The James and Eliza Ritchey Family

1700 — 1976

Compiled By
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Mary Ritchey  Meribah Clark

THE LAST OF A GENERATION

BRINGS GREETINGS
PREFACE

Meribah Clark

This material has been collected and written with one thought — that the younger members of the Ritchey family may know something of their early ancestors — their strengths, weaknesses, and accomplishments. Some of the items may seem insignificant and even silly to some readers. But they have been included wise or unwise, fair or unfair.

Most of the information had been preserved by Uncle Alex Ritchey or my mother Meribah Ritchey Clark who told many of the stories included. The dates and relationships are authentic but the stories and evaluations have passed by word of mouth from one generation to another so may be true or untrue or prejudiced. The obituaries kept by my mother have been a great help.

It has been put in form by Charles and Mary Ritchey and Meribah Clark. Mrs. Martha Graham of Macomb, Illinois furnished the material on the John McCaw and allied families.
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"It is wise occasionally to recur to the sentiments and to the character of those from whom we are descended. Men who are regardless of their ancestry and their posterity are very apt to be regardless of themselves. The contemplation of our ancestors and of our descendants ought ever to be within the group of our thoughts and affections. The past belongs to us by affectionate retrospect, while the future belongs to us no less by affectionate anticipation of those who are to come after us. And then only do we do ourselves justice when we are true to the blood we inherit, and to those to whom we have been the means of transmitting that blood.

— Daniel Webster, 1782-1852.

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Part I

Ritchey Genealogy

Generation I

William Ritchey, b cir. 1700; d 1775 came to this country from Ireland about 1725 to Penn., to Maryland, to Virginia.

Generation II

James Ritchey, born in 1741 died Sept. 23, 1822. m Jane Arnold born in 1745; died 1831. They moved from Spreading Spring (Boutert County, Virginia to Fayette County, Ky. in 1781 - bought a farm of 204 acres from Alex McConnell for 60 lb. Sterling (Vir Currency). He must have sold the land he received for war services as the land grant on Ky. signed by Patrick Henry to him is now in the state archives in Ky.

Evidence of James Ritchey Service

In The Revolutionary War


All of the above are in the Library of Congress and photostats of the title page of the book and of the page referred to can be obtained.

Generation III

Elizabeth Ritchey, b June 11, 1768 m Levi Scott; lived in Henry Co., Ky.

John Ritchey, b May 11, 1770; lived in Indiana.

Stephen Ritchey, b May 18, 1772; lived in Scott Co., Ky. m Mary Hollyman, dau of Am. Mary Stone.

Janie Ritchey, b Feb. 2, 1776, married Clinton; lived at Kirksville, Mo.

Samuel Ritchey, b Feb. 4, 1777; d 1855; lived in Fayette Co., Ky. m Jane Irwin, b Nov. 9, 1808 d Sept. 4, 1855.

Eunice Ritchey, b Dec. 22, 1778 lived in Lexington, Ky. married —— McGonathy.

Mary Ritchey, b Nov. 14, 1780, m James Tucker; lived in Henry Co., Ky.

James Ritchey, b Mar. 1, 1783; lived in Indiana.

Sarah Ritchey, b Feb. 29, 1785, m Thomas Drum.

Generation IV

Mary Ritchey, b Aug. 22, 1809 m John Pearson Nov. 18, 1830.

Jane Ritchey, b June 6, 1811 d Mar. 27, 1866 m Thomas S. Brockman Nov. 17, 1831 d Nov. 14, 1867 (aged 56 yrs. 10 mos. 25 das.).

John Ritchey, b Sept. 9, 1813 d Feb. 15, 1894 m Emeline Sutton Dec. 31, 1835 b July 4, 1814 d Nov. 24, 1898.

James Ritchey, b Feb. 8, 1816 d June 22, 1871 m Eliza McKeen June 27, 1844 b April 27, 1827 d Dec. 9, 1891.

Robert Ritchey, b Nov. 6, 1818 d Feb. 12, 1865 (aged 46 yrs. 3 mos. 6 days) m Emma Haven Sept. 21, 1852 d April 18, 1853 (aged 20 yrs. 6 mos.).

Elizabeth Ritchey, b Sept. 8, 1821 d July 5, 1889 m William Chapman Dec. 26, 1839 b ? d ?.

Stephen A. Ritchey, b May 30, 1824 d Mar. 6, 1888 m Nannie Stone Sept. 1850 b June 13, 1838 d June 1, 1917.

Samuel Ritchey, b Jan. 24, 1827 d April 14, 1901 m Emley M. Wood Nov. 28, 1861 b ? d Nov. 11, 1914.

Margaret Ritchey, b Oct. 1, 1829 d ? m Uriah Stone Dec. 3, 1846 b ? d ?.

Generation V


Generation VI

A. Frank Ritchey, b June 18, 1877 d Nov. 19, 1884.


Generation VII and VIII


Generation VI


Generation VII and VIII

1. Leslie McCaw Ritchey, b Dec. 19, 1918 m Edith Ahern 1942-45 (a) Brian Leslie Ritchey b May 12, 1943 m Leona Marie Herbst Dec. 29, 1951 (b) April 2, 1922 b. Jean Marie b Feb. 6, 1953 (c) Connie Sue June 29,
1956 (d) James Leslie June 27, 1959.
   (a) Robert Allen, b Nov. 12, 1958.
   (b) William David, b Aug. 8, 1960.

Generation VI

Generation VII, VIII and IX
1. Lois Constance Ritchey, b April 29, 1914 m Randall Glasgow Mar. 28, 1936 b July 3, 1911.

Generation VIII
(a) Constance Glasgow, b June 23, 1941 m Charles Elste June 27, 1964 b Sept. 15, 1941.
   (b) Jeanette Sue Glasgow, b Mar. 31, 1943 m Robert Chamberlain Aug. 20, 1966 b Aug. 27, 1943.

Generation VII, VIII and IX

Generation IX

Generation VII

Generation V
II. Mary Jane Ritchey, b April 13, 1847 d Aug. 10, 1848.

Generation VI
A. Nellie Ritchey, b July 2, 1881 d ? never married.
   B. Galen Ritchey, b April 9, 1884 d June 7, 1910 m Georgia Correll July 20, 1909 b ? d ?.
   C. Eugene Francis Ritchey, b Mar. 2, 1898 d April 26, 1911.

Generation V
IV. James William Ritchey, b Dec. 17, 1852 d Nov. 12, 1881 m Rebecca Logsdon Mar. 20, 1879 b Jan. 8, 1857 d Nov. 12, 1881. Both were drowned in Crooked Creek near Ripley, Ill.

Generation VI
A. Meribah E. Clark, b Nov. 9, 1887.
B. James Ritchey Clark, b Dec. 25, 1890 d Mar. 11, 1961 m Laura Clemons Jan. 26, 1915 b Oct. 12, 1894 d ?.

Generation VII
2. Virginia Mae Clark, b June 7, 1918 m Walter White Aug. 2, 1940 b Jan. 6, 1918.

Generation VIII
a. James Edwin White, b April 15, 1942.
b. David Clark White, b July 1, 1945.

Generation VII

Generation VIII

Generation IX
Children: 1. Jennifer Kay French, b June 9, 1973
   (2) Paul Douglas French b Sept. 9, 1976.
   b. Emily Jane French, b June 19, 1952.
d. Laura Ann French, b Mar. 10, 1957.

Generation VII
5. James Rolland Clark, b Jan. 20, 1928.

Generation VIII

Generation VII
Generation VIII
b. Beth Lou Clark, b Nov. 27, 1957.
c. Max Rolland Clark, b Nov. 20, 1960.

Generation V
VI. Emma Jane Ritchey, b April 22, 1864 d Sept.

Generation VI
A. Infant Coffman, b March 12, 1889 d March 16, 1889.
B. Emma Florence Coffman, b Sept. 12, 1891 d Nov. 2, 1891.

RITCHIE FAMILY BURIAL GROUND IN FAYETTE COUNTY, KENTUCKY

JAMES RITCHIE
Sept. 23, 1822 — Aged 81 Years

JANE RITCHIE
Nov. 21, 1831 — Aged 86 Years
Settlement of William Ritchey Estate

This is to certify the deceased James Ritchey and his wife Jane have lived a number of years in this congregation, have always conducted themselves in a sober christian manner, are free from any church censure known to us, and have had the ordinance of Baptism administered to their children. And as they are now about to remove from this to Kentucky, we recommend them to the care of their dependance, and to any christian society where their lot may fall as worthy of christian communism. [signature]

By order of Session this 15th day of August 1783. at Spreading Spring, Botetourt Co. Virginia.

Edward Crawford.

Church Letter of James and Jane Ritchey

Major Madison Jan 9th 1789

I hereby certify that James Ritchey and his wife Jane have lived a number of years in this congregation, have always conducted themselves in a sober christian manner, are free from any church censure known to us, and have had the ordinance of Baptism administered to their children. And as they are now about to remove from this to Kentucky, we recommend them to the care of their dependance, and to any christian society where their lot may fall as worthy of christian communism.

By order of Session this 15th day of August 1783. at Spreading Spring, Botetourt Co. Virginia.

Edward Crawford.

Discharge of James Ritchey
Uncle Alex Ritchey and my mother never talked about their grandparents. Samuel and Jane Ritchey both died in 1855. Uncle Alex would have been ten years old. He might have been taken to Kentucky but I think it doubtful as the railroad did not get to Mt. Sterling until 1858. My mother did tell me that her grandparents died close together. It was cold weather and their bodies were kept hidden for a period of time before burial for fear the graves might be robbed. At that time a medical student had to provide his own cadaver.

When I traced land records for Robert and James Ritchey and Thomas Brockman I found that Samuel Ritchey had evidently given financial help to all of them. A nice counterpane hung in a closed doorway in our downstairs bedroom behind which were my father’s Sunday suit and overcoat. This hanging was part of the gift sent to my grandfather by his family in Kentucky at the time of his marriage in 1844. Uncle Sam gave my mother the church letter brought by her grandparents from Botetourt Co. Virginia to the Presbyterian Church in Fayette County which they attended.

This family exchanged pictures which would indicate that they desired to keep close to one another. A family joke was a remark that one of the family made when he saw grandmother for the first time, “My goodness Jim, whose picture did you send to Kentucky?” It was probably a shiny daguerreotype.

Charles Ritchey secured the pictures of Samuel and Jane, their homestead, the family burial plot and head stones of each and the Presbyterian Church which the family attended.

IV. Mary Ritchey Pearson (Aunt Polly) b Aug. 22, 1809 m John Pearson Nov. 10, 1830. This family lived in Lexington, Ky. and I have the impression that they probably were rated as well to do. Uncle Sam, Aunt Emma, my mother and uncle Alex Ritchey, were entertained at Sam Pearson’s and went to Lexington Central Christian Church to hear Bro. Spencer preach. My mother talked of Ab and Mattie Pearson. A joke in the Ritchey family was advice that Polly gave my grandfather on his marriage, “Many a good cook is spoiled by having little to cook.” Children in the Pearson family were William, Samuel, Robert, Ab, Lizzie, Mary and Kitty.

IV. Jane Brockman (June 6, 1811-March 1866) married Thomas S. Brockman d May 14, 1867 (aged 56 yrs. 10 mos. 20 days). Just when Tom and Jane Brockman came to Mt. Sterling I am not sure but in the obituary of John Ritchey it states that John, Robert and James Ritchey followed the Brockmans in 1838.

Thomas Brockman was a blacksmith. His shop was on lot 21 in the old plat of Mt. Sterling. Before he moved to Fort Scott, Kansas, Lewis Brockman, his brother operated a wagon shop on the same lot. He moved to Pardee, Kansas. Both of these men bought and sold land around Mt. Sterling until the middle fifties.

From the Brink, History of Brown County, we learn that Thomas Brockman was one of three Commissioners on the Tenth Board of commissioners of Schuyler County (1838-1839) at which time Brown County was organized and separated from Schuyler County. He was elected with Joseph Stoner and Joseph Robinson to become the first Board of Commissioners of Brown County. They held their first meeting May 15, 1839. Brockman presided.

Thomas Brockman was active in raising funds for the erection of public buildings when Brown County separated from Schuyler County in 1839. He subscribed $165 with Alexander McKean as security and went security for others to the amount of $165.

His name does not appear again, until he is elected Col. of a company attached to the 36th Regiment, Ill. volunteers. Joseph and Hiram Smith had been killed on June 27, 1844 at Carthage, after which time the Mormons moved out of Nauvoo. There was dissatisfaction at rate of movement. Sept. 1, 1846 a posse comitatus was again called into the field. General Singleton and Colonel Crittender retired and Thomas Brockman took charge. He entered the city and hastened the departure, becoming a hero to some, a devil to others.

I am under the impression that Thomas Brockman provided well for his family while in Illinois. They lived in a nice two story frame house which stood on the site of the Ross VanDeventer home in 1976. When Emile Meyer tore the old house down quaint little tile that had been around the foundation were unearthed. After the removal to Kansas,
Thomas promoted a town but he became restless and took part in anti-slavery movement and border warfare. That meant the he was away from home a good deal and strange men were often around the homestead. Jane was afraid for his safety and for that of the family. Her brothers were uneasy about her welfare and Uncle Sam made a trip to see how she was faring and he took her money.

It seems Thomas and Jane had no domestic trouble until she inherited money which he expected her to turn to him. She did not do it so there was difference of opinion.

The following material was supplied by Mrs. Shirley Tebo of Roca, Neb.

When Thomas Brockman moved to Bourbon County, Kansas, they settled at Mapleton in Franklin Township (near Fort Scott, Kansas). P.O. was Xenia part of the time. Thomas and Jane are buried in the Blue Mound Cemetery N and W of Xenia, Kansas. Burials include:

Thomas Brockman, Jane Ritchey Brockman and children.

Elizabeth Wells, d May 4, 1876 aged 40 yrs. 9 mos.
8 das.

Paulina Brockman Boulware, Jan. 9, 1840-Dec. 24, 1901.

Mark Boulware Speil, 1830-March 15, 1902.

George Boulware, 1866-1929.

Herbert, son of G.T. and E.M. Boulware, Feb. 27, 1894.

Infant son of G.T. and E.M. Boulware, June 26, 1895.

Roy Boulware, 1896-1942.

Ella Boulware, 1872-1941.

There is no record of death of Nancy Brockman Chitwood (b1843) nor for Margaret Brockman (b1849). There were four daughters in Brockman family. Paulina and Mark Boulware were married April 24, 1862. Nancy Jane married James P. Chitwood Dec. 26, 1862. Jane willed her land and money to her four daughters, Elizabeth Wells, Pauline Boulware, Nancy Chitwood and Margaret. Her will was made March 21, 1866. It was non-cupative and witnessed by Anna Osborne and Thomas Brockman. Thomas died intestate and there were many claims against the estate. His inventory showed a diamond ring — $400 and a watch $250.

Percy Brockman, son of Washington Brockman, a nephew of Thomas Brockman travelled for International Harvester Company with headquarters in Seattle, Wash. in period 1905-1915. One day he called on a prospective customer in a town in Idaho. After introducing himself the customer said, "I never liked that name. Where do you come from? Are you related to Thomas Brockman?" Percy, quite surprised replied, "Yes, I think he was my father's uncle." That settled it. The man replied, "You had better move on." And Percy did.

Thomas Brockman was a lay minister of the Christian Church. He was a convert of Barton Stone while in Kentucky. He was active in the beginnings of the Christian Church in Mt. Sterling, which did not have a church building until 1853. Services were held from early (1843) forties. One place of gathering was in Galconda Hall located over his blacksmith shop or maybe over Lewis Brockman's wagon shop.

In Brink's History it tells that Thomas Brockman and John Taylor organized a church at Benville, the oldest congregation in Buckhorn Township. Thomas continued his preaching in Kansas where he was active in the anti-slavery movement.

The 1842 assessment book for Brown County lists possessions of Thomas Brockman: horses $120, cattle $261, carriage $150, wagon $95, clock $10 and watch $15, total $976 dollars. He also listed 240 acres of land. He was not a poor man. However, I have often thought that he accumulated debts so probably did not have much back log.

IV. John Ritchey (Sept. 9, 1813-Sept. 15, 1894) married Zerilla Emeline Sutton (July 4, 1814-Nov. 24, 1898) on Dec. 31, 1835. They lived together for 58 years, celebrating their 50th anniversary with thirty guests. They came to Brown County in 1838 where they stayed one year moving on to a farm one mile south of Plymouth, Ill., where they reared their family. After the death of John, Emeline and Rella moved into Plymouth where Aunt Emeline died. They all were buried in the cemetery at Plymouth. Elder J. S. Cash preached funeral sermon for both John and Emeline.

Uncle John and Emeline became members of the Mount Pleasant Christian Church in 1842. Later in 1854 they moved their membership to the newly organized Christian Church at Plymouth. John was a defender of the Christian faith and its practices. He was a quiet, peaceful citizen bestowing kindness to all. Aunt Emeline was described as a mild, amiable woman who won the confidence and respect of those who knew her. I remember her as a very humble person, who put on no airs.

They had six children, one son and five daughters, all attaining adulthood. The one son, Samuel, died in a government hospital in St. Louis of typhoid fever during the Civil War when serving in the Union Army.

Uncle John was not too understanding of his brothers Samuel and Stephen, who did not want to declare themselves during the Civil War. He regretted that he had a nephew who was a Confederate soldier (a Pierson). However his home was open to the family of Stephen when they came to Plymouth where Uncle Stephen operated a drug store until he could return to Liberty, Mo.
V. Frances Ritchey (June 22, 1837-April 7, 1896) married John Bowman Mar. 22, 1862. She was born in Lexington, Ky. and died in Elmore, Kansas of paralysis. She had six children, Nannie m Gayette, Samuel, John, Alvin, Ira and Susie, who survived her. As a girl Frances had lived with my grandmother Eliza Ritchey who was very tender toward her.

V. Mary Ritchey (March 8, 1839-Jan. 7, 1910) was born in Mt. Sterling and died in Tennessee, Ill. She married John Mourning Nov. 17, 1867. She was the mother of four children, Emma Bidwell of Palmyra, Mo., Blanche Waddle of Tennessee and Luther Mourning, fourth unknown. She also had two stepdaughters. She was a charter member of the Plymouth Christian Church, organized in 1855. Luther Mourning, in 1926, was working for a hardware store where my mother bought an electric cleaner (Hoover) which he delivered to our home, accompanied by his wife, a professional musician. My mother liked them but there was never any follow up on the friendship. Blanche Waddle was kind to Rellie and entertained Mary Chapman at the time of Rellie's death.

V. Lizzie Ritchey married a man named Henkel and had a son, Hugh. Later she married Thomas Myers. Mr. and Mrs. Myers were guests at the home of Uncle Sam and Aunt Emma in 1900 at the time of the Democratic National Convention. Mr. Myers was a delegate from a county in Kansas. He put a big Bryan button on James and gave him a Bryan headed cane. James brought it home but he did not carry it in Brown County! Mr. Myers was a thin nervous man, not unkind, and his wife seemed docile, deferring to him in all things. She was a small wiry woman.

V. Margaret Ritchey died Feb. 15, 1920. She had married James Watts of Morrell, Kansas in 1879, who died Dec. 13, 1911. She had one son, Fred Watts and two grandchildren, Dorothy and Fred of St. Joseph, Mo. and two step children.

Margaret was the youngest daughter. She had attended school in Plymouth and Abington College and had taught school before her marriage. She was living in South Dakota at the time of her mother's death.

V. Zerelda (Rellie) Ritchey (died Aug. 1929 aged 84 yrs.) was the member of this family that our families knew best as she lived until April of 1853. She was heart broken but lived until 1853.

Rellie liked to know all the news and my mother thought her too inquisitive about personal business but she never accused her of carrying news to make trouble.

She constantly complained of being poor but my mother thought had she plied her trade of practical nurse she might have remedied her poverty. She even accused her of not being too work brittle. She had taught school in her early life and I always thought she was probably a good teacher.

When she became old she gave her little house ($1100) to the Christian Church Home at Jacksonville and took up residence there. It was a lucky move for her as she was stricken by a stroke and was bed ridden for a period of years. Mary Chapman, her cousin, came there to live and they were company for each other.

IV. Robert Ritchey (Nov. 6, 1818-Feb. 12, 1865) grew up in Fayette Co., Kentucky. He came with his brothers John and James to Mt. Sterling, Illinois in 1838. Their sister Jane Brockman had preceded them. John moved into Hancock county but Robert remained here.

The following is the record of Transfer of Land owned by Robert Ritchey in 1865. Date of transfer of land to William Patterson unknown. William Patterson to Samuel Ritchey and Thomas Brockman April 10, 1837. Thomas Brockman quit claimed deed releasing claim to land for sum of $3000 May 24, 1851. Samuel and wife Jane Ritchey of Fayette Co., Ky. transferred it to Robert Ritchey for $2178 on Sept. 27, 1852. James Ritchey, administrator of Estate of Robert Ritchey deeded this land to F. M. Stout on April 8, 1865. It consisted of 181 ½ acres N一块 Sec 16 and balance in S一块 of SE一块 Sec 9 in Mt. Sterling Township.

Robert did not marry young. Once while on a visit to Lexington he met Emma Haven, fell in love and married her immediately on Sept. 21, 1852. She only lived until April of 1853. He was heart broken but lived until 1865.

It seems that Emma Haven was an orphan who was a ward of someone in Lexington. She had just returned from a finishing school (presumably in the east) when she met Uncle Robert.

When Uncle Robert died our grandfather James Ritchey administered his estate so belongings of Emma Haven were brought to the Ritchey house. I still have Emma Haven's music (harpischord); a shawl, some pencil drawings, a Latin Bible, part of a beaded purse. also pictures of her and Uncle Robert.

Quotation from Mt. Sterling Presbyterian New School Session Book: Feb. 13, 1853 — Emma Ritchey received by certificate from Midway, Ky. April, 1853 — Emma Ritchey a member of this church died.

When my mother was born, Uncle Robert wanted
her named Emma, which request grandmother refused. When a second girl appeared in two years grandmother succumbed and she was named Emma.

Report of James Ritchey, Administrator
Of The Estate of Robert Ritchey
April 1, 1865
Bond by James and John Ritchey for $2000.

Assets: Real Estate, 180 acres of land; Cash, $950; Lumber, 1000 feet; Appraisal value of personal property, $1560, by A. A. Glenn, J. B. Bowman; Bill of Sale, $1552.75.

Expenditures: Medical expenses, Feb. 25, 1865 (Dr. Witty, Glass, Bivide); Cost of burial, $45 for coffin by F. M. Fry; Clothing ?; Grave digger, $5; Levi Gibson; Resealing grave, $1; Tombstone, $28; Auctioneer, W. L. Taylor, $37.41; Clerk of Sale, $1.50, A. A. Glenn; Newspaper, $13.00 (Feb. 15, '65-Brooks Bros. Mt. Sterling Record); Tax, $25.50; John Ritchey, $100; Stephen Ritchey, $100; Thomas Brockman, $100.

SALE BILL
Estate of Robert Ritchey
March 10, 1865
Estate of Robert Ritchey, deceased. State of Illinois, County of Brown. In County Court, March Term, 1865. The following is a true and correct bill of the sale of the chattel property of the estate of Robert Ritchey, deceased, made on the 10th day of March A.D. 1865, (in pursuance of notice thereof, a copy of which is hereunto attached,) by the undersigned.

TERMS OF SALE: cash in hand.

The following is a list of Articles Sold, Name of Purchaser and Amount of Sale:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ARTICLES SOLD</th>
<th>NAME OF PURCHASER</th>
<th>AMOUNT OF SALE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 Hoe</td>
<td>James Jackson</td>
<td>$7.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Scissors</td>
<td>James King</td>
<td>$7.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Scypr.</td>
<td>Daniel King</td>
<td>$1.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Shovel</td>
<td>James Jackson</td>
<td>$1.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Axe</td>
<td>James Jackson</td>
<td>$1.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Brew.</td>
<td>John Adams</td>
<td>$3.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Blanket</td>
<td>John Adams</td>
<td>$2.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Mattress</td>
<td>John Adams</td>
<td>$4.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Small Store</td>
<td>Charles Wagner</td>
<td>$5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Washbowl</td>
<td>Charles Wagner</td>
<td>$2.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Item</td>
<td>Owner</td>
<td>Amount</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>------------------------------</td>
<td>--------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pitchfork</td>
<td>J. E. Davis</td>
<td>2.40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brush Scythe</td>
<td>George Philips</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mowing Scythe</td>
<td>Allen Mount</td>
<td>7.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Single+ Kendal</td>
<td>James R. Gwinn</td>
<td>7.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Double two to</td>
<td>Anthony Scherer</td>
<td>4.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 hick+ Major</td>
<td>James T. LD</td>
<td>6.30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Left Plow</td>
<td>James M. Reed</td>
<td>5.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 hick</td>
<td>Left Plow</td>
<td>Joseph Dodd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 hick</td>
<td>James Dodd</td>
<td>5.80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 hick</td>
<td>James Mc Rea</td>
<td>8.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 shod+ Horse</td>
<td>Thomas Dawson</td>
<td>15.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Shod+ Horse</td>
<td>Reuben Magriss</td>
<td>18.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 span of Mules</td>
<td>B. H. Barrowd</td>
<td>263.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 span of Mules</td>
<td>John Jennings</td>
<td>201.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Amount Carried Forward</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>839.70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 span of Mules</td>
<td>John Jennings</td>
<td>185.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Mule</td>
<td>John Jennings</td>
<td>69.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 2yr old fr. colt</td>
<td>W. Bonduriez</td>
<td>65.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 2yr old br. colt</td>
<td>B. H. Barrowd</td>
<td>75.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 yearling colt (grey)</td>
<td>H. H. Vandeverton</td>
<td>40.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 yearling colt (brown)</td>
<td>H. B. &amp; Alfred Wapner</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 Heel of Bay</td>
<td>James S. Milner</td>
<td>67.50</td>
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<tr>
<td>12 Horse</td>
<td>David Spain</td>
<td>60.50</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 Lot of sheaf gate</td>
<td>H. L. Biggintone</td>
<td>65.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>10 Truck of fodder</td>
<td>J. D. Davis</td>
<td>21.50</td>
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<tr>
<td>11 4ft. Rota</td>
<td>The Meeke</td>
<td>18.70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>452 ft. Rail</td>
<td>J. L. Loud</td>
<td>2.60</td>
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<tr>
<td>1402 ft. Steel wire</td>
<td>James, M. Reid</td>
<td>25.20</td>
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</table>
IV. Elizabeth (Betsy Chapman) (Sept. 8, 1821-July 5, 1889) married W. S. Chapman Dec. 26, 1839. She united with the Christian Church in 1848 under the preaching of J. A. Gano. Six of her children were also members of that church. She died in Hiawatha, Kansas but she was buried in Clinton Co., Mo. in the Farrow Cemetery. Seven of her eight children outlived her. Children were: Joe, John C., who never married, William, Sam, who never married, Jennie married —— Christian, Robert had no children, Mary (Mollie) never married, and Maggie Ditts. Jennie Christian’s children were John W., Irwin R., Edna May, Grace m Lewis, Orpha, Virginia m Davis and Herbert H.

Joe Chapman’s children may have been Emmett, Lewis, Cecil C., Mabel m Sturgeon, Edna Mae m Stanley Clinglfill, Dora m Clark, Wallace, Vesta m George Morgan, Nellie m Reel, Fannie M. and William.

I think my mother never knew this family. Aunt Emma Ritchey used to mention Mary Chapman in her letters as Mary came at times and helped Aunt Emma with housework. Mary finished her life at the Christian home in Jacksonville. She visited my mother once when my mother was really not able to have company.

During the Civil War one of the Chapman boys warned Uncle Sam that his farm was one to be raided for horses — by bushwhackers.

IV. Stephen Ritchey (1824-1888) graduated from Lexington Medical School and studied medicine in the East. He went to Clay County, Mo. in 1848. He married Nannie Stone in Sept. 1850. According to his obituary he was a respected and esteemed man of Christian principles, a member of the Christian church where the funeral was held. He was buried in the new cemetery at Liberty, Mo. Another selection from the obituary described Dr. Ritchey thus: “He was held in highest esteem, a man whose guiding principle thru life was one strong undeviating course of justice.” He was a follower of Henry Clay and sent a leaf of ivy from his grave to his brother in a letter.

In 1900, my mother, Mary Ritchey, James and I visited at the home of Aunt Nannie and George. We had dinner at night and I tasted my first tutti fruitti ice cream. It was also my first experience with a strange colored girl. She told me of the death of her brother by accident on railroad property. The trainmen did not care! My memory of George and Aunt Nannie was that both were very matter of fact, but not unfriendly.

Rellie talked about what nice clothes Cora and Mattie had and I formed the opinion that the Stephen family were more socially minded than either the John or James family. My mother seemed indifferent to them. Neither Mattie —— nor Cora Bradley had any children, George did not marry and I do not know about Irwin. It seems he was a traveling salesman. George worked in a bank at Liberty, Mo.

When the Civil War came Uncle Stephen brought his family to Brown County where they wore their welcome out. Finally he bought a drug store at Plymouth and moved the family there. Aunt Nannie was an outspoken supporter of the South which did not set with Uncle John and my grandfather.

Irwin Ritchey (1860-1937) and George S. Ritchey (1862-1934) are buried with their parents in the city cemetery in Liberty, Mo. I know nothing about the burials of two girls in the family.

IV. Samuel Ritchey (1827-April 16, 1901) married Emily Wood on Nov. 28, 1861. He laughingly remarked that he could not find a stone so he married the next hardest thing. Margaret and Stephen had married Stones. Aunt Emma had lived in the home of Calvin Smith at Smithville, Mo. Mrs. Agnes Jordon Smith was probably her aunt. She told me of bushwhackers coming to the home, demanding entertainment which was granted and of the relief when they departed without doing the family any harm.

During the Civil War Uncle Sam had a hard time riding the fence. He told of bushwhackers coming to his home one evening. He went into the yard expecting to be shot. He held his son Will as he conversed with them and felt the child saved his life. One of the Chapman boys warned him of the time his farm was to be raided for horses. He moved them so saved them.

He must have gone back to Kentucky when things got too hot as Will was born in Lexington. Later he brought his family to Macomb Ill., bought a drug store where he remained until it was safe to go home. He did not sponge on his brothers.

Uncle Sam was a prosperous farmer and stock man with a large acreage and a nice house near Plattsburg, Clinton Co., Mo. Will and Jean were their children. Jean married Thomas Graham and Will Zella Porter in a double wedding. Jean only lived a short time and the other marriage ended in divorce. This family were active members of the Fairview Christian Church and on moving to Kansas City Uncle Sam and Aunt Emma attended Independence Boulevard Christian Church. They were faithful in attendance and support.

Uncle Sam and Aunt Emma were general favorites in the Ritchey households. Uncle Sam was very pleasant. He liked to talk and was full of witty remarks. He bought ice cream and lemonade often and gave me nickels. I was amazed how easily he spent money for I had lived where money was not spent easily for anything but necessities. Aunt Emma liked to talk, too. She had news of all members of the family and was beloved by the nieces and nephews.
who were always welcome in her home. She was an industrious woman. She deferred to her husband in all things. They seemed a happy couple to me. She had a long decline before her death but her son and wife cared for her in her own home.

**Obituary Of**

**Dr. William W. Ritchey**


**Illness of Several Months Proves Fatal.**

Dr. William Wood Ritchey, 74 years old, 5845 Charlotte Street, prominent physician in Kansas City for many years, died at 2:30 p.m. Saturday at his home. He had been ill for several months.

Dr. Ritchey first came to Kansas City in 1885 when he was engaged in the real estate business. Later he entered the University Medical College in Kansas City, being graduated in 1895. He practiced for four years in Monroe, Mo.

In 1899 he returned to Kansas City. He practised here until several years ago. In 1906 he was graduated from the Physician and Surgeon's Medical college in St. Louis, Mo. Dr. Ritchey was considered by medical associates one of the first ten men in general practice in Kansas City.

He is survived by the widow, at home, a daughter Thelma Jean at home, and two sons, R. F. Ritchey of St. Paul Minn. and W. R. Ritchey, 2609 Prospect Ave.

Funeral services will be held at 3:30 p.m. Tuesday in the Newcomer chapel, Brush Creek boulevard and the Paseo. Burial will be in Forest Hill Cemetery.

This obituary makes no mention of the second wife Leslie Self (a nurse) the mother of Dr. Wills' two sons, Roy and Russell.

Roy (1896-1935) lived in St. Paul, Minn. He and Charles Ritchey became good friends. Roy was a collector — of guns, gems, autographs, armour and documents of long ago, as well as of books with fine bindings both hand and machine made. The disposal of these collections became a problem to his wife. Roy had no children.

Russell was the father of two sons, William R. and Bruce Ritchey. They were living in Phoenix, Ariz. in April 1972. I know nothing of the wife Thelma or daughter Thelma Jean Ritchey.

The last time I saw Dr. Will was in 1915 when my father, mother and I were on the way to the San Francisco Fair. We visited him at his home at 2700 Prospect Ave. which his father had built about 1894. Dr. Will took us on a tour of the New Railroad station where there was a fully equipped operating room in case of emergency.

We had visited with him at the St. Louis Fair where he told my mother the story of his diamond ring. He had had a call one night to come to dress the wounds of a man who had been in a fight. When he saw the condition of the man he begged to be allowed to take him to the hospital which was denied. He did the best he could in a poorly equipped room in a shady section of the city. When he finished, one said "Pay him well." Another threw a bunch of diamonds on the table, a third picked out a nice one and handed it to the doctor. He was escorted home and warned not to talk to the police which he didn't. By morning the bunch were probably far away from Kansas City.

The following are buried on Lot 96, Block 5 in Forest Hill Cemetery in Kansas City, Mo. with burial date.

- Samuel Ritchey, April 16, 1901.
- Emma Ritchey, Nov. 13, 1914.
- Leslie V. Ritchey, Feb. 9, 1921.
- Emma Jean Graham, Jan. 31, 1903 (Reburial)

**IV. Margaret Ritchey Stone** (Oct. 1, 1829) m Uriah Stone Dec. 3, 1846.

In 1895 the GAR encampment was held at Lexington, Ky. There were excursion rates which Uncle Alex, my mother and James took advantage of and visited the Stones in Elkchester, Kentucky. It was the first visit for my mother. My mother enjoyed seeing her Aunt Margaret and other members of the family and for a time she kept up a correspondence but when Aunt Margaret died (1896-1900) it was discontinued. Persons mentioned in letters were Albert and Mattie Pearson and son Johnson, Esten Stone, George Stone and daughters, Sam Pearson, son and daughter, Joe Stone, Maggie Brown, John Stone, Irwin Stone, Lela Hurst, Susie Porter, Jennie Hurst, Comfort Pearson, children of Margaret Stone were (A) Jennie who married Bryan Hurst: their children were Maggie, married to Hez Brown, Lelah, Bryan, Jennie m Sharp; (B) Sam; (C) George; (D) Morris; (E) Betty; (F) Irwin. When Charles Ritchey visited this region of Kentucky he found Frank Stone a member of this family that remembered James when he visited there.

Some of this family lived in Missouri for Hex Brown once made a call at our house. He was dealing in real estate at that time. This was about the turn of the century.

Yarnallton, Ky. was heading on a letter from Jennie Hurst on Mar. 4, '97.

Directions given by Charles Ritchey for contacting Stones in Ky. Contact Frank Stone, Redd Road, seven miles west of Lexington. Visit — 1 go to Johnnie Steele place — 2 Old mill at McConnell's. Station raided during the Civil War — Grandfather Ritchey was overseer of slaves here. Left in 1838. 3 Ritchey Homestead. 4 Presbyterian Church. 5 Irwins' House. 6 Aunt Margaret's place. 7 Christian Church Graveyard. 8 In Lexington visit Henry Clay home. 9 Transylvania College, Center College.
Robert Irwin Family
Robert Irwin, born Jan. 7, 1763, father of Jane Ritchey.
Mary Snodgrass Irwin, his wife, born Dec. 23, 1765.
Children:
Jane Irwin, born Jan. 23, 1788.
John Irwin, born Dec. 24, 1789.
Polly Irwin, born Nov. 1, 1791.
James Irwin, born Jan. 15, 1795.
Betsy Irwin, born Sept. 1797.
Peggy Irwin, born Sept. 28, 1799.
Robert Irwin, born March 8, 1802.
Caty Irwin, born March, 1804.
David Irwin, born Dec. 15, 1806.

Marriages
Robert Irwin married Mary Snodgrass, April 17, 1787.
Jane Irwin married Samuel Ritchey, Nov. 9, 1808.
Polly Irwin married James Cummins, Aug. 3, 1813.
Betsy Irwin married David McMechan, June, 1816.
Peggy Irwin married John Robinson, Aug. 12, 1819.
Robert Irwin married Mary Ann Winton, Sept. 11, 1823.
Caty Irwin married Robert Caldwell, Aug. 11, 1826.
David Irwin married Eliza Gililand, July 28, 1831.

Names on back of paper of above record: Logan Trimble, Mr. Hockaday, Arthur Giddings, Ellis Giddings, Charles Irwin, John Lincoln, Mr. Corbin, Mr. Baddey, Mr. Newlee, Charles Darety.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN FAYETTE COUNTY, KENTUCKY

People who never look backward to their ancestors will never look forward to their posterity.
— Sir Edmund Burke
SAMUEL RITCHEY

JANE RITCHEY

Samuel Ritchey Homestead
(Fayette County, Kentucky)
IV. James Ritchey (Feb. 8, 1816–June 22, 1871) married Eliza Adair McKean (Apr. 27, 1827–Dec. 9, 1891) on June 27, 1844.

According to the obituary of John Ritchey, James came to Brown County with his brothers John and Robert in 1838. He paid two dollars tax in Brown County for the year 1839 and in the assessment book for 1842 he is not listed as a land owner but declared personal property, a watch, horses and $150 at interest.

Nov. 6, 1842 Lewis Brockman sold James Ritchey for $670 cash in hand the West half of Northwest quarter of Sec. 18 Mt. Sterling Township. This evidently had improvements on it and here he established his home. On his death in 1871 this property was evaluated at $2700.

On Dec. 30, 1856 William Stapleton sold James Ritchey the East half of the West half of Northwest Quarter of Section 18, 1S 3 W for $2700.

On Feb. 4, 1865 James Ritchey bought the West half of the Southwest quarter of Sec. 7 Mt. Sterling township, sixteen acres from Lewis Brockman and 62 acres from Warren Robinson. (David Kirk had granted Railroad right-of-way to The Northern Cross Railroad previously).

Politically the Ritcheys were members of the Whig party, followers of Henry Clay. After the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Act that party disintegrated rapidly. I think James probably voted with the Fillmore Party (Know-Nothing Party) in 1856 and Republican in 1860. I found confirmation of this conjecture in the obituary of James Irwin, a lawyer of Pittsfield.

Quote: “At the death of the Whig party he became affiliated with the Fillmore party and ran on the electoral ticket of that party in 1856 and in 1858 he was a candidate in a senatorial district composed of Scott, Brown and Pike Counties. In 1872 however, he was in the Republican electoral college, where he cast his vote for Grant and Wilson.”

James Irwin and James Ritchey were seatmates in elementary school in Fayette County, Ky. James Irwin came to Brown Co. in 1844 where he practiced law. He had graduated from Center College in 1838. He had attended Transylvania College and lived at Jacksonville, Ill. from 1842 to 1844. When he went to California 1849-1853 his wife Meribah Gilberson lived with my grandfather and grandmother. Their son James was born during this period as was Uncle Bob Ritchey.

Meribah Clark still has the Harrison campaign badge that grandfather wore in 1840, and the picture of Lincoln which he had hung in his household in 1860. Pictures of the Lincoln and Grant families were disposed of about 1905. Mary Dunn got the frames.

When a young man in Kentucky, grandfather had worked at the Steele mill (woolen) where he had supervised slave labor, which he hated to do. He determined to go to free soil to make his home.

During the Civil War he was very positive in support of the Union. One night a traveler asked for lodging which request he granted. Later the man and grandmother began a discussion of the War. He became interested, rose from his bed, dressed and took part. The man became excited and said that he would not stay in the house of a man with such ideas, so went to the barn, got his horse and rode into the night.

The day that Joseph Smith was shot in Carthage in 1844 James Ritchey and Eliza McKeay were married at the home of her father in a log cabin which stood several rods in front of the present barn at the tenant house now owned by Clarissa Hendricks across the road from Rolland’s. Grandmother said that the wagons rolled all that night along the Quincy Road which ran on the back of the Ritchey farm, as the State militia was moving toward Carthage.

The groom’s wedding suit was of blue broadcloth which never wore out. Pinked pieces of it ended up as decorations for a corner shelf in the frugal Ritchey-Clark household as late as 1915 — 70 years later. The elaborately decorated brass buttons were used over and over on children’s coats.

He was a religious man who read his Bible faithfully. My mother remembered long passages of scripture which he taught her. Pictured as he was, such a home body, I have the feeling that he was willing to take care of the children and let his wife do most of the church going. Uncle Alex remembered seeing his parents baptized in running water but was not sure of the date. They might have become members of the Christian Church in 1853 when a
church building was erected in Mt. Sterling under the ministry of Pardee Butler. However, in Grandmother's obituary it states that she had been a member of the Christian Church for 35 years which would make her membership date from 1856.

The Ritchey household was well ordered but very busy as every member had something to do all the time. There was much invited company which grandfather enjoyed. He donned his coat, carved the meat and served the plates. His sons did not do likewise.

He was a meticulous farmer who saved and cared for everything about him. He was also industrious. His brother John once scolded him soundly for having dug and walled a well all by himself.

In the Spring of 1871 he had machinery, harness, horses ready to put in the crop. However when the time came he felt too tired and never becoming rested he died in late June of that year.

My grandfather died when my mother was only nine years so she did not have very many memories of him. Her mother told her a few stories about happenings in the home before she was born. Grandfather thought it foolish to have a carpet on the living room but Grandmother cut the rags, had one woven and put it down. Grandfather did not like to have two people ride one horse. Grandmother and Mrs. Irwin did just that, thinking he would never know, but he could tell by the prints of the saddle on the back of the horse. During the war when coffee was very expensive Grandmother burned a pan full as she roasted it. She took it to the hog lot intending to say nothing about it. When her husband came in he said, "Eliza, hogs won't eat coffee."

Appraisal of James Ritchey's Estate

Papers taken out Aug. 2, 1871 — W. L. Taylor, Clerk of the Court.

Appraisers: James M. Kenrick, Abner Clark and Thomas S. Adams.

Real Estate: 17 Acres S and W 1/4 of SW 1/4 Sec. 7 I SW bought by Lewis Brockman — perfect title, good land @ $40 per acre — $680. 63 Acres North end of W 1/4 half of SW quarter Sec. 7 I S 3 W bought by W. T. Robinson — title perfect, good land, $40 — $2520. 134 Acres Northwest quarter Sec. I S 3 W bought of Lewis Brockman East half from William Stapleton title perfect good land @ $50 — $7700. Total — $10,900.

Personal: 5 Bedsteads, 1 extension table, 100 yds. of rag carpet, 1 Wardrobe, 1 sewing machine, 1 oil cloth, 1 Lounge, 1 clock, 1 double lounge, 1 heating stove, 2 looking glasses, 1 cook stove, 14 chairs, 1 kitchen cupboard.

Notes: C. R. Hicks and John Henderson, Int. $19.50 — $80. Sam and Mary McKean, Int. $13.66 — $50.

Bonds: $1000 U.S. Bond, July 1, 1865. $500 U.S. Bond, Nov. 1864. Total $1768.16.

Sales Bill $1699.66.

Appraiser's Estimate for the Widow

Items: Necessary beds, bedsteads and bedding for widow, $155; necessary kitchen and household furniture, $125; one spinning wheel, $5; one loom, $25; one pair of cards, $1; one stove and pipe therefor, $30; wearing apparel for widow and family, $50; 2 milch cow and calf, $55; one horse, $40; one woman's saddle and bridle, $15; provisions for one year, $125; 8 sheep and flocks, $24; food for stock for 6 months, $78; fuel for three months, $20; other property, $60. Total, $813.00.

Sale Bill

Estate of James Ritchey, Brown Co.

Sept. 16, 1871

Terms of Sale — All sums of five dollars and under cash; all sums of over five dollars, on credit of 12 months.

Rec'd of James Ritchey $2.00 in full of his State and County tax for the year 1839 by the hand of T. S. Brockman Jan. 17th A.D. 1840.

Elisha Davis Collector

B C Ills
STATE OF ILLINOIS, IN COUNTY COURT, 18

The following is a true and correct bill of the sale of the Chattel Property of the Estate of Alonzo Patching, late of the said County of Cook, Deceased, made on the 16th day of December 1871, (in pursuance of notice thereof, a copy of which is hereunto attached,) by the undersigned,

TERMS OF SALE.—All sums of Five Dollars and under, Cash; all sums over Five Dollars, on a credit of 12 months.

Note.—The sale bill to be certified to by the Clerk and Crier, and to be filed in the County Court within three months from the issuing of letters.

ARTICLES SOLD.

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<th>NAME OF PURCHASER</th>
<th>NAME OF PURCHASER</th>
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<td>John P. Bailey</td>
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James Ritchey had no will so estate was administered and divided accordingly. Grandmother felt she had very little and great responsibility with two small children. The Bill of Sale for the estate is included. The division of land was as follows: Grandmother got the 80 acres which was purchased first; Aunt Em 35 acres; Meribah 30 acres and Uncle Jim 12 acres of the Stapleton purchase. Uncle Alex got 32 acres valued at $1245; Uncle Bob 32 acres valued at $1245; and Uncle Jim 18 acres of the North 80 acres. Each share was supposed to have a valuation of $1248.

For some reason the personal possessions used by their father in his bachelor days were precious to his children. When grandmother Ritchey died they were divided among Uncle Alex, Uncle Bob and my mother. Each took two of the straight chairs, Uncle Alex got the Bible and album, Uncle Bob the chest of drawers. The tools were divided between the two sons. His rocking chair, old trunk and hat box in which he kept his high beaver hat were left with my mother.

Eliza McKean Ritchey

Eliza Ritchey's married life fell into two periods from 1844-1871 and from 1871-1891. In the first period she enjoyed the security of a good home with a thoughtful husband, three sons and two little girls during which time she was pictured as a fun loving, happy person.

In 1871 her husband died. She was left with the responsibility of operating the farm and the rearing of two little girls. She asked her oldest son Uncle Alex who was operating a bookstore in Liberty, Mo., to come home and help Uncle Bob and Uncle Jim with the farm which he did. She regretted it later as she felt the boys could have managed it alone. Grandfather died without a will so the property was divided between herself and the five children. She felt that the income from her eighty acres was insufficient so supplemented it by sale of butter.

