

GENEALOGY

RALPH C. DICKENSON

MARGARET L. DICKENSON

by

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Clinton, Indiana

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## DEDICATION

DORIS JEAN GAERTNER nee DICKENSON

HELEN LOUISE GULLION nee DICKENSON

JUDITH ANN (PARSON) COBB nee DICKENSON

In starting this history it would be nice to start as the Bible does in the Old Testament and say "In the beginning", but this is not a beginning, it is a look back at our ancestry and in a small way may shed some light on the eternal question that bothers us all, who am I and why am I here? We have scant hope that we will be able to trace back as far as we would like, and in the case of my Grandfather Joseph Dickenson, I do not think that I will be fortunate in finding out anymore than I know at this time and will relate as we get farther along. I might state that the actual writing of this little history is starting on the 12th day of April 1973. The idea was born to do something of this nature to leave to my Daughters back in 1963, when I wrote to the National Archives, Washington D.C. to get information on my Grandfather Dickenson. The information received plus the inconsistencies as related by my Father George Eli Dickenson, about my Grandfather and his activities have led to considerable frustration. This then is the motivation that I have in hoping to write something of interest and possibly help for future generations should someone care to continue. I have found this study to be besides frustrating as I have stated before, also fascinating and rewarding. I do not think that this effort can be written without some errors, it is hoped that as errors are found that they will be corrected. It seems that some family histories put more emphasis on the male side of ancestry, but we will try to bring in all factors and deal impartially, to the best of our abilities. It is our intention to not only list the ancestors and explain the relation one to another but to also give as much information as we can of the different ones.

As stated above I do not think that I will be able to furnish much more information than I already know about my Grandfather Dickenson, but will start with him and if as we progress and more things are discovered they will be added later. Nothing is known about his

ancestry and apparently he did not even tell my Grandmother Mary Emma Dickenson nee Williamson but very little. He was a Civil War Volunteer and according to his discharge papers was enrolled on the 29th day of August 1864 and discharged on the 28th day of June 1865. (I am in possession of his discharge and intend to have copies made and attached hereto.) It is to be noted that the spelling is different on the discharge paper from the spelling used by him later and used to the present time. He was enrolled in Company K., 142 Indiana Volunteer Infantry, at Peru, Indiana, that his personal description was as follows height 5' 5'', complexion fair, eyes blue, hair light and that his occupation was farmer, that he was born in Philadelphia, February 1st, 1845, and that his several residences in Indiana after service were Peru, Lafayette, Spencer, Brazil and Clinton. The above information was taken from what I take to be an application for pension and is one of the papers from the National Archives, dated April 6th, 1907. He was 62 years old at the time. It is not known why he did not mention his residence in Fountain County and specifically Coal Creek and vicinity as that was where he met my Grandmother and where the members of their family were born. After studying the signature on the application for additional pension and his signature on the back of the discharge paper, I have concluded that they are the same but that the spelling on the discharge paper is Dickeison and is the same spelling as on the face of the discharge paper and is altogether different than any spelling on any of the other papers. My Father had told me several times that my Grandfather had joined the Union Army at the age of 16 and had fought in the battle of Gettysburg, that the name of Dickenson as we spell it had been Dickinson and that my Grandfather had changed the spelling fearing that if his parents discovered that he had enlisted in the Service they would have him taken out and sent home. No records have been found to substantiate this although it is a possible theory. My Father's spelling as told to me does not verify the spelling as shown on the discharge as I discern it to be. One can only guess as to why Grandfather came to Indiana from Pennsylvania to join the Union Army. My reading in books that deal with this period in Indiana, namely, Indiana in the War of the Rebellion, by W.H.H. Terrell, (Adjutant General of the State of Indiana during the Civil War.) His work was published in 1869 and was an eight volume report. The book I have read was republished and deals with mainly the first of his books. The second book was, Indiana in the Civil War

Era, by Emma Lou Thornborough and deals with the period from 1850 to 1880. These books tell about the bounty system used to recruit, the payment by individuals to other persons to have them serve in their place during the draft, of the many desertions that occurred and that little was thought of the fact that a soldier would leave his Regiment and come back home, maybe to take care of his family, to tend his crops or whatever the reason might be. There were many instances of men enrolling, receiving their bounty, deserting and then enlisting again. There were cases of as much as Eight Thousand Dollars being collected by one person through the bounty system, reenlisting under different names and at different places in the State. The research shows that there was a great influx of men of other states mainly from the East, who came into Indiana during the middle part of the war to take advantage of the Indiana Bounty. Also there were some criminal elements from the East and also the South that came to Indiana to enlist and also to some extent some deserters from the Rebel Army. This is not to suggest to the reader that my Grandfather was one of these unfortunates and I personally believe him to have been an honest and loyal person. The Archives show no wrong doing of any kind by him, he received no bounty from the Federal Government for enrollment, though this does not preclude that he may have received some sort of payment from the Township from which he enrolled, which was quite common in the period. As previously stated he was enrolled on August 29th 1864, his Regiment was organized at Indianapolis, from September 13th and mustered on November 3rd, 1864. They left the State of Indiana for Nashville, Tennessee on November 18th 1864 attached to the 2nd Brigade, 4th Division, 20th Army Corps, Department of the Cumberland to March 1865. He was on Post Duty for most of his term of duty, but according to State records his Regiment served in the Battle of Nashville on the 15th and 16th of December 1864. As previously stated he apparently resided in numerous places in Indiana and eventually came to Fountain County and was at that time or learned to be a Hoisting Engineer at the mines at Coal Creek, (Stringtown) Wabash Township. It is thought that his coming to this area could have happened in the early 1870's, because it was in Fountain County that he met and married Mary Emma Williamson and the birth of their first son in 1878, James Arthur Dickenson. There were four other children born, two of which died in infancy, and George Eli Dickenson and Thomas Conrad Dickenson. Perhaps a little history of this area would help the reader, so will endeavor to relate as much as we have been able to read about

to this point and also from observations made. To really appreciate the beauty of this little stream, Coal Creek, it should be visited about the middle of May, it will normally be about fifty to seventy five feet wide and just a few feet deep if there has not been severe raining. The stream starts well up in the County and traverses in a south westerly direction through Wabash Township and empties into the Wabash River slightly south of the Fountain County line in Parke County. There is a road that runs parallel with Coal Creek for some few miles and affords a good scenic visit. Wabash Township was the first area in Fountain County to be settled, no doubt because of the presence of this creek. The first mill in Fountain County was built along Coal Creek by a William White and did both the sawing of timber and grinding of grain. It is thought to have been built in the early 1800's possibly after 1823 or 1824. It seems to have prospered and then sold to a Mr. Bishop and later to a Mr. Vandorn, then to Samuel Cades and was then known as the "Union Mills". William Cades, son of Samuel Cades became one of the wealthiest men in the County. There were numerous owners of the mill and in 1855 it was sold to a Mr. Snoddy and then became known as the "Snoddy Mills". The name remains to this day and one part of what looks to be the main section is still standing. Wabash Township was heavily wooded and it was necessary to clear the land before any farming could be done, in the early days of 1823. There was an abundance of coal along the creek and for many years the mines were worked as slope mines. The Chicago Rolling Mill Interests became interested in the large coal deposits and were instrumental in the building of the Rail Road in 1872. At about this time they began to mine the coal using shaft mines, and it was then that the area began to grow rapidly. Mr Snoddy built a store in 1874, was appointed Post Master and also built a number of houses which were rented to the miners. The history of Fountain County tells that there were about six hundred miners employed at about this period. Labor trouble developed in 1878 and the companies brought in numerous Blacks to try and work the mines and there was considerable bloodshed and refusal of the whites to work along with the colored. This was probably the cause of the demise of the area as a coal producer. At this time (1973) there are few reminders that this area was once a thriving town, with many businesses, including seventeen saloons. A few houses remain in the area and as stated part of the mill still stands. We did not see any evidence at all of the mining that was once so prevalent. It seems that Wabash Township has

reverted to a purely agricultural community and Coal Creek flows serenely on it's way as before.

Conrad Williamson, my Great Grandfather was born June 25th, 1822, birth place unknown and my Great Grandmother was born October 11th, 1818, her name was Malinda V. Williamson (Roberts), also place of birth unknown. She had been married previously to a Roberts and had had two sons by this marriage when she and Conrad Williamson were wed November 4th, 1842 and it is thought at Covington Indiana. Her maiden name is not known at this time. As I recall from my Grandmother Dickenson, Conrad Williamson was engaged in farming at this time in his life and at least until after 1865. It is known that he was a candidate for Coroner of Fountain County in 1878 and was defeated. The following is the list of the births to this union and also the dates of some of the deaths of this family.

William H. Williamson, born October 1st, 1843 (Civil War Veteran)  
Martin S. Williamson, born October 28th, 1845, died December 20th, 1860  
James Williamson, born January 10th, 1848, died November 3rd, 1855  
Alexander S. Williamson, born March 21st, 1850  
Martha I. Williamson, born August 31st, 1851  
Susan A. Williamson, born April 7th, 1853, died May 29th, 1855  
Hannah C. Williamson, born September 20th, 1855

Mary Emma Williamson, born April 17th, 1859 (Grandmother Dickenson)  
Malinda V. Williamson died February 14th, 1862 at the age of 44 and as stated above was the first wife of Conrad Williamson and the Mother of the above mentioned children as well as the two Roberts boys who of course would have been half-brothers of Grandmother Dickenson. It would be well to state here that my Grandmother often spoke of the return of her brothers from the Civil War, and from the dates I conclude that she evidently meant William H. Williamson and these Roberts' half-brothers. We were unable to find a roster listing the soldiers from Fountain County at Covington either at the Court House or the Library but will look for other sources and possibly can find something to shed a little light on them at a future time and add the information as it is discovered.

Conrad Williamson re-married July 1st, 1862, to Rebecca Williamson who had been married to a Mr. Guy and there had been two boys born to this union, one of the boys' first name being Albert, the other unknown. Rebecca Williamson (Guy) nee unknown born September 9th 1834. To the marriage of Conrad Williamson and Rebecca Williamson were born the following:

Malinda R. Williamson, born July 28th, 1863

Phoebe M. Williamson, born February 16th, 1865

Patrick S. Williamson, born December 26th, 1867

Rosa B. Williamson, born December 14th, 1869

Charles B. Williamson, born December 2nd, 1872

It should be noted and credit given to Mollie (Mary) Anderson nee Simpson, daughter of Hannah C. Simpson nee Williamson for much help in the gathering of the above names, dates and etc. At this date June 22nd, 1973 she is a resident of the Holiday Home in Clinton, Indiana, and is 89 years old. She is in apparent good health at this time, in good command of all of her faculties and an exceptional memory for one of her age. It could be of interest to the reader that she tells that she had been told tha Conrad Williamson aspired at one time to become a Medical Doctor and it was necessary for him to ride a horse back and forth to the place and to the person to whom he was studying under. On one of these trips he was thrown from his horse, sustaining a broken hip and was forced to give up this ambition. It is not known at what period in his life that this happened. Conrad Williamson died June 8th, 1913 at the age of 91 years and is the oldest of any known ancestors to this date. He was residing with my Grandmother Dickenson in Clinton when he passed away and is buried at Riverside Cemetery. The date of the death of his second wife, nor the burial place of either of his wives is not known by me at this time.

It was apparently late in the 1800's that the Williamson and Dickenson families left Fountain County, at least in our direct lineage, and came to Vermillion County. Coal was beginning to be mined in the Clinton area and since my Grandfather Dickenson was a hoisting engineer it is logical that he would come to this new coal field after the closing of the Coal Creek mines. In addition to his working at the mines he at one time operated a small steam boat on the Wabash River. In some manner he was able to teach all of his sons his trade and they were all Hoisting Engineers at one time or another in their lives. None of the three sons were able to attend school for any great length of time but all studied after leaving school and were able to pass their Indiana State examinations and became licensed engineers. It was at about this time that the United Mine Workers union came into being in the Clinton area and my Father was always proud that he had been a charter member of this union and the fact that they inaugurated the eight hour day in the labor movement , a big step in taking the coal miner out of what was almost virtual slavery. My Father's first job in any of the numerous

mines that he worked at, was at the tender age of fourteen, being the night pumper at one of the Geneva mines, which was a shaft mine and his job was to operate the pumps that were used to expel the water that would accumulate in the mine from underground veins of water and also from natural drainages. He would be the only one in the mines at these times and it would seem to be an eerie job for a boy of his age. He later and before the age of 21 operated the steam engines in the sinking of some of the Clinton Coal Co. mines, this would mean the actual hoisting of the earth, clay, slate and etc. down to the coal itself, the shoring up of the hole and the timbering necessary and the building of the tipples and all of the construction above ground level. It was about this time that he began his career as Hoisting Engineer at the mine known as Crown Hill # 2, working at this job for nine years and establishing a record for tonnage at one mine in one day in the State of Indiana. He was courting my Mother at the time ~~at-the-time~~ and his future Father-in-Law was the Superintendent at this mine, my Grandfather Peck. The story is told that he told my Dad, that if he wanted to marry his daughter with his blessing, he had better really get that coal hoisted out, so this may have been the inspiration for the record. Of course the tonnage record has been surpassed many times since those early days. Since this particular mine, Crown Hill # 2, is close at hand to the birthplace of both this writer and Brother Don I will try and give the exact location. It is west on what is now State Road # 163 from Clinton to almost the junction of State Road #63. The mine was north of # 163 as was also the birthplace on the north side of this road, at approximately one eighth mile before the junction. At this time there is still some evidence of the mine to be seen, there is one building still standing of brick construction and it could have been the engine room in which my Father worked and operated the hoisting engines. Gcb piles (mine refuse) can still be seen at this time also. I think it would be interesting to note that these mine refuse piles would sometimes be rather large and would invariably start burning, probably ignited by internal combustion and would burn and smolder for many years and I might add that the odor was unpleasant to say the least. In fact the odor was from the high sulphur content of the coal in this area, and on days when there was little wind to blow the smell away it would hang over the little mining communities much like the smog does now over our larger cities, with almost the same disagreeable content. The gob piles of course would eventually burn themselves out and the cinder would be a reddish color and similar to shale and was used a lot as road ballast. Much of this has been hauled away from Crown Hill # 2

but at this time considerable still remains. The house in which my brother and I were born was one of two built exactly alike and side by side. They were of the typical Coal Company owned type of the period, were of four rooms, square, no basement, chimney in the center with smoke pipe outlets in each room. Central heating was almost an unknown luxury, so most houses had a coal burning cooking stove and a coal burning heating stove which was usually in the living room or parlor. Kerosene lamps were used for lighting and ofcourse plumbing was almost non-existent and so we had a little house out back, which was appropriately called the "back-house" or privy, and like the gob piles the odor did not enhance or beautify but were very necessary.

