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## CONTENTS

<b>John Greenslit (1685/1688–before 1755) of Preston and Windham, Connecticut: His Descendants and Associated Families</b> <i>by David Joseph Riley, CSG # 12737</i> .....	<b>82</b>
<b>Autobiography of Marjorie (Schwemann) Achtermann 1892-1982</b> <i>submitted by Keith Edward Wilson, CSG # 4186</i> .....	<b>123</b>
<b>Connecticut Society of Genealogists Privacy Policy</b> .....	<b>184</b>
<b>Upcoming CSG Programs and Sponsored Events</b> .....	<b>188</b>

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# John Greenslit (1685/1688–before 1755) of Preston and Windham, Connecticut: His Descendants and Associated Families

by David Joseph Riley, CSG # 12737

She probably did it because of the witch. In 1929, Catherine Dorrance (Greenslit) Allen of Hampton, Windham County, Connecticut, wrote to genealogist Walter Lee Greenslit about her Greenslit ancestors.<sup>[1]</sup> Family lore is that Catherine was descended from Ann (\_\_\_\_) (Greenslade) Pudeator who was hanged for witchcraft at the Salem witch trials.<sup>[2]</sup> Walter wrote back: “Your father was William F., son of David, son of Elijah, son of John, son of John [Greenslit].” Family Bible records confirm Catherine’s lineage from David Greenslit (1778–1834).<sup>[3]</sup> But is her descent from John<sup>1</sup> credible? And who were John<sup>1</sup>’s other descendants? To answer these questions, I compiled four generations of John<sup>1</sup>’s descendants.<sup>[4]</sup>



**Catherine Dorrance (Greenslit) Allen**  
See page 122 for more details on the photograph.

At the end of the eighteenth century, some of John<sup>1</sup>’s descendants began to leave Windham County. The soil of southern New England at that time had been depleted, and the population was growing.<sup>[5]</sup> But what motivated these individuals to migrate? I sought to find the reasons why some of John<sup>1</sup>’s descendants left.

## Windham Greenslit Family

John<sup>1</sup> is alleged to have settled in Windham County by 1711.<sup>[6]</sup> His descendants became established in the towns of Windham and Hampton.<sup>[7]</sup> Most descendants stayed in Windham County,<sup>[8]</sup> but others migrated to the Mohawk and Mid-Hudson Valleys of New York and to Central Vermont (see the Genealogical Summary below).

## *Mohawk Valley*

The Battle of Bunker Hill played a role in explaining why one descendant left Windham. Eastern Connecticut, the Town of Windham in particular, was radical in both politics and religion in the eighteenth century.<sup>[9]</sup> Several prominent Windham men were leaders in the movement to reject British rule. The Battles of Lexington and Concord (19 April 1775) sparked the rapid mobilization of citizen-soldiers headed for the siege of Boston.<sup>[10]</sup> Among them was Joel Greenslit who marched “to Cambridge in Massachusetts and there enlisted as a volunteer ... and was present at the Battle of Bunker Hill.”<sup>[11]</sup> Joel likely knew another Windham man, John Howard [Sr.], who died of wounds the next day.<sup>[12]</sup> Joel served in the Connecticut Line, returned to Windham, married, and fathered ten children (see the Genealogical Summary).

A decade after the battle, in 1785, Elizabeth Greenslit married John Cochran [Sr.] according to a deposition in her widow’s pension file.<sup>[13]</sup> The deposition, which was written by John “Vine” Howard [Jr.], said “in the year 1785 ... he resided in ... Hampton ... as neighbor ... to John Cochran & ... Elizabeth whose maiden name was Elizabeth Greenslit – that he was present when ... John & Elizabeth were married at the house of an uncle.” Elizabeth was the niece of Joel Greenslit, the host of the wedding. Bunker Hill thus connected Vine, the son of the soldier who died in the battle,<sup>[14]</sup> to the Greenslit family.