Uncle Alex sold his land in 1875 to Uncle Bob and bought a farm of his own. Uncle Bob and Uncle Jim farmed together until 1881 when Uncle Jim died. In 1883 Uncle Bob bought his mother's eighty and she and the girls moved to a home on Franklin Street, Mt. Sterling, where I grew up.

Life in town was pleasant for her until she broke her ankle which did not heal quickly and never was strong again.

After her daughters married grandmother rented part of her house and tried to live alone. She was very unhappy. She went to Kansas for the summer of 1888. That was six months when my parents were proving their claim on land preempted from the government by my father. They were living in a two room sod house which my mother said was most comfortable. She had lined it inside with newspapers and had curtains at the windows. Grandmother enjoyed rides thru the countryside in the phaeton, but she did not like the idea of burning buffalo chips for fuel.

She was not well so my mother came in May 1889 to spend the summer with her. My father came in
September. We all lived together.

James was born in Dec. 1890. The sickness and death of Aunt Em hastened her decline and she died in Dec. 1891. Three doctors did not understand her illness: Dr. Rickey and two specialists from Quincy and Jacksonville. Mrs. Magoon was her nurse.

A newspaper of the date of her death carried the following item, whatever it may mean. Mrs. Ritchey "died of brief illness of the nerve center of the brain probably originating in la grippe and assuming a virulence from incipience that baffled medical skill."

My mother thought later that she probably had cancer of the stomach. Her suffering was intense. Her funeral was conducted from her house.

Eliza Ritchey was a proud, stong willed woman who demanded the respect and efficiency from her family. She directed her household to her dying day. She loved her family and appreciated their devotion. Often she spoke of how resentful she was before the birth of the two little girls and wondered what life would have been without them. They were her comfort.

My mother was very even in temperament. She once told me that she made up her mind when a very small child that she would not be moody like her mother. She also told me that her mother was never the same after the death of Uncle Jim and Aunt Pat. In retrospect death did deal her hard blows: her first little daughter, her husband and sister in 1871, Uncle Jim aged 28 yrs. and Aunt Pat in 1881, Lydia, wife of son Bob died in 1886 leaving Nellie and Galen motherless and Aunt Em (aged 26 yrs.) died in Sept. 1891. No wonder she could not throw off her last sickness.

Memories of My Grandmother

I have often wondered how much I worried her. She once told my mother "If that child does as well as she knows she will get on all right." I remember that she let me help wipe the silverware after my mother had said "no," and once she talked to me about the picture of a little girl on the lid of her handkerchief box. It was my handkerchief box for many years but finally wore out.

I was shielded from any unpleasantness in the family but I remember that my father once failed to meet the train when Grandmother returned from a visit to Pittsfield, so she had to take the omnibus. She had not sent a card as to time of arrival, but she listened to no excuses. Things were pretty tense for a period of time.

During her illness people came to inquire about her but I have no memory of her death.

I have vivid memories of her being laid out in the parlor, how she was lying on a board covered by a sheet. She had a cloth tied about her head, a little book under her chin and dimes on her eyelids. I got a chair and climbed up to feel of her. She was cold. I talked to her but she did not answer, so I knew she was dead.

Of course I went in to see who had come to the funeral. Everybody smiled at me and I was not too happy at the rapidity with which my father hustled me back into the dining room.

We sat during the service sort of behind the door on the southwest corner of the North room. Mama cried when they took the casket out of the house which I did not like at all. On the road to the cemetery I stood up in the seat and told my parents who were in the carriages behind, which did not please them. I was provoked when they seated me not too gently in the seat between them.

Inez Speer

Inez Speer was born in Mt. Sterling July 23, 1858, the daughter of Dr. J. C. Speer, a dentist in Mt. Sterling and Amanda Coppage, the daughter of Bartholomew Coppage, an inn keeper. Her mother died March 3, 1859. Just when grandmother Ritchey took over the care of Inez I have no idea but the Coppage grandparents had died one month apart in 1853 so that Inez was cared for by others rather than the family from the death of her mother. My mother was never sure of the timing but Inez was in the household when my mother was a very little child. When Inez left she gave her doll cradle to little sister. Dr. Speer went to California while she was in the Ritchey home. He also visited Zansibar. He brought grandmother a decorated gourd cup from there beside some pretty polished shells for her what-not. When he returned Inez did not want to make up with him. She liked Pa Ritchey but she didn't like Pa Speer.

As far as I know she never kept in touch with the Ritchey family. According to her obituary she married Tom King in 1877 and had two daughters. She died at Leslie, Texas on Feb. 18, 1902. This information came thru Rev. N. E. Cory.

Schools Attended By

The Ritchey Family

Auntie Pickett (Sarah Kendrick) told me that my grandmother was lots of fun at school and they had good times walking back and forth to preaching at the Presbyterian Church. (in early 1840's).

They attended subscription schools which were held irregularly. She mentioned Kendrick, Curry, Putman, Givens and Wilson families.

Uncle Alex told me of attending a public school supplemented by subscriptions from parents of those children attending in the old Presbyterian Church moved to a lot where Hannah Carnicle house stands in 1976. Wash Brockman, Dave Jennings, the Fenn and Means girls were some of those attending. This was probably in the middle 1850's. Uncle Bob no doubt
went to the same school where his seat mate was Willis F. Taylor. Uncle Jim probably went to the brick school which the district rented on the site of Price Coin Wash and he may have gone to the new building standing on site of the present South Grade School. It no doubt had only two rooms. I think this was a free public school. My mother and Aunt Emma attended this school which had been enlarged to eight rooms and two offices by 1873.

Mary, Charles, George Ritchey, Meribah and James Clark attended this school from grades one thru six. After 1897 they went to the Mount Sterling High School building dedicated that year. Charles graduated from High School in 1902, Meribah in 1905. Nellie and Galen Ritchey attended Clark School grades 1-8. Nellie graduated from High School in 1901 and Galen in 1903.

In the next generation, Lois, Naomi, Joanna Ritchey, Ruth, Virginia, Clemons, Lola, Rolland, Donald Clark graduated from the Mt. Sterling High School and George Clark graduated from the Brown County High School and attended the New High School building.

The fifth generation graduating from the Brown County School Unit are Constance, Jeanette and David Glasgow, Robert Peacock and Bety and Max Clark.

Anne and Dale Glasgow represent the sixth generation. They will soon attend the new Grade school to be built to replace the High School building 1897-1976.

When my mother was six years old grandmother boarded her with Mrs. James Brockman as it was too far for her to talk two miles by herself. Mrs. Brockman went a good deal at night which my mother liked but the next year she was boarded at Levi Lusks. After that year the two little girls walked together, thru dust and mud. They were often unhappy as they walked home in the evening as the children from St. Mary's School teased them as they crossed the commons at the flatiron.

My mother never talked about the pleasant things at School but she did tell me about how often she sat all day with cold feet and cried with the leg ache which she called growing pains. She also told of her embarrassment at her muddy shoes which Mr. Kunkler had made for her which were not very comfortable.

When my mother was in eighth grade she had a growth on her eye ball which kept her at home. She did not return nor did she ever express regret. Her class (1881) was the third one to graduate from High School in Mt. Sterling. Mattie Keyser was her seatmate in school. I have no idea when Aunt Em quit school.

Grandfather McKean bought shares of $25 each in a school organized for higher education in 1848. He had no children of school age at that time.

JAMES RITCHEY HOMESTEAD
This picture appears in reverse. The house faced North, the drive was on the east side of the house. Galen, Nellie and Annie Ritchey are at the fence. Robert Ritchey stands near the team. Picture was taken about 1895.
ELIZA ADAIR McKEAN RITCHEY
1827-1891
I have gone, and rid and wrote, and sought, and searched with my own and friend’s eyes, to make what discoveries I could therein. — I stand ready with pencil in one hand, and a sponge in the other, to add, alter, insert, expunge, enlarge, and delete according to best information. And if these pains shall be found worthy to pass a second impression, my faults I will confess with shame and amend with thankfulness, to such as will contribute clearer intelligence unto me.

— Fuller, Wirthes of England (1662)

There is not a man or woman, however poor they may be but have in their power, by the grace of God, to leave behind them the grandest thing on earth, character; and their children will ride up after them and thank God that their mother was a pious woman, or their father a pious man.

— McLeod
Part III

The Alexander Ritchey Family

Section B

Obituary — Democrat Message
Death Claimed Our Loved
One Past Week End
September, 1931
Alexander Ritchey

Alexander Ritchey, one of the oldest native born citizens of Mt. Sterling, passed away Saturday, September 19th, at his residence on North Capitol Avenue. His illness was of short duration and he retained his faculties to the day of his death.

Deceased was born on the Ritchey homestead, west of Mt. Sterling, on April 9, 1845, the son of James and Eliza Ritchey. His Father, James Ritchey, came from Kentucky as early as 1838 and purchased land of Lewis Brockman in Section 18, Mt. Sterling township, where Sam Markert now resides, and this he occupied until his death in 1871.

Since the span of Alexander Ritchey’s life reaches back so far into the history of this community it is interesting to note some of his boyhood and school experiences as he related them to the writer. He saw wild deer graze and gambol on his grandfather’s farm, one mile west of town. He saw workmen build the first telegraph line on the Quincy road a few years after Prof. Morse made his invention, and when almost grown, cut down one of the old posts that supported that early wire known as the “Caton Lines.” He spent many hours with his grandfather, Alexander McKeen, while he was building the grade for the northern cross (Wabash) railway about the year 1856. It was about this date that his grandfather put him up to cut bands for a horsepower thresher and the Irish workmen found great sport in covering him up with bundles. To Alex, this was a serious matter and he retired from the service at noon. An early school that he attended was conducted by Mrs. Baird. Two of his schoolmates were Henry (Hank) Glenn, founder of the Illinois Weekly Message, and Mrs. Jane Brockman, who survives, and is at present living quietly in her beautiful home just west of the County Court House.

Of the number who attended Abraham Lincoln’s funeral at Springfield from Mt. Sterling in 1865 he was perhaps the last survivor.

After the Civil War Mr. Ritchey embarked in business for himself, first at Clayton and afterwards purchased land in Clay county, Missouri, not far from West Port landing, now Kansas City, Missouri. It was while occupying this land that he supplied some of the timber to build the first bridge across the Missouri river at West Port. After the death of his father, he came back to Illinois to assist his mother in the operation of the farm. He acquired a farm on the Camden road and operated it until his removal and retirement to Mt. Sterling in 1909.

On December 23rd, 1875, he married Miss Lucinda McCaw, a teacher in the grade school of Mt. Sterling. Four children were born to this union, vix: Frank, who died early in childhood; Mary, the wife of Charles Dunn of Stanley, North Dakota; Professor Charles Ritchey of Macalester College, St. Paul, Minnesota, and George Ritchey, Inspector of Weights and Measures, 6th District of Illinois, of Mt. Sterling.

Mr. Ritchey became a member of the Christian Church in early life and has always supported the cause of Christianity in a substantial way. His last expression to the writer indicated his unshaken faith in the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ.

Lucinda Ritchey departed this life November 25, 1912. On the 19th day of October, 1915, he was married a second time to Mrs. Susan Wilson. This good woman did not survive long after the marriage for on January 16, 1916, after a short walk to the Christian church in this city, she died quietly while sitting in her seat. Mrs. Laura (Fuqua) Griffen became the wife of Alexander Ritchey October 23, 1917, and this estimable lady survives.

Besides the children mentioned, the following relatives are left to mourn his demise: A sister, Mrs. E. E. Clark of this city, and grandchildren Lois, Naomi and Joanna, children of George and Bertha Ritchey; Adrian, son of Mary and Charles Dunn; Leslie and Frances, children of Charles and Mary (Still) Ritchey.

Alexander Ritchey was a man of few words, very deliberate in thought and action never aspired to office, cast his first vote for Horace Greeley for President and since that time has usually supported the Republican ticket.

A large concourse of friends and relatives gathered at his late residence for the final obsequies which were conducted by R. L. Schwab and his
remains were placed in the City Cemetery near his departed loved ones.

**Grandfather Ritchey**

By Lois Glasgow

Alex Ritchey, my grandfather, “Dad” to Naomi Jean, Joanna and I, was the only real grandparent I had and I do have a good many memories of him. He was married to Laura Fuqua Griffin by the time I have any memories and they lived in the house on North Capital Avenue. Grandma Laura was a frail, half sickly little woman but was always pleasant and did whatever was needed to make us comfortable when at their house. We felt very kindly toward her.

I cannot take the time nor space to write about that house but to this day, it haunts me with many nostalgic memories and I can see it quite plainly as it was then. I also think of “Dad” almost solely in that setting. He was not demonstrative, but was concerned about and interested in us. He did much gardening in spring and summer including keeping the yard and hedges well cared for. He also did some wood working, making several pieces of furniture from native woods.

We were always welcome in his house and I spent many winter nights there rather than have to walk from and to school in the rain, mud, snow and cold. Those were long, lonesome, stormy evenings until Naomi Jean joined me when she started to school.

I recall little of his last illness, death and funeral but he did die at home and the funeral was held in the home in the fall of 1931. Grandma Laura died in 1943 after having been cared for in the home during a long last illness.

**Uncle Alexander Ritchey**

By Meribah Clark

Uncle Alex was a dignified, reserved man, not unfriendly, who was interested in people but did not find it easy to talk to many of them. He had difficulty in communicating with his wife and children but that did not mean that he did not love them. It was hard on his family and it must have been hard on him. He was a man of religious faith and the prayers and scripture that he requested during his last illness are lasting memories to me. I loved him as did my mother, who understood him. He was a frugal, painstaking, hardworking man.

He was seventeen years older than my mother. They had not lived in the same household while growing up which made for a certain formality between them. My mother always spoke of him as Brother Alex. His attitude to her was somewhat parental. He told of taking her to Missouri for a visit when she was small and the pleasure he had in watching her buy as a present to her mother — sauce dishes with no decorations because they would be hard to wash. I always enjoyed my conversations with Uncle Alex.

**Obituary — Democrat Message**

Passed To The Great Beyond

Mrs. Alexander Ritchey Died Yesterday
Forenoon, After A Long Period
Of Declining Health
November, 1912

Mrs. Lucinda Ritchey, wife of Alexander Ritchey, died at 9:30 a.m. yesterday at the family residence on North Capitol avenue, after a long illness. Ten or more years ago she developed a fibrous ailment, which required a serious surgical operation. Complete restoration to health was scarcely to be expected, but it had the effect of giving her a longer lease of life. Later she was attacked by nephritis, which was the cause of death.

The funeral took place from the residence at 2:30 this afternoon, with services conducted by Rev. L. G. Huff, pastor of the Christian church, assisted by Evangelist Arthur Long, with Glenn Allen in charge of the music. Interment was in City cemetery. Pall bearers and singers were selected from those who had been associated with deceased in church work.

Lucinda McCaw, daughter and youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. John McCaw, was born near Carrollton, Green County, Ill., September 20, 1850. Her mother died a few years afterwards and the father, with his children, removed to near Detroit, Pike county. He was also summoned by death when Lucinda was but about 5 years of age. She then became a member of an uncle's family and remained so until she was a girl of 16, when she came to this city and made her home with her aunt, Mrs. Lavina Glenn, wife of ex-Governor A. A. Glenn, at that time a prominent banker here. Here she prepared herself for the arduous duties of the school room and later engaged in teaching in our local public schools. December 23, 1875, she became the wife of Alexander Ritchey, and the couple located on the groom’s farm north of town, where the greater part of her married life was spent. Here her children were born, and from the old home was borne to the grave the body of Frank, the eldest, who died in early boyhood. Three years ago the couple left the old farm and removed to this city, where they occupied a well arranged residence on North Capitol avenue, north of the court house, until death once more invaded the household and took from it the one around whom had always clustered the cherished love of the now stricken husband and heart-broken children. From her early womanhood deceased had been a faithful member of the Christian church and never failed to extend a helping hand to those needing assistance or speak the work of kindly sympathy that
aids so much in lessening the sorrows of the unfortunate. Quiet by temperament and little given to ostentation, those who knew her best felt the influence of her gentle womanly disposition and sadly mourn her loss.

Besides her husband she leaves three children, all of whom were at their mother’s bedside when she passed away. These are: Mrs. Charles Dunn of Wheelock, N.D., who has been here since last May; Charles Ritchey, who was summoned in September from his studies at Yale, and George Ritchey, living on the home farm north of town.

**Aunt Lou Ritchey**
By Meribah Clark

Aunt Lou was a dignified, reserved woman who had a few intimate friends to whom she was very true. She had great compassion for people, particularly children whom she felt were neglected, and she was devoted to her own children.

She never ceased to grieve for Frank, who died of membranaceous croup at the age of seven. She had been a teacher, so instructed her children before they went to school which enabled them to be advanced in grades for their age.

The household was a frugal one but there were books and reading matter in the home. All three of the children became readers of good literature. Charles wanted to go to college. His father did not think it necessary, but with help of his mother, he entered Eureka College in 1905. Why his mother did not fight for George to have the opportunity to finish High School, I never understood but suppose George did not demand it.

Aunt Lou took her church obligations seriously but her greatest interest was in the Missionary Society of which she was president for twelve years.

She accepted the Ritchey family and they accepted and loved her and her children. She and my mother became very close after the death of Grandmother and Aunt Em. My mother was extremely fond of Mary, Charles and George and remembered Frank with tenderness. Mary spent many nights at our house when the weather was bad or there was something going on that she wanted to attend. She was always welcome.

**The Ritchey House**
By Lois Glasgow

As our grandfather, Alex Ritchey, bought his farm on the Camden Road, north of town, he acquired it in two or three parcels. There was a house on the land but in 1892, he built a two story house, containing three rooms downstairs, living room, parlor and guest bedroom, and three bedrooms upstairs. To the west side of this new section he moved from the original house two rooms which were the kitchen and dining rooms. This made a typical two story frame farm house. He deemed it desirable to have a pantry, so added a small one on the north to be entered from either kitchen or dining room. Another small room was attached on the south of the kitchen which served as a washroom, included a gun closet, medicine cabinet and hooks upon which the everyday wraps were hung. Flues were built so that small wood heating stoves could be used in each of the bedrooms; a common flue served the kitchen for the cook stove and the dining room for a heating stove.

Along the north side of the yard, a long row of Norway Spruce was set, the row extending a long way to the west was finished with red cedar trees. A well was located just off the south porch and was covered with a lattice well house over which grew a rambling wisteria vine. To the north east of the house also sat a Virginia Creeper covered octagonal lattice summer house with built-in benches around for shaded seating on hot summer afternoons. Soft maples also provided pleasant shade about the yard and for the house.

In about 1918 a severe tornado did much damage to house and barn, and as a small child, I happened to be looking out the window when the wind picked up the summer house and slammed it down, smashing it into small kindling.

The other part of the original house, a two story room above another, was moved nearer the other farm buildings and used for many years as a granary. Onto each side of it were built sheds, one of which was used as a buggy shed with a closet of sorts with pegs on which to hang the buggy harness, saddles, etc.

With some minor changes inside, we are still living in the house in 1977. Some porch railings and trim were not replaced as they deteriorated and the shutters have long been gone. The back porch had been enclosed over the years and the south porch had also been enclosed and made into a small room. We had the exterior covered with steel siding in 1971, and all trim repaired and painted later; so that it looks but little changed over the years. Three original but straggly looking, spruce trees remain, along with at least some of the remains of the original grape vines north of the house. A bit of the old wisteria vine still survives but the soft maples are gone and hard maples provide the shade.

The big, old basement barn finally succumbed to the destruction of the third tornado and was replaced by a pole barn of metal construction.

**Frank Ritchey**

Frank Ritchey (June 18, 1877-Nov. 18, 1884) was the first grandchild in the Ritchey family so was greatly adored. My mother said he was an alert, pretty child, advanced for his age. Mary, his sister,
told me of the fun they had playing together.

He died suddenly of membranous croup. His mother’s grief was so deep that it made it hard on the rest of the family. Charles, born soon after, in a measure took the edge off her grief, but she could not mention Frank without tears in her eyes.

Obituary — Mary Ritchey Dunn
Sister of Geo. Ritchey Died
August 9 in Bismarck, N.D.
August, 1959

Mrs. Mary Ritchey (Charles E.) Dunn, 79, 514½ Ave. E, Bismarck, N.D., sister of George A. Ritchey, Mt. Sterling, died Sunday afternoon, August 9, at 5:30 o’clock in a Bismarck hospital, where she had been a patient since April 23. She had been in ill health for several years.

Funeral services were held last Tuesday afternoon, August 11th from the First Presbyterian Church, with the Rev. William R. Lindsey officiating. Burial was in Sunset Memorial Gardens.

Mrs. Dunn was born in Mt. Sterling, Ill., on October 24, 1879, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Ritchey and was educated there. She was married to Charles E. Dunn at Springfield April 23, 1906, and the couple moved to North Dakota in 1910.

Surviving are the husband; a son, Adrian R., of Bismarck; a grandson; two brothers, George A. Ritchey, of Mt. Sterling and Dr. C. J. Ritchey, Parkdale, Ore. Her parents and a brother preceded her in death.

Obituary — Charles Dunn
Funeral Services For C. E. Dunn
Held In N.D. March 12 (1960)

A funeral service was held March 12 in Bismarck, No. Dakota, for Chas. E. Dunn, 82, a former Great Northern Railway station agent in various area towns, who died in a Bismarck hospital. He had been hospitalized since Nov. 20.

Rev. George VanBockern officiated at the service held in the First Presbyterian Church. Burial was in Sunset Memorial Garden, Bismarck.

Mr. Dunn, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Dunn, was born December 25, 1877, at Mt. Sterling, Ill., and reared there. On April 23, 1906, he was married to Mary Ritchey at Springfield, Ill., and the couple went to North Dakota in 1910.

Mr. Dunn served as station agent at Tagus, Wheelock, White Earth, Williston, Berthold and Stanley. He retired in 1946 while at Stanley and had lived in Bismarck since. He was a member of the Order of Railroad Telegraphers and of the First Presbyterian church. His wife died on August 9, 1959.

Surviving are a son, Adrian, Bismarck; a grandson; and a brother, James, Springfield, Ill. Two brothers and two sisters preceded him in death.

Agent Finds Bride — 1906

Fisher, Ill. April 27 — Mr. Charles Dunn, agent for the Illinois Central Railroad at Dickerson, has come home with a bride, having been married Tuesday evening to Miss Mary Ritchie of Mt. Sterling, the ceremony taking place at the home of a friend at Springfield. The groom, in addition to his duties as the station agent, also buys grain for Walker Boulware & Co. of Foosland. His bride will be welcomed to the social circles in which Mr. Dunn has moved at this place.

Life at Dickerson, Illinois

Charles and Mary Dunn went to live in the only house available at Dickerson, Ill. located a short distance from the box car station and two small elevators, scale house, and coal sheds. Charles was busy all the time. There were four trains a day on this branch line which brought some freight and express to be cared for as well as sale of tickets to neighborhood farmers and families who travelled to Fisher and other places. There was coal to be shipped in and grain to be shipped out. The loading of grain into box cars was often a real challenge as the little gasoline engine refused to chug at times when most needed! Charles was patient thru it all, nor did he fuss when tramps had to be bedded down in the scale house and fed. He also had his horse to be cared for and cow to be milked as well as garden to tend. And he endured some tiresome neighbors who loafed with him.

The little house in which they lived was a poor one and not very comfortable but they made it into a real home because of the consideration and love for each other, rarely found to the degree which they expressed.

Mary was always busy as she did all sorts of handwork and read extensively. She had terrible sick headaches and once had a prolonged sickness when it was feared she would die. Not until the birth of her son did the doctors discover that she had diabetes. She took insulin the rest of her life when she was unable to control it thru diet. The chief reason for moving to a colder climate was to give her a longer winter season.

Social life was somewhat limited but there were visits from a few neighbors and trips to Fisher where the Magee family — John, Olive and sons Russell, Raymond and Earl were a bright spot.

Meribah Clark spent a happy two years (1907-09)
in this household when she taught the Richmond School, one half a mile away. The muddy roads in this drainage district are something she never forgot!

By Meribah Clark

Charles and Mary Ritchey Dunn

By Adrian Dunn

When Charles and Mary Ritchey Dunn moved from Illinois to North Dakota in 1910, it was to a primitive land that was economically and politically dominated by the eastern railroad and milling interests. More dependent upon agriculture than any other state in the union, North Dakota was just prior to World War I embroiled in an agrarian revolt that brought with it both turmoil and Populist reform.

Very few comforts were available to the average family in a small North Dakota town of that time, though the nearest thing to hardship experienced by the Dunns was living in a partitioned-off section of a Great Northern depot and coping with the clinkers in the huge pot-bellied stove.

Charles and Mary moved with great frequency in those pre-war years, from one branch-line railroad town to another — towns with romantic names like Wild Rose, Lignite, Noonan, Battleview, Tioga, Niobe, and Wheelock — all in the northwestern corner of North Dakota, and all part of the Minot Division of the Great Northern Railway, which stretched from Minot, N. Dak. to Havre, Mont.

On Dec. 3, 1918, a son, Adrian Ritchey Dunn, was born. The first Swine Flu epidemic was raging nationwide, and both mother and son were near-victims, spending several months in a hospital at Fargo in eastern North Dakota, the state's medical center at the time.

As the years went by, and Charles' seniority rights with the Great Northern grew, he was able to stay in one place for a number of years. In the decade of the 1920's the family lived at White Earth, a picturesque western town situated in the beautiful White Earth Valley, whose fields after every rain yielded a store of arrowheads and other Indian artifacts, White Earth holds fond memories of Charles Dunn's years.

In 1928, the White Earth Citizens' Bank, which had been considered as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar, closed its doors for good. A compassionate cashier, knowing what was about to happen, laid aside the two-weeks paycheck that was Charles' last deposit, only to return it to him intact the day after the bank closed. That check was on that day the sum total of this family's worldly goods, since the frequent moves from one Great Northern station to another, coupled with a misplaced faith in the banking system, had discouraged Charles from making any investment in real estate up to this time.

So it was in 1929, with banks closing all over the Great Plains and investors leaping out of windows on Wall Street, and with the railroad unions meekly accepting a 20 per cent cut in wages, that with unbounded optimism and a new Nash automobile, Charles moved his family to Stanley, a county seat town of 1500 souls located 21 miles to the east. This move was designed to take advantage of better schools and indoor plumbing.

The bright promise of this new move was tarnished when the family doctor diagnosed the reason Mary's uns lakable thirst as an advanced case of diabetes, and predicted perhaps one more year of life. The doctor's estimate proved to be about 30 years premature, but these were years filled with great uncertainty, frequent trips to the hospital sans insurance or Medicare, and a series of remarkable recoveries.

In 1935 Adrian was graduated from Stanley High School, and that fall enrolled in Luther College at Decorah, Iowa. After six weeks he became ill with what has since been diagnosed as rheumatic fever, with an adverse effect upon the heart muscle. He dropped out of college for three years, beginning over again in 1938 at the University of North Dakota in Grand Forks, and graduating in 1942. Upon graduation, he spent a year working in the Post Office at Stanley and two years operating a clothing store in Bottineau.

In 1944 Adrian married a rural Stanley girl, Luella Berg. A son, Woodrow Craig, was born in 1945, less than a week after the family moved to Bismarck, where Adrian was employed by Northwest Airlines for a year. In 1946 Adrian began a 17-year stint on the faculty of Bismarck High School, where he taught political science and journalism.

Charles Dunn retired in 1948 from the Great Northern after more than 40 years of railroading. He and Mary moved to Bismarck, much of the time sharing a duplex with Adrian and Luella, and watching with affection as their grandson grew up.
Mary Ritchey Dunn died in a Bismarck hospital in August of 1959. She would have been 80 in October. Charles died in the same Bismarck hospital six months later at the age of 82. They are buried in a family plot at Sunset Memorial Gardens on the north side of Bismarck.

In 1962 Adrian joined the staff of the North Dakota Education Association, and was named Executive Director of NDEA in 1971, a position he presently holds.

Luella Dunn has been employed by the North Dakota Supreme Court since 1947, and was appointed Clerk of the Supreme Court in 1968.

Woodrow Craig Dunn lives in the Cumberland Mountains near Nashville, Tennessee, and makes his living as a brick layer. He attended the University of Maryland, spent two years in the Army located in Frankfurt, Germany, and upon his return to the United States enrolled in the Livingston (Tennessee) Technical School. His daughter, Courtney Dunn, was killed in an auto accident in Colorado in 1972.

Aunt Mary and Uncle Dick Dunn
By Lois Glasgow

My memories of Aunt Mary Dunn include the frequent visits of the family with us during the summers. Since Uncle Dick Dunn was a railroad man, they could have passes and were free to come more easily than most. Meeting them at the Wabash Depot was interesting, exciting and one of the few contacts I had with rail travel and the Old Depot. Uncle Dick accompanied them at times to include a visit with Ritchey's and his family as well. At other times Aunt Mary and Adrian came alone as at those times when they returned home from spending winters in New Orleans to escape the severity of the North Dakota winters.

Having many Scandanavian friends and neighbors while living in North Dakota, she always had interesting things to tell. She was a fine wife, mother, aunt and cook! While she could eat no sweets herself, she often made some fine baked goods while visiting us. She was good to help Mama in the kitchen with the cooking as their visits often coincided with a busy canning season for Mama, but both (or we all) worked well together at the task.

With long northern winters, a great interest in fine fancy work and keeping her hands busy, she turned out many pretty and interesting pieces of hand work. Her Christmas gifts to us were always something she had created, from embroidered dish towels, aprons, hose holders to fancy organdy flowers, etc.

She always seemed happy, pleasant, efficient and able to cope with everything, including her own case of diabetes which was early controlled with insulin.

In 1932 our family made a memorable trip to Stanley, North Dakota for a visit with the Dunn family. Uncle Charles, family and Dr. Still, Aunt Mary Gertrude's mother, arrived also and the whole family was together for a most enjoyable time. It surprised me then and has amazed me since, how well Aunt Mary and Uncle Dick handled such an invasion at one time.

They showed us about the country, to White Earth on picnics, and we all spent a couple of nights and days in cabins at a lake near the Canadian border. Before leaving the lake, we did go to the new International Peace Garden and across the Canadian border into Manitoba.

Uncle Dick was happy, interesting and cooperative. He seemed to be efficient but not demanding. My memories of that family are pleasant.

The Maurice Dunn Family

Marcella New was born in Barnes Parish of New Bridge County of Winchlow, Ireland in 1810. She died in Mt. Sterling Dec. 18, 1890. She married Maurice Dunn, Sr. in 1832 and they came to America in 1838. They were the parents of eight children, three of which outlived the mother, Maurice Jr., Jane Richardson (Mrs. Jesse) and presumably John. Joseph, a Civil War veteran is buried with the parents in the Catholic Cemetery at Mt. Sterling. Maurice Dunn, Sr. died in 1888 at the age of 80 years.

John Dunn, a blacksmith was living in the home of Thomas Brockman at Xenis near Fort Scott, Kansas in 1860's.

Maurice Dunn, Jr. was born in Brown County Jan. 29, 1844 and died in Feb. 1922. He spent his entire life in Brown County except for four years when he lived in Ford County. Mr. Dunn was a farmer. From 1878-1882 he was superintendent of the County Farm. In 1900 he sold his farm in Pea Ridge Township and moved to Mt. Sterling.

On Nov. 24, 1870 he married Mary Ann Haire (June 30, 1847-Oct. 1922). She was the daughter of John Haire (d 1860-70 yrs) and wife Bridget (d 1888-72 yrs). Mr. Haire was born in County Claire, Ireland. They reared a large family in Pea Ridge Township, among them were Elizabeth Flynn, Mary Ann Dunn, Michael, Frank Haire of Franklin and Sylvester Haire of Kankakee.

There were eight children in the Maurice Dunn, Jr. family: William; Sadie (Mrs. Cicero Harris) and John, twins; Charles and George, twins; Mamie (Andrew Nelson); James; and Edgar who died as a young child.

These children attended Lester and Ebenezer Schools.
The New Family

A New family, cousins of the Dunns, went to Pell School in the late fifties and early sixties. They moved to Ford County. In 1907 Pat was the agent for Illinois Central R.R. at Thomasborough, John lived at Ludlow and Bill or Tom operated an elevator at Rantoul.

Obituary

Charles J. Ritchey, Noted Historian, Dies Suddenly (1959)

Charles J. Ritchey, a native of Mt. Sterling, and a brother of George A. Ritchey of this city, died suddenly Sept. 2 of a heart attack at his home in Parkdale, Ore. His untimely death was a shock to his family and wide circle of friends.

He was a son of the late Alexander and Lucinda McCaw Ritchey, and had built a new home in sight of Mt. Hood in Oregon, near his son, three years ago, following his retirement as head of Drake University’s history department.

His wife, the former Mary Gertrude Still; a son, Leslie of Parkdale; and a daughter, Mrs. Rodney Rogers, Des Moines, survive.

Dr. Ritchey was well known in education circles. He was a member of the faculty at Culver-Stockton College, Elmire (N.Y.) College, Carleton College and Macalester College in Minnesota and was head of the Drake history department since 1932. He was presented an alumni distinguished service award by the university May 7, 1956.

He graduated from Drake in 1910 and received his Master’s degree in 1911. He went on to Yale University where he received the Master of Arts degree in 1913. From 1914 to 1918, he studied at the University of Chicago where he received his Ph.D.

Since moving to Oregon, Dr. Ritchey became active in work of the Grange and the Oregon Historical Society. He was the author of the book ‘Drake University Through 75 Years.’

From — Democrat Message

Charles James Ritchey
By Mary Gertrude Still Ritchey

Charles James Ritchey was born October 13, 1885, on the family farm near Mount Sterling, Illinois. His father was Alexander Ritchey, his mother Lucinda McCaw Ritchey. His family record as noted elsewhere goes back to Revolutionary days. His early years were spent on the farm and he walked in to Mount Sterling for his grade and high school education. This writer knows little about these years except as he told her of his deep devotion to his mother. She read as widely as she could and always encouraged him with her education. He developed a love of growing things that continued through his seventy-three years.

It was at Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa that we came to know each other. We were in the same literary society, and after working together on a valentine party, we began dating. In 1910 he received his baccalaureate degree with a major in the classics and in 1911 his Master of Arts. My A.B. came in 1912. His interest in the culture of the Greeks and Romans and their contribution to later times, took him to Yale for their two year Master’s degree. There he felt rewarded by study under leading classicists of the country.

Two thousand miles apart we continued our friendship through letters. He wrote of his studies, of Yale traditions, of the young ladies the secretary to the Dean of the Graduate School arranged for him to escort to Sunday evening and other social groups. I wrote of Drake news, of serving as secretary to the Dean of the College of Liberal Arts, and of going to the literary society with his former roommate. At the end of the college year he returned home and came to see me. One evening we were engaged. In the fall he returned to Yale to complete work for his degree and our correspondence continued across the miles.

His first teaching position was at Culver-Stockton College in Canton, Missouri. Here there was a “hill billy” who in earlier fights had never said “Enough” and whose dogged determination to get an education made him an unforgettable character.

Throughout the year at Culver-Stockton, Charles had an increasing desire to have more graduate work, this time in a wider range of subjects at the University of Chicago with a reputation for its empirical, pragmatic philosophy of education. He enrolled there in the fall of 1914. His first year was so meaningful that he suggested to me that I have a year of graduate work there that we might have more in common in our thinking, a suggestion for which I have always been deeply grateful. It was a stimulating experience to have the constructive thinking of such men as Edgar Goodspeed, New Testament scholar; Ernest Dewitt Burton, later President of the University; Edward Scribner Ames of the Philosophy Department; Shirley Jackson Case; and others. In June of 1916 I received my Master of Arts degree. On June 29 we were married at my home in Des Moines with a few relatives and close friends present. My father was Dr. James A. Still, my mother Dr. Jennie Allen Still. My ancestral line, as Charles’, goes back to the Revolution, mine to Captain James Moore who fought at the battle of Kings Mountain, calling the turning point in favor of the colonists. (My genealogy is given in The Captives of Abb’s Valley, the larger 1942 edition by Brown-Woodworth pp. 41-4, 48, 49,51.)

After our marriage, Charles and I returned to the University of Chicago, he to complete his doctorate and I to take a position in the office of the Board of
Recommendations of the University. Charles received his Doctor of Philosophy in June 1918 magna cum laude from the Graduate School of Arts and Literature in the Graduate Divinity School of the University of Chicago.

Charles had been greatly troubled by World War I. Because of a heart murmur, he could not serve in active duty but he became field director of the American Red Cross in charge of Home Service at Camp Dodge out from Des Moines. This was in the midst of the devastating flu epidemic that was claiming hundreds of lives on every hand. His days were long and hectic, often until midnight, answering calls for the sick and dying, determining for the Red Cross the validity of claims of men in the service and of their families at home. Then came the thrill of the Armistice Day on November 11, 1918, a day never to be forgotten. Demobilization brought its problems and the Red Cross did its best to assist. Charles was one of those who addressed hundreds of men each day and tried to help in their readjustments.

It was in the midst of this flu epidemic that we welcomed our first born, Leslie McCaw, on December 19, 1918. Miraculously we all escaped. The story of Leslie and his family will be told separately. Leslie, later Leona and their children also, have been very important to us. Our indebtedness to them for the location of our retirement home and my indebtedness to them since losing Charles will be told later.

Charles’ first teaching position following the war was at Elmira College, Elmira, New York, the oldest college for women in the country. Eastern formality, as at college dinners, was new to us but we found the faculty genuinely friendly. Excursions into the beautiful New York countryside were most enjoyable.

After two years at Elmira College, largely through a University of Chicago friend then teaching at Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota, a position was offered Charles there. The reputation of the college, its location in the midwest and its coeducational policy, made this an attractive offer. We were there three years.

It was here at Carleton that we welcomed our daughter, Frances Arlene, on January 24, 1923. Her story as Leslie’s will be told separately. She too has been a very important member of our family. My appreciation of her helpfulness and the family’s thoughtfulness will be told later.

Professional advancement came to Charles in 1923 when he became professor of history and head of the department at Macalester College, St. Paul, Minnesota. An interesting experiment which received academic recognition was the correlation of a class in history and a class in English in which assignments, written and oral, were approved by both professors. Seven years were spent at Macalester.

While at Macalester, Charles did research with Dr. Theodore Blegen, then Superintendent of the Minnesota Historical Society and later on the faculty of the University of Minnesota, on the overland covered wagon expeditions led by Captain James Liberty Fisk in the 1860s from Minnesota to the gold fields of Montana. Teaching two summers at Intermountain College, then in Helena, Charles was able to locate important diaries and photographs and double the source material for these expeditions. Some of this was later incorporated in the 1966 book Ho! For the Gold Fields by Helen McCann White of the Minnesota Historical Society.

In 1932 Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa, needed a professor of history and head of the department. Charles was glad to accept this position which he held for twenty-four years. At Drake along with his teaching he encouraged advanced students in the History Club which met in our home for many years until the staff was larger and we sometimes met in other homes; he was chairman of the curriculum committee; he was marshal of the University; he was a member, and president one year, of Phi Beta Kappa; a participating member of the American and Mississippi Valley Historical Associations and Iowa and Minnesota Historical Societies; was listed in Who’s Who 1952-53 f., later in Who Was Who. The climax of his services came with the publication of his Drake University Through 75 Years, an objective treatment of the institution he had known for fifty years as student, alumnus and professor. With the publication of this book for Drake’s 75th anniversary in June of 1956, he was ready for retirement.

Charles had decided on retirement in the Hood River Valley in Oregon. Our son Leslie had come to Oregon in 1945 and had fallen in love with the Valley. We had visited him two years later and we too had fallen in love with the Valley. He sold us one acre and Charles built our little retirement home. He became active in such community affairs as the Historical Society, the Grange, the Booster Club. In ’59 he served as County chairman for the Oregon Centennial for which he enlisted the help of many groups and individuals from the birthday party of February 14 on for such things as the three month Exposition display and the county all day program in Portland, and the Fourth of July excursion in the Valley.

Then just before the week end of the grand finale of the Centennial, the Oregon Story, in Portland, on September 2, 1959, Charles died with an aneurism in the aorta. He had gone “with his boots on.” The memorial service for him, arranged by the Congregational and Episcopal ministers with whom he had been working, was beautiful with music by the Hood River Symphony Orchestra and solos from the
Leslie and Frances came frequently for summer challenge. Blue Angel bus for Senior Citizens. Life continues a worked with programs, insurance, legislation and the worked for fellowships. In the AARP-NRTA I have cleared. In the AAUW I have served as president and Gardens in the so-called Triangle which we had planned on the curve approaching Parkdale; and this which he helped, we got the junipers planted as he had this year as bicentennial chairman. In the GardenClub Parkdale, and for eight years for the Pomona (county) Grange; also I have served as chaplain and it was very difficult for me to carry on alone. But and I worked together. Understandably after his death and I have been able to continue as I have in Parkdale activities if Leslie had not taught me to drive. He and Leona have been thoughtful day by day, year by year.

Through all this time Frances and Rodney, and their Bob and Bill, have been thoughtful from a distance in Des Moines. She has anticipated many things helpful to me. Rodney's round trip plane ticket from Portland to Washington, D.C. when he was with the National Science Foundation there, combined a meaningful visit with them and seeing many of the historical sites of the area important in our heritage. Visits in their home and here have been most enjoyable. And in Des Moines I have been happy to learn of the contributions both have been making for years to Drake.

Here for the most part for three years Charles and I worked together. Understandably after his death it was very difficult for me to carry on alone. But after a time in the Grange where he served as lecturer (arranging programs), I served as lecturer for Parkdale, and for eight years for the Pomona (county) Grange; also I have served as chaplain and this year as bicentennial chairman. In the GardenClub which he helped, we got the junipers planted as he had planned on the curve approaching Parkdale; and this year we have planted our Bicentennial Memorial Gardens in the so-called Triangle which we had cleared. In the AAUW I have served as president and worked for fellowships. In the AARP-NRTA I have worked with programs, insurance, legislation and the Blue Angel bus for Senior Citizens. Life continues a challenge.

Uncle Charles and Aunt Mary Gertrude
By Lois

Uncle Charles and Aunt Mary Gertrude with Leslie and Frances came frequently for summer visits.

As a child, I was always awed because both were professors, using very proper English, were methodical and more formal than the other company we had. It took a while for the shyness to wear off before we kids could get to playing together and before I began to feel partially comfortable with our company. As I became adult, however, I began to feel more comfortable and to look forward to the visits. Uncle Charles' years as a History Professor put me far out of conversational reach on that subject, but we did have some common interests and we enjoyed conversations about flowers, plants and outdoor things, as well as other subjects. As we have grown older, Aunt Mary has become special as we correspond about some common interests and our varied activities. Our visit in 1975 to Parkdale and the Hood River country was a pleasure and I was so glad to see the home and part of the country where that family of Ritches found great natural beauty and much pleasure in calling "home."

Leslie Ritchey

Leslie McCaw Ritchey, born December 19, 1918 in Des Moines, Iowa, son of Charles James Ritchey and Mary Still Ritchey. Early life notables were allergies to cream and butter, and good feet — later to develop into an obsession for buttermilk, and floor-flat feet. One sister, Frances Ritchey Rogers, complementing some of my other deficiencies. My graduation from Drake University in 1950 was delayed by nearly four years of military flying, and afterwards buying a small fruit orchard here in Hood River Valley, Oregon.

War marriage 1942-1945 to Edith Ahern, one son from this marriage, Brian Ritchey, a graduate of Drake University and currently with the U.S. Postoffice in Des Moines. Brian's birthday is May 12, 1943.

Married in 1951 to Leona Herbst of Lenox, Iowa. Our children are Jean Ritchey Swope born February 6, 1953, Connie Sue Ritchey born on June 29, 1956, and James Leslie Ritchey born on June 27, 1959. Jean's husband Rick is a Portland, Oregon city bus driver, and Jean is office manager of a Portland business furnishings supply house, and graduate of Western Business College. Connie has attended Mt. Hood Community College for a year. Jim is working in San Pedro, California at a metal products company.

Leona had Normal Training at Northwest Missouri State Teacher's College, taught school for seven years, and then spent seven years in the underwriting departments of two Des Moines insurance companies. Her birthday, April 2, 1921, was of serious enough concern to her mother that her first question after the birth was "What time is it?" It was 1 a.m., and no April Fool.
My flat feet are in direct relation to my earliest and most enduring desire, to fly with the freedom of a bird. At age four, preparatory pre-school craft and study material is otherwise still memorably interesting — but failed in what was wanted most. So attempt was made on my own to learn to fly, and porch steps, porch railings and porch roof were continually jumped from, with or without umbrellas or cardboard wings. It was still supposed to work next time.

During gradeschool and junior high years a large scrapbook was kept on aviation, rather centering on Lindbergh, and there were endless flying model airplanes.

In 1940 while a student at Drake, the government's anticipatory Civilian Pilot Training Program opened two windows. The chance to fly, and the means to avoid possible ground action. C.P.T. gave pilot's license, and in the Waco biplane the ultimate beauty of acrobatics even the birds didn't do.

Naval Aviation accepted me in the summer of 1941, and training at Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida resulted in my commission as a Marine Corps pilot in May of 1942. Flight instructor's duty happened to be drawn instead of overseas, the first assignment was for several months at Pensacola. Then transfer to N.A.S. Memphis, Tennessee for a longer duty tour. Marine Corps advancements happened then to be faster than Navy, and at Memphis the promotions to 1st Lt. and Captain moved responsibilities from flight instructor to check-pilot to one of four Chief Flight Instructors on the base. The latter was mostly humdrum desk and hearings work, sometimes with difficulty in finding time to fly the four hours per month required for flight pay. The little action involved with the C.F.I. duty was at night, when the four of us rotated responsibility of being in charge of night flying operations. On occasion here, a scramble to jump on the crash truck as it headed out for the aftermath of a bad landing, or collision.

In 1944 opportunity came for new choice of duty, and next was fighter operational training at N.A.S. Jacksonville, Florida. This was in the 2,000 h.p. Vought Corsair F4U-1, at one time listed as the fastest American fighter. Upon satisfactorily completing this training, overseas orders were received, to leave from San Diego. At San Diego we were told there was now a backlog of Corsair pilots, and we were shipped inland to El Centro and Camp Pendleton for continued practice in towed sleeve target gunnery, strafing, night formation, etc. but overseas duty did not come.