It would be appropriate at this time to bring in some history relative to my Mother's side of the family and although there are many other things to be said concerning members of the Dickenson-Williamson families they can be brought in at a later date.

The following relative to the Peck side of our ancestry is mostly from records and some writings made by Claude Edgar Peck, a brother of my Mother. The writings that I have of his and which are relevant to our lineage are as follows and are his quote:

#### "A RECORD OF THE PECK'S"

When I was about about 15 years old, Grandfather Daniel Webster Peck visited us at Ehrmanndale, Indiana. His home at that time was at Helena, Arkansas and he told me of my forefathers, Peter Beck of Penn. Dutch. There were several families of Beck's and the mail would get mixed up, so Peter went to the court house and asked that his name be changed. The Judge asked him if Peck would do. Peter said "Yaw, dot is alright". So there is the beginning of our name. I have or may not have two Half-Aunts somewhere in Arkansas, also two cousins, children of James Henry Peck, one a daughter, born of his first wife, a Montezuma girl of the Young family. The other a boy born of an eastern girl, Daniel Vorhees Peck. Other than these I have no living relatives older than I at this time, December 26th, 1956.

Claude Emerson Peck was born June 5th, 1855 at Jackson, Jackson County Ohio. He died March 11th, 1911 at Clinton, Indiana. (My Grandfather) Eva Peck nee Turner was born November 6th, 1860 at Duquoin, Illinois. She died in September of 1939. (My Grandmother) Both are buried at Riverside Cemetery, Clinton. (same lot as my Mother, brother Don and sister-in-law Louise are buried.)

(The following are children born to Claude Emerson and Eva Peck (Turner) Ollie May Peck was born November 6th, 1879, at Knightsville, Indiana, died February 14th, 1928, at Terre Haute, Indiana and is buried at

Highland Lawn, Terre Haute.

Frederick Emerson Peck was born February 23rd, 1881. Died September of 1881  
Bessie A. Peck was born August 23rd, 1883 at Cardonia, north of Brazil,  
Indiana. (My Mother) She died August 23rd, 1913 at Danville, Illinois.  
Buried at Clinton, Indiana. (There is some question in my mind that these  
dates are correct, as I have never heard that she passed away on her  
birthday, but do think that it was in August)

Claude Edgar Peck was born January 12th, 1886 at Knightsville, Indiana.  
Died in 1962, buried at Walnut Grove Cemetery, Clinton, Indiana.

Arthur Peck was born March 4th, 1889 at Knightsville, Indiana.

Died November 5th, 1933 at Ozone, Arkansas from gun shot wounds, inflicted  
by reason of mistaken identity. Buried at Walnut Grove, Clinton, Indiana.  
Ethel Margurite Peck was born at Knightsville, Indiana August 15th, 1890.  
( this is a correction made by my Aunt Ethel and differs from Uncle Ed's  
listing of this birth date.)

Ralph Everett Peck was born at Knightsville, Indiana June 11th, 1894  
and died June 27th, 1948 and is buried at Riverside Cemetery, Clinton.

Roy Maynard Peck was born at Diamond, Indiana, nine mile north of  
Brazil, October 14th, 1896. ( Died at Vermillion County Hospital  
in the late Summer of 1963.) Buried at Riverside Cemetery.

Baby Boy Peck was born at Ehrmanndale, Indiana April 12th, 1899 and  
died December 26th, 1899.

Albert V. Peck was born February 3rd, 1901 at Ehrmanndale, Indiana.

George Raymond Peck was born December 11th, 1903 at Clinton, Indiana.

My Grandfather Daniel Webster Peck learned the watch-makers trade from  
his Father and Grandfather but gave it up soon after he and my Grandmother  
were married and learned to be an engineer at a blast furnace, near  
Brazil, in the manufacture of iron and steel. For some reason, which  
he did not state, he and Grandmother separated and my Father did not hear  
from him until in 1901. After he went back to Helena, Arkansas, he and  
Dad and I wrote to each other.

My Aunt Betty was a music teacher. (this would be a sister of Claude  
Emerson Peck) She was a good woman, kind hearted, all of us kids loved  
her. I do not know the year she died, about 1928 or 1929 My Uncle  
James Henry Peck was the youngest of the three children. He lost an arm  
at a Democratic rally at Montezuma, Indiana, before Grover Cleveland was  
first elected, and later was given a job in the U. S. Treasury Dept. in  
Washington, D. C. He met his death being run over by a passenger train  
just south of Hillsdale, Indiana in 1904.

My Father, Claude Emerson Peck worked at blast furnaces until he was  
19 years old, then worked in the coal mines in and around Clay City,

Parke and Vigo Counties until coming to Vermillion County, except some of the early years of his married life, when he was a pump repairman on the Indianapolis and St. Louis R. R., which is now a division of the New York Central, also he was an engineer and pilot on the Wabash river boats, from Clinton on the north down to Memphis on the south, and held license for the same from the U. S. Government. We came to Clinton in 1905. He as mine boss for the Clinton Coal Company. The last work that he did was for the Miami Coal Company, as a hoisting engineer. He could make anything he wanted, either wood or metal and was a good carpenter, and fair civil engineer, though not having went farther than the second reader in school.

My Mother's maiden name was Eva Turner. Her Father was English, and her Mother was Scotch descent. Mother's Father was a Colonel in the Northern Army in the Civil War, having his horse shot out from under him twice, crippling him the second time. After my Grandmother Turner died of consumption, Aunt Arilla married John Sharp, who had been a drummer boy in the Army and they moved to Clay County. Mother was 8 years old when her Mother died. Later in life meeting Dad who was pump man on a bridge crossing the Eel River.

Mother had two sisters Arilla and Adda and two brothers Lorenzo and Benton. Brother Albert could tell you more about Uncle Lorenzo and Aunt Addie and their folks than I, as he was around them for awhile. They all had faults, and whatever they were, we should not copy the faults but profit by them. This life is short at the longest, we do not have much time, so let us do our very best at all times. This then is the end of my Uncle Ed's writing so far as it may pertain to our lineage with the exception of a listing of some marriages which are pertinent and are as follows.

Arthur Peck( my Mother's brother ) was married to Myrtle Gosnell in 1907 at Clinton.

Ethel Margurite Peck was married to Arthur Dickenson in 1907, to them was born Mae Dickenson. ( He has this date as 1917 which has to be incorrect, I believe 1907 to be the actual year.)

Everett Peck (Ralph Everett Peck) was married to Olus Brattain of Clinton, to them were born five children Murl, Raymond, Ralph, Ruby and Albert Loren, the latter dying in infancy.

Roy Maynard Peck was married to Margaret Senter, of Coal Bluff, Indiana, to them was born Loretta, Lucille, Mary and Edna and a baby which died in the West. Margaret died in 1924.

Ollie May Peck was married to William F. Gose in 1898, at Ehrmanndale, Indiana, to them was born three children Ruth, Elizabeth (dead) and Garfield who died at the age of 8 months at Terre Haute.

Bessie A. Peck was married to George E. Dickenson of Clinton in 1904 to them was born Donald and Ralph Dickenson. Donald is dead.

Arthur Peck ( son of Arthur Peck, my Mother's brother ) was born May 5th, 1907, at Fairview Park. He was married to Dorothy Owens in 1935 or 36. He has a step-son Stanley Owens, Dorothy's first marriage. Albert Victor Peck was married to Annie Laurie Cumming Whyte, December 12th, 1947. This ends the writing of Claude Edgar Peck as far as pertaining to direct ancestry.

The search for enlightenment as to why my Grandfather and Grandmother Peck happened to come to Clay County, Indiana, marry and spend a good portion of their lives there, lead to the purchase of a book " A History of Clay County, Indiana". The writing concerning Knightsville and Cardonia is interesting and verifies my Uncle Ed's remarks about my Grandfather Peck working at blast furnaces and then working in the coal mines later. The blast furnace in Knightsville was started about the time that Grandfather came to Clay County and stopped at about the time that he was reputed to have started in the mines, so the timing bears this out. Clay County was famous for the block coal of the area and mines were worked there for a long, long time. Since it was necessary for the miners to live fairly close to where they worked in those days, on account of lack of transportation, as we know it, could very well explain why they lived at Knightsville twice, apparently in Cardonia between these two periods, then on to Diamond and Ehrmanndale before coming to Clinton in 1903. The following is from the afore mentioned book.

Knightsville is a town and post office in Van Buren Township, on the Vandalia Railroad, two miles east of Brazil, fifty-five miles west of Indianapolis, and eighteen miles east of Terre Haute, laid out by Dr. A. W. Knight, of Brazil, on his premises, in 1867 and named for himself. (end of quote from book)

This place was the site of the iron works- furnace and rolling mill of the Western Iron Company, planted in 1866, a year in advance of the founding of the town, during which interval the hamlet was known as Hazelton. A Post Office was established in 1870 and as stated this is the year that the Peck's came to Clay County. A good guess would be that this is the blast furnace that my Grandfather worked at and since it was discontinued in 1875, the timing would bear out the statement of his working at "blast furnaces until age nineteen and then working in the coal mines". Since the Western Iron Company also had two mines at or near Knightsville it is quite possible that he could have worked at these places. It should be noted and borne in mind that coal mining is an industry that

cannot remain in the same location for a long period of time, mines are continually being worked out, new ones started as needed. So as a usual thing, a miner will work at numerous mines during his career.

Since Cardonia was the birthplace of my Mother a few facts about it might be of interest. Cardonia is a town in the western central part of Van Buren Township, three and a half miles north of Brazil, near the line of the Central Indiana (formerly the Chicago and Southeastern) Railroad, founded in 1871, by the Clay County Coal Company, and named in honor of John F. Card, who was at that time the President of the Company. The length of time that the Peck's lived in Cardonia will probably never be known and is of no great importance. At this time I do not know the exact location of the birth of my Mother, but reasonably sure that it was in the town of Cardonia. The practicing physicians according to the "History of Clay County", in this area and approximate time of my Mother's birth, were Drs. Price, Morgan and Gilbert. In it's early history Cardonia was distinctly a mining town, with coal works in the immediate vicinity, at times it's population would have numbered from three to four hundred but as the field of coal production receded, the population, business and life of the place was correspondingly effected. Apparently the town still had about two hundred at the turn of the century. (1900) A small general store and filling station and a few houses are all that remain at this time (1973). No doubt my Mother started to school in Knightsville though the extent of her education is not known by me at this time. She did take piano lessons and became very proficient in music, teaching some of her younger brothers, especially her brother Everett, who did not learn to read music, nevertheless became an exceptional piano player and was really a gifted, talented person. Some of my earliest memories and pleasant ones, I might add, are of my Mother playing the piano. My Mother and Father were married in 1904 and I believe first lived at the birthplace of myself and brother Donald at near the Clinton Coal Co. Crown Hill # 2 coal mine. We lived at this place twice, in between the times, we lived in Clinton, among the places being a house my Father had built on South Fourth Street. My Father and Mother owned and operated a grocery store on South Main Street which was located approximately where the Clinton Nursing Home is now located, across from the Vermillion County Hospital. We subsequently moved to Danville, Illinois in either 1912 or 1913. It was here in August of 1913 that my Mother died from an operation at the age of thirty. She is buried at Riverside Cemetery, at Clinton, Indiana.

After my entering school at Danville and attending for a few weeks in the Fall of 1913 we moved to Universal, Indiana and my Grandmother Dickenson came to live with us and to take care of Don and myself and to keep house for us all. In the Fall of 1915 my Father remarried and we moved to Evansburg, Alberta, Canada. My first Step-mother was Elizabeth White, originally from Waynesburg, Pennsylvania. After getting settled at Evansburg we were joined by my Grandmother Dickenson, Uncle Arthur Dickenson, Aunt Ethel Dickenson nee Peck ( sister of my Mother) and their daughter Mae. Evansburg was very small and primitive consisting of a small combination hotel and restuarant, a general store and Post Office and twenty-four of the usual four room houses, which as customary in those days was owned by the Coal Company. Mae, the daughter of Uncle Arthur and Aunt Ethel, attended the one room school along with Don and myself for a few weeks when our Parents decided that we were not learning anything under this makeshift set-up that they were calling school, so they started us in school at Entwistle, a distance of a mile or so across the Pembina River by way of the railroad bridge or trestle as it was called, which for us kids was a frightening experience. There was only the ties to walk on as the trestle did not have any walkway, and as you would walk you could not help from looking down between the ties and it seemed like a half mile down to the river, but of course it wasn't that far. We lived in dread that some day a train would catch us on the trestle. After we had lived in Evansburg for a year or a little longer, the tipple at the mine caught on fire one night and was completely destroyed. We then moved to Edmonton, the Capital city of the Province of Alberta, where my Father and later on my Uncle Arthur, worked for the O'Hanlon-Ferguson Supply Company, dealers in equipment , machinery, tools and etc. for manufacturing and mining. They dealt in both new and used machinery and both Dad and Uncle Arthur held responsible positions with this Company. Uncle Arthur worked for them until shortly before his death in 1925. Don and I both sold papers on the streets of Edmonton after school in the evenings, I did my news hawking in front of the Hudson Bay Company store, in the downtown area. In 1918 Dad left and came back to the States, to Johnston City, Illinois and we followed later in the Fall, as I remember vividly the end of World War # 1 and the celebrating that went on. I have neglected to say that Hazel Thompson nee Dickenson, her name before adoption was Knapp. Her home had been Edmonton or vicinity and she was adopted when we were still living in Evansburg. We lived in Johnston City, Illinois about two years and then moved to a farm about two miles north, between Johnston City and West Frankfort and lived there about three or four years. In those days it was owned by and was called the Richardson Farm. The farm laid just east of the

Illinois Central Railroad and directly north of a large pond which at that time was used as a source of water for the trains, they being steam operated in those days. The land on the Richardson farm was not very productive, it was hilly and rough and the soil a poor type of clay, and as this was before the advent of modern day farming, with it's fertilizers, nitrogen, weed killers, insecticides and etc., you could hardly raise a fuss on it, as the saying goes. I think about half of Dad's pay from working at the mine went to buy feed for the livestock, especially in the Winter. So I would say that his one and only venture into general farming turned out to be a dud. He did however try to operate a little truck or vegetable farm later on, that too with scant success. So as we look at my immediate ancestry, I fail to find one good, successful farmer anywhere in the lineage. But the Richardson Farm kept Don and I busy and it seemed that the chores and taking care of the stock was a never ending job. At least we were kept busy and had little time to get into mischief, in retrospect, maybe that was what Dad had in mind.