The rich alluvial soil of the Mohawk Valley of New York attracted New Englanders.<sup>[15]</sup> Vine settled in Cherry Valley, Montgomery (later Otsego) County where he started a tannery and married.<sup>[16]</sup> John and Elizabeth again became Vine’s neighbors: they were enumerated three lines above him in the 1800 census for Cherry Valley.<sup>[17]</sup> Vine and John paid taxes in Cherry Valley in 1801.<sup>[18]</sup> Most of Joel Greenslit’s family subsequently moved to the Mohawk Valley. The year Joel migrated there is uncertain, but his daughters Sibbell and Sophia married in Cooperstown, Otsego County in 1806 and 1807.<sup>[19]</sup> By 1810, “J. Greenstreet” was enumerated in nearby Oneida County, New York.<sup>[20]</sup> When Joel died in 1840, he was a “venerated citizen” of the town of Marshall, Oneida County.<sup>[21]</sup> Of Joel’s eight surviving children, four stayed in Marshall<sup>[22]</sup> and the others relocated to the Mid-Hudson Valley, about 150 miles south.

By the late eighteenth century, estates and manors in the Hudson Valley were broken up and sold.<sup>[23]</sup> One buyer was David Dorrance, who in 1794 “removed from Windham, Conn., and purchased 1000 acres” in Mamakating, Ulster (later Sullivan) County, New York.<sup>[24]</sup> Dorrance convinced two young, well-educated men, Dr. Samuel Dimmick and Charles Baker, to relocate to Mamakating.<sup>[25]</sup> Baker, a Dartmouth College graduate, was born in Windham

and later practiced law in New York.<sup>[26]</sup> Dr. Dimmick, finding little employment in sparsely populated Ulster County, returned to Windham County to fulfill a marriage contract with Asenath Greenslit.<sup>[27]</sup> She was Joel's oldest child who had remained in Connecticut. By 1800 the newlyweds were in Mamakating.<sup>[28]</sup>

A few years later, Asenath's sister Sophia also married a physician, Dr. Thomas Royce, in Cooperstown in 1807.<sup>[29]</sup> Dr. Royce apparently needed a medical preceptor, and the young couple moved to Mamakating by 1810<sup>[30]</sup> where Dr. Dimmick became Dr. Royce's mentor.<sup>[31]</sup> Another sister, Sibbell, who was married to Niel Townsley, also moved to Mamakating.<sup>[32]</sup> After she died, a fourth sister, Margaret J., moved to Mamakating and wed Niel Townsley.<sup>[33]</sup> The sisters left many progeny in the area, but little has been written about them.<sup>[34]</sup>

### *Central Vermont*

Land-seekers began to pour into Vermont after 1760 because its agricultural land far surpassed that of lower New England.<sup>[35]</sup> Towns along the Connecticut River and a few west of the Green Mountains were the first to be settled. Later arrivals went further north and upland. The progenitor of the Central Vermont branch, John<sup>4</sup> Greenslit, was Joel Greenslit's nephew and the brother of Elizabeth (Greenslit) Cochran (see the Genealogical Summary).

John<sup>4</sup> probably moved to Vermont because his widowed mother had moved there. Sarah (Burnham) Greenslit married (2) Henry Abbott,<sup>[36]</sup> and in 1793 they settled in Brookfield, Orange County, Vermont.<sup>[37]</sup> John<sup>4</sup> arrived there twenty-five years later, in 1817, after living in several towns in Connecticut and Massachusetts.<sup>[38]</sup> He subsequently settled further upland in Warren, Washington County.<sup>[39]</sup>

John<sup>4</sup>'s family made "strenuous efforts to wrest a living and some profit from their stubborn broad acres among the Green Mountains."<sup>[40]</sup> By 1855–1856, John<sup>4</sup> had lost his home "through business reverses." In Vermont "it took a man a lifetime to clear thirty acres. On the prairies a strong plough and four horses changed virgin soil to fertile farm in one season."<sup>[41]</sup> So, at age 87, John<sup>4</sup> and his wife Salome went to live with their son Stephen in Sauk County, Wisconsin.<sup>[42]</sup> John<sup>4</sup> left many descendants in Washington County, Vermont, some of whom held family reunions into the twentieth century.<sup>[43]</sup> More descendants populated the Midwest.<sup>[44]</sup>

## Other Notable Greenslit/Greenslet/Greenslade “Families”

Other contemporary Greenslit “families” existed, defined as several individuals with the surname Greenslit living in the same community. None of these groups have known connections to the Windham family or share a known common ancestor. This section provides information that may aid in determining the relationships among these groups.

