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Clinton was my Grandpa



Most of the information and photos in this book came from the collection of Clinton G. Wright. He received some of it from his uncle Manfred Clinton Wright and I am sure that he was working to carry on and document the research that Manfred started.

I lived in the house that Grandpa built through most of my childhood. Mom took care of Grandpa but he pretty much stayed in the study of the home he built throughout his final years. Grandpa would sit in his room organizing photos and putting them in photo-albums with labels on them. The pictures in this book with typed labels were made by Clinton.

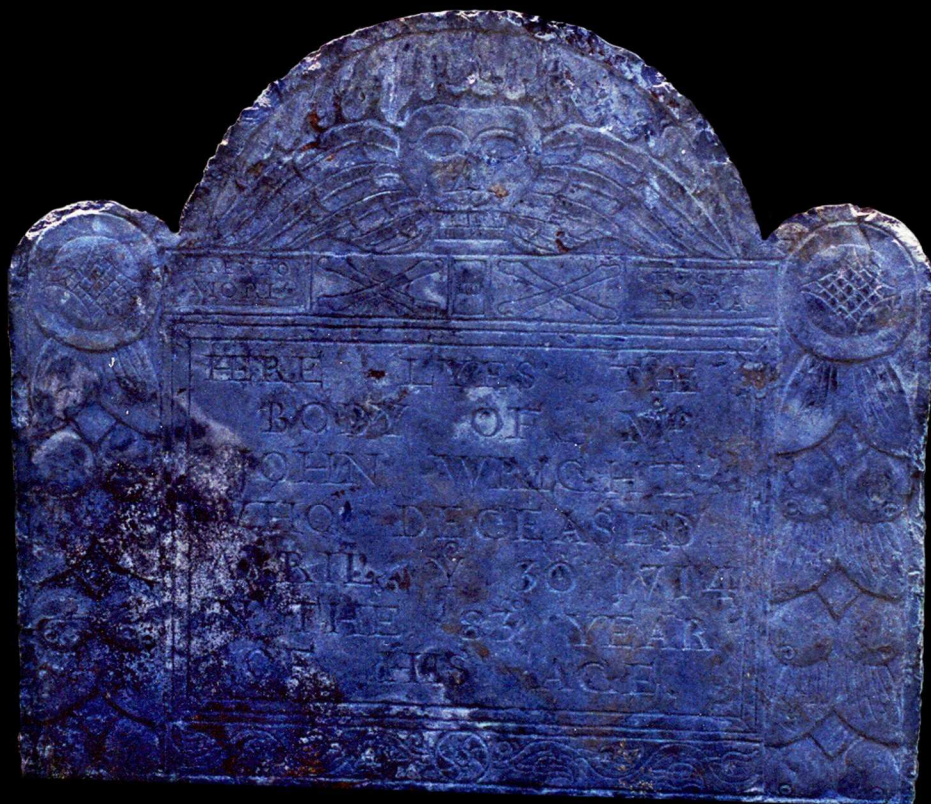
John Wright was the first known ancestor of this bloodline. He was born about 1575 in England and he settled with his wife in Charlestown MA. The only known son of John is John II born in 1601. He married Priscilla Byfield about 1638 at Charlestown and he subsequently moved to Woburn. John died at Woburn on June 21, 1688. Priscilla died at Lancaster MA on April 10, 1687. They had seven children, the first was born at Concord and the rest were born at Woburn.

John III the fourth child of John II was born in 1630 at either Woburn or Chelmsford. He married Abigail Warren on May 10, 1666 at Woburn. John was a prominent citizen of Chelmsford and all of their eleven children were born there. Abigail was born and buried at Weymouth, Norfolk MA. John is buried near his son Josiah at the First Burial Ground of Woburn MA.

Josiah Wright born March 10, 1673 was the seventh son of John and Abigail. He married Ruth Carter, the daughter of Lieutenant John Carter and Ruth Burnham on September 17, 1700 at Woburn. Josiah died on January 22, 1747. Josiah was a Deacon of the First Church of Woburn from 1736 to 1747. Ruth died January 31, 1774 aged 92 years or more. All are buried at the First Burial Ground of Woburn as are her parents John Carter and Ruth Burnham and her grandparents John Carter and Elizabeth Kendall.

Samuel Wright the second son of Josiah was born February 28, 1703/4 in Woburn and died in Pepperell of fever on August 9, 1756 aged 52 years. He was a clerk of the West Parish or precinct of Groton from March 1742/3 to 1752. The location of his headstone is unknown. He married Hannah Lawrence, the daughter of Nathaniel Lawrence and Anna. Hannah was the great-great grand-daughter of John Lawrence the immigrant.

John Wright born at Chelmsford 1630 and died April 30, 1714.



John was the 4th of seven children born to John Wright (1601 - 1688) and Priscilla Byfield (died 1687). John married Abigail Warren on May 10 1666 at Woburn. John is the grandson of John the immigrant born about 1575 in England. He is buried at the First Burial Ground of Woburn MA.

Abigail (Warren) Wright born October 27, 1640 and died April 6, 1726.



The Children of John and Abigail :

John 1662	Joseph 1663	Ebenezer 1665	Jacob 1667
Abigail 168	Priscilla 1671	Josiah 1672 / 3	Ruth 1674
Deborah 1678	Samuel 1683	Lydia 1686	

Josiah Wright born March 10, 1672 / 3 and died January 22, 1743 / 4



Josiah was the 7th of eleven children born to John (b 1630) and Abigail Warren (b 1640). He married Ruth Carter on September 17, 1700 at Woburn MA. Josiah was a Deacon of the First Church of Woburn from 1736 to 1747 and is buried at the First Burial Ground of Woburn MA.

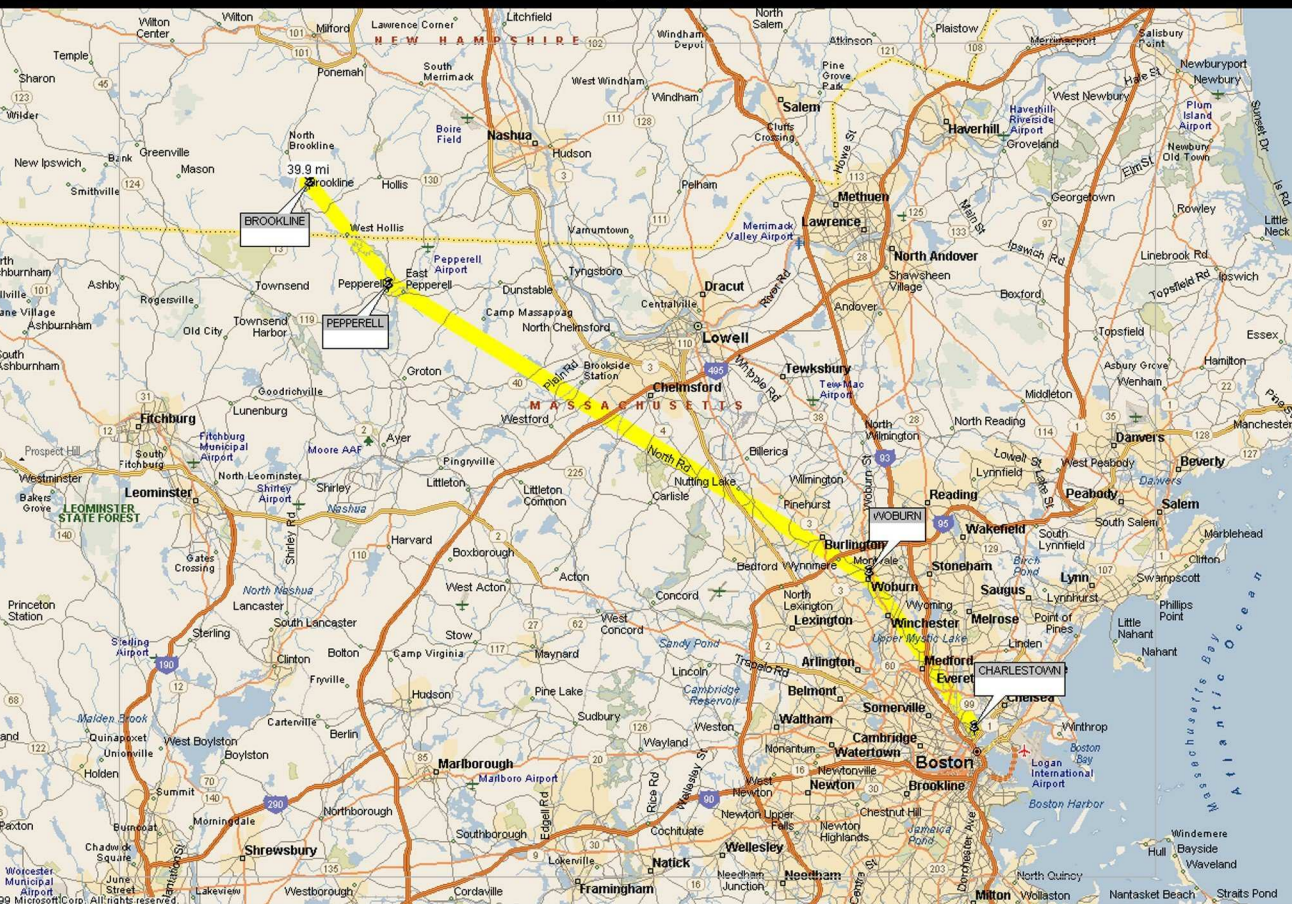
Samuel Wright born February 28, 1703/4 and died August 9, 1756.



Samuel was born in Woburn and died in Pepperell MA. He was the 2nd of nine children born to Josiah (b 1672) and Ruth Carter. He married Hannah Lawrence and they had two children:

David 1735 and Josiah 1737.

The Wright Migration



John - Immigrant

John II - Married at Charlestown 1638

John III - Married at Woburn 1666

Josiah - Born 1673 and died 1743 at Woburn

Samuel - Born 1703 in Woburn and died 1756 in Pepperell

Josiah Wright was the first of two sons born to Samuel Wright and Hannah Lawrence. He was born March 31, 1737 in Pepperell and he died Nov. 4 1783. He married Dolle Shattuck January 24, 1758 in Pepperell at the Groton Precinct or West Parish by Rev. Mr. Emerson. Dolle was the daughter of David Shattuck and Dorothy Varnum. Dolle was born in 1741 and she died March 16, 1805. Josiah and Dolle had eleven children and they are both buried in Pepperell.

Josiah the first son of Josiah and Dolle was born in Pepperell on Oct. 4, 1758. He married Betsey Shattuck of Pepperell on June 28, 1785. She was the daughter of Nehemiah Shattuck and Betsey Hosley. Josiah died February 19, 1834 at Montpelier VT. Josiah and Betsey are buried at the West Branch Cemetery near Wright Reservoir and Putnamville VT. They are buried next to their daughter Louisa who died July 5, 1866 aged 56 years.

Prescott Wright was the first child of Josiah and Betsey Shattuck. He was born April 14, 1786 and he settled in Brookline in 1807. His house was on the west side of the Milford Highway about one mile north of the village. He was a farmer. He married Hannah Gilson, the daughter of Eleazer Gilson and Hannah Hall of Brookline on November 26, 1807. They had at least four children born in Brookline. It is believed that sometime after the birth of their children that they moved to the Montpelier VT area.

Their first child, Prescott Parker Wright who was born in Mason NH. married Hannah Burroughs on November 24, 1841 in Underhill VT. This places the family migration to VT sometime after the birth of Prescott in 1814 and the death of Josiah in 1834.

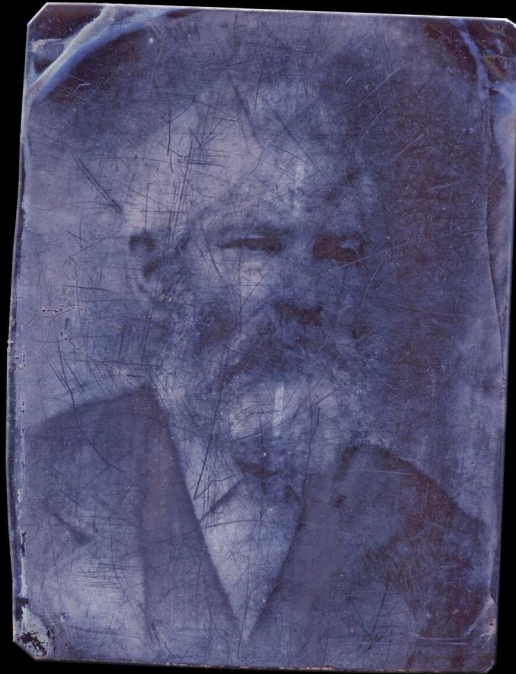


Josiah was born in Pepperell on March 31, 1737 and died there on November 4, 1783. He was the eldest of two sons born to Samuel and Hannah Lawrence. He married Dolle Shattuck and they had eleven children. Dolle was born in 1741 and died March 16, 1805. She was the only child of David Shattuck (b 1714) and Dorothy Varnum (b 1715).



Josiah was born in Pepperell and migrated to Montpelier VT. He married Betsey Shattuck (location unknown) in 1785 and their first son Prescott was born in 1786. Josiah and Betsey had eleven children from 1786 to 1810. John died in 1834 and Betsey died in 1849. They are buried next to their daughter Louisa born in 1810 and died in 1866.

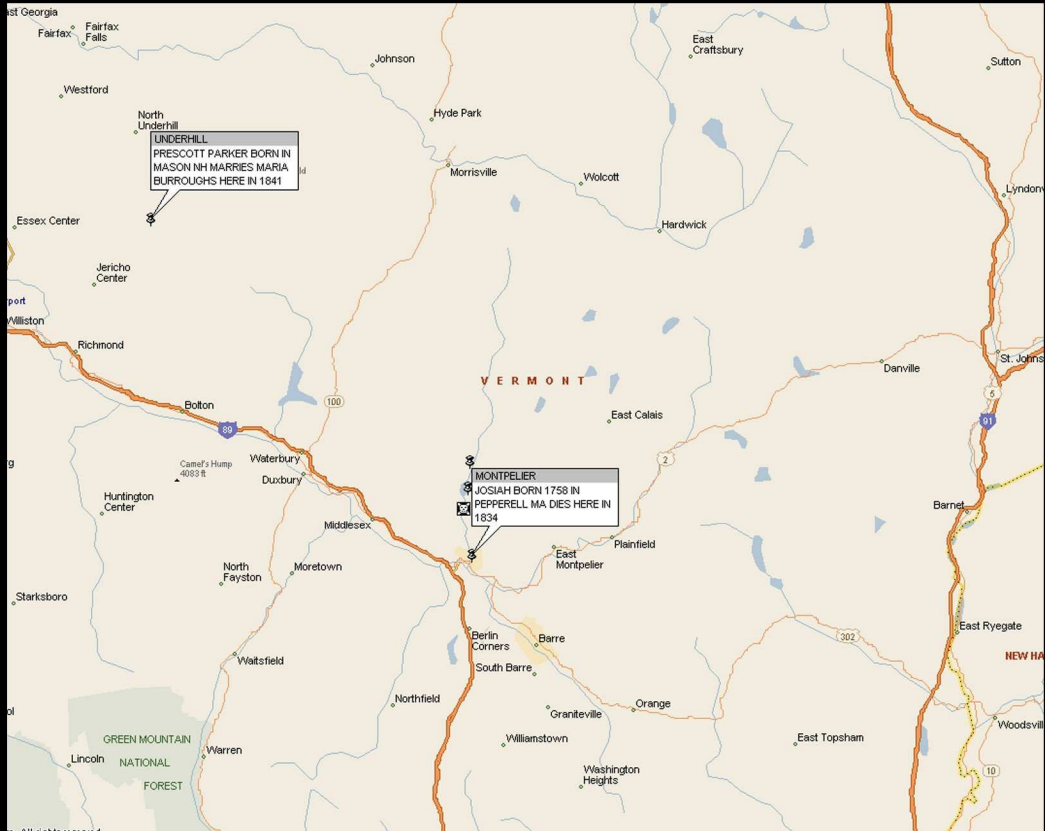
Prescott Wright born April 14, 1786 in Pepperell MA



The details of the life and death of Prescott born in 1786 are unknown at this time. He could be laid to rest in Pepperell, Brookline, Mason or in Vermont. His son was born in Mason but based on the probable date of their move to Vermont, Prescott might have traveled with them. His age at the time of their relocation would have been between 28 and 48.

There is one metal plate photo of unknown identify in Clinton's box of photographs. This is probably not Prescott.

The Wright Migration



Josiah and family traveled to the Montpelier area. Josiah is buried at the North Branch Cemetary just north of Montpelier. Just north of this is Wrightsville, Putnamville and the Wright Dam. His son, Prescott Parker married Maria Burroughs at Underhill Vermont seven years later at the age of 27.

Prescott Parker Wright

Prescott Parker Wright was born at Mason NH in 1814 and married Mariah Burroughs at Underhill VT in 1841. It is believed that he traveled to Ohio in the 1850's settling first at Oberlin and finally at Ottawa where he died in 1899 at the age of 84. Prescott and Mariah had five children, four of which survived infancy.

Mariah's grandfather was one of the Green Mountain Boys who fought at the Battle of Bennington. Prescott was a veteran of the Civil War and was a member of the 99th Ohio Infantry. He is buried at the Pomeroy Cemetery next to his wife who preceded him in death, dying in 1885 at the age of 75 and his youngest child Maria born in 1843 and dying in 1922.

The Pomeroy Cemetery in Ottawa Ohio is the final resting place for other family members including:

Samuel Wright his first child	1846 - 1889
William Arthur Wright son of Samuel	1869 - 1872
Carrie Ridenour daughter of Samuel	1880 - 1935
Jemima Hopkins mother-in-law of Samuel	1825 - 1871
Sarah Eliza Wilcox sister-in-law of Samuel	1844 - 1925
Alice Edith Brower daughter of Sarah Eliza	1872 - 1873

Samuel Wright's wife Elmira Jane Wilcox is buried at Lindenwood Cemetery section O in Fort Wayne IN. She died in 1900, eleven years after the death of Samuel. Samuel and Elmira had six children.

Prescott Parker Wright born at Mason NH on July 10, 1814





Treasury Department,

SECOND AUDITOR'S OFFICE,

June 19 1876.

Inclosed you will receive a Certificate, No. 625,869, for
 \$ 75.⁰⁰, payable to you as Claimant of
 or to your order, by the Paymaster General, U. S. A., at Washington,
 D. C., being for pay due Prescott P. Wright, a late
Private in Captain
 Company A, 11 Regiment of V. B. C., for
 services from the day of 18, when
18, to the day of 18,
 time of his and Bounty allowed by Act

July 22, 1861
Discharge inclosed to Paymaster General

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

Prescott P. Wright
Ottawa, Ohio,
W. B. Knowles
Ottawa,
Ohio,

E. B. Rensb
 Auditor.

11176 Room No. 72,

Maria E. Wright,
Ottawa,
Ohio.

NOTIFICATION OF ALLOWANCE.

Claim No. 419583

Treasury Department,
OFFICE OF AUDITOR FOR THE WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, D. C. Aug. 3/10.

In the case of Prescott P. Wright, Wagoner & Pvt. I, 99 Ohio
Inf. & A, 11 V.R.C., a balance has been found due by
this Office, and a certificate, No. 62527, dated Aug. 6/10,
has been forwarded to the Secretary of the Treasury for payment, as
follows: \$3.13 to you as daughter of soldier.

The following is a statement of the account:

For diff. of pay bet. wagoner & pvt. Mch. 1 to July 15/63	\$ 4.50
clothing pay Aug. 11/62 to Jan. 4/64, short paid	1.76
	6.26
Deduct for 1 share reserved for heir not applying	3.13
	3.13

Travel allowances and bounty, act Mch. 4/07 disallowed as follows:
Soldier was furnished travel allowances on discharge and paid \$200
bounty, acts July 22/61 and July 28/66, all to which entitled.

Check will be sent you in
a few days from the U. S.
Treasury, without further
correspondence.

Respectfully,

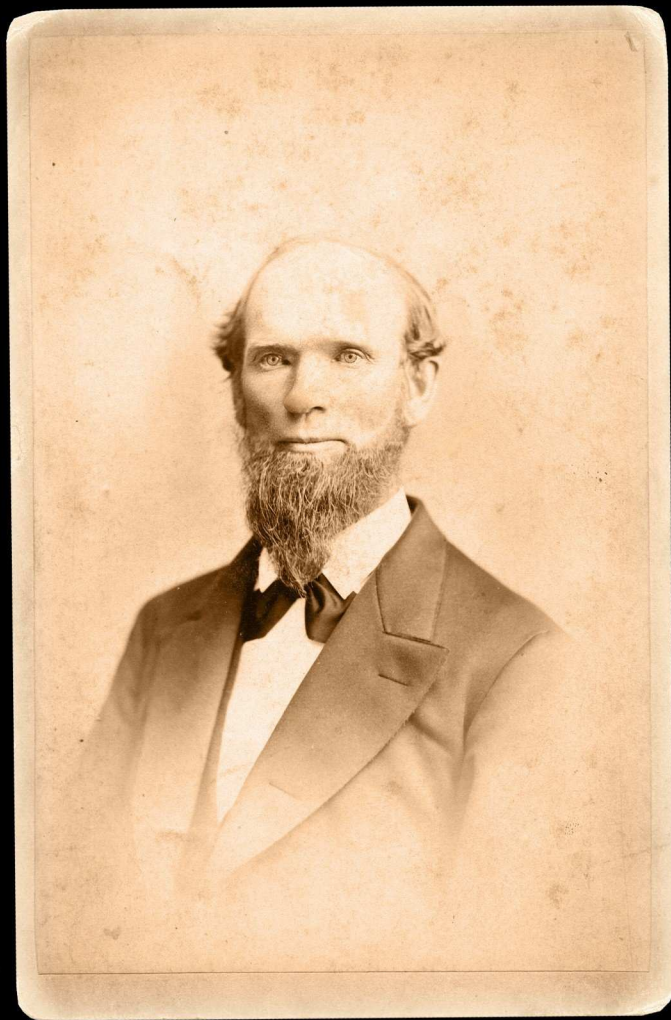
E. P. SEEDS,

ACTING Auditor for the War Department.

