

R. DENVER FARLEY  
921 SPRINGDALE DR.  
JEFFERSONVILLE IN 47130



Stover / Frantz

LORRAINE EDWARDS  
P.O. BOX 2076  
LANCASTER CA 93539-2076

BOOK  
RATE

**Subject: Re: FRANTZ Researchers Please Respond**

**Date:** Wed, 25 Feb 1998 10:15:14 -0500

**From:** kb9dqk@juno.com

**To:** ledwards@qnet.com

Hello Cousin Lorraine;

I'll get your info out by snail asap.

No I haven't been to your website because I am not on the net. I refuse to pay \$20. a month for that privilege-----I'm too cheap.

Didn't hear about the Ultimate family tree info you mentioned. That must have been before I got on this list. I am learning too. I use Windows 95 & it works sort of good. I don't use any genie software, I just made up my own templates for my FGSS & then do a copy & paste & stick them over to my juno & email them out. Unfortunately the FGSS have to be reformatted a little because juno messes them up a somewhat.

I really appreciate you sending me any info you have by email. I'll store it on my hard drive & make it available to all my cousins on my branch.

Thanks again & please keep in touch. cousin Bob Farley

>Good evening, Bob

>THANK YOU, THANK YOU, THANK YOU!!! I'm so grateful for that information!!! I'll take everything you have on their descendants.

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>Contra

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>HTML 1

><http://www.av.qnet.com/~ledwards>

>

>My "snail mail" address:

>Lorraine Frantz Edwards

>P.O. Box 2076

Without reading every word of email messages, I think this relates to Stover.

LFE

15 May 2017

2/25/98



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>Family Tree -- in the first message?)

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>Sollenberger). I'm a descendant of two of his brothers, Daniel and

>David (as I mentioned in that earlier message).

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>Navigator as my "browser." I bought Netscape Navigator Gold about 15

>months ago -- for \$70 -- so I could build web pages without learning

>HTML language. Did you visit my web pages?

><http://www.av.qnet.com/~ledwards>

>

>My "snail mail" address:

>Lorraine Frantz Edwards

>P.O. Box 2076

**Subject: package****Date:** Thu, 5 Mar 1998 19:01:58 -0500**From:** kb9dqk@juno.com**To:** ledwards@QNET.COM

Dear cousin Lorraine

THANK YOU SO VERY MUCH FOR ALL THE PAGES OF INFORMATION!!! You obviously have put a lot of time and hard work into your families' history. Very professional looking also. I have read over the pages but it will take a month or so of study to digest all the material contained therein.

Very weird/funny thing happened today. I went through a small Frantz folder & picked up an ancestor chart someone had sent me. At first I thought I would copy it and send it to you but then I noticed the author was Lorraine Frantz Quartz Hill CA!!! Seems we had been writing to each other @ 11 years ago. I had forgotten all about writing to you in the past. Deja Vu all over again.

I really do appreciate all of the time and effort you have expended to keep our ancestors lives in remembrance. If I can ever send anything to you please let me know.  
cousin Bob

---

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Or call Juno at (800) 654-JUNO [654-5866]

**Subject: Re: FRANTZ****Date:** Sat, 7 Mar 1998 20:05:09 -0500**From:** kb9dqk@juno.com**To:** ledwards@qnet.com

Hello "cousin" Lorraine;

Glad the papers I sent were a help to you; just hope they live on to preserve some of our family's history.

My relatives use my first name & the people I used to work with and some of my new friends call me Denver. Most people just use my first name. Doesn't matter in the least which you use. I have a lot of fun with the Bob Denver jokes!!!

To answer your questions; the professionally printed book was pointed out to me by our mutual cousin, Naomi Schneck of Little York IN back in '84 or so when I was at the Stevens genie Museum in Salem IN. I believe the book was written by Phoebe Brugh Stuart. The old typed papers on Eliz. Stover were written by Lennie Rose (Martin) Berkey. She did a lot of genie & historical research during her lifetime.

(Are you listed here? If not, will you send your lineage?) Forgive my ignorance, what exactly would you like me to send...ahnentafel or my own FGS or what? Just let me know & I will either email or snail any info I have. I am greatly indebted to you for all the info you have sent to me.

If I can ever return the favor all you have to do is tell me.

I sincerely appreciate all the hard and thankless work you have expended on our family's history. Keep up the great work.  
cousin Bob

Hello "R. Denver Farley"

I see that your return address is that way -- and I was calling you Robert and/or Bob.

Your information arrived in the "snail mail" today. SINCERE THANKS!!!  
Question: What are the sources?? What book did the pages come from??  
What for pages 96 thru 99. It looks like it came from a professionally published book. Also, typed pages with heading ELIZABETH STOVER BROCK. Are all the typed pages from the same source?? Looks like the same typewriter but the page numbers are duplicated. (I see two pages with a 13.) I haven't read everything word for word. I'll spend some time on that material at my leisure. Again, SINCERE THANKS!!

(Are you listed here? If not, will you send your lineage?)

My "snail mail" address:

Lorraine Frantz Edwards

P.O. Box 2076

Lancaster, CA 93539-2076

Ph: (805) 949-6236

E-mail address: ledwards@qnet.com

Web: <http://www.av.qnet.com/~ledwards>

Thanks, again, from "cousin" Lorraine

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**Subject: Re: FRANTZ**

**Date:** Sun, 08 Mar 1998 14:40:26 -0800

**From:** Lorraine Frantz Edwards <ledwards@qnet.com>

**Organization:** FRANTZUGARST

**To:** kb9dqk@juno.com

Good Sunday Afternoon to Bob Denver...

"Cousin" if you live that close to Kentucky, **\*\*you\*\*** would be the appropriate person to do the research on the descendants of Polly's siblings -- who went to Muhlenberg Co. Please consider it?!?! I could sure use another pair of hands!! This has been an enormous project -- and I'm way behind entering data into the computer (data that has been sent to me since I published the books).

I have my computer sitting on a long table (like the tables they set up in Church social halls). Adjacent to it, like an "L" is an identical long table. I spread my genealogy out on both sides of me. I probably have your ahnentafel here someplace. Maybe I need to go back and find it in the FRANTZ folder and print it -- and put it with the info that you sent. Thanks for straightening me out on your lineage.

Send family group sheets, etc., when convenient. Just don't forget me. I **\*\*really\*\*** want to add that information to the Frantz database. You are the very first person I've ever encountered that knows anything about that branch of the tree. Eventually, I will print an "Addendum" just for descendants of Michael Frantz and Elizabeth Sollenberger. (It will fill a small book all by itself.)

I have an Hewlett Packard pentium running at 166 meghtz, with 80 megbyte RAM, Windows 95. I use Netscape Navigator Gold as my browser and I have a local internet provider. I have Microsoft Word for Windows 95 and Microsoft Publisher (plus lots of other software). I prepared the "camera ready" pages of Frantz Families -- Kith & Kin\_ with Microsoft Word on my previous computer (486/50/16).

"Cousin" Bob, if you are serious about documenting this branch of the tree, and if you have some time to attempt research in West-Central Kentucky..., I'll send you a free set of microfiche. Maybe you can "read" them at your local library if you don't have a microfiche reader. The 39 microfiche contain the 3180 pages of Frantz Families -- Kith & Kin\_ plus over 300 extra pages of miscellaneous that I did not include in the books (because "they" were already too large). I've been selling the microfiche for \$50.

Because you don't have access to the internet, you haven't visited my web-page about the 3-volume set of books. However, I think I sent you a flyer with details about the books. Right? I know that \$160. sounds awfully expensive but it just recovers my costs. I had to "self-publish" because I didn't/don't have thousands of dollars to have several hundred books printed at one time. The cost to the purchaser would be less (yes!) but I would have a huge inventory and my money tied up for years.

I've decided, after that experience, that I may "publish to the internet" in the future. It is too expensive to print on paper!! I have all the right equipment to "publish to the internet." I want a scanner and CD-write next so I can do even more with my family history but I can **\*\*still\*\*** do an awful lot with the computer, software, and internet that I already have.

Pardon my ignorance: What are you talking about?  
> *I could show you where the Filson club is in Louisville.*

Have I covered everything in your message? No! About page 9, no hurry; send it with family group sheets later.

Another thought. If you have the original pages that tell the story of Elizabeth Stover Brock, the best way (in my opinion) to "showcase" them would be as typed, as written. Let me tell you how I've worked with typewritten pages when people ignored margins, headers and footers. I "play around" at the photocopy machine until I get exactly the **\*\*reduction\*\*** that I want and I have the page positioned so it has "binding width." Then I prepare a set of "camera ready" pages that I can use to create a section (or a whole new small booklet). Sure, I can prepare beautiful pages with Microsoft Word (with bold, italics, underline, fonts, etc) but how nice (in my opinion) to use the material as originally typed -- and give credit to Lennie Martin Berkey (or whoever).

In the Supplement to Frantz Families -- Kith & Kin\_ I have included many original pages (some difficult to read) and I also transcribed it into Microsoft Word and included a fresh clear copy.

Well, enough for now. I've given you something to think about?!?! Yes, I'll keep healthy -- and I'll keep in touch. Best wishes.

Lorraine Frantz Edwards  
ledwards@qnet.com

=====

kb9dqk@juno.com wrote:

>  
> Hello cousin Lorraine;  
> Yes I am a 4th gr grandson of D Stover & Polly Frantz. I e mailed you  
> my ahnentafel a couple weeks ago.  
> As soon as I get the time I will snail you the FGSs from Dan Stover on  
> down to me once they get typed in my comp. Don't know how soon, but I  
> will someday, God Willing and the Ruskies don't nuke us!  
> Someday, (I hope!), I would like to retype those pgs of Betsy Stover.  
> Those papers are really priceless. I am so glad that you liked them.  
> Something told me that you would love them & I guess I was right. Those  
> were a very special people. I'll email it to you if you want it. I  
> think it would be neat to put the Betsy Stover pages on the internet so  
> they would live on forever.  
> Do you have windows 95? Even with this cheap dog juno, anything that  
> gets e mailed to me, I can do a copy & paste and put it right into  
> windows in just a second. Its really neat.  
> If I don't forget it, I'll send you out page 9 tomorrow -----sorry  
> about the snafu.  
> Stay Healthy & please keep in touch; cousin Bob  
> PS on your letter of 3-2-98 you asked me if Dan Stover & polly Frantz  
> family went to Muhlenberg Co. KY. At this time I don't have any  
> evidence of that. They could have, I just don't know. If you ever get  
> up to Kentucky I hope you'll give me a holler; I live just 2 miles north  
> of Louisville-----I could show you where the Filson club is in  
> Louisville.