### *Norwich, New London County, Connecticut*

Windham and Norwich were bound by geography and commerce. Twenty miles apart and connected by a turnpike, Windham’s trade with the West Indies went through the port of Norwich during the colonial period.<sup>[45]</sup> Early burials for Greenslits are in nearby Franklin.<sup>[46]</sup> There are no known records, however, showing family relationships between Greenslits of the two towns. Five sources, however, suggest Windham Greenslits had connections to Norwich:

Sarah Greenslit (no. 4 in the Genealogical Summary) married Benjamin Cheadle; in 1769, they moved from Windham to Norwich, where they lived for eighteen years.<sup>[47]</sup>

Elizabeth and Eunice Colburn (nos. 10 and 11) married on the same day in 1787 in Norwich-Lisbon; Benjamin Greenslit had married in the same church two weeks earlier.<sup>[48]</sup>

Elizabeth and Eunice’s parents, Cornelius and Abigail (Greenslit) Colburn (no. 3), resided in Lisbon. Five lines above Cornelius’s 1800 household was listed John Greenslit.<sup>[49]</sup>

Elijah Cheadle (no. 12), son of Benjamin and Sarah, named James Greenslitt as a fellow soldier in the Revolutionary War.<sup>[50]</sup>

Martha Cheadle (no. 13), daughter of Benjamin and Sarah, married in Norwich.<sup>[51]</sup>

### *Bennington, Bennington County, Vermont*

Bennington County, about 100 miles south of Washington County, Vermont, had a cluster of Greenslits.<sup>[52]</sup> One or more men named James Greenslit lived in Connecticut and Bennington, Vermont, from about 1727 to 1828:

James Greenslit married Lucy Hall in Norwich in 1746/7.<sup>[53]</sup>

James Greenslit/Grinslit was mentioned in Capt. Nathaniel Porter's account book in the French and Indian War.<sup>[54]</sup>

James Greenslit/Greenslet served in the Revolutionary War from Connecticut and Vermont.<sup>[55]</sup>

James Greenslit was enumerated in Bennington censuses from 1790 to 1820.<sup>[56]</sup>

James Greenslit had letters in the Bennington post office from 1819 to 1825.<sup>[57]</sup>

James Greenslit (1750–1828) of Bennington was posted on an online family tree.<sup>[58]</sup>

### *Salem, Essex County, Massachusetts*

A query published in the genealogical column of the *Boston Evening Transcript* in 1929 asked: "Could there have been any connection between John of Preston, Conn., and the Greenslits of Salem?"<sup>[59]</sup> This question remains unanswered; there are no known records documenting the parents of John<sup>1</sup> of Preston. The query went on: "Thomas Greenslit and Anne Greenslit, pudeator [*sic*], had John, Thomas, Ruth, Samuel, and James. James married Rebecca Sterns of Salem, and they had Rebecca, Abigail, Elizabeth, James, Hannah, and Mary. All taken from the Salem Vital Records." Ann (\_\_\_\_) (Greenslade) Pudeator was convicted and hanged for witchcraft in 1692 during the notorious Salem witch trials.<sup>[60]</sup> The query was signed "W.L.G.," probably Walter Lee Greenslit, the genealogist who wrote to Catherine Allen in 1929.<sup>[61]</sup>

Walter's lingering question – is John<sup>1</sup> of Preston descended from Ann of Salem – remains unanswered. The answer likely involves tracing ancestors in Salem. A good starting place might be James Grenslette, son of James and Rebecca, who was baptized in Salem on 20 November 1720.<sup>[62]</sup> He was about the right age to have wed Lucy Hall in Norwich in 1746/7.<sup>[63]</sup>

### *Conclusion*

Catherine Dorrance (Greenslit) Allen's descent from John<sup>1</sup> Greenslit was confirmed. Historical records document an expanded family of John<sup>1</sup>'s

descendants and explain why some of them migrated to New York and Vermont. Other apparent family groups with the unusual surname Greenslit were identified. Based on limited information, it is not possible to determine whether John<sup>1</sup> was a descendant of the Salem Greenslits. Future research may identify a common progenitor, possibly a witch!

