaret's albums. In 2007, I finally got around to trying to organize the images.

What started as a project to make a digital album soon grew into a website, and over the following years, it became an all-out investigation into my family genealogy. The Escanaba photos were most fascinating to me: Mike and Emma Fragale's wedding photo, beautiful photos of their three young daughters, and pictures of brothers and sisters from Germany and Italy. There were names from my mother's memory, like Ewald, Gusty, Angelo, and Kennett Square.

The project expanded to other branches of my family in Ohio, Arkansas, Kentucky, and elsewhere—but it's now come back to Escanaba, to Mike Fragale who immigrated from Italy, and Emma Leisner whose family immigrated slightly earlier from Germany. Michigan's Upper Peninsula had many German immigrants, but very few Italians, so Mike Fragale's story intrigued me. What on earth could bring a poor teenager from rural southern Italy (a kid who might have never seen snow before!) to settle in Escanaba, Michigan, so far from his family? From the bits and pieces I've gathered, here is the story of a man who I almost knew, and the story of his family.

The Fragale Name

My great-grandfather was born Michele Fragale, and we imagined the Italian pronunciation to be frah-*gah*-lay, the accent on the middle syllable. Our family always pronounced it *fray*-gul, and somewhere along the line, the spelling changed to Fragile. The first instance of this spelling I know of is in the 1930 U. S. census. The three daughters used this spelling for their entire lives after that, but the youngest, my grandmother Margaret, wanted the traditional spelling on her gravestone. Mike had no formal education, and Emma only got through the second grade. The only signature of Mike's I've seen, on his WWI draft registration card, had the Fragale spelling. It's interesting that Mike's brother, Angelo, has the same misspelling of the family name in the 1940 U. S. census. While it might look odd to members of our immediate family, I have decided to use the original spelling, Fragale, throughout this account.

As for our pronunciation of the name, I had assumed that it was a peculiarity of the Escanaba family. I felt rather silly when Dolly, Angelo's daughter, told me that the Fragales in Pennsylvania pronounced it just like we did.

Upper Michigan in 1900

Iron ore was discovered in the Upper Peninsula in the 1840s. You didn't even have to dig for some of it: it was right there on the surface, and it had the perfect constituency for the Bessemer Steel process. Railroads were built to get the ore to Lake Superior and Lake Michigan. Huge ore docks were constructed to transfer the ore from train to ship. To negotiate the twenty-one-foot drop in water level out of Lake Superior, the first boat locks were opened at Sault Saint Marie in 1855, the famous Soo Locks.

All of these steps, from mine to steel mill, were in states of constant upgrade: bigger ships; longer and larger docks; newer and larger locks. The ports along Lake Superior and Lake Michigan became very busy places. In 1888 a new international bridge opened next to the Soo Locks, and the Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Sault Ste. Marie Railroad (the Soo Line) could now take grain, timber, and passengers from the Dakotas to Boston and Philadelphia.

By 1893 Ashland, Wisconsin, was the second busiest port on the Great Lakes, behind Chicago. In 1896, the new Poe Lock opened at the Soo, the largest boat lock in the world. The new ore docks were huge, up to seventy or more feet high, sixty feet wide, and some jutted nearly half a mile from the shore. Trains dumped ore into pockets high above the lake, independent of the ore boats, which could be loaded later through huge chutes that swung out over their cargo hatches. The latest "laker" ships were so big that they couldn't reach the Atlantic Ocean if they tried since the Saint Lawrence Seaway locks were too small. The hatches on the newer ships were spaced at the same twelve or twenty-four-foot intervals as the pockets on the newer ore docks. In 1899 there were twenty-two ore docks servicing the mines, in places like Duluth, Ashland, and Marquette on Lake Superior, and on Lake Michigan in Escanaba.

The biggest bottleneck in the process, unloading the boats, was overcome with the invention of the Hulett Unloaders in 1898—gigantic machines spanning up to four railroad tracks and cantilevering far over the harbor. They scooped the ore out of the ship's holds in huge gulps and cut unloading times by two-thirds. By 1910 there were dozens of these machines in destination ports such as South Chicago in Illinois, Gary in Indiana, and Cleveland and Lorain in Ohio.

There was a bustling little town a few dozen miles from Escanaba called Manistique, at the intersection of the famous Soo Line railroad and the newly built Manistique and Northwestern Railroad. A man named Elijah Weston had built the M&NW in 1896, intending to move both iron ore and lumber (the region's other great industry) on the same line. Weston planned for ore for his Manistique ore works, hardwoods to power them, and softwoods for export. He operated a stone quarry and had dreams of ferries across Lake Michigan. He died in 1898, and his grand schemes were never fully realized.

Elijah Weston's railroad survived—barely—and did carry lumber from the remote logging camps to Lake Michigan. The railroad underwent several ownership and name changes over the next decade, finally becoming the Manistique & Lake Superior, the M&LS—known locally as the Haywire, and to some as the Muck & Loon Shit.

It was into this turn of the century environment that not one, but *three* Fragale immigrants arrived.

John, Angelo, and Mike

Mike's cousin, John Fragale, may have been the first person in his extended family to arrive in America. I'm assuming that he was born Giovanni Fragale. The 1930 census says that he arrived in 1894. What drew him to Manistique, Michigan is anybody's guess, but there were a lot of jobs in the area for immigrants, often in the lumber industry. What drew John to America itself might have been another story altogether. He was married in Italy and had a daughter named Maria (Mary, when she later came to America). He probably had no plans of sending for his wife at some later date. According to Angelo's daughter, Dolly, the family story was that John's wife led a "risqué life," and John probably came to America for both economic and social betterment. Maybe he just ran away.

Whether he worked in the lumber industry is unknown, but by 1910 John Fragale described himself as a farmer, and the 1920 and 1930 census documents show the same occupation. Farming was what many of the Fragale immigrants knew from the old country. John lived in Thompson Township, just southeast of Manistique, with a French-Canadian woman named Agnes Sauvageau. They eventually had seven children, beginning in 1900 with the birth of daughter Irene Lucille Fragale, and followed in 1901 with son Albert.

Next to come to America was Mike's brother Angelo Fragale, although he was using his birth name Francesco at that time. Ellis Island documents show him arriving in the States in 1897. When he arrived in Upper Michigan is unknown, but Dolly believed that he lived there around the turn of the century. She said that he definitely worked in the lumber industry. Whether he lived with his cousin John is also unknown. Lumber men often lived for extended periods in camps in the woods. Dolly told me that her father more than once mentioned Sault Ste. Marie at the Canadian border, so he definitely visited there, perhaps either on the way to Manistique or while returning to the east coast. The new lock, the huge ships, and the international bridge must have been awe-inspiring in 1900—they're impressive even today.

Then came Mike. The 1920 census lists his arrival in America as 1900, but the 1930 census lists the year as 1902. In 1900, Mike's brother-in-law, Serafino Leo, was working in eastern Pennsylvania, and by 1902 Mike's sister Maria (Mary) and brother Antonio had joined him. It's probable that Mike spent time in the Kennett Square vicinity before moving on to Upper Michigan. He obviously knew of his cousin up in Manistique, but exactly when he got there is uncertain. My guess is somewhere between 1901 and 1903. His obituary later reported that he arrived in Escanaba in 1903.

Mike's stay with John Fragale may have been short. There are two old stories told which come into play here. The first is from my grandmother Margaret Fragale-Williams. It seems that there was a tarp pulled over a well to keep the water from freezing, a dog that pulled the tarp off of the well, and a woman who then shot the dog dead. The woman would likely be Agnes, John Fragale's wife. Margaret believed that this upset her father, a quiet and gentle man, enough to make him move on from Manistique.

Mike's daughter Irene told the other story, which was probably the bigger factor. Mike didn't know that his cousin had a new family in Michigan until he got there and was very upset to find out that John was a bigamist. While brother Angelo's family had further contact with John for years after Angelo left Michigan, after Mike moved on to Escanaba he never talked to his cousin John again.

It's sad that John's daughter, Irene Lucille Fragale, and Mike's daughter, Irene Ernestine Fragale, lived over a century apiece—yet they never met each other. Their fathers came from the same locale in Italy and were cousins, and these two women grew up about fifty miles apart. When I asked her, my great-aunt Irene had never even heard of the woman she had likely been named after.

Emma Marie Leisner

Between 1881 and 1885, two brothers and a sister all surnamed Giese, and two brothers and two sisters all surnamed Porath immigrated to the United States from Germany, and settled in Ford River, Michigan, seven or eight miles south of Escanaba. They were farmers. Each of them came with a spouse, and there were children, as well as grandmother Porath and grandfather Giese. One of the Giese brothers was married to one of the Porath sisters, so these immigrants likely knew each other in the old country. The woman named Giese was Ernestina Giese, and she was married to Frederick Leisner. Ernestina and her children: Herman, Carl, Augusta, Marie, and Bertha arrived in New York, on April 12, 1884, on the ship *Werra*. Her father, Michael Jacob Giese, and brother August, with his wife, arrived just over a year later.



I know nothing about their lives in the old country; the ships' manifests are the only documents from prior to the turn of the century. Children Carl and Maria Leisner probably died young. They aren't mentioned again anywhere else that I could find. Mike's daughter Irene told a vague story about a sibling who had drowned after diving into shallow water, and that's it.

My mother was told that Emma Leisner was the only Leisner child born in America, but it turned out that her brother Ewald was also born here.

How did Emma Leisner and Mike Fragale meet? Mom said that Emma worked in Escanaba as a household servant for a time, and here's an oft-told family story: Emma was riding the carousel at the fairgrounds in

Escanaba, and every time it circled around, a young Italian man bopped her with one of those paddleball toys, which I suppose he had bought right there at the fair.

While Emma almost never smiled, I like to think that Mike got a smile out of her that day. Either way, on the fourth of March, 1908, Mike Fragale and Emma Leisner were married.

They lived down in Ford River with the Leisners for a while, but Mike had a job on the ore docks, and soon they were living in Escanaba.

Irene, Harriet, and Margaret

Mike and Emma named their first child Irene Ernestine Fragale. She was born in Ford River. The name Ernestine was definitely after Emma's mother. I speculate that the name Irene came from the name of John Fragale's first daughter. Mike may never have wanted to see John again, but the name Irene must have appealed to him. He certainly would have met her while staying in Manistique.

Their second child was named Harriet Bertha Fragale. Bertha is easy to account for since Emma had an older sister named Bertha. That story of Emma working as a household servant before her marriage included a young girl in the house who tragically took sick and died. That girl was named Harriet.

The third child was my grandmother, Margaret Regina Fragale. The only known instance of the name Margaret in the family at that time was Mike's sister Josephine's daughter, Mary Margaret Citino, who had been born about two years earlier. The Escanaba Fragales had some German immigrant friends who lived for many years across the street named Hubert and Virginia Bubser. Virginia was godmother to Harriet and Margaret, and she was listed as Regina Bubser on the documents, possibly her middle name.



There was a story that might have involved Mike's desire for a son to carry on the Fragale name. Mike, upon learning that he had yet another daughter, got a bit inebriated and emotional, and comically tried to wrestle a baby carriage up the basement stairs.

427 South 18th Street

The house was built in 1917, and Irene told me that it cost \$2000. To put things in perspective, Mike Fragale made two dollars a day on the ore docks. Mike and Emma lived in that house for the rest of their lives. There were two bedrooms



along the left side, the master bedroom and the girl's bedroom behind it, with the bathroom between them. The living room was in front, and behind that on the right were the dining room and the kitchen. From there, stairs led up to the attic, which was unused, and down to the basement, which had rough stone walls and was where Emma had a wash tub, scrub board, and chair. The front door to the house opened into the living room, and Mike's favorite chair sat near it. There was a rear door which led from the kitchen to the side yard.

The Fragales had an upright piano, and Irene had a true talent for playing it. She studied piano for eleven years, but when they looked into professional lessons for her, the fee of fifty dollars per hour put an end to that.

As I've said, Emma rarely smiled. Emma's granddaughter Pat tells the story that near the end of her life, in 1982, Emma took Pat's husband Wayne's hand and gave him a big smile. A week or two later Emma was dead. Emma's son-in-law Brendan used to say that Emma smiled like she had a.....well, we'll leave what Brendan said for another time. In contrast, Mike Fragale was always smiling and had a silly side. Irene told me that when her mother made doughnuts, her father would waltz around the house with one on each finger, eventually eating them all.

The Fragales also owned the corner lot next to the house. They never built on it, and despite offers, they never sold it. The 500 block of 18th Street had no houses back then, so in addition to a sunny southern exposure, you could see more than a block without any obstruction. The family kept a large garden on that corner lot, big enough that a horse and plow were used to break the soil in the spring. My mother remembered seeing this operation when she was young, so the garden existed at least into the 1940s, but Mike's granddaughter Pat (Irene's daughter) remembered the side yard only having a bench in it, so the garden was gone by the late 1940s. Irene said that she and her sisters sold bags of tomatoes up and down the street to the neighbors out of a small wagon.

It seems that the Fragale family had farming in their blood. Mike's brothers and sisters out in Pennsylvania were all involved in growing things. The Kennett Square Fragales eventually specialized in mushrooms. Mike's brother Louis and others grew roses. Granddaughter Pat remembers that the backyard in Escanaba was Mike's pride and joy. He filled that yard with flowers that he tended, gladiolas or irises or whatever. He often earned ribbons for them at the Escanaba Fair. Emma had a skill indoors with African Violets of all colors. Pat said that she thought that her grandma knew magic, starting new plants from fallen leaves.

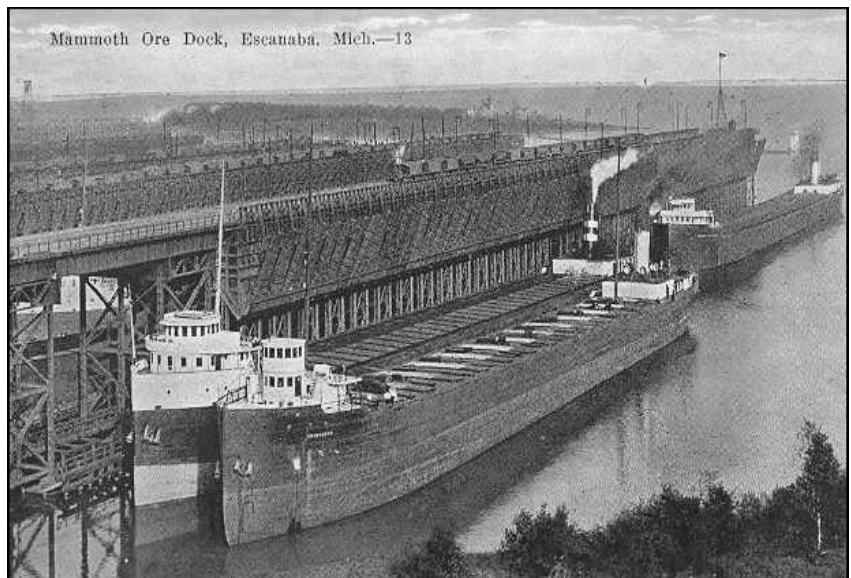
Working on the Railroad

Mike worked on the railroad, on the massive ore docks in Escanaba—first for the Milwaukee Road, then for the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. He was a member of the Top Dock Ore Handlers Union, Local 400. In the 1910 census, Mike's occupation is illegible to me, but in the following three censuses, he's a "top dock worker," a "freight handler" and an "ore dock worker," likely all names for the same job. While I'm sure that seniority counted for something, it was still basic physical labor.

Ore was dumped from the railroad cars into "pockets" high up over Lake Michigan, and when the ore ship was in position, large chutes were swung outward from the docks until the ends were in position over the cargo hatches on the ships. It seems that every other chute was deployed, so ore was dumped into the ship at twenty-four-foot intervals. In a perfect world, gravity would do most of the work—but in practice, the ore could arrive as a wet or frozen-solid mass in the railroad cars, or become a wet or frozen-solid mass in the pockets. It would then be nasty work freeing up the ore using sledges and long poles. After those pockets were emptied the ship would be winched along the dock a number of dozens of feet, until different chutes could empty different pockets into the hold. Irene told me that her father would have to clean out the chutes on occasion. When Mike got home from work he was often so filthy that Emma made him go straight to the basement to strip off his clothes before entering the rest of the house.

Mike Fragale must have seen both the worst and best of times on the docks. During 1931 and 1932 (great depression years) there was a fifty percent drop in shipments. At the turn of the century, there had been 500 or more men working for the Chicago & Northwestern railroad in Escanaba out of a total population of 9000, and three decades

later the numbers were similar. But in 1932 there were over a thousand men unemployed in town, most of them the sole wage earners for their families. It got so bad that the Milwaukee Road closed its two ore docks and transferred all of its business to the Chicago & Northwestern docks. The Milwaukee Road docks never really recovered, became neglected, and were later demolished.



By 1942 there had been a complete turnaround. The war effort resulted in the busiest years the ore docks had ever seen. Improvements were made in Escanaba because the United States was worried about German sabotage of the Soo Locks. Escanaba had held most of the ore shipment records anyway, since boats that didn't have to go through the locks could carry heavier loads. Through all of these times, Mike Fragale rode to work each day on his bicycle.

Getting Around, Trips out East, and Learning the Language

Neither Mike nor Emma had a car or ever learned to drive. In those days you could still live that way. Escanaba is still a small city, but the little neighborhood grocery stores and such are now mostly gone. It also helped if you knew neighbors and friends who did have cars—the Fragales occasionally got out of town in the early days with one such neighbor couple, on day trips and picnics.

In 1926 they took a real trip, however, to visit Mike's relatives in Pennsylvania. Mike had not seen many of these folks (if not *all*) for a quarter of a century. His job came with a railroad pass, a free ticket to just about anywhere the railroad went. Mike's daughter Margaret later related how warmly the relatives out east embraced the family, actually running out of the house with open arms upon their arrival. It was quite a contrast to the staid habits of the German relatives in Upper Michigan.

None of Mike's relatives ever came to visit in Escanaba, though, and Irene told me that they never went out east again as a family. Mike and Emma did return to Kennett Square around 1950, but that appears to have been the only other time. I have photographic evidence that Mike's niece, Lucie Leo, and her sister-in-law Mary visited Escanaba in the late 1950s, but I'm not certain who else might have been with them. Relatives in Pennsylvania remembered Margaret and her husband Brendan, and Harriet and Irene, from at least one other trip to Kennett Square.



An interesting story came out of that 1926 trip. My grandmother Margaret told my mother that Mike had mostly lost the ability to converse in Italian. There had been no one who spoke it in Escanaba. My grandmother said that Mike needed an interpreter to speak with his sister. Josephine Fragale-Citino's daughter Helen told me that her mother managed to speak English well, so that leaves Mike's other sister, Mary Fragale-Leo. Mary's granddaughter Melania said that her grandfather Serafino Leo spoke English well enough to get along, but her father Archie Ruggieri really mastered the language. Perhaps Archie served as an interpreter between Mike and Mary.

Mike spoke in broken English, and he had learned it from a wife who had grown up with Germans, and I'm sure he picked up more than a bit on the ore dock. Someone gave Mike some remedial children's grammar books at one point, but Emma took them away from him. Not that he swore a lot, and by all accounts, he was a quiet man, but my mother distinctly remembers him invoking the names of certain religious figures, in Italian.

Ed, Brendan, and Dick

The three Fragale girls married three local Escanaba boys:

Irene married Edward James Stratton, son of Edward Mitchell Stratton and Nora E. Mogan.

Harriet married Leon Richard Schram who went by the name of Dick. He was an athlete in college, and competed in the pole vault at Marquette University, winning second place in the NCAA championships in Chicago. Dick hitchhiked from Escanaba to California in 1931 for the Olympic tryouts, since the Olympic committee did not have the money to pay his way. He lost seventeen pounds during the trip and didn't make the team. A fascinating figure from my childhood, Dick Schram also was a noted football and basketball referee, taught science in high school, and repaired black and white televisions and more in his basement.

Margaret married Brendan Roger Williams, son of Roger Nicholas Williams and Leah Elizabeth Laviolette. Brendan was also an athlete, and he had starred on the high school football team with his brother Marlin. He won a scholarship to play football at Marquette University but was forced to leave school early after a family member from the Williams side revealed to the Jesuits that he had married a Lutheran.

Emma's family was German Lutheran, but both Irene and Margaret converted to Catholicism when they married. Emma had never wanted Mike to go to the Catholic church. The Lutheran minister in town started his sermons with "Thank God you weren't born a Roman Catholic!" Even Emma eventually stopped attending the services. Years later, on his deathbed, Mike asked his daughter Irene to bring a priest so he could receive the sacrament of confession, and be reinstated in the church. Irene did as asked, and as far as I know, Emma never knew about it. When Emma herself was near the end of her life, she too sought out the Catholic Church and was later allowed burial next to her husband.



609 South 18th Street, the War Years and Beyond

There was another house in the family, just down the street. It had started as a tiny place and was built by the Leisner family—the city of Escanaba says in 1920. My guess is that after the death of her husband in 1915, Ernestina Leisner wanted to be closer to her kids in town, not out in the country at Ford River. She lived alone there through the twenties, a block down the street from her daughter Emma, and only two or three blocks from her son Herman. In 1931, there was a tragic fire, and Ernestina died there. Mike Fragale then bought the house and made additions to it which possibly doubled its size.

From the early 1930s to about 1949, Irene and Ed rented 609 South 18th Street from Mike for twelve dollars per month. All four of the Stratton children were born while they lived there: Joan, Jim, Don and Pat, four of Mike and Emma's eventual eight grandchildren.



Brendan and Margaret rented a house one street over, at 427 S. 17th Street, until Brendan joined the army and left to fight in Europe. Margaret and her two children, Harriet (my Mom) and Mike, moved into the Fragale house until Brendan returned. There was a frightening time when they were notified that Brendan had been wounded in the war because at first they were not given any details. It turned out that Brendan had been shot clean through the forearm, and he made a complete recovery. When Brendan Williams returned to Escanaba, he bought a house at 324 S. 17th Street. This was the house my mother grew up in, still only a two-block walk from the Fragale house.

These were fine years for the Fragales, with Irene and her family just down the street, Margaret and her family only a few blocks away, and Harriet and Dick renting a second-floor apartment on Ludington Street, downtown. Pat said that the kids were always welcome visitors, and met inside the back door with hugs. Grandma Fragale almost always had bananas in the fruit bowl. She pronounced it "banano," which became a silly family tradition. Pat said that the kids would tear through the house in a circle: living room, dining room, spare bedroom, bathroom, bedroom, and living room again. Grandpa Mike, wearing his usual suspenders and sitting in his usual chair, would joke in his broken English, "Stop that running, or I'll cut off your feet!" My mother told me that one weekend morning she woke up hungry, and since her parents were still asleep she roller-skated over to her grandparent's house with a frying pan and two eggs. Grandma Fragale did make her some breakfast, and Mom got into a small bit of trouble over it.

Ed Stratton worked for the phone company, and from 1949 on he was transferred from here to there—first about four years in Sault Ste. Marie, then a short time in Marquette, three years in Menominee, and then back to Marquette. They would often drive to Escanaba after moving out, occasions for Margaret, Harriet, and Irene to convene a gabfest with their mother, seeming to all talk at the same time. Ed sought out chores to get away from the women. All the Stratton and Williams cousins would play, and often Irene and Harriet would perform duets on the piano. Pat remembers sometimes visiting alone by train, and when she was picked up at the station it might even be reported in the local newspaper.

When the Strattons left Escanaba, Dick bought the house at 609 S. 18th Street from his father-in-law, Mike Fragale.

The Last Decades

After Brendan returned from the war, he and Margaret had two more children—Mary and Brendan Junior—giving Mike and Emma a total of eight grandchildren. In the mid-1950s, the Williams family built a new house on Lake Drive.

Michael E. Fragale retired in 1953. Mike and Emma celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in 1958, and Mike died on June 2, 1960, at the age of 76. Emma lived alone at 427 S. 18th Street long after that and was visited often by her children, grandchildren, and eventually great-grandchildren.

Sometime in the late 1960s, possibly the early 1970s, Harriet and Dick had a falling out ending in divorce. Harriet moved in with her mother Emma, and bought the Fragale House from her. Dick continued to live in the other house and did so until he died in 2003.

My family didn't see Dick at all after the divorce, but Aunt Harriet and her mother certainly did. As I've said, the Fragale house was near the end of the 400 block of 18th Street—with an empty lot next to it on the corner—and the 500 block had no houses on it at all. The house at 609 S. 18th was the second or third house from its corner, and while that house was not visible from where Emma and Harriet were, Harriet could see Dick come and go—or at least see whether or not his car was down there. I have to chuckle thinking of those two old ladies in that house, with Harriet peering out of the oriel window in the dining room—keeping tabs on “Unk the Skunk.” Dick must have felt their eyes on him.



Emma Maria Leisner-Fragale died in 1982 at the age of ninety-two, and Harriet Bertha Fragale lived in the Fragale house until she died in 1984.

Harriet had willed the house to the two younger Williams children, Mary and Brendan Junior, her niece and nephew. Mary had died of complications from diabetes in 1980, so the house went to Brendan. He sold it in 1988, and that owner still lives there, as of 2014. He's made many renovations, and the house will be in fine shape when it turns one hundred years old, in 2017. The house at 609 S. 18th Street is now owned by the son

of a woman that Dick lived with for twenty-five years after his divorce.

After my grandmother Margaret Fragale-Williams died on June 13, 1986, there were no more Fragales in Escanaba; but up in Marquette, Irene Fragale-Stratton lived another quarter of a century, dying on September 14, 2012, at the age of 103.

Some Final Thoughts

I grew up in a little Wisconsin town called Port Washington, on the Lake Michigan shore. On any given morning you might spot one of the ore ships out on the horizon, yet they were so huge that they were easily visible. Later in the day that ship might still be out there, but in a new location—further along on its journey to Gary, Indiana, or if it was headed north, perhaps to Escanaba. When my father got a job in the Milwaukee area in the early 1960s my parents felt right at home in Port Washington, with familiar Lake Michigan to the east, and big ships coming in, just like at Escanaba. The ore ships went right on by, but others entered the harbor bringing gas, or coal for Port's electric power plant.

There was an active and quaint little train station in Port Washington in the 60s and 70s. More than once we picked up a traveler from up north—perhaps Aunt Mary; perhaps (great) Grandma Fragale. Emma was still using Mike's railroad pass.

As kids, we often hiked across the farm on the west side of town to a place we called “Black Bridge.” We would catch frogs, place pennies on the tracks for the freight trains to squash, and dare each other to cross the dark railroad trestle. There were little earthen balls called taconite pellets scattered along the tracks, the size of marbles. This was the form they transported the mined iron in at the time, and many of those trains were coming from the Upper Peninsula, speeding southward through Milwaukee and beyond.

Down at the lower end of Lake Michigan, or over at the rusting steel mills of Ohio, the old ore unloaders were scrapped years ago. The new generations of ore ships unload themselves. Most of the remaining old ore docks along Lake Superior are either gone or viewed as historical relics. The new docks at Escanaba are lower and sleeker and the ships are loaded by conveyors. I have to wonder what my great-grandfather Mike Fragale would think of that. At Sault Ste. Marie, they broke ground for a new “super-lock.” When it is finished, for the first time there will be two locks capable of handling “laker” ships. I have to wonder what Angelo Fragale would think of that.

Escanaba and Manistique are not much bigger than they were when Mike died—over fifty years ago—or when Mike and Angelo first knew those towns—over one hundred years ago. But Michigan's Upper Peninsula has always harbored big thoughts. In 1957 the Mackinac Bridge was opened to link Upper and Lower Michigan by road for the first time, a dream that went back to when Mike Fragale was a child living in Italy, and Emma Leisner had not yet been born. If he had lived long enough to make a third trip back to visit his Pennsylvania relatives, Mike could have driven across that bridge. But the Fragales never had a car or learned to drive, and they would have taken the train.

Mike Spieth

August 2010, with small revisions through 2025.

Acknowledgments

This account is dedicated to Irene Ernestine Fragale-Stratton. She was the finest source of family information I could ever have hoped for, and she was simply a wonder to talk to.

Enormous thanks to my mother, Harriet Marie Williams-Spieth, not just for *her* stories, but through those of her mother, Margaret Regina Fragale-Williams. I wrote this for you, Mom.

And thanks to Patricia Louise Stratton-Polazzo for the wonderful and specific memories of the houses on 18th Street, and for working with her mother Irene to make this story so much richer.

Thanks to Helen “Dolly” Fragale-Citino for all of the help with Angelo Fragale’s story, and for pointing me in the right direction to find Mike’s cousin John.

Nearly last, but in no way least, major thanks to Melania “Lonie” Ruggieri-Eapen, Mary Fragale-Leo’s granddaughter, whose account of her grandfather Serafino Lio's life inspired me to write this one.

And my regards to the Escanaba Postcard Museum for their image of the Escanaba ore docks.

Who Was John Andrew Rudick?

Late in 2009, I received a message from John Dunkin, out of the blue, telling me "John Rudick left his wife and eight kids in Big Flatt AR about 1897 and never came back." John Dunkin turned out to be my second cousin, once removed. I'll try to call him "cousin" from here on in an effort to simplify this account a bit: at least this way there will be one fewer guy named John in this story, and believe me, there are more than a few of them. My cousin's grandfather was Floyd Erasmus Rudick, a brother of my own great-grandfather, Cecil Edward Rudick. Floyd and Cecil were two of those eight abandoned children.

Here's all I had known about John A. Rudick before that message: He was born about 1855. He married Catherine Crews in 1878, in Mountain View, Stone County, Arkansas. The 1880 U. S. census listed John, Catherine, and their young daughter Ollie M. Rudick, along with Catherine's parents and siblings, all living in Locust Grove, Stone County, Arkansas. Twenty years later, in the 1900 census, Catherine was listed as widowed, living with six children and her mother Sarah, in Big Flat, Baxter County, Arkansas. That was all. I had listed John Rudick on my website as "died before 1900," but my cousin set me straight: At the turn of the century John Rudick was not dead and gone, he was just gone.

Who was this man, where did he come from and where did he run off to? My cousin remembered conversations with his grandfather Floyd which gave us hints to follow. For instance, Floyd had named one of his sons after John, and for years that was our only solid evidence of the middle name Andrew, other than a lot of letter "A"s.

Floyd also said that his grandfather was named Benjamin, and thus John Rudick would probably have been a grandson of the locally well-known Captain William Ruddick of Sugar Creek, Arkansas. My cousin believed John was born there, in Benton County. The birthplace turned out to be correct, but the idea of John Rudick as a son of Benjamin Ruddick, and thus a grandson of Captain William Ruddick, turned out to have no facts to support it. I had thought it would be a piece of cake, and that connecting John Rudick to the known family of Captain William Ruddick would add a few generations to my lineage. I set out to show that relationship but ended up disproving it. And that was only the beginning.

Ruddicks, Reddicks, and More...

To simplify things a bit I've had to adopt a few naming conventions. Sorting out the Ruddocks, Ruddicks, Reddicks, Riddicks, Rudicks and other variants of the name is daunting, but I will mostly use the name "Ruddick" in association with Captain William Ruddick and the Sugar Creek/Elkhorn Tavern line, "Reddick" in association with Ebenezer, Stephen and the North Carolina or Tennessee contingent, and "Rudick" (one D) in association with my own family connection: John Andrew and his descendants.

People in these families might have had their surname spelled several ways during their lifetimes, by their own telling or that of others. The names Riddick and Reddick were sometimes mistakenly interchanged in North Carolina, while in Arkansas it was either Reddick or Ruddick. Sometimes the letter "K" at the end was missing. Many of these folks could not read or write, preciseness in spelling was less important than it is now, and further spelling inconsistencies in the U. S. census and army documents complicate these matters. A good example is Stephen, John A. Rudick's actual father, who I have seen called Stephen Riddick, Reddick, and Ruddick, all in print within a short time frame.

Some people were analyzing DNA to sort it all out, and genetic lines were being studied back into Ireland and Scotland. This was fascinating in its own way, but my goal was only to find out who the recent ancestors of John Andrew Rudick were and to learn more about their lives.

The Ruddick Family in America

In 1993, John W. Hanneman published a major source for us, *The Ruddick Family in America*, and if Floyd Rudick's grandfather was actually Benjamin Ruddick of Benton County, Arkansas (and if Mr. Hanneman's research was accurate) then I would be able to easily trace the line back four more generations, possibly across the Atlantic Ocean.

According to the book, it started with a man named William Ruddock (~1689 to ~1752), a citizen of Pennsylvania. Much is uncertain. He was born in Ireland. He married a woman named Alice. There are land and other records for him and his sons, yet he left no estate. His wife and others moved to North Carolina after his death. Hanneman records six children, with the notation "probably others." The two children we are concerned with are Benjamin Rudduck (not Floyd's supposed grandfather, but a different Benjamin) and William E. Rudduck.

William E. Rudduck (~1723 to ~1796) had a son named John H. Ruddick (~1755 to 1829), who had a son named William Ruddick (1785 to 1852). Hanneman lists this William's children and stops there. But no worry, since Captain William Ruddick's descendants can be easily found in U. S. Census documents from then on, and one was named Benjamin.

Captain William Ruddick, Benton County, Arkansas, and the Civil War

In 1826 a treaty was signed with the Indians forcing them westward and opening up vast areas for settlers. The names of the earliest settlers in far northwestern Arkansas included Jacob Roller, Enoch Trott, the Reverend Jasper Reddick, George W. Miser, and Captain William Ruddick. Unlike most of those pioneers who came from North Carolina, Georgia, and Tennessee, William Ruddick (1785-1852) brought his family to Benton County, Arkansas, from Vermillion County, Illinois. The family had originally moved from Kentucky and before that from Pennsylvania, while many other relatives had relocated south toward North Carolina.

William was a Captain in the Illinois Militia, and after the death of his father, he sold the farm he had inherited and moved his family southwest. With his son-in-law Samuel Burks, he built the Ruddick Inn, later famous as Elkhorn Tavern. The tavern was situated on the "Trail of Tears," and the Ruddicks must have watched many Indians on their sad march westward, as well as many pioneers passing through on a main route from St. Louis to the Southwest.

Captain Ruddick founded the settlement of Sugar Creek, Arkansas, and became an influential man in the area. He served as postmaster, among other things, and Elkhorn Tavern was also used as a religious meeting house.

William Ruddick never knew of the most notorious role of his tavern, because ten years after his death the building was used as a headquarters for the Union Army during a key battle of the Civil War. The Battle of Pea Ridge (March 6-8, 1862) swarmed all around the building and across the Ruddick farm. Perhaps twenty-five thousand men waged a series of engagements which left thousands dead. Ruddicks fought on both sides of the war, and some, seeing it coming, fled to other states to wait it out. William's son Benjamin, for instance, returned to Illinois where three of his children were born before he returned. Son Samuel got his family down to Texas. A third son, Joseph, stayed in the area and it looks like he wound up fighting for the Confederates, deserting, and then joining the Union army.

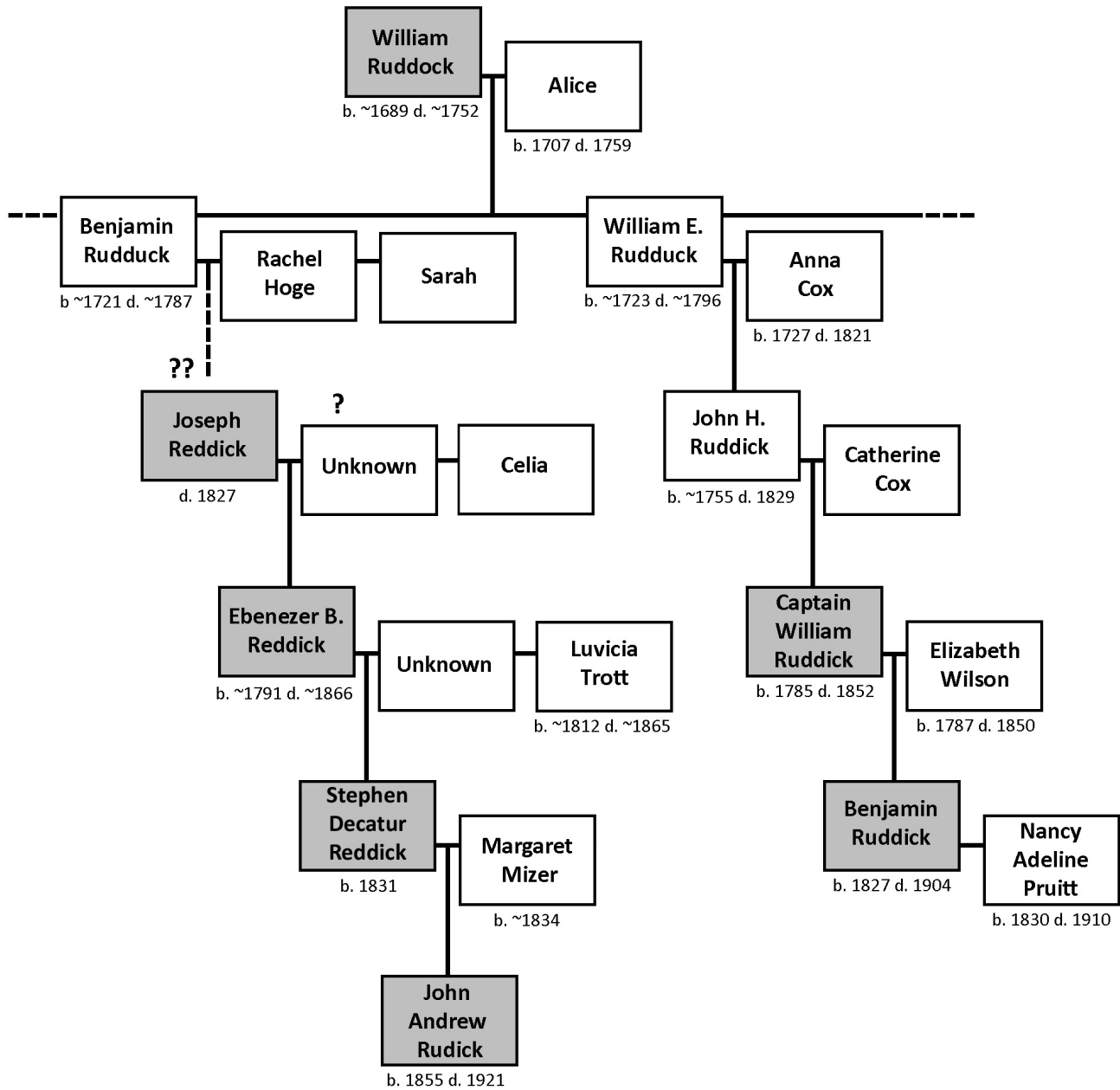
In the end, despite their superiority in numbers, the Confederates were routed. The battle sealed Union control of Missouri. Elkhorn Tavern survived the battle only to be burned down years later and then rebuilt. The structure and the surrounding lands now make up the Pea Ridge National Military Park.

Benjamin Ruddick, and Four John Ruddicks

Let's get back to the search for our John Andrew Rudick. Since he was born about 1855, according to the 1880 census, I checked out the families of each of Captain Ruddick's sons, looking for a John of appropriate age.

William's oldest son was named John Ruddick (1812-1853). He had no son named John and died before John A. was born.

William's second son was also named William Ruddick, born in 1814, and died young in 1820.



His third son was named Samuel Ruddick (1821-1886). Samuel married Polly Ford and had nine children if I count correctly. One child was named John and was born about 1855. Unfortunately for us, this John Ruddick married a woman named Rachel, had several children, and can be tracked in the U. S. census documents of 1860, 1870, 1880, 1900, and finally in 1910, married to his second wife Anna. He is buried in Benton County, Arkansas.

Captain Ruddick's fourth son was Benjamin Ruddick (1827-1904), matching the name Floyd Rudick gave for his grandfather. In 1850, Benjamin was newly married to Nancy Adeline Pruitt and according to the census, living with his parents Captain William Ruddick and Elizabeth, and a son named John W., four months old. That would make the birth about July 1850, five years earlier than John Andrew in the 1880 census. This boy is not listed in the 1860 census at all, odd considering he would be Benjamin's first child, and ten years old. Hanneman's book says this John W. Ruddick "died young." He does not appear in the 1870 census with Benjamin's family either, and I have not found him in any other documents. In a 1904 legal case in Arkansas concerning Benjamin Ruddick's estate, the living children were listed, and John A. Rudick was not on that list, although we know he was alive at the time.

William Ruddick's fifth son, Joseph Ruddick (1829-1915), was married twice, the first time about 1850 to Mary Louisa Reynolds, and then in 1861 to Sarah Clarissa Taylor. Among Joseph's eleven children, there is a John Tilford Ruddick (3-17-1856 to 12-10-1930). This John married a woman named Vina. They had four known children and he is also in all of the census documents through 1910. He is also buried in Benton County, Arkansas.

There were no facts supporting any direct relation of John Andrew Rudick to Captain William Ruddick or to his son Benjamin, except for the statement of John's son, Floyd. John himself never claimed in any census that his father was born in Illinois (four times Tennessee and once North Carolina, for the record) a fact he might have been aware of if he was Benjamin's son. If our John was Benjamin's son, he would have probably lived in Illinois during the war.

I was at a loss and concluded that Floyd, Cecil, and the others were not grandchildren of Benjamin Ruddick, whether they liked it or not. I would have loved to fit our John Rudick neatly into that family, but the mystery deepened.

Ebenezer B. Reddick

In the 1850 U. S. census, in Sugar Creek Township, Benton County, Arkansas, I found an interesting family: Ebenezer Redic (census spelling), his wife Lucy, five children ages eighteen down to four years old, and a Stephen D. Redic at the end of the list, nineteen years old. Ebenezer, Stephen, and Lucy were all listed as born in North Carolina.

Ten years later, in the 1860 U. S. census, in Roller Ridge Township, Benton County, Arkansas, were Stephen Redick (again, census spelling), his wife Margaret, and their two sons John, five years old, and James F., three years old. They lived right next door to Ebenezer, his wife Luvicia, and their five children.

William Ruddock - Captain Ruddick's great-grandfather - had six children, and Ebenezer is *possibly* descended from his son, Benjamin Rudduck (1721 to about 1787 – again, not the Captain's son, but a different Benjamin). The information down this line is not substantiated like the other line down to Captain Ruddick. The Captain's line came through Kentucky and Illinois, the other line through North Carolina. Hanneman's book cannot help us here; he looked more at one branch and very little at the other. He names Benjamin Rudduck, but stops there.

Some say that Benjamin Rudduck had a son named Joseph, who had a son named Ebenezer. This would make Ebenezer Reddick a second cousin to Captain William Ruddick. Indeed, some seem content to give it as an established fact: Benjamin, father of Joseph, father of Ebenezer, father of Stephen. It could conceivably be true, but I wish that there was any evidence. It seems to me more likely that Joseph Reddick descends from a line of Riddicks or Reddicks in North Carolina than that he is a son of Benjamin Rudduck and grandson of William Ruddock, or that perhaps Joseph came straight from Ireland. Any connections between the Ruddick, Riddick, and Reddick lines might be many generations back, possibly on the other side of the ocean. Stephen Reddick, questioned while he was a prisoner of war, stated that none of his relatives were involved in the rebellion, showing that he didn't consider the nearby Ruddicks, two of which he had enlisted with, to be related to him.

As for the parents of Joseph Reddick, it has proven to be a complicated puzzle, with dozens of Reddicks and Riddicks known during that period in North Carolina, but a severe lack of corroborating dates and family relationships. There seem to be as many ideas as there are people doing the research, so for now, I end my research with Joseph Reddick.

For quite a while I thought that Ebenezer was not even one of Joseph's sons. In his will Joseph gave his land, slaves, and other possessions to his wife Celia, his daughter Nancy Penny, and to his "four sons," Benjamin Franklin Reddick, John W. Reddick, Joseph L. Reddick, and what looks to be Jno. W. Reddick. Toward the end of the will, Joseph appointed Joseph Reddick and Ebenezer Reddick executors of his estate. It seemed odd that Ebenezer was not called a son, along with getting no part of the estate, while the others did. I now see that Jno. W. and John W. must have been the same man, but I only conceded the fact after another researcher, Pat Richard, found a document in which Joseph Reddick gave 150 acres of his land to Ebenezer, actually calling him "my son."

Here's what we know about Ebenezer B. Reddick: He was born about 1791 in North Carolina, according to census documents. In 1814, while enlisting in the army, he was described as being five foot eight inches tall with black eyes, dark hair, and a fair complexion. Ebenezer's middle initial "B" is found on his son George W. Reddick's 1922 death certificate, and I've not seen it anywhere else.

So in 1821 Ebenezer was given 150 acres of land by his father, which he turned around and sold in 1825. Joseph died in 1827, with Ebenezer and Joseph Jr. as co-executors of the estate. The 1840 census found Ebenezer in Benton County, Tennessee, with his family. There was a woman in the same age bracket as him, probably a wife, and five others between five and thirty years old. Ebenezer was forty-nine at the time, leaving room for this to be a second marriage. The youngest boy was presumably Stephen. The next youngest would be Stephen's brother, William H. J. Reddick.

Ebenezer Reddick married Luvicia Trott in 1841, in Benton County, Tennessee. (Many people record Luvicia's name as Lou Vicie, and indeed a granddaughter or two *are* named Lou Vicie, but in the 1860 census it is clearly written as Luvicia. I find it much prettier, and I will stick with it. Back in the 1850 census, and on her marriage certificate, she was called Lucy.) Luvicia had three young children from a previous marriage to William McNeil, who had died in 1840. This combination of the Reddick and McNeil families relocated to Benton County, Arkansas, probably just before 1850. What became of Ebenezer's earlier children, other than sons Stephen and William? For now, we can only guess.

In 1850, Ebenezer and his family lived in Sugar Creek Township, Arkansas, where Ebenezer was a wagon maker. In 1860, he was a farmer in nearby Roller Ridge Township, where he had purchased 120 acres of land: forty acres in 1854, and forty additional acres on each side in 1860. One Roller Ridge neighbor was named Enoch Trott. Was he Luvicia's brother? After his death, Ebenezer's land stayed in the family, at least for a while, owned and expanded to the south by Luvicia's son, Neal McNeil. Another parcel just to the south of that was later owned by G. W. Reddick, Ebenezer and Luvicia's son. Lucy is said to have died in 1865, and Ebenezer in 1866.

At least two other men were named Ebenezer Reddick. The first, a Confederate soldier from North Carolina, was captured on July 16, 1864, in Silver Spring, Maryland, and died of pneumonia while in custody. A younger man than our Ebenezer, and perhaps using the name Epinetus Reddick, he likely was from another branch of the Reddicks or Riddicks. The second man was Ebenezer's son (called Joseph Reddick in the 1860 census) who lived most of his life as Ebenezer N. Reddick.

Stories about Ebenezer Reddick passed down by his descendants vary widely, but all center around his probable Native American pedigree. Sometimes he was 100% Cherokee, sometimes 50% or 75%. One descendant said that "he jumped the reservation and was on the run. He came to Arkansas and adopted the name of Reddick." Another said he fought in the Black Hawk War. In yet another version, Ebenezer was given some family money, and forced to migrate west after abusing a slave. My favorite tale had Ebenezer as a nephew of John Ross, the famous (and mostly Scottish!) Cherokee Chief.

In 1926, over a dozen of Ebenezer's descendants applied for membership in the Cherokee Nation. Son Ebenezer N. Reddick claimed his father was ½ Cherokee, and the others took it from there. Affidavits from some old timers were attached to most, if not all, of the applications. Here's one:

I, Hiram C. Rogers, 73 years old, P O address R#2 Garfield Benton County Ark hereby testify that I was personally acquainted with Ebenezer Reddick, who was the father of George W. Reddick, who was the father of John W. Reddick, Thos. L. Reddick, Homer Reddick, H. A. Reddick + Dave Reddick the claimants; I got acquainted with Ebenezer Reddick about 1860; he died a few years after the close of the Civil War; During this time I lived with my father who lived on a farm that joined with Ebenezer Reddick farm and was well acquainted with him and all his family; George W. Reddick told me that Ebenezer Reddick his father came from North Carolina and that he was a half breed Cherokee Indian.

Another affidavit, from A. J. Ford:

I have been acquainted with Ebinezer [sic] Reddick since before the Civil War. I lived neighbors to him for a long number of years. I helped lay him out when he died, it was known all over the country that he was Cherokee blood, claimed to be, looked like it and acted like it.

In another document, a ninety-year-old woman named Lucinda Edwards, who lived in North Carolina between 1836 and 1881, claimed to know of a Cherokee woman named Sallie Reddick who also lived in North Carolina during that period. If Ebenezer was ½ Cherokee, then was Sallie Reddick his mother? Sadly for us, in son Ebenezer N. Reddick's own words:

I am unable to state the names of any of my ancestors back of my father. It has been so many years ago since my father died and I was so young at the time of his death that I can't remember of ever having heard anything talked about my ancestors.

The Enrolling Commission of the Cherokee Indian Agency denied the applications. In the case of Ebenezer's grandson Harry A. Reddick, a commission member named James E. Henderson wrote:

The application of Mr. Reddick has been investigated very thoroughly. It seems that for many years neither he nor his ancestors has been identified with the Eastern Band of Cherokee Indians of North Carolina, whose affairs we are endeavoring to settle under the Act of Congress June 4, 1924. It would appear from the records in this case that his ancestors migrated to Arkansas before the time of the removal in 1838-39.

For your information I will say that there is a great misconception on the part of many applicants as to really what the Eastern Band of Cherokees is. After the removal in 1838-39, the ancestors of the little Band whose affairs we are now endeavoring to settle purchased the lands they now hold and took deeds for the same. The various rolls made of this Band between 1835 and the present give us a very good proof as to who contributed toward the purchase of these lands and who did not. The ancestors of Mr. Reddick do not seem to appear on any of these rolls. Furthermore, to become a member of the Eastern Band of Cherokee Indians it is necessary to prove that the applicant or his ancestors were living in North Carolina in 1874; that they contributed toward the purchase of the Qually Boundary; that they have been recognized by and been affiliated with with the Eastern Band of Cherokee Indians of North Carolina since 1868. Keeping the above in mind, it is very easy to see that a large number of people of Indian blood living in the south country do not have the right to enrollment with the Eastern Band of Cherokee Indians.

Each application contained a statement like "I am sure my grandfather Ebenezer Reddick contributed toward the purchase of these lands," but there was nothing to back it up. Ebenezer and his kin were not on the rolls after 1835, and it seems they had nothing to do with the tribe during the years critical to this case. The decision in no way denied Ebenezer an Indian heritage, it only denied his heirs a part of something it seems he didn't contribute to in the first place.

In the end, I can't make solid conclusions about Ebenezer's parentage. Perhaps he was half Cherokee or lived among the Cherokees for a period. Some descendants of John A. Rudick have had DNA testing done with positive results, but there are stories of Indian blood in the ancestors of John's wife Catherine Crews as well, so it only gets more complicated. Researcher George W. Reddick, another descendant of Ebenezer, notes that several of his relations have had DNA testing done, with little or no evidence of Indian blood turning up, and since Ebenezer was described as fair-skinned, George has serious doubts. In his opinion, "I think that Ebenezer developed a story that he enjoyed repeating to entertain others."

Stephen Decatur Reddick

Stephen Reddick, born in 1831 in Sampson County, North Carolina, was my great-great-great-grandfather, and the father of John Andrew Rudick. I believe he was a son of Ebenezer Reddick (1791-1866) but I've never been entirely comfortable with the way Stephen appears in the 1850 census. The children are listed oldest to youngest, the three McNeal children first, followed by the two children of Ebenezer and Luvicia, and last, Stephen, who was actually the oldest. It could be innocent, but it's also the way boarders and nephews and farmhands were often listed in the census. Testing currently shows that I share DNA with over two dozen known descendants of Joseph Reddick, both through Ebenezer or through Ebenezer's sister and brothers (half-sister and half-brothers?) I believe it's only a matter of time and careful work before more family relationships are confirmed.

Ebenezer Reddick	859	m
Luvy	38	f
Sally	18	f
Nat Mc	16	m
Rebecca Mc	14	f
Charlotte	8	f
Angelina	4	f
Stephen J	19	m

Stephen, Ebenezer, and the rest of the family migrated from North Carolina to Benton County, Tennessee, where they lived in 1840. After Ebenezer married Luvicia Trott, and then after two daughters were born, they all headed west again, this time to Benton County, Arkansas, probably just before 1850.

Around 1854, likely in Benton County, Arkansas, Stephen Reddick married Margaret Mizer, born about 1834 in Blount County, Tennessee. In the 1860 census, there were two sons, John and James. John was born a few months after Ebenezer purchased his first 40 acres, so maybe Ebenezer, over sixty years old, was planning for Stephen's new family.

The 1850 and 1860 censuses, along with a few army documents, listed Stephen as a farmer. He was in the Arkansas State Guard. When the Civil War broke out, Stephen and Ebenezer's families up near Roller Ridge were only three or four miles from Sugar Creek, where William Ruddick had built Elkhorn Tavern. The Battle of Pea Ridge was fought in March of 1862, and any role Stephen or Ebenezer played in the battle is unknown.

That summer the 35th Infantry Regiment of the Confederate Army was formed, sometimes called the 1st Regiment. On August 15, three Ruddick men enlisted into Colonel James P. King's Regiment, Benton County's Company F, which was commanded by Captain John Miser: Joseph Ruddick, William Ruddick, and S. D. C. Ruddick. The first, Joseph Ruddick, was a son of Captain William Ruddick, mentioned earlier, and the William who enlisted would be the Captain's grandson through his son Samuel. (Although an army document stated that William deserted, he later died in a prison in Springfield, Missouri at about eighteen years old.) The third man, S. D. C. Ruddick, turned out to be our Stephen Reddick.

Stephen had been recruited on August 2, 1862, by his father-in-law, Captain Miser, and his early participation in the war seems to have been minimal. According to paperwork from the following spring, Stephen claimed that he had taken up arms twice, but also that he was never in any battles. A muster roll from April 1863, reported him absent and said he had been sick since the previous October. In early December 1862, his fellow enlistee Joseph was injured during the Battle of Prairie Grove and hospitalized. On January 1, Captain Miser deserted, along with his brother, 2nd Lieutenant Elijah H. Miser.

On March 26, 1863, while home on furlough, Stephen was captured and taken north to Cassville, Missouri, where he spent several weeks in a prisoner of war camp, followed by a week in Springfield, Missouri, which included a doctor's examination. On May 13 he was sent to Gratiot Street Prison in St. Louis, Missouri. June 8 found him in City Point, Virginia, where he was exchanged back to the Confederate Army. On June 10 he picked up \$49.86 in back pay at Camp Lee, near Richmond, Virginia.

Arkansas Confederate Army records say that Stephen deserted on August 25, 1863 and that Joseph and William Ruddick both deserted on September 10, 1863, coinciding with the regiment's participation in the Battle of Bayou Fourche.

By my estimate of Company F, Arkansas 35th Infantry, about forty of its ninety-five soldiers deserted. During the Civil War over 10,000 Confederate soldiers deserted in Arkansas alone. From the Encyclopedia of Arkansas History and Culture:

Myriad reasons exist for desertion during the Civil War. Early in the war, some Confederate units in Arkansas deserted when rumors spread about local Native Americans raiding towns and scalping citizens; the soldiers left their units feeling that their place was at home protecting their families. Troops sometimes left the ranks because of disagreements with their leaders or due to lack of pay. After 1864, some Confederate soldiers probably saw that the war was likely to end in defeat. Other Confederates may have deserted simply because they thought the war would continue year after bloody year, with or without them.

During the Prairie Grove Campaign in December 1862, the Confederates experienced serious desertion of conscripts. Several hundred of these deserters, mostly northern Arkansans who opposed secession, changed sides after the battle and enrolled in Arkansas Union regiments.

In his 1997 book *The Confederate War*, [Gary W.] Gallagher called attention to a factor unique to desertion in the Confederate ranks: "The presence of Union armies on southern soil generated a type of Confederate desertion unknown among Union soldiers—and one that did not necessarily indicate weak will or unhappiness with the Confederacy." The desire to protect land and loved ones from Union troops drove up the Confederate desertion rate late in the war, as men chose their duty to their families over their duty to the Confederacy.

The birth dates of Stephen's third and fourth sons, Stephen Sherman and Weston J., are not pinned down, but between 1861 and 1864 are good guesses based upon contradictory documents. During his 1863 imprisonment in St. Louis, Stephen stated that he had four children, so there could be a child we know nothing about.

Stephen used more versions of his name than any other man I know of. His Arkansas military records listed him as S. D. C. Ruddick. In census documents, he was Stephen Redick and Stephen D. Redic. Some of the Gratiot Street Prison papers called him Stephen D. C. Riddick, and picking up his paycheck in Virginia, he went as C. D. Riddick. In one document we find a magnificent full version: Stephen Commodore Decatur Riddick. And that's all. After 1863, history has nothing more to say about Stephen Decatur Reddick.

After the War: A Broken Family in the 1870 Census

Here's what we know about the four sons of Stephen and Margaret Reddick, from youngest to oldest, with special attention given to 1870, the first census year without Stephen.

Weston J. Reddick:

In 1870, he was listed as six years old, living with his mother Margaret and her second husband, in White Rock, McDonald County, Missouri. There was a W. J. Reddick in the 1880 census, eighteen years old, living with the John B. Due (Dew) family of Maury County, Tennessee, and listed as a nephew. John Due's sister, Sarah Elizabeth Due, had married William H. J. Reddick, who I believe is another son of Ebenezer Reddick with his first wife. They relocated to Arkansas, where William, like his brother Stephen D., seems to have died in the Civil War. There's a marriage recorded between a Weston Reddick and Priscilla Jennings on February 2, 1892, in Lowndes County, Mississippi, but this has led to no further information.

Stephen Sherman Rudick: About nine years old in 1870, he lived on the farm of James and Nancy Bayless in Sugar Creek, Benton County, Arkansas. There's no sign of any relation between his mother and the Bayless couple, reportedly childless and relatively well off. Ten years later there was a Stephen Redick, eighteen years old, living with John and Mary Devers in Newton City, Missouri. A Steven S. Rudick was listed in the 1900, 1910, 1920, and 1930 censuses, married to Nancy H. Rudick at various Missouri addresses. Years later, Stephen was mentioned in the obituary of James, his older brother. Stephen S. Rudick died on April 3, 1942.

James Franklin Rudick: Born on June 19, 1858, in 1870 James was twelve years old and living on the farm of Isaac and Sarah Stapleton in Sugar Creek Township, Missouri (yes, there's a Sugar Creek Township on each side of the border, and the Missouri one is the location of Seligman). James was listed in the census as a nephew, so Sarah Stapleton was Margaret Mizer's sister. James was still with the Stapletons ten years later. In 1900 and 1910 he was married to a woman named Martha and lived in Flat Creek Township, Barry County, Missouri. He died on March 21, 1918.

John Andrew Rudick: Born on March 31, 1855, in 1870 John worked on the Michael Buttram farm in Sugar Creek, Arkansas. The census listing was confusing at first: the relation to the family looked to me like "barrel boy," and one account on the internet interpreted it as "barnyard boy." That's sensible, but obviously not what was written, and now as I see it John was a "bound boy." It's not known whether the contract was for a typical seven years or until he turned twenty-one, or whether he was treated like a son or like a farmhand. Hopefully, it was more like a son, since it appears that Michael Buttram's wife Sarah Buttram was originally Sarah Mizer, a first cousin to John's mother. (If you think that there seem to be nearly as many Mizers in this account - whatever spelling - as there are Reddicks - whatever spelling - you are correct and more Mizer connections will be revealed shortly.)

Buttram Michael	36	10	20	farmer
Sarah	34	8	10	House Keeping
John H	15	3	20	
William H	1	10	20	
Rudick John	16	3	20	Barrel Boy

During their younger years, the boys were never far from each other, or from their mother. Other than Weston, they stayed in the southwest Missouri area for the rest of their lives.

On April 29, 1868, Margaret married William Richard Buxton, a broom maker and blind from birth, who in 1879 became a Methodist Preacher. The census lists them both, and then a one-year-old girl named Maria E. Buxton, followed by Weston J. Reddick. Margaret died sometime before the 1900 census

Maria Esther Buxton was John's half-sister (not his sister, as was later reported in a newspaper item), and she married John B. Richardson about 1888. They lived in Benton County, Arkansas in 1900, Caverna, Missouri in 1904, and in Long Township, Sequoyah County, Oklahoma in 1910, near Fort Smith, Arkansas.

Did Stephen and Margaret have any children other than the four boys we know of? Children John, Stephen Jr., and James were easily located in the 1870 census, but no other unclaimed Rudick boy or girl has been found. Such a child, born in the early 1860s, would likely have stayed with their mother, like Weston had.

Who Was John Andrew Rudick, and Where Did He Go?

John Andrew Rudick was born March 31, 1855, likely in Sugar Creek or in Roller Ridge Township, in Benton County, Arkansas, the son of Stephen Decatur Reddick of North Carolina, and Margaret E. Mizer of Tennessee. John's grandparents on his mother's side would thus be John and Mary Miser of Tennessee, and his grandfather on his father's side was Ebenezer Reddick, of North Carolina.

John's father Stephen probably died during the Civil War, or shortly thereafter, and then John spent time indentured on the Michael Buttram farm. Years later, he referred to himself as "Wandering John," and related that in 1876, he worked for the Fort Worth Daily newspaper in Fort Worth, Texas, learning printing and more from editor Capt. B. B. Paddock.

In 1878, in Stone County, Arkansas, John married fourteen-year-old Jemima Catherine Crews. Their first child, Ollie Mae Rudick, was born there. John and Catherine lived with her family in Locust Grove, Stone County, Arkansas, until moving to Big Flat. On August 4, 1882, John was elected Justice of the Peace in Big Flat, so the next four children, Josephine, Edna, Rosa, and Floyd were likely born there, since the following two, Cecil and Macon, both claimed to be born in Big Flat in their WW1 draft documents. The last child, Homer, was born in 1891, in Seligman, Missouri.

About five months later, on January 28, 1892, a Seligman newspaper reported "John A. Rudick has accepted a position as book keeper, etc. in McClure's Store." Cousin John Dunkin was told that Catherine had insisted that the entire family move back to Big Flat after learning that John was being unfaithful.

Through John's son, Floyd comes this story: John Rudick was a school teacher, and two weeks before the school year began (must have been in 1897) he rode his horse into town, supposedly on an errand to purchase some shoes. He was spotted crossing the river by ferry near Big Flat, and heading west. He never came back.

The children of John Andrew Rudick and Jemima Catherine Crews were:

Ollie May Rudick (1880-1971)
Josephine E. (Josie) Rudick (~1881-1911)
Edna Aldene Rudick (1883-1964)
Rosa Rudick (1885-1946)
Floyd Erasmus Rudick (1886-1967)
Cecil Edward Rudick (1888-1952)
Macon Cornelius Rudick (1889-1934)
Winfred Homer Rudick (1891-1947)

In 1909, Catherine married a man named John Rose, a miller by profession, and more than twenty years her senior. John Rose died four years later. In 1918, Catherine married a man named Sam Sutterfield, and they lived in Searcy County, Arkansas, just west of Big Flat. By 1940, the census lists Catherine as a widow, living in Gore, Oklahoma. She died twelve years later and is buried in Luther, Oklahoma, near her son Homer and his wife. Her tombstone reads "Our mother Catherine Sutterfield 1863-1952."

I'll stop pretending here that John vanished into thin air, and admit that we knew a little more all along. He was in the 1900 census as John A. Rudick, married to Theodosia S. Rudick. He was listed as a farmer, living in Quapaw Indian Territory, just across the border in what would in a few years be Oklahoma. In 1910, he was also listed as a farmer, in Peoria Township, Ottawa County, Oklahoma (same place, but ten years later, and after statehood) with his wife Sarah Rudick.

Sarah Rudick and Theodosia S. Rudick were the same woman, of course. A fellow researcher exploring the convoluted Mizer clan found her for me in 2012. She was born Sarah Theodosia Burrows, a daughter of Josiah Henninger Burrows and Elizabeth Mizer. Josiah Burrows had over twenty children with at least three wives. Elizabeth Mizer was his first wife, and she died a year after Sarah was born. Elizabeth was a first cousin to John's mother, Margaret Mizer, so for the record, John Rudick left his wife and eight children to run off with his second cousin. (Also for the record, Josiah's third wife was John's aunt, Mahala Mizer!)

"Doshia" Burrows grew up in Sugar Creek, Arkansas, and it's more than likely that she knew John Rudick (Reddick) when they were children, perhaps even attending school together. When John's first wife made their family return to Big Flat from Seligman, Missouri, Sarah Theodosia Burrows was likely the reason, as Sugar Creek and Seligman were only about ten miles from each other.

Sarah had an earlier marriage to a man named Daniel Cox (and a son named William Cox), so on a marriage certificate dated September 2, 1897, in Cherokee County, Kansas, the bride and groom are John Andrew Rudick and Dollie [!] Cox.

A Letter from John

In September of 2013, I got a package from my cousin Kevin Bourdon, another descendant of John Rudick. (John's son Cecil, my great-grandfather, married Mary Alice Cessna in Oklahoma in 1911, and Cecil was the only one of John's children to leave the Arkansas/Missouri/Oklahoma area, eventually living in Detroit, Michigan with a career as a streetcar motorman.) The package contained dozens of letters that Mary Cessna-Rudick had saved: letters from her son, her father, and many courtship letters from Cecil Rudick. One letter stood out, dated June 5, 1915. For one thing, it was typed, on stationery from the Joplin Scale Repair Works, Joplin, Missouri. I only knew of one relative of Cecil Rudick who had ever lived in Joplin, and that was his father. The text confirms it, given here in its entirety:

Dear son, wife and babies :-

Have delayed answering your letter on account of sickness of my wife and other matters. I have been trying to line up something for you, but you know that one must be on the ground to catch what is in the wind. The different Bakeries here in Joplin are doing an immense business. All want to see the party who desires work and try them to see they can do the work, or such is offered as an excuse. If you are up on the Con. business, you would stand a good chance to get work on the street car line. There is a demand in all cities for those who are efficient - for those who can do their work rightly and willingly.

I only wish you was here to get a job when the opportunity came. It would be a pleasure to see you, wife and the "little ones". You know that your dear old dad is getting up in years and it would be a pleasure to be with you. I am 60 years old, but I don't look it and I don't feel it. It is true that I have done no manual labor for over one year - been in the newspaper business most of the time - was associate editor of The Galena Weekly Republican for a long time - did the writing for the weekly and the daily until the 22nd of last June when I had a nervous breakdown and had to quit. I do some writing for publication yet - sent an article to the Republican this morning - wrote a few articles for the Joplin papers and received some favorable comment. I bear the name of being one who can say more mean things with the fewest words and in the shortest space. I have nearly lost the name of Rudick and go by the name of "CRAWDAD." I am considered the monumental liar of this country - the best "yarn spinner" who ever spun a spin. But I look for some guy to come in and in the space of six months, rob me of all my "glory." Listen: a traveler down in Ark. (as the story runs) rode up to a house and asked a great big, strapping gal where her

It's page one, typed to the very bottom. Page two is forever lost to us. I couldn't help but think that ending midway through a possibly bawdy joke seemed somehow fitting. And Crawdad: for someone who could use the fewest words in the shortest space, you still should start a new paragraph now and then. Had to say it, you family-deserting sonofabitch.

But after more than three years of chasing him, John had become less and less a scoundrel to me. That letter to his son Cecil was the last straw, making it impossible for me to paint John as a two-dimensional mustache-twirling villain. The Battle of Pea Ridge had been fought only weeks before his sixth birthday, and only a few miles from his home. John Rudick and his family were possibly right in the middle of it. Later on, he might have watched as his father was hauled away as a prisoner of war. Who knows what terrible things John saw or remembered?

I couldn't find John in the 1920 census, and I had joked that at over sixty years old, the guy had taken off yet again. Floyd hinted that they couldn't find his father because they were looking in the wrong places. On the surface, that sounded more than a bit silly, but no more so than the fact that a century later some of us were still looking for him! But his sons Floyd and Cecil knew his whereabouts, and it seems many others did too.

A Second Life

Very little turned up about John over the next two years, but then there was an explosion of information: the Galena Weekly Republican, and many other Joplin area newspapers, became available online. Suddenly the life of J. A. Rudick after his flight to Oklahoma became more detailed to me than his first life ever had been, and, amazingly, much of it was told in his own words. There was enough to piece together the final decades of John's life, ending with multiple obituaries.

On September 6, 1901, four years after John "disappeared," a legal notice appeared in the Galena Evening Times reporting that John Rudick was suing "Gemima Rudick" for divorce "alleging abandonment from him by the defendant for more than one year before the commencement of this suit," and giving her until October 18th to respond, or John would get the divorce he wanted. The notice ran often over the next weeks, and the outcome can be inferred by the fact that on April 30, 1902, over four and a half years after the marriage certificate had been issued, the Galena Evening Times reported:

[J.] A. Rudick and Sarah Cox, of Galena, Kansas, were married at the court house here today by Judge Marion Brown. They started out right on their matrimonial journey by subscribing for the weekly Press immediately after the wedding ceremony.

J. A. Rudick and Mrs. Rudick (women's first names were rarely mentioned in any newspaper articles) lived on several Oklahoma farms over the years, southwest of Galena, Kansas. The first farm was described as being two miles south of Five Mile, referring to the creek that snakes its way across that Oklahoma township.

John's brother James visited him in 1903, and his brother Stephen visited in 1904. Also in 1904, John visited with his sister in Caverna, Missouri. Lots of folks knew where John was, and since he was now officially divorced and re-married, I suppose there was little reason to lie low anymore, if indeed he had done much lying low up to that point anyway.

In the July 20, 1901, Baxter Springs News, J. A. Rudick is mentioned as a superintendent for the Quapaw Reserve school board, and in 1911 and beyond, J. A. Rudick, Justice of the Peace, performed many marriages in Peoria township, Ottawa County, Oklahoma. It's the same position he held back in Arkansas, thirty years earlier.

In 1900, John's daughter Josephine married Thomas Benjamin Hutchinson, half Ottawa Indian, born in Indian Territory (later to become Oklahoma) near where John Rudick lived. It's likely that Josie also knew early on exactly where her father had run off to. Josie's second daughter was born in Montana, so there's more to that story, but when she died in 1911, Josie lived with her daughters in a boarding house in Baxter Springs, Kansas, a few miles from John. She's listed as widowed in the 1910 census, and it seems her husband lived on for years. Maybe we have another missing father.

The first record I have with John as "Crawdad" is from 1907. In February 1909, he began working at the Galena Weekly Republican, but his reporting graced their pages as early as 1901. Under the headline "Has Made Good" the paper reports:

Hereafter, J. A. Rudick "Crawdad" will be found at the Republican office, as he has accepted a position with us. Mr. Rudick will attend to the outside work at present.

We have in this paper some of best correspondents, that the writer and reader have ever enjoyed. The news comes in regularly for twenty miles in all directions, Oklahoma with two correspondents is a source of much pleasure and interest. Bro. Crawdad we need you in our business and we hope you will succeed in the work you are so adapted. You ought to be one of the leading reporters of the foremost daily papers of our county.

