The Cateys In America

A Typical Pioneer Family

by

One of the Cateys
To the memory of
the fathers and mothers
of us all, is this book
lovingly dedicated.
FOREWORD

The family history of Henry and Jane Catey is completed, and it seems fitting that due credit be given Lloyd A. Catey for the successful culmination of the task.

Lloyd, when a young man, was ambitious to accumulate something of this world's goods as well as raise a family. This he was able to do with the help of his faithful wife, Icel. In their early married life they ventured into the Canadian-Northwest where they ran a store, farmed and raised cattle. In 1917 they returned to Indiana to educate their children. Having thus been separated from his home folks for some years he came to realize more and more the pleasure of keeping his family ties unbroken. Like myself, he had long felt the need of authentic information regarding our ancestors and their descendants. So with my help and the help of many others, this record has been written. He has driven many thousands of miles, and has spent freely of his time and money collecting the data for this history, which includes over eleven hundred names and covers the years from 1797 to 1949.

We trust as you study this family history you may appreciate more fully the trials and hardships as well as the joys and pleasures of our forebears, and strive to keep the chain linked together from generation to generation.

Frank B. Catey

Peru, Indiana - 1949
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I regret I cannot express my thanks to each one personally for their co-operation in the preparation of this record; but as that is impossible I want to thank you all in this public way. I want to mention a few without whose help the record would have been greatly curtailed or made impossible: Mr. Frank B. Catey, Peru, Indiana, to whom we all owe a debt of gratitude for his untiring effort; Mr. Merton Catey of Williamsburg, Indiana, the keeper of the little trunk which yielded from its age old secrets the clues which led us across the burning plains of California through the mountain passes of Oregon, to a beautiful, peaceful valley in Idaho where lie the remains of Charles B. Catey and where we found the children and grandchildren of Rebecca; Mrs. Alfaretta Sheppard, Williamsburg, Indiana, whose life story you will find is like reading a piece of fiction; Mr. Earl Galbreath, son of Alice Catey, Troy, Ohio, who furnished a photostatic copy of Henry and Jane’s wedding certificate and the contract, for each copy of the record; Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Wilson, Charlotte, Michigan, whose “discovery” of George F. Catey, San Anselmo, California, eventually led us to the grave of Charles B.’s second wife on the mountain side near Redding and was George F.’s first knowledge of any Cateys in the world other than himself and family; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sharkey, Baker, Idaho, Rebecca’s own son and Mrs. Paul Albertson of Salmon, Idaho, a granddaughter of Rebecca to whom we are deeply indebted for the particulars of Rebecca’s life in the west and the closing years of Charles B.’s life, also thanks to Mrs. Anna Bishop for her realistic poems.

The compilation of the Record has been, for me “a labor of love” and if you have the pleasure reading it that I have had in writing it, I shall be glad.

Sincerely

Lloyd A. Catey

Saline, Michigan - 1949

—from your

Grandpa Catey
INTRODUCTION

It is the purpose of this short history to follow the lives, fortunes, and misfortunes of this typical American pioneer family and their descendants. It has been our desire to so compile the record that any Catey or descendant desiring to follow his or her lineage may do so with little effort. It is our hope that, having read the record of this kindly, God fearing family, you may have a certain feeling of pride welling up within you that you are privileged to claim kinship with us.

Our record begins with Henry Catey, who was born in Hamburg, Germany in 1776. He left his native home and country when he was 21 years old or in 1797. While we have been unable to find proof that this is true, it is thought by some that he, like a great many other German lads of his day, preferred going to America rather than into the German army for a seven year period.

Legend has it that he tried to leave home unknown to his mother, but before the ship pulled away she discovered his going and came running to the water's edge, and as they put to sea fell to the ground weeping and wringing her hands.

Little do we of today realize the heartaches of our forebears as they parted from their sons and daughters, leaving for America. In those days a journey of a thousand miles was a lifetime adventure, and comparatively few of those going to America ever returned to the Homeland.

Henry sold his services to the Captain of the ship as payment for his passage, for a term of three years and six months. This was not an uncommon practice as so many were trying to get to America, that wonderful country beyond the sea, about which so much was heard but so little known. The Captain resold Henry's services to a John Bispham, a well to do planter in New Jersey, for whom he worked the required time. This term of service seems to have been mutually agreeable to both parties as we find later that Henry named all his boys with the letter "B" as their middle initial in honor of his employer.

Henry's first job after leaving Bispham was hauling the stone for the building of the first jail in Burlington county, he having bought a team of oxen for the purpose.

For years I have wondered at times just what our name really is. In the contract between Henry and Bispham it is written in as "Cutter". Some years ago I was told it was "Cotter".

When living in the Canadian Northwest, 1908 to 1917, we had a German neighbor who said he often saw our name in his Berlin paper. I couldn't understand how he could recognize the name "Catey" in German if our name really was "Cutter".

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We have a photostatic copy of the above mentioned contract between Henry and Bispham with their signatures which Mrs. Catey took to a German friend and this is what we learned: The name "Cutter" was what the English speaking Justice of the Peace thought it sounded like when the German, Heinrich, pronounced it. But Henry's signature was as plain to her as anything could be. It is "Heinrich Kohkte"; put in English it becomes "Henry Koete" and is pronounced "Catey" though with more of a gutteral sound than we give it. Why Henry changed the "K" to a "C" is anybody's guess.

Bispham seems to have been a man of considerable means and the name came to be a very prominent one in early New Jersey history.

On October 20, 1802, Henry married Jane E. Fennimore, daughter of Captain Edward Fennimore, who had served in the Revolutionary War. Eight of their children were born in New Jersey where they lived until the spring of 1820 when they came to Indiana and settled on a farm about two miles southeast of Williamsburg, in what is now Wayne County, but at that time was in the Cincinnati Land District and was known as Congress Land. They lived on this 160 acre farm until their deaths. The farm was later owned by the youngest son, Samuel. Henry and Jane were among the earliest settlers in the community. We have no account of their ever having returned to New Jersey even for a visit.

Henry died April 14, 1850, and Jane died April 5, 1859. They were buried in the old Concord Cemetery, located about three miles east and three or four miles south of Carlos, Indiana, on the east side of Hog Back Pike and about one-half mile south of Old Center Church. Head stones were placed at their graves but as the years passed the stones no longer stood upright, in fact, the stone at Henry's grave had broken off at the level of the ground.

On October 26, 1948, in an effort to prolong the identity of the graves, Clyde, William, Frank and Lloyd Catey and Lilburn Martin, built a cement block at the head of the graves in which the headstones were laid.

The following is a list of the children born to Henry and Jane and the dates of their birth: John B., Aug. 1803; Rebecca Ann, Dec. 23, 1804; Stacy B., Oct. 4, 1806; Meriam, July 31, 1808; William B., Dec. 15, 1812; Hannah, May 25, 1815; Elizabeth, May 2, 1817; Charles B., March 22, 1819; Richard B., Jan. 18, 1823; and Samuel B., Jan. 7, 1824.

Richard died in infancy, but the other nine children all lived to maturity.

Henry Catey, the German immigrant boy, is listed in this record as "A", his children as "b", grandchildren as "c" and so on. We have endeavored to record the children's names in chronological order. I know there have been many items of interest omitted from the record. I hope there has been none inserted that should have been omitted.

The official description of the land entered by Henry and Jane as given in an old record on file in the Wayne County
Court House at Richmond, Indiana, is as follows: "The N. W. ¼ of Section 9, Township 17, Range 14 East of the Second Principle Meridian - Containing 160 acres - Patent was signed by James Monroe, President of the U. S. A., 1822.

The farm was transferred to Samuel B. Catey October 18, 1850. The transfer was signed by John B. Catey, Sarah Catey; David Rippey, Rebecca Ann Rippey; Stacey B. Catey; William Rosbrugh, Hannah Rosbrugh; Milton Jeffries, Elizabeth Jeffries; Christen Edman, Meriam Edman; William Catey and Sarah Catey. Two hundred and fifty dollars was paid each heir.

REMINISCENCE

Do you remember the old farm home?
The way it used to be
The narrow porch on the west and south
And near by a great oak tree?

An ivy vine entwined that porch
And robins built their nest
And chirped and sang when it looked like rain
That's when we liked it best.

For we loved to sit on that time worn porch
When evening chores were done
The children played on the soft green grass
And we watched the setting sun.

The sky would turn to purple and gold
And maybe a storm cloud appear
Just as we live, our lives unfold
And go on year after year.

That porch is now a modern one
All glass from which we can see
Trees and crops and neighbors' homes
Across the broad prairie.

The towering oak that shaded the house
Fell one day with a mighty roar
It came to an end as all things must
When their usefulness is o'er.

A cave stood in back of the house
Where we stored good things to eat
Canned fruit—row on row
Apples, pickles and preserves sweet.
That old cave with the sagging roof
    That yielded many a meal
Is now replaced with a modern garage
    To shelter an auto-mo-bile.

A wooden pump was out by the barn
    Where in the summer hot
And on the cold snowy winter days
    We stood and pumped a lot.

For the thirsty cattle and hogs and sheep
    The chickens and horses, too
Liked to drink of the water, clear and cool
    That's the way we used to do.

That pump is now a modern one
    With wires and gadgets and such
That brings the sparkling water forth
    With only a finger's touch

The coal oil lamp had its place in the home
    With its welcome, but feeble light
Electric ones have taken its place
    That shine forth clear and bright.

Yes, the old home has changed a bit
    But the world is still the same
The same sun shines and the winds still blow
    And the robins sing for rain.

The old house has lifted its face
    Toward a more modern trend
But the key still hangs beside the door
    Welcoming all our friends.

They come by two's, by three's and four's
    They come to visit and eat
And when the children and grandchildren come
    We call it a special treat.

All these things of modern times
    And the lands and gold of kings
Although you may possess them all
    None of them happiness brings.

For happiness comes from an inner sense
    Of knowing your life well spent
Of loving and living the golden rule
    And always being content.

Anna E. Bishop
The within document is a photostatic copy of the original contract between
HENRY CATEY
and
JOHN BISPHAM

This is copy of marriage certificate of the
within mentioned Henry Catey and Jane Fennimore
performed by her father, Edward Fennimore

All where it may concern,
these may certify that Henry Catey
Jane Fennimore by their own
such consent are lawfully

married together

Received Oct. 20 1802 Alex. M'Gowan
Edward Fennimore
THIS INDENTURE Witnesseth That
Henry Burton late from Hamburg in Germany, of his
own free will and accord, and for other good causes
and considerations herein after mentioned,

both bound and put himself and by the present doth bind and put himself a tenant
unto John Bishop of Burlington County State of New Jersey
unto him, his Executors, Administrators or Assigns, from the Day of the Date hereof, for and during the full Term of three years and six months
from thence next ensuing. During all which Term the said Henry Burton his Master,
his Executors, Administrators or Assigns faithfully shall serve, and that honestly and obediently in all
Things, as a good and dutiful servant ought to do. AND the said John Bishop
the Executors, Administrators or Assigns, doth covenant and agree to find and provide
for the said servant sufficient meat, drink, washing, lodging and
apparel during the term aforesaid, and the said John Bishop hath
therein agreed to pay to Henry Burton, his.

in all for the passage and charge of the said Henry Burton from this place.
I do hereby and do will here further agree, on behalf of the within named John Brinton the Master, that he is to give or Deliver unto the within named Servant at the expiration of the within term of three years and six months the sum of forty Dollars upon condition the said Henry Brinton continue to love the said John Brinton or his assigns faithfully and honestly until the end of the term set forth whereof I have hereto set my hand at Newcastle the day of year first within written.

Joseph Latton
GENEALOGY


1b. John B. Catey, born, Aug. 9, 1803, married Sarah Lewis (Harris).

1c. Oliver Catey, born June 6, 1833, died Oct. 1901, married Elizabeth Tharpe.


1e. Oza Catey died in infancy.

2e. Elizabeth Myrtle Catey, born 1879, married Mose Harris in 1896.

1f. Merl Harris, died Feb. 22, 1914, aged 16 years.

2f. Elmer Francis Harris, born June 14, 1900, married.  

1g. Audrey Harris married Carl Carrington.

1h. Stella Jane Carrington, born 1904, married Miltonberger.

1i. Eddie Miltonberger.

2i. Jean Miltonberger.

3i. Emma Miltonberger.

3f. Roy Harris, born 1906, married ----- Luellan. Have five children.


1f. Herschel E. Pike, born 1903, married Esther Coppick.

1g. Mary Lue Pike, born July 30, 1927, married Robert Rogers April 20, 1946.

1h. Christopher Michael Rogers, born Sept. 12, 1947.

4e. Mary Ethel Catey, born April 6, 1884, married Karl Koontz.

1f. Wilbur Koontz, born 1904, died aged 31 years.

2f. Byron Koontz, born 1907, married.  

1g.  

2g.  


4e. Mary Ethel's second husband, Oscar Wharf.

4f. Bernice Wharf, married, has four children.

1c. Oliver Catey's second marriage. Wife, Syvala Ann Bowen.

2d. Jennie B. Catey born 1865, died Nov. 6, 1891, married Benton Jolly, 1884.

1e. Charles Homer Jolly, born July 29, 1885, married Mertie May Hoskins Feb. 7, 1907.

1f. Louise Jolly died in infancy.

2f. James Albert Kenneth Jolly married Dorthy Scott.

2e. Edna Ellen Jolly, born 1889, married Hoskins.

1f. Martin Hoskins, born, married Tangier, Indiana.

2f. Frieda May Hoskins.

3f. Robert Hoskins.

3e. Clayton Jolly, born 1890, lives Kansas City, Montana.

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3d. John W. Catey, born May 20, 1866, married Mary Robertson, 1894.
1e. Edna Catey, born 1896, married — Boaz.
  1f. Marjorie Boaz, nurse, lives at 303 Jackson St., Danville, Illinois.
2e. William E. Catey, born 1898.
3e. Otis H. Catey, born 1900.
4e. Orval W. Catey, born April 23, 1906.
Chief of Police, Gary, Indiana, 32 years.
5d. George M. Catey, born 1873, married, parted, no children.
Danville, Illinois.
6d. Ella Catey born 1878, married D. Rife, died 1901.
2c. Jane Catey, married ---- Evans.
  1d. Caroline Evans.
  2d. Elias Evans.
  2c. Jane's second husband, James Redkey.
3c. Stacy B. Catey married Jane Tharpe, sister to Oliver's first wife.
  1d. Tommie Catey.
  2d. Sarah Ann Catey.
4c. Orlistis R. Catey married Martha Stevens, died in Civil War, May 22, 1864, the day he was discharged.
  1d. Frank Catey.
  2d. Emma Catey.
  3d. Belle Catey married Frank Jones.
  1e. Tillman Jones.
5c. Margaret Catey married Charles Johnson.
  1d. George Johnson.
  2d. Albert Johnson.
  3d. Stewart Johnson.
6c. Milton Catey killed in Civil War.
  1d. Stacy A. Lassell, born May 22, 1859, died 1877.
  2d. Alfaretta Lassell, born March 22, 1861, married George Wessley Sheppard.
  1e. Harry G. Sheppard, born Oct. 6, 1879, married Katherine Cuykendall. In first World War 3 years.
  1g. Billie R. Loehr.
  2g. Judy Loehr.
  1e. Harry G. Sheppard's second marriage to Florence Ross.
  3f. Alfaretta Sheppard.
  1e. Harry G. Sheppard's third marriage to Serena Carmen.
  4f. Alma Sheppard married Stewart Hart.
  5f. Lloyd George Sheppard.
  1e. Harry G. Sheppard's fourth marriage to Laura Bennett.

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2e. Paul E. Sheppard, born June 14, 1882, married Katherine Sipple.
   1g. Joan E. Sheppard, born May 1, 1943.
2e. Paul E. Sheppard's second marriage to Una Morgan.
   2f. Louise Sheppard married Camron Dick.
3d. Alberta L. Lassell, born Sept. 27, 1866, married Lon Gilchrist.
   1e. Fern Gilchrist married Fred McDaniells.
      1f. William died young.
      2f. Charles.
   2e. Wayne Gilchrist.
      1f.
      2f.
4d. John Foster Lassell, March 9, 1868, married.
5d. Emma Enola Lassell, born Nov. 23, 1870, married Steven Miles.
   1e. Harold H. Miles, born 1887.
6d. Achsah Lassell, born Dec. 28, 1872, married Ed Spencer
   1e. Raymond Spencer.
   2e.
   3e.
8c. Hannah Catey married Charles Sheppard.
    1d. Lewis Corwin Sheppard.
    2d. Cora Sheppard.
9c. Axcellina Catey, married Oliver Hampton.
    1d. Birt Hampton.
       1e. John C. Hampton, has four boys.
       2e. Blanche Hampton, married ---- Morrison.
    2d. Blanche Hampton.
   1c. Henry Rippey.
   2c. William Rippey, married Laura Barce.
   3c. Mary Jane Rippey, married Robert Long, buried at Leesburg, Indiana.
4c. Samuel Rippey, buried at Chicago, Illinois.
    1d. Adda Rippey, married ---- Brophy.
5c. Lida Rippey, married William Zimmerman.
6c. John Rippey, married Hat Stephenson, buried at Leesburg, Indiana.
    1d. Charles Rippey.
    2d. Dade Rippey.
    3d. Allie Rippey.
7c. Charles D. Rippey, married ---- Mock, buried at Leesburg, Indiana.
Rippey Jan. 26, 1853, who died April 16, 1893. Stacy died April 25, 1893. Both are buried at Ira, Iowa.