## Genealogical Summary

### *Generation One*

1. JOHN<sup>1</sup> GREENSLIT was born in Salem, Essex County, Massachusetts, ca. 1685/1688, moved to Windham County, Connecticut, by 1711,<sup>[64]</sup> and died before 1755 (widow remarried).<sup>[65]</sup> He may have been the son of John and Abigail (Curtice/Curtis) Greenslett or Greenslade and possibly grandson of Thomas Greenslett, all of Salem.<sup>[66]</sup> John Grennell [*sic*] married in Preston, New London County, Connecticut, on 9 May 1710 SARAH RIX,<sup>[67]</sup> daughter of James and Margaret (\_\_\_\_) Rix.<sup>[68]</sup> She was baptized in the First Church, Salem, in August 1688<sup>[69]</sup> and died in Windham after 1 January 1757, when her second husband made his will.<sup>[70]</sup> Sarah m. (2) Joseph Ford.<sup>[71]</sup>

Child of John<sup>1</sup> and Sarah (Rix) Greenslit:

2. i. JOHN<sup>2</sup> GREENSLIT, b. Preston, New London Co., Conn., 17 July 1712,<sup>[72]</sup> bp. there 10 May 1714;<sup>[73]</sup> m. SARAH \_\_\_\_.

### *Generation Two*

2. JOHN<sup>2</sup> GREENSLIT (*John*<sup>1</sup>), was born in Preston, New London County, Connecticut, on 17 July 1712 and died in Windham on 7 January 1769, age 55.<sup>[74]</sup> He married about 1735 (birth of first child)<sup>[75]</sup> SARAH \_\_\_\_.<sup>[76]</sup> She was born about 1712 and was buried in Hampton in November 1784, age 72.<sup>[77]</sup>

Children of John<sup>2</sup> and Sarah (\_\_\_\_) Greenslit:<sup>[78]</sup>

3. i. ABIGAIL GREENSLIT, bp. Griswold, New London Co., Conn., 17 Nov. 1736;<sup>[79]</sup> m. CORNELIUS COLBURN.
4. ii. SARAH GREENSLIT, b. Windham 18 May 1739;<sup>[80]</sup> m. BENJAMIN CHEDLE.
5. iii. JOHN GREENSLIT, b. Windham 30 June 1741;<sup>[81]</sup> m. SARAH BURNHAM.
6. iv. ELIJAH GREENSLIT, bp. Scotland, Windham Co., Conn., 7 Aug. 1743;<sup>[82]</sup> m. MARY BURNHAM.
7. v. JOEL GREENSLIT, bp. Scotland 14 Oct. 1745;<sup>[83]</sup> m. HANNAH KINGSBURY.
  - vi. ELIZABETH GREENSLIT, b. Windham 2 March 1747/8.<sup>[84]</sup>
8. vii. SYBIL GREENSLIT, b. Windham 23 May 1750;<sup>[85]</sup> m. EBENEZER BURNHAM.

- viii. DAVID GREENSLIT, bp. Scotland 24 Sept. 1752.<sup>[86]</sup>
- ix. DAVID GREENSLIT, again, b. Windham 5 Feb. 1755.<sup>[87]</sup>
- x. MARY GREENSLIT, b. Windham 19 Feb. 1761.<sup>[88]</sup>

### *Generation Three*

3. ABIGAIL<sup>3</sup> GREENSLIT (*John*<sup>2-1</sup>), was baptized in Griswold, New London County, Connecticut, on 26 December 1736. She died in Windham, Connecticut, in 1779, age 43.<sup>[89]</sup> She married in Windham on 20 April 1757, CORNELIUS COLBURN,<sup>[90]</sup> son of Samuel and Elizabeth (Holt) Colburn.<sup>[91]</sup> He was born in Windham on 1 January 1734/5 and died on 20 June 1824, age 90, and was buried in the Rome Cemetery in Rome, Oneida County, New York.<sup>[92]</sup> Cornelius m. (2) Rachel Robinson.<sup>[93]</sup>

Children of Cornelius and Abigail (Greenslit) Colburn, all born in Windham:<sup>[94]</sup>