Hangar-talk tall flying stories abound in and out of print, so a minimum is attempted. One thing which might give a general picture is what it was like to climb into a Corsair for the first time. No dual instruction being possible in this airplane, it was a matter first of listening well to instructor's warnings about the craft's idiosyncrasies and pitfalls, passing 100% a cockpit blindfold test by touching 57 of the major controls and switches in any order, and not least, spending a specified number of hours in the control tower watching other's mistakes, the statistics in the making. Bulletin boards at Jacksonville gave us terse warning to fly sober and to anticipate trouble, that more Corsair pilots were killed in training than overseas. The Corsair had drawbacks, the worst for an inexperienced pilot was the zero visibility straight ahead in landing attitude — because of the cockpit being nearly half way back on the fuselage. My first Corsaid flight was an almost-statistic, following a similar pattern to fatal crashes already observed from the tower. Landing checklist had been completed — wheels and flaps down, etc., slowed down to about 90 at 20 feet up, radio clearance to land had been given. The Corsair ahead had appeared to be well down the runway on its landing roll, the last it had been in view. Then on the radio — Corsair landing, do not land, the Corsair ahead of you has groundlooped on the runway. The bind is critical. To immediately jam full throttle to a single 2,000 h.p. engine which has a heavy three-bladed 14 foot propellor attached to its tremendous torque — certain disaster. The propellor cannot absorb all of the fast accelerating torque, and the airplane begins to rotate around the propellor. Critically necessary is a "fast as safe" full throttle. Luck was with me, a wingtip went down 70 degrees, and slightly hitting the ground or not boiled a dust cloud for some distance before better flying speed and control — surface control returned. The incident reminded me of a lecture by South Dakota Joe Foss a few days before, or vice versa. During question period, someone asked him if he prayed when he got in a tight spot in combat. Foss said well, if you want to pray, wait till afterwards. If you want to save your neck you concentrate fully on your problem at hand, and nothing else. The example given sometimes got one plane, sometimes tow. Sometimes they burned, sometimes they didn't, but that was usually irrelevant.

While in Jacksonville, my boyhood hero flew right out of the scrapbook. On one of the control tower study-watch periods one of the Corsairs was obviously not following normal field traffic pattern. More surprising, we shortly had a Corsair wingtip going by the control tower windows at five feet or less. The plane was headed for the administration building, but with only a short taxi strip between town and ad building. Various exclamation from us — who does he think he is, here comes another bust for buzzing, etc. The control tower operator was running his finger down a list and then announced — he doesn't have to think who he is, that is Charles Lindbergh. No
instructor on the base would have attempted such a short landing strip except for dire emergency. With immediate heavy braking after a mush slow touchdown, the Corsair rolled up to the ad building door. After scrambling over there, no permission to talk with him.

After finishing at Drake in 1950 there were two and a half years of teaching at the Knoxville, Iowa high school, then back to here after military service. My work at that time in 1953 was as a lab technician for the local hardboard plant, now owned by U.S. Plywood. My present classification at this plant is quality grader.

Flying has continued intermittenly in civilian life. Earlier, as a part time flight instructor for S & M Flying Service 45 miles away in The Dalles, 1949 cropdusting of wheat fields from a small airport in Wasco, Oregon, and more recently, archaeological search flying.

Archaeology has been the interest of many of our family camping-outings, in and out of the state. Sometimes on our own, sometimes with two amateur archaeological societies we have belonged to. We have attended annual meetings of the Northwest Anthropological Conference, a group mainly composed of Oregon, Washington and Idaho professional archaeologists and anthropologists.

Flying was and is important to me. Archaeology is a consuming interest. With Northwest prehistory dating well over 10,000 years it is intriguing to place a flat foot in a sagebrush sandal of that period and speculate how that person’s lifestyle and problems compare with mine, or with someone 10,000 years hence. Somewhere here fits something else of importance to me, its answer also enigmatic. My father’s untimely death from aneurysm obliterated the one thing I desperately wanted most to see from him, his final book. A few months before his death he told me just a little about what he wanted to do. First, to get back in the swing of writing he would start with anecdotal home town stories of Mt. Sterling. Six-fingers Robinson, etc., etc. Then he would turn back to what he had been trained in, and write on religion. In his later years my questions to him about religion were seldom answered personally unless specified. Usually the answer would tend to be a quote or critique in the abstract of — maybe Arnold Toynbee — or Paul Tillich — or some other theologian — or some instructor of his many years of graduate work at Yale and University of Chicago divinity schools.

Because of my father’s high intellect, superb command of the English language and varied religious experiences, the loss of that book is the greatest loss I know. Basically it would have been an intellectually honest book, even by his own definition. During a long talk one time, honesty and intellectual honesty drifted in, And we argued. My father said that during his lifetime he had known only one intellectually honest person — Jacob Balzer, family friend, Congregational minister. I said you can’t leave out George Vold, Frederick Elliott, etc., etc. To me it was becoming a matter of my father falling into one of Toynbee’s traps, making up his own definitions. My father’s explanation of intellectual honesty partially satisfied me, at least I understood better what he was saying. Plain honesty was not enough. High intellect itself was base premise for intellectual honesty. Anyway, I couldn’t feel too badly, if I was not intellectually honest — I had gross company.

No outline for the book on religion was stated, its probably format is entirely hypothetical. Just to guess — Toynbee would have shown in it, many theologians, and there would have been a touch of Michener’s The Source. But it would have been a poor man’s book as well as a scholar’s, more language and idea readable than the average theologian’s writing. Its loss is gross.

Submitted by Himself

Frances Rogers

Frances Arlene Ritchey, the second child of Charles James Ritchey and Mary Gertrude Still Ritchey was born in Northfield, Minnesota on January 24, 1923. The Charles Ritchey family moved to St. Paul, Minnesota when Frances was two, and then to Des Moines, Iowa where she completed grade school, junior high school, and was graduated from Theodore Roosevelt High School in 1940.

Frances attended Drake University from 1940-1944, at which time she was graduated with a Bachelor of Arts degree and a major in biology. Because most of her college years were during the difficult years of World War II, many of her memories are of small classes with few men enrolled and campus activities which were directed toward the support of the war effort. After her graduation from Drake University, she spent two years at the University of Chicago where she received a Master of Science degree in zoology. Her thesis was in animal behavior, a field of study which has always held her interest.

After receiving her Master’s degree, Frances taught for three years at Earlham College, a small Quaker college in Richmond, Indiana. The value of more advanced graduate work for college teaching became apparent; and with the help of a teaching assistantship at the State University of Iowa in Iowa City, she was able to earn a Ph.D. degree in 1953, this time in the area of protozoology. Positions which she held after obtaining her doctorate and before her marriage include teaching appointments at Cornell College in Mt. Vernon, Iowa and at Shimer College in...
Mount Carroll, Illinois as well as brief, but interesting appointments in the Radiation Research and the Cardiovascular Laboratories in the University Hospitals at Iowa City, Iowa.

In 1956, she was married to Rodney A. Rogers who was originally from Lucas, Iowa. Rodney (Rod) was born on August 24, 1926 and grew up in Lucas, which had earlier been a small mining town and is best known as the birthplace of John L. Lewis. Rod’s family moved to Des Moines in 1943 at which time Rod entered Drake University. Rod’s education was interrupted by World War II and he served in the armed forces from 1944-1946. After the United States victory over Japan, Rod was with the army of occupation and served as the chief billeting officer in the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo.

Rodney received a Bachelor of Arts degree from Drake University in 1949 and a Master of Arts from Drake in 1951. He received his Ph.D. degree from the State University of Iowa in Iowa City in 1955 in the field of parasitology. He has been teaching at Drake University from 1955 until the present with the exception of the academic year 1967-1968 during which time he was with the National Science Foundation in Washington, D.C. Rod became chairman of the Drake biology department in 1967 and has served in that capacity since then. Major interests of his at Drake have included teaching in the areas of parasitology, microbiology, and general biology. He directed summer institutes, sponsored by the National Science Foundation, for high school biology teachers from 1960-1974. He has been active in many campus committees and projects; a particular highlight was his participation in the designing and development of the Olin Hall of Biological Sciences.

As indicated earlier, Rodney A. Rogers and Frances (Ritchey) Rogers were married in 1956. They had become acquainted in graduate school and were married after Rod had been at Drake one year. They have two sons, Robert Allen Rogers (Bob) born on November 12, 1958 and William David Rogers (Bill) born on August 8, 1960. At the time of this writing they are both attending Herbert Hoover High School in Des Moines. Frances has had various teaching assignments at Drake University since her marriage, depending largely upon her availability and her responsibilities at home. At the present time she is teaching anatomy in Drake’s pre-medical program.

Submitted by Herself

The Still Family

My father and the father of my brother, Virgil Faris Still, was Dr. James Abram Still, our mother Dr. Jennie Allen Still. Father’s father was Dr. James Moore Still, M.D., trained at Rush Medical in Chicago; his mother Rahab Mercy Saunders. Grandfather’s brother, Dr. Andrew Taylor Still, also an M.D., felt that in medical training there should be less reliance on medication; especially he felt there should be intensive study of anatomy with students knowing every bone, muscle, nerve, vein, artery, etc. in the human body and their functions. With his priorities in mind, such as anatomy, dissection, physiology, chemistry, he became the founder of osteopathy and the American School of Osteopathy at Kirksville, Mo. Grandfather, apparently feeling that Rush Medical had the last word in medical knowledge, for eighteen years resisted his brother’s new theories. Then one day when Dr. A. T. relieved him in distress, he became convinced that there was something in his approach. He then studies osteopathy, took that degree also. That was fortunate for me. As a small child, I came to have great pain. Grandfather was away; the M.D. gave me castor oil to no avail. When Grandfather returned, he made careful examination, said I had curvature of the spine, straightened the curvature, and there was no more pain.

Father’s brother, Dr. Summerfield Saunders Still, was the founder of the Still College of Osteopathy in Des Moines. His wife, Ella Daugherty Still, became a well-known gynecologist. He encouraged my father and mother to take the course, which they did. Father died early with blood poisoning at 58; at that time, although he had had the injury treated immediately by an M.D. friend, there was no known medicine powerful enough to counteract the poison.

Before marriage, my mother was a school teacher having had her training at the University of Kansas in Lawrence. In her practice of osteopathy, one case of hers illustrates the importance of that study of anatomy. A high school lad, son of the mayor of Des Moines, suffered a neck injury in a football game. His M.D. gave him no relief. He then went to my mother, a friend of his mother. She at once saw the dislocation which she corrected, and the pain was over. He said that if osteopathy could give that relief, osteopathy would be his life work. He did take that degree, also a degree in medicine, and became a prominent physician in Des Moines.

Briefly, covering several generations, my grandfather—

Dr. James Moore Still was the son of Rev. Abraham Still and Martha Poage Moore.

Martha Poage Moore was the daughter of James Moore and Barbara Taylor. James at 14 had been taken captive by Black Wolf of the Shawnee Indians, later he was sold to a French trader and taken to Canada.

That James Moore was the son of Captain James Moore and a Martha Poage Moore. In the Revolution, Captain Moore served under General Greene at the
battle of Guilford Court House. After the war, he returned to Abb's Valley in Virginia. He and his wife and six children were killed by the Shawnees. As already noted, his son James had been captured earlier and taken to Canada, so escaped; his son Joseph, ill with measles, was with his grandparents; daughter Mary, ten, was taken captive to Canada; later James and Mary returned to Abb's Valley.

Captain James Moore was the son of James Moore who left Ireland in 1726, came to this country, settled in Rockbridge, Virginia. He married Jane Walker, a descendant of the Rutherfords of Scotland. The story of the Moores was published as a Presbyterian tract, *The Captives of Abb's Valley*. The larger 1942 edition by Brown and Woodworth has the story with their sources, and genealogies listed in the Appendix.

**Obituary — From Democrat Message**

*George Ritchey, 77, Brown County Native, Dies Suddenly Friday (December, 1965)*

George A. Ritchey, 77, a lifelong resident of Brown County, died suddenly in his home on Maple Street, Friday evening (Dec. 24) at 9:35.

Mr. and Mrs. Ritchey had just returned from a visit in Jacksonville, and he was at the telephone talking with friends, when suddenly he collapsed and death came in a few minutes. His untimely death was a severe shock to his relatives and many, many friends.

Mr. Ritchey was born in Brown County February 9, 1888, a son of Alexander and Lucinda McCaw Ritchey. He attended rural schools and was a member of the First Christian Church.

On November 18, 1909, he was united in marriage with Bertha Cox, who preceded him in death September 4, 1959. On April 9, 1961, in Jacksonville, he was united in marriage with Salina Smith, who survives.

Mr. Ritchey for many years followed the occupation of farming, retiring some years ago. He was a most active member of the Brown County Republican Party, serving his precinct as committeeman and was honored by being chosen county chairman on several occasions. Mr. Ritchey also served his state as an employee for a number of years, working out of Springfield, although he continued to make Mt. Sterling his home.

Surviving, besides his wife, are three daughters, Mrs. Lois Glasgow of Mt. Sterling, Mrs. Naomi Jean Wieme of Richmond, Va., and Miss Joanna Ritchey of Quincy; a step-daughter, Elaine Davenport of Lakewood, Calif.; and a step-son, H. Murval Smith; four grandchildren and five step-grandchildren. Two brothers and a sister preceded him in death.

Funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon at 1:30 at the First Christian Church, with Rev. Herschel Reed, pastor, officiating. Mrs. Maurice Ivins was organist.

Honorary casketbearers were Dr. E. L. Browning, Chas. Clark, Dana Davis and Ford Logsdon. Acting casketbearers were Lozelle Ingram, Keith Witty, Ned Webber, James Paisley, Robert Hayward and Maurice Armstrong. Mrs. Lozelle Ingram and Mrs. Wayne Peacock cared for the flowers.

Burial was made in the Mt. Sterling City Cemetery, with Hufnagel Funeral Directors in charge of the services.

**Services Held Sunday For Mrs. Ritchey (September 1959)**

Mrs. Bertha (George) Ritchey, esteemed citizen of Mt. Sterling, died in Blessing Hospital in Quincy Friday morning at 7:00 o'clock. She had been a patient there since Tuesday and had undergone surgery Wednesday.

A lifelong resident of Brown County, she was the daughter of Robert and Isabel Davis Cox and was born at Mt. Sterling October 18, 1886. She was married to George Ritchey at Fisher, Ill., Nov. 18, 1909. She was a member of the Christian Church in Mt. Sterling and devoted much of her time to its spiritual and social worship.

Besides her husband, she is survived by three children, Mrs. Randall Glasgow and Joanna Ritchey, Mt. Sterling; and Naomi Jean Wieme, Richmond, Va. Two sisters survive, Mrs. Jessie Harris, San Diego, Calif., and Mrs. Glenn Jones, Mt. Sterling; four grandchildren, Constance Ann, Jeanette and David Glasgow and Susan Wieme. A brother, Warren, and two sisters, Nellie Black of San Diego, Calif., and Edith Hammen of Mt. Sterling preceded her in death.

Funeral services were held at 2:00 o'clock Sunday at the Christian Church, Rev. V. L. Luse officiating. Floral tributes were cared for by Dorothy Myers, Pearl Ford, Ruth Peacock, Freda Tice and Wilma Miller. Casketbearers were Robert Webber, Ira Forsythe, Keith Witty, Ford Logsdon, Raymond Myers and Wayne Peacock. Burial was in the City Cemetery, Hufnagel Funeral Directors in charge.

**My Mother and Father**

By Lois Glasgow

Our father, George Alexander Ritchey, born February 9, 1888, had many abilities. He was not given the opportunity to graduate from High School but was a learner all during his lifetime.

When he and our mother were married, they went to housekeeping in the house his father built in 1892 on the farm north of Mt. Sterling.
He loved to hunt and fish and he with friends did much of it along Crooked Creek and the Illinois River with their home built canoe. It was at some of these times that the families went along for big family picnics and outings. These were interesting times along the water and in wooded spots of much natural beauty. It was on one of those large family picnics, as the men were fishing and frog hunting along Crooked Creek that the drowning of Leta McDannold occurred. Three girls wading, stepped into deep water. In the panic which followed, the others were brought out safely. Summoned by the honking of auto horns, our father and Corlis Campbell arrived at the location on opposite sides of the creek. They dived repeatedly as they each moved toward mid-stream, located her and brought her up together.

Our father read a great deal and kept up on many things, including the latest practices in farming as well as all the political developments nationally, internationally and locally.

He was a good farmer (though he might not have done it by choice), using many of the newer practices in farming as they developed.

He did his early farming with mules, then his early tractors were old International 10-20s, abandoned by farmers in the bottoms who used them a season or two and bought new ones. The old ones were bought for a little, rebuilt and made to serve another tractor lifetime.

Later, while Randall furnished the tractor and he the combine, the two of them did much early custom combining before farmers generally were sure that the day of the threshing machine was over. Also they were among the very early owners of a cornpicker and did much custom work over a wide area before the pickers came into general use.

In the 1920s, local politics became a side interest and once our father had a taste of it, he seemed to be drawn along by those interests until it spoiled him as an active farmer. His local political interests and participation led to a State appointment as an Inspector of Weights and Measures in about 1928.

Administration changes and political patronage made his State employment insecure at times but local politics kept him busy meantime and he was Chairman of the Brown County Republican Central Committee for many years.

He did have a continuing State appointment eventually and bought the McCoy house on Maple Street in 1942 when they left the farm though he continued to rent it until his death and kept an interest in the management of it.

Our mother was a tireless, patient, hard working, uncomplaining mother. She gardened and canned and sewed for all of us. She was born Bertha Lillian Cox in 1886 and had been raised in a family with four sisters and a brother and hard times. She found work locally early, so had not had much High School education either. Her family had lived in several woody rural places in Missouri Township and it was from her that I learned much about nature — names of wild flowers, weeds, birds and trees, about all of which I have had a continuing interest due in part to her interest and knowledge.

There was not much money as we were growing up but she was a tireless gardener and canned everything she could get in a jar; so we were well fed.

She was an accomplished seamstress, doing very careful work and while we didn’t have lots of clothes, we were well clothed.

She was a religious person and gave us a great many Christian principles early in our lives in our home.

She never learned to drive the car so did not escape to the committees and outside activities we so easily become over-involved with today.

It was not until they moved to town that she could attend Church and Sunday School with regularity and that she did, as well as spend much time with whatever women’s work was being done at the Church.

In 1959, gall bladder trouble was making her ill and surgery was indicated. Her death came early in September following successful surgery as a blood clot moved to her brain.

Our father married Salina Jackson Smith of Jacksonville the following year. His death came suddenly and unexpectedly on Christmas eve in 1965. Sally remained in the house on Maple Street until 1975, when she sold it and returned to Jacksonville to live.

Lois Constance Glasgow

Being Lois Constance, the oldest of the three Ritchey daughters, I muddled my way along through the grades and graduated from Mt. Sterling High School in the depression year of 1932. The School Board could not afford a Commencement speaker, so I was honored to be one of the three graduating students asked to speak on the occasion. I was fortunate in having good teachers with few exceptions, and to get what I consider a good general education.

I (we all) had a pretty happy, carefree sort of childhood as farm kids; free to be outside and to roam the farm. There were interesting things to do and chores to perform.

I did a little field work during the horse drawn period, mostly with corrugated roller or harrow, pulled by four mules plus sometimes a horse. I also drove the team to the hay rack as Daddy “tailed” the hay loader; then the mules were unhitched after the wagon was pulled in the barn and I drove them to the
hay fork as he unloaded the hay into the loft.

I did not get involved with the actual milking of cows during the dairying period but found other chores, especially the washing of the cream separator and milk things. We sold separated cream, much of it sweet.

In the Fall after my graduation from High School, I entered Carthage College for a Freshman year. I returned later for another semester but lack of money and other conditions, which included not wanting to become a teacher, caused me not to continue.

Randall and I had become acquainted in our 4-H Club days and were married in 1936, the second of those dust bowl drouth years which got us off to a slow start. Start, we did, on the home place of his mother.

We started farming with horses, of course; farmed the home 40 acres in partnership and Aunt Minnie’s 40 acres in a crop share arrangement. Eighty acres! There were a few chickens, a few sheep, a couple of ill-fated colts, two Hampshire sows and darned little else but determination!

Constance Anne was born there in 1941, the same year we bought our first tractor. She was brand new, the tractor was second hand.

The next year, Daddy and Mama moved to town and we moved to the Ritchey home where we lived for eight years. Farming 140 acres was a step up from the 80 acres we’d done for five years. It was during those years we began to get a start. We accumulated several Jersey milk cows and with selling separated cream at war inflated prices, that was worthwhile. Also, Randall became a pretty good “hog man” and was doing well with raising market hogs, as well as with the general farming.

Jeanette Sue was born in 1943 and David Randall in 1945. Those were lean war years and many things were rationed or being used in the war effort, so everybody sacrificed.

In 1950, we moved back out to the Rigg farm, did a general remodeling job on the old house and made it home for over 21 years. When David needed a larger home, Randall and I moved back again to the Ritchey home and David into ours.

Farming and country life suited me and I enjoyed the sort of life I had and can think of no other I would have traded it for.

As the children got older and increasingly involved with school activities, I was fairly busy keeping them where they needed to be. When the girls were old enough to be 4-H Club members, I became a club leader. I had been one of the Charter members of 4-H club work in Brown County in 1928 and valued the experience. After our girls had finished six and eight years of club work, taking foods and clothing projects principally, I kept right on as a leader until I have 22 years on the record in 1976.

I became involved with Farm Bureau Woman’s Committee work as Chairman for several years, often helping with the promotion of various farm products.

I have also had considerable involvement with church work, from Sunday School teacher, deaconess, C.W.F. president to Superintendent of the Sunday School. I am in Christian Women’s Fellowship work locally and in the Cluster, and on the Women’s Work Commission in the State.

I became a Board Member of the Schuyler Brown Historical Society and have served as Vice President. I represented the Society on the Bicentennial Commission and enjoyed working there where I carried out a Bicentennial county-wide tree planting project. The moving and preserving of the old Wabash Depot became the principle project of the Bicentennial year.

I have enjoyed Extension work for about thirty years and have been involved in the local unit and on two occasions in the County organization.

So there is nothing particularly modest about recounting all of the above, but I hope I have had a little to contribute to our small community. Oh, one other thing, I have also been a home demonstration representative for our Electric Co-op, Adams Electric.

I have a great pride in our three children who gave us a very minimum of loss of sleep. All have done well and have given us nine fine grandchildren.

Our first grandchildren were triplets — two little girls and a boy! The little boy did not survive, the circumstance being lack of oxygen to the brain following birth. About two years later there was another little boy (Edward Randall — July 16, 1970), so Connie has three children. Connie graduated from Brown County High School and went on to graduate from Culver Stockton College with a B.S. degree in Elementary Education. She taught in Dewey School in Quincy for five years.

She met Charles Elste from Arlington Heights, Ill. while in college and they were married in the old Christian Church in Mt. Sterling following his graduation in 1964. She continued to teach and Chuck got employment with Moorman Manufacturing Company.

Chuck was also a member of a National Guard Unit which was called for service in Vietnam. His final training was taken at Fort Carson, Colorado. Connie went there after school was out to be with him until his Unit was to go overseas in mid-September. The babies were born there in the Military Hospital six weeks prematurely on August 7, 1968. As soon as the babies could leave the hospital, he brought mother and two tiny babies home to us while he was to be 13 months in Vietnam. The girls were named Annette Lynn and Kimberly Sue.
There followed about a ten month period of hard work, crowded conditions but extreme pleasure to a grandmother who was privileged to be able to help get two tiny babies started and to enjoy their sweet, lively presence in our home.

Chuck returned, and before he did, we moved their stored furniture back into their house in Quincy and she was ready to get back to normal after a hectic year.

They continued to live in Quincy until 1973, and we were able to see the little ones often and enjoyed them greatly. When in 1973, the Moorman Company offered Chuck the opportunity to become president of a subsidiary company in California — Bell Feed and Grain — they could not turn down that kind of offer so moved 2000 miles away with those grandchildren.

Jeanette Sue also made her way through grade school and Brown County High School, then on to Culver Stockton where she received her B.S. degree in Elementary Education two years after Connie had. Her first school was a third grade class in South Grade School here in Brown County. She came back and lived at home while teaching here.

In August 1965, she married Robert Chamberlain of Harristown, near Decatur, whom she had also met while at Culver Stockton. Bob entered the manager training program of F. W. Woolworth and became a Woolworth Store Manager. They lived in Decatur the first year and Jeanette taught there, to Taylorville where she taught another year, then they moved to Bloomington where Bob was in the store in the Shopping Center. While there, Rachel Diane was born on April 29, 1969. Next was Springfield for a year, then to Ottawa for three years. Sara Beth was born on March 28, 1972, in a hospital in Streator while they were living in Ottawa. They spent one year living in South Holland, Ill. while Bob was assistant manager in a Shopping Center in Harvey.

That made for a very difficult year and the move to Lincoln was a relief. They are there in 1976 with a less hectic and unsatisfactory way of life. Bob was also in a National Guard Unit for the required length of service. Both sons-in-law are graduates of Culver-Stockton as business majors and have done well.

David Randall graduated from Brown County High School and had never seriously considered anything other than being a farmer. His further education consisted of two winter Short Courses at the University of Illinois which gave him the feeling of some experience on a college campus with its schedules and getting to classes as well as dormitory living.

During the summer of 1955, shortly after David's tenth birthday, he had the great misfortune to have a lawn mower accident which resulted in the amputation of his right foot. He recovered with every intention of doing everything he would have done with two good feet. He was able to get his artificial leg during Christmas vacation and adapted well to it.

David and Ruby Marie Trammel were married in the Cooperstown Christian Church in September of the same year, 1965, a month after Jeanette's wedding.

They began housekeeping in the little three room Holtkamp house west of us which could be made liveable with a minimum of work. David went into partnership with us and he and his Dad farmed together. Ann Marie was born in Blessing Hospital in Quincy in June 1968 while they lived there. That was the year we bought the Ritchey farm.

I had no expectation of moving from the home we'd lived in for over 21 years, but as Duane David's birth became imminent, David and Marie would need more room for another member in their family. So with great reluctance, as other possibilities seemed less practical, I found myself moving in 1971 to the place of my birth and that of my father before me. Duane was born on April 17, 1971. Then Carla Lee was born on November 3, 1972, and Dale Douglas on April 26, 1974. With two girls and two boys, they have a fine family and we do get to see them often, which makes life interesting and certainly not so lonesome.

Marie attended school at Ripley and Mt. Sterling, graduating with the same class as David from Brown County High School. She also attended Western Illinois University in Macomb for several quarters, being in her Junior year with a major in Biology.

As time went by, we bought two 40's of the original Rigg farm, 182 acres in the Chamberlain place, the small Holtkamp place and the Ritchey farm. David farms the total of 426 acres we own as well as some other land he rents. He also has continued with the hog raising, doing well with that venture. He farms with much large machinery, including some not yet dreamed of when we started farming.

By a fairly strange coincidence, our farm consists of lands owned by ancestors on each side of our family. Our first 40 acres and the second 40, where the house is, belonged to Randall's Grandfather Rigg — thus David is the fourth generation who is farming and living on that land (80 acres of the original 120 acres).

In 1958 we bought the "Chamberlain place" which had at one time been owned by my great, great grandfather, Beverly Stubblefield, then by my great grandfather, Jule Cox. My grandfather, Robert Cox lived in another house on that place when my mother was born. So this makes David the fifth generation farming the Chamberlain place. Finally, with the buying of the Ritchey farm, it made me the third generation of ownership here and David the fourth to be farming it.
Naomi Jean Knouse

This part of our family story is about Naomi Jean Ritchey Wieme Knouse, middle of the three daughters born to George and Bertha Ritchey. To those who may read this book, it will be observed readily that most members of the generation contributing to it are scholars. I am just me. Being me, my approach to making a contribution has to be much as if I were talking or writing to you, a Reader.

Dear Reader: I was born April 5, 1917. Real historians will know that World War I was declared the next day. I have always thought that was a drastic reaction to the birth of a little country girl at Mt. Sterling, Illinois, but then, perhaps there were other reasons so I will leave most of the credit to others. In any case, I was a very fortunate little girl. I had a set of parents who loved me and a ready-made big sister who seemed a little beastly sometimes (she turned out fine though). A few years later I had a little sister (she turned out fine too) and together we enjoyed a rich, good life. There was never much money but as kids we didn’t know or care about that. We learned about responsibilities, about sharing, about self respect and respect for others and how to be pretty well self-reliant. Because our Mother was a marvelous cook and very industrious, our early years on the farm also taught us about really good foods and gave us good health which we have rather well maintained through the years.

Here are a few bits and pieces of memories from those early years: Being maybe half tomboy, I had the privilege of “helping” Daddy make hay, fix fences, milk cows, shuck corn, feed pigs, etc.; also helped with gardening, canning, cooking, laundry, cleaning, etc. Early I decided being ‘good’ at a lot of things would be my aim rather than ‘best’ at any one thing. In my opinion that decision has served me well. No matter how dull this brief recounting may seem, my life has been rich and beautiful to this point, with some deep sorrows, of course, but filled to overflowing with blessings.

I attended elementary and high schools in small Mt. Sterling, followed by two years at Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa, and one year at Gem City Business College, Quincy, Illinois. Those being deep depression years, I worked part of my way cashiering in a theatre in Des Moines, a while as maid and companion then as cashier in a cafeteria in Quincy. My first real employment was with State Supreme Court Justice Albert Crampton in Moline, Illinois, followed by becoming secretary to his associate. During this time I met and later married Francis J. Wieme. We enjoyed almost ten years and the birth of our daughter, Margaret Susan, when his heart condition, a result of rheumatic fever in his childhood, caused his death at 38 years of age.

Because of a restlessness and an ever-present difficulty in finding suitable day care for Susan, we made many moves in the next few years. The first was to White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, where I was employed at the historical Greenbrier Hotel. This was followed by periods in Fort Pierce, Florida; Dayton, Ohio; Daytona Beach, Florida; Covington, Virginia; and finally, Richmond, Virginia. We settled in Richmond where I bought my first home for some stability for Susan as she grew older. Through the years in the different locations I had good fortune in finding varied, interesting, sometimes exciting, employment and my family cared for Susan during her school summer vacations.

After several years in Richmond, Susan married a much talented young man, Frederic (Fred) W. Holcomb, III. His ability and talent have been recognized by A.T.&T., his employer, and he has risen steadily from a job near the bottom to a position of importance in management in the home office in New Jersey. I have been blessed with two wonderful grandchildren, Ken and Karen. Though miles separate our homes, we are a close and loving family.

Meantime, a splendid job offer and restlessness changed my own course once more and in 1968 I moved to Greenville, South Carolina. Shortly my resistance to a second marriage was overcome by a dear friend I had met as a co-worker in Richmond. A year later I returned and we married — Billy J. Knouse, Maj. Ret. AUS. He had been a military man, retiring from service at age 48 with 33 ½ years of service — the last 3½ years at the special request of the Army Chief of Staff. Though he enlisted in peace time, he served through World War II and the Korean conflict, received many honors and commendations and three Purple Hearts. We completely enjoyed near five years of marriage when a stroke and pneumonia took his life. He was buried with full military honors in the National Cemetery at Arlington where I will join him one day.

At present my life consists of enjoying and maintaining the home Bill and I loved so much together, frequent visits with my very dear little family, as much contact as possible with loved ones near and far, some traveling, reading and lots of et ceteras.

Finally, Dear Reader — present and future — may your life also be enriched by a loving family, a few big events, a few true friends, many good acquaintances and myriads of precious little things. Written in our Bi-Centennial year, best wishes always — Jean.

Joanna Beth Ritchey

I came into this life on December 19, 1923, the last child and third daughter of Bertha Lillian Cox Ritchey and George Alexander Ritchey. I was born in the family home on the farm a short distance north of Mt. Sterling on the Camden Road. I was a “Christmas
baby" for my older sisters, Lois Constance and Naomi Jean.

I enjoyed a healthy, happy childhood on the farm and, when old enough, earned my keep by doing chores in the barn — primarily milking cows (beautiful, gentle Jerseys) — more than housework though I did my share of dusting too.

Education consisted of eight years of Mt. Sterling Grade School and four years of Mt. Sterling High School. Then it was deemed best that I should go to business college and Gem City Business College in Quincy had my name on their rolls for a period of time.

My first employment was for a brief period at Manteno State Hospital near Kankakee and I soon transferred to the Jacksonville State Hospital where I enjoyed being secretary to the physician in charge of all incoming female patients. This was a most interesting and educational period of time. Institutional cooking finally got to me and when offered a job in Mt. Sterling in the Illinois Veterans Commission office I accepted and stayed until that office was closed. Then I was cashier and Jill-of-all-trades for Prairie Farms Dairy for several years.

Next move was to Quincy where I worked for Central Fiber (Carton Plant where egg cartons were manufactured). When that office was closed I worked for Sears, Roebuck and Co. (Credit Dept.) for a year before going with Quincy Soybean Co., a processor of beans into meal and oil. At current writing I’ve been with this company for eleven years and have witnessed vast growth and development in the facilities and resulting products.

In July of 1968 I was able to purchase a near 100 year old brick home at 327 So. 16th St., becoming its third owner. Originally a single family home, it had been made into two separate living quarters some years ago. Having a lovely widowed lady in the upstairs apartment and two lively doxies, Oscar and Willie (who is nearly blind), as living companions, I have a pleasant life.

The Robert and Isobel Cox Family
By Lois Ritchey Glasgow

Robert and Isobel Davis Cox were natives of Brown County and of Missouri township. The family consisted of Jessie D., the eldest, who with her husband, Charles Harris, a carpenter, and three children: Isobel, Lee and Marie Harris Stokes, made San Diego their home.

The next daughter was Nellie who was married to James King, also a carpenter who died rather young and with no children. Years later, she married Clyde Black, a childhood sweetheart with whom she had gone to school at Quinlan school in Missouri township.

Warren, the only one of three sons to reach maturity, married Leoline Atherton and while still a young man, died at the same time his wife was in the hospital giving birth to his daughter, Faye.

All of these children of Robert and Isobel lived and died in San Diego, and all of their children, Lee Harris and wife Dorothy, Isobell Harris, Marie and husband LeRoy (Mike) Stokes and Faye Cox Benson continue to reside in the area.

The mother, Isobel, went to California to live near those children in that area before I have any memory of her. I recall only one visit she made back to Illinois when I was a small girl. She died and was buried out there.

Edith married Otis Hammen, a railroad man who worked out of Jefferson City and they lived in that area until his death and soon Edith returned to Mt. Sterling. They had no children.

Ruby, married Glenn Jones who continued to operate the apple orchard on his father’s farm east of Mt. Sterling. He retired and they moved to Mt. Sterling, where they continued to keep very busy until his death in April 1977. Ruby survives. They had one son who was killed in an airplane crash on a training flight during World War II.

Bertha Lillian, my Mother, was the fourth child and one of several of the children born while the family lived in a small house on the farm of her grandfather, Julius Cox. As the years went by, the family lived on a couple other farms in Missouri township with a few years spent in Augusta before returning to Missouri township again to live in a small house on the north side of the Amos Coffman farm. The father died unexpectedly while still a rather young man, leaving the widowed mother with several children, some of whom were old enough to find jobs and make their own way as well as to help their mother with the younger children. Aunt Ruby, the youngest, was five years old at that time.

Times were hard for the Cox family as the father was a farm laborer, for the most part and seemed unable to provide amply, then the widowed mother had meager resources.

Mama, with the other children attended country schools, mainly Quinlan, walking across hilly pastures, crossing branches, up hill and down in the heat or cold.

She left school in her first year of High School and took a job with the E.F. and F.D. Crane Co. Store. They sold Dry Goods and Clothing and her chief job was alterations, but she did a bit of many other things as well. It was here that she learned much about sewing and became a particular seamstress which stood her in good stead as she became a wife and the mother of three daughters for whom she did much sewing.

I recall some of the stories she used to tell; some
of school and living in the "bottom." It seemed that some of the best times were when they lived on the Coffman place. There were families in the area with a good many young people where much of the social life of young and old centered about the two neighboring country churches: New Salem and Olive. The young people from both churches had many social affairs together from pie suppers, to hay rack rides, coasting and bob-sledding parties, ice cream suppers and whatever other ideas for getting together they could find. She often told of the good times they all had.

Singing was something they did a good deal of as these groups of young people got together. Mama enjoyed the singing and she with younger sister Edith sang together as a duet. Her enjoyment and ability in singing lead to her singing in the church choir and even after she and my father were married, they continued to sing in the choir and on occasion as a duet or in quartettes at funerals around the area.

From necessity as a young girl growing up in hard times, she continued to be very frugal as a housewife and mother, as money was never exactly plentiful.

I remember the rigors of the washing and the canning processes — both in the steaming, boiling boiler on the cook stove — summer and winter. She had great convenience when we got a double tub washing machine and Daddy hooked it with a shaft and pulley to a small gasoline engine located on the other side of the wall on the porch. (The water still had to be carried in and heated on the stove; dipped out and poured into the machine.)

Canning was modernized when Mama got one of the first pressure cookers around and she could cook meats and vegetables ever so much faster and could can four quarts at a time without having the steaming boiler going for hours.

Mama often cared for the orphan lambs and pigs and the usual chicken flock and for many years, a gaggle of grey geese! Baby chicks were hatched in an incubator for a time but under the contrary old setting hens for the most part.

So it was that the usual duties of a farm wife in that era were carried out with patience, skill and a "copious" (my Father's word) amount of sweat and hard work.

The Robert Cox family had the usual trials and tribulations of the era in which they lived. There were the deaths of young children, the early death of the father of the family, and the separation as the older children moved to California to find their ways. The father, Robert's grave can be found in the Bell-Keith Cemetery, a small country burial ground in Missouri township.

The Robert Cox Family
Robert Cox (Sept. 11, 1855-Oct. 7, 1902) m Isabell Davis b 1859 d ?.

Children:
Jessie D. Cox b Mar. 12, 1878 m Charles Harris.
Nellie C. Cox b July 24, 1879 m James King and Clyde Black.
Eugene S. Cox b Sept. 26, 1880.
Warren F. Cox b Dec. 12, 1884 m Leoline Atherton.
Edith B. Cox (Jan. 31, 1889-1953) m Otis Hammen.
Frederick Cox b Aug. 6, 1894.

The Aaron Davis Family
Aaron V. Davis (June 10, 1838-Dec. 12, 1907) m Caroline Mickell (May 11, 1840-Sept. 10, 1911).

Children:
Isabel Davis b Apr. 17, 1859 m Robert A. Cox d Oct. 7, 1902 aged 47 yrs.
Chester Davis (1860-1947) m Mary Carr (1869-1895); m Anna (1878-1953) lived at Bluffs.
Charles Ernest b Apr. 28, 1863.
John Moses (Apr. 27, 1865-July 29, 1920). Lost a leg when a child.
Laura J. b Dec. 2, 1868.
Genevra b. May 18, 1874 m Dr. B. S. Price and later Mr. Arnold.
George A. b. Apr. 11, 1876 m. Prather. Lived at Peoria.
James A. Davis (1864-1943) m Dora Witty (1874-1960).

James Byrns Family
James Byrns b Apr. 26, 1799.
Margaret Gonzales, wife of James Byrns, b Jan. 25, 1805.

Children:
George Byrns b Apr. 30, 1826 m Hannah Schooby.
Mahala, wife of Samuel Byrns, d Aug. 31, 1874 aged 65 yrs.
Manzella Kepler, wife of Benjamin Franklin
Byrns, d Oct. 17, 181, aged 51 yrs., 10 mos.
Mary Jane Byrns (Nov. 8, 1836-1923) m James Glasgow (1837-1926). Mt. Sterling Cemetery.
William Byrns b June 28, 1839 m Maria Glasgow.
Elizabeth Maria b Feb. 20, 1842 m Doc Curry.
Mahala Byrns b Sept. 3, 1844, never married.
Winfield Scott Byrns b Sept. 28, 1847 b Becky ?.
Adriana Byrns b June 23, 1852 m John Chamberlin.

Glasgow Family
Bnisrish near Portgtenone — Londonderry County, Ireland
Samuel
Mordicai
B. Lemuel — commanded troops at siege of Londonderry in 1688.
Increase
Faithful
I. John — who stood the siege in 1689 m Mary ?.
The record is not clear as to whether John who took part in the siege was the brother or son of Lemuel. There seems to be a generation gap so there may have been another Adam or John between John of the seige and Adam who married Mary Scott.
II. Adam Glasgow — m Mary Scott.
McLellan
Wallace
Adam
Mary
III. John Glasgow — b Apr. 10, 1767 m Mary Arthur b Mar. 25, 1774.
Rose Glasgow McKeown b Mar. 4, 1799.
Marian Glasgow Wallace b Sept. 22, 1800.
Jane Glasgow Gray b Oct. 15, 1802.
Lavina Glasgow Mulholland b June 21, 1806.
James Glasgow b Nov. 9, 1808.
Margaret Glasgow Walkinshaw b Oct. 1, 1810.
John Glasgow b Mar. 4, 1813.
Arthur Glasgow b 1815.
IV Adam Glasgow — (July 7, 1804-1862) m Ann Stephenson (Jan. 4, 1814-1855.) Buried in Mt. Sterling.
Douglas Glasgow b Mar. 1, 1836 m Maggie Walker.
John Arthur Glasgow b Feb. 18, 1840.
Mary Jane Glasgow b May 6, 1842 m —— McKean.
Maria Glasgow b Dec. 6, 1843 m William Byrns.
Adam Alexander Glasgow (June 19, 1846-1866).
Increase Glasgow (Sept. 12, 1849-1873).
Martha Ann Glasgow (Jan. 19, 1852-1875).
Amos Robert Glasgow b June 9, 1854.
V. James Glasgow — (Dec. 29, 1837-1926) m Mary Jane Byrns (1836-1923).

Samuel Arthur b Sept. 14, 1861 m Carrie Hersman.
Ida Maude (Sept. 1, 1863-1936) m Fred Buck (1867-1941).
Allen Howard b Mar. 27, 1866 m Luella Blackburn.
Mary Etta b July 17, 1868 m Rev. James Ivans.
Adam Martin b Feb. 16, 1871 m Elma Ausmus.
James Douglas (Jan. 25, 1874-1965) m Alta Rigg (1883-1918); m Helen Chamberlain (1886-1969).
Lula Edna b July 24, 1880 m James T. McNeil.
Wilma m Norman Emerson.
VII. Randall m Lois Ritchey.
Constance m Charles Elste.
Jeanette m Robert Chamberlain.
VIII. David m Marie Trammell.
The Adam Glasgow family came to the United States in 1834.

Seige of Londonderry
1603 — Lands of Hugh O'Neil passed to the trading companies of the city of London.
1613 — A new colony of Londonderry was established.
1637 — The colony was confiscated by Parliament after trial by Star Chamber.
1642-49 — Londonderry supported Parliament in War with Charles II.
1688-89 — Londonderry supported Parliament and William in Civil War with James II.
The seige lasted 105 days. Followers of James had put a cable across the River Foyle to prevent any relief coming to the city. Relief came on August 1, 1689. The sufferings of the citizens were intense. A rat sold for a sixpence; a cat four shillings and sixpence; a quart of blood cost a shilling; a quarter of dog five shillings and six pence. Fish were exchanged for meal.

Look to the rock from which you were hewn, And to the quarry from which you were digged. Look to Abraham your father and to Sarah who bore you; For when he was but one I called him, and I blessed him and made him many.

— Isaiah 51:1-2
Mary Ritchey, Pattie Singleton, Bertha Cox, near the garden house at Alex Ritchey Home.
Front row, George Ritchey, Leslie Ritchey, Adrian Dunn, Charles Ritchey. Second row, Joanna Ritchey, Frances Ritchey. Third row, Charles Dunn, Lois Ritchey, Naomi Ritchey, Mary Dunn, Bertha Ritchey, Mary Ritchey and mother Dr. Still.

Alex, Laura Fuqua and Bertha Ritchey, Naomi Jean, Mary Still, Frances, Lois, Joanna, Leslie Ritchey.

Standing, Constance and Jimmy. Seated, Charles, Leona and Jean Ritchey.
The Holcomb Family — Frederick, Kenneth, Susan, Karen.

Bill and Jean Knouse

Luella and Adrian Dunn

WOODROW DUNN

JOANNA RITCHEY
RANDALL GLASGOW FAMILY

Enquire, I pray thee, of the former age, and prepare thyself to the search of their fathers for we are but of yesterday.

—Job 8:8
Standing, James Clark, George Ritchey, E. E. Clark, Charles Ritchey, Meribah Clark, Mary Ritchey.

Seated, Meb Clark, Alex Ritchey, Lou Ritchey. (1900).

Meb Ritchey, Emma Ritchey and Rosemary Baxter Young.

INEZ SPEER
Mary Jane Ritchey 

Part III

Section C

Mary Jane Ritchey was always a frail child. My grandmother could never dry clothes in the house because Mary Jane would have filled lungs and she had to be careful of drafts in the house.

Uncle Alex said she died of measles.

Robert Ritchey Family

Part III

Section D

Obituary — Democrat Message

Robert Samuel Ritchey

Robert Samuel Ritchey, son of James and Eliza Ritchey, was born May 21, 1850, on the Ritchey homestead west of Mt. Sterling, Ill. He departed this life on May 9, 1923, at his home at Arcadia, Florida, where he had resided for the last eight years. At the time of his death he was 72 years, 11 months and 12 days old.

He was married to Lydia Coffman in January, 1879, to which union two children were born. Nellie, who survives him and Galen, who passed away in June, 1910; his mother preceding him in death in October, 1886.

He was again married November 23, 1893, to Anna E. Keyser, of Mt. Sterling, to which union one child was born, Eugene Francis, who died in April, 1911, and in March, 1913, his mother followed him in death.

The deceased spent most of his life in the vicinity of Mt. Sterling, until about eleven years ago when he moved to North Dakota for his health, where he lived for two years. Later he took up his residence at Arcadia, Florida, where he lived with his daughter, Nellie, until his death.

He was converted into Christian faith in early youth at Olive Presbyterian church, where he kept his affiliations until death. He was a loyal member all through his life.

He is survived by one daughter, Nellie, one brother, Alex Ritchey, and one sister, Mrs. E. E. Clark, both of this city; besides some relatives and many friends who will miss his goodness and friendship.

The funeral services were held at his brother's home, Alex Ritchey, of this city, on May 14, at 3:30 o'clock, to which place the body was brought from Florida. Rev. H. J. Sarkiss, pastor of the local Presbyterian church, officiated and the body was interred in the City Cemetery.

Robert Samuel Ritchey

Robert Samuel Ritchey (May 21, 1850-May 9, 1923), was a wonderful father to his two motherless children and was kind and gentle to his niece and nephew, always ready to take them to ride wherever he went. He probably should have been working diligently on his farm because financial troubles made him unhappy in his last years. He sold his farm in 1900 and purchased the Givens place in Mt. Sterling which he platted into building lots. He left Mt. Sterling a sad man as he had buried his youngest child, Eugene and his older son Galen.

He was not quite as much of a self starter as the rest of the Ritchey family but he was quick and capable. As a child he was a great trader. His mother went thru his pockets every night to see the exchanges he had made.
Uncle Bob enjoyed having pets. He kept guineas, peacocks, a pet crow, two parrots, one of which could whistle a tune and say many words and he had a squirrel in a rotating cage.