>  
>  
>  
> >Well, Bob Denver, first you need to clarify for me whether this is your  
> >lineage. Are you a descendant of Daniel Stover and Polly Frantz? You  
> >see how I document individuals on the printouts that I sent. If this  
> >is  
> >your lineage, I would like the names of all the descendants --  
> >children,  
> >their spouse(s), their children, grandchildren, etc., dates and  
> >locations. I won't labor the point, but I like everything I can get on  
> >the individuals: obituaries, biographical sketches, etc. An ahnentafel  
> >only gives me your straight line back. I like to have siblings, too.  
> >No hurry; I have lots of other information waiting to go into the  
> >computer database. Take your time -- but don't forget me!! (I prefer  
> >"snail mail" so I can handle pages and do data entry. I have not  
> >figured out how to take an "attachment" sent by someone and open it in  
> >my genealogy software (if GEDCOM) or in my wordprocessing program if a  
> >document.)  
> >  
> >I love what you sent under the title of Elizabeth Stover Brock. I  
> >"love" the details like "Betsy was a handsome woman, large framed and  
> >broad shouldered. Her coal black hair was drawn down over her ears in  
> >shining wings, and she had large gray eyes." Also: "The memory of a  
> >mother of irreproachable character and high ideas was a great heritage  
> >for her children. They could never forget her energy, thrift and  
> >honesty...."  
> >  
> >Question: Do you have page 9 that shows all the typing? The copy you  
> >sent me has a lot of information missing along the right-hand margin.  
> >(It photocopied crooked.)  
> >  
> >Have a happy Sunday; best wishes from  
> >  
> >Lorraine  
> >  
> >My "snail mail" address:  
> >Lorraine Frantz Edwards  
> >P.O. Box 2076  
> >Lancaster, CA 93539-2076  
> >Ph: (805) 949-6236  
> >E-mail address: [ledwards@qnet.com](mailto:ledwards@qnet.com)  
> >Web: <http://www.av.qnet.com/~ledwards>



**Subject: Re: FRANTZ Researchers Please Respond****Date:** Wed, 25 Feb 1998 10:15:14 -0500**From:** kb9dqk@juno.com**To:** ledwards@qnet.com

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>Ph: (805) 949-6236  
>  
>Thanks, again, from "cousin" Lorraine  
>

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**Subject: Re: FRANTZ Researchers Please Respond****Date:** Tue, 24 Feb 1998 20:32:09 -0500**From:** kb9dqk@juno.com**To:** ledwards@qnet.com

Lorraine; sorry about this cheap dog juno; can't expect much for free. I photo copied some Daniel Stover descendant info for you today; if you send me an address I'll mail it to you. I can mail a hard copy of this same D Stover FGS if you want it.

Please keep in touch. Bob Farley

On Tue, 24 Feb 1998 16:33:16 -0800 Lorraine Frantz Edwards

<ledwards@qnet.com> writes:

>kb9dqk@juno.com wrote:

>>

>> Husband Daniel M. STOVER #114

>Wife

>> Mary Ann FRANTZ #115

>>

>> Military Residences VA & Jackson Tsp. Washington

>> Co. Ind.

>>

>> Born 1781 Place Pennsylvania Born

>> 1787 Place Pennslvn.

>>

>> Mar. 8 Aprl 1806 Place Botetourt Co.

>> VA Make a chart for other Mar.

>> Other Wife's Other Husband's

>> Mar. times Name Mar. times Name

>>

>> Died 1879 Place Washington Co. Indiana Died Bef. June 1860

>> Place Wash. Co. Ind.

>>

>> Where Bur. Martinsburg Cem. under cedars

>Where

>> Bur. Martinsburg Cem

>> Martinsburg Ind.

>> His Father William STOVER Jr. Her Father Michael FRANTZ Jr. III

>> His Mother's Her Mother's

>> Maiden Name Susanna MILLER Maiden Name Elizabeth SOLLENBERGER

>>

>> Compiler:Robert D. Farley

>> 921 Springdale Dr.

>> Jeffersonville IN 47130 Feb 1998

>>

>> M CHILDREN BORN MARRIED

>> DIED

>> F When Where When

>Where

>> Whom When Where

>> 1 \* Suzanne 1820-23 31 Oct 1839

>> Hilham Ind.? Virginia

>> Washington Co IN

>>

Richard NICHOLSON

>>

>> 2 Elizabeth 20 Sept 1832 1847

>> 20 April 1871

>> "Betsy" Michael BROCK  
>> Borden, IN ?  
>>  
>> 3 John was in Civil  
>> War  
>>  
>> 4 William 18??  
>> in Civil War  
>>  
>> 5 Martin Jaxaline PACKWOOD  
>> 1860  
>> in Civil War  
>>  
>> 6 David F. ? 1820? 1848  
>>  
>> 7  
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>> 8  
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>> 10  
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>> 11  
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>=====

>  
>Hello Bob  
>  
>Thanks for the info you sent. Very hard to read but I'm grateful.  
>  
>Lorraine Frantz Edwards  
>

---

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**Subject: Re: FRANTZ Researchers Please Respond**

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**From:** kb9dqk@juno.com

**To:** ledwards@qnet.com

Husband Daniel M. STOVER #114 Wife  
 Mary Ann FRANTZ #115

Military Residences VA & Jackson Tsp. Washington  
 Co. Ind.

Born 1781 Place Pennsylvania Born  
 1787 Place Pennslvn.

Mar. 8 April 1806 Place Botetourt Co.  
 VA Make a chart for other Mar.  
 Other Wife's Other Husband's  
 Mar. times Name Mar. times Name

Died 1879 Place Washington Co. Indiana Died Bef. June 1860  
 Place Wash. Co. Ind.

Where Bur. Martinsburg Cem. under cedars Where  
 Bur. Martinsburg Cem  
 Martinsburg Ind.

His Father William STOVER Jr. Her Father Michael FRANTZ Jr. III  
 His Mother's Her Mother's  
 Maiden Name Susanna MILLER Maiden Name Elizabeth SOLLENBERGER ?  
 Compiler: Robert D. Farley  
 921 Springdale Dr.  
 Jeffersonville IN 47130 Feb 1998

M	CHILDREN	BORN	MARRIED
F	DIED	When	Where
Whom	When	Where	When
1 *	Suzanne Hilham Ind.? Washington Co IN	1820-23	31 Oct 1839 Virginia
			Richard NICHOLSON
2	Elizabeth 20 April 1871 "Betsy" Borden, IN ?	20 Sept 1832	1847 Michael BROCK
3	John War		was in Civil
4	William in Civil War		18??
5	Martin 1860		Jaxaline PACKWOOD in Civil War
6	David F. ? 1820?		1848

7

8

9

10

11

#####

Hello Lorraine;

Thanks for getting back with me. I did not know about Ulrich Sollenberger. If you have any info on him I would appreciate it.

About Daniel & Mary Frantz----- there are many people on my AC that I may be unsure of but NOT these 2!!!! You wouldn't believe how many genie cousins I have that have done work on them, even down to short, family journal writings that I have. Will copy some papers today & send them to you if you'll send me your snail address.

At the Stevens Museum in Salem In, Washington Co. I copied the Dan Stover & Mary Frantz info. Also over the years I have used other books w/ stovers in them. Lennie MARTIN Berkey of Salem who d. 1981 did a lot of stover/frantz & Martin work over the years. I met 2 of her daus., whom of whom lived next to the Stevens place @ 12 or 13 years ago.

Dan Stover is buried in Martinsville IN & is only @ 35 miles from here. I don't know how many people in that area I am related to but I know its a lot. Unbelievable! And again, a lot of these people have done genie work & have preserved it. Need to get up there some day.

Would you please email me your ahnentafel chart & family group sheets on mutual ancestors so I can see how you fit in & also probably get new info?

Please keep in touch, cousin Bob Farley

#####

<ledwards@qnet.com> writes:

>Hello Bob

>

>Thanks for your message with the list of your ancestors. I'm forwarding it to the list so others can see if, and where, they are related to

>you. Your message took an awful long time to download. I hope the >subscribers to the FRANTZ list group don't shoot me for sending this >great big message.

>

>You asked if I know who #921 is. No, I've never found any information >that lists the name of the wife of immigrant Michael Frantz.

>

>You haven't listed the parents of Elizabeth Sollenberger (#231). Do you know who they are? I have often questioned whether her father might >have been Ulrich Sollenberger (maybe spelled SOLINBARGER). Any >comments?

>

>What are your sources for:

>> 114 STOVER, Daniel M. b: 1781 PA m: 8 Apr 1806 Botetourt Co., VA

>> d: 1879, Washington Co., IN

>> 115 FRANTZ, Mary Ann b: 1787 PA d: before June 1860 Washington Co.,



>IN

>I'm really, really, anxious for this information!! I'd like all the  
>descendant information that you can supply from this couple.

Thanks again for all the information that you sent. Keep in touch!

>

>Lorraine Frantz Edwards

>ledwards@qnet.com

><http://www.av.qnet.com/~ledwards>

>

>

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**Subject: Re: FRANTZ****Date:** Mon, 9 Mar 1998 20:06:35 -0500**From:** kb9dqk@juno.com**To:** ledwards@qnet.com

Hello cousin Lorraine;

No I haven't tried the shark cart. yet. It sounds very promising as so many people use it with good results. Do you know anyone that has used it?

I used to live in Burbank long time ago when I was about 5 or something.

I've got most of the FGSs done that you wanted. Should get them out to you tue or wed.

Evansville is 120 straight west of me so Muhlenberg would probably be about 160 miles or more. Never been any where near that area. Kentucky is a rough place in the country.....HGWT!  
that's about all I've got for now. keep in touch. cousin Bob

>Hello Bob

>Thanks for the info. No, I don't belong to the Indiana group. I

>belong

>to a couple in Ohio; used to belong to two in Kentucky. I've belonged

>to lots... over the years. I try them for a year to see if I think

they'll be helpful. I usually submit queries while I'm a member. They

>usually don't prove to be very helpful but always worth a try. I'm

willing to try because I am so far away from states that I want/need info from.

You are fortunate to have two very good genealogical societies so close

>to you. We have a "club" here in Lancaster but the nearest genealogy

>library is about 55 miles away in Burbank.

>

>Muhlenberg County is West-Central Kentucky. On the Atlas it looks

>like

>quite a distance from Louisville (maybe five or six counties away).

>It's kinda south of Evansville, IL. Henderson County is on the border

with Evansville, then Webster south of Henderson, then Hopkins south of

>Webster. Muhlenberg is east of Hopkins; Greenville appears to be the

>largest city.

>

>About the back brace and not able to get out and travel. Have you tried

>Shark Cartilage as I suggested earlier? (Just an old lady here trying

>to help you get better!)

>Have a good evening.

>Lorraine

---

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Lorraine Frantz Edwards  
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Monday, March 2, 1998

Robert Farley  
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Dear "cousin" Bob

I may be sending you information that you don't want or need. The first printout is descendants of Elizabeth Sollenberger and Michael Frantz. It traces two of their children, Michael and Elizabeth. I have not had information on "Polly" and Daniel Stover. Are you interested in Polly's siblings?

Printout number two has the ancestors of Michael Frantz married to Elizabeth Sollenberger. With this printout you have the names of the ancestors and their siblings, and their sibling's spouses. When I do a printout "down" from selected individual, I get all the children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, etc. Michael Frantz (married to Elizabeth Sollenberger) is on p. 4 of that printout. Some of his brothers are on pp. 8-10. You have their names and the names of their wives (but not the children). When I print<sup>etc</sup> from immigrant Michael Frantz, it becomes thousands of pages!!