1f. Illa Fern Scott, born April 5, 1904, Benton county.


3e. Charles W. Scott, born April 12, 1878, Benton county, married Jeanette Rust Dec. 27, 1899.


1g. Charles Scott, born 1922 in Rockford, Illinois.

2g. Alfred B. Scott, born in Rockford, Illinois.

3g. Delbert Scott, born Rockford, Illinois.

4g. Paul Scott, born in Rockford, Illinois.

5g. Mary Scott, born 1929, Rockford, Illinois.


1g. Jane Armalana, born in Rockford, Illinois.

2g. Jack Armalana, born in Rockford, Illinois.


5e. Luella Scott, born Feb. 13, 1883, Benton county, married James Runck July 17, 1900, who was born April 1875.


1g. Kenneth Runck, born Nov. 6, 1932.


1f. Hershel Leonard Barratt, born March 27, 1908, married Emma Lorene Moyars June 5, 1946.

2f. Ivan Scott Barratt, born Sept. 30, 1910, married Cleora Ruth Davis Sept. 19, 1937, who was born April 1, 1917.

1g. Martin Dean Barratt, born Sept. 10, 1938.

2g. Bunita Rahe Barratt, born May 18, 1942.

3g. Richard Lee Barratt, born Jan. 27, 1944.

4g. John Scott Barratt, born Nov. 11, 1946.


1f. Lloyd Barratt Scott, born Nov. 12, 1911, married Mary Zeis July 12, 1941.


1g. Donald Keith Brown, born May 12, 1931.


1g. Dorann Kay Bartlesen, born March 31, 1944.


1g. Charles Frederick Schwamberger, born Feb. 7, 1944.

2g. Roy Schwamberger, born Aug. 29, 19

3d. John Franklin Scott, born June 6, 1859, died April 16, 1945.


1e. Anna Elmira Chesnut, born Sept. 26, 1884, married Elbin Blackwood of Miss. Dec. 27, 1911.

1f. Alice Marie Blackwood, born Dec. 15, 1912 in Miss.


4f. Marion Elbin Blackwood, born May 20, 1919.

5f. Dorothy Bell Blackwood, born Jan. 21, 1921, Drew, Miss.

6f. Daisy May Blackwood, born May 28, 1922, Drew, Miss.

7f. Mary Carmen Blackwood, born Dec. 12, 1923, Drew, Miss.

8f. Elizabeth Ann Blackwood, born Jan. 27, 1925.

9f. Frederick Blackwood, born 1927, Drew, Miss.


2f. Mary Inez Grittman, born July 16, 1918, Ruleville, Miss.


1f. Thomas Hayden Tilman, born June 1915 at Chickasha, Okla.

2f. Fred Wendell Tillman, born May 26, 1918 at Ruleville, Miss.


4f. Benjamin Tillman, Jr., born Feb. 26, 1921, Memphis, Tenn.


8e. John Franklin Chesnut, born Dec. 15, 1899, Benton county.

9e. Icel M. Chesnut, born April 11, 1905, married Ernest P. Radecke May 16, 1928.

5d. Emma E. Scott, born Feb. 19, 1866, died July 10, 1867, buried at Templeton, Ind., Griffin Cemetery.

6d. Arthur H. Scott, born April 30, 1869, died Sept. 30, 1870, buried at Templeton, Ind., Griffin Cemetery.


1g. Diane, born April 10, 1949.

2f. Joe Matthews, born Nov. 24, 1921, married Mar-
garet Webster October 28, 1946.
3f. Carrol Matthews, born July 8, 1931.
2e. Harry Beatty, born April 20, 1888, married Hazel Smith.
  1e. Eva Ervin, born Sept. 12, 1886, married Elmer McCleary June 12, 1947.
  2d. Claude Ervin, born June 24, 1888, died April 6, 1911.
  3e. Ruth Ervin born April 19, 1890, married Onel Lynn.
   1f. Martha Lynn, born Sept. 6, 1907, married Ben Miller.
       1g. Dennis Miller, born 1934.
       2g. Kent Ervin Miller, born 1929.
  2f. Helen Lynn, born 1909, married George Reichert.
       1g. Donald Reichert, born 1940.
       2g. Linda Helen Reichert, born 1945.
  4e. Jessie Ervin, born Aug. 1, 1892, married Herbert Gawthrop.
     1f. Herbert, born March 17, 1918.
     1e. Ruby, married Gerald Phillips.
     2e. Ruth, married Russel Neff.
     1e. Donovan Motto.
     1f. John Donovan Motto.
  5d. John S. Catey, born Sept. 4, 1877, Kosciusko county, married Mary Groves.
     1e. Hallie, married Boyd Kline.
        1f. Bvod C. Kline, married Lila Loy.
           1g. Sandra Kline.
           2g. Curtiss Michael Kline.
        2f. Mary R. Kline, married John Prentice.
           1g. Leila Prentice; 2g. Leah Ann Prentice; twins.
        2e. William Harold Catey, married Christina Lewis.
           1f. Patricia, married ----- Brinson.
           1g. James Brinson.
        2f. Betty Jane.
     1f. Child died in infancy.
     1d. Stacy F. Catey, born Dec. 21, 1871, Kosciusko county,
Ind., married Thnsnelda Berner, no children. Stacy died Dec. 27, 1929, buried at Los Angeles, California.

2d. George W. Catey, born 1873, Kosciusko county, married Ethel McFarland. George died Jan. 1, 1931, buried in Inglewood Cemetery at Los Angeles, California, on the lot with his father and mother.

1e. Raymond Catey, born 1905 in Los Angeles, married, no children.

2e. Marion Catey, born 1908 at Patchogue, L. I., N. Y., married James Redmond.


1f. David Andrew Armstrong, born Sept. 6, 1940.


4d. Emma E. Catey, born March 19, 1877 in Kosciusko county near Leesburg, Ind., died Jan. 24, 1937, buried in Inglewood Cemetery, Los Angeles, on lot with her father and mother.


5d. Maggie Barnett, born May 19, 1864, died Sept. 1877, buried Delphi, Ind.


5e. Louisa Catey, born July 7, 1838, married John Wesley Lank March 25, 1860, born Nov. 29, 1833, died Nov. 23, 1905. Louisa died April 1918, buried at Oxford, Ind., West Cemetery

1e. Mrs. Greenburg.
3d. May Lank, born Benton county, married Schuyler Herman, both are buried in South Dakota.

1e. Emil Lank, died Aug. 9, 1933, aged 37 years.
3e. Clara May Lank married Paul Brook.
5d. Schyler Lank lives in California.
6d. Sarah E. Lank died in infancy, buried in Montmorencic, Indiana.
7d. John Stacy Lank, died Jan. 18, 1934, married a Miss Bricker, buried at Cardwell, Montana. No children.
8d. Jessie Lank married Clark Young.

1e. Harold Young died Sept. 1931, age 25 years, buried Marshall, Michigan.
7c. Wilson Catey, born Dec. 12, 1842, Wayne county, Ind., died Dec. 21, 1894. Death due to bowel trouble caused by service in Civil War. He was a prisoner in Andersonville prison. Never married.

1g. David Joe Heeter, born Aug. 16, 1949.
2e. Fred Bechtold, born March 15, 1897, married Vivian Clark. Fred died Dec. 28, 1936, result of gasoline explosion.
1f. Evelyn Bechtold, born Sept. 27, 1918, married Willard Mowrer.
1g. Nila L. Mowrer, born March 8, 1937.
2g. Gladys E. Mowrer, born June 14, 1939.

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6f. Bonnie J. Bechtold, born May 1, 1931.
7f. Shirley A. Bechtold, born June 26, 1936.
3e. Hazel Bechtold, born Nov. 21, 1901, married Ira C. Brill June 3, 1923.
3f. Wilford Brill, born Aug. 11, 1930.
2d Carrie Catey, born Dec. 30, 1874, married George L. Jordan July 25, 1894. Carried died Feb. 14, 1898, and is buried in old Concord Cemetery 5 miles east and one mile south of N. Manchester, Indiana.
1g. Robert Jordan Crow, born Nov. 4, 1947.
3d. Fannie Catey died in infancy, buried Leesburg, Ind.
1e. Samuel Paul Gordon, born Nov. 17, 1901, married Dorothy McMullen June 24, 1931.
3f. Marjory Ellen, born Feb. 9, 1936.
2e. Lottie Bernice Catey, born June 7, 1904, married Harold Locke Aug. 17, 1933.
(Adopted).
1f. James Catey Wilson, born April 7, 1932.
(Adopted).
(Adopted).
4e. Wilford Allen Catey, born Sept. 15, 1908, on the banks of Crooked Hill Creek, 10 miles N. W. of Canora, Saskatchewan, Canada, married Frances Strange Dec. 26, 1929, Frances born Sept. 26, 1907, at Grand Ledge, Michigan.
1f. John Allen Catey, born Sept. 11, 1930.
2f. Daniel Wilford Catey, born July 26, 1931.
5f. Mary Evelyn Catey, born Nov. 13, 1936.
6f. Lloyd William Catey, born May 3, 1938. Twins
7f. Charles Paul Catey, born May 3, 1938. Twins
8f. Thomas Francis Catey, born July 1, 1941.
5e. Alberta H. Catey, born Oct. 3, 1910, on Crooked Hill
Creek, 10 miles N. W. of Canora, Saskatchewan, Canada,
married David J. DePue July 2, 1938, David born March
12, 1917.
1f. John David DePue, born Feb. 2, 1940.
5d. Arthur S. Catey, born Nov. 16, 1882, Kosciusko
county, Ind., married Golda E. Gingerick Feb. 3, 1909 in
Wabash, Ind., Golda born Oct. 1, 1886, died Nov. 13, 1946,
buried Oaklawn Cemetery, N. Manchester, Indiana.
1e. Dortha Jeanette Catey, born July 29, 1915, married
6d. Hazel Catey, born July 30, 1885, Kosciusko county,
Ind., married Reasor Ward Dec. 19, 1905, who was born
Sept. 21, 1881, Whitley county, Ind.
1c. Mildred Ward, born July 7, 1907.
2c. Jessie Ward, born March 17, 1909, married Oct. 23,
1929, to Kenneth Hostetler.
1f. Crystal Mae Hostetler, born Aug. 2, 1930, married
David Huitema Aug. 21, 1948.
1g. Shirley A. Huitema, born July 2, 1949.
2f. Joe Hostetler, born April 8, 1939.
3e. Alice Eleanor Ward, born June 13, 1913, died July
28, 1926.
9e. Winfield Scott Catey, born Feb. 23, 1847, Wayne county,
Indiana, married Mary E. Kuhns, who died Aug. 1934. Win-
field died July 30, 1912. Was a Civil War veteran, both buried
at Mock's Church.
1d. Clara Catey, born Feb. 13, 1870, married Lee Miller.
1e. Eva Belle Miller, born June 9, 1893, married H. F.
Mock.
1f. Warren D. Mock.
2f. Cloice W. Mock.
3f. Ireta Mock.
2e. Blanche Miller, born Oct. 12, 1896, married Tom
Stiffler.
1f. Velda M. Stiffler.
2e. Blanche's second marriage, Garrett Grissom, Aug.
2, 1943.
3e. Stacy Miller, born April 26, 1900, died Dec. 8, 1947,
married Wilodean Stage.
1f. Raymond S. Miller.
2f. Clara Alice Miller married Nevin Murphy Feb. 1946
4e. Jessie Miller, born June 29, 1902, married Vivian
A. Spencer March 9, 1925.
3f. Jeanine Spencer, born Nov. 1940.
1e. Emily B., born May 21, 1898, married Marion Reiff April 15, 1914, died Dec. 12, 1948.
1g. Morliene Reiff, born July 3, 1947.
2g. Michael, born July 12, 1948.
2f. Helen remarried to Wayne Staley July 26, 1946.
1g. Lana, born May 18, 1942.
2g. David, born April 23, 1943.
3g. Stevie, born Nov. 1, 1944.
4g. Benny, born April 22, 1947.
1g. Larry Whelan, born Nov. 22, 1941.
2g. Judy, born Dec. 18, 1942.
3g. Mary Ann, born March 12, 1948.
2d. Sade remarried to Jim Westlake March 29, 1906.
2e. Donald Westlake, never married.
3e. Dewitt Westlake married Ina Mohn Sept. 7, 1935.
3d. Lulu Catey married James Sutherland. No children.
4d. Rose Catey, born March 24, 1879, married Alonzo Rodabough March 30, 1896, Rose died 1925.
1e. Ethel Rodabough, born Sept. 25, 1897.
2c. Adria, born 1900.
3e. Wilma, born Sept. 13, 1902.
4e. Florence, born Sept. 13, 1902.
5e. Orah, born April 29, 1906.
6e. Hubor, born 1908.
7e. Allen, born 1910.
5d. Edith Catey 1882, married Roy Reasoner.
1e. Winfield Reasoner.
2e. Mary Reasoner.
3e. Lulu Reasoner.
4e. Lloyd Reasoner.
5e. John Reasoner.
6e. Robert Reasoner.
7d. Elsie Catey died young.
10c. Mary E. Catey, born Feb. 22, 1849, Wayne county, Ind., married Cyrus Long Nov. 17, 1874, who was born Oct. 6, 1853, and died Sept. 1927. Mary died May 1, 1937, both are
buried at Leesburg, Ind.
1e. Ruth Long, born Dec. 9, 1898, died March 6, 1916.
1f. Chester L. Keever, born June 9, 1917.
1g. Larry D. Keever, born Sept. 19, 1939.
2e. Grace P. Long Keever married George W. Helyer, born Aug. 15, 1897.
3f. Jessie Helyer.
4f. Retha Helyer.
5f. Henry Helyer.
3e. Mary M. Long, born June 8, 1903, married Pete Ingvaldson, born Aug. 18, 1895.
1f. Eunice, born May 16, 1922.
1f. Clara Mae Rennerfeldt, born April 14, 1937.
2f. Lois Anna Long, born June 7, 1931.
6e. Josephine Long, born July 24, 1911, married Rudolph Lind, born March 21, 1897.
1f. Vernon Dale Lind, born May 1, 1931.
2f. Ruby LaVerne Lind, born April 8, 1932.
3f. Dorothy Josephine Lind, born Oct. 9, 1933.
5f. Linda Lind.
2f. Thelma Carroll Rennerfeldt, born Jan. 16, 1940.
3f. Edith Rennerfeldt.
4f. Mary Eloise Rennerfeldt.
10e. Stace E. Long, born Jan. 20, 1923, married Elsie ---.
1e. Charles Long, Jr., born May 20, 1917, married Alice --
1f. Suzanne Long.
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4d. Bertha Jane Long, born Oct. 18, 1881, died Aug. 28, 1887, killed by a bee sting in her temple, buried Leesburg.

5d. Anna Long, born Aug. 11, 1885, Kosciusko county, married Everett Bishop.

1e. Marjory Bishop, born May 30, 1904, married Earl Stookey.

1f. Ann Adele Stookey, born April 14, 1931.


2e. Dorothy Bishop, born Nov. 5, 1906, married J. L. Longfellow.

1f. Johnny Longfellow, born March 9, 1926.


3e. Sarah E. Bishop, born April 24, 1913, married Dale Mock.

1f. Delores Ann Mock, born April 24, 1940.

2f. Sarah Jane Mock, born Nov. 26, 1944.


4e. Robert Bishop, born June 5, 1919, married Myrtle Maric Byrer.

1f. Robert Warren Bishop, born March 1, 1946.


1e. Harold Herbert Long died in infancy, buried at Epping, N. D.


3e. Hazezl Bernice Long died in infancy, buried at Epping, N. D.


1f. James Ralph Lambright, born April 26, 1942.


5e. Mary Ellen Long, born June 16, 1924, married Earl P. Bayne.

1f. Joan Margaret Bayne, born Dec. 8, 1946.

6e. Mildred Joan Long, born March 27, 1929, married Boyce V. Layten.

11c. Eva Catey, born Feb. 9, 1854, Kosciusko county, Ind., only child of Stacy B. Catey and Elizabeth Jeffries Rippey Catey, married Horace Smith, both buried at Iola, Kansas.