When Uncle Bob had any difference with family or friends it seemed impossible for him to talk the difference out, hence he withdrew and felt abused or mistreated. He fell out with the Coffman family and with his brother and sister which was very sad.

The loss of his first wife, the mother of his children was tragic as they loved each other and had a bright future ahead of them. The second wife adored him but was not much help in management of finances.

He was a religious man, a member of Olive Presbyterian Church located on the Base line road but he attended the M.E. Church in Mt. Sterling regularly with his second wife as did his children. He never ran for office but was interested in talking politics. He and Aunt Lyde Clark were instrumental in getting the Clark School organized so their children did not have to go so far to school.

Lydia Ritchey was the daughter of George and Deliah Clark Coffman. Her brothers and sisters were two brothers, named George, William, Clayton, Amos, Nancy, Lizzie and Emily Osborne.

Lydia Coffman Ritchey

Strange as it may seem my mother never talked about Lydia. I am sure there was no friction in the family while she was alive and I suppose the whole thought of the family was on the two motherless children. I know she was at Hamilton, Ill. Sanitarium for treatment for tuberculous when her cousin James Clark committed suicide. Uncle Alex Clark, another cousin, was there too. I have no pictures of her but she was supposed to have been a pretty woman, a great favorite in the Coffman family. When she and Uncle Bob married, the house across the road from the Ritchey homestead was built for them but when she died they had been living in the Ritchey homestead since 1883.

On her death Aunt Nan Coffman, her eldest sister came to live at the Ritchey household and cared for Nellie and Galen until Uncle Bob remarried. Electa Beckman Gibson was efficient help for her.

Annie Keyser Ritchey (1863-1913)

Annie Ritchey was the daughter of Francis and Mary O'Neil Keyser. She died in Grand Forks, N.D. and was buried in Mt. Sterling, Ill. Her brothers and sisters were Edward, Charles, George, Frank, Hattie Sadowski and Mayme Byington. Charles Kayser was Washington correspondent for the St. Louis Globe Democrat for many years.

Aunt Annie was a tall, large boned, heavy woman who would never allow herself to be weighed. She had a strong soprano voice and loved to sing. The choir in the Methodist Church was one of her joys. She loved to entertain her family and the Ritchey family too. She tried to be friendly to my mother and Aunt Lou and I never could understand why they were critical and offish with her. She was active in the W.C.T.U. and served as president for several years.

Nellie Ritchey

Nellie Ritchey was a nice looking, pleasant person who suffered from early childhood with throat trouble. Finally her father sent her to Adie McCoy at Cuthbert, Georgia where she became a milliner. Later she went to St. Louis for further training but was not too successful. She was at home when Eugene died and went to North Dakota with her father and stepmother. Later she and her father went to Arcadia, Florida where she lived until her father died. She brought him to Mt. Sterling for burial, visited her friends for a short time then left again never to communicate or write to anyone there. Some Mt. Sterling people knew people who knew her in St. Petersburg where she worked in a restaurant. I suppose she is dead — Sad Story.

She seemed to love Aunt Nan Coffman who took care of her and Galen. She and Galen inherited from the estates of the Coffman grandparents and Aunt Nan, Aunt Lizzie and Uncle Clayton Coffman.

Galen Ritchey

Galen Ritchey was a pleasant, happy boy and a popular young man. He was not overly aggressive but was reliable and trustworthy. When a child Dr. Prince of Springfield doctored his eyes for granulated lids. He graduated from High School in 1903 and went immediately to Gem City Business School at Quincy. From there he had a political appointment as Assistant Librarian in the State House at Springfield where he worked for three years. In June 1909 he married a widow, Georgia Constance Carroll, the mother of two children. The family was established in their own home and the future looked bright. He embarked in business and became part owner of a fertilizer plant in Springfield.

During the holidays he took a severe cold which developed into tuberculous and by June he was dead. He was buried beside his mother in Mt. Sterling.

Eugene Ritchey

Eugene Ritchey was a cheerful, friendly child who died young of a strange malady caused by a pencil in his bowel. He never revealed how it got there. This was very hard on his mother and father and Nellie. He did not live long enough for any one to really know what he could have done.
Part III

James William Ritchey Family

Section E

James William Ritchey

James William Ritchey (Dec. 17, 1852-Nov. 12, 1881) and Rebecca Logsdon (Mar. 20, 1861-Nov. 12, 1881) his wife died years before I was born. My mother idolized them so I really do not know what they were like. Uncle Jim must have been industrious and a good manager to have accumulated what he did at such an early age. He must have been very kind to his little sisters. He was ten years older than my mother and 12 years older than Aunt Em. It must have taken courage for Aunt Pat to have moved into a Ritchey household with three other females but my mother said they divided the work and there was never any friction.

Uncle Jim took an interest in every thing the women folks did. A peacock feather duster, a whatnot made of spools, a carved match safe and several little baskets carved from peanut shells were specimens of his handwork.

Grandmother Ritchey bought a feed lot at La Grange where Uncle Jim and Uncle Bob fed cattle one winter. Uncle Jim took pride in exhibiting horses at the Brown County Fair.

Uncle Bob, Uncle Jim, Solon, Adrian and Mortimer McCoy attended the Centennial at Philadelphia in 1875. They had good times. They also went to Niagra Falls.

Rebecca Logsdon Ritchey

I really know very little about Aunt Pat except that she had red hair, had clerked at Crane's store before marriage and that my mother loved her. Her possessions must have been given to her family. There was only one thing connected with her at our house, a silver knife for paring of an apple was in a trunk upstairs.

Her father was John Logsdon. Her mother was a daughter of Ellis Johnson where Aunt Pat spent much of her childhood as her mother died when she was very young. Her sister married Joseph Summy and had one daughter Effie who married Mitchell Kendrick. George and Ellis Logsdon were her brothers.

When the news of the drowning of Uncle Jim and Aunt Pat came Grandmother was dazed. When the bodies were brought to the house, people came who had to be fed. Uncle Bob, my mother and Aunt Em had to take over.

The day of the funeral was always something of a nightmare to my mother. She had risen long before daylight to prepare food, had rushed all morning, had little time to change her dress for the funeral and was too tired to remember what went on there. As a result she did not feel that Jim and Pat were dead and for months expected them to return.

But from that day's experience came a love for Mrs. Jacob Keyser and Mrs. Sarah Pickett which enriched her life. These two women appeared early that morning to help the girls — Auntie Pickett took over the dining room, and Mrs. Keyser helped in the kitchen.
Weekly Message
Mount Sterling, Illinois, Friday, Nov. 18, 1881

Dying Together
And None, Save God, Can Tell Of Their Taking Away
Mr. and Mrs. James Ritchey Are Drowned Together

"Our wishes shall follow them unto the end, hoping that when they shall be separated to meet no more on this earth that they may be prepared to stand before Him above, who, on yesterday, was a silent witness to that vow which was spoken by each. May He ever be with, watch over and bless them through life."

Little did we think when we published the above paragraph in their marriage notice in our issue of March 21, '79, that we would so soon be called upon to chronicle their death, as we this week must do. It is a sad task for us, and not since the establishment of our paper have we been called upon to make mention of a death that gives us more profound sorrow, and indeed our head is bowed in anguish as we now mention the particulars of this sad and unfortunate occurrence.

Last Thursday morning James Ritchey and his wife left their home, one mile west of our city, in their usual happy manner, and full of glee bade all "good bye," saying they would return soon. But also that parting, on earth, was for eternity. They were going to visit Mrs. Ritchey's uncle, Mr. Joe Logsdon, who resides in Schuyler county. Thursday night it began raining, and all day Friday the rain poured down, swelling the branches and creeks until many of them in this vicinity were out of their banks. This couple were to return Friday, but owing to the rain, remained until Saturday, when they started for home with bright anticipations before them for a long and useful life at that most happy home which they had recently left. Just this side of the bridge at Harvey Clark's, in Schuyler county, one mile and a half from Ripley is a little stream called Rockey Branch. The bed of this branch has been changed and a bridge built over the stream. During the high water in "Crooked Creek" the back water in the Creek fills up the old bed of the branch, forming a kind of slough. When they went over Thursday there evidently was but little water there.

Saturday morning about three o'clock Harry and James Cox and some other gentleman, whose name we did not learn, were returning to Ripley from a hunt in the bottom. When they got to this slough Jim and the third gentleman got out and said they would walk around the back water, leaving Harry in the wagon to drive over. When he got in the stream it floated the wagon bed from the running gear. He yelled to his companions that he would drown. They yelled to let go of the horses which Harry did and the team swam over. They then ran to the opposite side at once and caught the team telling Harry not to get frightened but to take the seat board and paddle ashore. Harry again obeyed and brought himself and the wagon bed safely to land.

Near nine o'clock Saturday morning a buggy was seen passing Mr. Harvey Clark's, who lives on the hill near by, and shortly after it passed the children heard screams in the vicinity of the bridge. They at once ran out and looked in the direction from whence they came but could see no one. Between nine and ten o'clock a Mr. Hymer was passing near the bridge and saw a hat floating on the water in the slough. He at once gave the alarm and search was instituted, resulting in finding, first, a horse and buggy. As soon as it was ascertained that some one was drowned the news spread rapidly that it was Roy Friday and niece Dora, who had been seen on the road that morning by a Mr. Icenogle, and to strengthen the belief their horse and buggy resembled very much the one found.

Mr. Friday passed over the place where the drowning occurred Thursday evening and at that time he says there was no water there, it being simply a little muddy. He remained at Mon Friday's until Friday evening when he started to his brothers, John Friday, but finding Towne branch full to overflowing he returned to Mon Friday's and remained until Saturday morning, when he again started on his journey. He passed Mr. Ritchey and wife Saturday morning about three-quarters of a mile from this place, they coming west and Mr. Friday and his niece going east. Those, there-fore, who had first seen Mr. Friday Saturday morning and knowing of his having to turn back the evening previous, supposed of course when they saw Mr. Ritchey coming west that it was Mr. Friday who was again unable to cross Towne branch and had turned back to go another road.

News was brought to town to Mr. and Miss Friday's friends that they were drowned, and a messenger was even sent to Roy Friday's wife.

The horse when found was still fastened to the buggy and reined up, he lying on his side as was also the buggy. The water here being about 8 feet deep. The search for all was made in skiffs and with the use of poles and hooks. After the buggy was taken out, which occupied some time, search was made for its occupants, and between 12 and 1 o'clock Wm. Hardin found the body of Mr. Ritchey, he being about twelve or fifteen feet from the buggy. Still many of them insisted that it was Friday. A search among some of the papers in his pocket revealed the fact that it was James Ritchey. Those present then did not know who he was, and had it not been that Mr. Isaiah Lanning, who was in Ripley, and hearing of the drowning drove over, he recognized that it was Mr. Ritchey, they would probably have been in suspense for some time. They then set about to find the occupant of the buggy, and it was near two o'clock before the lifeless form of
Mr. Ritchey's wife was found and placed beside him on the bank of that lonely stream, there to await the coming of friends to carry their remains to that once happy home.

Word was immediately sent to the friends in this place, and as the news was spread broadcast, a gloom seemed to pervade our entire community. On the news reaching here, we, in company with M. T. Johnson, uncle of Mrs. Ritchey, started for the place where the sad calamity occurred. Soon darkness was upon us, and all nature seemed draped in mourning as if sorrowing for some cherished one. It seemed to us that we never noticed a night so still, and we are quite sure we never witnessed a more sad scene, that when just this side of Ripley, on the little hill, we met the friends who were conveying the remains of the dear and loved ones to their former home. The very jostle of the wagon on that still night air seemed to tell a sad, sad story, which brought to one's mind a fuller realization of the terrible occurrence. About half-past ten their remains, reached the residence of Mrs. Ritchey, just east of our city, and were carried into the room to be prepared for burial. As they each lay there still in death they looked as if sleeping, "Jimmie," as he was familiarly called by all, with his overcoat still buttoned around him, gloves on, and no part of his clothing as if it had been disturbed, "Pattie" with her hat tied upon her head with a brown veil, waterproof still buttoned, blue woolen scarf about her neck and her overshoes which she purchased Thursday morning, on her way to Schuyler, still unmolested. How natural did she look. Just as we have seen her hundreds of times.

Indeed it was a sad and mournful spectacle. There to witness the lifeless form of those who but a few hours before had left that household in such happy glee; but now cold in death. The grief of that mother and father, sorrow of the sisters and brothers, and the heartaches of the near kin can only be realized by those who have passed through similar trials and scenes — and they are, indeed, but few.

As to how they were drowned, just what induced them to venture across, what was said before they started in the water, and what was their cries as they were about passing away, none but God can ever tell.

There was not a human being to witness it and as to the particulars of their drowning all is supposition.

The track of the wagon that had passed in the early morning evidently led them to believe it was not dangerous. Those in the vicinity of the occurrence think that after they got in deep water Jimmy jumped out to unrein the horse so that he could swim through and when he began drowning Pattie screamed and jumped to assist him. Others think that she got frightened when they got in deep water and unthoughtedly jumped out and that Jimmie jumped to save her, when both were drowned. They evidently never reached each other, for when found they were about eight foot apart and some twelve or fifteen feet from the buggy.

James William Ritchey was born in Brown County on the 17th of December, 1852, and all during his life has resided in our county. Jimmy although young, could number his friends by the hundred, and but very few succeed in gaining more warm friends than he; and few indeed there are whose loss will be so universally regretted within their circle of acquaintance. About two years and a half ago he made a public profession of religion, united with the Christian Church, in our city, and was baptised by Eld. A. P. Stewart. Since that time he has been a zealous and faithful member of the church. Was ever punctual at Sabbath School and at church. He was a teacher in the school and also assistant Superintendent. Such an interest in the church and school did Jimmy exhibit that about four months ago he was unanimously chosen as one of the Deacons of the church, which position he filled with credit to himself and to the entire satisfaction of the congregation. He was a most excellent young man, a worthy Christian gentleman, and it is indeed a gratification to his mother, near relatives and many friends to know that he must have died in a full realization of a blessed immortality. He was kind to all, of a happy disposition, ever jovial and good humored. Just such, in fact, as always gains the confidence, esteem and good will of everybody, and with whom all love companionship.

His wife, she that was Rebecca Johnson Logsdon, known by acquaintances as Pattie — thou whom we have all learned to love and respect and the recollection of whose many endearing traits of character will live in the memory of the many friends as long as life shall remain with us — was born in our county on the 17th of July, 1861. Her mother died when she was about ten years of age, and she then made her home with her grandfather, Mr. Ellis Johnson, and in whose presence she undoubtedly is today, remaining there until her marriage which occurred on the afternoon of the 20th of March, 1879. Pattie, too, was a member of the Christian church, having also been baptized by Eld. Stewart some four years ago. She was an earnest christian laborer, and also had a class in the Sabbath School. Ever faithful, ever zealous, remembering the vow she had taken, she was ever ready to work in the Lord's vineyard, and "whatsoever her hands found to do, she did it with her might." She was a young woman possessing many noble traits of character, and was universally beloved by all who knew her.

Their funeral occurred from the Christian church Monday morning at 11 o'clock the funeral sermon
being preached by the pastor, Eld. Stewart. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity, even the yard in front being filled with the friends of the deceased and with those who had much sympathy for the sorrowing friends.

Two hearses were used, and there were two sets of pall bearers. Those bearing the coffin containing the remains of Mr. Ritchey were J. W. Kendrick, Sam S. Leonard, I. Price, Geo. Lee, W. S. Vincent and Jos. A. Curry. Those for the remains of Mrs. Ritchey were W. E. Crane, Geo. W. McMillen, Alex Brockman, Jno. C. Smith, James Moore and Eug. C. Brockman. Directly after the coffins were placed before the altar, the scholars comprising the class of each of those who had passed beyond, with a solemn tread and with tearful eyes, passed by the remains and upon that coffin placed an anchor and a wreath of purest flowers and immortelle, giving evidence of the true sorrow and regret in the aching hearts of those little children. While this occurred we believe there was not a dry eye in the congregation, and all during the remarks of Eld. Stewart the cheeks of most of that assemblage were moistened with the tears of sorrow, and frequently during the exercises was the minister so deeply affected that he could hardly speak. In fact we never attended a more solemn funeral, or one where the sorrow seemed to be so general.

After the services at the church the funeral cortège solemnly and sorrowfully wended its way to the City Cemetery with the greatest concourse of friends that we have ever seen assembled there, the lifeless remains of Mr. and Mrs. James Ritchey were deposited side by side in that cold and dreary grave that was there in waiting for them, and when with a mournful sound the clods rattled o'er their remains there were many whose hearts seemed as if bursting with anguish, and from their heart went a silent prayer for the comfort and consolation of those dear ones who had thus been called upon to part with their heart's treasure.

It seemeth very strange, indeed, that those so young, just in the prime of life, and those who were such an ornament to society, should thus be so suddenly snatched from amongst us. Yet as it is the decree of an All Wise Providence, we quietly submit, for They Will be done, O Lord.

Therefore, Jimmie! Pattie! Once more and forever, farewell!

"Thrice blessed art thou — thy conflicts are o'er.
And thrice holy He whom thou standest before!
For they pains thou hast double, thy cup runneth o'er.
And surely thou dwellest with God evermore."

Estate of James W. Ritchey

Assets
Real Estate — 12 Acres North side of East half North west Sec 18 — valued at 500 dollars.
Notes — W. H. Ravenscroft and Amanda June 22, 1880 Int $28.09 amount $800. Lewis Cass Perry Aug. 29, 1881 Int $3 amount $150.
Valuation of Property — $139.00.
Appraisers were James M. Kendrick, Abner Clark and W. A. Clark.

Expenditures
Costs: Coffins, $30 each, $60; Bates for digging graves $8; J. M. Rea for hearse $5; J. W. Edwards for carriages $5; Dr. Tebo $2; Crane Co. $23.91; Crying sale $10; Clerk $3; H. Bales $3; J. Thurman $3; E. C. Brockman $1; George Turner $3.90; George W. Logsdon $48.15; Rent to Meribah R. $33; Debt Collection, W. L. Vandeventer $15; Attorney fee $5; Clerk fee $21; Taxes, land $82.93; Taxes, personal $24.41.

Distribution: Alex Ritchey, Meribah and Emma Ritchey $146.60; Alex R. $371, Mar. 5, 1883. Final settlement May 4, 1884. Grandmother $1036.22. Other four $518.11 each.

SALE BILL.—On or Near, Prov. Hayes & Co., Stationers, 118 and 120 Monroe Street, Chicago.
ance with an order of this Court, and was first duly advertised by.

a copy of which notice is hereunto appended and made a part of this report.

**TERMS OF SALE:** Sales under $50 cash. All sales amounting to

$50 and over a past due of twelve months, purchaser giving five months notice of offering sale.

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<th>ARTICLES SOLD.</th>
<th>NAME OF PURCHASER.</th>
<th>Am't of Sale.</th>
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<tr>
<td>Circular saw, horse power</td>
<td>John Monahan</td>
<td>19 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corn Crusher</td>
<td>Thomas Bush</td>
<td>3 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; Mann's Reaper</td>
<td>Wm. Beckman</td>
<td>18 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 Harness</td>
<td>A. M. McPhail</td>
<td>2 50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 plow</td>
<td>Alex Ritchey</td>
<td>5 50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 Over &amp; plow</td>
<td>James Jackson</td>
<td>1 20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hay Rake</td>
<td>Maurice Dunlap</td>
<td>1 90</td>
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<tr>
<td>3 Hay Rake</td>
<td>Chas. W. Dunlap</td>
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<td>pair of plow</td>
<td>Michael Green</td>
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<tr>
<td>Log Chain</td>
<td>Peter Ker</td>
<td>1 00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Single tree, not large show</td>
<td>J. F. Vanderventer</td>
<td>2 35</td>
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<tr>
<td>3 horses, wagon, box &amp; hand</td>
<td>Ed. Necker</td>
<td>1 05</td>
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<tr>
<td>Camp Ox</td>
<td>Don Wilson</td>
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<tr>
<td>Single corn &amp; seed</td>
<td>Joel Carpenter</td>
<td>1 00</td>
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<tr>
<td>single horse Plow</td>
<td>John M. Baker</td>
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<td>Horse Plow</td>
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<td>Bedstead</td>
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<td>&quot;</td>
<td>J. A. Clark</td>
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<td>P. B. Carpenter</td>
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<td>F. M. Clark</td>
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<td>John Heriot</td>
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<td>&quot;</td>
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<td>23 50</td>
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<td>&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;</td>
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Amount Carried Forward. 165 50
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<td>Eliz. Pitcher</td>
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<td>Mrs. Bush</td>
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<td>E. A. Costlow</td>
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<td>Mrs. Bush</td>
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<td>J. P. Vanderwater</td>
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<td>Mrs. Foote</td>
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<td>Jay Patterson</td>
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<td>Louis Foote</td>
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<td>--------------------------------</td>
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<td>10 feet of cloth</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 yard of cloth</td>
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<tr>
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<td>1 hat of cloth</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 cow and calf</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 pair of shoes and boots</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 pair of shoes</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 pair of shoes and boots</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total Amount of Sales</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

We do hereby certify that the above Sale Bill in the Estate of James Ritchey, deceased, is true and correct.

James Harvey, Clerk.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, IN COUNTY COURT, IN PROBATE.

ESTATE OF James Ritchey DECEASED.

Olga N. Ritchey, Administratrix of said Estate, being duly sworn, deposes and says that the foregoing is a true and correct bill of the sale made by her as aforesaid, of the said personal property, goods and chattels of James Ritchey deceased; that said sale was in all respects regular, according to the requirements of law and the order of this Court, pursuant to which it was made, and was fairly conducted, and that each article was sold to the person and at the price stated.

Olga N. Ritchey, Administratrix.

Clerk of the County Court.
Part III

The Meribah Ritchey and Edward E. Clark Family

Section F

Obituary — March 1934 — Democrat Message

Mrs. E. E. Clark At Rest

Meribah Eliza Ritchey Clark passed away at the family home on Southwest Cross Street March 16, 1934 at 2:10 p.m. after an illness of several months duration. She was the daughter of James and Eliza McKean Ritchey and was born at the old Ritchey homestead two miles west of Mt. Sterling Jan. 8, 1862 being at the time of her death 72 yrs., two months and seven days of age. Her education was received in the common schools of Mt. Sterling.

On January 20, 1887 she was married to Edward E. Clark and the first two years of married life were spent in Meade, Kansas. In March 1887, she had a thrilling experience in a prairie fire which almost surrounded the town of Meade. Her coolness and good judgment were manifest in that fire, when as a precaution she dragged wet gunny sacks around the small house in which she was residing at that time. All the men of the town fought the fire as it advanced. Two children were born to this union, Meribah, a teacher in Indiana State Teachers College, Terre Haute, Ind. and James, residing on a farm west of Mt. Sterling. At the age of seventeen she united with the Christian Church under the ministry of Rev. A. P. Stewart and from the day of making her confession she never wavered in her devotion to the cause of Christ, and as long as she was able, she participated in all the local activities of the congregation.

Not to the swift is the battle,
Not to the strong is the race;
But to the true and the faithful,
Victory is promised thru grace.”

Victory is hers at the close of a quiet, regular life.

A satisfactory life because she built through the years a philosophy of living, which enabled her to meet all mental eruptions and physical ailments with Christian fortitude.

As ill health robbed her of her physical power, instead of bitterness and resentment of heart came a quiet resignation which expressed itself in absolute control of emotions.

Her whole life centered about her home, her family and her church. To appreciate her most, one must have known her in her home where her versatility, her ability to direct and her powers of execution were shown in the way she handled the minutest details with untiring industry, frugality and thrift.

She was carefully trained by a capable, exacting mother in all the arts of homemaking. Great was her pride in excelling in art of bread and cake making, fine crochet and needlework of all kinds. She had an eye for the beautiful, which enabled her to blend colors to her own satisfaction, as well as that of others.

Her family were ever uppermost in her mind. The happy home in which she grew up with an understanding mother, a congenial sister and brothers that loved and protected her and nieces and nephews, particularly those she learned to love before she had a family of her own, were dear to her memory to the last. She expressed a feeling of sadness and loneliness numerous times after the death of her brother, Alex, which made her the last of the family.

As a mother she controlled her children in the old fashioned way, not always to their liking but they rise up to call her blessed and are grateful that she gave them lessons of obedience, control of body and suppression of emotions tempered with common sense and never swerving love.

Her intense devotion to her family was shown strongest in her relations with her grandchildren and their mother. They were never out of her mind and she was always planning for their pleasure and welfare.

Grandchildren and children were dear to her, but the one that counted most was their father. She was ever solicitous of his happiness and comfort. After life together thru the years his thoughts had become her thoughts, his desires her wishes.

She was a woman of strong convictions, and there was no compromise in her heart for anything that she thought was wrong. She had no patience with inefficiency, no tolerance of laziness, no forbearance with hypocrissy nor any pleasure in company with the
stupid.
She loved her church and was ever jealous of its reputation. She conceived the church as an institution for spiritual development, through which the members could express their feeling with humanity and the community which it served. She gave unstintingly of her time, energy and ability for the betterment of its cause. The Ladies Aid was for years her chief avenue of expression but of later years her interest was centered more on Missionary Society, which she served as treasurer from 1909-1929.

Because her scope of life was intensive rather than extensive she influenced few, but she buried herself deep in the hearts of those who knew and loved her.

Funeral services were held on Monday morning from the family home conducted by Rev. Chauncey Piety, assisted by Rev. Abner Clark. Mrs. Eva McCabe sang three songs, “Going Down the Valley,” “Crossing the Bar,” and “Love that will not Let me go.” Harold Clark read a tribute to her. Six nephews acted as pall bearers, George Ritchey, Charles Clark, Francis A. Clark, Frank Clark, Roy Mcdannold and John Jennings. The remains were placed in the city mausoleum.

TRIBUTE BY DAUGHTER MERIBAH CLARK

Meribah Eliza Ritchey (Jan. 6, 1862-Mar. 16, 1934) married Edward E. Clark (June 28, 1862-May 11, 1936) on Jan. 20, 1887. She was named for Meribah Gilberson Irwin. Because her sister could not pronounce the long word she was called Meb and was always Aunt Meb to her numerous nieces and nephews.

There was nothing weak about her. She had a mind of her own and always stood up for her own rights. She was exceptionally even in disposition which made her easy to live with. She kept her temper under control except once in a while when indignation exploded; the fur flew; all was quiet, for the family said never a word; things went back to normal; there was no further discussion and there was no “I told us so” later.

She understood my father, sympathized with him and tried never to discourage him. She feared that he might die before she did. She tried to train her children in principles of right living and when manual discipline was necessary she applied the little riding whip kept on the shelf in the kitchen.

She was devoted to her own family. She spoke respectfully of Brother Alex, Brother Bob and Bro. Jim, who were 18, 12 and 9 years older than she. I am sure her sister, Em could not have been perfect but I never heard my mother ever say a critical word about her and I know she missed her to her dying day.

The loss of Aunt Em in Sept. 1891 and her mother in Dec. 1891 must have been terribly hard but I was too young to understand. She told me how grateful she was to the Clark family for their tenderness to her at the Christmas party that year when every adult there spoke words of sympathy to her. And she only received one gift that year!

She was not a pioneer in spirit so life in Kansas did not offer her the challenge it did her husband. She was happy to get back to Brown County to live in May 1889.

The next two years must have been challenging ones for her as she adjusted to her mother’s control of the household, stood between her mother and husband as they learned to live together, care for an active three year old explorer, welcomed a little son into this world and watched her sister and mother decline in health and die.

The winter that my father taught in Quincy at Chaddock College must have been a lonely one for my mother as he left on Sunday night and returned Friday night. My memories are faint of this period.

I do remember that once when my mother was sick, she begged my brother and me to keep off the couch where she lay. And how glad I was to see Alma Huff appear with something for us to eat.

When Grandfather Clark died in 1895 my mother felt that she had lost her best friend, for he had let her know that he appreciated her industry, frugality and loving care of his son and grandchildren. In a way Uncle Alex Clark took Grandfather’s place, but it was never quite the same.

In the early years my mother was somewhat indifferent but always polite to Gramma Clark. In later years when she realized how my father loved her she became more tender and helped in her care.

My mother was interested in who people were and what they did. She was interested in visiting with her friends. However, she did not enjoy being augered by people she classed as bores, many of whom came to the house to pay rent and attend to other business.

Her church was dear to her and she was faithful to it in all ways from entertaining the preachers to blacking the stoves. The missionary society offered her a chance to grow. I saw her study diligently so she could make a short prayer in public and lead a good meeting. She also became a reader of missionary books. When I have been tempted to refuse to take part in church organizations I have thought of my mother and know she would not want me to refuse to do anything I could.

She was glad when James married Laura Clemons and established their home on Ritchey land. She loved Laura and tried to do everything she could to make life easier and pleasant for her and her children. These lovely grandchildren added
dimensions and interest to living for their grandparents who were proud of them and dreamed dreams for them.

From 1910-1934 my mother suffered constant pain from arthritic knees. She endured her suffering in silence as she progressed from use of one cane to one crutch and finally to two crutches but never to a wheelchair. She took care of her household duties with a minimum of hired help and attended church for the last time in early December before she died in March 1934. The day before she died she had her son trimming the barberry bushes on the north side of the house. The end came with severe siege of appendicitis.

As a trained Home Maker Meb Clark did the following: washed, ironed, kept a house clean, took care of a husband and two children, canned and dried fruit, made jelly, jam, preserves, pickles, relishes and candy, prepared delicious poultry, pork, vegetables and gravy, made vinegar, lye soap and yeast, put down eggs in water glass or oats, put down turnips, carrots and celery in sand, cared for flowers both in yard and in the house, trimmed the grape vines, shrubs in yard and gooseberry and currant bushes, kept the grass from growing in the brick walks, supervised the garden, dusted the cucumbers, potatoes and bean vines, raised chickens and kept the chicken yard clean, and supervised the wood house and other out buildings.

Her hands were never idle. She was skillful with her needle, making clothing for her family, even suits for her husband. She delighted in all types of hand and fancy work except knitting and quilting. She took many prizes at the Brown County Fair. She also painted acceptable pictures having had lessons at Pittsfield where she lived in the James Irwin home. She had little interest in anything in which she could not excel — she never trimmed her own hats!

My mother had pleasant memories of her childhood. She spoke often about the nice visits to Missouri with the McCoys. And how she loved to ride her pony! She enjoyed the girls that came from town to spend the day. One story she told was of a group playing in the pond in a trough which tipped over and one girl got dunked. Grandmother knew how her mother would feel about it so she washed and ironed her clothing sending her home as fresh as when she came. She also told stories of good times when the girls came to spend the night. Girls mentioned were Mattie Kendrick, the three Lowry girls, Lynch girls, Mattie Keyser, Kate Putman, Laura Givens and Wash girls. Later there were parties with McDonnols, Irwins, Coffmans, Parkers, Clarks, Frys and Thornmans, neighboring country families.

Aunt Meb and Uncle
By Lois

My memories of Aunt Meb and Uncle Ed are not stark and outstanding but are woven into my childhood experiences. A pleasant place to visit on occasion, where I was greeted cordially and treated as a person. The house was neat and comfortable with a “lived in” feeling. Aunt Meb always had a cookie jar, always with sugar cookies — a big soft sugar cookie which I cannot duplicate, but which were a treat as we visited there. She seemed to almost always be sewing on something and her little sewing room was comfortable and efficient by standards of those days. The sewing machine was almost always open, ready to be sat down to.

Conversation seemed easy with Aunt Meb and she seemed interested in me and what I might have to contribute to the conversation. Uncle Ed always spoke and was cordial as we visited in the home and when we met upon the street, but we never seemed to have a lot in common to talk about and didn't have long conversations.

I remember being at our Grandfathers at various times when Aunt Meb drove up in the afternoon for a visit. Her knees became so bad she could walk but little, but if she got into the car, she could go visiting.

A bit humorously, if space will allow, I could add a note which must have made an impression on me as a child. The little house behind the house at Aunt Meb's was also neat, as it was well swept and was papered inside with wall paper. It was also a three holier, one of which was small and lower to accommodate children! To reach it from the house, there was a board walk between and underneath the long grape arbor — kind of picturesque.

Later, the little room south of the dining room which had been Uncle Ed's office was given the indoor plumbing treatment and the convenience saved steps for aging and crippled knees.

Obituary — May 13, 1936 — Democrat Message
Edward E. Clark, Native of Brown County, died Monday Night.

Edward E. Clark, well known Mt. Sterling Citizen, and a native of Brown County, passed to his reward at the family home in this city at 10:55 o'clock Monday Night. Death did not come unexpectedly, for the deceased has been ill since the first of last December, having been confined to his bed the greater portion of that time, gradually wearing away until death came to relieve him of his sufferings at the time above stated.

Edward Everett Clark was born in Pea Ridge Township, Brown County on June 28, 1862 and was therefore in the 74th year of his age at the time of his death. He was the son of Francis A. and Eliza Rankin.
Clark. He attended country school at Olive School in his boyhood, later entering Whipple Academy and Illinois College at Jacksonville where he graduated with the class of 1883. After returning from College Mr. Clark devoted some fifteen years of his life to teaching. He taught in the High school and for a time taught at Chaddock College in Quincy. His last work in the school room was at Hersman. After his career as a teacher he engaged in the real estate and loan business and was for a number of years the representative of Straus Bros. of Fort Wayne, Ind. in the handling of farm lands. He was one of three men who organized the Mt. Sterling telephone company, his associates being Ed Pendleton and Alexander H. Clark. For a long period of years Ed Clark was active in affairs of the First Christian Church, being a member of the Church Board and for probably a score of years the superintendent of the church school. During the world war he took an active interest in the boys who were called into the service, rendering them assistance in the filling of their questionnaires.

On January 20, 1887, Mr. Clark was united in marriage in this city to Meribah E. Ritchey. Two children were born to them, James who lives in the country near Mt. Sterling on the Clark homestead and Miss Meribah, a teacher in the Teacher Training college at Terre Haute, Ind.

Mrs. Clark passed away March 16, 1934. There are also seven grandchildren; one sister, Mrs. Catherine McMurry of Rocky Ford, Colo. who recently celebrated her 90th birthday, and one brother, Benjamin F. Clark of St. Onge, So. Dakota.

The deceased was known to practically every man, woman and child in Brown County as an authority on history. He possessed a keen memory for dates and facts, especially those pertaining to the early history of Brown County. He was a man that gave much of his time to helping others — many are the poor of the county whom he has befriended and rendered aid at times when they needed it worst. He was a Christian gentleman, not only in name, but in his every day life he lived his religion — a religion which sought to exemplify the true spirit of the Golden Rule.

Ed Clark did not claim to be a newspaper man, but many are the times when he came to our aid editing the Democrat-Message on various occasions in time of sickness or in absence of the editor. For more than a score of years — in fact ever since the feature was started Mr. Clark wrote the “Twenty Years Ago” column in the Message until his failing health made it necessary for him to give it up.

The funeral will occur from the Christian Church in this city tomorrow forenoon at 10 o’clock in charge of the pastor Rev. Otis McQuary and interment will be made in the family lot in the Mt. Sterling Cemetery with Undertaker Rounds in charge of the obsequies. The body will lie in state at the church from 9 to 10 o’clock tomorrow morning.

Truly it can be said of Ed Clark — a good man has gone to his reward. In all the walks of life he was true to the trust resting with him and in his death the county has lost a citizen of great worth and high merit. May his ashes rest in peace. — Probably written by Editor Miller.

IN MEMORIAM

Because I believe that every child has a right to know something of his ancestral heritage I have endeavored to make an analysis of the life and character of your grandfather Edward E. Clark who departed this life on May 11, 1936.

Your grandfather was endowed with considerable native ability which he used to better advantage than the average man. His constitution was never rugged but he learned early how to nurture and conserve his health by keeping mind and body active, by observing regular habits of sleep, by proper control of appetite and passions, and by regular but not too strenuous exercise so that he suffered few physical and mental ills during his 74 years.

His father, his stepmother, Abner, Billie, Ben, Lydia, Alta Burke, Mary Knowles, hired help, and many visitors constituted the busy, well organized household of his youth. Here each had duties to perform, alibis were not accepted graciously, little praise was given, little affection shown, jawing was common, personal opinions were freely expressed, right was right, wrong was wrong, and there was no compromise between the two. From this environment he learned that every individual must carry his own responsibilities, that he must expect criticism even tho he has done a task to the best of his ability, that he must not expect too much of other people, that he must be grateful for every attention shown him and ever service rendered to him, that every individual has a right to the expression of his own opinions and that holding of grudges is a most dangerous and detrimental habit, that every man must decide right and wrong for himself and that it is only the coward who is afraid to stand for the right in face of opposition. The most contemptible of men was the moral coward and that the man who did not keep his word and pay his debts was a close second.

His father recognized his scholarly attitudes early and determined to give him opportunities at schooling beyond that offered at Pine Knot. He was sent to Evanston during the Spring of 1878 where he attended a business school under the direction of Abner, Mary, and Alta, who were at Northwestern University. He graduated from Illinois College in the year 1883 and
took a Masters degree from Chaddock College in 1893. At school he formed habits of concentration, he developed skills in reading and discussion which made him a scholar to the day of his death. Few men in any community read more understandably, enjoyed more solving knotty problems, or had greater skill in gaining knowledge from conversation. Much of his joy in living came because of the exhilaration he experienced thru his ability to project himself into the environment and lives of the characters of history and literature, to analyze characteristics, and motives of men that made them a success or failure in life, and to see analogies between events of the past and the present. The pleasure he had in the writing of obituaries in later life made me feel that he would have been very happy in the field of written expression had he developed the techniques of writing early.

Not only was he a learner but he had every attribute of a teacher both for formal and informal types of instruction. A few men and women remember him as a teacher in the public schools. A larger number think of him as a teacher in the church school which he had attended and served faithfully since the Fall of 1890. Because he liked people and was interested in them and their doings he talked with them. Any who recognized his ability, had any desire to learn, or would take the trouble to listen could gain valuable information.

His early business adventures were not successful. When he returned from Kansas in the Fall of 1889 he had nothing. He had however not lost any of the small inheritance of your grandmother for two reasons, because he did not think he should and because he would have had trouble with his wife had he attempted to use it. It was hard sledding — those years of the 90's. He taught school, worked in the harvest fields, clerked at Givens' Store, worked at Rottger's sack room, tutored, collected insurance, wrote insurance, and did anything and everything that he could to make money. His wife did not waste one penny that he brought into the household. The detailed accounts of domestic expenditures of this period give one an idea of what could be accomplished by two people who planned and saved. Later, business opportunities came and this early foundation made it possible for him to succeed. He was successful because he determined on a general policy, made detailed plans, and executed these with accuracy and precision. He did not become discouraged with criticism however sarcastic. He held out to the finish. If he was successful he was jubilant, if he failed he did not worry. He was not overly optimistic, and expected little from others except that they deal honestly.

All social, political and moral problems of the community were solved by him on the basis of the principles involved, and the good of society rather than on any desire of the individual or personal prejudice. He voted the prohibition ticket for years because it favored national control of the liquor traffic and votes for women. He felt a responsibility for the care of the unfortunate both the sick of body and of mind. This acceptance of responsibility often caused him much annoyance, and it was seldom that there was any financial remuneration and often little gratitude shown but he felt that he had been privileged in opportunities and that was the form in which he must make payment. Political leadership never made any appeal to him.

The atmosphere of the Grandfather Clark's household would not be classed as an overly religious one because his father never openly confessed Christianity. His mother was a devoted Christian who encouraged preaching on Pea Ridge and helped in a S S for the training of children at Pell school. His stepmother was a zealous Methodist who attended church in Mt. Sterling and saw to it that some of her household accompanied her. Your grandfather often drove the carriage for the family in the morning and went to S S at Olive in the afternoon where his Aunt Jane Bond dominated and gave instruction. (His father had given the land for the site of that church in 1874.) Thus the habit of church attendance was fixed early, continued thru college days altho he did not make a confession of his faith and join the church until the Fall of 1887 — nine months after his marriage. Your grandmother was a woman whose life centered about her home, her family, and her church, and he fit admirably into her interests. The church became his chief institutional interest, he accepted his responsibilities of leadership, he was faithful in attendance and support. At times he had to take unpopular stands which he felt were for the good of the congregation. The criticism which followed was hard to bear and might have made him bitter had not his early home training shown him the folly of carrying grudges and fostered the spirit of forgiveness.

As a husband your grandfather was faithful to one wife whom he respected and revered. He felt it was his responsibility to provide for the maintenance of the home, the details of which were left to her. He did not interfere with her in her realm and he did not brook any interference from her in his realm. He helped a great deal about the heavier tasks in the home because his wife was never robust. In the declining years of your grandmother's life he exhibited unlimited patience and tender devotion and her death hastened his decline. He felt he must accumulate of this world's goods so that he and his loved wife would always be financially independent and he felt that parents were responsible for children
and should never be dependent on them but each child should be trained to care for himself and not accept responsibilities that he could not carry. As a father he was tolerant of opinions, exacting in details, inclined at times to be a little sarcastic but a most marvelous father in understanding, sympathy, loyalty and faith in his children. He trusted them implicitly and what child could betray such a trust!

I would not have you feel that your grandfather was perfect No — he had weak spots as do all — he had a high temper which he usually controlled but which once in awhile got the best of him. He was very close with his possessions — so close at times on trivial things that he appeared penurious. Sometimes his willfulness degenerated into stubbornness, and independence became almost a fault. He was impatient at times to the annoyance of those about him.

He was sick for more than 5 months. His heart wore out. Never at any time during intense suffering or when under the influence of medicine did he utter any expression which would indicate anything but a clean mind. He was patient and kindly thru it all and so grateful that his children stayed beside him to the bitter end. Death came as a welcome release at the close.

His two favorite chapters from the Bible were read at his funeral — Romans 12, a philosophy for living and I Corinthians 15, which made death less hard. — Written by his daughter, Meribah E. Clark, in May, 1936.

Illinois College

A Mt. Sterling Boy Graduates at Jacksonville, June 7, 1883.

Of Mr. Edward E. Clark, son of F. A. Clark, who graduated from Illinois College last week, The Jacksonville Courier says: “The French Republic” was the subject of Mr. Edward E. Clark of Mt. Sterling.

He gave a brief review of the political history of the French people from the time of Louis XV, and traced the organization of the present French republic to the abuses of the monarchical system of the old regime and the military deposition of the Bonapartists. He mentioned the fact that the French revolution was the one time in history of the world when socialism and infidelity reigned supreme in a civilized country, and it was the reaction of the people against their oppressors, the nobility, and the rich was a common sense one. He never seemed to manage so as to accumulate honestly and fairly. Frugality was greatly to be desired and practiced. He and my mother were frugal but not penurious. There was always money for church and worthwhile things but never any for shows (except home talents), white shoes and silk umbrellas for the daughter.

At times it rather amused him when men who felt they were self made and were arrogant came for him were individually too weak to accomplish anything and a combination of their interest was, of course, impossible. Added to this the increase in the numbers of the educated classes served every year to make the republic stronger. The speaker is a good, sound talker, and his delivery is fair.” — Taken from The Message, Mt. Sterling, Ill.

The following material was submitted as part of a course from Culver Stockton College in 1969, after a study of the Book of James. — By Meribah Clark.

Examples of Application of Admonitions
Found in the Book of James
By Edward E. Clark, My Father

In 1898 a man seemingly without cause took my father’s job from him. It was humiliating and heartbreaking to him. He suffered intensely but made no outcry and treated the man as tho nothing had happened. In 1910 the man begged for forgiveness and wanted to make restitution by employing his son, my brother in his firm. A bridled tongue paid off. But the spirit of forgiveness gained thru prayer made my father happy and respected.

My father served on the church board and was superintendent of the Sunday School. There was often unjust criticism at which I never knew him to take offense or talk back to any individual. He seemed to understand why people behaved as they did. And that they felt better after blowing off steam. He acted as tho he did not even remember what had been said.

I learned the names and locations of most of the churches and many of the school houses of Brown County thru attendance at Sunday School conventions on Sunday afternoon. Often Mr. F. D. Crane was also there. Both of these men were evangelistic in spirit willing to give time and effort to the Lord’s work.

A young deacon in the church one night fell in with old companions, got drunk and disturbed the peace. When he came to his senses he was ashamed of his behavior and came the next day to resign as deacon. My father counselled with him and begged him to hold on a little longer. He did not ever slip again. He retained his selfrespect, was happy in the church and rendered it valuable service.

It always seemed to me that his attitude toward the rich was a common sense one. He never seemed to stand in awe of wealth. He respected ability to manage so as to accumulate honestly and fairly. Frugality was greatly to be desired and practiced. He and my mother were frugal but not penurious. There was always money for church and worthwhile things but never any for shows (except home talents), white shoes and silk umbrellas for the daughter.

At times it rather amused him when men who felt they were self made and were arrogant came for him
to figure how much hay, wheat or corn was in a loft, barn or bin or how much to pay for digging a cistern. At other times he expressed sympathy that men of ability had not had the opportunity of schooling so they were not independent on such matters.

The Masonic lodge made great boasts of how they cared for their sick. But some of them got tired of sitting with the sick. John Bond, a really good Mason and good Presbyterian would come for my father to sit with him. My mother never refused altho my mother protested vigorously as she felt he was not fit to teach school the next day. This happened many times in my childhood.

It was customary for many years to use the collection taken at the Union Thanksgiving service for relief of the poor. The collection was never large but my father and Mr. Joseph A. Curry dispensed it. One time a child of Dock Mansir had a fever. Dock drove the dray. He had no money for extra care of the child, medicine and special food. This fund was used for that purpose and when it was gone my father made special collections for further aid. Appeals were often made by individuals for funds and I will never forget the depression that my father felt after making investigations as to their merit. He would express his appreciation of his home to my mother in terms of affection.

On bitter cold nights my father walked the two alleys between our house and the depot after the nine o'clock train came in, for fear some drunk man might suffer from the cold. Several times he hitched the horse to the buggy and took a man home. One of my earliest memories is of a man returning on Monday evening as he came from work to thank my father. He was so grateful but so embarrassed.

One night as we passed the bank corner on which was seated a motley collection of town loafers and bums my father addressed them, "Good Evening, Gentlemen" and tipped his hat. When we were safe distance I remarked that I questioned his salutation. Then I was delivered a lecture on equality of man that I never forgot. And it was followed by one on the responsibility of man for man that was nearly as vivid.

He took on such men as Joe Perry, Frank Simmons, LeRoy Scott, friendless, homeless, bewildered men who needed a place to live. They lived in the back rooms of his building. He and Judge Vandeventer saw to it they were warm and not hungry.

Joe Perry once said, "Mr. Clark you are the only man that ever calls me Mr. Perry."

My father probably was pall bearer for more town characters than any man of his generation. When twitted about it he only laughed and remarked that his day would come. More than one dying man sent for him. Here he offered prayer and such comfort as he could.