I collect every single tidbit of information that I can find. I document where I get every piece of information. I'm a fanatic about sources!! Where possible, Bob, when you send information, include birth and death dates, birth and death locations, marriage date and location. I like to know the name of the parents of the spouse. (On p. 20 of first printout you'll see that I have the names of the parents Lon Hawkins and Emma Graul as a text file. I didn't create an individual record for each but the information is there to indicate the parents of Frances Emma Hawkins.) (An aside: If I had created individual records for parents, I might have another thousand names in my database! It's over 40,000 now!)

Question: Did any of Polly Frantz and Daniel Stover's family go to Muhlenberg Co., KY? I'm just anxious! I know that your information will probably answer the question soon<sup>er</sup> or later.

Some day I hope to have a well-rounded, thoroughly documented, picture of the Michael Frantz/France in Muhlenberg Co., KY. Something must have happened that seperated those families from their parents, aunts, uncles and cousins. The German Baptist Brethren ("Dunkards") apparently did not survive in

Kentucky. I wonder what faith they followed. The information that I have has been "pieced" together from several sources. On page 24 of the first printout you will see the name of Diana Lou France (#49). She had been trying to find ancestors named "France" and could never trace the family. I'm not sure it's accurate, but with her ancestor information plus census records and newsletters published by the West-Central Kentucky Genealogical Society, I think I've compiled a number of the descendants. Diana knew there had been some sort of problem in the family generations before but didn't know the details. I'm sure curious about what happened!!

I'm curious because the rest of the family followed the traditional Brethren faith and descendants are still either Old German Baptist Brethren or Church of the Brethren (and other protestant denominations, too). The families (other families) lived in the same communities and their descendants intermarried. The descendants maintained records and documented their ancestry and their heritage. Many, many Old German Baptist Brethren "cousins" have provided me with mountains of information on the ancestors and descendants. Again I say "I'm sure curious about what happened" to alienate Michael Frantz/France (married to Elizabeth Gish) from the rest of the family.

Someday, Lord willing, I want to go to that area of Kentucky and do a lot of research.

After you read the enclosed, please advise me of any "additions and corrections." Also, I would love the details on the ancestry of Elizabeth Sollenberger. Are you able to figure out what I am analysing in the paragraphs below the name of Elizabeth Sollenberger? (Richard Weber had a problem figuring out some of what I was saying.)

Well, I guess I'll bring this letter to a close. I can't think of anything else right now. Hope you enjoy the printouts.

I look forward to receiving information from you. Thanks, in advance.

Best wishes; happy researching!

*Lorraine*

*Enc: 24 pgs printouts  
1 flyer*

Polly evidently died only six years after her marriage because Israel Hind, Jr. was married to Elizabeth Souder Dec. 31, 1835. In the census of 1850 there is a James Hind listed as 16 years old, who must have been Polly Stover Hind's child born in 1834. My first (1902) school teacher at Lick Branch, Washington Co., Ind. was Mabel Hinds who was a descendant of Israel Hind, Sr. From my research I cannot find her relationship to the Stovers.

IV 2. Elizabeth Stover, dau. of Abraham and Amy (Rader) Stover, b. Oct. 8, 1814 in Botetourt Co. Va., d. Nov. 10, 1889 in Washington Co. Ind., m. Sept. 15, 1831 in Salem, Ind. to John B. Brugh, son of Peter E. and Elizabeth (Coffman) Brugh, b. Dec. 23, 1810 in Botetourt Co. Va., d. Jan. 1, 1888 in Washington Co. Ind., i. both in Old Blue River Cemetery. No markers. This family is found with the family of John B. Brugh, Chapter IV.

II 2. William Stover, Second son of Bishop William and Judith (Schaeffer) Stover, b. 1750 in Switzerland, migrated with his parents, brother George and sister, Margaret, to America on the ship Richard and Mary, arrived at Philadelphia, Sept. 26, 1752. He evidently moved from Franklin Co. Pa. to Virginia with his brother, Dr. George Stover, who settled in Botetourt Co. in 1794. There are many records of the buying and selling of land in the county, which amounted to many hundreds of acres.

William Stover was married (1st) 1774 to Christina Miller, (2nd) to Susanna (Deeds show second wife in Botetourt Co. Va. 1808) His will dated Jan. 21, 1825, probated Nov. 1828, time of death named the following children: 1. Elizabeth, 2. Michael, 3. Jacob, 4. Daniel, 5. (Peggy) Margaret, 6. (Catty) Catherine, 7. John, 8. Esther, 9. Susannah, 10. Hannah. John, son of Dr. George Stover, qualified to administer the estate, died before it was complete.

III 1. Mary Elizabeth m. July 2, 1799 to David Noftzinger.

III 2. Michael Stover, d. 1824, m. Feb. 4, 1799 to Elizabeth Solenbarger.

III 3. Jacob Stover, b. ca. 1775, Pa. m. March 22, 1798 to Susannah Solenbarger.

III 4. Daniel Stover, son of William and Christina (Miller) Stover, b. 1781 in Pa. d. 1879 (age 98) Washington Co. Ind. i. Martinsburg, Ind. Cemetery, m. Apr. 8, 1806, Botetourt Co. Va. to Mary (Polly) Frantz, dau. of Michael Frantz, b. 1787, Pa. d. in Washington Co. Ind., i. Same as husband.

Daniel and Polly Stover had made the long journey from Botetourt Co. Va. to Southern Indiana. They settled in Washington Co. in the "Pulltight" area, which is between Martinsburg and Greenville. From our records we believe that Daniel and Abraham were cousins, who had come to Ind., probably about the same time. Their sons: 1. John, 2. William, 3. Martin, died in 1860, Civil War.

IV 4. (Betsy) Elizabeth Stover, dau. of Daniel and Polly (Frantz) Stover, b. Sept. 1832, d. 1871, m. 1847 to Michael Brock, b. Feb. 9, 1826, d. Apr. 1905. Their children: 1. Marion 1849. 2. Albert, 1852. 3. George, 1855-1859. 4. Mary Adeline, 1858-1946.

V 4. Mary Adeline Brock, dau. Michael and Elizabeth (Stover) Brock, b. Jan. 22, 1858, Clark Co. Ind., d. Oct. 7, 1946, Washington Co. Ind., m. Feb. 2, 1886 to William Marion Martin, b. July 28, 1857, d. Feb. 25, 1923 at Martinsburg, Ind.

Issue: Children of William and Mary Adeline (Brock) Martin: 1. Herman, 2. Omer Clifton, 3. Susan, 4. Lennie, 5. Russell.

- VI 1. Herman B. Martin, b. Jan. 2, 1887, d. May 23, 1888.
- VI 2. Omer C. Martin, b. May 29, 1889, d. Jan. 2, 1952, m. Oct. 9, 1914 to Effie May Akers, b. Oct. 9, 1889, d. May 27, 1953. Their first son, Donald Wayne, b. Aug. 22, 1915, d. Dec. 21, 1915.
- VII 2. Josephine A. Martin, b. Oct. 7, 1917, m. Sept. 18, 1937 to William E. Wyman, b. Nov. 3, 1917, Marengo, Ind.
- VIII 1. Tommy Martin Wyman, b. July 14, 1928, m. 1957 to Jacqueline Little. Their children: 1. Tommy Omer, 2. Will, 3. Kathy.
- VIII 2. Jane Adeline Wyman, b. Sept. 12, 1951, m. Lynn Bowman. Their children: 1. Jon, 2. Amy.
- VII 3. William K. "Billy" Martin, b. May 25, 1928, m. Aug. 2, 1946 to Imogene Faye Mull, b. Nov. 25, 1927. Their children: Connie Leigh Martin, m. Don Porter, Tenn. Their son, Martin., 2. Sandra Irene Martin, m. Walker Dobbs, Ala. Their dau., Juliet., 3. William Craig Martin, lives (1977) Martinsburg, Ind.
- VI 3. Susan E. Martin, b. July 8, 1892, d. Sept. 3, 1892.
- VI 5. Russell Harold Martin, b. Sept. 24, 1896, d. Aug. 28, 1963 in Martinsburg, Ind., m. June 18, 1927 to Hazel Kathleen Anderson, b. Oct. 2, 1906. Their daughter:
- VII 1. Aileen Rose Martin, b. May 23, 1928, m. June 1, 1947 to Donald C. Trainer. Their two children:
- VIII 1. Donetta Trainer, b. Jan. 7, 1948, m. to James Brossia. Their twins: Russell and Lynn Brossia., 2. Steven Trainer, b. Nov. 17, 1956.





VI GENERATION: LENNIE ROSE (MARTIN) BERKEY

Lennie Rose (Martin) Berkey, Fourth child of William and Mary Adaline (Brock) Martin is the only person of my acquaintance that is a descendant of the Stovers. It was only since I became interested in writing this book that we had communicated with her although she lives at nearby Salem, Ind. From my observation it is very apparent that Lennie has always been a substantial and able citizen and leader in her community, a loyal and faithful Christian in her church, and dearly loved by her family. This appreciation, love, and affection for Lennie was manifested on Wednesday, June 16, 1976 at a Mother-Daughter Banquet at the First Christian Church, Salem, Ind., where she is a member. The theme for the program was "Life Has Its Moments". The following are excerpts taken from the local paper:

The pastor, Dr. J. Maurice Thompson, related early "moments" in the history and founding of Salem and the Christian Church. He said that people of great faith and devotion were necessary in the life of any church, and one of these persons was Mrs. Lennie Berkey. He said, "This is your moment, Mrs. Berkey." She was escorted to the seat of honor when family and friends related and recalled great "moments" in her life.

She had not only rendered great service to the church but also genealogical and historical research for the Christopher Harrison Chapter D.A.R., and historian for various community clubs, including the Washington County Historical Society.

VI 4. Lennie Rose Martin, Fourth child of William and Mary Adaline (Brock) Martin, b. Aug. 15, 1893, d. Mar. 17, 1981, i. Crown Hill Cemetery, m. June 20, 1917 to Atty. James Garfield Berkey, b. Feb. 18, 1881, d. Nov. 3, 1961. Lived in Salem, Ind.  
 Issue: 1. Jonas M., 2. Lucy M., Richard J., 4. Virginia F., 5. David B., 6. Eleanor L.  
 Lineage: Lennie<sup>6</sup>, Mary Adaline<sup>5</sup>, Elizabeth<sup>4</sup>, David<sup>3</sup> Wm<sup>2</sup>, Bishop Wm. Stover<sup>1</sup>.

VII 1. Jonas Martin Berkey, son of James and Lennie (Martin) Berkey, b. Apr. 21, 1918, m. Dec. 4, 1942 to Mildred Marjory McBride, b. Apr. 7, 1919, Jeffersonville, Ind. Jonas has been pastor for 20 years of the Christian Church (Disciples): his wife is a public school music teacher; former president of Ky. State Music Teachers' Ass'n. Their children:

VIII 1. James Morton Berkey, b. Jan. 3, 1948, m. to Eva Beach. Both graduates of Indiana University

and live at Bloomington, Ind. His interests are Radio and T.V.

VIII 2. Robert Mark Berkey, b. Dec. 22, 1951. He is a graduate of the Uni. of Ky. Lives, 1976, Palo Alto, Calif.