I finished grade school at Union School a mile north of the farm, which was actually in Franklin County, and we were living in Williamson County, and then went a year and a half to West Frankfort High School before the School Board woke up to the fact that they had been sending me to the wrong school and then transferred me to Johnston City. I went there for only one semester and because of the accident my Father had and the subsequent loss of the sight in one eye, it was necessary for me to end my schooling and help make the living. The accident which caused the loss of his sight in one eye happened on the farm so all of the expense and loss of work had to be borne by him. When he finally tried to resume his old job at the mine it was very difficult for him and it was then that we sold the live stock and farming tools and moved to Mt. Vernon, Indiana and he became a Sales Agent for the Rawleigh Products Co. I worked with him at this and also worked at a small manufacturing company, R. H. Staples Mfg. Co. in Mount Vernon, and also a short time at the local paper mill. The date of leaving Southern Illinois would have been 1922 or 1923. The Rawleigh business proved to be a hard way to make a living, I think because we did not have any rural area to go along with the town of Mount Vernon and New Harmony, and so after about two years of it we were ready to move again, this time back to Clinton. I remained in Mount Vernon a few weeks to collect our outstanding accounts from the Rawleigh customers and then too came to Clinton or rather to the aforementioned vegetable farm which was west of Clinton. This was in 1925 and in a short time I started working on the construction of State Road #41 near Kingman, Indiana. Most of that Summer I worked on bridges and culverts.

While working on this job I boarded with the Lindley's. Eva or Evie Lindley was a first cousin of my Dad's, her Mother being a Williamson before her marriage . If I had been their own son I don't think I could have been treated any finer and so I have always had a very warm spot in my heart for these two people, Lot and Eva Lindley, though they have been gone many years. This job was finished in the early Fall of 1925, and it was necessary for almost everyone to leave Clinton to obtain employment as the area had already begun to experience the great depression which was to come in the early thirties. After Uncle Arthur's death in June 1925 and the completion of my work on State Road # 41 at Kingman in late August, I went to Three Rivers, Michigan and worked for the Eddy Paper Corporation. I worked in the "box shop", operating machines in the manufacture of paper board shipping containers. Our shift was from five in the evening until five in the morning, five nights a week, 60 hours @ 40 cents per hour which believe it or not the sum of \$24.00 per week was not bad wages in those days. During that Winter (1925 and 1926), Aunt Ethel began to write to me and suggesting that I come to Saskatoon, Saskatchewan where she and daughter Mae had been living for some time after her separation from Uncle Arthur. In the late Spring of 1926 I went to Saskatoon and joined Aunt Ethel and Mae. Though Aunt Ethel and I worked for the same company, Machinery Manufacturers Ltd., she worked in the office which was in Saskatoon while the factory was a few miles away where I was employed. At the factory site was this combination hotel and dining room, where I stayed through the week and then would visit them on week ends. I had been away from them for a few years but they treated me royally, and I felt that I had at last broken all ties with home and was truly on my own. But the Company went into bankruptcy in the early Fall and Aunt Ethel and Mae decided to come back to the States. I had sort of worked myself into the good graces of the owner and he asked me to stay and help with the inventory so I was one of the last to leave, which as I remember was the last of November 1926. After a few days at home with my Dad, I went to stay with Grandmother Peck and Uncle Albert , who were then living in Fairview. Work was not plentiful but I did get a job at The Electric Shovel Coal Corp. and it of course was an outside job. Coming from Canada, which is of course very cold, it is a much drier climate and the change from that dry air to Indiana's high moisture was hard to adjust to, it just seemed that I was freezing at work and after coming home and being in the house I just could not get comfortable. I kept thinking how nice it was working inside in the paper mill in the Winter, so one nice day I went back to Three Rivers, Michigan and after battling the extra board for sometime, the personnel manager called me in to the office one day

and after complimenting me on being at the mill at every shift change in hopes of getting to work in someone's place who was absent, as I had been doing for about two months, gave me a steady job. Really I had not fared badly because I had become so well known around the mill as an extra that the foremen automatically thought of me if someone did not show up for work. One thing I learned from this experience was that you should develop a little persistence, people notice it and are influenced by it. My brother Don had remained in Illinois in the little mining community of Stiritz, when we had moved to Mount Vernon, Indiana, and continued to work at the mine and stayed with my Grandmother Dickenson for a while. He then joined the Army, which was in peace time, and was stationed first at Battle Creek, Michigan and later on at Jefferson Barracks Saint Louis, Missouri. Uncle Albert Peck and I visited him at Thanksgiving in 1926 at Saint Louis. After getting out of the Army he went to South Bend, Indiana and worked for the Bendix Company. My Uncle Tom Dickenson and family had moved to South Bend in the late 1920's and as I remember it was he that asked Don to come to South Bend and was instrumental in getting him on at Bendix. Jobs were so scarce in those days that you almost had to have someone on the inside watching for an opening to get employment. I believe the year was 1929 that I too came to South Bend, after working myself into a sort of foreman's job at the papermill and becoming a little tired of it and looking for greener pastures, I guess, or maybe wanting to be closer to Don. I drove a truck on construction that Summer after working just a short time at Bendix and in the Fall started working for Studebaker. In the meantime Dad had begun to get the service station started at Centenary and Don and I both helped him get it underway. After about a year at Studebaker's I left and went back to the truck driving job on construction and when this job ran out returned to Centenary and ran the station for different periods until 1933 when Don and I leased a station north of Rockville for that year and in 1934 I tried to operate one on State Road # 41. The depression was still on and it was a struggle to keep food on the table. In the Spring of 1935 I began driving the tank truck, working under William E. Duck, who was the "B" Agent for the Standard Oil Co. (Indiana), operator of the Companies petroleum bulk plant located on Western Avenue in Clinton. Bill also drove one of the trucks and our area consisted of about 100 square miles, or an area approximately ten miles by ten miles, mostly in Vermillion County but some area in Parke County as well. Along with running regular weekly routes serving the rural people and farmers we also had an average of six or seven Service Stations to service, also some industrial accounts.

At first I was on a salary but early in the Fall they asked me to buy one of the trucks and work on commission, which I did. November 19th, 1935 was the date of my marriage to Margaret Louise Martin. We were married at Paris, Illinois with witnesses my brother Don and his future wife Louise Farrington. March of 1938 I became the Agent for the Standard Oil Company in Clinton, succeeding William E. Duck who had resigned to take up farming at the western edge of Illinois. Although this was a promotion for me and enabled me to make considerable more money, I nevertheless was saddened not to be associated any longer with my good friend and boss. In our three years of working closely together, we had not that first word of disagreement and it was a near perfect working relationship. He was one of my best friends and it was a privilege to have worked with him. After beginning my work as a tank-truck driver for William E. Duck, I was instrumental in the re-opening of the then Standard Oil Co. station located on the south east corner of Third and Vine Streets in Clinton ( now torn down and part of the Harris Store parking lot ) and helping my brother Don get started on his own in the oil business, this would have been in the Spring of 1937. He stayed with us when Margaret and I live<sup>d</sup> on the corner of Fourth and Nebeker, in the duplex on the north east corner. We had the Nebeker Street part and later that Fall Don and Louise Farrington were married and rented the upper part of the duplex and set up housekeeping. We each had three rooms and shared the bath, so we were a little cramped for space but lived very comfortable and amicably together. It should have been noted here earlier of the birth of our daughter Doris, which occurred at the Vermillion County Hospital but while we were living at this duplex. The date was November 25th, 1936 and this of course was before Don and Louise shared the duplex with us. Our daughter Helen was also born while we lived there, also being born at the local hospital on February 23rd, 1938. It was shortly after Helen's birth that Don and Louise moved to a house on Blackman Street on the west side of Clinton.

The actual date of the marriage of Donald G. Dickenson and Lila Louise Farrington was October 17th, 1937. She was the daughter of Ward and Verda Farrington. When I was made Agent for the Standard Oil Co. in the Spring of 1938, Don sold his business at Third and Vine to a Ernest Elliot and came to work for me in the same capacity as I had worked for William E. Duck, that as second driver. My brother Donald had contracted Diabetes while still operating the service station for my father at Centenary and that was of course before his marriage. Much has been learned by the medical profession in the treatment of this disease since those days, but at that time dosage was a sort of guessing game and his

diet was hard to live by. Don's health seemed to deteriorate rapidly from this time on, any injury to his feet was hard to heal and on one occasion a small burn on his ankle necessitated a stay in an Indianapolis hospital for a period of about six weeks. Another time he was there for another period caused by an Insulin reaction and other complications. Don and I talked about his health and the danger to him and others, him driving the truck containing highly inflammable liquids, and his being subject to comas and blackouts due to reaction from incorrect dosages of Insulin. Consequently when the Standard Oil Co. station located at that time along side of the Ford garage and where their show lot is now situated became available, I again helped him to get started in business for himself. This date was probably January 1st, 1940. This would also be the time that Kenneth Thompson started to work for me replacing Don on the second truck. Ken had married Hazel Dickenson, an adopted sister to Don and I. More will appear on this later. Shortly after Don started to operate this station in Clinton, he and Louise rented the house next to the station at 331 Elm Street, and lived at this place approximately a year and then moved to a house in the 600 block on South Third. Don did real well during this period both in his business and also his health was somewhat improved. In 1942, Louise had an operation for cancer of the bowel at the Vermillion County hospital, but did not recover from the shock of this. Her date of passing away was October 27th, 1942. Words fail me when I try to pay her a just tribute. She was an exceptional person of high moral and ethical standards and was a great loss to Don and also to Margaret and myself and our girls as well as her own immediate family. Don continued to operate the station but moved from the house on South Third to what was then the Doughty Apartments in the 200 block on Elm Street. Don was married to Ann Crawl, a native of East Canton, Ohio who at the time was a Medical Technician at the Vermillion County hospital. The date was either December 22 or 23, 1944. Shortly after this Don began to be slightly disenchanted with the station, this being the time when the country was at war, gasoline rationing was a big problem and I might add headache as well, priorities and scarcities all contributed to make life miserable for anyone trying to stay in business, so he closed the station and started to work for the Wabash River Ordnance, Newport, Indiana. (DuPont) He worked there for a few months but his job was terminated at or near the end of World War Two. Don then worked for a short time first at the local Buick agency owned by Charles Kirkman, here in Clinton as an automobile mechanic and also at the Ford agency owned by Russell, Justice and Osella at the time. After Don had left the station it was leased by Wane Fortner who was still operating it when I left Standard in December of 1945.

At this time I should state that Kenneth Thompson drove the second truck for me from as stated before the 1st of January 1940 until about May of 1943 when he entered the Army. From this point on the bulk plant was a one truck operation due to gasoline rationing and to some extent the curtailment of the country route system, which had for some time been a profitless part of the business in the Fall and Winter. This period was prior to the extensive use of oil for home heating, though it was the beginning of the huge change over from coal to oil and gas. It might be interesting to the reader to know that the country route system as operated by Standard Oil Company dates back to long before the automobile came into use. Originally the tank wagon was drawn by a team of horses and the only products sold at the start were Kerosene and Mica Axle Grease. This would have been in the late 1800's of course but as late as 1935 when I began driving, many homes were still using Kerosene for lighting in the rural areas, and Kerosene stoves were used extensively in the Summer for cooking purposes. Rural electrification was beginning and also tractors were replacing the horse as the power source on the farms so things were changing fast. The price of fuel oils in the early 1940's were  $7\frac{1}{2}$  cents for #2 and 8cents for #1. It could be of interest also to know that I was the first to have a pump on a tank truck to dispense products in this area and later on was the second in the State of Indiana to have a meter installed and could then pump and meter gasoline, kerosene and fuel oils direct from the truck without using buckets or in some cases by means of a drop hose where possible. This act of mine sort of stirred up the Indianapolis Division of Standard Oil and they watched closely my success with it and the customer acceptance, which at first they were apprehensive about. But it created no problems with the customers and they readily accepted the idea. So I have always felt proud that I helped pioneer something that made the tank-truck driver's life a bit easier and certainly enabled him to increase his output.

It is the writer's feeling that a good portion of some of the foregoing will not be of great interest to the reader, however I do feel it will be of interest to our daughters as to why certain moves were necessary. Any changes or moves of any distance and changes of occupation alter events and create new ones, so please bear with me and it may give some insight as to why certain things and events happened as they did. I have always been keenly aware of what disruptions and changes, moves from one town to another might effect our lives and I do not think I made any hastily and they were all made with good intentions and with the hope that we would be bettering ourselves. In retrospect I would think that things unfolded pretty much the way that served all of our interests.

Sometimes we will take one course of action and it will not turn out well and there is always the chance that an alternative may have proven to have been worse or better, we just do not know always. There were a number of reasons for my resigning as Agent for the Standard Oil Co. in the Clinton area, disillusionment with the Company regarding business practises, the struggle with my conscience at times, the long hours necessitated by their reporting system, having to get up at all hours to receive transports of product with no compensation for doing so, the rationing during the War, the continual pressure that large corporations used, and other things finally caused me to leave the Company in December of 1945.