1d. Bert Smith, born Kosciusko county, Ind., now lives at Ames, Iowa married.

2d. Fred W. Smith, born Kosciusko county, buried Iola,
Kansas, married, no children.

3d. Bessie Smith, born Kosciusko county, Ind., died May 1936.

Grandma Rippey Catey’s children by Rippey were: William, Matthew, Allen, John and Milton. When the Civil War broke out eight boys went from the Catey home, four Rippeys and four Cateys. Grandma Catey’s first husband’s name was Joseph Rippey.

This is the end of the Stacy B. branch of the Catey family.

4b. Miriam Catey, born July 31, 1808, died May 6, 1855, married Christen Edman. She was buried at Leesburg, Indiana.

1c. Catherine Edman married Sylvinis Davison.
2c. Thomas Edman, married, died Dec. 16, 1867.
3c. Stacy Edman married Lightfoot.
4c. Elizabeth Edman married Austin Sanderson.

1d. Loona Sanderson married Myers, lives at Bloomingdale, Indiana.

5c. David Edman, married.
6c. Milton Edman, married.
7c. Christina Edman, married Jay Kinney.


1c. Moses D. Catey died on return from Civil War, never married.
2c. George W. Catey died in War, buried at Milliken’s Bend, Mississippi River.

1d. Cora Catey.
2d. Jessie Catey, married, husband died, no children.

1e. Neva Catey married Huddleston.
1f. Ninajean Huddleston.

2e. Nina Catey, married Ewing, no children.

4e. Naomi Catey married Leroy Carrell.

5c. Wilma Catey, married.

4d. Zora Catey married Ozro Jobs.
1e. Lela Jobs married Benson.
2e. Edgar Jobs married Perisho.

5d. Winfred Catey married Grace Carson.
1e. Ruth E. Catey married Lacy, Michigan minister.

2f. Henry Catey.
3e. Harold C. Catey, December 5, 1921, married Betta
Brussels.

1f. Junior, born July 22, 1933.

4e. Rachel Catey died young.

5c. Louisa Catey died young.

6c. Eliza Catey died young.

7c. Samuel Catey, born 1850, married Latisha Veal Sept. 1868

1d. Sally Catey, born Aug. 9, 1869, married Arlonzo Hutchins July 25, 1886.


1f. Margaret Hutchins died May 31, 1924.

2f. Gladys Hutchins died May 31, 1924.

3f. David Hutchins, born April 7, 1913, married Ella Mae Hill in 1938.

1g. David, Jr., born April 1943.

2g. Steven, born Nov. 26, 1946.

4f. Donald E. Hutchins, died May 31, 1924.

5f. Ralph Hutchins, born Aug. 20, 1917, married Louise O-----.

1g. Donald Ralph Hutchins, born Sept. 26, 1946.


6f. Fredrick Hutchins, born June 19, 1922, married Emily Scheibler 1945.

1g. Linda Lee, born Feb. 5, 1949.

7f. Paul Hutchins, born Feb. 28, 1923, married Catherine Bond.

1g. Michael, born April 13, 1943.

2e. Lola Hutchins, born March 28, 1890, married Roscoe Coggeshall June 1911.

1f. Marvin Coggeshall, born April 1, 1912, married Bessie Hunt.

1g. Clayton Lee Coggeshall, born Sept. 6, 1941.


1g. Nellie Jean Dole, born Dec. 23, 1940.


1g. Neal Pfafman, born Dec. 10, 1938.

2g. Suzann Pfafman, born 1944.

3g. Linda Lee Pfafman, born Nov. 1947.


1g. Marsha Louise Coggeshall, born Sept. 1948.


1g. Michael Coggeshall, born Oct. 1917.

7f. Eloise Coggeshall, born March 31, 1927, married
Rolo Halsey July 1946.
11f. Patricia Coggeshll, born April 16, 1932.
3e. Velma Hutchins, born Aug. 6, 1894, died Jan. 5, 1911.
4e. Opal Hutchins, born March 16, 1897, married Charles Collins June 19, 1913.
5e. Basil Hutchins, born March 5, 1899, married Gertrude Dillman June 30, 1922.
1f. Eleanor Hutchins, born Feb. 27, 1923, married Don Whetstine.
1g. Leroy, born May 26, 1943.
1g. Billie Evans, born July 1945.
1g. Chryl Langford, born July 22, 1945.
4f. Donald E. Hutchins, born April 26, 1930.
1g. Rusty Sink, born Aug. 8, 1944.
2f. Lorna Sink, born Sept. 9, 1925, married Irvie Yoder Aug. 1946.
1g. Linda Lee Yoder, born Dec. 1947.
4f. Lavada Sink, born July 17, 1930.
5f. Roberta Sink, born April 26, 1932.
8e. Dorthy's second marriage to Norris.
3f. Ora Lee Norris, born April 30, 1938.
2d. Molly Catey (Mary), born June 9, 1872, married Pete Hutchins August 1893.
2f. David Hutchins, born Feb. 1921, married.
   1g. Douglas Hutchins, born 1947.
   2g. David Hutchins, born 1949.
3f. Mary Ann Hutchins, born 1923.
   1g.
   2g.
   3g.
5f. Daniel Hutchins, born May 15, 1927.
7f. Marjorie Hutchins, born 1931.
8f. Winifred Hutchins, born 1933.
   1f. Elizabeth Brown, born June 24, 1939.
3e. Eileen Hutchins, born April 18, 1902, married Kenneth Cates March 24, 1924.
   1g. Kenneth B. Van Ausdale, born July 18, 1948.
   3f. Marta Cates, born April 9, 1934.
   1f. Mary Hobbs, born Aug. 1, 1934.
   1f. Janice Hutchins, born 1943.
1d. William Catey, born Sept. 15, 1872, married Kate Seniff.
   1e. Ruth Catey died aged 2 years.
   2e. Esther J. Catey, born April 1905, died April 12, 1928.
4e. John Allen Catey died in infancy.
2d. Zelma Catey died in infancy.
3d. Alice Catey, born May 4, 1876, married Ora Galbreath in 1896.
   1f. Kathryn Galbreath, born April 1921, married Robert C. Holder.
   1g. Robert Holder, April 8, 1945.

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2g. Steven Holder, born Dec. 14, 1947.
3g. Hanlon Holder, born June 1949.
2e. Cecil Galbreath, born May 13, 1902, married Louise Roberts 1924.
3e. Emil M. Galbreath, born June 22, 1909, married Hazel Catey.
  1f. Donald Bruce, born June 11, 1940.
  2f. Barbara Ann, born June 1, 1944.
4d. Byron Catey died in infancy.
5d. Elo Catey, born 1881, died June 1940, married Walter Fox 1903.
  1e. Marion Fox, born Sept. 1, 1903, married Louise Burton 1928.
    1f. Raney Fox, born March 12, 1930.
  3e. Allen V. Fox married Elizabeth Stephenson March 2, 1934.
    1f. Karen Lee Fox, born Dec. 9, 1936.
    3f. Mary J. Fox, born Aug. 11, 1944.
    4e. Winford L. Fox, born June 6, 1913, married Wilma Brown Jan. 20, 1941.
  6d. Bessie Catey died and had never married.
  8c. Jonah's second marriage.
  9c. John B. Catey, born Aug. 18, 1855, Randolph county, Ind., married Salina (Duck) Morland. John died June 22, 1936. Duck died—Both are buried in the Old Union Cemetery near Carlos, Indiana.
  1d. Maude Catey born Oct. 29, 1877, married Lilburn Martin June 21, 1899.
    1e. Glen A. Martin, born Feb. 6, 1901, married Zola Lamb Dec. 1922.
    1g. Larry McDirmit, born March 18, 1948.
4f. Delores Martin, born Nov. 21, 1929.
  1f. Donald Blair Mills, born April 13, 1923, married Vivian -----.
  1f. Jacqueline Wilson died aged 3 years, born Sept. 30, 1929.
  2f. Lloyd Raymond Wilson, born Nov. 22, 1933.
4e. Alice R. Martin, born Nov. 4, 1905, married Earl Taylor.
  1f. Robert Bruce Taylor, born April 6, 1941.
  1f. Linda Gail Scholler, born Sept. 1946.
  1f. John Michael Boggs, born Aug. 10, 1940.
  2f. Patricia Gail Boggs, born Nov. 10, 1943.
  1e. Stacy Catey, born March 4, 1905, married Adah Abel Oct. 20, 1940.
  2e. Claude Catey, born March 22, 1906.
  3e. William Henry Catey, born June 7, 1907, died Dec. 4, 1937.
      1f. Donald Bruce, born June 11, 1940.
      2f. Barbara Ann, June 1, 1944.
  6e. Bessie Catey, born Sept. 23, 1913, married Carl Lilly Sept. 23, 1933.
  7e. Florence Catey, born March 7, 1914.
  1e. Alice R. Catey.
4d. Frank B. Catey, born Sept. 21, 1883, married Grace
Elliott. No children.
5d. Harry R. Catey, born May 12, 1889, married Winnie Cavanaugh.
   1e. Mary Jane Catey, born June 28, 1924.
   3e. Esther Catey (Winnifred), born March 26, 1929.
   1e. Robert Turner, born Jan. 11, 1913, married Mallissa Macy April 5, 1942.
5e. Lois B. Turner, born July 8, 1919, married Theron Beach Oct. 1939.
      1f. Phyllis Beach, born June 17, 1943.
6e. Helen Turner, born April 23, 1922, married Gerald Rees April 1, 1945.
   1e. George E. Catey, Jr., born Nov. 10, 1921. Died in infancy.
   4e. Dale B. Catey, born Feb. 21, 1933.
   5e. David Catey, born Feb. 6, 1938.
   6e. Anita Catey, born Sept. 26, 1941.

10c. Infant son born and died Feb. 25, 1862.

6b. Hannah Catey, born May 25, 1815, married William Rosebrook, who was killed in Civil War and buried at Murphysboro, Tenn. Hannah buried at Leesburg, Indiana.

1c. Charles Rosebrook.
2c. Janie Rosebrook.
3c. Lida Rosebrook, married Jack Meek.

7b. Elizabeth (Betty) Catey, born May 2, 1817, married Milton Jeffries, buried at Leesburg, Indiana.

1c. Henry Jeffries.
2c. Frank Jeffries.
3c. Allen Jeffries.
4c. Jim Jeffries.

8b. Charles B. Catey, born March 22, 1819, married Mary Ferguson, who is buried at Leesburg, Indiana. Charles buried at Salmon, Idaho.

1c. Elizabeth Catey died. Never married.

1d. Margaret Sharkey married Robert Kirkham.
   1e. John E. Kirkham died first World War.
   2e. Olive Kirkham married ----- Langfitt.
   1f. Elane Belle Langfitt.
   2f. Joyce Langfitt.
3e. Elizabeth Kirkham married Paul Albertson.
4e. Margaret Kirkham married ----- Rueker.
5e. Frank Kirkham.

2d. Frank Sharkey married Bessie Yost. No children.
   Frank was born Sept. 20, 1875.
3d. William Sharkey married -----Schrader.
4d. Mary (Mame) Sharkey married ----- Stewart.
   1e. Walter Stewart.
5d. Charles Sharkey married.
6d. Edwin Sharkey, born 1881, died 1916. Rebecca died when Edwin was born.

3c. Joe Catey died in Civil War.

8b. Charles B. Catey's second marriage was to Elizabeth Agnes McIntosh on July 29, 1853 "late of Missouri", who died Aug. 22, 1854 and is buried on the mountain side, one half mile south of the overhead railroad crossing south of Redding, California.

4c. George William Catey, born April 24, 1854, near "Old Shasta" and Redding California. George died in 1902 and is buried in the Typographical Union plot No 46 in the cemetery at Sacramento, California. His stone is the second stone from the tall central stone. George married Ann Rutherford of Indianapolis, Indiana at or near Leesburg, Idaho.

   1e. Eugene Conley, Jr.
   2e. Mervil Conley.
   3e. Bernard Conley married Elane McLean.

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1f. Ronald McLean Conley.

4c. George William Catey married second time to Ida Stacer.

2d. George F. Catey, born Aug. 3, 1892, married Mabel Harriden.

1e. George L. Catey married Joan Singleton.
   1f. Marilyn Catey.
   2f. George Walter Catey.
   2e. Edmund Frank married Helen Adam.
      1f. Dennis Paul Catey.
      2f. Janice Ruth Catey.
   3e. Beverly Leona married George Brown.
      1f. George Brown, Jr.

3d. Pearl Catey married Edward Frise. No children.

9b. Richard B. Catey died in infancy.


   1d. Odessa Catey, married ----- Powers.
      1e. James Powers.
      2e. Ada Powers.

2c. Orlando Catey, born March 1, 1848, married Jane Smith.

   1e. Harold Catey, born June 3, 1905, married Mary Moyer Nov. 23, 1927.
   3d. Milton Catey, born March 4, 1876, married Claudia L. Clements March 24, 1898.
      1e. Mildred Catey, born April 1, 1900, married Clarence Holloway Sept. 7, 1919.
      2e. Doris's second marriage to Wilbur McWhinney.
         1f. Robert N. Knight, born Nov. 22, 1929, died Jan. 4, 1931.
         1f. James Paul Kramer, born Feb. 21, 1940.
         2f. David C. Kramer, born March 5, 1942.
         3f. Donna Jo Kramer, born June 1943.
      5e. Kathryn Catey, born Sept. 1912, married Ralph Ervin
Meyer June 24, 1933.
3f. Mary Kathryn, born May 7, 1946.
1f. Judith Jane Replogle, born April 18, 1938.
1e. Juanita A. Hendershott, born May 22, 1900, married George D. Peery June 17, 1920.
2g. Pamela J. Peery, born June 17, 1946.
2e. Ralph E. Hendershott, born July 16, 1901, married Zella Fisher.
1f. Shirley M. Hendershott married John VanAtta 1941.
4c. Martha (Matt) Catey, born May 28, 1852, married John Mendenhall.
1d. Earl C. Mendenhall married Ollie Hoover 1898.
2e. Reba Mendenhall, born 1904, married ----- Braun.
3f. Martha Ann Braun.
3e. Juanita Mendenhall, born 1901, died in youth.
2d. Ernest Mendenhall died in youth.
3d. Pearl O. Mendenhall died in youth.
4d. Willetta Mendenhall married Lawrence Clark 1899.
1e. Hazel Clark, born June 1900, married Anthony Kleeman.
1f. Maxine Kleeman, born 1924, married ----- Outter.
3f. Richard Kleeman.
2e. Gladys Clark, born 1902 married Roland Minner.
3e. Treva Clark, born 1904, married Basil Hardwick.
1f. Marilyn Hardwick married Noah Berry June 1948.
5c. Adeline Catey, born June 28, 1854, married Nathan Parker.
1d. Nora Parker, born 1876, married George Gibbs.
  1e. Cecil Gibbs, born 1902, married James Allman, died 1944.
  2e. Addie Gibbs, born 1903, married James Allman, Cecil's husband.
  3e. Descomb Gibbs, born 1905, married.
  1e. Lois Macy, born 1900, married James Armstrong.
    1f. Macy Armstrong.
    1g. Jerry Armstrong.
    2f. Margaret J. Armstrong married Eddie Connor.
       1g. Davin Connor.
       2g. Sandy Connor.
       3g. Dennis Connor.
  3e. Martha Macy, born May 20, 1913, married Roy Luellan.
4e. Mary Macy, born April 20, 1917, married William Morrison.
    1f. Leon Morrison, born 1940.
    1f. Tony Marshall, born April 1943.
       1f. John Edwin Bales, born Feb. 6, 1938.
       2f. Ruth Ann Bales, born Nov. 9, 1943.
4d. Harry Parker, born 1890, married Edna Wentz 1920.
1d. Chester S. Catey, born Jan. 12, 1890, married Iva Strough March 4, 1912.
       2f. Lloyd Allen Catey, born Feb. 4, 1942.
       1f. Donald L. Rose, May 26, 1936.
       3f. Philip Rose died in infancy.
    1e. Janet Catey, born Nov. 27, 1916, died June 9, 1929.
    1e. Merrill G. Riley, born Jan. 22, 1928, married Gene
Anna Clark May 5, 1945.
2e. Jerry Lee Riley, born July 23, 1940.
7c. Stacy Catey, born Sept. 26, 1865, married Florence Fields
May 1, 1889. Stacy died May 15, 1944.
1d. Bertha Catey, born Jan. 13, 1902, married Horace
2e. Helen Pash, born April 3, 1922, married Paul Heaton.
3e. Olive May Pash, born Aug. 29, 1924.
4e. Robert Pash, born April 29, 1926.
2d. Orith Catey, born May 23, 1901, married Nettie Martin
1935.
1e. Martha Winnifred Catey, born Feb. 22, 1936.