VII 2. Lucy Marian Berkey, b. June 12, 1920, m. (1st) Aug. 24, 1947 to Harold Voyles, Salem, Ind., m. (2nd) to Carl R. Podoll, Wise. (1976) live in Santa Monica, Calif. He works in Venice Post Office. She has A.B. degree from I. U. and was Art teacher in Columbus, Ind. Joined WAVES at Wash. D.C.

VII 3. Richard James Berkey, b. June 24, 1922, m. Aug. 29, 1948 to Martha Mae Barrett. He is a Disciple of Christ Minister located (1976) Phoenix, Ariz. Director of N. Phoenix Corporate Ministeries (ecumenical). She is a musician. Their children:

VIII 1. Evan Lewis Berkey, b. Aug. 8, 1952. Graduate Manchester, Ind. Teaches Lowell, Ind.

VIII 2. Karen Elizabeth Berkey, b. Dec. 18, 1954, Musician College, Olympia, Wash.

VIII 3. Eric Douglas Berkey, b. Apr. 23, 1956. Interests: architecture.

VII 4. Virginia Florence Berkey, b. July 24, 1923, m. Sept. 27, 1947 to Dr. Donald Lane Martin, Louisville, Ky. She has A.B. degree I. U., M.A. Yale School of Nursing, Nurses Corps W.W. II. He was in the Navy, San Diego. Homeplace Clinic, Hazard, Ky. for 20 yrs. Practicing physician, Salem, Ind. 1977.

Issue: Children of Dr. Donald and Virginia (Berkey) Martin:

VIII 1. Carol Ann Martin, b. Apr. 4, 1950. A.B. degree medical technician, I. U., m. James Lukens of Jeffersonville, Ind. M.D. degree, intern Federal Hospital Panama.

2. Donald Charles Martin, b. Apr. 17, 1951. Graduate of U. of Eastern Ky. Musician. Service master manager.

3. Gail Ruth Martin, b. Apr. 21, 1954, m. Michael Napier, Hazard, Ky. He had mining interests. She, medical Sec'y.

4. Richard Earl Martin, b. Sept. 15, 1960.

5. David Bonner Berkey, b. Feb. 8, 1925, m. Oct. 20, 1950, Carol Elaine Trotter of Paoli, Ind. He is a graduate of I. U., is employed in the office of Cummins Engine Co. Columbus, Ind. His wife was a Journalism major. Both are officers in the Presbyterian Church (1977) in Columbus. Their children:

1. Todd Allen Berkey, b. Oct. 11, 1954. Attended Purdue Uni. and Evansville, Ind. College. m. to Donna Gibson at Columbus, Ind. March 4, 1977.

2. Kristin Elaine Berkey, b. July 15, 1956, m. June 19, 1976 at the First United Presbyterian Church in Columbus, Ind. to Gregory Adkins. She attended Hanover and Franklin Colleges.

3. Nina Beth Berkey, b. Sept. 13, 1957. Attends Ind. Uni. majoring in Art.

6. Eleanor Lyon Berkey, b. Sept. 26, 1929, m. 1950 to Ralph K. Frew, Willoughby, Ohio, b. Mar. 11, 1927. She is a graduate of Hiram College, Ohio. Teaches an Art class at Evanston, Ill., Art Center. He is an attorney with Interlake Steel in Chicago. They live at Flossmoor, Ill. Their children:

1. Stephen Berkey Frew, b. Mar. 8, 1951. Has a J.D. degree from Case-Western Reserve School of Law in Cleveland. Is a practicing attorney 1977. 2. Peter Kindler Frew, b. Jan. 24, 1953, is studying photography and film making in Chicago. 3. Melissa Ann Frew, b. Aug. 12, 1956. Attended the University of Mich. at Ann Arbor in the School of Music, majoring in harp. She is an accomplished musician.

III 8. ESTHER STOVER, dau. of William and Christina (Miller) Stover, b. abt. 1790, m. Aug. 19, 1810 in Botetourt Co. Va. to John Frantz, son of Christian and Ann Frantz (? -1822).

Esther Stover was the daughter of William Stover who was the son of Bishop William Stover. She was the niece of Dr. George Stover, thus the first cousin of my great grandfather, Abraham Stover. I have traced the relationship with my second teacher, Miss Addie Frantz. John Frantz died and Esther married Joshua Lee. They moved from Virginia to Washington County, Indiana in 1826.

IV 1. William H. Frantz, son of John and Esther (Stover) Frantz, b. Sept. 23, 1917, Botetourt Co. Va., d. March 30, 1895, i. Martinsburg, Ind. Cemetery. m. to Nancy Martin, b. Mar. 9, 1917, Botetourt Co. Va., d. Aug. 24, 1861, i. Same as her husband.

Issue: Children of William and Nancy (Martin) Frantz: 1. Elizabeth, m. James Leach 2. James T. died at 13 3. Esther Frantz Voyles: granddaughter, Pauline, with whom I went to Lick Branch School.

V 4. Aaron B. Frantz, son of William and Nancy (Martin) Frantz, b. Feb. 14, 1852, d. July 6, 1918, i. Crown Hill Cemetery, Salem, Ind., m. 1875 to Lucy Shepherd, dau. of James and Sarah (Riphey) Shepherd, b. 1853, d. abt. 1940, i. Same as husband.

Aaron Frantz was a teacher for 44 years. He taught my mother, Martha Ellen Jackson Brugh at the Little Red School House in Jackson Twp. Wash. Co. Ind. abt. 1872; and he taught my brother, Charles Brugh, at Lick Branch in the same Twp. about 1913.

Issue: Children of Aaron and Lucy (Shepherd) Frantz: 1. James Kent, 2. Bruce C., 3. Addie (Nancy Sara Adaline).

Lineage: Kent F.<sup>6</sup>, Aaron F.<sup>5</sup>, William F.<sup>4</sup>, Esther Stover F.<sup>3</sup>, William Stover<sup>2</sup>, Bishop Wm. Stover<sup>1</sup>.

VI 1. James Kent Frantz, b. 1879 Jackson Twp. Wash. Co. Ind., taught school in that same Twp. at Lick Branch, about 1904. He later became a mail clerk on the Monon and at Michigan City. m. (1st) Minnie Mosier (divorced). Their children were two daughters, Vivian and ?. m. (2nd) Clara McKay, living in Mich. City, Ind. 1970.

## ELIZABETH STOVER BROCK -Lennie Martin Berkey

Elizabeth Stover Brock was the mother of my mother, Mary Adaline Brock Martin. Mother lost her when she herself was only 13, so that she missed much of the knowledge of the Stover family she might have learned by talking to her when she was older. Elizabeth was commonly called Betsy and was the daughter of Daniel Stover. (There was at least one other Betsy Stover in Washington County, the daughter of Abe Stover, the strong man.) Mother thought her grandmother's maiden name was Mary Frantz, but she was never sure. If so, there was a double intermarriage between the Stover and Frantz families, for the grandmother of Aaron Frantz, well-known Jackson Twp. teacher, was Esther Stover. Mother's brother, Marion Brock, in his family write-up in the Clarke Co. history, said his grandmother Stover was Polly Ann Carvia.

Daniel Stover and his wife came to Indiana from Virginia when already middle-aged people and settled on a farm east of Martinsburg, in the Sandbank neighborhood. Their children were Susan, John, William, Martin and Betsy, and perhaps others unknown to Mother. Susan married a Nicholson and Martin married Jaxaline Packwood; about the others we do not know. Elizabeth, or Betsy, was born in the cholera year, 1833. When she was just a little girl, Michael Brock saw her at a candy-pulling and decided, right then, that he was going to wait for her, until she grew up.

Michael Brock's father was George W. Brock, a Hardshell Baptist preacher who had married Elizabeth McKinley, daughter of James McKinley, a pioneer in the New Providence neighborhood, later Borden. Elizabeth McKinley had also a brother James whose children Mother remembered well as a very jolly bunch of people of Irish descent. They were William McKinley, Jemima Bell, Rachel Elrod, Judy Fordyce and Emmeline Johnson. The family of Mother's grandparents, George and Elizabeth Brock consisted of five boys and five girls: Alec (wife not known); Jim (wife not known); Michael (married Elizabeth Stover); George (married an Evans); Marion (married Sarilda Goss); Polly (married a Williams); Elizabeth (married Albert Halley); Jemima (married Dr. Hart); Sally (married David Goss); and Nancy (married John Cooley). Several of these children moved to Sullivan co.

Michael and Betsy were married in 1848 when she was 15 and he was nearly 21. Their home was just across the line from Jackson Twp. in Wood Twp., Clarke Co, the farm now being the Simon Fordyce place. The house was a log one, with one large room below and a ladder reaching to the loft above. A log kitchen was built off to itself. The children born into the Michael Brock home were as follows:

Francis Marion	born 1849	married Abigail Brown
Albert Jefferson	born 1852	married Lou Johnson
George	born 1855	died, aged 4
Mary Adaline	born 1858	married William M. Martin
James Christian	born 1860	married Elizabeth Losson
Sarah	born 1863	died, aged 9 months
Susan Sarilda	born 1865	married William Cogswell
Michael C. Kerr	born 1868	married Della Farrell

Not long after their marriage, Michael and Betsy attended a meeting at Coats Schoolhouse, held by the fiery old preacher, "Uncle Lem" Martin. They were baptized by him, placing their membership at Martinsburg later.

My mother, who was called Adaline in her home community, was the fourth child and the first girl to be born into the family. Being the oldest daughter, she learned much from constant companionship with her busy, capable mother. Betsy was a handsome woman, large framed and broad shouldered. Her coal black hair was drawn down over her ears in shining wings, and she had large gray eyes. The little Adaline loved to watch her mother at work. She saw her sew by candlelight, thrusting the tip of her thread into the flame to singe it smooth. She heard her sing at her spinning wheel, drawing out the wool into slender strands of yarn. She and her niece, Catherine Stover, wove beautiful coverlets

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which Mother always wished had been saved. Betsy was also a fine cook. In addition to fireplaces, she had a little "step" stove.

During the Civil War, the family lived for three or four years on another Wood Township farm, which was later the home for many years of the oldest Marion. At the close of the war they went to live on the Daniel Stover farm in Washington Co., to care for the aged "Dad" Stover, and there they remained after his death.

The war brought such sorrow to Betsy, as she lost her three brothers, John, William and Martin. Also, a favorite nephew, "Little Dave" Stover, had his toes shot off. The latter came home after the war, crippled and covered with body lice or "graybacks", and his aunt, Betsy, cut his hair for him and had him bathe and change clothes in an outbuilding. Mother had vivid memories of the war as a time of fear, suspicion and privation. She recalled the excitement of the household when her father and brothers moulded bullets and prepared to go to the scene of Morgan's Raid at Salem, and she remembered her mother's kindness to the refugees who straggled northward, often on foot, after the Rebellion was over.

Betsy Stover Brock was ambitious for her children. They received their common school education at Rose Hill school which later the oldest son, Marion, taught for 17 years. Marion also became a Christian Church preacher. The older boys attended the "Male and Female Academy" at Salem, and Jim and Al also became teachers. Betsy had planned to educate Adaline also but unfortunately she died in 1871, following the birth of another child that did not live. She was only 38 years old and so badly needed that her death was a tragedy to her family. They buried her at Pleasant Ridge, wearing the coral pin that "Little Dave" had brought her when he came home from the war. The 13-year-old Adaline who later became my mother was left with the burden of the housework on her young shoulders, assisted at first by relatives and other help, and she remained at home with her father, brothers and young sister, not marrying until she was 28 years old.