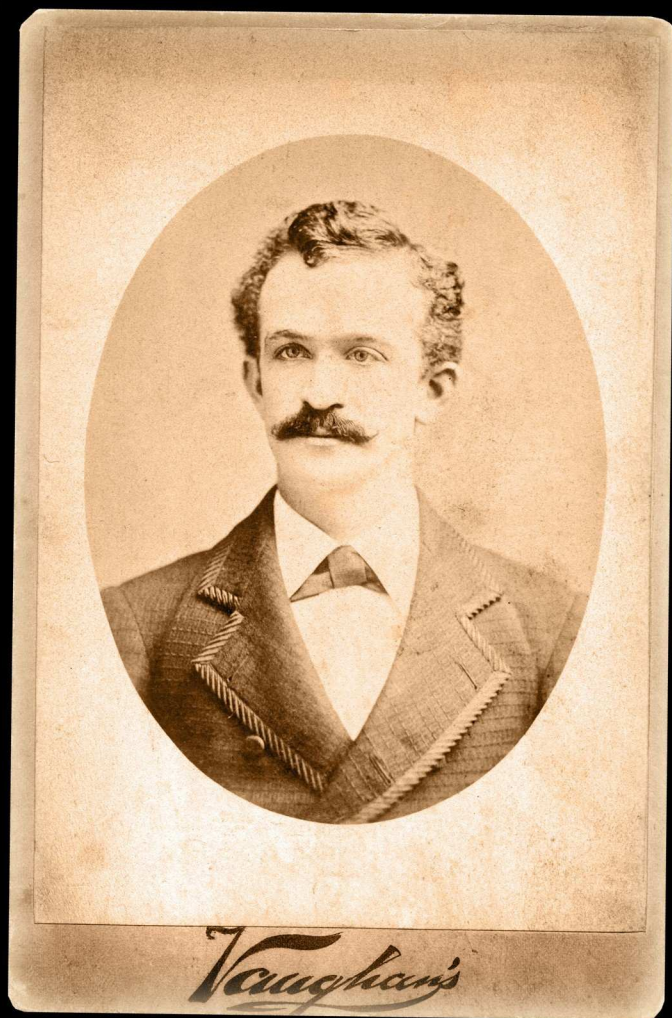
By *E. P. Seeds*

"Any person accepting payment under settlement by an Auditor shall be thereby precluded from obtaining a revision of such settlement as to any item upon which payment is accepted. * * * Any person whose accounts may have been settled by an Auditor of the Treasury Department * * * may, within a year, obtain a revision of the said account by the Comptroller of the Treasury, whose decision upon such revision shall be final and conclusive."—Section 8, Act July 31, 1894.

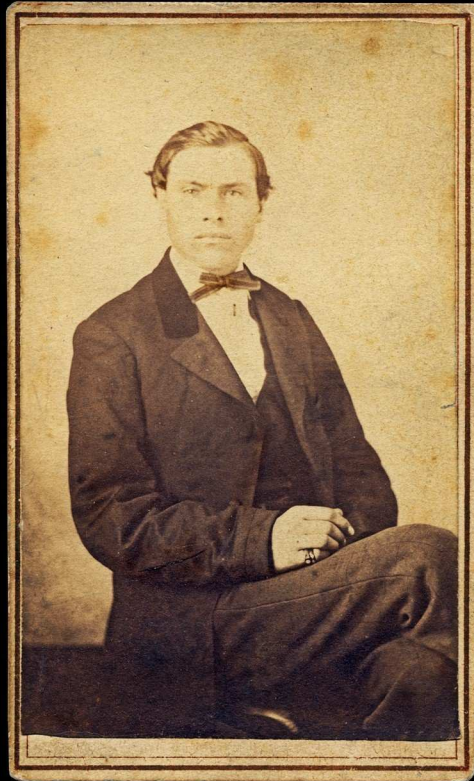
William Wright brother of Prescott Parker Wright some where in CA.



Fred Wright, brother of Prescott Parker Wright photo from L.A. California



Samuel Prescott Wright born May 10, 1846



Samuel probably traveled with the family during the 1850's to Ohio. He met and married Elmira Jane Wilcox in Putnam County and they were married at Kalida in 1869. They had five children, four which were sons. Samuel like his father fought in the Civil War and is buried at Pomeroy Cemetery in Ottawa. He died at the age of 43. Elmira moved to Fort Wayne IN where she died in 1900 at the age of 52.





Elmira Jane (Wilcox) Wright
gr-grandmother of Loretta Brown

And wife of Samuel, mother of Prescott Parker
grandmother of Willie





Home of Elmira Jane (Wilcox) Wright
in Hector, Putnam Co. Ohio

In this picture it appears to be Prescott on the left and Clinton on the right.

There is no Death! What seems
so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call Death!

In Loving Remembrance of

Samuel P. Wright.

DIED AUGUST 11TH, 1889.

AGED 48 YRS., 3 MOS., 1 DAY.

A precious one from us has gone,
A voice we loved is stilled;

A place is vacant in our home,
Which never can be filled.

God in his wisdom hath recalled,
The boon his love has given.

And though the body moulders here,
The soul is safe in heaven.



Prescott Parker in Ottawa at the Pomeroy Cemetery next to the fallen headstone of his father Samuel and the headstone of his brother Willie. Probably photographed by his son Clinton Gerald Wright.



Henry Wright, brother of Samuel



Maria Wright - Sister of Samuel

Maria is the youngest child of Prescott Parker Wright and Mariah Burroughs. She is buried at Pomeroy Cemetery in Ottawa OH next to her parents.



MARIA E
WRIGHT.
1848-1922

William Arthur Wright





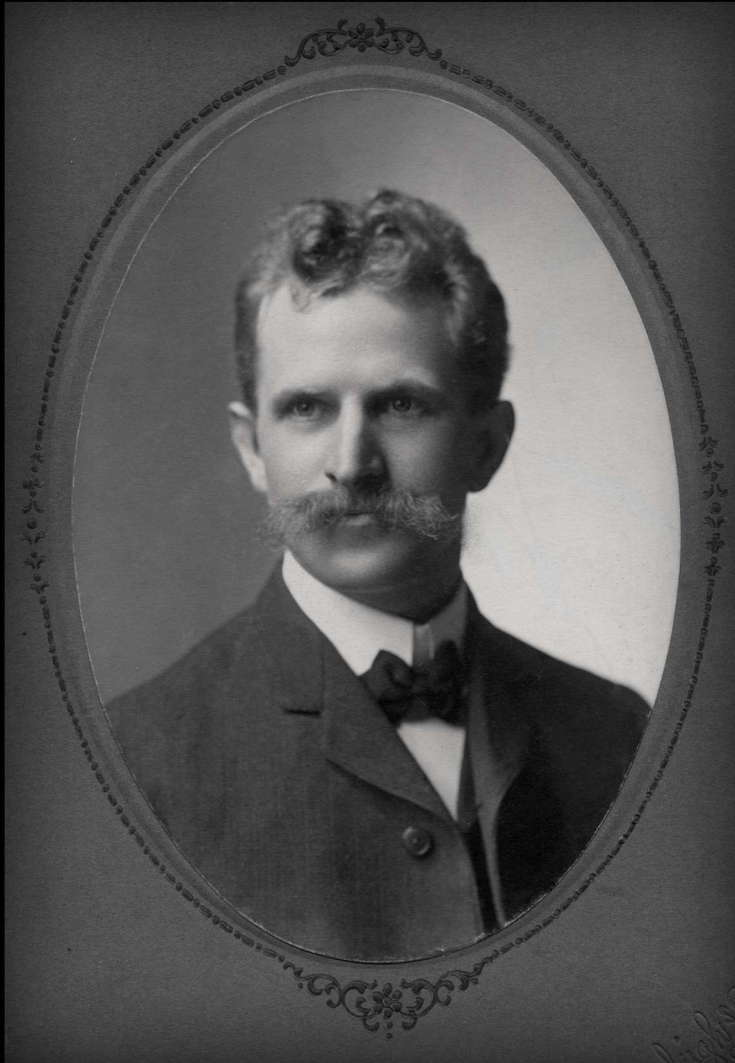
William Arthur Wright born 1869 and died December 29, 1872. Willie is buried next to his father Samuel at Pomeroy Cemetery in Ottawa Ohio. The photo on the left is believed to be post-mortem. The caption on the right by Clinton G. Wright 1892 to 1983.



Charles E. Wright above in 1889 at the age of 15 in Ottawa OH. Samuel, his father died in 1889 and Elmira moved the family to Fort Wayne, IN. Right: Charles in 1893 at age 19 in Fort Wayne IN.



Charles Edwin Wright while working for the Wabash R. R.



Manfred Clinton Wright 1876 - 1954



Prescott's younger brother Manfred became a Methodist minister and he documented much of the family history. Manfred was the recipient of the Wilcox Family History written by Sarah Eliza Brower in 1907. His mother Elmira Jane Wilcox died in 1900. Manfred is buried near his mother in Fort Wayne IN.





Manfred and sister Carrie

Carrie Cooper (Wright) Ridenour





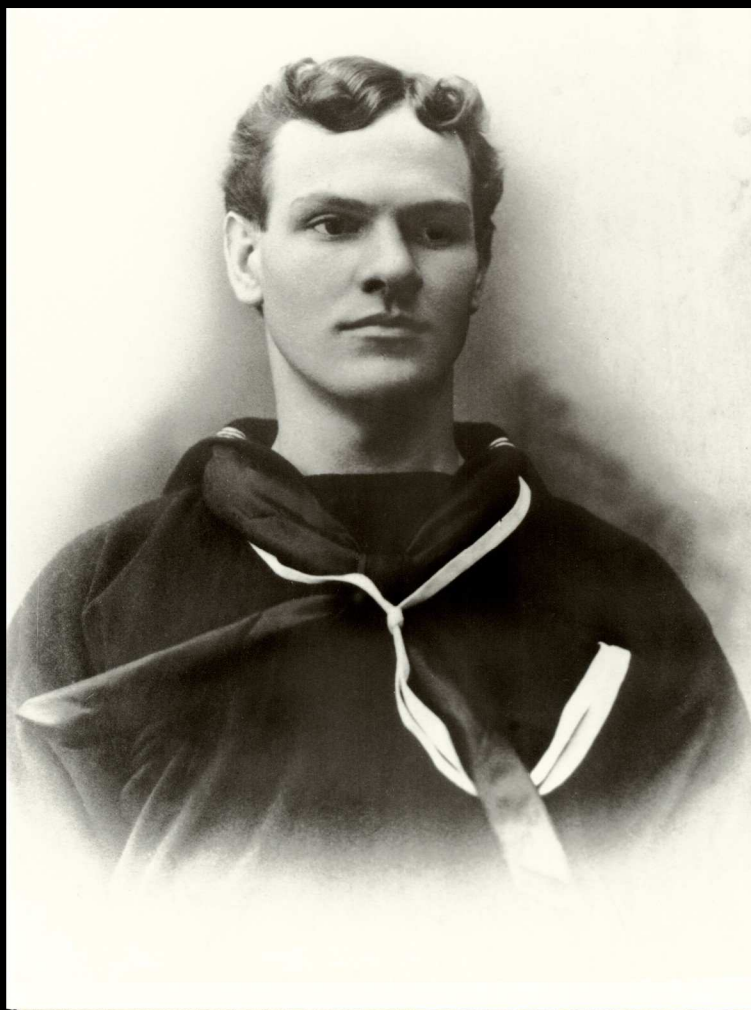
Manfred's sister Carrie Cooper Wright was born in 1880 and died in 1935. She married John Ridenour. She is buried at the Pomeroy Cemetery in Ottawa OH.



Otis Kelly Wright is the youngest brother of Carrie, Manfred, Charles, William and Prescott

OTIS KELLY WRIGHT





Otis Kelly Wright, U.S.Navy



Carrie Wright (seated) and
friend. (Maud Maskell ?)



Mrs Otis K.(Odessa) Wright

Prescott Parker Wright was the second son of Samuel and Elmira. He was born in 1871 at Charloe Ohio, Putnam County. He married Emma Adeline Patterson in 1891; she was born in 1848 at Madison County OH. They moved first to Hector OH, then to Paulding, and eventually to Lima.

They had nine children, the first four seen in the photo to the right. Clinton is over his mother's shoulder, Zelda next to her father, Glenn on his father's lap and Carroll on his mother's lap. Seven of the children being boys, they affectionately referred to themselves as the Wright Brothers whenever given the opportunity.

The children:

Clinton Gerald Wright born 1892 in Hector Ohio died in 1983

Zelda Elmira Wright	1894 - 1953
Glenn Clifford Wright	1897 - 1964
Charles Edwin Wright	1901 - 1978
Russell Wright	1/1903 - 4/1903
Gilson Prescott Wright	1905 - 1998
Harold Wilcox Wright	1908 - 1970
Louise Wright	1912 - 1915
Carroll James Wright	1828 -



Parker,

*Cor. Arch and
Croghan Streets,*

Fremont, Ohio.



Birthplace of Prescott P. Wright, near
the Auglaize river and Charloe in
Paulding Co, Ohio



Prescott P. Wright
as a young man

Charles Slayton Woodard (1878 - 1943) lived in Hector Ohio. He kept an autograph booklet and he passed it on to his daughter Naomi. I left a sign on the headstone of Jemima Hopkins and Naomi contacted me and shared the book with me and allowed me to copy it.

Hector Ohio Dec 19th 1889.
To Cousin Slayton
May Heaven protect and keep you
From every sorrow free.
And grant thee every blessing
My earnest wish for thee.
From Your Cousin
P. B. Wright.

Hector Ohio Dec 15
1889

Cousin Slayton

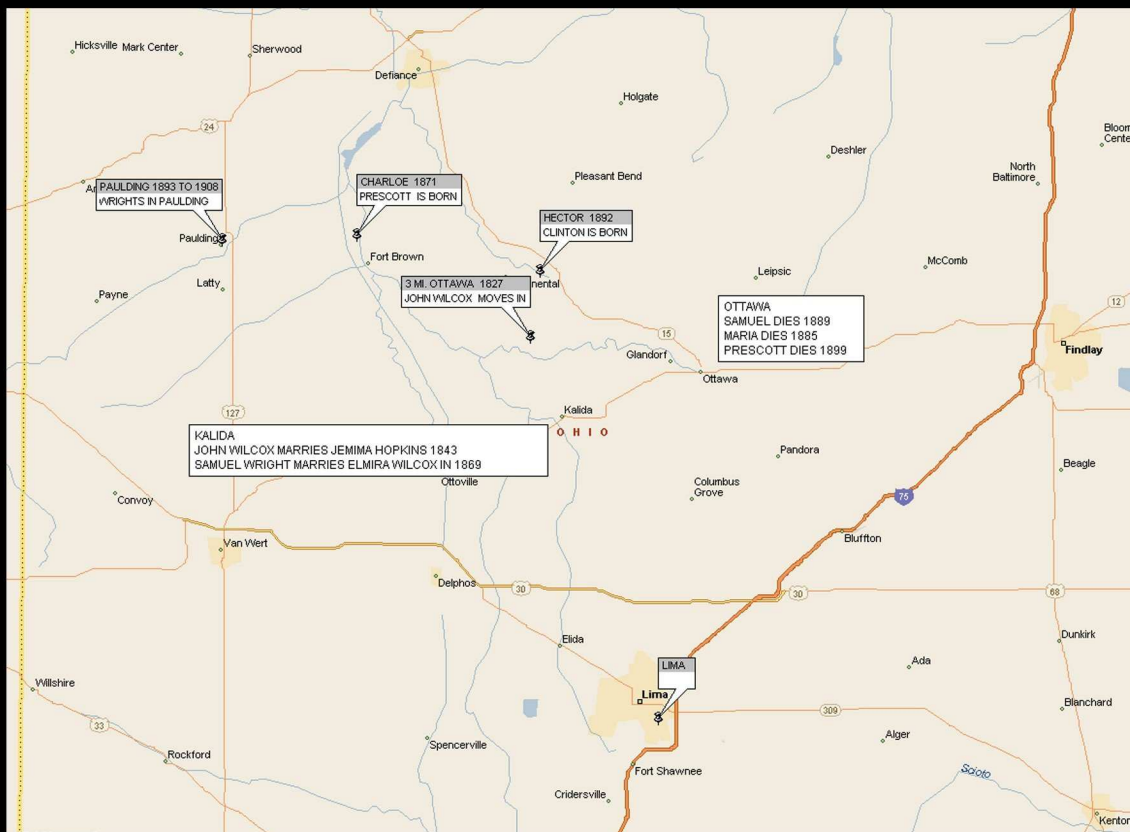
If I should write,
Perhaps you'll laugh, so I'll
merely sign my autograph.
by your cousin
Unwashed. G. Wright.

Hector Ohio Dec 15
1889

Cousin Slayton

He is a coward who will not
Turn back, when he discovers he is on
The wrong track.

Compliments of
Charles



Prescott journey from VT to Ottawa and are buried there. Samuel makes the trip from VT, gets married in Kalida 10+ years later and their second son Prescott is born in Charloe. Prescott moves to Hector where Clinton is born and then to Paulding and then to Lima in 1909ish.

All Tickets must be accounted for—Spoiled Tickets and Duplicates
MUST be returned with Daily Report.
Deliver White Ticket to Customer—Return Green Ticket with Daily Report.

Always Get Purchaser's Receipt For Goods Delivered, and sign Your Name IN FULL for Money Received. Money Received for Cash Sales MUST be remitted with Cash Report, on day sale is made.

Paulding 2/1

1903

IN

P. P. Wright -
city

4799

C

TERMS CASH.

BOUGHT OF STANDARD OIL COMPANY.

NOTICE

To avoid mistakes, see that you receive the quantity you pay for, and that duplicate Ticket corresponds.

KEEP THIS RECEIPT ON FILE.

BULK SALE AT WAREHOUSE.

Gallons Diamond White Oil, @

Gallons W. W. Oil, @

Gallons Electric Oil, @

Gallons Eocene Oil, @

Gallons D. S. Gasoline, @

DOLLARS CENTS

6 30

5 3

6 83

Goods Received

Received Payment

STANDARD OIL COMPANY,

By

FORM 042

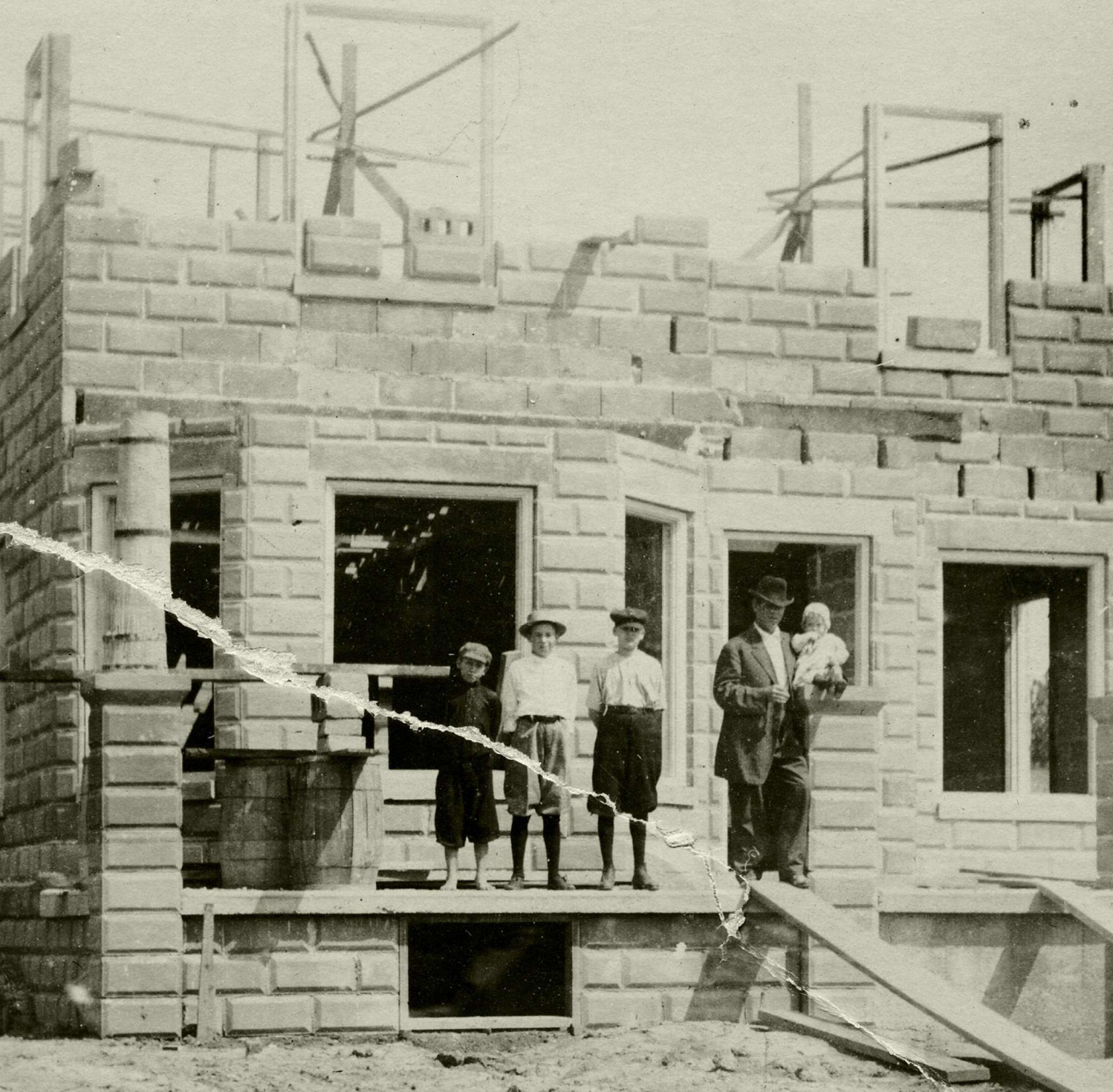
11059

Purchaser.

Clinton was born in 1893 and believed that he moved to Paulding one year later. This receipt 2/1/1903 is the first in the series given to me by Barbara (thanks:). The last receipt in is 1/11/1908 indicating that the Wrights lived in Paulding for at least 15 years. From 1903 to 1908 the price of gasoline remained constant at 10.5 cents.



Prescott P. Wright in Paulding, O. with
horse drawn delivery sled. (1903)





Early view of Lima Public Square



Prescott Parker, Clinton and Wright helpers



When Prescott moved the family to Lima he built their home at 701 Catalpa Avenue. They mixed their cement and poured their own block. Clinton later built his own block house at 901 Catalpa. After Prescott died his son Charles lived there until his death.



Dear Brother Prescott:-

I was glad to hear from you, tho sorry for the occasion of your sickness which provided the opportunity.