We moved from the duplex in September of 1938 and rented a house on the south west corner of Fourth and Wabash and this would have been about five months after being made Agent for Standard. We lived at this place until the latter part of 1940 and then moved to 442 Nebeker Street. It comes to mind that this was the year of our first and only vacation that we had while working for Standard. We went to the New York Worlds Fair and we were gone about ten days. Don and Louise took care of Doris and Helen for us and we also visited Aunt Ethel and her husband Floyd Spann, who were living in New York at the time and also had the pleasure of seeing Cousin Mae and her husband, Tom Miller but did not get to see Mae's daughter Tommy, who was away at camp at the time. November 12th, 1941 was the date of the birth of Judith Ann Dickenson and she also was born at the Vermillion County Hospital and we were living at 442 Nebeker Street at this time. All of our daughters were delivered by Dr. C. M. Zink of Clinton and if memory serves me correctly he was also the Mayor of Clinton at the time. Doris and Helen may have some memories or recollections of when we lived at this place. I am sure that they all remember the next place of residence, it being 942 South Forth Street which I purchased from the Matthew Scott Estate in the early Spring of 1942. This was our first property to own ourselves and I was very proud of our purchase. During the time that we lived there I made numerous improvements such as having a garage built, fencing in the back yard, digging out some of the basement area and installing a new coal furnace, laying brick and partitioning off an area for coal storage. Also had to dig out from under the chimney, as it had been built originally on top of the existing ground level and in order to make it serve as the chimney for the new furnace, it was necessary for me to construct a base and then lay the brick up to and join on to the old part of the chimney. Of course it took considerable propping under the joists to hold up the chimney while I did this but I completed the job without any serious difficulty, and I might add the furnace

worked real well. I also insulated the house and painted it on the outside and redecorated on the inside.

Prior to leaving the Standard Oil Co. I had taken some time off in 1943 and had attended The Hobart School of Welding at Troy, Ohio, and completing their prescribed course in Arc Welding. My reason being that I had thought that if I was called into the Service (World War Two was in progress at this time) it would help me if I had some trade or skill to offer, also I had some thoughts about when and if I should leave Standard Oil Co. So I guess I had decided some time previous that I would eventually change jobs. Late in the Fall of 1945 and after the end of World War Two, brother Don, brother-in-law Kenneth Thompson and myself purchased the property on the corner of Ninth and Vine (north west corner) and became partners in what we had hoped would be a sales and service venture. The building had been a Tavern and sort of night-club by the last occupant and still contained most of the equipment. We did remodeling and conversion in order to make it usable as an automobile sales and service agency, only to find that we had entered into a lot of competition, for the few agencies that would be available in Clinton in the near future, which was unknown to us at the outset. We continued to run it as an automobile repair garage and I did do considerable welding. However due to our being unable to franchise something to sell along with our repair and welding, the venture just did not prove out so after a year and a half of this, we reluctantly closed the doors. Here again events over which we had no control changed our lives, our hopes and aspirations turning into disappointment and frustration. Don obtained a job with a Utility construction firm at Benton Harbor, Michigan and he and Ann moved there in the Fall of 1947. Ken and I finding employment Fort Wayne, Indiana. He with International Harvester and I with a small factory at New Haven, Indiana, McGrath Mfg. Co., which later was a part of Food Machinery Corp. The work at this place turned out to be seasonal and would cause me to be laid off in the late Fall or early Winter, in fact the place would virtually shut down except for some experimental work. When this shut down would occur I would find a job in the interval and then would be called back to the factory when their production would start again. I was trying to stay with my welding and gain some experience. From May of 1947 until December of 1949, I had worked at American Steel Dredge and at Fruehauf Trailer as a welder and also had a job or two of short duration along with my periodic work at Food Machinery Corp. in New Haven. In the Fall of 1949 I wrote to the Bowes "Seal Fast" Corporation of Indianapolis asking about territories nearby that might be open for Distributors. They answered and suggested that I check one out in the Steubenville, Ohio area

which I did and did not care for. Shortly after they called me and suggested the Fremont, Ohio territory, which after investigation seemed to be much better. I became the Distributor for Bowes in December of 1949 and began selling in the counties of Wood, Sandusky, Seneca and Ottawa. The advent of the tubeless tire was the thing that reduced the sales possibilities of the Bowes line as the basic and best selling items were related to tire and tube repair. I felt very satisfied with my success as a Distributor but none the less realized that the tire repair supply business would have to diminish and the good days were over for this particular idea and mode of selling.

Before relating anything about our leaving Ohio I think that I should record some of the things that occurred to us as a family. There is not much doubt in my mind that our nearly five years in the State of Ohio were good for us all and probably were the happiest for me as I look back. When I first took over the Distributorship for Bowes, housing was very tight and also I did not wish to have the girls change schools in the middle of the school year so I roomed in Fremont at the Jackson Hotel Annex and then would drive back to New Haven on week ends. This continued until June of 1950, when I was fortunate to locate a place to rent in the country, just north of Hessville on the Linker Road. This was a very nice farm home which was modern containing eight rooms which worked out very nicely for us. The owner John Yeagle had just recently purchased this farm and explained to me that he would be wanting to move into the place himself in the future. We did get to live there about a year and of all the places we lived I personally liked this place the best. The girls went to the schools in Elmore while we lived at this place, Judy in the Fourth Grade, Helen in the Seventh and Doris as a Freshman in High School. It seemed that now I had more time for my family and we did more things together than ever before and I think enjoyed each other more. The owner plowed us up a space for a garden and we had a lot of fun tending it and it turned out well and we had plenty of good vegetables all Summer. On August 5th, 1950, which is my birthday, I was fortunate in winning a new Dodge car that I had bought a dollars worth of chances on, at Helena, Ohio. Needless to say that had us up in the air for a few days, as for myself I was sort of in a daze for twenty four hours. It was one of those things that happen once in a lifetime and then only if you are lucky. We became good friends with John and Esther Yeagle and their family and we have tried to maintain and keep this friendship, which we have valued very highly. In the Summer of 1951 we rented a house from Don Smith, the local grocer in Hessville and it was then that the girls changed schools again and this time to Gibsonburg, Ohio. They managed the change real well but were

a gloomy lot on the first day they boarded the bus to go to Gibsonburg but they made friends the first day and adjusted to the point where they considered Gibsonburg the best school that ever was. The only Church in Hessville was Lutheran, and after the girls had attended Sunday School a few times, the Pastor called on us a few times and by that time we had discovered that about three fourths of our neighbors attended this Church. Probably the greatest influence in causing us to become members of this Lutheran Church was our good and friendly neighbors who sort of created the desire to worship with them. At least this is the way I personally felt about it. Margaret and I had never belonged to any Church as a baptized member and since our girls were growing up, we felt we should set the right example, this then was also a contributing factor. We took the necessary Adult Instruction along with Doris and Helen from Reverend A. W. Lynn, the Pastor, and we became members on April 6th, 1952, of Emmanuel Evangelical Lutheran Church, Hessville, Ohio. Our daughter Doris was confirmed on this same date, Helen and Judy were confirmed a year or so later. While attending this Church, I was elected and served as member of the Church Council, two terms if my memory is correct and also as a member of their Board which had a lunch stand and would operate it at the Sandusky County Fair each year. This was quite a large undertaking for the Congregation and to give some idea of the size, the gross for the week would run something over \$10,000.00 and this was before the present inflated prices. In those days sandwiches sold for ten to twenty cents with other things in proportion. The seating capacity was about sixty and most of the time we would have them standing in line waiting for a seat. This Church project had been going on for many years and had become well known for the quality of food served and was actually one of the best money makers at the Sandusky County Fair. Since it was all volunteer workers of the Church there was no cost for labor and so our net profit would almost always be around sixty percent. They have a new Church built in 1971 or 1972 and I would guess that at least part of the money would have come from money earned at this stand at the Fair. Doris graduated from Gibsonburg High School in 1954 and entered Bowling Green State University in the Fall of that year, majoring in Elementary Education. Helen also graduated from Gibsongurg High School in 1956. Margaret was also quite active in the Church and was President of the Women of the Church for one term and has a Life-time Certificate of Membership in this organization.

For quite some time my Dad had been wanting me to come back to Clinton. After the death of my first Step-mother in 1948 (Elizabeth White) and his being alone and trying to run the service station and his health beginning to fail, he very lonely and depressed. He remarried in the Fall of 1948

to Rose Clark (maiden name) who had previously been married to a Fencannon, to this marriage had been born a daughter. Her first husband died and she had remarried and divorced and her first married name restored prior to her marriage to my Father. My Dad's age at the time of this third marriage was 66. As my daughters are fully aware of what transpired and the course of events that followed her coming into the family I will not dwell on it but will leave any comments to others. At any rate since a few dates are all that is necessary to close out my major employment summation, I will state that our moving from Hessville, Ohio to Centenary (west of Clinton, Indiana) to operate the Service Station was September 1955, and I operated this until the early Summer of 1957, when I started driving for The Service Oil Co., Clinton, Indiana. This was a tank driver job and I delivered to customers and took care of the bulk plant for them until they sold out to the Pierce Oil Co. in December of 1963. This continued until the first part of April 1966, and after numerous bad experiences working for Pierce and a refusal to do painting at one of their stations, which in my opinion may have led to trouble with the local Painter's Union, I was fired. This happened on a Friday and on the following Monday I began driving the tank truck for the Scott Oil Co. My only regret is that I did not leave Pierce when they first bought out The Service Oil Co.

It is really hard for me to recall specific dates and actually the years some, certain events happened, and I find it especially hard regarding the times that I attended the many different schools. I do remember that Don started to Hazel Bluff school which at that time was west of Clinton and would be south and west of the birthplace of Don and I and would have been the second time that we had lived at this house. Of course the school went out of existence many years ago but is still used as a residence. The year Don started to school was probably 1911 and I do not remember him attending any other school until after we had moved to Danville, Illinois. It was at this city that my Mother died in August of 1913, from an operation which today I suppose would no doubt be called a hysterectomy. On this I am only going by what has been told me by my Grandmother Dickenson. What can one say about a good Mother and how can you possibly pay her a just tribute? All I can say is that I have missed her all of my life and that I have always loved her memory deeply. I remember her very well and sensed the deep affection that she showed both Don and myself, I know she was a warm, gentle and loving person. Like the words in a famous poem "into each life some rain must fall", it surely sought us out on that sad day in August 1913. Don and I started to Washington School in the Fall of 1913 at Danville. As I remember we went only a few weeks and then we moved to Universal,

Indiana, and went to the local grade school there until we moved to Canada after my Father's second marriage in September of 1915. We of course as I have already stated went first to this little makeshift school in Evansburg and after a few weeks transferred to Entwistle. I cannot find Evansburg on any of the maps of Canada that I have, so I am inclined to think that it has become a ghost town, as so many mining towns are, but I do see Entwistle is still on the map but has not grown very much if any in the almost sixty years since we walked the Rail Road trestle to Entwistle School. Entwistle lays directly west of Edmonton about 75 miles and I note from the map that there is an improved road running through this area now. When we were there roads hardly existed and those that did were mostly what we called corduroy roads, which were made by cutting trees to make a trail through the woods and then laying the heavier trees crosswise, side by side to make a road bed. The type of soil in the woods plus the closeness of water to the topsoil made road building rather difficult in those days. This was of course before the advent of heavy road building equipment as we know it today. Entwistle had one of the famous Royal Canadian Mounted Police, stationed there and I remember seeing him several times when we would be going to or coming home from school, they looked very impressive in their red coats and wide brimmed hats. The school at Entwistle was also a one room affair but had considerably better facilities and I do think the teacher was better qualified. We attended this school about a year and this would have been my third grade, having completed the first and second grades at Universal, Indiana. There were actually four of us kids that left the Evansburg school and went to Entwistle, besides Don, Cousin Mae and myself there was also a girl by the name of Peggy Mitchell, she was about our age. It would be interesting to know what ever became of her. The fourth grade was spent at Edmonton, Alberta which even in 1917 was a very progressive city and was the best school I had attended so far. This was the only school that I attended that taught music as a subject and of course in the fourth grade it was just some of the basics and mostly the beginning stages of learning to sing by note. As I look back I wish that I had had more music and the opportunity to take some lessons on a musical instrument of some kind. As previously stated we came back to the States in the Fall of 1918, and went to the fifth and sixth grades in Johnson City, Illinois. The school at that time was known as the West Side School, it was a fair quality school but not outstanding, but my two teachers at this school were very good I thought. In 1920 we moved from Johnston City to the farm and I then went to the Union School which was on the county line between Franklin and Williamson Counties, actually in Franklin County, Illinois.

Since my earlier statement of brother Don attending only the Hazel Bluff School before Danville, Illinois I have learned there is a strong possibility that he also went to the South School in Clinton, and this was probably in the time period of my Folks owning the grocery store on South Main Street in Clinton and our residence on South Fourth Street. In fact I find that Don was supposed to have marched from a school he had been attending here in Clinton, the class marching in a body carrying small flags, to the then new South School and the year being about 1912. I am glad to make this correction because it may mean something to our three girls as all started at this school.

In order for the reader to understand some facts and to pay some humble tribute to both my Uncle Arthur and my Aunt Ethel Dickenson nee Peck, I feel the following is necessary to relate. They had separated at Edmonton, Alberta at the conclusion of my Uncle Arthur's position as Superintendant of a coal mine located at a little community named Dodds, a few miles from Ryley, Alberta. I had deep admiration for them both. My recollection of Uncle Arthur brings to mind the great courage that he displayed and especially during his last battle which was with cancer. He, of all my ancestors that I have any knowledge of, possessed the greatest creative mechanical ability. Shortly before his death in 1925 he had patented an automobile wheel rim and had patented a rear stop light for automobiles also. I do not think that he received any remuneration from his patents nor do I think that either my Dad or my Uncle Tom tried to merchandise them in any way, finances could very well have been the reason. Of course his ideas and patents have been superseded by things better, but in their time period, they could have been used and with luck maybe the family fortunes may have benefited. My Uncle is still remembered by some of the old timers around Clinton for the steam whistle that he made and was used at one of the Crown Hill mines. It sounded so they tell me, like the sound of a wildcat but was sort of musical as well. All of the mines would blow their (steam) whistles at a certain time in the evening and the number and length of the blasts would indicate to the community if that particular mine would work the next day or not. Since no two whistles sounded exactly alike, the miner could tell when his own mine would whistle and would be able to know if he was to work. Most of the local grocery stores would also have a bulletin board which would list the different mines and show if the different mines intended to work the following day. Uncle Arthur became very proficient with this whistle that he had made, and so some times after he had blown work or no work he would start in and play the community a little tune on the whistle like "Home Sweet Home or some other simple tune.