The memory of a mother of irreproachable character and high ideals was a great heritage for her children. They could never forget her energy, thrift and honesty, but they always felt that their lives would have been so much different if they could have kept her with them longer.

Preface-Winding Path

Mother was 83 in January of this year. Dimmer of eye, harder of hearing and slower of step than formerly, she still retains the keenness of mind and clearness of memory that have always been hers. Looking back over her life with its varied experiences she says, "I have come a long and winding way. If you could see the trail I have left behind me, it would be as crooked as the calf path in the poem we used to read." But we who love her know that her trail, though wavering, has been a shining thread, illuminated by her spirit of kindness, sympathy and generosity, and her large contribution to the useful work of the world. This is the story of a part of that trail

Lennie Martin Berkey, 1941

*Salem, Ind.*

Chapter I. Early Childhood, 1858-61

The arrival of a baby daughter in the humble home of Michael and Betsy Brock on January 22, 1858 was cause for much rejoicing, for the three children who had come before were all boys - Marion now 9, Albert 6 and George 3 years old.

"Sure now, Betsy," may have been the words of Michael, who had inherited a lovable twist of the tongue from his Irish mother, "you'll have somebody to help you before long. And a right peart little mite she is, too!" The small boys were no doubt much interested in the prospect of a sister, especially George, the youngest.

The baby girl was named Mary Adaline, the Mary being in honor of Betsy's mother, Mary ("Polly") Frantz Stover, and grew to be a slender, delicate child with dark hair and gray-blue eyes.

The neighborhood where the Brocks lived was on a line between Clark and Washington Counties in southern Indiana. Wood Township in Clark and Jackson Township in Washington held the homes of their neighbors and friends while some were in the northern corners of Harrison and Floyd Counties, just to the south. New Albany on the Ohio River was only 18 miles away, but for trading points there were the near-by small towns of Martinsburg, New Providence and Greenville.

The farm owned by Michael Brock was later known as the Simon Fordyce place. The house was a log one with one large room below and a ladder reaching to the loft above. A log kitchen was built off to itself. The road which passed by the house did not follow the township line but cut off a corner of the farm. Michael had a cooper shop where he made barrels, standing across the road from the house, and it was amusing to the children that the shop was in Washington County and the rest of the farm in Clark. "Watch me jump from one county to the other", the boys would say as they scampered across the narrow dirt road that was so dusty in summer time and muddy in the winter. Perhaps it was because of the particularly muddy roads that the neighborhood was sometimes called "Pulltight."

There were the usual ups and downs in the family, such as there always are when children are in the group. Marion was subject to inflammatory rheumatism and had his first attack when only 7 years old. Another time Marion fell out of a tree and broke his arm. It was set by a neighbor, Mrs. Jesse Brown.

Funny little incidents, too, were always remembered. One day Marion and Al took their dog out in the woods and it caught a ground squirrel. Betsy fried the little thing to please the children and when they had eaten it Al said, "Come on, Marion, let's go huntin'!" Again, Betsy sent the two little boys one day to what was later the Joe Nicholson farm where a man named Winterstein had a small grocery.

The Wintersteins had 3 girls, Ellen, Tilda and Clara, and a vicious bull-dog which they kept chained. As the boys appeared, the dog lunged and broke its chain. Marion picked up a rock, and, small as he was, happened to hit the dog in the center of its head. It fell over, completely knocked out; Winterstein began to scold because his dog was killed, but it soon came back to life.

A frequent visitor at the Brock table was Michael's unmarried brother Marion, a jolly young man for whom the little Marion was named. Uncle Marion helped work in the cooper shop when not employed elsewhere, and the youngsters were always glad to have him come, even if he did tease them most of the time. He liked to tell of the jokes he had played on people, for instance of the time he heard his preacher father was to marry a couple, but the old man had said nothing about it. Marion dressed for the occasion, went on ahead and, though uninvited, was sitting among the guests when his father got there.

Uncle Marion's special name for Betsy was "Lizzie". He thought a great deal of her but had to tease her too. He had found that one of her weaknesses was a great fear of snakes. A snake had tried to swallow the head of a hen she had set on a nest of eggs in a hollow tree, and she had found her dead. Another ~~hen~~ snake, hidden beneath some bundles of flax in the barn, had stole a number of newly hatched chicks, and she didn't like it a bit. So one night when the moon shone bright as day, "Lizzie" crossed the road and went down the path to the spring on the Wash. Co. corner of the farm - a fine spring with a smooth rock basin which Adaline could always remember seeing her mother sweep and clean out so that she could dip up a big bucketful at once. She filled her pail and started back up the path when something long and black appeared on the path before her. A snake! She screamed and started to run, only to be stopped by Uncle Marion's hearty laugh. He had laid a leather strap across the path.

One day Uncle Marion grew tired of little Al's habitual fretfulness at the table. He would cry at this and that and cause a disturbance at every meal. So one day Uncle Marion suddenly arose from his place, took Al by the back of the neck and set him outdoors. "Durn your soul," he said with mock severity (He had his own brand of profanity that never meant a thing.) "Stay there till you can behave yourself!" and he shut the door. Michael and Betsy said nothing. Al remained outside till the meal was over and never acted up at the table again.

Uncle Marion had a sweetheart by the name of Sarilda Goss. Her parents were double cousins and there were four deaf mutes in the family, but Sarilda was a fine healthy, intelligent girl. Betsy saw her one day at Mt. Eton at church and showed her the wee Mary Adaline, her baby girl of whom she was so proud. It was not long until Uncle Marion and Sarilda were married, lived on a farm near by and had some babies of their own.

When the treasured baby girl was only a little over a year old, tragedy fell upon the household. George, who was now 4, was following his father on a warm day, as he ploughed a field. As the boy lagged behind, Michael looked back and saw him hanging his head in a peculiar manner, but he straightened up and came on. Shortly afterward the little fellow was seized with convulsions and died. Grief-stricken, they laid him in the cemetery at Pleasant Ridge, and ever afterward remembered him tenderly as the brightest and sweetest of their boys. They recalled his ability to carry a tune while so young and the way he sang the words of so many songs. A neighbor, Dan Coats had been accustomed to lead him on by starting a song all out of tune. "Hush, Dan George would say, and then sing it himself. Now that he was gone, there was a big gap between the children, for Al and Adaline were 6 years apart. When she was 3, the 5th child was born but it was another boy, James Christian (called "Jim"). Adaline always remembered seeing him first in a little pink dress. Babies then seldom wore white. He was born in 1860, the fatal year when the Civil War began.



All this time little Adaline had been growing into knowledge of the world about her - a happy little world which centered about her busy, capable mother. Betsy was a handsome woman, large framed and broad shouldered, and she moved about her work with easy strength. Her coal black hair was drawn over her ears in shining wings, and her large gray eyes were tender and kind. One eye was slightly heavy-lidded, which detracted a bit from her appearance but Michael thought she was the most beautiful woman in the world. He often told how he saw her at a candy pulling when she was just a little girl and decided right then he would wait for her to grow up. She had been born in the cholera year, 1832, and he married her when she was 15 and he was not quite 21. (They were married 19 months when their first child, Francis Marion, was born, so she was not such a child mother after all.)

Adaline loved to watch her mother at work. She saw her sit and sew by candle-light, thrusting the tip of her freshly broken thread in the flame to singe it smooth. She watched her at her spinning wheel, singing as she drew out the wool into slender strands of yarn. Sometimes she would stub her toe on the leg of the big wheel and stop with a little squeal of pain. If Michael heard her he would laugh and say, "Well, you knew it was there, didn't you?" Also Betsy was a fine cook and her skill with the kettles and pans was worth watching too. Her utensils were few and heavy, consisting largely of iron pots and skillets and several sizes of stone jars. It was no wonder that when Betsy was sick and Mel Coats was working there, small Adaline followed her about, saying, "Mother never does it like that", finally the girl told her to shut up, for she would do as she pleased. For this rebuff, Adaline naughtily got even by calling her, "Old Yellow Neck"!

The little girl was now becoming more aware of her neighbors and relatives. She went with her mother to visit Grand-dad Daniel Stover who was very old and lived on a farm just over in Wash. Co. a little way. That was the place where he had settled when he came from Virginia, years before. Betsy had lived there as a child and the place was dear to her. Her handsome brother, Martin Stover, who had married Jaxaline Packwood, lived there now with Dad, for Grandmother Stover was dead, and Uncle Martin's had some little boys - Ross and Sam, and little Lafayette who died. She learned to know the neighbors - the Dan Coats family, the Jonathan Miller family, and dear old Granny Breedlove (widow of Jake Breedlove) who was the mother of Mrs. Miller and lived alone in a little log cabin ~~with~~ with her garden spot surrounded by a fence she had made herself by chopping out stakes and driving them in the ground. As soon as she was old enough, Adaline would thread bunches of needles for Granny whose eyes were failing. Granny gave her bulbs and roots of flowering plants which she kept for years.

A neighbor they liked but laughed at for her careless ways was Caroline Scott, daughter of Joe Nicholson. She had a daughter they called "Sis" who was going to be married to Eph Goss, another neighbor. On the day before the wedding Betsy went over to Scotts' to help cook for the wedding feast. Caroline's sister, "Sug" Wade, was there because she was a fine hand at making "pound cake". As "Aunt Sug" reached down into the flour barrel to get flour for her cakes, she kept throwing out suspicious looking lumps, and saying in her nasal voice, "More cat!" Betsy said to her children at home, "Now don't you eat anything at the big dinner tomorrow but just what I give you." And they were very careful to obey her.

Caroline was as careless about her sewing as she was about her cooking arrangements. She wanted a new white dress to wear to church one Sunday, so she bought white dotted Swiss on Saturday after, cut it out and made the dress that night with a darning needle, since she couldn't find a smaller one. When her daughter Mary was married she said, "Mary has five quilts but none of them are bound." She said she never hemmed a shirt-tail in her life. What was the use, since it didn't show?

Over these things and many more neighborhood happenings, the little

Adaline learned to laugh and joke with the others. Her father's people, especially the McKinleys, were a jolly bunch and when any of them came for a day's visit there was fun all the time.

But fun was not the only consideration in the Brock household by any means. Religion was a dominant factor, especially since Michael's father, George W. Brock, was a Hardshell Baptist preacher. Now, however, many had deserted the ranks of the Baptists, for the "Restoration Movement" headed by Alexander Campbell, was gaining strength. In 1833, only a year after Betsy was born, the little Baptist congregation called Friendship which met in a small log meeting house with a fireplace, located at Martinsburg, decided to "lay aside all human documents and take the Bible as their only rule of faith and practice." This became a Church of Christ or "Christian" church, and the churches at Mt. Eton and Pleasant Ridge were the same. A fiery old preacher, Lem Martin who wrote "The Voice of the Seven Thunders" was preaching in the Coats schoolhouse when Michael had not been married long, and he and Betsy were baptized by him and became members of the Christian Church. Those were the days when scores of grown people, many of them husbands and wives, were going down hand in hand to the water's edge where "Uncle Lem" immersed them. His method of preaching often aroused fear in his listeners, for he declared the end of the world was at hand and pictured the terrors of the last judgment and eternal punishment in fire and brimstone; nevertheless, much of his work was constructive and helped to lay the foundations of churches living today.