Aunt Maria had written me also of John Kiegn's tragic & sudden death. He was my first playmate that I can remember outside of the family. Today I wrote his mother a note of sympathy.

I am glad for the proposed Sunday meeting for him. You will hear some unusual preaching and get great good fellowship from them I am confident. I do not see my way clear now to make the visit tho it may open up. I should like very much to do so, and thank you for the invitation. I should

Dear Brother Prescott:

I was glad to hear from you, tho sorry for the occasion of your sickness which provided the opportunity.

Aunt Maria had written me also of John Krieger's tragic & untimely death. He was my first playmate that I can remember outside of the family. Today I wrote his mother a note of sympathy. I am glad for the proposed Sunday meeting for Lima. You will learn some unusual persuading and get great good personality from these I am confident. I do not see my way clear now to make the visit tho it may open up. I should like very much to do so, and I thank you for the invitation. I should like to see you all.

The description of the property for which I hold the deed is as follow: Farm no. (49) Block "1" as shown on the Prosper Colony Cas' Plat of section (6) Township (24) So. Range (30) East, containing five acres more or less. Also town lot no (4) Block "C" tier (2) in the town of Taft, orange County, as shown by plat made by Prosper Colony Company of Section One, Twp 24 So. Range 29 east. The deed's may be signed and recorded in due form.

However, sometime ago - Early in December, Mr Boyd of Whiting who got me to buy the land and who owns the adjoining farm (50) asked to purchase 22 acres at cash plus interest on the ? and I promised him he could run it. He wishes however to purchase on monthly payments of 10 each.

My work goes on about as usual. An odd ? - I am making a small miniature brass dish for ornamental purposes. It is 7 inches high and I think it will be quite pretty for a piano if I get one.

With great good will and Gods blessing upon you all.

Sincerely, your brother Manfred

Whiting Indiana 2/14/11



Frank Wilcox and family at home in Detroit.
He was a brother of Elmira Jane (Wilcox)
Wright. (mother of Prescott P. Wright, r)

Application for Membership

Issued by authority of the National Board of Trustees.

TO THE BOARD OF MANAGERS OF

Ohio Society Sons of the American Revolution OF THE National Society Sons of the American Revolution

Date Jan. 10-1946

I, Prescott Parker Wright being of the age of eighteen years hereby apply for membership in this Society by right of lineal descent in the following line from Josiah Wright Sr. and Josiah Wright Jr who was born in Peperell, Mass. on the 4th day of Oct. 1758 and died in Montpelier, Vt. on the 23rd day of Feb. 1834 and who assisted in establishing American Independence.

I was born in Charloe County of Allen State of Ohio on the 15th day of October 1871

I am the son of Samuel Prescott Wright born May 10-1846 died Aug. 11-1889 and his wife Elmira Wilcox Wright born Dec 16-1848 died May 29-1900 Married Mar. 1-1869

(2) grandson of Prescott Parker Wright born July 12-1814 died Jan. 1-1899 and his wife Maria Burroughs Wright born Mar. 18-1810 died May 23-1885 Married Nov. 1841

(3) great grandson of Prescott Wright born Apr. 14-1786 died date unknown and his wife Hannah Gilson Wright born Dec. 14-1784 died date unknown Married Nov. 26-1807

(4) great, great grandson of Josiah Wright Jr. born Oct. 4-1758 died Feb. 23-1834 and his wife Betsy Shattuck Wright born Mar. 12-1765 died — 1845 Married Jan. 24-1785

(5) great, great, great grandson of Josiah Wright Sr. born July 31-1727 died — and his wife Dolly Shattuck Wright born — died — Married Jan. 24-1758

(6) great, great, great, great grandson of — born — died — Married —

and his wife — born — died — Married —

(7) great, great, great, great, great grandson of — born — died — Married —

and ^{they} the said — (No. 4-5 ^{are}) is the ancestor who assisted in establishing American Independence while acting in the capacity of —

Do not encroach on this margin - needed for binding





Prescott and Emma on the back steps of their house at 701 Catalpa.
Emma died in 1958 and Prescott died in 1965.

October 12, 1958

Dwight D. Eisenhower
President of the United States

Sir:- May I take the liberty, as one compatriot to another, of wishing you many happy returns on our mutual natal day; the undersigned being some years your senior, will be 87 years young.

We may not see eye to eye politically at all times but there is no question as to our patriotism and devotion to the Flag in these "times that try men's souls". Like you, I am a product of the great middle west and class, and a couple of generations back we helped tame the wilderness in this part of the Buckeye state. Our ancestry goes back to the time of the Pilgrim Fathers and the family has had a hand in every scrap our country has engaged in since the early Indian wars.

Numbered among our forebears are signers of the Mayflower Compact and Declaration of Independence as well as ancestors of the same name who had a shooting part in the American Revolution.

May you be spared many more years, to a happier time when "Swords shall be turned into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks" and the threat of aggression and domination by an odious alien political philosophy shall be forever past.

S.A.R. 67328

Written by Prescott at age 76, he died in 1965



Since both you and I observe our birthday anniversary
on October fourteenth, it was particularly gratifying to me
to receive your thoughtful message of greetings. Thank you
very much for your kindness. Cordially reciprocate your
good wishes.

Very truly,
Dwight D. Eisenhower

Since both you and I observe our birthday anniversary
on October 14th, it was particularly gratifying to me
to receive your thoughtful message of greetings. Thank you
very much for your kindness, I cordially reciprocate your
good wishes

Clinton was the eldest child of Prescott and Emma Adeline Patterson. Clinton was born in Hector Ohio in 1892 and moved with the family to Paulding Ohio where they lived for several years.

Clinton writes:

I think my earliest recollection of my surroundings was sitting in a high-chair near a window and watching passersby and somehow knowing that I too was a part of what I was seeing and in time would take my rightful place in the passing parade. Or it may have been in a safe warm place between two of the same species who would look after my welfare. I was not more than a year old, for as I was to learn years later, my parents lived in that house only about a year before moving into one in the same block and on the next corner. They carried all of their household goods from the old to the new location, which was one of three rooms which my dad had built. And while making the move they left me sitting on the floor of the new home and I thought that I was being deserted among my strange surroundings. And while I was “giving voice” to my displeasure, a stranger tried to comfort me. I was never able in later life to figure out who that was unless it was my grandmother.

Clinton married Florence Leasure in 1923 and they built their home two blocks east of Prescott at 901 Catalpa Avenue. Clinton and Florence had four children, three of whom survived infancy; Owen Keith born in 1926, Barbara Ann born in 1930 and Neva Loretta born in 1935. Florence died in 1964 at the age of 66 and Clinton lived until 1983 dying at the age of 90. They are buried at Memorial Park Cemetery in Lima Ohio near Prescott and Emma.

I remember, I remember, the house where I was born

I was not born here but it is the first home that I was aware of when I was about one year old. It was the one behind the family group on the wagon. Dad is to the left with the push cart he used to peddle Standard Oil products when the mare he used to pull his oil wagon died. It attracted quite a bit of attention in the neighborhood to have a photographer. Notice the group of rubber necks in the distance beyond Dad and the cart.

When my parents moved to this location I was about one year old. Dad had bought the lot for a few dollars and with the idea of building more permanently later. There were three large Elm trees that were cut down and a ten room house built. Then the "old" house was sold for \$50.00 and moved to a new location.

This note was typed on the back of a photograph; see next two pages. I believe that this is Paulding Ohio.





Clinton & Zelda





P.F. Wright on oil wagon he made deliveries in Paulding, O. in the early years of this century. Posed many years later on a visit



Three wheeled auto built by cousin Wm Edwards
from spare parts of farm machinery. (1902-3)



Charles E. Wright, son of
Prescott P. Wright



The "Wright Brothers" (L to R)
Kelly, Manfred, Carrie (sister)
Charles and nephew Clinton
son of Prescott (below)





Two Old Cat on Catalpa Avenue, the start of the Catalpa Indians on which team Earl Wilson the New York columnist once played.

Typed on back by CGW.



Floyd Baxter with cigar and Zelda & the rest unknown

A favorite photo spot was in front of the house
901 Catalpa Avenue



Clinton - Gilson - Harold - Carroll - Charlie - Glenn



Mr & Mrs Prescott P. Wright,
Mr & Mrs Otis Kelly Wright
Mr & Mrs Clinton G. Wright,
on excursion in Chicago in
spring of 1924, shortly after
our marriage, November 1923 (CGW)





Zelda Elmira Wright - 12-16-1894 to 10-06-1953
Floyd Baxter - 1894 to 1974





Louise Wright - January 03, 1912 to November 14, 1915

Louise was the youngest child born to Prescott and Emma, her giving birth at the age of 40. Louise lived just shy of four years dying from Whooping Cough and complicated by measles. Her death was difficult for the family. Clinton never forgave the Dr. for his sister's death as he was late to the house when called. Emma was particularly fond of Louise as evidenced in the many pictures of them together. Or, perhaps it was Clinton as he was the photographer of the family.

The picture on the right was copied from one in an oval frame that was kept in our house as a child. Mom eventually gave it to me, and it wasn't until I scanned and retouched the photo that I saw Emma in the background looking off the shoulder of Louise.

When Clinton married Florence Leasure on November 28, 1923. They named their first child Flora Louise; she was stillborn.

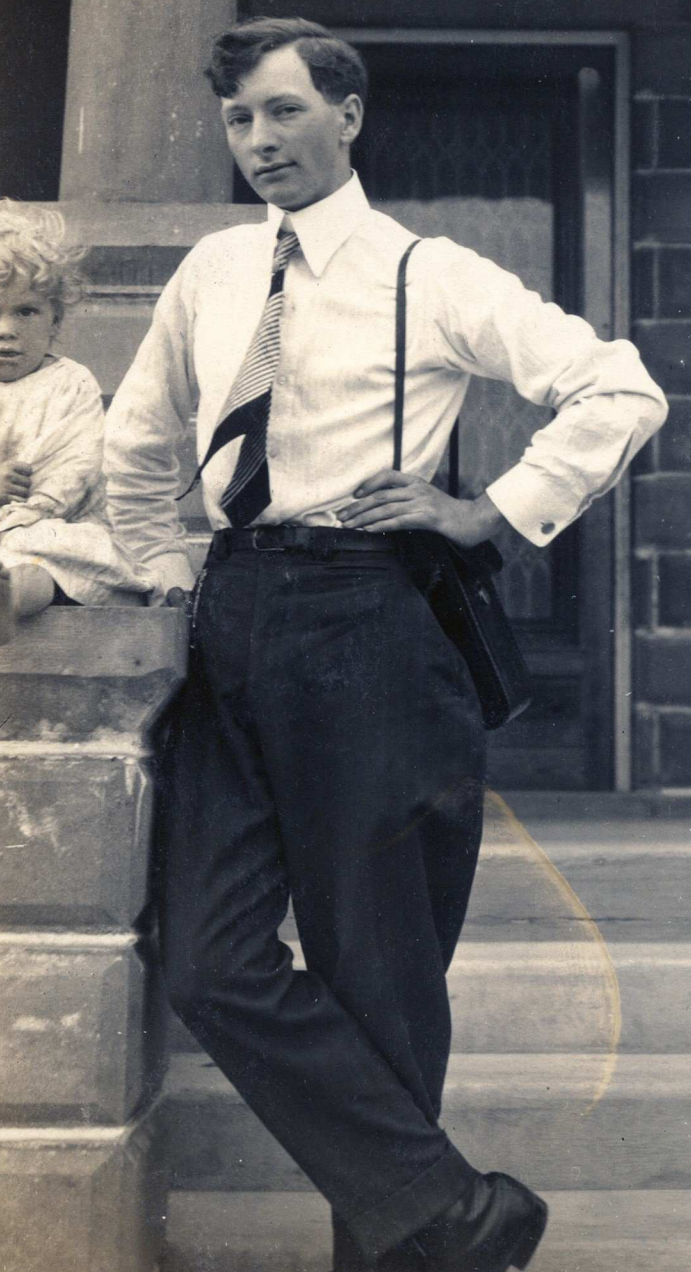
On page one of this book Clinton can be seen in his study typing labels. Above him on the wall is a hand drawn picture of Louise. Her picture hung above his bed until the day he died.

The next few pages feature all the pictures in my collection of Louise.





















Glenn and Carroll Wright
on a visit to Lima



X = Clinton













Prescott Wright at the Last French Fort Site



On this site in 1750-1 Captain M. Raimond erected the last of the French forts on the site of the present Ft. Wayne. This fort was captured by the British in 1760. In 1763 at the outbreak of the Pontiac Conspiracy the British Commandant Ensign Robert Holmes was murdered and the garrison captured by the Indians aided by the French.



Clinton, Zelda, Glenn Charlie, Gilson and Harold

This picture taken at 701 Catalpa with a Catalpa tree in the bakground and the new church can be seen behind Clinton.







Zelda and Floyd had six children. I do not have their dates of birth but their names are as follows:

The boys - Robert, Richard, Carroll and Glenn

The girls - Thelma and Gwen





The Wright and Baxter Grandkids





Clinton in front row 3rd from the left. His wedding band can be seen in this picture indicating that this could have been taken after 1923.



EUROPEAN
VEALL
DE
MS
THEY ARE—

THE VERY BEST

RUNNING WATER IN ROOMS
PRIVATE BATH



8
FOR

2268

National Guard,

STATE OF

OhioRECORDER'S OFFICE
ALLEN COUNTY, OHIO

RECEIVED FOR RECORD

At 9.27 O'CLOCK A.M.

MAR 14 1919

RECORDED MAR 20 1919

Vol. 3 PAGE 370

Ernest E. Parker

RECORDER



To all whom it may concern:

THIS IS TO CERTIFY, That

Clinton S. Wrighta Corporal

of

of the

Regiment

of

Reserve

National Guard,

is hereby HONORABLY DISCHARGED from the NATIONAL GUARD of the UNITED STATES

and of the State of

Ohio

by reason of

Expulsion

Per. S.O. 109. Par. 1. G. & O. Ohio.

Said

Clinton S. Wright

was born

in

Hector

in the State of

Ohio

and when enlisted

was

21 1/2

years of age, by occupation, a

Draftsman

had

Gray

eyes,

Brown

hair,

Fair

complexion, and was

5

feet

70

inches in height.

Given under my hand at

Ada Ohio

this

Sixth

day of

June

one thousand nine hundred and

SeventeenJ. H. Downing
Cof. 2nd Ohio Inf.

Commanding

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name Clinton G. Wright Grade Corporal
 Enlisted March 2^d 1914 at Kings Ohio for 1 years.

* In the service of the United States, under call of the President, from June 1916 to March 1917

Serving in First enlistment period at date of discharge.

Previous service none

Noncommissioned officer Cpl. R. D. 45 May 8, 1916.

Marksmanship not qualified

Horsemanship not mounted

Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions none

Knowledge of any vocation Draftsman

Wounds received in service none

Physical condition when discharged Good

Typhoid prophylaxis completed July 31, 1917.

Married or single Single

CHARACTER Efficient

Remarks Servant honest and faithful

Signature of soldier Clinton G. Wright

Clark H. Cress
Capt. 2nd Inf. Ohio H. G.
C. C.

Commanding



Clinton, Florence, Owen and Loretta
Barbara is probably the photographer

901 Catalpa about 1940



Monte Diller, Frank Coolahan, Barbara, Grandma, Mom, Cecil Leasure and Mrs. Leasure, Aunt Gladys & daughter Nancy Jo, ?, Grandma and Grandpa Leasure, ?, ?, Neva Leasure Diller and son Michael







James Leasure, Cecil Leasure (Flora's brother) and Jack Leasure.
The child was the ring-bearer at Barbara's wedding to Ray Shinabery.



Cecil Leasure and his wife Etta

In the back yard at 701 Catalpa



Floyd Baxter, Prescott, Glenn, Carroll, Gilison, Charlie, Harold & Clinton



Desk I worked at for twentyfive years while
in the employ of the Buckeye Pipe Line Co.

CGW

Dinner at 701 Catalpa Avenue



Left: Catherine, Carroll, Florence and Clinton

Center: Emma

Right: Charlie, Amy, Gilson and Harold



Owen K. Wright (son of CGW)
and daughter Ruth Ann







Amy Hopkins at bus station in
Lima, with Florence Wright



Clinton & Florence Wright
at bus station in Lima

December 1964

On this otherwise joyous season of the year, it becomes my sad task to inform you of the death of my wife and companion of over forty years. About this time two years ago, Florence became aware of a small spongy lump above the right breast and mentioned it to me. This was about the middle of November 1962 and late in December she told me there was a slight soreness at times and thought that after the holidays she would consult a doctor. I took her to our family physician on January 2nd and she was admitted to Memorial Hospital that same day. After a thorough diagnosis it was decided to operate and on January 5th removed the entire breast and arm gland. The surgeon assured me that the tumor had been discovered in time for a successful removal. Her case was complicated somewhat by hypertension and diabetes but during her 18 day stay in the hospital both were brought under control. She made a good recovery and enjoyed a fair state of health for the next year - going about and taking part in her usual activities. Then late last winter or early spring she had an attack of shingles that was quite painful. Early last summer she began having back pains that were thought to be arthritis and for which she was treated.

Late in July I flew to California to arrange for the funeral of my brother, Glenn who died suddenly of a heart attack and while there became involved in settling his estate and my return was delayed. When I got back some weeks later I could see that she had lost ground. On October 9th I took her to the surgeon's office and he had me take her to the hospital for X-Rays in certain areas of the spine. As a result she was admitted on October 14th to receive deep X-ray therapy which I later found out was to kill the pain and it was effective. Her stay this time was 21 days being released on November 3rd.

For the next two weeks she was able to be downstairs most of the daytime hours, but her activities were limited to watching her favorite TV programs. She seldom left the living room and I prepared what meals she ate and served them to her there. About the 20th of November she was feeling so badly that she remained upstairs in bed all the time and I added to my chores as housekeeper, that of a full time nurse. She had no appetite and became so weak that I had to feed her what little nourishment she was able to take. About this time, also, the least exertion would cause her to gasp for breath, even sitting on the edge of bed to take her meals. Her doctor made his second house call on the morning of the 24th and he prescribed a tonic, which I obtained for her the same day, and on his opinion that she had several months to live, bought a portable TV set to help her pass the time.

He ordered a visiting nurse to see her and she came out the next morning, The 25th, and arranged to return on Friday the 27th. At the time of her visit he told Florence that the tumor had spread to her back and that the liver was involved. That afternoon, both of our daughters were in to see her, with five of the grand-children to watch a TV show in which Barbara's son Mike appeared with a group of Indian Guides at the local studio, and later her husband Ray came with Mike to pick up the rest of the family. The two families were all here except Loretta's husband, Charles, who was at work.

They bade her goodbye and that was the last time she saw them. Later that evening she seemed to be more than usually uncomfortable, asking for a drink once and complained of being too warm, although her flesh was cool to the touch. Then she said she couldn't get to sleep, which was unusual as most of the time she was drowsy, and asked for an Aspirin tablet.

About 8:30 she called me and said that she could hardly get her breath and I could see she was in distress. She wanted me to call the doctor, but it being on the eve of a holiday, he had left town for the rest of the week and I had difficulty contacting the substitutes he had given me to call. I finally did get one who advised calling an ambulance to take her to the Emergency Ward of the hospital, but it got here too late.

In retrospect, I now realize that since she could not get well, her passing so suddenly and unexpectedly was a blessing and for the best; she is beyond all earthly pain and sorrow and the one thing I was thankful for on Thanksgiving day 1964. We were married the evening before Thanksgiving 1923, which that year was on the 28th. She was laid to rest on our anniversary.







Lilah Leasure, older sister of Florence, she married Carl Shuler and they had 3 children; Jim, Helene and Harold.



Emma and Four Generations of Wrights



Prescott Parker 1871 - 1965
Owen Keith 1954 - 1979

Owen Kenneth 1926 - 2003
Clinton Manfred 1892 - 1983

Four More



Clinton, Owen, Ronnie and Ronnie Jr. This picture was taken at Owen's home in Vaughnsville Ohio during a family reunion to celebrate Clinton's birthday. Owen served as the minister of the Methodist Church in the village. Ronnie lived in Fostoria most of his life but at this writing in 2008 he lives in Springfield OH with his mother Phyllis.



The "Wright Brothers" L to R back row
Carroll, Glenn, Gilson, Harold.
front row Clinton, dad, Charley



P. P. Wright
Owen Wright
Glenn Baxter
Carroll Baxter

Miniature City at
Traverse City MI
1938



I think this is a picture of "Old Betty", the narrow gauge locomotive that pulled logging cars from "Section Eight", the square mile of virgin timber the Weideman company owned, to the heading and stave mill in Paulding, O. I remember of riding on one of the flat cars once with my dad, as a small boy. CGW



Grandpa and Grandma and Me

From the time Prescott Parker moved the family from Paulding to Lima (1909 - 1913) the Wrights and their families lived on Catalpa Avenue in Lima. Clinton, Zelda, Charles, Gilson and Harold stay in Ohio.

Gilson lived in Oxford and worked as a professor of journalism at Miami University of Ohio. He married Amy Benton and they had 3 children. Their daughter Barbara stayed in Oxford and we communicated in 2000 and she provided me with some family history. Shortly after that I lost track of her. Gilson and Amy are buried in Oxford Ohio.

Charlie lived at 701 Catalpa until his death in 1978. He married Myrtle Hawke and she died in 1960.

Harold married Catherine Coffman and they lived on Catalpa Avenue on the corner and just across the street from Clinton. Harold died in 1970, Catherine remarried and moved to Florida. She died in 1988.

Zelda and Floyd had 6 children. She died in 1953 at the age of 59 and her husband Floyd died in 1974 aged 80 years.

Clinton and Florence, both of their parents, Charlie, Harold and Catherine Zelda and Floyd are all buried at Memorial Garden in Lima. Owen Kenneth and his son Owen Keith are also buried there, as is my father Charles Brown.

As far as I know, Glenn and Carroll stayed in California. Glenn died there in July of 1964.