My Uncle Arthur also earned my respect and admiration for his unceasing and loyal support of his ageing Mother. This was of course long before Social Security, my Dad and he both assisted her from as long as I can remember. My hat is off to them both and also to Uncle Tom Dickenson, who I am sure helped as much as he could. In those days, when one became too old to work or care for themselves they would in most cases live with their children, or as an alternative would go to the County Home which were operated by the County with some State support in some instances. Although at this point in history Social Security does not enable a person to retire on its benefits alone but if there are some savings to help or there are other sources of income, such as pensions, and etc then the older persons can spend their remaining years with some degree of pride and dignity, knowing that they are benefiting from the years of paying into the Social Security system. It is with a sense of sadness and sorrow when remembering that some of our relation had to spend their last months in a less than dignified manner, being more or less dependent on others. I hope the reader will pardon this meandering away from the subject of Family History but I thought these things worthy of mention. So it is my hope that none of the members of this family will wait too long before looking ahead to their own olden days and make preparations while there is still time. Also it is our hope and prayer that our daughters will forever remain close to each other and lend support to each and theirs, even if moral support is all that is possible in some instances. Along this line I think of my Grandmother Dickenson who throughout her life never once conceded that any of her sons could be wrong, of course she was wrong because we all have faults, nevertheless you cannot help but feel impressed with her loyalty.

Feb  
2-9-1974

The following is part of a letter I received from my Uncle Albert Peck and is his response to my request for information regarding brothers and sisters of my Grandmother Peck and are his words verbatim.

Well I don't know all you asked for but will try. In the first place I was about four years old when Mom's brother Lorenzo visited us and I don't remember much about that. When we went to Wyoming in 1917, we were living in Sheridan and Lorenzo visited Adda Reed and Mom went down to Gillette and the three of them visited together at Adda's ranch about 40 miles north west of Gillette. I was working on a ranch at the time so I did not go. He was about 83 years old at the time and got around on a cane. His wife's first name was Hilda, I never heard her maiden name. They had two children, a son Frank and a daughter Anna, I believe was her name. She was married to a fellow by the name of Charlie Smalley who died soon after. They had a daughter named Hazel. They ran the place for several

years and Hazel grew up and married a guy and mother and daughter sold out and they moved to Mount Sterling, Illinois. As for Frank he got too chummy with another man's wife and in a gun fight with the guy shot and killed him. It took about all of the land that Lorenzo had at Interior, South Dakota to get Frank clear. All they had left was a herd of horses and they drove them up into Alberta, Canada and traded them for a fox farm, and that is where they were when Lorenzo visited Aunt Adda. I don't know if Frank married and had a family or not. At Interior, South Dakota the people never knew his name was Lorenzo, they knew him as Jack Turner. He had the LJT brand there for more than thirty years. I never saw my Grandfather and never heard much about him. Mom wrote to the Post Office in the town where he lived and they answered and said that he had died two years before, and that was in 1912. I never knew or heard of my Grandfather Peck. I imagine Ethel would be able to help with them. Adda was the sister that married Louis Reed and they had five boys Burt, Arthur, Ernest, Charlie, and Louis. Burt married Ada, I don't remember her maiden name. They had three children, two boys Ray and Glenn and one daughter Mildred. Arthur married a gal, I don't even remember her name let alone her maiden name. They had one daughter and I know very little about her. Don't even remember her name. Ernest married Agnes, I don't remember her maiden name. They had three children Roy, Paul and Kathie. Charlie married a widow, Cleo Butcher and she had a boy Garland Butcher that Charlie raised. Charlie had no children of his own. Louis married Hattie Felton, they had one boy Louis Jr. Louis Reed ( I assume here he means the husband of Adda, my grandmother's sister) died and Aunt Adda took the boys and moved to California. After a couple of years they moved to Interior, South Dakota where Uncle Lorenzo could help her raise the boys. She sold the homestead and stock and moved to Wyoming where the boys could file on land as they came of age.

Arilla or Rillie as Mom used to call her married John Sharp and they had three children Sidney, Margaret and Edward. Rillie died and Uncle married another woman to raise the kids. Margaret could not get along with her Step-Mother and she stayed with Mom and Dad for quite a while. Sid married Leory Crabel (?) and they had six boys and two girls, Tommy, Kenneth, John, James, William, Edward, Freida and Elizabeth. They all had families. You probably knew John as he and Mary lived at Centenary about the time you did, they called him "Tubby" Sharp. He married the school janitor's daughter, Mary. Tommy married Sylvia Hollingsworth and they had four children. Sylvia died and Tommy committed suicide. Sid and Leory finished raising the kids in Wyoming. Kenneth never married. Jim married and had four children, he died two years ago in Gillette, Wyoming. Edward is married and lives out of Gillette about forty miles.

Bill married Dorene (Pat) Bennet during World War two. She is English, they have four children, Diane, Susan, Sandy and one boy Jim. They are in Virginia near the Newport News area, are a fine family. Freida married a fellow, divorced him and married an Eddie Bush. She died seven or eight years ago and had no children. Elizabeth married a guy by the name of Kizer, divorced him and married again and lives in Stacy, Wyoming. Margaret, better known as Maggie married Joe Vickers. They had six children Clydie, Fern, Forest, twins Berl and Verl and Nell. Clydie married Elmer Knoy (?) and they had six children, I can't remember all these names, maybe I could find out because Clydie is still alive. She is the same age as sister Ethel and I don't know if she is well. Fern married Johnnie Beamer(?) and they had Elnor, Joe, Bernard, Gaylord, Jennie and Dorothy. Forrest married Roy Buck and they had Donald and Merlin. Nell married Orville Sharard and they had Jack and Mary. Berl married Louise, I have forgotten her maiden name, if I ever heard it, and they have two children. They live in Wyoming I think.

This concludes the part of the letter received from my Uncle Albert Peck, relative to information concerning my Grandmother Peck's brothers and sisters. He does not mention the one brother Benton which may be an oversight, so if anything is found later about him I will add it, as will be done in the case of my Great-Grandmother Peck, who at this point in time is becoming frustrating to me, not being able to find any trace of what happened to her. I would like to state here that I am very appreciative for this information received from Uncle Albert and realize that it must have taken quite a lot of time and effort to compile this list of names. I am sure that he has given me this information from memory and is remarkable, him being 73 at this time (1974). He also stated in his letter that many of these people were no longer living and most of them would be rather old, if still living. This writer is not at all sure that this part of the family history will prove very interesting to whom ever would read this but I think it reveals something about our relatives and what they did and where. Maybe some where in this list is a clue that some one may find and would be helpful to them. I am beginning to sense that our ancestors were people with a feeling for adventure and pioneering, because of their moving about and their different activities. But maybe the moving about was borne of necessity, the struggle for existence can bring on many changes and maybe our lives are richer and better for the experience. After Uncle Albert's letter I am forced to rescind a little on my opinion that there were no successful people of the land, I am afraid to use the word farmer, Uncle Lorenzo being a rancher. But evidently he was successful for a long long time as was also Aunt Adda and her family. Of course they are not

direct lineage but are nonetheless in our ancestry. I do know that the Peck's ventures in Wyoming were not very successful, but their misfortune was due primarily to drought, and their timing was much later than was the case of my Grandmother Peck's sister Adda and brother Lorenzo. Their land acquisition was many years prior to the Pecks going west in 1917. Grandmother Peck and Uncle Albert made a second trip to Wyoming in the mid 1920's but at this writing I am not familiar with just what they did, will try and find out what I can and report on it later. Uncle Arthur Peck, wife Myrtle and son Arthur left Clinton in the early 1930's and bought a business in Ozone, Arkansas. It was a combination restaurant, service station and dance hall as I understood it. It seems that there was some sort of a feud going on between some of the local people and my Uncle was shot at his place of business, a case of mistaken identity. He passed away in a few hours from the effects of the gun shot wound and partially due to a heart condition which he had had for some time. At the present time I have one Aunt, Ethel M. Spann living in California, wife of James Arthur Dickenson, previously written about and called my Uncle Arthur, and also the wife of Floyd Spann whom she had married sometime in the 1930's. He was a lawyer for one of the large insurance companies in New York City when we visited them and attended the World's Fair in 1940. He had previously and before his marriage to Aunt Ethel, been a Judge in Texas. After his retirement he and Aunt Ethel bought property in Douglas, Arizona and lived there until he passed away in about the mid 1950's. She then later moved to Camarilla, California to be near her daughter, my cousin Mae Miller. Also still living is my Uncle Albert of Albuquerque, New Mexico. My Uncle George Peck, I have not seen since the mid 1930's and I do not know if he is still living or not. We do know that he did go to Texas and married and had a daughter who now lives in Denton, Texas. Her name is Nola Hunter, Box 1185, Denton, Texas. A few years back this girl, who would be my first cousin wrote to our daily newspaper here in Clinton, The Daily Clintonian, asking if anyone in the Clinton area related to her Father would write to her as she was anxious to contact and learn something about the Pecks and who she might be relatives of. Cousin Arthur Peck wrote to her and I feel sure that my Aunt Olus Peck, widow of Uncle Everett (Ralph) Peck also wrote to her. In her return answer, if memory serves me correctly she at that time did not know of the whereabouts of her Father, my Uncle George. He was the youngest of my Mother's brothers and became involved in a number of escapades during his life, one serious one for which he did some time in prison. The Pecks have not tried to hide this fact neither have they advertised about it. His trouble happened some time in the late 1920's or early 1930's.

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I never did question any of the Pecks about just what Uncle George had done but it seems to have been some kind of a robbery. So I would caution the reader to not say anything about George's trouble that could possibly be told to this daughter and hurt her in any way. I have debated with myself for some time as to whether it is wise to divulge a thing of this nature and have concluded that it could be construed as dishonest not to relate this knowledge. Since none of us are without sin of some nature I do not think that we have license to condemn him for his trouble with the law. Economic conditions were such at the time that this happened it would have been very easy for anyone to stray from the straight and narrow, jobs were very scarce and times were hard. It was also during the Prohibition Era, considerable gangland activities connected with bootlegging, organized gang warfare was prevalent, bank robberies were a common occurrence and it just seemed that there was more lawlessness in this time period than at any other time that I remember. So I have always felt that he was a victim of the times and possibly association with the wrong people. Since this is the only case of a member of the family having a brush with the law of the land, that I have any knowledge of, I think we are fortunate. There may be the cattle rustler or horse thief somewhere back in the ancestry but as yet I have not found him, and if I did I do not think I would try and hide him as some genealogists have been known to do.

At this writing the great majority of the preceding generation of ours is deceased, leaving only my Aunt Ethel, Uncle Albert and Uncle George if he is still living, an Aunt Mary wife of Thomas Conrad Dickenson, an Aunt Olus wife of Ralph Everett Peck, an Aunt Nan wife of Uncle Albert Peck, an Aunt Mae wife of Uncle Ed Peck, his second marriage. I do not know if I have an Aunt living who would have been the wife of Uncle George. Also I am not sure that my Uncle Roy's wife is still living or if they were divorced at the time of his death.

In my Uncle Ed's writing " A Record of the Pecks" he does not list his own children of which there were six. Edgar now deceased and buried at Walnut Grove cemetery of about my age. Perry living in Evansville, Indiana. Kenneth of Fairview Park, Donald of someplace in Texas, a career service man. Martha Reed, wife of Austin Reed, Fairview Park to whom I am indebted for much of her Father's writing concerning the Peck family. Bessie who lives in Phoenix, Arizona. Her last name is not known by me at this time but I do know that she has been married. My Uncle Roy had four daughters by his first marriage namely, Loretta who was first married to an Otto Turner, divorcing him and now living in California, as is also her sister Mary of whom I do not know her marital status. Edna of some where here in Indiana or near Chicago and Lucille who is deceased.

Continuing on with the list of my first cousins there is of course Arthur Peck the son of my Uncle Arthur Peck and Aunt Myrtle, who at this time is living in Lyford, across the river from Clinton in Parke County. Then there is Mae Miller nee Dickenson the daughter of my Aunt Ethel and Uncle Arthur Dickenson, living in Camarillo, California a small town just outside of Los Angeles. My Aunt Ollie had two daughters, Elizabeth deceased and Ruth who at last report was living in Indianapolis. Uncle Everett and Aunt Olus nee Brattain had five children, one dying in infancy Raymond living in Detroit as is also Merle who has been married twice, first to a Shannon, who is deceased and her second husband is also dead his name is not known by me. Ruby married a Mikels and lives in the State of Washington. Think that her husbands first name is Fred and they have four ~~four~~ girls, about all grown up by this time. Ruby is very musically inclined and plays with a small band and also sings. Ralph was a son that was lost in World War Two. He was a Pilot and flew missions in the early part of the war when we had planes stationed in Northern Africa with no bases yet established in Europe. They would fly across the Mediteranean and did mostly strafing missions on war material concentrations. This was a propeller, gasoline driven, twin fuselage fighter type plane and they had problems on these missions, besides anti-aircraft fire, they were just able to carry enough fuel to complete the mission and return and there was very little margin for any kind of error or miscalculation. Consequently there were many planes lost on their return, they would just run out of gasoline and crash in the Sea. Of course some were shot down on land too. It is not known just what his fate was but that he was lost and did not return from one of these flights. As far as I know nothing has been discovered that would lead to any definite conclusion. He was born in 1921 and died in 1943, this being shortly after we had entered World War Two and the beginning of our offensive.

My Uncle Roy Peck (1896-1963) was married a second time, his first wife dying in 1924. He remarried in the late twenties or early thirties to Lois Bohannon nee Luce, she had two children before her marriage to Uncle Roy and three children to their marriage namely, Joan, Patricia and Gene. At the time of the death of Uncle Roy they were residing in Florida but as that was some time ago I do not know there wherabouts now. Gene became a Minister as was also Joan's husband.

Also on the list of cousins are the children of my Uncle Tom Dickenson and Aunt Mary Dickenson nee Newland, a daughter Mildred who died in 1935 who was married to George Farrington and the Mother of two boys and two girls, Wanda Poure nee Dickenson married to Harold Poure and the Mother of four boys. Harold passed away a few years ago. Wanda still lives in South Bend, Indiana.

Some several months have elapsed since I have did any writing of this little history and as I continue I think I should more or less rewrite the last paragraph on page 32 or at least give the first names of cousin Mildred's children and also Wanda's. So as stated Mildred was married to George Farrington, the year being either the latter part of 1925 or the first part of 1926. To them was born Richard of R. R. 2, Clinton. Marjorie and Mary Alice of somewhere in Florida, their married names are not known by me at this time, and Wayne who resides at 609 South Eighth St., Clinton, In. Midred passed away in 1935 and I personally felt a great loss at her death, as she was an exceptional person and it is sad that her life was not a happy one and that it was terminated so early.