3b. Stacy B. Catey, Third Child of Henry and Jane

Stacy B. was born October 4, 1806, at Burlington, New Jersey
and was fourteen years old when he came west with his parents
to Indiana, and settled on a farm in what came to be Wayne
county, but at that time was under the jurisdiction of the Land
Office in Cincinnati, Ohio. Stacy was said to be a chip off the
old block, ambitious and determined to get on in the world. He
married Sarah Ferguson September 26, 1829. Sarah was born
on Sept. 2, 1812 in New Jersey. Sarah died September 28, 1850;
thus all three of the most important events of her life took place
in September, birth, marriage and death.

The Ferguson family was a people of large physique and it
is claimed by some that it was from the Fergusons that this
branch of the family inherited their size. One of Sarah's children
has described his mother as being a woman of unfailing kindness
and love. One of her outstanding characteristics was her appreci-
ation of a joke. Some of our readers will recall with a smile
that little twinkle of the eye we so often saw in the eyes of her
children.

Stacy bought a farm just out of Williamsburg, Indiana.
Here he built a sawmill on the little stream running through the
place and here he sawed the lumber for his own home and many
others of the new settlement. The house still stands and is in
good condition although it is well past one hundred years old.
It is only a mile or two from Williamsburg on the angling road,
running southwest. It stands on the left side of the road, quite
a large white house with a porch to the north. It may be
identified by a gunshot hole in the corner of the porch ceiling
made by a shotgun in the hands of one of the youngsters when
the parents were away. Allen was one of the youngsters looking
on. No one was hurt.

Stacy seems to have been a man of many interests. Besides
his farming and mill work he was quite a stock man. In the
fall of the year he bought great bunches of hogs which he drove
to the Cincinnati market. Along with the hogs, they took several
loads of corn for feeding along the way. The roads were unfenced

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running through the great forests and as they moved along, slowly the hogs roamed the woods alongside eating nuts as they traveled. Oftentimes the hogs weighed more in the market than at home. Then when the snows came, Stacy butchered the hogs and hauled them in great sled loads to Cincinnati. Here were located the packing houses where the meat was cured and shipped by boat down the Ohio or via the Canal to the East.

Stacy was left a widower in 1850 with nine children to care for, cloth and feed. Elmira had married the preceding March. In 1853 he married his second wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Jeffries Rippey, widow of Joseph Rippey, and moved from Wayne County to Kosciusko county, Indiana. Here he settled on what came to be known far and wide as the old Catey homestead, two miles northeast of Leesburg and here he raised the Catey family with the exception of Elmira who had married in 1850 and John in 1853. They lived here until the early '90's when they, with their only daughter, Eva, moved to Ira, Iowa, where Stacy died April 25, 1893. His wife died April 16, 1893.

In the spring of 1947, Mrs. Catey and I visited the cemetery where Stacy and his wife are buried. If any of you should go there you will find the stone at the west end of the cemetery about a mile west of Ira, Iowa, and one half mile north of the main highway. Nearby are the graves of Will Rippey and wife, Will being the oldest son of Stacy's wife by her first marriage. Will's son, Frank, was living in Ira when we called there. Will was known as a wealthy farmer. Two of his brothers, James Allen and Matthew were killed in the Civil War. While the war was on Stacy made a trip to Leesburg every day for war news. This is no surprise when we recall that eight stalwart young men went from this home to the war.

There is another incident of Stacy's life that should be recorded here so that our young folks may read these lines in years to come and picture for themselves something of the lives and activities of their forebears. Stacy was quite a horseman and after a study of the lives of his brothers one may conclude they all had much the same leanings. Allen Catey was the source of this story: "There was nothing more pleasing to father in those early days than to have a heavy load of logs, wheat or anything heavy, hitch four horses to it, two abreast, mount the rear horse, pick up the jerk line and with a crack of his long horse whip and a "Hey boys", take off for a 40 or 50 mile trip. He always drove his front team or as they called them, the 'swing team', with a single line, or jerk line, on the left horse. Roads were poor in those days and a wheel might drop into such a deep hole that to stop meant no end of trouble, perhaps unloading part of the load. In those close places my father would crack that whip so it sounded like a rifle shot at the same time digging his heels into the sides of the horse he rode. Oft-times it was an exhibition of real horsemanship. Years later when father had become an old man, he was riding astride the top log of a load I was hauling when I happened to notice as we were pulling through one of those tough places in a wood's road, that father was digging his heels into the sides

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of that log, just as he had dug them into the sides of his wheel horse 50 years before.

About 1865 Stacy made a trip from Kosciusko county to Wayne county on horseback. On the way he became sick. He stayed all night with some folks in a cabin and the lady insisted he eat heartily of their fresh ripe tomatoes (or love apples) as they were good for stomach trouble. When he got back to Kosciusko county, he told everyone about eating the love apples, and they were not poisonous at all, as they had always thought. This was the beginning of tomato eating in Kosciusko county.

It is difficult for us of this generation to realize the change in the thought and mode of life that has taken place among our people in less than 100 years. Stacy’s boys, when greasing their father’s wagon, had first to grease the front left wheel, then the left hind wheel and so on around to the right front. If they did it any other way their father would have all kinds of trouble on his next trip.

8b. Charles E. Catey

Charles E., Henry and Jane’s eighth child, was born in New Jersey March 22, 1819, just the year before they migrated to Indiana. It seems a pity that someone did not years ago write some kind of a history of our family while the first generation was still here to tell of their brothers and sisters. We have really tried to learn something of our family, not only for our own pleasure, but that we might in turn pass it on to others.

We regret that the record is not more complete.

Because no one seemed to know much about Charles E., we took a special interest in his record, and a very faint record it was. In fact, it was so dimmed by time that it seems providential that we were able to find any trace of him at all.

We have to presume that he lived at home in Wayne county until early manhood, when he evidently went to Kosciusko county to live, no doubt with a sister. It was here he met and married his first wife, Mary Ferguson, and we think all three of the children were born there. They were Elizabeth, Rebecca and Joe. The mother died and is buried in Leesburg Cemetery. She died Jan. 8, 1849, at the age of 25 years, 1 month and 21 days.

Charles’ life seems to have been rather a tragic one. While the children were yet small. Rebecca was only four, in the year 1850, he left his children with relatives and headed west like so many were doing in those days. We have no record of that journey, but we have learned from old letters that he joined his nephew, Henry Catey, son of Stacy B. Catey, who was then mining near Old Shasta, California. But at that time as well as later, he seemed more interested in ranching than in mining and ran a ranch in California until about 1867. From letters Henry wrote we learn the family was much concerned about his motherless children Charles had left in Indiana. But there is no record of his having returned to Indiana at this time.

In 1847 Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Wilson of Charlotte, Michigan, were in San Francisco and while there met a Mr. and Mrs. George F. Catey. George’s father, George William Catey, had died when George F. was but ten years old, so he knew almost nothing of
his father's people, only that his father's name was George William and was born in April 1851.

In old letters in the keeping of Merton Catey, Williamsburg, Indiana, we found a letter dated June 14, 1854, written from Old Shasta, California, near Redding. In the letter are these words, "I am married again, as you perhaps know, I married a Miss Elizabeth McIntosh, late of Missouri, in July 1853, and I have a little boy about six weeks old and his name is George William." This would place his birth in April 1854 as George F. said of his father. The letter was signed, Charles B. Catey. So the identity of George F. was established. He also remembered his father's mother had died when he was only a few months old and he was raised by a man they called Uncle Lew McIntosh, but he didn't know whether he was any relation to him or not. This letter cleared up that question. George remembered hearing his father tell that the McIntoshes had carried him on a pillow for miles in a big lumber wagon after the death of his mother.

In the summer of 1848, Georg F. and I, with our wives, went exploring around Redding, just because it was near the ghost town of Old Shasta. At the base of a mountain, about a mile south of Redding where the Oregon Trail turned to go up the canyon, we stumbled onto two graves. On the stone of one grave we read these remarkable words: "Elizabeth Agnes, wife of Charles B. Catey, died Aug. 22, 1854." George F. was raised less than 50 miles away yet he did not know of his grandmother's burial place. So little George William was only four months old when his mother died, which tied in with what George F. had heard his father tell. The grave at her side was that of Frederick McIntosh, who was her father. He had died May 17, 1854, only a month after the birth of George William and three months before the death of his daughter, Elizabeth.

Some loving hand at some time placed a huge block of cement, 10'x10'x12' over these graves and while the cement was soft laid the headstones flat in the soft cement, flush with the surface of the cement slab.

Fredrick McIntosh was accidently shot while hunting. It would be interesting to know by whom and how.

This particular place or spot is notorious. Between these graves and the old trail there once stood a road house where all the stages stopped. Across the canyon at the far side there stood for years a huge pine stump. Many years later a businessman of Redding dug from a cache beneath this stump $90,000 in gold.

In the records in the county court house we found where Charles B. Catey had owned three parcels of property in or about Old Shasta and Redding. We hoped to find here some trace of his trail or his grave. We found neither. He seemed to have vanished.

Among the papers and letters we have mentioned before, we found an old quit-claim deed for some Indiana property. The deed was signed by Charles B. Catey before an Indiana Justice of the Peace and dated 1870. So we know he had been in Indiana at that time. In this deed were these words, "I, Charles
B. Catey, of Lemhi, Idaho," etc. This was our last and only stimulating clue. We learned that Lemhi Town was a ghost town now. There had been a fort there at one time and it had been a stage stop where the stage horses were kept. We also learned through a young lady from Montana that there was a county named Lemhi in memory of the old fort and that Salmon was the name of the county seat.

On our arrival in Salmon we learned from the hotel clerk that Charles had owned a 400 acre ranch at the 17 mile post up the Lemhi River near old Fort Lemhi. It was here he had brought his daughter, Rebecca, in 1870 and she had married Frank B. Sharkey in 1871. Sharkey had been the leader of the five men who came in from Montana and discovered the great placer mines of this region in 1866. Charles arrived in 1867 from California. The center of all this mining activity was Leesburg only a few miles from where Salmon now stands.

We found that Rebecca has three children still living, one of them residing near her old home, so we called on him and his wife, Bessie. Rebecca had five children, one of whom lived with his Grandpa Catey much of the time. We visited the ranches of Charles and Sharkey. Rebecca had a nice home. Sharkey owned 600 acres adjoining Charles B.'s. They say Rebecca's home looks just as it did when she passed away in 1881.

This is a historical spot. Somewhere on the Lemhi River in 1786, a tiny Indian baby girl was born named Sacajawea. (Charles B.'s ranch lies in the valley of the Lemhi River.) She was destined to become one of the greatest characters in the history of the west as her name will be forever linked with the Lewis and Clark expedition. When but a girl she was captured by a band of Indians from Dakota and never again saw her people until she met them with Lewis and Clarke long years after. Sacajawea's brother had become Chief of his tribe and it was while the whites were negotiating with the great chief that she recognized him as her brother. She fell weeping at his feet. There is a monument just across the highway from Charles B.'s ranch marking the place where they met. Sacajawea belonged to the Shoshone tribe of Indians.

It seems disaster was always close on old Charles' trail. One of Rebecca's boys, living with his grandpa, was killed when he was around 14 or 16 years old while watching loggers load logs with a boom and the boom broke. Rebecca passed away in childbirth in 1881, leaving old Charles alone. He seems to have been known and loved by all. In a little book we have called "The Leesburg Pioneers", Charles is mentioned, as is also his daughter, Rebecca. In the early days he freighted into Leesburg from Salt Lake City with oxen and later with horses, a distance of 415 miles. Late in life, he retired to his ranch and spent his declining years with his cattle and Rebecca's children. Frank Sharkey, who with his wife, Bessie, lives at Baker, Idaho, told us he lived with his grandpa much of the time. Grandpa rode a white horse with red ears and the two were almost inseparable.

It may please Rebecca's descendants to know that back in
Williamsburg, Indiana, there is a lovely lady, 88 years young, who has taken a great deal of pleasure in hearing what we have been able to tell her of Rebecca's western life. This lady is Mrs. Alforetta Lassell Sheppard, a granddaughter of John R. Catey, Henry and Jane's first born. She was only a little girl when Rebecca went away, but she has never ceased to love her.

It may be of interest to Rebecca's children and grandchildren to learn something of Rebecca's life in Indiana.

As you may learn from the record, Rebecca was Charles B.'s second child by his first marriage. She was only four years old when her father left her with her grandfather, Henry, and grandmother, Jane, to seek his fortune in the west. Since Henry died April 14, 1850 and Charles went west in 1850, Henry must have passed away soon after Charles B. left for the west.

We think much of Rebecca's young life must have been spent with her Uncle John Catey as there are itemized bills and accounts made out by him for her living expenses. There are likewise receipted bills from Uncle David Rippey to Charles B. for the keep of Elizabeth, Rebecca's older sister.

Rebecca was now 24 years old. She had only a dim recollection of her father at all. He seemed like a stranger to her, but she must have been, as Mrs. Sheppard has told me, a wonderful young woman. At her age, it was only natural the girl would find a lover. She loved and became engaged to a young man, a photographer, in Richmond, Indiana, the county seat of Wayne county. Those were happy days for Rebecca. You know the sun never shines so brightly, the leaves are never so green and the birds never sing so sweetly as they do when one is in love. And so it was with Rebecca. Her cup of joy seemed to overflow and spread among her friends and intimates. Then came those days of mystery that come to nearly all young people when the bride to be seems very busy, but what about no one seems to know. Such were Rebecca's days. At last her trousseau was finished. The wedding day was fast approaching when one day a stranger came sauntering down the streets of Rebecca's home town. He seemed to know his way around though 20 years had come and gone since he last had seen the place. The town had long since forgotten him. Not a face did he recognize as he made his way about. It was Rebecca's father. He sought out and found his little "Becky", all that is left to remind him of the girl he first loved and courted—"Becky's" mother. The little girl he had left behind 20 years before was now a beautiful young lady. The years had added to her sweetness and her father was very proud of her. Time seemed to have dealt gently with Charles, too, though we know now he had buried his second wife away off there on the mountain side in California 16 years before. He had the appearance of a successful business man. He had a great gold watch and chain and pockets full of gold nuggets and seemingly plenty of money. Some of the family has a picture taken at this time of the father and daughter. They were a fine looking couple.

We have spent a good many restless hours trying to trace Charles' wanderings in the west and we have been much im-
pressed with his cunning and his singleness of purpose and too, with his indomitable will. Though we may differ with him, yet we are compelled to admire the tenacity with which he clung to a purpose once he had laid the course. Even in the face of death itself, his courage never faltered.

He soon made it known he was not favorably inclined to his daughter's approaching marriage. He seemed to think the young man was not his daughter's social equal, and was altogether unsatisfactory. Sadness now seemed to have enveloped "Becky". There was no longer that rippling laughter and effervescent happiness to be hearti. A dark, foreboding shadow seemed to hang over her. Those of you who have made some study of nationalities will recognize at once in Rebecca that filial obedience of the German daughter to the will of her father.

At last the day came when father and daughter took the train for Chicago and points west. Thus passed Charles and Rebecca from the old Indiana home, destined never to return.

In a letter written Nov. 10, 1933 by Allen Catey to Arthur Catey (Clyde's boy) we find this: "The youngest girl went with her father to Idaho, married there and had some children. But I do not know the name, so I know of no way to find them. The mother has been dead for many years".

On our visit to Salmon, Idaho, last summer, 1948, we called at Uncle Charles' old ranch and also at Rebecca's old home near by. As mentioned before we called on Frank and Bessie Sharkey. Frank is Rebecca's own son. We also had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Paul Albertson, a granddaughter of Rebecca, who is a teacher in the Salmon City School, and Mr. and Mrs. Murd McNicoll, the latter being a daughter of Frank B. Sharkey and his second wife.

Imagine our feelings when we realized we had come to the end of the trail Charles and Rebecca had traveled so long ago, and that the tiny thread we had picked up at that little trunk had really come to an end.

There is a nice little head stone at Rebecca's grave in the cemetery at Salmon, but we are sorry to have to tell you that there is no marker at Charles' grave. He placed a stone at the grave of his first wife at Leesburg, Indiana, and, out there in California, he placed a marker at the grave of his second wife, that those passing that way at some future time might see that he had done what he could to perpetuate her name and memory. But, alas! There is not a stone, a tree or a bush to mark Charles' resting place. He traveled far and came at last to an unmarked grave. We took one of the oldest settlers with us but he could not remember where he was laid. It seemed strange to us that there would be a number of old pioneers buried there no markers, yet but a few rods away was a tall marble shaft on which was the name of a man who had shot and killed another in cold blood on the streets of Salmon.

Charles died alone in his shack on the bank of the Lemhi River.