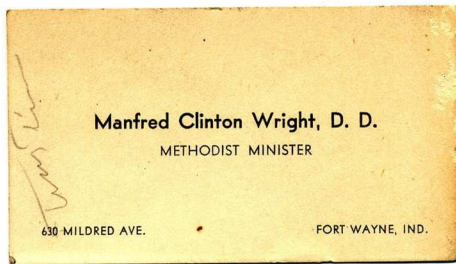
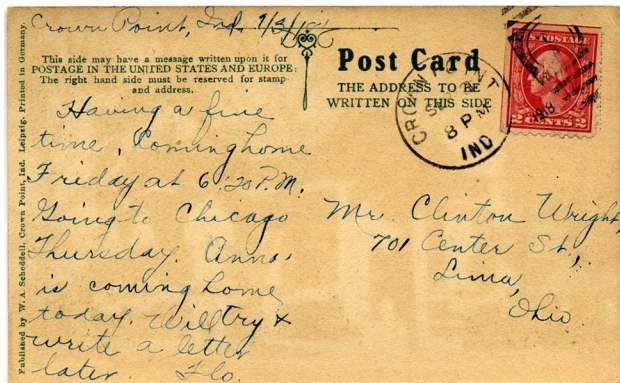






Jan. 13-93

My Sir:-
The original paper is in long hand - should it be put to wife it more convenient. The name of the paper is correct as original. The name which should be mentioned is plainly spelled with an M on the original. We commented on it but of course copied it as it was by the paper. I would advise you if you send other papers after this national number - to be admitted to D. A. to copy them as is. Also you may make notation in your copy to refer to national number 2999 as your name paper was printed first. As your daughter's program would admit to the C. A. H. this line would admit for your son to Sons of Am. 4-10. Sincerely
Geo. E. Morristy



This is a sample of business card writing

Mr. E. J. Wright
Fort Wayne Ind
133 N. State St.



There are many connections linking this family to others. The research of Manfred and Clinton include two family names that tie directly to the Wright lineage. These are the marriages of Elmira Jane Wilcox to Samuel and Emma Adeline Patterson to Prescott Parker.

Wilcox

Elmira Jane Wilcox was one of seven children born to John Wilcox and Jemima Hopkins. John (1825 - 1881) the son of Joel was an early inhabitant of Putnam County and served in the military during the Civil War. His life is documented in the Putnam County Reminiscence and in his military diary.

Hopkins

His wife Jemima was the daughter of Daniel Hopkins and Sarah Carter. Daniel and Sarah had 11 children and she is buried at Montmorenci IN. The resting place of Daniel is unknown, but believed to be near Bellefontaine Ohio. Jemima's brother Owen Johnston Hopkins was also a leader in the Civil War and his military diary is printed in the book titled "Under The Flag of The Nation."

Patterson

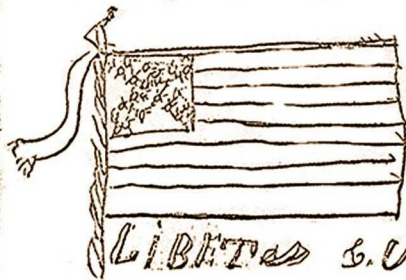
Emma the wife of Prescott Parker was the daughter of Samuel Patterson and Ellen Derrick. Samuel was one of 9 children born to Archibald Patterson and they all lived in Franklin County Ohio near Plain City and Big Darby.

WILCOX

Wilmington N.C. 1861

Dear Almira

I was very glad to receive your letter
and hasten to answer it. Almira I expect
you would like to know what I am doing well in
the first place I am clothing cooking and doing many
other little domestic affairs too tedious to mention. I am
glad to hear that you are getting better. I would like to have been
up to see you aroundy but I won't come to see you any more.
Until you can see me and you may depend on it.
I would like to come to school so well and to all the girls.
I guess that I have written enough for the present but will
do better for the future. I will answer this letter as soon as you get it.
No good by: from your affectionate school mate: E. Black Jo E. Wilson



On the starry flag of Freedom in triumph shall
wave the land of the free and the home of the brave

September the ? 1801

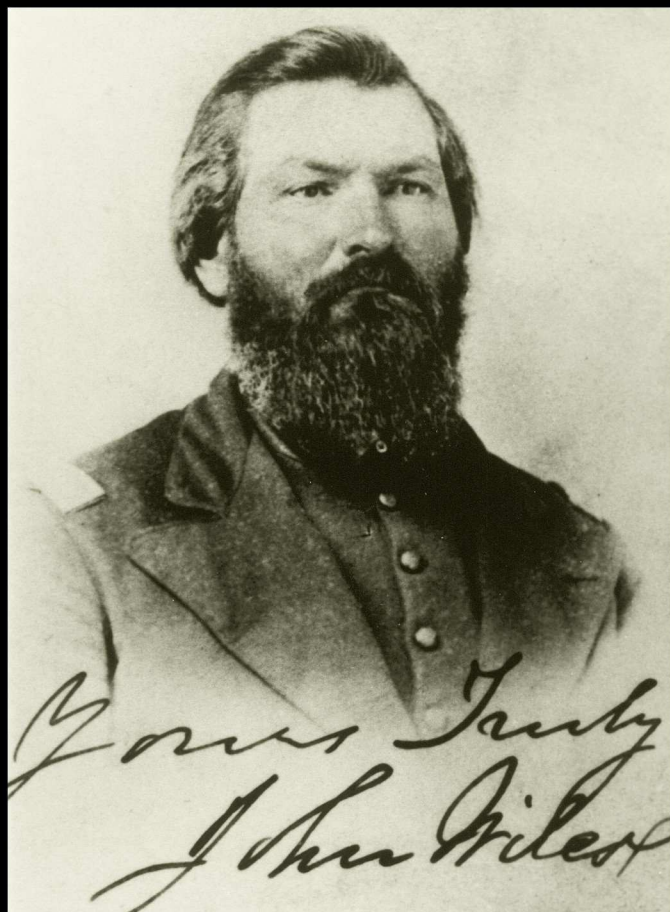
Dear Elmira,

I was very glad to receive your letter and have sat down to answer it. Elmira I regret you would like to know what I am doing. Well in the first place I am catering, cooking and doing many other little domestic affairs too tedious to mention. I am glad to hear that you are getting better. I would like to have been up to see you Sunday but I won't come to see you any more until you come to see me and you may depend on it. I would like to come to school as well and see all the girls. I guess that I have written enough for the present but will do better for the ?. Answer this letter as soon as you get it. Good bye from your affectionate school mate. I teach to & welcome.

On the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave ore the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Liberty & Union

This document was provided to me by Barbara Wright Reed. based on the date this may have been from Joel Wilcox (1756). His son Joel was born in 1800 and his grandson John was born in 1825.



John Wilcox 1825 - 1881
Buried at Gettysburg National Cemetery - Dayton Ohio
His daughter Elmira married Samuel Wright in Kalida Ohio in 1869

Lines to my husband of old Anna Lee

"I am sitting where the moonlight
Soft and silvery as of yore
Things its gentle radiance soothes me
On my lonely chamber floor:
And within its wistful meshes,
I've retraced the past again -
Wandered through its changing hours
Bright with pleasure dim with pain.

There was one all disquieted,
Where the moonlight softest fell -
Where the perfume from sweet flowers
Floated with soft music well
And I knew within that bower
I had stood a happy bride.
Breathed the vows that bound me ever
To thy faithful side.

But this gone the vision faded -
And I've sweeping here alone
Weeping o'er my shattered rest,
But my earthly treasure gone.

For I know that thou art kneeling
At my father's graves shrine,
Yes, I see her snowy fingers
Clasped convulsively in thine.

And I saw the look of dismay,
As you grasped your sabre hilt,
Superceding thus to shield my dear,
Though your life blood should be spilt:
This, and more, I heard you utter,
In a low and tender tone -
Words of deep and fond devotion,
Which belong to me alone.

And I marked her wondrous beauty
As she bent her regal head
To list the words of courtship
Her kneeling lover said.
But ah, the face was sad with grief,
Her steady eyes with tears,
And I, with myself, all awfully,
She glowered at bygone years.

Enough; my selfish heart is smitten,
I was blind, but now I see -
My Country! Oh, my Country!
I give him up to thee,
Do thee, to thee, and should he fall,
Ever get thy cause be won,
Father, Father, Holy One!
Thy will, not mine, be done.
Amen

Lines to my husband of 3rd Tawa Cav.

I am sitting wher the moonlight
Soft and silvery as of yore
Slings it's gentle sadness around me
On my lonely chamber floor
And within it's witching measure I
've retraced the past again
Wandered through it's changing hour
Bright with pleasure, dim with pain

There was one all rosy tinted
When the moonlight softest fell
When the perfume from sweet flowers
Floated with soft music swell
And I knew within that tower
I had stood a happy bride
Breathed the vows that bound me ever
To thy faithful side

But tis gone, the vision faded
And I'm weping here alone
Weeping over my shattered ?
And my earthly treasures ?
For I know that thou art kneeling
At my ? rivals shrine
Yes I see her snowy fingers
Clasped convulsively in thine

And I saw the loof of daring
As you grasped your sabres hilt
Swearing thus to shield and guard her
Though your life blood should be felt
This, and now, I hear you utter
In a low and tender tone
Words of deep and fond devotion
Which belonged to me alone

And I marked her wonderous beauty
As she bent her regal head
To lis the word of constant joy
Her kneeling lover said
But oh, the face was sad with grief
And the starry eyes with tears
And like myself, all wistfully
She glanced at bygone years

Enough my selfish heart is smitten
I was blind but now I see
My Country, Oh my Country!
I give him up to thee
To thee, to thee and should he fall
Ere yet thy cause be won
Father, Father, Holy One
Thy will not mine be done

Jemima

To her husband John Wilcox

Don't fear any fear. What you'll have no power
for I think the family have their power
in the spirit, and I think a great
God will make it all clear and
and the truth will get out.

I would have written some

and more soon. I'm sure it's now

that my time is taken up so.

My school is pretty full and

and I shall have to keep on

it so as to feel better. You know

I am a good scholar and I

will be and I shall be

for ever and I shall be

for ever and I shall be

for ever and I shall be

for ever and I shall be

for ever and I shall be

for ever and I shall be

for ever and I shall be

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for ever and I shall be

for ever and I shall be

Your long friend

Martha came to hand last
week. I don't know hardly what to tell you first.

Your Ma got afraid of her life on last Sunday
night. The Major saw it and swore at that, in the
midst, darkness and rain, she and the children
went to Mr. Heacock's, intending to get on the train
Monday; but the Major discovering their whereabouts
before day he took the children leaving your Ma
and telling her that he had no further use for her,
and saying as he left, - "Goodbye Miss and
son". Martha went on ahead of the rest, while
your Ma and the boys stopped at Mr. Thro's. When
he arrived at home no Martha could be seen.
I understood that she had not been heard from

in your Ma's house. I received a letter from Mr. Heacock also mentioning myself
of the Ma's establishment. Now I'm not to go any farther and I'm not to go any farther
hardly. I'da would have been I'm not to go any farther and I'm not to go any farther

At Mr. Stranger Dec. the 6th A.D. 1866

Dear friend Mira,
your long looked for and doubly welcome ? came to hand last week. I don't know hardly what to tell you first. Your Ma ? afraid of her life on last Sunday night. The Major raved and swore so that in the mud, darkness and rain, she and the children went to Mr. Heacock's intending to get on the train Monday, but the Major discovering their whereabouts before day he took the children leaving your Ma and telling her that he had no further use for her and saying as she left "Goodbye Miss rule or ruins." Martha went on ahead of the rest while your Pa and the bags stopped at Mr. Knox's. When he arrived at home no Martha could be seen. I understand that she had not been heard from.

The paper appears to be two letters copied together but both are to Elmira. One from a Mr. Stranger and the other mentions him.

Don't have any fears that you'll have no friends for I think the family have ? friends to the Major's one. I think a first god will make it all clear soon Elmira. And the guilty will suffer. I would have written sooner and more ? Mira was it not that my time is taken up so. My school is pretty full and out of school hours it keeps one busy to keep my old clothes "dressed up" so as to hold together. You know I am a ? homeless cast off girl too and have to paddle my own canoe. And I know what it is for true and sympathizing friends who have never experienced it can't tell. Be of stout heart and trust in God and the only or most charming words I can say to you. My school and myself are still able to scamper and hollow. Dark Dufflerinyer, Ed Bryam and Dave Canfield are the largest boys. Jo Peach talks of coming.

Lieh Pstacha, Levitt.. Knox and Sandy Olrug are the largest girls. So far I have found it in most respects a ? school. Mr. Trav has not been in lately but her son John Walker much ? the “narrow way” since a couple of ? appreciation of hagle tree. I like Mr. Stranger first place as a boarding place. You will please write as soon as you can Mira. I received a letter from Clarence also wishing myself up to the entertainment.

Never wanted to go any place so bad in my life ? Eliza would have gone I guess.

There was but one obstacle.

The recipient of these letters in 1866 is probably Elmira Jane Wilcox. She was born in 1848 would have been 18 years old when this was written. John Wilcox divorced Jemima January 1868 and one month later he married Mary J. MacKay.

Three years after these letters were written Elmira married Samuel Wright and within a year Willie their first child was born. Two years later Prescott Parker was born. When Prescott was 14 months old Willie died.

The flip side of these letters is on the following page.

Dear Mother, I have been very much surprised to hear
from your sister, Mrs. Wilcox, that she is going to
get yesterday; and also understood that Mrs. Wilcox
said that she should not come back now if she
wished; but today I was told that some friend
had assisted her, giving her money; and that
she left on the night train night before last
for Ohio. Your mother is making an effort, a vain
one I guess, to get Peter. Mr. Wilcox has advertised
his farm for sale; and I understand intends going on
the plains. Your mother told me that she asked
him if he intended for her to go along. He is answer
was - "Why go?" I feel sorry for the boys and sympathize
with you girls; but for your poor mother more than
all. It does seem almost that she is deserted,
cast off and abused by man (friend at almost seems)

Just almost forgotten of God. It seems that her
cup of bitterness is indeed full; but we remember that

"The darkest hour is just before the dawning"
and if angel ministration on earth be permitted;
and if the eye see all permitting not a sparrow
fall unnumbered, surely He will administer
balm to the broken heart which the offering of words
from human lips seems only a mockery.

I had a letter from Sister last Sunday.

Don't give up disheartened and discouraged Miss though
your way does seem dark and dreary and long, but
remember, "Never give up or the burden may sink you."

Providence kindly has mingled the cups;
And in all trouble and trial and trouble behind you, Of the stout watchword
of "Never give up!"

yet yesterday ; and also understood that Mr. Wilcox said that she should not come back now if she wishes but today I was told that some friend had assisted her, giving her money and then she left on the night train night before last for Ohio. Your mother is making an effort, a vain one I guess to get Peter. Mr. Wilcox has advertised his farm for sale and I understand ? going on the plains.

Your mother told me that she asked him if he intended for to go along. His answer was “nary go” I feel sorry for the boys and sympathize with your girls but for your poor mother more than all. It does seem almost that she is deserted cast off and abused by man. Friend it almost seems and almost forgotten of God. It seems that her cup of bitterness is ? full, but we remembered that “the darkest hours is just before the dawning” and of angel ministration on Earth be permitted and if that eye sees all permitting not a sparrow fall remembered surely he will administer balm to her broken heart to which the offering of words from human lips seems only mockery.

I've had a letter from ? last Sunday. Don't give up disheartened and discouraged Mira. Although your way does seem dark and dreary and long but remember “never give up or the ? may ? you. Providence kindly has mingled the drop! And in all trouble and trials and troubles ? you of the stout watch words Never Give Up.

National Soldiers Home, Dayton Ohio
June 27th 1881

Dear Daughter

My health is about status quo - but little change having occurred since I came to the 'Home', nor do I ever expect to be well again, while tabernacling herebelow, I can only be healed in spirit and that through Christ - the Great Physician, in whom I have implicit and unbounded confidence. I will venture on him and will venture freely, having partaken of the waters of life, freely. "Lidi" has not appeared at the Home yet, but look daily for her coming. I have been living in hopes for the last year, of learning Kelly's address, and am disappointed beyond measure. I hope you and family are enjoying normal health ~~tonks~~ again. I have not heard from "Nattie" for some time, but was in poor health the last accounts. Enclosed I send you my last from "Aunt May".

Kiss baby for Grandpa.

Affectionately your father
John Wiley

National Soldiers Home, Dayton Ohio
April 27, 1881

Dear Daughter

My health is about status quo but little change having occurred since I came to the "Home" nor do I ever expect to be well again. While tabernacled here before, I can only be healed in spirit and that through Christ - the Great Physician in whom I have implicit and unbounded confidence. I will venture on him and will venture freely. Lida has not appeared at the home yet, but look daily for her coming. I have been living in hopes for the last year of learning Kelly's address, and am disappointed beyond measure. I hope you and family are enjoying usual health once again. I have not heard from Nattie for some time, but was in poor health the last count. Enclosed I send you my last from "Am I May."

Kiss baby for grandpa
Affectionately your father
John Wilcox

Written on the back of this card
Grandfather Wilcox's last letter to Mother
April 27, 1881

The National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers,

MANAGERS.

The President of the United States;
The Chief Justice;
The Secretary of War,
General William B. Franklin, President, Hartford,
Conn.
Col. Leonard A. Harris, 1st V. F., Cincinnati, Ohio.
General Richard Coulter, 2d V. F., Greensburg, Penn.

Ex-Officio.



MANAGERS.

General Martin T. McMahon, Secretary, 83 Nassau
Street, New York City.
General John A. Martin, Atchison, Kansas.
Major David C. Fulton, Hudson, Wisconsin.
General George B. McCullien, Orange, New Jersey.
General John M. Palmer, Springfield, Illinois.
General Charles W. Roberts, Bangor, Maine.

OFFICERS OF THE CENTRAL BRANCH.

Col. J. B. Thomas, Treasurer.
Major Wm. H. Lough, Secretary.

General M. R. Patrick, Governor.
Dr. A. H. Stephens, Surgeon.
Rev. Wm. Earnshaw, D.D., Chaplain.

Capt. Wm. Thompson, Steward.
H. C. L. Miller, Master.

NEAR Dayton, Ohio, July 5th, 1881

Sir, Madam,

I am directed by Gen. M. R. Patrick, Governor of the Home, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 29th ^{inst} and in reply to inform you that your father Major John Wilcox, 10th 7th Iowa Inf. died at the House Hospital, from Paralysis, June 30th 1881 and was buried in the National Home Cemetery with Military Honors befitting his rank as a soldier.

His effects consist of a Certificate of Deposit with E. C. Rice & Co. of Ottawa O. for \$1200⁰⁰, & Books, papers, Clothing & pension money in the hands of the Home valued at \$60⁰⁰ which he requested should be distributed as follows among his children viz. Equally, except to Della, his youngest daughter to whom he desired should have a ~~Post Adjutant~~ ^{thrifble} share.

The National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers



Dayton Ohio
July 5th 1881

Madame,
I am directed by Gen. M. R. Patrick Governor of the home

to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 29th and in reply to inform you that your father Major John Wilcox, late 7th Iowa Vols. died at the home hospital from paralysis, June 30th 1881 and was buried in the National Home Cemetery with military honors befitting his rank as a soldier.

His effects consist of a certificate of deposit with E.B. Rice & Co. of Ottawa O. for \$1300/00, books, papers, clothing & money in the hands of the home valued at \$60/00 which he requested should be distributed as follows among his children equally except to Della, his youngest daughter to whom he desired should have a thribble share.



Frank P. Wilcox as
young man

Frank Pomeroy Wilcox - son of John and brother to Elmira Jane Wilcox



JAN

Frank Wilcox, son of John



Jemima (Hopkins) Wilcox and son
Kelly who died in infancy.



Fremont Wilcox, brother of Frank,
also brother of Elmira J. Wright.
An official of the Wabash R.R., he
was killed in a washout while on
an inspection trip.

My dear Sister
Toledo, Ohio

Dear Sister, October 27th 1878.

You letter received last night and in the midst of the noise and din, the worry and flurry and fuss and bustle of preparation for my marriage tomorrow, I will endeavor to reply briefly. In the first place you like everybody else, have in your hands and between your eyebrows one important fact, viz. that I have attained the age of maturity, and though not possessed of extraordinary intelligence am at least

Roman Catholic. You all regret the step I have taken, I regret it, and fervently hope my trust may never waver.

Referring to the "Young lady," she has sacrificed the prospect and possibility of a brighter future than I dare now hope to give her to become my wife. She is a lady of her intelligence, liberal education, modest and refined, is highly cultivated, warm-hearted, genial and kind-respected - loved by everybody. All statements to the contrary are born of malice and prejudice.

I appreciate the interest you feel concerning me but really

endowed with reasoning faculties and an honest desire to know the truth. You have jumped at the unjust conclusion that in order to gain a wife I have sacrificed every principle of selfhood and have to accept a religion in which I had no faith. Now may I this opinion is utterly groundless and wholly incorrect. In becoming a Catholic I have acted sincerely and conscientiously, listening to no persuasions but the promptings of my own heart. No faith in the world, to my mind, is more suitable, more beautifully, so wonderfully interesting. So far from being superstitious, I feel that the glorious faith of centuries - the

I am perfectly happy in the course I have taken. In helping me I will continue therein. The "mist" has cleared away" and the glad bright sunshine has broken in upon me, dispelling the gloomy cloud of Doubt and Superstition, and I have begun the world anew. The only regret I have is that it all did not happen before I had a postal card from Frank announcing his intention to be present at my wedding Wednesday morning. We leave tomorrow afternoon for a trip to St Louis and the west. Good bye.

Your affectionate brother,
Mark

By accident began this letter backwards

Toledo Ohio

October 29, 1878

Dear Sister

Your letter received last night and in the midst of the noise and in the worry and flurry and "fuss and feathers" of preparation for my marriage tomorrow morning I will endeavor to reply briefly. In the first place you, like everyone else, have in your haste and bitterness overlooked one important fact; that I have attained the age and maturity and though not possessed of extraordinary intelligence am at least endowed with reasoning faculties an honest desire to know the truth. You have jumped at the unjust decision that in order to gain a wife have sacrifice every principal of selfhood and honor to accept a religion in which I had no faith. No Myra this opinion is utterly groundless and totally incorrect. In becoming a Catholic I have acted sincerely and conscientiously listening to no persuader but the prompting of my own heart. No faith in the world to my mind is more suitable for beautifully beautifully interesting. Safer to die by than glorious faith of centuries, The Roman Catholic. You all regret the step I have taken. I rejoice at it and ? hope my truth will never wain.

Referring to the "young lady" she has sacrificed the prospect and possibility of a brighter future than I dare now hope to give her to become my wife. She is a lady of rare intelligence, liberal education, modest and refined, is highly connected, warm hearted, and kind - respected - loved by everyone. All statements to the contrary are born of malice and prejudice.