As an occasional writer I want to say to all correspondents: Get in the collar "like Crawdad" he will have the Republican all over Oklahoma and Missouri.



The Rudicks relocated to "Lick Prairie," not far from Five Mile, and Crawdad reported for years from this farm. His writings mixed political and social ramblings with matter-of-fact listings of the "who visited who this week" type common to local newspapers from coast to coast. It's amusing to sometimes read Crawdad reporting on the comings and goings of J. A. Rudick and Mrs. J. A. Rudick.

On April 25, 1913, an advertisement appeared in the Galena Weekly Republican highlighting an endorsement by J. A. Rudick, after successful treatment of his prostate problems. The same ad ran on May 9, and possibly other times. A bonus: a tiny photograph of John Rudick! Along with J. A. Rudick's actual letter came some high praise indeed:

Mr. J. A. Rudick, better known in his community as "Crawdad," a very genial gentleman, holding the office of Justice of the Peace in Peoria township, Ottawa County Ok., is one among many who have found relief at the hands of the United Doctors.

Those who are personally acquainted with Crawdad know that he is a careful, conservative man, whose word is his bond, and his articles written for publication are read by many, though they be serious or humorous in character.

Here's a little news item which appeared in the Galena paper on August 15, 1913:

The genial countenance of our loyal friend, J. A. Rudick (Crawdad) approached the Republican office last Saturday morning, and without giving us one minute of warning, placed upon the floor of this sanctum a luscious, big watermelon which was some of the excellent product grown by him at his farm on Five Mile and which he desired the Republican "force" to sample. It was sampled and remembered the Republican office indeed a delightful treat.

The year 1914 proved to be a tumultuous one for John and Sarah. In February, he publicly excused himself from any debts that his wife would incur, as she entered a long period of sickness. A month later, J. A. Rudick resigned as Justice of the Peace, and in June he quit his newspaper job due to a nervous breakdown. He got away to visit his brother James for a week at the end of August. In December he was sued in court for the sum of \$13.05.

The Rudicks moved to Joplin as Sarah's health declined. Her obituary in the Galena Daily Republican, February 11, 1916:

MRS. RUDDICK SUCCUMBED

Galena friends received a telephone message Monday stating the sad news of the death of Mrs. J. A. Ruddick, at her home in Joplin at 11:15 o'clock Sunday morning after an illness of four weeks. Death was due to a complication of diseases.

Deceased was 50 years old. She resided at Five Mile, southwest of this city about twenty years, and was widely and favorably known in that vicinity and in Galena. She is the wife of J. A. Ruddick (better known as Crawdad), who formerly was connected with this paper in furnishing notes from the Five Mile district. About two years ago she with her husband moved to Joplin where they have since resided.

To her the struggle and burden bearing of earth are ended, and we confidently trust that like one who awakes from a troubled dream she has awakened to see life's endless morning break and know herself home with the vast throng of loved ones, missed here on earth, safe about her.

The funeral cortege left the Cunningham Undertaking parlors in Joplin at 1 o'clock Tuesday and went to Hornett, Mo., where funeral services were held and burial was in the Hornett cemetery.

The many friends of this friend extend their sympathy to Mr. Ruddick in his sad bereavement.

Her death certificate shows that Sarah "Doshia" Rudick died of interstitial nephritis on February 6, 1916, and was buried in Hornet Cemetery, Newton County, Missouri. The informant was John A. Rudick, 915 Joplin Street, Joplin, Missouri.

A month later, John visited his brother James in Cassville, Missouri. By the summer of 1916, the "Crawdad" column had returned to the Republican, along with notices of the comings and goings of a new Mrs. Rudick!

Crawdad seemed to be on a mission to increase the newspaper's circulation. Perhaps the paper was having financial troubles, and by the new year, John had left again. In the spring of 1917, the Galena Echo reported:

Well, we saw "Crawdad" last week, says he has "Quit the Galena Republican and is now working for the Baxter News."

That spring, a few of John's reports appeared in The Baxter Springs News, but by late July, Crawdad was living across the state line, in or near to Neosho, Missouri, and writing columns for the Neosho Times. He quickly dove into the local issues of the day, and his comments read like he had lived there all his life. Later he traveled to Iowa, and he spent half a year on a farm near Topeka, Kansas.

After two and a half years "on the road," J. A. Rudick returned to the Joplin area and took up residence in Galena, Kansas, where he spent much of his remaining time. In Crawdad's own words of June 1919:

Coming back to good old Galena we find the same kind of faces as in days past and gone. Having been in many towns, cities and where many souls dwell we find no place we like so well as Galena and the surrounding country.

Now that I knew where to look, I found John in the 1920 census in Galena, Kansas, married to a woman named Mary, six years younger than him, and born in Illinois to German-born parents. I've been unable to learn any more about her.

In 1921, John Rudick's health declined. In spring he was hospitalized for six weeks at Joplin's St. John's hospital, and by the end of June, John was reported to be convalescing at his old rural haunts in Oklahoma. On November 25, 1921, readers of the Galena Daily Republican got this sad news:

J. A. RUDICK (CRAWDAD) PASSES AWAY

J. A. Rudick, better known as "Crawdad" passed away Wednesday morning at 2 o'clock in the home of his niece and husband, Mr. And Mrs. John Atkins on Five Mile, about eight miles southwest of Galena.

Mr. Rudick resided on a farm on Five Mile near the Ralph Standley farm, twenty-five years and is well known throughout the southern part of the county.

During the last twenty years, he has been a contributor to the Galena Republican, his articles being of great interest to his many friends in the rural districts. The signature to all of his writings he used the name "Crawdad" entirely.

About three years ago he came to Galena to reside having a position at the Galena Smelter as weighman. The last year he has been in ill health and has spent the greater part of the time on the farm on Five Mile.

Three years ago he united with St. Patrick's Catholic Church.

At the time of going to press no funeral arrangements have been made.

From the Galena Weekly Republican:

The passing of "Crawdad" causes many a heart to grieve, when they think of the kindly genial nature of Mr. Rudick. His friends were many and the Galena Times and Republican were in his best thoughts, a writer of peculiar character and a genius, in his odd way he reached readers other writers could not interest. He bubbled over with good nature and when displeased could wield a caustic pen, but always a vein of human ran through his writings. He tried according to his own words to walk on the sunny side of the road.

Ruddicks and Reddicks and Rudicks

Wherever the idea of connecting John Rudick to the Ruddicks of Sugar Creek came from, somewhere along the line his father, Stephen Reddick, seems to have faded from family memory. Why? Because he died young, I suppose. Then his family was dispersed, so it wasn't more than a decade or two before few people remembered him well.

Maybe I'm reading too much into this, and "Grandfather Benjamin" was simply what a kid named Floyd had called an old family friend. Cousin John Duncan says that Floyd wasn't the type to hide from the facts, so Floyd probably believed it, with John Rudick himself the source of any deception. And why might a man have misled his children about who his father or grandfather was? A likely reason was the Civil War itself. In some families, decades later, the war was still not talked about for fear of somehow starting the whole thing up again. George W. Reddick wrote to me:

We can speculate about what was going on in the 1860's and 1870's around there. But it was probably much worse. My parents had relatives talking about the war and which family members were on which side in the 1920's and 1930's. I had lots of relatives on both sides - and most didn't volunteer (except maybe the younger ones).....Your John may not have been old enough to remember who his grandfather was. The Reddick's and Ruddick's may have fallen on different sides during the war. Hard to tell what stories the adults were telling the children during and after the war.....Chaos with a capital K with the war right in the middle of their community for several years.

Might John have thought that his father was on the wrong side of things? Did that other family, the Ruddicks of Sugar Creek, who came to Arkansas from Illinois, seem somehow more worthy than the Reddicks of North Carolina, with their plantations and slaves? Or did it have something to do with Stephen or Ebenezer's choices during the war?

A great-granddaughter of Floyd Rudick told me that she had been confused when her mother and aunts would refer to their grandparents using the Reddick name. Cousin John Dunkin told me that once, when his grandfather Floyd claimed that his grandfather was named Benjamin, Floyd's wife began to say something, but he shot her a hard look, and nothing more was said. I'm always open to any new evidence. I was born in Missouri, so show me!

In my time, a century after John Rudick's death, a man could not flee only a hundred or so miles away to start a new life, all the while still using his own name. And that's only part of why I find John's life so interesting. There's also John's father Stephen who probably died in the Civil War, or shortly thereafter, also leaving behind a wife and kids. And on top of that, there's his grandfather Ebenezer, who claimed to be half Indian, a migrant from North Carolina through Tennessee and to Arkansas, with two families along the way. It had revealed itself to be quite an American story. Will investigating Ebenezer's father Joseph Reddick lead to another chapter? Time will tell.

What would my grandmother Dorothy Bonita Rudick (a one "D" Rudick!) have thought about all these Ruddicks and Reddicks? She was the source of the Indian bloodline rumors in my immediate family, and I wish I could show her what we know about it now. I might never have looked into it all if not for her.

And who was John Andrew Rudick? He was my great-great-grandfather, and he led two lives.

Mike Spieth
2025

Many Thanks to:

John Dunkin, for getting this whole thing rolling with his own research, photos, insights into the Civil War, and the personal memories of his grandfather, Floyd Rudick.

Shirley Andrews, Master of Mizers, whose untangling and cataloging of the Mizer clan led to the finding of Sarah Theodosia Burrows-Cox-Rudick, along with her place of burial and death certificate. "Pretzel Marriages" and "Breeding Within One Degree of Insanity" indeed!

Kevin Bourdon, first cousin once removed, who gave me an actual typed letter from J. A Rudick, sent to his son Cecil. I would have the thing DNA tested, but it has been contaminated with my own drool.

Pat Richard, who located Stephen Reddick's records from the Civil War, along with the document showing that Joseph Reddick was indeed Ebenezer's father.

George Washington Reddick, descendant of Ebenezer Reddick, for his insights into the aftermath of the Civil War.

Sandra Cain, Floyd's granddaughter, who recalled hearing the name "Reddick" during her childhood. Details mean a lot.

Crawdad, by his own account "the monumental liar of this country," for leaving a "paper" trail.

Post Script: Thoughts on the Reddicks

I couldn't have attempted to untangle the North Carolina Reddicks over the years without developing a few "gut feelings," so here I'll go out on a few limbs, separate from the more fact-based account this is attached to.

If I could spend an hour or two in conversation with any one of my more distant ancestors, I'd likely choose Ebenezer Reddick, who could clear the air about the relatives of his father Joseph, as well as track his son Stephen during or after the Civil War. Of all the people in my family tree research, Eb could probably tell me the most.

My big question to ask Ebenezer would be "Who was your mother?" As I've told already, distant cousin George Reddick reminds us that Ebenezer was described as "fair-skinned;" George thinks that maybe Ebenezer just liked to kid around about his heritage. Well, George, I'll call your "fair-skinned," and raise you A. J. Ford's comment that it was known all over the country that Ebenezer "was Cherokee blood, claimed to be, looked like it and acted like it." It's notable that if we assume that Ebenezer actually *was* half Cherokee, the other facts we know about him relating to his father Joseph support an interesting narrative: I've been told that it would be improbable or impossible that Joseph could legally leave anything at all to a son who was either half Indian, illegitimate, or both. To skirt the issue, what if Joseph gave his son Ebenezer his share of the estate a few years early? (Remember that Ebenezer was Joseph's only child to get nothing in the will.) Joseph gave Ebenezer 150 acres of land in 1821, and Ebenezer sold it in 1825. When Joseph Reddick died in 1827, Ebenezer was co-executor of his father's estate, and soon after, in the 1830s, the sons of Joseph Reddick headed west.

That's the old family story heard: the four sons of Joseph Reddick crossed the mountains into Tennessee, and two of them continued onward, one to Arkansas and the other to Missouri. (Actually, it looks like Joseph L. Reddick and Benjamin Franklin Reddick stayed in Tennessee, and Ebenezer and John W. both eventually moved on to Arkansas.) The brothers migrated not as young men, but later in life with their families.

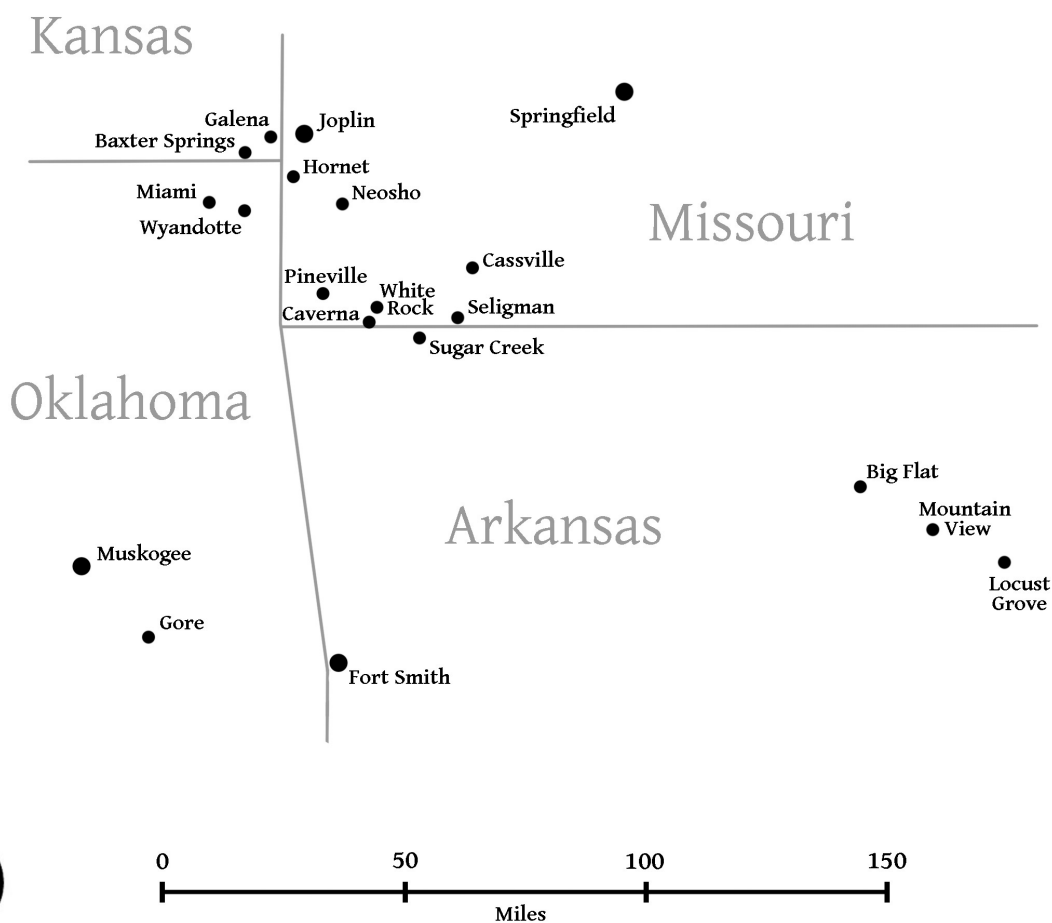
Ebenezer first settled in Benton County, Tennessee, sometime after 1831. Almost on the same 1840 census page is the family of Kenneth Reddick. Kenneth was nearly ten years younger than Ebenezer, but he had migrated to Tennessee before him, sometime in the 1820s. I'd bet that Kenneth and Ebenezer knew each other back in North Carolina, and if they were from the same generation, might they have been first cousins?

Kenneth Reddick's father was also named Kenneth and seems to have also migrated to Tennessee. This older man would be of Joseph's generation, going by my "cousins" theory. In Joseph Reddick's will, he refers to "which land I bought of Ken Reddick." My "gut feeling" is that Kenneth Reddick Sr. and Joseph Reddick might well be brothers. Yes, the four sons of Joseph Reddick crossed the mountains, but Ken Jr., their possible cousin, had led the way, especially as far as Ebenezer was concerned.

That's as far as I'll wade into the morass of Reddicks in North Carolina. I've been waist-deep there three times, two of them with people more skilled at this guessing game than I am. Each time, the solution always seemed just out of reach. I've become convinced that, like in a complex mathematical problem, there might just be too many variables, with not enough data for any real resolution.

As for those Reddicks who I do happen to know a little about, but can't attach names to, almost all of them are from Ebenezer's first family. So listen here, Ebenezer: who was your mother? And while I've got you here, who was your first wife? And while we're at it...

The World of J. A. Rudick



The Crawdad Files

“Crawdad” was an alter ego of my great-great-grandfather, John Andrew Rudick: a second identity for a man living a second life. John deserted his wife and eight kids in Arkansas, probably in 1897, fleeing across the border into Indian Territory, and then marrying a second cousin. He must have had a few steaming mad relatives out there, and it looks like he got just far enough away for things to cool down within a few years. A decade later, Indian Territory gained statehood: Oklahoma. He lived in Oklahoma for much of two decades, just south of the Kansas border, near Joplin, Missouri, most of those years with his wife, Sarah Theodosia Burrows. John and “Doshia” were well regarded in the area, known in the newspapers simply as Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Rudick.

Then there was Crawdad, who wrote for the Galena Weekly Republican, of Galena, Kansas. The two identities—Crawdad and J. A. Rudick—coexisted out in the open: If the newspaper mentioned J. A. Rudick, it often felt obliged to put Crawdad in parentheses right after that. He never hid much from his past, but never acknowledged much of it to us either. Crawdad mentions being born in Benton County, Arkansas, and describes himself as an “Arkansas Hill Billy school teacher.” He mentions the Pea Ridge battle site as “our play ground in our boy-hood days,” and describes “the old log schoolhouse” of his youth. That’s about it. It’s hard to say what his readers and friends knew about his younger years, if anything.

In 2015 I began searching through the Galena Weekly Republican and other area newspapers. John Andrew Rudick, the man I had scrounged for information on for six years—the John Rudick who lived *after* 1897—now became more than just two census documents and a wife’s death certificate. Further searching in 2019 and 2020 filled many gaps in the story. A final big session in 2021, skimming and partially reading nearly every issue through a twenty year newspaper run, gives us this more comprehensive collection.

Here is what I found, presented chronologically. There are two interwoven threads. The first concerns J. A. Rudick, along with his wife and acquaintances. There were dozens and dozens of little items, and most of them are transcribed here. Indeed, these references are the source for the vast majority of what we know of John’s life after leaving his first family.

The second thread is Crawdad’s. His initial reports were from an area known as Five Mile, but the writings blossomed as John Rudick moved to Crawfish Prairie and then Lick Prairie, and then back to Five Mile. The man sent in his correspondence nearly every week for extended periods, columns totaling into the hundreds. Transcribed here is a good sampling of them, but there’s more Crawdad out there.

Many of the entries here are small excerpts snipped off of the page, while some are more encompassing of the articles themselves. A few of the columns are presented nearly in their entirety.

A note on transcriptions: I’ve done some editing here. I’ve corrected more than a few typesetting and punctuation errors when they were obvious, but I’ve added or deleted no words at all. John might have had no training as a writer, possibly contributing to some of the charm of his ramblings. He seems to have had a firm grasp on the English language, but sometimes he got a little lost in his own telling. The typesetters for the paper sometimes mangled his prose on top of that.

At times cantankerous, preachy and righteous, but just as often shot through with old prairie humor and philosophy, it makes for an interesting window into the man and his times. I’ve tried to include bits and pieces of the chronology which illustrate the era—when the automobile was nudging horse drawn vehicles out of the picture, and the airplane was coming over the horizon. Where I had a choice, I was biased toward quaintness and humor. Honestly, there was a lot more of politics and newspaper promoting in John’s writings, a higher percentage of the whole than this collection shows.

Warts and all, here are also doses of the sexism and racism acceptable in those times, but unsettling today. Many women did not have voting rights, and Crawdad seems to honestly be offended by women showing their ankles. At least he approves of baseball on Sundays! As for John's attitude toward the Indians of the area, his son-in-law was half Indian, his grandfather claimed the same, and his first wife might have had a little Native American ancestry. John taught school in Indian Territory, and seemed sympathetic to their plight. "Colored" folks, however, segregated off in one part of town, did not fare well in the press, when mentioned at all, and the language commonly used...well, read for yourself.

In April of 1902 John Rudick finally married Sarah Theodosia Cox-Burrows, and about a month later his writings began to appear under the heading of "Five Mile Items." John was possibly the paper's first rural correspondent, and he encouraged others to do similar reporting during the remainder of his newspaper career. Throughout that first year and into 1903 John signed off with various pen names, beginning with "Quapaw," and then moving through "Rex," "A. G. Nostic," "R. E. Publican" and finally "R. U. Dick." During the following two years the Five Mile Items column ran without any attribution, but the writer is clearly John.

Since the Galena Weekly Republican newspaper rarely listed names of its correspondents, either in the masthead or associated with individual reports or articles, attributing these reports or articles to John Rudick is less of an exact exercise than I would like it to be, but aided by hints scattered across the years of print, I can be fairly certain that what is transcribed here is indeed mostly the reporting and musings of my great-great-grandfather. When John moved from Five Mile to Crawfish Prairie in late summer of 1905, the paper reported that he had been the Five Mile correspondent for "many years." His obituary in 1921 referred to twenty years of correspondence, so perhaps John began his reporting in 1900 or 1901. The earliest writings I can ascribe to him with near certainty begin in 1902.

From the rural community of Five Mile, through nearby Crawfish Prairie, and then to Lick Prairie in 1907, John farmed in the northeast corner of what would soon become Oklahoma. While still at Crawfish Prairie we read the first known use of the nom de plume "Crawdad," although the nickname may have existed before that.

"Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)" became the caption over a lot of John's reports and ramblings, and soon his thoughts began to be printed apart from any local correspondent's columns, and simply appeared under the heading of "Crawdad." By 1912, John had relocated back to Five Mile and the Crawdad column became his main avenue of expression in the paper, usually leaving the district reporting for others. In 1914 his wife's health declined, building up to John's nervous breakdown in June, 1915, after which John quit working for the Republican. With the exception of two Crawdad columns in mid-1915, John's writings in the paper were nonexistent for nearly two years. John and Sarah Rudick lived in Joplin over this time period, until her death in February, 1916.

Within six months there was a new Mrs. Rudick appearing in the social news in Galena, where John seems to have lived after Joplin. In mid-1916 the Crawdad columns resumed in the Republican, with a strong emphasis on drumming up support for the paper. John spent a few weeks traveling around the area in an attempt to collect past subscription dues, sell new subscriptions and recruit new correspondents—sometimes hiking by foot across the fields between farms and staying overnight here and there. All seems to have been for naught; the columns trailed off by the end of the year, and then Crawdad left the Galena paper. Perhaps he was let go. He tried working for the Baxter Springs News in early 1917, but that seems to have also been temporary.

The middle of 1917 found Crawdad writing for the Neosho Times, across the border in Missouri. He reported from an area called McElhaney, and probably lived there with his new wife. J. A. Rudick then traveled a bit, visiting Iowa and spending some time on a farm near Topeka, Kansas, but after about two years away he came back to Galena, Kansas. John spent the next two years working for a local foundry, before his health declined. "Crawdad" was mentioned here and there, yet the end was near. The last time his writing appeared in print seems to have been in 1919. John Rudick died in November of 1921, on Five Mile, his old Indian Territory and Oklahoma stomping grounds.

The Galena Weekly Republican published its last issue about two years later, in 1923.

This account begins over twenty-five years earlier with an unusual news item: it sure seems that John Rudick was scouting out the area in anticipation of twenty months later leaving his first family. He most certainly was not from Wyandotte, Indian Territory; he was most likely living in Big Flat, Arkansas. I can only guess at what prompted him to call himself a detective, or to draw enough attention to himself to appear in newsprint. Let's dive right in...

December 28, 1895

Baxter Springs News

J. A. Rudick of Wyandotte, I. T., was in town Monday on business. Mr. Rudick is a member of the American Detective Agency of Indianapolis, Ind.

[I. T. = Indian Territory.]

July 13, 1901

Baxter Springs News

On the first Saturday in August the school board of the Quapaw Reserve will hold its regular meeting at the Quapaw Mission. At this meeting all applications of teachers who desire to teach in the Quapaw public schools, will be heard. Get your application in on time, either to W. I. Bingham, secretary, or J. A. Rudick, superintendent.

September 6, 1901

The Galena Evening Times

State of Kansas, Cherokee county, ss. In district court of said county sitting at Columbus in said county.

John Rudick, plaintiff, vs. Gemima Rudick, defendant.

The above named defendant will take notice that she has been sued in the district court sitting at Columbus and his petition filed in said court alleging abandonment from him by the defendant for more than one year before the commencement of this suit. Now unless you, the said Gemima Rudick, answer this petition on or before the 18th day of October, 1901, your default will be entered and a judgment and a decree of divorce will be entered against you for the case above alleged.

J. G. McKelvy, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Attest: J. M. Wales, Clerk District Court

(seal) F. J. Weilep, Deputy.

[This legal notice ran in the paper multiple times in September and October]

April 30, 1902

The Galena Evening Times

[J.] A. Rudick and Sarah Cox, of Galena, Kansas, were married at the court house here today by Judge Marion Brown. They started out right on their matrimonial journey by subscribing for the weekly Press immediately after the wedding ceremony.

May 29, 1902

Galena Weekly Republican

Five Mile Items

The farmers of this section are blessed with a good rain – helping the crops generally. No items this week – nobody sick, dead or newly married, though we understand a couple proposed to each other this week to stick their heads in the matrimonial noose and swing off.

We are glad that the REPUBLICAN is waging a hot water fight with Galena for pure water. We hope the editor will keep up the good cause until he obtains the desired results, and then the people will bless instead of curse Col. Weldy.

We are informed that our free schools in the Quapaw Reservation will not run the coming season. There is something radically wrong somewhere.

Quapaw

July 3, 1902

Galena Weekly Republican

Five Mile Items

James Newman landed back to his farm on Little Five Mile last Thursday. He likes here better than city life in Miami.

We hope the readers of the REPUBLICAN did not miss the items last week. We will promise to be more prompt in the future.

Quite a number are busy getting ready to go somewhere to spend the "Fourth." Let us spend that day in remembrance of what it really means and not in hilarity and foolishness.

Over east of us in Giveadam Hollow they are having trouble about Mr. Hog running at large. A majority voted to keep up hogs, and we say put them up and claim damages. The minority should not rule.

According to an act of Congress the Arkansaw (Quapaw) Indians are allowed to sell their allotments; also all Indians having heired land can sell the same. Many are selling and soon will be homeless, we fear.

Our jovial friend L. D. Phillips was on the creek Friday, visiting Vorhees West, esq., also Mr. and Mrs. Jas McClung of Galena passed enroute home from a fishing trip below. He reported a good time and much luck.

The good people of Galena are, in passing a certain farm down here, seen to stop and listen, and look, talk and wonder. The old man wishes me to tell them that it is none of their godfounded business if he does plow, his horse with a big bell on.

We would be glad for the proper parties to see after the road from Rickner's south to state line. The road is in very bad shape. Last week when we went to Galena we found a dead horse in the middle of the road, and had to put our lap robe over the horse's head to get by.

Mr. Man had a water tank
Filled with Shoal Creek wortar;
He went to get himself a drink,
And found he hadn't orter.

Success to the REPUBLICAN is the wish of
Quapaw

July 31, 1902

Galena Weekly Republican

Five Mile Items

Our section has been blessed with a splendid rain and everything appears greatly refreshed. Now farmers, don't be in a hurry about getting your corn to market. If you are not careful you will be buying corn yourself before Christmas. Too many of us have our smoke-houses and corn cribs in Galena and Baxter.

What a lull last Sunday! Not a fisher to be seen or heard. Wonder what is the matter? Come on, good people, the creek is low and clear. Don't be discouraged by having to take that tiny fish home. Remember it will grow greatly by the time you get home. Make yourself known, and old "Quapaw" will not write up too hard.

Well our ball team played Dayton again last Sunday. Our boys came out victorious and the Dayton team became so discouraged that they then disbanded. The same old "gum logs" are still afloat and keep the waters troubled. We will say to these good (?) people, if you don't like to live in a land where the boys play ball on Sunday, go to some other place. The sun will continue to rise and set just the same, whether you are here or not. But these old kickers are a kind of necessary evil.

Quapaw

August 7, 1902 **Galena Weekly Republican**

Five Mile Items

J. A. Rudick is instructing a class on arithmetic near Baxter Springs.

August 21, 1902 **Galena Weekly Republican**

Five Mile Items

Five Mile is about as low as it generally gets. One can now see just about the amount of fish (frogs and snakes too) that are in the creek, and the only trouble Mr. and Mrs. (Miss too) are put to is getting them out.

A band of corn thieves are getting in their work on the creek. We got tired of it and with malice aforethought we proceeded to catch or kill. The first trip we found them and a running fight ensued, in which five were killed, i. e. three crows and two squirrels.

Quapaw.

September 25, 1902 **Galena Weekly Republican**

Five Mile Items

Lemuel Newman and wife visited in Baxter Saturday.

Rev. Mr. Ellis has closed a series of meetings, lasting almost two weeks.

Rev. Amos Newhouse has an appointment at Little Five Mile church Sunday.

Miss Jessie Price is very sick and under the care of Dr. Higgenbotham, of Galena.

E. G. Gilmore and wife, Wm. Cox and wife were in Galena Saturday shopping.

West & McKinney are doing a lot of butcher work at their slaughter pen on Big Five Mile.

Robert Gilmore has returned from Sulphur Springs. Bob says he has enough of reunions for a while. He has quit.

There seems to be an eastern fever in this season. Mrs. Al Valliere and family, Earl Boyd and wife, Wesley Burrows et al, are getting ready to go to Washington.

James Mizer, who lost an eye by the flying of a nail, is in Joplin under the care of a physician. The loss of one eye almost caused him to lose the other one. He is confined to a dark room.

A fellow passing an orchard near here the other night says someone shot at him. Well we say do not get too close to the apple trees. It is dangerous. If apples are not worth asking for let them alone.

We like "comers" and "goers," but take care for these "comers" and "stayers." Our preachers, when they come to preach for us, make it a rule to stay at one place – stay two weeks at a time. This is not fair or right. We say scatter out, and "feed the flock" all alike.

We understand that the public schools of the Quapaw Reserve are to start again. We are glad to hear such news, but fear it will be a failure. The school board should not again employ teachers that have no certificates, and cause Uncle Sam to hold back the appropriation due our school fund.

A man in this section is too stingy to take a paper. He is a great borrower. The other evening he wanted to learn the news and see how much the markets were off, so he told his little son, Eph, to run over to Mr. G's and get his paper. Away went little Eph and on his way knocked at the door of Mr. Hornett's and the way he got stung was not little. His yells and cries soon brought the father to the rescue. In his great hurry to reach the boy he ran through a barbed wire fence and ruined a thirty-cent pair of overalls and tore his anatomy in great shape. The good wife hearing the screams left the house for the scene of trouble; during her absence the baby turned over a four gallon churn of cream and crawled through it and over a ten dollar carpet, spoiling it; the cow got through the break in the fence and ate enough corn to kill her; the dog broke up seven "settin'" hens; the calf got into the yard and chewed the tails off of five fine shirts, and the hired man and the old man's daughter eloped.

So much for not being a regular reader of a paper. Dear reader, take warning and do not suffer a singular fate.

Rex

November 13, 1902

Galena Weekly Republican

Five Mile Items

We heard the remark the other day that the feller which writ them items from Five Mile was a regular windy. We kept still. But still don't we work 'em? Boys we do some times joke a little, but when we joke in our items you can tell it, and when we call a spade a spade it is a spade.

Last Wednesday Uncle Lige called on us to cut that bee tree. Away we went with saw, ax, gun, dog, a bottle of liniment and plenty of rags. The Rev. Newhouse joined us and did valuable service. The tree was soon down and the fun commenced.

A bee took a dig at Uncle and he ran away. We laughed. One took a dig at us and landed under our seeing eye. We too, ran. The preacher stood his ground like a "faithful servant" and "fit" and "bit" and eat bees until he subdued them. We came creeping out of the brush with our left eye looking like Sullivan had landed on us. We got two buckets of nice honey. It was well that Ed. did not come to hold the smoke.

Rex

December 11, 1902

Galena Weekly Republican

Five Mile Items

Lem Newman is putting up a new barn.

James Newman made a trip to Miami last week.

Will Cox took a load of hogs to Galena Friday.

Mr. Giles, of St. Joe, Mo., has lodged in our midst.

Thos Hutchinson of Ottawa I. T. [John's son-in-law] was up last Sunday. No weddings, dances, fights or runaways to report this week.

A minister of Oklahoma held religious services at our church last Sabbath.

We saw another "goose" going south the other day. Look out for colder weather.

John Burrows came down from Hornet, Mo., Sunday. He is attending school there.

Frank Bay is reported as being very low with fever. His father died only a short time ago.

Uncle Lige killed a hog on Saturday last but he made it squeal and we found him out. Don't make a hog squeal when we are hungry.

Mr. Price moved into a house vacated by Mrs. Vallier; J. H. Burrows goes into another house on the same land. Verily people do move.

We would be glad to have some one visit us; for when we have company we can borrow something to eat from our neighbors. No company, nothing to eat.

One of our readers complained the other day about "Five Mile going dry." We never said "nuthin," but when he got his paper he said "golly she's up big now."

Two men, who had more piety than knowledge, had a dispute down here in regard to the word "vocabulary." One said it meant one thing; the other another. They could not agree, so decided to leave it to the pastor to decide when he came again. When the preacher came they made known their dispute and asked him to settle it. The preacher said: In the first place, brethren, you have the wrong pro-nun-si-a-shun of the word; it's voc-a-bu-la-ry, and pertains to the God head." Now would that not make you go 'way back and sit down?

A. G. Nostic

December 25, 1902

Galena Weekly Republican

Five Mile Items

J. A. Rudick was in Baxter last Saturday trying to swap dogs – not lies. He don't (?) tell 'em, because we are a regular truth teller.

April 2, 1903

Galena Weekly Republican

Five Mile Items

While in Galena, last week, we called at the Republican office and pausing at the door asked the devil if we could come in with all our rags and dirt. He said nothing was too dirty to enter the realms of satan and we went in. Upon inquiry we learned that the Col. was not able to be on duty and left word for him to come out to the great health giving resort – Five Mile - and rusticate. The good devil gave us an armful of exchanges and we have been reading ever since.

R. E. Publican

April 23, 1903

Galena Weekly Republican

Five Mile Items

It is a sight to see Uncle Lige Gilmore planting corn with two “sorrel rabbits.” He says he never drove a better planter team.

Some parties coming to fish are a little too prone to take undue liberties – get into fields without permission and run over plowed ground, shoot and raise thunder in general.

Rev. J. M. McDaniel, of Miami, preached last Saturday and Sunday. He will preach for us on the second Sunday each month. He is a logical reasoner and we should give him an audience.

The lynching of the negro in Joplin is the main topic of conversation. If the negro had to undergo as many ways of death as there are ways of telling it, he died numerously. Mob law may be alright but it would be wiser and better to let the law take its course.

We called at the Republican office the other day and found no editor or devil. A small boy - a smart little fellow - was in full charge. We asked to see the Col. He said he was out. We called for the devil. He was out too. We asked the boy if, when editors die and go to the good place they take the devil with them. He said he never knew one to die but if they did he didn't think he would take the devil with him because he was so used to it that he could raise the devil there and thus save transportation.

R. E. Publican

May 14, 1903

Galena Weekly Republican

Five Mile Items

A great many of our people and all of the Indians, took in Joplin on the 9th – circus day.

Charley Waid told us that a fellow came along and beat him talking so bad that he could not grunt yes or no.

Say, good people, when you come fishing on Sunday leave your gun at home. It is bad enough to break the sabbath with a quiet fishpole but to shoot it full of holes with a noisy gun is simply awful.

If we swear at all we should not do so within a mile of any living, or dead being. Boys let's be careful in this matter and get on a higher plane of life and not make our existence disgusting to all around us.

R. E. Publican

June 4, 1903

Galena Weekly Republican

Five Mile Items

A well dressed, intelligent looking man got into our field, fishing, the other day. We pointed to our "keep out" sign. In a sad tone he informed us that he could not read. Fish on, we said, fish on, it is too bad that so many cannot read. "Oh, I can read well enough," he said "but how in the devil do you expect anyone to read what you write?" We simply said fish on.

R. U. Dick

November 5, 1903

Galena Weekly Republican

A Regular Husking Bee

Last week while down on Five Mile we stopped at the home of our friend, J. A. Rudick, and finding no one at home took a stroll along the creek. Hearing voices in the field, we walked over in the direction from whence they came. When we came within sight of the talkers we stopped. There was Rudick husking corn and beside him, husking about two ears to his one, the queerest looking man we ever saw. There was something peculiar about the stranger but we couldn't tell what it was. The face looked very familiar. We had seen it somewhere before. Somehow or other we felt like slipping away without letting them see us and did so. On Friday Rudick came to town and we conversed with him as follows:

Who was that man helping you to husk corn?

Waant no man helping me to husk corn.

Why sure there was. Didn't I see him – overalls, jumper, straw hat and all?

Reckon not. Waant no man helping me husk corn.

Why, dog take it, Ruddick, didn't I see him with my own eyes?

Couldn't a seen him with any other fellow's eyes.

I've seen his face before.

Probably that's where he wears it.

There was something so familiar about it.

Yes I've heard that them corn huskers get mighty familiar at times. One got awful familiar with me once.

Oh quit your joshing and tell me who it was.

I tell you there was no man helping me husk corn.

Why, confound you, Rudick, you must think I've got 'em again. Do you mean to tell me I stood right there looking at you and didn't see two men?

Don't know what you did or what you saw, but there waant no two men there.

We reached for the shooting stick and were about to shoot him with it, when he backed to the door and said:

Reckon you did see two people there, Weldy, but I still insist that there waant no man helping me husk corn. Better ask Mrs. Rudick about it.

He grinned like a chesse [sic] cat as he closed the door and took his departure. Then the truth began to dawn upon us. We recalled the fact that he emphasized man every time he said: There waant no man helping me husk corn. We remembered that the face looked wonderfully like – well. Doggone our old hide, who'd a thought that his good wife was out there husking two ears to Rudick's one?

We often wonder why such honery husbands get such good wives, but never felt like taking chances on asking our wife why such is the case.

[Reported by Col. L. C. Weldy, longtime editor of the Republican.]

December 3, 1903

Galena Weekly Republican

Five Mile Items

J. F. Rudick, his brother and wife, spent Sunday in Tanyard and Joplin.

J. F. Rudick, of Cassville, Mo., spent Thanksgiving with his brother on Five Mile.

Friends and relatives of J. F. Rudick of Cassville, Mo., will be much surprised to learn that he did, actually by himself and alone, shoot and kill one bird on the wing.

[J. F. Rudick is John's brother, James Franklin Rudick]

January 7, 1904

Galena Weekly Republican

Five Mile Items

Benjamin Twedel is erecting a comfortable dwelling on Beulah Harmon's farm.

Wm. Rakes has been confined to the house about two months with rheumatism and the effects of an old wound.

James Rudick, of Cassville, Mo., who has been with his brother, J. W. Rudick, for quite a while, has returned home.

The neighbors of Mr. Rudick, who is ill, have been very kind to him in every way. A number assembled this week and got him up quite a lot of wood.

I am 54 years old and this is my first attempt at item writing. I would not have undertaken it now, but for the kind regard I have for J. W. Rudick [sic], who has been confined to his bed for four weeks and asked me to write something in order that his brother might hear from him through the Republican. He is very sick, but we hope he may soon recover and be his old self once more.

E. G. G. [John's neighbor E. G. (Uncle Lige) Gilmore]

January 14, 1904

Galena Weekly Republican

Five Mile Items

J. A. Rudick wants to thank the kind neighbors and friends generally for aid toward him in his sickness.

J. A. Rudick says that he understands that Col. Weldy is sick, and that he had better come out and bunk with him and not have two places of contrariness.

We are glad to state that J. A. Rudick who has been sick so long, is getting better fast, and is getting so cranky that he wants to eat everything that can be thought of.

July 8, 1904 **Galena Weekly Republican**

Local News

Mrs. J. A. Rudick, wife of our Five Mile correspondent, is very sick at her home south of Galena.

July 22, 1904 **Galena Weekly Republican**

Five Mile

Tom Hutchinson and wife, of Miami, I. T., are visiting the latter's parents this week.

[Tom Hutchinson's wife is John Rudick's daughter, Josephine.]

September 2, 1904 **Galena Weekly Republican**

Crestline

John Burrows and John Rudick broke their old 18th century lynch pin wagon and had to walk half of the way, on their visit last week. Still they report a good time.

September 9, 1904 **Galena Weekly Republican**

Five Mile

J. A. Rudick and wife left Friday for Caverna, Mo., to visit the former's sister [half-sister, actually], Mrs. James Richardson.

September 16, 1904 **Galena Weekly Republican**

Five Mile

People coming to Five Mile to fish, etc., will please be a little more decent in their way of acting. When women get to wearing men's apparel it is time to call a halt. If things don't go a little different in the future some one will be dealt with, and seriously, too. It is a shame and disgrace to see and know how some people act while on this creek. A word to the wise is sufficient.

We have just returned from McDonald county, Mo., and Benton County, Ark., the latter being the home of our birth. We stopped enroute at the beautiful town of Pineville, Mo., the county seat of McDonald. We put up at Hotel Davis. We found three newspapers in Pineville, viz. Democrat, Herald and Republican. We had the pleasure of meeting the editor of the Democrat, in his office, and found him to be a gentleman in every particular. We made arrangements to have the Galena Republican exchange with the Democrat. The town denotes energy and thrift, and is a credit to the people of the county.

We went from Pineville to Caverna and to Hiwossie, Ark. In the latter we found many old acquaintances and school-mates. The county presents the appearance of a happy and contented people.

December 2, 1904 **Galena Weekly Republican**

Five Mile

Stephen Rudick, of McDowell, Mo. is visiting his brother, on Five Mile, this week.

[Stephen Rudick is John's brother, Stephen Sherman Rudick]

December 9, 1904 **Galena Weekly Republican**

Five Mile

Stephen Rudick left Friday for his home in McDowell, Mo. He received a message that one of his fine mares was badly kicked, and so he made his stay short among his kindred and friends.

[Stephen Rudick is John's brother, Stephen Sherman Rudick]

March 31, 1905 **Galena Weekly Republican**

Five Mile

Miss Maggie Rudick of Cassville is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. W. Hisaw.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hutchinson, of Mission Mines, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Rudick this week.

[Maggie Rudick is a daughter of John's brother James.]

[Mrs. Tom Hutchinson is Josephine Rudick, John Rudick's daughter.]

June 16, 1905 **Galena Weekly Republican**

Five Mile

Five Mile is fast becoming famous as a fishing resort for Galena, Baxter and Joplin. One can see any number of rigs, men, women and children scattered along its banks and pulling out craw dads by the thousands and carrying away innumerable quantities of chiggers and that other bug that bites. Let the good work go on.

July 28, 1905 **Galena Weekly Republican**

Five Mile

A man gave his mule some condition powders and by mistake gave the kind intended for the chickens. He says the mule is beginning to scratch and wants to set.

B. Walton, Mr. Myers of Zineite, Mo., and Fount Gilmore had a fine chase Thursday night after a wolf. The wolf was caught in a hollow log after three hours chase.

According to reports bed bugs are having things their own way. One fought them to a cold stand still and another man was whipped out of his bed. He placed the straw tick on the floor in order to fool 'em. Soon a big bug gave him a slap on the side of the head and told him to hike. He hiked and taking a jug of thick sorghum made a ring 10 feet in diameter and got into it blowed out the light and proceeded to sleep. A noise aroused the sleeper and he lighted a match to see what was the matter and behold said bugs had torn the straw tick into pieces and were carrying the straw and building a bridge across the molasses on order to get another bite at the much eaten man.

August 18, 1905

Galena Weekly Republican

Five Mile

Mrs. Rebecca Miser, in company with Mrs. Martha Blevens, of Hornet, Mo., came down Saturday and called on Mrs. Rudick.

Last Sunday some unprincipled yaps threw powder in the creek – we heard the shot and made a run to see who did the work. The parties were leaving, but we have the proper names. They had to leave their fish. This game shall not be tolerated by the people here any more. Leave your powder at home and stay with it.

Sunday was a failure all around. At 11 a. m. a large congregation failed to hear any sermon, and at 1 p. m. three candidates were to receive baptism, but no candidates or preacher showed up and the assembly broke up. Three young men had decided to place their heads in the matrimonial noose and swing off, and when the boys called for their license they had forgotten to get the written consent of the parents, one had to make a trip to Missouri and one back to Tennessee Prairie before anything could be done. The necessary papers did not reach Baxter until 6 p. m. Sunday. Chicken pie and cake all got cold. Things were in a muddle, to be sure. The boys got married, all the same - so did the girls.

September 8, 1905

Galena Weekly Republican

Five Mile

A goodly number of people from Galena and Baxter coming here to fish and to have an outing ask permission to enter gates and fish on the insides of farms. This class is welcome, for they do no damage and have a kind word for every one. There is another class frequenting the waters of old Five Mile and other streams who take liberties that do not belong to them. They enter your farms and leave gates open, hunt, fish, drink, shoot and cuss, and when the owner of the premises happens to pass them they have a far-away look and appear mad. They look mad to make you think they are rich and own an auto. Say, you of the latter class, how would you like to see in print a full account of your conduct in general and your name added to the same? Most of our people are getting everlastingly tired of people coming here and taking undue liberties – acting as though they had traded off their backbones for a hame string and wanted the human family to know that they are of superior stuff and owned most of creation. A word to the wise is sufficient.

September 29, 1905

Galena Weekly Republican

J. A. Rudick, who has been the correspondent at Five Mile for The Republican for over four years, has moved from that point to the Timbered Hill community. This paper desires to testify to the esteem in which "Five Mile" was held by the office force, both as a friend and as a correspondent. During the four years his items were never missing for two weeks in succession. He always sent them in early. He writes a "plain-as-print" hand. And he is the possessor of a ready wit that could be keen, but was generally mild and pleasant. He worked for the interests of the paper all the time. We can

recommend him to his neighbors in his new surroundings as a man in every respect. We will miss his contributions from Five Mile, but hope he will take up the work in his new home. For J. A. Rudick rates high in the esteem of The Republican.

January 19, 1906

Galena Weekly Republican

Is With Us Again

The readers of the republican in general, as well as the correspondents, will be glad to learn that the emanations from the versatile brain of J. A. Rudick, the old Five Mile Correspondent, will again appear regularly in these columns. For many years Mr. Rudick's productions appeared regularly in these columns, and it is safe to say no department of the paper was more looked for than that in which his articles appeared. When he decided to remove from Five Mile last summer, and announced the intention of withdrawing from the staff of correspondents, the fact was universally regretted, and now he is again in the harness there is no one more rejoiced than the Republican.

February 16, 1906

Galena Weekly Republican

Local Lingo

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Rudick drove in from Five Mile last Saturday and of course came to the Republican office.

February 23, 1906

Galena Weekly Republican

Five Mile

Andy Rickner has moved to Five Mile, to the farm recently vacated by J. A. Rudick.

March 2, 1906

Galena Weekly Republican

Five Mile

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Rudick were shopping in Galena last week.

Local Laconics

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Rudick, of Crawfish Prairie, were in to see the Republican force Monday.

March 16, 1906

Galena Weekly Republican

J. A. Rudick was hauling corn from Five Mile to his home on Crawfish Prairie the first of the week.

March 30, 1906

Galena Weekly Republican

J. A. Rudick and wife were in from Crawfish Prairie Monday and the former found his usual welcome in The Republican office. Mr. Rudick is one of the best supporters this paper has among the farmers.

May 11, 1906

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawfish Prairie

Mrs. J. E. Hutchinson [Josephine], of West Side mines, visited her father J. A. Rudick Sunday.

May 18, 1906

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawfish Prairie

Wm. Cox and wife visited the former's mother, Mrs. Rudick Sunday.

A mad dog scare last week. Rudick's dog got crazy and had a fight with Akin's, Ray's and Sky's dogs and was killed by Sky's. Two other dogs that were bitten are dead.

June 1, 1906

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawfish Prairie

Mrs. Hutchinson [Josephine], of Lincolnville, was over Sunday to spend a few days visiting her father, J. A. Rudick.

January 18, 1907

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawfish Prairie

We have not troubled the readers of the Republican with our bit of news for some time. The reason for not sending in our items cannot be explained only in person. However, we will say the blame does not rest with the present management. Prior to and since the death of our lamented Col. L. C. Weldy we have regarded the Republican as a home paper and one that fought and labored for the up-building of Galena and surrounding country. We note with pleasure the improvement under the present management.

January 25, 1907

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawfish Prairie

We have in the past been in the habit of telling some yarn on our native state. We thought on taking our seat to write up our little wad that we would ask some of the older people of "our" state if they remember the time when fashion was not in fashion, when cook stoves were never seen – used fire places to cook on – sat by the jam rock and watched the good cook put on the skillet and lid, proceed to make up the dough ready for baking? We ask again, can you remember how they used to tell when the skillet and lid was hot enough to do the baking act? Did you ever see the lady bread baker put flour or meal in and on the skillet and test the lid for hotness, or to be more explicit, spit on the lid (on top of course) for another test. Space here forbids going into details and the matter is deferred till a more opportune time, and in its stead we will tell our readers about a 'possum hunt that occurred a few nights ago. Now Garland, whose sir name is McConkey, is the greatest 'possum hunter in our land, except "Uncle John." A number of the fairer sex wanted to go in a regular 'possum hunt and proceeded to engage the services of Garland and four dogs. Arrangements were made, and Garland & Co., waited for the shades of night to come, and all nature was hushed in stillness, save the noise made by Garland & Co.,

and the whining and barking of the dogs telling the company they wanted to go. The party started, Garland and the dogs in the lead. The girls brought up the rear and did not leave much behind. Garland got mean, for this was not his 'possum night. He knew where every briar and cockle burr patch was in the land. Through them he went and the fairer sex was told in no uncertain tones to come on. Just imagine how these girls looked and felt after going through all the briar and cockle burr patches in the country. The dogs began to bark, which told them a 'possum was up a tree and it was the meat for the party. The tree was reached and behind it was a large rough black jack. Garland had to go up and get the meat. He tore the gable end of his pants in such a way that he was a disgrace to the d---l. He grabbed that old 'possum and threw it among the girls, and the dogs to get it had to fight at their feet. Screaming and howling by the girls brought Garland out of that tree top to pacify the girls. Order was restored and Garland told them he would bring up the rear the remainder of the hunt. Old Spot's ear was severely pulled by Garland to tell the dog that no more 'possum was wanted, the varmint to be treed was to be a skunk. The dog passed many fine 'possum, but the animal of "remembrance" could not be found that night. The girls all got in by time to get breakfast, but they were too tired to help ma.

February 1, 1907

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawfish Prairie

The Peoria school had trouble last week and the school board hired Rudick to teach the remainder of the term.

The women folks say we told an awful lie about the skillet and lid business. If we hear much more we will tell all we know about the matter.

February 8, 1907

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawfish Prairie

Our people are not interested in education as they should be. Visit our schools in the rural districts and one cannot help seeing the sad results of non-attention to this vital subject. The parents are too proud to leave the whole matter of training solely in the hands of the teacher. When this is the case but little can be accomplished toward filling the mind with the learning that will be a helping factor in older years. Co-operation of parent, pupil and teacher should be the watchword of all, in leading our young people into the avenues of a useful life. Look well to the interest of your child, for with neglect of the matter you may be the means of giving to your child a life of regrets and cause it to fill an untimely grave. The matter is too serious to be lightly thought about as it usually is. Our boys and girls now need a better education to battle in life than we older ones did when we were young. The world is moving faster each decade and the young must move with it or be left behind, the prey of sharks. Train your child in every sense of the word and it will one day call you "blessed."

April 12, 1907

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawdad Was Here

J. A. Rudick, the famous Crawdad of Crawfish Prairie, was in Galena Monday. Crawdad has been sick for the past few weeks and the readers of the Republican have missed his excellent communications. However, he has regained his health and his letters will again appear with regularity.

Crawfish Prairie

The "comet scare" is passed and this old ball is still rotating. What will be the next scare and who will be the fool to agitate it? One woman near Peoria went crazy over the comet. Such predictions should not be published unless facts are with them. Some say we are now in the climate of La [sic] and that the comet hit this old ball and knocked it around so that the north pole is south. Just about as sensible as the comet scare. We patiently wait to see what the next craze will be.

If ten thousand errors occur in our items this week, attribute the same to the comet. We were too badly "skeered" to write, and the effects of the scare are still visible and may last until some soothsayer gets up something else. One denomination is now preaching that the world will wind up its business in the year 2613. A bad number for it ends in 13 and is divisible by 13. Many converts are being made. The American people are easily humbugged. So look out for 2613 and excuse and pardon all our multitudinous errors.

May 10, 1907

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawfish Prairie

Mrs. Mettie Burrows of Patterson Prairie, came down Sunday and will spend a few days visiting with Mrs. Rudick.

May 17, 1907

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawfish Prairie

Mrs. Mettie Burrows returned to Patterson Prairie Thursday.

Mrs. John Stout called on Mrs. Rudick on Friday.

The long wished for telephone line is coming at last. Will come from Seneca to Peoria and Lincolnville or Sunny Side. The material is being placed along the line. The line will leave Burkhart prairie near the Burrison place and pass through Hazel Green. This will aid the businessmen of Peoria and save them much needless expense and worry. One young man was heard to exclaim "I do believe I can learn to talk on the phone in two weeks."

May 31, 1907

Galena Weekly Republican

In From Crawfish

J. A. Rudick, the original "Crawdad," was in Galena Monday. J. A. is all right, but he had some trouble distinguishing between a pepper box and a toothpick holder. Mr Rudick was a pleasant caller at the Republican office.

June 7, 1907

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawfish Prairie

For the first time in our life we have been called an editor. Whether the epithet is intended to elevate we fail to learn. But to load on us a misnomer is unfair and we register a good sized kick. Some one will be calling us a poet and we'll deny that.

What if we did find ten thousand tooth picks in our dish, we taught some one why he hit the pepper box on the side. We had the promise that the tooth pick story would be kept quiet for awhile, but now Nip Holt, of East Galena, has found it out and we are in it for all time to come.

June 21, 1907

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawfish Prairie

Chicken thieves have been at work in this vicinity during the past week. Mr. Rolla had two setting hens together with the eggs they were setting on stolen from his hen house one night and others have missed chickens and it is supposed that some one in this locality is doing this fiendish work and unless they are very careful they will take a ride with the sheriff for company.

June 28, 1907

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawfish Prairie

We met a prominent democrat from Galena last week. He had so much to say and nothing in particular. He rattled and rattled off something like this; Bryan will be the next president; the republicans will elect him; had caused 75 republicans to change; would feather his nest by betting on the election of Bryan; the republicans had told Bryan to keep on saying hard things about them for they would stand by him; the election of Bryan would cause a four year panic; then the republicans would blame the democrats with hard names and land a republican president next time; that Roosevelt was a fine man and making the people a noble president but had stolen all of Bryan's political thunder etc. etc. I told him the democrats of Galena had better cause him to stay at home and not talk any more for the party, to go and get the 75 back into rank and cause 72 democrats to vote the republican ticket and avoid the panic that is coming. He is like Sanders' parrot. Sanders had a parrot a dog and some hogs. Sanders was constantly crying out "sick 'em Tige sick 'em Tige," until the parrot got to doing the same thing. Sanders fastened Tige and the parrot up in the house together to avoid the dog tearing up his hogs. So one day the parrot got busy and cried out "sick 'em Tige sick 'em Tige" and the dog seeing nothing to pounce upon jumped on the parrot. Sanders hearing the racket ran into the house and found the parrot pretty well done up and asked the parrot what was the matter. Polly replied "O! Dam it, I talked too much." Just so with many on either side, they talk too much.

September 27, 1907

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie

Having left Crawfish Prairie, we will until further notice write under the above caption. Being in touch with Patterson Prairie and Five Mile we will try and give the news from these sections. With much reluctance we do give up good old Crawfish Prairie with its many kind and generous people. If we have written any unkind word or said anything to mar the feelings of any person or persons it was an error of the head and not of the heart.

December 20, 1907

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)

Spot this: A few years ago we had plenty of squirrel, wild turkey and some deer. Where are they now? We have some quail left, and the time is short until they will be extinct. Why is it that such game so quickly disappears? The answer is easy. The city hunter is death to all game in any country. The expense and time spent by the city hunter is of no consequence, - coming from the city they shoot at every thing that bears any resemblance to game. Why is it that farmers will allow such destruction right under their eyes and upon their premises? As a rule the city hunter is careless, has no regard for the feelings of those upon whom he is trespassing - thinks because he lives in the city he is liberated to go anywhere, and do as he pleases. Our part of the new state has been imposed upon by the "city man" just about as long as they care to.

Hunters from the city, to act the part of gentlemen, will go to the owner and ask permission to hunt, - not drive up to the enclosure, tie up, leap into the fields with gun and dog and shoot at every thing that moves, and when the "owner" asks them to get out, get mad, chew the rag, go back to the city and tell that they ran into an old "greaser." Our birds must have some protection and it must come from the farmer. To allow the game to go on at its present clip, means the total extinction of the quail. If the farmer who protects the game desires to get out and have a "little shoot" he finds that the city hunter has been there and no quail to be found. We are not writing this through any ill feeling, but for the protection of ourselves and our game. The Sunday sport has about come to an end and the every day trespasser must next be brought into submission. We have had a talk with a goodly number of farmers and they with one accord say this slaughtering of quail must cease at least by the city hunter. So when you come out to hunt, come out like a gentleman and never fire a gun until you get permission. A word to the wise is sufficient.

February 21, 1908

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)

When a young man keeps company with a young lady, he as a rule, expects her to be chaste and pure. If he sees or hears of a single step that is not befitting a young lady, he at once discards her company. Young man is not this the true status of the whole thing? Should not the young lady be as discrete as her admirer? But as a rule, no question is asked and this young man spends a great portion of his time in a manner and place that would abash the most modest, and nothing is said of the matter and his attentions to the young lady is continued. He spends whole nights in dissipation and revelry, calls upon the young lady with swollen and bleared eyes and nothing is said or any questions asked as to his where-about the previous night. If the young ladies will require of the young men the same that the young men require of them, then, and not until then will the work of reformation begin in your household. Young lady, I have given you a subject to think upon and hope you will take a sensible view of the matter.

March 13, 1908

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)

We wrote a short time ago "There is nothing great on earth but man, and nothing great in man but mind." Do you young man remember the words? Do you know further that the words were stolen? Stolen or otherwise in what sense is your mind great? Do you let it run in the channels of common every-day gossip, or are you guiding your mind in the way of usefulness that you may some day in reality be great? What about your education? Deficient you say. How many spare moments do you have that you spend in idleness, telling vulgar yarns, that ought to be spent in search of knowledge.

There is no excuse for ignorance and if you let old age catch you, you may go to your final resting place full of regrets. You can cite men without an education that get on in the world just as well as the man who has applied his time to the acquirement of knowledge. But hold on! If this individual had an education he might get on better. Go talk to the moles and bats with such frivolous nonsense. Remember that time is here when the rising generation will need to be better read, better posted, to compete with the battles of life than the aged ones now. Our age is an age of rush and hurry and you do not have time to dally a week or two to arrive at conclusions upon which to base your judgment. The older ones are soon to be called home and will you be prepared to assume the duties and responsibilities that will naturally fall on you? Be a hard student upon some problem of usefulness and shun to be a "drone" in the "hive" of true workers. Read some good book, some good history – something that emulates and builds character and be sure to shun trashy literature – such as "yellow back" stuff, so much circulated and read by our young men and women. Be a constant reader of some good newspaper, for as a factor in an education a good newspaper is hard to beat. You can say talk and advice is cheap, so it is. Go in the channels of idleness and end up your career a real ignoramus, or pull out of the ruts of ignorance and be a "bright and shining light" for "a city set upon a hill and can not be hid." He who can follow advice is far superior to him who gives it. We repeat again, you are the great thing on earth and that mind of yours is the only great thing in you. Guide it so as to obtain the best results.

March 27, 1908

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)

Reader can you remember forty or fifty years ago? Do you remember how much sociability there were in those days? Do we have it now? Instead of sociability we have division, strife, and most of us live unto ourselves. The pride of fashion, the love of money, the desire to be popular, to live in fine houses, ride in fine carriages drawn by fine teams, wear fine clothes, visit resorts where money can be spent lavishly, and act the fool in general, is the practice now. The young live in the future, the old would like to live again in the past, in the good old days of real, genuine sociability. The old time way of cooking! Did you ever eat such delicious food? Baked bread in a skillet and oven. I'm not talking of the young now, for it's no use, they can't remember such times and will never live to see such times. Why we can remember when we'd go to our grandfather's wild huckleberry patch eat and eat all we could, pick a three gallon bucket full, take it home, mother would wash them in water, set them on the table and we'd get a big dish, fill it up, put sugar and cream on and then we had a dish that would make a king smack his lips. Now we must go to the city to get berries. It's to the city for everything. Our smoke house and corn crib is in the city. One can't eat unless he has some kind of breakfast food, or some kind of a "coaxer." A mist, a terrible mist has spread over us and we are shut out from the frost and the present is one age of error and blunder, the creator of all pains and diseases. How soon our children are taught the idea of discrimination and before they are in their teens they are inveterate of fault finders. Watch them go off into fashion and jolly. Watch them trying to imitate their superiors in all circles of life. Off to school they go at an early age and kept there until they graduate. Back home they come and can't demonstrate a simple problem in arithmetic – all superficial and nothing real. We read of the "500", the "400" the "Mystic Circle" - a special gathered few that never know how to aid the needs and cast bread upon the waters that may be gathered many days hence. All such are "mists" raisers – a getting further away from the good old days of sociability and common sense. There is a restlessness in the human family. There is a desire to be with and live in fashion. All is vanity and vexation of spirit. The mists are gathering thicker and more dense all the time. Will the halcyon days return? Never, no never. They can be remembered only by the older ones, and if such days would return just think of the number of up turned noses there would be such would kill the young and make the older ones happy, unless it would be an old fool. Let us be more sociable, visit each other oftener and learn each others wants and do what we can to make this a real nice, beautiful and happy world to live in. Let all Join in singing that good old hymn, "We shall know each other better when the mists have cleared away."

April 3, 1908

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)

A much needed rain came Sunday night.

F. L. Gilmore was a pleasant caller Sunday.

Elgin Saulsbury and Jess Richards had business in Baxter Saturday.

Harry Crawfish and wife of Lincolnville visited Emil Johnson and family Saturday.

John C. Burrows left Saturday for San Francisco to serve four years in the United States Navy. We wish the boy success and hope he will return a much better and wiser boy.

L. Richey and wife had business in Baxter Saturday.

Antoine Greenback and family were Baxter visitors Saturday.

Wm. Cox [Sarah Rudick's son] had business in Baxter today.

It is a sight to see Charley Wade plow.

Charles Gilmore was looking after business in Baxter Saturday.

Bud and Sam Inman were Galena callers Saturday.

Ora Standsbury came down from 10 A. C. Prairie last week.

Cal McDonald went to Lowell Friday to buy a horse.

Uncle Humphry Enyert went to Wyandotte last Tuesday on Business.

Jim Crabtree had business in Baxter Saturday.

D.B. Kirkpatrick is here visiting his brother, S. T. The two will leave in a few days for New Mexico.

What is wrong West Side? Come on, for we miss your items very much. We will agree to still "Miss" you until you're re-married. And 10 A. C. hurry up and get out your onion crop, so as to give us your news.

Mrs. E. C. Weilep and daughter, Mrs. Freeman, visited in Miami Saturday.

Statehood should induce our people to plant orchards, small fruit etc. and help to make our country what it should be. There is scarcely any fruit to be found and the matter ought to be talked and work begin immediately.

Miss Five Mile you experienced a very dry year – a year we well remember. The sun-parched earth, full of crevices and the air hot as an oven. You did not state on what part of the mundam sphere you were on during that dry period. Crawdad was out in the Long Cow Horn state west of the Cross Timber. People were on their knees in devout devotion, imploring rain. O! If we could have happened up at milk time and beheld you and your mother milking that legless cow. How did you manage anyway? As before stated we were in Texas and bore the cognomen of "Wandering John" or Pollywogism "Explained." After the aforesaid "Dry Time" we came back to Fort Worth and worked in the office of Capt. B. B. Paddock, editor of the Fort Worth Daily. Out where we were the country was scarcely settled and covered with tall grass, inhabited by snakes, lizzards, frogs and alligators. The dry weather was becoming unbearable. The lizzards ran so fast to reach the Gulf of Mexico that they set the grass on fire which added intensity to the heat accumulated. The fires spread and all creation seemed to be burning. The fire soon reached the western border where great herd of buffalo were struggling for existence. The buffaloes, together with "long horns" were completely cooked while on their feet. The rain came about this time and eased the pangs of the cattle and buffalo. A democratic president occupied the Chair at the White House and of course its country was flooded with tramps – a natural consequence after such elections. The dry times saved the cities and towns vast sums of money. The cooked buffaloes and big Texas steers ran into towns where tramps were wont to accumulate and the citizens placed knives and forks in the backs of the cooked animals, tied a number of loaves of bread on the back of the aforesaid cooked beasts, and they traveled up and down and across the land and when they met a tramp they would stop and let him eat a square meal and move on to feed the next. I'll tell you sister it was a trying drying Dry time, but what ails our Think Can is how you milked that legless cow. But there is one thing certain that we do know, that there is a Dryer Time comin.

Our Galena butcher says: "There are only a few hogs in the country – not enough to make a shipment and I don't have to pay Kansas City prices for hogs." I am sorry such language was uttered by a Galena man. It is true hogs are scarce and worth more money than we get for them. If hogs on Kansas City are worth \$5 the seller here should get \$4.60 instead of \$4. This same butcher claims he pays 10c for dressed beef in Kansas City, but can't afford to pay here on 6c. When hogs and cattle are high the butchers here won't quote Kansas City price when buying, but let them be low in Kansas City and then he will sing Kansas City prices to the tune of 500 and carry all parts. Where are the men who bought the scattering hogs and shipped to Kansas City and in doing so paid the raiser the Kansas City price less 40c. Galena should not and can not afford to act "skinny" in such deals – for the chances are out farmers might seek a market elsewhere where they can get right prices for their cattle and hogs.

Ere this is read by you Old Crawdad will pass another "mile stone" in life – gone over on the haw side. When we look back and see a life spent in something of no avail and what we could have been it makes us shudder. Too late to go over the road again, the only good we might do is in the Eternal Now and a slim chance for the future. O! Could we, with our present thoughts and ambitions go back and come up again. Young men take a lesson and take it now. Don't while your life away to no purpose. Shun enjoyments that begin and end in the same hour. Honor you father and mother and you will find you have spent a life worth living. Let your mark in life high and let your career be onward and upward.

April 10, 1908

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie

Anyone desiring pasture for stock will call on J. A. Rudick, Baxter, Route 4, two miles south of Five Mile.

May 1, 1908

Galena Weekly Republican

Five Mile

Crawdad if you want to know the way the legless cow was milked you will have to ask the one who did the milking and when you find out you had better keep still or you will get in worse trouble than you did wandering on Five Mile.

May 15, 1908

Galena Weekly Republican

Five Mile

Shields and Rudick have had a lot of men at work on the roads the past week. We must say our men are willing and anxious to do road work. Our roads were and are in bad shape and it will take much work, time and money to get our roads in good shape. The law calls for section lines too be opened, but on the east side of Spring river to open section lines would be almost impossible. It would cost a pile of money to follow the law in every case. Let the roads remain where they are and not divide allotments and create extra expense and then have no road.

July 3, 1908

Galena Weekly Republican

Shields and Rudick after the Fourth will get down to road work as the farmers will be mostly through their work. But little road work so far has been done as it looked hard to pull a man out of his weed patch to work the roads.

July 10, 1908

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)

Rudick will have a crew of men on the road north of Medlins on the 13th. Crops are all plowed by and the men can offer no excuse for not working the roads.

Lem Richey drove to Peoria on the fourth for ice.

All had ice cream but Crawdad and he would have had some but there was no freezer, milk or ice on the place. We call it a clear miss but we are getting ready for the next glorious fourth in the year of A. D. 1909.

The yellow fighting jersey bull is dead, not to the sorrow but joy of all. A dreadful and dangerous beast is gone to the bovine kingdom.

July 17, 1908

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)

Needing rain again.

Weather is real warm to the delight of the ice man.

Cattle continue to die. We need a vet in our midst to see if some of the cattle could be saved. Too many die.

A man from 10-a-c in Galena remarked: "If old Crawdad is not dead he ought to be." Now if this fellow will bring back that meal he borrowed a few summers back, quit feeding our corn to that old sow and shoats while we are gone and get his wife some shoes to wear we are willing to die for all time to come. He must "square up" or we will never die.

July 31, 1908

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)

Warm Weather

J. H. Ruddy last week bought 120 acres of land near Anderson, in McDonald County, Mo.

S. J. Porter is at Nevada, Mo., this week. S. J. Has 160 acres of well improved land.

Mrs. James Ruddy and daughter, Mary, are in Weir City visiting this week.

When you see a man that is found at all hours of the day hanging around the stores whittling and chewing the political way put him down on your socialist book.

J. W. Lapsley had business in Baxter Saturday.

Ed McConkey had biz in Miami Friday and Saturday.

Chester Thrailkill of Indiana is here visiting Mr. And Mrs. Richey.

Jim Crabtree says the papers are saying there is going to be a bumper corn crop. Jim says its a lie for he has three acres that won't make a thing.

Mrs. June Thompson called on Mrs. Rudick Friday.

To get the news read the Republican.

The republicans are going to make a hard fight to elect a representative of Ottawa county to Guthrie in November. The battle is between Dr. Holmes of Ottawa and George Bigham of Miami. The democrats can hardly elect the Doctor. If they had put Ed Weilep they might have had some show but as the matter stands now, the republicans are sure to win.

The socialists claim we have them in the "pound" and they are helpless. They claim they are coming out an renovate the world. Generally, when an animal is in the "pound" he has to have a friend open the door and let him out. If they are in the pound they must stay there for there are none of them suitable to handle the affairs of a national nature. Just listen to their prattle, listen to their version of running a government. Are they not (wise in their own conceits) to be able to handle such vast machinery. Just wait until November then and there we will put a quietus on you for a few days. Your talk is an idle dream that does not bespeak a fertile brain. The whole gang appears to be made up of back yard refuse - could get nothing in the democratic or republican camp - got mad - went off and "jined" the socialists then proceeded to take the government apart and analyze it to their way of thinking. Poor deluded and benighted souls, groping in darkness and ignorance and speak but one word and that one word is PIE. O! What a hungry set, and the time will never be when we are invited to dine. Throw off your shackles and come home to a party that knows how, can and will do things.

A fellow by the name of Bud of Five Mile fame and a voter of the democratic ticket, is telling that Ed McConkey, Capt. Mayse and Crawdad are full pledged socialists. Something is goin' to happen when we meet mischief making and trouble creating to an elm-peeler of Five Mile. If he don't retract such statements we'll tell on him.