He even conducted the funeral for Billie Wilgus, a good man that had been his janitor at Hersman School who had lost all faith in organized religion and ministers of churches.

Once a poor man with six children committed suicide in the county jail. He had stolen hogs and had to wait until next term of court for trial. During that period he became despondent and took his own life. Even after that my father would go on bail for unfortunate men held for minor offenses. I have no memory of him ever having to pay the bail.

Listening to the tales of woe when the First National Bank failed and the depression was on was not easy on him for he was sympathetic but unable to help many.

Every once in awhile 1955-1965 a man or woman unknown to me has introduced him or herself and said: "I knew your father. He loaned us money to buy our first home when we couldn't borrow money any other place. He was a good man and we appreciated him." When Jose McKeen Haley (who had worked at Grandfather Clark's) went to the hospital for a serious operation she made my father promise to look after her girls, aged 10 and 15 years.

Rita, the elder was able to care for herself from the beginning. She became a registered nurse. Bertha, the younger went to Woodland Home in Quincy where Mrs. Hattie Lee was matron. She remained there until she was ready for business school. The girls with help of my father, who managed the farm were able to purchase forty acres of land adjoining their small farm. My father always felt proud of these girls.

Before Mrs. Owen died she sent for my father and begged him to take guardianship of her minor child, Adelaide. The child would have a little money, but none of the older members of the family wanted the responsibility of her care. This girl caused him plenty of grief but later by putting her in a home at Normal, Illinois he managed to get by.

Claire Test, a mute was also his charge. The child was not as much trouble as his grandmother who worried constantly while he was in school at Jacksonville.

Not only did he care for the orphans but he ministered to the widows. I used to feel that every widow in town came and told him her troubles. Some he could help others he just listened to.

He also had unlimited patience with his family. Especially with his step mother who had reared him from the age of four. He loved her, looked after her business, saw that she had adequate help in her home and visited her at least four times a day. He took care of the horse and saw to it that there was a driver when ever she wanted to go. In her last days when she
became feeble and mind not too clear no person could have been handled with greater love and consideration.

The last time my father visited his brother-in-law, Thomas McMurray he was called back to the sick room and charged him with the care of Kate and the girls. This he did as long as he lived. When the bank closed he paid the loans to that family which were uncollectable at that time. They must not lose because of his faulty judgment.

It was the same with his brother Alex, who was an invalid for forty years. He visited him regularly, ran his errands and tended his numerous whims. To brother Abner he loaned money for development of land in Arkansas which was never returned. He also provided acreage for an orchard for him in his old age. He could not turn Abner down because he had been his baby-sitter from the time of the death of their mother until Abner went to college (1868-1874). When his brother, Billie's family could not agree on an administrator for their estate, he took it over with all its headaches.

My father was an extensive reader and a great talker. He talked of current happenings in the family, community and world. But he did not engage in idle gossip nor did he allow it in the home. My mother used to be provoked that he read and talked so much history when she was more interested in local personalities. He felt that too much of that led to criticism and fault finding.

I never heard my father use a profane expression. The worst was "confound it." When I heard that I always knew something worth investigating had happened.

There could not have been any filthiness in his thoughts for during the last five months of his life I was with him constantly, in his conscious and unconscious moments. Not an objectionable word or thought was expressed.

Supplement

The church background of my father was important to his religious thinking. His father (1820-95) belonged to no church. Early in life he had become disgusted with what he called "the carryings on of the brethren" — the long prayers, the still longer sermons, the excited conversions and oft repeated experiences of those conversions. He withdrew from organized churches altho he was somewhat tender to the Cumberland Presbyterian Church which his uncle, Samuel McAdoo had helped to organize.

His first wife was an Old School Presbyterian who supported the meetings held in school houses on Pea Ridge, Brown County, Illinois. Her husband provided transportation for the family to such meetings but took no part in them. When two of his elder children became members of the New Lights he offered no objections.

The second wife was a Methodist who supported that church in Mount Sterling, Illinois. The family home was at that time two miles north of the city. Each Sunday the carriage was ready with a driver for those who desired to attend church. My father drove regularly for several years.

In 1875 the Old School Presbyterian congregation built a church on the corner of a tract of land donated by my grandfather. Then my father went to church in town in the morning and to the country church in the afternoon. He attended many protracted meetings during these years but did not see fit to join either church.

From 1878-1883 he was enrolled at Whipple Academy and Illinois College at Jacksonville, Illinois. Here he went to church regularly and enjoyed the music, and sermons. He became familiar with the litany and recited the creed. The chapel exercises lead by Dr. Turner, Dr. Sturdevant and other ministers were also a source of pleasure to him.

When he married my mother (1887) who belonged to the Christian Church, he was pressured to make a confession of faith. At the time that church was organized at Meade, Kansas, Brother and Sister Scott inducted him into the simple requirements for membership. He accepted them and held faithfully to them during the rest of his life. The requirements he spoke of most often were the sensible attitude toward conversion, the broadness of invitation for communion, and the satisfying experience of baptism by immersion.

When I was a child my father, an elder in the Christian Church at Mt. Sterling, Illinois often led the social meeting, when there was no preacher to deliver a sermon. The meeting consisted of a song of praise, a prayer, the reading of a passage of scripture, the taking of the offering, the singing of a communion hymn and the celebration of the Lord's Supper with two elders offering thanks for the emblems.

Many times my father chose his selection from the Book of James. So much so that I inquired, Why? To which I received the answer, "It's my book to live by."

After a brief study of this book I agree with the answer. It is a book to live by and my father attempted to put its admonitions into practice. But those truths were to be found in other parts of the teachings of Christ with which he was familiar. It was the vivid language and rhetorical forms that stirred his active imagination and gave him such pleasure in reading those passages aloud.
Events in the Life of Edward Everett Clark

Was born June 28, 1862 in Pea Ridge Township, Brown County Illinois, on this birthday General George B. McClelland wrote a letter to President Lincoln deploring his defeat on the Peninsula. In the fall of 1868 I was taken by my parents to section 32, Missouri Township, Brown County Illinois. Having completed common Olive School, I was encouraged by my father to school myself further — hence in the fall of 1879 I entered Illinois College at Jacksonville, Illinois. I continued in this institution until June 7, 1883 when I graduated with degree of B.S. Was absent from Illinois College on term spring of 1881. After leaving college, I taught a term of school at number 1 Township of Missouri, Brown County, Illinois (1883-1884, 4 months).

The summer of 1884 I farmed with my father and brother, Benjamin. On August 30, 1884, I went to Kansas with my brother, Ben. We first stopped at Osborne, Osborne County and visited with William Burke family. From Osborne we crossed by stage to Great Bend. At Great Bend we took the A. T. Santa Fe Railroad and proceeded to Dodge City. Dodge was the termini of four great trails namely: Camp Supply, Tuttle, Jones and Plummer and Adobe Walls. We followed the Jones and Plummer trail which led us and grass, here we stopped at a road house and ranch with Hutchinson, September 15 or 16, 1884. Our stay with Hutchinson was short. The next day we proceeded in the direction of James Mounes’s Ranch (Mounce family lived in Mt. Sterling, Ill.).

We passed Geo. Fowler’s home and rested for a few minutes at a shade where some supplies were sold — this eventually grew to be the beautiful little city of Fowler, Meade Co., Kansas.

After leaving Fowler we encountered a herd of 1,000 head of Texas half breed cattle. This was a common occurrence on this trail.

Hungry and tired we left the trail and sought the Post Office of Belle Meade hoping to find shelter and rest for the Lord’s day was approaching. But before reaching this point we fell into the ranch house of one Peter Blair. Mr. Blair consented to keep us a few days and show us the country. This he did and my brother had several shots at ducks, antelope, and prairie dogs. It was here that Ben left me and returned to Illinois. I purchased a small Indian pony and road over a great part of Meade Co., located a timber claim.

In the month of November 1884 I bought 1,700 head of sheep for spring delivery. The winter proved severe and the stock suffered for want of food. When spring arrived I received about 1,200 of the original number.

The summer of 1885 I ranched near Belle Meade. This year, 1885, was very active in settlement and town building in Meade Co. I was a stockholder in Belle Meade Town Co. (a failure) also was a member of the original town Co. of Meade Center and saw it ultimately become the county seal of Meade Co.

The bad winter of 1885-86 was passed on Skull Creek with little loss of stock. Skull Creek derived its name from the skull of a man who was found dead on this little creek after the Indian raid fall of 1878 (Chief Dull Knife). It was while camped on this little creek, that we had the famous war scare of 1885. No Indians appeared, however we watched one night for them.

In July 1886 I moved my stock to a small tributary of lower Crooked Creek. Nothing of importance happened here except the loss of two dogs by poison.

In November, 1886 I located on a great bend of Crooked Creek and established winter quarters. From here, 50 miles south of Dodge, I trailed 300 wethers to that city and traded them for lots, selling the lots at some profit in 1887.

Late in the fall of 1886 I entered into an agreement with S. E. Elmore to run sheep on the shares. This arrangement only lasted me one year when I bought him out and sold the stock in the fall of 1887.

During the winter of 86-87, I came east and was married to Meribah E. Ritchey, January 20, 1887. The following March we went via Dodge City to Meade Center Kansas.

It was while living in Meade that we had an experience with the Prairie Fire described so graphically in Willie G. Emerson’s novel “Beul Hampton.” The fire was terrifying but did not damage us materially.

Built two houses in Meade summer of 1887. Meribah, my oldest child, was born, November 9, 1887. Was employed by E. W. Williams as salesman up to March 1888 when I purchased a relinquishment in the territory Northeast of Meade where Artesian water had been found, built a two-room sod house on this claim and lived in the same from March 1888 to September 1888. While casting around for employment I secured a school for the winter of 88-89 (6 months) in District No. 1, the oldest and most important rural school in the county. It was here that some cowboys tried to drive me from the school by obtaining the key and locking the door, they failed in their purpose.

The spring of 1889, I purchased a restaurant and conducted the same for two months. My father visited me in May 1889 and pronounced a future for the country.

Business prospects being exceedingly bad in the summer of 1889, I decided to change location and accordingly bid farewell to Meade Kansas. August ’89 and located in my present home West Franklin St., Mt. Sterling.

This year, ’89 saw the beginning of a period of
teaching which ended at the commencement of the present century. Namely: Fargo, '89-'90; Clark, '90-'91; Clark, '91-'92; Chaddock College, '92-'93; Fargo, '93-'94; Hersman, '94-'95; Hersman, '95-'96; Private Instructer, '96-'97; Hersman, '97-'98; Mt. Sterling High School, '98-'99; Clark, 1899-1900; Clark, 1900-1901; Hersman, 1901-1902.

Visited world's Columbian Exposition June 1893 in company with my wife. My father died June 30, 1896, and during the next six months assisted executors in settlement of estate. I became interested in the land and purchased 40 acres from the executors, which I shortly sold and 44 acres which I retained. In the Fall of 1902 I purchased the Wheat farm of 330 acres North of Mt. Sterling and sold it by January of 1903. In October 1903 I bought the Smith farm of 320 acres in Pike County and traded it to William Kerr for 160 acres in Brown County. This Kerr land I traded to Charles Brown of Griggsville, Ill. The small tract at Griggsville was purchased by Mr. John George in 1904 (July).

In company with my wife and two children Meribah and James I attended the Lewis and Clark Exposition at St. Louis June 21-28, 1904. August 1905 I commenced in an office to do Realty business — was associated with Mr. A. J. Houston until October 1907 when we dissolved. During the winter of 1911 and 12 I completed a Genealogical and Historical table of the Clarks of Guilford Court House, North Carolina. My business has called me several times to visit Missouri, Arkansas, Oklahoma. The longest trip was made Sept. 15, 1909 in company with my son. We visited Wichita, Kans., Enid and El Reno, Okla.; Amarillo and Dolhart, Texas; Meade, Kans.; Kansas City and other small places. On January 1st, 1913 I retired from the superintendency of the Christian S S after a term of 18 years, 8 mo. service.


(The above was written by E. E. Clark.)

The Clark Line

GENERATION I
William Clark — Will recorded 1782.

GENERATION II
Susanna Clark married Thomas Clark (Will dated 1781).

GENERATION III
Sarah Clark Tinnen.
Mary Clark New.
William Clark.
Abner Clark (1777-1849).

GENERATION IV
Calvin Clark.
Inetta Clark Wilgus.
Delilah Clark Coffman (mother of Clayton Coffman and Lydia Coffman Ritchey).
Purlina Clark Rigg (grandmother of Randall Glasgow).

GENERATION V
John Harrison Clark (1844-1849).
Alexander Hadden Clark (1848-1917).
Abner Clark (1850-1935).
William A. Clark (1852-1917).
Edward E. Clark (1862-1936).

GENERATION VI
Meribah Clark b 1887.
James R. Clark (1890-1961) m Laura Clemons b 1896.

GENERATION VII
Ruth Clark b 1915 m Wayne Peacock.
Virginia Clark b 1918 m Walter White.
Clemons Clark (1921-1945).
Lola Clark b 1923 m Stephen French.
James Rolland Clark b 1926.
Donald E. Clark b 1932  m Carol Cox.
George A. Clark b 1934  m Betty McCoy.
The Thomas Clark family were all in Logan County, Ky. by 1800 from Orange Co., N.C.
The Abner Clark family were in Brown County, Ill. in 1835.

I cannot tell how the truth may be; I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

— Sir Walter Scott
The Rankin Family

John Rankin (1779-1856). Mother was named Johnson (Tyrone Co., Ireland). His brothers and sisters were:
   Samuel Rankin.
   Matthew Rankin.
   Jane Rankin.
   Mary Ann Rankin.

John Rankin married Mary Jane Hadden (1795-1862). They came to America in 1825 and settled at Philadelphia where they lived about a year and then moved to a farm close to Philadelphia then to Illinois in April 1835.

The children of John and Mary Hadden Rankin were:
   A. Ann Rankin (1821-?).
   B. Eliza Rankin (1823-1867) married Francis A. Clark (1820-1896) in 1843.
      Children were:
      John (1844-1849).
      Katherine Clark McMurray (1846-1941).
      Alexander H. Clark (1848-1917).
      Abner Clark (1850-1935).
      William A. Clark (1853-1917).
      Lydia Clark McDonnal (1858-1910).
      Edmund Knowles Clark (1855-1858).
      Edward E. Clark (1862-1936).
   C. Jane Rankin (1825-1905) m Benjamin Bond (1827-1865).
      Children were:
      John A. Bond (1852-1935).
      Louisa Bond (Sept. 1855).
      Lizzie Bond Clark (1856-1882).
      Mollie Bond Rigg (1858-1916).
      Julia Bond Clark (1861-1904).
      William B. Bond (1863-1915).
      E. Louisa Rankin Knowles (1858, aged 28 years) married Edmund Knowles (died 1854).
      Daughter Mary Knowles Coffman (1854-1931).

Hadden Family

John Hadden m Elizabeth Midlow.
Children:
   Mary Jane Hadden m John Rankin.
   Alexander Hadden.
   Richard Hadden.
   Archibald Hadden.
   John Hadden.
   Elizabeth Hadden m John Reid. They lived in Wheeling, W. Va.
   Hadden (Unknown).
   Margaret Hadden.

THE RITCHIEY-CLARK HOME
Part III

Meribah E. Clark

Section F – 1

Meribah Eliza Clark
1887-?

Meribah Clark was born in Meade, Kansas on November 9, 1887 but has no memories of that city as her parents returned to Mt. Sterling in 1889. She attended grade and High School there graduating in a class of seven in 1905. That Fall she entered the University of Illinois where life became an adventure in an exciting new world.

From early childhood her father impressed upon her that at the age of eighteen she would be fully responsible for herself.

As a young child she had made up her mind that she would be a graduate of the University of Illinois. How could she do both of these at once? It was her dilemma. Her father who loved her provided the answer by offering to finance the first two years of college. Then teaching seemed the most logical vocation open to her. How lucky, for she spent forty-four happy years in teaching, interspersed by attendance at college where she refueled her mind with new information and teaching techniques ... and thru travel broadened her view point and kindled her sympathy and interest for all mankind.

During the early years (1905-1919) her father insisted that she stay at home during the vacations. How wise. Here she did physical labor, had lots of sleep, plenty of good food and gained a perspective for the next year. The year 1927 she spent mostly on the living room couch as she recuperated from a broken appendix and removal of a tumor. After her tonsils were removed in 1938 she became a new woman with vitality and strength she had not known in her earlier years.

The long evenings spent on the side porch with her mother, father and Uncle Abner are precious memories. They talked of current happenings; of farming and crops; of religion; of family relationships; of historical events, especially those of the Civil War of which her father and Uncle Abner were well informed; and much time was given to happenings on Pea Ridge where the Clark family lived until 1868. Why did she not listen more intently? and remember more?

And what fun and satisfaction she had with the five older nieces and nephews, the teas, looking at the four o’clocks, picking wild roses down the lane, walking to the back barn, picnics at the hundred acres, and other adventures to neighborhood parts. She always regretted that Donald and George were not a part of these expeditions.

After the death of her mother and father she cleared the house where she had been reared to be sure of her feeling about it. It became only a house so she sold it and established her home with Inez Morris at 1111 South Sixth Street, Terre Haute, Ind. where they lived on the first floor and rented three other apartments. Here they lived until December 1955.

Teaching had been great fun but on retirement she was glad to be free to do other things. Accordingly she took college courses in grammar, English Composition and Journalism hoping to correct some of her recognized weakness in English composition. She regretted that she did not have time to take some courses in poetry before she left Terre Haute.

An automobile accident at Roaring Spring, Pa. in 1955 made her realize that she should plan for the last period of her life. She decided to return to Mt. Sterling where she had family and her inherited property.

She wondered if the community would accept her. They did. She became the teacher of a Sunday School class of over thirty women.

It was not easy for her to see that class disintegrate largely thru death until in 1977 only one woman is able to attend S S and Church. In 1974 she became the teacher of a class of young adults who are a challenge and joy even tho she feels inadequate to meet their needs.

While devotion chairman of the Christian Women’s Fellowship she led a prayer group thru
which she developed spiritually. Florence Jones, Mrs. Luse, Ethel Harney, Louise Noble and Ida Phelps were the central core of the group. Ida’s playing of the great hymns and enthusiasm added zest. Thru the monthly study lessons of Christian Women’s Fellowship she has been able to become informed on needs of Christians throughout the world and it has provided an avenue thru which to make contributions.

She has been an active member of the Twentieth Century Club since 1956, a member of the Mt. Sterling Public Library Board since 1957, and was representative of Mt. Sterling Library on the Great Rivers Library Board from 1967-1973.

Other organizations in which she has paid memberships are: National Education Association, National Council for the Social Studies, Indiana State Historical Society, Illinois State Historical Society, Schuyler-Brown Historical and Genealogical Society, National Retired Teachers Association, Indiana Retired Teachers Association, Schuyler-Brown County Retired Teachers Society, Delta Kappa Gamma, Farm Bureau. The only organization in which she has been really active during the last twenty years has been the local Historical Society. She has felt that she has missed an educational opportunity in not having been active in Farm Bureau as she has needed education in farm practices.

Socially she has had all she had time for. Lulu Saxer, Cora Clark, Ora Glasgow, Effie Vieth, Lillie Carnicle, Ethel Harney welcomed her into a Scrabble group where she spent many happy evenings and with regret she saw them buried one by one.

As soon as she felt settled she began to think about a worthwhile project to get busy on.

She accordingly brought up to date the Clark Genealogy that her father and Daisy Clark had compiled and published in 1912. Then she and her brother recorded the burials in the cemeteries of the county. This task was begun in Oct. 1957 and completed in Sept. 1960, seven months before he died. By working thru the relationship of those buried in each cemetery she became acquainted with the early families in the county.

Thru the efforts of Sibley Gaddis, a Schuyler-Brown Historical and Genealogical Society was organized in 1966. In township meetings of that society material was gathered for a book, “The History of Brown County 1880-1970” (775 pages) which was published in 1972 by that society.

Then the cemetery records were rechecked, other material added and “Cemeteries of Brown County 1825-1972” (668 pages) was published in 1975. Family histories were included in both volumes. Meribah Clark and Marjorie Cleaves were co-editors of both books.

The gathering and publishing of material on the Ritchey Family may be Meribah’s last book, maybe not.

Teaching and College Attendance Record
1905-1907: University of Illinois.
1907-1909: Richmond School, Champaign Co., Salary $45 a month. First year, 7 mos., second year 8 mos.
1909-1910: University of Illinois.
1910-1912: Fourth Grade, Bement, Ill. Salary $50 and $55, 9 mos.
1912-1913: University of Illinois.
1913-1915: Three year High School, Findlay, Ill. Salary $65 and $70, 8½ mos.
1915-1918: One half year at University of Illinois. Two and one-half years at Shelbyville, Ill. Salary $80 and $85, 9 mos. Taught History and English.
1918-1919: Columbia City, Ind. History and English, salary $115 mo.
1919-1920: One half year at Teachers College, New York City. One half year at Peabody Demonstration School, Nashville, Tenn.
1920-1926: Peabody Demonstration School, Nashville, Tenn. History teacher, beginning at $1600 a year. Taught three eight weeks Summer Schools.
1926-1927: At Mt. Sterling, too ill to teach.
1927-1954: Indiana State Normal School, later Indiana State College, now Indiana State University, Terre Haute, beginning salary $2200. Associate Professor of Education, taught five or six summer school, 8 weeks.
Aug. 1954: Retired after twenty-seven years of teaching in Indiana, seven years in Tennessee and ten years in Illinois.

Summer School Attendance
Above the Master’s Degree
1928: Chicago University, 6 credits.
1929: Columbia University, 6 credits.
1938: University of Iowa (Iowa City), 8 weeks credits.
1939: International People’s College, Elsinore, Denmark, 3 weeks, no cred.
1942: Cornell University, 8 weeks, 8 credits.
1945: American University, 8 weeks, 8 credits.
1946: American University, 6 weeks, 6 credits.
1949: American University, 6 weeks, 6 credits.
1950: New York Uni, 3 weeks, 3 credits. Two credits University of Indiana. Eighteen credits Culver Stockton College.

Travel Experience
1915: To the Expositions at San Francisco and Santa Diago, with my parents. Side trips to Santa Fe, N.M., Grand Canyon and Red Bluff, Cal., Colorado and Salt Lake City.
1923: To Europe for tour of six countries with Gladys Eade.


1937: To Colorado and other points west to visit Aunt Kate McMurry.

1939: To England, Denmark, Holland, Sweden, Norway, Finland and Germany, war declared Sept. 1, 1939.

Later Trips


1956: To Austin, Texas to dedication of Delta Kappa Gamma Headquarters, also trip to New Orleans and Houston, Texas; to Mexico with group from Evansville, Ind.; to South America with NEA group; to Puerto Rico and Jamaica with C.W.F.; to Eastern Canada with group from Evansville, Ind.; to Mexico with C.W.F.

1957: To England, France, Spain, Portugal and Morocco with Gladys Eade.

1960: To South Eastern U.S. with Sibley and Eleanore Gaddis; to British Columbia with Geology group from I.S.U.; to Alaska, alone.

1965: To Kansas and Oklahoma with Rolland and Laura Clark.

1974: To Kansas and Missouri with Virginia and Ruth.

1976: Upper Peninsula of Michigan with Taimi Lahti to Finn Fest.

Along the way she has felt deep affection for special people; her parents, brother, his wife and seven children, Aunt Kate, Mary and Lucy McMurry; Mary Dunn and Charles Ritchey, Uncle Abner and Aunt Julia who expressed confidence in her during her early years and Inez Morris with whom she lived most of thirty years. Her death in Feb. 1976 left a void that was never filled.

The members of the “Cabin Gang” Helen Reeve, Florence Myrick, Flora Smith, Helen Price, Mary McBeth, Margaret Gillum, Mary Reed, Geraldine Shontz, Mrs. Burford and Faye Griffith, Inez Morris and Meribah Clark, all employed by Indiana State Teachers University rented a cabin in Hulman Woods for ten years. Here they came for social gatherings and recreation and as unbelievable as it seems there was never a rift in friendship at any time. After a cyclone struck the owner could not afford to clear the area so sold it. In 1977 there are still five members alive but they are badly scattered.

Other enduring friendships made along the way:

Childhood: Alta Reger, Wilma Curry, Grace Goodley, Alta McDannold and Carolina Norris.

School: Pattie Singleton, Emma Hodgson, Margaret Robison and Hester Croxton.

College: Mamie Clark, Grace and Fern Worrell, Nelle Rutledge, Vera Snook, Gladys Eade, Mary Felter, Carrie Rooth.

Teaching Days: Country, Mrs. John Magee; Bement, Mable Tobin, Lillie Bowyer, Alta Henry; Findlay, Mrs. Tom Fleming, Mrs. John Will Atkinson, Elsie Beatty; Shelbyville, Mrs. John Kenziel, Katherine Patterson, Florence Mose, Estella Grissom; Nashville, Mrs. Carpenter, Mrs. Louise Jacob; Terre Haute, Dean Bond, Ethel Ray, Blanche Fuqua, Carrie Welch, Myrtle Posey, Florence Quilling, Gertrude Ewing; Students, Beulah Knecht, Marian Murphy, Dillard Jacobs, Carl Zibart, Mary Mel Clements, Wayne Coltharp, Richard Gemmecke, Max Allen, Myngle Dorsett, Mauritine McClure, Christine Nehf, Taimi Lahti, Audrey Pittman, Peggy Kidder, Emerelous Van Cleave.

There have been outstanding principals too: C. B. Guinn, a Christian gentleman, scholar and teacher; Mr. Alexander Lyle, who took pride in training young teachers and joy in seeing them pass on to better paying jobs; W. H. Yarbrough, who really loved children and appreciated the good qualities of teachers and knew how to make them all want to do better; Mr. Cloyd Anthony, who had no hesitation in picking up a hot potato and last but not least, Olis J. Jamison, who was able to steer his school and faculty thru both smooth and troubled waters beset by administration, college faculty, training school faculty, parents and children with a minimum of friction.

Many people contributed to Meribah’s maturity and spiritual development but a few stand out in particular. Dr. W. C. Bagley in development of her educational philosophy which placed her in the conservative field of educational thought. Stephen E. Fisher, who pointed out to her the necessity for forgiveness of personal wrong. Miss Estella Haskin, who showed her how ostracise and prejudice could be met triumphantly. Mary Debardeleben, who overcame race prejudice thru Christian love and also taught her how to really enjoy modern poetry. Eleanor Dunlap, who never seemed to think an evil thought of adult or child. And Mrs. Lucy McMullen, who gave her encouragement at every stage of her growth, from the time she said her first piece at the church on Children's Day until her last contacts when she encouraged her to start on a Doctor’s Degree. She made her feel that she could do anything. She even told her she was pretty.
Miss Meribah Clark Honored
By Historical Society

From “The Democrat Message” — May 11, 1977
The Schuyler-Brown Historical and Genealogical Society Spring Banquet was held Thursday evening, May 5 in the Mt. Sterling Christian Church where 181 members and friends assembled to enjoy the delicious dinner and the various aspects of the program, with Judge David K. Slocum presiding.

Following the Pledge of Allegiance the Star Spangled Banner led by Floyd McCaskill and the Invocation by Rev. John Binkley, President Solcum announced that the evening was “Meribah Clark Night” and Miss Clark was presented a corsage of spring daisies, a gift of the Brown County Society, which Vice-President Lois Glasgow pinned on her.

Miss Clark, members of her family, and special guests were escorted to a place of honor in the dining room. Miss Taimi Lahte, former student of Miss Clark when she was a teacher at the Indiana State University, came from Clinton, Iowa to be present for this occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Dearinger, Mt. Vernon, the editors of Outdoor in Illinois were also guests.

Following the dinner and a brief business meeting, a musical program by the 4-Cylinder-4, a Barbershop Quartet from Jacksonville, was enjoyed by the entire group. The quartet dedicated a number “Ain’t She Sweet” to Mr. and Mrs. Carlos Casteen of Versailles who were celebrating their 60th wedding anniversary on that day.

Glen Egbert, a member of the Historical Society Board gave a slide presentation of pictures which showed the various stages involved in the moving of the “Depot” from its original site to its new location at the Brown County Fair Grounds. Pictures taken of the Schuyler County Jail Museum during its restoration days were also shown.

The highlight of the evening began when President Slocum gave a worthy tribute to Miss Clark a member of the Historical Society. He then introduced individuals who paid special tribute to her in the following categories: Family, Church, Community Education and Heritage.

Ruth Peacock and George A. Clark, representing the nieces and nephews of the James and Laura Clark family each paid special tributes to “Auntie.” After Mrs. Peacock spoke a few well chosen words, she read a poem written by her sister, Mrs. Lola French of Elmhurst, which expressed the sentiments of all of the nieces and nephews. This poem was a clever combination of sentimental thoughts and humorous incidents which revealed the love and devotion for their favorite aunt. Following Mrs. Peacock’s remarks, her brother George added more words of appreciation. He also spoke of the current book that Miss Clark has compiled. It is the family story of Miss Clark’s mother (nee Meribah Ritchey). The book was written especially for this family and their descendants, that they too, might know and appreciate the past generations. He concluded his remarks by saying “Thank You, Auntie. We love you.”

Lois Glasgow in a brief and concise summary attested to Miss Clark’s participation in church activities. Being a member of the Mt. Sterling Christian Church, she has served as a Sunday School teacher for a number of years, a trustee of the church, a member of the Church Board, chairman of the Spiritual Life Committee, an active C.W.F. member and in many other capacities. Her stedfast devotion to her faith is a characteristic worthy of emulation.

George McCoy, representing the Community, reviewed Miss Clark’s numerous community activities and her cooperation in all civic affairs. He spoke of her work with the Mt. Sterling Library, the 20th Century Club, the Historical Society, the Bi-Centennial Commission and others. Her willingness to assist in community projects had always been outstanding.

Miss Clark’s contribution to Education was attested to by Miss Taimi Lahte, the “surprise guest” of the evening. She spoke of her happy association with Meribah for some fifty years and that Miss Clark’s zest for life, her joy of living, her capacity for keeping in contact with her many students, her interest in the history of Illinois and Indiana and the rest of the nation have deeply influenced her many students and vast acquaintances.

The final tribute, Heritage, was given by Marjorie Cleaves. After a few humorous and personal remarks, Miss Cleaves reminded the group of the two books, The History of Brown County and The Brown County Cemetery Book of which Miss Clark served as author. About 2500 of these books have been purchased and are being enjoyed by the people of this generation and will be cherished by future generations. Miss Cleaves said that it was the dream, the desire, the determination, the aspiration and the perseverance of Meribah Clark that caused these two books to be produced and that these two books are only a fragment of the “Great Heritage” that she has given to all of us.

Judge Slocum read portions of letters of tribute and appreciation from various organizations, including the Optimist, the Rotary, the T.T.T., the Mt. Sterling Library Board, the Great River Library System, the Historical Society, Twentieth Century, the City Council and the Brown County Board.
Miss Clark asked that she might say a few words of appreciation. She said that the whole affair was a complete surprise to her and declared that she enjoyed the entire evening. She expressed her appreciation and gratitude to her family, the Historical Society and the general public.

Judge Slocum, on behalf of the Brown County Historical Society presented Miss Clark with three books: Old Barns, The Seasons and Words of Life. These books were in appreciation for her devotion and loyalty to the society. She was also presented a scrapbook in which she may preserve the mementos of the evening including the tributes, the letters of appreciation, the photographs taken by Raymond Bullard and others and other reminders of “Meribah Clark Night.”

This happy occasion came to a close by the group singing, “Blest Be The Tie That Binds.”

Tribute To Auntie
By George Clark
Among our first recollection was a person we called “Auntie” — Her name was never mentioned, she was just “Auntie.”

Her visits were a highlight to the family. Walks in the woods, picnics, trips, cards to each of us from where ever she was. Numerous gifts, a deep interest in our education, and appreciation for music, plus an abundance of love. Through the years the same thoughts and love extended to our families.

In 1955 she returned to Brown County for what was supposed to be retirement, however, the past twenty-five years have probably been her busiest with her travels and many projects.

Not only has she been interested in history and genealogy of which she is known to you, but has also updated the Clark family genealogy and at this time has our family book at the publishers. She also has a vital interest in people, shut-ins, the less fortunate and people in all walks of life.

What a privilege it is to have her a part of our lives. “Auntie” we love you.

A Tribute To Auntie
Written by Lola Clark French
Read by Ruth Clark Peacock

Mere words cannot tell how we feel
About Auntie, who lives with such zeal,
We count ourselves blest
We would like to suggest
That her lifetime depicts an ideal.

We nieces and nephews recall
That she loved us before our first squall
Each child had his turn
To play and to learn
From a short auntie whose image is tall.

At a tea party, a picnic, or walk,
Nature lore was one topic for talk.
What summers were then!
We regretted it when
She returned to her blackboard and chalk.

Encouragement, counsel, tuition,
She gave for each worthwhile ambition.
For all kinds of lessons,
Recitals, processions,
These gifts paved the road toward fruition.

In retirement she never let down.
She returned to the County of Brown.
Here she teaches and writes
In a home that invites
At twenty-one steps above down town.

She gives us a great stimulation
To walk with a past generation
Her passion’s no mystery,
She’s hung up on history,
Which she delves in with much dedication.

Well, Auntie, what else can we say?
Just how will we ever repay
For all that you’ve done?
You’re our number one!
We want you to know this today!

The study of genealogy like charity should begin at home.
Part III
The James R. Clark Family

Section F - 2

James R. Clark

Obituary — Democrat Message March 15, 1961

James Ritchey Clark lived his seventy years in Brown County having been born in Mt. Sterling on Dec. 25, 1890, the son of Edward E. (1862-1936) and Meribah E. Ritchey Clark (1862-1934). He died March 11, 1961 in the house in which he was married on January 26, 1915 to Laura Clemons, daughter of William and Sydney Brown Clemons. Here their seven children were born and reared — Ruth (Mrs. Wayne Peacock), Virginia (Mrs. Walter White), Clemons E., Lola (Mrs. Steven French), J. Rolland, Donald E., and George A. The loss of Clemons, a war casualty who was killed in the Philippines on April 8, 1945 was hard for him to bear.

He attended Mt. Sterling schools for ten years leaving to work for Edwin Pendleton in the feedstore in 1907. Later he worked for the telephone company after a short period as bookkeeper in the First National Bank. In 1914 he began to farm which vocation he followed until 1936. He served as agent for the Railroad express for a short period and in 1945 became bookkeeper for Lee McClelland, a stock trader which he continued until his death.

When the County School unit was organized, he was an active member of the school board and he was a member of the Selective Service Board for years, during World War II. He affiliated with the Christian Church and his political preference was the Republican Party. He was a man who tried to deal fairly with all he met and he was remembered for his cheery whistling of “On the Banks of the Wabash” which had become a habit with him.

Written by Lola French

Tribute To James Clark

By Meribah Clark in 1961

James is gone. He died Saturday night, March 11, at 8:40 P.M. after about fifteen minutes of excruciating pain (coronary thrombosis). He had not been well but he went whistling about his daily business as usual. Only those nearest to him realized that his health was not up to par. He had had warnings — a pull off the road one morning as he drove Laura home from church — a fall on the street on Jan. 23 which the doctor said was from hardening of the arteries — inability to walk on the tour of the McCormick Center in Chicago on Feb. 22. He refused to appear alarmed at any of these symptoms and buried them deep in his heart as he had all his disappointments and hurts. Harry Prillmeyer told me that he had made a long list of men who had died a sudden death.

We were all glad that he had this last trip to Lola’s and Virginia’s. Rolland drove, so he had no responsibility — he just watched the countryside and enjoyed himself.

His last day followed the pattern of his regular routine — to the yards, paying of bills, to the bank, home at 12:15, a light meal, a nap, to Timewell to buy clover seed, a nap, to the food market where he bought meat to replenish the depleted locker compartment for the refrigerator, a nap, to the back barn in the truck with George to dump some trash in a ditch, supper, asleep on the couch until 8 p.m. then to bed.

Laura discovered he was sick when she reported a telephone call from Meribah inviting them to dinner on Sunday. He said he was sick. Laura took aspirin to him and realized that his agonizing pain might mean death. The doctor was called, Ruth and George were summoned, but he was beyond human help when they arrived.

He went as he desired. He watched life slowly ebb from his father and mother. He watched Lloyd and Wilma Mehl suffer without being able to give them relief. He hoped that he and his family might be spared that anguish.

James was an obedient, appreciative son, a faithful husband, an understanding father and an honest man in all his dealings. He was my little brother for 70 years and I miss him.

James Ritchey Clark — 1890-1961

By Meribah Clark in 1961

On Christmas Day (Dec. 25, 1890) in Mt. Sterling, Illinois, a son was born to Edward Everett and Meribah Ritchey Clark. He was a much desired child and much love and tender care was given him by his parents and grandmother, Eliza Ritchey, during a trying period of six months colic. When that was over he was termed a perfect baby that waxed strong and happy.

The grandmother died in December 1891, and
from that time on his family consisted of his parents and older sister, Meribah. The household was systematic and well ordered, where there was love and understanding between parents and where children felt secure but where respect and obedience were demanded.

James was an amiable child, a great favorite with his grandfather (Francis Asbury Clark) and his grandmother (Sarah Emily Burke) who lived up the street. There he went daily to pay a call after being sure he would not meet a dog, for he had great fear of them. As a preschool child he accompanied his mother on numerous calls, errands, and Ladies Aid, and never made any trouble as he entertained himself and enjoyed his snack of cookies as he sat quietly on the carefully spread newspaper. His early playmates were Burr McMillan, Carl and Hazel Hickman, Earl and Faye Konkle, Frank McCabe, Curtis Black, Freddie Scherff and Bessie Condee. Floyd and Abner Clark, his cousins, were his best friends, whom he loved thru the years and over whose deaths he grieved. Floyd died in 1913 of tuberculosis and Abner in 1951 of heart failure.

The Clark and Ritchey uncles and aunts lived in the country close to Mt. Sterling and as soon as he learned to ride grandmother's horse, Eva, he spent lots of time at Uncle Bob's and Uncle Alex Ritchey's, at Uncle Alex and Uncle Billie Clark's, and at Aunt Kate McMurray's. The visits with Floyd at Uncle Ben and Aunt Nannie Clark's at Perry Springs Station and Clayton, Ill. were highlights of his youth.

Uncle Alex Clark who lived from 1879-1918 in bed and wheel chair moved from his farm (the Dwight Armstrong Place) to Mt. Sterling about 1900 and James became his chore boy, milking the cow and doing his errands. Uncle Alex depended on him and had a great influence on his later life. He persuaded James to feed a bunch of cattle for him when he was a freshman in high school. That meant that he did not complete his botany and from that time he lost interest in school and quit entirely in his sophomore year.

He was started to school four months before he was six. He was afraid to start as Burrell Badgett had told him he would get whipped. He learned very quickly and was a good student — not a star. He was interested in school and respectful to teachers. He took no part in any misbehavior but nothing passed him and he had pleasure in relating the events of the day at the supper table at night.

From about the age of twelve he worked on the farm for Frank Clark, with Mr. Daggett and Mr. Shaffer. When he quit school he began work for Frank in a feedstore (in the express room). When Frank sold out to Ed Pendleton, he moved to the store on West Main and worked with George Keyser and Elwood Shaffer. Pendleton was manager of the telephone company and James worked there with Orville Rutledge, Gene Hambaug, Charles Horton, and William Purcell. He also kept books at the First National Bank for eight months.

But the farming was in his mind and finally he persuaded his father to let him farm the eighty acres west of town with help of George Vance. In the summer of 1914, he and his mother, after argument, prevailed on his father to build a house there. He and his prospective wife, Laura Clemons, furnished it and on Jan. 26, 1915, were married there by Allen T. Shaw, pastor of the Christian Church with his parents, Mary McMurray, his cousin, and Mae Jones as witnesses. Here they lived for forty-six years; here their seven children were born and grew to adulthood; here they grieved over the loss of the eldest son, Clemons Edward, a war casualty of World War II on April 8, 1945, and here, in the south room upstairs, he died on March 11, 1961.

The children left the nest gradually. Virginia married Walter White in August, 1940; Ruth married Wayne Peacock in June, 1942; Lola married Stephen French, Jr. in Nov. 1948; George married Betty McCoy, Dec. 7, 1954, and Donald married Carol Cox, August, 1957, and Rolland married Geraldine Daniels in March 1961. His family was the center of his life. He loved his wife, understood her, sympathized with her and was true to her in word and deed. He loved his children and wanted them with him. He rejoiced in their successes and good behavior. He grieved over their mistakes, buried them deep in his heart and controlled his tongue. He accepted each new member of the family with understanding and respected their rights as they came along. We appreciated the love Virginia expressed for him when the first grandchild was named James White. The other grandchildren were David White, Margaret Ruth White, Douglas French, Robert Peacock, Mary Elizabeth White, Emily French, Stephen French, Edward Clark, Laura Ann French, Beth Clark, Richard French, Max Clark and Jeffery Clark. But James liked all children and from earliest childhood made good with them. His sweet tooth meant that he usually had candy and cracker jacks on hand which he shared with them.

The twenty-five years that he lived with his parents he attended Sunday School and church regularly and he was always willing to take his children to religious services but he did not seem to gain much spiritual strength thru church services. But this did not keep him from leading a christian life. He applied the principles of love, honesty, fair dealing, and sympathy for the weak in his daily life. He became a member of the church in January of 1906, and retained a great interest in it, was zealous for its success, and supported financially, but took no
responsible for leadership. After a church quarrel in 1910, when he felt that conscientious leaders were persecuted unjustly, he refused to accept any church offices.

His father was of a deeply religious nature. He felt that religion must be practiced hence his interest in church and community affairs. He was also a man of great imagination and loved to talk with all people. His mother was a trained housekeeper who was always willing to manage one or two extra at any meal. As a result, there were many guests, among these many preachers, and other guests; some enjoyable, some tiresome, some impossible. But James never seemed to remember any but the tiresome and hypocritical ones. This with financial experience of Uncle Ben, who lost heavily because of partnership with two preachers and experience with Uncle Abner who took use of his machinery and equipment for granted and never returned in as good condition, built up within him a strong antipathy to preachers.

As a boy he whistled a great deal and as the years went by it became a habit that he whistle every place he went. That familiar tune “On the Banks of the Wabash” will be missed by his family and casual acquaintances alike. Many a hurt and heartache were hidden beneath it and because of it some have felt he was happy go lucky. Far from it. He was a serious, methodical person who had no spirit of let life go hang. He did have the ability to hide his feelings and not worry about things he could not help.

He was routined as a small child to very regular hours of eating and sleeping which he retained all his life. He relaxed easily so could sleep whenever and wherever he needed to. He had great pleasure in driving his car and was always ready to go somewhere for a ride or a short visit.

The last sixteen years of his life he worked for McClellan and McPhail and later for McClellan after the partnership was dissolved. He loved Lee McClellan and suffered with him as he struggled with family and financial reverses. The men who worked and loafed around the yards were much a part of his life. Some that he talked about were George Markert, Bill Drew, Harry Prillmeyer, Elsa Carpenter, Joe Davis, Gene Hetrick, Art McCoy, Deeter Boys, Ernest Meyers, Arkle and Marshall Reich, Jim DeJaynes, Oakie Bailey, Wallace Taylor, Enos McPhail and Tom Haber.

James was surrounded by love when he was born, he practiced the law of love all his life, and he was surrounded by more love when he died, as there were the sister, the wife, the six children and their families to extend it.

Married in Their Own Home
Democrat-Message Jan. 27, 1915

The long looked for has come to pass. It happened last night at 8 o’clock, when James R. Clark and Laura Clemons were united in marriage. For some time past the numerous friends of these young people have been predicting and guessing, but each time their predictions proved false and their guesses bad.

The ceremony which united these happy hearts was performed by Rev. Alan T. Shaw, pastor of the Christian church in this city, at the new and cozy little home just west of the city which the groom has had in readiness for the reception of his bride for several weeks. The wedding was a very quiet affair, only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties being present. The new home, with its pretty decorations, offered an appropriate place for just such an event, and at the close of the ceremony an elegant wedding supper was served.

The groom in the above transaction, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Clark of this city, and is a young man of sterling worth. Until recently he has been connected with the telephone company in this city, and in whatever capacity he has served he has always acquitted himself with honor. He recently resigned his position with the telephone company, and expects to follow the pursuits of agriculture in the future and we predict that he will make a success of it. His bride, a daughter of Mrs. Sidney Clemons, is a young lady of pleasing personality and is in every way fitted to make the man of her choice a valuable helpmate through life. Both are workers in the Sunday School of the Christian Church and are respected and esteemed by all our people.

The many friends of these young people will join heartily with us in extending Congratulations and best wishes. May they experience many bright and beautiful Mondays with but few dreary Fridays and may they live long and be happy.

Laura Clemons Clark
By Lola French

When Laura Clemons took her wedding vows with James Ritchey Clark in January, 1915, she embarked on a self-sacrificing, full-time career as farm wife and mother which spanned about forty years.

Her beloved home, newly built on the Clark property a mile and a quarter west of Mt. Sterling, in which she was married and in which all seven children were born and raised, was the focal point of her life. It offered a precious stability that had sometimes been absent during her early years. She had no desire to leave it for any length of time.

Laura’s parents were William F. Clemons (1858-1898) and Sidney Brown Clemons (June 28, 1860-June, 1952), who were married Oct. 15, 1888, by a minister
named Samuel Palmer. Mrs. Palmer was a witness.

Born Oct. 12, 1894, Laura was the fourth of their five children. The others include: James Latin (Dec. 2, 1887-March, 1957); Cassie, Mrs. C. V. Ellison (April 26, 1889), now a resident of Prescott, Ariz.; Mary, Mrs. Mike Devoe (May 6, 1891), who lives in Lebanon, Neb.; and Wilma, Mrs. Lloyd S. Mehl (June 1, 1899-Dec. 2, 1950).

“Billy” and “Sid” Clemons lived first about five miles east of Mt. Sterling, in a house just south of Route 24 which belonged to her sister Nancy. Their first child, James, was born there. Cassie was born in another home a short distance to the northwest. Then the family moved to Pea Ridge, where Laura’s father lived and worked on a farm in the Pevehouse neighborhood. Here Mary, and a baby boy who lived about two months, were born.

About this time it was discovered that William was suffering from cancer on one hand. Together with John Craven, who had a similar condition, he went to Indianapolis for medical treatment. Mr. Craven’s hand was removed and he had no more trouble with cancer. William Clemons’ treatment was not so successful, and after two or more surgical procedures and a tedious illness, he died in 1898, in December.

Shortly after the onset of his illness, the family moved to Ripley, where they resided and worked in the old hotel. Laura was born in Ripley. Subsequently they moved to Mt. Sterling, where Wilma was born — six months after the death of her father.