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Goodbye

Your affectionate Bro. Mont



This letter is from John Charles Fremont Wilcox to Elmira. At the time of this writing Elmira was almost 30 years old. Their mother Jemima died in Ottawa seven years earlier

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE WILCOX FAMILY
BY
SARAH ELIZA (WILCOX) BROWER
1844 - 1925

WRITTEN
NOVEMBER 1906

RECOPIED BY MANFRED WRIGHT
DECEMBER 1907

UPDATED BY RANDY BROWN
AUGUST 17, 1997



I remember, I remember the house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in the morn
It never (in those days) came a wink too soon
Or brought a day too long

In those joyous days of youth, I was ever looking forward towards the future - to the roseate glow of every sun, that sent its beams into "my little window" with the birth of each day. The "ever present" was enough for me, and I felt no interest in the past, or family records, or genealogical tree.

Could I have foreseen the day that I should be willing to pay any price in my power for knowledge I then so carelessly ignored, I should today know more of the history of my forefathers than the fragmentary, legendary, folklore stories that now make up the narrative of my family. I can only exclaim with Whittier, as in "Legendary."

Yet whereso'er his steps may be,
The wandering child looked back to thee,
Heard in his dreams the river's sound
Of murmuring on its pebbly bound,
The unforgotten swell and roar
Of waves on thy familiar shore.

The loved and lost arose to view,
Remembered graves in greenness grew,
Bathed still in the childhood's morning dew,
Along whose bowers of beauty swept
Whate'er memory's mourners wept.

Sweet faces, which the charnel kept,
Young, gentle eyes, which long had slept,
And while the gaser learned to trace,
More near, some dear familiar face,
He wept to find the vision flown, -
A phantom and a dream alone.

Thus it is that I can principally recall, only by the narration of events, that befell it, either from hearsay, or from own recollection.

My knowledge of ancestry extends no further back than to the fourth generation on both of my father's and mother's side of the house. As I have said before, they were people who had no written history, as their names were only recorded in the short and simple annals of the poor, but they were all honorable men and bore their part manfully in the field assigned them. They were men whose watchword seemed to be, "Westward, ever westward!" and their accomplishments were of the sort that fitted them for the life of the pioneer, for such they were, being foremost among those who wrested the soil from the Indians, and cut out homes from the wilderness for themselves and families.

In "Bashaba," Whittier describes the early homes of these ancestors cabons.

Thru whose chinks the sunbeam shines.

Tracing many simple lines on the ample floor within.

They knew more about the use of the rifle and the ax, than they did of ethics; instead of emblazoned shields decorating their walls, the rifle hung above the door ready for any emergency, the Family Bible lay upon the rude mantle above the huge fireplace, and the ax lay at the generous woodpile before the door.

Among these early pioneers were both my great grandfathers on both sides of the family. My great-grandfather Richard Williams was one of the first settlers of Cincinnati, having built one hundred and ten cabins, which was the beginning of that city.

My great-grandfather Wilcox emigrated from Scotland before the Revolution and settled near New London, Connecticut, how many years before I do not know. He had a brother John, who also lived in Connecticut. My great-grandfather, whose name was Joel, and his brother John were both soldiers in a Company of Connecticut riflemen and helped to secure the freedom of our country.

After the war ended, great-grandfather moved farther west, eventually following his son Joel (my grandfather) into the then new state of Ohio, and settled at New London, the county seat of Madison County. In Scotland, great-grandfather had been a fine linen weaver and brought some money with him to America. When he moved into Ohio, he lost his eyesight, becoming totally blind. He could no longer work and became a pensioner. He had a large family, of whom my grandfather - a namesake - was the youngest of three sons. The eldest son, Loamis, moved to New York where he married a very wealthy young woman, whom I knew in my childhood as Aunt Hannah Wilcox and who made a visit to my grandfather Wilcox's family in 1848. In my recollection I had never seen so grand a lady, as she then, and none since grander. Her husband was dead and she was a widow. She had two sons, Edward and Joel, and one daughter, Caroline, who was said to be a very beautiful and accomplished young lady. I remember that Aunt Hannah brought a trunk full of nice presents to her western brother-in-law's family, leaving the empty trunk with my father. It was hair-covered and studded with brass-headed nails and initials in the same, showing that the trunk had belonged to "C.W." (Caroline Wilcox). This trunk was taken to Iowa afterwards and remained in the family as a sort of an heirloom as long as we lived, in Iowa. Aunt Hannah and her two sons moved to Joliet, Ill., and the sons engaged in the jewelry business. The mother was one of the original stockholders in the Rock Island and Pacific Railway, holding twenty-four shares. Caroline died young. What finally became of them I do not know. Grandfather's second brother, Alvin Wilcox moved to Pella, Iowa soon after we did, and was engaged in farming. He had several sons and daughters, but I never knew or heard much about them. I remember of Uncle Alvin's coming to

see us, and of a visit from his son Isaac Wilcox also. The latter's right hand was badly crippled by having been bitten when shocking wheat by a rattlesnake. He had a sister, Elizabeth who married a man by the name of Glotfelter, a photographer living at Signourney, Iowa. Their finale is shrouded in darkness to me.

One of my grandfather's sisters, Aunt Ruth Wilcox (great aunt), married a British officer garrisoned at Quebec, P.Q.C., and had one son named Peter Muir, who came to visit his cousin (my father) when I was a very small girl. I can plainly remember him tho, and the remark mother made saying, "He was all Englishman."

In those early days we could not keep the threads together as we can in these days of railroads everywhere, and their powerful adjuncts, - the telegraph, telephones, etc. In 1887 Grandfather Wilcox moved from Madison County into the wilderness with plenty of bear, and wolves, and Indians. He bought large tracts of land, having over four hundred acres in the home tract. He was a man of great firmness and determination of character. He was also energetic and industrious and had extraordinary financial ability, and out of the wilderness he carved a home - the finest farm on Blanchard River in those days - seventy-eight years ago - and a fortune in gold and silver. In 1847 he was the largest landholder and taxpayer in the county. I have heard my mother say (his daughter-in-law) that she has seen him count his money on rainy days, laying the money in piles in the order of their denomination, as twenties, tens, fives, etc., in gold, and the silver in its order likewise. He kept the money in heavy wallets, which she could not lift with one hand. He did not trust his money to banks for they were not the convenient institution they are today. He was a great stock-raiser, and he would start with two or three men to drive a hundred steers to the market at Cincinnati. He helped to organize the first Militia Company in his county, of which he was the captain. In politics he was Whig. In religion, he was Methodist. He was considered a leading man in his vicinity and foremost in helping to develop his county and neighborhood. His house was the home of

the circuit rider on his rounds and the schoolmaster always put in all the extra "boarding around" at grandfathers.

Grandfather built the first frame house between Defiance and Lima, Ohio. Very many anecdotes are told of this ancestor of mine. His early with the Indians with whom he traded buying their pelts, etc., and a great many amusing ones. He was always the ruling spirit wherever he was. There was a very large sugar camp on the farm from which a great number of barrels of sugar were made every year. In "stirring off" he always allowed the hands and everybody engaged to eat all the sugar they wanted till they had to drink, but as soon as they drank, they could eat no more sugar. Do you see the philosophy?

For a man, who bought his time until the age from his father, and started out for himself at the age of sixteen to hew out for himself, he was not an ordinary man. It is impossible for me, in this small book, to tell the many sayings and doings of my grandfather Wilcox (Joel). I wish to add here, however, that grandfather was the third white settler between what is now Ottawa, Ohio and three miles from the junction of the Blanchard and Auglaize Rivers. They followed what was called the "Wagner Trace" - a blazed trail from Wapakoneta and Fort Jennings to the location. Ottawa at that time was only a large Indian encampment called Tawatown from which the little creek that flows thru it gets its name of Tawa Run.

For many years Kalida was the county seat and chief town of the county, where grandfather paid his taxes and where his old militia used to muster, grandfather using a rusty old sword which had done service in the Revolutionary War. The first cabin was bark wigwam like the Indians around them had and in which they lived all that first summer while they cleared and planted a crop. They prepared their food by cooking it on the open fire built of logs before the wigwam. However, before the snow fell Grandfather had built a substantial dwelling - a large log cabin with an ample loft above for the boys, as a bed-room, and also for a store-room for household stores. In this cabin he lived for many years. The fireplace was so large, that they sometimes used a horse to draw the back log to

the fireplace, when an extra one was required. By these huge fires my father and his brothers studied their lessons, having no light except the firelight, which filled the cabin with its glow. I wish I had space here to tell you some of the amusing things that happened during these hours of firelight study under the eye of the stern old man. Suffice it here to say that he often tried to assist them, and his decisions proved to be wiser than what was written, but they were forced to be accepted.

When the first orchard was planted in 1828, one apple tree was planted each for Aunt Mary and father who always claimed them and anxiously watched them grow to bearing time. The first tree in the orchard, and, I believe the only one that year, was father's tree, which bloomed early. The children were overjoyed at the prospect of having apple to eat. One morning father inspected the tree, and, thinking it too young to bear fruit, took out his knife and clipped the precocious blossoms. That was a great blow for father's hopes, and he broke into a loud wail, which would not be subdued until his father told him that a certain cream-colored colt should be his own. Ever afterwards the tree was called the Johnny Cry Tree and it bore fruit as late as 1891 for late apples from it that year.

Copying from a speech made by my father in 1881 at a pioneer meeting held in Putnam County, he says (speaking of those early days).

My father being a successful farmer and a skillful hunter, his cribs and granaries were generally well-filled, and his lards with wild game and wild honey. Fine bolted flour was a rarity in those days, and grater and hand mills supplying our bread (johnny cake) and buckwheat flour which, with an abundance of money, maple-sugar, venison, and bear meat we made life passable. Our marketing, except porkers and fat steers driven on foot was done at Defiance by porogue down the Blanchard and Auglaize in the springtime. It consisted of grain, strained honey, maple sugar, furs, and peltries, which was exchanged

for salt, merchandise, and cash.

No less fitted from her pioneer station than her pioneer husband was my grandmother, who had been Sarah Williams, the daughter of Richard Williams. She was born at Cincinnati, April 18, 1800. Born the daughter of one pioneer, she easily slipped into the position as wife of another. And nobly did she discharge the duties of her lot. Many entertaining stories are told of her. One of these being an event which occurred soon after moving into their new home in the wilderness. Their horses strayed away starting to go back to their old home. Of course there was no other way to do, but for grandfather to go after them, leaving grandmother and her two small babies, with no protection against the bands of prowling savages, and herds of prowling wolves, and bears stealing upon one, but the rifle which she knew how to use, and the faithful dog called Bounce.

During the night there came a flood, and the Blanchard spread itself all over the adjacent valley. Grandmother heard the fire quenching, and arose from her bed, and, gathering it up, put it into a pot out of reach of the water. In the morning nothing but a sea of water confronted her. She took her ax and pot of fire (matches were then unknown) and started for higher ground, wading thru deep water a quarter of a mile where she came to dry land, where afterwards the cabin was built, and made a fire. She then returned to the wigwam and got her children, bringing them to the impoverished home. Here a neighbor, who was in search of her, came to her relief, and that evening grandfather returned with the horses, they have been "taken up" as strays before they got very far.

It is said that many poor Indian got a good meal at her table. She was very unassuming and quiet in her manner, very much like the goodly woman whom the apostle Paul describes. It is safe to say she never attempted to usurp authority over her husband. She spun and wove the cloth that was used in her family. Every Sunday morning - after the times grew better - she baked biscuits for breakfast in a tin-baker, which was placed before the open fire. My father

said these were the most delicious biscuits he ever ate. These with fresh honey were their regular Sunday morning treat. She was a model wife and mother. The incense of her memory lingers in the old settlement to this day, tho it is fifty-eight years since she died.

RECORD OF THE WILCOX FAMILY

Great Grandfather, Joel Wilcox, born in Scotland, immigrated to this country prior to the Revolutionary War, served as a soldier in a Connecticut regiment during the War. Afterwards moved to Madison County, Ohio, and died as a pensioner, old and blind. He was the father of ten children, two of whom died in infancy. The living were Loami, Alvin, Joel, Ruth (the eldest of all), Cynthia, Lucinda, Nancy, and Susan. My great-grandmother's maiden name was Elizabeth Cowen. She died of cancer. The daughters were all married and I used to know their whereabouts, when a girl at home, but now they have passed beyond "my ken" Great Aunt Cynthia, Mrs. Warbington, lived near Sidney, Ohio, Lucinda, Mrs. Shaw, lived a near neighbor too. Nancy died when a young woman at home. Susan, Mrs. Worley, lived near Pella, Iowa.

My grandfather, Joel Wilcox, was born in Connecticut, January 10th, 1800, died November 10th, 1847. Grandmother Wilcox was born April 18th, 1800, died October 18th, 1847. My grandparents, Wilcox, had eleven children whose names were as follows: Mary, John, Loami, Elmira, George, Clarissa, William, Emiline, Edmund, Hannah, and Edward. I have copied their names from father's record book in which he says there are written in the order of their arrival. Aunt Mary and father were born in Madison County, Ohio, and all the others in Putnam County. Edwards was just three months to a day than I am. All of the sons and daughters lived to manhood and womanhood, but Edmund and Hannah who died in babyhood. All were married but Uncle Loami, who died at nineteen of brain fever. Mary Wilcox married Elijah Stonaker; John Wilcox married Jemima Hopkins; Elmira Wilcox married William Chatfield; Emiline Wilcox married Charles Allen. Clarisa Wilcox married Hiram Fellows. Uncle Edward married an Iowa girl.

I do not know to whom George and William were married. Mary Stonaker died at Logansport, Indiana, as did her husband. She raised a large family, one of whom was Elmira Kirk who was at your Uncle Fremont's funeral. Elmira Chatfield died at Portland, Oregon more than fifty years ago leaving two little sons of whom I have no account. Clarisa Fellows lived at Salem Oregon a few years ago. Emiline Allen lived at Seattle, Washington the last I heard of her. Edward Wilcox lived at Clatskanie, Oregon a few years back. He and I corresponded for a short time.

John Wilcox, my grandfather and Jemima Hopkins were married November 9th, 1843, by Rev. John McKnabb, a Methodist preacher, at Kalida, Ohio. There is a little romantic story connected with this marriage. My mother was a young schoolteacher and was teaching at Ottawa, then a small village just rising out of the ruins of the Old Indian town of Tawatown. She was boarding at old Judge Cox's, who had two merry daughters, who were very lively and fond of the company. They made a party and among the guests was my father, then a young student home from Norwalk, Ohio. Of course he met the young teacher and fell violently head-over-heels in love with her, and appointed another meeting before he went home. They met several times, he going up to Ottawa once every week. Before many visits ended he proposed for her hand, and she, thinking him too premature, refused the proposal thus ending his visits. He was very young and very ardent, and it was a great blow to him. He went home and went to bed shutting himself in his room and refusing to answer any and all questions, excepting to say that he wanted to die. This alarmed my grandfather, who was going at once for the doctor, thinking that something was terribly the matter with John. He got his son-in-law, Elijah Stonaker to go in and see, if he could introduce John to tell what his trouble was. My Uncle Stonaker shrewdly guessed what the trouble was and soon got father to confess it. Coming out he got his favorite saddle-horse, a large roan, and mounting it rode over to the girl's parents, who lived at Kalida at the time. He not



only found the parents at home, but the young lady herself. She had come home on a visit. This delighted the old Scotchman, and he at once stated his errand and placed his son's cause so warmly and eloquently, - interlarding his sentences with just enough flattery to win the girl's heart, and her mother's goodwill, that he gained permission for his son to visit her at her own home. The girl's father was not so pliable as the mother, who became a staunch supporter of the young man's cause. However, he gave permission for the visit, and the old gentleman Wilcox went home elated over his success. The next day, being the Sabbath, the plan was formed for the young man to go to Kalida to church that day and call upon his sweetheart at the same time. That morning his toilet seemed of unusual importance. As he stood before the glass tying and untying his neckerchief not getting it to suit his taste, his father sat watching him. Finally he sprang up with the exclamation, "John, let me tie that choker; it's time you were off, if you are going to do any courting today." The tie was made in a very short time, which was followed by another. (You know the sequel).

After the marriage of my parents, they moved to an eighty-acre tract of land given to them by Grandfather Wilcox. He also built them a neat hewed log house, a barn, etc. and set them up in good style for that day and time. But Father was restless. Except for a couple of terms at Norwalk and a trip to Cincinnati, he had always been there in the backwoods, and, like a caged bird, he was beating his wings against the bars of his environment, and longing for something new. He was dissatisfied with his new home - didn't like the location, and never rested until he had traded the farms with Brockman Brower, who had just such a farm across the river as that which his father had given him. This trade made both the old gentleman wrathful and brought down loads of strong threats upon their heads of disinheritance, etc. It was on this farm your mother was born. Joe Shank lived here afterward, and does yet, I think.

Father traded in 1846, and in 1849 sold it and moved to Mercer County. This was indeed in the wilderness, for I have never seen such gigantic trees anywhere as I saw here. Father bought a quarter section of land covered with this dense

forest. Very many interesting events occurred here. I here developed from babyhood to childhood and "all went merry as a marriage bell" to me.

Father built genuinely Buckeye cabin here in which we lived two years. Then he built a new house out on the road that led from St. Mary's to Fort Recovery. It was the old Wagon (Wagner or Wayne?) Trace that General Wayne cut thru the woods in his march on the Indians. There was an old Indian graveyard just across a large creek called Big Beaver near us. In this graveyard father had found the bone of the forearm of an Indian and a burnt clay-pipe. He brought them home and laid them on the mantel. He and mother were invited to a wedding leaving us children at home alone. I was so afraid of those Indian relics I would not go near the fireplace myself, nor let my brother Almon.

It was while we lived here that our home was made the stopping-place of the underground railway system then in vogue. One morning early, seven strapping Negro men came up to our gate and asked for food. Father and mother heard their story, and the former conducted them to the barn, where they ate their breakfast and then crawled into the haymow, where they stayed all day. It was not very long afterward that a band of men on horseback booted and spurred came galloping along, and, stopping at the gate asked father if he had seen any "d??d runaway niggers." As you can readily surmise, the answer was in the negative, and, saying, "They knew they were on the wrong trail," they galloped off. Fearing they might return to investigate further, father took the Negroes across the field to a man's house by the name of Burch, who hitched up his wagon and carried them to the next station. In a few days the posse of men returned and stopped again at our gate cursing their luck that they had lost the trail and the darkies had escaped them. About this time "Uncle Tom's Cabin" fell into my hands, and I wept as I read of the horrible wickedness of slavery.

Our house had now become the home of the circuit rider also. Brother Hibbard rode the circuit two years and preached at our house every two weeks until the new schoolhouse was built in the district. He was one of the best most precious

mentors. Another preacher, whose name was Love, was on the circuit a year. He was an adept in drawing. He used to delight my heart with the pictures. One of these which he drew for me and which I had for many years, was a little head covered with curls, which he said looked like me. I had it up to my removal from Iowa. It was while living here that I was deeply interested in reading the Bible and began to read it thru. This pleased the preachers and I often read to them, especially to Brother Hibbard. It was here I first went to school, reading well in the Fourth Reader at eight years.

When the bones of the soldiers killed in St. Clair's defeat by the Indians at Fort Recovery were finally gathered up for burial from where they had lain so long, I went with father to see the burial. It was a Wonderful day for me - a girl of eight years.

We continued to live in Mercer County until the spring of 1854, when we moved to Iowa. During the five spent in Mercer County but one child had been born to my parents, and this was your Aunt Martha. She was born December 26th, 1850. Your mother was just two years and ten days older. It was at this period I began an apprenticeship of nurse, which I found to be a very irksome task. Mother would make me get into the foot of the cradle and rock for hours it seemed.

During your mothers babyhood she was almost a helpless invalid, learning twice to walk. She was constant care, and mother cared for her almost exclusively, for the little girl objected to much attention from anyone else. She especially did not want my assistance. If I ever rocked her cradle, I had to lie down on the floor where she couldn't see me, or I had to vacate the job. Once when mother was sick, the cradle was drawn to her bedside and rope attached, one end of which lay near mother's hand on the bed, while I lay on the floor and rocked.

She could never join us at play until she was five or six years old. She was six when we moved to Iowa. I can see her yet, in memory, sitting in her little chair at

mother's side - always at mother's side - while mother sewed and sang to her. She early learned to sing hymns herself. One of the old-time songs had a chorus, "We're going home, we're going home to die no more." This was a favorite of hers. I believe it was the close confinement, and being always with (I want to say) my mother's divine influence constantly with her, that instilled such deep and lasting principles of religion into her mind and heart. After we went to Iowa she grew healthy and enjoyed life pretty much, as did other children. But she never grew out of her religious inclinations, and when only a child joined the Methodist Episcopal Church henceforth to live a consistent member. Nothing could shake her faith, nor no persuasion cause her to forsake the church of her adoption. After her marriage there were strong persuasions and arguments brought to bear to gain her consent to join the Presbyterian Church, by your grandparents, Wright, and I believe Mother thought it might be her duty to do so in the interest of your father, who had said he never wavered. Believing, as St. Paul says, in "doing all things for the conscience sake" she steadfastly continued her way and lived and died a perfect Christian. I never talked with anyone who had built as firm a foundation as she. I shall never forget my visit to her in 1898, nor the afternoon we spent in Lindenwood Cemetery. As we sat under the trees and talked, she revealed herself to me as she had never done. While I listened to her, I thought, her mind is like refined gold seven times purified. She said to me, "Lyde, something tells me we shall never meet again, and I want to tell you now, that if I die before you, I want to be buried here. It seems as if I could rest so peacefully here, it is so beautiful."



We did meet again, but only as her beautiful spirit was just ready to depart to that county of rest, which she had prepared all her life to enter. Today (Sunday), clothed in white raiment, as was the company John saw, she is worshipping in

that upper temple not made with hands. "Fred, I admonish you as did Paul, that you persevere in your mother's example, when he was sending Timothy forth." Sec Epistle, Chapter 1, Verse 5. I think the whole chapter beautiful.

My father was a very impatient man and of a roving disposition and, finally overcoming my; mothers objection to going west he wold his farm, and the 13th day of May 1854, we landed at Eddyville, Wapello County, Iowa. After very tedious and tiresome journey of thirteen days, for we had left the old home on Big Beaver the first of May. I was then a girl of nearly ten years, and fully awake to everything transpiring around me, and I remembered every incident distinctly, tho it is fifty-two years ago.