Frank McDonald and wife were the guests of Wm. Cox and wife Sunday.

What's the matter with the correspondents? They are so good here of late. Not a word do they say about Crawdad. I'm glad they are good, because it makes us good and leaves us in the hands, or at the mercy of political grunTERS.

Turn a hog out of the pen and the first hard work he does is to root the rest out. Turn a man out of church and he tries to get the whole flock out. Read one of a "party" and he imagines the whole world is out with him - was read out without cause - was in the wrong party to start with - forced to preach another doctrine and establish a party that will open all the avenues of work - all men be on equal floating - a set of happy mortals that has for a purpose to edenize the world - hang the robbers and rogues, throw gold and silver in the street and start the universe anew. Do you know who I have reference to? Don't eh? Come down in Ottawa county, Okla., and I'll show you one of those bipeds - a box whittler and a compound mixer of the d-I knows what.

There is a reward of \$600 for the party who tampered with the ballot box business in Miami. We'll bet six bits that they are afraid to locate the guilty one. Something dead down the creek and trouble is ahead. Now to be plain about the matter, don't you democrats know who did the tampering? Why don't you go to the law? Aye, there's the rub.

Walter Crafton who is working with Johnson's thresher on West Side came over Sunday. He says wheat is not turning very good.

There is a demand for teams on the west side of the river in the hay fields. Yet there are men who claim the panic is still on and there is no work to be had. If a man wants work he can get it.

Ale Snyder is at work in the hay fields near Quapaw.

Did you notice the big ad of Wm. Aach & Co., in last week's issue? A visit to their up-to-date stores will convince you that it is a good place for bargains and honest dealing. When in Galena call and see them.

We notice the ad of Silverman also. He has something to sell and knows HOW to sell it.

Ruddy & Rudick are the champion yarn spinners. It is hard to tell who is in the lead. Both are monumental - well call it liars.

A feller said: "The prettiest girl I ever saw lived away down in Arkansas, and she sucked her cider through a straw. Soon it was cheek to cheek and jaw to jaw, sucking cider through a straw. Now I have a mother-in-law by sucking cider through a straw."

While Mrs. Dave Porter was away from home some sneak thief stole her choice cabbage. Such low down trash should be run down and given a good sized dose of law – lead would be better.

The time is about here when the schools will be in running order. Superintendent J. T. Davis of Miami, informs us there is going to be a scarcity of teachers for the coming schools this fall.

September 18, 1908

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)

Rudick lost his milch cow Saturday. He has lost three head lately. We learn that Joe Consatte has lost 13 head.

October 23, 1908

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)

Well, what if we do write under the head lines of Lick Prairie. Have we not the right to use any name we deem proper. We may sometime in the future leave off the Prairie and make it plain Lick. We lick or get licked at all turns of the road – lick our stamps and envelopes and then get licked because we don't write under the title of Everywhereville. We pick 'em up here and there where some correspondents fail to give any notice by silence.

November 6, 1908

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)

Read the Republican and see what Crawdad has to say and how he says it. We're an Arkansas Hill Billy school teacher who used the old blue book spelling book, never did learn to spell a word, does not care to, despises grammar and rhetoric and hates democracy worse that a man does his mother-in-law. Get your name on the paper and we'll touch the bottom from now on.

January 29, 1909

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)

To hear some people talk and believe the same we are under a tyrant for a ruler and the people gone forever. Some claim Catholicism is moving to the front and in a short time we'll have to imbibe their doctrine and the Pope be our ruler. They claim that our representatives at Washington D. C. are a set who have sold out and entwalled [sic] us in a gulf of despair. Why God bless your puny soul, my brother you can be a democrat, republican, socialist, middle road Pop, Methodist, Christian, Baptist, Presbyterian, Pharamite, banker, farmer, merchant and a d-f if you so desire and "none dare molest or make you afraid." Don't you vote as you please now honest? Don't you belong or not belong to the church of your choice? Don't you follow the avocation you prefer? All this talk is poppycock and you ought to have sense enough to know it. Where is a land that has more freedom than the people of the United States of America? We know there are corrupt officials, but because some are corrupt is not proof that all are corrupt. There are fanatics in religion, in politics, farming and in fact there are fanatics the world over. They are not only fanatical in all they say and do, but they are crazy fools and wish to be heard. To hear them and believe them places one in the same class and the next week they will "proclaim from the house tops" their silly bash. Look at the class who are claiming to have the power to raise the dead, heal the sick, if

they drink deadly poison it shall not hurt them. I say look at them and watch how the imbibers of the doctrine fall into line. Then there is another class who are carried about by every wind of doctrine. But to be plain if you are a stickler for a certain thing analyze it from top to bottom and if it will work for your good and your neighbors good stay with it. Don't be a rattle-headed fool on any particular subject, but to do contrary be a sober thinking person and you'll not be a fanatic.

Stay and preach where you can be the happiest and not like a hog when you are out. Don't try to root all the rest out to keep you company.

February 19, 1909

Galena Weekly Republican

Has Made Good

Hereafter, J. A. Rudick "Crawdad" will be found at the Republican office, as he has accepted a position with us. Mr. Rudick will attend to the outside work at present.

We have in this paper some of the best correspondents that the writer and reader have ever enjoyed. The news comes in regularly for twenty miles in all directions. Oklahoma with two correspondents is a source of much pleasure and interest. Bro. Crawdad we need you in our business and we hope you will succeed in the work you are so adapted. You ought to be one of the leading reporters of the foremost daily papers of our county.

As an occasional writer I want to say to all correspondents. Get in the collar "like Crawdad" he will have the Republican all over Oklahoma and Missouri.

March 19, 1909

Galena Weekly Republican

Peoria R. R.

John Rudick says he has five acres plowed, thank goodness, that only cost him five dollars besides furnishing the teams, feed, plow, and boarding the boy while he plowed it. No wonder Crawdad thought he'd better come back home.

April 23, 1909

Galena Weekly Republican

Lincolnvile News

J. A. Rudick visited with his daughter [Josephine Hutchinson] and children Wednesday of last week.

Effie and Ruby Hutchinson returned to Wyandotte, Okla., school after a week's holiday spent with their mother.

May 21, 1909

Galena Weekly Republican

Mrs. W. W. Hisaw of Pierce City is visiting with her uncle J. A. Rudick.

J. A. Rudick, Crawdad, was in Galena Monday from near Peoria, and made the Republican office an appreciated call.

[Mrs. W. W. Hisaw is Demma Rudick, daughter of John's brother J. F. Rudick]

May 28, 1909

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie

When will people get away from the idea of continuously robbing the soil? Rotation of crops are not known here, or rather not practiced. Corn, corn, and nothing but corn year in and year out. Just as long as the Indian keeps this land and the present lease system is in vogue, rotation of crops will not be looked after and the soil will in a few years be so run down that it will not pay to farm it. If the leaser could so lease the land, so as not to be compelled to move every three years and many times oftener, then there could be some show of rotating crops and building up the land. Then, again, one who has no assurance of staying on the land for any length of time cannot afford to make the necessary improvements, for to do so would mean to let the other fellow share it. Consequently the leaser knows he must move, and to make himself safe, he bleeds the land for all it is worth and makes no improvements, leaving the place with the building run down, fences in need of repair. He can stay if he will pay higher rental and if he does not some other fool will. This country can never amount to much until there is a change of land and a change of renting.

July 23, 1909

Ottawa County Courier, Wyandotte, Oklahoma

J. A. Rudick, an itemizer for the Galena Republican which has a large circulation in the northern part of our county was with us on election day. His good arguments for the bond issue was heeded in his own precinct which keeps him from becoming despondent.

August 20, 1909

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie

Those who dined with Crawdad and wife Sunday were Frank Maine and Wife, Wm. Cox and wife and from Galena R. C. Shepherd and wife.

The weather is hot and getting hotter. Some say the hot sun went through their pop corn patch, pulled the shucks back and popped the corn on the cob out in the field. Pretty handy for travelers.

November 19, 1909

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)

"Twenty One"

A long time in getting to and easily doubled. Twenty-one is the "mark" that all young men are seeking and in fact it is an epoch in life that is one of much importance. It is the time of passing from under the parental roof and "standing alone" going out to combat with a cold and heartless world. When the young man first "stood alone" he gladdened the hearts of his parents, but the second "standing alone" brings another view to parent and son.

"Twenty-one my dear boy" says the fond mother - "to-day you are your own man relying on your own resources and must henceforth fight your own battles." The mother looks at the "man-boy" with delight, for he's the very picture of health, but while there is a sort of gladness in her mind there is a sort of sadness also, for away down deep in the recesses of her heart she wonders if the boy will be true to himself and "honor his father and mother that his days might be long upon this earth." She conceals nothing from him for according to nature she can not. Her form is somewhat bent and the years are telling on her. Her own raven hair is silvering over, all for what? To get the bright eyed boy from infancy to "twenty-

one." Think of the many operations, hardships, and struggles to do so. Look at your father, my boy, he says but little, but he too has had his share of trouble to get you to the "twenty-one" mark. His hair is also intermingled with gray, working day and night that you might be a man. How much has it cost these two fond hearts to make you able to stand alone? Some have tried to compute the cost in dollars and cents, but the computation fails. All we know that it has cost much in the way of food, clothing, shelter and medical aid, to say nothing of the privations in life. All this debt young man you justly owe your father and mother. The debt is great and you are now expected to begin paying a little interest thereon. The father and mother does not charge you one cent for all this trouble and there is but one account against you in life and it is this: that you, anywhere and everywhere be a man.

December 3, 1909

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)

A Candidate's Bill

From a little memorandum book suspected to have been dropped by a candidate for office, we copy the following which can be truly said of some who will be in the coming race for office in Ottawa County. The memorandum contained in part the following:

Lost three months time canvassing; 1341 hours in thinking about the election; 5 acres of cotton; 12 acres of corn; one whole sweet potato patch; 7 shoats; one beef to barbecue; 2 front teeth and a quantity of hair harvested in a personal encounter.

Gave away: - 76 plugs of tobacco; 13 pairs suspenders; 7 dolls and 19 baby rattlers. Told 2983 lies; shook hands 41917 times; kissed 127 babies; built one kitchen fire; cut two cords of wood; carried 27 buckets of water; and was dog bit nine times. Loaned to my neighbor; 3 bbls flour, 58 bushels meal, 150 pounds bacon, 36 lbs of butter, 13 dozen eggs, three rain coats, 1 bible, 21 lbs of lard and six pairs of sox all of which never came back. Called my opponent a tabulated liar - Dr. bill \$10, had five arguments with my wife, result: 1 flour vase smashed, 1 dish of hash knocked from the table, 2 handfuls of whiskers pulled out - 10c worth of sticking plaster and spent \$107.39 in campaign. Received 4 votes, myself, father and two brothers.

If any of the present incumbents in office in Ottawa County are in the next race let them find consolation in the above itemized account.

Thursday Nov. 25th marked another cycle of time with all. We were thankful and if so, how thankful? In looking back over the past year are our minds filled with regrets and sore disappointments? In this free land of plenty there are but few excuses for not having sufficient of this world's goods to keep us from want. With some the 25th was a sad day. With some it was a day of gladness and real Thanksgiving, some, had plenty in spite of themselves, some had plenty on account of their diligence and care of what they made and saved, some had plenty because some one else made what they have and it just came into their hands through a channel not directed by any effort upon their part. Some were happy and thankful because it was a part of their nature to be so - scattered light and sunshine into the hovels of destitution. Some were not thankful because they were in dire circumstances made so by their own shiftlessness and inattention to duty. Some were not happy because of the removal of some of their family, a near relative or a friend. Some were not happy, what they made was theirs according to law, was taken from them by the cunning craft of those who profit by such work. Some were not happy because it is not a part of their being to be so and where poverty and want were wont to dwell made it more so. Whether good or bad, kind or unkind, prosperous or otherwise will the last Thursday in November 1910, find us alive and ready to be thankful - willing to make the next cycle a more pleasant and enjoyable than the past. At present we are free from wars or rumors of wars, no famine or pestilence, permitted to worship Him who cares for us according to the dictates of our will, and no one dare molest or make afraid, protected by the strongest and best government of any nation or nations, with the flag of freedom waving o'er us, a people so full of patriotism to defend the same. Let the coming year be an improvement over the past in doing good, by helping those who need help and being happy because the Creator designed that we should Praise God from whom all blessings flow, praise Him all "Creatures here below."

December 10, 1909

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)

Summary

In looking over the pages in the last issue of the Republican we see: The Nebraska house in with two whole pages of values; Galena Automobile Company, where one can get a \$3,000 Reo, for \$1250; the Galena National Bank where you can get all kinds and amounts of money if one can furnish the collateral; The K. C. S. R. R. Co., - the road that carries you straight to the Gulf of Mexico and back if you've got the dough and want to go; The Corner Grocery conducted by Dow Moore, offering you values in things to eat; The Banks Hotel owned and controlled by Daddy Parks who can eat and sleep you to your own good taste, because he has 40 years experience in the hotel business; The Galena Light & Power Co.; John Volz who buys and sells meat; J. A. Outt in Opera House block who invites his many friends there to inspect what he has "in store" for all; L. J. Haines where dwells the King of Holidays, and agent for Santa and keeps a fine stock of Pure Drugs at living prices; The Galena Dye Works where you can get Pressed and Cleaned at 513 Main; Fisher's Sample Shoe Store, 314 Main where you can get more shoes than you can wear out; Lee's Cafe that runs night and day and where the hungry go at 113 East Seventh street; L. C. Smith & Bros. who are anxious to sell us a Typewriter, 812 Delaware street, K. C. Many other ads that space forbids mention; and then there is the Ravelings of the Raveler, Marion Cox, read with delight by many, and last but not least there were the fresh items from the correspondents, a sketch from he who writes about Old Timers, and the editorials and locals by the editor.

The land sharks are getting a little bolder. When a man gets so low down in the scale of humanity that he has to undermine his neighbor to obtain a lease on a farm, it is time to rid the community of such individuals. To lie and misrepresent facts in order to get a hold means that if no one will lie and misrepresent, he'll DO the party he leases from if he can get a show. No wonder the buildings and fences all are in bad repair, for one does not know who is shoveling dirt from under his feet and will get orders to hike. One cannot afford to make improvements for their own comfort for the shark is silently at work, having no regard for your comfort or feelings. Present conditions must change, title of lands pass to different parties before this country can amount to much. But few farms are blessed with fruit trees of any kind. Our roads are in horrible shape for this country contains too many people that care nothing for humanity and the upbuilding of the country. Sharks are known and closely watched.

In one of the country schools down in – well it is there anyhow, the teacher one Friday when the visitors came in thot he'd "got it" a little extra. One of the pupils coming left the door partly open. The teacher said to the boy: "Go and shev that door shet." He looked over the school and remarked: "You boys and gals sit up a little more erecter." Then turning to the visitors said: "I try to teach them a little manners but it's durned hard up-hill work." The board said he was a star teacher and just such school work has been going on ever since Adam was a boy.

Will the editor tell us when we can see the big long tailed comet. One writer says that on June 18th, the tail of the monster will reach from ocean to ocean and all reptiles and living creatures will perish, the heat being so intense that even man will die unless he has the proper house to prevent or ward off heat. Bud Inman says he'll get in Shoal Creek or in the ice in Galena. Men have been predicting from Adam to the present time, but a hog, or rooster or any kind of stock can beat man all to hollow of predictions of the weather. But when will we see the comet?

Christmas will soon be here – the winter dance come to life, the liquor houses receive their usual share of patronage and when the 25th of December rolls by the whole shooting match will join hand and go in for the "time of their life." Frivolity and hilarity will be the order of the day. The real meaning of Xmas will be pushed to the background and lost in frolic and fun. Many do not even know why it is called Christmas and care less. The time will pass with its usual amount of fatalities – some going to the great Unknown.

January 28, 1910

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawdad

Mrs. R. E. Mizer, of Hornet. Mo., visited with her sister, Mrs. Rudick over Sunday.

February 11, 1910

Galena Weekly Republican

J. A. Rudick was in Galena Tuesday with a load of hogs. Mr. Rudick lives on Lick Prairie and as "Crawdad" is one of our valuable correspondents. He has the faculty of handing out biting sarcasm in a way that is good reading even to the man that is swallowing the pill.

February 25, 1910

Galena Weekly Republican

Hornet Stings

"Crawdad" was fishing in Hornet last week with a 22 rifle for bait. He caught two years subscription to the Republican, right out of our pocket. But after getting badly beaten with his own rifle he made tracks for his home across the border.

Lick Prairie

The severe snow storm of last week caught many in a bad shape – coming so unexpected.

The rabbit kingdom will become annihilated, all the boys, men and dogs being engaged in the hunt.

March 11, 1910

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie

Mrs. J. A. Rudick received word Friday from Bentonville, Ark. stating that her sister Mrs. Collins died Feb. 24th. Mrs. Collins visited her last spring.

Mrs. R. E. Mizer of Hornet, Mo. visited with her sister Mrs. Rudick from Friday till Sunday and will visit for some time with her daughter Mrs. J. N. Atkins north of Baxter.

Some complicated visiting went on here Sunday. Bert Buxton went to see Jim Crabtree, missed on the road Bert going to Dyson's and Jim to Price's, Sapp to Richey's, making a failure, turned went by home to another neighbor's, Richey's aimed to visit Crawdad, but Crawdad and wife had hiked out to visit J. W. Atkins northwest of Baxter. Sunday evening late they all met going home at Richey's and you never heard such a mixed up piece of visiting since Adam was a boy.

In western Okla., a fellow tells us they farm this way; at corn planting time the farmer hitches his team to a plow with planter attachments, starts west and keeps west till fall, then turns round and harvests back.

March 18, 1910

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)

Worms are now in demand, fishing poles bringing fancy prices, men, women and children are preparing for an outing on some water edge and common practice is not at fault millions of huge lies will spring into expression "Once a fisher always a liar" holds good.

There is another dangerous movement coming to light, the accumulation of land. The small farmer will soon pass out of notice and be no more. This state of affairs need not molest the older ones of today to any great degree, but the rising generations will feel the sting of it. A man is of poor stuff is he cares only for the present. Our great and good men looked ahead down the lane of time and gave us warning. To be a good and upright citizen we must take some concern of the

future for in the future will be the rising generation and some of our children will be in the number. There is also another tremendous waste going on in our midst daily, the destroying of the forests. Soon there will be a timber famine as well as a land famine. We may not live to see it but some of our children may. The human family is living too fast to live long. A halt should be called for the benefit of the future posterity.

Most every farm in this section is destitute of an orchard. The present lease system is mostly to blame for the orchardless and roadless plantations if such a name is applicable. Just over in Missouri and Kansas we find affairs different and most every farm is blessed with most kinds of fruit. How long will this people remain in perfect contentment, perfectly willing for things to be and remain as they are. The title of lands must pass to a more progressive class of farmers and land holders.

April 1, 1910

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)

"Faults are thickest where love is thin" is a saying that has more truth than poetry. The white cow is black to the eye looking for dark objects. What the world needs is "clearer visions," looking over the petty things of life which are transformed into hideous monsters. "Woman's inhumanity to woman" is another quotation strictly correct in every word. Let a woman "fall" and see how quickly the female creation rushes to boost her on her downward march, while the man who caused her to fall is honored and smiled upon as one who has committed no wrong. But it takes all kinds of people to make up the Adamic family, and there are a few kinds we could easily dispense with. This lying business began in an early day way back yonder in the time when two, just two, lived in a "garden." The trait has been growing ever since and one of the hardest things for one to do is to keep from lying a little. Referring to the "garden" calls forth an idea we never heard discussed from any pulpit. If Adam and Eve had not sinned would there have been any necessity for a hell, what could prompt the idea for a heaven. If there was no high then there could be no low. When "transgression" took place, knowledge came. If there had been no transgression would the human family have remained in ignorance? The subject is too deep for us to go through with and belong to the paper that devotes its columns to such. But go back a little and look around you, yea look into your own home and see if faults are thickest where love is thin.

April 29, 1910

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie

Miss Venolia Cox visited her grandmother, Mrs. Rudick on Sunday.

May 6, 1910

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)

A bully old world, this! A real good place to live. A place where the people are flim flammed, wind jammed and educationed crowned. A place where huge postal deficits occur annually. A place where Frank, franks his silly saying to – well what's the difference who? A place where combines, trusts and rascality are above par. A place where 90 per cent of "elected ones" and "appointed ones" are as corrupt as his Satanic majesty desires him to be. A place where one half of Adam's family are chasing the other half to skin them. A place where men sell their honor for filthy lucre. We might go on and in "divers manners and in sundry ways" tell of the short comings of our people. But amidst all this, this is a bully old world. The people are now becoming reading and thinking people. Six days in every week the rural carriers drop into the box a paper, yet damp from the press, the latest news. Editors are telling in a simple way the doings of those who do right and otherwise. We live in a world of plenty, our people are well fed and well clothed. We look out on the great sea of humanity and behold an innumerable host of people all in eager pursuit of happiness. Watch the struggling mass. Watch the weak ones drop and trampled by the more profound. Some are of a sympathetic nature and in the mad rush for the goal' they take time to stop to administer to the fallen. Others rush on, caring not for the pitiful cries of the distressed

ones. In all this anxiety and madness for wealth, the people forget their failures and are in a measure happy. There are a few people who do not read. There are some who never look at a paper, book or anything that resembles reading matter. Such are an object of pity, yet, such individuals are happy and think they are happy. In such "ignorance is bliss" and one is a d-f- to be wise. Speculation and fashion are the themes talked upon from to night. The stomach is a sort of an old furnace wherein is piled huge parcels of grub until the "boiler" says "it's all off." Men clothe their backs and leave the mind bare, and women dress tight, lace and are dispensers of gossip. A bully old world, this; Amidst the countless mishaps and pitfalls of life, all would be glad to remain here for years and years.

May 13, 1910

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)

Our road bosses will please write to the Glide Road Machine Company, 325 East Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota, and receive a booklet telling how to make good roads at small cost. Patrons on all rural routes are requested and ordered to rearrange their boxes, place them on a substantial post with projecting arm and paint both a pure white. The name on the box to be in plain lettering not less than two inches high. At this command many will kick for there are many who care but little how their boxes look or in what shape or condition they are in. To go back to "former days" when we had to take a day off and go to town to get our mail is entirely out of the question and all should be willing to have their boxes in proper order because it looks better and is better. Road bosses have a job too, at all boxes at cross roads. Then again if we don't care how our boxes look, and if we care nothing for good roads we don't care how soon the country goes to the bow-wows. So let all be a little public spirited and fix up more in the future than in the past. Some of us are like an old woman who said she got all there was in the milk. She said she first skimmed it on top, then turned it over and skimmed it on the bottom, then split it open and skimmed it in the middle. Do we work after our fellowman the same way the woman worked after the cream? Again we are just about as honest as the milk man when the good woman complained to him that no cream ever rose on his milk. "Why," he said "I am so honest in my measure to you that I fill the bottles so full the cream has no room to rise." All people claim to be honest and really get to believe they are, but many of us have a small streak of dishonesty up our backs. The streak is there and it's natural too. Then akin to the above comes another thought – an idea we have read and studied much, and the idea would be in the following caption; "Criminals are born, not made." We will not go into details, but ask the reader to gather information along these thoughts and see if the idea is correct. Ask yourself this question. Is crime hereditary? Do not jump up and "yes" or "no" until you have thoroughly sifted the matter from top to bottom. In your investigation do your best to locate the ills of life such as sickness, imbecility, cheating, deformity, yea all the voices the human family is heir to and see if you can place them where they belong. An infant falls sick, death comes and takes the darling away, leaving the grief-stricken parents sad and lonely. The minister at the funeral and the obituary writer proceed to tell the world what caused the death of the infant. Both say "God in His Infinite Wisdom has seen fit to remove" etc., placing the blame on him who is ever merciful. What shall we call such mistakes? Would it be a missioner [?] to call it ignorance? We study scientific farming, we study political economy, we study stock raising, we study and follow the "dollar game," we study the details of fashion and adhere to the same but detest the learning that will make us wise and save us from the aches and ills of this life. What about the scriptural saying that the "sins of the parents are visited upon their children." Go back down the line of matrimony, ye mourners of the land, and see if you can find a cause. Go into the divorce courts and take a good look at the plaintiff and defendant. Look at them in the light of reason and no doubt you can see that they had no business ever to contemplate marriage. We've delved into a big subject with small ideas. Our say don't amount to much and we may be pounced upon by some of adverse opinion. Correct or incorrect it is our say and no one is responsible for what we say or advocate. What is ignorance, may be righted by knowledge. If criminals are born, not made, then it is time for parents to face about, if criminals are made then it is time to begin to educate. We're living in a fast age, the world is moving at a fearful rate. The big papers fresh from the press each day are full of details of crime in all its forms, the rich are getting too everlasting thick with men "high up." The "dollar game" is marked to the limit. We said last week that we lived in a bully old world but it would be more so if so much vice caused by ignorance eradicated. Some censure us for what we write and how we write it. We hand you the paper and pencil. Can you write anything? Have you one well developed idea that you get on paper and shove it into print? If you are so wise, break it into print and show the world the stuff you are made of. One says, "I'm a farmer." Let me see your stock. One says, "I'm a minister." Let me hear you preach. One says, "I'm a thinker." Let me hear you branch off. One says, "I'm a writer." Let me see your manuscript. All of us think we know much, think we are adepts at our trade or profession. What we need is to pull the mote out of our eye before we try to get it from our neighbor's eye. We would make this world brighter and happier by being more brighter and happier ourselves.

May 20, 1910**Galena Weekly Republican****Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)**

Lifting the curtain, or rather turning a page, we are constrained to say that all actions are due to cerebral impulse. This being the case, the nature or quality of any impulse will be determined or governed by the nature or quality of the brain cells wherein the impulse generated: the sum total of any one's mentality being the final result of impressions received by the five senses. Man being governed in his daily life and actions by nerve cells that have formed or generated certain habits, impressions are received and stored away each day for future action. In this mental deduction all impressions thus stored, the final decision being governed by the amount of education the particular cells involved have received on any subject under consideration at that time. Heredity has been defined by surgeons and scientists as a congenital transmission of physiological or psychological characteristics. From the above deductions we are bound to admit that a "legacy" has been given or handed down to us by some one, for we see in the son certain marked traits of the father, the son using the same speech, the same particular gesture, the same walk and the same manner of doing things. Then it stands to reason that if certain physical conditions can be transmitted from father to son then mental condition may also be transmitted. The question that should interest the parent is, can the moral attitude of the parent influence the entity of the child. It has also been demonstrated that when any particular part of the brain is functioning there is an increased flow of blood to that particular area, "a constant mental effort along the same lines and same nerve routes," it would mean an increased development of the cells involved. Then the question arises what if the parent possesses an abnormal characteristic, can the moral obliquity be transmitted from a congenial stand point. From all the evidence obtained through this channel that the parent is, in a measure responsible for the nature, actions, conduct and general make-up of the child, all things being equal. We do not pretend to say how much there is to the above, but if there is anything to it, there is much and if there is not much there is nothing, the information and deductions so much written upon by men of learning, the final question to be determined by the student. "Is it something or is it nothing?" If nothing cast it to the four corners of the earth and if it is something, it is a legacy given to us that sooner or later we will transmit to some one else. If it is something, then last night's arousal may spring up in future generations and the mental attitude of last month, the perversity of a yesterday be transmitted to those who are near and dear to us. These feeble thoughts, told in a crude way, we submit to you for your candid consideration.

A splendid rain fell here on Saturday night and Sunday.....Sam West, carrier on route 4, stopped to talk with us about "certain things" and looking into the mail wagon we discovered a huge hoe – a mattock. We asked him if such was allowed to pass through the mails and he told us that the hoe was his property and that when a root or stump humped too high he stopped, took the hoe and "fixed" that root or stump. We tried to borrow that hoe but Sam said "no." When we meet the other four carriers we'll peep into their wagons.

June 3, 1910**Galena Weekly Republican****Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)**

The comet has come. The comet has not come. On the morning of May 9th 3 a. m. we arose from a slumber to view the celestial splendor. In the east we saw it and the "great ones in knowledge" said it was Halley's comet. Its tail was long, (20,000,000 miles) its head was a blazing wonder in the heavens. We again just after dark took another peep at it over in the west and behold the tail was off – was gone, had got broken off, anyway it was tailless. It is said (by wise ones) that the tail is back in the east but will follow on in its original trail, but should the tail refuse to "follow up" it will hang in the heavens like a fog forever, emitting gas fumes, causing strange disease to come among mankind and the animal kingdom. Now when we had gathered a bit of information and jotted it down for future use, Friday's paper says the comet has not come but will be here in August. Whom shall we believe? To whom must we go to get information? Must we struggle in this existence knowing nothing? That is about the sum total of it. How can a man tell whether a comet's tail is 20,000,000 miles long or 20 feet long? They guess and we must say we don't know. Just think of the many predictions, the many dangers, the many this and thats about its coming and going, and another "set" comes out in the paper and says "scat, the thing won't be here 'till some time in August."

What about the bug and insect kingdom, are they going to destroy all vegetation from the face of the earth? Crows are already getting in their hateful work pulling up the young corn and eating holes in the watermelons. The farmers should make war on the crows the year round. In the last few days we've killed 10 young ones, five old ones and destroyed about one dozen nests and yet they are working on the corn. Kill every one you can at any old time and by any old way you can.

June 10, 1910

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)

Our wife is away, waiting on the sick and we are gritting – have to cook, milk, feed and water chicks, fight nine head of cats and look after one dog. Every dish is dirty, the house is like coming unto a hog pen in mud time. Nine nights sleeping in a bed without making up, used the dish rag for a strainer cloth, let thirteen chicks drown and a possum break up six settin' hens. We heard today (Monday) the good wife was coming home.

June 24, 1910

Galena Weekly Republican

Star Prairie

We wish Mr. Crawdad much joy as we see his wife has returned home to cook and fight cats for him.

July 1, 1910

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)

We've never seen one, may never see one, but the time is not far away when one can eat his meal, step out and fasten a pair of wings to his body, hitch some sort of board to his posterior for a rudder and "sail away to worlds on high." Airships will soon be common and cheap. Their coming will be but the banishing of big war vessels and when two or more belligerent nations desire to take a whack at each other for supremacy it will be up in the heavens; for there'll be but little fighting on earth. But when one of the contending forces happens to defeat in the upper regions what a fall there'll be. When the time fully comes for the "fly things" large cities will be wiped from the face of the earth for the flyers can go so high no gun can reach them to put them out of business and no one can get so high, but if some explosive is dropped it is sure to fall. "Woe be unto those who live in that time." Man's cussedness and ingenuity are out of proportion. Man is naturally a destructive creature having the innate principle to rule. The idea is, has been and will be to the end of time, "Do the other fellow."

July 29, 1910

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)

Boys can you name the worst liar on earth? If we had the naming we would say it was the "Crop liar," for he lies from sun to sun, from year to year and has been at his infamous work since the morning Adam woke up in the Garden of Eden and could call himself "Dad." One feller said he worked so late at night and began work so early in the morning that he always met himself going and coming from his work. "Truthful John Henry" said he went out in the field to plow forty acres of corn the first time – said the corn was about two inches high when he pulled the lines on old Lize and told her to go – the ground was clean and clear of rocks so he plowed barefooted had on a pair of "Mother Hubbard" overalls and in stepping got too close to a hill of corn. The corn was growing and that hill of corn went up the leg of said overalls and knocked off his straw hat in the direction of the wonderful comet. Old Lize bit at a stalk and it grew so fast that it grew right up into the

old mare's mouth and choked her to death. One farmer said it is getting very, very dry – is so dry that a neighbor stepped up and tapped him on the shoulder and he rattled like a dry corn husk. Another said he would make 40 or 50 bushels of corn to the acre and the neighbor over the way says he won't make anything.

September 23, 1910

Ottawa County Beacon, Miami, Oklahoma

East Side (By Crawdad)

Take care of our rural routes.

If we lose our rural routes now it would have been better not to have had them.

Star routes, or mail carried by bid contracts means cheap work, and cheap work means poor work. So keep the rural routes in operation – costing us a little more but giving us better service.

Good roads are an invitation to come among us; bad roads are huge signs to stay away. Which road do you live on?

Geo. J. Keenan has resigned as clerk of the school board in district one. Another hitch in getting the houses moved in time for school. There is and has been too much contrariness, (better call it cussedness) up here in the northeast corner of the county. Davis, the county superintendent, "sat" on Rudick during the first term of school here – the whole thing got in a muddle, is still in a muddle and will be in a muddle until there is a change. The people here got foxy and demanded two schools in the district where one was all it could maintain. To start off wrong the district was certainly too big and in a peculiar shape, making access to a center school rather hard for those living in the corners of the district. But the "crazy wheel" is on the wrong side front, wobbling through and over "hell's half acre" and some one is to blame. When we get Mrs. Talbot in and J. T. out, we may get the "crazy wheel" on right, the bearings all oiled, steam up and move on in a progressive way. Many are sending their children to Missouri and Kansas to school, thinking the matter will be, as in the past, no school. Who will be Keenan's successor is hard to conjecture.

A regular hog trading took place between Staton, Burrows, Rudick and Cowan. The trading at one pen got mixed and Staton says B. beat him, B. said R. beat him and C. said S. beat him. Three hogs and four men and each man got a hog and each man was skinned in the game. Figure for yourself.

October 14, 1910

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie

Hot and dry.

Candidates are on the jump.

Oklahoma and Kansas going republican with Missouri thrown in.

Two weeks of our school is gone and all are well pleased.

John Armstrong has a new roof on his kitchen.

Outing flannels and flanneletts kimona cloth at L. Baum D. G. Co.

O. L. Rider, our republican nominee for District Judge, spoke at Peoria on Saturday night, Oct. 8. He is a fluent speaker and gave evidence of a clear understanding of the law and the duties of the Judges in conducting courts. S. Thompson, candidate for county Judge gave a short forcible talk.

Are the democrats out of soap in Kansas as they are compelled to go to a republican paper to get their stuff in print?

New fall dress good correct colors and fabrics at the right price at L. Baum D. G. Co.

Say, you Military Road Man, your voice sounds familiar and we are sure we met you once if not more on the hills and waters of Five Mile, when you sojourned for a number of years, went away from Daddy and landed over in Kansas, then plunged into correspondence under the caption of Military roads, took a shot at Crawdad and missed. Trim your pencil and shoot again – shoot at the little girl correspondent away up on Five Mile in the northeast corner of the county. Don't go foolin' 'round the water until you learn to swim.

October 14, 1910

Ottawa County Beacon, Miami, Oklahoma

We notice that J. A. Rudick is taking quite an interest in politics around Peoria. Now Rudick, if you let that Democrat beat you for J. of P. don't ever speak to us again. There is no comparison between you and the other fellow. You have him outclassed in every way. The people around Peoria will surely support the man that is most capable of filling the office and if they do so Rudick will sure get the votes.

November 11, 1910

Ottawa County Beacon, Miami, Oklahoma

Our correspondent, Crawdad, seems to have carried his precinct and township. He will be known as Squire Crawdad.

November 18, 1910

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)

A report reached Rudick that he had beaten his opponent (Stroup) for J. P. by the small margin of 9, and Rudick is unto this day in doubt.

Crabtree's Jim has a veritable pen of live possums - "gettin' ready for Thanksgiving," says Jim.

January 13, 1911

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)

Well, boys we will say to you that Old Crawdad stands ready to tie the "glorious knot" you have so long been contemplating. Can tie you cheap, tie you quick, and tie you slick. So if you wish to "swing off" call or write me and I'll be there.

March 10, 1911

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)

February 28th was a blizzard in full blast for it rained, snowed and sleeted, being a bad day for man and beast. Predictions by Sir Ground Hog failing might induce some to believe in him, an impostor of the first water. But then the ground hog's idea of weather is upon a basis with many forecasters who do nothing but miss. Anyhow, we'd rather have this wintry weather now than later on.

In the house are about a dozen almanacs all telling about weather and no two of them tell it alike. Sometimes one of them makes a real good guess about weather conditions and the people hail him as a wise prophet and are sure to ask for his predictions ever afterward. An old Rooster, an old sow and an old owl are real good prognosticators of the weather.

We learn that J. K. Wingert of Galena has bought 200 acres from Cora-Adams-Cockerel who lives at McGrew, Ark., and is an allottee of the Quapaws.

The first day of March is skeedaddling here, as that is the time most farm leases expire. One seldom stays on a place longer than three years, some one year and we know that Bud Inman moved here and did not unload his wagon. Bud, it is claimed, has moved sixty nine times in fifteen years and Lem Richey 29. If anyone has a better moving record let them speak right up in meetin'.

According to signs "Never failing" we expect to hear the chime of wedding bells. Things are looking awful "Sweet" and if there is not something to "sour" intentions we may be guessing right. Predictions: If many get married this spring look out for a bad crop year.

Gilmore-Burrows

On March 2, Miss Alta Gilmore and William T. Burrows were united in marriage by Judge Rudick. At the hour of 11:36 p.m. the contracting parties arrived and calling for the Judge to arouse from his slumber to say the words to make them one.

March 10, 1911

Ottawa County Beacon, Miami, Oklahoma

Our scribe, Crawdad, is doing a land office business in the marrying line, he having performed two ceremonies inside of a week. One of two things is certain, he has either cornered the knot-tying market in his neighborhood or is conducting a matrimonial bureau. Can anyone beat Crawdad's record?

March 17, 1911

Galena Weekly Republican

Judge Rudick (Crawdad) and wife were in Galena Saturday from their home near Peoria. Mr. Rudick was a pleasant caller at this office.

Hattie Pinkerton of Peoria places her name in the 1911 column. Also S. S. Rudick of Crane, Mo., will also read the Republican the next twelve months.

J. A. Rudick of Lick Prairie called on the Fix-um man last Saturday to "swap lies" and other things.

[S. S. Rudick is John's brother, Stephen Sherman Rudick]

April 13, 1911

Baxter Springs News

Miss Josie Rudick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Rudick of Five Mile, is quite ill in the city. She has been ill for some time, and her recovery is doubted.

April 27, 1911

Baxter Springs News

Card of Thanks

To the generous, kind hearted and Christian spirited people of Baxter Springs I can hardly find words to express my gratitude for the many kindnesses and charitable deeds shown to my daughter, Mrs. Josie E. Hutchinson during her last sickness. May God's blessings rest upon you.

J. A. Rudick

Relieved by Death

Mrs. Josie E. Hutchinson, for a long time a sufferer from cancer, died at her rooms in this city on last Sunday morning about 6 o'clock.

Deceased was a daughter of John A. Rudick, living out on Route-4, and was a very good woman. She leaves two children to mourn her death.

April 28, 1911

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)

Often we see the young, eagerly striving for the ascendancy and never reaching it. Then aspirations are for something noble in life and seek as a model, someone possessing great intensiveness and plan to be equally as great. A life spent in striving to reach the goal of greatness where despair and disappointment writes in plain letters "Failure." Boys be content to be what you are but be an active worker in the field of your calling. Remember that activity is a fact and not a mystery, nor an assumption nor postulate. The ultimate reality in mathematics is known as motion in biology as life in grammar as the verb and in politics as labor. Rely on and stick to your own tactics. Don't try to be some other great man. Edison is a great man but you may never be equal to him. Don't be an imitation, but be yourself – try out the powers you possess and if there should be some dormant power in your make-up that power will spring to life in due time. If you possess genius activity is the result which your life with success. If you don't possess genius you are sure to be numbered with the disappointed. Genius is a strange companion. It forgets that it is hungry and does not eat; it forgets to sleep; it forgets that it is tired and works on through the weary hours of night; it studies and never stops; it is full of labor and activity; it works in the dark cell the same as in the furnished mansion; it never sleeps and the prison bars never hinder, for study it will and study it must.

One time when Edison was a mere youth, in poor raiment the wires in war times would not work. Thomas came in and all eyes were on him as he tinkered with the wires and keys. A message from the other end of the wire asked: "Who in thunder is at the other end of the wire? He's a good one." The wires worked and Edison was the one who knew what was the matter and how to remedy it. How many have tried to be an Edison and failed? Don't try to be an Edison for you cannot unless you are of his type. Most any one thinks they could be a Crawdad, but you cannot any more than Crawdad could be a Peach Orchard or a Quaker Valley. Boy if the stuff is in you you'll go and if it is not you'll remain where you are. But be ambitious in life though you make a failure.

Some of you may pounce upon us and say we are a fatalist. Call it fatalism if you wish or call it foreordination or predestination. About one out of every thousand gets to the top of the ladder and drinks draughts that the common millions might have drank then dies of thirst because there was no more to drink. Then if so many are eagerly working for the coveted prize and one in a thousand reaches the goal what is the matter? Sir, if the stuff is not in you and you simply can't become some other great man. No one can be a Dr. Bulgin unless the stuff is in him and so on up and down the ladder of life. Boys you may never be great, but you can be truthful, industrious, sober, honest, decent and intellectual in this life. We say again be content with your station in life, polishing the same so as to make it shine all it will, but never no never try to be the other fellow.

May 5, 1911

Galena Weekly Republican

Died: Josie E. Hutchinson, at her rooms in Baxter Springs, Kansas, on Sunday, April 23, 1911. She was the daughter of J. A. Rudick, who lives on Lick Prairie, Ottawa County, Oklahoma. She was 30 years of age and leaves two little girls, Effie and Ruby. Burial in the Baxter Cemetery.

June 16, 1911

Galena Weekly Republican

Effie and Ruby Hutchinson are spending their vacation from the Wyandotte school at the home of their grandfather, J. A. Rudick.

September 15, 1911

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie (By Crawdad.)

J. A. Rudick went to Wyandotte, Okla., on Saturday to take his two granddaughters to the Seneca boarding school under the care of Superintendent Ira C. Deaver. The Indian school opens September 11.

October 19, 1911

Baxter Springs News

Cousatte – Gilmore

Jessie Cousatte and Grover L. Gilmore were married Sunday, Oct. 15, by Judge J. A. Rudick. The bride is a daughter of Mr. And Mrs. Joe Cousatte, and is an allottee of the Quapaws. The groom is a son of Mr. And Mrs. F. L. Gilmore of the west side.

November 3, 1911

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)

"Man's Inhumanity to Man" is a quotation of little moment and a theme upon which but few think and act as they should. When we look about us – yea at ourselves we see the spirit manifested in no little degree.

We take cognizance of the evil in many forms. We see it spring up and bring forth profit in almost every avocation in life. It crouches itself with the clergy, on the farm, in the commercial world, in the school room, in the family circle, in the law offices, in the newspaper world, in fact it creeps into and stains the life and conduct of too many. In the present rush the world is pleasure and dollar mad. We are at times inhuman for the paltry sum of fifty cents and even less. We are inhuman or rather inhumane to gratify self and for convenience. We envy our neighbor's surroundings and act in a way so as to cause him to everlastingly hate us and hunt a place low down in the scale of human kindness. Our tongue gets away from us at times and the unkind spoken sends a dagger into the breast of the listener. How ungrateful we are. How proud and deceitful we appear and are. How many little things could we do for those around us that would be a blessing and cause the heart to leap for joy. We go on from day to day, allowing evil to grow – hoping to gain something financially – taking no thought of our actions and the desired end is accomplished – we prosper and the "fool world" calls it shrewdness. We travel down the lane of life and upon one side we read in big letters "Malefactors" and on the other side of the letters are larger and brighter indicating the land of Benefactors. A line divides and has no breadth and we cannot travel directly on that line – must be on one side or the other – walking on the land of "Malefactors" or standing, walking upon the land of Benefactors. Upon which side are we walking? Do we advocate and preach the hateful and degrading doctrine of "Man's Inhumanity to Man" and expect a reward? A reward we are sure to get. But of what nature and what duration? We belong

to the dollar world – in fact we think, dream and labor for the dollar world that we may be admitted into the “pleasure-mad” world where we can flirt act the fool and do ten thousand things to cause the “dart” to pierce the heart of our fellow man.

“I’m rich” says one, “and what do I care for the friendship of this world – my money will buy the comforts of life and when I am sick and need help a thousand fools will crowd around and speak kind words – not for my comfort, but for my money.” A sail procession to look upon but one often observed. Can we draw the picture and draw it correctly? Do we lose sight of the Golden Rule – yea ignorance the same. Are we in sympathy with the wrong class? Do we stand upon the dividing line where the big dark and gloomy letters spell the word Malefactor? Is all our time, all our thoughts, actions and energy bent toward the “Dollar Kingdom” that people may call us shrewd? Do we get money, so we can be fashionable and sit around the apartments of those who neither fear God nor man, teaching our children to come on in our footsteps. Let us advocate and practice the law of kindness – imbining [?] the spirit of right – taking taking what is ours and what we have earned. Foster the spirit of doing unto others as we would have them do unto us. Reader, let us enter into a compact to ignore the doctrine of “Man’s Inhumanity to Man” and cultivate a spirit of love and a spirit [of] doing all the good we can for and toward each other.

There is something more valuable, more ennobling than a dollar – worth far more than to belong to the circle of fashion. Leave the unkind word unspoken – unsaid – unthought of and when we get a dollar, let’s not take advantage of our fellow man to get it. Our little say on this line of thought may not be a welcome visitor and find lodgement in your mind – may be of no interest to you, but if there is one suggestion for a betterment in your thoughts and actions in life, to such a one we dedicate these thoughts.

November 9, 1911

Baxter Springs News

John Rudick, from down on Route 4, was in town last Saturday. He has been having a siege of sickness, but we are glad to note that he is improving.

November 9, 1911

Cherokee County Republican, Columbus, Kansas

J. W. Hart is moving to the Warner Place, J. A. Rudick to the Newhouse place and June Thompson to the place just vacated by Mr. Rudick.

November 23, 1911

Cherokee County Republican, Columbus, Kansas

Judge Rudick, while hauling a mixed load – lumber with hay on top – tried to renew his youth by turning a “somersault,” but struck on his head on the lumber, rebounded to the earth and received some bruises. The team attempted to run away, but was caught before doing any serious damage.

November 24, 1911

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)

All broke up again – fell backwards from a loaded wagon and about twenty oak boards hit us edge-wise, completely putting us out of business. Homer Gilmore looked at us and said we looked like Bill Cox had “hog dressed” us for some meat market. A few more smash-ups and old Crawdad will cross the branch, from which no traveler has yet returned. But we are not dead yet, but some wishes we were. We are here to stay just as long as we can. Life is full of troubles, debt, vexation, and the sea has many rough gales, but amid all the vexations of life, the downs and the ups, this is a bully world and we will hang on just as long as we can.

December 22, 1911

Miami Record-Herald, Miami, Oklahoma

Deputy Game Warden Geo. Sky brought Nelis Ellis and Earnest Sparlin before Judge Rudick for hunting on last Sunday. They plead guilty and paid up.

January 12, 1912

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)

Winter is on us in dead earnest – the coldest January for many years. The ground is frozen deeper than usual, all of which portends a good crop year. The insect kingdom will have a hard struggle to pull through to make inroads on the next crop. The mild winters of the past two or three years gave the insect and bug race a good show to multiply and they did it. It is to be hoped that the present and continual cold weather will almost annihilate the pesky little rascals and give the farmer a show to make good.

Jim Crabtree and Charlie Wade got to talking one day last week and Jim said he knew a man who was so pigeon toed that he walked around himself every five or six steps. Said Charlie: "What a lie you are telling Jim." Said Charlie: "I knew a man who had such big feet that he had to dam up Five Mile to wash his feet." Said Jim: "What a lie, I'd be ashamed to talk that way."

As we write the snow is falling fast and a gale of wind is coming from the north, making things out of doors look more gloomy than ever. Stock, having no shelter and but little feed will suffer, while those who are out of fuel for the house, little to eat and are in debt will suffer in mind and body. The weather forecaster predicted a severe winter but the people were of the Missouri faith and had to be shown. Now according to "Rule" if February 2nd is a clear day, you can safely add six more weeks of winter. Some of us are curiously made.

February 1, 1912

Baxter Springs News

Wm. A. Poteet of Route 4 and Clara M. Bennett of Seneca, Mo., were married last week by Judge J. A. Rudick of Ottawa county, Okla.

February 2, 1912

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)

Bechdoldt – Brasch

Miss Daisy Bechdoldt and August Brasch were united in marriage by Judge J. A. Rudick, on Sunday, January 28, 1912. The bride is an accomplished young lady, was engaged in school on 10-A-C Prairie, while "Gus" is a young man of sterling qualities and both the contracting parties are well known on 10-A-C. Miss Daisy gave up her school for Gus and Gus made a "solemn vow" for Daisy, all showing that both fully understand all that marriage and its vows implies. The happy young couple will leave in a short time for California where they will reside. May but few "storms" come on the Ocean of their married life.

March 1, 1912

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie (By Crawdad)

The past week will be long remembered - "houshing" all alike and holding them in. Roads were blockaded but few attempts to get out were made. We had no mail on Route 4 for two days and when "Our Sam" fails to come, the barrier is too high for any one. On Tuesday morning of last week the wind began blowing, the snow falling fast and thick, the thunder kept the heavens in an uproar, while vivid lightning capered and kept mortal man continually on the dodge. Bells on phones sounded when no one turned the crank, but the alarm was by no means false. Between peals of thunder and flashes of blinding lightning, fingers worked hurriedly to "detach" in order to mitigate danger. The snow kept falling, blowing and drifting until the low places seemed to "even up" with the higher ground. The snow began to go and by Saturday night people rejoiced that the big snow was about gone and better weather expected, but Sunday morning the same pranks of the upper regions got into line, the lightning flashed, the thunder roared and rain and sleet came down almost torrents. Telephone communication is cut off again and no one hears the news from off the wire. The storm may ease, but from appearances we are in its grasp for some time yet. After Tuesday of last week the wires were again "hooked" and the lines were kept busy talking about the death of George Earls who was found dead near the rail road south of Quapaw, his neck broken and badly bruised in many ways. It is supposed by some that Earls went to Joplin from Quapaw to attend a democratic convention and boarded the "Hustler" which does not stop at Quapaw, jumped off and was hurled to death.

Tom Clark of West Side got rabbit hungry and started out for meat, and walked right into a deep shaft, falling about 75 feet. He remained there for 5 hours until help arrived. Tom is out and alive and not so eager to hunt for rabbits in deep snows. The next news to come over the wires was the sudden death of Uncle John Carver on Shoal Creek. All knew him, and to know him was to love and respect. Uncle John was ripe in years, a man of superior intelligence, a good neighbor, a royal citizen and is badly missed by all. The next message was to the effect that "Curley" Rew died very suddenly in Galena. Curley had been in the mines at Peoria for some time and had gone to Galena where death claimed him.

On account of the deep snow the school at Peoria closed and so did both schools in district one. Old settlers claim that our winter is the worst for 25 years.

John Ramm told us last week that he was expecting to be notified that the whole "ram family" - 900 in number - would be in Baxter. John says he is afraid the "kids" will give him much trouble if this weather continues. John had 900 head of fine goats to come in from the west this past week.

Uncle Lem Wade who has been sick is able to be out again.

Mrs. E. C. Weilep and daughter, Mrs. Freeman, were here last week - came back to see the farm, look after some stock and took time to call.

A bunch of "wild dogs" - yes, wild dogs - are doing much damage to sheep and hogs. The dogs are quartered to the south and west of Peoria, about three or four miles. H. K. Walton goes down with his pack of houndsmen get on stands with guns while Harry and his dogs start the wild dogs from their dens. Billy Cowan shot and killed one dog the past week while Walton found seven little dogs in an old log.

Leonard Roy and wife are moving from Galena to Peoria. Mrs. Roy is a daughter of Dr. Webb of Peoria and will be glad to return to her old home.

James Martin of Peoria made a pleasant call on Sunday.

Harry Crawfish can now talk to all creation as he has installed his phone.

When the auto first made its appearance it was a machine of derision - all despised it but the owner and at times the owner used words about it not allowable in print. But the dislike of the auto is fast giving away and praise comes now instead of cursing. About 85 per cent of the autos now in use are "pleasure machines" and play an important part in the

making of good roads all over the United States. Those who are able to afford an auto for pleasure are able and will help to build roads over which their pleasure machines can go. Allow the autos free access to our public high ways and we will soon have money to make our roads good. Drive the autos away from our roads and we just as quick will have no roads worth talking about. Just as long as the auto is a factor in road building, encourage its use and bid it welcome to our public high ways. The horse will never be doomed on account of the auto – the horse is here to stay, and the horse, like the auto,, is an important factor in man's business in general. At such a time as the present an auto can not go, but the trusty old horse can, therefore we must keep the horse for his purpose, and the auto for its purpose. Any county is measured by its roads. Good roads are what they want and good roads are what they are going to have. So let us invite the auto into our midst – make our roads suitable for its use and by so doing we invite a class of citizens who will open their pocket books to help keep the roads good. Don't fight the auto any more but welcome it.

This morning as we are at our desk trying to get something on paper (it's Monday) the weather is cuttin' caper similar to that of a week ago. The school marm has not passed to her school and if she is a wise girl she wont pass this way today. We're afraid "Our Sam" will hand up and fail to come to hand us a paper or a letter to break the dull monotony of a dreary winter day. We could not get a phone call thro central at Peoria for love or money – for a doctor or anything else – for all are talking about the awful weather. For fear Sam don't come we hunt a stopping place and in conclusion would suggest that when an opportune time comes, "Drag the Roads."

March 8, 1912

Galena Weekly Republican

Two of J. A. Rudick's horses were missing Sunday night. Unless they are found there will be some more excitement and another horse-thief chase.

[John's son Floyd might have been the culprit, according to Floyd's grandson.]

March 22, 1912

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie

J. A. Rudick had the misfortune to lose two fine hogs last week.

May 3, 1912

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawdad

Reader, are you old enough to go back to the days of the elder pop gun, used so much by the boys? The berry of the wild haw bush and rags chewed hard were used as loads for the pop guns. When the owner of a pop gun wanted to squirt a gun all he had to do was to make a little change at one end and the gun was ready to throw water. Then in those days red clay was sought and moulded into pipes and the stem was used from a joint of cane which grew in the bottoms. In those days small patches of cotton were raised and of nights the cotton was placed before the fire upon the hearth rock to warm it so the seed could be picked by hand. Cotton cards were used to card the cotton into rolls which went to the old spinning wheel. From the wheel to the reel, from the reel to the warping bars and then to the loom. Every garment was made by hand and it was "homespun." You bet the garments in those days were made good, lasted a long time, looked pretty well, felt pretty good and scratched like Sam Hill the first time it was worn. The cotton garments did not scratch as bad as the wool ones. There was no running off to town for buttons, for the men made them out of horns from the cattle. Combs, fine and coarse were made from the horn. Hides from the cattle were bark tanned and the shoemaker made the brogans. One pair a year was all one got. The boys (and sometimes the girls) went to mill on a horse and carried a "turn." After the miller had taken his toll the sack was supposed to be as full of meal as it was of corn at first. Corn "dodgers" were baked in a skillet by the fire and better bread no king ever tasted. No buying of meat from town was ever thought of. Just think of it. If some of our fair haired and high-toned damsels had to go thro the ordeal those girls did in those days, they'd turn up

their noses to beat the band. Now we go to the city for everything – for dresses, for bread, for meat, for everything and we're paying dear for it, too. Some one may say what a set of fools to act and dress as they did in those days, but a bigger, sicklier set of fools are living at this time. In those days one had no pains, now one is a bunch of pains. In those days we had the best meat ever eaten by man. The farmer would take his old "flint lock" rifle, go out and shoot the choicest deer in the bunch – venison yes, venison, the sweetest, juiciest meat yet, or kill a young gobbler, so tender and nice. Why, the hob-nobs of today would give a dollar a pound for venison. We had bear meat, too, and there was nothing good to eat but all had it. If one happened to be unlucky and not kill a deer, turkey or bear he was supplied from those who had it. All things were in common. When two young people got in love they were in love. Today the young marry for the dough and have ----- . We could go on and write pages, telling about the good old days – camp meetings, harvest time, husking bees, dances, love, courtships, kinds of houses used for dwelling, sleeping rooms, going a visiting and a thousand things space forbids us to mention. A hotel? No one heard of such a place. Now one must be "learned" to eat at a hotel. Good heavens, how we are moving, which direction are we going? The almighty dollar has got us – got us bad. Instead of friendship' greed has come. Corsets, high heeled shoes, powder, paint and rats are the go. Instead of walking to church or a dance, we must today ride in a fine carriage drawn by a matched team, or go in an auto, ride in a pullman and be waited upon by a colored porter. How fast we are traveling and how fast we are dying, But where are we, anyway! Back fifty years, telling of things which happened then. What a green set we were then and how much are we better off today? Not a whit. You, young girl or boy, go hunt up some old man or woman who lived fifty years ago and let them tell you how they lived then. We must quit on this old theme for fear we tire your patience and not interest you in the least, to say nothing of informing you.

May 17, 1912 Galena Weekly Republican

Socialist Column

We believe in progress but wish to express our hearty appreciation of "Crawdad's" article in last week's Republican. While it is not necessary to go back to such primitive time, entirely it would be a step to regain the tools and articles of labor, the workman at one time possessed and made a good living for himself and family from, by owning the same, with present day improvements the laboring man or woman could do much toward the betterment of their own, and their families', conditions. Crawdad is a prolific writer and now and then hits the "nail square on the head" and drives home socialistic truths without meaning to do so.

June 14, 1912 Galena Weekly Republican

Crawdad

Sunday School Picnic

At Cave Springs on next Sunday June 16th. The Peoria Township Sunday school calls for all schools to meet early in the morning, bring filled baskets, bring your friends, your family – all are invited. Speaking and singing throughout the day. Cave Springs is a nice, beautiful resort a few miles west of Peoria.

We may give you a short sum to do – you may find the sum in Mason's or Crawdad's Arithmetic. Prob. 1. A woman, beginning at midnight can deliver to her hubby at the rate of 75 words a minute, and for every half hour later she increases her speed at the rate of three words a minute. How many words will the hubby hear between two and two forty-five?

Prob 2. A woman wants to reduce her weight. One roll on the floor takes off two oz while four cocktails a day and three deserts and two quarts of champagne add 14 ounces. How many hours must the lady roll between meals to keep even?

We'll give you another problem next week and at the end of the month you can send in your answers and we'll grade you according to your standing.

June 28, 1912

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawdad

Another sum: Three women buy puffs. One buys four puffs for ten dollars, the second buys eight for eighteen dollars, and the third buys ten for twenty-seven dollars. All three go to a ball and put their heads together. What is the net result?

Ten jibes make twenty people mad, but of the ten jibes, each one delights five out of ten who do not agree with it. What is the proportion of madness to gladness?

Young man, when thou goest among girls, let not thy left girl know what thy right girl doeth.

It is folly to try to fold a newspaper in a high wind and just as wise to argue with an angry woman.

July 5, 1912

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawdad

A Little Mixed

(Crawdad, from some cause sends in his dope in a confused shape – on one sheet he tells of a public sale over east of Baxter and on another sheet he is telling about a local wedding. We can't for the life of us separate the wedding affair from the public sale and we print the sheets as numbered and leave the task for the reader. Crawdad must have been sucking hard cider through a straw when he wrote the first pages of his dope. - Ed.)

Bill Smith, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Smith was disposed of at public sale to Jane Snow on my farm, one mile west of Hornett, Mo., in the presence of seventy guests, including the following: Two mules, twelve head of cattle. Elder Scroggins tied the nuptial knot averaging 1265 pounds to the hoof. The beautiful home was tastefully decorated in one spake, one sneky rake, one feed grinder, one set of double harness nearly new. Just before the ceremony was pronounced the wedding march was rendered by one milch cow, one Jersey cow to be fresh in August, carrying a bunch of flowers in one hand and and looking charming in a gown made of eight spring wagons, box of apples, six stacks of cane hay, one grindstone, muslin lingere trimmed with about one hundred of Irish potatoes. The groom is well known and a popular young man and has always stood well among society circles of twelve Berkshire hogs while the bride is an accomplished school teacher of Poland Chinas, pedigree is complete. Among the beautiful presents were two sets of silverware, one wheel-barrow, one go-cart, and other things too numerous to mention. The bridal couple lest Monday for an extended honey moon trip to the east. Terms: Nine months time to responsible parties, others spot cash. Lunch will be served at the stable. After this Mr. and Mrs. Smith will go to house keeping on the farm.

Billy Connor, Auctioneer.

August 23, 1912

Galena Weekly Republican

J. A. Rudick (Crawdad) returned Saturday to his home on Five Mile after a several days visit in Galena.

Crawdad

A mad dog scare is on. Last Monday night our bird dog went mad, went to Charlie Waid's home, bit all of his dogs, killing one, then up the creek to Harry Walton's where he died or was killed by Walton.

September 6, 1912

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie

Emory Shields was up from Peoria last week and called on Judge Rudick in order to get a warrant for three boys who stole a cake on the night of August 27. Mrs. Shields had a nice cake for the "tin horn" gang and some boys purloined the same much to the annoyance of Mrs. Shields. The Judge talked Mrs. Shields out of the notion of getting out papers at present. Better be careful boys, for you are likely to get into trouble.

September 13, 1912

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawdad

We were in Galena on the 7th and as usual made our way to the "Headquarters of the Printer's Devil," where ink slinging, type setting and pencil shoving were all in progress, viz. The Galena Weekly Republican. All were busy (a good sign) but not too busy to reach forth the hand of friendship and speak a word of cheer. We soon fell into the arms of a chair and by us lay the morning's mail and we acted just as tho we were reading. Soon the noon hour rolled around and we repaired to the McNay home where we met more smiling faces and "Jack" came to us taking us by the hand saying, "Tum Tawdad, dinner is reddy." We were not hard to lead for we had read somewhere "That a little child shall lead them." We had a good dinner, had a romp with Jack and his only sister, Miriam and then persuaded McNay to go back down town where Porter Clark was in waiting to fulfill a promise made at the reunion, to give us a joy ride in his new ambulance. We found Porter ready. Some said that Porter had as well take us on to the hospital at Joplin for we soon would be a fit subject. We stepped in, Porter opened the throttle, away we went, out past Cave Springs, turned east toward Joplin, gliding like a bird, over a piece of fine road until we were within two miles of Joplin, turned south for a mile, then went on a fine oiled road west into Galena, covering a distance of nine miles in less than a dozen minutes. It was a delightful ride in a fine machine over fine roads. Porter told us that the machine was of his own construction – made and fitted the "bed" of the machine so as to care for the dead, sick and wounded in a humane manner. Some say Porter is a reckless and careless driver, but such is not the case. He has never had an accident and does not intend to. It is true that Porter pushes the handle of the speedometer away up toward the top but he does it on a good road and uses judgment at the same time. We asked Porter on the trip how close he could drive past a buggy or wagon and not hit, and he said he did not know, for he always got off as far as he could. We had a delightful ride, in a splendid outfit and over splendid roads. Thanks.

October 25, 1912

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawdad

William Logan Dead

On the morning of Oct. 16, as R. M. Meeks and family passed thru the premises of Uncle Billy Logan they found his dead body near the house. An alarm was at once given and people soon began to go upon the scene. Judge Rudick was notified by phone and was soon upon the premises. A jury was at once summoned, sworn and the body removed to the house. Dr. Willis was in attendance and made an examination in the presence of the jury. The jury, after diligently inquiring into the mode and manner of the deceased, rendered a verdict to the effect that death was due to heart failure. The body was then turned over to relatives and friends by Judge Rudick to be prepared for burial. The body was laid to rest in the Five Mile cemetery Friday, October 18th, funeral services being conducted by Uncle Silas Burnette. Uncle Billy Logan has been a resident for a number of years – lived alone, his wife having died some eighteen years ago. Everybody knew Uncle Bill – all who knew him loved and honored him. His departure surprised many and all mourned his departure. But he is gone, and sweet are the memories that follow him.

January 3, 1913

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawdad

A Wedding

Old father time as he joys along spills out many wonders. We have just read of the marriage of a couple to the south of us. The paper goes on to state that the sick pair presented themselves before a dignified J. P. for the purpose of getting their feet hobbled in the saw briars of matrimony. The groom was much more than half drunk and the scent of the cigarette he was smoking smelled like burning hog hair. His right breeches leg had a whelk running whompergodlim across it. From the south east three holes and one patch to a rip that was not visible while he was seated. The bride was a holy sight. Her face could not have held any more ugliness unless it had been made bigger. She had a huge box filled with snuff and used a stick for a toothbrush big enough to roll logs in Arkansaw. Can you see the noble pair standing before the J. P. asking to be made one? The J. P. arose and firmly spoke in these words: "Mr. Cigarette will you take Miss Toothbrush to be your lawful and dreaded wife, to smell together in the rotten estate of mattery noses, to keep her in sickness and snuff, to shove and perish her as long as ye both shall live? Now, therefore, I pronounce you puff and snuff now and forever, world without end, and may the Lord have mercy on your poor fool souls."

April 11, 1913

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie

We are glad to see Crawdad back again and able to write news for the Republican. It seems as though a good many of the writers have dropped out, tho we presume it is because spring is here and lots of work to do.

April 18, 1913

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawdad

Harmful Words

To suppress the unkind word is to be good negatively, and to speak the kind word is to be good positively. A great difference to be sure. We might dwell on these thoughts for an indefinite time and fail to picture to the mind the results of using words.

In starting out we had another subject in view, though much akin to the use of the suppressed and expressed kind words.

While walking down one of the nice streets of Galena a few days ago, a sweet prattling boy coming toward us – his little face beamed with joy and infantile happiness – a gladsome time to get out and romp as children are wont – the little fellow's mind was yet untarnished and nothing but gleeful joy came to his mind. We stopped and he looked at us, the picture of health and development. His eyes sparkled, his little mind was active in the pursuit of happiness, and the "little man" knew of no such words as fear and danger. He was a symbol of innocence. We looked at the little fellow again and another thought came in our mind. If this beautiful healthy and well developed boy could be taught the lesson of innocence and purity he would grow up to be a pure and innocent man.

While we stood in a contemplative mood – reflecting on the possibility of the boy on the side walk another thought came into our mind. While wrapped in reflections created by the appearance of the "little man" by us his mother, maybe an aunt or a nurse came in haste after the little fellow and in order to get the boy to readily return to his home, she began to tell him scary tales – causing fear to creep into his mind – she told him of bad dogs killing and carrying off little boys.

Before, there was no fear, no ideas of danger in the boy's mind, but now the lever of words had been reversed. We passed on still in a reflective mood. The boy was the symbol of purity, but the "supposing" loving woman crowded fear and the idea of danger into his little mind and he was not the same little boy we met on the side walk.

How often do people who meet the sunny and happy "little ones" and make use of some word or expression to torture their minds? What folly, what nonsense to say nothing of the disastrous work calculated to follow. If we had been guilty of such, let us also reverse the lever of words and start in anew. Keep scary lies to yourself, and if you desire to be bad, be so negatively and not positively. If you talk nothing but grammar to your boy, he will grow up a grammarian and the same holds true, through the "catalog" of life.

April 25, 1913

Galena Weekly Republican

[An advertisement which includes a small photograph of J. A. Rudick!]

Mr. J. A. Rudick, better known in his community as "Crawdad," a very genial gentleman, holding the office of Justice of the Peace in Peoria township, Ottawa County Ok., is one among many who have found relief at the hands of the United Doctors.

The story is best told in his own words in the following letter:

Baxter Springs, Kan.,
Apr. 10, 1913,

To Dr. Dresbach, Chief of Staff of United Doctors; Joplin Mo.,
Dear Doctor:--

I suffered from kidney and bladder trouble for several months, which gradually got worse until I was passing blood and my nervous system was completely shattered from loss of sleep resulting from the intense pain I was forced to endure. I first consulted a doctor about Nov. 15th, and tried five before I received any benefit whatever, the last one said I was suffering from gravel and his treatment seemed to help me for a little while.

On March the 7th I went to your office for an examination, where I was informed that an enlarged and tender prostate was the cause of most of my suffering. I took four weeks treatment at the United Doctors Institute and am entirely relieved of all the suffering and feel as well as I ever did in my life. When I went to your office I could not get on the street car or up the steps without help - I was so nervous, could not eat, complexion sallow, and I was in constant pain, a full nights sleep was unknown to me for many months. I have gained in weight, have a good appetite, sleep well at night, and can walk any distance I choose without inconvenience. I walked five miles yesterday. Thanks to your new united method of treatment, I am today a sound well man. You may publish this letter that others may learn where relief may be obtained who are afflicted as I was.

Yours very truly,

J. A. Rudick

Those who are personally acquainted with Crawdad know that he is a careful, conservative man, whose word is his bond, and his articles written for publication are read by many, though they be serious or humorous in character.

May 2, 1913

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawdad

Mr. Editor, fellow citizens, ladies and gentlemen, Jew and Gentile, we've read most all sorts of papers, dug up about two acres of skunk nests, listened to a Socialist tell how rapid this old hip-shotten world was going to the devil under present

rule, been sandwiched between the devil and the sea, cleaned out and fumigated the conscience of one standpatter but the worst jam of our life occurred on yesterday. While fishing on the Blue John and Blinkey Bill Creeks we picked up a weather stained paper bearing the name of "Everything," the date and place of publication being blotted out. Bill A. L. Sap had an article of great length on the goodness, greatness and gloriousness of Our United States. Now Bill, from the tenor of his ideas is no pessimist. He wrote of our Nation's progress; of our broad and fertile acres, teeming with products of the soil; of our churches and the eloquence of the pulpit; of our schools and the facilities of learning; of our rail roads and the cheapness of haul; of our highways and the pleasure of driving over them; your rivers and the huge ships sailing on them; of our mineral products and their value; of the cattle and horses on a "thousand hills" and their blooded qualities; of our large cities and the morality of the same; of our superior laws and a people who never disobey and a thousand other things we cannot mention for want of space. Yes, Bill made this world look like a peach of the Arkansaw variety – best on earth. But Bill did not see it at all, for he was not a pessimist.

We agree with Billy and exclaim with him that this world is a pomegranate, and ripe, too. Bill's just flowed – ran like a smooth stream. Yes, Sir, Bill, our railroad cars are bigger, run faster, pitch off the track oftener and kill more people than all other railroad cars in any other country. Our men are bigger, longer and thicker and can fight harder and faster, drink more mean liquor, chew more tobacco and spit further than any men in any other country. Our ladies are richer, prettier, dress finer, wear smaller corsets, tighter dresses, break more hearts and kick up the devil generally to beat all other ladies in all other lands. Our rivers are the longest, run the fastest and the swiftest, rise higher, get the muddiest and kill more people than any body else's rivers. Yes, Bill, our dollars are bigger, rounder, has a finer ring, the brightest, will buy more corn pone, sow belly and hoss apples than any body else's dollars and is loved, worshipped and adored by our people in all other countries.