- 9. i. ELIPHALET COLBURN, b. 2 Jan. 1758; m. LOIS TRACY.
- 10. ii. EUNICE COLBURN, b. 4 Aug. 1760; bur. Rome;<sup>[95]</sup> m. ZACCHEUS ABLE.
- iii. ASA COLBURN, b. 25 Oct. 1763; d. Windham 8 Feb. 1764.<sup>[96]</sup>
- 11. iv. ELIZABETH "BETSEY" COLBURN, b. 29 Dec. 1764; m. DANIEL WHITMAN KNIGHT.
- v. ELIPHAZ COLBURN, b. 11 April 1767; d. Windham 16 Aug. 1771.<sup>[97]</sup>
- vi. CLARISSA COLBURN, b. 3 Nov. 1770; d. Windham 18 Aug. 1776.<sup>[98]</sup>
- vii. SYBIL/SIBBEL COLBURN, b. 30 Oct. 1773; bur. Rome 16 March 1845.<sup>[99]</sup>

4. SARAH<sup>3</sup> GREENSLIT (*John*<sup>2-1</sup>), was born in Windham on 18 May 1739.<sup>[100]</sup> She married in Windham on 19 January 1762 BENJAMIN CHEDLE,<sup>[101]</sup> son of George and Martha (Burge) Chedle.<sup>[102]</sup> He was born in Ashford, Windham County, on 30 August 1738<sup>[103]</sup> and died after 1768 (baptism of youngest child).<sup>[104]</sup>

Children of Benjamin and Sarah (Greenslit) Chedle:

- i. BENJAMIN CHEDLE, b. Windham 17 May 1762.<sup>[105]</sup>
- 12. ii. ELIJAH CHEDLE, bp. Hampton 28 Aug. 1763;<sup>[106]</sup> bur. Gloversville, Fulton Co., N.Y., 23 Sept. 1849;<sup>[107]</sup> m. ANNE WILSON.
- 13. iii. MARTHA CHEDLE, b. Windham 17 March 1764;<sup>[108]</sup> m. CALEB FAULKNER/FAULKNER.
- 14. iv. RUFUS CHEDLE, bp. Hampton 13 Nov. 1766;<sup>[109]</sup> m. MARY HATCH.
- v. DANIEL CHEDLE, bp. Hampton 16 April 1769.<sup>[110]</sup>

5. JOHN<sup>3</sup> GREENSLIT (*John*<sup>2-1</sup>), was born in Windham on 30 June 1741 and died there on 7 January 1769.<sup>[111]</sup> He married there on 20 November 1765, SARAH BURNHAM,<sup>[112]</sup> daughter of Isaac and Eunice (Holt) Burnham. She was born in Windham on 21 August 1750<sup>[113]</sup> and died in Brookfield, Orange County,



Vermont, on 18 November 1815.<sup>[114]</sup> Sarah m. (2) Hampton 7 April 1772, Henry Abbott.<sup>[115]</sup>

Children of John<sup>3</sup> and Sarah (Burnham) Greenslit:

15. i. ELIZABETH GREENSLIT, b. Windham 13 Feb. 1766,<sup>[116]</sup> bp. there 8 Oct. 1769;<sup>[117]</sup> m. JOHN COCHRAN.
16. ii. JOHN GREENSLIT, b. Windham 5 June 1767,<sup>[118]</sup> bp. there 8 Oct. 1769;<sup>[119]</sup> m. SALOME PITTS.

6. ELIJAH<sup>3</sup> GREENSLIT (*John*<sup>2-1</sup>), was baptized in Scotland, Windham County, Connecticut, on 7 August 1743 and died in Hampton on 30 December 1809, age 66.<sup>[120]</sup> He married ca. 1776,<sup>[121]</sup> MARY BURNHAM, daughter of Ebenezer and Martha (Hebbard) Burnham, born in Hampton on 14 September 1755.<sup>[122]</sup> She died there on 26 May 1830, age 75.<sup>[123]</sup>

Children of Elijah and Mary (Burnham) Greenslit:

17. i. DAVID GREENSLIT, b. Hampton 25 Feb. 1777;<sup>[124]</sup> m. NANCY D. FOSTER.
18. ii. ELIJAH GREENSLIT, b. 8 July 1781;<sup>[125]</sup> m. PATTY BURNHAM.
19. iii. PRISCILLA GREENSLIT, b. Hampton ca. 1786;<sup>[126]</sup> m. JOSEPH FULLER.
20. iv. EBENEZER GREENSLIT, b. 13 July 1789;<sup>[127]</sup> m. (1) SALLY ABBOTT and (2) LUCY WEBB.
21. v. HENRY "HARRY" GREENSLIT, b. 22 May 1793;<sup>[128]</sup> m. MARY WHEELER.
22. vi. POLLY GREENSLIT, b. 26 Oct. 1804;<sup>[129]</sup> m. HEZEKIAH HAMMOND.

7. JOEL<sup>3</sup> GREENSLIT (*John*<sup>2-1</sup>), was baptized in Scotland, Windham County, Connecticut, on 14 October 1745, died on 26 February 1840, age 94 years 5 months, and was buried in Marshall, Oneida County, New York.<sup>[130]</sup> He married in Hampton on 8 May 1776, HANNAH KINGSBURY,<sup>[131]</sup> daughter of Jonathan and Hannah (Clark) Kingsbury. She was born in Windham on 29 September 1755.<sup>[132]</sup>

Children of Joel and Hannah (Kingsbury) Greenslit,<sup>[133]</sup> most baptized in Mansfield, Conn., 7 February 1798.<sup>[134]</sup>

23. i. ASENATH SOPHIA GREENSLIT, b. Hampton 10 March 1778; m. SAMUEL DIMMICK.
24. ii. JOEL K. GREENSLIT, b. Hampton 2 April 1780; m. ELIZABETH COOLEY.
25. iii. SIBBLE/SIBYL GREENSLIT, b. Hampton b. 24 June 1782; m. NIEL/NEIL TOWNSLEY.
- iv. PATTY GREENSLIT, b. Hampton 28 Dec. 1784; d. 12 Aug. 1818.<sup>[135]</sup>
26. v. SOPHIA GREENSLIT, b. Hampton 12 April 1787; m. THOMAS ROYCE.
27. vi. LORA/MARGARET J. GREENSLIT, b. Hampton 26 June 1789;<sup>[136]</sup> m. NIEL/NEIL TOWNSLEY.

- vii. TRUMAN KINGSBURY GREENSLIT, b. Hampton 23 Oct. 1791.<sup>[137]</sup>
- viii. LORA GREENSLIT, b. Hampton ca. Aug. 1793; d. there 22 Feb. 1794.<sup>[138]</sup>
- 28. ix. MARY GREENSLIT, b. 1795;<sup>[139]</sup> m. ANTHONY PECK.
- 29. x. GRANGER CLARK GREENSLIT, b. 1798;<sup>[140]</sup> m. MARY "POLLY" SCRANTON.

8. SYBIL/SIBBIL<sup>3</sup> GREENSLIT (*John*<sup>2-1</sup>), was born in Windham on 23 May 1750<sup>[141]</sup> and died there on 30 September 1772, age 23.<sup>[142]</sup> She married in Windham on 29 January 1771, EBENEZER BURNHAM,<sup>[143]</sup> son of Ebenezer and his first wife Martha (Hebbard) Burnham, born in Hampton on 17 February 1747/8,<sup>[144]</sup> baptized there 28 February 1748,<sup>[145]</sup> and died in 1785, age 37.<sup>[146]</sup>

Children of Ebenezer and Sybil (Greenslit) Burnham:<sup>[147]</sup>

- i. Child BURNHAM, twin, b. and d. 30 Sept. 1771.
- ii. Child BURNHAM, twin, b. and d. 30 Sept. 1771.
- 30. iii. URIJAH BURNHAM, b. Windham 14 Nov. 1772; m. Lucy Clark.