Wanda was married to Harold Poure, now deceased, and to them was born four sons Bill who is the oldest and he was married to Helen Ganser and they have two children, Elizabeth (Betsy) and Bill Jr. This oldest son was married in 1950. Bob was married in 1948 to Joan Horton and they are divorced. They had one daughter, Linda Lee and this daughter is married to Roger Huffman. Bob later married Edith London, and they had a daughter Robin. Edith London had a son Charles by her former marriage and whom Bob adopted. He is Lt. Charles Poure, graduate of West Point.

In 1953 Tom was married to Margaret Woolyhand and they have three children, Thomas II, James Harold and Bonnie. Tom and Margaret were divorced several years ago and Tom is now married to Robin Jovanovitch.

James was married in 1959 to Iris Kane and they have four children Timothy, James, Kristan and twin girls, Angela and Amy. Wanda lives in Mishawaka, In. and I believe two of her sons live in Phoenix, Arizona and two are living in Fort Wayne, In.

Another cousin is Kenneth Dickenson of Fort Wayne, brother of Mildred and Wanda and son of my Uncle Tom Dickenson and Aunt Mary Dickenson nee Newland. He is married to Dorothy Zigler and they have one son Geoffrey or Geoffry who is the only male Dickenson born of this generation and it looks as if it will be up to him to perpetuate the name as we know it.

It should be noted here that Mildred Farrington nee Dickenson is buried at Walnut Grove Cemetery, Clinton, directly west of the cemetery equipment building. I also think that one of her grandchildren is buried there also, a child of Mildred's son Richard Farrington.

This completes the listing of cousins as far as I know, most of them are hardly more than acquaintances and only a few of them have I been in contact with recently, and then there are some that I have felt very close to , so at any rate I wish all of them well and wish the best for them.

I should before I leave the subject of cousins mention my first cousin Edgar Peck, oldest son of my Uncle Ed Peck. He is now deceased and is buried close to the above listed Mildred Farrington at Walnut Grove. He was one of my favorites.

The information given here about Joseph Sparks is from the National Archives and was obtained by Betty Allen nee Martin and his granddaughter, also the sister of Margaret Dickenson nee Martin. Joseph Sparks was also a Civil War Veteran and was enrolled on the 18th day of November 1863, in Company C, 123 rd Regiment, Indiana Volunteers for a period of three years. His general description given is that he was 5 ft. 6 in. tall, complexion dark, hair gray ( at age 64, probably brown or black previously). This description was taken from an application for pension dated 26th of December 1888. This paper also states that while serving in the Civil War and line of duty at or near Charleston, Tennessee contracted chronic diarrhea and that he suffered therefrom ever since. He was subsequently hospitalized after this contraction of this ailment on or about May of 1864, in hospitals at Chattanooga and Nashville Tennessee and at Jeffersonville and Madison Indiana. He was discharged on the 13th of May 1865. This writer has not found that his Regiment participated in any major battles before his entering the different hospitals, though there may have been some activities and minor skirmishes which were numerous at the time, in the area of Tennessee where he was. It is believed his birth year to have been 1824 and his age at the time of enrollment either 38 or 39. He was supposed to have been a native of North Carolina and it is not known just when he came to Indiana. He was married three times, the name of his first wife is not known at this writing, but there were five children born to this first marriage, again the dates are not known by me at this time. The names however were Isabelle, Phoebe, Joseph, Sue and either Sally or Alice. His second wife was Lavinna DeMasters nee Colfer, she having had two children from a former marriage to a Mr. DeMasters, his given name is not known. The two children by her former marriage were Josephine and Frank DeMasters. It was to the union of Joseph Sparks and Lavinna DeMasters nee Colfer that was born Ella Sparks, the mother of Margaret Dickenson nee Martin. According to an application for Children's Pension with Ella Sparks to be the recipient, it is stated that the marriage of Joseph Sparks and Lavinna DeMasters nee Colfer was on or about August 25th, 1876. Ella Sparks was born on August 29th, 1878 the only child of this marriage. Lavinna DeMasters Sparks nee Colfer passed away on March 6th, 1880 and is thought buried at Riverside Cemetery, Clinton. From the time of her death, Ella Sparks remained with her father and resided at boarding houses in and around Clinton until she had reached the age of six when she went to stay with the John S. Anderson family of Helt Township, Vermillion County Indiana. The third marriage of Joseph Sparks was to Rebecca Calhoun on the first of April 1884, she had been formerly married to Nimrod Calhoun who had died in February 1861. Among the papers from the National Archives are the "Declaration for an Original Pension" filed by Joseph Sparks and is dated

December 26th, 1888. Joseph Sparks died on March 4th, 1889, and is buried at Riverside Cemetery. His grave is marked by one of the regular military stones, and is on the far east side of the cemetery and about in line with the William and Ella Martin lot, also in the general area east of the Soldiers and Sailors Monument. We also find that an application for Widow's Pension under a New Law, was filed by his third wife Rebecca Sparks (Calhoun) on the 31st day of July, 1890. We have found through a reliable source that the third wife of Joseph Sparks was a sister of John S. Anderson and it more or less explains to a degree at least, why the Anderson family took Ella Sparks to raise from about the age of six until the time of her marriage. John S. Anderson was a prominent farmer of Helt Township, owning considerable land which was located north of the Tennessee Valley Baptist Church neighborhood, west of what is now State Road # 63, about two miles south and west of Hillsdale, and about seven miles north and west of Clinton. There are few remains of the farm buildings at this time. John S. Anderson and his wife Marietta had as far as we know, three children, John, Wilhemina and one other daughter Virginia, the mother of Gertrude Davis nee James and Myrtle Fillinger nee James. We are reasonably sure that John S. Anderson was at one time Township Trustee of Helt Township or at least had something to do with the hiring and naming of teachers in the local schools, and this responsibility was part of the Trustee's duties at this time in history. We feel that the Anderson's were very good people and of good calibre and although they were not of our direct lineage were nevertheless very important in the life of Ella Martin nee Sparks. From a visit to the Helt's Prairie Cemetery we discovered the stone marking the graves of the Anderson's and find the dates for John S. Anderson to be 1823-1897, for his wife Marietta, 1828-1911, and their son John M. Anderson as having passed away on September 6th, 1905 at the age of 34 years which figures out that he was born in 1871. It seems that during the tenure of John S. Anderson's career as either the Township Trustee or as before mentioned, at least something to do with the hiring of teachers, he had asked one of the prospective lady teachers to come and have dinner with his family. This seemed to be one of his ways in sort of sizing up the different ones and to get acquainted with them. At any rate this particular one seemed a bit too dainty, him observing that she cut her lima beans in two before putting them in her mouth to eat, and so he concluded that if she could not handle one lima bean at a time she would have plenty of trouble trying to keep discipline with some of the large farm boys, some of whom would be almost as old as her, and would be almost grown when they had received their grade school education. This little incident should point out to the reader that sometimes we are remembered by little things that happen in our lives, not necessarily things of great importance.

It is not known exactly which year it was that Marietta, the wife of John S. Anderson, and after his death in 1897, along with John M. Anderson and Ella Sparks moved to Clinton and resided on the corner of Sixth and Elm Streets on the north west corner. The house was subsequently torn down and another home built on this lot by James Tabor. Marietta Anderson had been an invalid for a number of years and they had had hired girls to help take care of her and to keep the house, cook and etc. This continued after their moving into Clinton and apparently until she passed away in 1911. Ella Sparks (Martin) did not receive much education but we do know that she attended school in the Tennessee Valley area which would have been close to the Anderson farm in Helt Township, Vermillion County, Indiana.

To the present time we have not been able to trace the Martin family history back to any great extent. Samuel Martin and Margaret Martin nee McGinnis came to Clinton from Cloverdale, Indiana, apparently to purchase and operate the then Clinton Hotel. The time is thought to be the late 1800's and it is apparent that some research needs to be done on just where the Hotel was located at the time and also to determine prior history of the family. It could be a good project for someone and I will try and find out more if I possibly can, having the time and opportunity to delve into it further. It is known that there were eight living children of the above union as listed here. William Albert Martin, father of Margaret Dickenson nee Martin, born March 19th, 1867. Died November 10th, 1936 at age 69, buried at Elwood City, Pennsylvania.

Lou E. Martin ( Allen ) born 1856, died in 1936. There is some question as to the date of death. She was married to Robert A. Allen who was born in 1861 and died in 1916. Both are buried at Riverside Cemetery.

Frances A. Martin was born October 2nd, 1858. Died May 23rd, 1913. Married to Albert Mullinnix who was born July 18th, 1857 and died December 18th, 1915. Martha Bell Martin (Ringo) was born in 1860 and died in 1917. She was married to Milton Ringo, born in 1840 and died in 1912. The last four named are buried at Riverside Cemetery, in fact these and the above Allen's are buried in the same vicinity as the lot which contains my Grandfather and Grandmother Peck, my Mother, my brother Donald and his first wife Louise. There is no stone marking my Grandparents final resting place but Don and I had a stone placed at our Mother's grave, previously I had the curbing put in at this lot and had it sodded. Don then elected to have his first wife buried here and had their stone placed shortly after her death.

To continue on with the listing of the Martin's;

Theodore Clarence Martin was born December 29th, 1869 and died October 6th, 1913. He is buried along with his first wife who it seems died from the effects of child birth. The baby was either still born or lived only a few

days. We do not know at this time the names of either of Clarence Martin's wives. To he and his second wife was born a son Wayne who after graduating from Wabash College at Crawfordsvilles, Indiana spent most of his life in Washington, D. C. We think he is still living at this time.

Reuben C. Martin was born in 1865 and died in 1917, was married to Lillie P. Martin, maiden name we think was Wiley. She was born in 1871 and died in 1921.

James Lemuel Martin, his birth date and time of death are not known by us but his places of residence besides Clinton were Mattoon Illinois, and Spencer, Indiana.

Mary Isadore Martin (Hamilton), it is thought was the oldest of the Martin children but her birth date is not known , neither the date of her death, it is thought her place of burial to be Chicago. She was married to Flora Hamilton and again we have nothing to report as to his dates and whereabouts. The parents of the above Martin children, the father Samuel Martin was born December 18th, 1829 and he died on January 12th, 1885. The mother Margaret Martin nee McGinnis was born September 7th, 1834 and died April 17th, 1901. William Albert Martin is the one we are most concerned with in this lineage, he being the father of Margaret Louise Dickenson nee Martin. It is thought that he came to Clinton in his teen years with his parents and became an accomplished carpenter, building numerous first quality homes in Clinton. The last home that he built for his family was at 423 South Fourth Street. Previous to this time and early in his marriage to Ella Sparks they had purchased a farm of 79 acres in what is known as the Center neighborhood, north and west of Clinton and they farmed for a short time. The time that William and Ella Martin lived at this place is rather indefinite but it can safely be narrowed down to about four years although since William Martin entered the Lumber Yard business while still living on the farm this no doubt shortened his time in actually farming. At any rate this farm was an eighty acre tract of land with one acre removed for what used to be the Center Church, which was on the south east corner of the farm. This Church later was consolidated with and is now a part of the Wayside United Methodist Church located on State Road # 63 at Fairview. The former Center Church is now being remodeled into a residence. I feel sure that in the future if someone should be interested in knowing just where this land is situated, an inquiry or two in the area and they would be able to locate it. The house on this farm which was the residence of the Martin's was on the north side of this acreage but is no longer standing, having burned, probably in the 1920's to the best of our estimation. William Martin built a nice barn on the place, probably in 1902, his wife Ella hauling most of the lumber by horses and wagon from the lumber yards in Clinton. The barn stood south of the house about two hundred feet and was finally torn down in the late

forties. There are no improvements on the place at this time, and the land is owned by James (Jack) Murray and Wife Eleanor.

William Albert Martin and Ella Sparks were married September 11th, 1898 at Clinton, Vermillion County, Indiana. To this union were born the following: Bessie Martin born July 24th, 1899, died August 5th, 1901. Buried in the Martin lot at Riverside Cemetery, Clinton.

William Dane Martin born September 20th, 1903, died September 18th, 1904. Also buried on Martin lot. Bessie Martin was born in Clinton and also passed away while her parents still resided in Clinton. William Dane Martin was born on the afore mentioned farm and also died while the family still lived there. Willis Sparks Martin was also born on this farm January 18th, 1905. He now resides in Poland, Ohio near Youngstown. He has lived in that vicinity for a great portion of his life and is now retired from a career with the Ohio Edison Company, his job being mostly dealing with service and general maintenance. He was married to Adeline Harriett Webster of Youngstown, Ohio May 8th, 1929. They had two children Charles Alan Martin, born October 21st, 1930 and Robert Paul Martin born June 22nd, 1936. Charles Alan Martin was married to Beverly Jean Ross and they have four children, Jeffery, Bradley, Melanie and Ronald. Robert Paul Martin married Nancy Tuck and they have three children Susie, Judy and David. Adeline Harriett Martin nee Webster was born March 25th, 1910 at Dubois, Pennsylvania and died October 26th, 1967. She was buried at Lake Park Cemetery, Youngstown, Ohio. Willis Sparks Martin remarried in 1968 to Mary Siegel nee Lentz, who had one son and two daughters. Margaret Louise Martin was the next child born to this family and although some of the information that I will list here will be repetitious it will serve to more or less keep things in a chronological order and perhaps a little easier for the reader. Margaret Louise Dickenson nee Martin was born November 4th, 1914 at Shubuta Mississippi, where after a short time her parents returned to Clinton. So it can be said that her formative years were spent and her education acquired in Clinton. She attended South for two and one half years and then attended Central for the balance of grade school and then attended and graduated from Clinton High School in 1933. She worked part time for Baker's, which was a ladie's ready to wear apparel store, working about two full days and usually on Saturday evenings per week. Work was very scarce as this was during the depression and Clinton was really suffering. Margaret also worked some doling out commodities to the ones who were on welfare. In 1934 she worked at the World's Fair which was in it's second year of operation, working as a waitress in one of the restuarants. The year 1935 was memorable as this was the year that she married the writer of this little story, and although I can not say that she was gainfully employed, she has had plenty to do eversince.