A land of fine churches and thousands of licensed saloons, Bibles, forts and guns, houses of prostitution; libertines and liars; millionaires and paupers; theologians and thieves; politicians and poverty; Christians and chain gangs; schools and scalawags; trusts and tramps; money and misery; homes and hunger; virtue and vice; a land where you get a good Bible for 15c and a drink of whiskey for 5c; where we license brandy houses and prosecute men for preaching Christ; where we have 400 men to make our lams [laws?] and nine to set them aside; where good whiskey makes good men bad, and bad men make good whiskey; where professors draw their convictions from the same place they do their salaries; where preachers are paid \$25,000 a year to tickle the ears of the rick; where business insists of getting hold of property in any old way that won't land you in the pen; where trusts "lived up" and poverty "holds down." A place where a girl goes wrong and her male partner who caused her ruin to pose as gentleman; where women wear false hair and can now in many states cast a ballot; where the women can sit on a jury, consisting four women and eight men or four men and eight women, locked up all night, fed on bread and water with their husbands peeping through the key hole to see which way the verdict is going; where we vote for men one day and cuss 'em 365 days; where we have prayers in the "house" and liquor in the cellar; where we spend \$500 to buy a politician and \$10 to buy a working man; where men pay \$1,000 for a dog and 15c a dozen for a woman to make shirts; where we teach ignorant Indians Eternal Life from the Bible and kill them off with bad whiskey; where we put a man in jail for stealing a loaf and in Congress for stealing a million; where the check book talks, sin walks in open daylight, justice asleep, crimes run high and the devil laughs on all street corners. Yes Bill, we agree with you that the world is a peach – a grand concern and the "half has never been told," a place where we can not get much better and to get a little worse is actually dangerous.

[Another copy of the April 25 United Doctors advertisement appears in this issue.]

May 16, 1913

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawdad

The Pesky Tick

Did you ever see one? Did one ever get a hold on you and make you squirm – wish you'd never been born? We've heard several people say they never had a tick or a flea on them. To such, we say, you've missed much in life. It's no pleasure to have a cussed flea or a cadaverous, pestiferous or mordacious tick stick his sharp bill in your anatomy, but there is a pleasure a great satisfaction and rejoicing to get the hateful things off where they "get on." Reader, if you never had a tick or flea on you, come to the bottoms and hills of the Five Mile and you'll experience a pleasure never before experienced.

Let Mr. Tick get a good hold – present his bite right and then you can say that you underwent an operation chock full of pleasure. Oh, if not a tick, let Mr. Flea take a few leaps and bounds over you and see how hard he is to catch. He can be in more places at “one time” than any living creature – for he belongs to the “floating” population and takes great pleasure in giving you much trouble. The tick is not like the flea – he cares nothing about your joys or troubles but sinks his own blessedness – gets on you – crawls to the most tender spot – generally where you have trouble in reaching him – when you have your best girl with you – then and not till then does his tickship begin to bore for oil and cause you excruciating pains until you break his hold on you, and then and not until then do you realize the real pleasures in life. Come to Five Mile and experience for once in life a real and joyful pleasure.

May 23, 1913

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawdad

In 1876 we went to Fort Worth, Texas, started to learn to be a printer under the tutorship of Captain B. B. Paddock, editor of the Fort Worth Daily. Captain Paddock was a learned man, a good man and knew every wish of successful newspaper work. Here we learned what to print and what not to print. Somehow we had charge of all matter for publication.

Mathematician

A negro was met carrying a large bundle of books which brought out the inquiry:

“Going to school?”

“Yes sar.”

“Do you study all these books?”

“No sar; dey's me brudder's. I'se a ignorent kind er nigger 'side him, boss. Yea just orter see dat nigger figerin. He has gone an' ciphered clean through addition, partition, distraction, abdomination, justification, creation, amputation and adaptation.”

June 6, 1913

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawdad

He and She Liars

Not scarce at any time and found in all parts of the earth where “man” is found. More in some localities than others. Many efforts have been made to rid the world of the pests, but all efforts so far have failed. If we expect to see mankind free from liars, our expectations will fall short. The devil told the first lie and made it stick. From that day to this and from this to the end of all time liars will be plentiful. That there are not so many liars is strange, and that there are so many is stranger still. A liar is a contemptible cuss despised by man and hated in heaven. Some are natural born liars and some learn it as a trade. Some tell lies for fun, some for money, and some because of pure cussedness. A liar is an abomination in the eyes of all good people. A she liar is not so bad out, bad enough and both ought to have a mill stone hanged about their neck and drowned in the sea. As long as there is sin in the world, there will be plenty of liars, for both go together and can not be separated. Stop sinning and you stop lying and when you stop lying you're dead. Some tell us that lying is a fault, some say it is a habit, but we are inclined to believe it is one of the low downdest callings one ever engaged in. To see him going from place to place doing his best to besmirch the character of some young girl, is the worst ever. It has been said that a woman's greatest enemy, is woman. It is an admitted fact that women are accused of carrying more news and landing it quicker and with more force than anyone who ever carried a “string.” Such is permissible in woman – but in man, it looks and sounds as though he was out of a job and wanted to rob the devil out of his job. Lying is an easy work

and poor pay. The hardest thing for one to do is to keep from telling a lie at some point in life. People lie in and about their business. In telling someone about their trade, about their stock, about their farm, about their crop, about their bank account, about their family, about their "hoss tradin," and about everything, the first thing they do when they begin to talk, is to "color" up things – don't aim to lie, but somehow just can't help it. Some people would actually explode - "bust" wide open if they could not get to lie about most all they talk about. Seldom one ever gets ashamed of telling lies and quits. Death is about the only thing that can knock lying out of a man. When death gets a fair lick, it does the work and the fellow is never guilty of lying again. For fear, some reader of this accuses us of being the biggest liar of all, we stop short o.f. [?]

July 11, 1913

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawdad

Eggs

Mr. Editor: - For fear you or your wife failed to read an article written by one of your learned scientists, we will give you a brief synopsis of the gentleman's article. If you read the article you know who wrote it and the publication in which it was printed. If you did not read it then we will do our best to fill up the "blank" in your readin cavity.

The learned gentleman is a deep thinker and is delving deeper and deeper into the mysteries of science. What the results of such investigations are going to be is hard to tell, but we fear in this particular instance it is going to be detrimental to the rural population and give vent to many vile epithets not heretofore uttered by those who live in cities and villages. If this gentleman's "prophecy" works out and he says it will work – must work – necessity is back of it and science demands the products of her labor.

This writer, Mr. Ed. tells us he has perfected a plan to make eggs out of air. He says it is now a fact and he is read to turn his invention loose on the world and give the sons and daughters of man the benefit of his invention, if you want to call it an invention. What do you think Mr. Ed. about this egg business from air – what do you think of the disastrous results which naturally follow? In one sense it is a glorious thought and in another it is sad indeed. Yes, Mr. Editor you can pass your plate and call for eggs – more eggs and in any amount you so desire. The price will be curtailed so that all can eat eggs and in any style invented by the brain of man. When you sit down to the table, morn noon or night you'll not have to bandage your mouth, or use a camphor bottle on the account of eggs being rotten or ready to hatch – the smell of a mildewed goad will all banish like magic when this process comes about. Just try to realize the situation, Mr. Ed. Try to think of the wonders of man – the product of a working brain. Eggs made of air at any time and at any place. Just think of turning the crank of a machine with a slice of north wind turned on and a batch of fresh eggs roll out. Just think of how many you could carry on a fishing trip or when you go to see your wife's people. Yes, sir, eggs from east to west, from north to south – from Dan to Berthuba and clear up to the rafters of paradise – eggs – nothing but eggs and a pile of them as big as creation. But, Mr. Ed., we have we have not said anything about the disastrous results rising from such an invention. The dear Hen, with her Mormon proclivities will have to go and be no more. The barn yard rooster who proclaimed the result of Biblical prophesy and who has fought many battles and lost thousands – whose neck has been twisted for epicures – he too, must pass out his clarion voice never to ring out of mornings, proclaiming the coming of day. The fond chirp of young chicks will be heard no more and the writers on Henism will turn from the "poultry business" and there will be a thing of former days and former times. No more fried chicken – because this egg air concern has ruined the whole shootin' match. It's sad indeed in word and in truth. Just think of the faithful hen – the laborious hen – the non-striking hen – the hen who was never known to grumble – never to have a divorce case in the courts of Hendom – all gone, gone and nothing but a faint idea glimmering on the memories of man and just a few lines on the pages of history to tell future generations of glorious times that were and are no more. A sad thought, Mr. Ed. The results are sadder and the more we think of it the deeper it sinks into our minds and adds intensity to troubled thoughts. "Consarn" the thinking brain of man, anyhow. But how are you going to keep man from thinking – from making scientific investigations to keep keep man in perpetual trouble and want – to cause him to keep pace with fashion and possesses only a lean pocket book – to cause woman to wear and worry over her heaven and a half of toggery and be a solid week getting ready for a ball. But back to eggs. The last part is doleful and while the first is joy, peace and happiness higher than man has ballooned yet. Look out for the machine – it'll soon be on the market and be sure to get one. Pass your plate and have more eggs.

August 1, 1913

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawdad

What We'd Like

In the use of the contracted word "We'd" it refers to you and the remnant of Jesuites. We'd like to see a rain one more time in life. We'd like to see one bumper crop of corn. We'd like to see the old man Highcostolivin' knocked out. We'd like better roads. We'd like to know more people who love good roads and are willing to help build. We'd like to see every man have a job and own it (but how silly to wish or expect to see such a thing). We'd like to see all men quit telling lies – women don't tell lies. We'd like to see the gossip toter banished to the land of oblivion. We'd like to see the hobble skirt go, and the inventor in prison. We'd like to see women's head gear about six times smaller and with some shape. We'd like to see a boy who would not steal watermelons. We'd like to see a man or woman who are as good as they say they are. We'd like to see the feller who wrote and placed the following lines in our mail box and made us pay the postage: "Halleluyer, whoop-to glory, goshamighty, what a lad, Let's all do our cussing by cussing old Crawdad. It's the allabsorbing topic throughout this land of tears. And soon will be the topic through all the coming years. Damli was the way it started, or something like that, but before it got very far, it was an awful chat. Crawdad has the grin of Mr. Possum, and a gizzard full of gall, with a belly like a barrel and a noggin like a mall." Yes sir, we'd like to see that feller, and he had a P. S. to it telling us to go out behind the hog pen, sit down in the dust of humiliation and read it. The writer had some sense of humor, was a good speller and had a smattering bit of grammar, but no regard for manners. Now some one has already conceived that we wrote the poetry and said in their minds that we've lied. If this is your version, we'd like to see you, too.

August 8, 1913

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawdad

Frank Wade and Crawdad shouldered their guns, called the dogs and started for the woods on a squirrel hunt. Some of the dogs were eagerly barking up a tall hickory. The squirrel was sighted. Frank got by a bush, took a "rest," fired and missed. Repeated with former results. Crawdad shot and the result was the same. The squirrel was hanging dead and out went another one and into a hollow tree. Back to the "dead" tree, Frank taking two shots and still it stayed on the limb. Crawdad pushed his "straw" back, raised his gun, fired and out tumbled the "dead thing," and lo, and behold, it was a huge wasp nest. We looked at each other sort o' funny and went up in the woods a distance farther.

August 15, 1913

Galena Weekly Republican

The genial countenance of our loyal friend, J. A. Rudick (Crawdad) approached the Republican office last Saturday morning, and without giving us one minute of warning, placed upon the floor of this sanctum a luscious, big watermelon which was some of the excellent product grown by him at his farm on Five Mile and which he desired the Republican "force" to sample. It was sampled and remembered the Republican office indeed a delightful treat.

Snap Shots

"Crawdads." Speaking of Crawdads reminds us that there is one writing for this paper. He is a surprise to us, for we naturally suppose that this dry weather had put the "quietus" to their "much rambling," but we had his regular "hot air" last week.

August 22, 1913

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawdad

On August 1, 1913, L. D. Murray came to the home of J. A. Murray and introduced himself as their son. The young feller was halterless, clotheless, toothless and almost bald headed. L. D. was assured that he could find shelter in the Murray home for 21 years, provided he didn't get "smart." Jim is crazy, Dolly, hysterical and the young man serving his time. Murray (Jr. and Sr.) have birthdays August 1st.

An old negro woman was arrested and brought before a Justice of the Peace, charged with "unmercifully" whipping one of her grandsons. The court asked the old woman if she had anything to say before sentence was passed upon her. "Sho' I has, I wants to know if you was eber the daddy of a wifeless nigger boy?" "Your fine is remitted" said the court.

September 26, 1913

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawdad

Fashion Foolishness

When we wore short pants the foolish craze came about wearing hoops – great big things so big that there was hardly room for the other person. All older people remember the steel hoop era and the "grape vine hoop" period. It was a sigh. Golly! How wide the dresses were in those days and just think of the number of yards it took to make a dress. The steel hoop days went and many were glad to see the same. Other crazes followed – they too went. Others followed and departed. More crazes were behind and came and went. Te hobble skirt craze landed on us and is with us to this day. It is a sight. Not being content with the saving of cloth the craze was not complete – lacked something – some goose of a woman had to do something still more foolish and she did it, while the whole feminine world is stepping into the craze. The hobble skirt was not complete – had to be slit to show a nice and beautiful ankle. Still not complete. The slit had to be a wee bit higher to show a pair of fancy hose. The slit got longer and a number of ting bells were attached to mark attention. Still lacking completion a fine, small watch must be strapped about the knee to designate the time. The follies of fashion. The vanity of man – gazing and gazing just to see the time of day. Where will such end? When will the sons and daughters of Adam's race learn wisdom? It is to be hoped that the devotees of the slit skirt will not try to be elevating – it's too high already and time to lower and not be so elevating especially in regard to dress.

While on fashion lines, we read of a man who thought he had a right to do a little fashion work, so he thought if the ladies had a right to wear imitation bells on their knees he had some rights coming. So he strapped a huge cow bell around one leg and ambled in to church. The scene had its desired effect. The ladies dismissed their miniature bells, sewed up their slits while the man was arrested for a public nuisance. If there is any change in female attire it is sure to be in our favor for it can't be worse.

October 3, 1913

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawdad

To Gods and in-growing toe nails. What next. It appeared some time ago that fashions had gone to pasture and the fast and furious female "sawciety" had called a halt, shucks! One might as well try to rope a Texas bull with a sewing thread as a stop to the ravages of fashion. The sock fad is still on with a few variations. Plain ordinary and nice stockings are not sufficient to keep the girls in limelight of fashion so they put on one white and one black to be faddy. Sour grapes and green apples! One leg dressed for a funeral and the other for a Sunday School picnic. It's enough to make the devil high ball and quitfoolin with silly ones.

November 7, 1913

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawdad

On looking out Saturday morning we at once saw that we had had some visitors some time in the night. The wheels were off the wagon and the spring wagon minus four wheels, two, up in the trees and two securely wired to the fence. We said nothing – for when a boy we were in many similar pranks.

Uncle Lem Wade also had visitors on the aforesaid night. He jumped out of bed opened the door and the “fun boys” had his wagon in his door with a huge log for a prop and daddy Wade had to go back to bed. We're glad that the pesky boys let us off as well as they did. A boy's a boy and that is all you can expect [from] him.

Opossums and 'simmons are now ripe in a fine condition to eat and will help to cripple Mr. Highcostolivin'. What is nicer and sweeter than a young tender and well cooked possum when one's hungry as sin. One who refuses to dine upon such a dish is “wanting” to some extent under the headgear. Jim Crabtree and “Shad” Imbeau caught five in one night. Then the 'simmons – good ripe ones touched with a white frost and a [] freeze, they too are delicious diet. A learned man once said “fools and dressed ups are the only ones who refuse to eat opossum and persimmons.”

November 14, 1913

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawdad

The question for debate at our literary was not debated on the night of the 6th for want of time. So the question will come up for discussion on the night of next meeting. The question is: Resolved, That the mind of women is inferior to the mind of man. The captain on the Affirmative is going we're told to back out and all the men and women and boys in the land and afar off will contend and argue that a woman's mind is equal to and superior to that of a man. Crawdad stands alone and to show a willing mind will declare that a woman's mind is, has been and will be to the end of time very much inferior to that of man. It is easy to assert a thing, and something else to prove it. It is and possibly will be the only chance in life to stand up for a few minutes with no one to “but in,” and do our dadgasted best to hammer into the head of women that they are inferior and very much so. It's our opportune time and we must improve it. Who has mercy on Crawdad? If any, come out and keep us from being slain.

January 9, 1914

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawdad

Now in reference to man's first appearance and dress, at first though the reader would naturally conclude that our friend, Alec, had warped ideas and no akin to modern manners and fashions. Reader education has much to do in moulding one's idea. In days past, the ladies and women folk rode on horse back using a side saddle. No one registered a kick, and using a side saddle was a part of the education in those days. Horseback riding gradually drifted away, the side saddle was relegated to barn loft, or any place to get it out of the way. But few are to be found at this time. The “women people” are learning that horseback riding is a healthy exercise and horseback riding has come back but the side saddle stays in seclusion. Our “women people” are riding much on horseback and the mode is astride. The astride mode is looked upon by some as vulgar. But why? Simply from the fact that, people were educated to the side saddle way of riding and now a few of the old foggy class will have to be educated to the “straddle” way or pass to the “great Beyond.” When there is no fashion, no present-day [way] of doing things and where the tongue loses its desire to ridicule and bear the tale of gossip – a place where “strife ceaseth” - a place where there is no “tale bearer” and where the good are at rest and the wicked cease from troubling. Education is the prime factor in all we do and say. Fifty years from today it would be hard to tell to what the people will be educated to – their manner of doing things in what will be then considered good or what is considered vulgar. It is very necessary that the rising generation be educated along right lines. Wrong education leads downward and right education leads upward. Whither are you going? Your answer is our answer.

January 16, 1914

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawdad

We had the pleasure of meeting Uncle Fred Dohle of Anderson, Mo., who is the guest of the Ruddy family and we find Uncle Fred a man of mature years and a wonderful memory and a good supply of information generally dealt out to the "seeking." Among other things he told us that, ten years ago he camped on the famous Pea Ridge Battle ground. When pitched camp, others never [?] in camp and had a friendly visit with each other during the evening. A camp fire was built by the side of a fallen tree, by which the meals were cooked. Uncle Fred said, that the next morning just as he began his breakfast an explosion came from the other camp fire, an explosion which killed one horse, wounded one of the men, tearing one wagon to pieces and throwing fire and ashes many feet. A fire had been built over a bomb left at the Pea Ridge battle and was still in a fine state of preservation. The Pea Ridge Battle fields happened to be our play ground in our boy-hood days and well did Uncle Fred describe the lay of the ground. Uncle Fred told us that the deadly missile waited many years to do its work, and that he is thankful that he escaped injury.

January 29, 1914

The Echo, Galena, Kansas

Crawdad

The executive board of the Peoria Telephone Co. met in regular session at Peoria Friday night, Jan. 16, 1914, and elected the following officers: Robt. Craig, Pres., F. L. Ray, Sec., and J. A. Rudick, Treas. A few "grievances" were eliminated and there will be less friction in the future.

Atty. O. F. Mason of Miami was here Saturday and conducted a replevin suit before Judge Rudick in a [case] wherein S. Causatte was plaintiff and L. Stroup, defendant. The jury found for the defendant. The case was interesting throughout and settled in a satisfactory way to all concerned.

February 6, 1914

Galena Weekly Republican

Notice: I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my wife, Sarah T. Rudick, after February 14, 1914.
J. A. Rudick.

March 13, 1914

Galena Weekly Republican

David B. Crabtree of Five Mile called Judge J. A. Rudick to Five Mile Sunday, and the judge said the words "long expected," which made David B. Crabtree and Miss Lula Dyson, husband and wife. Many friends were witnesses. They expect to go house keeping at once.

March 19, 1914

Baxter Springs News

John Rudick has resigned as Justice of the Peace in the Five Mile district of Ottawa county and Frank Ray has been appointed to fill the vacancy.

April 3, 1914

Galena Weekly Republican

Mr. Rudick, known to literary fame under the nom de plume of "Crawdad" was 59 years young on Tuesday. The cumulative weight of his heaped-up years sit lightly on him. He is just as young as he used to be – sometimes. Time has not cankered the amiableness of his temper nor festooned his disposition with intolerable grouches. Here's hoping, "Crawdad," that you may live to see many more returns of your natal day!

August 27, 1914

Cassville Republican, Barry County, Missouri

J. A. Ruddick of Galena, Kans., came in Wednesday to visit his brother, J. F. Ruddick and family northwest of town. He has been associated with the Galena Republican for a number of years.

September 3, 1914

Cassville Republican, Barry County, Missouri

Shady Grove News: John Ruddick of Joplin visited his brother, J. F. Ruddick, and family last week.

September 10, 1914

Baxter Springs News

We Saw 'Em

The Galena Times says a lot of undesirable people attended the reunion this year. We suppose they were Rudick's friends. At any rate we saw some of his friends here. Rudick, you know, is the local man of the Times.

December 23, 1914

The Live Wire, Miami, Ottawa County, Oklahoma

State of Oklahoma
County of Ottawa

R. Roy Van Horn, Plaintiff VS J. A. Rudick, Defendant

Before F. L. Ray, Justice of the Peace of Peoria Township, said County.

Said defendant J. A. Rudick will take notice that he has been sued in the above named Court, by the above named plaintiff to recover the sum of Thirteen Dollars and five cents on account of Money due and that personal property of said defendant has been seized in garnishment, and said cause set for trial on the eighteenth day of Jan. 1912 [1915] at ten o'clock A. M. at which time if said defendant fail to appear the allegations of plaintiff's bills of particulars will be taken as true, and a judgment for said plaintiff in said action for said amount claimed and for costs and in the attachment therein granted will be rendered accordingly. Dated this twelfth day of December 1914 Attest; F. L. May Jus of the Peace. First published on December 16, 1914.

June 5, 1915

[A typed letter from J. A. Rudick to his son, Cecil Rudick]

Dear son, wife and babies :-

Have delayed answering your letter on account of sickness of my wife and other matters. I have been trying to line up something for you, but you know that one must be on the ground to catch what is in the wind. The different Bakeries here

in Joplin are doing an immense business. All want to see the party who desires work and try them to see they can do the work, or such is offered as an excuse. If you are up on the Con. business, you would stand a good chance to get work on the street car line. There is a demand in all cities for those who are efficient - for those who can do their work rightly and willingly.

I only wish you were here to get a job when the opportunity came. It would be a pleasure to see you, wife and the "little ones". You know that your dear old dad is getting up in years and it would be a pleasure to be with you. I am 60 years old, but I don't look it and I don't feel it. It is true that I have done no manual labor for over one year - been in the newspaper business most of the time - was associate editor of The Galena Weekly Republican for a long time - did the writing for the weekly and the daily until the 22nd of last June when I had a nervous breakdown and had to quit. I do some writing for publication yet - sent an article to the Republican this morning - wrote a few articles for the Joplin papers and received some favorable comment. I bear the name of being one who can say more mean things with the fewest words and in the shortest space. I have nearly lost the name of Rudick and go by the name of "CRAWDAD". I am considered the monumental liar of this country - the best "yarn spinner" who ever spun a spin. But I look for some guy to come in and in the space of six months, rob me of all my "glory". Listen: a traveler down in Ark. (as the story runs) rode up to a house and asked a great big, strapping gal where her

[End of page. Any other pages are lost.]

June 11, 1915 Galena Weekly Republican

We are exceedingly glad to see Crawdad back in the ring again, come on Crawdad with your hobble skirt and shoe top dresses roast 'er like you did before you quit a year ago. We missed you very much from the columns of the paper as your writing was very interesting.

Crawdad

Dear Editor and many readers of this paper: - After an absence of many months, we greet you and the many readers again, hoping that our greeting will not be considered an intrusion by any one. In our "comeback" we do not pretend to say that we will offer anything new in the way of news and candidly admit that our little stock of information has not increased since we last met you, in the field of correspondence. We, until about a year ago, contributed regularly, our mite, despite the adverse criticism so abundantly lavished upon us during our long "stay." We were accorded the privilege of saying what we pleased, had many "pencil rackets" with correspondents and lost in every battle, had the cognomen of "dampfool" hurled at us from every point of the compass which we dared not deny, because of the preponderance of evidence against us, and from the record of the past, we should never - no never, have been allowed to enter the field as a correspondent for if we have ever written one word, or advocated a single idea accepted by the people, can't remember it. But from some mysterious cause, we got in the field and from a still more mysterious cause, we remained for a number of years. We're out now, and it may be a high and hard jump to get into the field again and commence our old game of "doing" as we please.

February 11, 1916 Galena Weekly Republican

Mrs. Ruddick Succumbed

Galena friends received a telephone message Monday stating the sad news of the death of Mrs. J. A. Ruddick, at her home in Joplin at 11:15 o'clock Sunday morning after an illness of four weeks. Death was due to a complication of diseases.

Deceased was 50 years old. She resided at Five Mile, southwest of this city about twenty years, and was widely and favorably known in that vicinity and in Galena. She is the wife of J. A. Ruddick (better known as Crawdad), who formerly was connected with this paper in furnishing notes from the Five Mile district. About two years ago she with her husband moved to Joplin where they have since resided.

To her the struggle and burden bearing of earth are ended, and we confidently trust that like one who awakes from a troubled dream she has awakened to see life's endless morning break and know herself home with the vast throng of loved ones, missed here on earth, safe about her.

The funeral cortege left the Cunningham Undertaking parlors in Joplin at 1 o'clock Tuesday and went to Hornett, Mo., where funeral services were held and burial was in the Hornett cemetery.

The many friends of this friend extends their sympathy to Mr. Ruddick in his sad bereavement.

March 02, 1916

Cassville Republican, Barry County, Missouri

John Ruddick of Joplin spent the week end with his brother James, and his niece, Mrs. Maggie Gray, of this place.

May 19, 1916

Galena Weekly Republican

Gone!

Yes he's gone – gone out in the country – left on Monday morning and will be gone all week and every week until he sees you and all the readers of this paper and has a long talk with you. Well, don't get curious and wonder who is gone and who will call for your subscription – call on you to settle up your past dues, etc.; and to arrange for a live and energetic correspondent in all parts of the county. We have no correspondents – you will know who you have met when you meet Old "Crawdad."

"Crawdad" will give us an article each week under his old caption and in his usual style – for the only way to manage "Crawdad" is to let him manage himself.

So when he calls – it may be today tomorrow or next week – for he's sure to call. He will attend to your wants in all respects. He will be pleased to meet every reader of this paper, and extends an invitation to one and all, when in Galena, to make the Republican office your stopping place – for you're welcome.

May 26, 1916

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawdad

We will not speak of man generally. Many definitions of man have been given and all have been different. But the biped we have on our mind at this particular time and for this particular bifurcated animal is one above or below "normal." a few days ago we accosted this "bifurcate" and we were surprised at his unusual volume of information (?) which he proceeded to pour forth for his own selfish interests. We have been in close contact with a number of "female dreadnoughts" and whipped into oblivion, but this "made torpedo" is a monster, compared to all we ever came in contact with or ever saw or heard. This "one particular" man, is, has been and will be a false alarm until death claims him. He "rings" at the wrong time and place – stands upon the wrong corners of the streets, roads, highways and business places and from his ponderous brain (?) emanates ideas superior to anything King Solomon ever uttered. This man – and there are many of his kind – reared back upon his pastern "jints" as we approached him and fluently, preached his doctrine of "repudiation."

This man was a palindrome – just the same backward or forward – reads the same one way as the other and was a real braggadocio – for he claimed that he never did or never would read a newspaper or anything else in print. He will never see this and take the "hint," for he never reads. "Repudiation" is his religion and he never lives it – lives it three hundred and sixty-five times in a year and will keep the number of the years the good Lord permits him to exist. He is to be pitied – for no one is so "honory," but has some following. He is not a reader of this or any other paper – he may "take" some paper, but should one ask him to pay even a paltry sum, he begins at once to advocate his "repudiation" ideas, and gives

you to understand that he is "versed in the law," but cannot read, - for you never saw a "man" like this man who could read or had any use for books or papers. Yes, we could take a single hair from the head of any idiot, hollow out the pith, place fifty of such men as our "man" in the hollow and the dodgasted thing would rattle.

Peoria Okla.

Crawdad was visiting old neighbors and friends in this vicinity the first of the week, looking up correspondents for the "Republican" as you will perceive by this.

Lowell – Star Prairie

John Rudick, better known as "Crawdad" was a welcome visitor with friends and relatives last week.

June 2, 1916

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawdad

Our second week in the country was eventful in many ways. We spent most of the week in Quaker Valley and we still hold to our former opinion, that the people of the valley are very, very generous.

We saw what is supposed to be a meteor – a rock of something like two tons. The rock has the appearance of at some time passed through a fire.

We were informed that the rock fell from the "regions above" and was moved from where it fell, in a field, on the Playter land, in Quaker Valley to its present resting place. Where it came from and by whom sent, is not inscribed on its surface.

Rats

Yes, rats. In last week's issue someone from Lowell suggested a day be set apart to kill rats. There are too many of the hateful things. They are everywhere and their work is destructive. Yes, set a day for the work and kill rats – kill lots of 'em – and the one who can show the greatest number of rats killed, should be given a handsome reward in money. Let someone be appointed Rat Captain and get the work started. (Special notice. We will kill every rat in the county for \$5, get me?)

July 7, 1916

Galena Weekly Republican

Central City

"Crawdad" payed us a visit a few days ago. It was our first time meeting him and we found him to be quite a jolly fellow. "Crawdad" insisted that we become a correspondent for the Republican which we promised to do.

July 14, 1916

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawdad

Well, how did you spend the "Fourth?" We hope all of our many readers had an enjoyable time and celebrated the day in the proper spirit. With too many, it is a day of noise, and hilarity – a day spent without any comment as to its real meaning. We hope you all will live, enjoy life and be able to have a bully good time on July 4, 1917.

We did not go into the country – did not call on any of our readers and did not solicit a single subscriber. We rested. We sat at our window all day the Fourth – watched the surging mass of humanity striving to go "somewhere." We heard the

noise – we saw two men fight and they fought because their brain was crazed by liquor. These men bought the booze from a “licensed trap” - a trap set for the “money” and the poor fellow got caught in the “trap” and got “pinched.” “Toleration and suppression of Vice,” all in one sentence and couched in a city ordinance. We would not say that such a state of affairs exists in the city of Joplin. We will let you say that. The saloons are nothing more and nothing less than “licensed traps” - legalized by a city ordinance and under Commission Form of Government. The “form” may be all right, or it may be all wrong. A piece of machinery has a bad name by wrong use or the improper use of handling. It is not in fault of the machine, but in the use of it. Tolerate a thing for years – allow it to run and grow and then yell, “suppress it.” License the “trap” let them run and raise a crop of drunkards, then submit a proposition to them to vote “dry.” Will they do it? A “wet” city in a “dry” territory will “flourish like a green bay tree,” but “what will the harvest be?” License the big “evils” and suppress the smaller ones. Proper legislation and the enforcement of the same is beneficial to any people, but we fear that legislation alone will not conserve the coming generations. The work must be started and kept going around the fireside – at home. The boys and girls, who are to be the fathers and mothers of other generations should be taught the “great lesson” we have so dearly learned at this time. If we preach “suppression” let us not practice “toleration.” I've drifted from the Fourth, but the consequent evils by getting into a “trap” are manifest and stand as a warning, that we should love, honor and respect the rising generation to that extent that we will do something for their conservation in years to come, and our work will be as “bread cast upon waters, to be gathered many days hence.”

July 28, 1916

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawdad Excited

Owing to the fact that Crawdad is driving a brand new pony this week, he is so excited that he forgot to turn in his weekly letter. We think he will be straightened out by next week.

August 4, 1916

Galena Weekly Republican

Crawdad

We had made up our mind that we would not write one single line for this or any other paper – write one single word to please you or any one else. We just concluded not to write, for the hot weather of the last week took all the pep out of our systems and left us in the “lap of fate.” Reader have you not at times felt that the whole world frowned at you, and that you were ashamed that you ever grew up? It has been our opinion that we were the step-son of hard luck, made so by a decree of providence, and we are not a believer in foreordination or the doctrine that things will happen in spite of what you do or do not do. We were perturbed, whatever that means. If you do not know what “perturbation” of the mind is, or the meaning of the word, that is none of our business.

Anyway, we did not want to write, and not to would not have caused any perturbation of mind upon your part. It is a little funny though, that when we do miss writing for this paper, there is a howl of indignation from all parts of the county. Why so, is a mystery to us. But we did not intend to attempt to write, for we were all shot to pieces. We felt like, that the sooner this mundane ball would cease to revolve, the better off mankind would be. We pick up a paper and all we can read about is war, nation cutting and slashing the life out of some other nation, and all for the acquisition of territory. The spirit of greed is becoming so manifest throughout the entire world, it makes the heart sick. No wonder we become perturbed and wish we could swing off on some easy route and be free from the turmoils of life. We never had but two years of real enjoyment, and that was the first two years of our existence here. All we had to do during the first two years of our life was to draw life from two “living fountains,” kick up our heels and grow. During the later part of the two years, trouble began to brew, for an aunt came to our place, and we went home with her for a visit. To stay just for a short time. When we came back we found a red faced “something” had taken ours in in mother's pleasant lap, and we had to swap the same off for dad's old knee. Trouble began coming then and the clouds of adversity have been gathering and hovering over us to the present time. No wonder we don't care to write. Who would? When in this mood, we feel that all of Adam's race is in the same fix. Is it hot weather, ruined crops, hot winds, wars and “rumors of wars,” or what is it that seizes you and makes you feel like committing suicide? We were not going to write, for something had taken all the snap out of us, and we did not care a continental if the world went to the bow-wows in a twinkling.

August 10, 1916

The Echo, Galena, Kansas

No wonder "Crawdad" is "off" so badly – he's lost the "two living fountains," and like Ponce de Leon pined in advanced age for the "elixir of life." It reminds me of a case in Justice court in old Checo in 1868, when a witness stated that he had been a farmer all his life; whereupon the opposing lawyer asked: pray, what dun ye the first years of ye farm life? I milked, sir! replied the witness.

August 11, 1916

Galena Weekly Republican

Mrs. J. A. Rudick was called to Joplin on business Tuesday.

August 18, 1916

Galena Weekly Republican

Miss Sadie Lowderback of Camp Weilep was here Thursday on business and the guest of Mrs. Rudick.

August 25, 1916

Galena Weekly Republican

Mrs. C. E. Willey of Timber Hill made her usual trip to town the first of the week and was the guest of Mrs. J. A. Rudick.

Crawdad

We are in Galena, today, near a busy and much traveled street, and the first thing to attract our attention, is an

Automobile

We see many of them and they are going in all directions, some at a moderate rate of speed some are going – fast, seen to be in a very great strain to get somewhere. We were constrained to think a little about these honk wagons surrying to and fro through the country. What are they doing and what is their mission? The automobile is doing much – its work is great and its effects are greater. It takes people from the city to resorts in the country; it makes the baseball game a small affair; it lessens the attendance at the Sunday school; it keeps people from church; it cripples travel upon the railroads; it depletes the income upon interurban roads and does many other odd things. It causes men and women to be rushed to the hospitals where their injuries can be attended to; it brings men into court and fosters litigation; it takes capital away from home, and forces our banks to go east for capital which we borrow from the banks and pay a good interest for the use of the money. Verily, the auto is a wonderful thing and our people have the fever at a high temperature. The men who make them and the men who mend them are the ones who are in the swim. We wish we owned a Ford.

Words

While at our desk our mind went back to boyhood days and some very plain remembrances are before us. We will remember the old log schoolhouse, with "slabs" for benches, and four two inch auger holes, for the insertion of legs, made of poles the proper size and if the log protruded an inch or more on top of the bench, and your seat happened to be where the protrusion was, you had to be still and not growl. In those days, there were but few laws and everybody regarded thus sacred.

Some fifty years ago (goodness we are not that old) the pronoun I was of common use – everybody used it, and then it was grammatical, whatever that means. At this age, "I" was much in use but now has become obsolete. To use "I" at this age means no one – for who is "I"? It is now "we" and all are familiar with the word "we." "We" is plural or singular, very much singular.

September 22, 1916

Galena Weekly Republican

W. B. Wamsley and wife of Joplin were here Sunday, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Rudick.

October 6, 1916

Galena Weekly Republican

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Rudick will spend Sunday in Joplin the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wamsley and family.

In Self Defense

"Crawdad" is getting somewhat fidgety in the last week – getting thin, emaciated, pale and filled with fear. He says he's liable to fall in at the office door at any time, with his anatomy so completely punctured that it will resemble a sieve. His fears are great and he's lacking in words to describe his feelings. "Crawdad" says, the plague-taken "Hunch" story got by his desk in some mysterious way, and as a result a million questions and as many threats has come to him, and the article stands out in bold language against him and he has to bear the name of being the daddy of the blamed thing. Then here comes the doggoned "Dog" story and slipped by in through the same channel and every groceryman in the town is getting their old "fire traps" cleaned up, and oiling up their "talking machine" - just won't and can't stand it – the dadbusted story, too rests upon him and he has to bear the anathemas and vile vituperations of an enraged set of grocerymen and their fussy clerks. He says it is the best gotten up piece of literature he has ever read and news a sure pop, at the fountain head of pure cleanliness if he did not write it, but he says, "there's no use" - too late to stop trouble now. But, "Crawdad" says to tell the doggoned grocery fellows to put their groceries high up – awful high – for he knows a man, moving into town who has two or more awfully tall dogs. "Crawdad's" out of town , on a vacation, see?

[The "Hunch" story concerns a woman who comes home unexpectedly and finds her husband with another woman. In the last paragraph she walks out on him. As for the dog/grocery store item, I could not locate it.]

November 10, 1916

Galena Weekly Republican

Mrs. Corbin Shouse of Patterson Prairie was here Monday shopping and was the guest of Mrs. J. A. Rudick.

Crawdad – To Our Readers

Good morning to one and all. We would be pleased to make a personal call and talk with you, but we can not. Our office duties will not permit us, and we believe we can better serve by remaining here, than going from place to place to meet you. We must say that during our "tramp" through the country we never met a more congenial and kind hearted people, and we found a welcome in the home at all times.

Now reader, you know what our mission was when we were "tramping" - to collect back subscriptions, renew and take on new names. The work was too arduous and too expensive – for often times we had to go over the same ground time and again to see all and then miss a number. We would be pleased to see you all again, and perchance we want to see you worse than you want to see us, but that cuts no ice with "Crawdad," for he wants to see every reader of the Republican, because he likes you.

Now reader will you please look to the right of your name on your paper and you can see to where your subscription is paid.

Being in the office day in and day out we are familiar with what it takes to run a newspaper. It costs a lot of money. The cost of machinery to run the plant goes into the thousands of dollars. Office help costs a lot of money. The entire cost is far more than you would think. Now will you through "Crawdad" look and see how much you are behind and if you cannot remit in full, please send us a part. The editors need the money.

We have labored to give you a readable paper and the consensus of opinion is that we have done so. This is not a demand but a kind request to remit a part of what you are due to help the boys out in their effort to give you a good paper.

December 21, 1916

The Echo, Galena, Kansas

E. L. Horton reports having met "Crawdad" the other day, and thinks that is inappropriate name because crawfish always move backward. But since Mr. Horton has read his articles and having met him thinks he is among the progressive men of the country.

January 12, 1917

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie

Wonder what has become of "Crawdad" ? Don't see or hear of him anymore, probably he's off on vacation.

January 26, 1917

Galena Weekly Republican

Lick Prairie

Wonder what has become of "Crawdad"? I'll bet that he has froze to death this cold weather.

February 22, 1917

The Echo, Galena, Kansas

Well, we saw "Crawdad" last week, says he has "Quit the Galena Republican and is now working for the Baxter News."

March 1, 1917

Baxter Springs News

Lowell

Mr. Rudick was a pleasant caller on the rural readers of The News this week.

Quaker Valley

J. A. Rudick (Crawdad) spent Wednesday night with J. Shirley. Mr. Rudick is out in the interest of The Baxter Springs News.

Riverton

Mr. Rudick transacted business in Lowell and Riverton last Thursday.

March 15, 1917

Baxter Springs News

Peoria

John Rudick or "Crawdad" was circulating about our vicinity part of last week.

June 28, 1917

Neosho Times, Neosho, Missouri

Crawdad

By request of a number of readers of The Times, we will try to give a bit of news and "other stuff" - mostly other stuff - and hope all will be glad of the same. Being a novice in the field of journalism, you will please pardon the many errors which may creep in from time to time.

July 26, 1917

Neosho Times, Neosho, Missouri

Crawdad

The sound of the thresher is heard on Pool's prairie and about 5000 bushels of grain went into the bins last week, the bigger portions being grown on the Fennimore farm. Wheat is making from 15 to 20 bushels to the acre and oats about 30. The wheat is fine grade and will bring top prices.

The present yield and the high price of wheat will cause an unusual acreage to be sown this fall.

The general topic of the day is about the war - going to war - the conservation of waste products of the farm. The papers are full of advice as what to eat and the quantity to be eaten and one person has told us how to make "craklin bread." One man was heard to say that if all had to "conserve" and the U. S. was now "hard up" we had as well give in - for we'd get whipped. But the "fellows" who tell us to eat corn bread would turn up their noses at the sight of a corn dodger.

August 9, 1917

Neosho Times, Neosho, Missouri

Crawdad

Band of Robbers

There is a band of robbers near Pool's Prairie and their name is not "legion" - but almost. They have been here for a number of years and in many places their work is plainly seen by all who have the least degree of perception. Many efforts have been put forth to exterminate this band, but the number is still great, and the work of devastation goes on. This band of robbers is composed of a very peculiar class of people. The band has members who stand high in the best of classes - men who belong to the church - frequent attenders at Sunday School - own the best automobiles and are generous and kind hearted. Their word and notes are taken at the banks for full and face value - they stand ready to go and administer to the wants of the sick and destitute. The "heads" of some of the best families are members of this band of robbers. The members are in favor of education and patronize our educational institutions - believe in good roads and help to build and maintain the same.

The only objection to be alleged against this band is - they are robbers and their work is very destructive - mostly to themselves. They have been repeatedly asked to desist from their destructive course, but to no avail. It is true that nearly all members of this "gang" are law abiding citizens, sit on juries and render verdicts hard to be gainsayed. A few members have been dropped from the rolls, but their standing has not been impaired in the least, but rather raised to a higher standard. It is to be hoped that in a few years this band will become extinct and remembered only in name. This band of robbers in our midst whom we have much against and nothing in particular, are a band who from year to year continue to rob the soil - take all they can get from "mother earth" and never put anything back to replace the waste. Their work goes to show that they are in favor of depleting the soil instead of making it better. Reader, are you a member of this band of robbers?

August 23, 1917

Neosho Times, Neosho, Missouri

Crawdad

Will the new telephone line from McElhany to Neosho fail to materialize? The line is needed and the manager should push the construction.

It is to be hoped that when the line is in working order that "eave-droppers" will be so ashamed that all receivers will not come down at once, while a subscriber is trying to talk.

Speaking of telephones and telephone lines, it has been said that the invention of the telephone was the work of the devil. Satan had a grievance against men and invented the telephone to get even. There are two kinds of "phones" - the desk phone - you can throw it from the table to the floor, kick and swear at it and then the blamed thing won't talk until it gets ready. In order to make the wall phone come across and do the work, a crow-bar or an axe must be used. Most telephones are made to talk in, but some people spit in them and a few stand on tip-toes and yell at the top of their voices. If you want to "fall from grace," take stock in a rural telephone line, or patronize a mail order house.

August 30, 1917

Neosho Times, Neosho, Missouri

Crawdad

The K. C. S. should add a few more coaches for the benefit of the traveling public. Too many must "stand" or go into the "Jim Crow" car and suffer the humiliation of riding by or near some not of the same color.

"Who is Crawdad?" is a question often asked. Immaterial. He is a one-gallus laborer, devoid of education and good common sense. Reader, put on your "specks" and read between the lines and you can see the corn fields, oat and wheat fields, hay meadows and a few tears to dampen the paper to help out the editor. We asked the editor if we could write a few "editorials" and he kindly told to wait awhile.

September 13, 1917

Neosho Times, Neosho, Missouri

Crawdad

Roads

Old and plain is the road leading from the country to the city and many are found walking therein. The road is traveled, because the city has better schools and better advantages to aid the young in going up the ladder of life. An old farmer (retired) told us he was going to the city to live. He was sadly mistaken, for he went to the city to die. Our boys and girls go from country to the city in order to locate their calling in life. It is an ill-fitting collar, and causes many sore spots, to require a young man or a young woman to follow an occupation for which they are not fitted. All people are not farmers, all are not lawyers, all are not physicians, but many are not in their right class. The farmer should not travel the road to the city - he has no business there. The man engaged in a legal or professional calling has no business in the country.

Our youths should not be censured and condemned, because they want to and do travel the frequented road from country to city. They are only wanting to "Find Themselves" - have a desire to get a glimpse of "Self" and learn their true worth. If the boy, who is wanting to get "higher up," wants to go to the city, let him go. If the "collar" is an ill fitting one, he soon will return home and seek another road.

If a boy or girl possesses genius, there is no power to hold them down and keep them from progressing. Onward, forward and up is their slogan. They know nothing of retrogression, but much of progression. They forget they are hungry and work on. They forget they are sleepy and rise another round on the ladder. Place them in a prison cell and their minds

keep working and grasping for new ideas and how to get on. If they do not possess genius, they are of but little value in the city or in the country.

We are not fatalist, but it looks as though some can never get another round "higher up," if all the money, all the advantages in life were piled mountain high around them. It is not in them and what is not in a thing can not be gotten out. Why is it that some can not be held back and some can not be urged forward? If the boy wants to travel the road to the city, let him go – he is only "hunting his calling."

And Other Roads

And not digressing there are many roads leading to the city and to other places. These roads are either good or bad. Any people are known by their roads. The public highways are marks of progress. The spirit of good roads is here and has come to stay. The public have the "fever" but just a few have not. It is true that our rural mail routes are not what they should be. Our carriers must drive six days of the week, while others only go over the road occasionally. Our rural mail routes should have more and better care. We like to get our mail on time and not from a grouchy carrier made so by bumping over roads, stumps and pulling through mud holes. How are our roads, eh?

September 27, 1917

Neosho Times, Neosho, Missouri

Crawdad

An Old Aunt

We have had a rough time of it all through life – a sort of predestined step-child of hard luck – damned if we did and damned if we didn't. The first two years of our life was the best and happiest. All we had to do was to draw life from two living fountains, kick up our heels and grow. But our old aunt came to our place and persuaded us to go home with her and stay all night. When we went back home next morning we found a new brother had come to stay. We had to give up mother's warm lap for dad's old knee and since then our troubles commenced and grew upon us at a wonderful rate.

Reader, did you ever see a more busy people, not only here, but everywhere? A general unrest prevailed. There is an abnormal condition in every phase of life. All are in a hurry. One can not go fast enough, yet all seem to be happy and contented despite a world-war upon us, to take the manhood of the nation away to fight a mighty foe. A different spirit has gotten hold of our people and the complexion of things have undergone a wonderful change. While most all appear to be happy, yet there is a sadness hidden away down in the recesses of the heart. "Two shall be on the housetop; one shall be taken and the other left; "Two shall be grinding at the mill, one shall be taken and the other left." "It is Rachel weeping for her children and will not be comforted, because they are not."

It is going to take months to restore things back to normal conditions. There will be many sad hearts before the time. The pillow will be wet with a mother's tears, praying for the safe return of a darling boy gone to the trenches to fight for the honor of his country. All will not return. Some will, but can you depict the difference of feeling between the mother who sees her son return home and the one who knows that he is gone forever. It seems that fate has set her iron foot on the race and the present state of affairs had to come. It seems that the awful crisis could not have been prevented. One thing we do know, it has come and the emergency must be met. It can be and will be met and the honor of our people be preserved.

July 25, 1918

Neosho Times, Neosho, Missouri

J. A. Rudick who was a correspondent for this paper from McElhaney last year has returned from a long trip to Iowa and Kansas. For six months he has been on a farm near Topeka and reports the corn crop in good condition all over Kansas except in the south part. Mr. Rudick is stopping with John D. Edmiston west of McElhaney for awhile.

June 12, 1919

Neosho Times, Neosho, Missouri

R. E. Ruddick [sic], known generally as "Crawdad," who has written some correspondence for this paper, left yesterday for Galena, Kansas, to resume his former position as reporter for the Galena Times.

June 20, 1919

Galena Weekly Republican

J. A. Rudick, commonly known as "Crawdad," having formerly resided south of this city, on Five Mile, and for the past two and a half years and has been in Neosho, Missouri and various other places in this district is in Galena for a few days on business and visiting friends. Mr. Rudick was formerly the city editor of the Times.

Rudick Returns after Two Years Absence (By Crawdad)

After a long absence and much meandering we find a hearty welcome with our many friends in and around Galena. Coming here from the berry fields of southwest Missouri, where the berry growers came into their own by a big crop and good prices coming from a country where you cannot step three feet in any direction without stepping up or down hill coming from and to quote Dr. Crance "from people, who are the gladdest, the maddest, baddest, humanest craziest, most expensive, loviest, ugliest, cleanest, dirtiest, happiest, saddest, kindest, and cruelest people this side of the "New Jerusalem," who does their damdest to do all in their power to make a living and to make the world happy."

Coming back to good old Galena we find the same kind of faces as in days past and gone. Having been in many towns, cities and where many souls dwell we find no place we like so well as Galena and the surrounding country.

July 18, 1919

Galena Weekly Republican

Union District No. 18

We heard that Crawdad had to come to life again and began backing into this neck of the woods. We guess the rainy weather they were having up north is driving the Crawdads to the warm, sunny, dry lands of Kansas, near Galena. Anyway he can make some people believe he has been to war, but just remember that Crawdad the first has returned.

Lick Prairie

After a year or so of absence we will enter again among the writers. Crawdad, who has been a booster for the Republican for the past eighteen years, was in our midst last week and was wondering what had become of the old mule that was once saved by a woman's prayer.

Pleasant Valley

John Rudick, better known as "Crawdad" to the readers of the Galena Republican was in Crestline the first of the week looking after correspondents, and working for the interests of the paper. We are glad to see Crawdad back again, with the Republican force. We see he keeps busy, by all correspondents, both old and new ones, writing. He will soon have correspondents in from all over the country, and then the Republican will be a real newsy weekly paper and one everyone will be glad to read. While in Crestline, Crawdad called at the home of the writer, where he always finds a welcome awaiting him any time he happens to call. Come again, Uncle John.

Crawdad Joltings - Lawton

Time and space forbids us telling of the many homes we visited and in almost every home we found that the Galena Weekly Republican was and had been a visitor for a number of years.

August 8, 1919

Galena Weekly Republican

Joe Cousatte, who has been in the service overseas for the last year, has returned to his home in the country, Baxter Route 4. Mr. Cousatte was in Galena today visiting with his cousin, J. A. Rudick.

June 24, 1921

Galena Weekly Republican

"Crawdad" Convalescing

J. A. Rudick, better known to his many friends as "Crawdad" was in Galena Saturday from Five Mile where he has been the last month convalescing from a severe illness, having been in St. John's hospital in Joplin six weeks prior to going to his former home on Five Mile. He hoped to be able to resume his work at the Galena Smelter next Monday.

November 24, 1921

Joplin Globe

Obituary – Rudick

James [sic] Rudick, 63 years old, died at 2:30 o'clock yesterday morning at the home of his cousin, Mrs. John Atkins, seven miles southwest of Galena, Kan. Three other cousins also survive. They are Mrs. Frank Findlay of Joplin, Mrs. Clinton Neda of Picher and A. C. Chase of Ottawa, Okla. Funeral arrangements have not been completed.

J. A. Rudick Dies.

Galena, Kan., Nov. 23. - J. A. Rudick died at 2 o'clock this morning at the home of his niece, Mrs. John Atkinson on Five Mile, eight miles southwest of Galena. Rudick was well known throughout the country. He has been in ill health for the past year. Rudick was a member of the St. Patrick's Catholic church and the Knights of Columbus of Joplin. His body was taken to Joplin, where funeral services will be held at 9 o'clock Friday morning from the Frank-Slevers Undertaking chapel.

November 25, 1921

Joplin Globe

Obituary – Rudick

Funeral Services for James [sic] Rudick who died Wednesday morning, will be held at 9 o'clock this morning from St. Peter's Catholic church, Eighth and Pearl streets, to Hornet cemetery.

November 25, 1921

Galena Weekly Republican

J. A. Rudick (Crawdad) Passes Away

J. A. Rudick, better known as "Crawdad" passed away Wednesday morning at 2 o'clock in the home of his niece and husband, Mr. And Mrs. John Atkins on Five Mile, about eight miles southwest of Galena.

Mr. Rudick resided on a farm on Five Mile near the Ralph Standley farm, twenty-five years and is well known throughout the southern part of the county.

During the last twenty years, he has been a contributor to the Galena Republican, his articles being of great interest to his many friends in the rural districts. The signature to all of his writings he used the name "Crawdad" entirely.

About three years ago he came to Galena to reside having a position at the Galena Smelter as weighman. The last year he has been in ill health and has spent the greater part of the time on the farm on Five Mile.

Three years ago he united with St. Patrick's Catholic Church.

At the time of going to press no funeral arrangements have been made.

December 4, 1921

The Kansas City Kansan

Crawdad is Dead

The Galena Times records the passing of Crawdad, for twenty years contributor to the Galena press. He was the country correspondent from Five Mile. His name was J. A. Rudick, but he had written for twenty-five years under the nom de plume of "Crawdad," and as "Crawdad" he was known far and wide.

It is not only Rudick that has passed away, but an era. Twenty-five years ago there was a peculiar fitness in the nom de plume, just as there was in Mark Twain when that title was adopted by Samuel M. Clemens. Then the frequent ponds were filled with crawdads, and mud towers appeared along the road, at the bottom of which the crawdaddy was supposed to live. They say that Illinois is called the Sucker state because immigrants, in passing through and finding no palatable water, would run hollow reeds down in these holes and from them draw fresh, cool, refreshing liquid.

Barefoot boys of early days would bend pins into hooks and carefully lower them into ponds, drawing forth the crawfish therein and thus supplying themselves with bait for more serious fishing. It was the urchin trudging along the wooded road who gave the affectionate name of "crawdad" to the backward crawling animal.

The crawdad is gone; has been gone for these years. Now "Crawdad" the correspondent, has passed. The old-time country correspondent is passing – he who told the neighborhood gossip, even the price of corn, the progress of many courtships and dissertations on politics.

They are all creatures of the past. Yet the old timer holds them in loving remembrance, and wishes them eternal felicity in filling the columns of the Heavenly Hooppole.

December 2, 1921

Galena Weekly Republican

The passing of "Crawdad" causes many a heart to grieve, when they think of the kindly genial nature of Mr. Rudick. His friends were many and the Galena Times and Republican were in his best thoughts, a writer of peculiar character and a genius, in his odd way he reached readers other writers could not interest. He bubbled over with good nature and when displeased could wield a caustic pen, but always a vein of human ran through his writings. He tried according to his own words to walk on the sunny side of the road.

The Cecil Rudick Letters

In September 2013, my cousin Kevin sent me a stack of century-old letters that his mother Vera Rudick-Bourdon had saved. The vast majority of them were from my great-grandfather Cecil Rudick to his future wife Mary Alice Cessna, written during the year before they were married, both of them around twenty-two years old. I had hoped to fill in a few gaps in the family story with these letters, and while that certainly did occur, much remains a mystery.

First, I arranged the documents from earliest to latest, setting aside undated documents; then the transcription began. As I learned the peculiarities of Cecil's handwriting and got used to reading pencil script on heavily browned paper, the pages became easier to decipher. By the time I had finished, I had become proficient at it.

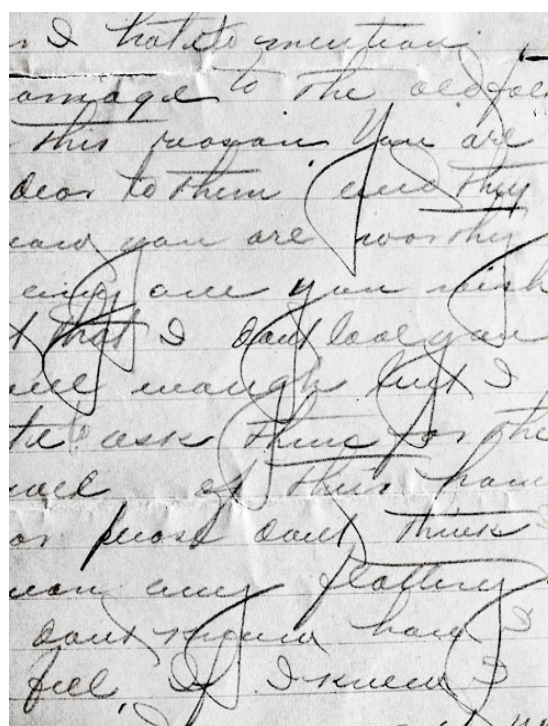
As for my transcriptions, these correspondences are lightly edited. Some of Cecil's punctuation marks had to be roped in from neighboring lines, and I replaced a few other periods and commas that had completely escaped captivity to make it read logically. I also corrected a few spelling errors, but except for putting the day of the week in front of the dates, these words are all Cecil's, none added and none dropped. Every document is presented here, no matter how mundane.

Here's some background: Cecil was born in 1888, in Big Flat, Arkansas. When he was nine years old, his father abandoned his wife and eight children for another woman. By 1910, Cecil's sister Edna and her family lived in Muskogee, Oklahoma, with brother Macon working on their farm. Cecil seemed to live in Gore, a small town less than thirty miles from Muskogee.

Mary Alice Cessna grew up in LaRue County, Kentucky, but by 1910, she, three brothers, and her parents lived in Gore, Oklahoma. Her uncle Sam Cessna's family lived in Muskogee. What year or years did the Cessna families arrive in Oklahoma, and when did they leave? These were some of my biggest questions, and I'm still asking them. Old man Walter Cessna dreamed of a fortune in the oil industry, but the dream fizzled out, and the Cessnas eventually returned to Kentucky.

Oklahoma in that era was a booming place. Various land rushes from 1890 onward, coupled with discoveries of oil in the area, drew people westward in droves. In 1907, the territory became one of the United States.

The locale is Gore, Oklahoma, a town of about three hundred folks, essentially a railroad stop about halfway between Muskogee (population over 50,000) and Fort Smith, Arkansas (population about 24,000). There's some confusion over Cecil's letters often being labeled as from "City," and I had wondered if perhaps he lived in Muskogee and traveled to Gore regularly. I think it's most likely that Cecil's "City" is Gore itself.



As for the cast of characters, some are obvious, others ambiguous. Sam Cessna is Mary Alice's brother, a good friend to Cecil, and bearer of many letters and notes between the young lovers. Other couriers included Mary Alice's other brothers, LaRue and Howard Cessna. There's mention of Earl Andrew Goff and Squire Walters Goff, two brothers from another relocated LaRue County, Kentucky, family.

There was someone called Ruby in these letters, but she's probably too old to be the younger sister of Earl and Walters Goff, and she seems to be in the wrong town. Another person mentioned once is Cornelius, possibly Cecil's brother, Macon Cornelius, but again, I have doubts. And the woman named Ollie, mentioned several times, was definitely not Cecil's older sister Ollie, since Ollie Rudick was married at the time, and would not be considered in competition for Cecil's affection, as is implied in one of Cecil's letters.

This was a time when horse and train were the prominent modes of transportation, the automobile just beginning to muscle its way into the picture. When Cecil mentions the 104, I assume it's a train, but when he mentions "driving," I'm uncertain whether the vehicle is powered by oats or gasoline. It's been a fun game, but as I said, much remains a mystery.

The letters opened a fascinating window into those times and places. Over time, Cecil and Mary Alice became very real to me. These folks were born in the nineteenth century, and I am now living in the twenty-first century. Yet Cecil's death and my birth differ by only five years, so are we over a century apart, or only a few years? Holding these letters in my hand, it seems to be the latter.

Let's start with sixteen little notes or messages which have no dates:

Alice c/o Sam

Dear Alice :- Look for Cecil tonight about 7:30.

Lovingly, Cecil

Miss Alice c/o Sam

At Home

Dear Alice :-

Would be pleased to call tonight. We will go singing if you wish. Send ans. By Sam.

Lovingly, Cecil

Alice c/o Sam

At Church

Dear Alice :- If convenient I will call tonight instead of tomorrow night. If any objection call the depot before 7:30 P.M.

As ever, Cecil

Pardon This paper.

[Written on the back of a blank check-sized receipt form]

Dear Alice :- While you are dressing I will go over in town and attend to some very important business. Will be back in a short time and aggravate you a while. Take no offense.

Lovingly, Cecil

Alice c/o Wiley

Dear Alice :- Would like to come over tonight. We will go to Box Supper if you want to.

C. E. R.

Miss Mary Alice Cessna

At Home

Dearest Alice :- At Home

When I am far away, and my face you cannot see,
I will often think of you Dear Alice, will you sometimes think of me?

Yours For Ever

C. E. R.

Alice c/o [Harden?]

At Home

Dear Alice :- Would you like to have such a kid as Cecil call tonight? We will go to Literary if you wish.

Waiting your ans., Cecil

Pardon this paper. I can't find any other. Would have phoned but no operator at night.

Alice c/o [Harden?]

At Home

Dear Alice :- Would be more than pleased to call a few moments tonight. [Got? Get?] to wait two or three hours for the train.

Waiting your reply,

Cecil

[Written on stationary of the Gore Mercantile Co., Dealers in General Merchandise]

Alice c/o Sam

At Church

Dear Alice :- Say, would you like to drive down to [Visit?] this afternoon and see Edith? Send ans. by Sam. We will want to start by 1 o'clock.

Lovingly, Cecil

Alice c/o Elmer

Dear Alice :- If agreeable, I would be pleased to call for church tonight. Heard you was mad. Will explain all. Send ans. by Elmer.

Lovingly, Cecil

Alice c/o [Bay? Boy?]

Dear Alice :- Say, what about going over yonder this Eve? Tried to get you over the phone, but failed. If you want to go let me know at once and I will come over in a buggy. I would like to go this Eve. Tell them we are going over to see Ollie and will be back before night. Ans. by [Bay? Boy?]

Yours, Cecil

Miss Alice c/o Ollie

Kind Alice :- Say, would you and Sam go down to Mr. Tom Johnson's with Ollie and I? There isn't anything doing tonight, and Mrs. Johnson asked us to come. Said she would show us a nice time.

Lovingly Yours, Cecil.

[Written on stationary of O.D. Thompson, dealer in Staples and Fancy Groceries, Gore, Oklahoma.

Miss Alice

Kind Alice :- Mr. and Mrs. [Casden?] requests the pleasure of yours and Sam's presence at a party tonight. If you would like to go, I would be pleased to call. My advice would be not to go, for I'm sure there will be boys there that will be intoxicated.

Lovingly Yours, Cecil

Dear Alice :- would you be pleased to have such a specimen of humanity as myself call this afternoon?

Most Lovingly, Cecil

[This note was folded up several times into a small triangle.]

Alice c/o Larue

Dear Alice :- Will call for church tonight. If any objections, let me know.

Yours, Cecil

Miss Alice Cessna

Gore Okla.

Dear Little Girl :- Will be over tonight if 104 is any thing like on time. Rec'd your card. (Thank you) Was you mistaken today, did you not think I was Mr. Hawkins on the [Empire? Esquire?]

Look for me tonight if I don't [come?]

Yours For Ever, Cecil

x x x x x

[The letter is on stationary of the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern Ry. Co. It's in a small envelope with the return address: The Missouri Pacific Railway Company, St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern Railway Co.]

I imagine that these little letters and notes belong between the dated entries below, and that many other little messages have not survived for us to read. Somewhere in October, the relationship takes a more serious and rocky turn. It's hard, sometimes, to tell exactly what's going on, considering the one-sidedness of this account. Sadly, there are no surviving examples of Mary Alice's letters in reply.

I find it a bit difficult (but not *too* difficult!) to paw through these personal and sometimes anguished writings of my great-grandfather, even though he died before I was born, and no one I have talked with ever knew him. It's hard to call these "love letters." He darts from sad, frustrated, or angry analysis of his situation into recitals of everyday happenings, without much pause. At times, I want to reach into the past and slap some sense into him. But I will cut him some slack, not knowing what he was reacting to in those moments.

The narrative builds to a springtime meeting between the young lovers and her parents, a meeting which Cecil is convinced will go badly. And off we go...

Sunday July 31, 1910

City.

Miss Alice Cessna

At Home

Esteemed Friend :- Would you be pleased to have me call for Singing tonight? Miss Johnson said she might come up and go to Singing. Tell Sam.

Respt. C. E. Rudick

[A note written on the torn off bottom half of a page]

Thursday August 4, 1910

City.

Miss Alice Cessna

At Home

Kind Friend :- Would like very much to call for the Show tonight, i. e. if you would like to go. They are going to show in a Moving Picture Design the destruction of Pompeii by volcanic eruption of the Vesuvius.

Waiting your reply, Cecil

[A one page folded note with "Miss Cessna At Home" written on the outside]

Sunday August 7, 1910

City.

Miss Alice Cessna

At Home

Kind Friend :- Would be pleased to call this afternoon.

Lovingly, Cecil

[A note written on a piece of stationary from Wynn's Pharmacy (Pure Drugs and Medicines, S. A. Wynn, Prop., Gore Okla: Use Pratt's Animal and Poultry Regulators and Veterinary Supplies) The note is folded twice: on the outside is written "Miss Cessna," and halfway opened it says "Pardon open Conveyance."]

Friday August 12, 1910

City.

Miss Alice Cessna

At Home

Dear Alice :- Going to see a Show tonight. Would you like to go? If you want to go I would be more than pleased to call. Waiting your Ans.

Yours Lovingly, Cecil

[A one page note folded up into a small triangle, with "Alice" written on the outside]

Tuesday October 18, 1910

City, Okla.

Miss Alice Cessna

At Home

Dearest Alice :-

Will pen the only one I ever think of a few words. Now I'm sure you will say that is a story, and it is, but never do I think of any one else so often as you. You are the only one I think of in love of. Now that isn't any story.

Dear, I never did pass such a lonesome day as Sun., although I was with a real nice girl part of the day. I'm sure you are not offended at me for walking with Ollie. She was lonely as well as my self. I enjoyed her company but I knew she didn't love me, neither did I wish her to. But Dear, I think you do.

I would be very sad to know that I was deceived. Oh say you must not go back to Muskogee. If you do I'm going to Western Okla. and stay until you come back, for I wouldn't stay here at all if it was not for you.

Sam went over to see Ollie last night. Couldn't stay away any longer. Little [G---p] told me to tell her he was gone to Ky. And then he was over there before I could get there to tell her. What do you know about that? I was about in the same condition last night. I came very near coming to W.C.C. House, but hated to impose on good nature. I knew you were tired and sleepy. Will be there Thursday Night but care do you? You can send a note by Sam if not agreeable.

Wish I could see you tonight. Have more than a little to tell you. Guess I will close as I have three more letters to write tonight just to friends and relatives. I don't think any thing else Dear, look for me Thurs night.

Most Lovingly, Pardon scribbling, Cecil.

[A four page letter with "Hello Dear" written diagonally across the top left corner of page one]

Tuesday November 1, 1910

Gore Okla.

Miss Mary Alice Cessna

At Home

My Only Sweetheart :- With pleasure and also with sadness I address you tonight. Was so glad to receive your sweet little missive. Looks like you could come out to the party and supper last night. I went but couldn't enjoy myself you know, for the only one I love or ever will love was at home, I guess thumping on the piano. Wonder if she ever thought of Cecil.

Some boys and girls went out to take in the town and tried to get Sam and I to go with them we begged to be ashamed. One boy made the remark that we were like he used to be, afraid to go out with any one else. I says I don't suppose they care so much for us as all of that.

Can't write, for Oral and Ruby they are all around me. I just told Ruby if she would get away I would let her read the letter when I had finished.

Say, Dearest, I guess I will leave Gore in a short time if what I hear be true. Heard this Eve that Mr. Brown said he was going to make me quit work for him. He asked me this Eve to do a certain thing, and I would not, so he told some other fellow if I could not do what he wanted me to do I could quit. Don't think I belong to him. Neither do I think I'm under any obligation to him. Oh say: maybe you would hire me to work for you. If you will, I'll not leave.

Dear, I wish some things that [] my mind would not. I some times wonder if you are only trifling with my affections. Then I know you are not, or I believe it at least.

I will be at your home tomorrow night or in the P.M. if I decide to leave. I would rather leave here in a casket as to go alive, for I feel like I was leaving the truest lover I ever had. One of our charming writers says the greatest blessing a girl can receive is the ingenious devotions of a young man's heart. Dearest, you have mine with out a doubt.

Hope you will pardon this lengthy letter and ill composed. Began writing with a pen, but it wasn't any good, so I taken the pencil. Maybe you can read some of it. Will ring off. Write me real soon. If I decide to go I will come over tomorrow night or tomorrow Eve. If I don't go, I will call Thurs. night, if no objections.

Yours For Ever, Cecil

Tacky X X X X X

[It sure looks like "Tacky."]

Thursday November 23, 1910

St.L. IM. S. Depot

Miss Alice Cessna

At Home

Dearest Alice :- Will write you a few lines in ans. To your nice letter rec'd yesterday. Was so sorry to hear of your being sick. Regretted very much that you could not go to the Party last night. I went, but didn't enjoy myself very well. You know why.

Say Dear, I went in the wagon with Mrs. Hibbs, but didn't do so because I wanted to. I went to go in the wagon, and no place to ride except in the seat with her. You surely wouldn't think I cared any thing for her. She is a nice lady and I'm indeed sorry for her. I never did love her, only as (a) friend. Any one couldn't help but like her. I hope you will not be offended at me for being with her.

I couldn't love any one else but you. I called you over the phone this A.M., but they (who ever ans'd) never would say any thing but hello. I wanted to find out how my little Alice was. I will be over tomorrow night. Write me a few words tomorrow and let me know if you are still sick.

Lovingly Yours, C. E. R.

Saturday December 3, 1910

Dear Alice :- Say, there will be church tonight. The Wild Irishman will preach. Didn't know it until a few moments ago. I will be over, so if you want to go, we will go.

Most Lovingly, Cecil

[A half page note, with the date at the bottom]

Saturday December 10, 1910

Gore Okla.

[On envelope:]

Miss Alice Cessna (c/o Howard)

At Home

Dearest Little Girl :- Just a few words. Guess you are tired of reading something from me every day, But I can't help it. You are always on my mind. Wonder if you ever think of me. Now I know you do. Was indeed proud to see you this P.M. Would be so good to see you tonight, But I guess I'll not get to. Seen Ollie going to town just now. Say Dear, did you give that card to your Mama? I'll bet you didn't. If you did, what did she have to say?

I'm feeling real bad tonight, and my, my but I'm tired. Have every thing to do as Mr. May is sick. Looks like you might come over and assist me a little. I could not eat any supper tonight, so I will twist off.

Please send me a blank piece of paper with your name on it, if nothing else.
Your's Forever, Cecil

[Written on stationary of The Missouri Pacific Railway Company, St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern R'Y Co. -
Leased, Operated and Independent Lines.]