1c. Elmira Catey

Elmira Catey, oldest child of Stacy B. and Sarah Catey,
was born November 1830 in Wayne county, Indiana. She
married Hugh M. Scott March 21, 1850. Aunt Elmira and Uncle
Hugh left Wayne county and went to Kosciusko county the
same spring they were married. In the spring of 1908 Aunt
Elmira told me the following story of that summer spent on a
farm near Leesburg:

“Our home life was ideal. We were very much in love with
each other, but I had never been away from Mother before and
at times I was very lonesome. Mail service was almost nil, and
I had only one letter from home all summer. On day Hugh said
‘Mira, we will not stay here. Come fall we’ll go back to Wayne
county.’ From that day I was very happy, looking forward to
seeing mamma.

“In October, we started for home. The road, mostly through
the timber, was wonderful. I’ll never forget how the birds sang
and the squirrels would scamper off a few rods from us waving
their bushy tails, run up the opposite side of a tree from us and
then peek around the tree to see just what we really looked like.
We were a week or more on the road and arrived home just at
sunset. I sprang from the wagon and ran for the house. Meeting
some of the children, one of them said, ‘Mira, Mamma is dead
and gone now several weeks.’ The world faded from my eyes.
Everything turned black.

“Few can know what I suffered. Since that day, I have
had my sorrows. I have followed some of my own to their
graves; but I have never undergone such agony as I did that
October night so long ago. Even now after nearly 60 years I
cannot think of that night without a stab of pain in my heart.”

Elmira’s and Hugh’s Courtship—Uncle Hugh was an orphan
boy and while yet only a lad was knocked around from pillar to
post. He was born in Ohio, but when only 12 years of age, he
went west to Indiana. He drifted into Kosciusko county and
worked for a time in a brickyard at $5.00 per month and board.
He tried blacksmithing for a while and then got into a woolen
mill where he worked for eight years at $1.00 per day and board.
He saved some money. In 1847 he was in the war with Mexico.
He was discharged in 1849 when he returned to eastern Indiana
and began dealing in stock. Somehow he and Charles B. Catey,
Elmira’s uncle, became acquainted in the winter of 1849. The
gold rush to California was on and Charles B. and Hugh began
making plans to go to California in the spring of 1850. But many
things were destined to happen shortly. In Nov., 1849 Hugh
got to Wayne county to see Charles B. and make more detailed
plans for their trip west in the spring. While visiting Charles B.
in his father’s home (Henry, the German) they decided to visit
Charles B.’s brother, Stacy B., who lived only a few miles away
on the other side of Williamsburg. They went to the side
entrance to the house and there on the porch were the two
sisters, Elmira and Naomi, doing the family wash. When the
visitors had gone into the house, Naomi, who was always on
the lookout for some fun, said, “There, Elmira, is a beau for
you.” Elmira, who was always a little bashful said, “No, I
don’t want him, you can have him.” But Hugh soon became a

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regular caller and let it be known it was the bashful Elmira he was interested in. It now being winter, there were many parties all over the countryside and Hugh and Elmira went to their share of them. It was a short and furious courtship as on March 21, 1850, Hugh and Elmira were married in her parents' home. After the wedding Charles B. said to Hugh, "When do we start for the California gold fields?" To which Hugh replied, "I found my gold mine on Stacy Catey's back porch."

Hugh and Elmira spent a summer in Kosciusko county, then returned to Elmira's father's home where they lived for a year. They then bought a farm a few miles away in Randolph county. Five years later they sold that farm and went to Benton county in 1858 where they lived a long, happy and prosperous life.

In the early spring of 1908 I was visiting Uncle Hugh and Aunt Elmira and I asked this question, "Why did you pick this particular place, Uncle Hugh, or was it just a happen-so?" He smiled as he said, "No, it wasn't a happen-so exactly. In those days the country was plagued with frosts and often killed the corn or, at best, would spoil it for seed. I had the picture in my mind of just the kind of farm I wanted. I wanted a nice stream of water through it and some timber and at least a portion of the farm sloping to the south. I thought a farm like that wouldn't be so susceptible to frost as some others. This farm just about filled all the requirements, so I bought it. I put in a lot of corn that first year and it was a real crop. But along early in the fall there came a frost and in some districts killed the corn. It never touched my corn and before the next spring came around I had sold every bushel of it for $2.00 per bushel." And we are told by some who knew him best that Uncle Hugh seemed to have an unerring judgement in all his undertakings and was the soul of honesty. Their children grew up and settled near them. They died, loved and respected by all.

2c. John Catey

John Catey, oldest son of Stacy B. and Sarah Catey, born Dec. 13, 1831, in Wayne county, Indiana, married Mary Bodkins April 25, 1853, who died in 1863 and is buried near Carlos, Ind., on the corner of the farm belonging for years to John B. and "Duck" Catey, John B. being the son of William B. Catey. John lost all the children by his first wife in infancy. In 1865 he remarried to Mrs. Ellen Stephenson Miller. John died in July 1926 and is buried at Leesburg, Indiana.

John lived for some years in Illinois where he raised fine Durham cattle, some of which he brought with him on his return to Indiana.

When John was a young man he was in Illinois either visiting or working for big Hank Catey when a drover from the East came along with a herd of cattle. John hired to him for 75 cents per day to lead a steer ahead of the herd from Illinois to Pittsburgh. He walked every step of the way and much of the time the dust was so thick he could not see the steer he was leading.

What a pleasure and what a privilege it was for one to know Uncle John and Aunt Ellen. They were of the "salt of the earth". My mother (Aunt Rie) and Aunt Ellen were two of
the dearest old cronies I ever knew. They were so much alike they should have been sisters. Give them a whole day together and they'd have all the young folks in the community matched and married off. God bless them. They were indeed kindred spirits and I am sure are now enjoying each other's company in the home God has prepared for them.

I remember staying overnight at Uncle John's one night when Aunt Ellen just about smothered me with her kindness. I was used to sleeping on a mattress but Aunt Ellen put me in her best feather bed. It was one of those you had to step on a stool to get into. I sat up half the night. When I'd lie down those feathers seemed to close in on me.

I think Uncle John was one of God's earthly saints. I can see him and Auntie yet as they walked arm in arm to church and how gently he helped her up the steps. He was a gentleman of the old school. In my young days their home down the long lane from Leesburg was a shrine. I have often thought how some of us have gone into the remote places of the earth seeking fame and fortune and have left the best behind us.

3c. Henry Catey

Henry Catey, third child of Stacy B. and Sarah Catey, born July 21, 1834, Wayne county, Indiana, married Mary Ann Keefer in 1870. Henry died at Redondo Beach, California in 1913. Mary died in 1917. Both are buried in Inglewood Park Cemetery, Los Angeles, California.

Miss Georgia Catey of Santa Monica, California, has very kindly copied for our record the following article regarding her grandfather. Georgia is the youngest child of George W. Catey, Uncle Henry's youngest boy.

From "A History of California and An Extended History of Its Southern Coast Counties," by J. M. Guinn. Noteworthy among the industrious and thriving agriculturists of Compton is Henry Catey, who has been following his independent occupation in this locality for upwards of 20 years, owning and occupying a finely cultivated ranch to the improvement of which he is constantly adding, year by year, increasing its value. He was born July 21, 1834 in Indiana, where he resided until after attaining majority. His father, Stacy B. Catey, born in New Jersey in 1806, removed to Indiana in 1816, then a boy of ten years, and died in 1893 at Ira, Iowa. He married Sarah Fergusson, born in New Jersey and died in Wayne county, Indiana in 1850. Their ten children all grew to years of maturity and eight are still living. Four of the sons served in the Civil War. The father was identified with the Whigs until the formation of the Republican party and cast his first presidential vote for John Quincy Adams. The mother was a consistent member of the Baptist church and reared her children in that faith.

Leaving his Indiana home in 1857, Henry Catey came across the plains to California in company with three of his schoolmates, of whom one, Henry Larkins, was killed enroute at Carson Valley. From there Mr. Catey went to Sacramento, going from there to Maryville and from there to Shasta county where he remained for four years, being engaged in mining. He was fairly
successful and continued as a miner and prospector for a number of years, prospecting in northern California until 1862 and from that time until 1869 in Oregon and Montana mining fields. Returning then to Indiana, Mr. Catey married, settled on a farm and remained in that state for ten years. In the fall of 1882 he came with his family to Los Angeles county and in the spring of 1883 purchased the ranch on which he has since lived. He has 25 acres of land, on which he raises some fruit, although he devotes a large part of it to alfalfa, one of the most profitable crops that can be raised in this section. In the pursuit of his chosen occupation he has labored diligently and effectively and has met with deserved prosperity, his farm comparing favorably in its appointments and equipment with any in the vicinity.

In Indiana in 1870 Mr. Catey married Mary A. Keefer, a native of New York and they are the parents of four children namely: S. F. Catey, in business in Los Angeles; G. W. Catey, residing in Los Angeles; Minnie L., a teacher in the public schools of Compton; and Emma E. In his political affiliations, Mr. Catey is a sound Republican. He is identified with the establishment of beneficial enterprises and holds stock in the Compton Cooperative store. Both he and Mrs. Catey are valued members of the Baptist church at Compton in which he is serving as deacon and also a trustee. End of quotation.

Quoting from Miss Georgia's letter: "In addition to the places mentioned in the above article, my grandfather prospected in Minersville, now just a mountain meadow, which is about 20 miles from Weaverville, Trinity county, on (I believe) what is known as the Trinity Alts road. Weaverville still looked like a gold rush town when I last saw it; low brick buildings with huge thick iron shutters over doors and windows, the shutters liberally pocketed with bullet marks, pig tailed Chinamen, an old Chinese joss-house, and pigs rooting in the streets. The only modern touch consisted of the girls' dresses. He was also in or around Shasta City, now a ghost town, very tiny with a vast graveyard near it. My father quoted his father as saying that a night in Shasta City with only two men shot dead was a quiet night."

Allen Catey was in Radersburg, Montana, around 1867 to 1870 and Uncle Henry was there when he arrived. He said Uncle Henry had been gone from home so long he had ceased to write at all and didn't seem much interested even in home. He had been away 14 years. After my father joined him they would talk about home a lot and finally after several weeks he noticed Henry would ask about father and mother—whether they looked much older, etc.

One day Henry said, "Al, if you'll buy my share in the mine, I believe I'll go back to Indiana and see father and mother." This he did.

9c. John B. Catey and Salina Moreland

The original home of John and Salina was about one and one half miles west and a half mile south of Carlos, Indiana, but the latter years of their lives were spent about one mile west of Carlos on the left hand side of the road going west, the buildings
setting back some from the road; it being the first farm after passing the old Union Chapel and Cemetery. It was here they were living when I made my first visit to Wayne county and the Fennimore-Catey reunion.

But I had heard long years before of John Catey. When I was but a boy my father and mother, "Uncle Al and Aunt Rie", attended a Fennimore-Catey reunion and on their return home never tired of talking of John and "Duck" Catey. Upon my visit to Wayne county I was soon to learn why they were spoken of so often.

That year the reunion was held at Fountain City. It was my first real introduction to the Catey family. I had been raised in and near Kosciusko county and had no idea how many Cateys there really were. It was a great day for me. And what a dinner with those great plates of fried chicken and everyone so friendly.

When the sun was getting low in the west, I began to wonder where my father and I would spend the night. It seemed about everyone staying in Wayne county that night was planning to stay at John Catey's. Imagine my surprise, upon asking my father about our sleeping quarters, to hear him say, "Oh, over at John and 'Duck's' I guess." "But, Pop," I remonstrated, "there are a lot of these folks going there, I heard them saying so." "Oh, don't worry," he said, "there is always room for one more at their house." I was beginning to see. When we arrived I and behold, their son, Frank, was already there with an apron on and with others had the supper almost ready. The table reached full length of the living room and like the tables at the reunion, the platters were piled high with fried chicken. I was now beginning not only to see but to understand something about that home. You remember the line—"It takes a heap of living in a house to make a home". You sensed the spirit prevailing there when you stepped inside the door. The smiling faces, the glad hand, and the cheery voices all bespoke a welcome known far and wide. And may I add here that Maude and Lilburn Martin who now live in the old home, are living up to and enhancing the traditions of the place.

My father and I slept in the guest room that night so long ago, in the corner of which stood that wonderful "Grandfather's Clock", which reached nearly to the ceiling. It now adorns the lovely home of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Galbreath in Troy, Ohio.

This branch of the Catey family must also have had a fun loving ancestor somewhere along the line, because John and his children all loved a good joke. We will let one of the children tell this one. "We boys were always breaking or trying to break some of the calves to drive or ride. This particular calf was a good one. We thought we had done a good job of breaking. He was quiet and very biddable. Perhaps he was wiser than we thought and was only leading us on. At any rate we arrived at the conclusion one beautiful summer afternoon that it was time to hitch Billie to our cart. We had taken the hind running gears of an old wagon and put thills to it and to this contraption we put Billie.

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“Everything was going fine until we came alongside the woodlot that was thick with underbrush, when suddenly away went Billie, cart, driver and all. He seemed to have seen something that had scared the wits (if he had any) clear out of him. For a minute we tried to hold him but it was no use, away he went. That cart seemed to take on life and began to jump up and down and at every other jump it would land on Billie’s back. Billie would let out a bawl, twist his tail in the air and run all the harder and the harder he ran the more frightened he became. He’d be running yet had he not finally broken loose from that cart. It was on the calf’s back at least half the time as was evidenced by the big patches of skin rubbed off the poor thing.

“A few of us younger fry that couldn’t keep up with the calf and cart went into a huddle. “What happened? What did Billie see in the brush? He saw something.” These were a few of our questions. About this time we saw father emerge from the timber all bent over like he had a pain in his stomach. Then he’d straighten up a little, look in the direction in which the calf and cart were last seen and then he’d have another awful pain. Sometimes he almost fell as he staggered to the house.

“But do you know father never did admit that he scared Billie? Years and years later if any of us mentioned the time Billie and the cart played leap frog, father would laugh and laugh but not a word would he say.”

We have learned that John and “Duck’s” home was known for years as the Orphanage and Old Peoples’ Home. And no wonder. An orphan boy, Harry Garver, came there, took sick and was cared for until his death. “Duck’s” mother, blind for nine years, was cared for until her death. Hannah Hoover, “Duck’s” sister, was cared for for many years and died in the home on her 93rd birthday. A great uncle, Jonathan Wright, almost crawled to get to this home where kind hands and loving hearts nursed him back to health. Milton Moreland made his home here and was cared for by “Duck” until his death. They were not only cared for while living but in death were buried by John and his faithful wife. What a record! A haven of rest for the unfortunate. At a time in the early 90’s when our economic condition was at an all time low. William Catey made his home at John’s, as did Elo and her father.

And when these two earthly saints were laid to rest, the community did not forget. Their funerals were supposed to have been the largest ever held there. At John’s funeral the crowd was so great the floor of the church was broken down.

Our poor words can add nothing to the luster of lives such as these but if we cause some one to pause and consider, we shall be glad.

John and “Duck” are gone but their spirits will live long in the hearts and souls of those who knew them.

Allen Catey

I have been asked to write a short story of my father's life. It is a difficult task for me. To me he was so wonderful that I cannot find words to express my thoughts. As one of my friends
once said of him: "When God made your father He must have lost the pattern for I have never seen anyone like him."

Allen Catey was the eighth child of Stacy B. Catey and Sarah Ferguson. He was born Nov. 22, 1844, in Wayne county, near Williamsburg, Indiana. He was six years old when his grandfather, Henry, the German, died. He said he could remember his grandfather very well, and that he remembered him as a small man.

Allen's mother died when he was less than 6 years old. He was 19 when he joined the army. He joined the 12th Indiana Cavalry and was discharged the day he was 21 years old at Indianapolis, Indiana.

At one time I heard him make this interesting observation regarding compulsory military training. "It is not necessary in our country where we have compulsory education. You needn't train an American for seven years to make a soldier of him. There was not a man in our company who could not have taken the Captain's place had it been necessary." Needless to say he was a Republican and a Methodist.

I love to recall this little story of his boyhood days. It always seemed strange to think of my Daddy ever having been a "little boy". It was just after nightfall and he had to go to the "Garden house". He told his mother he was afraid. "Oh, don't be afraid," she said. "There is nothing to be afraid of. I'll light the candle and go to the garden gate with you." So off the little fellow trudged down the path holding the candle. Suddenly there was a scream as he came running from the garden house. His mother came running too, and picked him up saying, "What in the world is the matter, Al?" "Oh, there are flying bears in there." The candle light had disturbed the birds that were sleeping there.

A few years after his return from the army he went to Montana for a couple of years. You will find his own description of that trip on another page of this little volume.