At the time of his death, the family lived in the Alex Curry house on the south side of East Main Street. After his death, they moved to a house built by Laura’s Grandfather Clemons on the east side of the Pittsfield Road, just south of Route 24.

Times were hard for Sidney after she was widowed. She “took in washing” for income and received help from the county. Taking her small child along, she worked as a housekeeper for Slater Burgesser and son, and for the James Stout family. The older children worked.

Laura started to school in Mt. Sterling; but when she was 8 or 9, her mother consented — and it was a hard decision — to let her live with John Henry (1850-1905) and Emily Rush Wilgus (1858-1922). They had no children and provided Laura with a good home. She then enrolled in Howe school east of Mt. Sterling, and attended Hazel Dell Sunday School and Church. After John Wilgus’ death, Laura went with “Aunt Em” to Clarence, Mo., for a short time to be nearer to Mrs. Wilgus’ niece. Laura came back to live with her mother and Wilma in Mt. Sterling and there she finished grade school.

A bright, capable student, Laura did especially well in English grammar and spelling. She loved diagramming sentences and participating in spelling bees. More than once as a child and as an adult she was “last man up” in spell downs.

In her early teens, Laura did housework and errands for Dr. Dearborn and his wife. Her main job before marriage, however, was with the telephone company, where she served as an operator, made collections, and met her future husband, James, who at the time was working as a telephone lineman.

Their seven children include: Ruth Maxine, Dec. 1, 1915; Virginia Mae, June 7, 1918; Clemons Edward, Feb. 6, 1921; Lola Gertrude, Feb. 13, 1923; James Rolland, Jan. 20, 1928, Donald Eugene, June 28, 1932; and George Allen, July 20, 1934.

“Woman’s work is never done” — Laura’s life in those busy years so exemplified that old saying. Besides the routine cooking, cleaning, washing, ironing, and child care, there was gardening, raising chickens, canning fruits and vegetables, preserving meat, baking bread, and packing endless school lunches. Particularly in the winter time, there was frequently one or more sick children to be nursed. At least four times there were critical illnesses: rheumatic fever, diphtheria, scarlet fever and nephritis.

The only times when she had “hired” help with housework were when a nurse/housekeeper came in for a few days after the birth of a baby. Her mother-in-law helped immeasurably by sewing and mending clothing for the children. Sometimes she would come out and spend a whole day cleaning out the mending basket.

Laura’s mother sometimes helped at housecleaning time — beating rugs and washing walls and woodwork. Laura visited by telephone with both grandmothers at least once a day, and sometimes oftener if there were a sick child or some other crisis. The grandmothers relieved Laura of preparation of holiday dinners: Grandma Clemons had the Thanksgiving dinner, and Grandma Clark the Christmas meal, in the early years. Aunt Meribah provided educational stimulation, money for music lessons, and many enrichment experiences.

The Clark children were readied and taken to Sunday School but Laura did not find time to be active in church life herself until her household was smaller. She always was interested in her children’s school work and was supportive and modestly proud of their successes. She helped in grammar and spelling homework, leaving tutoring in geography and mathematics to their father.

Laura showed that she was content with her life and often said that she wouldn’t change places with anyone. She had fun with her children and enjoyed joking, clowning and mimicking.

One thing which sometimes saddened her was the thought that her own children might not appreciate
their educational and material advantages. Remembering her own, sometimes austere childhood, she was thankful that her children had more economic security. When she did speak of her early life, it was never in a complaining or self-pitying way. She had few memories of her father (he was gone before she was 5), but she often spoke of her mother’s strength and generosity.

Nearly all of her social life was with her family and relatives. There were Sunday dinners at home with fried chicken and homemade ice cream; also picnics at the 100-acres, at Siloam Springs, or in a country schoolyard. There were outings to pick berries or gather nuts.

She loved her children and found it painful when they left home, either for schooling or to get married. One of her hardest adjustments was following the loss of her first son, Clemons, in 1945.

Five years later she grieved with her mother after the death of her sister Wilma. Laura had counted on the continuation of their sisterly closeness through middle and golden years. When her husband James died suddenly, in 1961, it was like losing a part of herself. Her subsequent years of living alone were not easy, and she realized how much she had leaned on his faithful affection and good judgment.

A few years of independence and social activity followed. She began driving herself to church and to shop, and enjoyed being with her sister-in-law and a circle of friends. In a few short years she became afflicted with Parkinson’s disease, which aged her too soon. She was able to stay in her home for four extra years because her granddaughter, Margaret White, a kindergarten teacher in Mt. Sterling, lived with her and helped her tremendously. Because of her need for constant supervision, she went to reside at Modern Manor home in Mt. Sterling in February, 1974.

The Brown Family

Earliest records available of the family of Laura’s mother, Sidney Brown Clemons, show that Laura’s great grandfather, James G. Brown, obtained N1/4 of NE3/4 Sec. 7 in Cooperstown Township, Brown County, from the government on Nov. 9, 1836.

His son, John Rolland (1815-1880) was married twice. His first wife was Mary Allenthorp (1829-1866). Their children were four daughters: Harriet (18—-1897); Nancy Ellen (1851-1920); Amanda (1858-1925) and Sidney (1860-1952).

Harriet and her husband, Shepherd Shields, lived in Rushville. They had no children.

Nancy married Francis Bailey (1843-1926) and was the mother of one son, Rolland (1883?-1957). “Rollie,” a barber, lived his later years in Cordova, Ill. He had no children.

Amanda was married three times. First, she married James F. Bailey on Aug. 6, 1877. They had one daughter, Eugenia (1882-1930) who married Arthur Kiser (1875-1965) and lived in Beardstown. They had four sons: William, Russell, Hazel and Lozelle.

Amanda’s second marriage was to Harvey L. Clark (1837-1896) on April 9, 1888. Their children were Florence (1890-1894) and Evalina (1896-1913). Amanda’s third marriage was to William T. Shields (d. 1906) on Oct. 10, 1898. He was a cousin to her sister Harriet’s husband, Shep. Amanda and William’s daughter, Susan, was born in 1900, married to Russell Logsdon, and resides in Springfield.

Sidney (1860-1952) was married to William Clemons. See the William Clemons family.

John Rolland’s second marriage was to Mary Hetrick (Nov. 8, 1833-Jan. 9, 1910). This second wife lived her last years in Ripley where she took great interest in the Methodist Church, acting as janitor and giving generously of her meager income. In her will she remembered sixteen people with small sums of money besides her brothers and sisters.

The tract of land taken from the government was sold by James and Elizabeth Brown of Rush County, Indiana to John Rolland and wife Mary Ann for $400 in Jan., 1849.

On April 1, 1852, it was sold by John R. and wife: Mary Ann Brown back to his father and mother for $500. William Allenthorp was the witness. John R. made his mark. Mary Ann signed her name.

James Brown’s estate was settled in probate court of Brown County Aug. 6, 1855. There was no record of land sale. Sale of personal property amounted to $67.50. A box of books brought $7.

William W. Brown gave a quit claim deed to the undivided 1/6 of the homestead to John Rolland Brown for $100 on July 13, 1877. Who the other four heirs might have been is a matter of conjecture. Aseneth Brown might be a member of the family, as he was administrator of the estate.

Ruth Clark Peacock

Ruth Maxine, the oldest child of Laura and James Clark, was born Dec. 1, 1915. She attended grade and high school in Mt. Sterling until 1933. She received her B.S. degree from Indiana State Teachers College at Terre Haute, Indiana in 1942. Her thirty-two years of teaching have been in Brown County schools and in Mt. Sterling. She is a member of Delta Kappa Gamma, a women’s Teacher organization. On June 6, 1942 she married Wayne Peacock who was born October 26, 1914 near Kellerville. Wayne is manager of Boydstun Lumber Company, a position he has held for 23 years making a total of 37 years with the company. He devotes his spare time to a small farm where he raises cattle. Wayne and Ruth both are
members of First Christian Church where Wayne serves as a deacon and Ruth is a pianist and organist. They have a son Robert, born Nov. 7, 1950. He is a 1969 Brown County High School graduate, and a 1970 Quincy Technical School graduate. He served two years in the U.S. Army and is presently employed in Jacksonville, as manager of Chanen’s Inc. He owns a nice home on an acre of ground in the Jacksonville area.

Some Memories
By Ruth Clark Peacock

I have many pleasant memories of my younger life in a farm home where I was the oldest of seven children. My mother’s life was devoted entirely to her family and its needs. When we were growing up she remained constantly at home. My father worked hard at farming. Our family was privileged in having grandparents and aunts who were interested and involved in our well-being and education. We lived in a country school district, but grandparents paid our tuition to go to Mt. Sterling grade school where, they thought, we would have more advantages.

Most of the time we walked the mile and a quarter to Mt. Sterling to school. Part of the road was not improved so when it was muddy we walked the fence rows. Sometimes neighbors would ‘give us a lift’ and once in a while it was a big thrill to ride in one of the buses the Wendt Brothers were driving to Mt. Sterling to start their regular run.

Many times I would stay overnight with my Grandmother and Grandfather Clark or my Grandmother Clemons and Aunt Wilma. At my Grandmother Clemons’ I got to sleep on a feather bed on a bed that folded out from a high piece of furniture. She baked a wonderful devil’s food cake which I took in my lunch. There were always candies as her neighbor and friend Stella Kosp had a candy kitchen and kept her in good supply.

My Grandmother Clark made good custard and baked very tasty ginger and sugar cookies. She also was an excellent seamstress and made many dresses for all three of us girls. My Grandfather Clark told interesting stories — real ones. I liked especially his Indian stories as he had lived in Kansas in a time of Indian troubles. He also had time to play games with us — dominoes, authors, and parchesi. Sometimes I would go with him to Wednesday night prayer meetings at church. My Grandmother took me with her to some of the missionary meetings she attended.

On Sunday afternoons the relatives gathered at our house where we usually had popcorn or crackerjack. Then those of us who were taking music lessons had a chance to perform to an interested audience. Grandparents and Aunt Meribah had seen to it that we had musical opportunities for which I am extremely grateful.

Aunt Meribah was a school teacher and we were her only nieces and nephews. We always looked forward to her arrival in Mt. Sterling as she usually brought us gifts — good books, jewelry, clothes, etc. She would take walks with us to the back barn or take us on picnics where one of our greatest foods was pork and beans eaten from the can.

When Dad was farming we enjoyed going with him to the North place where we were close to the Ritchey girls and could play with them in the granary. We rode with him to the Hundred Acres to look after the cattle. The trips in a loaded grain wagon to the elevator in town gave us a chance to go to a small grocery store nearby for candy or pop.

Some of our pastimes as children were: playing in the barn and hayloft; playing in sandboxes under the trees; and playing with paper figures cut from catalogs. We eagerly awaited the new catalogs to become out of date so we could cut out the people we wanted. Clothespins were used to build houses, roads, etc.

We were blessed with concerned, hard-working parents and relatives who put forth every effort to see that their children grow up to be useful citizens.

Virginia Clark White
By Margaret White

Virginia Mae, second daughter and second child of James Ritchey Clark and Laura Clemons Clark was born June 7, 1918 at the family home one mile west of Mt. Sterling, Illinois. She attended Mt. Sterling Grade School and High School. After graduation from high school in 1936, she attended the University of Illinois. On August 2, 1940 Virginia and Walter Edwin White were married. Having graduated from the College of Agriculture, Walter was ready to farm his home farm, part of which has been in the White family for four generations.

Virginia and Walter have been active in community affairs, serving as leaders in the small rural United Methodist Church of Seymour. Both have been leaders for 4-H Clubs for several years. Walter was elected as Township Clerk and is serving his fourth term. Virginia has been co-chairman of the Piatt County Red Cross Blood Program and is a member and chairman of the Piatt County Mental Health Board. Virginia was the first President of the White Heath Grade School P.T.A. in 1940. Both Virginia and Walter are interested in the Piatt County Historical Society, of which Virginia is currently serving as vice chairman and program chairman.

On April 15, 1942, a son James Edwin was born. On July 1, 1945 another son David Clark was born. January 20, 1948 the first daughter, Margaret Ruth,
was born. On January 27, 1951 the fourth child and second daughter, Mary Elizabeth, was born.

All four of the White children attended White Heath Grade School, White Heath, Illinois and Monticello High School, Monticello, Illinois. All four of the children were active in 4-H, as well as their Methodist Youth Fellowship. The boys were both in Boy Scouts, with David achieving the rank of Eagle.

After serving three years in the Air Force as an air traffic Controller, James Edwin graduated from the University of Illinois in 1969, majoring in Agriculture Economics. He is now employed as a Housing Specialist in the state office of the Farmers Home Administration in Champaign, Illinois.

David Clark White graduated from the University of Illinois in 1968. While attending the University, he was a member of the fencing team. He specialized in the use of the sabre, and became “Big Ten” Sabre Individual Champion in 1967, and was honored as Most Valuable Fencer in that year. David was the recipient of the George Huff Award for his academic and athletic achievement in 1965, 1966, and 1967. He was a member of the Alpha Zeta Agriculture Fraternity and the Forestry Fraternity. Having graduated with a degree in Forestry, David was commissioned into the United States Marine Corps in 1968. He received the Naval Aviator Wings in August 1969. He was discharged on August 8, 1972, as a Captain. After serving in the Marines, David attended Utah State Graduate School at Logan, Utah in 1973-74 for his Masters degree in Forest Hydrology. This degree was awarded in 1977. He is employed by the United States Forestry Service. David served in the Green Mountain National Forest in Vermont from July 1974 to January 1977.

While living in Rutland, Vermont, David met and married Jane Godfrey on December 11, 1976. Jane was born in Springfield, Mass. After graduating in June 1966 from high school, Jane continued her education at Johnson State College, Johnson, Vermont, receiving a B.A. in Elementary Education in June 1971. After graduate work at the University of Vermont in 1971, Jane was awarded a State Librarian Certificate in October 1975. While in college, Jane was active in the College Choir, the Emerald Key Society, and a member of Kappa Delta Epsilon, a professional woman educator’s society. Jane taught in an elementary school in South Burlington, Vermont for two years, before becoming Library Director at the Brandon Free Public Library, Brandon, for four and a half years prior to her marriage.

In January 1977, David’s employment took them to the Lincoln National Forest in Alamogordo, New Mexico.

Margaret Ruth White attended Western Illinois University at Macomb, Illinois, graduating in June 1970. She majored in Elementary and Special Education. After graduation, Margaret helped to start and has continued teaching the public kindergarten in the Brown County School Unit in Mt. Sterling, Illinois. She is a member of Delta Kappa Gamma, a professional woman educator’s society. She lived with her Grandmother Clark on the Clark farm west of that town until June 15, 1974, when she married Bill Scranton.

Bill was born, raised, and educated in the community of Perry, Illinois, graduating from Perry High School in May 1965. While serving in the United States Army from June 1965 to March 1968, Bill was Senior Tracked Vehicle Mechanic in a Mechanized Infantry Company in Bamberg, Germany for 18 months. Upon discharge, Bill enrolled in the David Ranken, Jr., School of Mechanical Trades in St. Louis, Missouri, in July 1968. In May 1969, he graduated with top honors, having taken his training in Diesel and Gasoline Engines and Power Generation. Bill worked as mechanic for the Mt. Sterling Implement Company from May 1969 until May 1977. At that time, he opened the Scranton Diesel and Gas Power Shop. The shop is located at their home in the settlement of Hersman, three miles from Mt. Sterling.

Mary Elizabeth White attended the University of Illinois, earning a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree in Art Education. Since graduation in June 1973, Mary has been employed by the Mahomet-Seymour Illinois School Unit as an elementary art teacher. On December 17, 1972, she married Thomas Murphy.

Thom graduated in August 1973, from the University of Illinois, with his B.S. in Economics. He furthered his education, receiving his Masters in Education in May 1975. Since September 1975, Thom has been employed as Business Manager at Illini Imports in Champaign, Illinois.

The Murphys live in Urbana. On January 13, 1977, their home was blessed with the arrival of Elizabeth Anne, the first White grandchild.

Some Thoughts About Virginia
By Her Aunt Meribah

Virginia, even as a small child, was thoughtful of others and showed appreciation for attention given her. She and Clemons were great pals. They were frequent visitors at the Shirley Dean home just up the road. Mrs. Dean played the organ and sang songs for them, and fed them popcorn and roasted peanuts which she had raised. Clemons and Mr. Dean played checkers. Later, Rolland became a favorite with this family. This early friendship was never broken. Virginia remembered them to the end, visited them when they were old and needed attention and went to their funerals.

She was friendly with Miss Kate Putman, a
girlhood friend of her grandmother who lived with her Auntie Pickett who had been a schoolmate of Virginia's great grandmother Eliza McKean. They appreciated her calls and Miss Kate once gave Virginia an apricot colored dress.

Ezra DeWitt, a single man who lived just down the road helped Laura with the garden, built fence and did chores. He had fun teasing the children. He read to them, often changing words or omitting words to get reactions from them. Virginia responded quickly.

Growing things and animals were important to her. She raised four o'clocks which all visitors had to inspect. She cherished a bantam hen given her by Mary McMurray. Later there was a lone turkey which she raised and sold to her Grandmother Clark for Christmas dinner.

She also had a runt pig which she cared for in a separate pen. She was proud that when it was sold it weighed better than average of the litter. With this money she bought her winter coat at Croxtons. Clemons and Lola were not so fortunate. They lost their chicken money when the First National Bank closed. Thirteen cents was the final payment when dividends were declared.

When Virginia was in fourth grade she had diphtheria followed by a paralysis of her wrist so missed three months of school. The next year she had rheumatic fever followed by St. Vitus dance. She missed four months of school then. Those were anxious days for her family.

Other of her memories include: Attendance at her first picture show, The Iron Horse, a story of the building of the Union Pacific Railroad; the excitement of going to the Chicago Fair in 1933, when she and Clemons rode the bus by themselves; the long hot ride to Rushville to spend the day with Aunt Hat.; the earning of 25¢ putting up hay for Mrs. Wegs; and the acquiring of a Brownie camera at age of 12 years; the gypsy camp in the lane; the tent village near the railroad when the hard road was under construction in 1922; Mrs. Wegs big sugar cookie with a raisin in the center; the impatience of waiting for the car to be parked on the first night of the carnival at the Brown County Fair; the visiting at Clark School at invitation of the teacher; and the excitement of watching Tom Veith with his threshing outfit come down the north road and turn in at the gate ready to begin threshing.

Clemons Edward Clark

by Lola Clark French

"If I live to be 25 — and I probably won't ..."

This was a remark with which Clemons Edward Clark, as a young adult, sometimes prefaced discussions of his future plans. Ironically, and tragically, his life ended at age 24 years, two months and two days. He was felled by Japanese artillery in the Philippine Islands, during World War II.

First son of the James Clark family, Clemons was welcomed lovingly and known as "Brother" to his mother and most of his adult relatives. His father shortened this to "Bud," and his sisters, brothers and close friends adopted this nickname.

From early childhood he was inquisitive, industrious, cooperative, and had a capacity for prolonged attention. His chief pleasures were in his home with his family, but he was a loyal friend to many classmates. His quiet, humble manner kept him from being a class leader, but he was respected for the quality of his academic work and for his sense of humor.

Evening farm chores, plus limited physical endurance, prevented his participation in competitive sports in high school, but he loved playing basketball and softball. He and his father shared an interest in major league baseball and professional boxing and they enjoyed listening to games on the radio. Country musicians and the radio comedians popular to the 30’s: Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Fibber McGee and Bob Hope — they also were enjoyed.

A challenging game of checkers or monopoly was a treat. Even more of a treat was an informal debate on topics of religion or politics. He loved music, although he chose not to perform, even at school. His love for English and American poetry prompted him to take poetry books overseas and share them with fellow soldiers.

Attending Sunday School as a child was a regular practice, and he made a public profession of faith at the First Christian church, Mt. Sterling, on Maundy Thursday evening, 1939. Together with his sister Lola and several good friends, he was baptized on Easter Sunday evening of that year.

At the University of Illinois, Clemons pursued a business administration course in the College of Commerce. During his four college years he spent long hours in study; he also worked for his meals in the kitchen at the SAE fraternity house. Getting to know and relate to his roommates, landlady fellow workers, fellow students and instructors was, to him, an adventure into a larger world.

After two years of required basic ROTC, he realized that military service was inevitable after graduation and elected to take advanced ROTC. Military status was not an end with him, rather he once again was putting forth his best effort and making the best of a situation. He knew what the war was about; he understood that young men had to die; he went without protest, expecting to be sacrificed. His dream of studying law would have to wait.

After his graduation from the U. of I. in June, 1943, he was ordered to active duty (officer candidate school) in field artillery at Fort Sill, Oklahoma,
Lola Clark French

Middle child of the seven children of James Ritchey and Laura Clemons Clark is Lola Gertrude Clark, born February 13, 1923. She attended Mt. Sterling schools and joined the First Christian Church at the age of 16. In 1945 she was graduated from the University of Illinois with a degree in journalism.

Her working career prior to marriage was as reporter and photographer for the Moline Dispatch, Moline, Ill.; free lance writer and press agent in St. Louis, Mo.; and staff member of a community newspaper in Elmhurst, Ill., where she met and married her husband, Stephen F. French Jr., in 1948, on November 18.

Steve grew up in Elmhurst where his father practiced dentistry. He attended Beloit college and gave many months of combat service with the Marine Corps in the Pacific during World War II. In 1948, he began work at Elmhurst National Bank, where he now serves as a customer service officer. In 1962 he was honored by the community as the citizen of the year for his work with several civic organizations.

Their first child, Douglas Clark French, was born Nov. 25, 1949. He was graduated from General Motors Institute, Flint, Mich., with a mechanical engineering degree in 1972. That same year, on Aug. 12, he married Kay Lorraine Hamel, of Flint. Kay is a primary teacher, having graduated from Eastern Michigan University, Ypsilanti.


Emily Jane, second child of Lola and Steve, was born June 19, 1952, seriously retarded. After spending her first four and a half years at home, she was institutionalized and at present is in the Kankakee state hospital. She is unable to care for herself and does not know her family.

Stephen Frank French III was born Oct. 27, 1954. He has completed two years at College at DuPage, Glen Ellyn, and presently works for Sears, Roebuck in Oak Brook. He lives at home.

Laura Ann French, born March 10, 1954, has completed high school and resides in San Francisco, California, where she plans to enroll in an art school.

Richard Louis French, born July 7, 1960, is in his third year at York Community high school. Kenneth Everett, youngest of the family, born Oct. 12, 1962, is a freshman at the same school.

All six received infant Christian baptism — Doug and Emily in the United Lutheran church, and the others in the Presbyterian. Doug, Laura, Rich and Ken are members of the Presbyterian church. Lola has served as a church trustee and both Douglas and his mother are ordained Presbyterian elders.

Since the late 60's, Lola has gone back to work, first in a part time hospital public relations capacity, and later as an instructional aide in the Elmhurst public schools.

Memories of Clark Home

By Lola French

Lifestyles throughout the country changed rapidly from 1918 to 1941 and it follows logically that the four
children born in the James Clark household prior to and during the early 20's led a different sort of life than the three younger boys born in 1928, 1932 and 1934.

Most important in the lives of the older children was going to Sunday School at an early age, followed by an eagerness for going to "real" school and learning to read at age 6. It was taken for granted that each child put forth his best effort and was on his best behavior. Any punishment meted out at school, their mother said, would be duplicated at home!

Grandma and Grandpa Clark's neat, comfortable home in Mt. Sterling was on the way to school, and daily visits were natural. Sometimes there was an invitation to a hot lunch. Ruth and Virginia sometimes stayed overnight, particularly in inclement weather. There always was a stimulating exchange of information and a peak at Grandma's quilt project or Grandpa's current jigsaw puzzle. Often the after-school visit included "trying on" a dress under construction.

Grandpa examined the report cards regularly and sometimes gave money for good grades. A ride in one of his early Dodge automobiles was an elegant step up from walking or riding in the horse-drawn carriage.

An ongoing social relationship with the George Ritchies dominated the early years. Exchanging Sunday evening visits was a ritual, with the mothers Laura and Bertha, who confided closely, preparing oyster or vegetable soup, and the fathers popping corn and making candy. The children played outside during good weather and played noisily inside during the winter.

Ritchies and Clarks also went on picnics together, sometimes to gather blackberries or hazelnuts, and sometimes to swim in the creek. During the summer, there were trips to Meredithia to buy carloads of watermelon and cantaloupe.

Extremely close ties were felt with the household of Grandma Clemons, which included Aunt Wilma, Uncle Lloyd and their daughter Marjorie. Their home was always open and they were generous with their loving concern and assistance. They also shared Sunday dinner picnics under the trees at Marden, Siloam or in some country school yard. Laura killed and fried the chicken on Sunday morning. Aunt Wilma could be depended on for delicious cakes, salads and an unforgettable pimento cheese sandwich spread.

Grandma Clemons helped greatly in the care of sick children during the early years. There were bouts with all of the childhood diseases; during the winter of 1923-24 all four youngsters were sick at one time. Virginia had rheumatic fever and St. Vitus dance, which kept her from taking part in outside school activities. George had rheumatic fever twice, and Lola had a critical kidney complication following scarlet fever. Curiously, there were few broken bones.

During the few years when all seven children lived at home, it was a full nest. Bed space was at a premium. The mother, who baked jelly rolls and drop cakes with the breakfast biscuits, provided endless school lunches and came to revolt at the thought of a sandwich.

Next door to Grandma Clemons was a Greek family, Charlie and Stella Kosp, who for a number of years operated the Candy Kitchen at the southeast corner of Main Street and Capitol Avenue. This was a child's paradise, with home made ice cream, hand-dipped chocolates, and home made peppermint canes hung from the ceiling at Christmas time.

Grandma and Aunt Wilma befriended the Kops, nursing Stella during an illness and helping them with housework; the Kops responded with love and confections. The Clark children shared in the goodies, too. It was a sad day when the Kops returned to the Greek community in Chicago.

After the girls and Clemons left home, the family atmosphere changed. The Clark grandparents, with their religious influence, were gone. The Depression was over and there was more money. Mt. Sterling High School became Brown County Community high school, introducing boys to a wider circle of friends and more activities.

It became less of a farm home, too, as the father decided to rent the farm land and work in town rather than invest in power farm equipment. The younger boys were able to participate in high school sports because there were few farm chores. No longer did they walk back and forth to school. Quite often they had the use of the family car for their own pleasures.

There were years of a bit more relaxation for their parents. Laura enjoyed the friends that the boys brought home. She enjoyed cooking for hearty appetites. This smaller family even took some vacation trips together: to Kentucky once when Rolland was in service, to the Smoky Mountains on another occasion, and to the Missouri Ozarks where the Ellisons had retired. It became easier to make an overnight visit at Virginia's.

Some of the Clark influence which the younger children missed in their early child was reintroduced when Aunt Meribah retired and came back to Brown County in 1955. Her productive post-retirement years were a joy to her brother and sister-in-law, and her phenomenal sense of heritage continues to provide food for personal growth among her individual nieces and nephews.

Hence, the James R. Clark household was really two households tied together by loving and caring parents and relatives.
James Rolland Clark

James Rolland Clark was the fifth child of James and Laura Clark. He attended grade and high school in Mt. Sterling graduating in 1946. He served as a paratrooper in the United States Army for twenty months stationed at Camps Campbell, Knox, Bragg and Benning. At the close of the war he attended for one year the Aircraft and Engine Mechanics School at Galesburg, Ill. At the present time he holds a Private Pilot License and has pleasure in flying for recreation. Later he worked for a period of time in Colorado and also ran a Star Route for the postal service and Railroad Express between Jacksonvillle and Bowen for one year.

In 1952 he became an employee of the Esso Shipping Company which now operates as Exxon Shipping Company of United States of America. After working as an ablebodied Seaman on tankers for 17 years he prepared himself thru correspondence courses and after passing the necessary examination is now a radio officer on tankers. He is rounding out twenty-five years with this company.

Rolland holds a second class radio and telegraph operators license with radar endorsement from the Federal Trade Commission. He also holds a radio officers license issued by the United States Coast Guard.

In 1969 he purchased from his mother the 80 acres where the family had been reared. Here he is applying modern conservation practices and beautifying the improvements. He is pleased to be the owner of a Centennial Farm purchased by his great grandfather Ritchey in 1854. Here he spends his time when not at sea or on short trips which are his chief hobby.

The tankers on which Rolland has worked have had good libraries. He has taken advantage of them and has become a well informed person in fields of contemporary leaders, current topics, politics, historical events and personages as well as with the ports and areas where he has loaded and discharged cargo. He has travelled widely into all parts of the United States accompanied by members of the George Clark family.

Fairs have attracted him: 1962 to Seattle, 1965 to New York, 1967 to Montreal, 1976 to see the Tall Ships sail into New York harbor. There have been other trips: 1972 to visit Robert Peacock in camp in Texas; 1973 to Florida; 1974 to Cooperstown and New England, and in 1975 to Alaska.

Estes Park has a fascination for Rolland ever since he worked there for a short time in 1950. He went there in 1961 and again in 1969 and 1976.

Uncle Ben Clark is buried in Belle Fourche, South Dakota. Rolland has been there looking after a stone to his grave in 1962, 1970, 1972, 1975 and 1976.

Edward E. Clark was one of the original proprietors of Meade, Kansas. Rolland took his mother and Aunt Meribah to Meade in 1966. He returned in 1972 and was there twice in 1976. He is interested in the historical society and museum established there. On the last visit George accompanied him. These two men also did some digging into Ritchey family records in Missouri.

On many of these western trips Rolland visited his Aunt Mary Devoe in Lebanon, Nebraska.

Donald Eugene Clark

Donald Eugene Clark was born June 28, 1932; graduated from Mt. Sterling Community High School in 1950; and from the University of Illinois with a Bachelor of Science degree in 1956. He served the U.S. Army from August 1953 until June 1955. Following two years as Director of Parks and Recreation in East Alton, Illinois he returned to the University of Illinois in September 1958 and received his Master of Science degree in June, 1959. He served as Director of Parks and Recreation in Ferguson, Missouri (a suburb of St. Louis) from 1959 until 1964 when he became the Director of Community Services for Optimist International. In 1971 he resigned to accept the position of Executive Director for the St. Louis County Municipal League.

At the time of this writing he has accepted the position of Director of Administration and Finance of Bi-State Development Agency, a quasi-governmental agency formed by the States of Illinois and Missouri to provide regional services throughout the St. Louis metropolitan area. That agency's primary function is the provision of public transportation services.

Mr. Clark has been and continues to be active in civic and community affairs. He has served on Ferguson's City Council, the Planning and Zoning Commission, and many other Boards and Committees regarding community and school affairs.

Mr. Clark married Carol Cox Clark August 25, 1957.

The former Miss Cox is a 1955 graduate of Brown County Community High School. She held full-time secretarial positions until the birth of their first child. Since this time she has been active in community affairs especially in the areas of schools and volunteer work with welfare organizations helping the needy. She is employed part time as a secretary and bookkeeper for Testair, Inc., a Ferguson-based aerodynamics technical consulting firm.

Two sons were born to this marriage. Donald Jeffrey, January 19, 1961 and Douglas Clemons, February 25, 1964. Jeff is a tenth grader at McCluer High School. He is an Honor Student, an Eagle Scout and active in sports. Doug is a seventh grader, just having entered Ferguson Junior High School. He is also very active in Boy Scouts, sports, and other school activities.
Family Life
By Donald E. Clark

The family life in the Clark household was a blending of various influences and factors. Although a farm home, its close proximity to Mt. Sterling brought to members of the family all the benefits that the town offered, including schools, library and Church. These influences provided a broad range of personal associations and assured an early and ongoing exposure to the way other people thought and lived. At the same time, the location offered the benefits of isolation from constant association with others outside the family group.

For the older children, it was a life of discipline and daily chores associated with farm life. For the younger children, the influences of the city were more prevalent, particularly following the decision of their father to terminate farming and accept employment in the city.

With seven children in the family, there were few luxuries but the essentials were always provided. High value was placed upon scholastic pursuits, music lessons and a knowledge of current events. Their father's interest in trips, both short and lengthy, broke the monotony of farm life.

As in most households, the mother's influence was most dominant. She was the one to administer discipline and was strong but fair. Her life was devoted to her children and their needs ... always relegateing herself to the roles of housekeeper, nurse and confidant with little time set aside for her own personal pursuits except the enjoyment shared when company visited or the family visited with relatives or friends. In months when the weather was pleasant, there were family picnics, buggy rides, the County Fair, the Fall Celebration along with many automobile rides through all parts of Brown County viewing the countryside. On warm summer evenings the front porch became a pleasant place to sit and talk until well past dark, watching the Wabash steam its way southeastward or listening to the whine of autos and trucks on Route 24.

There were a number of heartaches and periods of sadness, including the deaths of grandparents and an aunt and an uncle who were especially close. But none surpassed the shock and grief of the loss of Clemens in World War II. It was not just a loss of a member of the family, it was the loss of the oldest son; a young man who was pleasant, self-disciplined, humble and thoughtful ... a son and brother who brought pride to the family. The experience of his death had a profound and lasting effect upon each member of the family.

Throughout the formative years of each child, Aunt Meribah was a strong influence, exhibiting an interest and providing assistance in an attempt to have each realize his or her highest goals. It was a unique relationship ... and added a positive ingredient that broadened the usual family experience and inter-relationships.

Probably the most unique quality of the family was its diversity. Each child had distinguishing characteristics, interests and goals, as well as personalities. There were times when these differences caused dissension and disagreement. And although the external signs of affection were few, there was a bond of love, interest, and concern that was unspoken but real.

George Allen Clark
By Betty Clark

George Allen Clark, youngest child of James and Laura Clark was born in the family home on July 20, 1934. His childhood was typical of that of the youngest of seven children in a farm family. He started to the first grade in 1940-41. His teacher was his sister Ruth.

During the winter of 1942 he developed rheumatic fever, having a severe attack in 1943. He had his last attack in 1948.

On April 20, 1945, his father, brother Donald and he were in Mt. Sterling. Mr. Cannon, the railroad agent gave his father the message that his brother Clemens had been killed in the Philippines, a shock never to be forgotten.

In 1947 Aunt Meribah took Donald and him on a trip around Lake Michigan. In Chicago they saw the show "Annie Get Your Gun." The same year he went to Camp Campbell to visit his brother Rolland.

In his years in Brown County High School he participated in sports, being captain of the football team and active in baseball. He was a member of FFA in livestock. He took part in Brown County Men's Chorus for several years until it dissolved in 1953.

Throughout his high school years and after, he worked for many farm neighbors. He was also a truck driver for a gravel company and later for a stock and grain operator.

On Dec. 7, 1954 at the First Baptist Church in Mt. Sterling he was married to Betty Lou McCoy, only child of George S. "Doc" (1910-1972) and Genevieve E. Norton McCoy.

George worked the first two years at the Roy Tweedt Locker, Burris Seed Corn Co. and Boydstun Lumber Yard. He started with Electrical Cooperative in Nov. 1956 and 21 years later is still with that job.

In the spring of 1957 they purchased an old house at 231 West North Street in Mt. Sterling. This proved to be quite an undertaking as it had to be almost completely torn down and redone, but when finished it was cozy and warm, and even had a bathroom.

They bought another house on West Washington Street, the former Renaker house in 1961. George tore this down and built a new one which they sold, and
later sold the adjoining lot.

The spring of 1959 they bought 100 acres in Elkhorn Township. This was grain farmed for a short while. It is now in permanent pasture where the cattle are rotated during the yearly grazing season. In 1971 they bought another 49 acres in Elkhorn Township near the 100 acres; this too is used for cattle grazing.

In Oct. 1964 they bought Freeland Orchard, the original Jones Orchard. Sometimes they think this must have been a moment of pure madness, but they are still there. They raised, picked, sorted, sold apples and made cider for three years. After that they took the trees out to grain farm the ground, which is still done.

They continued in the orchard business however by buying apples from other sources both to sell and make cider.

In 1966 in the one and one fourth acres west of the house they planted strawberries. They hired teenage girls for both picking and weeding. This small acreage yielded as many as 10,000 quarts to as few as 3,000 quarts per season. They continued this business until 1973.

The store door was closed on the apple business for the final time in Nov. 1975; thus ended another era of their lives.

Somehow between these added responsibilities George was one of the persons who reorganized the Mt. Sterling Jaycees, served as president for two terms, and served as state director. Betty was P.T.A. president for two terms and also served as state director with P.T.A.

In Sept. 1973, Betty started to Jacksonville Licensed Practical Nursing School, an 11 month course. What a busy time this was with driving an 80 mile round trip, the family, the apple business and readjusting after 19 years again to homework. This could not have been done without the help and encouragement of the family. Graduation day came in Aug. 1974. She is presently employed at Snyder-Vaughn Haven, Inc. in Rushville part time and enjoys it.

Three children were born in Quincy from this home. The first, a son, Edward Allen Clark, Aug. 5, 1955; the second, a daughter, Beth Lou Clark, Nov. 27, 1957; and a second son, Max Rolland Clark, Nov. 20, 1960.

Just before his third birthday in July 1958, their son Eddie was stricken with encephalitis. After a month in Blessing Hospital he was able to come home. His parents were young and thought all would be well. The Lord works in mysterious ways they soon learned. Many doctors, hospitals, medications crushed hopes and years later the heartbreaking day came when Eddie had to be placed in Lincoln State School.

In Sept. 1973, he was transferred to Jacksonville Mental Health Center where he resides at this present writing. His parents are having comfort in having him just 40 miles away instead of 100. They bring him home at times throughout the year and visit him regularly. He seems happy in his surroundings and life goes on. Beth a 1976 High School graduate is currently part time job hunting and considering continuing her education. Max, a Brown County High School Junior, is busy enjoying farm life and the livestock.

CLEMONS FAMILY
GENERATION I

GENERATION II
Thomas W. Clemons (Carpenter) b Apr. 10, 1828 in Licking Co., Ohio d Apr. 21, 1900 Mt. Sterling, Ill. m Mary Ann Penn June 10, 1849 at Memphis, Mo. b Nov. 29, 1833 at Kanawha Co., Vir. d Oct. 4, 1906 at Rushville, Ill.

James Clemons b Ohio; 17 yrs. in 1850 (Census at Memphis, Mo.).

Josiah Clemons b Ohio; 12 yrs. in 1850.

GENERATION III

GENERATION IV

Laura Clemons Clark — See the James Clark Family.

Wilma Clemons Mehl.

GENERATION III
Sarah Amelia Clemons b July 9, 1852 at Memphis, Mo. d July 13, 1936 at Memphis, Mo. m May 17, 1872 Robert W. Angel (1844-1903).

GENERATION IV
George W. Angel (1876-1965) son Cornelious Deane Angel (1899——). Lelia Angel and Katie Angel.

DAGGS FAMILY (Dagne)(Welsh)


Amelia Mildred Daggs b No. 18, 1810 Kanawka Co., Va. d July 18, 1846 Scotland Co., Mo. m Harward Penn Dec. 4, 1827.
Mary Penn Clemons.
William F. Clemons.
Laura Clemons Clark. (See James Clark Family).

Rodney Line

John Rodney b 1712 Prince Georges, My m Mary Becker, dau. of Humphrey and Hester Becker.
William Rodney b——— d Dec. 3, 1767 (Will made, Oct. 19, 1770); (Will Probated) m Mary ————.
Lydia Rodney b 1753 Del. or My. d 1835 Charleston, W. Va. m Angus Daggs Nov. 28, 1774.

PENN FAMILY

William Penn II (Lawyer) d Mar. 12, 1590 m Margaret Rastall dau. of John and Ann George Rastall.
George Penn b before 1565 Bratton Parish, Wilts., England m Elizabeth ?.
William Penn Westmoreland Co., Vir. in American 1669 m Elizabeth Markham who came to American in 1682 dau. of William Markham 9/17/13 (will date).
John Penn Sr. d about July 27, 1721 Westmoreland Co., Vir. m Lucy Granville dau. of Sir Beville (b 8-29-1628) and Jane Wyche dau. of Sir Philip Wyche.
George Penn d about 1755, Carolina, Va. m Ann Fleming (will 1794) desc. of Sir Thomas Fleming.
James R. Penn b at Sparlington, Taylor Co., Ky. m Mary Major Dec. 5, 1791.
Harwood Major Penn b 1794 Amherst Co., Vir. d Apr. 17, 1882 Greenwood, Nebraska m Dec. 4, 1827 to Amelia Mildred Daggs, Kanawka, Vir. d July 18, 1848 at age of 38 years, 8 mos. and 9 days in Scotland Co., Neb.

Children were:
Angeline married Thomas Miller.
Lucy m Terwiliger.
Jane m John Harbidge.
Fannie m — Doyle.
Margaret buried at Arbela, Mo.
Ruel Daggs Penn.
William H. N. Penn.
Mary Ann Penn m Thomas Clemons.
Mary Ann Penn b Nov. 29, 1833 Kanawha Co., Vir. d Oct 4, 1906 Rushville, Ill. m Thomas W. Clemons b Apr. 10, 1828 Licking Co., Vir. d Apr. 21, 1900.
See James Clark Family.

CALLOWAY FAMILY

Joseph Calloway, Jr. — Carolina Co. Vir. Had sons Francis, Thomas, William and
Richard b 1724 Carolina Co., Vir. d Mar. 8, 1780 Boonesborough, Ky. m Frances Walton b 1726 New Kent Co., Va. m 1766 Bedford Co., Va. dau. of Robert and Frances Carter Walton. Frances Carter was dau. of Charles Carter (will 1765) Henrico Co., Va., and Elizabeth Corbin Carter.

Children:
Elizabeth, Frances, and
Sarah (1743-1801) b Bedford Co., Va. m Sept. 14, 1761 Gabriel Penn, Amherst, Va. See Penn Family.

Richard Calloway

Francis, Richard, Thomas and William, sons of Joseph Calloway of Kanawka County, Virginia, cleared land and raised corn on Otter Creek in Kentucky in 1740. Richard had 244 acres near Buffalo Creek in 1747 and had 4100 acres on Elk Creek in 1758. This last acreage had been granted him for service in the Indian Wars. In 1761 he laid out the town of New London in Bedford County, Ky. and sold lots there. He was the Justice of the first court in that county.

In 1754 he was the commander of Blackwater Fort, Va. and Defender of Boonesboro where well armed warriers attacked, led by Canadian officers sent by General Hamilton under the British flag.

In 1775 he was raising corn in Kentucky when his two daughters Elizabeth and Frances with Jemima Boone were taken captive by Indians. On July 4, 1776 they were recaptured by their fathers Richard Calloway and Daniel Boone.

Richard was also interested in government. He was a member of the Transylvania Company, signed the Watauga Treaty and was the first representative from Kentucky to the General Assembly of Virginia.

Richard died in 1780 at Boonesboro, Ky., killed by Indians while he was building a bridge at the Fort.

Gabriel Penn

Gabriel Penn served as paymaster, sergeant, captain and colonel in the Amherst Co., Vir., militia and served in Rev. War until the surrender of Yorktown. He was also a member of the Committee of Safety, Convention of 1776 and of the General Assembly of Virginia.

The pride of ancestry increases in the ratio of distance.

— Jane Austin
ROBERT PEACOCK

Wayne and Ruth Peacock

THE WHITE FAMILY
David White, Bill Scranton, Jimmy White, Walter White, Thom Murphy, Margaret Scranton, Virginia White, Mary Murphy.

— 93 —
THE FRENCH FAMILY
Front row, Kay and Jennifer, Kenneth, Lola, Laura.

THE DONALD CLARK FAMILY
Donald, Carol, Jeff and Doug

THE GEORGE CLARK FAMILY
Max, George, Beth and Betty

The Clark Cousins, Thanksgiving, 1900. First row, Abner, James, Floyd, Meribah Clark, Eleanor McMurray. Second row, Mamie Clark, Mary McMurray, Minnie Yeargin, Francis Clark, Mary and Ada McDannold. Standing, Alta McDannold, Frank, Emma, Charles Clark, Jessie McMurray, Leo Clark, Roy McDannold, Lucy McMurray. Lewis Clark was not born until 1907. Lutie Clark Pendleton had died in 1896. George Clark and Willie McMurray had died as children.
The W. F. Clemons Family. W. F. Clemons, Sidney Clemons with Laura, James, Cassie and Mary.

THOMAS AND MARY PENN CLEMONS
Part III

Emma J. Ritchey Coffman

Section G

Emma Ritchey And Clayton Coffman Family


Obituary

Emma Jane Coffman
(The Message — September, 1891)

Emma Jane Ritchey was born April 22, 1864, on the old homestead one and one half miles west of Mt. Sterling, where the days of her childhood were spent. Her education was obtained at the Mt. Sterling public school where she acquired the lasting friendship of many of her schoolmates, who now sorrow at her untimely demise. In 1883 she removed with her mother and sister to Mt. Sterling where with her mother and sister she resided until her marriage on January 17, 1888 to Clayton Coffman when she took up her residence with him on a farm seven miles northwest of this city, where she died Saturday last, Sept. 12, 1891 of quick consumption. Always of a robust, stout and healthy appearance it seemed almost incredible that the disease could fasten its hold on her, yet the fact that it did and that she fell victim to its terrible grasp is but proof of how “in the midst of life we are in death.” Two children were born into the household, the first preceding its mother to the grave, the last is only a few days old, its advent into the world coupled with the above mentioned disease, costing the mother her life. The deceased united with the Christian Church of this city under the pastorate of Elder A. P. Stewart in February 1881, and was always a conscientious, faithful Christian. The funeral occurred from the family residence at two o’clock Sunday afternoon. Elder J. W. Lowe of Mound Station conducted the service, after which a long procession of sorrowing friends and neighbors followed the remains to the city cemetery. Relatives of the deceased from a distance attending the funeral were Mr. and Mrs. M. W. McCoy of Keokuk, Iowa and Miss Rellie Ritchey of Plymouth. The tender sympathy of the community goes out to Mr. Coffman in his trying time of bereavement. A handsome new residence was just being completed for his family but how desolate it will be without the comforting presence of a loving and devoted wife and mother. Two brothers, a sister and her mother are left to mourn her loss.

Mrs. E. F. Crane reported in her diary that there were 39 vehicles in her funeral procession.

Clayton Coffman died by himself in a small cement block house on his farm one August day. It always seemed so sad to me as it did to my father. He was a good man who deserved a happier life than he had.

My mother loved Aunt Em with such intensity that I never heard her say anything of criticism about her, she was perfect. They had done everything together from earliest childhood and it must have been terrible for my mother to lose her. From other people I gained the impression that she was a very independent person who was industrious, did beautiful handwork and loved to be out of doors. My mother did say that she and Uncle Clayt got on together very well. He was very good to her despite the difference in age. Aunt Em planned a new house but never lived in it and lost interest in it before she died. The little baby born shortly before she died lived a few months. There was trouble between the Coffmans and Ritcheys as to who should care for the child. Grandfather Clark settled it by telling his sister, Delia Coffman that my mother, his daughter-in-law had all she could do to care for her mother and two small children. The little baby of course inherited from her mother and Uncle Clayt got Aunt Em’s property. All this made a rift between Coffmans and Ritcheys which was very silly. Consequently I did not get to know Uncle Clayt until I
was a mature woman which I always regretted. I found him to be very gentle and sweet.