Sammy Jo Martin was born January 24th, 1917, the fifth child in the marriage of William and Ella Martin. She was born in Clinton and spent all of her adolescent and school years in Clinton, graduating from Clinton High School in 1934. She was married to Arthur Conner of Clinton, March 1st, 1936 and to this marriage was born one son, Kenneth Wayne Conner, June 10th, 1940. Sammy Jo always seemed to me to be an industrious person and though there were few opportunities for jobs in Clinton when she was growing up she did what she could to help her family. Art had a number of jobs after they were married and on an occasion or two worked away from Clinton and they were both away at these times. In the early 1940's he was employed by Du Pont and worked at the Wabash River Ordnance, Newport, Indiana. He was subsequently transferred to the Du Pont plant at Wilmington, Delaware and they moved to Bridgeton, New Jersey. At this date he is still employed with this company. Sammy Jo worked at numerous places in Bridgeton and for most of her working years did book keeping for automobile agencies. After a lingering illness and after suffering much pain and sickness she passed away on December 23rd, 1970. She is buried at a cemetery not far from Bridgeton in a little community known as Shiloh, close to her home of many years. She is missed by us all very much and it is with a heavy heart that I write about her passing. At this date Art has remarried but we hear that his health is not good. Kenneth Wayne Conner was married to Marilyn Carole Moore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carlton H. Moore on Sept. 1st, 1962, of Deerfield, New Jersey. To them a son was born, David Wayne Conner, July 26th, 1963. Kenny and Marilyn were separated and divorced, we think in either 1971 or 1972 and he has since married to Ruth Lloyd of Centerton, New Jersey, this occurring June 16th, 1973. A son was born to this union December 8th, 1975, Douglas, but only lived a few hours. We regret to have to write of this remembering the heart break of losing our own grandson as an infant, and we share their sorrow.

Betty Mae Martin was born March 4th, 1920 the sixth and last child of the marriage of William and Ella Martin. She like her sister Sammy Jo was born and reared in Clinton and graduated from Clinton High School with the Class of 1938. I am not familiar ~~with~~ with all of the places that she was employed after graduation but do remember that she worked at Du Pont, the Wabash River Ordnance during World War Two and also at Indianapolis for a period of time on a Civil Service job and it could have been that this may have been the beginning of her career as a Civil Service worker because it seems that from this time on her employment was of this nature. She spent some time working at the Terre Haute office of the Social Security Division of H. E. W. also as a secretary in the Warden's office at the Federal Prison, south of Terre Haute. Also she spent time working back at the Wabash River Ordnance, Newport Indiana and at this time is not

The date of our marriage was November 19th, 1935 as has been stated before as has also our different places of residence so I will not repeat any of this here but will state that our first daughter, Doris Jean Dickenson was born November 25th, 1936. Was married to Jerry D. Gaertner of Arcadia, Ohio on August 30th, 1959 at Immanuel Lutheran Church at Hessville, Ohio an unincorporated town about seven miles west of Fremont, Ohio. The Minister was Rev. A. W. Lynn and the bride was given by her father and the Wedding Reception was held at the Parish Hall at this Church. This writer feels that a good sized book could be written about the mixed emotions that a father feels at the marriage of a daughter. It seems that Mother's and usually most women will cry at a wedding but are unable to explain whether it is from sadness or gladness but I am sure it is a different emotion than that which a father experiences. I suppose you feel proud to be walking your daughter down the Church aisle but you are also feeling that a part of your life is changing and you are sorry to see it go.

To the marriage of Jerry D. Gaertner and Doris J. Gaertner nee Dickenson there have been born three children Elizabeth Ann born March 19th, 1962, James Allen born April 26th, 1964 and Ruth Louise born April 2nd, 1966. Helen Louise Dickenson was our second daughter born February 23rd, 1938. Was married to Edwin Allen Gullion of Lebanon, Indiana on February 21st, 1960, at Christ Lutheran Church, 24th and Poplar Streets, Terre Haute, Indiana. The Minister was Rev. George Frederick with the wedding reception also held at the Church. We resided at 729 South Third Street in Clinton at the time of the marriages of all three girls. To the marriage of Edwin Allen Gullion and Helen Louise Gullion nee Dickenson there has been born three children also, Douglas Edwin born December 16th, 1960. Daniel Scott Gullion born May 2nd, 1963 while his parents were in France. This was the period in time when the so called "Cold War" was at the highest intensity, and the Air National Guard had been called up for active duty and since Edwin A. Gullion was a pilot of this particular unit of the Guard stationed at Terre Haute he was sent to France in January of 1962 and Helen joined him at the Air Force Base where he was stationed. The plane that Ed piloted at this time was the F84, a fighter type air craft. This maneuver seems to have been a show of force by our government as there was no actual fighting that went on, for which we are thankful. The Gullion's returned from this tour of duty in the Summer of 1963 and were then stationed at Alamogordo, New Mexico. Helen and the two boys spent part of the Summer with us and after Ed had located a place for them to live we drove them out, accompanied by Judy and her two children at the time, which I will list here very soon. Much could be written about this trip as it was a little on the hectic side. The car I owned at the time was a standard size Chevrolet, six cylinder two door. This car was designed to seat four or five comfortably but we

had of course four adults and the four children ranging in age from about three months to two and a half years. We had a rack on top of the car and things stacked in it about three feet high, every inch of the trunk and in back of the back seat crammed as full as possible with no room to spare anywhere in the car. Couple this with three of the Kids who wanted to be moving about and you can imagine our problems. It was in the month of August and no air conditioner and the many miles of desert that we had to cross, we all were glad to sight Ed and his Austin-Healy cruising the main drag in Alamogordo to intercept us as we came into town. Judy stayed to visit and we came back in a few days.

The Gullion's came to visit us at Christmas time and also to visit members of Ed's family at Lebanon. During their stay in Indiana Danny became ill with some sort of a virus or pneumonia and apparently came on him so fast that the anti-biotics did not have time to combat the disease and he passed away on Christmas day of 1963, at the age of eight months. We do not know why things happen as they do and so it is very hard to write about this and to say anything which might console or relieve those of us who will read this part with heavy hearts. About all that this writer can say is that we must not lose sight of the fact that death is a part of life itself, that no one escapes and that God, as each of us might conceive him to be in our own minds, decided in this case. There is no other answer that I can imagine. May God bless him and keep him is our eternal prayer. Daniel Scott Gullion is buried at Oak Hill Cemetery, Lebanon, Indiana.

Thomas Allen Gullion was born July 25th, 1965 at Vermillion County Hospital Clinton, Indiana. Our daughter Helen was spending time with us at this time of Tom's birth as Ed had been taking special training at Waco, Texas and was getting the furniture moved and things readied for Helen, Doug and the new baby at Williams Air Force Base at Mesa, Arizona.

Judith Ann Dickenson was born November 12th, 1941 and has been stated before, all three girls were born at the Vermillion County Hospital, Clinton, Indiana and the attending physician for all three was Dr. C. M. Zink, our family Doctor from the time of my marriage until the early or middle 1940's when he died. Judith Ann Dickenson was married to David Lance Parson at Christ Luthersn Church, Terre Haute on March 13th, 1960. Dave was a native of Terre Haute and graduated from the then Garfield High School. To this marriage were born the following, John David Parson born March 5th, 1961, Susan Eileen Parson born August 5th, 1962 and Steven Lance Parson born September 26th, 1964. Judith Ann Parson nee Dickenson and David Lance Parson were divorced December 16th, 1966. Judy remarried March 25th, 1967 to Joseph Earl Cobb, himself the father of three children Cheryl, Steven and Suzie. To this marriage has been born Joseph Earl Cobb Jr. on September 12th, 1969. He was born at Columbus, Ohio.

The following list of ancestors and people in our history was taken from a mimeograph or copier of copies made by my Uncle Thomas Conrad Dickenson. They are in his handwriting and the date of coming into being is not shown and is not known by me. On the sheet that is headed Births and is what looks to be a flyleaf such as are sometimes placed in some Bibles the following is listed:

Joseph S. Dickenson born February 1, 1846  
 Mary Emma Dickenson " April 17 , 1859  
 James A. (Arthur) Dickenson born May 9, 1877  
 Martha M. Dickenson born March 17, 1879  
 George E. Dickenson born February 18, 1882  
 Thomas C. Dickenson born Sept. 8, 1884  
 Joseph O. Dickenson born February 25, 1887  
 George Donald Dickenson born Aug. 1, 1905  
 Ralph C. Dickenson born Aug. 5, 1907  
 Hazel M. Dickenson born March 26, 1917  
 Mildred A. Dickenson born May 11, 1907  
 Wanda E. Dickenson born Sept. 16, 1909  
 Kenneth G. Dickenson born June 22, 1917  
 Bessie Mae Dickenson born Sept 23, 1909

On a similar flyleaf headed Marriages are the following listed by my Uncle Tom and show his marriage and also the marriages of his two daughters and list- ind also the children of their marriages. He does not list here the marriage of his son Kenneth George Dickenson. The following then is the list as explained above:

Mary Newland born Nov. 12, 1886  
 Married to Thomas C. Dickenson July 27, 1906  
 Wanda E. Dickenson to Harold Poure March 25, 1929  
 William Edward Poure born Oct. 22 1929 1924  
 Robert Eugene Poure born June 6, 1931  
 Thomas born Feb. 21, 1933  
 James Allen boen Sept. 29, 1938  
 Mildred A. Dickenson to George R. Farrington Oct. 31, 1925  
 George Richard born Sept. 27, 1926  
 Margie Lee born Aug. 25, 1928 Married June 27, 1948  
 Mary Alice born Sept. 16, 1930  
 Wayne Conrad born March 8, 1933

It can be noted here that the Newland family of which my Aunt Mary was a member came to Indiana from Ohio, in the area of Washington Court House which is in Fayette County. They evidently came to Vermillion County, Ind. about the time that the Clinton coal field was being developed.

The following article appeared in the Terre Haute Tribune on December 1st, 1976 and since it adequately expresses my feelings about this little story I am writing here, I think it appropriate to incorporate it in it's entirety as it is written.

WRITING ABOUT LIFE HELPS RELIVE IT  
by Joe Wing

Written for AP Newsfeatures

What wouldn't you give to live some part of your life over again? Would you hock the TV or even the family car?

No need for that. Whatever you do, of course, you can't actually experience a second time around, but there's a next best course of action that will cost you hardly a dime. It shapes up into a project ideal for you as an older man or woman, and one likely to draw applause from your children and grandchildren and even your nieces and nephews.

The project? Nothing less than reliving your life by writing your life story. Now don't let the idea throw you. Although you may never have written anything more ambitious than a letter, you are still the only person on earth who can do this particular job. Even if your grammar and spelling are not perfect, you alone can set down on paper, or dictate into a tape recorder, the unique anecdotes and the events that have made up the mosaic of your existence.

My Mother used to spin yarns to me about her girlhood and about the lives of her forbears as far back as she could remember. But when I tried to tell my children about her life on the prairie, her parents' journey west and about things that had happened to me, they wouldn't sit still for it. By then there was more excitement in radio programs and comic strips than in any narrative of mine.

As a result, our family legends, like those of many families, were on their way to oblivion. But I resolved to not let them die. I started to write them down, and those children of mine, now grown up, are fascinated with what I have written.

Writing my "book" has been more fun than watching football games or taking up golf, and the anecdotes have become a bulky manuscript. Your account need not be that long-- a single page is better than none.

You don't have to be famous to rate an autobiography. There have been notable ones by slum dwellers, servants, buck privates, beggars and misfits, as well as by statesmen, philanthropists, generals, politicians, doctors, editors, artists, industrialists and travelers.

You're lucky if you have old diaries or letters or account books to draw on. Even without them, however, you will find yourself recording incidents you haven't recalled in years. They may even heighten your spouse's interest in you, and certainly they will give you new insights into your own existence. You are on your own as to the period covered. Some people concentrate on their

41 childhood. Chief White Horse Eagle wrote about most of his 107 years. If your war experiences, school days, romances, wanderings or business career were most important to you, by all means zero in on one or more of these. The events need not be put in logical order. What makes the difference whether a date was 1944 or 1945? Mark Twain dictated his autobiography piecemeal and never did get it organized, but it makes reading hard to lay aside.

Perhaps you think you haven't the health or energy to tackle such a project. Well, then, think of the New Zealand judge who wrote "Cheerful Yesterdays" while dying of cancer. Or of our own President U.S. Grant, who produced his highly regarded war memoirs under similar circumstances.

I wish my ancestors had done as much for me. Some of them reached these shores 300 years ago. There were soldiers, bums, pioneers, seamen and revolutionaries among them. I will never know what they were really like.


No matter how many lines you write, there comes a time when you have done as much as you want to. What next? First and foremost save it. Don't decide, as even professional writers sometimes do, that your stuff is no good and junk it. Don't worry either about publication, although many an amateur's life story has popped up in print later and been hailed as a grassroots masterpiece. One thing you can do if you have a little spare cash is to get it typed neatly and reproduced for your children, other relatives or friends.

However you handle it, you'll make a profit. I'm drawing royalties already on my unpublished manuscript. My daughter, one of those who wouldn't sit still years ago, saw it recently and wrote me:

"Reading your autobiography was a wonderful experience. I always thought I knew you pretty well, but it has opened up all sorts of understandings."

End of article by Joe Wing

I have been much impressed by this writing and I realize that when I started to write this so called "Genealogy" it was not firm in my mind the way I would convey my thoughts and information to you the reader. After the first page or two I was convinced that it would be better to try and tell a little story about it all rather than to just make up chart or graph to show who was related to who and etc. I concluded that it would be dull and boring to leave information to anyone in this fashion so I have taken this way to tell and share some of my experiences. It has bothered me some that I have not been able to keep things in a better chronological order but since this has been written just a page or two at a time and sometimes months will elapse between any writings at all I am sure you will forgive me if I at times may seem to be repeating myself or seem to be skipping from later happenings and then back to earlier things. I think the writer of the above article is right when he says the main thing is to get your ideas down on paper or on record of some fashion, tapes or whatever.