We made the trip by various conveyances. There were no connection railroad lines with the West at that time and it took us two weeks to accomplish what we could do in two days at the present time. We went in carriage from our home to St. Mary's, Auglaize County, where we took a canal-boat for Dayton, which was then the terminus of the Cincinnati, Hamilton, and Dayton Railroad north. Here I saw the first train of cars, but very different looking from a train on the same road now, as I was able to note in 1898, when I went from Cincinnati to Ottawa. We wen to Cincinnati where we took the steamer for St. Louis.

Let me mention one little incident here. As we entered the depot at Cincinnati there were posters on the walls saying, "Beware of Pickpockets!" Of course I had no clear conception of what that was, but felt sure it was something to be feared, and I kept very close to father. Soon a uniformed group of some organization came into the depot. I felt sure they were the pickpockets that were strutting around with their plumes in their hats, and I warned father to keep out of their way.

At Cincinnati, as I said, we went on a great steamer called The Lady Pike. Steamers were elegant affairs in those days and there is not a more luxurious mode of travel than on one of these boats, as they were before the Civil War.

Ah! That trip on the Ohio River, I have never forgotten it nor a single incident connected with it. The opposite shores afforded an ever-entertaining panorama of beauty and change to me, who spent nearly every waking moment on guard. On the old Kentucky shore Negroes were hoeing corn and working in the fields. Abraham Lincoln had not yet made proclamation, and having read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" shortly before, my heart was filled with indignation that these darkies had to work. Everywhere we could see the white overseer riding around on horseback.

One day another steamer overtook us and soon there was a race in progress. The boats were so close together at times, one might have stepped across from one to the other. Finally, our boat struck a snag, and the other went on with its passengers shouting and waving their handkerchiefs because of their victory. A feature of the trip was the presence of several wealthy southerners with their families on board and their servants. An old mammy was there who carried an ill-natured infant on her hip. I remembered that her shoes were very much worn down at the heel, and her head was done up in a red and white spotted bandanna. We had such fine dinners on the boat and it was fine for me who had never had much waiting upon, to have a darkie with a shining apron say, "Honey, whats you want?" and then pile my plate full of goodies and great lumps of sugar into my cup.

Despite my early teaching and dislike for slavery, I think I got an incipient impression then, that it wasn't so bad after all. It seemed very nice to have an old mammy to take care of the babies and a waiter at the table to be so nice to one. The memory of this trip forever dispelled my antipathy for slavery in a great measure.

We spent the first Sunday, May the 18th, 1854, in St. Louis, arriving there just before daybreak. All the bustle of landing and the strange scenes awakened every power of my perceptive facilities. But the St. Louis of 1904, as I saw it, and the St. Louis of 1854 are as different as two cities are different. There were no railroads

of any kind. The great Union Depot where Charles and I spent the greater part of a day in 1896 had not been dreamed of. It was a sorry place in those days.

We took another steamer called Albemarle, and went up Keokuk. From there we went to Eddyville by stagecoach. I think I can shut my eyes and see every foot of the ground traveled on the journey from Keokuk. Saturday night - thirteen days after leaving the home in Mercer County, Ohio, we landed at Eddyville, and the eventful journey was over.

At first we stayed at Uncle John Knox's house until father could look around and purchase a farm to suit him. John Knox had married my mother's sister Martha and the sisters had a most joyful meeting for they had not met before in ten years. My Uncle and Aunt were married one day and the next they started on their wedding tour to the Territory of Iowa. He was twenty-four and she was sixteen having been wed on her birthday. She never returned to her old home again and never saw any of her relatives but mother and Aunt Jane, another sister who had accompanied us to Iowa intending to return in the Fall.

There are many interesting events in Aunt Martha's life away back in the '40's. At first they lived in a cabin without a door, except the opening, over which hung a blanket. The wolves used to come in packs at night. To keep them away Uncle John would sit up all night sometimes and beat on a tin pan to frighten them away and keep them out of the cabin. Once while rocking the cradle of her first baby, Aunt heard the rattle of a snake, and, looking up, saw a large rattlesnake coiled and just ready to spring into the cradle. She quickly seized the heave fire-shovel; such as they used with the fireplaces in those days, and, striking it a blow, killed it. The snake had crawled up thru a crack in the rough board floors. They had had many experiences as thrilling as the two mentioned, but they had overcome their difficulties to a great degree and were living the life of the comfortable farmer.

However Aunt Martha died that coming fall in October and left a young babe

two weeks old and two other children. They had lost two children previously. Aunt Martha's death was a great blow to my mother. Just the day before her death when she knew that she must die she bade farewell to all her friends and relatives, giving them charge to meet her in heaven. On her sick bed she often asked mother to read the fourteenth chapter of St. John. She said to mother one day after the reading, "That has always been such a comforting chapter to me." And repeated the third verse. Then raising her hands and looking at them, she spoke, as if to herself, "Poor old hands!" You never looked so white before, your work is nearly done." The day she was buried was one of the darkest and gloomiest I ever saw. They buried her in a grave near the house. At the grave mother fainted - one of two times in her life.

Aunt Martha had made Aunt Jane promise to be a mother to her children and she fulfilled her promise by staying, and in due time she took Aunt Martha's place as Uncle John's wife, and a mother to her little children. The little babe was named Martha for its mother. After growing to womanhood, she married a man by the name of Peatman and lived in Nebraska the last I knew of her.

Aunt Jane and Uncle John are long since dead. Aunt Jane died in 1868, and was buried in Chillicothe, Iowa, as was Uncle John. In 1902 I visited their graves and went to the place where Aunt Martha was buried, but the grave was gone and not a visage of anything was left to show that there had ever been a grave. Her two children had been laid there too. All was gone; the half-century had obliterated every mark.

In the summer farther bought a farm and we moved there the first of September, and lived on it twelve years. It was a fine farm with extremely fertile soil and well timbered for that country. It was an excellent stock farm being well watered by a creek called Rocky Branch flowing thru it. This creek was tributary to the Des Moines River and in a freshet became almost a river itself.

At first we only had a hundred and ten acres, but father added three hundred

and twenty more to it, so that it became a respectable sized farm. Here we three sisters grew to womanhood. We lived the lives of healthy active country girls and indulged in the pleasure afforded in our neighborhood. We began our education by attending school in an old log schoolhouse, with benches into which pegs were driven for seats, and I know of nothing that will make one's back ache sooner or surer than such benches. The teacher's desk was an improved model of the seats and the writing desks (two) were slabs placed on long pegs driven into the walls. The scholars took turns at writing, and only the grown-ups wrote. Children were strictly confined to the spelling book - "Webster's Old Blue-back" which made more good spellers than any of the modern books or methods have done. Pupils took pride in being good spellers, for there were always the neighboring school to contest the position held by the best speller in the county. When the master called out "First Class, spell" the boys and girls soon lined up along (perhaps) three sides of the wall and taking their places (for they followed the system of spelling down) the teacher opened his book at "immaterially" and the lesson was soon in full blast. Every ear was strained to catch the word and everyone was ready to get a chance to "go up." Someone leaves out an I or a T or an R and "Next" is roared out by the teacher and the two change places with no very pleasant looks however on the part of the one who is spelled down. When the last word was pronounced the numbering began: the Head became the foot and got the headmark for the day. The boy or girl who got the greatest number of these marks was the champion of the school, and at the end of the term was entitled to a highly colored and ornamented card upon which was written the words, REWARD OF MERIT and some suggestive stanza. I have one now received in that first Iowa school I attended. I haven't looked at it for some time, but it runs along as follows:

REWARD OF MERIT

Presented to Sarah E. Wilcox by her teacher
James E. Coffee

Now is the time each child should try
In life's bright sunny morn,
To lay rich stores of knowledge by,
E'er Winter' age comes on.

This old log schoolhouse was called the Lingcove Schoolhouse. It was finally torn down, and a new one built at another point, which was called the Rock Schoolhouse. This became the leading rural school of the county and woe was the teacher who attempted the instruction of it if he didn't know the "Rithmetic," for, if he didn't, we soon could "do him up" and he had to seek greener fields in which to exercise his talents.

One of our teachers was James Hackworth of Otumwa, now the County Judge. The large boys called him Jimmie Hackworth, which he did not resent, as he no doubt thought discretion the better part of valor, there being about twenty of these boys. Several of our teachers were young lawyers, some of them being more bent upon their own development than that of their school. But at least Henry Heacock, a young student from college who was studying for the ministry taught our schools for two successive terms. He classified and taught us as we had never been before. At the close of his last term I had progressed so much that father sent me to the High School at Eddyville, which I attended for two years. It was in the first year that the Civil War began.

While eating dinner at my boarding house one day, the man of the house came in and began to talk of the new company they were forming to send to the Army, and naming some of those who had volunteered that morning. Among was my father. The Company soon went to Keokuk to be mustered into the service as Co. I. 7th Vol. Iowa Inf. Those were sad, anxious, lonely days for us after father went away. He participated in several hard battles, namely, Belmont, Fort Henry, Fort Donaldson, Shiloh, Inka, and Columbus. He volunteered as a private, but came home as a commissioned officer.

He raised a company of a hundred men and entered a regiment then being mustered in at Davenport, as Co. B. 7th Iowa Vol. Cav. He seemed to get the number seven each time. He was commissioned Captain of this company and the regiment was sent to quell the uprising of the Indians on the plains in the West. He came home as the commander of his regiment with the rank of Major, and by brevet, a Colonel. He had been a brave officer and had won the love of his men and of the soldiers generally.

After the war he settled at Eddyville and was the Postmaster there for many years. He also edited and published a paper called The Eddyville Gazette. He died at the Soldiers Home at Dayton, Ohio, and is buried there.

In 1866 I left Iowa and went to Michigan to live with my mother's youngest sister whose namesake I was. The winter of 1866 I taught school at LaSalle, Michigan and the following year your mother taught a country school a few miles below Vienna. After completing the school at Eddyville, I went to Oskaloosa to attend the college there and your mother went with me. After finishing her school at Vienna your mother went to Putnam County, Ohio where she taught school two or three years, the family in the meantime having moved back to Ohio, before her marriage to your father, whom she had met soon after her arrival in Ottawa.

April 18th, 1867 I was married to Staley Brower of Putnam County, Ohio. The ceremony took place at Dr. T. J. Thompson's (an uncle) in Vienna, Michigan. March 1869 your mother was married to your father, Samuel Prescott Wright at Ottawa. April 14th, 1872 your Aunt Martha was married to Charles Woodward at Ottawa. So we all, practically, married Putnam County men.

In the winter of 1868 I went to Evansville, Indiana to meet Mr. Brower, who had preceded me, and there we made our home for five years. In the fall of 1873, we moved back to Ottawa, wintering at Ottawa and moving to Deshler, (Ohio) in the spring. In 1877 we moved to Berlin, Worcester County on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. It was here your cousin Lulu was born. IN 1881 we moved to the

state of Arkansas, where we continued to live until 1904, when we again pulled up stakes, and moved to Washington, where I expect to be until I go to a Better City.

You see I have been a great wanderer and indeed feel that I'm a pilgrim and a stranger, and that in this world there's no abiding home. One day in that Country will make up for all footsore steps I have traveled in this land of lights and shadows. I have revisited my old home in Iowa twice within forty years since I left it. The first visit was thirty-five years after leaving it.

On that occasion I went from Van Buren, Arkansas, to chaperone two Indian girls to Columbia College in Missouri. These young ladies were nearly white. Their father was a white man from Dayton, Ohio, - he is now dead - and their mother was a half-blood Cherokee Indian. They had an elegant home in the Indian Territory, eight miles from Van Buren and lived, as do the wealthy white people. Their father had come there in an early day, and, marrying a rich Cherokee girl, had become a millionaire, as the guardian of these girls told me, who, himself, was a banker, at Van Buren with the complete control of the Statler hundreds of thousands.

When we took the train for St. Louis on the way to Columbia, he went to the car with us, and taking a large roll of bills from his pocket handed it to me, saying, "Be good to the girls and young Mrs. Brower." I had never before had so much money with which simply to be good to myself.

The habits of a lifetime are not easily overcome and mine had been very abstemious from my youth up, and I assure you that Mr. Meyer received a large share of the roll back, for which I was censured. He made me take \$20 as pay for my services, saying that he was the best judge as to what my remuneration should be. He had bought three tickets for us and telephoned to Little Rock for the best berths on a sleeper for us, so that when we arrived a porter awaited us at the train and helped to make the change to the sleeper. Supper had also

been ordered for us and was a fine one. After that our meals were served on the train until we reached Columbia, where I left my charges, of whom I had grown a little weary. It is not in my disposition to wheedle or coddle, and this is what these young ladies expected as due their position and wealth.

So much for the Columbia trip. As I was so near Iowa, after leaving the girls I proceeded on my way again to see the dear old home on Rocky Branch. I arrived in the morning and went to a livery stable, ordered a carriage and driver to take me down into the old neighborhood. The driver - a boy of sixteen drove to the son of one of my old schoolmates at the Rock Schoolhouse. He knew everybody, and we stopped everyone we met going into town and renewed their acquaintance, they getting out of their wagons or buggies to greet me. I stopped at many of the houses on the way, but the people I had known were nearly all gone and strangers occupied their places. At one house I got out and asked the woman if I could get a drink at the old pump by the kitchen door, explaining my wish for so doing. She went to the pump with me and began to draw the water. I said to her, "let me draw the water, for I want to take hold of this handle once more." Looking very sympathetic she said "This is not the old pump of '62; that is gone long ago." When I relinquished the handle, but as I drank from that dipper, I said to her, "Well, it looks just like the same pump, and this dipper hangs just in the same place, and I know that this water is from the same old fountain."

Going two miles further thru familiar lanes shaded by the same old trees, we reached the old farm, I wanted to see if I could once more live over again the past - the years of my happy childhood and girlhood. As we drove up to the house, a new house, the boy said, "This is the place." My heart was in my throat as I got out of the buggy, and without replying to the boy, started down the familiar road that led to the old house, the dear old house, I had known. But alas, only a mound of earth marked the hallowed spot where once had stood our home. It was all that remained of the hearthstone, and all that I could find to show where the house had been. Crumbled bits of brick here and there mixed

with the earth were all the marks left of the location of the fireplace.

As I stood there looking at the ruin that weed-covered mound became an attraction again. It was a fireside where mother had gathered her children, while she read from the leather covered Bible that always lay on the mantelshelf above. Mothers voice reading the Psalms - there on bended knees invoking God's blessing on her dear ones clustered around her, and the soldier husband, who away in the Southland was periling his life in the cause of his country, all this I heard and saw again.

Breaking down the weeds with my hands and kneeling down - time rolled back his scroll to the years almost of my babyhood - away back to the building of the house, and the careless happy years before the War, and then the sixties and the War, which so long cast its pall over our land filling it with graves and its homes with empty chairs - lonely years for those who stayed at home and wept and prayed for the absent loved ones.

As I lay there I felt as if I should like to die there, that life was too full of bitterness, and I could go no further, that my strength had failed me, and to die there on that mound consecrated by my mothers prayers would be a real happiness, a fit ending to a life so full of strange vicissitudes as mine had been.

Of the trees and shrubbery planted by loving hands nothing was left but a few old gnarled willows that stood as sentinels guarding the sacred memories of the past. Retracing my steps thru field and orchard, I went to brother Almon's grave and the little baby sister's grave. They are buried on a hillside overlooking the Des Moines River. It is many years since they were buried there, and the stones were so gray and moss covered, I could scarcely read the inscriptions. My brother was buried in 1859. He died of typhoid fever November 10th 1859, and if he had lived until the 27th of the month he would have been thirteen years old. The last time he ever went anyplace, he and I went over to the Rock Schoolhouse to church to hear Mr. Nye preach. Coming home that night he

undressed and went to bed saying "I'm not well." He was never up again. Henry Heacock who had taught our school the previous winter said that Almon Wilcox was the brightest boy in school. He was very quiet, studious disposition and rather serious. He was much like his mother. When on his deathbed he often asked his father or mother to sing the hymn - especially the stanza, -

To Jesus I fled for rest,
He bade me cease to roam
And lean for support on His breast,
Till he conduct me home.

The first snow of the winter covered the ground the next morning after they laid him away and it broke my heart to think that while we were sitting by a good warm fire he was lying out in the cold. His was the first death in the family, and now nearly all are gone - father, mother, Almon, Fremont, Elmira, and the baby sister, who died of croup. She was eight months old and died March 8th, 1864.

I felt that I am fast slipping into the shadows along the Borderland, which divides us from the country beyond where they need no light save the glory of God. Standing at the foot of the graves I repeated myself, "Oh how scattered, how scattered, was that once happy household!" Only these two will ever rest there within the sound of the old river which perpetually means a requiem for the home so desolated as ours has been. Kissing the stones at their feet I went back to the buggy, and, making a circle of the neighborhood including the old Rock Schoolhouse, which too, is gone - a frame standing in its place. I went back to Eddyville and took the night train for the South. I never can repeat the visit and live.

THE HOPKINS

Of my mother's family I know even less than of my fathers, he having written a short story of his. The first members of the family of whom I have any knowledge are my great-grandparents, Joseph Hopkins and his wife Olivia (Howard) Hopkins. My grandfather Hopkins was born at St. Mary's corner's Vermont, and just prior to the War of 1812 he moved to Michigan and was among the early settlers harassed so ruthlessly by the Indians allies of the British. Just before the Battle of the Raisin River my grandfather with others sought refuge for their families at Fort Meigs, while they went to meet the enemy. At the Battle of Raisin River he was killed and scalped by an Indian. I do not suppose he ever received any burial. He left a family of six children of whom I have no account. Uncle Howard was seventeen and my grandfather (Dan) was twelve. Uncle Howard became the mainstay of the family after his father's death. They had lost everything by the war, and it was almost impossible for them to live.

My grandfather, Dan Hopkins, being a very delicate boy was not able to perform hard labor, if there had really been any for him to have done. A friend of the family, a merchant of Detroit, whose name I cannot recall, adopted him and thus he became separated from his family and never saw his mother or any member of his family until he became a man. Such incidents were very common in those days when a few miles separated people further than hundreds do now. The names on the family record are; Howard, George, Almon, Dan, Harris, and Sarah.

The man who adopted grandfather treated him as a son and educated him well. Why he did not leave him more wealth I cannot say. After leaving Detroit at twenty-one years of age grandfather tried various vocations, teaching, merchandising, etc., without much success until after his marriage to Sarah Carter, of Hardin Centre, Shelby County, Ohio in 1824.

He had been especially educated as an engineer, and after his marriage to grandmother, he followed his profession more or less. He surveyed the road that was used (and may be now) for the Bellefontaine and Indianapolis R.R.. He surveyed other roads and land in Logan County. Surveyor for successive years in the twenties, he also surveyed a part of the Miami Canal and I think almost laid out the city of Bellefontaine. He did surveying in other counties and as late as 1843 surveyed in Putnam County. It was because he failed of election to the county office of Surveyor that he moved back to Bellefontaine where he had lived nearly all his life after his marriage. He was a devout Christian gentleman and all my information concerning him serves to elevate him as a superior man in every vocation in life. He seems to have been a highly educated, refined and polished man. He never accumulated wealth, but built a very substantial two-story brick dwelling and lived in comfortable circumstances. I remember the house distinctly, for Mother took me there to visit twice.

There are several little incidents connected with these visits which space forbids relating. My grandparents had a family of fifteen children, of whom my mother was the eldest. The order of their advent I think was as follows (Mother used to have a written record of the family); Jemima, Almon, Martha, Ann, Hester Jane, Elizabeth, William, Mary, Addison, Newton, Sarah Eliza, Owen Johnston, Livingstone, Mourtie, and Frank. There was a pair of twin boys and another son, who died in infancy.

Grandfather died of pneumonia in Bellefontaine in 1847, and was buried there. I remember of seeing his grave and the headstone, and hearing Mother read the inscription on it. I was with mother also when she, finding a coat of his hanging in a closet, put her hand in a pocket, drew out a hymnbook, and cried over it. It proved to be the coat he last worn to church and the hymnbook was left where he had put it, two years before. Mother kept it, and it was yet in the old Iowa home the last I knew of it.

After Grandfather's death grandmother remained in the old home until she

married Judge McClish of Putnam County. He died four years afterwards, and she then went to Toledo to live, to be near Uncle Almon, who was then a prosperous businessman and a member of the Board of Trade. He was President of the Board at one time. If you ever go to Toledo again, hunt up his old place on Monroe Street. He was a prominent shipping and commission merchant and his warehouse was at the foot of Monroe on Walter Street. I've been in his office many a time. Grandmother fell and broke a limb in her old age, and was forced to give up housekeeping, and finally went to live with her daughter, Sara Eliza (Mrs. T. J. Thompson) at Otterbein, Indiana, where she died and is buried.

She was an extraordinary woman for her time. She was renowned for her good housekeeping and as a cook. She was also a very fine needlewoman. She raised a family of honorable sons and daughters, who followed their fathers and mothers example of becoming, and living, members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1872 I received a letter written with her own hand, which I prize highly. In it she admonishes to be a Christian. In referring to mother's death she quoted the first verse of the fourteenth chapter of Revelation. I am sure she is now one of that great company.

CARTER FAMILY

Stephen Carter killed by Indians in BlockHouse, Cincinnati Ohio. My great-grandfather, David Carter, was born in New Jersey and had no record other than that of an honorable Christian man and prosperous farmer. I do not know when he moved west, but it was at an early date. I have been told that it is from him we get our "Hopkins Pride," tho that was thru his daughter, who became the wife of Dan Hopkins.



He had great pride of birth and treated those around him with great condescension. I remember that on my visit to Bellefontaine once as a child, I was taken to my great grandparent's farm near Hardin Center - nine miles from Sidney, Ohio. He was not living, but my grandmother was, and she played with us as children, trying to catch us as we ran by her chair, expressly for that purpose. She was a helpless paralytic in her feet and couldn't walk a step. It was at her house I ate so much cherry pie, I got sick and I have never liked it since.

I can remember this house also. It was large one-story brick with dormer windows in the attic seams, and had porches back and front. We ate on the back porch for it was summertime. It had a large fireplace and a tall chimney at either end. I remember how a large orchard slipped towards the road. It was full of large green apples which I was forbidden to eat under penalty of severe punishment.

My great-grandmother was also from New Jersey and her name before marriage was Jemima Hathaway. As was the custom in those days she had been the mother of numerous sons and daughters. They are named as follows: Abraham, Elizabeth, Sarah, Ann, Jane, Maria, Rachel, Phebe, and Abner. There is one dead, a baby, whose name I have forgotten. There were seven sisters that were all considered beauties, and every young man for miles around was ready to draw a lance to win their favor, so the story goes. I can remember three of them besides grandmother.