He loved to hunt and fish. On the occasion of his last visit to our home in Michigan he said: "I could have been worth a lot more money if I hadn't liked to hunt and fish so well but I've had a lot of fun." He was 92 then, I believe. He drove to the country and killed 4 rabbits the day he was 80 years old.

When we were living in the Canadian-Northwest he and my mother came to visit us every fall. One day he and I were driving along the trail, he with his gun across his knees, when we came near a little pond. Two big mallard ducks rose from the water. Though the ducks were quite a distance apart on the pond my father saw that in their flight they would pass each other. He never waited for the horses to stop but at the exact moment of the passing of those ducks he fired and both ducks fell. He was that kind of a marksman.

Those visits that they used to make to our home in Canada and often accompanied by Jake Bechtold and my sister, Jessie, were bright lights along life's pathway.

Papa was a real Catey, and if you bore the name, you needed no further introduction to him. Like most Cateys he loved a good clean joke. He had that twinkle in the eye just as did Aunt
Emira, Aunt Mary Long and Uncle John Catey. No doubt all the brothers and sisters had it but I can't remember them.

I am sure I need not tell you that when they left us, Uncle Al and Aunt Rie left behind them a host of friends and loving hearts. If ever a family had before them an example of Christian living, we had.

One time my father and mother were visiting us over Sunday in Michigan. I was teaching the Mens' Bible Class at that time and it so happened our class was to entertain the school for a few minutes at the close of the regular school session. Knowing my father could rise to most any occasion that might come up he was called on to contribute to the entertainment. He responded by reciting the following poem which I know expressed his viewpoint in life:

An old man going a lone highway
Come in the evening cold and gray
To a chasm fast and deep and wide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
The sullen stream had no fears for him,
But he stopped when safe on the other side,
To build a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your strength with building here;
Your journey will end with the ending day,
You never again will pass this way.
You've crossed the chasm deep and wide,
Why build you this bridge at eventide?"
The builder lifted his old gray head,
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,
"There followeth after me today
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm which has been naught to me
To that fair haired youth might a pitfall be.
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim;
Good friend, I am building the bridge for him."
He was that kind of a father.

L.A. Catey.

2b. Rebecca Ann Catey

Rebecca Ann Catey, second child of Henry Catey and Jane, born Dec. 23, 1804, in New Jersey, died Oct. 19, 1851. She married David Rippey. They were the parents of Henry, William, Mary Jane, Samuel, Lide, John and Charles D. Rippey.

I have been unable to learn anything at all about Rebecca, but have been able to gather a few facts about Mr. Rippey, Uncle Dave, my father always called him. He was a member of the Indiana State Legislature in 1845, and also held some county offices. At the time of his death in 1874 he was living in Warsaw. From the things he did and the fortune he accumulated he must have been a man of more than average intelligence. The Rippeys, the Longs, the Stephensons and the Cateys were all prominent families in the early history of Kosciusko county. I have often wondered and no doubt you have too, why all the Catey girls, daughters of Henry and Jane, were at one time
living within a few miles of each other near Leesburg, when their parental home was in Wayne county.

The home of C. D. Rippey, the large brick house just out of Leesburg to the south, was for years one of the show places of the countryside. It was known, too, for its blooded horses. John Rippey had a lovely home just a little north and east of Leesburg, being between the old Stacy B. Catey home and Leesburg. But I came to know Sam Rippey best of all of them. After he became associated with the II. D. Copeland Livestock Corn Co. in Chicago, he made regular trips to N Manchester, Indiana, where my father lived and came to see us.

In 1900 I attended the first International Livestock Exposition in Chicago and had the pleasure of being a guest in his home. I lost all trace of the family in the passing years, until last summer while following the wanderings of Charles B. Catey and his daughter Rebecca into Salmon, Idaho, I noticed a beautiful ranch stretching back from the highway across the valley to the mountains beyond. Nestling there among the trees a half mile distant was a lovely country home. Beautiful white faced cattle were feeding contentedly on the luscious grass. Upon inquiry I was told it was still called the Rippey ranch, having been owned by Sam Rippey of Chicago in the early days and where he had lived for a number of years. It is only a few miles from the Charles B. Catey ranch.

Through Frank Sharkey and his good wife, Bessie, we earned the addresses of two of Sam Rippey's daughters which you will find at the end of this article. For the following stories of their life in Idaho we here gratefully acknowledge our indebtedness to Mrs. Sue Rippey-Loderhose and Mrs. Ada Rippey-Brophy:

"When grandfather (David) Rippey died in 1874 our father was running a fine livery barn in Kansas City. I remember we had stylish horses and negro drivers. Grandmother Rippey (Rebecca Ann Catey) wanted father to come home to Warsaw where she was living. Father did so and we lived then in Warsaw about a year, when one day a letter came from Uncle Charlie Catey urging us to come to Idaho to live. Uncle Charlie was living alone but Rebecca, who had married Frank B. Sharkey, lived on the next ranch above Uncle Charlie.

Our father had received $4,000.00 from Grandma Rippey's estate so he bought two carloads of the finest Shorthorn cattle he could get. They were from the famous Meridith herd. (Note: In Salmon last summer I was told that one can still find cattle there whose blood lines run back into this famous herd.) We unloaded our cattle at Ogden, Utah, where Uncle Charlie Catey met us with a covered wagon, saddle horses, etc. It took us 21 days on the trail from Ogden to Uncle Charlie's ranch on the Lemhi river. One night our camp horse got loose so the men had to round up the saddle horses on foot and it took several days.

At last we arrived at Uncle Charlie's ranch and were we ever glad! Mother immediately made a garden and everything grew beautifully, but on the 4th of July came a heavy frost and
everything was frozen and mother was broken hearted.

Father added to his holdings until he had 640 acres and a fine 17 room home. We had to have our pig pens close to the house, or the coyotes and bears would carry off our pigs. (Sue says she remembers hearing the pigs squeal as the bears would make off with them into the timber.

We had many prosperous years, then came the Indian troubles and warfare when we had to get up in the middle of the night and flee for our lives to Fort Lemhi or Salmon. Then came the grasshoppers for two years when you couldn't see the water in the ditches for the hoppers and the chickens ate them until the eggs were the color of blood. Then there were those immense rattlesnakes. I'll never forget them. So you see we didn't mourn too deeply when we left there and father never had to work in Chicago like he did on the ranch.

We had mail delivery once a week by a deaf and dumb man. A girl friend came from Salt Lake City on a visit and mother decided to let me ride back part way with her as we would be accompanied by the mute mail carrier. We had ridden for hours and I was getting tired and hungry too. I searched the pockets of my side saddle for some stray bite, a piece of candy or anything. I always tried to have a few chocolates in my pockets or saddle bags, but that day there was nothing.

Being just a little girl I had been around the miners a lot and heard them talk about God—who He was and where. Many of them didn't think there was a God. I got to thinking about these things as we girls and the dumbie rode along. He was quite a little way behind us, riding one horse and leading his pack horse by a rope.

I looked all about us. We were high up on the side of the mountain, the deep valley and the wild wilderness were all about us for miles. Now, I thought, right here would be a good place to prove who is right. I'm going to pray and if my prayer is answered I'll know those old rough miners who say there is no God are wrong and the others are right. This was my chance to make sure about God. Having thus laid my plans, I said: "Please, God, give me some chocolates."

In less than a minute I heard a commotion behind me. I looked back and the dumbie was digging his heels into his horses sides and tugging and grunting as he pulled at his pack horse while in one hand he was holding a paper bag. At last overtaking me he handed me a bag of chocolates. I had my answer and my proof.

I remember when my brother was born after six girls, father waded right across the river to tell some friends he had a boy and then didn't know how he got his feet wet."


Mrs. Sue Rippey-Loderhouse, 602 N. Pine St., Ellensburg, Washington.

Mrs. Alfaretta LaSell-Sheppard

I am a granddaughter of John B. Catey, born in Randolph county, Indiana in 1861, on a farm south of Winchester in a log cabin owned by my grandfather. When I was three weeks old my father moved mother, brother and me to Wayne county to

—50—
grandfather's home where we stayed until mother was strong enough to care for us. Then we moved to Williamsburg, Indiana, into a log house just south of the Methodist church. Soon after this Father went into the Civil War, and served three years or until its close. My mother's health was so poor she gave me to my grandparents and from that time grandfather called me his "Little Dutch Girl".

After Father's return from the army we moved to Wabash county into a log house n the woods near the town of Wabash. It was low and swampy there. Father worked in his brother's saw mill until Uncle Harvey LaSell had time to build us a new house. It was large enough so that a Mr. and Mrs. Ross lived here and I was just five years old. Mrs. Ross was very unfriendly at times. One day when the mill hands had just returned to the mill after dinner they saw our house was on fire. They always thought Mrs. Ross did it.

After our house burned Father moved us back to Wayne county where we lived at grandfather's again. Father went west to Aldin, Iowa, where mother's sister, Margaret Johnson, was living. Father bought a small piece of land on the Iowa River and again we moved from grandfather's and went to Iowa. There was no bridge over the Mississippi River at this time. It was frozen over part way and the steam boats could not run. A man and a woman ferried us across to the ice on the other side and then we walked ashore. People helped mother with us children and I remember they were all so nice.

Mother helped Father clear the land and build a house on it with a basement. They were building a railroad near by and mother boarded some of the men who slept in bunks they built in the basement. Mother had so much work to do while living here that Grandma Catey came and took brother and me back to Indiana where it would be more convenient for us to attend school as well as relieve mother. We had attended school part time in Iowa but had to go two miles. There were lots of rattle snakes, black snakes and blue racers. One evening as we came from school three or four men had just killed a great tree snake. It took them all to do it, too. One of our railroad men gave Father a recipe for making a balsam. Father called it "LaSell's All-healing Balsam", and sold it all over the country.

From here father and mother moved to Iowa Falls and then to Georgetown. We children were all back home again at Georgetown and all of us came down with the measles. Father was busy that winter caring for the sick in the town. There were many deaths. The Johnny Green tribe of Indians camped near town that winter and did some hunting and a lot of stealing. When father moved from Georgetown Grandma Catey came and took brother and me back to Indiana again for a while.

Father moved to Wright county, Iowa, to a beautiful farm entirely surrounded by Lombardy poplar trees. The yards and drives were all bordered with them. Three lakes were close by; Elm lake joined the farm. The owner, Uncle York we called him, had hooks and spears for fishing. The White Cranes would come to the lake and hold their dances on the shores. It was a lovely sight to see them circle around, flap
their wings and bow. Brother trapped prairie chickens and ducks and skunks. Mother dressed the chickens and ducks we didn't need and sold them. Brother sold the skunk oil. One day an Englishman came to visit Mr. York and he showed and helped brother dress a large fat skunk. Mother roasted it as they did in England. We all ate of it and pronounced it "very good".

Our house had been built for a granary. It had two rooms in it. Our stairway was made by nailing cleats to the studding. We slept on straw ticks with feather ticks over us. It is very cold in northern Iowa.

Father had buckwheat that year when we thrashed with flails on canvas spread on the barn floor. While living here I saw them hauling buffalo calves east in big wagons and the droves of antelope as they swept across the prairie looked like great flocks of sheep. The deer would come up close to the house, stand and look awhile and then scamper away.

From the York farm we moved to the Rouley farm down close to the river. We lived there part of the winter. Father and a young Yankee by the name of Joe Dayman built us a two seated sleigh. We had a nice two strand set of sleigh bells and a fine pair of ponies. Father would get us all into the sleigh and away we'd go over the ice on the river. Talk about your fine automobiles! There is nothing to compare with a spirited team of high steppers to a sleigh.

Our barn was made of poles covered with straw. In winter the snow would drift up over the barn from the west so that we children could go to the top of the barn and slide down. The barn being covered with snow was delightfully warm and nice for the stock.

I remember one winter's day mother had washed and her clothes were on the line. It was a beautiful day. Too beautiful. Suddenly the sky began to darken. Mother hurried to get in her clothes. In a few minutes the storm broke and the blizzard was upon us. It was terribly dark. Mother put a light in the window just in case someone might become lost. Awhile later someone knocked and it was a neighbor living less than a mile away. He was nearly frozen and he said had it not been for our light he soon would have been frozen to death. It had turned bitterly cold.

Father came home one day that winter and told mother of claims being thrown open for homesteading in Kansas and he had decided to go while the snow was on. So Father and Joe took the wagon apart, put the gears in the bottom of the wagon box which was already on the bob sled, put the wheels on each side and loaded in our belongings with the big horses hitched to the sled and Joe driving. Father put mother and us children in the sleigh behind the ponies, and at midnight we were off for Kansas.

All went well till the snow began to leave. Finally we had to stop at a farm house. Father went to town for the bows and mother made the cover for the wagon. We had to leave the sled with the farmer. They put the ponies in the lead; we all piled in with father driving and we were on our way again.

All went well till we came to the Des Moines River. People
thought it too risky to try to cross but father decided to try it. He took the ponies off and led them across safely. Then he directed Joe how to drive and we started. We only got about the length of the horses and wagon when down we went. Mother began to cry. Father and Joe talked to the horses and urged them. They scrambled out onto the ice and pulled the wagon out. How the people cheered. They said they thought we'd all drown and it surely looked it. We had no more trouble until we came to the Missouri River. Here we had to camp until the ice went out. We camped in the woods where the James brothers had had a hide-out cabin. We took turns watching our horses at night.

We met up with a Mr. Dunlop and his son-in-law, Dave Edman, and camped near his home. We lived in a government wagon and cooked on a campfire. Father planted a garden and Joe, who went with us got a job driving a stage coach from Wichita to Hutchinson. Mother taught Joe how to make corn pone as he had to stop on the way and cook his own meals. Pete and Levi Edman were cattlemen and one day their cattle stampeded across the Arkansas River and right over our garden. Pete at last shot the leader and they soon had them under control but our garden was gone. We were living here when they built the first railroad into Wichita in 1872. There was an awful flood that spring and a large drift of logs and brush piled up near us. With it was a beautiful dun pony with a large Mexican saddle and blanket on. Just below it was the body of the rider.

I was 10 years old the 22nd day of March and father took me in the row boat for a ride and ran into a sandbar. It took him some time to get free. Then he rowed back to our landing place and accidentally threw me in the river where it was deep. He jumped in and fished me out. It wasn't very funny for either of us.

In the spring father traded one of our horses to a young man for his claim. It had 15 acres broken on it and a one room shanty. It had large cottonwood sills and the weather boarding ran up and down and was nailed to small poles forming the framework. There was one pole running lengthwise, the ridgepole, over which the roof boards were bent, then the ends of the boards nailed to the frame at the eaves. The floor was of dirt. When it rained we piled all our things on the bed and the wagon cover spread over them.

We planted some corn and a lot of beans and melons that spring but we had to get out early in the morning to keep the prairie chickens from eating everything. Brother made traps and deadfalls and kept us in meat. We cooked on an old stove outdoors. We lived near Goosebury Creek from which we caught lots of fish. We were six miles from town.

We could see old man Jester's house from our place. He was the man that killed the young man from Chicago. I believe it was Marshall Field's son. There was a creek nearby called Jester's Creek. Some families from Williamsburg, Indiana, by the name of Martin and Canida had been persuaded by Jester to come to Kansas. They saw Jester burn the boy's
trunk and some of his clothes. They got frightened and
returned to Williamsburg.

My brother got a job driving oxen to a breaking plow
and in the fall grandfather sent mother money with which
to build a little two-roomed house, buy a cook stove and a cow.
We lived on an old cattle trail and the sunflowers grew thick
and large because of the cattle. We chopped up sunflowers
for wood and picked up the dry cattle chips. Our neighbors had
horses and a wagon and we children would help them get a load
of chips and then they'd haul a load for us.

My sister, Achshah, was born Dec. 28th and mother never
saw another well day. The last of the following July she decided
to return to Indiana as she said she couldn't die happy unless
she could see her parents once more. Somehow they got the
money for the trip. Mother wore a calico dress and a split
bonnet. She arrived home on Friday and passed away the
next Friday. Grandfather and grandmother never dreamed
of the hardships mother had endured.

I being the oldest girl was supposed to take care of the
baby and do for the rest. Father would go away and leave
us for weeks at a time. Many times the doors of the shanty
stood wide open while the coyotes were howling all about us.
It makes me shudder to think of the dangers that lurked about
us so far from any help. We had to carry water from a distant
spring and the grass along the path was higher than my head.
Many times I was afraid to look behind me for fear a snake would
be following me. We knew what it was to be hungry but
somehow we lived through it until the next June after mother
passed away in July. Never but one neighbor, a Mrs. Dixon,
came in to help me fix clothes for us children and the baby.
I shall never forget her. In June Grandmother Catey came
from Indiana, took us home and cared for us. She had to ride
20 miles in a big wagon to get to us. When father married
again my brother took the three girls and younger brother back
to Kansas. I stayed with my grandparents, sometimes going
to school and sometimes staying at home to help with the work.
Finally I quit school entirely to do chores so grandma wouldn't
have to hire a hand. That winter I took care of 7 horses,
milked the cows, cleaned the stables and cared for the hogs.
I hauled the wood and cut a lot of it. I repaired the fences
and cut the broken rails into wood. I gathered the apples and
put them in the cellar. All went well until grandma decided the
work was too hard for me and had mother's youngest sister and
her husband come and live with us. Things became so unpleas-
ant I went to work for Jonah Catey and then for Mrs. Henry
Study. I received $1.00 per week. I would be busy all day.
Then when the supper work was done and the cows milked I
would piece quilts until 9 o'clock, when, Aunt Sally, as I called
her, would tell me to put my work away and go to bed.