Aunt Em and Uncle Clayt attended the Christian Church in Mound Station (Timewell).

I have three memories of Aunt Em but not a clear picture of her face. I remember going from her home across to the Newton Lucas home to spend the day. James was carried in a clothes basket and we stopped to rest at the bottom of the hill before crossing the road to start up the road to the Lucas house. Another time I remember when she left our side entrance and drove away. My mother and grandmother cried. An birds nest hung from the maple tree so it must have been late spring. The third memory was when Uncle Clayton took me to ride on the pig. It was night, there was a light on the porch where my Aunt Em and my grandmother were soliqueted against the house. Of course I never touched the pig but I laughed as Uncle Clayton held me. I rather think I was in my night clothes. I also have a feeling that I was at the house when Aunt Em died. No one paid any attention to me and I stood beside a firebush, the first remembrance of thinking of myself.

I must have been precious to Aunt Em for I have the little plate, knife, fork and spoon which she gave me. Also a strand of beads and a ring and for a long time I had a little chair, which I gave to Beth.
Alexander McKeans were married about 1825 in County Londonderry, Ireland while she was attending boarding school. This displeased her family who had nothing to do with her after that. From her sampler made in 1810 we think she had four sisters, Jane, Mary, Elizabeth and ——. Two daughters, Jane, aged four and Eliza, aged two came with the parents to this country between 1828-30. They lived in Philadelphia between 1832-1833 and then moved to Bath County, Kentucky.

In Kentucky Alexander McKeans met John Lapsley who later moved to Clark County, Missouri. Grandfather McKeans worked on the Georgetown Pike over which Uncle Alex and my mother rode while visiting in Kentucky in 1895.

On Oct. 31, 1838 Alexander McKeans of Bath County, Kentucky paid T. S. Adams of Mt. Sterling for lot 53 (60 by 120 feet) and ten feet off lot 54 (10 by 120). There was a log house on the property where Rosemary, the wife died in March 1839, after giving birth to a little daughter, Rosemary who died at age of nine days.

Quotations from Presbyterian Session Book are as follows: Dec. 11, 1838, Rosemary McKeane received by certificate; Mar. 8, 1839 infant child of Rosemary McKeane baptised; Mar. 17, 1839 "A worthy member of this church departed this life"; Alex McKeane sold the above property on Aug. 28, 1839.

According to Leo L. McCoy the two girls Jane and Eliza were taken to the home of John Lapsley at St. Francisville, Mo. and put in a select school taught by Mrs. Gordon. A bill of sale of goods purchased by Alex McKeane from the grandfather of Leo McCoy included ribbon, silk and satin for clothing for these children and a beaver hat for himself, at cost of $50. It is supposed the girls remained in Missouri until Alexander McKeans married Mary Parker Nov. 9, 1839. His marriage took place at the home of her father, Alexander Parker in Pea Ridge Township. Granville Bond M.E. minister and neighbor performed the ceremony.

When the County of Brown was separated from Schuyler in June 1839 A. McKeans may not have been in the county as he made no subscription to the erection of the county buildings. However he did go security for 125 dollars for Thomas S. Brockman and he may have had to pay it? The assessors book of 1842 lists Alexander McKeans as owning 74A, E1/2 of SW Quarter of Sec 7 S3 W; and 80 A W. half of SW quarter of Sec 29 S 3 W. Personal, $60 horses, $25 wagon, $163 cattle, $10 watch, $50 money. The 74 acres had been purchased Aug. 1, 1835. This land he held at time of his death and was where the family lived after 1839. We found A. McKeans buying stock at $25 a share in a school for higher education which was begun in 1848.

When the gold rush fever was on Alexander McKeans joined a caravan and spent from 1849-1853 in California but where I have no idea. (Leo McCoy was source of this information.)

When the RR was built thru Brown County in the 1850s grandfather and another man took a contract for construction of a section. Sometime during the work the man became drunk and made a lunge at grandfather who picked up a tool to protect himself, hit the man and killed him. He was never arrested or brought to trial because it was an accident.

Jane and Eliza felt that they had suffered together in the loss of their mother, in separation from their father while they were at school and in hatred of their step mother. They felt that she had no love for them, that she was unkind and bossy when their father was not around. They knew he loved them. They felt sorry for him and tried to spare his feelings by not complaining to him. One time he questioned why something had not been done about the home. His wife answered, "Mr. McKeans, I ordered it done." He answered angrily, "My God, Mary, who did you order, my daughters?"

I have no idea how they reacted to the birth of their half brother, Samuel. As a young man they thought him wild and did not want their sons to be around him. He was not much older than Galen McCoy and Alex Ritchey.

Marriage was a way of escape. Eliza married James Ritchey and moved to his batchory quarters across the road where she lived until 1883 when she and her daughters moved into Mt. Sterling.

Jane married Joseph McCoy on Dec. 18, 1848 by Pastor McGruder, Presbyterian minister and the next
day started for Clark County, Mo. where they took up
their abode in a log house belonging to Joseph’s
grandfather. Later they had a nice stone house.
The McCoy and Ritchey families were exceptionally close to each other and visited each other regularly. The nine boys had good times together and when Meb and Emma, two little girls came on the scene they were greatly beloved and
received much attention from all.
Aunt Jane McCoy came for a visit of a week one
year and Grandmother Ritchey went to Mo. the next
year. While the Civil War was on Grandma suggested
that she not make the visit as grandfather was so pro-
union and Joseph McCoy tried to be neutral. The
McCoy boys assured her the war would not be
mentioned if she came and it wasn’t. Papers
disappeared and visitors were silenced if war was
mentioned. By the time grandmother’s time was up,
she was frantic for news. On alighting from the train
her first question was “Jim, how is the war going?”

When Alexander McKean was near death he made
a hand written will giving the real and personal
property to his wife, Mary her lifetime. The real
property which Samuel was to have on death of
mother consisted of 80A East half of South west
quarter of Sec 7 S3W, 70 A off North end of East half of
Northwest quarter of Sec 19, S3W. Personal property
was to be divided between Jane, Eliza and Samuel.
Witnesses of will, Ben Kendrick and Daniel Putman‘
Executor, R. N. Curry who refused to serve. Mary
McKean became executrix Dec. 7, 1864.

Grandfather McKean wanted the girls to have the
things that had belonged to their mother. He once
went to the spoonholder on the dining table and gave
Eliza six solid silver teaspoons much to the
displeasure of his wife. Eliza had a shawl and her
mother’s sampler besides two linen sheets. There
may have been other things I knew nothing about. Nor
do I have any idea what Jane had.

I have always felt that Mary McKean probably
had a side to these stories, I feel sure these girls were
not easy to handle. When things went wrong Jane
cried and Eliza got mad. Before Harry Parker died I
once made a call at the home of his sister Mrs. Lizzie
Newby. Mary McKean had died at the home of their
parents, Alonzo Parker, her nephew. She was their
great aunt. I asked them what kind of person Mary
McKean was. They answered in unison “She was a
fine person,” and they wanted to talk about her. Just
then a caller came, the opportunity for further
discussion was gone forever.

Robert Curry, who was present at that time told
my grandmother that the will was dictated by Mary
instead of Alexander McKean. The husbands of
the girls would not allow them to take one penny so they
would not be under an obligation for Mary in later
years. It was a wise decision.

When Mary McKean returned from Arkansas and
had no place to go she appealed to my grandmother to
take her in. At that time my grandmother was a
widow with two small girls to care for and her sons
were doing the farming. The sons thought their
mother had all the responsibility she needed so
Grandmother told that she would help care for her if
she became ill. And she did going every other night to
sit up with her thru a long tedious spell of fever. She
was buried with her brother, Winslow Parker in Bell
Cemetery.

Alexander McKean in June, July and August 1841
bought the following articles at the store of Captain
Joseph McCoy, Waterloo, Clark County, Missouri.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>16 yards of painted muslin</td>
<td>$1.00</td>
<td>$16.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8 yards of merino</td>
<td>1.25</td>
<td>10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20 pounds of coffee</td>
<td>.20</td>
<td>4.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15 pounds of sugar</td>
<td>.12</td>
<td>1.80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10 pounds of nails</td>
<td>.10</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16 yards of calico</td>
<td>.37</td>
<td>5.92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 pounds of coffee</td>
<td>.20</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 pound of tea</td>
<td></td>
<td>1.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6 yards of bleached domestic</td>
<td>.25</td>
<td>1.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 yards of jeans</td>
<td>.50</td>
<td>4.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10 pounds of sugar</td>
<td>.10</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10 pounds of rice</td>
<td>.25</td>
<td>2.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 fur cap</td>
<td></td>
<td>10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 hat</td>
<td></td>
<td>7.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 yards of cloth</td>
<td>5.00</td>
<td>15.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 quire of paper</td>
<td>.37</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 dozen quills</td>
<td>.12</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6 glas tumblers</td>
<td>.50</td>
<td>3.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16 yards of black silk</td>
<td>1.00</td>
<td>16.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24 yards of merino</td>
<td>1.25</td>
<td>30.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>25 pounds of coffee</td>
<td>.18</td>
<td>4.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24 yards of merino</td>
<td>1.00</td>
<td>24.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10 yards of silk</td>
<td>1.00</td>
<td>10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 yard of silk velvet</td>
<td>4.00</td>
<td>9.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 and a half of black satin</td>
<td>6.00</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Some months ago my brother Adie sent me from
Georgia an old day book or journal of my grand-
father, Captain Joseph McCoy, that he had in use
when he kept store in Waterloo, Mo. in the early
Forties. I find a great many interesting things in it. I
find the names of many old timers in Clark Co. those
times. I am much surprised at the prices were paid by
men in those early times. I wonder that such articles
were then kept in stock and that the people had the
money to pay for them, at those prices. I find fur caps
as high as $12.00 and $15.00, plenty of hats at $7.00 and
$8.00. Plenty of casimeres sold as high as $2.50 per
yard.

Leo L. McCoy
Red Bluff, California
January 7th, 1923
Samuel McKean

Samuel McKean was the child of Alexander and Mary Parker McKean and was probably born between 1840-42. According to my mother and Uncle Alex Ritchey, he was a spoiled son, the idol of his mother and did not like to work. Nor did he know how to manage money. His mother allowed him to persuade her to sell the homestead. According to the record Samuel A. McKean and his wife Elizabeth Bush McKean and Mary McKean sold to Thomas Vandeventer, Henson Vandeventer, Barnett Vandeventer and Joseph Vandeventer for $4000 the East half of the SW Quarter of Section 7, IS, 3W on Sept. 20, 1870.

He and his mother bought the North half of NE Quarter of Sec 19, in Missouri Township in April 1871 and sold it in Dec. 15, 1874. This family then moved to Texas. There were three children Inez, Allie and Richard. The next thing we know is that Richard Bush went to Paris, Texas to bring Mrs. Sam McKean and family home with him (Nov. 24, 1877). Sam had disappeared and was never heard from afterward. Inez married George W. Morris and used to visit the Bush family here when I was a small child. Allie died at Angels Camp, California on June 28, 1936.

Other McKeans

Margaret McKean is listed as a member of the Alex McKean family in the census of 1850, aged seventeen. She was very much afraid of snakes as they had none in Ireland so carried a stick with her all the time. She married Adam Howard and they lived on a farm where John and Mamie Jennings lived. They came to Mt. Sterling for church and often stopped at Ritchey's unannounced for Sunday dinner which did not please my grandmother. They evidently moved to Pike County as Adam Howard administered Robert McKean's estate Nov. 16, 1861-Feb. 22, 1862. Alex was supposed to have died on or about Jan. 24, 1859 at Sidney, Australia. He had an estate of $760 with costs $52.80 so there was $707.20 for distribution. When Robert returned and went to see his sister, Margaret she was not very happy to see him. Robert said, "She was as dumb as a stump and had no more mind than a baby." I do not know whether or not she returned the money? They had a brother, Alex McKean whose army record was found in a box of material at home of George Thomas Clark. Evidently Alex had worked there. Alex was born in County Down and served in the British army from Nov. 1826 to Oct. 1827. I know nothing more about him.

One cousin, Henry McKey came to our house one time after 1905. I thought he was from Nebraska but it may have been from Canada for some of the McKeans lived there.

Adam Glasgow was a cousin of Alexander McKean. He married Mary Ann Stevenson April 28, 1835. Adam and Alex McKean were buried on adjoining lots in Mt. Sterling Cemetery.

James G. Glasgow, a son of Adam married Mary Jane Byrns April 30, 1860. One Henry McKean married Mary Jane Glasgow, a sister of James Glasgow and had two sons, Galen and Hugh.
Whereas TH' colonel 1st. and aged. service, that he hath served in the Army for the space of days, after the age of eighteen, according to the subjoined statement of service:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>WHAT CORPS.</th>
<th>PERIOD OF SERVICE.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>From</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32nd Regular</td>
<td>1782</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total of service: 8 yrs.

In East or W. Indies:

TH' by authority of he is hereby discharged in consequence of not being incapacitated by the sentence of a General Court Martial from receiving his pension.

TH' his general conduct as a soldier has been.

TH' he has received all just demands of pay, clothing, &c., from his service, to the date of this discharge, as appears by his receipt underneath:

I, do hereby acknowledge that I have received clothing, pay, arrears of pay, and all just demands whatsoever, from the time of my entry into the service to the time of this discharge.

Signature of the soldier.

TO prevent any improper use being made of this discharge, by falling into other hands, the following is a description of the said:

Age, skins, etc., he is about.

Years of age, is.

Hair, Complexion, and by trade or occupation.

Given under my hand and the seal of the regiment.

Signature of the commanding officer.

Adj. Gen. Office, Dublin, the day of 18 .

Alex McKean Discharge (cousin of Grandfather McKean).
Discharge Paper of Alex McKean

3rd Kings Own Regiment of Light Dragoons. Whereof General Stapleton Lord Viscount Comberman GCB and GCH is Colonel

1st That Private Alex McKean born in the Parish of Kiloronaghan in or near the town of Tubamore in the County of Down was enlisted for the aforesaid regiment at Dundalk in the County of Louth on the 26th Day of November 1826 at the Age of 20 for unlimited service.

2nd That he hath served in the Army for the Space of 312 days.

Statement of Service. 3rd Dragoons from 1826 26 Nov to 1827 2 Oct 312 days.

3rd That by the Authority of the Commander of the (?) dated Adj Gen Office Dublin 20 Sept 1827 He is hereby Discharged in consequence of the sum of Thirty Pounds.

4th That he not to my knowledge incapacitated by the Sentence of a General Court Martial for receiving his Pension.

5th That his general conduct as a soldier has been good.

6th That he has received all just Demands of Pay, Clothing, etc from Service to the Date of this Discharge, as appears by his receipt underneath.

7th I Private Alex McKean do hereby acknowledge that I have received Pay, Clothing Arrears of Pay and all just demands whatsoever, from the time of my Entry into the service to the time of this Discharge. Signature — Alex McKean. Certified by D. B. Jebb.

8th To prevent any improper use being made of this discharge, by falling into other hands, the following is a description of the said Private Alex McKean. He is about twenty one Years of Age, is five feet ten and half inches in height, D Brown Hair, gray eyes, Fresh Complexion and by trade and occupation a Labourer. Given under my Hand and the Seal of the regiment of Dublin this 28th Day of September 1827. Signature of Commanding Officer. Ad Gen Office Dublin 8 Oct 1827, confirmed.

NB The Agent, Paymaster or other Officer by whom the Issue of Marching Money is made (under the Regulation of the 15th July, 1816) to the Soldier discharged, is to insert below, the Amount of the Sum issued to the Soldier to enable him to return to the Place of his Enlistment or Enrollment, specifying the Place to which he is to proceed, and to state also whether he has, or hast not, been provided with a Passage by Sea at the Public Expense.

The original in hands of George Thomas Clark, Mt. Sterling, Ill. Obtained by Meribah Clark in 1969. This Alexander McKean was a cousin of my grandmother Eliza Ritchey.
Joseph and Jane McKean McCoy Family

Joseph McCoy died Jan. 1, 1900 aged 77 yrs.; buried at Red Bluff, Cal. He was born in Clark Co., Mo.

Jane McKean McCoy born in North Ireland 1825 Oct. 26, married Dec. 18, 1843, died Sept. 2, 1871, buried in Clark Co., Mo. at St. Francisville.


Jane McKean McCoy (1825-1871)

Jane McKean McCoy found living with Joseph not easy for beneath his exceptional politeness was an iron will and desire to have his own way. He provided well for his family. The household included not only the family but farm help and many transients for Joseph McCoy was a trader in live stock. Often many people had to be fed on short notice and the family had to be clothed. Domestic help was provided but they had to be supervised. Jane was responsible for the vegetable garden where she spent many morning hours. She took pride in her garden and great joy in her lovely flowers. Her constant complaint was that she had so little time to read.

Jane was a sensitive religious woman. Her affiliations were with the Presbyterian Church. She trained her children in Christian principles for which they glorified her memory.

The following quotation is taken from the Mt. Sterling, Ill. session book: April 30, 1843, Jane McCoy received by certification from St. Francisville, Mo.

Joseph McCoy (1823-1900)

Duncan McCoy, the grandfather of Joseph McCoy came with his family to Clark County, Missouri at an early date. He kept a store at Waterloo where Grandfather McKean purchased dress material and trimmings for dresses of his daughters and where he purchased a beaver hat for himself for $50. Joseph McCoy had a sister, the wife of Galen Clark who discovered the big trees in Yosemite Park, California in 1857. Galen Clark spent the last years of his life in Yosemite Park, the guest of Washburn Brothers who had the hotel concession there. He was appointed guardian of the valley under an Act of Congress in 1864 which position he served for twenty four years. I have two books written by Galen Clark "Indians of the Yosemite" (1904) and "Big Trees of California" (1906). These were given me by Leo McCoy in 1915. Another sister of Joseph McCoy was 78 years old in 1896.

Joseph McCoy was a highly moral man but not a churchman. However, he was proud of his sons who were. He was interested in politics but never aspired to public office.

He was especially proud of his family and gave them every advantage to develop their native ability. All six of them graduated from college. Once a friend congratulated him on his family, which compliment he accepted with overdue pride. His daughter remarked, "Well, we did have a mother."

Several trips were made to California before he took up residence at Los Gatos. He went to Skyland, the highest point in the Santa Cruz Mountains looking over the Bay of Monterey for medical treatment. He died in Red Bluff and was buried on the lot of his oldest son, Galen McCoy.

Galen McCoy (1846-1911)

Galen Clark McCoy was named for his uncle, Galen Clark. He was a superior person from early childhood. He graduated from ——— college.

When he attained young manhood his father sent him to purchase a herd of cattle. His father was proud of the business like manner in which he transacted the deal — fair and square to both sides.

He and his brother Leo attended the Sacramento Fair in 1872. The next year they went to Tehama County (Red Bluff, Calif.) and went into the sheep business with Howell Brothers. They began to buy land on the Tuscan Buttes from the government as it went on sale as well as purchasing from private individuals. On his death he left a ranch of 11,000 acres...
besides sheep, cattle and other property.

He married Izora Vickers in 1884. They had one daughter Georgia Dell. She graduated from University of California at Berkely. She travelled widely and was a good business woman.

**Rosemary Young McCoy Baxter (1848-1926)**

Rosemary was the pet of the McCoy household, the only girl with six brothers. She was a dignified individual in disposition much like her father. She loved beautiful things, was expert with her needle and was interested in all types of fancy handwork. She married William Baxter while a young woman. He died in 1877 aged 30 yrs. She donned black, widow’s weeds and never wore anything but black and white afterward. On the death of her mother in 1871 she became the capable supervisor of her father’s household.

In the early 1890’s, she lived in Keokuk. She had rooms in a large house across the street from the park that borders the Mississippi River. Soon after that she went to California and took residence at Santa Cruz where she lived alone until she went to Idaho to live with Solon. She and her father were too much alike to live together. After the death of her father she depended for support on her brothers, Leo and Galen. They at times felt that she was very demanding of them.

My mother loved Cousin Rosemary and they were congenial despite the difference in age. They both loved flowers and handwork. My mother cherished the memories of childhood visits to Missouri where all the family made her happy. She looked forward to having Cousin Rosemary visit in our home in 1900.

She gave my brother and me so many instructions as to what to do and what not to do that the visit was something of a nightmare to us. I never gave her half a chance to be friendly with me because of the fear of doing something I should not do. James and I felt relieved when we took her to the train.

When callers or neighbors came in she retired to her room or was patronizing to them. She would not go to church or any other place with my mother. However, she was friendly with all the relatives both Clarks and Ritchies. She and my father talked California and the west which made both happy. She knew how to crack walnuts and hickory nuts so the meat came out in whole pieces. She cracked nuts for my father but James and I were not invited or allowed to eat any of them. We cracked our own.

After two weeks at our house, one week with Uncle Bob and one with Uncle Alex she departed for Indianapolis to visit her brother Mortie. She wrote to my mother and sent her a souvenir silver spoon. My mother never heard from her again, which she did not understand. I never cared as I felt she imposed on my mother in having her constantly mail socks, handkerchiefs, fancy work material etc. to her in Idaho. I’ve always had a sneaking feeling my mother didn’t care too much either.

Just why Rosemary went to live with Solon I have never been sure but have always felt it was probably a matter of finance. At first she lived in Solon’s cabin but later she had a home of her own. Hers was a unique box house 40 by 50 feet. It was made of peeled pine logs 4 by 14 feet with 12 by 50 feet posts for the veranda and finished inside in peeled trunks and small trees. It was spacious with basement and loft and long room furnished with unique furniture, cases of minerals, wood and curios. Her bedroom on the upper level was furnished with bright colored rugs and quilts. From the window one looked down on a beautiful flower garden. It was indeed a show place but not too many people were invited there. Solon always removed his shoes when he entered and Charles Ritchey did the same while on a visit there. She had pleasure in her chickens and regretted when the minks raided the chicken house. Here on the Camus River thirty miles from Mountain Home she lived for twenty five years. When she died she had not been sick for 70 years.

In 1920, she and Solon bought a home in Mountain Home, Idaho where they lived during the winter months and at the last they stayed there the year around. Adie lived with them at the end. She willed Adie the property she had. She and Solon rest side by side in Mountain Home Cemetery.

**Leo Lewis McCoy (1850-1935)**

Leo Lewis McCoy was born in his grandfather’s log house in Clark County, Missouri. He grew up in the busy household of his trader-farmer father. He attended Pleasant Hill Academy in 1859 and graduated from LaGrange College in 1872. That year he and brother Galen went to California to the Sacramento Fair and the next year they went to Red Bluff where they lived the rest of their lives. Both went into sheep raising and both became wealthy men. Leo sold his ranch in 1914 but in 1924 had to foreclose a trust deed on 3,189 acres which cost him $35000.

He told me of the lonesome life when out on the range with the sheep. Few of the herders were very much company so he spent his time restudying his college tests. He thought his college professor of Greek would have been surprised at his proficiency in later years.

When his father gave him his business test in early manhood his father felt that he drove a bargain just a little too close by beating down the asking price on a bunch of cattle.

On Dec. 18, 1901, he married Emma Boffinger at Red Bluff. It was a stylist wedding. Their two children were Leo Jr. and Alice. He had two grandchildren, Kent, son of Leo Jr. and Robert Brown, son of Alice (8 mos. old in 1921). Kent was a second year student at
Berkeley in 1927. Alice attended Mills College and graduated at Berkeley as did Leo Jr. Leo was an officer in the Presbyterian Church for 28 yrs. Also an officer in the Red Bluff National Bank and a Mason. In 1901, he built a very nice house for his family.

His wife collapsed on Dec. 20, 1924 and died in Feb. 1925. He outlived her ten years which time he lived in his own home. Leo Jr. lived in Red Bluff and Alice in San Francisco.

Alexander McKeen McCoy (1852-?)

Alexander McKeen McCoy was a sensitive, mild mannered person. When his father sent him to settle the damage stock had done to a neighbor, Alex gave him all the money his father had given him and asked the man if that was enough.

He graduated from Christian College at Canton, Mo. in 1874. While a student he preached some and edited the school paper. He later trained in law and practiced in Red Bluff for many years.

Hattie Muth, a school teacher and he married and had three children. Ida Mae Stern was killed in an auto accident in Dec. 1922. Her mother cared for her baby son, then 2 yrs. old and Florence Sheffield took care of the little girl, 6 yrs. old, as well as her own two children. She lived in Berkeley, Cal. Their son, Joseph was a municipal engineer who served in U.S. army during the War and worked in various parts of the country. He lived in St. Louis, Chicago and Sacramento at various periods. All three of these children graduated at Berkeley (U. of C.). After his wife died Alex lived alone enjoying quietness.

Alex was a faithful churchman, supporting Christian causes generously, sometimes supplying the pulpit. He had been chairman of the State Convention of the Disciples of Christ of California for 20 years when the convention was held at Santa Cruz in Nov. 1896.

Solon McCoy (1854-1926)

Solon McCoy, the only child without a middle name was a fine Christian gentleman who loved to help anyone in need or distress. He was not gifted in accumulation of money but was satisfied to live a simple life in open country far from the noise and worries of the city where he raised horses. He graduated from Christian College in 1877, the same year as Adrian and Mortimer. He never married.

In the fall of 1900 he brought a carload of horses to Mt. Sterling. He was disappointed that they did not sell well but Brown County exported horses. His horses were wild, not broken to work so few men wanted to fool with them. He was disappointed but my family felt that his judgment had not been good. He made good with the children as he played with them and bought them stick candy.

His sister, Rosemary came to live with him and in the last days Adrian came too. He had enough money to carry him thru. He had a modest home in Mountain Home and Twin Springs Ranch which was thirty miles from that town. He and sister Rosemary are buried in unmarked graves in the cemetery at Mountain Home, Idaho.

Adrian Hadden McCoy (1857-?)

Adrian Hadden McCoy lacked the integrity of his older brothers but was social in nature. After he graduated from Christian College at Canton, Mo. in 1877 he went to Kansas where he entered the cattle business which did not prove profitable. In the early 1890's, he and his brother Mortimer manufactured crackers and candy in Keokuk, Mo. This adventure was not profitable either. They failed leaving outstanding debts which were never satisfied. My mother was one of the creditors so relations with these two families were not very cordial after that time. In fact, they had no contacts with each other.

After this failure, Adrian went to Cuthbert, Georgia where he ran a general store. Nellie Ritchey lived with his family when she had to leave Illinois on account of throat trouble (about 1900). Adrian and Camilla adopted a son, a relative of Camilla, when he was a small child. He did not turn out well and cost them heart ache and money. They had no children of their own.

While living on the range in Kansas, Adie put an ad in a love lorn paper. Camilla Harrison of Cuthbert, Ga. answered it for fun. After a lengthy correspondence they decided to marry. Neither family was happy about it but Adie took his father with him and Camilla's father, a general in Confederate Army was gracious to him, so blessings were given the young couple. They moved to Keokuk, Iowa. Camilla made good with the McCoy and Ritchey families as she was a happy, gracious beautiful, carefree woman who laughed a great deal but had good common sense.

Adie was lost when Camilla died and went to live with Solon and Rosemary. He helped them and they left him what property they had which he was glad to get. I know nothing of his death or burial.

Mortimer Wilson McCoy (1859-?)

Mortimer McCoy was the youngest of the family and the favorite of my mother. He visited here often while he was young. He was fond of Alta Burke and my mother thought they would have married had she lived but she died in 1879 (aged 19 yrs.). Mortie and Adie went into business in Keokuk but what Mortie did between graduation in 1877 and Keokuk days I have no idea. On leaving Keokuk Mortie sold insurance in Indianapolis. The family also lived in Des Moines, Iowa and Detroit, Mich.

He was the father of two children, a daughter...
Marjory, who graduated from Mt. Holyoke and attended Columbia University and a son, Mortimer Jr. His wife, Bess, then a widow visited Red Bluff in 1927. Cousin Leo saw Marjory in 1924 and was pleased with her. Mortimer died before 1920.
Part VI

The John McCaw Family

SUBMITTED BY MARTHA GRAHAM

Kavanagh Family

Introduction

Kavanagh (2) breaks off thus from Kavanagh (1) Kavanagh (No. 2) of (Clonmollen, Clonmellon?), Co. Carlow, Ireland.

Gerald (122) elder son of Arthur Oge who is No. 121 in the Kavanagh (No. 1) pedigree.

Donald Reac (123), his son, had 2 sons, Arthur Buidhe Miuris and Arthur Buidhe (124), son of Donal Reac.

Murtagh (125) of Clonmollen, Co. Carlow, son of Arthur Buidhe, Cahyr Carraoh (126), his son.

Donach (127) of Clonmollen, his son.

Donald-an-Spaineach (128) or “Donald the Spaniard” of Clonmollen, his son.

Sir Moroch Kavanagh (129) his son.

Sir Moroch Kavanagh and his 2 sons emigrated to France after 1690, they having been deprived of their estate in Ireland for violating the Treaty of Limerick. The 2 sons were Philemon and Col. Charles. Col. Charles’ regiment formed the besieging force at Derry. He married Mary Kavanagh of the Borris Family, his cousin. Capt. Ignatius Kavanagh, son of Col. Charles, served with his regiment through the Irish War. Then with his father, Col. Charles, and his brother James, and his grandfather Sir Moroch, he took refuge in France.

Sir Moroch’s eldest son, Philemon, and son Col. Charles went from France to America between 1691-1705. Col. Charles returned to France.

Col. Charles’ son, Ignatius married Katherine, daughter of Andrew Browne of Galway of the Castle McGarrett family. They had 3 sons: Nicholas, Andrew, Charles. They were living in France in 1776.

Philemon Kavanagh, eldest son of Sir Moroch is the ancestor of the American branch of the Kavanagh family. He had 2 sons: 1. Charles; 2. Philemon II married Ann Williams and died in Culpeper Co. Virginia in 1764 leaving many court records concerning the two brothers’ dispute over the settlement of their father, 40,000 estate. Philemon II wanted 1/2 of it; Charles, as eldest, wanted all of it.

Kavanagh Line

Generation I

Philemon I had two sons, Charles and Philemon II.

Generation II

Philemon II m Ann Williams of Welsh descent. He died in 1764 in Culpeper County, Vir. Their children were Charles, Benjamin, Sarah, William, Anna Mary and Frances.

Generation III

Frances, who married William Covington and died in 1797. She is buried in Viney Fork churchyard near Richmond, Kentucky.

Generation IV

Children of Frances and William were: Ellinor, Elizabeth, Robert, who married Nancy Duncan; Lucy, and Grizelle, who married Leighton Cooper. Their children were Richard, who died in Kentucky, Braxton was killed by Indians in Missouri; Robert fought in the War of 1812; Nancy married James Walker; Judah married John McPhail; Sena married Joseph Wright; Gilla and William.

Generation V

William Covington Cooper (1785-1850) m Mary Mize (1789-1839) in 1811. Their children were:

A. Robert b Jan. 24, 1813 m Susana Williams. Their children were Sylvester, Nelson and Louisa. They lived in Galva, Ill.

B. Lovina b June 7, 1830 m Archibald Glenn. Their children were three infants: Ella Glenn Shields, Florence and William. They lived in Mt. Sterling and Wichita, Kansas.

C. Lucinda b July 28, 1824 m Frank Castel. Their children were Thomas, Henry, William, Celia Ann and an infant. They lived in Newport, Greene Co., Ill.

D. Judith b Aug. 27, 1820 m Jeffrey Sitton. Their children were Henry, Lovina and Missouri (Zuria). They lived in Detroit, Ill.

E. Jane b Jan. 22, 1822 m Zachariah Smart in 1848 and J. B. Sitton in 1889. They lived in Detroit and raised Perry McCaw.

F. William b Dec. 22, 1825 m Eliza Harris of Ohio
in 1861. They lived in Simpson Co., Ky. and came to Pike Co., Ill. in 1827. They later lived in Clearwater, Kansas. Children were Frank, William, Robert, Ella, Mary and Lizzy.

G. Julia Ann b May 23, 1829. Died young.
H. Joshua b May 28, 1817. Family lived in Northeast Arkansas.

I. Elizabeth b Oct. 28, 1818 m Carpenter and had children: Mary Jane, Louisa and another daughter that married Tom Browning. Her second marriage was to —— Hudalson. Their children were Cynthia, Susie, William, Robert and another son. They lived in Chambersburg, Ill.

J. Ann b June 17, 1814 d Oct. 3, 1853 or 54. She was married twice. First to Terrill P. Sitton in 1832 of Detroit, Pike Co., Ill. Their children were Melinda, aged 17 in 1850, Sally aged 14 and Joseph aged 15. Her second marriage was to John McCaw in 1842. Their children were Mary McCaw who died young, another infant, Perry, Martha Lillias and Lucinda.

Generation VI


Generations VII, VIII, IX and X

Their children were: a. Mildred Ann (June 27, 1875-1965); b. Stella, who died at age 2; c. Mary Lillias (Oct. 28, 1882-1966) who married Herbert King (1879-1965); d. Stella, who died at age 2; e. Mary who married John Seviers who had a son.

I. Elizabeth b Oct. 28, 1850 at Kane, Green Co., Pa. d Oct. 3, 1853 or 54. She was buried in Blue River Cemetery near Tappahannock, Vir. was a chief justice. Their children were: Luke and Thomas (exec. of will in 1762), Richard, Robert (died in 1795), Grizzell who married Smith, Anne m Kavanaugh, Mary married Brown.

F. William IV b 1740 m Frances Kavanaugh in 1760. She died in 1797. Will dated Feb. 11, 1783. He fought in Revolutionary War. William III and IV had land in Culpepper Co., Vir. Culpepper Co. was taken from Orange Co. in 1749. Orange Co. was taken from Spotsylvania in 1734 and Spotsylvania from Essex Co. in 1720.

McCaw Line

David McCaw (b June 10, 1764) m Martha Foster (b July 5, 1764). She died Feb. 16, 1839. She is buried in Blue River Cemetery near Detroit, Ill. Both families lived within ten miles of Natural Bridge, Vir., but in different directions. Their children were:

I. Jane (May 17, 1891) d in Carrollton, Ill. She never married.

II. William (b April 27, 1793). He died in Aug. 1843 in Meyer, Miss. He was in the War of 1812.

III. Mary Jane b June 27, 1797 m Uriah Taylor. Moved to Ill. in 1834. Children were: Newton, George Washington, John McCaw who married Lizzie Rush, and Martha Jane who married John Seviers who had a son, Leslie who died leaving a two or three year old son.

IV. Prudence (b July 16 1803) married Willie Peebles. Lived in Murforsville or Elizabethtown in 1833. Their children were Nell Peebles who married Heaver and lived in Pittsfield, Ill. Their daughter Jennie married Dr. W. D. Turner and moved to Pasadena, Cal. Their child was Frank.

V. Nancy J. (b May 30, 1795) m W. D. Turner and moved to Pasadena, Cal. Their child was Frank.
Green County, Ill. in 1834. Their children were: A. Amanda Wood who never married; B. Maria J. who married George L. Burrus. Their children were: 1. George W. who died at three; 2. Maria J. was never married; 3. John C. of Atlanta, Ga.; 4. Harry S. who lived in Carrollton; 5. A Leslie who lived in Garden City, Mo.; 6. Dr. E. W. who lived at Holly Grove, Ark.; 7. Lulu May who married Howard Nelson and 8. George Lewis Burrus. C. George M. Wood lived in Decatur. The Burrus family lived on a farm east of Carrollton, Ill. and had a cottage near Grafton, Ill. where they spent much time. Mattie McCaw was often there.

VI. John McCaw (Jan. 3, 1800-June 1856) m. Martha Alcorn who died in 1832. They came to Carrollton in 1831. He is buried in Little Blue Cemetery at Detroit. They had a son Charles who was killed in the Civil War. Charles had a daughter Emma, a son Charles and a son Allie. Charles had a son, John who lived in Montrose, Colorado. John McCaw married as a second wife, Lillia Hazelwood who lived only three years after marriage. They had a son Alfred born in 1838 and died in Decatur where he was an accountant. John’s third marriage was to Ann Cooper. (See Kavanagh line.)

On the death of Ann Cooper McCaw, Alfred went to the home of Dr. Blatchley C. Wood. They adopted him. Perry went to his Aunt Jane Smart. Martha went to the Burrus home and Lucinda may have gone there too but we know that she lived with Missouri Sitton at Detroit, Ill. Missouri Sitton was the daughter of Jeffrey Sitton. She was 66 years old in 1922 and died in 1929.

Martha McCaw (Aunt Mattie) was a precious person, warm and kindly. She cared for the Burrus children where she made her home; was matron at a state institution for a time in Jacksonville and at the Sailor’s and Soldier’s Home in Quincy. She did private nursing. One patient was the sister of Loronzio Bull in Quincy. Mildred McCaw and Meribah Clark both had precious memories of a visit paid her there. Mr. Demaree, her husband was much older than she. They lived at Huron, S.D. and Aunt Mattie cared for Faye Demaree, his grandchild. Faye’s married name was Hills. She lived in St. Louis, Mo. That was why Aunt Mattie was living in a home in Alton, Ill. when she died.

One David McCaw, born in Kentucky was shot on the streets of Memphis at the beginning of the Civil War. It has not been determined just who he was. He might have been a brother of John whose birth had not been recorded.

Movement of McCaw Family

1795 — David McCaw was in Wythe Co., Va. where daughter Nancy was born.

1805 — David McCaw came to Somerset, Pulaski Co., Kentucky.

In 1807 David McCaw bought 100 acres of land in Pulaski County Kentucky on the east side of Fishing Creek. An inventory of personal property of David McCaw taken Mar. 10, 1815 showed a sale bill of $134 for livestock but household items were not sold. David died at age 51.

John and Martha Alcorn McCaw bought on Sept. 7, 1822 fifty acres adjoining David McCaw’s survey. It was sold Sept. 11, 1830. John McCaw died at age 51.

1831 — John McCaw came to Green Co., Ill.

1843-47 — Justice of Peace in Blue River Precinct, Pike Co.

1850 — Returned to Green Co.

1854 — Back in Detroit, Pike Co.

1856 — Died.

Found in John McCaw’s Leather Pocketbook

A note dated Nov. 6, 1839 from Lillia Hazelwood McCaw, probably written during her last illness. She was staying with someone in Carrollton, probably the Wood family. Alford was sick, too, and she felt very weak trying to care for him. John was not there. She felt “in the Way” and asked him to come back to Carrollton. Note was folded, addressed Mr. John McCaw and sealed with red wax.

1840 Mar. 30 Rec’d of John McCaw in Full. Carrollton Pegram and Mayo. $6.56 (Probably for expenses of Lillia’s illness or death).

1836 Mr. John McCaw Bought of R. H. Swallow:

Oct. 29 Sugar and Coffee $1.00.

Oct. 29 1 Set Wagon boxes $1.75.

Oct. 31 1 shovel 2 tin cups $1.12.

Nov. 5 4 red Lead $.75.

Nov. 7 2 gal. L. oil $4.00, Total $8.62.

Tax Receipts for 1842 and 1847 on this farm: 80A E¾ NE Sec. 21 Twp 5S, 2W.

This farm was half way between Florence and Detroit. Ill. 1848 and 1850 Tax Receipts for: 40A NE NE Sec. 20 Twp 5S Range 2 W Pike Co., 40A SE NE Sec. 20 Twp 5S Range 2W.

Tax Receipt for: NE NE Sec 21 Twp 9 Range II 40A Green Co., SE NE Sec. 21 Twp 9 Range II, 40A.

This land is Northeast of Kane, Ill. They lived there when Ann Cooper (Sitton) McCaw died.

July 1, 1843 or 5, Bill of Goods, Mr. John McCaw Vanosdew Co., Carrollton: 5 yds. (unreadable) $3.75, ½ yd. Swiss Muslin .13, 1 yd. (unreadable) .03, 2 spools Bas .12, 2 yds. lace (unreadable), by cash $5. — ?

Since he married Ann Cooper Sitton in 1842, then had a daughter Mary and a baby who died, this might be for one of them, burial clothes perhaps. The bill was kept for some reason. Perhaps Ann made herself a new dress.
Carrollton, Mar. 22, 1837, received of John McCaw by P. Hazelwood $1.75 to be placed to his credit for the Western Pioneer. Alvin Baily agent.

Several others: bills paid, Justice of Peace Books turned over to next Justice 1847, Blue River Precinct.

Holmes Family

David McCaw born in County Antrim, Ireland had a sister, Jane who married David Holmes in Ireland. Her family consisted of children David, Horatio, Foster, Telemecus, Castora, Nelson, Victor, John, Peggy, Mary Rhoda. All these children were born in Virginia.

David and Jane Holmes and David McCaw came to America in 1777 from Antrim, Ireland and settled at Rockbridge Co., Vir. The captain of the ship was Capt. McElwe. David McCaw was about 13 years at the time.

Gilmore and Foster Families

James Gilmore married Martha Beatty. The Gilmore will was filed June 7, 1783 in Rockbridge Co., Vir. The children were William, Joseph, Samuel, John, Margaret, Martha, James and Mary who married William Foster whose children were William, Thomas, James and Martha who married David McCaw.

Gilmore land was on Buffalo Creek and between the forks of the James River, Augusta Co., Vir. The family was there in 1756.

McCaw-Foster-Gilmore Narrative

As told to Mattie L. McCaw (Demaree) by Martha Jane Severs (daughter of Mary Jane McCaw (Taylor) who was a daughter of David McCaw.

David McCaw, born in Antrim, Ireland, came to America in a sail vessel with Capt. McElwe. He was 13 years of age and was 13 weeks crossing the ocean.

His sister, Jane McCaw married David Holmes and came to America. Grandfather (David) settled in Rockbridge Co., Va., within 10 miles of the Natural Bridge. He married Martha Foster. Her mother’s maiden name was Gilmore. Grandmother (Martha Foster McCaw) had two uncles James and Thomas (brother of Mary Gilmore Foster).

James was taken prisoner by Indians and tortured until he was deranged, and as long as he lived was shooting Indians in his imagination.

Thomas was in the field plowing. He started to give warning and was shot. They saw him fall, but they left him and went on. He crawled to a stump that was sprouted and hid in it and stayed until they were gone. They had a baby which cried so much an Indian took it out of the mother’s arms and killed it before her. She was disfigured, having an eye put out by an Indian thrusting a buck’s horn into it, so that on a day of ransom, her husband passing before the line did not recognize her. She was not allowed to speak. He turned away saying, “I have to go home without mine.” His wife saw him fall when he was shot and she thought he was killed.

Grandmother’s brothers were unusually large men. William, Thomas, and James (Foster) Aunt Jane Holmes had a large family. One son David was to be married to Jane Alcorn. He was building a house to live in when a ridge pole fell from the house injuring him so badly he died in a few hours. He was loved by everyone.

Grandfather Foster lived 11 miles from Grandfather McCaw. Grandfather McCaw moved to Somerset, Pulaski Co., Kentucky.

History books call this Indian raid Kerr’s Creek Massacre. 1st visitation Oct. 10, 1759. 2nd visitation July 17, 1763. 3rd visitation Nov. 11, 1777.

Areas involved were: Greenbrier River, Falling Springs, Jackson River, Cowpasture, Mill Mt., Kerr’s Creek, all in Virginia. 1st visitation 4 Gilmore were killed, 2nd visitation: Indians were concealed a day or two at a spring near head of Kerr’s Creek. Tracks were seen and people flocked to blockhouse of Jonathan Cunningham at Big Spring. Meanwhile homes were attacked and 60-80 were killed and 25-30 prisoners were taken: Among the prisoners were Mrs. Jennie Gilmore, two daughters and a son, John. There were atrocities.

Leighton Cooper was a private in a Virginia regiment under Captain John Roberts and Col. Travis for two years and William Covington a Sergeant in a Virginia Regiment.

Not to know what came to pass before you were born is always to remain a child.

— Cicero
Earth Is Enough

We men of Earth have here the stuff
Of Paradise — we have enough!
We need no other thing to build
The stairs into the unfulfilled.
No other ivory for the doors
No other marble for the floors
No other cedar for the beam
And dome of man’s immortal dream.
Here on the paths of everyday
Here on the common human way
Is all the stuff that God would take
To build a Heaven, to mold and make
New Edens. Ours the stuff sublime
To build Eternity in time.

— Edwin Markham
Appendix

Ritchey Letters

1. Letter from John Pearson to James Ritchey — April, 1865.
2. Letter from John Pearson to James Ritchey — May, 1865.
4. Letter from Uriah Stone to James Ritchey — April, 1865.
5. Letter from Uriah Stone to James Ritchey — April, 1865.
7. Letter from Jane Brockman to James and Eliza Ritchey — Aug. ?.
10. Letter from Samuel Ritchey to James and Eliza Ritchey — June, 1856.

March 12, 1865

Dear Brother,

I was about to commence my letter by saying I had received your letter but it would have been a mistake. I heard you wished me to write how I wanted the money sent. The safest way is by check or draft on New York, at least I would prefer it sent that way. We are all well and doing the best we can under circumstances. We are looking for better times soon in reference to this unhappy or should I have said cruel war. There was a great deal of rejoicing yesterday in Lexington and a grand illumination last night and a quantity of powder burned on account of recent victories but after all it is a sad affair when we look at the blood and treasure it has cost and probably a good deal more before it is over. James I may be trespassing on your patience by writing more than answering your request in reference to business matters. I have never received a letter only from Stephen since the death of your Father. I can say the Apostle Paul that I have lived with a good conscience before God with reference to any brother or sister of Polly to this day. We are all erring mortals I know but we should always be ready to correct our errors when we are convinced. James if you knew what pleasure it would give Polly to get a letter you and all her brothers I know you would gratify her in that respect. There is none of blood runs in better veins than hers. Being separated a great distance from each other we become careless but that can be remedied very much if we will take the trouble to write. It is bedtime and I must close for the present. I have not written the news of the neighborhood but may at some future time. Polly wants your wife to write her a letter tell her all about the children. Give our love to all the friends and be assured we remain as ever

Yours truly,
John S. Pearson

May 22, 1865

Dear Brother,

Having opportunity of sending to town this morning I hasten to write you a few lines. I received your draft for seven hundred and 8 dollars and 80 cents. Enclosed you will find a receipt for the same. We are all well except Sam. He is complaining. Polly will send your wife her photograph as soon as she can get it taken. Give our love to all inquiring friends and be assured we remain as ever yours,

affectionately,
John S. Pearson

(Lexington, Ky.)

Clinton County, Missouri

May 13, 1865

Mr. James Ritchey,

Dear Sir — I received your letter a few days since informing us that you had received our power of attorney and that the proceeds of the sale was ready for distribution. You can therefore send a check for our portion payable to Elizabeth Chapman. This leaves us all in good health and I hope will find you and yours alike in health. Give our love and respects to your family and accept as much for yourself.