Monday December 26, 1910

Gore Okla.

Miss Alice Cessna

At Home

Dear Alice :- Will write you a few words in regards to the past, present and future. I'm indeed surprised at what I have heard, also what I have seen. Now I can't doubt you if I wanted to, but you have been telling me for some time that you was not corresponding with Alfred, and I can't doubt but you telling me the truth, but it looks to the reverse. Now I'm not at all jealous for I would not be for any thing. I guess will not be caught wearing the worthless little ring I gave you. Oh, you seemed to be pleased so much about receiving that ring from Alfred. I heard of the ring being on exhibition on the streets this P.M.

I'm trying so hard to not think that it is as some one has predicted. If you have not been true to me you will always regret it. It surely could not be possible that you haven't been true. If you haven't, I am the worst deceived person that ever was deceived. If I'm not badly fooled, Sam is in the same condition that some one says I am. I hate very much to write you this, but owing to circumstances over which I have no control I can't help it. I would like so much to see and talk with you tonight. Would be pleased to heard from you and if no objections would like to call some time real soon. So I guess this will be enough said at present.

Hoping to hear from you soon.

A Bad Feeling Kid, Cecil

[Written on stationary of The Missouri Pacific Railway Company, St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern R'Y Co. - Leased, Operated and Independent Lines. The envelope this letter was found in was postmarked on December 24, 1910, two days before it was supposedly written. It list's Miss Alice Cessna's address as Box 66, City.]

Monday January 2, 1911

Gore Okla.

Miss Alice Cessna

At Home

Only Loved One :- How's this for winter? Hope you are not sick this cold day. Dear I hated to leave you last night worse than I ever did, Although I hate to leave you at any time. It is indeed a sad thing to think about the happening of yesterday Eve. Dear I know you love me and I know I love you more than any one on earth and I think it would be a sin for them to refuse. If they had any grounds for refusing it would be different. It is mature for them to not want you to marry, you being the only girl. I'm sure you are the jewel of their house, but you are the idol of my heart.

As I told you yesterday or last night I never thought I would love any girl as I do you. I have often said that I would never marry. Of course you are worthy of a millionaire and no doubt but your [friends? family?] think so. But I had rather marry a girl I loved if she didn't have but one dress [or?] to marry a wealthy girl and didn't love her. I hate to mention it to your Papa on your account. But some time I could say some thing to him.

Well I will say no more. Don't freeze to death.

Write me a few words.

Yours For Ever, Cecil

[Written on stationary of The Missouri Pacific Railway Company, St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern R'Y Co. - Leased, Operated and Independent Lines.]

Tuesday January 10, 1911

Muskogee Okla.

Miss Alice Cessna

At Home

Dearest Little Girl :- Will write you a few lines tonight. Sam says you wasn't feeling very well tonight. I'm so sorry. I hate for you to be sick. I had rather be sick my self than for you to be sick. Would come over and see you, but I can't get off. Hope you will be feeling OK by morning. I believe I will just quit coming to see you, for I think I can do without seeing you about as well as I can see you, and then have to leave.

Say, you had better doctor your toes and get them well so we can take that walk. You was just joking, wasn't you?

Well, I guess people are having a time at the Show. I didn't care to go, without you went. Of course I would be pleased to go any where that you wanted to go. Sam said Beulah was telling him this Eve that she was sure I was only wanting to fool her a trip when she said who I came to the show with. Said I had fooled girls, Aurelia for instance. There is one girl I would not fool for any thing, you have an idea who she is, I guess. Say, come over to the Rag___ Restaurant and eat some fresh oysters, and you will feel better.

Write me a few words and tell me when you would like to have Cecil come over. Guess you have heard that name Cecil until you are tired of it. Wish that old man Cessna would come around so I could ask him something. I'll bet you tell not to go around where I am. Well, I will say no more. Hope to hear from you tomorrow.

Yours Always, Cecil

[In the bottom left corner of the last page Cecil diagonally wrote "I'm going to write Walters a letter tonight."]

Monday January 16, 1911

Muskogee Okla.

Miss Alice Cessna

Gore Okla.

Dear Alice :- I'll be in Gore tomorrow and on tomorrow night. We are having a time. Wish you were here.

Lovingly, C. E. R.

Wednesday January 18, 1911

Gore Okla.

Miss Alice Cessna

At Home

Dearest One :- Will write you a few words. I'm sure you are so fully surprised. You no doubt thought I was gone for good. Well, I haven't come back to stay, unless things have changed to a great extent.

I had a real nice time in Muskogee. I wonder what that was you had to tell me. I'll bet you didn't give them that note Sun. Eve. Dear, I was so sorry for you Sun. Eve. If I had known that they would never give their consent I would never come back to Gore.

Say, I'll bet your Papa and Mama was good and mad at me for letting Sam go with me. I could not very well help it, I couldn't refuse him of anything he would ask of me, if I had it. If he don't come home today, I will get a letter from him. I like Earl fine. Walters and I had a good time. Walters and Earl are coming down some day.

Well, I will say no more for I feel awfully bad. Look for me about 7 o'clock tonight.

Yours Only, Cecil E. R.

[Another scrap of paper gives the Muskogee address and full name Walters Goff.]

Thursday February 9, 1911

Gore Okla.

Miss Alice Cessna

At Home

Dearest Alice :- It is with pleasure that I endeavor to address you tonight. Haven't any thing else to be doing, as my work is over for the day. I had much rather see you than to be trying to scribble to you, for scribble is all I can do. Saw you this Eve and you would not as much as speak to me, or even look at me. Don't you feel a little bit bad or ashamed to treat the one that loves you more than any one else could in such a way as that? Can't help but study about how near I came losing my little girl. What does the School Madam have to say about you not quitting me?

Written Sam a letter yesterday. I told him to come home for I wanted to see him, and you did too. I think he will come home soon. Mr. Sherrill went to Muskogee this P.M. on 104. Would liked to gone with him but couldn't. If Sam don't come home I think I'll go up Sun. morning and come back Sun. night. You wouldn't miss me would you? You could go with me, if you so desired. Don't know whether I can get off or not. I'll have to get some one to work in my place. Guess you can work, can't you?

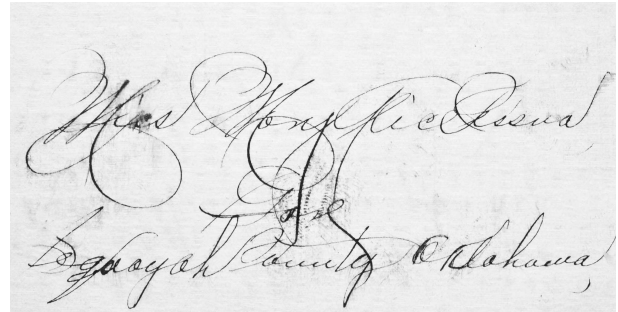
Say, tell your Mama to take a good look at your photo, for I'm going to take it away Sat. night. She can look at you all the time and I can't. She can just either give me the picture or the girl, just which ever she prefers. I'd prefer the latter.

Say, I actually did go to bed last night, about 7:30. My, but I did sleep. I'll be over Sat. night and stay about half the night. Write me a letter tomorrow or Sat. please.

If not yours, no one else, Cecil Edward Rudick
Box 86 Gore Okla.

[In the top left corner of page one it seems to say "Hell's Door." Crammed into the lower left corner of the last page is "Pardon poor writing, I'm in a hurry."]

[Removed from its small envelope, this folded letter is inscribed: "Miss Mary Alice Cessna, Gore, Sequoyah County Oklahoma" in Cecil's best flowing script]



Thursday February 16, 1911

Gore Okla

Miss Mary Alice Cessna

At Home

Dearest and Only Loved One :- After having read your letter just now I will endeavor to pencil you a few words. I was surprised at reading your letter for I thought you sure was mad at me. But as you have given [due? one?] explanation I will say no more of that. Just supposed you had heard about my going home with Beulah. Yes, I well recollect what I told you about Beulah. Please don't think me untrue to you for I certainly don't mean to be. It was nature for me to go for she was there alone and it was dark and raining, so I thought it would be an act of kindness to assist the girl home. Even if she isn't a real nice girl it is only to the worst to herself, and I didn't think it would harm me or corrupt any of my gold morals to go with her. But as I told you once before I would not go with her again, and as Old Man [Bryson?] says (Now that's dead right) I will go home and leave her before I'll go again.

You are the only girl I ever did go with that wasn't allowed the privilege of going with any other girl I wanted to go with. I always give a girl the right to go with any one they wished to. But Dearest, I don't want to go with any one else. If I'm with any one else you are always on my mind. I'll admit that I would not like for you to go with any one else, for you seem like you are mine, and mine alone. Wonder if I seem that way to you. Guess not when you heard I had gone with Beulah (Guess you don't care for me.) Please, Dear, don't write that to me again, for you ought to know I do. What did you mean about the way I did this A.M.? I didn't act mad, did I? Didn't intend to if I did. No, Dear, I did not receive your card. Didn't send me one, did you?

Came very near throwing my leg out of place this Eve. Can hardly walk on it now. Saw me climb the ladder, did you? Don't you wish I had fallen there: I wouldn't have gone with Beulah again. Say, got some thing to tell you when I see you.

Something Mrs. Robertson said I was saying in my sleep last night. Hope it will never come true.

Well, I guess I better close and make out a [C__? Car?] Report. Write me a love letter tomorrow. Sam can bring it to me. Might come over tomorrow night if you would like to see me. I mean Sat. night. So no more.

Yours Always,
Cecil E. R.

[Diagonally, across the top left corner of page one of this letter, Cecil has written "Hello Miss Hawkins."]

Monday February 20, 1911

City

Miss Alice Cessna

Gore Okla.

Most Honored One : - Will write you a few words tonight. Don't care if you don't appreciate it, I'll write it any way. Hoping to receive a few kind words from you. Bet I can guess who you'd enjoy reading a letter from. I was only teasing you. Say, got some thing funny to tell you when I see you, and if ever you tell it I'll pull all your hair out.

Tell your Papa I'll be over to collect some money from him tomorrow night. Mr. Taylor will not be there, will he. Didn't come Sunday night, did I? It was actually too bad, but if I had known what I do now I would have come. So no more. Write me a few words tomorrow.

Lovingly Yours, Cecil E. Rudick

Saturday February 25, 1911

City

Miss Alice Cessna

At Home

Dearest Alice : - Say, don't look for Cecil tonight for I have some work to do and can't come until late. I'll come over with Sam and probably stay all night.

Guess you are mad because I left last night. Well I'll come over some time tonight.

Lovingly Yours, Cecil E Rudick

Monday March 6, 1911

City

Miss Alice Cessna

At Home

Dearest One: - Just a few words to let you know I'm not dead. Now how do I know you care about that? I'm pretty sure you do though. Seen you today and waved, but no response. Guess you didn't see me wave, did you? How are you today? I'm awful sleepy. Wish I could be with you tonight, but I must go to bed.

Show in town but don't think they are going to show here. Too bad, isn't it?

Two fellows jumped on me a while ago and gave me a whipping. Would you helped me had you been present? Don't guess you would, you'd just stood off and [hollered?] [sickly?].

Well no more. Write me a few lines tomorrow and I'll come tomorrow night. Please pardon this writing; it looks like pig tracks.

Yours Always, Cecil Edward Rudick

Thursday March 16, 1911

Gore, Okla.

Miss Alice Cessna

At Home

Darling Little Girl: - Was so proud to see you a while ago, but guess you cared about seeing me though, after having read that letter from Mr. [Ba---d]. So sorry to hear of your being sick. Your Mama told me about it this AM when I was over.

Have a new agent today. Mr. [Sherrill?] has gone to Arkansas.

Well, I don't know of anything to write that would interest you, I don't suppose. Will be over tomorrow night if nothing prevents.

Lovingly Yours,
Cecil E Rudick

[Written on stationary of The Missouri Pacific Railway Company, St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern R'Y Co. - Leased, Operated and Independent Lines.]

Saturday March 25, 1911

City

Miss Mary Alice Cessna

Gore, Okla.

Darling Little Girl: - Will endeavor to pencil you a few words this AM. Well, I went away yesterday AM, got back this AM. Saw a good ball game at Ft. Smith. Wish you could have been with me. Guess you think I have a lady friend at Ft. Smith, but not true. Saw lots of my old friends I knew. Saw Oral Bell's father. He was drunker than seven hundred dollars. Now isn't that a pity?

Well, Dearest, I believe I'll come over and see the only one I now or ever expect to love tonight. Wonder if she will be good to see me. Honestly, I think she will. Of course I could be deceived, but I don't think so.

You can write me a few lines in ans. if you wish.

Most Lovingly Yours, Cecil E Rudick

Tuesday March 28, 1911 [postmark on envelope]

Mary Alice Cessna

Gore, Okla.

Dearest And Only Loved One: - Will write you a few words. You won't write to me. I think you treat me real mean about writing to me. Went down to the farm with Sam this AM and helped him plow. Been sleeping this Eve.

Well, Darling, I guess I'll leave Friday. Hate so bad to leave you , and I know, or at least I have reason to believe, you hate to see me go. I will miss the happy evening I spend with you. That is all the pleasure I see.

I'll be over tomorrow night, and maybe I'll stay all night. It makes me feel like crying to now write you about leaving. I have told you in a joke that I was going to leave, but this is a different thing, and I can realize in my feeling the difference. Might come over late tomorrow Eve and take supper with [no final word/words]

Write me tomorrow
Dearest, please do.
Lovingly Yours, C. E. R.

Thursday March 30, 1911

Robertson's [Rise? River?]

Miss Alice Cessna

At Home

Dearest One: - As I told you I would do, I will write you a few lines. Dear, I feel so sad I can't hardly write. I reckon I am the hard-heartedest boy living, but Darling you touched my heart this morning. Never before did a girl or any one else touch me enough to make me cry. It is sad indeed to think of leaving you. Our case is a miracle, for I never had any intention of winning your love and affections when I began going with you. And I don't suppose you had any real thought of giving your love to me. But Darling, I'm real proud I have won you yet sorry for this reason: I have won you and yet I have not. As for yourself I have, but some one else, they would never consent for us to marry. I had rather discontinue my life than to leave you, or know I would never have the pleasure of calling you mine.

I think it would be a sin for them to refuse us the privilege of marrying. Your Momma knows you love me, and ought to know I love you. I never thought it would be as it is. I never thought I would give my self to any girl, but Dear, I would die for you. Don't you think so?

You don't know how bad I feel this AM to see the tears steal down your cheeks. I have kept company with several girls and I guess they loved me, or some of them. Their claims proved it, but I didn't love them. I told them I did, which I acknowledge I ought not to have done. But Dearest, I tell you that I love you from the depth of my heart. I would not be untrue to you for the world.

Dear, I hate to mention marriage to the old folks for this reason: you are so dear to them and they know you are worthy of any one you wish, not that I don't love you well enough. But I hate to ask them for the jewel of their house. Dear please don't think I mean any flattery. I don't know how. I do feel if I knew, I would never get you. I would commit suicide for I never will be happy unless you are mine.

I have told you before now that I was going away, but I knew I wasn't going to stay. But this AM it actually did make your [Cecil?] (if you will allow the expression) feel bad. I had a letter this AM from where I was going, and he said for me to wait until I heard from him again before I came. So I will not go tomorrow Eve, I don't suppose unless I hear from him again tomorrow Morn. Wish your papa would have time to [work? wait?] for him. I wouldn't go at all. I would get to see my little girl every day, and Dear, that would be a pleasure to me.

Think I'll go down to the farm this Eve and stay with Sam. I like Sam almost as a Bro and I think Sam likes me, or it seems like he does.

Well Dear, I'm afraid of worrying you with this so I'll close. Hope to see you again come to the offices this Eve.

Please ans. Tomorrow.

Yours lovingly, Cecil E Rudick

Friday March 31, 1911

City

Miss Mary Alice Cessna

At Home

Loving Little Girl: - Just Rec'd your sweet letter. Was so glad to get it. Sorry you have the blues and feel so lonely. Wish I could be with you. Would come over this afternoon, but it seems like imposing on your mama. And you didn't even know I loved you until yesterday morning. Well I knew I did, but I never had realized I loved you so well until then. I never felt so bad in all my life. I would rather be dead than to know you would never be mine.

I have decided to stay over until Monday. I will leave on that early train Monday Morning. I will get to spend one more Sun. afternoon with the only one I love. I will be over tonight and we will go to the Box Supper if Edith and

Cornelius don't go. Say we will put the proposition to the old folks Sunday Eve and see what they will say. If they don't say "Yes" I am going away, never to return, for I could never endure to see you knowing you would never be mine.

Oh, Dear, you don't have any idea how I will miss you. I have been with you so long, and you have been true to me I know. Well I will tell you more when I see you. Oh just think how soon it will be until we will say Good-Bye, Maybe for ever. It is sad indeed to think about.

Will Close. Look for Cecil Tonight.

Yours Only, Cecil E Rudick

[Instead of numbering the four pages of this letter, Cecil labeled them "I", "Love", "You" and "Too."]

Thursday April 6, 1911

City

Farewell

Miss Alice Cessna

Home

Kind Friend: - Just thought I would write you a few lines this Eve. Saw you up in town a few moments ago and Dear, you seem so different from what you always do. Didn't seem like your self at all and imagine what could be wrong.

Would be so glad to see you tonight. I would tell you a few things. Dear, I can't understand you; sometimes you seem one way and again [two?]. This couldn't be possible. I don't reckon that you are only trifling with my feelings. I'm going to stay here until next Monday Morn, and if there isn't something done I will take my departure from Gore, never to see the place again.

If you are still in the notion of marrying, I will tell the old folks that I have treated them with all respect due them and they have treated me very nice, and if they will continue to do so I will do them the same way. But if they object without any cause what ever, I will treat things in such a way that they will get fully rewarded.

I'm afraid, Dear, you don't exactly understand what you say. It is indeed a hard problem to solve. I came very near asking your papa last night. I would not care half so bad to ask them, but any time I say any thing about it you approach me with a shake of the head and a laugh, as though you are opposed to me saying one word to them. Darling, I hate to write you in this way, but I don't reckon the truth will hurt anyone. If you would stay with me when I ask them, it would be quite a consolation to me. But Dear, if I was to start to ask them, you would hide your face and disappear.

I will possibly be over tomorrow night. What did Edith have her mouth stuck out at me about this Eve? Wouldn't even speak to me. If she don't like me I'm sure there isn't any love lost.

Now Dear, if any statement I have made in this letter is wrong, they stand for your correction, and I beg your pardon for making them. Well, I'll say no more.

I [] I [love?] [You?] [line unreadable, due to damage along fold in paper]
Cecil Rudick, RSVP

We are left hanging, but of course, we know the eventual outcome. Cecil did not get on that train, never to return to Gore, and I suppose his threat to fully reward the old folk's doubts about him was never realized. It turns out that Cecil had applied for a marriage license three days before writing that letter.

I have a small stack of papers which survived—a diary of sorts—in Mary Alice's handwriting. The papers are simply a list, day to day, stapled at the top with a cloth ribbon. The entries are short, like:

- 8-4-10 Cecil and Mary at show.
- 5 Cecil and Mary at show.
- 7 Cecil and Mary at Home. Sunday night Cecil and Mary at church.

This goes on for months, and ends about a week after that final letter. The last entries, in April 1911:

- 8 Cecil and Alice at home Saturday night at home
- 9 Cecil and Alice at home Sunday night at church
- 11 Cecil and Alice in grave-yard and Tuesday night at home (wonderful)
- 12 Cecil and Alice at home
- 12 Cecil and [A___] [Illegible: pieces of paper missing along seam]
- 120 up to date.

I do not know Mary Alice Cessna's writing style, so I can only suppose that a day or two before April 11, Walter Cessna and his wife, Susan, gave their consent for Cecil Rudick to marry their daughter. Maybe it was on April 11 itself, since Mary Alice described that night as wonderful. Cecil and Mary Alice were married the next day, on Wednesday, April 12, 1911, in Gore, Oklahoma.

A little over a year later, on April 26, 1912, Walter Cessna Rudick was born in Gore, Oklahoma, named after his grandfather. Two months later, Cecil, Mary Alice, and little Walter had moved about a hundred miles away to Bartlesville, Oklahoma, where Cecil had a job. What job? Cecil seems in his letters to willfully avoid any specifics about his actual work. And how do I know about Bartlesville? From a letter from Walter Cessna to his daughter:

Sunday, June 30, 1912

[Walter Cessna] Box 73, Gore Okla.

Mrs. Mary A. Rudick
108 Cheyenne Av.
Bartlesville, Okla.

Dear Mary Alice. I was so sorry when I got home to learn that you worse. Your Mama and Sam'I had gone the evening before. So I called Tom May. I new he was at the depot, and I could find out by him how you was. He told me you was better. Sammie got home yesterday and said you was still improving. I do hope you will soon be well. I believe if you could get sulfur water to drink for a while it would be good for you. You may half to go to Claremore and stay a while. How is the baby getting along at night, I hope?

We got a card from Hattie. I will send it to you so you can see what she says. I hope she may soon be well. Sam wrote to her and to Joseph to day. Your mama can write a card every few days so we will know how you all are.

How does Cecil like his work by this time? Sammie think [A___s] will go back as soon as he can. He may like better later on.

I am by my self tonight. The boys are at Church. How does your Mama like Bartlesville? I'll close for this time as I am tired. I wrote to [Fred?] and Nick to day. Will close for this time. Answer soon.

Love to all,
Father

Claremore, Oklahoma, is mentioned about the town's "Radium Water," marketed as a remedy for many ailments.

There's a sad footnote concerning this letter's reference to Hattie. She was the wife of Mary Alice's older brother Joseph, the only Cessna family member not to go west to Oklahoma. Hattie died of tuberculosis in April of the following year, leaving Joseph with three young daughters. While those girls were raised by their other grandparents, the event could only have added to whatever drove the Walter Cessna family out of Oklahoma and back to Kentucky.

One more document:

Christmas, 1912

[A check drawn on The Farmers Bank of Illinois; Gore, Oklahoma]

PAY TO: Mary Alice Cessna
365 Happy Days C E Rudick

One hope in transcribing these old letters was to find out more about Cecil himself, maybe to learn about his early employment, but I only got a few hints at best. Cecil is missing (so far) in the 1910 Census, which would give us his occupation. A good guess would be that he worked for a railroad company. He certainly had access to railroad stationery and envelopes for some of his letters. A letter from his father dated June 5, 1915, offers small advice to Cecil about work:

The different Bakeries here in Joplin are doing an immense business. All want to see the party who desires work and try them to see they can do the work, or such is offered as an excuse. If you are up on the Con. business, you would stand a good chance to get work on the street car line. There is a demand in all cities for those who are efficient - for those who can do their work rightly and willingly.

I only wish you were here to get a job when the opportunity came.

I suppose the "Con. business" refers to conducting trains. (Or was John Rudick mentioning bakeries for a reason?) When John Rudick sent his letter, Cecil's second child (my grandmother Dorothy Bonita Rudick) had just been born in Louisville, Kentucky. In the 1920 census, five years later, Cecil and family were still in Louisville, and Cecil worked as a delivery clerk for the "R. Road Co."

A third child, Vera Mae Rudick, was born in 1923, but in Michigan, and by 1930, Cecil, Mary Alice, Sam Cessna, LaRue Cessna, and Howard Cessna all lived in Detroit, Michigan, joined about 1940 by their father, Walter Cessna. Sam worked as a conductor on the streetcar lines, as did LaRue for a few years before moving on.

Cecil Rudick worked in Detroit as a streetcar motorman for the rest of his career and remained married to Mary Alice for over forty years, until his death in 1952.

From Cessna to Spieth

Count Jean de Cessna was my great-grandmother's great-grandfather's great-grandfather.

Considering that many of us never meet our great-grandparents (I met only one of eight), Jean de Cessna lived a long, long time ago. Nine generations back, to be exact, Jean was born nearly three hundred years before me. It's not uncommon to be able to trace one's lineage back that far, in fact, I can do it in several other places, but when I realized that I knew something about each generation, from Jean to Mike, I decided to tell the story from beginning to end.

My grandmother (her mother's maiden name was Cessna) talked about the "de Cessnas" back in Kentucky, which threw me off for a while. As soon as I dropped the French article from the name, everything opened up, and I found myself surrounded by a group of earnest researchers, and staring into a maze. First came Howard Cessna's 1903 book *House of Cessna*, and then internet forums and family trees, and even an internet troll. I suppose no family is ever in agreement, and the house of Cessna/Cissna/Cisne/Cisney/Sisney is no exception. Every time I set foot into that maze, my head spins anew, so I've decided to set down only those facts or conjectures that relate to my direct ancestors, and put the remainder aside, breathing a sigh of relief.

But who am I kidding? This never really ends. Now where was I.....

Count Jean de Cessna (generation #10 for my purposes) was born about 1670 in France, and died September 30, 1751 in Newberry Township, York County Pennsylvania. In 1685, when Jean was about 15 years old, King Louis XIV revoked the Edict of Nantes and declared Protestantism illegal, spurring an exodus of hundreds of thousands of Reformed Protestants from France. Jean was one of an estimated 50,000 Walloons and Huguenots who fled to England, about 10,000 of whom continued on to Ireland.

Jean de Cessna was in Ireland for the Battle of the Boyne, in which he fought as a captain under the Duke de Schomberg for William the Prince of Orange. While in Ireland, he had four children by a woman known today in Cessna circles simply as "unknown maiden." They were married about 1690. Some say that Jean came to America in 1709, and most agree that he arrived in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in 1718. His occupation was "skin dresser," or tanner. In Pennsylvania, Jean (now called John) was an officer in the Huguenot Brigade. Later in his life, he moved from Lancaster County to York County, where he resided until his death.

John had a second wife, Priscilla Foulke, and had three more children with her. This woman was indeed the executor of his estate after his death, and his will does indeed list her as a wife. Some people have questioned whether Priscilla was even married to Jean. The three children were born about forty years after John's first four, and some think that the John Cessna who married Priscilla Foulke actually was one of Jean's grandsons. So I'm personally very grateful to be descended from one of the original four, and as an amateur researcher, I'm content to know that I'm descended from "unknown maiden," rather than to have to wonder about the relationship of Priscilla in the Cessna line. Let's leave that for others!

Children of Jean de Cessna and unknown maiden:

- 1 **Colonel John Cessna**, b. 1692 in Ireland; d. September 30, 1796, in Shippensburg, Pennsylvania.
- 2 Stephen Cessna, b. 1693 in Ireland; d. 1759 in Newbury, York County, Pennsylvania.
- 3 William Chesney, b. 1694 in Ireland.
- 4 Colonel Charles Cessna, b. 1696 in Ireland.

Children of Jean de Cessna and Priscilla Foulke

- 5 Stephen Sisney, b. abt. 1741 in York County, Pennsylvania.
- 6 Ruth Sisney, b. abt. 1746 in York County, Pennsylvania; d. November 13, 1768.
- 7 John Sisney, b. abt. 1748 in York County, Pennsylvania.

Colonel John Cessna (generation #9) was born about 1692 in Ireland and died September 30, 1796, in Shippensburg, Cumberland County, Pennsylvania. He married Agnes (1704 to 1768-1793) in 1775 in Shippensburg.

In 1723, Colonel John Cessna was commissioned as a coroner on the frontier. He is said to have taken part in the French and Indian War by providing pack horses to British General Gage in western Pennsylvania. By the middle of the eighteenth century, John and others had accumulated large tracts of land near Shippensburg.

The History of Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, page 251 (subtitled *Indian Murders*), contains the following:

On July 18, 1757, a band of savages surprised a party harvesting in a field belonging to John Cessna, about a mile east of Shippensburg. The Indians approached the field from the east through the woods, which bounded it on that side, and when within a short range fired, killing Kirkpatrick and O'Neidon; then, rushing forward, they captured Mr. Cessna, his two grandsons, and a son of Kirkpatrick, and made their escape with their prisoners.

Another source, *The Pennsylvania Archives*, reports:

A list of those killed and missing at John Cisney's field, about 7 miles from Shippensburg, on July 18th, 1757.

Killed. John Kirkpatrick and Dennis O'Neidon.

Missing. John Cisney & three small boys, two sons of Cisney, and one son of John Kirkpatrick.

These People refused to join with their neighbours who had a Guard appointed them, because they couldn't have their Fields reaped the first.

Discrepancies aside, like whether it was father and sons or father and grandsons, somehow there must have been an escape, since John, his sons, and grandsons lived on for years after the reported incident. Unfortunately, that part of the story has not come down to us.

Children of Colonel John Cessna and Agnes:

- 1 Captain Evan Cessna, b. abt. 1724 in Shippensburg, Pennsylvania; d. in Muhlenberg County, Kentucky.
- 2 Major John Cessna, b. January 26, 1726, in Shippensburg, Pennsylvania; d. March 31, 1802, in Friends Cove, Penn.
- 3 Mary Cessna, b. abt. 1728 in Shippensburg, Pennsylvania; d. abt. 1793.
- 4 Lieutenant William Cessna, b. abt. 1728 in Shippensburg, Pennsylvania; d. abt. 1801 in Muhlenberg County, Kentucky.
- 5 Elizabeth Cessna, b. abt. 1730 in Shippensburg, Pennsylvania; d. after 1793.
- 6 Margaret Cessna, b. abt. 1732 in Shippensburg, Pennsylvania; d. before 1793.
- 7 Stephen Cessna, b. Jul 20, 1737, in Shippensburg, Pennsylvania; d. August 14, 1823, in Chillicothe, Ohio.
- 8 Colonel Charles Cessna, b. March 2, 1744, in Shippensburg, Pennsylvania; d. July 30, 1837, in Bedford County, Penn.
- 9 Joseph Cessna, b. abt. 1747 in Shippensburg, Pennsylvania; d. abt. 1803 in Detroit, Michigan.
- 10 James Cessna, b. April 1751 in Shippensburg, Pennsylvania; d. July 5, 1833, in Shippensburg, Pennsylvania.
- 11 **Jonathan Cessna**, b. abt. 1752 in Shippensburg, Pennsylvania; d. in 1779 near Phillips Fort, Louisville, Kentucky.
- 12 Theophilus Cisney, b. abt. 1753 in Shippensburg, Pennsylvania; d. March 20, 1867, in Hill Valley, Pennsylvania.

Jonathan Cessna (generation #8) was born about 1752 in Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, and died in 1779 during a raid against the Indians near Phillips Fort, fifty-five miles south of Louisville, Kentucky. He married Mary Friend about 1775; she was born about 1752 in Friends Cove, Pennsylvania.

By the third generation in America, who lived through the American Revolutionary War, there were many Cessnas in America. Some of the Count's sons had settled near Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, and later Bedford County, where the family became prominent. Also prominent were the number who served in the military, like John Cessna (yep, yet another one...) of Bedford County, who was a three-term county sheriff, a member of the Provincial Assembly and Constitutional Convention of 1775, and a colonel in the Revolutionary War. His brother Charles Cessna was also a colonel. Another brother, William Cessna, was a lieutenant in the war; yet another brother, Evan Cessna, was a captain in the Bedford County Militia. These four men were all brothers to Jonathan Cessna, who took his young family to Kentucky in 1775. According to one unnamed descendant, he...

...cleared two acres of land, the first land cleared within the limits of the current Louisville city limits. Soon after, he was killed by the Indians, leaving one son, William, aged three years, who remembered the last time he saw his father by the following incident:

The whites having made preparations to go out on an Indian raid, had collected on the banks of the Ohio River, at what is now Louisville, to execute their intention. Jonathan took his son, William, in his arms, kissed him good-bye and told him to be a good boy and obey his mother. He never returned to his pleasant cabin home or his beloved family, but was numbered with the slain after the bloody war was over.

Children of Jonathan Cessna and Mary Friend:

- 1 **Judge William Cessna**, b. 1776 in Bedford County, Pennsylvania, d. 1866 in LaRue County, Kentucky.
- 2 Nancy Cessna, b. 1778 in Louisville, Kentucky; d. 1855 in Howard, Missouri.

Judge William Cessna (generation #7) was born in 1776 in Bedford County, Pennsylvania. He died in 1866 in LaRue County, Kentucky. On April 13, 1802, he married Sally Wallace, born in 1776 in Edinburgh, Scotland, and died in Kentucky in 1836. When she was twelve years old, Sally Wallace arrived in America with her parents, and then they traveled onward to Kentucky. According to *House of Cessna*, her father was a descendant of the distinguished Knight of Scotland, Sir William Wallace.

William (nicknamed Willie) became one of the founders of Hodgenville, Kentucky. He and his son Jonathan Friend Cessna were among the 42 petitioners for the creation of LaRue County, although they wanted it to be called Lynn County, after another early settler. LaRue County was formed on March 4, 1843, from portions of Hardin County, and Hodgenville is its county seat. The second *House of Cessna* book mentions William as a judge, the only reference to it I've found.

According to an unnamed descendant, during his boyhood, after the killing of his father by Indians, William...

...and his mother emigrated south about 65 miles, near the present town of Hodgenville, the county seat of LaRue County, (terminus of the Illinois Central Railroad) and took up a large tract of land, some of which is still in the possession of the Cessna family. William was successful in his day as a farmer and financier, having amassed a considerable fortune....William was elected by the Democratic Party in the year ____ being the first representative LaRue County had in the General Assembly of Kentucky. He was re-elected and served the second term.

Children of William Cessna and Sally Wallace:

- 1 Margaret Cessna, b. 1803 in Hardin County, Kentucky; d. 1803 in Hardin County, Kentucky.
- 2 Jonathan Friend Cessna, b. November 16, 1804, in Hardin County, Kentucky, d. May 19, 1885, in LaRue County, Kentucky.
- 3 Elizabeth "Betsie" Cessna, b. 1806 in Hardin County, Kentucky; d. before October 11, 1877, in LaRue County, Kentucky.
- 4 Mary Polly Cessna, b. 1811 in Hardin County, Kentucky; d. 1850.
- 5 Nancy Cessna, b. 1812 in Hardin County, Kentucky.
- 6 Matilda Cessna, b. 1815 in Hardin County, Kentucky.
- 7 Susan Cessna, b. July 11, 1816, in Hardin County, Kentucky; d. April 2, 1888, in LaRue County, Kentucky.
- 8 Margaret Cessna, b. 1820 in Hardin County, Kentucky.
- 9 **William Wallace Cessna**, b. May 3, 1822, in Hardin County, Kentucky; d. June 4, 1864, in LaRue County, Kentucky.

William Wallace Cessna (generation #6) was born in 1822 in Hardin County, Kentucky, and died in June 1865, in LaRue County, Kentucky. He married Marion Wallace Coombs, who was born May 14, 1826, and died January 31, 1878. Marion's father was born in Hardin County, Kentucky, but both of her grandfathers were from Loudoun County, Virginia.

I know next to nothing about this couple, but a little more about their generation. William had seven sisters and one brother. One of the sisters, Sarah Cessna, married a man named Joseph Walters, and one of their daughters eventually married one of William's sons, making generation #6 of this account - Walter and Susan Cessna - first cousins.

William's only brother, Jonathan Friend Cessna, was a farmer, slave owner, and lawyer. He was elected as the first sheriff of LaRue County, a position he held for twelve years. Jonathan was also elected as a County Judge, and as a bonded official, he performed marriages. I mention Jonathan Friend Cessna in this account not only because he's my ancestor's brother and of note in the area's history but also because I have a photograph of him, one of the oldest in my collection. I *may* also have a portrait of William and Marion.

Children of William Wallace Cessna and Marian Wallace Coombs:

- 1 Ella Bayne Cessna, b. August 3, 1851, in LaRue County, Kentucky; d. June 20, 1929, in Hodgenville, Kentucky.
- 2 William Grain Cessna, b. June 13, 1854, in LaRue County, Kentucky; d. April 7, 1936, in Christian County, Kentucky.
- 3 **Walter Coombs Cessna**, b. February 28, 1856, in LaRue County, Kentucky; d. May 26, 1942, in Detroit, Michigan.
- 4 Samuel Coombs Cessna, b. June 21, 1858, in LaRue County, Kentucky; d. 1944 in Hodgenville, Kentucky.
- 5 Mary Mollie Cessna, b. February 26, 1860, in LaRue County, Kentucky; d. May 25, 1950, in Louisville, Kentucky.
- 6 Sallie Wallace Cessna, born July 1863 in LaRue County, Kentucky; died January 14, 1938, in Hardin County, Kentucky.

Walter Coombs Cessna (generation #5) was born February 28, 1856, in LaRue County, Kentucky, and died May 26, 1942, probably in Detroit, Michigan. On June 16, 1881, he married Susan Walters, nicknamed "Sudie," who was born April 28, 1856, in Kentucky, and died February 16, 1925, in Jefferson County, Kentucky.

Walter Coombs Cessna's family lived on a portion of the original Cessna farm pioneered by his grandfather. Walter was a livestock trader known throughout the state. He had the nickname "Watt."

In 1910, the family was living in Sequoyah County, Oklahoma, where Walter had bought an oil well. Larue Cessna's daughter, Lillian, told that her father and one of his brothers came home sprayed with oil one day, expecting to be punished, but were rewarded with a trip into town for new clothes! But the well turned out to be a dud. It's unclear how long the Cessnas stayed in Oklahoma, but by 1920 they were back east—the parents in LaRue County, and the sons in Detroit. Daughter Mary Alice and her young family were in Louisville.

After the death of his wife, Susan, in 1925, Walter bought a farm at New Hope, Kentucky, and devoted the remainder of his life to farming and raising fine saddle and harness horses, with the specialty of five-gaited horses. He was the last of his line to own a farm. A true Kentuckian, he rode nearly every day, up until two years before his death. In his final years, he lived with his son Howard in Detroit, but he's buried with his wife in the Red Hill Cemetery, LaRue County, Kentucky.

Children of Walter Coombs Cessna and Susan Walters:

- 1 Joseph Walters Cessna, b. March 6, 1884, in LaRue County, Kentucky; d. June 15, 1977, in Warren, Michigan.
- 2 **Mary Alice Cessna**, born May 3, 1888, in LaRue County, Kentucky; died August 27, 1953.
- 3 Samuel Head Cessna, b. October 9, 1892, in LaRue County, Kentucky; d. August 5, 1990, in California.
- 4 Squire LaRue Cessna, b. April 11, 1896, in LaRue County, Kentucky; d. January 1, 1988, in Grand Rapids, Michigan.
- 5 Leslie Howard Cessna, b. May 1898, in LaRue County, Kentucky; d. September 29, 1991, in Hodgenville, Kentucky.

Mary Alice Cessna (generation #4) was born on May 3, 1888, in LaRue County, Kentucky, and died about 1953, in Michigan. In 1911, she married Cecil Edward Rudick, born on February 24, 1888, in Big Flat, Missouri.

Cecil and Mary Alice met, married, and had their first child while Mary's family lived in Oklahoma, trying for success in the oil business. Mary Alice and her family went back east between 1912 and 1915. By 1920, they had a second child and lived in Louisville, Kentucky. Cecil was listed in the census working as a delivery clerk for the railroad. By 1930, they had their third child and lived in Detroit, Michigan, where all four of Mary Alice's brothers also lived. Two of those brothers worked for a while as streetcar conductors, and a third was a motorman for his entire career. Cecil was a career streetcar motorman, and Mary Alice and Cecil lived in Detroit for the rest of their lives.

Children of Mary Alice Cessna and Cecil Edward Rudick:

- 1 Walter Cessna Rudick, b. April 26, 1912, in Gore, Oklahoma; d. April 25, 1943.
- 2 **Dorothy Bonita Rudick**, b. May 10, 1915, in Nelson County, Kentucky; d. March 25, 1981, Pinellas County, Florida.
- 3 Cecil Rudick, born January 19, 1918; died January 22, 1918.
- 4 Vera Mae Rudick, b. July 18, 1923, in Detroit, Michigan; d. June 3, 1998, in Loxahatchee, Florida.

Dorothy Bonita Rudick (generation #3) was born on July 18, 1915, in Nelson County, Kentucky, and died March 25, 1981, in Pinellas County, Florida. She married William Henry Spieth, born June 18, 1912, in Bowling Green, Ohio; died September 4, 1976, in Ford River, Michigan.

Dorothy was hospitalized with rheumatic fever when she was nine years old, and stiffness affected her hands throughout her life. In the 1940s, she was quarantined with tuberculosis for eighteen months. The family lived for some of this time with her parents.

In Detroit, William Henry Spieth (Hank) worked as a millwright for Chrysler before taking on truck driving jobs. Dorothy (Dot) and a friend worked together as seamstresses, and at one point, Dorothy's pinafores adorned the sidewalk level display windows at Detroit's famous J. L. Hudson department store. The family vacationed a few times along the Lake Michigan shore at Cedar River, south of Escanaba. Hank asked the owner of the small resort to keep an eye open for business opportunities in the area. In 1953, when a small general store in Ford River, Michigan, was put up for sale, the Spieths bought the business, along with the house behind it. They knocked down the original store a few years later and built a new one just to the south. That store, the house, the old gasoline pumps, a large Texaco sign, and a quarter-mile lane leading to Lake Michigan make up many of my first memories of childhood. My Grandmother Spieth (Dorothy) even let me run the cash register a few times. That would have been around 1962.

They sold the store around 1973 and bought a new house, a mile or so inland. Hank became a popular daily school bus driver for the next year or two, then drove the bus less often, transporting the sports teams to and from their games. He died in his sleep one night, only days after announcing his retirement, and it was said that the local school had to let the children out early to attend his funeral services. Dorothy then moved to Clearwater, Florida, near where her sister Vera lived. Vera had settled in Florida decades earlier.

My Spieth grandparents are buried in Ford River, Michigan.

Children of Dorothy Bonita Rudick and William Henry Spieth:

- 1 Phillip Henry Spieth, b. September 18, 1934, in Detroit, Michigan; d. June 23, 2005, in Phoenix, Arizona.
- 2 **Walter Ronald Spieth**, b. May 3, 1936, in Detroit, Michigan; d. October 9, 2013, in West Bend, Wisconsin.
- 3 Cecil Willis Spieth (Bill), born May 2, 1941, in Detroit, Michigan; died August 9, 2023, in Evanston, Illinois

Walter Ronald Spieth and his Children (generations #2 and #1)

My father, Ron Spieth, died in October 2013, and probably never got to read this account; certainly he never saw this final edit. He was an enthusiastic supporter of my research and contributed more than he would ever know.

Mike Spieth
November, 2013

Credits:

Thanks to Diana Cessna-Sutor, who was in the background whenever I researched the Cessnas. Much of what I have written here (and often outright stolen) is Diana's research, along with another woman named Krista Cessna. Thanks for posting it all on the FamilyTreeMakerOnline website. Your sources become my sources:

House of Cessna, Books I and II, by Howard Cessna of Bedford, Pennsylvania.
The Pennsylvania Magazine of History, Volume III.
The Pennsylvania Archives, Series I, Volume III.
The History of Cumberland County, Pennsylvania.

Much of the info about Generation #6 onward comes from newfound relatives, like Squire LaRue Cessna's daughter, Lillian, Joseph Walters Cessna's granddaughter, Peggy, and Mary Alice Cessna's grandson, Kevin Bourdon.

The Williams & Ance Connection

Terri Ruleau contacted me, years ago, about all things Williams, and in 2019 she gave me a copy of her extensive research—nearly 600 pages in two volumes; over twenty years in the making. It's called: THE WILLIAMS FAMILY OF MICHILIMACKINAC—DESCENDANTS OF JEREMIAH M. WILLIAMS AND FRANCES. Recent additional sets of DNA data in 2021 and 2022 have only strengthened and confirmed Terri's findings. As for the manuscript itself, she wrote to me "I've been editing that massive Williams book so it reads more like a book rather than a collection of my research."

In 2020, I had my DNA tested and uploaded the results to GEDmatch, where Terri compared my data with the rest she has collected. She found that I share genetic material with Ance descendants surnamed Benoit, Goudreau, and Beaudoin.

Here are some excerpts of Terri's work that coincide with my own family research. Of particular interest is her work with DNA data to trace the origin of Frances Williams. Some accounts have listed her as Frances Hagens (or as Anna Hagens/Higgins), with attempts to link her to New York, where Jerry's ancestors hailed from. Terri has upended these ideas, and we now believe that Frances was a daughter of Ojibwa Chief Paul Ance. I will let Terri's own words speak for themselves. Her comments on the data from others appear in parentheses. Apart from a few observations of my own, in brackets, the account is all Terri's. I have, however, corrected some typos, swapped out some punctuation marks, and reformatted the timeline and ancestry documents to be visually consistent with my other printed documents.

Jeremiah M. & Frances Williams

Jeremiah was born March 26, 1793, the son of Lewis Williams Jr. and Sarah Knapp. Lewis and Sarah were recent members of the Dutch Reformed Church in Saratoga/Schuylerville New York, where Jeremiah was baptized. Lewis Williams moved his family to Palatine New York within a few years, and he is found on a 1799 list of householders and is also listed on the 1800 census for Palatine.

By 1810 the Lewis Williams family had moved westward to Oneida County, New York, via Herkimer (where Lewis Sr. died). There is an L. Williams with 5 family members in Remsen, Oneida County in 1810, and Lewis is listed on a 1814 Remsen property list (he owned a farm valued at \$1450).

Lewis Williams drowned in Oneida County in March of 1816. His widow Sarah "Sally" Williams married the recently widowed (April) Nathaniel Rockwood in the autumn of 1816. Jeremiah possibly left home at age 16 and went sailing on the lakes for a number of years, not wanting to work on the family farm. He bought his freedom from his father for \$120.00 and went his own way until his father's death. (It is a story his son Lewis told about himself, but doesn't add up. Jeremiah didn't own a family farm, and the practice of indenturing your children was more likely to have occurred during Jeremiah's early years.)

Jeremiah's mother Sarah "Sally" Knapp Williams, along with her two sons and a daughter, are mentioned in Roberts History of Remsen New York. "After the death of his first wife (Esther Roberts) in 1816, Nathaniel Rockwood married Mrs. Sally Williams, a widow with 3 children, Jerry, Henry and a daughter."

There is record of a Jeremiah Williams who purchased land at Holland Patent, October 1, 1815. Holland Patent is in Oneida County. It may have been our Jeremiah, but this hasn't been proven.

Jeremiah's brother John Henry, the "Henry" mentioned in Roberts History of Remsen, married Nathaniel Rockwood's only daughter Sophia in 1823 at Remsen.

After Sarah's death in 1828, John & Sophia moved their family to Lorain County, Ohio, and were listed next to Jeremiah and Frances at the time the 1830 census was taken. I suspect John gave the information for Jeremiah's family, but it is possible Jeremiah was there to help him clear the land and get settled. Stories from John's family claim he also sailed on Lake Ontario, he lived like a frontiersman and frequently traded and visited with the local Pottawatomie at Gun Lake, Michigan.

Around 1818/1819 Jeremiah, age 25, married Frances; she would have been about 16 years old. Fanny and Jerry were most likely married without the blessing of a preacher. Most white men living in the territories married native or Metis women; some stayed with their families, some eventually left and went "back east" and married white women and raised families, forgetting their Metis children and Native wives. I do not think this was the case with Jeremiah; I cannot find mention of him after 1842.

Michilimackinac & St. Helena

It is very likely the Williams family had been living at Mackinac or at Cross Village, either seasonally or full time, since their marriage in 1818. Another possibility is that early in their marriage, Jeremiah was a sailor (his brother John mentions sailing the Great Lakes) and Frances and the children remained in Michigan.

The earliest Mackinac records found so far show that Jeremiah and Frances were living at St. Helena, Michilimackinac County, Michigan Territory by 1834/35. At that time, settling outside a garrison post was considered unsafe for white families. In Sawyer's history of the U.P. he writes:

Traders who located at advantageous points for trade were almost more Indian than European and as a rule lived Indian fashion with Indian wives and half-breed children so that they were not in the same danger as real white settlers.

Some of the earliest white settlers (1820s) at St. Ignace were J.B. Lajeunesse, Louis Martin and Isaac Blanchard.

According to the National Park website, (History of Gros Cap church & area):

It is clear that early settlers were Americans from the East and French Canadians and mixed French/Indian's made up what little population there was with much interaction between them and the nearby Mackinac Band at Pte. aux Chenes.

The area where the Williams family lived was a rugged and remote wilderness in the 1830s and 1840s and was considered "Indian Territory"; in fact as late as 1837 there were rumors of an impending Indian War.

A survey from the mid-1840s shows what look like 10 tipis along the shore at Gros Cap, and one house (C. Petty) on the island of St. Helena and another house on the shore of West Moran Bay (J. Taylor). I have not found any land records for Jeremiah or his sons. I did recently discover that the land they lived on belonged to relatives on Fanny's side of the family.

By 1842 the Williams, Taylor and Courchaine families were living on the island of St. Helena, the Slocums moved there by 1844, and from this time onward, a growing community of fishermen & shipbuilders settled on the Island and nearby mainland shores. Mariette Slocum's parents owned 160 acres on the island (it has a total of 240), which they purchased in 1844 from Smith Herrick, whose claim preempted Stephen Hoag's. Prior to that they lived along the shore near Gros Cap, according to an article written in 1843 by C. Donald McLeod who visited the area and stopped at "Mr. Slocum's" on his way to Pte. aux Chenes. He also mentions that the island of St. Helena had only 7 or 8 lodges of "Indians" there in 1843, some of those "Indians" would have been the Williams/Taylor/Courchaine families.

The Slocum's sold their land on St. Helena to Cyranus Petty (he was married to a daughter of Isaac Blanchard, who was a cousin to Fanny.) in 1846. Elizabeth Whitney, in her book *A Child of the Sea*, mentions the Slocums and Courchaines on the island around 1848, and Jeremiah's son-in-law James Taylor was running a grocery on the island in 1850. Frances and Jeremiah Jr. were living on St. Helena in 1850, with the Belotes, who had purchased land on the island in 1849. In 1853 William Belote sold his land on St. Helena to the Newton Brothers, and they built a number of buildings and improved Slocum's dock and ran a large fishing & trade operation there for many years. Abbie Williams' orphaned son Charles is listed as living with the Wilson Newton family in the 1870 census. Wilson's wife was also related to Fanny.

Timeline for Jeremiah & Frances Williams & Children/Grandchildren

March 26, 1793 Jeremiah is born to Lewis Williams Jr., and Sarah Knapp, Schuylerville, Saratoga, New York.

1802 Frances is born in Michigan, probably at L'arbre Croche – (to Paul Ance and an Ojibwa or Odawa mother.)

1815 Jerry possibly discharged from the Army in Vermont, along with Isaac Blanchard.

1815 Jerry possibly purchased land at Holland Patent Oneida County, New York & re-enlisted in the Army, discharged 6-25-1818 by Civil Authority (western New York). He may have received land in western New York for his service.

1816 Jerry mentioned along with his widowed mother Sarah & brother John Henry and sister Jenny. (History of Remsen, Oneida County, New York.)

1818 The year travel to Mackinac by steamboat via the great lakes, became available. A more popular and much shorter route of travel to Mackinac from Western New York was through Lower Canada and was used for many years by traders. Also the year Jerry-Fanny 'marry'.

1819 Jerry and Fanny's daughter Sarah Anne is born.

1820 The family is in the census for Lyme, Jefferson County, New York, on a remote shore of Lake Ontario at the time the census was taken. Jerry is in Manufacture and trade. No proof this is our Jeremiah, but the ages are correct and the fact that most of the groups who went to Lorain Ohio in 1825-1828 were from Jefferson County.

1821 Their son Lewis S. is born.

1823 Their son John R. is born.

1825 Their daughter Abigail is born.

1827 Jeremiah is on a tax list for LaGrange, Lorain County, Ohio.

August 28, 1828 Jeremiah's mother, Sarah Knapp Williams Rockwood, dies at Remsen.

1828 Jerry & Fanny's son Charles is born.

1830 Jeremiah & family are listed in the census for LaGrange, Lorain County, Ohio with John Henry living next door. Jerry is in Manufacture & Trade. It is possible the information was given by John Henry and Jeremiah wasn't actually living there as no other record or mention of him in LaGrange has been found.

1832/33 Their son Jeremiah Jr. is born - Mackinac.

1834 Their daughter Anna Elizabeth is born – Mackinac County, Michigan.

1835-1841 First Mackinac court record found is dated November 1835, last one is dated May 1841. No further court records found at the State Archives in Lansing (2015 paid search). Jeremiah is fishing at Pte. Aux Chenes.

1838/39 [Henry] Schoolcraft issued a traders license to Josiah Pardee with Jeremiah as security, to trade at Mille au Coquin (Naubinway area). Josiah Pardee Jr. was born in Oneida County, New York, in 1820. He came to Mackinac briefly and then moved to Chicago.

1839/40 [Henry] Schoolcraft issued two trader license to J. M. Williams for trade at North Manistee (Manistique area), \$250 goods, \$300 Bond, sureties by Bela Chapman.

1840 The Williams family is in the Michilimackinac census with all family members plus a young man the age of Sarah's husband. Both men were in Manufacture and Trade. They lived between Isaac Blanchard (Gros Cap) and Pte. aux Chenes.

February, 1840 Jeremiah, acting as Justice of the Peace, performs the marriage of Benjamin Louisignant and Josette Lesarie.

1839/40 Sarah married James A. Taylor, who came to Mackinac around 1838/39 from Lorain County, Ohio. No official record has been found.

1840 Jeremiah is one of a group of Election Supervisors for Mackinac County, St. Ignace Township, including Stephen Hoag, Lewis' future father in law.

February, 1841 Abbie Williams, 16, married Andre Courchene . (this was his second marriage?)

February, 1841 Jeremiah, Isaac Blanchard and John LaBranche were given permission by the state to lay out and survey a road from Pt. St Ignace to Sault Ste. Marie to be completed within two years time. The road wasn't built until the 1860s.

1841-42 The year Jeremiah most likely died, possibly with his neighbor Louis Gebeau in a fishing accident.

February, 1842 Lewis Williams marries Anna Hoag, daughter of Stephen Allen Hoag.

1842 Lucy Courchaine born at St. Helena (Abbie).

December 25, 1842 Mary Taylor born on St Helena (Sarah).

May, 1842 John Williams is witness to marriage of Louis Gebeau's widow Elizabeth/Angelique to Walter Whitney. Elizabeth was ½ Native & is listed on the 1836 half-breed census.

September 9, 1843 Emily Courchaine is born (Abbie).

February 4, 1844 William H Taylor is born on St. Helena (Sarah).

December, 1844 Hanna Williams is born (Lewis).

March, 1845 John Williams marries Mariette Slocum, daughter of Abraham Slocum.

October 17, 1845 Margaret Courchaine is born (Abbie).

December 25, 1845 Esther Williams is born (John).

April 15, 1847 Lucy Taylor is born (Sarah).

August 15, 1847 Lavinia Williams is born John).

September 9, 1847 Andrew Courchaine is born on Garden Island (Abbie).

1848 Andrew Courchaine is baptized at L'Arbre Croche (Cross Village).

1848 George Williams is born (Lewis).

1849 Emma Taylor is born April (Sarah).

1849 John Williams is born (died as child) (John).

1848-1856 Trouble with Mormons of Beaver Island.

1850 Everyone but Lewis is listed in the Mackinac census, Fanny and Jeremiah Jr. are living with the Belotes, who owned St. Helena Island at the time. Sarah and Anna are close by, Charles and John are at St. Martin's Island off the tip of Garden Peninsula (Delta County).

October 1, 1850 Schuyler Williams is born at St. Martin's Island (John).

December 27, 1850 Jeremiah M. Williams is born (Lewis).

1851 Anna Elizabeth Williams marries Joseph Edward Palmer; they live at Gros Cap until after 1860.

April 29, 1851 Nancy Taylor is born (Sarah).

October 1, 1851 Edward William is born (John).

April 9, 1852 Charles Courchaine is born (Abbie).

January 27, 1853 Marie Palmer is born (Anna).

June 10, 1853 William Williams is born (Lewis).

November 6, 1853 Homer Williams is born (John).

1853 Jeremiah Jr. marries Mary McCoy & lives at Gros Cap until at least 1860.

1854 Don Courchain is born (Abbie).

1854 Abbie, age 30, and her husband Andre die at St. Helena or Washington Island of cholera. Newspaper reports verify an outbreak of the disease at Mackinac that year.

February 17, 1855 Henry Williams is born (John).

March 17, 1855 Julia Palmer is born (Anna).

June 14, 1855 Henry Williams is born (Jeremiah Jr.).

January, 1855 Chief Ance dies at Pte. aux Chenes.

1855 Lewis and John and their families are on Washington Island (Wisconsin state census).

July, 1856 The Williams men are most likely with the group who drove the Mormons from Beaver Island.

September 10, 1856 Stephen Williams is born (Lewis).

1856-1860 Lewis & John and their families move to Chambers Island Wisconsin.

1857 Joseph Palmer is born (Anna).

February 10, 1857 Ellen Williams is born (Lewis).

March 6, 1857 Adelaide Williams is born (John).

April 7, 1857 George Williams is born (Jeremiah).

1859 George Palmer is born (Anna).

1859 Emily Williams is born (died as a child) (Jeremiah).

1859-60 Isaac Blanchard Jr. is killed by Augustus Pond at Seul Choix point; Jeremiah Jr. testifies for the people at the trial, which was held on Mackinac Island.

1860 Lewis & John are still living on Chambers Island, Sarah is on Mackinac Island. Jerry, Charles and Fanny are living on Beaver Island (fishing), Anna is living at Gros Cap.

October, 1860 Abraham Lincoln Palmer is born (Anna).

1860 Lucy Courchene Fisher is living at Northport, Leelanau County, Michigan, and has her two nephews Andrew and Don Courchene living with her. Margaret is living on Mackinac Island with the Biddle family, and Emily is living in Door County, Wisconsin.

1860 Year Charles Courchene gives as his 'mothers' death; he must have meant Frances as he was too young to remember his parents. (same year James Taylor died).

February 22, 1861 Lorena Williams is born (Lewis).

April 21, 1861 Leonard Williams is born (John).

1862 Sarah marries second husband John Henry Weideman (Meuderman on transcript).

1862 Frances Palmer is born (Anna).

March 1, 1862 Cora Williams is born (Lewis).

May 17, 1862 John R. Williams is born (John).

1863 John and Lewis file draft cards at Green Bay, Wisconsin; Lewis enlists in September.

1863 Betsey Williams is born (Lewis).

1864 John owns land in Ingallston Township, Menominee County, Michigan according to an 1864 Lake Survey.

1864 Lewis is discharged from service in the spring (Civil War); his right hand is crushed.

April 2, 1864 Sarah Palmer is born (Anna).

August 3, 1865 Sarah dies at Mackinac Island, according to probate records.

1865 Grant Williams is born (Lewis).

December 9, 1865 Eli Williams is born (John).

1866 Jeremiah M. Palmer is born (Anna).

1866 Anna's husband Joe Palmer disappears after a storm on Lake Michigan (He and another man left St. Helena to go fishing.) and his body is found near Manistique and buried along the shore at Scots Point. (I've been unable to verify this family story.)

June 16, 1867 Ida Williams is born (Lewis).

April 8, 1868 Delia Williams is born (John).

1869 Jerry Jr. acquires 160 acres on South Fox Island (Homestead act). Charles also acquires land on South Fox Island.

1870 Lewis is lightkeeper on Chambers Island. John is living in Ingallston, Michigan. Anna, Charles and Jerry Jr. are living on South Fox Island.

1870 Charles Courchene (orphan son of Abbie) is living with the Wilson Newton family on St. Helena. (Wilson's wife is related thru Ance –Blanchard line.)

March 29, 1871 Hiram Williams is born (John).

1873 Anna marries second husband Fred Woodard in Traverse City & has two more children, Minnie & William.

1874 Charles Williams, age 46, dies at Manistique of rheumatoid arthritis (an affliction suffered by many Williams descendants, including myself).

1874 Anna and some of her family move to Manistique from Fox Island.

February 5, 1874 Minnie Woodard is born (Anna).

April 5, 1877 William Woodard is born (Anna).

1880 Anna, her new husband and some of her Palmer children are living in Manistique. Jerry Jr. is living in Escanaba. Lewis is on Chambers Island and John is at Ingallston. Abbie's son Andrew is also living at Manistique & Escanaba in the 1880s.

1883 Lewis' son Jeremiah is shot and killed at Ingallston while investigating a domestic dispute.

1889 Lewis retires from the lightkeeper position on Chambers Island, after twenty years of service.

1889 Anna acquires 160 acres in Schoolcraft County. Anna dies sometime after 1889.

1895 Jerry Jr., age 63, dies at his home near Ogontz, Delta County, Michigan, of influenza.

1903 Lewis, age 81, dies at Wood Veterans Hospital in Milwaukee, of rheumatoid arthritis & other health problems.

1910 John, age 86, dies at home in Ingallston, Michigan.

Many descendants of Jeremiah and Frances still live along the shores and on the islands of Lake Michigan and Green Bay, and a few are still in the commercial fishing business.

Frances, the Native American Connection in the Williams Family

It has been my belief for some time now that Frances is the ancestor who is the source of all the whispered stories of Native ancestry in the Williams family. That belief has turned out to be the truth; thanks to genetic genealogy, we can now say that Frances is likely a daughter of Chief Ance, although there is a small possibility that she is the daughter of Josephine Ance [his sister]. There are DNA matches between Williams descendants and descendants of both Josephine and Paul, although the amount of DNA shared is higher with descendants of Paul, which is why I believe Fanny is his daughter. The clues began to fall into place after I found a few bits of information:

The first find was the following comment regarding the Native American ancestry of the Williams family. It was found online at Clarke Historical Library (CMU), History of Beaver Island, Michigan. The information in parenthesis is mine.

Mrs. Floyd (Maria, a granddaughter of Jerry & Fanny) evidently was not proud of the Williams family. She always emphasized her father's side of her ancestry (Palmer). "My mother (Annie Williams) was a Yankee from York State" was all she would say when asked about the Williams' ancestry. She always insisted there was no Indian blood in the family. This makes it plausible that there was Indian in the Williams family and that she knew it.

A family tree my grandma wrote down many years ago states that John R. Williams was part Indian and born in Canada and came to Chambers Island from Mackinac Island; that was the extent of my knowledge of the Williams family when I began researching 20 years ago.

Considering the attitude toward Native Americans at that time, one can understand why the Williams and many other mixed families deliberately hid their Native ancestry. Even Elizabeth Whitney Williams, lightkeeper and author, hid her mother from the government lighthouse inspector. Elizabeth's mother was ½ Ottawa (Odawa) and is listed on the 1836 mixed-breed roll along with her one year old son Louis (wife and son of Louis Chebeau). The last name is spelled Chebeau on the record, rather than Gebeau. This is the only Native American record I have found Mrs. Gebeau or any of her children listed on. After marrying her second husband Walter Whitney, a white man from Genesee County, New York, she presented herself and her children as white, and sent her sons to Green Bay to be educated. In her book *A Child of the Sea*, Elizabeth Whitney Williams intentionally states that both of her mother's parents were English Canadians, a typical statement used by many, to cover up their true ancestry; another thing many people of mixed ancestry in the Mackinac area did was to change their place of birth, typically listing it as Ohio or New York.

Years ago, as I began researching the area where the Williams family lived, I suspected that there was a connection to Jeremiah & Frances' neighbors, the Blanchards, and the neighboring band of Ojibwe led by Chief Ance, but I could not find any connection to Mr. Blanchard back east and didn't know his wife's ancestry at the time.

The quest for Frances' parentage began with John R. Williams' death record and his mother's name being listed as Anna Hagens; that was 20+ years ago. Further research showed that Jeremiah's wife's name was Frances, not Anna. (death record information is not always reliable.) I searched for any possible connection between Williams and Hagens/Higgins, census, marriage, births etc., and had no luck at all.

Jeremiah's younger brother John told stories of sailing the eastern Great Lakes, most likely introduced to this occupation by his older brother. The Williams family also had relatives who had been trading at Owasso, New York (Lake Ontario) prior to Jeremiah's birth, and one of those relatives, Thomas Williams, a distant uncle to Jeremiah, moved to Detroit in 1765 and worked in the fur trade and as a merchant. Thomas' son John R. became the first Mayor of Detroit in the 1820's, but I didn't know any of this until recently. (Note: John R., mayor of Detroit, added the R to differentiate between him and another John Williams in the area.)

Jeremiah ended up at Mackinac around 1818, either as a sailor or perhaps he just showed up to make his way in the wilderness or to visit his friend Isaac. He met Frances during this time and I suspect that he and/or Frances continued living at Mackinac (or possibly Cross Village) after their marriage, perhaps sailing to New York or Montreal for trade purposes as many Mackinac traders did.

My initial hunch that Frances was our connection to the rumors of Native American ancestry was based on the fact that no "white" families lived in the St. Helena area at the time the Williams moved there, only mixed blood and Native families, and most of them were fishermen. The men were French Canadian, or Yankees who had married native or mixed blood wives.

And then I found that Jeremiah had been granted a trader license to trade at Manistique, and according to court records his fish were picked up at Pte. aux Chenes (where the Ance band lived). Other hints were mentioned in the book *A Child of the Sea*: that Abbie sang French songs, her pretty braided hair and great dark eyes etc., along with Jeremiah and Fanny's sons' knowledge of Northern Lake Michigan fishing grounds, and John and Anna's knowledge of local medicinal plants.

Too many coincidences were stacking up and I was sure there had to be a connection between Fanny and someone in the area. But it remained a well educated guess with no way to prove it. Descendants of Jeremiah and Frances all told stories of "Indian" blood, and most stated that they were discouraged from discussing it, a fact I discovered after corresponding with them, but still no solid proof, just rumors.

And then I discovered Mary Elizabeth Taylor's death record, it lists her race as White and Indian. Her father was, without a doubt, a white man; that leaves Sarah Williams as the "Indian." Frances' ancestry had been pushed into the closet, whispered about by fascinated grandchildren and great grandchildren...and time lost her family connections. Until now.

I took an Ancestry DNA test in April of 2016 and my education in genetic genealogy began when I received the results a few weeks later. I have read everything possible on the subject, especially on how to use DNA to prove or disprove family connections thru small DNA matches. I downloaded my raw DNA file and uploaded it to various sites with more advanced tools to compare DNA.

The most important thing to understand when it comes to DNA research is that DNA inheritance is very, very random. Two people who share the same set of parents can share very little DNA with a common ancestor, and when you consider the addition of new genetic material into each generation and all of it recombining into something new in each child, it is amazing that any of us share enough DNA to match at all after five generations. So, to be able to find any shared DNA is a hit and miss with each person in a family tree and becomes more so each generation you go back.

Fortunately for my research, I was able to find and compare a number of Williams and Ance descendant DNA kits. And that brings us to the Ance DNA matches.

One of my first matches at Ancestry was with M.G., (as well as her dad and brother at GEDmatch). I looked at her tree and was stunned to see they are direct descendants of Chief Paul Ance. I compared our trees for any other possible connections, found one with my maternal line, but it was too far back for the amount centimorgans we share. The calculator says we share a 4th-6th great grandparent, and in that range, the only possibility was Paul Ance or his father Joseph Louis. I began chromosome painting comparisons to see if the Williams kits matched Native DNA with the Ance kits. They did, consistently. When I began, there were only a few kits to utilize (Jan. 2017), I waited for new DNA to be uploaded at GEDmatch, the site I use for this sort of research. Eventually more Ance descendants showed up, then more Williams descendants and finally, I had four branches from Paul Ance's tree and four Williams branches to compare, eighteen people in all. Chromosome painting shows we all share small segments of Native DNA on a number of chromosomes.

I ran a multiple kit analysis using small segment comparisons. It is tedious and time consuming work, but I was curious to see what the results would be and quite happy when I found that the results were very conclusive. All Williams and Ance branches matched up on a number of chromosomes. I was able to determine that the matches were more than chance because there were mother/daughter kits and a number of sibling kits from the various Williams branches to compare with the Ance groups which included a family of three, a father and two children.

And then the matches started coming in at Ancestry. Besides matching descendants of Peter Ance, I also match a descendant of Paul's son Jean Baptiste (who was born on Beaver Island and lived at Cross Village and Northport/Sutton's Bay) and my half brother matches another descendant of Jean Baptiste, and a number of us match descendants of Paul and Josephine through the Corp/Blanchard line. There are a few others at GEDmatch, all descended from Paul Ance. The largest cM's shared between Williams and Ance descendants at that time was 17, the smallest 7.3. To put that into perspective, I share 10 cM's with one descendant of Annie Williams (our shared ancestors being Jeremiah & Fanny), and 17 cM's with her sister. And a generation closer, with descendants of John R., I share up to 30 cM's with some, and as small as 7 with others. Again, DNA inheritance is very random. One more thing I had to consider was the fact that the Williams descendants only shared half DNA with Ance descendants since Fanny was most likely the daughter of a Cross Village woman and not Ance's Pte. aux Chenes wife.

Recently, Caroline K. asked Floyd Williams to take a test. He is the grandson of Schuyler and one of our oldest living Williams descendants (Sadly, he recently passed away). He agreed and it has given us a clear answer to the question and for that I am forever grateful to him for sharing his DNA. I was thrilled when Caroline emailed me to say there was a James Ance in Floyd's matches! It turns out that James is also a descendant of Chief Paul. The 35 centimorgans shared are the highest yet, indicating they share a 3rd to 4th great grandparent, which again brings us back to Paul. It was then that I determined that Paul was Fanny's father.

Other clues: Abbie's son, Andrew Jr., was baptized at Cross Village where Fanny's mother lived and perhaps where the Williams [family] lived before coming to St. Helena. Cross Village was the largest Indian village in Michigan in 1848. And then there is the fact that Lucy Courchene was living at Northport near Jean Baptiste in 1860. And the three youngest Williams were living on Fox Island in the late 1860's/1870, another area the Ance families from Grand Traverse lived. Early on I had realized that the Williams family lived and fished in all the same areas as the Natives.

The following pages contain more information about the Ance/Ainse/Hinse/Haynes line. It is ironic that Chief Paul Ance's great grandfather Joseph Haynes was taken to Quebec by Indians from 1690s Massachusetts at the age of seven. He remained in Quebec and raised his family there. (Variations of the Haynes name in Quebec and Michigan are: Hains, Ens, Hinse, Aintz, Ainsse, Ainse, Anse, Ance, Hance.)

Pte. aux Chenes & Chief Ance

Many of the families living from St. Ignace to Gros Cap were connected to Chief Ance by marriage and most of them were fishermen. Very little is actually known about the Chief who resided at Pte. aux Chenes. It is estimated that he was born between 1780-1785, son of Joseph Louis Ainsé, an interpreter and trader, and a Native woman from an unknown band.

The earliest reference to Ance was found in the narrative of Captain Anderson (online at Wisconsin Historical Collections), who mentions that his life was saved from certain death at the hands of a group of Sioux the winter of 1809-1810. It does not specify that he was the son of Joseph Louis, so I am making an assumption here based on the name and the description of Ance.

Anderson had made it to his wintering grounds in the Big Stone Lake region by mid November, 1809. 50-60 lodges were there. The natives asked if he'd extend them credit; he said no, they had not paid him in full the previous year. They were contemplating killing him and taking his goods when....