Aunt Ann Johnson was a widow with one child, John, and took care of grandmother until she died. Aunt Rachel also was named Johnson, her husband being a brother of Aunt Ann's husband. Aunt Phoebe married a man named Thomas Richardson, a farmer living near there. Aunt Maria married a tailor by the name of Gillispie, and the last I know of her, she died at Huntington, Indiana. Aunt Rachel lived at Delphos, Ohio.

That is all I know of them. I think that great-grandmother and father Carter were buried on their farm, which was the custom in those days. During the war my father met two of Aunt Phoebe's sons in the Army. They belonged to an Ohio Infantry Regiment; I have forgotten the number. Aunt Ann remarried and her last name was Van Horn. She lived in Mercer County, but I do not remember the locality. I haven't forgotten however, when she died, and that father and mother went in a sleigh (called a jumper) to her funeral and how sad I felt over her death for I yet had not forgotten how nice she was to me at great-grandmothers when I visited there. I never knew what became of her son.

Aunt Rachel had two sons and a daughter. The sons were Clay and Frank. I did not know the sister's name. When I knew Aunt Rachel she lived at St. Mary's, Ohio, where she and Uncle William, her husband, kept what was called in those days, a tavern. They called their place The Ohio House, and in theirs was the final starting place when we moved to Iowa. We went from their house to the canal boat, and as Uncle William bade me goodbye, he put a package of candy into my hand, which did much to alleviate the pain at parting from him.

Once these people formed a part of my life and I knew them as I know people I meet now, but long since they have passed out of my life, and even knowledge. Is it because I am getting old and ready to pass away too? In Arkansas I accidentally learned one day that a pupil's mother had been raised in St. Mary's Ohio, but he knew nothing else. A few days afterwards I met his father, who was cashier of the Citizen's Bank, and he said to me, "Mrs. Brower, Linzee (his son) tells me you have been at St. Mary's Ohio." "Yes." "Did you know the Reely's?" I then explained to him my acquaintance in St. Mary's. It turned out that they knew Uncle William and Aunt Rachel well and had been at The Ohio House. As soon as Mrs. Reely from Pine Bluff came up to see her daughter, she was brought to see me, as they remarked, to renew old acquaintances. See what time had wrought! Thru the inventions of railroads, telegraphs, and telephones, the distance, the thousands of miles is shortened to a few hours, or even to a few

minutes. There was poor grandfather, when he went to Detroit, was farther from his mother than we are from St. Petersburg today!

Thus ends my narrative of events connected with my family, as I recollect them, or gleaned them from folklore stories to which I listened when a child. A great many of them seem fit to receive the name of lamplight stories of my family tree as it was while we sat around at night that most of these tales were told. There are some events, which I did not relate here. I only told those which would give you an idea of the character and standing of your forefathers, as far back as I knew. There are skeletons in every closet and one in every generation builds a glass house. None of those have I opened, nor have thrown any stones at.

It is not in years, but in deeds we live. You must conclude the history in your own way. Every man writes his own history, by noble deeds, or utter failure.

I have made many errors in composition, and you will not look for any of the elegant phrases or colorings of rhetoric, I hope. It is a plain story told without frills or adornments of any kind, by a plain old woman. If you revise it, or rewrite it send me a copy. Remember, I came in with the telegraph, and before the telephone, and hundreds of other modern necessary inventions was I. With much love I bequeath to you the only written history of your mothers family.

Affectionately,
Aunt Lyde

Dare to have a purpose set,
Keep it; and do not forget
You are monarch of your own,
Dare pursue against the stream,
Your Ideal and your dream;
Keep your soul a King supreme ON HIS THRONE



HOPKINS

SARAH (CARTER) HOPKINS

(GENEALOGY)

David Carter married Jemima Hatnaway. They had nine children: Their 2nd, Sarah married Daniel Hopkins.

Joseph Hopkins married Olivia Howard and they had six children. Their 4th, Daniel married Sarah Carter. He was born Oct. 23-1800 in Vermont; married 3-30-1824 and died 1-8-1849 in Bellefontaine, Ohio. His wife, Sarah was born 10-2-1807; died 7-10-1888, surviving him by almost 40 years and re-married three times. She had 15 children by her first marriage in less than 24 years. Their first born, Jemima married John Wilcox. *See Book*

Joel Wilcox Sr., a Revolutionary War soldier emigrated from Scotland; married Elizabeth Cowen. They had seven children, the 4th Joel Jr. married Sarah Williams. He was the first white settler in Putnam Co., moving there from Madison Co. Ohio over the Wayne Trace. They had two children at that time, a girl and boy, the latter named John. Later they had seven more. John married Jemima Hopkins at Kalida, Ohio. By this time his father had acquired quite a bit of land and gave them a farm as a wedding present, which he later sold (much to his dad's displeasure) and took up some new land in Mercer Co. They had one son and three daughters born in Putnam Co.; the youngest Elms Jane married Samuel P. Wright in Ottawa. They had five sons and one daughter. The first born died in infancy of diphtheria. Their second son, Prescott Parker (names which crop up in the family history clear back to the Revolution) married Emma Adaline Patterson of Dupont and they had nine children, seven of whom lived to adulthood and six to retirement age. The oldest, Clinton G. Wright married Florence Leasure and had three children; Owen, Barbara & Loretta. Sarah Carter Hopkins was the gr-gr-gr-grandmother of their (Clinton & Florence) 13 grand children. She was born 10-2-1807, d 7-10-1888. She is buried in the old section of Montmorence cemetery, Indiana. Her daughter Jemima is buried in Pomeroy cemetery, Ottawa, Ohio. John Wilcox is buried in the military cemetery at the Soldiers home in Dayton, Ohio. He died 6-3-1881. His grave is in the front circular row near the tall memorial column and must have been one of the first buried there. It is in Sec. C, row 1, grave 4. After living in Mercer Co. for several years, he moved to Eddyville, Wapello Co. Iowa where he bought a farm. Came the Civil War he enlisted in the late 30's as a private. He was promoted rapidly through the ranks, was wounded in one of the battles and invalided home. Recovering, he resigned his lieutenants commission and raised another company of volunteers. He was discharged with rank of major after serving on the Oregon trail.



Sarah Carter was born on October 1, 1807 and married Daniel Hopkins on March 30, 1824. She died July 10, 1888 and is buried at Montmorenci Indiana. Daniel was born in Vermont and died in Bellefontaine Ohio. They had 11 children, one being Jemima Hopkins that married John Wilcox.

Sarah's brother Owen Johnston Hopkins fought in the Civil War and achieved the rank of Colonel and his brother-in-law John Wilcox achieved the role of Major.

Children of Sarah Hopkins and Daniel Hopkins:

Jemima	Almon	Martha Ann	Hester Jane
Elizabeth	Addison	Newton	Owen Johnston
William	Frank	Livingston Yortie	

Sarah was one of 9 children born to Jemima Hathaway and David Carter. The Hathaway lineage can be traced back through PA to NJ to Bristol Mass. and Gloucester England.

Sarah's husband Daniel Hopkins was born in VT as was his Father Joseph who was born in St. Mary's VT and buried at Ft. Meigs, OH about 1870.

Sarah's daughter Jemima Hopkins was born in 1825, died in 1871 and is buried at Pomeroy Cemetery in Ottawa. Her daughter Jemima married John Wilcox and he is buried in Dayton Ohio.

Sarah is the great-grandmother of Elmira Jane Wilcox. Sarah is my 4th great-grandmother.

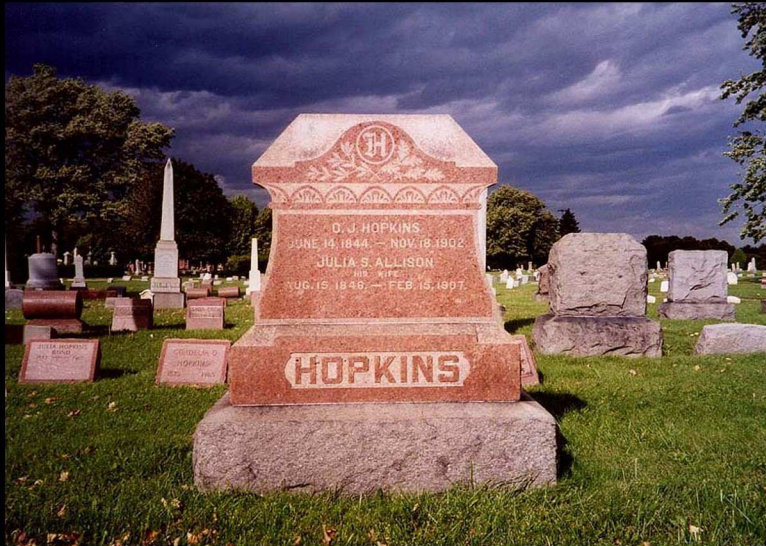


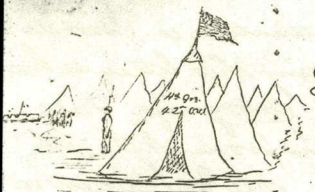
Owen Johnston Hopkins was born June 14, 1844 and he married Julia Allison. Owen died November 18, 1902 in Columbus Ohio and Julia died February 15, 1907. They are both buried in Toledo near family members. They were prominent in the Toledo area.

Owen and Julia had four children:

Fredrick	1870 to 1872	
Annie	1866 to 1935	She married George Craig
Cordelia	1873 to 1965	
Julia	1877 to 1965	

Owen was the son of Daniel Hopkins and Sarah Carter.





An Board Steamer "Venus"
At Morganza La
Saturday Aug. 15th /64

My Dear Alice

Yesterday I was completely taken
by surprise by your letter of 17th July. "Surprise" I said
"yes for once a soldier was surprised though it seldom hap-
pens but this time - "Pickets were drawn in: long roll beat
to arms ^{arms} to quarters and for awhile my small army of faculties battled
with the odds but I finally persuaded myself that I
really had another Crises in Iowa & so I will commence
the answer. You must remember that I have not a very
good memory & added to this the fact that your mother or
Lida never mentioned you in their letters it cannot be so
much wondered at that I had forgotten you. But now all
honor to your kind regard for your "Soldier Uncle" and thanks
for your very pretty letter, we are friends again & forever.

I suppose it would be best to mention the fact in the
beginning that I am well and in excellent spirits {not
intoxicating spirits of course, for I never indulge} and am
hoping that you also are in like good health, as also the rest
of the family. We left St Charles Ark. on the 7th and arrived
here evening of the 15th having been absent from Morganza one
month lacking two days. We are still on board the boat.

We have reason to believe that our destination is (Mobile
{Sunday 4th} Since commencing this letter we have
debarked and pitched our tents at Morganza. Will
remain until the Adjt. Genl. returns from N. C. with
further orders. My next letter will be headed in
the three words so full of meaning and dear to the
soldier. {In the Field?} In your last
letter, dated July 9th he stated that their regiment
would be on its way home in four weeks. If that is the
case, he is at home by this time. Perhaps by the time
my letter reaches you I also will be on "The Home-ward
Bound. Time drags heavily to us. I have never counted
hours—minutes before! Days I may have noted; weeks
months. But I have never felt that every second was
an age! O! how must time drag to those who are bound
for weary years within a dungeons walls. "He is more
than a Coward who would endure it, and possess
the means of death within their reach. You may
think this strange talk, an emanates from a home
sick soldier, but that is not the case. 'tis the feeling
of all and perhaps arises from a yearning to end one
term of enlistment to say that we have served three
years in our country's cause, "and perhaps" the idea of
returning to the "Dear Ones" has something to do with it.

Be assured it is not to quit the Service of Uncle
Sarnth that makes us so impatient for nearly 9.15
man will be in the army again in less than four

months from time of mustering out. I for one
shall "live in a tent until the "Old Star Spangled"
floats over All.

Leave I am sure Prices that I am neglecting
if you should like to be informed. By the way
Lottis Knox has never sent a scratch of a pen to
her uncle John and consequently has never
had a very great share of "That Uncle's" "Brave old
iron hearted attentions" as you termed it. I thank
you for the compliment though to what extent
I am deserving of such encomium remains
to be judged by my comrades and my commanding
Officer. But Cypher is growing stubborn and
refuses to bring up ideas "now" from the int stands
so I will close. Give my love to all and your share
for past neglect included. I am sorry to say that
your next letter would not have time to reach here
before the 15th Sept. at which time we leave for the front.

Meanwhile remember that in Citizens Garb or
Soldiers uniform, I am ever the same "affectionate
Uncle"

Owen J. Hipskins
Co. B. 4th Ind. P. S.

I received a letter from Lida, dated 14th July, which I will answer
this 3rd after.
Can you tell me why your Aunt "Jane" don't write?

ON BOARD STEAMER "VENUS" AT MORGANZA LA
Saturday Aug. 13th, / 64

My Dear Niece,

Yesterday I was completely taken by surprise by your letter of 17th July. "Surprise" I said yes for once a soldier was surprised but it seldom happens but this time - pickets were driven in - long roll bear to arms and for awhile. My small army of faculties battle with the odds but I finally persuaded myself that I really had another niece in Iowa & so I will commence the answer. You must remember that I have not a very good memory & added to this the fact that your mother or Lide never mentioned you in their letters it cannot be so much wondered at that I had forgotten you. But now all honor to your kind regard for your "Soldier Uncle" and thanks for your very pretty letter, we are friends again forever.

I suppose it would be best to mention the fact in the beginning that I am well and in Excellent spirits (not intoxicating spirits of course, for I never indulge) and am hoping that your are in like good health as also the rest of the family. We left St. Charles Ark. one month lacking two days. We await on board the boats we have reason to believe that our destination is Mobile.

{Sunday 14th} Since commencing this letter we have deboarded and pitched our tents at Morganza. We'll remain until the Adg. Gen., returns from N.D. with further orders. My next letter will be headed in the three words so full of meaning and dear the soldier (in the field). In Yourtees last letter dated July 9th he stated that their regiment would be on its way home in four weeks. If that is the case he is at home by this time. Perhaps by the time my letter reaches you I also will be on "the Homeward Bound." Time drags heavily to us. I have never counted hours - minutes before! Days I may have noted; heeded months, but

I have never felt that every second was an age! O how must time drag to those who are all bound for weary years within a dungeons walls. He is more than a coward who would endure it and possess the means of death within reach. You may think this is strange talk, an emanates from homesick soldier, but that is not the case. Tis the feeling of all and perhaps arises from a yearning to end one term of enlistment to say that we have served three years in our country's cause, "and perhaps" the idea of returning to "Dear Ones" has something to do with it.

Be assured it is not to quit the service of Uncle Sam that makes us so impatient for nearly every man will be in the army again in less than four months from the time of mustering out. I for one shall live in a tent until the "Old Star Spangled" floats over all.

Have I any more nieces that I am neglecting, if so I should like to be informed. By the way Lottie Knox has never sent a scratch of a pen to her Uncle John and consequently has never had a great share of that uncles "Brave old iron hearted attentions" as you termed it. I thank you for the compliment though to what extent I am deserving of such encomium remains to be judged by my comrades and my commanding officer. But my pen is growing stubborn and refuses to bring any ideas "more" from the ink stand so I will close. Give my love to all and your share for past neglected included. I am sorry to say that your next letter would not have time to reach here before the 15th Sept. at which time we leave for the month.

Meanwhile remember that in citizens garb or soldiers uniform, I am forever the same affectionate uncle.

Owen J. Hopkins Co. K 42nd O.V.G.

I received a letter from Lide dated 19th July which I will answer this before. Can you tell me why your Aunt Jane don't write?

GOOD MAN DEAD

COL. O. J. HOPKINS WELL KNOWN
TOLEDOAN CRUSHED TO DEATH
BY COLUMBUS STREETCAR

DEATH WAS INSTANTANEOUS

WAS ON HIS WAY TO DINNER AT
HOME OF A BROTHER OFFICER

DECEASED SERVED WITH DISTINCTION
THROUGH THE WAR OF THE REBELLION
AND WAS PROMINENT FOR MANY YEARS
IN THE NATIONAL GUARD OF THE STATE

The news from Columbus that Col. O. J. Hopkins, for many years a prominent Toledoan, especially in his identification with the military, met death last night. It was a severe shock to many friends here. For several years Col. Hopkins had held an important position in the home of the adjutant general at Columbus, but always considered Toledo his home and was, it is known looking forward to the time when he would return to his home here to spend the remaining years of his life.

Last evening Col. Hopkins left the state house in Columbus to go to the home of Col. Henry M. Taylor, assistant adjutant general for dinner. Mrs. Hopkins, who has kept her home here during the Colonel's term of service at Columbus, was there visiting, and the colonel was to join her at Colonel Taylor's home.

Colonel Hopkins had alighted from a car at the corner of High Street and Lane Avenue, and attempted to cross the street. He was knocked down by a car running the opposite direction. Death came instantly. The body was removed as soon as possible to Pletcher's Morgue and Mrs. Hopkins notified. Fellow officers in the adjutant general's department, General Axline, the former adjutant general, and others at once offered all the assistance at their command. Mrs. Hopkins was completely prostrated by the shock.

It was announced from Columbus that the funeral of the late Col. O. J. Hopkins will be held at Toledo on Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The funeral will be under the auspices of military duties in Toledo, and Gen. W. V. McMaken will be in charge. The remains will be shipped from Columbus Thursday morning.

Col. Hopkins was born in Bellefontaine, Logan County, born June 14, 1844. He served with distinction throughout the Civil War. At the age of 17 he enlisted as a private for col. James A. Garfield's forty-second regiment of infantry. He was promoted to corporal, then sergeant and was quartermaster sergeant of his company when mustered out of the service Oct. 14, 1880. He was with his regiment during his term of enlistment in Garfield's campaign against Gen. Humphrey Marshall; also with Morgan's division in the siege and capture of Cumberland Gap with Sherman's forces in the attack on Chickasaw Bluffs and in all the operations of Grant's army leading up to the capture of Vicksburg. Sergeant Hopkins reentered the service in '64 as a first lieutenant of infantry and served with credit until mustered out at the close of war July 7, 1865.

Arriving home after the war, Colonel Hopkins entered the railway mail service and later worked for the Lake Shore Road. In 1872 he was elected police commissioner from the First Ward. From 1881 until 1888 he was assistant superintendent of construction of the post office building in this city and then entered the employ of Northwestern Ohio Gas Company. In the Ohio National Guards, Colonel Hopkins worked his way up from private to lieutenant colonel. He gave the state good service in the Paulding County rise of 1887, and during the mining riots of '94. He was the author of a book of tactics governing gattling gun drill.

Lieut. Col. Hopkins was the organizer of the local artillery command. Battery D, having got the boys together in 1868, and, though undergoing several entire changes of membership and experiencing many trials, the organization is in existence today as a part of the artillery arm of the Ohio National Guard.

Colonel Hopkins was captain of the battery until 1859, when he was elected major of the battalion, serving in that capacity until 1896, when he was offered lieutenant colonel, and served as such until the regiment was disbanded at the outbreak of the Spanish War taking from Colonel Hopkins the opportunity to enter the service as an officer. The federal government had no way of using artillery organizations that arm of the service being recruited to the limit by other states, so the battery boys went out as infantry, the local organization "D" became a company in the Tenth Ohio Infantry, and most oddly constructed regiment in the entire American Army and consisting of naval reserves, artillery, cavalry, engineers and the Cleveland Greys, a crack drill company. Colonel Hopkins did not enter the service, there being no place for him.

After the Spanish War and when Gov. Nash entered office, Col. Hopkins was appointed finance clerk in the adjutant generals office. Because of his experience in artillery matters he was frequently detailed to inspect the artillery encampments at Newark O.

Col. Hopkins was a member of the Battery D Ex-Members association and attended a recent meeting of that organization, which was held this year. The Battery d officers, five in number, will go to the union depot this morning to greet the remains and to offer their services.

Colonel Hopkins is survived by a wife, three daughters and two sons. The daughters are Mrs. George L. Craig, Mrs. Cordelia, and Miss Julia, of Toledo; Both also of Toledo, and O.J. Hopkins of Columbus, with whom Colonel Hopkins resided while in the service of the state.

Mrs. George Craig and Mr. Craig arrived home from New York this morning. A telegram conveying announcement of the train en route to Toledo. General McMaken and other National Guard officers called at the home today to offer their services. A military funeral will be held.





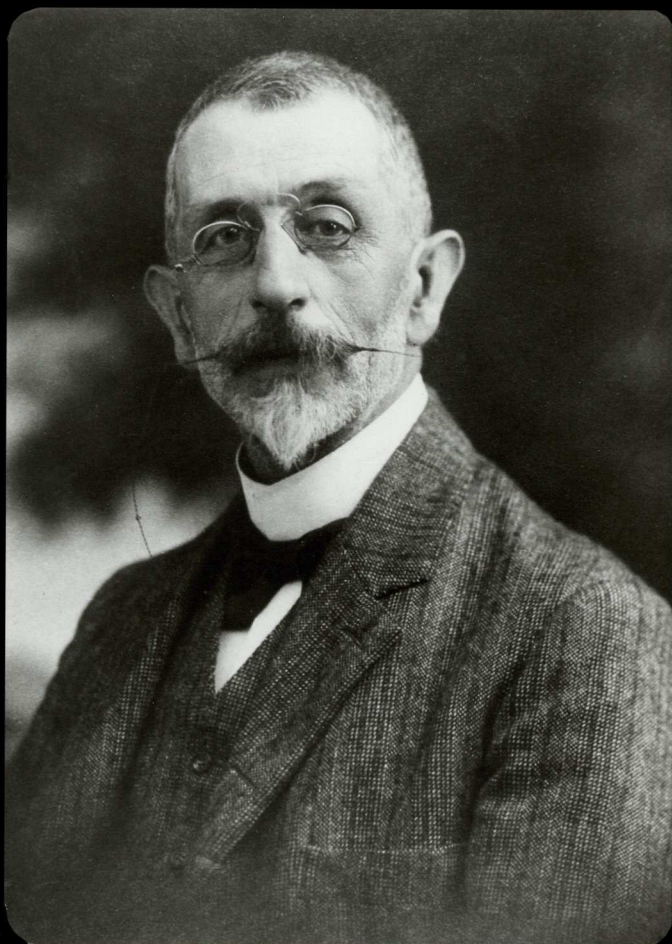
Charles Benjamin Hopkins (left) b. 1882 d. 1934
Oliver Perry Hopkins (right) b. 1869 d. 1940
Sons of Owen J. Hopkins brothers to Julia (Hopkins) Bond



Daughters of O. J. Hopkins
Toledo Ohio



Sarah (Carter) Hopkins
Oct. 2, 1807
July 10, 1888
At Rest



Livingston Yourtee Hopkins of
Sydney, Australia. Uncle of
Elmira Jane Wright.