After a considerable lapse of time I am starting to write again of things that have been recently learned and the date is May 2nd, 1979. In September of 1977, Margaret and I made a trip to Perry County, Illinois, mainly in an effort to determine the first or given name of my great grandfather Turner. In anything that I had ever read about him, there had been no given name and State and National Archives are not able to search without a full name. We visited the County Court House at Pinckneyville and made a diligent search of the few records available but with no success. We did find a copy of a Marriage License issued to a John Sharp and Emma Turner on March 13th, 1869. After due consideration to all of the dates I do believe this Emma Turner to be the sister of my Grandmother Peck nee Turner. We did not find any other marriages of a Sharp to a Turner in our search and I conclude that although grandmother's sister was called Arilla, it could have been her middle name. As I have stated previously, my grandmother came to Clay County, Indiana at about the age of nine with this John Sharp and his bride, their Mother having passed away a year previously. I am not positive that this marriage is the one in our lineage but reasonably sure. From the Court House we searched the Library but found nothing but the Librarian did direct us to a Mrs. Spurgeon who had spent a good portion of her life working in the County Recorder's office. She had kept a lot of records that ordinarily would have been thrown away, and was compiling a history of marriages made in the County as a hobby. At any rate she showed me a letter from David S. Howard, at that time a resident of Los Angeles wherein he had requested information about my grandmother Peck nee Turner. I subsequently wrote to him but my letter was returned and then I learned from cousin Martha Reed that he was writing a history of the Peck's. I wrote again after learning his present address and we are at the present time exchanging information and I find that he is related and is a second-cousin, being the son of first cousin Mary Lois Peck Howard, she being the daughter of Roy M. Peck, brother of my Mother. From him I learn that my Great-grandfather's first name is Collin, that he was indeed a soldier in the Civil War. From copies furnished by David Howard of Collin Turner's  war record supplied by the National Archives we find that he enlisted in the Northern Army, Co.I, 6th Regiment of Illinois Cavalry on September 17th, 1861 and was honorably discharged on the 18th of November 1864. In reading his war record we find that he was a Corporal during the first part of his enlistment but at some time in the latter part was reduced to Private. His record shows numerous illnesses and an injury to his ankle and foot incurred when taking horses to water. This may have been the reason for his demotion. He was apparently 43 years old at the time of his enlistment in 1861 and that would have been before my grandmother would have been one year old. Also among Collin Turner's war record papers is one which he had filed for an invalid pension. The date is May 17th, 1880 and declares that he is 66

years old. There must be some discrepancy here, he could not have been 66 and also 43 at the time of his enlistment in 1861. It also states on this application for Invalid Pension, as on other papers, that he was 5 feet 8 inches tall, complexion dark, black hair and blue eyes. This application was filed from Brazil, Indiana and his home Post Office is listed as Asherville, Clay County, Indiana. He gives his occupation as farmer. Asherville at this time in history was a coal mining community with a population of about 200 with no manufacturing or industry other than the mines. Since the block coal is nearly worked out in Clay County, I do not know if the town still exists. At this time I have no other information to report regarding why he was a resident of this little town or what eventually happened to him. Where he may have been or where he was at the time of his death or where he is buried is not known by me at this time. Any information regarding my Great Grandmother Turner is also lacking but maybe something will surface and we will keep searching. I did send to the Illinois State Archives for information on Collin Turner but did not receive much data that was of help. They do state that his address at the time of enlistment was Jackson County, Illinois which is the County adjoining Perry on the south. It states that he was originally from Butler County, Pennsylvania, joined the Union Army at DuQuoin September 17th, 1861 and was mustered into service November 19th, 1861, at Camp Butler. The State reports that they searched the 1850 and the 1860 Census index for Collin Turner but do not report any findings, in Perry County. Possibly the census for 1850 and 1860 of Jackson County would show something. I do not remember Grandmother Peck nee Turner ever mentioning her parents, but I was not around her a great deal and was to remember her only from about the time I was eighteen in 1925, visiting her occasionally and staying with her and my Uncle Albert for a few weeks in 1926 before my return to Three Rivers, Michigan for the second time. I regret now that I was not interested in the "Family History" at that time because I am sure she could have given me a wealth of information. I remember her as being very hard of hearing, but very well read and a good alert mind, a warm and affectionate nature, and I loved her dearly. She and Grandmother Dickenson were both terrific cooks and it was great to eat at their tables. I will probably have additional writings concerning Collin Turner as more information becomes available. It is known that he did take his own horse into the Army with him as his record shows, later on in the war the government paid for the horses. He was discharged November 18th, 1864 serving his full three year enlistment. From the papers this far I would conclude that he must have spent most of the time that he was in the service in the State of Tennessee. Some research needs to be done on what activities Company I, 6th Regiment of Illinois Cavalry was engaged in and if they were involved in actual battles. It could be interesting.

It has now been several months since I have written anything in this history of our family and this resumption date is March 10th, 1980. For several years I had been losing sight in my left eye which had been a handicap in reading and writing , finally becoming almost blind and necessitating surgery in September of 1978 for removal of the lens (cataract). What would have been a routine fitting of contact lens and prescription glasses turned out to be a complex problem because the doctors were unable to fit me with lens capable of overcoming an ailment known as Anisoeikonia, which is a common condition in which the images produced in the two eyes are of different size. I had hoped to find someone who could correct this condition for me before resuming any more writing but I have been disappointed in this but will continue and do the best I can. My right eye is fairly good at this time and the cataract which was beginning to form previous to surgery (in my left eye) is in a remissive stage at this time.

I would like to relate of the visit of David Howard (page 46) to us in July of 1979. He has spent a great deal of time and effort gathering information, dates, places and etc. re a Peck Family History. Most of the time while here was spent in searching out members of the family and compiling a draft of the different ones. He has forwarded two drafts to me so far, besides copies of birth certificates, wills, legal documents and newspaper accounts and etc. that he was able to discover while here at the Vigo County Library, the Courthouses of Vigo and Clay County and Highland Lawn Cemetery Terre Haute, Indiana. The most notable of the tombstone inscriptions was the finding of Amanda J. Peck nee Gillepsie/Gillaspie, who would be my Great Grandmother. I have previously stated of my frustration at not being able to determine what had been Amanda's life after her separation from my Great Grandfather, Daniel Webster Peck. As was stated by my Uncle Ed, he left Clay County and took up residence in Arkansas, remarried and had an additional two daughters, so it is safe to assume that there could be more relation in Arkansas that the family knows nothing about. This could be a project for someone in the future. I have been happy to learn about Amanda and since all of the evidence points to a close association with her family and especially her daughter Mary E. Peck (Aunt Betty), who married William Wollberg after the death of Amanda in 1891, their burial places together at Highland Lawn, all of these things make me feel better about how Amanda lived out the rest of her life. I also have more appreciation for Aunt Betty and visualize that they could have been very close.

From the birth certificate of Bessie Ann Peck obtained by David Howard we find that she was born in Knightsville, Indiana on August 23rd, 1883. They list Clyde Peck as father which is in error, his given name being Claude mother Eva Turner, father occupation - Merchant, mother - Housewife, father age 28, mother age 22. Record was filed August 30th, 1883, Book 1 Page 69

So the information given previously of the birthplace of my Mother as being in the little town of Cardonia ia apparently in error according to her birth certificate. Another apparent error was found on the birth certificate of Ethel M. Peck nee Dickenson nee Spann stating that she was born August 15th, 1891. Aunt Ethel had stated to me that the year was 1890. These are minor errors but any mistakes should be corrected as they are found, in order to make our effort as valid and perfect as is humanly possible. Numerous errors plague records and statistics and they tend to discourage a work of this sort, but we have to remember that to err is human.

Among the papers obtained by David Howard from the Vigo County Courthouse were the Wills of Mary Elizabeth Wollberg nee Peck (Aunt Betty) and William Wollberg. William Wollberg was Jewish and for a long time owned and operated a general merchandise store at 2400 3rd Avenue, Terre Haute, Ind. Aunt Betty passed away first and had willed all of her possessions to Uncle William Wollberg. The attesting witnesses were Olive M. Gose (my Mother's Sister) and Ruth A. Dowell, daughter of Olive M. Gose. At this time, June 10, 1921 Olive M. Gose, (my Aunt Ollie) was and had been an employee in the Wollberg store for a good many years. I accompanied Uncle Albert and Grandmother Peck a few times in the year 1925 when we visited them at the store. The store as I remember was fairly large and had nice living quarters on the second floor. It was not a huge store as one would expect to find in the main part of town but rather a neighborhood store nicely furnished and well stocked. I do not know if the building and lot were owned by the Wollbergs or not, I do not find any record to show this in either his will or Aunt Betty's will. Olive M. Gose died in 1928 prior to the passing of Mary Elizabeth Wollberg nee Peck on March 25th, 1932. William Wollberg died November 19th, 1939 leaving an estate worth according to the probaton of his will, of \$7,781.24. Harry N. Lavin was named Trustee. According to the will of William Wollberg he bequeathed sums of money to several different hospitals, synagogues and other Jewish organizations totaling \$2,100.00, his total debts and expenses were \$1,321.61 leaving the sum of \$6,459.63 to Harry N. Lavin, Trustee. less the amounts he gave as gifts. (\$2,100.00) I have set forth these figures to show that as far as the Courts were concerned William Wollberg did not die a rich man as he has been purported to be. There have been reports made that he had amassed a fortune of as much as \$200,000.00, this is someones fantasy I think. I do find one paper filed on the 14th of March, 1933 wherein William Wollberg as Widower claims his right of descent for any Real Estate of Mary Elizabeth Wollberg nee Peck. This may have been a precautionary measure on his part or he may have disposed of the building after the death of Aunt Betty and his own passing in 1939. Also he may have made other gifts and bequeathals in prior years, but I stand by my belief that he was not a wealthy man, if he was it was covered up very well.

David Howard also acquired copies of Certificate of Birth for the following sons and daughters of Claude E. Peck and Eva or Evaline Peck nee Turner, Bessie Ann Peck nee Dickenson, my Mother listed on page 48.

Claude Edgar Peck Born January 12th 1886 Knightsville, In. Clay County

Arthur Peck " November 4th, 1889 " " " "

Ethel Marguerite Peck August 15th, 1891 " " " "

Albert V. Peck " February 4th, 1901 Ehrmandale, " Vigo County

There is also a certificate for a female born August 2nd, 1894 Clay County, there is evidently some error as to the date. Please refer to pages 8-9-10 and the writing of Claude Edgar Peck, in which he makes no reference to this birth or the death of an infant girl but does list the loss of two boys under one year of age. Also are Death Certificates for William Wollberg and Mary E. Wollberg nee Peck, information from the markers and stones at Highland Lawn Cemetery, re Amanda J. Peck burial plot and William Wollberg buried across the road in the Jewish section. There are other members of the family buried in the Amanda J. Peck lot including my Aunt Ollie and what appears to be some cousins that he has listed, I will need to visit to determine just who is there. Another interesting happening that David was able to discover was a newspaper account of the death of James W. Peck, he being the brother of Grandfather Claude Emerson Peck. The article appeared in the Terre Haute Evening Gazette of June 6th, 1904. It differs somewhat from the few words written by my Uncle Ed and again I must say that things get twisted sometimes and even newspaper reporters make mistakes too, at any rate I will copy the article and hope the reader will find it interesting. I found it so and also both tragic and sad. This article in the paper did not copy well and of course would not duplicate well either so I thought it would be better to retype it.

WAS ASLEEP ON TRACK  
AND RUN OVER

James W. Peck dies while being  
brought to this city.

MAN HAD BEEN DRINKING

Has a sister living in Terre Haute  
formerly held a government clerkship.

James H. Peck,, of Terre Haute who was run over by C. & E. I. extra freight No. 172, one mile south of Hillsdale, at nine o'clock Sunday morning. He was brought to Terre Haute Sunday evening to be taken to the Union Hospital, but died the Union station on the way. (Union Station was the main rail road station in Terre Haute at this time.F.C.D.)

Peck was lying on the track presumably asleep. The engineer says he saw something ahead but supposed it was some clothing belonging to a gang of workmen. The fireman jumped from the engine as soon as saw that there was a man on the track and running ahead attempted to pull him from in front of the

approaching engine. He could do nothing to save the unfortunate man, who was caught under the wheels. His left leg was cut off between the knee and ankle and his left arm severed above the wrist.

The wounded man was placed on a C. & E. I. passenger train arriving here at 6:15 P. M. and died as the train was entering the depot shed.

Peck had been drinking in the morning and when under the influence of liquor started to walk to Clinton from Hillsdale to see his brother.

Peck had a clerkship in the War Department under Cleveland's first administration.

The funeral took place today at 2 o'clock from the home of his sister Mrs. Peck- Wollberg, 2400 Third Avenue. (end of article)

James H. Peck is buried at Highland Lawn cemetery, Terre Haute and his Death Certificate lists the cause of death as Operation Shock. He is interred in the Amanda J. Peck burial lot.

Death Certificate of Mary E. Peck Wollberg shows her death occurring March 25th, 1932 and the cause of death Uremia with Cardio Vascular Renal

Death Certificate of William Wollberg gives no information except date of death which lists November 18th, 1939.

This covers the findings of David Howard pretty well I think, on his trip to Clinton in the latter part of July, 1979. It has been very helpful in correcting several items and also in finding some unknown things about some of our people. I am especially thankful for the knowledge regarding Amanda J. Peck nee Gillaspie, my great grandmother. It is my hope that someone in my immediate family, either a daughter or one of my grandchildren will be interested in furthering this history of my family. I will try and have all papers pertaining to family records together and available to the one that will carry on, who that will be has not been decided as of yet. As I read this little history I am some times appalled at all of the errors, the omissions of words and an occasional misspelled word, also not using paragraphs as often as I should have and many other mistakes in composition, maybe it should be retyped but that will have to be by someone much younger and with better eyesight than I have.

I have previously stated that my father remarried after the death of my mother, in fact twice, the first time was in 1915 to Elizabeth White and I wrote of our moving to Evansburg, Alberta, Canada then later to Edmonton which is the capital of the Province of Alberta. If my memory serves me correctly it was while living at Edmonton that Dad and my step-mother adopted a six month old baby girl. Her name before adoption was Hazel Mary Knapp and she came to live with us in the year 1917 and it was in 1918 that we all returned to the States and more specifically to Johnston City, Illinois. Hazel first attended at Union school in southern Franklin County and subsequently in schools Mt. Vernon, Indiana, and Centenary, Indiana.