...a bustle was heard at the door and in popped a tall, good looking Indian, painted, feathered, armed in full war costume. "My time has come" I thought. He was asked by one of the others why he was attired thus at the late hour. "I am come, he replied, to die with the white people if they must be killed, I must first be put out of the way for they shall not be hurt while I live. You had better go to your lodges and let this man who has brought us ammunition etc., to save our lives, go to his rest, I am going to guard him." They all hurried off and he said to me "go to sleep" and I did. I really felt that my life was in danger and had only escaped the assassins by god's good providence in sending this man to save me. He was of course, my guest for the time being and the next morning about 10 o'clock he had walked a circuit around my house, examining for tracks in case any one of the band was lurking about. But finding all safe he told me I could go and hunt swan. I had never seen this man before and on inquiry my interpreter conferred to me that he was a half breed, the son of a gentleman trader from Montreal who had been in the trade many years before, named Ance, and had retired. I went into my shop and opened some packages and gave him a present of which he was proud and was as heavy as he could conveniently carry. I never saw him again. This proved to be the hardest winter I ever met with in my journey through life...

...old Red Thunder with 2 other lodges of his band, after Ance had been gone a few days...

...the Yankton band to which Ance belonged, had left in Red Thunder's charge, a horse...

This mention of Ance as a member of a Yankton band of Sioux could be due to the fact that his sister or half-sister Pelagie was Sioux. Perhaps he was adopted by her Sioux family? It is also possible that Pelagie and Paul shared a mother. David Corp stated that Josephine Ance was a Sioux, but at this time, there is simply no proof, although a thorough study of the DNA [from] known descendants of each would help answer that question.

How Ance became a Chief of the Ojibwa is not known. Where he lived prior to Pte. aux Chenes is also unknown, at least I have not been able to find any further information about his early years. In 1820 Chief Ance signed a treaty that specifies his area as Mackinac, making it possible that he was at Pte. aux Chenes at that time. A visit by missionaries in 1830 places him at Pte. aux Chenes, and an 1834 letter, an 1836 treaty and 1838 council list specify Ains of Oak Point. So we know that Ance was living at Oak Point by 1830 and could very well have been living there much earlier. Others state that Ance had three wives, one at L'Arbre Croche, the second at Manitoulin Island and another one at Pte. aux Chenes. There is no recorded proof of his marriages, or who the mothers of all his children are, but the interactions between his descendants affirms a connection, and DNA evidence has been immensely helpful in proving those connections.

Below are excerpts found in a 2009 article by the Old Hay Bay Guardian (Methodist History in the bay of Quinte and Upper Canada). The full article is in "The Christian Guardian," issues Oct. 30th and Nov. 6th, 1830. The missionaries came from Canada to bring the "word" to the Natives. The story they told about meeting with Ance and his people is very similar to the stories they told of their meetings with a number of bands along the way. I suspect much of the retelling is biased toward their goal of assimilating Natives into their religion. The truth may not be well represented in their portrayal of Ance's reaction to their words.

John Sunday's and John Paul's Tour to Mackinaw in 1830:

August 1830. "We arrived at the Island of Mackinaw and landed at the town. We then went to search of some of the Indians we had seen at Penetanguishine (Ontario), and were directed to the house of Wah-zhushk-oo, whom we had seen at Penetanguishine during the summer." Friday 17th: "Having obtained the loan of a large birch canoe we set off towards the west to visit a gang of Chippewas residing at a place called Me-tig-oo-mirzh-ah-keeg. Wah-hush-koo and others accompanied us."

(My note: Me-tig-oo-mirzh-ah-keeg is actually: Na-me-tic-o-mish-e-keonge. (Oak Point). Translation: "Where a ridge of oak trees are." The place of this point is about 15 miles from the island of Mackinac west, on the straits. This point in Mackinac County is called Pointe aux Chenes today. It is located in Township 41 North, Range 5 West. The Chippewa Chief Ance and his band had their village here in the 1830s.)

Chief Ance Hears Their Words:

This was on the mainland. There they called on Chief Ance, who agreed to bring his people to hear them. After we had spoken to them, we thanked them for their attention and told them to go home and think about what they had heard, and so make up their minds what to do and let us know their decision on to-morrow. Tues 21st: In the morning the Chief and his people came together to let us know what they had decided upon. The Chief said "I hardly know what to do. I have two sons who are Roman Catholic besides other relation. We have concluded to try and give up drinking the fire water for one year to see if we can overcome it before we say we will be Christians. We have also concluded at the same time to look on the three sides of Christians," viz: the French religion, the English Methodist religion and the Big Knife religion (meaning probably the Presbyterian religion.) After this we asked the Chief if he would accept one of our hymn books. He said "I don't know, I cannot read it." We told him that we would learn him how to say some of the hymns, he then received it and we gave one to another man. After this they became very anxious to have us read and sing the hymns and to read the scripture translations to them, which they were very fond to hear read. Wed. 22nd: We had intended to start for Mackinaw this day but the wind prevented us. The Chief's son came to us and said "My father thanked the Great Spirit for sending the wind to stop you from leaving us, that you might learn us more how to read the books you gave us." Ance, the Chief, came to us and said "I could not sleep all the night on account of talking and thinking about the things which we heard" We had meetings with them this day. Sabbath 26th: All the Indians to the number of 24, attended the meetings except three, whom we could not prevail upon to come near us. We had a class meeting, five of them spoke. Ah-tisk-oonce rose up and said "Brothers and sisters ever since I heard about the Great Spirit at Penetanguishine, I have been thinking about him and I feel determined to look to him as long as I live." Ance, the Chief, next rose up and said "Brothers and Sisters I am very glad that while I was poor and ignorant the Great Spirit has sent his word among us which we have heard. I will now serve the Great Spirit as long as I live. I will tell my young men the words I have heard, if they will not listen and become Christians I will then worship alone. I thank you my Brothers for coming and telling us about the Great Spirit and the way of prosperity." In the evening we had a prayer meeting and told them the death, suffering and resurrection of our Savior to atone for the sins of his people and then exhorted them now to look to him and he would make all their sick hearts well. They all wept much and a number found peace to their souls.

The Chief was among the rest, and a great conjurer called Pah-yah-pay-taush felt something in his heart that he never felt before. The children cried very much and I went to them and asked what they were crying for. They said "We want to go to Heaven with the rest that are going there." Ance asked many questions of Sunday and Paul, such as what medicines to throw away or keep. He promised to build a little school house "So that if any teachers came to them they might have a place to hold meetings and schools." (My note: It seems that the Chief didn't become religious & didn't stop his occasional drinking.)

In 1848 Henry Schoolcraft wrote the following about Ance's band:

Ance or Hance's band of Chippewas lived at Pte. St. Ignace on the straits of Michilimackinac in Michigan. This band in 1840, as denoted in the annuity pay rolls, numbered 193, of whom 33 were men, 54 women and 106 children. They subsist in part by hunting the small furred animals still existing in the country and in part by fishing. They migrate from place to place as the season varies, plant very little and are addicted to the use of ardent spirits.

The following comments were made by David Corp, grandson of the Chief:

Chief Ance was a tall, powerfully built man and must have weighed 250#’s in his prime – all muscle and bone. He wore a beard and had blue eyes. In the year 1835 he and Shabeawa were sent to Washington to make treaties. Ance was a man of strong force of character and of great mentality which many of his descendants inherited. He did not use fire water or I mean to say he was not a slave to it as most of the Indians were...He had 3 wives living in Mackinac & Emmet counties and one in Manitoulin Canada.

A few years ago while I was using various search terms on Fulton Postcards website (wonderful resource of millions of old newspaper pages) the following article popped up in the results, it was a wonderful find, such a vivid description of a visit to the Chief at Pte aux Chenes in 1843.

Brother Jonathan Magazine – Oct. 1843: A Saunter in the Northwest by C. Donald McLeod. The following are some excerpts from this very interesting article; (Items in parenthesis are my comments). It is a good description of life at the time and of the Chief and his family.

Jan. 22nd. A funeral here is a strange thing. The crowds of women, the half-breeds with their blankets and leggings; the pall and the nodding black plumes on the heads of the horses, the strange silent gliding of the sleighs without their bells; the old priest in his robes and women with scarfs all combine to make an unusual and striking spectacle for a dweller in a Protestant city.

Feb. 19th. One afternoon I came in from skating to behold Captain Frank. He was now in Mackinac to purchase other goods for a fresh expedition. He was acting for a Mr. Sherman who was up at Point aux Chenes getting out stage timber. Frank insisted on going up with him and I consented. To me, the 10 days now to be journalized have been the most pleasant of my Western Journey.

On Wed. Feb. 8th we started from Mackinac (with a dog train laden with a barrel of rye whiskey and another of pork.) On we trudged....in about an hour and a half we overtook the train at Point St. Ignace. (ate a supper of pork and potatoes). At Gros Cap we slept in the justicial palace of Mr. Jonas Jonathan Reck, (Jonas Stone?) Justice of the Peace. The residence of the patriarch is a fine mansion built of native timber and containing two very splendid apartments. We slept in the kitchen with only 7 others. 16 more slept in the backroom. (more whiskey, pork and potatoes for breakfast.) We stopped at Mr. Slocum’s (Abraham Slocum) about a mile up the lake (toward Pte. aux Chenes), where I saw an old man of war’s man, Myers by name...(more whiskey). Once more we started out upon the lake and marched on till about two o’clock; we reached Point Aux Chenes river and about 40 rods (abt. 660 feet) up its winding course we came upon the “shantee”. I was well received and partook of a savory partridge stew. In the morning an old sailor carried us down the lake to the Indian village. This old fellow is a character, abounding in “yarns” and Seth Barney by name. One of his phrases is “in regard of that” always introduced when unnecessary. Another “that is” is used where no explanation is needed. “My horse,” says he, “thinks that he—that is, that he knows more than I do. Well, he does, in some things.” He has a little black dog for whose name he has strung together all the Indian words he is master of, twisted in a way peculiarly his own. “His right—that is, his right name is Jim along josey ka-win cok-e-re-ka-go-cun-a-butch taiah wah! But in regard of that, I only call him Jimmy”. (Seth Barney is the name I searched for and found this article in the results: he was the captain of the boat that picked up Jeremiah’s fish.) We reached the village in the teeth of a biting south easter and made for the chief’s wigwam. This is an old war-chief, Anse by name, a splendid, tall, dignified old fellow..

We entered with an interpreter who carried a packet of dry goods, trinkets etc. (the interpreter is a Frenchman named Matty McGulpin, an excellent trader and teller of stories). After we were seated for some time Matty, chatting with the family, he produced a keg of whiskey and filled a tin pan and handed it to me whispering to me to drink to the chief...after I drank Frank & Matty finished the pan and it was replenished and again given to me. I touched it to my lips and presented it to the chief saying “drink with me” this time it passed among both the Indians and white men. I had on a sash of the McLeod tartan, and it’s beautiful colors had riveted the eyes of the whole wigwam. The daughter of the chief, a very pretty girl of about twenty, asked to see it. I untied it and showed it to her. I then explained to Anse that it was a distinguishing mark of my tribe. That my fathers had been like the Indians in many things. That they still had a Chief whom they all loved. This greatly tickled the old man—who made a long speech in return. At this time, Frank, for a bunch of beads, bought a sheath from She-bo-wis, a son of the old man’s. It is the most beautiful quillwork I ever saw. Heaven knows what Bonifanti or Tiffany &

Young would charge for it, but it cost one bunch of beads, valued at one and six pence. Frank presented it to me, upon which Now-kay-quay, the daughter, threw me a ring of Eagle claws and came close to examine me; she tied my sash on, wondering at the zoological buttons of my coat, at my eye glasses, my plaid, everything. I put the plaid over her shoulders and mightily pleased was she with it. I asked Matty if it would do to kiss her, he nodded and I gave her a smack that made the lodge ring. Off she darted to a corner and I thought the old folks would split with laughter. At a sign from the old man she got the dinner ready. Outside the wigwam hung at least seventy brace of partridges and rabbits. Three of these were brought in, stripped, cut up and in two minutes, boiling. Their bread is made into a cake which fits the frying pans; this is placed before the fire, when one side is baked, they shake it loose in the pan and with a jerk send it somersetting up to the roof and catch it again in the pan as it falls. I don't know how they always manage to catch it on the right side, but they do.

My New York friends doubtless remember my Meersham pipe shaped like a dog. This I wished to give to the old man. "Chief, take this pipe here from me, your friend." He then spoke to his daughter, she knelt down at my feet and bound a pair of garters round my legs. The old man gave me some whiskey, shook my hand and as Matty explained afterward, gave me a name—Matty translated, "The great law chiefs younger brother", and said that my brother saved old Anse some white claim on his land. The other family members had long before given me a name, "the deer." I had a pretty good pair of kid gloves which I gave to Noh-kay-quay, with a pen-knife. Next day she and her youngest brother named Sa-wah-goose, "Yellow Fox" came up to the shantee and gave me a pair of leggings.

Our shantee is on the beautiful creek called La Riviere de Point aux Chenes. When you debouche at the mouth of this creek, all along the lake you see for miles around, the Indians spearing trout. They cut a hole about 2 feet in diameter in the ice and set bushes around it so thickly as to allow no light to penetrate, this allows them to see through the clear water for at least 100 feet. They put up some bark to shelter them from the wind – spread their blankets on the ice and lie down. They have small wooden fish which serve as a decoy. The Trout swims toward it and is speared. A good fisherman never misses. They lie on the ice for six hours at a time. Life in the shantee was simple. We had hoe-cake, baked in the ashes, choke-dog, or a huge string of dough wound around a stick and thrown under the fire. It is the sweetest bread I have ever tasted. Then we had hulled corn, pea-soup, lup-ma-growly, port, trout, roasted partridges and stewed rabbit and every night we luxuriated on scald-keen, ie. Whiskey, maple syrup, butter and roasted apple boiled up to a syrup.

On a day the like of which for cold, a Gothamite never dreamed of, I donned my snow shoes and hied to the Island of Ste. Helene. It being the winter fishing season, there was quite an assembly of Indians. Some seven or eight lodges. They had caught many fish, trapped several mink and martens.

I returned to Mackinac in time to pay a visit to the French sugar camp on Bois Blanc Island. Every maple is cut and a spout inserted along which sap runs into a birch bark bowl, twenty or thirty pots are always boiling in each lodge and the number of trees tapped is immense. One man here this season has 2000.

Michigan History Magazine Vol. 16-17 - About the Evergreen Island of Saint Helena by Frances Margaret Fox:

Many of the Indians of that time and later, who lived on the shores of the straits and frequently visited Saint Helena, are known to us, thanks to the careful research of Michigan historians. Chief Anse is one of the remembered. He was born at Old Mackinaw and Chief Petoskey married one of his sisters. The Indian chose the Island of Saint Helena for his home. A grandson of Chief Anse was proud of the fact that his grandfather went to Washington with other chiefs and there during the administration of Andrew Jackson, signed the United States treaty of 1836. "Father told us" writes the great grandson of Chief Anse, "the President and Chief Shawbwawa were invited to see the President in the house he resided. He says the President was a tall gaunt man, and he mentioned the open fireplaces and big logs used." Thus we know that two Indians of the primitive Island of Saint Helena once were entertained at the White House. We do not have to be told that they wore their best beaded buckskins and feathers, and behaved with great dignity.

Chief Ance died in 1855, 80 some years old. His son Peter became chief. His probate record, available on Ancestry.com, is missing a crucial section, and does not name all of his descendants. His children and grandchildren married into the local fishing families and into other Native families and many of his descendants can still be found living along the shores of northern Lake Michigan.

Descendants of Paul Ance

Generation No. 1

1. **CHIEF PAUL ANCE** was born abt. 1781 in Mackinac County, Michigan, and died January 10, 1855 in Moran Township.

Child of CHIEF PAUL ANCE and UNKNOWN is:

2.
 - i. **JOSEPH ANCE**, b. 1820; m. MARY ELIZABETH MICHUBIGA.

Child of CHIEF PAUL ANCE and MANITOULIN is:

- ii. ZAU-WAU-GOOSH (YELLOW FOX) ANCE, b. 1830.

Children of CHIEF PAUL ANCE and UNKNOWN WOMAN are:

3.
 - iii. **FRANCES "FANNY" ANCE** b. abt. 1802 in Michilimackinac; d. abt. 1860 in Mackinac County, Michigan; m. JEREMIAH M. WILLIAMS abt. 1818, probably in Michilimackinac Michigan; b. March 26, 1793 in Schuylerville, Saratoga County, New York; d. aft. May, 1842, probably in Mackinac County, Michigan.
4.
 - iv. **JOHN BAPTISTE ANCE**, b. abt. 1805, Beaver Island, Charlevoix County, Michigan; d. May 13, 1885 in Suttons Bay, Leelanau County, Michigan; m. THERESE MEDNAQUA abt. 1837 in Michigan; b. abt. 1815 in Leelanau County, Michigan; d. May 13, 1885 in Leelanau County, Michigan.

Children of CHIEF PAUL ANCE and MARY MOSHKOGOS are:

5.
 - v. **ANGELINA ANCE**, m. THORPE.
6.
 - vi. **ANTOINE "AISH-CAW-BAY-WIS" ANCE**, b. March 1811 in Michigan; d. March 18, 1909 in St. Ignace, Mackinac County, Michigan; m. ANGELIQUE KAKOTISH; b. abt. 1815 in Michigan; d. July, 1889 in St. Ignace, Mackinac County, Michigan.
7.
 - vii. **PETER ANCE**, b. 1812, Michigan; d. July 15, 1863, St. Ignace, Mackinac County, Michigan; m. MARY ANN LESSEUR LESSARD August 10, 1837 in Mackinac County, Michigan; b. September 1826 in Michigan; d. February 22, 1910 in St. Ignace, Mackinac County, Michigan.
8.
 - viii. **FRANK (O MOSH KO COS) MUSCOSE ANCE SR.**, b. June, 1814 in Mackinac County, Michigan; d. aft. 1900; m. (1) NEBINAN SHEDOW in 1844 in Ste-Anne's, Mackinac Island, Mackinac County, Michigan; b. 1830 in Michigan; d. bef. 1900 (2) THERESA ANCE in 1889; b. June, 1824 in Michigan.
9.
 - ix. **SUSANNA MISHANADO ANCE**, b. 1825 in Mackinac, Michigan; d. 1864 in Mackinac, Michigan; m. DAVID TRUMAN CORP in 1840 in Pte. Aux Chenes, Mackinac County, Michigan; b. December 24, 1818 in Depauville, Jefferson County, New York; d. April 22, 1907 in Syracuse, Onondaga County, New York.
10.
 - x. **MARY JOHANNA ANCE**, b. abt. 1834 in Michigan; d. bef. 1880 in Petoskey, Emmet County, Michigan; m. FRANCIS FRANK PETOSKEY; b. abt. 1812, Seven Mile Point, Emmet County, Michigan; d. April 11, 1909 in Bear Creek, Emmet County, Michigan.

Generation No. 2

2. **JOSEPH ANCE** was born in 1820. He married MARY ELIZABETH MICHUBIGA.

Children of JOSEPH ANCE and MARY MICHUBIGA are:

- i. SCHOLASTICA ANCE, b. 1838.
- ii. ANGELICA ANCE, b. 1844.

3. **FRANCES "FANNY" ANCE** was born abt. 1802 in Michilimackinac, Michigan Territory and died abt. 1860 in Mackinac County, Michigan. She married JEREMIAH M. WILLIAMS abt. 1818, probably in Michilimackinac, Michigan, son of LEWIS WILLIAMS and SARAH KNAPP. He was born March 26, 1793 in Schuylerville, Saratoga County, New York, and died aft. May, 1842, probably in Mackinac County, Michigan. Children are listed in Jeremiah & Fanny's section.

[Note: This information about the children of Francis Ance is collected from several areas of Terri Ruleau's account]

Children of FRANCES ANCE and JEREMIAH M. WILLIAMS are:

- i. SARAH ANNE WILLIAMS; b. September 9, 1818 in New York, Canada or Michigan; d. August 3, 1865 on Mackinac Island, Mackinac County, Michigan; m. JAMES A TAYLOR, son of JESSE TAYLOR and LUCY PARKER; b. August 4, 1810 in Pittsfield, Berkshire County, Massachusetts; d. May 15, 1860 on Mackinac Island, Mackinac County, Michigan.
- ii. LEWIS S. WILLIAMS ; b. October 26, 1821 in New York, Canada or Michigan; d. April 26, 1903 in Veterans Home, Milwaukee, Milwaukee County, Wisconsin; m. ANNA BETSEY HOAG February 7, 1842 in St. Ignace, Mackinac County, Michigan; daughter of STEPHEN HOAG and HANNAH CADY; b. October 28, 1827 in Lockport, Niagara County, New York; d. April 9, 1909 in East Lake, Jefferson County, Alabama.
- iii. JOHN R. WILLIAMS; b. November 26, 1823 in New York, Michigan or Canada; d. March 3, 1910 in Ingallston, Menominee County, Michigan; m. MARIETTE SLOCUM March 19, 1845 in Gros Cap, Mackinac County, Michigan; daughter of ABRAHAM SLOCUM and LAVINIA DEYOE; b. December 6, 1829 in Waterloo, Seneca County, New York; d. February 23, 1915 in Trout Lake, Chippewa County, Michigan.
- iv. ABIGAIL WILLIAMS ; b. abt. 1825, Probably in Mackinac County, Michigan; d. July, 1854 on St. Helena Island, Mackinac County, Michigan; m. ANDRE COURCHAINE February 10, 1841 in Mackinac County, Michigan; son of JOSEPH-LOUIS COURCHENE and THERESE LABONTE; b. October 28, 1792 in Baie-du-Febvre, Nicolet-Yamaska, Quebec, Canada; d. July, 1854 on St. Helena Island, Mackinac County, Michigan.
- v. CHARLES WILLIAMS, b. abt. 1828 in Ohio, Canada or Michigan; d. July 9, 1874 in Manistique, Schoolcraft County, Michigan.
- vi. JEREMIAH WILLIAMS JR., born abt. 1832 in Michigan; died November 02, 1895 in Bay de Noc Township, Delta County, Michigan; married Mary Elizabeth McCoy April 24, 1853 in Moran Township, Mackinac County, Michigan; b. August, 1834 in Ireland; died June 17, 1928 in Escanaba, Delta County, Michigan.
- vii. ANNA ELIZABETH WILLIAMS ; b abt. 1834 in Mackinac County, Michigan; d. aft. 1889 in Schoolcraft County, Michigan. She married (1) JOSEPH EDWARD PALMER March 16, 1851 in Mackinac County, Michigan; b. in 1825 in Maine; d. abt. 1866 in Michigan (2) FREDERICK WOODARD May 24, 1873 in Northport, Leelanau County, Michigan; b. abt. 1837 in Westminster, Massachusetts.

4. **JOHN BAPTISTE ANCE** was born abt. 1805 on Beaver Island, Charlevoix County, Michigan, and died May 13, 1885 in Suttons Bay, Leelanau County, Michigan. He married THERESE MEDNAQUA abt. 1837 in Michigan; born abt. 1815 in Leelanau County, Michigan; died May 13, 1885 in Leelanau County, Michigan.

Children of JOHN ANCE and THERESE MEDNAQUA are:

- i. PETER ANCE, b. 1838 in Leelanau County, Michigan; d. February 3, 1899 in Suttons Bay, Leelanau County, Michigan.
- ii. MITCHELL ANCE, b. 1843 in Michigan; d. March 15, 1925 in Suttons Bay, Leelanau County, Michigan.
- iii. LOUIS ANCE, b. September, 1849 on Beaver Island, Charlevoix County, Michigan; d. June 4, 1913 in Suttons Bay, Leelanau County, Michigan.

5. **ANGELINA ANCE** She married THORPE. (not sure she is a child of Paul)

Child of ANGELINA ANCE and THORPE is:

- i. ELIZABETH ISABELLE THORPE, b. abt. 1855 on Beaver Island, Charlevoix County, Michigan; d. August 20, 1936 in Lansing, Michigan.

6. **ANTOINE "AISH-CAW-BAY-WIS" ANCE** was born in March, 1811 in Michigan, and died March 18, 1909 in St. Ignace, Mackinac County, Michigan. He married ANGELIQUE KAKOTISH; born abt. 1815 in Michigan; died July, 1889 in St. Ignace, Mackinac County, Michigan.

Children of ANTOINE ANCE and ANGELIQUE KAKOTISH are:

- i. GEORGE ANCE, b. abt. 1844 in St. Ignace, Mackinac County, Michigan; d. June 2, 1924 in St. Ignace, Mackinac County, Michigan.
- ii. ANTOINE ANCE JR., b. 1845 in St. Ignace, Mackinac County, Michigan; d. December 18, 1885 at Pte. aux Chenes, Mackinac County, Michigan.
- iii. ANGELIQUE ANCE, b. abt. 1852 in Michigan.
- iv. PAUL ANCE, b. abt. 1857 in Mackinac County, Michigan; d. January 5, 1881 in St. Ignace, Mackinac County, Michigan.
- v. SAMUEL ANCE, b. 1859 in Michigan.
- vi. CATHERINE (KATE) ANCE, b. November, 1859 in St. Ignace, Mackinac County, Michigan; d. November 3, 1900 in St. Ignace, Mackinac County, Michigan.
- vii. JOSEPH ANCE, b. abt. 1860 in Michigan.
- viii. ISAAC ANCE, b. 1865 in Michigan; d. June 16, 1878 in St. Ignace, Mackinac County, Michigan.
- ix. MARIA OSHKABAWISS ANCE, b. abt. 1868; d. March 18, 1874 in Mackinac County, Michigan.

7. **PETER ANCE** was born in 1812 in Michigan and died July 15, 1863 in St. Ignace, Mackinac County, Michigan. He married MARY ANN LESSEUR LESSARD August 10, 1837 in Mackinac County, Michigan; daughter of ANTOINE LESSARD and CATHERINE QUEBEGABO; born September; 1826 in Michigan; died February 22, 1910 in St. Ignace, Mackinac County, Michigan.

Children of PETER ANCE and MARY ANN LESSEUR LESSARD are:

- i. AMABLE ANCE, b. October, 1838 in Mackinac County, Michigan; d. September 18, 1910 in Mackinac County, Michigan.
- ii. MARY ANN ANCE, b. October, 1844 in Michigan; d. October 26, 1921 in Mackinac County, Michigan.
- iii. ANTOINE ANCE JR., b. 1845 in St. Ignace, Mackinac County, Michigan; d. December 18, 1885 at Pte. Aux Chenes, Mackinac County, Michigan.
- iv. PETER ANCE, b. abt. 1850 in Michigan; d. November 18, 1885 in Mackinac County, Michigan; m. MARY ANN LAJOICE.
- v. ELIZABETH W. ANCE, b. June 20, 1853 in St Ignace, Mackinac County, Michigan; d. December 28, 1926 in Pontiac, Oakland County, Michigan.

- vi. MARY ANCE, b. September 15, 1857 in St. Ignace, Mackinac County, Michigan; d. July 29, 1904 in Mackinac County, Michigan.
- Vii. ISAAC BENWAY BENOIT ANCE, b. abt. 1860 in Mackinac County, Michigan; d. abt. 1889 in Michigan.
- viii. ELEANOR ANCE, b. June 1863 in Michigan; d. November 26, 1933 in Chicago, Cook County, Illinois.

8. **FRANK (O MOSH KO COS) MUSCOSE ANCE SR.** was born in June, 1814 in Mackinac County, Michigan, and died aft. 1900. He married (1) NEBINAN SHEDOWIN in Ste-Anne's, Mackinac Island, Mackinac County, Michigan; born in 1830 in Michigan; died bef. 1900 (2) THERESA ANCE; born June, 1824 in Michigan.

Children of FRANK MUSCOSE ANCE and NEBINAN SHEDOWIN are:

- i. ELIZABETH ANCE.
- ii. ISAAC MUSHKEGOS ANCE.
- iii. FRANK MUSCOSE ANCE JR., b. abt. 1842 in Michigan; d. February 5, 1913 in Moran, Mackinac County, Michigan.
- iv. ANTOINE MUSCOSE ANCE, b. April, 1854 in St. Ignace, Mackinac County, Michigan; d. June 1, 1925 in St. Ignace, Mackinac County, Michigan.
- v. MARY ANN ANCE MUSCOSE, b. abt. 1858 in Michigan; d. May 4, 1928 in St. Ignace, Mackinac County, Michigan.

9. **SUSANNA MISHANADO ANCE** was born in 1825 in Mackinac County, Michigan, and died in 1864 in Mackinac County, Michigan. She married DAVID TRUMAN CORP at Pte. aux Chenes, Mackinac County, Michigan; born December 24, 1818 in Depauville, Jefferson County, New York; died April 22, 1907 in Syracuse, Onondaga County, New York.

Children of SUSANNA ANCE and DAVID CORP are:

- i. AMBROSE IGNACE CORP, b. January 6, 1842 in Moran, Mackinac County, Michigan; d. February 13, 1916 in Moran, Mackinac County, Michigan.
- ii. ANGELINE CORP, b. March 3, 1844 at Pte. aux Chenes, Mackinac Island, Michigan; d. January 4, 1916 in St. Ignace, Mackinac County, Michigan.

10. **MARY JOHANNA ANCE** was born abt. 1834 in Michigan, and died bef. 1880 in Petoskey, Emmet County, Michigan. She married FRANCIS FRANK PETOSKEY, son of IGNATIUS PETOSKEY and MARY TA-KWA-GAH-NAY/AGITAWOGUS; born abt. 1812 in Seven Mile Point, Emmet County, Michigan; died April 11, 1909 in Bear Creek, Emmet County, Michigan.

Children of MARY JOHANNA ANCE and FRANCIS PETOSKEY are:

- i. WILLIAM PETOSKEY, b. abt. 1850, Petoskey, Emmet County, Michigan; d. October 29, 1931, Bear Creek, Emmet County, Michigan; m. (1) MARTHA JACKO; b. 1892 (2) JANE OGEMABINESSE; b. 1862.
- ii. THOMAS F. PETOSKEY, b. May 30, 1855, Petoskey, Emmet County, Michigan; d. April 10, 1928, Zion, Lake County, Illinois; m. EMMA L. JERICO November 12, 1907 in Emmet County, Michigan.
- iii. ANDREW PETOSKEY, b. abt. 1859 in Michigan.
- iv. MOSES PETOSKEY, b. abt. 1864 in Michigan.

- v. MITCHELL PETOSKEY, b. abt. 1869 in Michigan.
- vi. PAUL PETOSKEY, b. abt. 1871 in Michigan.
- vi. MARY ANN PETOSKEY, b. abt. 1872 in Michigan.
- viii. MARY JANE PETOSKEY, b. abt. 1874 in Michigan.

Descendants of William Haynes

Generation No. 1

1. **WILLIAM HAYNES** was born 1624 in Sandy, Bedfordshire, England, and died in 1651 in Salem, Essex, Massachusetts, USA. He married SARAH INGERSOLL in 1644 in Marblehead, Essex, Massachusetts, USA. She was born in Sutton, Bedfordshire, England, and died in Houlton, Essex, Massachusetts, United States.

Child of WILLIAM HAYNES and SARAH INGERSOLL is:

- 2. i. **JONATHAN HAYNES**, b. April 11, 1648, Salem, Essex, Massachusetts, United States; d. February 22, 1697/98, Haverhill, Essex, Massachusetts, USA.

Generation No. 2

2. **JONATHAN HAYNES** was born April 11, 1648, in Salem, Essex County, Massachusetts, and died February 22, 1697/98, in Haverhill, Essex County, Massachusetts. He married SARAH MOULTON December 30, 1674, in Newberry, Essex County, Massachusetts, daughter of WILLIAM MOULTON and MARGARET PAGE; born October 17, 1656, in Hampton, Rockingham County, New Hampshire; died July 13, 1699, in Haverhill, Essex County, Massachusetts.

[Text for this listing is edited and re-written by Mike Spieth from information provided by Terri Ruleau.]

Passed down family stories:

Jonathan Haynes was a brick maker and farmer. On August 15, 1696, Jonathan, along with his children Mary, Thomas, Jonathan Jr. and Joseph, were captured by Indians while picking beans within sight of their house. The Indians, about thirty in number, took them to Penacook, New Hampshire, where they separated into two groups.

One group took Jonathan Sr. and Thomas to their Indian homes in Maine. The two captives soon made an escape. Hungry and weak after traveling two or three days, the old man was exhausted. Thomas went onward, and hearing the sound of a sawmill in operation, soon reached the settlement of Saco. With help, Thomas then returned to his father, and when their strength had been restored, they returned to Haverhill.

Children Mary, Jonathan and Joseph were taken to Canada and sold to the French. Mary was redeemed for one hundred pounds of tobacco, but her two brothers remained in Canada, married there and became wealthy farmers.

In 1698 the Indians commenced their incursions unusually early. On February 22 they attacked Andover, killed five of the inhabitants and captured as many more. On their return the same party killed Jonathan Haynes and Samuel Ladd.

Jonathan and Samuel, on their way to harvesting hay that morning with their eldest sons Thomas and Daniel, suddenly found themselves between two files of Indians—seven on each side of the path.

One version of the story says that, against his father's wishes, young Ladd (who did not relish the idea of being quietly taken prisoner) cut a horse loose and started off at full speed. Though repeatedly fired at by the Indians, he succeeded in reaching home to spread the alarm. Some say that the horse rushed against the door of his master's house, bursting it open and fell dead upon the threshold, and Mrs. Ladd exclaimed, in agony, "Oh! the Indians have killed Ladd." How young Daniel Ladd ended up again in the Indian's custody is not known, so the escape on horseback part of the tale is suspect.

Two of the Indians then stepped behind the fathers, and dealt them each a heavy blow upon the head. Jonathan Haynes, who was quite aged, instantly fell, but Samuel Ladd did not. Another of the Indians then stepped before Ladd, raising his hatchet as if to strike. Ladd closed his eyes, expecting the blow to fall, and when he again opened them, he saw the Indian laughing and mocking his fear. Another immediately stepped behind Ladd and felled him.

The Indians, asked why they killed the old men, said that they killed Haynes because he was "so old he no go with us," and that they killed Ladd, who was a fierce, stern looking man, because "he so sour."

They took the two boys to Penacook. Daniel Ladd soon tired of captivity, and one night after his Indian master and family had fallen asleep, he escaped. Deciding that he needed a hatchet, he returned and was recaptured, and delivered again to his master, who bound his hands, laid him upon his back, fastened one of his feet to a tree, and in that manner kept him fourteen nights. They then gashed his face with their knives, filled the wounds with powder, and kept him on his back, until it was so indented in the flesh that it was impossible to extract it. He carried the scars to his grave, and was frequently spoken of by his descendants as the "marked man."

Young Thomas remained in captivity for a year, and upon his redemption was given an ornamental cane by the Indian chief as a token of respect for good conduct as a prisoner. The upper half was neatly ornamented with diamond-shaped figures, cut with a knife.

Widow Sarah Haines signed a petition on April 17, 1701, asking that measures be taken to secure the return of six children taken by the Indians from Haverhill.

Years later, an expedition to Canada found Jonathan Jr. and Joseph Haynes. They had lost their mother language completely, and could only converse with their English relatives through an interpreter. One enquired about his sister, who had one of her fingers cut off by accident a short time before her capture. He recollected the circumstance, and asked if she was still living. Neither of them could be persuaded to return.

Jonathan Haynes is buried in West Parish (Haynes) Cemetery on Carleton Street, Haverhill, Essex County, Massachusetts.

Children of JONATHAN HAYNES and SARAH MOULTON are:

- i. HANNAH HAYNES, b. July 19, 1677, Newburyport, Essex County, Massachusetts; d. April 19, 1720, Norwich, New London County, Connecticut.
- ii. THOMAS HAYNES, b. May 14, 1680, Newbury, Essex County, Massachusetts; d. December 6, 1771, Haverhill, Essex County, Massachusetts.
- ii. SARAH HAINES, b. January 19, 1682/83, Newberry, Essex County, Massachusetts; d. May 29, 1745, Lebanon, New London County, Connecticut.
- 3 iv. **JONATHAN HAYNES**, b. September 3, 1684, Haverhill, Essex County, Massachusetts; d. March 29, 1745, Montmagny, Quebec, Canada.
- v. MARY HAYNES, b. March 3, 1685/86, Haverhill, Essex County, Massachusetts; d. February 10, 1753, Hampton, Windham County, Connecticut.
- 4 vi. **JOSEPH HAYNES**, b. August 4, 1689, Haverhill, Essex County, Massachusetts; d. 1756, Quebec, Canada.
- vii. RUTH HAYNES, b. February 10, 1691/92, Haverhill, Essex County, Massachusetts; d. 1787 in Haverhill, Essex County, Massachusetts.
- viii. ABIGAIL HAYNES, b. March 10, 1693/94, Haverhill, Essex County, Massachusetts; d. July 5, 1722, Plainfield, Windham County, Connecticut.
- ix. ELIZABETH HAYNES, b. May 22, 1697, Haverhill, Essex County, Massachusetts; d. February 27, 1757, Bridgewater, Plymouth County, Massachusetts.

Generation No. 3

3. **JONATHAN HAYNES** was born September 3, 1684 in Haverhill, Essex County, Massachusetts, and died March 29, 1745 in Montmagny, Quebec, Canada. He married MARIE POSE.

Children of JONATHAN HAYNES and MARIE POSE are:

- i. MARGUERITE HINSE.
- 5 ii. **JOSEPH HINSE**, b. September 29, 1714, Montmagny, Quebec.
- 6 iii. **ALEXANDER HINSE**, b. 1718, Montmagny, Quebec.
- iv. MARIE JOSETTE HINSE, b. April 18, 1723, Montmagny, Quebec.
- v. FRANCOIS HINSE, b. January 3, 1727/28, Montmagny, Quebec.
- vi. MARIE LOUISE HINSE, b. October 21, 1731, Montmagny, Quebec.
- vii. CLEMENT HINSE, b. July 16, 1734, Montmagny, Quebec.

4. **JOSEPH HAYNES** was born August 4, 1689 in Haverhill, Essex County, Massachusetts; died in 1756 in Quebec. He married (1) MARGUERITE MAROIS February 12, 1709/10, in L'Ange-Gardien, Quebec, daughter of GUILLAUME MAROIS and CATHERINE LABERGE; born November 10, 1687, in Chateau Richer, Quebec; died April 27, 1717, in Quebec City, Quebec (2) MARIE-DOROTHE LESSARD May 30, 1718, in Notre Dame, Quebec City, Quebec; born August 20, 1691, in Ste Anne, Quebec; died October 23, 1724, in l'Hopital Hoptel-Dieu de Quebec, Quebec City, Quebec (3) MARIE FRANCOISE PINEL LAFRANCE July 1, 1726, in Notre Dame, Quebec City, Quebec; born February 28, 1696/97, in Riviere Ouelle, Kamouraska, Quebec; died February 26, 1728/29 (4) CATHERINE JOSEPHTE MIGNERON January 16, 1731/32, in Ste Foye, Quebec; born April 25, 1706, in Quebec City, Quebec; died in Quebec City, Quebec.

[Text for this listing is edited and re-written by Mike Spieth from information provided by Terri Ruleau.]

Passed down family stories:

On August 15, 1696, Joseph Haynes, about seven years old, was captured by Indians, along with his father Jonathan, and siblings Mary, Thomas, and Jonathan Jr., within sight of their house. The Indians took them to Penacook, New Hampshire, where they separated into two groups.

One group took Jonathan Sr. and Thomas to Maine. They soon plotted an escape, and returned to Haverhill.

Children Mary, Jonathan and Joseph were taken to Canada and sold to the French. Mary was redeemed for one hundred pounds of tobacco, but her two brothers remained in Canada, married there, and became wealthy farmers.

Two years later, Indians ambushed the elderly Jonathan Haynes executed him; his son Thomas was captured (for the second time) and freed about a year later.

Widow Sarah Haines signed a petition on April 17, 1701, asking that measures be taken to secure the return of six children taken by the Indians from Haverhill, two of them her own.

Years later, an expedition to Canada found Jonathan Jr. and Joseph Haynes. They had lost their mother language completely, and could only converse with their English relatives through an interpreter. One enquired about his sister, who had one of her fingers cut off by accident a short time before her capture. He recollected the circumstance, and asked if she was still living. Neither of them could be persuaded to return.

Children of JOSEPH HAYNES and MARGUERITE MAROIS are:

- i. MARIE MARGUERITE HAYNES/HAINS/HENS, b. October 29, 1710, L'Ange Gardien, Montmorency, Quebec; d. August 15, 1760, La Durantaye, Quebec; m. FRANCOIS POIDRAS.
- ii. LOUIS HAYNES/HAINS, b. March 31, 1714, Quebec City, Quebec; d. 1716, Quebec City, Quebec.

- iii. MARIE HAINS, b. April 23, 1715, Quebec City, Quebec; d. November 3, 1771, Montreal, Quebec;
m. PIERRE LEBEUF.
- 7 iv. **JOSEPH LOUIS HAINS**, b. April 25, 1717 in Quebec, Canada; d. January 1745/46, Cahokia, St. Clair County, Illinois.

Children of JOSEPH HAYNES and MARIE-DOROTHEE LESSARD are:

- v. MARIE-THERESE HAINS, b. May 13, 1719; d. June 15, 1794 in Montreal Quebec.
- vi. MARIE-MADELEINE HAINS, b. October 11, 1720, Quebec City, Quebec.
- vii. MARIE JEAN- JOSEPH HAINS, b. January 23, 1721/22, Quebec City, Quebec; d. bet. 1723 - 1816.
- viii. LOUIS-CLAUDE HAINS, b. May 20, 1723, Quebec City, Quebec; d. abt. 1723, Quebec City, Quebec.
- ix. FRANCOISE-DOROTHEE HAINS, b. June 25, 1724, Quebec City, Quebec; d. abt. 1778 in Quebec City, Quebec.

Children of JOSEPH HAYNES and MARIE PINEL LAFRANCE are:

- x. MARIE-LOUISE HAINS, b. April 5, 1727 in Quebec City, Quebec.
- xi. BASILE HAINS, b. February 17, 1728/29 in Quebec; d. March 25, 1729 in Quebec.

Children of JOSEPH HAYNES and CATHERINE MIGNERON are:

- xii. MARIE FRANCOISE HAYNES, b. March 16, 1733/34, in Quebec City, Quebec; d. January 7, 1813, Longue Pointe, Montreal, Quebec.
- xiii. JEAN BAPTISTE HAYNES, b. October 2, 1735; d. abt. 1735.
- xiv. MARIE CATHERINE HAYNES, b. March 3, 1736/37, in Quebec; d. November 24, 1743.
- xv. BARTHELEMY HAINES, b. January 9, 1738/39, in Quebec; d. December 26, 1805, in Quebec.
- xvi. MARIE JEANNE HAYNES, b. January 21, 1742/43.

Generation No. 4

5. **JOSEPH HINSE** was born September 29, 1714, in Montmagny, Quebec, Canada. He married (1) MARIE GAUMONT (2) M. D'AMOUR (3) MARIE GENEVIEVE VAILLANCOURT.

Children of JOSEPH HINSE and MARIE GAUMONT are:

- i. FRANCOISE HAINS, m. (1) MARGUERITE RACINE; m. (2) ADELAIDE OUELLET.
- ii. MICHEL HAINS, b. September 29, 1760, in Montmagny, Quebec.

Children of JOSEPH HINSE and M. D'AMOUR are:

- iii. MARIE LOUISE HINSE, b. November 26, 1748, Montmagny, Quebec; m. IGNACE NOEL.
- iv. JOSEPH HAINS, b. November 1, 1750, Montmagny, Quebec; d. December 13, 1750.
- v. ELIZABETH HAINS, b. October 5, 1754, Montmagny, Quebec; m. AUGUSTIN DENEAU.

Child of JOSEPH HINSE and MARIE VAILLANCOURT is:

- vi. MARIE GENEVIEVE HINSE, m. FRANCOIS GAUCHER.

6. **ALEXANDER HINSE** was born in 1718 in Montmagny, Quebec, Canada. He married **JOSETTE JEANBARD**.

Children of ALEXANDER HINSE and JOSETTE JEANBARD are:

- i. GUILLAUME HAINS, m. ANGELIQUE VIGEANT.
- ii. MARIE REINE HAINS, b. January 23, 1744/45, Montmagny, Quebec; m. JEAN BAPTISTE GOSSELIN.
- iii. MARIE FRANCOISE HAINS, b. April 3, 1747, Chambly, Quebec; m. FRANCOIS BESSET.

7. **JOSEPH LOUIS HAINS** was born April 25, 1717, in Quebec, and died January 1745/46, in Cahokia, St. Clair County, Illinois. He married MARIE CONTANCE CHEVALIER August 30, 1741, in Cheboygan, Michilimackinac, daughter of JEAN CHEVALIER and MARIE ALAVOINE. She was born April 3, 1719, in Michilimackinac, and died October 6, 1775, in Mackinac, Michigan Territory.

[Text for this listing is edited and re-written by Mike Spieth from information provided by Terri Ruleau.]

Joseph Louis Hains was a master carpenter, and built the Catholic Church of Ste. Anne de Michilimackinac in 1743. The church was one of the buildings hauled across the ice when the community was moved to Mackinac Island. The original church was eventually replaced with the current St. Ann's Church.

Child of JOSEPH LOUIS HAINS and MARIE CONSTANCE CHEVALIER is:

- 8 i. **JOSEPH LOUIS AINSE**, b. May 1, 1744, Michilimackinac, Michigan Territory, USA; d. March 12, 1802, Varennes, Quebec.

Generation No. 5

8. **JOSEPH LOUIS AINSE** was born May 1, 1744, in Michilimackinac, and died March 12, 1802 in Varennes, Quebec. He married (1) MDEWAKANTON WOMAN; died November 16, 1817, in Varennes, Quebec (2) OJIBWA WOMAN; born abt. 1760 (3) MARIE THERESE DOUAIRE DE BONDY October 6, 1775, in Michilimackinac; born September 29, 1745, in Detroit, Michigan; died November 16, 1817, in Varennes, Quebec.

[Text for this listing is edited and re-written by Mike Spieth from information provided by Terri Ruleau.]

Paraphrased from a Canadian Biography:

Joseph Louis Ainsé went east from Michilimackinac to Quebec to avoid the Seven Year's War. He took an oath of allegiance to the British in 1760, entered the fur trade in 1762, and returned to Michilimackinac in 1763. That year, Ainsé assisted the British in defense against a local Ojibwe attack. He was dispatched to Detroit with word of the uprising. Some accused him of getting rich from looted goods, but he was so poor that he wore cast off clothing. During the following years he was a laborer, and spent one winter cutting cordwood.

Seeking fortune, Ainsé traveled to places in Michigan, Illinois and Louisiana, and became proficient in a number of Indian languages, eventually mastering nine.

Probably in 1767, Michilimackinac Commander Robert Rogers invited Ainsé to serve as an interpreter, but Ainsé was not formally given the position because he did not speak English well. When Rogers was suddenly accused of treason, Joseph talked with him while imprisoned, and learned to speak English from Rogers' wife. When Ainsé reported conversations about possible escape and produced evidence of it, Rogers was clapped in irons. Joseph Ainsé was given the coveted office of king's interpreter, earning one dollar a day from the Indian Department. Michilimackinac was a major centre for negotiations with the peoples of the Upper Lakes, and to be effective, an interpreter had to be trusted by both commanding officer and Indians.

In the fall of 1768 Ainsé gave damning testimony at Rogers' trial, and in Rogers' defense, Joseph was accused of plundering goods and hiring an Indian assassin. Rogers was acquitted and Ainsé was arrested. After about five months in jail, his case was heard in March of 1769, and testimony of his good character led to a verdict of not guilty.

When the first canoes left for Michilimackinac in May, Ainsé returned home, but Joseph Tucker, who had replaced him as interpreter, retained the position. The next year, however, Ainsé's behaviour in a skirmish with an Indian who had attacked an unarmed trader so impressed the commanding officer at Michilimackinac that in 1771 he restored Ainsé to office. Ainsé, he claimed, "knows every Indian personally."

During the American Revolution, in addition to being an interpreter Joseph Ainse was also called upon to lead Ottawa warriors from Michilimackinac to aid in the recapture of Montreal. Ainse also took part in a large council at L'Arbre Croche (Cross Village, Michigan) aimed at ensuring the support of the Ottawas and many western tribes.

Joseph Ainse retired from the Indian Department in 1779 and went to Montreal to winter with his family. He had become a prominent trader during his time in the west, and he returned to Michilimackinac in 1780, sold furs worth 12,513 livres, and purchased the seigneurie of Île-Sainte-Thérèse, as well as a home in Varennes.

A new lieutenant governor, Patrick Sinclair, dispatched Ainse to Fort St. Joseph to move the residents to Michilimackinac to where they would be less vulnerable in case of American attack. Ainse succeeded in this mission, but shortly after his return, Sinclair confined him to the fort and refused to pay his expenses. Outraged, Ainse posted bond and went to Quebec, where he petitioned Governor Haldimond for justice. When Haldimond asked the lieutenant governor to give reasons, Sinclair claimed that he had disallowed the bills because Ainse had purchased supplies on his own instead of through the General Store, a short-lived joint trading venture the merchants of Michilimackinac had set up in 1779. Sinclair refused Ainse permission to return to the post, but eventually approved some of the bills.

In 1785 Ainse became a founding member of the Beaver Club. During that year commerce in the western Great Lakes region was disrupted by inter-tribal war, and in the spring of 1786 the foremost traders to the area suggested that agents be sent with presents to negotiate with the tribes. Sinclair had by this time left Fort Michilimackinac (which had been moved to Mackinac Island), and they recommended Ainse as the best person to meet with the Ottawas, Menominees, Winnebagos, Sauks, Foxes, and Sioux. He was appointed, and in spring of 1787 he led a sizable delegation of western tribesmen back to Michilimackinac for a peace council. They requested that Ainse winter with them once again and, though he wanted to return to his family in Varennes, he agreed.

A petition in 1787 alleged that Ainse had sold Indian Department goods as presents. Apparently he had undercut Charles Paterson, a prominent trader, who was out for revenge. Ainse had left for another winter in the interior, and when he returned he was immediately arrested. On June 24, 1788, a court of inquiry was convened, with Paterson serving as prosecutor. Not until May 1, 1790, at a meeting of a committee of the Legislative Council in Quebec, did Ainse and his co-defendant John Dease, deputy Indian agent at Michilimackinac, have an opportunity to rebut the accusations. The charges were found justified and the findings were upheld in a report of October 28. Ainse's association with the Indian Department had come to an inglorious end.

Joseph Louis Ainse apparently spent the remainder of his life at Varennes.

Child of JOSEPH LOUIS AINSE and MDEWAKANTON WOMAN is:

- 9 i. **ELIZABETH PELAGIE ANSE**, b. 1783 in Prairie du Chien, Crawford County, Wisconsin; d. 1847 in Wells, Rice County, Minnesota.

Children of JOSEPH LOUIS AINSE and OJIBWA WOMAN are:

- 10 ii. **CHIEF PAUL ANCE**, b. abt. 1781 in Michilimackinac, Michigan Territory; d. January 10, 1855 in Moran Township, Mackinac County, Michigan.
- 11 iii. **JOSEPHINE ANCE**, b. abt. 1785 in Michilimackinac, Michigan Territory; d. September 5, 1871 in Gros Cap, Mackinac County, Michigan.

Children of JOSEPH LOUIS AINSE and MARIE THERESE DE BONDY are:

- 12 iv. **MARGUERITE AINSE**
- v. **JOSEPH AINSE**, b. 1782; d. 1802.
- vi. **MARIE THERESE AINSE**, b. 1784; d. 1804.
- vii. **FRANCOIS XAVIER ANSE**, b. October 10, 1786, in Varennes, Lajemmerais, Quebec; d. March 1, 1787, in Varennes, Lajemmerais, Quebec.

Generation No. 6

9. **ELIZABETH PELAGIE ANSE** was born 1783 in Prairie du Chien, Crawford County, Wisconsin, and died in 1847 in Wells, Rice County, Minnesota. She married (1) FRANCOIS KINIE (2) JEAN-BAPTISE FARIBAUT in 1805 in St. Cloud, Essex County, New Jersey; born October 19, 1775, in Berthier-sur-Mer, Montmagny, Quebec; died August 20, 1860, in Faribault, Rice County, Minnesota.

Children of ELIZABETH ANSE and JEAN-BAPTISE FARIBAUT are:

- i. MARGUERITE FARIBAUT, b. 1798 in Quebec City, Quebec; d. 1855 in Levis, Clark County, Wisconsin.
- ii. ALEXANDER FARIBAUT, b. June 22, 1806, in Prairie du Chien, Crawford County, Wisconsin; d. November 28, 1882, in Faribault, Rice, County, Minnesota.
- iii. OLIVER FARIBAUT, b. May 15, 1815, in Prairie du Chien, Crawford County, Wisconsin; d. October 4, 1850, in Mendota, Dakota County, Minnesota; m. HARRIET MENARY, abt. 1844 in St. Francois Xavier Sioux Mission, Little Prairie, St. Pierre River, Minnesota; b. 1817 in Minnesota; d. November 7, 1880, in Eagle Creek, Scott County, Minnesota.
- iv. DAVID FREDERIC FARIBAUT, b. abt. 1816 in Prairie du Chien, Crawford County, Wisconsin; d. November 18, 1887, in Dakota, Winona County, Minnesota.
- v. LUCY ANNE FARIBAUT, b. April 30, 1817, in Prairie du Chien, Crawford County, Wisconsin; d. May 4, 1855, in Wabasha, Wabasha County, Minnesota.
- vi. EMILIE FARIBAUT, b. February 13, 1820; d. 1893.
- vii. MARIE LOUISE FARIBAUT, b. 1822; d. September 11, 1844, in Mendota, Dakota County, Minnesota.
- viii. LOUIS FARIBAUT, b. 1822; d. 1844.
- ix. PHILLIPPE FARIBAUT, b. 1825; d. February 13, 1840, in Wells, Rice County, Minnesota.
- x. SAMUEL FREDERICK DANIEL FARIBAUT, b. March 27, 1829, in Prairie du Chien, Crawford County, Wisconsin; d. October 23, 1867.

10. **CHIEF PAUL ANCE** was born abt. 1781 in Mackinac County, Michigan, and died January 10, 1855 in Moran Township, Mackinac County, Michigan. He married (1) UNKNOWN (2) MANITOULIN ISLAND WIFE (3) UNKNOWN OJIBWA OR ODAWA WOMAN; born abt. 1783 (4) MARY ANN MOSHKOGOS; born abt. 1780 in Manitoulin Island, Quebec.

Child of CHIEF PAUL ANCE and UNKNOWN is:

- i. JOSEPH ANCE, b. 1820; m. MARY ELIZABETH MICHUBIGA.

Child of CHIEF PAUL ANCE and MANITOULIN is:

- ii. ZAU-WAU-GOOSH (YELLOW FOX) ANCE, b. 1830.

Children of CHIEF PAUL ANCE and UNKNOWN WOMAN are:

- iii. **FRANCES "FANNY" ANCE** b. abt. 1802 in Michilimackinac, Michigan Territory; d. abt. 1860 in Mackinac County, Michigan; m. JEREMIAH M. WILLIAMS abt. 1818, probably in Michilimackinac Michigan; b. March 26, 1793 in Schuylerville, Saratoga County, New York; d. aft. May, 1842, probably in Mackinac County, Michigan.
- iv. JOHN BAPTISTE ANCE, b. abt. 1805 on Beaver Island, Charlevoix County, Michigan; d. May 13, 1885 in Suttons Bay, Leelanau County, Michigan; m. THERESE MEDNAQUA abt. 1837 in Michigan; b. abt. 1815 in Leelanau County, Michigan; d. May 13, 1885, in Leelanau County, Michigan.

Children of CHIEF PAUL ANCE and MARY MOSHKOGOS are:

- v. ANGELINA ANCE, m. THORPE.
- vi. ANTOINE "AISH-CAW-BAY-WIS" ANCE, b. March 1811 in Michigan; d. March 18, 1909, in St. Ignace,

- Mackinac County, Michigan; m. ANGELIQUE KAKOTISH; b. abt. 1815 in Michigan; d. July, 1889 in St. Ignace, Mackinac County, Michigan.
- vii. PETER ANCE, b. 1812, in Michigan; d. July 15, 1863, St. Ignace, Mackinac County, Michigan; m. MARY ANN LESSEUR LESSARD August 10, 1837, in Mackinac County, Michigan; b. September 1826 in Michigan; d. February 22, 1910, in St. Ignace, Mackinac County, Michigan.
 - viii. FRANK (O MOSH KO COS) MUSCOSE ANCE SR., b. June, 1814, in Mackinac County, Michigan; d. aft. 1900; m. (1) NEBINAN SHEDOW in 1844 in Ste-Anne's, Mackinac Island, Mackinac County, Michigan; b. 1830 in Michigan; d. bef. 1900 (2) THERESA ANCE in 1889; b. June, 1824, in Michigan.
 - ix. SUSANNA MISHANADO ANCE, b. 1825 in Mackinac, Michigan; d. 1864 in Mackinac, Michigan; m. DAVID TRUMAN CORP in 1840 in Pte. Aux Chenes, Mackinac County, Michigan; b. December 24, 1818 in Depauville, Jefferson County, New York; d. April 22, 1907 in Syracuse, Onondaga County, New York.
 - x. MARY JOHANNA ANCE, b. abt. 1834 in Michigan; d. bef. 1880 in Petoskey, Emmet County, Michigan; m. FRANCIS FRANK PETOSKEY; b. abt. 1812, Seven Mile Point, Emmet County, Michigan; d. April 11, 1909, in Bear Creek, Emmet County, Michigan.

11. **JOSEPHINE ANCE** was born abt. 1785 in Michilimackinac, Michigan Territory, and died September 5, 1871, in Gros Cap, Mackinac County, Michigan. She married (1) LOUIS BABIEN abt. 1802 in Mackinac County, Michigan; born 1780, died 1821 in Mackinac County, Michigan (2) JEAN BAPTISTE LAJEUNESSE in 1812 in St. Ignace, Mackinac County, Michigan; born May 23, 1766 in Montreal, Quebec; died 1831 in Michigan.

Children of JOSEPHINE ANCE and LOUIS BABIEN are:

- i. MARY BABCUP BABIEN, b. April 20, 1805, in Mackinac County, Michigan; d. November 12, 1875, in Gros Cap, Mackinac County, Michigan; m. ISAAC BLANCHARD, December 9, 1824, in Mackinac County, Michigan; b. April 7, 1787, in Concord, Merrimack County, New Hampshire; d. June 10, 1866, in Moran, Mackinac County, Michigan.
- ii. JOSEPH BABIEN (BABBEAU), b. 1807; d. 1907.

Child of JOSEPHINE ANCE and JEAN LAJEUNESSE is:

- iii. SUSANNE LAJEUNESSE, b. 1812 in Mackinac, Michigan; d. 1893 in Mackinac, Michigan; m. HENRY PIERRE BOUCHER abt. 1835 in Michigan; b. abt. 1804 in Canada; d. bef. 1870 in Illinois.

12. **JOSEPH AINSE** was born in 1782, and died in 1802. He married (1) THERESE GERMAIN DIT LAVIOLETTE February 10, 1806, in Boucherville, Quebec (2) CHARLOTTE VIGNEAU November 3, 1819, in Boucherville, Quebec, Canada.

Children of JOSEPH AINSE and THERESE GERMAIN DIT LAVIOLETTE are:

- i. ZOE HAINS, b. 1807.
- ii. FRANCOISE AINSSE, b. September 17, 1808, in Varennes, Quebec; d. December 15, 1850, in Varennes, Quebec; m. EUGENE-NAPOLEON DUCHESNOIS, August 27, 1827 in Varennes, Quebec; b. February 16, 1808, Varennes, Quebec; d. November 16, 1880, in Buenos Aires, Argentina.
- iii. THERESE HAINS, b. May 21, 1812, in Varennes, Quebec; d. May 24, 1812, Varennes, Quebec.

Miscellaneous Documents

Here are a few odds and ends I've accumulated over the years which don't really have much to do with my own direct ancestry, or don't fit anywhere else, yet give us insights into the old days.

Henry and Joseph Gingrass

In an attempt to get as many copies of my research into the hands of others as possible, I made custom copies of my documents for my uncles, aunts, and cousins. This meant trimming away those branches which did not apply here or there, and generally produced a much smaller document, like for my Uncle Mike Williams, where everything on the Spieth side was removed.

The case of my first cousins, children of Phil Spieth and Noreen Gingrass, was a special one: Noreen, in addition to marrying my father's brother, was also a first cousin to my mother's father. The upshot was that my cousins ancestry document was only about ten percent smaller than my own.

Noreen's father and grandfather were not related to me at all, but my instincts kicked in, and I found myself interviewing Noreen, who had an extensive and quite accurate memory. While I had no intention of researching the Gingrass line very far, it seemed important to at least do the first generation or two.

I was aided by a remarkable document I found. It seems that back in the seventies, \$100,000 was donated to fund a project to interview the old-timers around Escanaba, and Noreen's father, Henry Joseph Gingrass, was one of them. Noreen had a tape recording of it, too. What I had found was a text transcription of that interview, and it was so interesting, in-depth, and charming that I became fascinated with the man and with his father.

So here are the facts for Noreen's father, Henry, and her grandfather, Joseph:

6. Henry Joseph Gingrass, born September 3, 1902, in Maplewood, north of Rapid River, Delta County, Michigan; died March 7, 1986, in Gladstone, Delta County, Michigan. He was the son of **12. Joseph Edward Gingrass** and **13. Elnora St. Martin**. He married **7. Florence Catherine Laviolette**, June 16, 1924, in Escanaba, Delta County, Michigan.

7. Florence Catherine Laviolette, born January 19, 1901, in Schaffer, Delta County, Michigan; died March 17, 1948, in Escanaba, Delta County, Michigan. She was the daughter of **14. Adolore Laviolette** and **15. Anastasia Tessier**.

When Henry was young, his family moved from Rapid River to Gladstone, and in 1914, he moved to Escanaba. He worked mostly for the Mead Paper Company, and he was hired at 18 years old. As he related in a 1975 interview:

Well, in 1918 and 1920, I went out to the paper mill to get a job, see? They had one machine in and running one month. Then the groundwork was all set for the second, the number two machine. So the boss said to me, "What do you want here?" I said, "I want a job." Fifteen days I went out there straight. And on the fifteenth day, he said "Come on, I'll put you to work." And he put me to work as a swiper. You didn't swipe anything, I was just cleaning, you see...

During the great depression, work slowed down at the mill, but Henry claimed to have never been out of work in his life. He took a few months off here and there, letting others work his dwindling hours. Along with his brother, William, he did surveying work for his father. He worked as a glazier at the Ford Motor Plant in Iron Mountain for a while.

In 1925, after injuring his neck while horsing around with a fellow worker, Henry took a month off and went to Detroit, supposedly for medical treatment. His brother was working at the Packard Company, and Henry soon was working for Dodge. By chance, he met a woman on the street whose son-in-law worked for Mead Paper. She ratted him out, and soon he was told that if he wanted his paper mill job, he should show up on Monday or get fired. Back to Upper Michigan!

From about 1930 to 1950, Henry was also a real estate agent. He bought 160 acres out in Flat Rock, land he called the "dogpatch," where he sometimes went snowmobiling.

He ascended the ladder at the paper mill, from swiper to beater, fifth hand, fourth hand, third, second, first, and then boss machine tender. He retired from the Mead Paper Company on October 1, 1967.

Children of Henry Joseph Gingrass and Florence Catherine Laviolette:

- i. Florence M. Gingrass, born September 9, 1925, in Escanaba, Delta County, Michigan; died September 9, 1925, in Escanaba, Delta County, Michigan. *Noreen Gingrass supposes that the child's middle name was "Marie," a common family name.*
- ii. Mary Anastasia (Ann) Gingrass, born December 17, 1928, in Escanaba, Delta County, Michigan; married Lawrence Ronald Bruce June 14, 1951; born December 18, 1927; died in November 1976.
- iii. Jacqueline Theresa Gingrass, born March 28, 1930, in Escanaba, Delta County, Michigan; married (1) John Richard Potter August 18, 1951, in Escanaba, Delta County, Michigan; born December 31, 1929; died in April, 1993 (2) Eddie Anderson (3) John Richard Potter; born December 31, 1929; died in April, 1993.
- 3 iv. **Noreen Marie Gingrass**, born March 13, 1933, in Escanaba, Delta County, Michigan; married Phillip Henry Spieth July 30, 1957, in Escanaba, Delta County, Michigan; born September 18, 1934, in Detroit, Wayne County, Michigan; died June 23, 2005, in Phoenix, Maricopa County, Arizona.
- v. Dorothy Louise Gingrass; born February 6, 1938, in Escanaba, Delta County, Michigan; married Robert Schram August 26, 1959, in Gladstone, Delta County, Michigan; born July 23, 1925(?).

12. Joseph Edward Gingrass, born February 11, 1871, in Canada; died November 14, 1950. He was the son of **Edward(?) Gingrass** and **Germaine Belongie**. He married **13. Elnora St. Martin**.

13. Elnora St. Martin, born November 1, 1878, in Wisconsin; died April 15, 1950.

Joseph Gingrass came to Marquette, Michigan, along with his brothers, from a small town in Canada. He quickly decided to abandon his native language and learn English. According to his son Henry, he studied in Watertown, Wisconsin, and then in Madison.

By 1898 or 1899, he was the City Engineer of Ishpeming, Michigan. When the Soo Line began a new branch north of Rapid River, Joseph got a job as a surveyor there. While working that job, he went to a nearby farmhouse to get a drink of water and met his future wife, who was scrubbing the floor. They were married in 1899.

Joseph was naturalized as an American citizen in 1906. He was the City Engineer in Gladstone in 1911 and worked as a surveyor for much of his career.

Children of Joseph Edward Gingrass and Elnora St. Martin:

- i. William A. Gingrass, born November 6, 1900; died July 25, 1979; married Leona Bennett (Bonnet?)
- 6 ii. **Henry Joseph Gingrass**, born September 3, 1902, in Maplewood, north of Rapid River, Delta County, Michigan; died March 7, 1986, in Gladstone, Delta County, Michigan, married Florence Catherine Laviolette June 16, 1924, in Escanaba, Delta County, Michigan; born January 19, 1901, in Schaffer, Delta County, Michigan; died March 17, 1948, in Escanaba, Delta County, Michigan.
- iii. Lillian Gingrass; married Robert Sullivan.
- iv. Lavera Gingrass; married Fred Pastoria.
- v. Marie Gingrass; married (Emke?)
- vi. Bernadette Gingrass; married Jack (Clairangbo?)
- vii. Mary Alice Gingrass; married (1) Robert Martin (2) Bernard Peterson.

Irene Ernestine Fragale

I was so lucky to begin my family research at a time when my mother's aunt Irene was still with us. I interviewed her extensively when she was 99 years old, and with help from her children, especially her daughter Pat, the era in which my mother grew up in came alive for me. Aunt Irene is no longer with us, of course, and I'm surprised that it took me so long to prepare a version of my family genealogy for her children and grandchildren. Here is the first page of that document.

1. Irene Ernestine Fragale, born June 30, 1909, in Ford River, Delta County, Michigan; died September 13, 2012, in Marquette, Marquette County, Michigan. She was the daughter of **2. Michael E. Fragale** and **3. Emma Maria Leisner**. She married **Edward James Stratton** August 31, 1933, in Escanaba, Delta County, Michigan; born August 14, 1908, in Escanaba, Delta County, Michigan; died June 24, 1979, in Marquette, Marquette County, Michigan.

At age 18, Ed Stratton got a job as a Bell Telephone lineman, beginning a career with the phone company that would last for 48 years. As he climbed the ladder with Bell, his family relocated several times around the Upper Peninsula, eventually settling in Marquette.

Irene met Ed while working as a telephone operator in Escanaba, but because of company rules, she had to leave the job when they got married. Skilled at playing the piano, she taught music at home and played the organ at various Catholic churches. One day, many years later, since Northern Michigan University offered a free education to senior citizens, Ed came home and announced, "Irene, we're going to college."

Ed soon learned that the Geography curriculum at NMU required taking lots of tests, much like he had put up with during his decades at work for "Ma Bell," so he just audited classes from then on, and two or three years later, he passed away while still a student. Irene kept on at school, eventually earning degrees in Biological and Earth Sciences. She became an advocate and mentor for adoring younger students, and the Stratton house hosted many guests and much studying. Irene's nephew, Mike Williams, and her grandson, Greg Stratton, each lived there for four years while earning degrees.

A few days after turning 100 years old, Irene was honored on a float in Marquette's 4th of July Parade.

Irene and Ed are buried in Holy Cross Catholic Cemetery, Marquette, Marquette County, Michigan.

Children of Irene Ernestine Fragale and Edward James Stratton:

- i. Joan Irene Stratton, born November 30, 1934, in Escanaba, Delta County, Michigan; died January 21, 2011, in Marquette, Marquette County, Michigan; married Paul Delano Conrad September 26, 1953, in Sault Ste. Marie, Chippewa County, Michigan; born June 12, 1933.
- ii. James Michael Stratton, born May 4, 1938, in Escanaba, Delta County, Michigan; died June 16, 2018, in Detroit, Wayne County, Michigan; married Mary Francis Erickson January 30, 1960, in Menominee, Menominee County, Michigan; born April 18, 1938. *Jim Stratton contracted polio at the age of two, but he never let it stop him in any of life's endeavors.*
- iii. Donald Brendan Stratton, born January 6, 1941, in Escanaba, Delta County, Michigan; married Pauline Merila June 17, 1967, in Houghton, Houghton County, Michigan; born December 1, 1942, in Hancock, Houghton County, Michigan.
- iv. Patricia Louise Stratton, born September 25, 1943, in Escanaba, Delta County, Michigan; married (1) Neil Francis Greenleaf in 1966, in Marquette, Marquette County, Michigan; born December 2, 1938 (2) Wayne Arthur Polazzo February 14, 1980, in Traverse City, Grand Traverse County, Michigan; born January 14, 1943, in Escanaba, Delta County, Michigan.

Serafino Lio

My first breakthrough in researching the Fragale branch in Pennsylvania came when I met Melania Ruggieri-Eapen, who was a granddaughter of Mary Fragale, my great-grandfather Mike Fragale's older sister. Melania was just finishing a project of her own: a biography of Serafino Lio (Leo), who married Mary Fragale. Serafino was one of the early immigrants in the family to come over from Italy, and his experience and kindness helped many of the Fragales to assimilate into American culture. Here is Melania's document:

Early History of the Serafino Leo Family

I cannot vouch for the accuracy of these facts but based on the information I have gathered from the Ellis Island records, the Prothonotary's office in West Chester, the National Archives in Washington, the data supplied by Joan Leo Lee concerning Serafino's birth records in Serrastretta, Michael Spieth (great grandson of Michael Fragale), and the combined records of Angie, Lucie, and Mamie, I have pieced together these facts.