PATTERSON

ALFRED PAULSON
BORN FEB. 10, 1813, S.
DIED
DEC. 22, 1885.
AGED 72 Y. 10 M. 12 D.

Dearest Father thou hast left us
Here thy loss we deeply feel
But tis God who hath bereft us
He can all our sorrows heal



Aunt Hattie Patterson, and friend, as nurses in a Toledo Hospital



Ellen Derrick 1845 - 1915 mother of Emma Adeline Patterson
She married Samuel Patterson on October 12, 1864 in Madison County.
She is my 2nd great grandmother, born in PA and buried in the Big Darby
cemetery near Plain City Ohio.

The Samuel Patterson Family



Samuel was born in Canaan Township and died in Hector Ohio. He married Ellen Derrick and they had nine children, one being Emma Adeline who married Prescott Parker Wright. Samuel is thought to have been a drunkard and he treated Ellen poorly. Shown standing on the left side behind the group is Sam Ballenger who married Mary Delilah.

The children of Samuel and Ellen Patterson:

Mary Delilah	08-21-1866	12-06-1927
Nancy Ellen	05-17-1869	10-03-1958
Emma Adeline	11-28-1871	03-12-1958
Margaret	02-13-1874	03-1950
Elizabeth	04-26-1876	02-25-1935
Thomas	05-25-1878	09-16-1950
Hattie	07-29-1881	1943
Samuel	07-27-1884	06-19-1919
Mabel	07-15-1887	01-29-1929





Samuel Patterson, Nancy Paxton, Amy Wilcox
Mary Patterson, and Laura Ballenger (seated)



ELLEN
PATTERSON
1845 — 1915

NANCY
PATTERSON
1825 — 1914

HATTIE
HAW
1880 — 1943



Aunt Adaline and husband at
Patterson reunion, W. Jefferson

The Patterson and Wilcox families both lived at one time in Madison County. The information available indicates that the Patterson family of Samuel and Ellen Derrick lived in Canaan Township near Plain City before moving to the Hector area. Samuel's father Archibald was from Virginia and he married Nancy Paxton and they lived in Brown Twp., Franklin County Ohio. Nancy was born in Franklin County. Nancy's father Samuel Paxton was born in PA and his wife Amy Wilcox was born in Quebec Canada.

Archibald Patterson was one of nine children born to Archibald and Nancy. Robert his father and Elizabeth had twelve children including Barnabus whose son John N. Patterson is buried in Plain City with Barnabus. Other than this I don't have any additional information primarily because nobody wrote down their story, or shared it with the Wright side of the family.

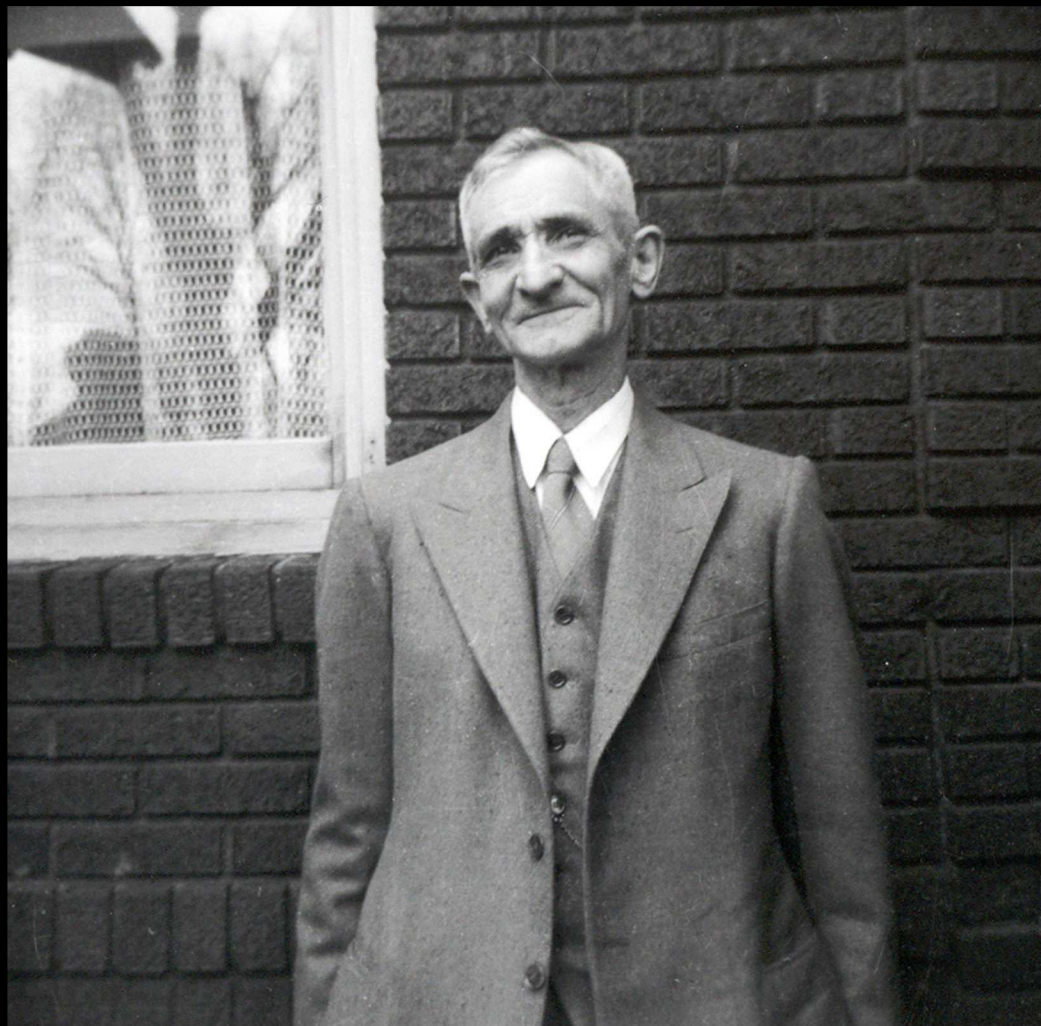
Hector and Paulding became the common connection for the Wright, Wilcox and Patterson families that resulted in the marriage of Prescott and Elmira. Their story continues through the birth of their children in Lima Ohio and my family story continues through their son Clinton and his marriage to Florence Leasure.

LEASURE

It would be logical given the amount of work done by Manfred and Clinton to assume that more recent family information would be even clearer, but it is not. The Leasure family lived in Lima but I am not sure of the path taken to get there.

I remember great-grandpa and grandma Leasure. They lived downtown in Lima in small brick apartments on Elm Street. I can remember as a child walking from Catalpa Avenue to the downtown area. We would visit stores like the Leader with its thick glass doors, umbrella stand and stairs spiraling down to the lower floor. My favorite was Kreskge because they had toys and a lunch counter. We would also on occasion visit the Leasures. I can remember being somewhat bored there and I can remember playing with, or not being allowed to play with the glass door bookcase in their home.

James William Leasure (1868 - 1962) and his wife Flora Elva McCormick (1874 - 1964) are pictured outside their home on the next three pages. On page four is a picture of Helene, daughter of Lilah, and first cousin of Loretta, Owen and Barbara.











This unknown headstone photo
was kept with pictures of James and Flora

THE WRIGHT FAMILY
901 CATALPA











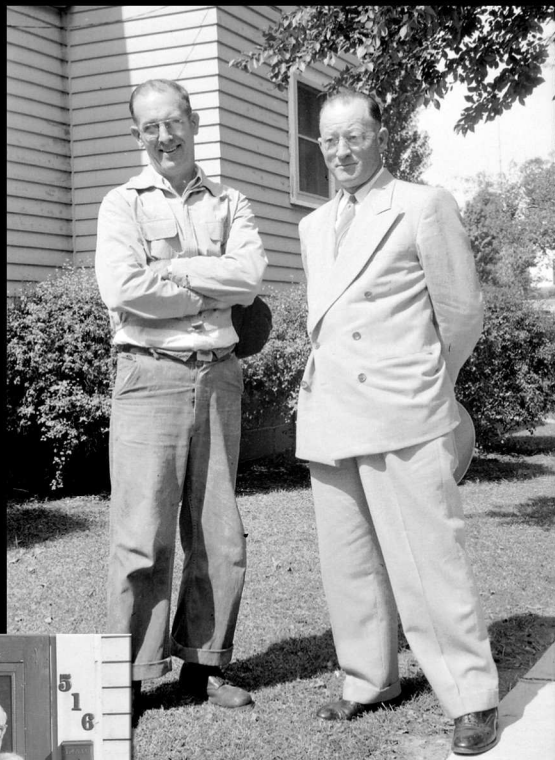


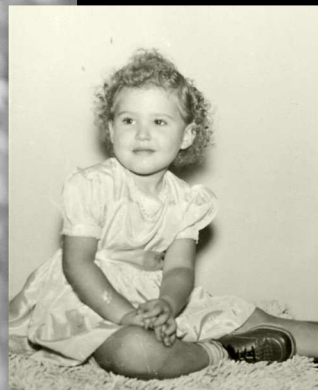


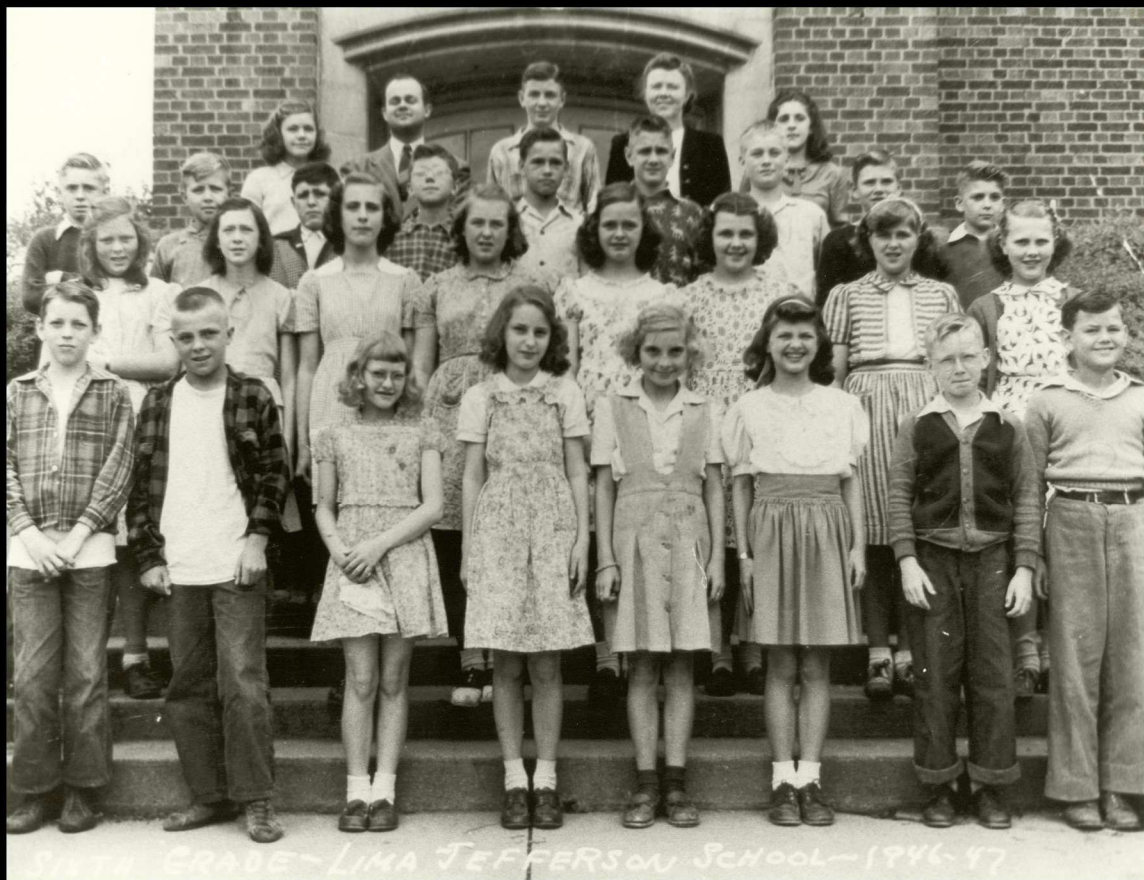








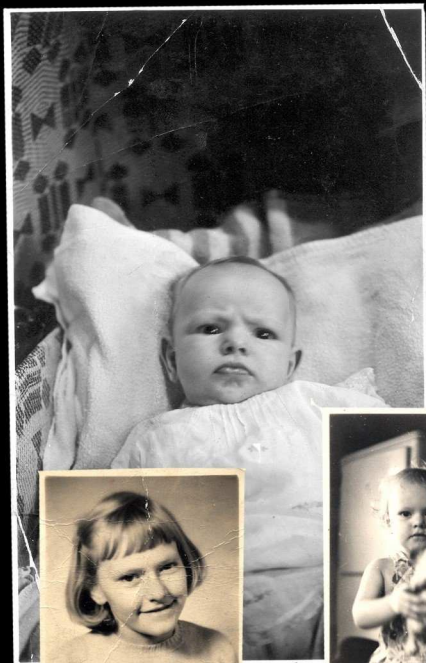




Loretta is 3rd from the left and her friend Mary Ann is next to her. They remained friends throughout their life and thier children grew up as friends.









Gr-great grandmother Schneider
(on mother's side of the house)





PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

For Her
For Him

Alvin WATCHES

2340. 17 jewels, yellow rolled metal case, \$27.50. 17 jewels, \$21.50.

2341. 17 jewels, 14K solid white case, metal link, \$27.50. 17 jewels, \$24.50.

2342. 7 jewels, yellow rolled metal case, \$17.50. 7 jewels, \$13.50.

Quality inbuilt through nearly a century of fine watchmaking.

ALVIN WATCH COMPANY
Division of A. H. Pond Co., Inc.
Syracuse, N. Y.



MOTHER WASHING

Sir: This picture is of a lady working over the family washbuds. She has never attained any great social heights because washwomen and housewives never have time to think of anything else.

Over a period of 50 years it is estimated that she has done more than

10,000 family washings, some weeks doing as many as 16.

If those figures aren't sufficient to establish her as the No. 1 U. S. washwoman, few will doubt that she is A. 1, since she has raised a brood of nine children, one of which I am proud to be.

GLENN C. WRIGHT
Los Angeles, Calif.



DEAN GARRISON IN ACTION

Sir:

I am enclosing a shot showing the technique used by Dean Lloyd K. Garrison, onetime chairman of the first Na-

tional Labor Relations Board, in action as he teaches corporation law at the University of Wisconsin Law School.

MAYNARD REIERSON
Certified Public Accountant
Madison, Wis.

MY WORD!
Peek-A-Boos
HI-BALL GLASSES

WOW! SHOCKING!

PUT life in your parties! Serve drinks in new, smart PEK-A-BOOS! A positive sensation! Each glass bears a pretty girl in a colorful costume. A fun of the glass reveals, but like in Nature's own, then peek through the liquid and see what happens! During! Funny! No home bar complete without them. A "Gift, Present" gift. Great for New Year parties! Order now by mail.

Set of 4 Assorted \$2 Six subjects. All different.
Set of 6 Assorted \$3 Sent postpaid in handsome
Set of 12 Assorted \$5 Gift box.

ALAN'S Novelty for 20 Years
1430 N. Orleans St., Chicago, Ill.

LIFE 1937 BINDERS AT A NEW SPECIAL PRICE

AMERICAN LIFE
551 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me PERMO BINDERs for my 1937 copies of LIFE. I understand that if not satisfied I may return the binders to you and get my money back.

How many _____

Amount Enclosed \$ _____
(Check or money order)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

It's a **THRILLER!**
4-5-6
Pick Up Sticks

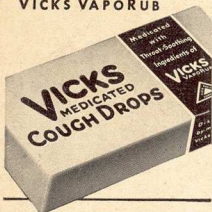
TRY your luck and skill at this fascinating, intriguing new game. It's the big entertainment feature at gatherings of every kind. Nothing can equal it for sheer enjoyment, laughable fun. Play it at home. Let the whole family join. Try it with your friends. And get your set today, wherever toys are sold, 25c, 50c, \$1. Put 4-5-6 on your Christmas List.

Manufactured by
O. SCHOENHUT
INCORPORATED
Philadelphia, Pa.

Two Other Hits
FANTEL that tells fortunes 25c., and
BRODIE the great game of chance \$1.50

The ONLY Cough Drop

MEDICATED WITH
THROAT-SOOTHING
INGREDIENTS OF
VICKS VAPORUB

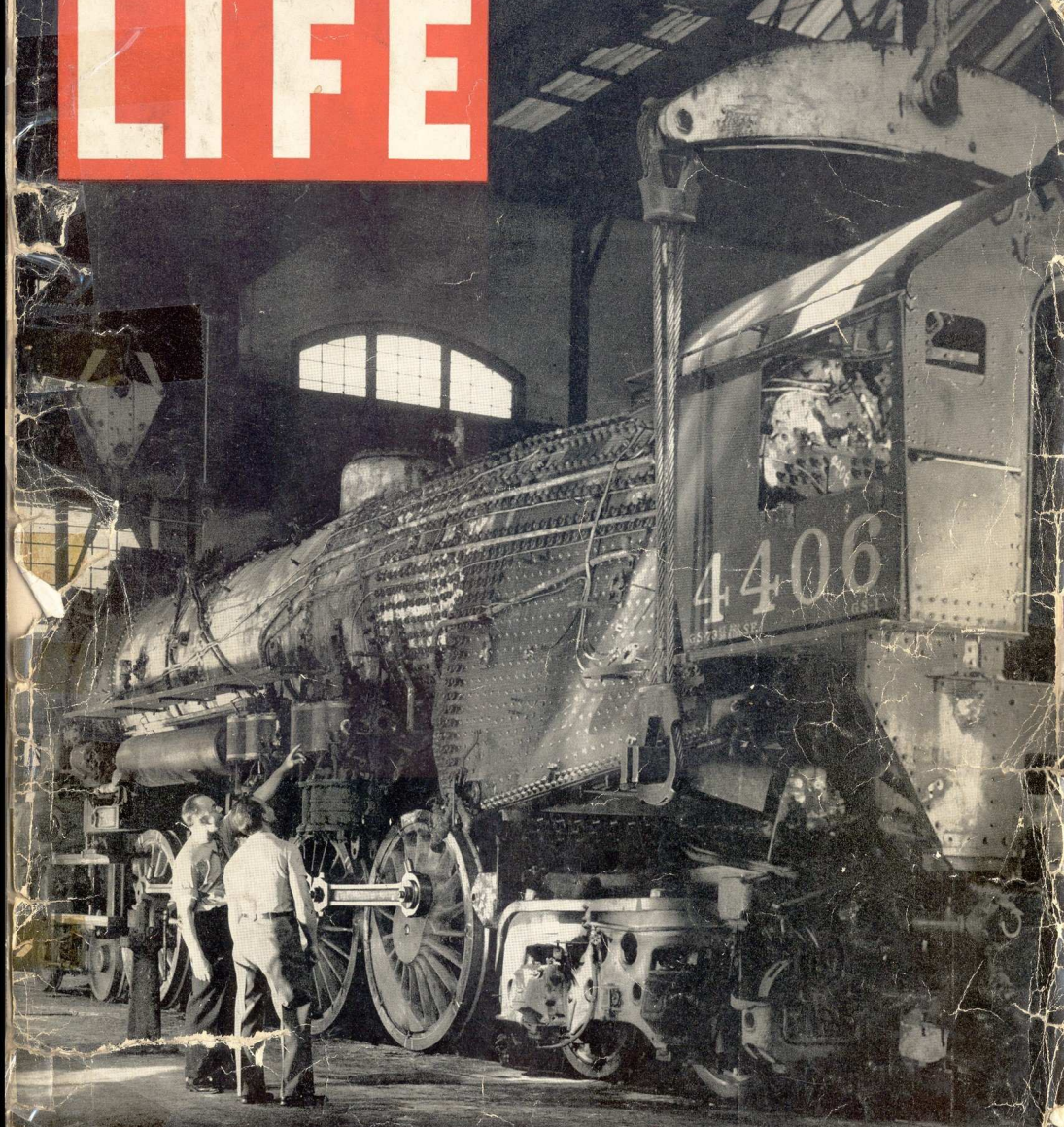


SUPERB Reflex 67¢

James VOITLANDER
From 1890 to 1937, 18-20 years
of experience with Reflex 67¢
Reflex 67¢
Reflex 67¢
Reflex 67¢

Bass DEPT
CAMERA CO. L
179 W. MADISON ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

LIFE



BILLIONS OF DOLLARS & MILLIONS OF MEN

DECEMBER 13 1937

10

CENTS



ROWLANDS
& SONS
FURNITURE

JUNE
30

1250
METZGER

304 ROWLANDS' 204

LUNCH 20

















8/14/15



CATALPA ? NOTE TRAIN IN BACKGROUND







Owen Kenneth Wright & Phyllis Jane



Barbara Ann Wright & Ray Shinabery



Charles Francis Brown & Neva Loretta Wright



The children of Clinton and Florence

Neva Loretta - Owen Kenneth - Barbara Ann





HOPKINS CEMETERY NEAR UNDERHILL VERMONT



The Wright family go back to
Punnett to John Wright immigrant
from Eng. who settled in Cheltenham,
Mass. in 1640. John Punnett &
brother, Mrs.
J. P. 9 12

The Blawie came from England
Joseph settled in Delaware in
1660 married Mary Copley
Wm settled in Eng 1621 or 22
Died in the town Aug 14, 1672
aged 50 yrs.

William Shattuck from England immigrated from England William Shattuck

Joseph Mary Cooper
Gilson Gilson

Antithesis

The West town of Burlington, N.H. by S.E. Parkhurst
The " " Boston Mass. " Brewster
" " " Chelmsford "

Revolutionary service records of O
in possession of Manifesto Publishing Co

only
right
Dolly
(Shirley)
wright

with
night
Betsen (Shetech)
wishes

Preceott
wright
4/10/14/1986

1000

An early family tree of unknown origin - possibly Manfred