After a while I decided if I had a chance I'd get married.
My aunt's brother-in-law wanted to marry me but he drank.
I told him I'd never marry a man that drank. He promised
if I'd marry him he'd never drink again and I believed him. So
on Sunday evening, April 1st, 1877, we were married. On the
following Tuesday he went to Richmond to buy a few pieces of furniture and came home drunk.

We went to housekeeping in a one room house. I now had a new rag rug, a bureau, one rocker, a stand, six chairs and a cupboard. I thought our room looked real nice. I milked the cows and made butter on the shares. As my husband was working in town he cradled our oats at night. I helped bind and shock them until eleven o'clock each night until we finished them. In the autumn we moved into Williamsburg.

My grandparents were awfully opposed to our marriage because of his drinking. He continued drinking for several years and they were hard years, but finally he became so burdened with sin he sought Christ and became a different man.

I have helped raise three grandchildren, two girls and a boy. I am very proud of them. I am now helping my grandson by taking care of his motherless daughter.

I am 88 years old. We have been married 72 years. I have made many mistakes and have seen our country in the making; but I have received many blessings for which I thank our Heavenly Father.

I cannot end this story without paying tribute to grandpa, John B. Catey, Henry and Jane's first born. I think he was the best man that ever lived. When I recall how he and grandmother loved and cared for us when we were helpless children, my heart overflows with gratitude and I am proud and thankful, too, that Catey blood flows in my veins.

**Story Of My Trip To Montana**

by Allen Catey

I boarded a train at Warsaw, Indiana, in April 1869 having decided to try my ability at living away from home. Home at this time was at my father's house, a very pleasant place, being two miles east of Leesburg on what was called at that time "Bone Prairie".

There being no Big Four railroad through Leesburg and Warsaw, I was taken to Warsaw in a two horse wagon. The wagon was made necessary because of the size of my trunk. I spent the night in Warsaw with friends and the kindness of my friends made me late getting to the hotel from which place the hack had already gone. So I had to pay two dollars to get myself and trunk hauled from the hotel to the train. I bought a ticket to Chicago and at Chicago bought a ticket to Salt Lake, Utah, but we didn't run into Salt Lake City. From Chicago to Omaha nothing unusual happened.

The start from Omaha was made in the evening of the third day. After the first night and day out of Omaha the passengers began looking for buffalo and were much disappointed to learn that we would pass through their favorite range in the night, so we had to abandon the anticipated thrill of riding a train through a herd of buffalo. But we found that wild beasts were not necessary in the Rocky Mountains to start.

There were tunnels to pass through, summits to pass over something, and there were a few places where the trains had to run out on a "Y" in order to get around a deep canyon or a high mountain.
Talk about joy riding—when you are riding on a newly made road, through places where you can look out the car window into a canyon a thousand feet below, it is apt to make you lean the other way. The thrill came when the car in which I was riding jumped the track on one of these places and on a curve besides. But good fortune was with us, it chose to get off on the upper side of the track. The train was moving slowly and by the time it had stopped the car was empty without any order to dismount, which to a Cavalryman means "get off". The delay was not long, but the people in my coach were a little restless until we arrived at a lower level.

We saw no buffalo and only a few Indians. The old pine tree marking one thousand miles out from Omaha, stood out very prominently so all could see as we passed. It stood on the right of way on the south side of the track. The train moved slowly which pleased some as they wished to view the scenery. As we neared Salt Lake many were inquiring about the location of the Mountain Meadow Massacre, a crime unqualified at that time in white man's accomplishments. Some would blame the Indians but a partial investigation revealed that some of the tools, such as wagons and farm implements, owned by the immigrants and of no use to Indians were in use in Salt Lake City.

As we neared Salt Lake we would pass small settlements of Mormons. Those most familiar with the customs of the Mormons could tell how many wives were in the homes as we passed along. To some it sounded as "taffy for the tenderfoot", but, as we came to know them we found the Mormon built an addition to his house for each wife he takes, much as you build a garage for every automobile you had.

It was evening when the train stopped at Correan, Utah, this being the stage station for the different stage lines and it was also as far west as any traffic from the eastern divisions was accepted. Later that season the east and west were joined. It was here they sized us up and especially our baggage. We were allowed 30 pounds, all over was excess and to Helena, Montana, where I was going, a distance of 500 miles, excess cost $1.00 per pound. I had 100 pounds excess and cost me $100.00 besides my fare.

The passengers on the stage were very interesting, two of them had been in the country before. One was a freighter by the name Mallet, the other was in business and was now returning after having spent the winter in the east. After riding awhile in a crowded stage coach one enjoyed a walk, so while the driver was putting in a fresh team we often would walk on ahead. At one of these changes Mr. Mallet, seeing an outfit camped near the road, went over to visit with them and found they were people he had been acquainted with years before when he was freighting. Speaking of them later he told how these men had raided a small band of Indians and that their crimes were worse than the Indians had committed.

On the trip we had the unusual experience of being in a thunder and lightning storm in a snow storm on the mountain top. They had now changed from a stage coach to a sleigh.
We only upset once and no one was hurt.

At this time of the year no one traveled this part of the road at night, so when night came we stopped. One night we put up at Beaverhead Canyon and another at Snake River. I remember these places because of the accommodations and the prices, $5.00 per night, furnish your own blanket and sleep with a stranger in a board bunk. I remember there were a lot of beaver and other pelts hanging in the barroom at Snake River.

From here into Helena mining was the principal subject of conversation with a few remarks on business as it had been with the saloon and hurdy-gurdy dance hall attached.

We arrived in Helena on Friday and could not leave until the following Monday. This would allow time for looking around the city, but there was not much to interest a tenderfoot. The mining was underground and mostly under the city. The old pine tree that took such an active part with the Vigilantes was still there and at that time was green and flourishing.

For some reason my father never finished this story of his western trip. As he often spoke of it to me I'll try to complete the tale.

He was on his way to Radersburg, Montana, about one hundred miles from Helena, where he was to meet his brother Henry who had come in from California a few years before. The stage was just about ready to leave when the driver came up to my father and asked if he knew how to use a gun. "Hand me a gun and I'll show you," my father replied. He then wanted to know if he'd ride with him in the driver's seat if he'd get him a gun. The result was that my father rode that one hundred miles beside the driver with a rifle across his knees. The reason for it all was that the week before the stage had been robbed of several thousand dollars.

After a few months he bought Uncle Henry's mining interests and Henry returned to Indiana after an absence of fourteen years in the west. My father stayed in Montana two years, mining most of the time but going into the valleys in harvest time because of high wages. One winter he lived in a cabin on the bank of the Missouri River. One day he had dinner just ready when he noticed the water pails were empty. He grabbed up the pails and ran to the river, ran out on the ice, and dipped both pails in the water at once. When he went to lift them out the ice broke and he found himself in the icy water. He tried for some time to get out, but it was no use. He had made up his mind that it was his time to go when suddenly he remembered there was a shallows not far below. He floated down and walked in to shore.

His mining operations were fairly successful but made no big strike. He killed some big game and had a good time. The Vigilantes had pretty well cleaned out the outlaws a year or so before he arrived. On the old pine tree in Helena which he mentions the Vigilantes hung seven of the outlaws at one hanging. They had only room for five at a time on the big limb, so two of them had to wait their turn. As the five dangled there in the air one of the criminals awaiting his turn said, "Kick away there, Jimmie, I'll soon be in Hell with you." When
in the west last summer I read a book written by a former
member of the Vigilantes and he related this story in the book
just as my father had told me when I was a boy.

**Cyrus Long and Mary Catey Long**

Mary was Stacy B. Catey's youngest daughter by his first
marriage. I suppose there was no other family in this branch
of the Cateys that was better known and loved than the Longs.

For some years after the marriage of Cy and Mary, they
lived in Leesburg where Cy ran a meat market, but my earliest
recollections place them on the old “Fruit Farm”, northeast of
Oswego, on the south shore of Tippecanoe lake. While living
there they had visitors from everywhere. All the relations
went to Uncle Cy’s, partly to visit and partly to fish, I suppose.
There was no one who could compare with Uncle Cy as a
fisherman. He knew the lakes like you know your own back-
yard. He caught the largest fish ever caught in Tippecanoe, some
over 125 pounds. He built a pen near the shore in which to
put the fish and hundreds of people came to see the monster.
We could walk out to the pen on the ice. Uncle Cy was never
too busy to entertain his friends and spared no pains to show
all a good time.

In those days netting and spearing were legal pastimes and
Uncle Cy was an expert at either. Without a doubt Aunt
Mary fried more fish than any other woman in Indiana. Though
they had five children of their own there was always room for
one more and you were always welcome.

When Mary passed away, she had been a continuous member
of the Oswego Baptist church for 75 years. In the central office
of the Baptist church there is hanging a bronze plaque in her honor,
an honor that few attain. She joined the church when but 13
years old.

Allan Long of Epping, North Dakota, and Anna Bishop
of Milford, Indiana, are the only remaining children, Ernest,
Grace and Charlie having passed on in the last three years.

One day Mary’s brother, Allan, decided to drive to Leesburg
to visit his sister on her 80th birthday anniversary. She hustled
around, getting him a chair and doing what she could to make
him feel at home. When all were seated again he said, “Well,
Mary, how are you these days anyway?” “Oh, Al,” she replied,
“I’m just no good. I get up in the morning so stiff in my
joints and my bones ache all over me. I don’t see what’s the
matter with me anyway.” Then Al spoke, “Well, that is sure
too bad, Mary. I can’t see either why a woman 80 years old
should be stiff in her joints and her muscles ache. There surely
is something wrong with you.” Then they both chuckled.

**The Bishop Clan**

(Dedicated to My Dear Husband)

The head of the clan lives on a farm
Down Indiana way
His eyes are black, he is very thin
He is getting old and grey.
His wife lives with him on the farm
Her given name is Anne
Happily they have lived four and forty years

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She helps him when she can.
Their family is of children four
Three girls and one fine boy.
They are all such good children
They are their pride and joy.
Marjorie the eldest teaches school
She really knows her stuff.
But sometimes very nervous gets
When the going gets too rough.
The stylish one is next in line
For short we call her Dot
Then Sara who has children three
The prettiest of the lot.
Robert is the only son
A tall and handsome man
The only one in all the bunch
To perpetuate the clan.
Of grandchildren there are only eight
Four pretty girls and four fine boys,
They're all so good in every way
They have added to their joys.
There's Johnny who's a lawyer bound
As good as he is smart
And Ed who is an athlete
Whose smile comes from the heart.
Pretty Delores who make's A's in school
To strangers she never will peep.
Cuddly, pretty and fat little Janie
Sings and rocks herself to sleep.
Blonde and curly haired is Bobby
A bright good natured boy.
The youngest is lovable Jimmy
His parents' pride and joy.
For in-laws there's Myrtle, Robert's wife
Who makes him a wonderful pal
And big good natured Earl
Who helps others all the while.
There's Dale who lives down by the lake
And raises lots of fruit
And John who teaches the children
And coaches them to boot.
As I've named them every one
As well as I possibly can
Now aren't you glad that you belong
That you are one of the Bishop clan?
Anne E. Bishop

Allen Catey Long and Frances Garber
Allie is the oldest son of Cyrus Long and Mary Catey Long. About 1900, Allie with his little family, and a number of other Kosciusko county, Indiana, folks went to North Dakota and homesteaded there. Some of those folks returned to Indiana years later. Some died in Dakota while still others tarried there awhile before going on farther west, looking for new fields of conquest. But Allie stayed on through good and bad until he
became and now is one of the oldest settlers. They have a commodious home and true to the Long tradition, the latch string is always out. They have raised a nice, large family, some of whom now live on the Pacific coast.

Last August, 1948, Allie and Frances celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary, playing host and hostess to some over 500 guests. They came from far and near. Back in the hard days of homesteading Allie made the coffins and Frances lined them for the settlers all over the community. They did not forget. No wonder they came for miles to greet their old friends on their 50th anniversary. Such acts of kindness strengthen our faith in our fellow man. There are those who say if it had not been for the Al Longs they would have starved. They had no money and the larder was empty. They were strangers in a strange land. Then just before they gave up Al Long brought them flour, potatoes and sugar. Deeds like that are never forgotten.

W. Henry Catey

W. Henry (Big Hank) Catey was the third child of William B. Catey. He went to Illinois in 1872 and settled on a farm a few miles north of Greenup. He was a large man and was famous for his great voice. His wife, Jane, was just as well known as he. It was told of her that she set a hen on 12 eggs and hatched 15 chickens. She was an expert at soap making and made soap for the whole community. When Big Hank and Jane passed on they left a vacancy in their community that can never be filled. It is only by a life time of useful living that one may build for himself such a citadel in the hearts of his friends and neighbors.

They are laid away in the beautiful Harmony Cemetery near Greenup, Illinois.

Winfred Catey was the youngest son of Big Hank and Jane. He married Grace Carson, a southern lady of the most lovable type. Winfred is a minister of the Gospel and we have no doubt his wife has been a powerful factor in his success.

Big Hank sent Winfred to the University but when he found he was not going to farm, took him out.

Winfred entered the ministry in the M. E. church in 1923, where he served for eight years. He then transferred to the Pilgrims Holiness and was Superintendent of the Illinois District from 1930 to 1937. He was elected Superintendent of Central District (Iowa, Missouri and Arkansas) in 1947.

Stacy Catey - Maud Carr

Stacy was "Big Hank's" third child. He was much given to fun and practical jokes, and was locally famous for his athletic stunts, having won many prizes in that field of activities. It is laughingly told of him that he did actually 'scare a cat to death.

Some years ago Frank B. Catey, John and Duck's boy, went out to Illinois on a hunting trip. Stace and Frank had hunted all day and when they arrived home in the evening they found Stacy's wood house empty. They immediately put a team to the wagon and went over to Big Hank's wood pile and put on a load. Big Hank was not at home. Soon after his return he discovered the missing wood and then exploded. You could hear him for
a mile. Stace never said a word until his father had finished. Then in a meek, quiet tone of voice he said: "Now, Father, surely you wouldn't refuse a fellow a little wood in a case of compushency would you?" Big Hank looked his repentant son over for a moment, then turned and walked away without a word. The wood was never again mentioned.

William Catey


Two children died in infancy. One child, Esther Z., became a much loved teacher and at the time of her death was teaching in a school which later was named in her honor.

William graduated from the eighth grade in Huntsville, Indiana, April 12, 1889. James E. Watson, later becoming Senator Watson, who was just out of law school, gave the graduation address.

William stayed two years with his Uncle Henry (Big Hank) in Illinois, 1890 to 1892. He then went into the Indiana gas belt and stayed until the panic of 1893, when he tried to get into Coxey's Army, but failing in this went to his Uncle John Catey and Aunt "Duck". In the spring of 1894 he joined the Hoosier migration to Illinois, running through '94, '95, '96, '97, '98 and '99. In 1904, having married in 1902, he went to the Dakotas on a harvesting excursion. His next venture was as a fireman on a steam shovel for the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad. Then on the Illinois division of the same road as a fireman. He came west to South Dakota in 1908 as an engineer and continued on the same road until retired in 1937. Will and Aunt Kate have a nice home in Mobridge, South Dakota where they are known and loved by a host of friends. Will has a well equipped shop where he makes all kinds of cute things from wood. His shop doors stand open and it is sort of a mecca for the young boys of the neighborhood. Uncle Will says no one ever disturbs his tools which is proof that he has trained his young friends in the way he would have them go. Will says he's glad he is a Catey.

Harry R. Catey

Harry was born May 12th, 1889, being John and Duck's fifth child. He graduated from the eighth grade and had two years in high school. He worked two years in the store at Spartansburg, Indiana, for his brother, Frank. He went west to North Dakota in 1910 and fired on the Milwaukee railroad, was promoted to the engineering job in 1914, and has been in continuous service with the same road ever since.

Harry entered the first World War in 1917 in the 313th Engineer Corps and was discharged in June 1919. He served in France.