Yours truly,
W. S. Chapman
April 3, 1865

Mr. James Ritchey

Dear Sir — Your kind letter of the sixth inst duly cai'm to hand and from what we learn from it you are now ready to pay the legatees their portion of what had fallen into your hands. You may send ours in a draft on New York. If you please write a letter about four days before you send the draft sow I may be ready and watching for it. It will give me a better opportunity. I wish you to send a receipt such a one as you want to settle with commissioners. We will send it and return the receipt as soon as the draft comes to hand. I know it will prevent you from being uneasy. I wish to write what time the next payment is due. You will have the draft drawn to me about four days before you send the draft. I have stated to John Peason all you wished to do. Margaret wishes to know if you had a suitable head and foot stone placed to Robert’s grave if not we are not only willing but anxious it should be done and we are willing to pay our portion. If there is none to Emma’s there should be one fixed to hers also.

We have received glorious news the war is about to close. Lee has surrendered and I am told that Johnson has done the same. The negroes is free and I don’t care. I never believed it was rite to own them yet when I live in a community that does own them and there is no other way of getting laybor we air compelled to hire of won them. It leaves us all well.

Your friend as ever

Uriah Stone

October 28, 1865

Dear Brother and Sister,

We received your kind letter of October the first yesterday. We also received your letter some ten days ago with the draft our remaining portion of Robert’s estate. It came very unexpected as it was not due until next March. You have certainly done well. I will send you a receipt in full in this letter as our attorney at law. If I do not write it satisfactory we can send one, the will and we will sine it. Stock is very high. Hogs is selling at ten dollars per hundred groce and some think they will be worth twelve. Beef cattle is worth from six to eight according to quality and size hoearses is low. Sheep food quality is worth from seven to ten dollars. The neighborhood is Generally healthy. Land is renting very high. John Allen rented his farm of two hundred and seventy acres at eighteen hundred dollars. It has a vinyard of four acres that Hicks has rented out for three hundred and fifty dollars. You spoke of making mollasses. Margaret sais we have none. She wished you would send her over some. Well James we have another boy and talk of calling him Alexandria and tell Eliza Margaret wants her to write to her. We have five bouys living and one dead and two daughters.

The corn crop was very fine hear this year. It is worth about a dollar and a half per. We had the poorest crop of wheat threw out Kentucky that I ever saw. The oats crops was very fine. The barley crop was injured from rain. We had a great deal of rain just after harvest. This leaves us all well except the baby it is quite complaining it was born the sixth of last September. Know more at present but remain your Brother and Sister as ever. Write soon.

Uriah Stone

To James Richey

P.S. Our baby was taken sick at the time I rote this and prevented me from sending these lines sooner. It died last Saturday. It was born the sixth of September and died the fourth of November, a lonely little boy. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away Blessed be the name of the Lord. This leave us all well this Nov. — Uriah Stone.

Dear Brother and Sister:

I take my pen in hand to let you know that we are all well excepting Margaret. She has had the ague so mutch that her feet and ancles has been swelling for about too weeks. I hope this few lines will find you enjoying good health. James I was very sorry to hear of Robert’s death. We do not know whose lot it will be next. I thought last spring that I would be first of the family to go when I had spotted fever. My health has bin better this winter than common except trouble being left alone so mutch. The man that he left on the place with me was the last of creation. The next week after he left I started him. I give him three days to leave and he left the next day after I told him to leave. Now after I have come here and got my children settled around me now he wants me either to go with him to Leavenworth or els stay hear by myself. I don’t feel disposed to go now. James I want you to see when the shop is sold that Sam gets the balance of the money that I sent him. I sent him one hundred and five dollars. You spoke of making mollasses. Margaret sais we have none. She wished you would send her over some. Well James we have another boy and talk of calling him Alexandria and tell Eliza Margaret wants her to write to her. We have five bouys living and one dead and two daughters.

Jane Brockman to James Ritchey
Mapleton, Bourbon Co., Kansas

Dear Brother and Sister:

I set down to write to you. We are all well at present and hope that these few lines will find you enjoying good health. I have nothing of importance to write. It has been very dry, weary, there has not been any rain. The crops look very bad. There was no wheat raised neither spring or fall. Wheate and corn look very bad. We put in a good deal of both but we did not raise any worth anything. There was no gardain raised either. It is very discouraging at present not being any prospect of raising anything and their is a great many leaving the territory and going to Illinois. Some is going to Adams there close to Laprairie and some to Brown. We do not know whether we will stay her this winter or not. Dear Brother and Sister we would like to see you both very much. If I can not see you I would like to hear from you. Often we have talked on going to Missouri on a visit this Fall if nothing happens but I dont think we will leave here if we can find anything to live on. We have got such a pretty place but it is not preempted yet. It will be ready the first of next month to preempt. Mr. Brockman has got a nice town sight her. There has been two or three houses put up in it. There has been one store their all summer. It is a little over a half a mile from our house. We have no school hear this summer but I am in hopes we will have this winter as I want Margaret to go. She went on quarter. Dear Brother and Sister we live in trouble hear their so much fussing hair with the Jayhakers. They are stealing all the time. They are after Mr. Brockman. They acuse him of belonging to the committee. We do not know whether they will kill him or not. I am very sorry that I ever come hear. It is such a poor society. The poorest that I ever lived in. We have meeting hear once a month and there is very few members. It does not look like going to meeting. They had the night set to come and take him out of bed but they heard that he was not at home and they did not come until two or three nights after that. We think they was around but he was not at home. We live in dread. I was in hopes we would live in peace and quietness when we came out hear but it is nothing but a fuss all the time. Tell Robert that I think he has forgotten a sister in Kansas for I have written to him and Sam and I have never received a letter from him. I am writing a letter to all my brothers and sisters and I want to get an answer from them. I was very sick last summer and winter. I was very bad part of the time. I did not know whether I would live or not. I had three attacks of fever. I was weighted the other day and only weighed one hundred and ten. All the rest of the family was sick too but we have our health very well this summer so far. Eliza I want to know if you have weighed one hundred and ten. All the rest of the family was sick too, but we have our health very well this summer so far. Eliza I want to know if you have weighed one hundred and ten. All the rest of the family was sick too but we have our health very well this summer so far. Eliza I want to know if you have

Sam and Spears little girl and how she gets along. Tell little babe to hurry and grow fast and come and see me for I want to see him. Tell him when he gets big enough to write to me. Give my love to all your family an then yourself. Nothing more at present but remains your sister untill death.

From Jane Brockman to James and Eliza Ritchey

Spring Vail, Lexington

Sept. 11, 1846

Dear Brother,

It appears that correspondence has stopt and Tomb like silence exists between us. Dumbness of a like nature is reverse to my nature which is more disagreeabla than pleasing and it can be attributed to nothing else but thoughtlessness which should be crushed now. The bud of communication should be permitted to grow rather than wither. Now it is left to our discretion whether as brother we shall correspond freely. It is my desire to hear from you often and I have no doubt but what it is your wish. Now it is our desire to hear from you oftener. May the spirit of love and respect stimulate us to action and the pleasure it produces keep it in motion which will heartily greeted on our side.

We at present enjoy excellent health and we hope that this letter will find you enjoying corresponding prosperity. The health of the neighborhood has been quite good.

We have no news of intrust to send you other than Uncle John Robertson and family was lately here whom we most earnestly congratulated. During their stay festivity and joy reigned. Ah how happy we were to see them and still more elated we would be to see you and your family come. Mr. Brockman rote that perhaps he would come this fall. Since that we heard they were residing in Lexington of Louisville to attend the medical lectures. What ever I undertake I look forward for success which if energy and discretion is used it will attend anyone who makes the struggle. I shall endeavor to make myself worthy of the appilation attached to me but adversity shall be my untimely doom in my perplexing reserches into the labrinth of the medical science. It shall never cower amongst the ruins of my peace not blast the hope of again making a rise in the same persuit.

Rite as soon as you get this letter whether you know of an opening for a doctor and how many there

—116—
Dear Brother,

I have been here at my father's a few days and will start in a week for my Mo. home at which place I have not been since last fall. It will not be in my power to call and see you on my way and my other friends this time. I have been spending the winter in New York City and Philad for the purpose of attending the Hospitals and Lectures and I think with much advantage to myself. I have been fortunate enough to have the opportunity to visit most of the large cities in the east and attend lectures at 7 or 9 different medical colleges while in New York. I visited Boston and on my way home from Philad I spent some time in Baltimore and Washington City. But to give you an account of what I saw while I was in the east I cannot now but will only send you an extract of some of my letters written to a friend in Ohio who took the responsibility of the publication.

Your parents and friends are all well here at this time and seemed glad to see me thus far safe on my way to the great west and also glad to think of my escape without injury from the thronged metropolis.

Your courtship and marriage of your present wife (and from what I have heard of her may she always be your present and constant friend throughout life) wees to hang upon the lips of this neighborhood. Gossip like an enchanted legendary tale of olden times.

I have already sat by the glowing winter fire and listened to the animated recital of Bob's entanglement love and his utter incompetance to escape and his final yielding up to the one he loved. His stout heart which had baffled off the shafts of love so long. It did look a little strong to even me who had been used of late to see you absent and here the strange tale. From all accounts you and your wife are happy and I am content.

I am not married yet not withstanding the almost overpowering temptation of the beauty of the eastern wimen. I nevertheless baffled the storm and vivid onset of alcscic beauty with the same stocicsm you used to use in past days.

Mother and father love to tak of you and your good wife. They send respects to you and want you to write often and I think you should do your duty if you did not write once a month. Father is going to town today to have his dagueratye taken for me.

I will send you a leaf of the english ivy plucked from the vault of Henry Clay. Keep it for his sake and mine.

Yours, Stephen Ritchey

June 22, 1856

Dear Brother and Sister:

I have put off writing longer than I intended so as to gather up as much news as to fill a letter. I have concluded that if I would put everything down that I have seen it would take more time than I usually devote to letter writing.

Well to begin with I left your house that morning as Robert says about half crazy about a Tish. Well to tell the truth it was the most melancholy day that I spent caused from leaving my friends and other attachments I had formed in little Brindle. We found the Mississippi very high but had no difficulty in crossing. We found the road very good part of the way out until we got into the broken country. Hannibal is a very nice town and improving very fast. We didn't get into any very good country until we got to the chariton river. It commenced getting better from there on. We went by way of Paris, Huntsville and Brunswick. At the mouth of the Grand River we travelled thru rolling prairie between that and Carolton that was rich and productive but rather too rolling. It was not much settled. Land was worth from ten to fifteen dollars. From Carolton to Richmond we passed thru a low prairie that is the richest land that I ever saw. It produced ten and twelve hundred wietht of hemp and everything else in proportion but it is flat and I think sickly. There is some good land in Troy but it is too broken generally. We got to Liberty Monday. It was court day and the people of the country generally collected. They wer very much excited or rather enraged. They had just got the news of the murder of the eight proslavery men by the abolitionists. They were raising men and money to go over and have the thing done up right. Colonel Donophan made an inflamatory speech setting forth the brutality of the murderers in their redest colors and appealed to the Missourians to protect their lawfullights and their countrymen from murderers. He went on until he was out of breath and exhausted with rage. There was a company raised and ten thousand dollars to buy out claims and feed their men. If there had been alive abolitionist dropped among them they would have clawed him up before a cat could lick her ear.

You ought have seen the company mounted. They paraded the streets armed and equipped. Some on lame horses, some on mules with muskets and shot guns revolvers and knives. A blanket and can to hold water and a rope to hang yankees with. It was a
formidable host but they have all got back without any scalps that I know of. We hear all kinds of reports her from Kansas. I have no doubt you do too. They are not all reliable even the public prints exagerate and lie to get up an excitement. It is all done by designing politicians on both sides. There is a mankilled once in awhile by these lawless band that are roaming over the country for both parties. I think if the people of the states would stay at home and attend to their own business they will soon become quiet.

Me and Stephen took a trip up to Hamilton this new town of his. They had a sale of lots two days. It is out in the middle of a big prairie five or six miles from timber. They have one house built and the lots staked off one hundred and sixty acres. I think it would more properly called peg town. The country is not as good as it is in Clay. We went over to the river last week through Jackson and Cass counties. The county about Independence is the prettiest and best I have seen in the state. Land is very high rating from twenty to fifty. Cass is mostly prairie but very rich and fine water running streams and plenty of limestone to fence with. It is fine county but most to far from market. We sold our buggy over there for two hundred and thirty dollars. Twenty five more than we gave for it.

Well Eliza Robert courted one widow on the way out who had a large farm and plenty of negroes to work it. She concluded to study on it until he comes back that way. You need not be surprised if he brings her in with him this fall.

Tell Tish to not marry until I come back if she can possibly avoid it. If she don’t think I will come back this fall but if she does I believe I will go over to the Kansas war and get killed if I can. Now I want you to pay me back in a good long letter as soon as you get this and let me know what is going on in little Brindle. We heard from Kentucky, the friens there were all well.

I am your ever faithful brother.

Samuel Ritchey
Mt. Sterling
Jan. 4

Dear Brother:

I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know that we all well at present. I thought that I would write to you and Bob will write in a few days. There was a party over at Billie Clark’s Christmas night. There was a party at Mr. Thernens Wensday night. There was a party at Mr. McDaniel’s new years night. They had oysters and ice cream and cake. And Fryday night there was a party at Mr. Irwins. Ma and Emma and I are getting very brave. We stayed here three nights all alone. I got a letter from Cousin Leo last week and he was well. We had seventeen pounds of butter to sell last week. Christmas night there was a dance over to uncle Sams. The bush boys and Emma Fry and sum more went from over here.

Grandmother ant got home yet.

Mebbie Ritchey

Bob added — We have not sold the sheep yet. We weighed the hogs. They went 32.40 that is 336 gain in two weeks. Hogs is worth 4½.

Cemetery Lots in Mt. Sterling Cemetery

Eliza Ritchey, Lot 58, June 22, 1871, new addition, sum of $10. West half of Lot 57 for $5, on Feb. 20, 1886 for $5 in 1st addition cemetery.

Alex Ritchey, Lot 11, June 11, 1892, 3rd Add. Robert Ritchey, Lot 12, June 11, 1892, 3rd Add.

James Clark, Lot 49, Blk B, 8th Add.

Alexander McKean, old plat, no record.

Meribah Ritchey and E. E. Clark are in the Mausoleum.

Biography References

History of Illinois and Her People by Professor George W. Smith in six volumes (1927).
Edward E. Clark, Volume V, p. 62.
History of Illinois River Valley by John L. Conger in three volumes (1932).

From Conscripts of the Dream

Give thanks, O Heart, for the high souls That point us to the deathless goals For all the courage of their cry That echoes down from sky to sky; Thanksgiving for the armed seers And heroes called to mortal years Souls that have built our faith in man And lit the ages as they ran.

— Edwin Markham
For The Sake Of Henry Clay

By
Charles James Ritchey
Drake University
Des Moines, Iowa
February 17, 1933

While visiting at my boyhood home in Illinois in August of 1929, my father took me on what he thought might be our farewell journey together among the reminiscences and momentoes of his long life. Furniture, bric-a-brac, pictures, books, and all the familiar objects that foreshorten eternity for the aged, were once again made to glow with the warmth and tenderness of memory. As we knelt before the old cherry highboy that Grandfather had when Grandmother married him in 1844, Father's hands fumbled reverently among the tumbled array of remembrances — a letter from Mother, a picture of a cousin, a hand-carved box for collar buttons fashioned in the long ago days of his youth, a Bible given him by Grandmother, an old pen, a pair of spectacles, and so on.

Finally I picked up a bundle of letters that Father had passed by as if they were only half-sacred and asked if he knew what they were. "O, they are some letters send to Uncle Robert," he replied. My great uncle Robert, who lived in Illinois only two or three miles from my grandfather's home, died early in 1865. His estate had been administered by my grandfather, who after selling the property distributed the proceeds to the various members of the family. The personal letters were not property and yet too precious to be thrown away. There they lay in Grandfather’s old highboy from 1865 to 1929. To me they seemed like a priceless discovery, and when Father told me I might have them, I almost offended him by my neglect of the other things that he treasured so affectionately.

My aunt showed me a few letters that she had, and out of one dropped a dry leaf of English ivy that my great uncle Stephen had picked in 1853 from the vine that had but recently been planted at the grave of Henry Clay. A delightful touch of sentiment.

Soon I had a collection of some sixty odd letters, written during the troubled years of the '50's and the '60's, mostly from northwest Missouri, a few from Kentucky and Illinois. As I grew familiar with them and added the tradition of the family, a story began to take shape. Those who wrote these letters had no expectation of revealing to a later generation their intimate thoughts, their secret longings. They simply reached out to each other instinctively, as birds do when cold blasts give warning of winter. To our eyes much of what they thought important seems as useless chaff, and what they thought was trivial is the wheat of the winnowing.

Behind the network of cousins, aunts, and uncles, of courthips, marriages, births, and deaths, of purchases, sales, and trading, there appears the outline of a cause and a high hope in a national setting. The story itself is well worth the telling, carrying with it the memory of Henry Clay and the fervor of his creed of compromise in a day that knew no compromise. But it is more significant when placed in its wider perspective, where we may see the story in full view and correct proportions.

The passions of the Civil War had their clear origins in the moods of the preceding half-century, when men fought in debate the battles later to be decided at Shiloh and Appomattox. As two by two the new states entered the ranks of the Union, the balanced Senate maintained the deadlock behind which the Southern minority in the House could always take refuge.

These foes of North and South were kinsmen in spirit as well as in blood. For all their bitterness they had much in common. Their ancestral lines were intertwined in America and far away in their old homelands. Alike they had accepted the logic of independence and the conquest of a new land. But a restless discontent stirred in their souls, a discontent that had in it the possibilities of great achievement or of destructive rivalry. Relentless fate cast the ballot on the side of destruction. Every cause became the cause of God, and every fault was one to be corrected at once. The war came and the war went; hatred...
came and hatred lingered among the embers of strife.

During all this time men gathered around two standards. The stories that have since been told have either glorified the virtues of the North, or have generously related the lost cause of the South. The people who held to middle ground have been forgotten, partly because they themselves forgot their principles; or having been forced into silence during the war, they continued their silence and their story perished with them. And that is the reason why the bundle of letters hidden away in my grandfather's highboy have more than passing interest. The men who wrote them were followers of Henry Clay, but in the bitterness of the postwar period, they said nothing about their earlier position. It is fortunate, indeed, that these letters were ignored as personal and therefore unimportant. If they had ever been returned to my uncles who wrote them, they would have been destroyed. To me, far removed from the passions of the Civil War, it seems no disgrace to have been a moderate, to have hated Civil War and to have placed the Union above any immediate decision on slavery. Out of the silence of the past, and out of the chagrin of their rejection, the compromisers now honestly and frankly tell their story.

"I will send you a leaf of the English ivy plucked from the vault of Henry Clay. Keep it for his sake and mine." With this touch of sentiment young Stephen Ritchey closed his letter to his brother Robert at Mount Sterling, Illinois. For a few days he had been resting at the old homestead near Lexington, Kentucky, after a weary journey from the East. During the leisure of the visit his mind wandered over the memories and association of past years, — his early home life, his medical training at Louisville, the recent death of his beloved Henry Clay, the absent members of the family whom he longed to see, and his own new home at Liberty, Missouri, which he had left in the fall of 1852 in order to secure additional training at the great hospitals and clinics of the East.

Stephen and Robert had grown up in Kentucky during the bitter-sweet days of Henry Clay's political career. Clay's leadership had cast its magnetic spell over them as it had over the lives of many thousands throughout the years when he and Calhoun and Webster dominated the political thought of the nation. But these brothers were attached to Clay's memory by more than an intellectual approval of his doctrines. Their family, like his, had once been rooted in the soil of Virginia, and in Kentucky they had lived practically as neighbors of his. They were indeed a part of Clay's South, but not of the South of Calhoun. They belonged to the large and restless class of small farmers, independent in spirit and chafing under the restraints imposed by the conservative slave owners. By training and temperament the family was prone to view political problems in the same spirit of practical compromise that has traditionally been associated with the name of Henry Clay. When Stephen wrote to Robert, he enclosed the leaf of ivy as a pledge of allegiance to cherished ideals. The reminiscences awakened by his visit to the old home gave these ideals a new and enduring vitality.

The family had scattered. Three brothers were living as neighbors in west central Illinois. One sister, married to Thomas S. Brockman, abolitionist and anti-Mormon agitator, had moved from Illinois to Kansas. Missouri had attracted three of the family; a sister was living in Platte County, Samuel had a farm in Calhoun County, and Stephen was now in March, 1853, returning to his home at Liberty.

Although widely separated these brothers and sisters were bound together by strong ties of family loyalty. There was a particularly strong tie between Stephen and Samuel in northwestern Missouri and Robert in Illinois. At one time they had planned to live as close neighbors. But since fate had decreed otherwise, they bridged the gap of distance by an intimate correspondence.

Little is known of the experiences of the brothers during the later fifties. Apparently their time was filled with the hard and exacting work that pioneer life called for. A stray letter preserves one picturesque description from this period. Samuel in 1856 visited his brothers in Illinois and upon his return described the excitement that he found in Liberty, Missouri, soon after the John Brown raid at Dutch Henry's Crossing on Pottawatomie Creek, late in May. "We got to Liberty Monday. It was court day and the people of the county generally collected. They were very much excited, or rather enraged. They had just got the news of the murder of the proslavery men by the abolitionists. They were raising men and money to go over and have the thing done up right. Colonel Donophen (Alexander William Doniphen) made an inflammatory speech setting forth the brutality of the murderers in their reddest colors and appealed to Missourians to protect their lawful rights and their countrymen from murder. He went on until he was out of breath and exhausted with rage. There was a company raised and ten thousand dollars to buy out claims and feed their men. If there had been a live abolitionist dropped among them, they would have chawed him up before a cat could lick her ear. You ought to have see the company mounted. They paraded the streets armed and equipped, some on lame horses, some on mules; with muskets and shotguns, revolvers and knives, a blanket and a can to hold water, and a rope to hang Yankies with. It was a formidable host, but they have all got back without any scalps that I know of."

The struggle to make Kansas free or slave was
something to be viewed half-humorously, half-seriously, and with an attitude of detachedness. “I think if the people of the states will stay at home and attend to their own business,” wrote Samuel, “they (the Kansas) will soon become quiet.” Even in 1860, as the storm of controversy began to gather, the issues of strife were for a time ignored or pushed aside with an air of unconcern. Samuel wrote of prices of grain and stock, of new railroads being built, and of personal affairs. Stephen put his faith in the middle of the road policies of the Constitutional Union party, but at the same time held back from discussion of public questions. “Politics absorbs but little of my attention now. Political questions have become so mixed up that it requires more study than I have to devote to it to give a correct opinion on the various questions at issue. I am for Bell and Everett to the last day in the evening.”

It was not long, however, until they were forced from their retirement. Actual secession came and the certainty of a fierce struggle became apparent. While some sprang eagerly to the standards of the North or of the South, these men stood stupefied in contemplation of the fury of civil war. It was Stephen who shrank the more sensitively from the lightning that ushered in the storm. “Dear Brother,” he wrote to Robert in April, 1861, “I feel now like my sojourn in this world is drawing to a close, for a war of bitterest strife and the most deadly conflict is at our doors. ... Brothers of one great family are now to contend hand in hand for empire. What say you to this great struggle? and I would like to know what part you and John and James will take in this great conflict. May God in his mercy forbid that brothers, and especially we, should meet on the field of carnage to die possibly by each others hands.”

Samuel’s letters, as the letters of a practical man, show an interesting mixture of local war details and uncertain decision as to the course he should take. After the outbreak of hostilities in April of 1861 he expressed an opinion that Missouri should arm herself and be ready to defend her rights against secessionist troops, federal troops, the lawless bushwhackers within her own borders, and the Kansas jayhawkers who carried their guerilla warfare across the Missouri River. The Missouri militia bill, requiring citizens to be enrolled in the state lists with the possibility of a federal draft was by no means a welcome solution to him. He tried to steer a safe middle course while his neighbors were scattering into one camp or another. “There has been more running and hiding here than you ever heard of,” he wrote on June 17, 1861. “Half of my neighbors took to the brush. The secessionists went to camp and have never come back yet. ... I am right between two fires. I don’t want to take the oath required by the military bill nor to fall in with the other side and resist it.”

Men in such a position could not escape fear. In September of 1861, Stephen anticipated a raid by Kansas jayhawkers. As a consequence he was glad to have the protection of federal troops for a time.

The emotional distress that tore the hearts of these brothers and sisters in such a situation we can only imagine. A nephew in Missouri “took to the brush.” On one occasion his bushwhacking gang planned a raid on his uncle Stephen. At the risk of his own security another nephew came under cover of darkness and warned his uncle to leave until the raid had passed, so the family tradition goes. Other nephews migrated from Kentucky and from Missouri to avoid the necessity of taking sides. One nephew in Kentucky joined the Southern army. Another in Illinois joined the federal troops, marched into Missouri ready to meet in battle either his cousin among the bushwhackers or his cousin with the troops of the South. Soon word of his death came back.

No note of criticism against these young men is to be found. The compromising elders who were unwilling to stand either with the abolitionists or with the secessionists were kindly toward their youthful kin whose hot blood made a choice necessary. When Stephen learned of the death of his nephew in the Union army, he wrote to Robert, saying, “I suppose he was impelled by the same spirit to fight for the honor of his country that so many thousands have shown in the northern states and is one among thousands whose lives have been sacrificed in the attempt to uphold the Constitution and preserve the Union intact.”

References to the action of their abolitionist brother-in-law, Tom Brockman, are not so kindly. He had gone eagerly into the Union army in 1862, and even before that, had frequently left his wife and family alone on the Kansas farm. The fact that she was obliged to apply to the aid society for assistance touched her brothers’ pride. Samuel’s scorn for one he considered an improvident husband and father was fully expressed in the terse comment that his sister and her children “may be suffering now for something to eat, and he eating big dinners and preaching big sermons about suffering Kansas.” Yet in view of the disturbances on the border, they could do little for her.

On an earlier occasion Samuel had become indebted to his sister, Mrs. Brockman, for about one thousand dollars. When he discovered that she had been left practically destitute by her patriotic abolitionist husband, he determined to make a trip to Kansas and repay his debt in person. A later letter to his brother Robert vividly tells the difficulty and danger of the trip into the territory of the jayhawkers early in March of 1863. “I must tell you about my trip
to see Jane. You have heard a great deal about southern Kansas but you have not heard (all) that is true of the devilment that has been and is now being done. If the deeds are ever unveiled in history, it will be a black (picture) indeed. I think in southern Missouri the devil holds his court. There he has chosen his aides and staff officers. Well to my trip. You know my business was to see Jane and take her some money. I started with $990. I took the stage at Leavenworth Monday morning and stayed at Osawatomie that night (sixty-five miles) and had to lay over the next day. It is on the Marías des Cygnes where John Brown had the fight. The next day I went on to Mound City about twenty-five miles. I walked out three miles and stayed all night with a Missourian. I hired him to take me to Jane's about fifteen miles from where I got off the stage. I found them all well. ... To make a long story short I don't like the country or the people. ... I stayed there four days. One of her son-in-laws brought me back to where I stayed the first night after getting off the stage. From there I walked across the country about ten miles to strike the stage line. It came along about noon. It was crowded so I could not get on. ... It was doubtful whether I would get on the next day. I bought a pony from a man in town very cheap and started on the evening. They told me of three men I could stay with on the road. I inquired on the road for them and didn't stop until I got to the farthest man's house. I travelled a little after dark as I was anxious to get on. I had been there long enough to get my supper when two big rough fellows came in, one at each door, and took a seat one on each side of me close up. They didn't sit very long till one of them commenced asking me questions, where I was from, where I had been, what road I had travelled coming there, whether I had papers to prove my loyalty and a good many other questions. They told me they took that privilege with gentlemen if they wanted to — that it wouldn't hurt an honest man. They said there had been horse thieves in there a night or two before that and had taken some horses. I studied a little. I thought of two letters that Wells and Jane had sent up to Tom (Brockman). I told them I had two private letters they might read, that I hadn't read myself. They read them and were satisfied. Says I, gentlemen, I suppose if I had failed to satisfy you, you would have taken me back and maybe done something worse. They made no answer but laughed. They admitted they had no love for Missouri. The old lady told me the next morning that they thought I was a horse thief, that they were going to hang me before morning."

This harrowing experience was told in the same matter-of-fact way that characterizes Samuel's reports of business deals. Mention of his own possible hanging is followed sharply by the simple statement "Well, I have sold my mules."

During all this time, the brothers were attempting to maintain a middle position between abolitionists and secessionists, and between jayhawkers from Kansas and bushwhackers of Missouri. Samuel's letter of August 11, 1862, pictures the position in which he found himself. "As you see from the papers, we have the privilege to enroll as southern sympathizers or go into the state service. The sympathizers have the right to go home and attend to their business as long as they behave themselves. They will be subject to a draft I suppose and what else I can't tell. I am puzzled to know what to do. If I go into the militia I will have to leave home which would ruin to me at the present time. If I go on the other side, no telling what the consequences will be, pretty bad I am certain. I have run between the two extremes very safely so far by attending to my own business and not talking too much, but the time has come when I will be bound to act. I had rather do most anything than go into this unholy war, for a man to get into the spirit of it must arouse all the devilish passions of his nature. I was not cut out for a warrior. Can a man go through a campaign and come out a Christian? I think of the Lord's prayer, Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil. Well I have raised a good crop under a good many disadvantages."

Samuel in particular was inclined to take refuge in a dilemma. For a time he considered enrolling in the state militia and then securing exemption on the ground of physical disability. But apparently his good health lessened his confidence in the scheme. Late in 1862 he allowed himself to be enrolled as a Southern sympathizer in order to avoid being drafted into the militia of the state. His consistent refusal to help either bushwhacker or secessionist established his position in the passively loyal group. As an enrolled sympathizer he was obliged on one occasion to furnish twenty bushels of wheat and his best horse for the state militia. In this way he paid the price of compromise.

What was spared by the authority of the state was seized by the lawless. In August of 1863 bushwhackers relieved Samuel of a horse. Again in June of 1864 a horse was taken. In July of 1864 his place was again raided during his absence. In October he reported that he had again been raided several times, and in November he compared the last visit with all the others and said that he had received his worst scare. "This is an awful country to live in," he commented, "and the longer the war goes on the worse it will get." On some occasions the raiders stayed over night on their own invitation. Once when they were leaving in the morning one of the leaders played with Samuel's little boy and gave him a silver dollar. The boy, now
Dr. William Ritchey, of Kansas City, Missouri, still has this reminder of his father’s enforced hospitality. The donor was one of the famous James brothers.

As time went on the brothers lost all hope of political remedy. There were no more allusions to Bell and Everett. They saw the Constitutional Union party, once a group of considerable size and influence, gradually diminished by the attrition of war. Persistently but silently they held to their earlier ideals, while friend and kinsman yielded to the importunities of war hysteria and became abolitionists or secessionists. The one remaining course lay in attempting to weather the storm with close-refeeded sails.

The constant recurrence of raids even more than the difficulties resulting from formal warfare made the brothers anxious to escape from Missouri and find a quieter place in which to live. They were even fearful of Indian raids from the West and prophesied that Kansas and Missouri would be at war for ten years. As early as September, 1861, Stephen said that he would like to leave and that Samuel was talking of going to Texas. During 1862 he continued to talk of going to Illinois and made a trip to find a place in which to locate. Strange to say, upon his return he was satisfied to stay as long as he could in the midst of Missouri bushwhackers and Kansas jayhawkers.

It was not until the summer of 1864 when guerilla raids became more frequent and desperate that the brothers renewed their efforts to become “refugees” in Illinois. They hesitated, however, to abandon such property as they had in Missouri. Of the two, Samuel especially had engaged in buying and selling of live stock. Even in the midst of his greatest depression and fear, he turned eagerly to business deals. He did not wish to keep money on hand as it was too great an attraction to raiders. It was hardly safe to buy horses as they were also valuable to the bushwhackers. An examination of his letters gives the impression that by an uncanny divination of the immediate future, he managed to have mules when the raiders demanded horses and horses when they demanded money.

In April of 1864 Samuel gave a short summary of his financial situation. “I am now out of debt for the first time since I have been in the state. I have about forty-five head of cattle, seven head of horses, thirty-three sheep, and some hogs on hand and about $300 in money. I bought a first-rate two horse buggy and harness for $200. When this war broke out, I was in debt about $1500.”

This concrete story of prosperity is in sharp contrast with the gloomy picture that Stephen gave in June of 1862. “In one year,” he wrote, “Missouri has sustained the loss of thirty millions of dollars in negroes alone, one way and another, and how much more in other property cannot be estimated.” They were indeed fortunate in not living in the counties south of the Missouri River, where, after the execution of the evacuation order by military authorities, the destruction of property by lawless plundering bands had been almost complete. “You can have but the most imperfect idea,” wrote Stephen late in 1863, “of the condition of Jackson, Cass and Bates counties. They are depopulated except in the towns and almost entirely burnt up. It have ridden in the night by the light of Jackson farms and houses and that twelve miles off, and had General Scofield been removed, this county, Platt and Buchanan would have been in the same condition.”

One wonders how these compromisers felt toward slavery and emancipation. Samuel owned two negroes, Ben and Silva. In August of 1862 he reported that Ben had run off during the planting season, but that he had been captured close to the Iowa line and returned at a cost of forty dollars. “Negroes ain’t worth ten cents a dozen here,” he complained. “If they get to Kansas they are safe. They walk the streets of Leavenworth without any fear of their masters. Their masters are afraid to follow them. You know that Ben and Silva has cost me — $1700. Well, if they were to start, I would not follow them ten steps.” A year later, he casually reported, “I think Ben left this morning for Kansas. I told him if he wanted to go, to go and not take a horse. If he will go and never come back, I will feel relieved.” Later Ben was reported as a Union soldier. Thus the matter was dismissed. Samuel never philosophized about slavery. Stephen, who owned no slaves, said, “As for the negro, I care nothing. I am willing to have them all set free everywhere for the sake of the Union of the states.”

The way of the compromiser was hard. There was no place for him. Finally, in sheer exhaustion, Stephen and Samuel abandoned the dangerous position of sympathizers, but sought exemption from military service. Technically they complied with the demands of those they called extremists, but actually they were still conscientious objectors to fratricidal war. Late in 1864, Stephen joined the increasing band of refugees in Illinois. For a time he visited with his brother, James, at Mount Sterling, but finally went to Bloomington, where he established a drug store and began anew the practice of medicine. After disposing of such property as he could, Samuel followed his brother and at Plymouth started a drug store as Stephen had done at Bloomington.

In February of ’65, their brother Robert died after a sudden illness. The rest of the story can only be patched together from casual letters written by other members of the family and from the recollections of the next generation.

Many Illinois towns were filled with “refugees,”
mostly from Missouri. The little country town where Robert had lived sheltered two or three hundred of them. They filled all the spare houses, idly waiting for some change in their fortunes. Naturally enough, they did not find favor with the Illinoisans, who resented their presence as an economic burden and as a social distraction. Samuel and Stephen were too sensitive and proud to stay in times of peace among those who looked with disdain upon them. Late in 1865, after the hurricane of war had passed by, they returned to their broken homes in Missouri to take up again the tasks that they had so reluctantly put aside. Samuel took with him a young nephew, Alex, the son of his brother James. They went to the Hannibal and St. Joe railroad until they reached in western Missouri the region of the guerilla warfare. Here the railroad was torn up and they were obliged to continue their journey by stage coach. One can well imagine their emotions as they passed by the burned bridges of the wrecked railway, the empty houses of their neighbors, and on to the farm near Plattsburg. One touch of tenderness relieved their burdened hearts. The home was not empty. Silva, former slave, now a free citizen, welcomed her fugitive master to the home that she had not abandoned. There she remained in voluntary servitude, a hostage to peace and the healing of time.

The drama progresses. The characters now appear in the epilog.

In the gaunt exhaustion after the war these steadfast compromisers were, as they had earlier been, respected members of their community. Their position, however, was greatly changed. No longer did they feel the companionship of a triumphing cause, as they had in other days. Now they had no cause; their memories were private possessions and not a social heritage. No longer possessed of the original majority of their numbers and the logic of their convictions they remained loyal to their ideals for the sake of Henry Clay, forgotten and without recognition.

Only the shadow, and not the substance of Clay's genius, remained among his admirers. Those who would have followed him during the Civil War went leaderless to oblivion. They were ready to surrender slavery, they hated yet in the crisis of war they had no cause. Theirs was the unheeded cry of Cassandra. Their fate was the incongruous fate of silence.

Favorite Songs

Favorite songs sung by James and Meribah Clark when they played Church on the cellar steps on Saturday mornings with the remnant of pie crust given them by their mother.

Down in the valley with my Savior I would go
Where the flowers are blooming and the sweet waters flow;
Everywhere he leads me I would follow, follow on,
Walking in his footsteps til the crown be won.
Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus,
Anywhere, everywhere, I will follow on;
Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus!
Everywhere he leads me, I will follow on.

— R. E. Hudson

We are going down the valley, one by one,
With our faces toward the setting of the sun;
We are going down the valley; going down the valley;
Going down the valley one by one.

— Jesse Brown Pounds

— 124 —
A Stylish Ritchey Wedding

WEDDING BELLS

Gentle Emma Jean and Winsom Zella, The Rose of Plattsburg, Crowns and Seals the Happy Fate of "Tom" and "Will" beneath Proud Hymen’s Flaming Torch and Festive Flowers.

On most occasions, sentiment may be made to play an appropriate part, and especially one like this we now record.

True love with not a single sordid thought of wordly gain in it.

"May not be wonderous wise
In keen, financial eyes;
Nor all a feast of viands rare,
Nor all a bank of roses fair."

Yet, it is supreme happiness to every one that knows, and God Pity the heart that has never known it. Such a heart though rolling in wealth and splendor, has lost more than half the true sweetness and glory of life. Nothing is truer than that, all life has pains, ills and sorrows; no wealth or wisdom can bear them out of and human life beneath the sun; and only in the blended lives of true loving hearts, is the face of sorrow grandly glorified, and a divine ambrosia pressed out of all its pain and bitterness.

Such a wedding as we are free to confess we most admire, one that was undoubtedly and supremely of the heart, with no selfish or mercenary consideration to mar it, took place Wednesday 23rd inst., at 2:00 o'clock p.m. at the Presbyterian Church in this city.

It was the leading society event of the week, being the occasion of the marriage of Miss Emma Jean, the lovely and amiable daughter of Mr. Samuel Ritchey, a leading citizen of Clinton county, and Mr. Thomas E. Graham, a very worthy and prominent young business man of Albany, Gentry county, Mo., and Miss Zella, the queenly daughter of Thos. J. Porter, a prominent attorney of this city, and Wm. M. Ritchey, banker of Archie, Cass county, Mo., son also of Mr. Samuel Ritchey of this county. The magnificent church edifice was filled by a large assemblage, embracing many of our best citizens and their wives, and also many of our most worthy, choicest and handsomest young ladies and gallant young gentlemen.

The church and pulpit were tastefully adorned, darkened and brilliantly lighted, adding greatly to the dazzling scene of grandure and beauty. At the appointed time, the ushers Messrs. John K. Lincoln Jr., Chas. Ferguson, Harry Dalton and Perry Fry, having all things arranged for the supreme moment, swung the door wide and the high contracting parties, preceded by their bridesmaids, entered and as the Plattsburgh Orchestra sounded the initial notes of the wedding march, Die erste lieberist der beste, passed down the aisles on either side, conducted by the ushers, meeting at the altar where they assumed the position of a beautiful tableau of gallantry and loveliness that was pleasant to behold indeed. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. A. D. Hughes, pastor to the church and was particularly solemn and impressive. At its conclusion Elder Perkins in a brief prayer invoked a divine blessing upon the consummation.

Miss Ritchey, a bewitching brunette, was attired in an elegant white silk, entrain, trimmed with a rich and costly lace, illusion veil and exquisitely adorned with Marechalnl roses.

Miss Zella wore a handsome robe of white Albatos cloth, entrain, illusion veil with Tube roses and Jasmiones, gold ornaments and in appearance was a veritable fairy Queen, as she leaned upon the arm of her liege lord.

The bridesmaids, Misses Bash Graham, Allie Pickett, Georgiia Spencer and Nettie Porter, were all most becomingly and handsomely attired for the special occasion.

Messrs. Graham and Ritchey were very neatly attired in conventional black and made a splendid appearance. At least, we are safe in saying there were two ladies present, who were persuaded that they were altogether lovely.

The ushers performed their part well; indeed they went through with the programme like trained veterans, reflecting credit upon themselves as well as honor upon the occasion.

After the usual congratulations, which occurred at the residence of Judge Porter and was warm, free and merry all round, all having been wood into the highest state of good feeling under the genial influence of the occasion, the wedding parties repaired to their carriages and drove out to the palatial residence of Mr. Ritchey, eight miles in the country, where a royal reception was given and a grand nuptial feast enjoyed. The spread was grand in the measure of its preparation, and the banquet beyond the possibility of a minute description in detail. Suffice it to say, it was voted by one and all, a spendid, a magnificent supper; choice meats, salads,
cakes, ice cream and all the ambrosial dainties known to this advanced age in the culinary arts. Variety, excellence and abundance marked the groaning table; which stood for hours set in a shining frame work of lovely and happy faces such as only Clinton can right­fully boast.

The presents were quite numerous and many of them valuable and of a costly character and were appreciated accordingly. The following is a partial list:

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Graham
Henry Smith and wife, Kansas City, combined hat-rack and mirror.
P. H. Fry, half doz. set silver teaspoons
Father of the bride, sewing machine
Geo. D. Graham, Chillicothe, Mo., silver card receiver
Miss Georgia Spencer, lava plaque
Miss Maggie Lincoln, hand painted plaque
Messrs. John K. Lincoln Jr. and Charles Ferguson, pair of blankets
Charles Shaver, Archie Mo., pair silver napkin rings
Miss Emma Fry, berry bowl
Miss Belle Dawson, berry bowl
Wm. Ritchey and bride, china tea service
Miss Mary Chase, silver pickle castor
Mother of the bride, bedroom set
Misses Allie and Ida Pickett, set colored glasses
Misses Bash and Sallie Graham, Nash Perry, Nannie Perry and Annie Harris, of Gentry county, elegant silver water service.
O. P. Scearce, pair bisque figures
Groom to bride, set each, silver tea and table spoons and knives and forks.
Samuel Ritchey, father of the bride, large Bible
Misses Minnie and Stella Thomas, half doz. linen table napkins
Wm. J. Pickett, pair linen towels
Charles Eastman and Morgan Funkhouser, colored glass water set
James Bland and wife, half doz. table napkins
P. F. Biggerstaff and wife, berry bowl and castor
Miss Lutie Gibson, bronze and glass nut bowl and tray
James Smith, Kansas City, whisk broom and holder
Mrs. John and George Shaver, fruit and preserve bowls
E. S. and W. Downing, elegant silver cake stand
J. R. Lincoln, fine album
Non, Mackand Ed. Thomas, water set
Groom to bride, elegant and costly diamond ring
H. B. Dalton, Kansas City, elegant mantel mirror
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ritchey
Groom to bride, elegant and costly diamond ring

Henry Smith and wife, Kansas City, combined hat-rack and mirror
P. H. Fry, set silver teaspoons
Father of the groom, sewing machine
Miss Bell Dawson, pair fancy match holders
John K. Lincoln Jr. and Charles Ferguson, pair of blankets
Charles Shaver, Archie Mo., pair silver napkin rings
Miss Bash Graham, silver pickle castor
J. W. Winn and sister, perfume case
Mother of the groom, bedroom set
H. B. Dalton Kansas City, hat rack
Mrs. Thomas Graham, set table linens
Groom to bride, set each silver tea and table spoons and knives and forks
Charles Scearce, elegant silver castor
Misses Allie and Ida Pickett, Emerson's Essays
Samuel Ritchey, father of the groom, large Bible
James Smith, whisk broom holder

Remembering the past and looking to the future, Mrs. Emma Jean G. has more reason to be contented than Mrs. Zella R. because of the fact that should her bread run short, she will always have the Graham to wind up on.

On his face, Will R. Wears broader smiles than Tom G. for because why? Give it up! Simply because he'll always have a Porter at hand to dust and brush him down.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrances of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time’s waste.

— Shakespeare, Sonnets XXX

THAT'S ALL THERE IS;
THERE ISN'T ANY MORE!

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**Historical Society Banquet**

**LOCATIONS**

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- Red Bluff, Cal. 105
- Santa Cruz, Cal. 105
- Tehama Co., Cal. 105

**Florida, Arcadia** 105

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- Decatur, Ill. 111
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- Clearwater, Kans. 110
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- Fort Scott, Kans. 6
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- Morrell, Kans. 7
- Wichita, Kans. 109
- Xenia, Kans. 6

**Kentucky**
- Abbs Valley, Ky. 37
- Bath County, Ky. 100
- Boonesboro, Ky. 91
- Fayette County, Ky. 1, 15
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Additions from material in Richmond file
A oil Painting of Samuel Ritchey painted by Cadell Bingham of Augusta Ga. is in the Wiil Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art in Kansas City, Mo. It was presented by Irvin Ritchey and Sisters XVII.
James Ritchey's name is on the plaque at Valley Forge- 2nd Regime from Virginia.

James Dr. and Jane Ritchey are on the Pisgah Church records book 1784-1907. Pisgah Church is in Pisgah Woodford Co., Kentucky. Their deaths are recorded there and marriage of Mary Ritchey and John Pearson Nov. 10, 1830.
ADDITIONS, CORRECTIONS and OMISSIONS

Page 1 - Woodrow Craig Dunn, b July 10, 1945 m dau Courtney Dunn, d 1972; Jean Marie Ritchey m Rich Swope


GENERATION IX

(1) Jennifer Kay French, b June 9, 1973; (2) Paul Douglas French, b Sept. 9, 1976; (3) Carolynn Perkins French, b Oct. 25, 1977

Page 27 - Rosemary Young Baxter

Page 66 - Should read "My father never refused" instead of "my mother never refused" Mrs. Jose McKee instead of McKeen.

Page 74 - Mr. Cloyd Anthony instead of Mrs.; Grace Gordley instead of Goodley.

UNDER LATER TRIPS

1956: To Austin, Texas to dedication of Delta Kappa Gamma Headquarters; Other trips to New Orleans and Houston, Texas; to Mexico with group from Evansville, Ind.; to South America with an N.E.A. group; to Porto Rico and Jamaica with C.W.F.; to Eastern Canada with group from Evansville, Ind.; and to Mexico with C.W.F.

Page 79 - Charles Norton not Horton

Page 88 - Jeff is a tenth grader at McClure High School

Page 95 - Name of Ruth omitted in second row