Minerva Wood, a hired girl who was staying with the older Brock children one day when they were very small, and the parents had gone to church, saw Betsy coming up the front path, drawing off her half-hand gloves in haste. The preacher was coming to dinner with them, and what a hurrying around that was!

## Chapter II. The Civil War and a New Home. 1861-65

Beginning with the year that Baby Jim was born, the Brock household began to feel the effects of the great struggle between the States. Southern Indiana, so near the slave state of Kentucky, was a perilous place to live and fear became a part of every day's routine. The head of the house was almost afraid to answer a knock at the door after dark, for fear of being shot down. Food necessities became scarce and expensive. There was no money for Knick-knacks and few luxuries were at hand to buy, anyway. The children considered it a treat to roast small potatoes in the fireplace, to parch corn and chew it, or to shave off thin slices from a piece of beef, dried by the fire.

Worst of all, the draft began to take more and more until some of those with families had to go. Michael, though now 35 and the father of 4 living children, might have had to go but escaped because he had asthma. Betsy's married brothers, William and Martin/Stover, went to war, and also a favorite nephew they called "Little Dave".

Even in such serious times, the amusing element would creep in. A neighbor, Billy West, was "scared stiff" for fear he would be forced into the army. He had in mind just what he would say if a draft agent summoned him. He would give as an excuse the fact that he was weak in the breast. One day a knock came and a voice asked, "Who's there?" Instead of "William West" Billy stuttered, "W-w-William W-w-Weak -in-the-breast". The visit proved to be a neighbor, who found the joke too good to keep.

In the midst of war times, Michael Brock changed farms. It happened that Bob Scott wanted more land and offered enough for the place where Adaline was born that her father sold out to him and bought another place not far away, from "Old Man Stuffer" (Stoeffel?). This farm was later the home of Adaline's oldest brother, Marion, for many years. The house was farther back

from the road than the one now on the place, and it had a long porch with a small bedroom at one end and an entry and kitchen at the other.

The children were sorry to leave their home but thrilled over moving. They could not ~~xxx~~ foresee that they would know much sorrow in the new home but it was to be. News came before long that two of the Stover boys were dead, somewhere in the South. William had had dysentery badly when home on furlough. Then Martin, the handsome uncle with his coal black hair, bright blue eyes and rosy cheeks, took measles. He did not have proper care, developed complications, and was sent home, where he died six weeks later. He was the one of whom a homely old maid, Katie Newman, had said, "I never saw but on man I'd have, and that was Mart Stover."

Another time, word was received that "Little Dave" had had his toes shot off while lying on the ground under heavy firing, and that the same shell had killed Bill Coats, one of Dan's boys. Michael went up to Dan's to sympathize but surprisingly found Dan's wife, Mary Ann, sweeping the porch and singing, "We'll rally 'round the Flag, boys". Luckily the report about Bill was a false one and he and his brother Henry came home later bringing their mother an expensive calico dress of which she was very proud.

When little Jim was nearly 3 years old, and Adaline 6, a new baby sister came as a wonderful gift. Now Adaline had a little girl to love and pet, and she played with her and rocked her by the hour. But little Sarah lived only 9 months and succumbed to an attack of cholera infantum. Another little grave was made at Pleasant Ridge beside that of George's. Adaline was broken hearted and grieved after her for months.

About this time Michael's mother, Elizabeth McKinley Brock, came to end her days with her son's family. Her husband, George W. Brock, the Baptist preacher, had died while visiting some of his children in Sullivan Co. and had not been brought back for burial.

Now that her husband, Martin Stover, was dead, Jaxaline Packwood Stover decided to go to Iowa where some of her people had gone and take her boys, Ross and Sam, to a new country where they could have better advantages. One morning they came by as they were starting west, to say their farewells to everybody. "Tell Granny Good-bye for me", said Jaxaline, and Adaline told Grandmother, who by that time was bedfast. She died soon and was buried at Pleasant Ridge. It was understood that eventually Michael and Betsy would have to go and live with Dad Stover, now that he was alone and so very old, but in the meantime a family by the name of Ritter moved in with him. Mrs. Ritter was not very industrious, preferring to sit and read rather than work. They said she wore out the backs of her skirts by sitting so much. She had 2 boys, Coon and Louis, both in the army, and often read war news for those who could not read. Young Marion Brock did this too, for he was a good reader. Newspapers were scarce and everybody was eager to hear.

At last came the welcome news that the war was over and the boys would come home. No Stover boys, alas, could come but the nephew, "Little Dave" with his crippled foot. When he came his aunt Betsy made him bathe and change his clothes in an outbuilding, and she cut his hair for him, so that he would carry lice into the house. The Ritter boys had already brought "gray-backs" to Dad Stover's and they had even gotten into the padding of Dad's big chair. Coon Ritter had had a toothache while in the army and Doc Voyles, an Army surgeon from back home, had broken his jaw while pulling a tooth. It never healed right, so all his life he wore a bandage around his jaw like an ad for "Dent's Toothache Gum".

Adaline was tickled to pieces over the things Little Dave brought home for gifts. He brought Betsy a beautiful coral brooch or "breastpin" and for Adaline there was material for two calico dresses. Calico was high then, being fifty or sixty cents a yard, and she was proud as a peacock.

After the war, refugees from the South began to straggle northward. A family settled in a little old cabin quite near, and Betsy told Adaline she

must not show her dresses to the little girl of that family, for it would make her feel too bad. A little incident Adaline never forgot happened after they had been there quite a while. The little refugee girl from the cabin came carrying a hen to try to sell to Betsy. While she was there the hen laid an egg!

One day a whole family dragged up to the house on foot, carrying little bundles. Betsy had been churning so she brought out a bucketful of fresh buttermilk for them. They drank it eagerly and then the man of the party stretched out for rest in a dry water trough which stood near. "Oh, hum, weak as a cat", he sighed.

A young man called Mike Corklin, a refugee who had a short leg and wore a high heel on one shoe, began to keep company with Tilda Winterstein, one of the girls at the little grocery.

"Refugees are gettin' mighty grand,  
Courtin' little girls in the Pulltight land" sang Marion and other neighbor boys. Ellen Winterstein married Frank Graves and went to Texas.

The close of the war brought a scourge of black erysipelas which fell heavily on Aunt Sarilda. It took her mother, Mrs. Alec Goss, and also her little daughter Laura. Another of her children, little Ephie, died of brain fever, or water on the brain, so that she was bereft indeed.

### Chapter III. Another New Home 1865-68

Early in the spring of '65 the Brocks began to get ready to move again over to Dad Stover's. The family of Harve Sigler, the school teacher at Rose Hill, where the Brock children went, was wanting to move in even before they left, so Betsy gave them the bedroom at the end of the porch in which to store part of their things.

Harve Sigler was the only teacher Adaline ever had. Rose Hill was a mile and a half away, the school term was only three months and she was a frail child, not always able to attend. In addition to these drawbacks, Harve Sigler drank heavily. At times when he was drinking, Adaline would not be called to recite a single lesson all day. He would stroll down into the woods often, and boys following him would report that he had a bottle hidden there. Adaline was sorry for his family because he had a bunch of fine girls - Anne and Jane, Lide, Clara, Becky and Nora, and one boy, Clabe. School was pleasant because of the friends there, the lively games, and all the happy associations of childhood. Adaline had pretty little white hands and the girls at school were always admiring them.

Betsy recognized the fact that Adaline had a bright mind and good memory, being particularly quick at doing sums "in her head", and she planned to educate her as far as she could, when the child was older and stronger.

The older children of the family were growing up now. Marion was 16 in '65, the year that saw the close of the war. Al was 13 and little Adaline was 7. Jim was the baby again, since Sarah had died, but he was 4 years old. In the late spring the move to the Stover place was made and shortly afterward, in the beautiful month of June, Adaline again had her heart's desire, a baby sister. This one she was destined to keep and enjoy all her life. Betsy named her Susan for her older sister who had married a Nicholson and moved to Dubois County, perhaps hoping she would grow up to be as pretty as Susan's daughter, Polly Ann, who later married a Rose.

It was fun to live at Grand-dad's. He was lots of fun himself. He looked like a patriarch with a long beard, he kept tied down with a string. He would amuse Adaline and Jim by sitting very still outdoors until a

bird would come and try to steal a hair out of his whiskers. He read out of a German Bible and could sing German songs. He told about the trip he made from Virginia years before, and showed a little tar bucket he found along the trail. He bottomed chairs with bark and splints and was interesting to watch. He died only a year or two later at the age of 98 (This was wrong. Census record shows he was only .-L.R.B.) He was buried at Martinsburg and young Marion helped to fill the grave near the cedar tree where his son Martin had been laid. After he was gone they gave his German Bible to Frank Finger, a German neighbor. (This Bible is in the museum at John Hay Center in Salem.)

The home where Adaline was to live for 21 years had a summer kitchen in the rear with a covered porch between kitchen and house. It was not until Adaline was learning to cook in that Kitchen. The first time she baked corn bread, her father (having been privately informed as to the new cook) praised it to the skies. "Sure as good as any pound cake", he said. "It even tastes sweet!" She learned to sew and knit, to take care of the baby, and to work in the yard, where she transplanted more of Granny Breedlove's flowers, as well as many more useful things.

One day while out along the road, a German girl who was a stranger approached her. She spoke no English but inquired for "Schmitt", which was the name of a close neighbor family of German people. Adaline walked with her to show her the way and she gave her a "Copper Johnson", the first nickel she had ever seen. This was during the administration of President Andrew Johnson. Before that time, when she had a bit of money it was a paper "shin plaster" or a little thin half dime.

It happened that there were no little girls her age in the families of the close neighbors, so Adaline's playmates were boys. Marion Coats, Mart Miller and her cousin Alec Brook were her companions. Small wonder that she became a good deal of a tomboy. Shooting marbles, pitching horseshoes and running races were her favorite games and when it came to racing, Adaline could beat them all. "Half-hammin'" was what they called a hop, skip and jump race, and she was good at that too. Those boys with whom she played so often held a very tender place in her heart, all their lives.

Adaline was handy with a hammer and nails, too. Her father used to say he would have had one carpenter if she had been a boy.

At this farm the family was quite near the house of Uncle Marion and Aunt Sarilda. Uncle Marion wanted a piece of ground cleared and offered the boys all they could make on it the first year if they would remove the trees and undergrowth. They did so and planted corn. Granny Breedlove's chickens roamed the field and scratched until in desperation young Marion killed three of them. When Betsy heard the news she was much upset. "If we tell it", she said, "the Millers will be mad and cause trouble, but she must be paid back." So three times Betsy dressed a hen or young fowl and Adaline took them to Granny, saying, "Mother sent you a chicken", never suspecting she was receiving only her just due.

Not long after the war one of Michael's sisters, Elizabeth, who had married Albert Halley, came from her home in Sullivan Co. with her family to make a visit. Mr. Halley had been in the army and gave Al a soldier cap. Al drove the family all around the country in a farm wagon to see their relatives and neighbors until it grew a bit tiresome. Marion teased him and made up a rhyme:

"Says Allie to Halley, giving the horse a rap,  
'I'll go the whole trip for a soldier cap'".