Harry and Winnie Cavanaugh were married and lived in Marmon, N. D., where their children were all born. They moved to Mobridge, S. D., in 1932 where they are now living. They have a nice home there.
I must say one word about Mrs. Catey, Winnie they all call her. She is a wiry little woman. Every inch of her is true blue. You will know this when I tell you that she homesteaded out there on the wide prairies of Montana and lived there alone. How many of you young folks would try that?

Harry says he, too, is glad he is a Catey. From this town of Mobridge you look out across the Missouri River into what used to be the Sioux country and is only a few miles to the monument erected there on the prairie to that world famous Indian girl, Sacajawea, whose name will be linked forever with the Lewis and Clark expedition because it was through her those brave adventurers were saved from starvation. She led them to the coast and back again.

Harry R. Catey and Winifred Cavanaugh Catey’s Children

1. Mary Jane Catey, born June 28, 1924, graduated from high school 1941. Worked for Navy three years in Materials Office as inspector, resigned, took Civil Service exams and got a job with the Liquified Petroleum Gas Co. of Chicago.


3. Esther Winifred Catey, born March 26, 1929, graduated from high school in 1947, attended N. State Teachers College six months then entered N. W. Institute of Medical Technology at Minneapolis, Minn., 15 month course.

4. John W. Catey, born May 30, 1932, will graduate in the 1950 high school class. Works on the section and in the yards during vacation.

Oscar M. Catey and Vita Vantress

Oscar is the third child of John B. Catey and Salina (Duck) Moreland. He is a D. V. M. with an extensive practice. When we first came to know him he was practicing in Anderson, Indiana. Because of ill health he with his family moved to Alberta, Canada, where they lived for a number of years. Like all pioneers they had some interesting as well as exciting experiences.

Returning to Indiana they have built for themselves a lovely country home near, Modoc, Indiana. Mrs. Catey is one of those striking, lovable ladies whom it is a pleasure to know. To all the Catey clan may I say, if you don’t make the acquaintance of O. M. and his family you are missing something that would give you much pleasure.

George E. Catey and Esther Miller

George is the seventh child of John B. Catey and Salina (Duck) Moreland. George is in the dairy business in a big way. Living only a few miles from Peru, Indiana, they soon saw the advantages of retailing milk in the city and this they proceeded to do. They have expanded their plant as the business grew, until today they have a complete, up to the minute establishment where they pasteurize and homogenize the milk and also manufacture an ice cream mix for which there is a growing demand.

George has that Catey love for jokes in the nth degree, and seldom comes home without some new trick up his sleeve.
which he soon tries out on Mrs. Catey or some other member of the family.

It is a pleasure to visit George and Esther in their own home and when they visit you in your home it is an event you will talk about for weeks to come.

Frank Catey - Grace Elliot

Frank Catey is the fourth child of John B. Catey and "Duck". Frank and Grace both served as teachers in the Indiana schools. For three years Frank was owner of an International Harvester Agency in Peru, Indiana. He was also the Ford representative in New Madison, Ohio for five years. He also operated a general store in Spartanburg, Indiana, for 13 years. He and Grace have a nice home at 212 East 6th St., Peru, Indiana.

Frank is supposed to be living a retired life but he is awfully busy to be retired. They own a nice farm just outside the city limits of Peru where they maintain a herd of fine milkers and also a bunch of porkers and some riding horses. Recently they remodeled their barn and have made it one of the best equipped dairy barns in the district.

No account of Frank's activities would be complete unless it told something of his fox hunting. He and his dogs accounted for 87 foxes since 1947. He is also a fisherman of some repute.

Frank is one of these big hearted wholesome sort of fellows you love to know. One of his characteristics that first attracted my attention was his devotion to his father and mother. A number of years ago his mother fell and broke her hip while visiting her son, Harry, and family in Mobridge, South Dakota. Frank and sister Mary drove from Peru to Mobridge a distance of 1,000 miles in 20 hours. For years Frank helped his mother with the cooking and housekeeping while his brothers worked in the fields.

He has been a busy man but like his brothers and father before them, he likes a good joke.

One summer day when the boys were still at home Frank was taking his bath in a wash tub in his mother's kitchen when, Harry, the mischief, saw the situation. Quietly filling a dipper with good cold water right from the well he casually sauntered into the kitchen and threw the dipper full on the bare back of the bather. With a howl of surprise, mixed with ominous threats, Frank jumped from the tub and made for the miscreant who made for the door and the wide open spaces. Down the lane they went, the long legged Harry in front and the outraged naked Frank close on his heels, and at every breath hissing out the words: "I'll get you, I'll get you."

3c. Henry Catey and Mary Keefer Catey's Family

1d. Stacy F. Catey, born Dec. 21, 1871, Kosciusko county, Indiana, married Thusnelda Berner and had no children. Stacy died Dec. 27, 1929, buried at Los Angeles, California. Stacy was educated as a civil engineer and took a position with one of the main line railroad companies and was sent to a place in New Mexico. On his way there he received a telegram from home saying his father and mother had been nearly killed on their way home from church by a team of runaway horses. Stacy immediately resigned his job and returned home. He remained at home for some time and the next we hear of him he had
become the owner of a deep well drilling machine. The first well he drilled was on his father's farm, I think twelve inches in diameter and it proved to be an artesian well, the first of hundreds that were to follow. He also played a prominent part in the establishment of many creameries, drilling their well and doing the engineering work for them. When oil was discovered in southern California, Stacy, being in the deep well business already, found himself in on the ground floor of the oil well drilling business. At one time he had four outfits at work. We are inclined to think, however, that the artesian wells were his first love. In fact, he was engaged in putting down a large well for the city of Bakersfield at the time of his last illness. It has been said that he had become so big in his line of work that he had no competitors. He got all the big jobs because no one else was equipped to handle them. Stace put down more deep wells in southern California than any other operator doing business there.

Stacy was one of the consulting engineers employed by the city of New York when water was brought from the Catskill Mountains into the city.

In the autumn of 1929 while cruising in a yacht near Catalina Island, a young lad fell from a cliff into the ocean. Stacy swam to the fatally injured boy and put him aboard the yacht and rushed him to a hospital in Los Angeles where he died. Stace failed to change his wet garments on the trip from Catalina to Los Angeles and this caused the illness which resulted in his death.

He built a beautiful home in Los Angeles where his widow still resides.

2d. George W. Catey, born 1873, Kosciusko county, Indiana, married Ethel McFarland. George died Jan. 1, 1931 and was buried in Inglewood Cemetery, Los Angeles, California, on the lot with his father and mother. George was a civil engineer and spent a great deal of his life working for and with his brother, Stace. He went to Spain in the employ of the Spanish government on a large irrigation project. He knew the engineering business from A to Z and no job was too big for him to handle. George had a family of four children: Raymond, Marion, Betty and Georgia.

3d. Minnie L. Catey, born Oct. 29, 1874, in Kosciusko county, Indiana, died June 1932 at Redondo Beach, California, and was buried on the lot with her father and mother in Inglewood Cemetery, Los Angeles. Minnie had A. B. and M. A. degrees from the University of California and spent her life in the teaching profession, teaching first in her home school in Compton and later at Los Angeles. Minnie never married but she did spend a great deal of her time helping to care for the children of her brother, George. She is kindly remembered by many of her Indiana and Michigan relatives.

4d. Emma E. Catey, born March 19, 1877, in Kosciusko county, Indiana, died Jan. 24, 1937, at Redondo Beach, California, and is buried at Inglewood Cemetery on the lot with her father and mother. Emma was educated and trained as a librarian and was librarian in charge of the city library at Redondo Beach for years and held that position until her death. She too lived

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a single life but like her sister, Minnie, was devoted to her brother, George’s, children. She, too, will be remembered by many of her eastern relatives, having visited in the east with her sister, Minnie.

2d. George W. Catey and Ethel McFarland Catey’s Family

1e. Raymond Catey, born at Los Angeles, California, in 1905, graduated from the Redondo Beach high school and the California Institute of Technology. Has an engineer’s degree from the University of Arizona. He was employed as a civil engineer for the California Oil Co. of California at Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle and Honolulu. He was in Honolulu when the Japs called. He was assistant civil engineer of the Navy Department from 1942 to 1945, with the Highway Department 1946 to 1947 and since 1947 is with the Naval Research in Washington, D. C.

2e. Marion Catey, born in 1908 at Patchogue, Long Island, New York, married James Redmond and has one child, James George Redmond, born March 4, 1943. Marion graduated from the University of California at Los Angeles in 1929 and has teaching credentials from the University of Southern California. She worked as a Social Service worker for the Los Angeles Charity Association.

Her husband was an artist and did the murals in the Compton Post Office. He enlisted and was killed in the Battle of the Bulge in Belgium. Marion has a lovely home at Monterey, California, the walls of which she has decorated with many beautiful sketches done by her husband. Her home is high above the bay where one may watch the mighty breakers as they come in from the ocean in a never ending roar.

3e. Beatrice (Betty) Catey, born at Rockville Center, Long Island, New York, Feb. 15, 1910, married William H. Armstrong in 1936. They have two children, David Andrew and George Michael. “Betty” was educated at the University of California getting her A. B. in 1931 and her M. A. in 1933. Taught in the Redondo Beach high school from 1933 till 1937. Her husband is a D. V. M. with offices in Petaluma. They live in Santa Rosa but they have purchased a large tract of land near Santa Rosa which includes a part of a mountain and on which they plan to build a mountain top home. The ranch is covered with a rank growth of grass on which they plan to raise nothing but pedigreed stock from the lowliest chicken to the proudest Hereford.

4e. “Georgia” Ethel Eleanor Catey, born June 2, 1918, at Redondo Beach, California single. Graduated from the Redondo Beach high school and has her, A. B. and also her Librarian Credentials from the University of California. She was librarian for the Navy Department from graduation until 1946. Studied at the University during 1946 and in 1947 became Librarian of the Geology and Physics Department in the University of California at Los Angeles. She has a home in Santa Monica, California.

Garret L. Jordan

On Nov. 21, 1896, a tiny baby boy was born to George L. Jordan and wife, Carrie. The were living on a farm about a
mile from Carrie’s parents, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Catey, on the southern boundary of Whitley county, Indiana. George was teaching school at the time. He was next to the youngest son of Rev. W. S. Jordan, who I suppose married more people and buried more people than any other half dozen ministers in Wabash county.

In February 1898, Carrie passed on leaving the two small children, Beulah and Garret, for the father to care for. Only those who have had a like experience can know the problems he had to face. George was married a year or so later to a Miss Bertha Meyers who took charge of the little family and proved to be an efficient mother.

Garret received his grammar school training in the country schools of Whitley and Wabash counties. His dad was his first school master. He graduated from the Clear Creek high school of Huntington county in 1914 and began his college career at North Manchester in Manchester college, having attended the summer sessions there in 1914-15-16. He spent 12 weeks in the State Teachers college, Terre Haute, Indiana, in 1916, and taught school for three years in the grades.

In 1917 he enrolled in Purdue University, but quit on his 21st birthday to enlist in the Air Force. He was discharged in 1919 and re-entered Purdue. He was older now and his marks leaped upward in the University. He received his A. B. degree in 1922.

Garret now left school for a while and we find him behind a desk with his name engraved on the office door of the Farmers’ Trust Co., Indianapolis, Indiana, as an appraiser of farm lands. He opened a local farm loan office in Peru, Indiana, in 1923, the same year he married Alberta Rice, daughter of Dr. Rice, Terre Haute, Indiana.

In June 1925, he accepted a position as bookkeeper in the Ocean City Bank, Delray, Florida. The great Florida boom was on. Garret, like a lot of others became interested and invested. Like a lot of others he lost everything. The bank broke under the terrific beating and Garret went back to Terre Haute to live with his wife’s people. He did odd jobs that summer of 1927, but in the fall accepted a position as graduate assistant in the University of Illinois. It was on a half time basis at $60.00 per month. He was soon put on a three quarter time basis at $90.00 a month and at the end of the first year he was put in charge of the Poultry Marketing Department at $2400.00 per year.

The next year he was made assistant to the Dean of the College of Agriculture which job he held for eight years. He received his Masters degree in 1929 and his Doctor of Philosophy degree in 1933. He was made Professor of Agricultural Economics in 1941, which position he still holds and no doubt will continue to hold until he retires. Or, who knows, perhaps he is only now finding his stride.

Garret belongs to a number of National Honorary Societies and is listed in “Who’s Who in America”. As a hobby he grows roses. He has 270 different varieties. He is hybridizing roses and hopes some day to have one good enough to introduce.
The Michigan Cateys

As we have seen, the Catey family gradually spread out over the United States, going from the East, through the Midwest into the Far West, even to the western coast of California. By a circuitous route, one branch of the family came to settle in Michigan. This branch was from the Allen Catey family.

Lloyd Catey, fourth child of the Allen and Maria Catey, was born Sept. 5, 1878 in Kosciusko county, Indiana, in the community then known as Bone Prairie. He received his grade school and high school education in Whitley county, and had a summer term at Valparaiso and one at Manchester college. He then took up farming and livestock dealing for a livelihood.

On March 5, 1901, he married Icel Mae Havens, youngest daughter of Samuel Havens. Three children were born in Indiana—Paul, in 1901, Bernice, in 1904, and Josephine, in 1906.

In the spring of 1908 they moved to a ranch near Canora, Saskatchewan, Canada. Like true pioneers, they took everything in their stride and were not discouraged when, in moving the household goods by wagon from town across the prairie trail to the ranch, the wagon mired down in a slough. Everything but the kitchen range had to be unloaded and carried out of the mudhole, before the horses were able to pull out the wagon and the journey continued by a different route. It took all day to complete the nine mile trip. They lived in a tent all summer, but by fall the house was ready for occupancy. In the fall, too, was born a second son, Wilford. Two years later in 1910, the fifth child, Alberta, was born.

In addition to farming five hundred acres of land, Lloyd and Icel also ran a general store, owned and operated a threshing outfit, and had a herd of cattle and several head of horses and mules running the range.

In the late fall of 1916, they returned to the United States to North Manchester, Indiana, where they lived for two years on Allen Catey's farm. They then purchased and moved to a home on the outskirts of North Manchester where Lloyd organized the Farmers' Elevator Company and the Farmers' Shipping Association and acted as manager for two years when ill health forced his resignation.

In 1921 they moved onto a farm near Grand Ledge, Michigan, where the five children grew up, married, and near which they and their seventeen children still reside.

In 1934 Lloyd and Icel moved to a large stock farm near Saline, Michigan, where the former fed a large flock of lambs and a herd of cattle each winter. On December 22, 1939, Icel died and was buried in Charlotte, Michigan. A year later Lloyd gave up his life's work of farming.

In 1942 he married Miss Julia Gordon, who had an interesting career as a teacher in northern Michigan; Helena, Montana; Seattle, Washington; and finally in Alaska, where she taught for four years. They are now living near Saline, Michigan.

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Scott, Arthur C. 3b,lc,3e
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Sheppard, Lloyd George 1b,7c,5f
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Sink, Rusty 5b,7c,3f
Sink, Sarah Lee 3b,1lc,1d
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Smith, Bessie 3b,1lc,2d
Smith, Fred
Smith, Louella
Smith, Hazel
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Smith, Horace
Snyder, Mary
Sparrow, Wm. M.
Spencer, Vivian
Spenceur, Jack
Stacer, Ida
Stage, Wilodean
Staley, Wayne
Steintcf, Robert
Stephenson, Ellen
Stephenson, Elizabeth
Stephenson, Hattie
Stewart, Helen Ann
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Stiffter, Tom
Stillman, Mildred
Stoffer, Margaret
Stookey, Anna Adele 3b,10c,1f
Stookey, Marilyn Jean 3b,10c,2f
Stookey, Earl
Stratton, Grace
Strough, Iva
Sutherland, Jim
Taylor, Earl
Taylor, Robert Bruce 5b,9c,1f
Tharpe, Elizabeth
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Treesh, Bernard 5b,7c,2f
Treesh, Ramona 5b,9c,2f
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Turner, Chas. Lee 5b,9c,3e
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Turner, Janell 5b,9c,1f
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Turner, Robert 5b,9c,7e
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Vantress, Vita
Veal, Latisha
Ward, Alice Eleanor 3b,8c,3e
Ward, Jessie 3b,8c,2e
Ward, Mildred 3b,8c,1e
Ward, Reasor
Webster, Margaret
Wentz, Edna
Westlake, Dewitt 3b,9c,1e
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| Whelan, Larry   | Wilson, James     |
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| Westlake, Jim   | Wilson, Maurice   |
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| Wilkinson, Don  | Yoder, Irvie      |
| Wilkinson, Chesney | Yoder, Linda Lee |
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| Wilkinson, Kenneth Marvin | Young, Clark |
| Wilkinson, Tommie Lee | Young, Harold |
| Williams, Jane  | Zeis, Mary        |
| Wilson, Jack    |                 |

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