Serafino Leo was born in Accaria, Serrastretta, CZ (Calabria) Italy on February 6, 1863. On April 28, 1894, he married Maria Francesca Fragale who was born on July 1, 1872. They were married in Serrastretta. Serafino was 31 years old and Maria was 22 years old. Serafino's parents were Tommaso Lio and Angela Gallo Lio.

On May 18, 1897, Serafino sailed aboard the ship SCOTIA from Naples and arrived at Ellis Island, New York, on May 29, 1897. He was 34 years old. His wife, Maria Francesca Lio (nee Fragale) sailed from Naples aboard the FURST BISMARCK and arrived at Ellis Island on February 9, 1901. She was 28 years old. Her brother Antonio Fragale, age 20, accompanied her on the voyage. The ship manifest obtained from the Ellis Island files clearly states that Francesca Lio was joining her husband, Serafino Lio, in West Grove, PA. It also records that Antonio was going to join his brother-in-law, Serafino Lio, in West Grove. There is also a note stating that Antonio has "poor physique".

After arriving in the United States, Serafino's last name became Leo and Maria's name became Mary. She is listed as Francesca Lio on the manifest instead of Maria Francesca Lio. Why "Maria" was not used will remain a mystery. Serafino was one of the first Italians to settle in the Kennett-West Grove area. He was the only Italian among the Irish parishioners at St Patrick's Church in Kennett Square. He had no immediate family members in the United States and I have no information about his family in Serrastretta. There are many male and female Lio passengers listed in the Ellis Island records for various years and some of them were probably related in some way. There were four or five Leo (Lio) families living in the Kennett Square area as well as Gallo families that were related. Serafino's mother was Angelo Gallo. I think the older members of those families knew the relationship but it was never clear to the younger generation so we just called everybody "Cuz" when we met and they would do the same.

Serafino had settled in Baker's Station, a part of West Grove, and it was here that Angeline was born on January 5, 1902, and Thomas was born on August 27, 1903. Serafino worked in the rock quarry there until around 1903. A terrible accident occurred at the quarry causing the death of one of the workers. Apparently, the quarry began to fill with water which overflowed and flooded the entire area. The family must have been living near the site because Angeline and Thomas were taken out of the house through a window. Serafino was so upset and frightened by the accident he left Baker's Station and moved to Birch Street in Kennett Square. The location of the double house was known as the Brick Yard. He obtained a job with the Pennsylvania Railroad as a rail inspector. While still working for the railroad, he purchased a farm near Rosedale, Kennett Township, at the corner of Rosedale and McFarland Roads, about a mile from the house on Birch Street. The family farmed the land and grew mushrooms. Angie said she learned to drive the tractor and she and the other children helped in planting potatoes, corn, and other vegetables.

Some of Serafino's brothers-in-law arrived in the United States and lived with the Leo family until they were able to find work. On May 10, 1910 (1910 census), the Leo Family Lived in Kennett Township. The residents included Serafino Leo, 45, listed as railroad worker; Mary F., 38; Angeline, 9; Thomas, 7; Joseph, 5; Rose, 3; Angelo, 2; Frank Fragale, 36 railroad worker; Antonio Fragale, 30, trolley worker; Jerrado Fragale, 24, trolley worker; Louie Fragale, 18, greenhouse worker.

The 1920 census taken on February 24, 1920, lists Serafino Leo as Head; Mary, his wife; Angeline, daughter; Thomas, son; Joseph, son; Lucy, daughter; Mamie, daughter; Charles, son; Robert, son; Angelo Fragale (Head); Mary, wife; Concetta, daughter. A son named Angelo was never mentioned to us by Angeline. There were only the seven children of Serafino and Mary. It is my belief that son Angelo and son Charles were one and the same person. (Even in the application and other papers filed for citizenship there was confusion in listing Charles). Serafino was instrumental in getting some of his brothers-in-law jobs on the railroad or the trolley that ran from Kennett to Rosedale. He also helped other relatives to get a start in the mushroom business.

On June 9, 1912, Serafino filed his Declaration of Intent to become a United States citizen. He filed his Petition for Naturalization on October 31, 1912, and he was granted citizenship on March 9, 1914. He was 39 years old.

According to the "sisters" (Angie, Lucie and Mamie), Serafino was a kind, gentle, generous soul who loved his children and was always ready to help new immigrants get settled...from living at his home until other housing was found, finding employment or starting a business, and to helping with naturalization proceedings.

Serafino developed stomach cancer and died on April 15, 1928, at age 65. He is buried in the Leo lot at St. Patrick's Cemetery in Kennett Square, next to the Ruggieri lot. Mary left the farm sometime around the beginning of World War II. Mary, Joseph, Charles, Robert and Nina (Louis Fragale's daughter Mary Fragale who lived with her aunt soon after her mother Catherine died) moved into a small house on Birch Street. When her sons were drafted in World War II, Mary lived in a small house with her niece, Nina. Her son Joseph was given a hardship discharge and came back to live with his mother but he was employed and wasn't able to be with her all the time.

At some point in the early '50s, Nina left and Mary's health was beginning to fail. It was decided to bring her to Angie's house where she died on September 24, 1953, at the age of 81. She is buried next to Serafino in St. Patrick's Cemetery.

Prepared by Melania Ruggieri Eapen
April 29, 2007
Revised April 29, 2010

Personal Memories

None of the grandchildren knew Serafino with the exception of Angie's daughter, Rosalie, the oldest of the grandchildren, but her memories were very sketchy. All of us, however, knew our grandmother, Mary Fragale Leo. She was always happy to welcome us and she enjoyed the company of her grandchildren.

Angie told me that Serafino had a railroad pass and he would take her and some of the other children to Philadelphia. At that time there was daily train service from Oxford, PA to Philadelphia. On Saturdays, they used to walk along the railroad tracks to Broad Street in Kennett Square and do the weekly shopping.

I wish I had more information on the family in those early days. Uncle Robert was only 4 years old when Angie married. He was 5 when Rosalie was born. He was more like a brother to the six of us. Angie, Aunt Lucie, and Aunt Mamie made regular Sunday visits to the "farm" with their children. Aunt Lucie's children, Marcie and Albert, spent a lot of time on the farm with Nonne Leo. We (Angie's children) usually walked the 2 or 3 miles to the farm and then rode home with Angie. The house did not have central heat or hot water. In the winter we sat in front of the big, black cook stove to keep warm.

Nonne Leo had chickens running loose around the house and one or two roosters. I think Charlie teased the roosters because they were really mean. It was a real challenge to go through the backyard to the "outhouse" or go down to the hen house to gather eggs and avoid being chased by one of them. Across the road there was a large apple orchard. Some of the boys would climb the trees and shake the branches so that the apples fell to the ground. The rest of us gathered the apples and gave them to our aunts. Mom always took a big bag of apples home with her and for days we would enjoy her apple pies, apple cakes, apple dumplings, and apple sauce as well as just eating fresh apples from the tree without the threat of pesticides.

Uncle Joe, Uncle Charles, and Uncle Robert were single and they gave each of the nieces and nephews a lot of attention and support. Uncle Tom was married and didn't spend too much time at the farm with us.

The family was very close in those days. We used to sit on the porch and share stories. We all laughed so hard our stomachs ached. Aunt Mamie was the life of the party. She always had some funny tale that would put all of us in stitches. My brothers spent a lot of time with Charlie, Joe, and Robert. They could discuss any problems they had and they could get answers to all of their questions. I'm sure they learned the facts of life from their uncles. It was the same for the girls in the family. The aunts and uncles always took time out for us.

I have to mention here that in spite of their lack of "higher education," our mother, our aunts, and our uncles were intelligent, humorous, caring, and loving. Those times when all of us were together are still etched on my mind and I can recall the whole scenes as though it were yesterday. Life was simple, the love and support of aunts and uncles, and the loving and caring parents gave us a firm background and taught us how vital la famiglia is in our lives.

Prepared by Melania Ruggieri Eapen
April 29, 2007
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Helen Citino

I met two women named Helen Citino, both introduced to me by Melania Eapen. First was "Dolly" Citino, daughter of Angelo Fragale, my great-grandfather's brother. Dolly provided me with photos, tales, and many dates and names. The other Helen Citino was a daughter of Josephine Fragale, my great-grandfather's younger sister. I hadn't expected to hear from her, so it was a wonderful surprise to get this letter:

Dear Mike,

We had a happy and wonderful time growing up on the farm: all kinds of vegetables, corn and potatoes to eat, and corn for the animals. [There were] pumpkins, etc. and plenty of fruit trees, berries and a beautiful vineyard, and lots of tomatoes to can, which we did!

What I loved the most: we had German Shepherd dogs. The first was named Peggy because her pedigree name was too long to remember. All were named Peggy's, first, second and so forth. We had a horse named Bill, a riding horse named Dolly and a mule. We rode Bill and Dolly bareback, no saddles, just a rope around their necks. I loved riding them all the time. We didn't do much with the mule, as he was a bit mean and Pop told us to stay away from him. I am the one who rode Bill when our cousins from Cleveland came to spend the summer with us. I always put them on Bill, of course I rode with them all around the farm. We would stop to eat Mom's home made donuts, and then ride on to home.

How I wish those good old days were back a little while.

We had a milk cow who was examined by the vet every year. He then attached a tag on her ear stating she was healthy. The best milk ever! My mom made cheese, ricotto, whipped cream, butter unlike any you buy today. I must stress my mother's pastries, cookies, apple pies and peach pies. I always made a raisen pie for my brother Tony. He loved it. Then there were my mom's custard, coconut pies and her angel food cake and all the Italian goodies, I still make her angel food cake now and then, and some of the others.

We also had sheep, geese, chickens (eggs the best) and turkeys. We would butcher a hog and make sausage, pork chops and roast. Of course by then we had a freezer.

My father made wine; we had a vineyard. He also bought grapes from Philadelphia to use. I wish you could have tasted the wine: out of this world, a beautiful red. And dear Michael, we also brewed our own beer. To this day I still love a glass of wine or beer.

We all grew up healthy, and [I have] many vivid memories of what was once. I'll carry these until the day I die. Your pictures are marvelous, just like yesterday, and Michael, I just can't believe the crop of hair Uncle Mike had. I believe when he and Aunt Emma visited, his hair didn't look that thick....

Lots of good wishes in your search.

Love, Helen C. Citino

Pond vs. The People

Jeremiah Williams Jr. testified for the people in the famous case Pond vs. The People, a trial for the murder of his 2nd cousin Isaac Blanchard Jr., shot to death by Augustus Pond at Seul Choix Point. Isaac is buried in Gros Cap Cemetery. According to researcher Terri Ruleau, someone tried to chisel the word 'murdered' from his headstone, and at one time, the stone was stolen and then returned.

In 1859, at the Mackinac County Courthouse, Augustus Pond was found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to ten years of hard labor. In 1860, the Michigan Supreme Court reversed that decision. The story given here is taken from testimony at the trial. This account gives us a good description of the fishermen of the area and how they lived.

Upon the trial, as appears from the bill of exceptions, the following facts were proved: The homicide was committed on the 18th day of June, 1859, at Seul Choix, a point of land in Delta county, which is attached to Mackinac county for judicial purposes, extending about a mile into lake Michigan, and situated near its northern extremity about seventy-five miles from Mackinac. It was inhabited by a considerable population, who were here engaged in the business of fishing. Their houses and other buildings stood in a line near to and following the shore of the lake. Amongst these were the house and premises of the prisoner, where he was carrying on the business of fishing, and was living with his wife and three young children, one of whom was a young infant, and the eldest a daughter 12 years old, together with two hired men, named Daniel Whitney and Dennis Cull. It was a long building about 16 feet square, contained but one room, and had a bark-roof, and only one window, and but one door, made of boards, which was fastened to the building with leather hinges, and opened outward; and upon the inside was fastened and kept closed by means of a rope attached to it and a pin near the side of the door, around which the rope was drawn and made fast.

Thirty-six feet distant from the prisoner's house was another building of the prisoner, called a net-house. This was constructed with six posts set in the ground, having plates upon their top, and the whole was enclosed with boards an inch or an inch and a quarter thick, nailed on the sides to the posts, and on the roof nailed to the plates, and to a ridge-pole. The joints of the roof were also covered with bark, and the bark held in its place by poles extending from one end to the other. It had a board floor, and but one door, which opened directly opposite to the door of the prisoner's house. This door was made of boards, was fastened to the building with leather hinges, and upon the inside was closed and fastened

by the same means and arrangement as the door of the prisoner's house above described. It also had a latch. The net-house was about sixteen feet long and fourteen feet wide; contained but one room, had a berth constructed about two and a half feet high, for the purposes of a bedstead, in the end of the building opposite that containing the door, which berth was large enough to accommodate two persons comfortably, and on which the prisoner's two hired men, Whitney and Cull, had slept regularly, up to the time of the homicide, during their employment with the prisoner, the former having been in his service two weeks, and the latter one week immediately preceding. They took their regular meals with the prisoner's family in his house, and lived as members of his family. Two of the three persons engaged in the transactions leading to and immediately connected with the homicide, David Plant and Isaac Blanchard, jr., the deceased, resided also at Seul Choix point, near its foot, at a place called the Harbor, Plant about a mile, and Blanchard about three-fourths of a mile from the prisoner's house. The other, Joseph Robilliard, resided near the end of the point, and not far from the prisoner's premises.

On Thursday, at about noon, of the same week when the homicide occurred, Plant in the presence of said Blanchard, at the house of one Downey, situated on the point, threatened in conversation with Downey, that he must whip the prisoner or there would be a fracas. This threat was heard by the young daughter of the prisoner, who happened to be passing near at the time, and who immediately went home and communicated the threat to her mother, who thereupon immediately awakened the prisoner, he being then asleep on a bed, and communicated the threat to him in these words: "My little girl says in passing Mr. Downey's, she heard Plant say he was going to whip you." This was about 1 o'clock p.m.

On the evening of the same day, at about 8 o'clock, an assembling of from fifteen to twenty persons occurred on the point, a few rods from the prisoner's house, and between the houses of Joseph Martell and a Mr. Durocher, which were about one hundred feet apart. The larger part of these persons resided at the harbor, and between the harbor and the point. They had, as Mary Pond, a witness for the prisoner, testified, been hunting for the prisoner, and had overtaken him near Durocher's house. Jerry Williams, a witness for the People, testified that he was one of the company; that he had been on board a vessel in the bay, and was returning towards the harbor; that he came there with a party of persons, and there met another party, and he could not say how many persons were present, nor how long they remained there. In the company were Plant, Robilliard, and the deceased. The prisoner was got into the company by Plant, who had called him out of Joseph Martell's house. They were sitting all around the prisoner, engaged in conversation. They surrounded him. Their proceedings thus far were observed by the prisoner's daughter, who was secreted behind Durocher's house, in order to look at them and see what they would do to her father, and she then left, and went home and reported them to her mother. Whilst the company was so assembled. Plant told the prisoner that he did not use his neighbors right; that he ought not to pitch on to men not of his size and abuse them; that if the prisoner wanted to fight anybody, he had better take a man of his size. There was no evidence of any provocation on the part of Pond by words or acts. Plant then struck the prisoner in his face with his fist—the prisoner's hat at the same time falling off—and then kicked him in his breast. The prisoner did nothing more than pick up his hat and put it on again. Then they drank whisky together, furnished by Blanchard. In a short time the prisoner, as Mary Pond expressed it, "got clear of the company." At first, as stated by other witnesses, he walked off, and then was seen running away alone into the woods.

About 9 or 10 o'clock on the same evening, Plant, Robilliard, and Blanchard came to the door of the prisoner's net-house. The prisoner's two hired men, Whitney and Cull, were then asleep therein, and when they went to bed that evening, the door was fastened to the building upon its hinges, and it was closed and fastened as usual on the inside by means of the rope above described, which was made fast around a pin or nail near the side of the door. Whitney was awakened by the walking of Plant on the floor, and he then saw the door lying outside on the ground, torn from its hinges, and the pin or nail that had held the rope was also broken. Plant first went up to the bed, took hold of Whitney's arm, and asked who he was. Whitney told him, and then Plant said, "You are not the man." Plant then asked where the prisoner was. Whitney replied, "At Joseph Martell's." Robilliard and Blanchard remained outside near the door of the net-house. This was after dark. Plant did not explain to Whitney what he wanted of the prisoner. They then went to the door of the prisoner's house; Plant opened it. They wanted the prisoner; Plant asked where he was; his wife replied, "I do not know; go and see on board the little vessel." Plant said, "We have been there, and he was not there; we must have him absolutely; we have got business with him." She replied, "What business have you? It is just as well to say it to me as to him: what do you want to do with him? Say it to me and I will tell him." They said "No, we must have him to-night: we do not wish to tell you; we will tell him" and they then went away towards the point to hunt for him. When they came to the door, there were about twenty persons behind the house. Just after this occurrence, the prisoner came home, stayed from five to ten minutes, went away, and slept all night at the house of a near neighbor, Joseph Martell. Between ten and eleven o'clock the same evening. Plant, Robilliard, and the deceased went to the house of Thomas Ward, after he had gone to bed, but for what purpose was not shown.

On the next day, Friday, the prisoner was away from home most of the day, and Whitney saw him but once or twice. He came to the house of Joseph Martell on that day, between ten and eleven o'clock in the forenoon, to get his pistol, saying

he wanted it for his hired man. He obtained it, carried it away, but it was not loaded, had no lock. On the same day, about noon, Plant and the deceased were in company near the house of Peter Closs; the prisoner was also present, and then the deceased was standing about one hundred feet off. Plant was heard to make threats against the prisoner. Plant said to the prisoner, "It is a good while since you have had a grudge against me; I must whip you to satisfy myself." Plant went near to the prisoner and told him not to say anything; if he did, he would give him slaps or kicks. Plant then took a stone in his hand, and said, "Don't speak any more; I am a good Irishman, and will throw it at you." Pond did not say the least thing in reply to the threats, nor do anything; but went off quietly home. Immediately afterwards, Plant went to the dock of Peter Closs, and there said that he must whip Augustus Pond, or pass for the biggest loafer on the earth. On the same day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, Plant and the prisoner were together at prisoner's premises, when the prisoner took Plant into the net-house, where they drank together once. They were there about ten minutes.

On Friday night, Plant did not go to bed. Plant, Robilliard, and the deceased were aboard some vessel near the shore from nine till about eleven o'clock in the evening, when they left the vessel. It was a bright moonlight night: the moon on this night was nearly full, and rose at ten o'clock and eleven minutes in the evening. Whitney and Cull went to bed in the prisoner's net-house, at about eleven o'clock in the evening. Before going to bed, they set up the door in its usual place, and they soon went to sleep. None of the family in the prisoner's house went to bed this night, because they were afraid of Plant, Robilliard, and the deceased.

Between one and two o'clock that night, Whitney was waked by boards being torn from the roof of the net-house, directly over his bed. Cull did not awake. Plant came inside and said, "Someone is tearing down the net-house; let us go out and give 'em hell." At this time, the west side and a part of the roof of the net-house were torn down by Robilliard and the deceased, who were outside, whilst Plant was inside the building. The whole three, Plant, Robilliard and the deceased, then went to the door of the prisoner's house, and as to what there transpired at the door, the prisoner's daughter, Mary Pond testified as follows: "Plant shook the door and said, 'Open the door;'" mother answered "No, what will I open the door for?" Plant said, "We want the master of the house." Mother asked, "Why do you want to see him?" Plant answered, "We have business with him." Mother said, "he is not here, and it is just as well to say it to me as to him." Father then got off the bed and got under it. Plant shook the door again and said, "open the door; we want to search the house." Mother replied, "I told you he is not here." Plant then asked for some crackers. I went and got them, whilst mother stood by the door, fastening it.

She took the crackers and tried to give them through a crevice between the logs near the door. Blanchard did not want to take them through the crevice; he wanted the door opened, but finally took them through the crevice. Plant then again said, "Open the door." Mother refused. He then again said, "Open the door or you will regret it." Mother replied, "No, I will not open it." Father was then going to come out from under the bed; mother said to him, "For God's sake, do not come out, it will be your death-blow." Father came out but went under it again. Blanchard then asked for some sugar; I got it, gave it to mother, and she tried to give it to them through the crevice; they declined taking it through the crevice, and Plant said, "If you don't open the door you will regret it;" "open the door right away;" "open the door; it is Dave Plant, who speaks with you to-night; when Dave Plant tells you to open your door, you must open right away." She then slid the cord along, and opened the door from six to twelve inches, passed out the sugar; they did not take it, but Plant took hold of her arm and squeezed it; mother told him to let go; he answered, "No I will not, I want you to open the door." Mother fainted; she did not fall, but leaned on the door; they soon took the sugar and put it in their whisky. They then left, going towards the house of Louis Robinson. He lives in the same house with Thomas Ward. As they left, they said, "Let us go towards Robinson's and see."

The prisoner then came out of his house, went to the house of Peter Closs, a near neighbor and brother-in-law, there obtained a double-barreled shotgun, both barrels being already loaded with pigeon-shot. In about a quarter of an hour after he left his house, he returned with the gun, went into the net-house, looked around, and then went into his own house in company with Whitney. Whitney stayed in the house a few minutes, then came out, did not go to bed again during the night, and went towards Thomas Ward's, where he heard the parties making a noise.

Plant, Robilliard, and the deceased went to Robinson's house and asked for Thomas Ward. Ward and the family were in bed. They were told by Mrs. Robinson that he was not within. They insisted that he was. They were then told by Mrs. Robinson that she had a sick child. They said they didn't care a damn, they would come in any way, and if they couldn't come through the door, they would come through the roof. Mrs. Robinson then told them that Ward was in the net-house. They went to find him there, but not finding him, came back to the door, and said they would break the door open or come through the roof. Then Ward, who was in the house, spoke and told them to wait, and he would go out. Ward got up, dressed himself, and went out. Plant asked Ward to go around with them. Ward refused. Plant asked Ward if he was afraid. Ward said he was afraid of going with them; they acted so mean.

The deceased then put his hand on Ward's shoulder and told him not to be afraid, as they were not going to hurt him. The deceased then asked for something to eat. Ward went into the house to get something to eat, and whilst he was in for that purpose, the deceased stood by the door and told Ward not to be afraid, he wouldn't let anyone in. Ward came out with some bread and butter and gave it to all of them, which they ate. While eating the bread and butter, the deceased said, "We have torn down half the net-house of Augustus Pond, coming along, and have left the rest, so when we go back we will have the rest of the fun." He also said, "I want to see Gust Pond. He abused an Irishman, and I want to abuse him just as bad as he abused the Irishman." He also said, "Pond has to be abused anyway." He further said, "Thomas, this is good bread; I don't know but it may be the last piece of bread I'll eat." On this same occasion, Plant said, "I must have a fight with Gust. Pond, and if I can't whip him, Isaac will whip him." The deceased was then standing by the side of Ward, and had his hand on Ward's shoulder. Plant spoke of the three as being an army, and said that he was captain, Robilliard was Bonaparte, and Blanchard was the soldier, and was to do what they ordered. Plant said he had wanted Blanchard to go into prisoner's house, and he was going to punish him by drinking three times to his drinking once, for not doing as he was told to do. Plant and Robilliard drank twice by the door. Ward then went into his house, and Plant, Robilliard, and the deceased went away towards George Perkains' house. They soon returned, and in passing Ward's house, they were heard to say that "they were going back again; were going to find him, and to whip him, or have the soul out of him." In passing, the deceased stopped by Ward's net-house. Plant and Robilliard went on towards the prisoner's house, and when they were two or three hundred feet from Ward's, as judged by the sound. Plant hallooed for Isaac Blanchard, thus: "Isaac, come along; are you afraid? What in hell is the use of being afraid? Follow me, you follow a man." Blanchard replied, "I am not afraid," and he then went in the direction of the prisoner's house.

Plant, Robilliard, and the deceased then went to the door of the prisoner's house. They asked admission, which was refused by the prisoner's wife. She asked what they wanted. They replied that they wanted the master of the house and that they wanted to come in and search the house. They were not admitted. The door was fastened with a cord. The whole three then went to the prisoner's net-house. Robilliard and the deceased stood outside, and they commenced tearing down the net-house; at the same time, Plant went inside, where Dennis Cull was sound asleep in bed. The first that Cull knew was his being pulled out of bed on to the floor. Plant was on top of him with his hand on his throat, choking him. Cull asked who it was choking him, but got no answer. Just at this time, whilst Plant was in the net-house and Robilliard and the deceased were tearing it down, the prisoner came to the door of his house, opened it, and hallooed thus: "Who is tearing down my net-house?" To this, there was no response. Near or about the same time, the voices of a woman and child were heard crying near the prisoner's house, and by the woman's voice, the words "For God's sake" were spoken twice. The boards were rattling at the same time that these voices of the woman and child were heard. The prisoner said, "Leave or I'll shoot," and after this, the tearing down of the net-house continued. In about half a minute after the first order to leave, the Prisoner said again, "Leave, or I'll shoot." These orders to leave were spoken with a loud voice.

A little before the firing of the gun, and whilst Plant was in the net-house, the cries of Cull were heard in the net-house. He hallooed as if he was in pain. He did not speak, but hallooed twice. The boards stopped rattling about three or four seconds before the gun was fired, and the gun was fired from two to four seconds after the prisoner's second order of "Leave, or I'll shoot." The gun was fired a little before daybreak, on the morning of Saturday, the 18th of June. It was proved clearly that the prisoner fired it. It was a double-barreled shotgun, loaded with pigeon shot. Only one barrel was discharged. The deceased was found dead the next morning, a little after daylight, in a small path in the bushes about two hundred and twelve feet from the door of the prisoner's house, with wounds upon his person from pigeon shot, sufficient to cause death.

On the same morning after day-break, and before sunrise, the prisoner, at the house of Mr. Beaudoin, his father-in-law, and who lived near, met his brother Louis Pond, who was a constable and acting as such, and residing at Seul Choix. Prisoner said to his brother that he had come to give himself up to him, to take him for what he had done, and that he wanted to reach Beaver Islands, to give himself up to the law. The Beaver Islands are about twenty-five miles from Seul Choix. He addressed these words to his brother, "I come and surrender myself to you." His brother did not take him, because, as he said, the prisoner's men understood the matter better than he did, and at that time the brother did not think of his being a constable, as he was very much confused and excited from the occurrence. The prisoner then engaged his two hired men, Whitney and Cull, to go with him to Beaver Islands. On applying to Whitney for the purpose, he said to him that he should have to go to Beaver Islands to give himself up, and requested them, Whitney and Cull, to go with him and row the boat. Whitney and Cull started with him for Beaver Islands about sunrise, in a boat, and when within about seven miles of said Islands, they were overtaken by a boat from Seul Choix, containing Plant, Robillaird and three other persons, who took the prisoner into their boat, one of them being a constable, and brought him back to Seul Choix, and from there he was brought to the jail at Mackinac for confinement.

Wilson Newton was sworn as a witness for the prosecution, and he testified as to the different conversations and statements of the prisoner at different times concerning the homicide, after its occurrence. Upon his examination in chief, he testified that the prisoner said that Robilliard was on the roof of the net-house pulling the boards off; that Blanchard stood on the ground catching them, and he came out of his house and shot Blanchard, though he thought he had missed him, because he ran; that he couldn't tell how many there were together; that he fired into the pile, and as near as he could judge there were two or three; that Blanchard was on the run when he fired, and he fired with a shot gun that he got from a brother-in-law; that Blanchard stood with his side partly towards him, and that he couldn't tell how far it was to Blanchard from where he fired. On the cross-examination, the witness testified that the prisoner conversed with him fully and freely about the homicide. Prisoner told him the object of his going to Beaver Islands. He told the particulars of the homicide, as witness supposed, but witness was not sure that he (witness) recollected all. The prisoner explained to witness why he shot, and said: that Plant, Robilliard and the deceased, were prowling around his shanty; that they had been to his house more than once that night; that they wanted to come into his dwelling-house; that they tried to get in, and his wife held the door; that she kept the door fast and barred or held them out; that the first time they came they tore a part of the roof boards off; that he was under the bed when they were at the door, and he gave as a reason for going under the bed, that he was afraid of them; that there was a quarrel between him and Plant; that he was afraid they would flog him; that he had kept away from them from Thursday night till Saturday morning; that he had kept out of their sight as much as he could; that he had kept dodging them; that they threatened to tear down the roof of his dwelling, but was not positive whether prisoner said they threatened to do this the first or second time they came, on Friday night; and prisoner said he was afraid they would pull his heart out if they got hold of him, or his heart's blood, or something like that; and anyhow conveyed the idea that he was afraid of his life. Some further evidence was given, and some questions arose as to the admissibility of evidence, but as these were not passed upon in this court, that portion of the bill of exceptions which presents them is omitted.

Justice James V. Campbell wrote, "Human life is not to be lightly discarded, and the law will not permit it to be destroyed unless upon urgent occasion." He added, "A man is not, however, obliged to retreat if assaulted in his dwelling, but may use such means as are absolutely necessary to repel the assailant, or to prevent his forcible entry, even to the taking of life...(unless) he can otherwise arrest or repel the assailant."

The Coombs Connection

I had a small panic attack in 2015 when I realized that I could not factually link my great-great-great-grandmother Marion Coombs to her presumed parents. If Marion's father was Samuel H. Coombs, then three more generations of Coombs families can be added to my tree. More importantly, Marion's mother, Susan Williams, was my link to the Owsley lineage, well documented for nine more generations. At the sixth generation, there is a link to the Poyntz line, which others have traced back to William the Conqueror. This is the farthest back that I can trace my ancestry.

Susan Williams and Samuel Coombs share a grave site, and connecting the dots depended upon simply connecting Marion to her parents. I assumed that I had made that connection a few years back, but upon inspection, nothing could be found, neither in the census pages nor in the transcript of the Coombs Williams Cemetery in Larue County, Kentucky.

I scoured the internet and came up with this document. Actually, I came up with a more original document, along with a major edit of the document, presented together.

I've taken great liberties in making yet another edit of it, removing typos, spelling, and grammar errors, and generally cleaning the whole thing up. The person who posted this information admitted:

We are not certain if either of these copies of the manuscripts is the original copy. We think that they are probably old transcriptions of an original that is yet to be found by one of us, at least. The Library of Congress does not hold a copy of this manuscript in its collection. We hope to continue our search for a photocopy of the original version.

Here's my edit of it all, and I'm relieved to have established the connection. The author seems to be honest and accurate, fully admitting those points he knows little or nothing about. Every family should wish that someone like him would set their relations down in print!

A Brief History Of Samuel Coombs, Sr. and His Descendants

By William F. Coombs, M.D.

Samuel Coombs, Sr. and his first wife, who was a Miss Wilkes, were of English descent, and lived in Loudoun County, Virginia. After the death of his first wife, Samuel Coombs, Sr., married Elizabeth Williams, widow of Thomas Williams, deceased. He and his second wife emigrated to Nelson County, Kentucky, and located on Chaplin Creek, where they both lived the remainder of their lives. His first wife bore him ten children, viz: Samuel, Amos, Jesse, Asa, Jonah, Adin, Abigail, Mary, Sallie, and Martha. All the children of Samuel Coombs, Sr., except Mary and Abigail, came to Kentucky. On their journey to this State with their father, they came from Virginia down the Ohio River in a flatboat and landed at the Falls of the Ohio, (now Louisville, Kentucky), where there were but few houses at the time.

Samuel Coombs, Jr., son of Samuel Coombs, Sr., married Miss Polly Briscoe and settled in Hardin County, Kentucky, near the Red Mills, or what is known as the Nervin Farm. He and his wife both died in Hardin County, leaving no children.

Amos Coombs, son of Samuel Coombs, Sr., married Miss Tacy Drake of Virginia, and moved to Kentucky and settled on the Mount Place near Glendale, Hardin County, where he died, leaving four children. Their names were: Polly, Thomas, Samuel, and Ura.

- **Polly Coombs**, Daughter of Amos Coombs, married Israel Wilkes; they lived and died on a farm near Gilead Church in Hardin Co., which farm is now owned by Joseph Van Meter. They raised eight children: Amos, who married Parmelia Lucas, and located in Texas, Burrell, who also went to Texas, Tacy, who married James Mason and located in Indiana, Moses, who emigrated to California, Samuel, who married a Miss George and went to Missouri, and they were still living there a year or two ago, Eliza, who married Emerson Milburn of Hardin County, Kentucky and went to Illinois, Fielding, who died while young and unmarried, and Ura, who left the State, and the writer has no information as to her whereabouts. Moses, before going to California, married a Miss Rogers of Hardin County, Kentucky. While in California, it is said, he secured a large amount of gold, it being at the time of the development of that state for gold. He started back to Kentucky on a ship, which was lost at sea.
- **Ura Coombs**, daughter of Amos Coombs, married Bennett Straughan. They lived and died in Hardin County, leaving four children, viz: Hamilton, who died young and never married, Fleming G., Samuel, and Susan. All of them live near Eagle Mills, Larue County, Kentucky.
- **Thomas Coombs**, son of Amos Coombs, first married his cousin, Elizabeth Coombs, daughter of Adin Coombs; he settled the farm now owned by Claiborn and Hiram Overall. His first wife left him three children, viz: Emily, Greenberry, and Isham. After the death of his first wife, he sold his farm in Hardin County and moved to Henry County, Kentucky, where he married Paulina Ashburn. She bore him three children: Elvira, Evaline, and Elvoree.
 - **Emily Coombs** married Addison Mitchell of Trimble County, Kentucky, where they lived and died, leaving several children.
 - **Greenberry Coombs** married Susan Wilson of Hardin County, and they raised four daughters: the eldest married and died soon thereafter; Elvira married John Glenn; Emma married a Mr. Adams, who died leaving her a widow, and she afterward married a Mr. Cook of Warren County, Kentucky. Lillie Married Thomas Potter of Warren County.
 - **Isham Coombs** married Martha Cash of Hardin County; they raised twelve children, viz: Henry, the eldest, has been jailer of Barren County, Ky. for several terms, Thomas, William, Samuel, Benjamin, Richard, Gabriel, Lee, Donna, Kate, Charles and Buck, all of whom are married, except Charles. Thomas is now dead and left two children. The children of Isham Coombs are as noble a family as any family ever raised; all the men are both sober and industrious. His widow, one of the best of women, is living in Carroll County, Kentucky. Some of the children also live there, and others in Trimble, Warren, and Hardin Counties.

- **Elvira Coombs** married Ben Hardin, son of Col. Martin Hardin, of the noted family of Hardins in Kentucky. He lived near Nolin Station, Hardin Co., and died there about two years ago; he was a noble man and successful farmer; his widow is still living. They raised no children.
- **Evaline Coombs** married LaFayette Milner of Trimble County, Kentucky. They have several children and live in Indianapolis, Indiana.
- **Elvoree Coombs** married Robert Cash of Hardin County, Kentucky. He is a successful farmer and an excellent citizen. They have several children; Paulina, who married Henry Pickerel, and lives three miles west of Glendale, in Hardin County, Ella, who married Stephen Bridwell, who lives near Elizabethtown, Kentucky, John, who is married and lives in Kansas, and Thomas, Katie, Rosa and Eva are unmarried and are at home with their father.
- **Samuel Coombs**, son of Amos Coombs, married Susan Williams. They died, leaving five children, viz: Nancy, Marion, Leslie, Susan, and John. Nancy first married Stephen Hardin. After his death, she married James Dewitt. She bore several children by each husband and is now dead. All of her children have gone west, except William, who lives near Gilead Church, Hardin County. Marian married William Cessna. She and her husband are both dead. They left several children, all of whom are living in Larue County, Ky. Walter married Sarah Churchill of Larue County. His widow lives near Big Spring Church in Larue County. John and Susan are living with her. John is a very energetic farmer and stock trader.

Jonah Coombs, son of Samuel Coombs, Sr., settled in Henry County, Kentucky. He first married a Miss Garnett, I think. She bore him three children, viz: Hawkins, Fielding, and Martha. After the death of his first wife, Jonah Coombs married a Miss Webb. She bore him four children, viz: Lucy, William, Jesse, and Asa. The family of Jonah Coombs ranked among the best in Henry County.

- **Hawkins Coombs** lived and died near Indianapolis [Marion Co], Indiana. He left no children.
- **Fielding Coombs** married his cousin Virlinda Coombs, daughter of Adin Coombs. He first settled on the farm now owned by Van Meter, near Glendale, in Hardin County, Ky. He afterwards removed to Henry County and later to Indiana near Indianapolis, just before the Capitol was located there. He left several children, all of whom are, perhaps, dead.
- **Martha Coombs** married Thomas Mitchell of Henry County, Kentucky. They and all their children are all dead.
- Lucy Coombs married Thomas B. Hancock. They lived and died in Henry County, leaving children, one of whom, Dr. Jesse Hancock, lived in Bedford, Trimble County, Ky.
- **William Coombs** married Miss Sanford. They are both dead, leaving three children, all girls: one, Sophronia, is dead. Frances married twice, and both husbands are dead. She and her sister Adaline, who married Dudley Shouse, live in Sulphur, Henry County.
- **Jesse Coombs** married a Miss Sanford. Both are dead. They left surviving them three children, viz: William Pryor, Thomas H., and Harriet. William Pryor Coombs married a Miss Campbell and lives near Campbellsburg, Henry C, Kentucky. They have two sons, George H. and Thomas. George H. Coombs is a prominent preacher of the Christian Church, and lives in Kansas City [Clay & Jackson Cos], Missouri. Thomas, son of Jesse Coombs, married, but his wife is dead, and he lives with his brother William Pryor. Both are successful farmers and excellent citizens. Harriet Coombs, daughter of Jesse Coombs, married Joseph Shelton, an energetic farmer and trader.

Jesse and Asa Coombs, sons of Samuel Coombs Sr., settled in Jessamine County, Ky. They both died many years ago, and the writer never heard much about them. Hayden and Houston, sons of either Jesse or Asa, afterwards came to Hardin County. Hayden located in Elizabethtown and married Polly Bowling of Hart County, Ky. He did not live long and left no children. After his death, his widow married John Young of Hart County. Houston married his cousin, Polly Hickman, daughter of Sallie and Benjamin Hickman. He lived for a number of years in Bowling Green, Warren Co., Kentucky, and was a pilot and captain on a steamboat, which ran on the Barren, Green, and the Ohio Rivers to Louisville. They raised two daughters, Martha and Mary. The writer never knew what became of them. After the death of his first wife, Houston Coombs married a widow, Shafer in Louisville and died a few years ago at an advanced age.

Adin Coombs, son of Samuel Coombs, Sr., married Parmelia Williams, daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth (Edwards) Williams of Virginia. They emigrated to Kentucky and located on Nolin Creek in Hardin County on what is known as the Slaughter Place near Red Mills. He built the first merchant mill there, which burned down during

the late war, but was afterwards rebuilt and called the Red Mills. In the year 1818, he sold his mill and located in Hart County, where Lanes Mill now is. He built a mill there and remained in that county until the year 1827, when he had the misfortune to get badly crippled which rendered him a cripple for life. He removed back to his lands in Hardin County in 1828 and died there in the year 1834. During his stay in Hart County and Hardin County, he was a member of the State Legislature for several terms. There were eleven children in his family, whose names were as follows: Elisha Edwards, Mary, Elizabeth, Samuel W, Vilinda, Martha, Adin, John Houston, Parmelia, Thomas Findley, and William Franklin.

- **Elisha Edwards Coombs** died in infancy.
- **Mary Coombs**, daughter of Adin and Parmelia Coombs, was the eldest. She married John Williams of Hardin County, Kentucky. They raised a large family of children, all of whom are dead, except two sons, Adin and Walter, who live in Cole County, Illinois. Their grandchildren are scattered over several states, a number of them being in Texas.
- **Elizabeth Coombs**, daughter of Adin and Parmelia Coombs, married her cousin Thomas Coombs, whose history is given along with that of Amos Coombs and his descendants.
- **Samuel W. Coombs**, son of Adin and Parmelia Coombs, located in Elizabethtown, Hardin Co, Ky. He was a fine physician and had a very lucrative practice at the time of his death, which occurred in either 1830 or 1831. He had married the widow Piper, nee Elvira Moorehead of the eminent family of Mooreheads of Kentucky. She bore him one son, Samuel W. Coombs, who lived and died in Bowling Green, Ky. He was also an eminent physician. He married and raised a large family. One son is a physician who married and raised a large family, the others filling honorable positions..
- **Vilinda Coombs**, daughter of Adin and Parmelia Coombs, married her cousin Fielding Coombs, whose history is given with that of Jonah Coombs and his descendants. He first settled on what is known as the Noah English farm at Glendale, Hardin Co., Kentucky, and now owned by Van Meters. He sold out there and removed to Henry County, where he remained several years, but afterwards went to Marion County, Indiana, and secured several hundred acres of land just before the capitol was located at Indianapolis which made him a snug fortune.
- **Martha Coombs**, daughter of Adin and Parmelia Coombs, married William Wood Bowling of Hart County, Kentucky. He lived and died on his farm. He was a cousin of the Honorable George T. Wood, who was for a number of years Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts of Hart County. W. W. Bowling was a noble specimen of Kentucky gentlemen, honest and unassuming, and noted for his hospitality. They raised several children; one, named Morgan, died in infancy. Some years after the death of her husband, Martha Coombs married Bennett Straughan, a noble man and farmer of Larue County, Kentucky. After his death, she returned to her son's, Dr. Bowling's, and died there some years later. She was one of the best and finest-looking women in the land.
 - **Eliza Bowling**, the eldest, married William D. Lester, and they moved to Cowley County, Kansas, where he died a few years later, leaving several children.
 - **Susan Bowling** married a Mr. McCarthan. They left one son who is a physician and lives in Salt Lake City, Utah.
 - **Samuel Brooking Bowling** went to Texas at his maturity. He was a promising young man, but died there soon afterward.
 - **Elvira Bowling** married Dr. Will Adair of Hart County, Kentucky. They lived at Canmer in that county. She was a kind and affectionate wife and mother. She died something over a year ago. The Doctor is still living and is a well-preserved man of his age and has the name of being one of the best-read physicians of the county. He also has represented his county in the legislature. They raised three children. Alexander, the eldest, is married and carries on his father's farm. William married and died soon afterward. Their daughter Mary married James Crutcher and lives at Canmer, Hart County. Daughter Permelia married Burr Alderson of Hart County, Ky. Both are now dead. They left a son and daughter. The daughter has died, and the son, Clay Alderson, moved out of this state.
 - **Richard W. Bowling**, son of Martha and W. W. Bowling, a noble young man, entered the Southern Army at the beginning of the late war, and fought bravely, but fell in battle at Jonesboro,
 - **William Wood Bowling** also entered the Southern Army with his brother Richard, and served for some time, but was finally taken prisoner and was confined at Camp Douglas in Chicago until exchanged just before the close of the war. He reentered the army at Richmond, Virginia,

and served until General Lee surrendered. He then returned to his home, broken down in health. His father had died during his absence in the army. As soon as he regained his health, he commenced the study of medicine, graduating in the Louisville Medical University, and later in Bellevue Hospital College of Medicine in New York. He is now located in Bowling Green, Kentucky, and is gaining considerable reputation in his profession as a surgeon and oculist. He married Miss Ermine Doran of Hart County, Ky. She bore him four sons. The oldest, a noble young man, died some years ago. The other three are in school.

- **Adin Coombs Jr.**, son of Adin and Parmelia Coombs, married Mary Frances Sanford of Henry County, Ky. They lived for many years at Canmer, Hart County, Kentucky. Their children all died in infancy. Adin Coombs Jr. practiced medicine for a few years, but being in bad health, he abandoned his profession and turned his attention to farming. He also served as assessor of his county. He was for many years an "Elder" in the Christian Church at Canmer. "Uncle Adin," as he was called, and was universally esteemed by all who knew him, one of the best of men.
- **John Huston Coombs**, son of Adin and Parmelia Coombs, died while in the prime of life. He never married. He was a very handsome man and universally esteemed by all who knew him.
- **Parmelia Coombs**, daughter of Adin and Parmelia Coombs, married Jessie Alexander of Mercer Co., Ky. He removed from that locality to Pike County, Indiana, near the Wabash River, where his wife died, leaving three sons, viz: Samuel, Isaac, and Adin. Samuel and Isaac served through the war on the Federal side and returned at the close of the war to their home. They are still living in that part of the state. After the death of his first wife, Jesse Alexander married again but died shortly thereafter.
- **Thomas Finley Coombs**, son of Adin and Parmelia Coombs, married Chloe Williams, They raised six children, whose names are Letcher, the eldest, who married Sarah E. Brown and lives at Tullahoma [Coffee Co], Tenn., Adin, who lives in Louisville, and is in the railroad business, Wattie, who lives in Elizabethtown, Ky., and has been City Marshall there for several years.
- **William Thomas Coombs**, son of Adin and Parmelia Coombs, married a Miss Rinner of Elizabethtown, and is also engaged in the railroad service.

Mary (Polly) Coombs, daughter of Samuel Coombs, Sr., married Hugh Rogers and remained in Virginia.

Abigail Coombs, daughter of Samuel Coombs, Sr., married a man named Brown. They emigrated to Ohio in the early settlement of that territory and were never heard from afterward. In all probability, they were captured by the Indians who were then troublesome.

Sallie Coombs, daughter of Samuel Coombs, Sr., married Benjamin Hickman of Virginia. They afterwards emigrated to Kentucky. They lived and died in Hardin County, Ky. They left five children. One daughter remained in Virginia. One son, Adin, moved to Putnam, Indiana. Another daughter married her cousin, Houston Coombs, whose history is already given with that of Jesse and Asa Coombs. Martha, another daughter, married Joseph Wilson of Virginia. They came to Kentucky and located in Hardin County. They died many years ago, leaving several children, all of whom are dead, except Samuel Wilson, who is living in Vine Grove, Hardin County, Ky. Burrell Hickman, son of Sallie and Benjamin Hickman, died while a young man in Hardin County.

Martha Coombs, daughter of Samuel Coombs, Sr., married Joseph Edwards Best in Virginia. They removed to Ky. and settled on the farm now owned by Charles Greenwell, near Red Mills, Hardin County. They died leaving but two children, viz: Samuel C. Best, and Lloyd Best. Each of them died while young and unmarried.

Additions to the family Tree:

John H., who married Miss Shivell of Louisville, being now engaged in the grocery business in that city.Letcher, Adin, and Wattie served through the late war and bore the reputation of being good soldiers. All the boys are good business men. Their father was an invalid for a number of years, just prior to his death.

William Franklin Coombs, son of Adin and Parmelia Coombs, and the only surviving member of the family, was born near Red Mill, Hardin County, Kentucky on March 4, 1818. He married Martha Brown, daughter of Daniel

and Martha Brown of Larue County, Ky. He is a physician and has practiced his profession for nearly forty years. A few years since he and his wife became enfeebled by age and ill health, sold their property at Nolin, Hardin County, and are now occupying rooms at their son's, Dr. H. W. Coombs, of Goodnight, Barren County, Ky. They raised only two children, two dying in infancy. Their son married Allie Parrish of Barren County, Kentucky. He has been doing an exclusive practice for a number of years and has also been giving some attention to farming. He is very popular and universally esteemed by his acquaintances.

Mary Elizabeth, daughter of W. F. and Martha Coombs, married William H. Saxby, Seventh Day Adventist preacher, and is now located in Cleveland, Cuyahoga Co., Ohio. They have no children.

Dr. Horace Wintersmith Coombs has raised three children, two dying in infancy. The eldest, a daughter, Annie Lee, married W. W. Parrish. Her husband is farming extensively near Nashville, Davidson County, Tenn. William Parrish Coombs, the second child, is married and engaged in the mercantile business in Glasgow, Barren County, Ky. He married Trannie Redford of Barren County. Robert Elmore Coombs, the youngest living child, has just arrived at maturity, and last summer graduated at the University of Ohio, and is at present teaching school in the neighborhood of his father.

The above sketch contains the essential points in the family tree as well as the writer can give briefly from his knowledge and information of this large family. It may well be said of them that, while none of the family ever attained any great distinction as statesmen or soldiers, or men of letters, yet for honesty, upright dealing, and everything required to make good citizens, they could hardly be excelled by any family of like numbers. And the writer desires to state further that he never knew or heard of any of them being guilty of any crime against the laws of the land, requiring their arrest or imprisonment. This fact in their history should be a matter of great pride to the younger members of the family.

Some branches we have had to pass over hastily owing to lack of necessary information.

Written by William Franklin Coombs, now in the 76th year of his age, and the only surviving member of the family of Adin and Parmelia Coombs.

November 22, 1893 (W.R.F. Coombs)

My Years Up The Family Tree

This all started when I was forty-nine years old. A classic mid-life reckoning? No, it wasn't that way at all, at least not for the first few years. Lots of people get into the genealogy hobby after losing a loved one or more, but I got into it for a reason quite opposite to that: finding out that I had an older sister.

It launched a project to build a digital family photo album. The digital photo album project then grew into a website, which encompassed not only photos but stories as well. Before I knew it, my digital photo album had shifted into genealogy and become a major pastime.

Six years in, both of my parents passed away within a year of each other, and that is where a mid-life reckoning does come into play: realizing that when I was gone, so was the website, and the project would be reduced to a few boxes of photos and piles of disjointed scribbles, I began preparing documents for printing. While I more or less finished that up within a year, it has taken many more years to fine-tune the main document, which stretches back many, many generations and is now well over a hundred pages in length.

I wrote some essays, too, where the stories were rich with details, yet there was so much more that still had not been told. So here comes this essay—a rambling catch-all, a family junk drawer full of odd tales, personal recollections, and heaps of correspondence.

First, I'd like to explain how it all unfolded, tell about some of the people I have met, describe some of the tools and processes that got me here, and hopefully convey the amazement I felt at every step of the way.

Next, I need to write down the stories that would otherwise fall through the cracks, personal stories, and small vignettes about the folks I'm related to or have corresponded with. If the main thrust of the big ancestry account follows a series of long and branching hallways, then now I turn sideways here and there to open a closet door. And we all know that's where lots of the good stuff is hidden.

Lastly, there are the letters, postcards, and notes, almost all handwritten, sometimes between young lovers, or between parents and children. Census documents and county clerk's records cannot approach the power contained in the simplest of personal communications. There were points over the years where my hands actually trembled a bit while holding and reading a few of them.

Part 1: From Branch to Branch

In 2007, my father called me, and I'll admit that I was distracted during our usual small talk, finishing some task I was engaged in when the phone rang. Suddenly, I realized that Dad was talking about my older sister. But I didn't have an older sister: I had always been the oldest of five. Dad had my undivided attention.

Irene had been put up for adoption at birth, and my parents had never even known that the baby was a girl, only that Catholic Charities of the Upper Peninsula would find the child a home. Adoptions of the sort were common, and one of mom's first cousins had been in the same situation. I'm happy to report that their family was reunited too. So, half a century later, Irene had sought us out, and our family had grown by one.

I immediately called Irene, introducing myself and letting her know that I considered this a challenge to my presumed ascendancy to the Spieth Family Throne. I sat back in my chair and thought about our family in general. At that moment, my eyes fell on a plastic bag that had been gathering dust on a high shelf in my office for several years. Inside that bag were about fifteen rolls of 35mm film, the start of a family photo album, but like many projects in my life, it had been shelved six years earlier.

In 2001, I bought an old mobile home on Pueblo Indian land north of Santa Fe, New Mexico, and put Milwaukee, Wisconsin, behind me. During the month or two before moving, I spent my weekend afternoons at my parents' house, and the conversation turned to those boxes in the basement full of family photos and albums. An idea hit me: how about copying many of those old photos onto film? (Digital photography was not yet the norm.) The idea was not so much to record photos of my immediate family, but those of my grandparents and great-grandparents. Later on, I planned to scan the negatives, the final result being a digital photo album, a future Christmas gift for everyone. Over many hours, I copied the photos and took a few pages of notes to go with them. After getting the negatives developed, I stuffed the lot into that plastic bag.

When I finally inspected those films, I discovered, to my disappointment, that the negatives had been rolled so tightly for so long that just cutting and sleeving them was a curly horror. I could have kicked myself for not doing this step before shelving the project. (To this day, those negatives are a bit curly, even after years of being pressed in a large book.) The next step was the film scanner, another curled negative adventure, but following many hours of processing and retouching on the computer, I had dozens of digitized family photos.

Along the way, a new concept for the project had emerged. I already had a website for my main hobby, photography, so why not develop a sister-site for the family photos? I had all the software and know-how, so the last few months of 2007 became a race with the calendar to design a new website, one which I intended to unveil to everyone as a Christmas present. On Thanksgiving, I flew back to Wisconsin to meet my new sister, and I hauled along my camera and a tripod for another go at the basement photo collection. The idea of a family tree *and* photo album was taking over, and I needed a crash course in my own ancestry, as well as images of the ancestors who hadn't made it into my collection of photos.

This new round of copying was done with my first decent digital camera, bypassing the film and scanning steps completely. I eventually ended up re-copying most of the photos from the first round, one reason that all those curled negatives didn't amount to the catastrophe they might have. In the end, I returned to New Mexico with over a hundred carefully selected high-quality digital images, and less than a month to finish putting the website together.

Well, I got it done, working late at night right until Christmas. On that day, the website was published, and there was a front page with Christmassy Garlandy ornament on it, and a page displaying the family tree—my family at the bottom, and great-grandparents at the top. There were individual family tree pages, with actual portraits for each person, and each family tree page linked to a photo album page for that particular family.

The site looks similar today, but now it's much, much bigger and more elaborate, and I'll say it loudly for all to hear: if I had known then how much more work would go into this, I probably would have shot myself.

Photo Albums

A lecture—my mother kept her mother's photo albums safe, and her aunt's photo album, and her grandmother's photo album. The photo collections in them overlapped, those of a mother and two daughters, and the three albums formed the basis for three entire photo galleries on my website, and the beginnings of two more. If not for those albums, I might never have started the project.

On my father's side of the family, there were no such resources because his parents' photo album or albums had not been seen in decades. Both of his parents had passed away years before, and while I pestered a few family members about it, it became apparent that my dad's side of my family photo project was to start without much in it at all.

The tradition of family photo albums goes way back, but it's fading away in the digital age. At a time when we take more photographs than ever, we don't make prints of them. Not many, anyway, and most of us do not buy scrapbooks and dutifully arrange our prints in them. Try even finding those little adhesive corners or a decent selection of albums. While a lucky child may have the opportunity to sit next to his mother and page through his great-grandmother's album, will they do the same someday with their own children?

I've worked in various camera stores, and I'll repeat here what some of my associates say: we are witnessing entire generations of children who will grow up without a family photo album, be it paper or digital. We have opportunities that our grandparents could only dream of. We can edit and print our own photos at home. There's no worry, in theory, about protecting the "negatives," or originals, since we can make exact duplicates easily and cheaply. Indeed, our entire photo collection can be replicated easily, copies stored here and there. But very few people do so, and every day hundreds of us, perhaps thousands, lose everything we have to a crashed hard drive, a smashed phone or other device, or to the whims of storing everything on some internet site or in "The Cloud."

When disaster strikes, one of the first things people run out of their house with is the family photo album—not the vacation photos or the hobby photos. The family photos are a treasure passed down from generation to generation. Wouldn't it be nice if we all kept our digital photos in one place instead of spread out over dozens of electronic devices? Everything can fit into a shirt pocket now, if only we're organized.

On a positive note, several second and third cousins I have met over the last years have sent me copies of photos which I already had, and it was refreshing to remember that my ancestors had proudly mailed copies of their favorite pictures far and wide. It was a pleasure to be able to identify the folks in them for those cousins, and in that way enhance other photo albums across a far-flung group of relations.

So keep your photo memories safe. Make some prints, too, and stick them in an album if you can find one. Each year, make a point of identifying your favorite fifty pictures, collect them in one place, and put descriptions on them. Send copies to others, and while you're at it, put labels on those, too. Someone down the line will be very thankful. Lecture over.

Round Two

There were two things that kept the project going into another year. First was a boost from my mother's first cousin, Pat Baribeau. Pat had done some research after the death of her mother in 1995, and she had done it the old-fashioned way. While I'm both proud and a little guilty at the same time to have never left the comfort of my chair in most of my work, Pat had done actual footwork, visiting courthouses, churches, cemeteries, and more. In the late 1990s, my mother received a document from Pat detailing my grandfather Williams' side of the family. It was a pedigree, complete with dates, facts, and stories, and in one particular area, it carried the family lineage back hundreds of years into colonial Quebec. Others in the family received their own copies. While this was an amazing piece of work, I confess that at the time I did not really care much about it—the genealogy bug hadn't bitten yet. The family copies disappeared over the following years, and when I did become interested, none could be found. Soon, my mother had called up her cousin, and a digital version of Pat's work was in my email, followed a week later by a small stack of photos. Now I had photos for another gallery and a half, filling in my mother's side of the tree.

I was getting hooked: these were people I had never even heard of. It's funny how, as a kid, I thought I knew my grandparents, but it turned out that I had not even known their full names, and I had never really thought of the fact that they not only had their own parents, but also brothers and sisters. Those names and surnames my parents had dutifully penned onto the Christmas cards, or mentioned during conversations with my grandparents, were falling into slots on my family tree.

Another reason the project kept rolling had to do with symmetry. My family tree (the graphic one on the website) was noticeably lopsided, leaning toward my mother's side. It looked a bit like those trees you see along the highway, which have been pruned back on one side to make room for the power lines to pass. Not only did I lack any serious photo material for my dad's side of the family, but I did not even have names for any of my great-great-grandparents there, while on my mom's side it was not only complete, but I even had photographs for five out of the eight. Worse, even the names for a few of my great-grandparents on dad's side were suspect, and I only had a photo of two of the four.

Over the 2008 Thanksgiving weekend, another round of photocopying ensued at my parent's house. I was more thorough that time, making sure to comb through all the albums, and while my mother's side was augmented to a point near completion (in my estimation at that time), little more turned up for the other half of the tree.

The Toolbox

Something wonderful began to happen—people started to email me, and I began to meet many cousins. The internet search engines indexed my website and listed the names, not only of my direct ancestors, but also of their brothers and sisters. After that, anyone looking for a relative we happened to have in common was likely directed to me. Years later, I had been contacted by dozens of distant relatives. Photos were exchanged and stories were elaborated upon. Steadily, most of the empty spaces on my family tree were filled in, until I knew solid facts about all of my great-grandparents and most of my great-great-grandparents.

I joined Ancestry.com along the way, and I cannot say enough about how powerful a set of tools they have. I'm a messy guy who tries to be organized, and I often end up putting things into stacks, but little more. With Ancestry.com, I could maintain a huge family tree, attach all of my facts to it, and then use it as a reference. The search capabilities are impressive, locating actual images of census pages and finding other trees with common ancestors.

Where Ancestry.com and the other genealogical sites fall short is in the accuracy of the family trees. I've used the site as a huge whiteboard, an organizational tool, and I'll admit to temporarily posting a lot of questionable data myself, all in the effort to glean more out of the databases—just gaming the search engines. For example, one of my great-grandfather's brothers was named Joe Fragale. I listed him at one point as "Giuseppe Joseph Joe Pepino Fragale," all in an effort to find any more data on him. What was his actual baptismal name? I'm still not sure. Now that I'm done researching him, he's listed more simply as Giuseppe (Joe) Fragale. I've listed very wishful maiden names a few times, too, hoping to find concrete links, and some of those fictional names were posted for longer than I'd like to admit. These ruses work often enough to make them useful tools, so do not believe everything you see out there.

I had a great-great-uncle who was named Floyd Erasmus Rudick. Really. Now, old Floyd was listed in some documents as "Eloyd," a name which was later used by his descendants in naming their own children. In the 1910 census, he seems to have been counted twice, while working at a zinc mine many miles from his family. His name? Cloyd Rudick. There are three or more spellings of "Rudick," too.

There's a great-great-grandmother whose name was Susan Walters, and whose married name was Susan Cessna. In two census documents, she's "Susie," in two others she's "Sudie" (her nickname), and in another she's "Suda," probably a misspelling by the census taker. I have a photocopy of her newspaper obituary, as well as testimony by phone from one of her granddaughters that she was Susan Cessna, nicknamed "Sudie," yet several Ancestry.com family trees list her as Suda Cessna, something she was never called, no doubt in my mind.

One source of misinformation was my own grandmother, Dorothy Rudick-Spieth, who spelled a surname "Weiss," when in America it had almost always been "Wise." That one set me back for a while. She insisted on calling her mother's side of the family the "De Cessnas," when nobody had used those words for six generations or more. As soon as I searched simply for "Cessna," I hit pay dirt.

Most of the bigger trees on Ancestry.com, my own included, have portions which are simply elaborate houses of cards, and *any* inaccurate connection means that *everything* above it is pure fiction. Families are elaborate things that census data can totally obfuscate, especially the old census documents, which don't indicate family relationships. For instance, there are times when a man with several children from his first marriage married a woman with several children from her first marriage, and census pages show children from the new marriage mixed together by age. I repeat—Ancestry.com and the others are very powerful tools, but used carelessly, you can go astray.

Here's a tool I came up with, which was not internet related—I actually wrote letters to houses addressed to "Whoever lives at xxxxx," and I got replies. My ancestors built the places, and the current residents were interested. In both cases, it turned out that they knew some of my relatives.

An Ending?

At the close of 2009, on the front page of my website, I proudly proclaimed the project to be finished. I had made similar proclamations before, and certain people would not let me forget it.

I was happy with it at that time, and here's why: on my mother's side, yet another Thanksgiving weekend delving into the family photos had convinced me that my work there was done, for all intents and purposes. I had deliberately copied twenty or so photos, which, while obviously old (and by the fact that they were in my great-grandmother Fragale's album would seem to have some importance) had people in them whom my mother could not identify. These were mystery photos from the Fragale and Leisner clans, and I had one last hope of putting names on them.

That hope was my mother's Aunt Irene, who was 99 years old, and while old age had affected her body, her mind was still sharp. She referred to herself as "The Bionic Woman" because of all the hardware in her hips and knees. She still managed her rapidly dwindling stock portfolio and did her own banking. I called Irene, and while our conversation was lively (I had not talked to her in a third of a century), her memories of the old days before 1930 were vague. Mentioning the names of her uncles and aunts didn't do much either, and I left it at that.

Then I retouched, repaired, and enhanced nineteen of those mystery photos, and mailed them off to Aunt Irene, along with a cheat-sheet loaded with my guesses. When the phone rang a few days later, Irene shot out, "Get a pencil!" and off we went. Picture #7, she told me, was of a young soldier named Skelly who had died in the war. "Who was Skelly?" I asked. "I don't know," she said, "we all just had pictures of him." The man in the hat in picture #11 was a neighbor, "an old lecher who used to hit on me and my sisters." He was in the family photo taken at some lake shore, because he and his wife had a car, and he would occasionally drive the Fragales around on Sundays to places they otherwise couldn't go. So far, this was going nowhere, but I was laughing so hard that it didn't matter. Then Irene, with a little help here and there, proceeded to identify most of the people in those photos, ticking them off the list one by one. Here's a lesson: photographs have a special power to trigger memories, so try it! A sadder lesson: Irene's vision faded away in the three years following my interviews, her mind followed, and she passed away at 103 years of age. So try it while you can.

This breakthrough, combined with research I had done on the Leisners and Fragales on Ancestry.com, and with the help of the Delta County Genealogy Society (Escanaba) website, had added much to my mother's side of the family tree, and had identified and placed most of the folks in the mystery photos. And on my father's side, there were major advances. The tree was no longer lopsided, and I knew the names of all of my great-great-grandparents. I was amazed, and Dad was too. Photos had poured in from some of my father's cousins, and suddenly I had the makings of two of the three empty photo galleries on dad's side of the tree.

I had photos of seven of my eight great-grandparents, and six of sixteen great-great-grandparents, with names and dates for all. It seemed like a good place to declare victory in the project. It turned out that I had just begun.

Up Against The Wall

When I was a kid, it was common for little boys to brag of some fraction of American Indian blood in their veins. I remember my cousin Phil claiming he was one-sixteenth Cherokee (or was it one thirty-second?). Other cousins were told the same thing as a child. Surely, being the product of thousands of Americans, there would likely be *some* Indian blood in there, and some African blood too, but I had not found any. Going back as far as I could with the U.S. census documents, and more, my family seemed to be white and European, through and through. Even my ancestors who hailed from southern Italy looked pretty white to me, although the northern Europeans of the time might have disagreed.

In all of the letters I've gotten from cousins and contacts, it's common to hear things like: "Mom used to say there was Indian blood in the family." I live on Indian land now, where many of my neighbors are Native Americans, and I suppose that this situation makes me as much of an Indian as my bloodlines do—not one bit. So if you tell me there are Indians in your ancestry, or for that matter that your ancestors came over on the Mayflower, then I give you that old Missouri challenge: show me. Turn those old family rumors into facts if you can. If your grandmother "knew" that there was Indian blood in her family, perhaps now you can come closer to proving or disproving it. What might have been impossible for your grandmother to find may now be right in front of you.

If there's a chance of Native American blood in my family, I know a place where it would likely come from: my great-great-grandfather Stephen Reddick. Stephen and his family lived in Arkansas with his father, Ebenezer Reddick's second family. Ebenezer claimed to be half Cherokee, and others who knew him have backed that up. That would make me about 3/4% Native American. It's a small enough slice that DNA testing has missed it, if there at all. False positives abound, and, contrary to popular belief, no DNA test can positively show that you do not have any Native ancestors. And why does it matter at all to so many of us white folks? That's an issue I'm unqualified to answer, and which could fill an essay longer than this one!

The Stephen and Ebenezer Reddick relationship is a good example of the problems I've had learning about the lives of my ancestors before the Civil War. The census pages from 1870, 1880, 1900, 1910, and beyond are rich with data, giving family relationships, addresses, occupations, ages (thus approximate birth years), and more. Go back before 1870, and the pages are often little more than number puzzles, breaking households down into groups: male or female, free or slave, this age bracket or that. No children's names or family relationships at all; only the head of household was named.

It's seemed that anything that happened before the Civil War might as well have been inaccessible to me, like behind a big wall. I used this image as an excuse to draw a line as to how far back I would look in my research, and since the middle of the nineteenth century also coincides with the early years of photography, it gave me a convenient place to stop. After all, my project was still very much a photo album.

For information before that, I relied on others who had pored through courthouse and church documents, and walked through old graveyards trying to decipher inscriptions on crumbling stones. Sometimes a last will and testament has been preserved. Real estate documents often survive. Sadly, there's often nothing more.

My first Ancestry.com forays beyond The Wall were more like a prison break than an exploration. A work of fiction was built, generation on top of generation, until I looked more closely and realized it was another house of cards.

I found the path (which turned out to be mostly accurate) leading back to Count Jean de Cessna, the Huguenot ancestor who fled France to found the Cessna line in America. I also found links (again, mostly accurate) to Kentucky pioneers of some note. My Cessna ancestors came through Kentucky, as did Jediah Ashcraft, whose line can be traced many generations further. He was an early settler of central Kentucky, and one of many pioneers who were described as "Indian Fighters," as if it were just another occupation.

Jediah's parents were named Daniel Ashcraft and Elizabeth. It seems that her maiden name was Lewis, and lots of people said she was the daughter of a man named John Lewis and a woman named Elizabeth Warner. That would be Colonel John Lewis, and Elizabeth Warner would be a daughter of Colonel Augustine Warner. Further expansion of that well-documented line leads to Nicholas Martiau of Jamestown and Colonel George Reade. A side line leads to a man named George Washington.

At first, I bought this, hook, line, and sinker. I even made pages for the website which illustrated the entire thing. The simple problem—there was no proof, only a wishful assumption that Jediah Ashcraft's mother was also the daughter of Elizabeth Warner and John Lewis of Virginia. (And to take what little suspense I have built up completely out of this narrative, a few pages ahead you will find out that *none* of the Ashcrafts belonged in my tree anyway.)

On a similar lark, I once found a woman, way up the Cessna-Walters branches, and way out on a limb, who was supposedly a daughter of the infamous Scottish Laird, Black Duncan Campbell (Duncan of the Cowl, Duncan of the Seven Castles, etc) This led me on a wild bit of research into Scottish history including the construction of a family tree which included the line of Stewarts, and thus Mary, Queen of Scots, and then back to Robert the Bruce. But again, there was no real evidence that the woman in America had any relationship to Black Duncan. For that matter, I had no proof she even existed, since that branch of the tree was shaky to begin with.

This was all good fun at the computer, but several history lessons later, I had to admit these were only flights of fancy. Late one night, I put down my beer, sighed, and deleted the entire branch leading into Scotland. Then I deleted Elizabeth Lewis, daughter of Elizabeth Warner, replacing her with, simply, Elizabeth Lewis, wife of Daniel Ashcraft of Kentucky. Hundreds of people above them in my supposed ancestry disappeared instantly, and I retreated nearer to The Wall. While just about anything is possible, I didn't count George Washington or the Stuart Monarchs as my ancestors, and while I had gotten closer, I still hadn't found any Indians in my family tree.

Old Ladies

My first side project came on my mother's side of the tree, centering around her grandfather, Mike Fragale. He immigrated from Italy at the beginning of the twentieth century. I had lots of photo material of his family in the U. S., and my great-aunt Irene, his oldest daughter, was alive and well. Between Irene, her daughter Pat, and my mother, I had much insight into that family in Escanaba, Michigan, but one thing had always puzzled me—what on earth led a young man from southern Italy to settle in Upper Michigan? Some Old Ladies were about to show me. I knew Mike's brothers and sisters had settled in eastern Pennsylvania and eventually wound up in mushroom farming. I had photos of three of his brothers (with names on them, thank you...) and a photo of his mother and a little girl, Mike's niece, taken back in Italy. His original wooden trunk, the one he traveled across the ocean with, had yielded a copy of his birth certificate and gave the names of both of his parents. That's what I had.

I was frustrated, and gathered a few phone numbers from internet phone books—anyone I could find who was old and named Fragale. On my second or third call, I reached a man named Eugene Fragale, and he remembered my great-grandparents! He was the son of Mike's brother Angelo. I was so surprised that I didn't get too far in the interview before letting him know that I would like to talk further a few days down the road. Within a few hours, however, I had placed him in the tree, and I was brimming with questions. I called back the next day, and Eugene had gone cold. He had talked to a few family members who advised that I might be a scammer; better not to tell me any more. The guy was sincere and apologetic, but insistent, and while I got him to answer a few more simple questions, I also promised that I would not call again and wished him well. With so many things going on, I left it at that. The project had taught me a patience I had never had in my youth, and I had just learned that cold-calling people was tricky at best.

One day, I got an email from Melania, the granddaughter of Mike's older sister Maria. She had found my Fragale web page, since it listed the name of her grandfather Serafino Lio (Leo, in America), and she had just finished a research project on him. Serafino turned out to be a lynchpin in the story who helped several of the Fragales get on their feet in the new world. Melania gave me the addresses and phone numbers of two more Old Ladies: Dolly, daughter of Mike's closest brother Angelo, and Helen, daughter of Mike's younger sister, Josephine. Neither had computers, so we became old-fashioned pen pals, especially Dolly. Each of them (first cousins of my grandmother) remembered my great-grandfather Mike and his family. They had some of the same pictures I already had, but what was wonderful was other photos which Melania and Dolly sent to me, making my Fragale web page come to life. Little by little, the Fragale story grew. Dolly even drove to the cemetery to write down many dates on tombstones! Moreover, Dolly filled me in on another Fragale cousin, John, who also settled in Upper Michigan; it turned out that Dolly's father Angelo, had worked there a few years, too.