Michael had one sister, Polly, who married a Williams and also lived in Sullivan Co. She met a tragic end when her sister-in-law, Jane Williams slipped up behind her while she was dressing a little turkey, and cut her throat. The woman was given a life sentence for the deed. Brothers of Michael whose families came from time to time were Alec and George from

Sullivan Co. and Jim from Navillton, not so far away. Other sisters were Jemima who married Dr. Hart, Sallie who married Dave Goss and lived in Jackson Co., and Nancy who married John Cooley, a Civil War soldier. Nancy was the youngest and died of "quick consumption" after being drenched in a shower of rain when her only child, Sherman, was a baby.

Once when Uncle Jim's daughter, Betsy Ann, had come from Navillton to visit her, Adaline took her to Martinsburg to trade at Ezra Martin's store. On the way she said, "I'll show you the boy I'm going to marry some day." Bill Martin, the boy she meant, was clerking in his father's store that day. He was a pretty boy but was barefoot and his mother had sewed a new collar of bright material on his faded shirt. Later Betsy Ann laughed heartily at the idea of the future husband.

Many were the tales that were told in those days when neighbors and relatives gathered around the fire in the evenings - stories of ghosts and "ha'nts", strange lights and voices, tokens and warnings were told right before the children until Adaline's blood would often run cold. Paralyzed with fear she would crawl into bed imagining strange faces leering at her or a sepulchral voice asking, "Where's my wooden leg?" It was said that a mineral light would follow a person ~~witxxa~~ born with a caul over his face, and such a person young Marion was said to be.

One of Michael's stories that made Adaline feel very ~~hz~~ sad was that of the way his own grandfather Brock died. They lived not far from Pleasant Ridge, he said, and one day the grandfather started to ride toward Greenville on a horse which became frightened and started to run away. The wife followed as quickly as she could but when she found him he had been thrown from his horse and was lying across a big root of a tree, quite dead.

As a relief from wierd and sad things, it was a pleasure to watch the pranks of Michael's jolly cousins, the McKinley women. There were "Aunt's" Rachel Elrod, Judy Fordyce, Emmeline Johnson and Jemima Bell and a brother, William McKinley. One Sunday three of the old ladies came by. "Three little girls on the way to Sunday School", said one. They liked to tell jokes on each other. Aunt Rachel said she was at Aunt Mize's on day and Mize brought her some butter to season chicken, stewing over the open fire. She said she knew it was strong so she scraped it behind the kettle into the fireplace. When past 80, Aunt Rachel laughed with her grandchildren until she rolled on the floor under the bed.

#### Chapter IV. Significant Changes. 1868 -

The hard years of the Civil War began to fade into memory and better times were at hand. To the Brocks a new son came in 1868 and they named him Michael for his father. There was need for the little boys to grow fast, for the older ones were beginning to leave. The fame of Prof. James May's "Male and Female High School" or "Academy" had spread to these parts and Marion was going, followed a little later by Al. Marion began before long to teach school and was very popular as a teacher. In those days the patrons voted on the teacher of their choice and he was later destined to teach the Rose Hill school for 17 years. His young brother Jim he found to be an unusually bright boy. At 9 years of age he worked the 100 examples in the back of the old arithmetic, which were supposed to be difficult. He acquired the ability to add up several columns at once in a long addition problem and later, in his teaching days, dumbfounded the other teachers at Institute by giving demonstrations of what he could do.

In October of the year 1870, Marion joined the church at Martinsburg where his father was now a deacon, and being already a good speaker he began almost immediately to preach. The influence of a preaching grandfather and a pious father had not been lost on him. Michael had always been strict with regard to his childrens' pastimes. Dancing and card playin



he considered works of Satan and he would not even allow them to read fiction. Soon Marion married Abigail Brown and set up a home of his. Abigail was a plain girl but good as gold and "Abbie" was always the favorite for Marion as long as he lived. Michael's fireside missed the cheer and presence of the eldest son, for he was always pleasant and never blue disagreeable.

About the time that Adaline was 11 or 12 years old, an interdenominational Sunday School was held at the Rose Hill schoolhouse. A Mr. Stacy had come out from New Albany with his family. There were two nice well-mannered boys, Harry and Jasper, and a little girl, Hattie. Mr. Stacy made an excellent superintendent and big crowds came. In summer, seats were placed outside in a grove and they had picnics and programs. One day little Hattie was placed on a table by her father and recited, "Little drops of water, little grains of sand". Adaline's little sister Susie and a playmate, Scott, one time wore white dresses and carried banners in a parade. (Sigler, Harve's son, was active in the programs.

Everybody was sorry when the Stacys decided to move to Texas. There was a sale to which Betsy and the younger children went. An auction was one of the interesting social gatherings of the day. Sorrier still it was when news came back that little Hattie had died on the road to Texas and been buried along the way. John Patton became the new superintendent but he was never as successful.

The church at Pleasant Ridge which had been a Christian Church was almost broken up by Mormons and Mt. Eton was entirely wrecked. The Mormon preachers, Blair and Banty, came from Utah and gained many converts in this section. They tried to practice healing by prayer. Some families let people die rather than call a doctor, while others called only when it was late. John Bywater, an old teacher, and Johnny, Jim and "Blackhawk" Scott, Christian ministers, became Mormons. Jim Scott's daughters talked in different tongues. Debates were held and some converts went directly to Utah. John Bywater argued with Betsy one day but she refused to be convinced. "Have your way" he said, "Have it your way"; he said. "The devil will get you at last."

Into this quiet community near 1870 there came the stirring bustle of a new industry. There was a big deposit of fine hard quartz sand near the joining place of the four counties and a man by the name of J.B. Ford started the experiment of making plate glass at New Albany, having sand hauled from this section. Adaline heard one of the Goss men say, "There are going to be great works here and still greater ones will follow." He thought there were rich deposits, possibly of oil, under the sand. Ford operated his Star Glass Works without much success but later it was to become a real business under the capable management of a wealthy man, Washington C. DePauw.

Tragedy had come into the Brock home before but never as it did in April of 1871. Betsy Stover Brock, beloved mother, died of pneumonia following the birth of another baby that did not live. It was a sudden thing and Adaline could not believe it was true. No mother? Why, Mother was every where. Al was in Salem at school and had to be called home, for his mother's funeral. Only 38 years old, she was, and it seemed unbearably hard. They buried her at Pleasant Ridge, wearing the coral pin Little Dave had brought her, and the silver rings she always wore.

The burden of the housekeeping was now upon Adaline's slender 13-year-old shoulders. She was active and handy at all kinds of work but so small and slightly built that it seemed impossibly hard for her. Susie was only 6 and little Mike 3, almost like a baby to be cared for.

Cousin Betsy Ann Brock, Uncle Jim's daughter from Navililton, came and stayed for long periods of time. Eva Harlow worked for the family as a hired girl. Her face was badly scarred as a reminder of the time she

all her family had smallpox in the days before vaccination.

There were other hired girls but it was all ver unsatisfactory to Michael who felt the need of a capable woman to mother his little children. Such a woman he thought he saw in the person of a widow mann and he made the sad mistake of marrying her. It happened that she was already becoming insane and she had been there only a week when she threatened to cut his throat. Al he could do was to take her back home and divorce her, being financially unable to undertake the separate support of an insane woman, perhaps for year but it hurt his religious conviction, for he believed that adultery was the only scriptural reason for divorce.

Adaline no doubt often felt that the world was a hard old place. She had now no chance for the education her mother had planned for her. She looked sadly at other carefree girls her age and thought, "They have mothers. How can they be so careless of the way they treat them?"

As months went on she grew stronger, wiser and more capable of managing by herself. Her father and brothers helped where they could, the little sister made herself useful, and Adaline soon began not only to get the work done but to engage in the finer arts of hand work. She determined that she could do with her hands anything anyone else could, and proved it. In spinning, weaving, sewing, knitting, crochet, embroidery and other forms of needlework she became expert. At the age of 18 she completed a beautiful appliqued tulip quilt, pieced and quilted every stitch herself. In later years, Susie often said, "It's no wonder I can't sew as well as you can. You always said 'You churn and I'll sew'".

They were always sorry they did not save some of their mother's work. There were two beautiful coverlets which Betsy and her niece Catherine had woven, which should have been carefully preserved. (Catherine was a daughter of John Stover and possibly a sister of another niece, Melitta, who used to visit at Grand-dad Stover's. Catherine married Matthew West for his second wife and they had three children. These Wests moved to Illinois where most of them died of "milk-sick". The cows had eaten white snakeroot. Everett McClellan's mother at Canton was a daughter of Melitta who married Jeff Meadors.)

There were two large turkey platters in the family, one white and one of blue willow ware. One day Mike, the youngest, climbed up in the cupboard for something. It started to sway and seemed about to fall. Michael, who was tall and straight as an Indian, had his long length stretched out on the floor resting, with his head on a tilted kitchen chair. Quick as a cat he jumped up and caught the cupboard but the blue platter slipped out and broke in a hundred pieces.

Adaline's second brother, Al, who had also been teaching school like marion, married Lou Johnson and left another gap in the family circle. They were unfortunate in losing their first child, little Lily, whose grave was added to the row at Pleasant Ridge.

While Al and Lou were living at Martinsburg, Adaline walked to their home one day and had the scare of her life. In the woods she suddenly saw two people who stepped aside, one on each side of the path, to let her pass. They were dressed as women but were the tallest people she ever saw, and she was sure they were men in disguise. They spoke not a word and she was afraid to run and afraid to look back, but hurried all she could. Al had to take her home that evening.

Adaline joined the church at Martinsburg on Feb. 10, 1879 during a meeting held by Elder Plunkett, when she was 21 years old. Al and Lou joined Dec. 12, 1881 and Susie became a member in the early autumn of 1885. At that time Elder Alfred Ellmore held a meeting with 50 additions. The meeting lasted through four Sundays and sixty dollars were contributed. Rev. Ellmore would take only one dollar for each addition, giving the other ten dollars to "Slow Peter" Martin and his little wife Minerva. They were a childless couple who took care of the church building.

To all these various meetings the girls walked usually, and the rough, dusty or muddy paths were hard on shoe leather. If they had new shoes they often carried them (wearing old ones) and put them on when near the meeting house.

In those days religious discussions were heard on all sides. Dan Coats came to Michael's house many and many a time to "talk Scripture". One day he congratulated Michael on his two daughters. "Mike", he said, "you've done a good job of raising Adaline and Susie without a mother. There are no two finer girls in the whole country than they are."

When Adaline was grown a German Methodist Church called Emmanuel was built by the German neighbors. Sermons were given in the German language and she was amused by the repetition of words she could not understand. She always wondered what sounded like "I feel ke-lips a-la-pa-nee".

Politics had a prominent place in the Brock affairs. They were Democrats but Martinsburg was a "little Black Republican hole". Neighbors were about equally divided and at campaign time it was customary to have a rally, as well as a flag raising. Adaline worked very hard one year helping to make a large American flag. The Democrats raised it on a pole and that night the Republican boys cut it down and tore their country's flag to pieces, just because Democrats had raised it. Adaline was so mad she couldn't forgive them for a long time.

#### Chapter V. The Sandbank and Other History

To go back a few years, the story of the further development of the Sandbank must be told, for it became a means of livelihood and employment for the community as long as 20 or 25 years.

Washington C. DePauw, the man for whom DePauw University was named, bought 12 acres of land from Jonathan Miller for \$1200.00 and gave Mrs. Miller a nice "dress pattern" to sign the deed. Miller thought he was doing well but would have made much more if he had charged a small amount for each load of sand hauled out, for the hauling continued for years. Most of the husky young men around those parts worked in the sand which was dug or blasted out in chunks and beaten up. The older men hauled, a ton and a half being considered a load. It was hauled to Providence (later called Borden), then shipped to New Albany.

John McKinley managed the works but "Wash" DePauw himself often came out to inspect. Adaline saw him many times - a large and portly man. Occasionally his wife would be with him. She wore the first basque with stays that Adaline ever saw. Because of DePauw's size, a common saying about any "stuck-up" fellow was, "Wash DePauw's overcoat wouldn't make a jacket for him." The DePauw's attended Methodist camp meeting at Greenville and Adaline saw his wife sitting grandly beside her tent in her black silk dress.

One day Chris Fisher, Sr., a foreman, had some young men digging in a place that caved in. Stacy Cogswell, brother of Wm. Cogswell whom Susie Brock later married, was killed. John Bell had a broken leg and Fred Temple was hurt. Another time two boys were in a cave-in but were not seriously hurt.

Where the sand was taken out, large pools of clear blue-looking water stood, and women went there to wash. Kettles were set up and there were some cabins. In one lived a Mr. Mill with his little motherless girl for whom Adaline sewed. One day one of careless Lize Moody's children fell into the deep water. Lize nonchalantly waited for him to come to the top, fished him out, shook him off and turned him loose. These Moodys were noted for the carelessness and the way they got by with things that would have killed most folks. One day while their parents were away one boy chopped off a finger of his brother's and buried it in the garden. Twins were born into the

family and next morning Uncle Marion said in his joking way, "I saw the Moody twins up a sycamore saplin' as I passed the house."

One day at the Sandbank Winfield Clark, a boy who had fits, struck a match on a keg where there was dynamite. It exploded and set him on fire. Some other hands working there threw him into the water, put out the flames and then carried him to Granny Breedlove's. Winfield recovered and strangely enough never had fits again.

(Since this is the last mention of Granny Breedlove, an interesting family memory should perhaps be recorded here. Granny died and she was buried at Martinsburg but her grave was never marked. Her grand-daughter, Sarah Miller, daughter of Jonathan, had married Geprge Blackman. In early middle life she was dying of dropsy and was very rebellious because she was having to leave a family of children. Finally she said, "If I have to die, bury me by Granny." They did so but later had to move her because there was no room in that place, near the cemetery wall, for a monument.)

To return to the Sandbank, wages then for working in the sand were a dollar and a quarter a day, but all the help needed to strip the dirt off the top of a new section could be obtained for 85 cents a day. Alec Brock saved his first fifty dollars there for a bank account, having persuaded his mother, Aunt Sarilda, to buy his work clothes for him.

Another interesting development not far away was Borden Institute at New Providence. Prof. Borden was a wealthy man who contributed so much money toward the building of the school and museum that they named the town for him along in the 90's. Young Mike attended this school. Prof. Borden was three times married - to a Shaw, a Harrod, and finally to Emma Dunbar, sister of Congressman James Dunbar of New Albany. He built a beautiful home and on many trips abroad they assembled elegant furnishings for it. After his death Emma married George Robb.

And now we go back to pick up the threads of romance. When Adaline Brock planned to marry the barefoot boy, Bill Martin, in his father's store, she was only a small girl. Later, when a much bigger girl, she had a 4-leaf clover in her shoe one day, and he met her and helped her over a rail fence. That was a sure sign she was going to marry him!

When she was 18 she started "going steady" with him and they had a tin-type taken together in a little studio in the yard of the same house where they later spent all their married lives. He was seated and she stood beside him with her hand on his shoulder. She was wearing a summer dress with an overskirt and a fan dangled on a long cord. Her little hat had a circle of flowers on the band next to her face. Very sweet she looked and no doubt he thought so too. But that was 1876 and her sister Susie was only 11 years old. She could not leave home where she was needed so much.

Years passed and she was nearly 28. One day she ventured to remark to her family, "Well, you'll have to get along without me. I'm going to be married at last! There was silence for a while. Then her brother Jim said, "No more good biscuits!"

William Marion Martin and Mary Adaline Brock were married on Feb. 2, 1880. They drove a horse and buggy to Borden (or Providence it still was then), went on to Salem for their license and ceremony, and returned the same way. She wore a wine-colored dress, and there was little celebrating or fuss and feathers about any of it at all. They went to Martinsburg to live with William's grandmother, Elizabeth Dean Huff, wife of Stephen who had recently died.

So ends the tale of the girlhood of Adaline Brock. Susie was...

afterward married William Cogswell and moved to Jeffersonville. Jim brought a bride, Lizzie Losson, to the home place and lived for some years, until he and his family moved to New Albany. Michael went to spend his last years with Marion and Abigail, and the old home fell into decay. Young Mike married Della Farrell and also moved to New Albany.

So begins the tale of long years of married life and widowhood, of joy and sorrow, of happy days of work and accomplishment, and long days of weariness, sickness and fatigue. Adaline became the mother of five children, but only three lived to years of maturity. She gave a son to the ministry and a daughter to the teaching profession first, and then to the rearing of a large family. Her other son carries on the tradition of the family general store where she first met her husband. She has lived to enjoy ten grandchildren and one great grandchild.

Her husband died in 1923. Marion, Al and Jim all lived to moderate old age, (Al's home was in Orleans, Ind.) but all have been gone for years. Only Susie and Mile are left to Adaline and she has lived to be older than any of the Brooks she knew. Her old name of Adaline is seldom heard, except by someone of the old neighborhood. She has always been called "Lina" at Martinsburg.

Her special hobbies through the years have been service to her church, the growing of flowers, and the making of beautiful quilts.

When she and her brothers and sisters were coming into the church it was in such a prosperous condition that people said, "The Campbellites are taking the country." But she saw it fall into strife, bitterness and division in the 90's. The church divided over instrumental music and organizations and the congregation at Martinsburg (never having had an organ) chose to be non-progressive and became a Church of Christ only. It was weak for a long time but built up again to large numbers. Adaline assisted with the cleaning of the churchhouse, the washing of communion sets, lamps, etc., for many years and she prepared the "fruit of the vine" for communion service a quarter of a century.

As a grower of flowers she has few equals. Her yard is a blaze of color from early spring until frost and her windows in winter were always bright with many plants as long as she was able to care for them. A friend once said to her, "I believe you have such good luck with flowers because you are generous and always willing to give starts of things to everybody."

It would be hard to say how many quilts she has made during her lifetime mostly to "pass her time" during the long winter months. Pieces of her work will remain long after she is gone. And there has never been a family in need of warm covers, whether "burnt out" by a fire or otherwise, that has not received a comfort or two. Solicitors for missions, orphans' homes, the Salvation Army or simply tramps at the door are never turned hungry away. She always finds something to give.

As her path winds on into the sunset, her mind goes back more and more often to the days of her youth and we, who have been blessed by being allowed to keep her so long, are thankful for her sturdy pioneer forebears and the early influences that shaped her life and character.

## ADDITIONS 1943

Since the story of Mother's girlhood was written, she has told me other things which I wish to add :

When she was just a baby, once she nearly died. There was something wrong with her throat and they didn't know what. Finally it festered and broke and out came a piece of cedar, probably picked up when the little boys had out in the yard under the big tree. Her father always told her that if she had died they'd never have known what killed her.

Being lady-like was one of the lessons she often had to learn. Once a man was visiting with her father by the fireplace, and he tilted back his chair and propped his feet on the mantelpiece. Little Adaline ran under his legs across the hearth and Michael later scolded her so severely that she felt she was disgraced forever.

One of the memories she kept about the Civil War was of hearing about Morgan's Raid. News had come that Morgan's men were near Salem, so Michael and others were going, all armed, to help fight if needed. Young Marion was going along and Adaline watched him cut the "necks", or surplus lead, off the bullets that had been run in a mold. She had great confidence in their ability to "get the last man" but, as a matter of fact, when they drew near Salem, heard the noise and saw fires, they decided it was no place for them, and turned around and went home!

She remembers vividly of hearing neighbors tell about going to Pigeon Roost, just across in the Scott Co. edge. The pigeons came to roost in such swarms that they darkened the sun. People who shot them for food saved only the breasts. As they walked to pick them up they stepped on many dead birds and took only those still struggling or warm. In later years, fertilizer a foot deep was to be found under the trees on the hills where the roost was.

Once at a taffy pulling a boy chased Adaline with a big rope of candy, trying to throw it over her head. She ran out on a dark porch to escape him but he caught up with her and threw the candy tightly around her neck. It was choking her so that she couldn't make a sound, and in the darkness the boy couldn't see her distress. She thought, in her soul she was going to choke to death but he finally released her.

She had whooping cough after she was a grown girl and it injured her voice. She always said she could never sing well afterward.

In regard to hand work, Adaline put a quilt in the frames by herself after her mother died, when she was still only 13. She had the seam on the outside and did not know it until she reached it in her quilting. She was so ashamed of it that she wouldn't even take that quilt when she married.

For gloves, stockings, etc., the Brocks had one black sheep whose wool could be used without dyeing. It was not really black but a mingled brownish gray. Women who did the dyeing of wool from white sheep bought indigo and set a dye mixture to stand a while like yeast.

Michael and the boys had their boots home-made out of calf hide. There was a bootmaker, Charlie Stalker, at Martinsburg and also there were shops at surrounding towns. "Have them made big enough", Michael always urged, and Uncle Thompson Huff said he stood flat-footed to have his feet measured.

The Brocks had a dog, Jack, of whom they were so fond. They thought

he was so intelligent and his ears were so keen they had only to whisper, "Jack, go get the cows," and he was off in a flash.

Before insects became such a pest, fruit was fine without spraying. When peaches "hit" farmers could fill a wagon bed with them and take them to market. No baskets were needed.

They dried fruit and preserved it and made peach butter and apple butter, stirring it in a big copper kettle over a fire outdoors. The Brocks had a big kettle that neighbors often borrowed. One neighbor always sent it back bright and shining, cleaned with vinegar and salt on the inside, and with a dime in the bottom.

Another neighbor, on the shiftless order, once sent it back still gooey with apple butter. Adaline couldn't resist asking, "What's the matter? Is your wife sick?" "No, Why?" he asked sheepishly, and she answered, "Well, she didn't wash the kettle."

They sealed such things as apple butter in stone jars, pouring sealing wax around the lids, but before Adaline was married, she attended an Institute at Rose Hill where Prof. Borden, of the Academy, spoke on the new canning, using glass jars. He had some jars with him to demonstrate. He insisted upon keeping the jars in a dark place after filling and said each jar should be wrapped in paper.

Mother died at my home on October 7, 1946. Her heart was completely worn out. If she had lived until the following January, she would have been 89 years old.