If you haven't guessed it, Dolly was a sister of my old buddy Eugene Fragale. She asked me whether I was the guy who had spooked him a year or two back, and we both got a good laugh out of it. Melania sent me a copy of her account of Serafino Leo's life, which I proudly published on my website, and it inspired me to write a similar account about my great-grandfather, which I called "The Fragale Family in Escanaba."

None of this would have been possible without those Old Ladies: Melania Ruggieri-Eapen, Helen (Dolly) Fragale-Citino, Helen Citino (yes, same name, but cousins), and of course, my great-aunt, Irene Fragale-Stratten. At that time, they had over 360 years of life experience between them. Yes, these four women *averaged* over ninety years old.

Next came an email from Lillian, one of Walter Cessna's granddaughters, adding a few name and date corrections. A few more emails, along with a few phone calls, and I had twelve more Cessna photos and a lot more information. This lit a fire under me to resume my Cessna research, which led to an Old Gentleman who had posted some Cessna stuff on another genealogical site. It turned out that he was actually helping his wife, another Old Lady named Peggy, a great-granddaughter of Walter Coombs Cessna. Peggy sent me a dozen photos by conventional mail, having no computer in the house, and my Cessna photo gallery had gone from one of the most impoverished pages on my site to one of the richest, and in only a few weeks. I also learned some stories about the Cessnas, so finally I revisited previous work and cemented together the lineage leading back to Count Jean de Cessna in France. My grandmother Spieth would have been so happy.

I capitalize the term "Old Ladies," but only out of respect for the huge part they have played in the project. Certainly, there are Old Gentlemen involved, but my experience is that the Old Ladies are more often the real protectors of the family treasures. They are the ones who usually keep the family photo albums. And of the "not so old" helpers I've found, a majority are also women.

Back to The Wall

There was another thing that could stop my research in its tracks, another Wall, and it was the Atlantic Ocean. More of a "Moat," I suppose. For some of my ancestors, the oldest and sometimes only documents available are ship manifests, and thus, ports of departure and dates of departure and arrival might be most of what we know. This is true for all the Gieses, Poraths, and Leisners making up one corner of my site. A ship's manifest could give up a few more tidbits, though, like who paid for the ticket, or who the passenger was meeting with on the American side. You can glean which parts of the Old World they came from, but the names of their parents and grandparents, much of the story, will probably never be known. Face it, these were not famous folks, only farmers who put almost everything they had into a passage to America. To learn more, I would be happy to climb The Wall or swim The Moat, but it's probably not going to happen.

I've done my work while seated in my office near Santa Fe, and if I'm too lazy to travel to Michigan, Ohio, Arkansas, or Kentucky for my data, imagine what the chances of a trip to Germany are! I'd get there and just want to drink the beer, or I would find out that the records had been stored on an upper floor in Dresden, with my luck. So I thumb my nose at the Gods of German Genealogy, and dare them to send me another contact like the woman I'm about to introduce...

My great-grandfather Mike Fragale's birth certificate names his parents, Concetta Mascaro and Gabriele Fragale, who never left Italy. Dolly Citino, Mike's niece, came up with a transcription of Concetta and Gabriele's wedding certificate, which names *their* parents, names I had never expected to know. There it stayed, until I got an email from Marti Mascaro. Marti's relatives were from the same area as my Fragale relatives, the little locales of Serrastretta and Accaria. Marti was digging into her Italian past in a way that put me to shame—and also blurred my vision when I tried it. She was plodding through microfilms of Italian marriage banns and birth records, available by order at any Mormon family research center. The documents are copies, in Italian, of handwritten books, page upon page.

I tried it. I learned just enough Italian genealogical lingo to interpret those pages. I also realized just how daunting a task it could be, and I gave up, heaping admiration onto Marti. She had already done about half of what I needed anyway, without knowing it. One of the families she had laboriously pieced together turned out by chance to be that of Mike Fragale's mother. As I reasoned with Marti, I know that those families were all intertwined for generations, but how many families could there be in that small rural area with a father named Michele Mascaro, a mother named Caterina Citino, and a daughter named Maria Concetta Mascaro, who was born in 1850? All of that fit with my data, and out of it I got the names of Concetta's four siblings, and the names of all four of her grandparents. That made three generations, complete, and all of them on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean. They are my great-grandfather's great-grandparents, on his mother's side. Oh, for that other side, though.

While Marti was researching the Mascaros and Fragales of the Serrastretta area, I asked her for the favor of keeping an eye open for a man named Gabriele Fragale, Mike's father. That's the lineage I'd be more interested in, since the Fragales in Pennsylvania, who I could not identify (and one important Fragale in Michigan) were possibly Mike's cousins, presumed descendants of Gabriele's brother, or brothers. Somewhere in there might also be my great-grandfather's middle name, and possibly the names of a sibling or two who never crossed the ocean to America.

The Spieths

The Spieths were from Ohio, and the Spieths were German. That's about all I knew about the Spieths when I started the project in 2007, and for quite a while it stayed that way. There were so many other nooks and crannies to explore that I kept the Spieths on the back burner and let them simmer. Occasionally, something came my way, but for the first several years, I just left those Spieths alone.

The tree slowly became filled in with names and photographs. Some of my father's cousins sent barrages of photos, and after that, I had Spieth grandparents who existed in more than just my memories. I imagined myself reconstructing Grandma and Grandpa Spieth's lost photo albums. Little mysteries were solved, like why my uncle was named Cecil Willis Spieth—His grandfathers were named Cecil Edward Rudick and Willis Arthur Spieth, and they could have picked Arthur Edward Spieth, but no. I don't blame him for going by the name Bill, or my father for his preference for his middle name, Ron, over his given first name, Walter. It seems that the third son, Phil, was the one who had gotten a name that he could live with.)

Michael Ronald Spieth (yours truly) had a father named Walter Ronald Spieth (Ron), who had a father named William Henry Spieth (Hank), who had a father named Willis Arthur Spieth (Art), who had a father named George William Spieth. He went by William and was born and died in northwestern Ohio before my dad was born. I've never been in contact with any person who met him; I have no photos of him, or of his wife, or his daughter Pearl, Art Spieth's sister.

Around 2010, I took a deep breath and tackled the "Spieths in Ohio" puzzle. I tried to connect different families through the census from decade to decade, and it was apparent that there were a veritable Spieth-load of us. I made a big chart with individual families tacked to it, with each column representing a census year, and by moving the families around as I matched them up, the big picture was slowly coming into focus. But the origin of George William Spieth remained a mystery. Did his father come from Germany? His Grandfather?

An important ancestor was Christian Andreas Spieth, sort of a father to many of the Spieths in Ohio, though he never came to America. His lineage is well known. Another source of Spieths in Ohio was Christian Andreas Spieth's brother, Johann Friedrich Spieth, who had grandchildren who came to the state.

In 1832 and 1833, five of Christian Andreas Spieth's children immigrated to America, by my count: two sisters and three brothers. The brothers eventually had twenty-four children between them. This is why many Spieths trace our way back to Germany through Ohio.

There were others who had documented the German side, but their accounts ended on that side of the ocean. I had documented it from this side, and hit the same barrier. Connecting the two would yield thirteen or more generations of Spieths!

Then I finally found William's father in the census. He was John David Spieth, and he had nearly slipped through the historical cracks. Christian Andreas Spieth's son, Johann Adam Spieth, came to America with his wife and three children, but they had one additional child *after* immigration. It was John David Spieth (notice the American name), and he's not on the German pedigrees. John David Spieth died at only 36 years of age. He's a 15-year-old in the 1850 U. S. census, listed as "John Spiet," while in the 1870 U. S. Census, he is "John Speech." John David Spieth had five children when he died, and the oldest was named William Spieth, born in 1858.

I found John David Spieth's 1870 census document about the same time that I found John Troeger, fourth cousin twice removed, whose website stated, "I collect dead relatives and sometimes a live cousin!" He had been at this genealogy thing far longer than I, and I was certainly a live cousin.

I was searching one afternoon, not expecting much—plugging in variations: William Spieth, George Spieth, William G. Spieth, George William Spieth, and in desperation, German takes on it like Wilhelm Georg Spieth. On John Troeger's website, it looked like just another instance of a now familiar German lineage of Christian Andres Spieth, but I looked a little closer. There, under Johann Adam Spieth, were not three children, but four. It was the first time I had seen the name of John David Spieth, the American-born one. Searching for John David, I soon found the 1870 census page, and William.

I emailed John Troeger, mentioning my great-great-grandfather William Spieth, feigning ignorance in the matter, and wondering who his father was. To my relief, John Troeger quickly pointed to John David. I carefully replied that I was thankful, but how could I really *know* that the puzzle was solved?

In addition to collecting dead relatives, John Troeger collected documents to prop them up. He grew up in northern Ohio. He sent me several documents, including a copy of George William Spieth's death certificate. While his parents are unknown (bad news), it gives his exact date of birth (good). Another document contained excerpts sent from the Zion's Evangelical Lutheran Church of Valley City, Ohio—among them was a record of a marriage between Johan David Spieth and Christina Catherina Schect, then listing the birth to them of a boy named Georg Wilhelm Spieth. The birth date exactly matched the one on my great-great-grandfather's death certificate. And that was good enough for me.

Rudicks, Ruddicks, Reddicks and Riddicks

The seeds of my Rudick research were planted on the very first day the entire project began, in August of 2001. I sat down in my parents' dining room with a photographic copy stand, my camera, and a pad of paper, and sketched a diagram of my near ancestors. The names were vaguely familiar, having heard them here and there during my childhood, but here were my first insights into how they fit together. On mom's side were the Williams kin, and the Gieses, and Fragales, and Leisners, and more. With dad, there were the Spieths, of course, and the Wises and Cessnas and Rudicks.

"That's R-U-D-D-I-C-K, isn't it?" I asked, spelling it out in a way that seemed natural to me. "One D," my dad interjected. He knew his mother's maiden name, of course, yet it did not look quite right. How little I knew then of how those two spellings were the tip of a small genealogical iceberg floating in my path, or of how many years I would try to navigate around that iceberg, becoming the most satisfying branch of research I've followed.

Twenty years later, I'm still at it. I've met more cousins looking into the Rudick/Ruddick/Reddick families than in any other branch of my family. There's John Dunkin, who first alerted me that my great-great-grandfather John Rudick was not dead in 1900 when his wife was listed as a widow in the census, but had run off to another state. And there's Debra Newman, another descendant of my great-great-grandfather Stephen D. Reddick. Until a few years ago, Debra didn't know who her actual parents were at all, a victim of the government's practice of separating Native American children from their kin; an effort to assimilate them into the white man's culture. She learned, among other facts, that her grandparents were shotgunned to death, and their house was burned to the ground to cover it up. Just keep that in mind if you think your own ancestors had a few problems that needed sorting out.

The man at the center of my research has merited an entire evolving essay called "Who was John Andrew Rudick?" His claim to fame among descendants hinged upon that seemingly dastardly act—he was a schoolteacher in the tiny town of Big Flat, Arkansas, and shortly before the fall semester began he got onto his horse, on an errand to purchase some new shoes. He rode out of town, never to return, leaving behind a wife and eight children between six and seventeen years old. An age-old story, John soon married a woman named Sarah Burrows and settled into a new life in the three-state area near Joplin, Missouri. Schoolteacher, school superintendent, Justice of the Peace, farmer, and newspaper contributor and editor, John Rudick never looked back.

J. A. Rudick had skills his father did not: he could read and write. Somewhere along the line, he adopted the "one D" spelling of the family name, and while many folks had assumed that his ancestors were from the "two D" Ruddick line, better known in the immediate area, it turned out that he was actually from the unrelated "Reddick" line.

We can't completely sort these names out. When a person cannot read or write, their name is spelled however someone else chooses to write it down. John Rudick's mother was named Margaret Mizer. Only one or two generations earlier the name was usually spelled Miser, and before that it was Meisser, and then the original German spelling *Meißer*. No such evolution is apparent with the Ruddicks, Reddicks, and Riddicks. They are different families, although they might have common ancestors, generations in the past.

I found John's father, Stephen, listed as a Reddick or Ruddick in Arkansas, and back in North Carolina, where he was born, it was spelled Reddick or Riddick. There are census misspellings too, but the "one D" spelling seems unique to John and his brothers, and then to many of their descendants. It was all maddening, and my searches had to involve all variations. Without looking for "Stephen Riddick," for instance, I never would have located some of Stephen Reddick's military records.

I'm proud to say that I think I was the first person to figure out the family John Rudick's mother, Margaret, came from. In 1870, John was a "bound boy" on the Michael Buttram farm and listed as a nephew. That meant that Sarah Buttram and John's mother, Margaret, were sisters. I constructed a hypothetical family on Ancestry.com with daughters named Margaret and Sarah, with their approximate birth years referenced, along with probable locations, and sure enough, the John and Mary Mizer family popped up. It's testimony to the power of the new search tools we all have, coupled with easy access to census and other documents. It's quite amazing that we know anything at all about these people. They were just typical members of their communities.

More Years Up The Tree

In the summer of 2012, I *again* proudly proclaimed the project to be done, and I could almost hear my dad laughing from 1500 miles away. I really meant it, of course, but I'll admit that this document was called *Five Years Up The Family Tree* at that time. As the years ran up, I gave up and stopped putting a number in this essay's title.

I knew that work of this sort would never be totally complete, and I hoped for and expected to get more revelations, and a few more stories, too. I hoped beyond hope for those last important photos, but no matter what else was revealed in the coming years, the structure of the thing was complete. The families were well defined, and each had its photo gallery—my parents, grandparents, and great-grandparents—seven little photo albums, with portraits of everyone, linked together by one family tree. There was more—I had also collected lots of information on my sixteen great-grandparents and their families, along with photos of many of them. Some of those galleries were larger than those of their children, and only one was empty (and still is, for that matter)—the George William Spieth gallery. I also had lineages stretching back a dozen and more generations. Not bad for a few years.

When I first read cousin Pat Baribeau's account of the Williams family and their ancestors, something struck me: there were little details and stories included with the names: occupations, accomplishments, defeats, and tragedies. My old friend Mark Angelos, a professor of history, suggested early on that my websites needed writing and stories, and I'm forever grateful for that suggestion, obvious as it now seems. The photo album became one leg of a tripod, and the names, dates, and trees became another. Written accounts are the stabilizing leg that ties it together as a family history.

Along with "The Fragale Family in Escanaba," I wrote "Who Was John Andrew Rudick?" Years later, with many revisions, it's still my favorite slice of family research. Then there was "The Crawdad Files," John Rudick's writings for a local newspaper, and "The Cecil Rudick Letters," the courtship letters of John's son. There was also a ten-generation synopsis called "From Cessna to Spieth." Much of what remained ended up here, "Up The Tree."

And then it all went to print. Websites come and go, but I reasoned that paper copies could last longer, especially those that wound up in a cedar chest somewhere until the right person found it, many years down the road, and took it even further. The main document ultimately ran over one hundred pages, and with the addition of the other stories, it topped two hundred.

I rushed some of the books out after Dad died, wanting them in my mom's hands as her health rapidly faded, but little bits and pieces of ancestry continued to be found, making those printed copies more and more dated. To be sure, the majority of the changes were minor ones, a date or two here, another sibling there, not changing the narrative much, but after a few years, those little changes numbered into the hundreds. I found myself wishing I could call back those documents and send out replacements. A second edition was printed and sent to my brothers and sisters in 2016. I sent special copies to my cousins, customized for three different families, and no sooner was I done with that, three "new" generations to the Williams line were found, with over a dozen new families. This I could live with, the printed documents falling somewhat short, but still reasonably accurate in what they said. Then came a disaster.

An email from a cousin, Harlan LaRue Van Camp, threw the "Cessna" line into chaos, specifically the ancestry of Susan "Sudie" Cessna, my great-great-grandmother. Her grandfather turned out not to be John C. Walters, who married into the Ashcraft line, but a man named Conrad Walters III. This seemingly minor change resulted in the removal of nine generations of Ashcrafts and related families, thirteen families in all, amounting to the equivalent of a dozen pages of my document gone. How did this happen? Years back, I had taken someone's information seriously enough to write it down, but not seriously enough to investigate matters. It failed at the only link I hadn't looked at closely. Yes, there is much more information out there now on the internet compared to years back, but that's no excuse. After all of my preaching about getting it right, I hope you never make a mistake as large as this!

On the positive side, Conrad Walters III had married into the LaRue line, which added a wealth of families similar to what had been "lost." While all of the Ashcraft stories were gone (including slave trading and yellow fever), the LaRues were an amazing addition. John LaRue had a county named for him. His grandson became governor of Kentucky, and his wife was the midwife who delivered Abraham Lincoln.

After so many years working on this, I will finally admit that it will never be completely done, and I'll have to call it "mostly, mostly done" from here on.

Part 2: Stories

There are many tales, from sad to humorous to just plain crazy. Here are some that didn't fit anywhere else.

With many of the families, generations back, we don't have any records beyond census, church, or courthouse documents. Constructing a timeline from this, with no personal stories, always seems to make things look grimmer than they probably were. The happy times don't often make the news.

Some sobering facts: anyone who's done much looking at tombstones or cemetery records has found a name or two which are not a part of the known family, and closer inspection shows the awful truth—the birth and death dates nearly coinciding. The rates of infant mortality could be astounding a century and more ago. More tragic is the discovery of a mother's death coinciding with the birth of a child. I've found several of those, and I've suspected a few more.

My great-grandmother Cessna had four brothers, but in the Kentucky cemetery where her parents are buried are two small graves of siblings who lived only two and three years, and an obituary for Mary's mother says that there were two more who didn't make it, totaling four out of nine.

The first two children of my great-great-grandparents George and Susan Williams, born in 1889 and 1890, died in 1891, probably of cholera. There are two other families I've found which were destroyed by epidemic: one by cholera, the other by yellow fever. My grandfather Hank Spieth had a brother, Phillip, who died very young. And so on.

There are many others who are listed simply as "infant" or "unknown." By far the most tragic case of this was the family of Pierre Docque dit Laviolette, seven generations back on my mother's side. Pierre had five children with his first wife, who then died at the age of thirty-one. His second wife died a month after the birth of their tenth child. He had one more child by a third wife. What might seem like a large family was definitely not: there were twins, at least one of which died at birth, followed by triplets, two of which died within hours of birth, and the third, which may have lived a year. The following two years brought two more births and deaths. Out of sixteen eventual children, only four are absolutely known to have reached adulthood, although that number is hopefully higher.

Next up—orphans. (Okay, I'll admit that most of this concerns only half-orphaned children.) My great-great-grandfather, John Andrew Rudick, got on his horse one day and left his wife and eight children. Luckily, those kids still had a mother, because if the mother was gone, instead of the father, the children were usually sent off to other families, or worse. John Rudick was probably half-orphaned himself, losing his father around the Civil War. Two of John's brothers were then raised by other families, at least one of them on his mother's side, while John became a "bound boy" with a local farmer, whose wife was another relative of his mother. A fourth child, just an infant, was the only one to stay with his mom.

There weren't "stay-at-home" fathers back then. One of the Cessna brothers, Joseph, was left with three young daughters when his young wife died of tuberculosis, but those girls were then raised by their grandparents on their mother's side. When Louis Fragale's first wife died, their two children were raised by two other families.

There were the children of Peter Young, brutally killed in 1882 in a collision between his horse carriage and a train. He had ridden into Kaukauna, Wisconsin, to sell a cow and, "as usual with him on such occasions, freely disbursed a few dollars of the money." He was probably drunk, and Peter never made it home alive. His widow Catherine was left with seven children, ages sixteen down to two, and she soon married a widower who had nine children of his own. In 1892, no longer residing with her second husband, Catherine was living with four remaining children, two from each family, in filth and without proper food or clothing. She was committed by county authorities to an asylum, where she died a month later of dropsy (edema). The two oldest girls, Catherine's daughters, were also placed in an asylum. Of the other two children, the girl was adopted, and the boy was probably sent to a public school for dependent children.

Susan Young, an older daughter of Peter and Catherine, was twelve years old when her father died, and twenty-two when her mother died. She had married George Williams three years earlier, in 1889, and as noted above, their first two children were probably victims of cholera. In 1902, she filed for divorce, the court document stating that her husband was "...calling her vile and indecent names and charging her with want of chastity and using other abusive language toward her," and that he "...has been and still is a habitual drunkard; that he has expended all his spare money for strong drink and has come home drunk and intoxicated nearly every week... (and) she has been obliged to work at home without sufficient food... (He also) contracted a venereal disease..." which he claimed to have gotten from her! Two weeks later, they signed an agreement to discontinue the divorce action, and she remained with him until he died in 1911. Their youngest son, Roger Williams, was my great-grandfather.

Out on a Limb

Suspensions were raised about the parentage of a family member, often, in my experience, the oldest son. One story involved Rob Staller (not his actual name), who, to one cousin, didn't look quite like his siblings. A family rumor was that Rob was really an Indian! "Ellen," Rob Staller's daughter, gave another twist to the story. Whether or not Rob was a proper Staller, he had been a Navy man from 1922 to 1936, when he went AWOL and turned up in Galveston, Texas. He changed his name to Rob Stiller. Rob had a very good friend named (ahem) Frank Dallas, who seems to have been another fugitive. Supposedly, Frank had fled his family and job as a lab assistant at Walter Reed Military Hospital in Washington, D.C., altered his name to Dallas Frank, and also wound up in Galveston. Both Frank and Rob had secret post office boxes.

In the 1940s, Frank married Ellen's grandmother on her mother's side. The problem seems to be that Rob's mother had also married a man named Frank Dallas as her second husband. Poor Ellen was concerned—It seemed that the same man might have been married to both of her grandmothers, and wrote "There is some sort of family secret that my sib's and I sense but we get no answers to our questions that are posed to elder family members. My guess is this whole Frank Dallas thing." I replied, more or less, "Wow!" and then I never heard from her again. Well, Ellen, there seems to be more to this, and I hope you can ferret it out. While I can't match the cloak and dagger aspects of your story, and it might form the bones of a good novel, it's not as scandalous as you think. I've found worse, and I'm more intrigued than anything.

In that story and the next one, I don't use real names, because the sources have dried up, and I feel unsure. There's nothing more frustrating than meeting an enthusiastic distant cousin, exchanging tales, getting in on a juicy storyline, and then being cut off. Here, with fictionalized names, is a tale which Charles Dickens himself might have come up with:

I'll call our protagonist Booker (although I'm tempted to use Oliver Twist, or Pip). I will call his granddaughter Laura, a third cousin to me, who found my website in August 2010 and spotted her grandfather there. She was overwhelmed to find the connection between him and his great-grandparents. Her mother also viewed the site, and the conversation had begun. Laura sent me a photo of Booker, and I waited to hear from her mom. What I got instead in the next email was a true tale of woe and intrigue, and then I never heard from Laura again.

Booker's family, like many in the late 1920s and into the depression, were poor as church mice. A story was told that the dinner plate was passed to Booker's father first, since he needed the strength to work, then to the children, and finally, if anything remained, to the mother. Unknown to the father, there was another child on the way which the family could ill afford, and Booker's mother bled to death after an attempt at a home abortion, performed by her and her sister.

Booker was only a toddler at the time, and he was handed off to be raised by his mother's family. The children of that family (actually his uncles and aunts) were all ten or more years older than Booker, and he grew up treated like a red-headed stepchild; he never received gifts for Christmas or his birthday, yet had to watch the others get those things. It seems the only present he did receive each year came through his actual father, from the large garden and estate where he and others in the family worked. Laura remembers that her grandfather "had such a strong emphasis on family and giving and celebrations, and as an adult, I realize that is why."

In a turnaround, when Booker's step-father (he called him "Pop") resided at the farmhouse years later, it was Booker and his wife who lived with him as helpers. Pop's children wanted to put the old man into a home, but Booker, who Pop had given the nickname "Bobo," stood in their way. The old man's children had their eyes on his house, which Pop had left in his will to Booker's daughter (Laura's mother). One day, while Booker was gone, they made off with their father and put him away, location unknown. The will was rewritten with the farmhouse divided up between them.

After that, the old man would sometimes call Booker, saying "Bobo, come get me. Where are you? Why did you put me here?" but sadly, he wasn't able to say exactly where he was. Laura said the only time she ever saw a tear in her grandfather's eye was when he told that story, and the story of his childhood. "The sadness in my grandfather had nothing to do with wills or inheritance, it was that Pop died in that retirement home before my grandfather could ever find him. He couldn't bear the thought that Pop thought he put him in there when he swore that he never would."

This was both the saddest and the most preposterous story that had ever entered my mailbox, and since "Laura" never responded to further letters, I sometimes thought the whole thing was a cruel hoax. Yet her letter seemed authentic and spontaneous. I was forced to conclude that I had accidentally been drawn into a matter too personal, too much had been blurted out to someone who was actually a complete stranger.

Corporation Tessier dit Lavigne

There was a mystery from my childhood which puzzled me: my mother had cloudy recollection of a claim in her family, a story that an ancestor had been cheated out of one of the most valuable properties in all of Canada, and that his descendants had fought for centuries to right this injustice. In theory, I owned a piece of the Basilica of Notre-Dame in the heart of downtown Montreal. It turned out that it was only the land that the Basilica had been built upon that was in question. My mom had been told a story about a poor soldier who had fought bravely for his country, and in place of monetary payment had been given land instead, land which was later unjustly stolen by the Catholic Church.

My family vacationed in Canada while I was in grade school, and seeing that huge church, I imagined my share of it was about one brick. It was only a hazy mystery to me, and I shelved it in the back of my mind for years. It later turned out that this was somewhat of a hazy mystery in hundreds of families across North America. To some, it was the struggle of David and Goliath re-enacted, to others a conspiracy of powerful world institutions over common folk. But to most, it was just a set of unsubstantiated rumors, tied into the hope of a little financial gain. It was only an old tale, and no one seemed to know many of the details.

My mother's grandmother, Leah Laviolette-Williams, was aware of the huge numbers of descendants involved in the legal battles and said that she hoped to get enough money out of it to buy a television set. Leah grew up in a family where the Rosary was said each night, and her mother's maiden name was Tessier. At one point, family members tried to get the famous attorney F. Lee Bailey involved. He declined. My mother recalled an evening when her mom sat on the edge of the bed and told her that the dream was over.

I had avoided researching the French-Canadian branch of my family for years, partially out of deference to Pat Baribeau, my mother's cousin, who had worked on it years before. I had other fish to fry, and Pat had done a great job. Another obstacle was that my Ancestry.com account denied me access to Canadian resources, available with a "world" account. I confess at this point to being a stingy bastard. But eventually the deed had to be done. Once I accessed the Canadian census documents, I found that Pat's research was nearly spot-on, and I was able to flesh it out with other dates, events, and family members (particularly siblings). The Laviolette line, for instance, was extended back several generations.

Next, I dug into the ancestral line of Leah Laviolette's mother, Anastasia Tessier, an early settler from Canada to Escanaba, Michigan. The Tessier line can be traced back seven more generations. The Canadian genealogy is fairly well documented, thanks to the records of the Catholic Church.

Near the top of that line stands perhaps the most remarkable of my ancestors—Urbain Tessier dit Lavigne.

A lot has been written about him, but here I'll tell only what applies to the three centuries of land claim battles which have followed his death. Urbain was born about 1625 in France, and he arrived in Montreal (then simply an outpost called Ville-Marie) somewhere between 1642 and 1647. In 1648, he was awarded a land grant by the governor and promptly built a house and started a family there. He was a pit-sawyer and carpenter by profession, but a farmer and Indian fighter by necessity. His heroic exploits in defense of his family and community eventually earned Urbain a further award of land from the government, in addition to more land purchased on his own.

In places on the frontier like Ville-Marie, a rapid increase in population was among the goals of both King and Governor, and one story (unsubstantiated) involves an additional award of land simply for the patriotic act of fathering a large family. In this regard, Urbain Tessier excelled. In 1648, he married Marie Archambault, then less than thirteen years old. Eventually, there were seventeen children. Most lived into adulthood, and many sons carried on the family name.

I have not researched the exact totals of acres of land which Urbain Tessier accumulated, and I do not know of the exact purchase or grant involving the particular tract which eventually became of such great dispute. As a part of my story, I don't think these details matter much—we're talking about a few dozen acres, not whole townships. The property in dispute, in modern downtown Montreal, seems to be around thirty acres.

Some property was spun off to his sons as they married, and some land was also deeded to the Church, the Seminary of Saint-Sulpice. Urbain Tessier dit Lavigne died in 1690, and there was no controversy at that time over the disbursement of his estate. Who could have imagined the eventual value of this land? He would be astounded at what occupies this land today—the historic Place d'Armes public square, the headquarters for the largest bank in Canada, the Place-des-Congres convention center (built over the Ville-Marie Expressway), the Place d'Armes Metro Station, and of course the Gothic-revival Basilica of Notre-Dame, one of the largest and most beautiful churches in North America.

Fast forward to 1838, nearly a century and a half later. The Quebec Legislature adopted a bill confirming the title of the land in question to the Sepulchian Order. What had happened? Heirs of Urbain Tessier dit Lavigne had made a lot of noise in the intervening decades, more so as the land in question became increasingly valuable. Sometimes referred to as the "Tessier-Lavigne Land Claim," the legal action revolved around the idea that the original deed transferring the land to the Church was not outright, but in trust. The hitch? The actual document has not been located to this day. One descendant I know of claimed, according to family lore, that the paperwork was lost at sea, en route to Paris for some sort of verification. That only adds to the undocumented and sometimes crazy family stories. For now, I note that unless that piece of paper turns up, sensible people have to conclude that the case was legally settled in 1838.

About ninety years later, it was again dragged into the courts, and by this time, there were hundreds of thousands of descendants. Attempts were made to draw as many of them into the case as possible. Here's an excerpt from a December 8, 1930, article in the Montreal Star. I've taken the liberty of editing it a bit, since Richard (on an internet discussion board) called it a "word for word" copy, yet it had many typos and punctuation errors. For all I know, the original was in French.

Although inquiries are pouring in from all sides from persons claiming an interest in the billion dollar action by which heirs of Col. Urbain Tessier-Lavigne ask to be declared owners of a block of land situated in and around Place d'Armes square, there are no actual developments in the case, according to the lawyers engaged in the proceedings. From widely separated parts of the United States and Canada, inquiries have been forwarded to lawyers here recently, and in one instance, a well-known politician from Vermont visited Montreal to learn at first hand the exact status of the case, and the possibility of establishing a claim as one of the heirs.

In some cases the lawyers have been advised of rumors on the street that a settlement had been reached, and figures of from \$20,000 to \$200,000 have been mentioned as going to each established heir. The rumors, it is stated, are entirely erroneous, and no fresh developments have taken place, although the search is still going forward for a missing document which it is believed would establish the title of the heirs of the long-dead general to the property on which is now located Notre-Dame Church and a large number of business and financial houses in the immediate vicinity.

"It is a pure gamble and nothing else," said A. M. Tanner, K.C., who is representing a group of the heirs when asked this morning as to rumors which have been current for some time. "I have advised my clients that their claim to the property rests entirely on a deed which so far has not been found. We have examined 60,000 deeds in the archives at Montreal, but as yet have found no trace of the document which is absolutely essential in proving title to the estate. As a matter of fact, I fear that some of these people are being exploited by individuals who make it their business to trace genealogies."

A meeting of interested heirs may be called shortly in order that a report may be made and a clear-cut statement sent out as to the exact situation, Mr. Tanner said. The action he conceived to be necessary, owing to the large number of inquiries from persons who apparently have been deceived by false information as to the value of their claims.

It seems that an American-style class-action lawsuit was not possible within the Canadian system, so the "Corporation Tessier dit Lavigne" was formed. For the meager sum of one dollar, any person who could show lineage back to Urbain Tessier could become a stockholder and would thus share in the expected profits should the case be won. More shares meant a bigger share of the winnings. Naturally, it's suspected that the "genealogists" employed by the Corporation had a somewhat loose interpretation of proper lineage, and being a shareholder should not be assumed today to be proof of being an actual descendant of Urbain Tessier.

According to Jan Nearing, posting on an internet forum:

The attorneys who perpetuated this scam were able to enjoy a handsome profit throughout the Depression. They brought suit against the Sulpician priests, the Banc-du-Montreal, and the Archdiocese.

Well, it obviously was all about getting money out of these organizations, since you couldn't very well tear down the buildings and divide the property amongst the more than 250,000 known descendants who bought into this fiasco.

Long and short is, the wills were deemed properly executed. An attorney who reviewed it for my family laughed at the very premise that there was enough clout, especially when most of the descendents had never set foot in Quebec, to sue the Catholic Church and the largest bank in Canada. No one ever saw any money. There was some activity on this case, though, through the 1970s. The hard-nosed descendents who either were too stubborn to admit defeat or swore that there really was something to this took the case to: a) The World Court, b) The Vatican (twice), c) Her Majesty the Queen (like she's really going to have anything to say...and if she did...could she really make the British Parliament reverse these series of actions for a bunch of French-Canadian descendents 300 years after the fact?...)

From what I understand from a cousin, in case you ever make it up there, stop in at the Rectory. The priests are well versed on the whole story and will give you a "token" (commemorative) coin in reparation if you tell them you're a descendant.

And that's the story as I understand it. There are those out there who would disagree. Many were sold some variant of a dream, a family fairy tale about the whole affair, and some just won't let go of that.

I'm convinced that it would all make a good documentary—not the actual history laid out above, but the individual family tales told over the decades, from one side of North America to the other. Along with the story as told within my own family, I'll cite two additional examples, both from the same internet forum. One woman insisted that relatives, crossing the continent with the all-important document in hand, had been accosted, and the Catholic priests (boo! hiss!) stole it. Another fellow (I withhold his name to protect him and his kin from the Canadian Illuminati, or other threatening entities) said that it was his parents who re-opened the case in the 1970s, but had to give it all up:

I thought it was do [sic] to finances. Then my oldest brother told me in the late 1980s that it was because our family was being watched and followed by persons unknown to us. He was the first to notice this as he had just come home from the Vietnam War. He was a very decorated veteran and dealt with these kinds of things in his line of work in the military. I guess we attracted the wrong kind of attention. My brother said my parents dropped the case out of fear for their family's safety. They must have really hit a nerve or posed some kind of real threat. Most likely by having the kind of credible documentation necessary to prove their claim.

Unfortunately, I do not have access to any of their documentation or records on the land claim. My oldest brother has them, and he isn't going to give me a copy of them because he knows that I want to re-open the case, and he doesn't want me to put his family at risk. I know this is true as he was able to obtain a permit to carry a concealed firearm and was carrying a .45 automatic with him then. Primarily because he knew that I wanted to pursue this case to whatever end it took me. But I have little intimate knowledge and details of the case and no documents to speak of...

Back on our side of reality, the whole affair certainly stirred up emotions in my own family. My mother told me that as a child, she had been confused that the Catholic Church had treated a man so badly. Remember that she had been told that the man was a poor soldier who had fought bravely for his country, and the Church had taken his land from him.

My great-grandmother Leah was such a devout Catholic that when she realized she was participating in a lawsuit against her own Church, she traveled to Montreal to personally relinquish her share in the Tessier land claim. And as for me, the land in question is perhaps thirty acres in extent, and I am only one of perhaps more than a million descendants. So if I don't own a brick of the Basilica, I might instead own a square foot of land in downtown Montreal. If I could actually claim my square foot of land, it might be behind the lectern of the Basilica of Notre-Dame, and from there I could let loose upon the Church for injustices and crimes over the centuries. But I see no evidence that the Catholic Church wronged Urbain Tessier dit Lavigne, and I do not expect to get one thin dime out of the case.

Margaret R. Williams

When I was a kid, she was my "Grandma Williams," but I later learned that she had been born in Escanaba, Michigan, in 1916, christened Margaret Regina Fragale. Her mother was born in America a few years after the family arrived from Germany. Margaret's father was a dockworker who had come to America from southern Italy as a teenager.

Margaret married Brendan Roger Williams, high school football star and local Escanaba boy. By the time Brendan joined the Army they had two children: my mother Harriet Marie Williams and her younger brother Michael Brendan Williams.

There's a hardcover book I used to have, which I gave to my uncle Mike Williams after Mom died. It was titled "His Service Record" and was maintained by my grandmother. Not any sort of government publication, it was a commercially available book organized so that the friends or loved ones of military personnel could fill in what blanks they desired. Grandma Williams' entries begin in March 1944. The record gives us a look into that fateful time, including many details we might never have known. Here's my synopsis:

On January 2, 1944, Brendan Williams, twenty-seven years old, left his wife, his children, and his job at the Bird's Eye Veneer Company in Escanaba to join the US Army. Actually, he was drafted, and my mother recalled waving goodbye as the train pulled out of Marquette, Michigan, the new soldiers leaning out of the windows. Mom was about five years old.

Brendan's training as a soldier over the next six months was accompanied by several transfers. First, it was to Fort Sheridan, Illinois, then onward to Camp Wolters, Texas. On June 2, half a year after enlistment, he was given eleven days to visit his family, then he was off to Fort Meade, Maryland, in late June, and Camp Kilmer in early July, a staging area for troops destined for the European Theater.

On July 18, 1944, Brendan sailed for Europe, arriving in Glasgow, Scotland, on July 31, and proceeding immediately to England. On August 3, he traveled to France on the Swedish ship Bergensfjord along with about 3500 other soldiers. He spent the next four days in replacement depots, and on August 8, he was sent to the front.

Brendan fought in the Second Armored Division, known far and wide as "Hell on Wheels," which eventually could have taken Berlin had they not been ordered to hold back. Brendan's first engagements were at Barenton, France, where they held the sector for five days against the German Seventh Army. Then a sweep across France began; then across the Rhine for two days. They swung north into Belgium, fighting a bitter battle at Albert Canal. That was about September 10. They crossed the German border on September 18 and then withdrew for several days. Returning to Germany, Brendan fought for several days on the Siegfried Line until he was wounded on October 6, 1944.

Little Harriet and Mike were staying with their mother, Margaret, at their grandparents' house when the devastating letter arrived. It said that Brendan had been wounded, and nothing more. It's hard to imagine the following days before further news came. Brendan had been shot through the arm, a dime-sized wound at the entry point, and a quarter-sized sized on the other side. According to the book, Brendan was hospitalized at various locations over the next eleven months. He left England on January 5, 1945, arriving in the United States on January 15. His stateside recovery began with a few days at Halloran General Hospital in New York, but by January 19, he was at Schick Hospital in Clinton, Iowa. May 4 found him at the Percy Jones Convalescent Center in Battle Creek, Michigan. He was finally discharged on September 8, 1945.

When I was a little boy, I was in awe every time my grandfather Williams showed me those round scars. My uncle Mike Williams told me that his father was considered to be 40% disabled, and while I never noticed anything wrong, Brendan had almost no strength in that arm for the rest of his life, when he it held at some angles.

Private Brendan Roger Williams was awarded the Purple Heart, Good Conduct Ribbon, European African Middle Eastern Theater Ribbon, three Bronze Campaign Stars, and the Combat Infantry Badge.

And you might now be wondering: why have I titled this little chapter after my grandmother? Because she's also a hero to me, having chronicled her husband's military service and preserved the records for us to see. Here's a letter Grandpa wrote to her while he was recovering, in its entirety:

March 20, 1945
Hello Sweetheart:

My, I got lots of mail again this morning, and 1 package. There are 5 letters from you that had gone overseas- (one was from August 4th and the others from mid-December. Then there were 3 Christmas cards from my aunt plus a couple old Pay Rays and last but not least a letter from you from March 18th and also one from Coosey Coo. Oh yes, the package too. It was the one Susie had sent & had a lighter and some candy in it. Tell her thanks.

Yesterday I got a letter from Wick. He seems to be getting along fine. However, I suppose I should write and tell my folks this myself, but I'll let you do it, he's pretty peeved because my folks haven't been writing to him hardly at all. So you better tell them to start writing. I can realize how he feels so kindly do that.

Well [Partner?] so now the truth comes (in your letter of the 18th). So you were mad at me for buying that old Model A. Well it was a damn good car & I've been kicking my ass ever since I sold it. Not that it was much to look at but it used to get me around. In the years to come maybe I can get another one to hang around in and we can have a real nice car besides. We did have some fun with that old car at that & even then you looked real regal when you would drive it. Sitting way up like the queen you are. I also remember how bad Harriet felt when we got rid of it.

You did right by telling who ever called that you didn't know anything about what traps I have and not selling any of them. By the way, I didn't really mean what I said about you had better send me the book an I'd probably read it instead of taking care of you. I was just kidding about that because you come first, last and always. But you can read the book anyway - it will help occupy my mind until you get here.

Last nite I went to a U.S.O. show they had at the Red Cross. It was quite good & I passed about an hour off. Tonite they have a movie at the [Post?] Theater "Molly and Me" I think is the name of it. It's a comedy, and while it probably won't be too good I think I'll go anyway.

Well Sweetheart I guess I'll say Bye Bye for now. With all my love to you and the children,

Brendan

A slice of everyday life made special because grandma saved it. A couple of the decorations from grandpa's uniform, a few letters from a lonely soldier, a few dozen dates and places recorded. This chapter is as much about Margaret Williams as it is about her husband, and on page thirty-six of the service record, under the heading "Outside of the Family What happened Back Home: On this page keep a record of all interesting and important social and community events," I found this:

Margie kept on delivering the yeast to the bakery. Social events, Ha! Ha! Had dinner at the Ludington with Mr. & Mrs. Huebner. Breezy Point with Toots. [These are probably sarcastic references to upper-class Escanaba.]

What the hell did I do? Lived with Ma & Pa, took care of Harriet & Michael. They kept me going, lonely as I was. So was He lonely & knowing his life as it was, what had I to complain about. Not a damned thing. I loved him and I was faithful to him and to God. We were both faithful. Brendan is faithful to his Country, God & me.

We believe in this war because we know Hitler is a monster and Mussolini is no better. How strange now that I am half German & half Italian! But I am really American. Now I do not belong to "Der Deutschland", Hitler doesn't bother me - But Mussolini does.

Ten empty pages and nearly three decades later, she added this:

March 12, 1974

I found this book while rummaging through old forgotten things. I tried to keep this record thirty years ago at the age of twenty-seven. Now I am fifty-seven! The most unusual part of this service record is, I believe, the many blank pages. Yet it speaks loud and clear telling a complete story in so few words.

Page 7 - All true. [personal history] Page 8 - Visitor from Outside - Me. Page 9 [training, travel, battle and convalescent information] Bravery, courage, a fast story which could have well left me a War Widow with two small children, never even knowing Mary & Brendan Jr. Page 41 - Brendan R. Williams was my own choice, but I know there were many others: the small guys carrying the M1 Rifle. Not the great Generals: Eisenhower, MacArthur, Patton (any of the rest.) They paraded and gave their commands in the Atlantic and Pacific, and that's all - they never did one bit of fighting! Pompous bas___ds all.

Did we believe in this World War? Yes we did. Hitler was a mad man. He brought destruction on so many countries at such cost it was right to try and stop him. This was a horrible war not just on one or two countries - on almost all parts of the Globe.

Have I ever believed in the Vietnam War? The answer is No. I would have sent Michael and Brendan to Canada, Sweden, any place to escape it. Do I believe in Amnesty? Yes I do. Do I believe a man should be executed as Private Slovik was? An army deserter? No! This poor man obviously couldn't help what he did.

I hope to God we never have another Major War because it would have to come from super powers - namely Russia or China. They could blow us off the face of the Earth, or we could do like wise, and it could well be the end of our world. If it were to come I would want just one thing. No flags flying, no bands playing, only all of us, our entire families - Harriet, Michael, Mary, Brendan, all the Grand children in one room - together. Perhaps we could recite the Rosary.

Margaret R. Williams

It is a side of my grandmother I never knew. As for her reference to Page 41, that page is titled "War Heroes: Place names, pictures, and items concerning persons who became famous through deeds of heroism," and while there was room for thirty-five entries on that page, Grandma Williams only listed one war hero: Brendan R. Williams.

German Chocolate

One of my fondest childhood memories was that every year, a few weeks before Christmas, a small box would be delivered to our house—and it came all the way from Germany. Everything about it was exotic to me, even the plain wrapping paper. My sister Marge was born in Germany while dad was in the army, and her godparents were sending her a complete set of silverware, spread out over what became twenty years. There were always large bars of chocolate included, Marge thinks three or so, I seem to remember more. What a great good thing: I knew that until Marge had the complete set of silverware, there would be German Chocolate every Christmas!

In early 1958, Ron Spieth and Harriet Williams got married while dad was stationed at Fort Leonard Wood in Missouri, and by autumn, I was born in a little one-story hospital in the town of Waynesville. We lived in a tiny trailer there, but by spring, 1959, we were all in Heidelberg, Germany. Dad went first, on the Army's timetable, and Mom and I spent a little time in Escanaba. Grandma and Grandpa Williams had hatched a plan: Mom and I would stay stateside, and all of the money saved would be a great boon when Dad came back. Of course, Dad was furious, and soon we were booked for Germany. On March 2, we flew from Milwaukee to New York, and one week later, we boarded the SS Ryndam, bound for Europe. A train ride from Rotterdam to Heidelberg got the family back together.

Dad lived on the Army base before we arrived, and he was good friends with a guy named Bill Dunnick. They both worked in an ongoing military postwar survey of Germany. Their weapons were surveying transits and drawing tables. Dad's best army story took place in a drafting room. It seems that the survey was flawed in the most basic of ways, but a lot of time and work had been invested up to that point. One day, a General arrived and grilled the man in charge and a few others. Each man defended the survey and proposed some vague plan to put it right. The General was pissed, and picked my dad at random, sitting at a drafting table in the front row, and asked what he thought. Dad replied, more or less, that he thought the entire project had to be shit-canned and started over from scratch. I don't know how much trouble dad got into there, but the General huffed out of the room, muttering about finally getting an honest opinion.

For a few weeks, we lived in a rented bedroom with a family named Stassen, and things had to change—mom told me it was a combination of the tight quarters and a demonic little girl in the family. Bill Dunnick and his wife had rented an apartment off base, but they were already moving to a cheaper place: the same house, two floors down. 43 Kant Strasse, to be precise, on land that dropped off away from the street, so the basement apartment had windows. The Spieth family took the upper floor. It was two army buddies and their new families, with an older landlord couple living between them.

The landlord couple was Waldemar Hellweg and his wife Maria, nee Maier. I learned these names only recently; mom and dad had always just called them Mama and Papa. Even Mom, who had an excellent memory for the old times, could not recall their actual names. The Hellwegs became good friends, looking after me and my infant sister Marge as though we were family. Their son Horst Hellweg and his wife Lisl were also close friends.

Mom and dad seem to have had the best landlords on earth, and they managed a few little trips away from both me and the Army, to the Alps, and to Paris. They had bought an old Rolls-Royce to get around Heidelberg, but I'm not certain that they used that car outside of town. Dad later said that they had looked into bringing the Rolls back to the states, but the costs were prohibitive, much of it having to do with having to replace all of the window glass to make it legal.

The Dunnicks lived in Milwaukee when I was young, and once or twice our families got together, the adults playing cards at the kitchen table, while their miscreant son, my age, cheated at Chutes and Ladders. Funny how that's all I personally remember about the Dunnicks.

As for memorabilia brought back from Germany, there was the wonderful photo album mom kept, where some of these facts came from. I've got the little lederhosen outfit they crammed me into every once in a while back then, propped me up, and somehow got a few cute smiles out of me for the camera. There was dad's bayonet, which became a familiar tool for pulling dandelions. And there was the Hofbrauhaus mug, which dad lifted during a trip to Munich, possibly with Bill. Dad said that a bouncer chased them several blocks before giving up.

All of my life, I had assumed that Marge's German godparents were Mama and Papa. Then I learned that Papa died in July of 1960, when I was nearly two years old, and my sister Marge was only seven months old. Mama died the following year, but by then, we Spieths were back in America. Yes, they could still have been Marge's godparents, but then who had been sending the chocolate to us?

According to Mom, it was Horst and Lisl Hellweg sending those packages, and Marge's godparents in Germany were Lisl Hellweg and Tom Manny, probably an army buddy. Marge's official godparents were her aunt and uncle, Mary and Mike Williams. Mom told me that Horst and Lisl didn't quite understand the idea that Lisl was to be a "proxy" godparent to Marge, and for what it's worth, I'm not sure that the Church would have understood either. Marge always considered The Hellwegs to be her actual godparents, and it took her baby book to set the record straight.

I don't recall any back and forth over the years between the Hellwegs and the Spieths. Were there letters in the boxes with the chocolate? I can't remember. Did mom and dad write back? I don't know. It's kind of sad, since I had often wished for mom and dad to make a return trip to Germany. I only learned of the existence of Horst and Lisl Hellweg in 2013, and I regret never meeting them. They sent that box to America every December for years, to people they really did not know.

For the record: Dear Horst and Lisl Hellweg: thanks for the chocolate. It was always the best!

Part 3: Letters

We're witnessing the death of the traditional photo album, and now I realize that the traditional letter (in an envelope) is following that same path to extinction. I could rant again about organization and backing up of data, but the fact is that most modern correspondence is destined to be lost forever to those of us for whom it could one day be important. Most people never really organized their photos or letters when I was young, so nothing really changes.

Do you have a box of letters from the past from cousins, grandparents, friends, or lovers? The folks born and living in the past century will often say yes. People born more recently will not. Reading cursive writing might soon become a specialized skill, but the real issue is that there will be no actual "writing" involved at all, only typing, and rarely will anyone press the "print" button. Future generations are less likely to receive packages of old, yellowed pages to study, as I have had the enjoyment of doing.

The weak side of my family genealogy was always my father's side, and while huge gaps were filled in with dozens of photographs, in 2011, the gallery of dad's parents still seemed a bit empty to me. The gallery of his mother's mother, the Rudick gallery, was almost nonexistent, and that of the Cessnas (next level up) wasn't much better. Lillian and Peggy, Old Ladies to the rescue, simultaneously brought that Cessna gallery to life. These seeming coincidences are more common than you would think, and a *third* cousin emerged to help finish the task only a week or two later.

Kevin Bourdon is the youngest son of my grandmother Spieth's sister Vera. Dorothy and Vera Rudick, along with their brother Walter, were the children of Cecil Rudick and Mary Alice Cessna, and until recently, I didn't have a decent photo of three of the five, much less enough material to make a photo gallery. Frankly, I hadn't had much hope for that corner of the tree, because all I knew was that Vera had sons, not daughters, and I've already made known my opinion of who keeps the family photos. I was happily wrong in this case, and Kevin has provided dozens of valuable images. Thanks to him, the Rudicks in Detroit got an album on my website, and my father's family album was also strengthened. I thought that Kevin would have something to contribute to the Cessna bunch, too, but his mother Vera Mae's Cessna pictures have turned out to be a collection of mysteries, to be solved at some other time. (I am doomed to never really finish this!)

A Letter to Walter Coombs Cessna from a Mysterious Young Woman

Valence 26 September 16[?]

My dear uncle and guardian. With deep sentiment I inform you that my dear father has been died after his painful illness consequence of the wounds received. I am left without any support but yours and that from the honorable Chaplain our protector who tell me I will as soon you will sent him the money wanted, trusting so and in your discrete protection I hope to leave happy with you since nobody in the world but you.

I entreat you not abandon me for I trust in our good God who will protect us. I keep in my breast a letter that my father moments before of die delivered me for which I delivery you in person.

I ask to Mr. Marti if he receive any letter from you addressed to my death father to deliver me for I am answer you.

I have the pleasure to send you my photo that you may know me before start to your house in Company of Mr. Marti.

I send you my everlasting affection and I remain your desolated niece,
Mary Prieto

The letter is beautifully handwritten and addressed to W.C. Cessna, 2105 Delaware St., Muskogee, Oklahoma, U.S.A. I can't find any place for this woman in the Cessna family. Perhaps she's using a loose definition of the word "Uncle," perhaps she's writing from Valencia, Spain. The photo is on a postcard, and stamped on its back is "TARJETA POSTAL - UNION UNIVERSAL DE CORREOS." It's addressed "to my dear uncle".

I've tried and tried to fit Mary Prieto into the Cessna clan, and the obvious mother in this possible tryst would be one of Walter's three sisters, Ella, Mollie, or Sallie. The whole story seems so improbable to me that I'll relate a theory presented by my friend Al Wallisch: this is probably a variant of the classic "Spanish Prisoner" scam.

He may not have responded or sent "Her" money. Just receiving a picture of a pretty girl in the mail may have been a little kick for a guy of a certain age. Either way, this could cause him problems with his family. Although single or widowed older men were prime targets of the Spanish Prisoner scam, claiming to be a lost relative could also be part of the set-up.

The modern Nigerian scam is the Spanish Prisoner adapted for email. The goal of SP was to get someone to send money by mail and later by Western Union. Before the telegraph was invented, the ultimate scam would persuade the mark to empty his bank accounts and travel to Spain (or Cuba, Mexico, wherever) in hopes of meeting up with the poor damsel in distress. The mark invariably ended up lost and broke in a foreign city and couldn't speak Spanish to explain himself. A furtive note under his hotel room door would lead him to a series of drop boxes and a blind exchange of "ransom" money for the girl or her poor, sick papi. Once the money was gone, the last note would lead the mark through a maze of backstreets, far away from the fellows who were counting his money. Confidence trick.

Was Walter Cessna mortified by this, or did he just get a good chuckle out of it? We know that he kept that letter!

Letters from Walter Rudick to his Parents and Grandfather

Walter Cessna Rudick was my grandmother's older brother. Thanks to Kevin Bourdon, I not only had my first good photo of him, I had many, and he had become another familiar face to me. Walter had died young, of complications from the thyroid disease that ran in his family. Vera had suffered from it, and her mother, Mary Rudick, was doubtless the source. Walter's variety killed him, and I had been told that he had died on the operating table.

I received another package of photos from Kevin one day, ones which would more or less complete the Rudick gallery, and after I had thumbed through them, I found a small stack of documents which Kevin had included—things from his mother's possession which my great-grandmother Rudick had saved.

First was a 1925 letter from Walter, then thirteen, to his mother and grandfather, away in Kentucky. In its entirety:

Dear Mama and Grandpa:

Will write to you this morning a few lines, as I have nothing to do. If it is Saturday I don't carry out the ashes any more. Mr. Byrne won't give me more than 50 cents so I quit him. Papa told me not to work for that.

It is still awful cold up here. Uncle Joe said it was warm enough down there to go in your shirt sleeves. How is Vera Mae? I hope she is all right. How is Grandpa? Mrs. Holmburg sends her very best regards. When are you coming back? Dorothy is all right. We are all lonesome for you and Vera Mae to come back. Bring Grandpa too. I want to see him. I am awful sorry Grandma died. Well I will close for this time. Write soon, from your loving Walter.

Next was a wedding invitation sent to the Rudicks from his fiancée's parents, the event to occur on August 4th, 1934. Accompanying this was another letter to the parents, obviously sent only days before the event:

Dear folks,

Thought I would drop you a line to let you know that we arrived safely and had a nice trip on the way down. I would have written sooner but I have been so busy that it just skipped my mind.

I went golfing this morning with Mabel. Had an awfully nice time. The air and climate are sure great down here.

You want to be sure and have uncle Joe come down with you for we have arranged for a place for him. Also there will be a lot of children here, so if you want to bring Vera Mae, it's all right. I want Papa to come also. You and Papa have had the front room reserved for you at Mabel's home. You both will enjoy the trip and have a lot of fun too.

Howard and Grace will pick you up and bring you back all O.K.
Well I had better sign off now and mail this letter and one to Grandpa.

Will see you Saturday,

Love, Walter. Kiss Vera Mae for me.

P.S. I think Dorothy is married. I may be wrong, but I don't think so. Walter.

It's interesting the things you can learn from a short letter. First, the letter was written near Lima, Ohio, and sent to Detroit, about 140 miles away. Was the weather so different that Lima constituted a different "climate?" And what family dramas could explain Walter having to ask his father to attend his wedding, or to drop that little bombshell at the end: Folks, um, your daughter has eloped...[That's my grandmother, by the way.]

There was a typed page from Walter's church detailing his short life and his untimely death. Hospitalized for several days, he underwent an operation and seemed to be pulling through when things took a wrong turn, and he died during an emergency blood transfusion. That was Easter morning, one day short of his thirty-first birthday.

This was all very matter-of-fact, and I glumly realized that not only did I now have plenty of photos of Walter, but I now knew his complete name, those of his wife and her parents, and the exact dates of his birth, marriage, and death. In short, I knew all I needed to know about him. But the last thing Walter's nephew, Kevin, included in the package was likely the saddest document I've ever held in my hand. It was a sixty-nine-year-old Hallmark card: a birthday card for a birthday Walter never saw. The front showed a pheasant in flight, with a hunting dog looking on, and was captioned "A Birthday Message for a Fine Son." Some things never change, like that caption and the eight-line Hallmark poem inside. What was so painful to read was the note penciled below:

Darling Walter
Why was my boy taken from me?
Today is 26 of April, your birthday
Oh how I love you.
Mama

Saved inside the card was a poem, handwritten in pencil by Walter Cessna Rudick to his mother, Mary Alice Rudick, on May 13, 1928, when he was sixteen years old:

Times will come and times will go
And the wind will blow its blast
And the wandering one will welcome again
His home and his mother at last

This essay was originally titled "Five Years up the Family Tree" and ended on that sad note. A year later, Kevin Bourdon forwarded a final treasure trove of letters to me, which his mother Vera Rudick-Bourdon had saved for decades. The Mary Prieto letter was among them. At one point, Vera had told my aunt Noreen that she had burned the letters, but thankfully it was not so. I was amazed that I now even had these in my possession.

Discomfort in transcribing these personal correspondences of my grandparents and great-grandparents, even a great-great-grandfather, was soon replaced by fascination. Only a few years ago, I had not even known that most of these people existed; now I had been drawn into their everyday lives.

Letters from Cecil Rudick to his Future Wife, Mary Alice Cessna

There are dozens of letters and notes, written between July 1910 and April 1911. Most are in pencil, but occasionally in ink. The brown and sometimes fragile parchment proved to be a challenge in transcription, but Cecil's handwriting at last became familiar to me. The locale is Gore, Oklahoma, a town with a little over 300 people, twenty-five miles outside of the booming city of Muskogee. It was sweet and carefree at first:

Miss Alice c/o Ollie

Kind Alice :- Say, would you and Sam go down to Mr. Tom Johnson's with Ollie and I? There isn't anything doing tonight, and Mrs. Johnson asked us to come. Said she would show us a nice time.

Lovingly Yours, Cecil

Another note:

Miss Alice Cessna

Kind Friend :- Would like very much to call for the Show tonight, i. e. if you would like to go. They are going to show in a Moving Picture Design the destruction of Pompeii by volcanic eruption of the Vesuvius.

Waiting your reply, Cecil

Cecil's wry humor:

Dear Alice :- would you be pleased to have such a specimen of humanity as myself call this afternoon?
Most Lovingly, Cecil

Toward November, things take a more serious turn, as this excerpt shows:

Dear, I wish something that [] my mind would not. I some times wonder if you are only trifling with my affections. Then I know you are not, or I believe it at least.

I will be at your home tomorrow night or in the P.M. if I decide to leave. I would rather leave here in a casket as to go live, for I feel like I was leaving the truest lover I ever had. One of our charming writers says the greatest blessing a girl can receive is the ingenious devotions of a young man's heart. Dearest, you have mine with out a doubt.

Christmas of 1910 found Cecil crushed and confused to hear that Mary Alice was seen in town wearing another guy's ring. It's hard to interpret the letters, since none of Miss Cessna's letters in reply have survived. The crisis of the ring was soon replaced by one of getting the parents' consent to marry. Apparently, popping the question had been a formality on the way to the real test. By early January, we read:

It is indeed a sad thing to think about the happening of yesterday Eve. Dear I know you love me and I know I love you more than any one on earth and I think it would be a sin for them to refuse. If they had any grounds for

refusing it would be different. It is mature for them to not want you to marry, you being the only girl. I'm sure you are the jewel of their house, but you are the idol of my heart.

On January 18:

I had a real nice time in Muskogee. I wonder what that was you had to tell me. I'll bet you didn't give them that note Sun. Eve. Dear, I was so sorry for you Sun. Eve. If I had known that they would never give their consent I would never come back to Gore.

On February 9:

It is with pleasure that I endeavor to address you tonight. Haven't any thing else to be doing, as my work is over for the day. I had much rather see you than to be trying to scribble to you, for scribble is all I can do. Saw you this Eve and you would not as much as speak to me, or even look at me. Don't you feel a little bit bad or ashamed to treat the one that loves you more than any one else could in such a way as that? Can't help but study about how near I came losing my little girl. What does the School Madam have to say about you not quitting me?...

Say, tell your Mama to take a good look at your photo, for I'm going to take it away Sat. night. She can look at you all the time and I can't. She can just either give me the picture or the girl, just which ever she prefers. I'd prefer the latter.

There was a letter where Cecil tried to explain away a ride in a buggy with a woman named Mrs. Hibbs, and another letter about when he walked a young lady named Beulah home in the rain. Small town gossip apparently spread quickly in Gore, Oklahoma.

Then on March 30 we read:

You don't know how bad I feel this AM to see the tears steal down your cheeks. I have kept company with several girls and I guess they loved me, or some of them. Their claims proved it, but I didn't love them. I told them I did, which I acknowledge I ought not to have done. But Dearest, I tell you that I love you from the depth of my heart. I would not be untrue to you for the world.

The final letter, dated April 6, 1911, begins with "Farewell" dramatically written across the top, and I present it here in its entirety:

Kind Friend: - Just thought I would write you a few lines this Eve. Saw you up in town a few moments ago and Dear, you seem so different from what you always do. Didn't seem like your self at all and imagine what could be wrong.

Would be so glad to see you tonight. I would tell you a few things. Dear, I can't understand you; sometimes you seem one way and again [two?]. This couldn't be possible. I don't reckon that you are only trifling with my feelings. I'm going to stay here until next Monday Morn, and if there isn't something done I will take my departure from Gore, never to see the place again.

If you are still in the notion of marrying, I will tell the old folks that I have treated them with all respect due them and they have treated me very nice, and if they will continue to do so I will do them the same way. But if they object without any cause what ever, I will treat things in such a way that they will get fully rewarded.

I'm afraid, Dear, you don't exactly understand what you say. It is indeed a hard problem to solve. I came very near asking your papa last night. I would not care half so bad to ask them, but any time I say any thing about it you approach me with a shake of the head and a laugh, as though you are opposed to me saying one word to them. Darling, I hate to write you in this way, but I don't reckon the truth will hurt anyone. If you would stay with me when I ask them, it would be quite a consolation to me. But Dear, if I was to start to ask them, you would hide your face and disappear.

I will possibly be over tomorrow night. What did Edith have her mouth stuck out at me about this Eve? Wouldn't even speak to me. If she don't like me I'm sure there isn't any love lost.

Now Dear, if any statement I have made in this letter is wrong, they stand for your correction, and I beg your pardon for making them. Well, I'll say no more.

The letter appears to be signed "I Love you Cecil Rudick RSVP," but that line is across the fold of the page, and parts of the paper have disintegrated.

We are left hanging, but of course, we know the eventual outcome. Cecil did not get on that train, never to return to Gore, and his vague threat to fully reward the old folk's doubts about him was never realized. It turns out that Cecil had applied for a marriage license three days before writing that letter.

I've read an entry in a sort of diary Mary Alice kept, no more than a list of dates and places, and her entry for April 11 had them visiting a graveyard, then spending the evening at home. She's added the word "wonderful" to the entry, which stands out. There is no other comment like that in the preceding months. I can only suppose that within a few days before April 11, Walter Cessna and his wife, Susan, gave their consent for Cecil Rudick to marry their daughter. Perhaps it was on April 11 itself, since Mary Alice described that night as wonderful. Cecil and Mary Alice were married the following day, Wednesday, April 12, 1911, in Gore, Oklahoma. Their first child was born just over a year later, in Gore, Oklahoma, and they named him Walter Cessna Rudick after his grandfather.

Letters from Walter Coombs Cessna to Daughter Mary Alice, and her Husband, Cecil

In 1912, Cecil and Mary Alice Rudick were living about 100 miles from Gore, in Bartlesville, Oklahoma, where Cecil was working. Old man Cessna gives advice across two letters, as Mary Alice seems to be stricken with rheumatism. One treatment involves a trip to nearby Claremore, Oklahoma, where the "radium water" is recommended for many ailments.

Sometime before 1915, the Cessna family returned to Kentucky—Mary Alice, Cecil, and Walter Rudick included. Cecil and Mary Alice's second child (my grandmother Dorothy Bonita Rudick) was born in Kentucky in 1915. A third child named Cecil Rudick lived only three days. A letter from Walter Cessna to Cecil:

Coon Hollow, Ky. 1-24-1918

Dear Cecil. Your card received last night. Was sure surprised to learn of the baby's death, but the little fellow is better off. You and Mary Alice don't grieve, but prepare to meet him in heaven where there is no trouble sickness and death.

I hope this will find Mary Alice getting along all right; have her to take care of herself and not take cold. We will look for Walter and Dorothy to come with their Grandma when she comes. Larue and I are well.

Love to all, Father

Susan Cessna died in 1925, just under 70 years old. Three years later, Walter Cessna traveled to California, possibly on business. His son Sam eventually settled there, but whether Sam lived there in '28 is unknown.

Pomona, Cal. Feby. 10, 1928

My dear children. We all arrived safe this morning at 6 o'clock. We stood the trip fine, also our horses. We have our horses at the fairground, and it sure is a nice place. All the hills near by are like the wheat fields in Ky. the first of May, though north of us the snow capped hills, from us 18 to 40 miles 4 to 5 thousand feet high, are the most beautiful sight I ever saw.

So later on will write more when I wrosted up. Now, write me as soon as you get this. Send by air mail so I will know all is. I will send you a telegram this evening, also this letter by air mail.

Love to one and all, Father

Letters from Walter and Dorothy Rudick to their Grandparents, Walter and Sudie Cessna

The oldest few notes from young Walter Cessna say simply "Papa Come Home" or some version of it. Cecil seems to be working up in Louisville, while his family is living with the grandparents in Coon Hollow. The other letters are cute and deal mostly with childish things. Walter is intent on having a pony, for instance, mentioned in more than one letter, and he mentions a dog down in central Kentucky in two letters.

Detroit Mich. Mar 26, 1922

Dear grand and grand ma, how are you all today? April the 26th is my birthday. So inted of buying me a pony, you can send the money that a nice pony would cost. I have a bank book and a bank that they gave with with it. I have my money in America State bank. So I think if I get the money I will buy me a viline and take lessons, or I might take piano lessons. With some of the money I will buy a wagon and a cowboy suit. So I will do something with the rest of the money.

Write soon.

From your grandson, Walter Rudick, 1283 Beniteau Ave. Detroit Michigan. XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

At nine years old, Dorothy was hospitalized with Rheumatic Fever. A letter sent from Children's Hospital, Detroit, Michigan:

Detroit, Mich. Dec. 30, 1924 [document damaged, with pieces of paper missing]

Dear grandma [and grand] pa How are you? [Hope] you are well. I got a lot of dolls. Uncle Howerd is [over] to see me to. I wish you were hear so you could come to see me tonit. Make Walter mad because he cannot come to see me to. Little Vera Mey want's to come but cannot.

I have 21 Dolls. How is Grand pa. Hope he is well. If I am well. When uncle Howerd comes back, mama and all of us will come back with him. I have a little boy at each side of me and a little girl in back when I first came he[re], but now there are a boy there. I wish I was home. Well I gest I will have to close with lov from your grand Dawter Dorothy. XXXXXXXX OOOOOOOOO XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

A Letter from Walter Ronald Spieth to his Mother

There are no revelations here: dad's letters, like those of his mother, uncle, and grandfather, are simple reminders of family. My grandmother, Dorothy Rudick-Spieth saved the little bits of her sons' lives, which the youngsters would never have saved on their own. My mom did the same thing, and after the children had left the nest, albums appeared, loaded with school report cards, class photos, newspaper clippings—the stuff which moms are proud of in their kids.

My Grandma Spieth divided up her "archives," making albums for her three boys, and Dad's portion is what I have come into possession of. It's not very much really, which makes it even more special: we have a complete set of school report cards, a small and precious bunch of photographs, and my dad's portion of the letters to his mom, written while she was quarantined with tuberculosis for a year and a half in a Detroit sanitarium. Over those long months, Dad and his brothers had no mother at home. It was right at the end of World War II, and at one point, Dorothy's three sons gathered below their mother's window and sang *The Star Spangled Banner* to her.

Dad was about nine years old. There are sixteen letters, and here is a typical one:

Dere mother

How are you? I hope you are fine. I had a swell time Thanksgiving day. Mr. and Mrs. [Robitele?] were here. We ate our supper and dad wrot you a letter and went to play pinochle. Then I wrot you this letter. I have finishest my tie rack. I do not know what my next thing will be, and we will not go to school till Monday.

I love you very much and here are some kisses XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

I miss you very much
Ronnie Walter Spieth

And I miss my father, Walter Ronald Spieth, and my mother, too. Both passed away while I was writing this. I don't remember writing letters to my mom and dad, except for a few juvenile pleas for some gift or permission, in exchange for inflated promises of angelic behavior. Unlike my father and mother, or my great-uncle Walter, or my grandmother Dorothy, I was never separated in any serious way from either of my parents until now.

From Me to You:

These letters are the most valuable and personal clues I have toward understanding the past; they contain feelings that give genuine life to the facts. This "Up the Tree" essay is in part a letter of advice, my personal instruction manual to anyone who would take a similar journey. It's also a warning: this stuff can be highly addictive—enter at your own risk!

We tend to be older when we become interested in our ancestry, and as a result, many of our best sources are gone, or nearly so. It's a cruel twist, but true. My sincerest advice—talk to your relatives, near or far, and do it soon.

Often over these years, mom would remind me of how her own mother would have known this or that, or how her grandmother would have recognized someone in an old photo. She also would tell me how much they would have been amazed at the facts coming to light, things which even they didn't know. Now I find myself wishing I could run back the clock and talk with those old folks from my childhood. They were on the fringes of my life back then. As I later realized their value in my life, I found that they had been taken from me.

Genealogy-related documents are appearing by the millions, at an ever-increasing rate. The odds of finding out about someone in your family tree have also been growing. I'm in awe imagining what the future will bring. Get started—type a name, then press that enter key. I was lucky to be able to penetrate the past along so many paths, although it was neither fast nor easy. My obstacles and successes would be different from yours, but little by little, the pieces of the puzzle will fall into place. Hopefully you'll learn more about history and more about yourself. Along the way, I hope you meet as many interesting people as I did.

Mike Spieth
2025