#### *Generation Four*

9. ELIPHALET<sup>4</sup> COLBURN (*Abigail*<sup>3</sup>, *John*<sup>2-1</sup>), was born in Windham on 2 January 1758, died in 1818, age 60, and was buried in Forest Park Cemetery in Camden, Oneida County, New York.<sup>[148]</sup> He married in Windham on 26 Oct. 1781, LOIS TRACY,<sup>[149]</sup> daughter of Ezekiel and Patience (Kimball) Tracy.<sup>[150]</sup> Lois was born, probably in Preston, New London County, Connecticut, on 4 June 1758 and was buried in Camden in 1851, age 93.<sup>[151]</sup>

Children of Eliphalet and Lois (Tracy) Colburn,<sup>[152]</sup> all born probably Charlestown, Montgomery County, New York.<sup>[153]</sup>

- i. ELIPHAS COLBURN, b. 5 Feb. 1783; d. 26 Dec. 1859, bur. Forest Park Cemetery;<sup>[154]</sup> m. (1) ELIZABETH ALLEN, (2) LUCY (\_\_\_\_) PALMER, and (3) PHEBE HOAG.<sup>[155]</sup>
- ii. CHARLES COLBURN, b. Charlestown 1784; d. 1854, bur. Collins, Erie Co., N.Y.;<sup>[156]</sup> m. SARAH BURNAP.<sup>[157]</sup>
- iii. JOHN COLBURN, b. Charlestown 3 July 1786; d. Collins, bur. Mortons Corners Rural Cemetery, Concord, Erie Co., N.Y., 27 Oct. 1870; m. 1811 HARRIET RAWSON.<sup>[158]</sup>
- iv. SARAH COLBURN, b. Charlestown 1788; d. 1820; m. WILLIAM CURRY CROSS.<sup>[159]</sup>
- v. ERASTUS COLBURN, b. Charlestown 2 Dec. 1789; d. Decatur, Burt Co., Nebr., 15 Sept. 1872; m. SARAH ANN BRUNNER.<sup>[160]</sup>
- vi. RUFUS COLBURN, b. Charlestown 1791; d. Collins 1869, bur. Morton Corners Rural Cemetery, Concord, Erie Co.; m. THANKFUL ELISE WICKHAM.<sup>[161]</sup>

- vii. TRUMAN COLBURN, b. Montgomery Co., N.Y., 17 May 1794; d. Waverly, Van Buren Co., Mich., 10 Oct. 1879; m. 1 Jan. 1817 JERUSHA RICE.<sup>[162]</sup>
- viii. ZACCHEUS A. COLBURN, b. Charlestown 20 May 1796; d. Almena, Van Buren Co., Mich., 3 Sept. 1884;<sup>[163]</sup> m. (1) ABIGAIL HUNT<sup>[164]</sup> and (2) MARTHA \_\_\_\_.<sup>[165]</sup>
- ix. ABIGAIL “ABBIE” COLBURN, b. N.Y., ca. 1802; d. after 1860; m. Batavia, Genesee Co., N.Y., 2 Sept. 1825, JOEL CROSS.<sup>[166]</sup>

10. EUNICE<sup>4</sup> COLBURN (*Abigail*<sup>β</sup>, *John*<sup>2-1</sup>), was born in Windham, Connecticut, on 4 August 1760, and she died probably in Rome, Oneida County, New York, probably after 1810.<sup>[167]</sup> She married in Norwich-Lisbon, New London County, Connecticut, on 6 December 1787, ZACCHEUS ABLE or ABELL.<sup>[168]</sup> He was born in Norwich, New London County, Connecticut, on 10 June 1758, son of Alpheus and Elizabeth (Griswold) Abell.<sup>[169]</sup> He died after 1810,<sup>[170]</sup> probably in 1813,<sup>[171]</sup> and was buried in the Rome Cemetery.<sup>[172]</sup>

Children of Zaccheus and Eunice (Colburn) Able:<sup>[173]</sup>

- i. CLARISSA ABLE, b. Rome ca. 1791; bur. there Wright Settlement Cemetery, 11 Aug. 1828;<sup>[174]</sup> m. possibly ISAAC SAXTON.<sup>[175]</sup>
- ii. Male child ABLE, b. 1790–1800; d. probably young.
- iii. Male child ABLE, b. 1800–1810.

11. ELIZABETH “BETSEY”<sup>4</sup> COLBURN (*Abigail*<sup>β</sup>, *John*<sup>2-1</sup>), was born in Windham on 29 December 1764. She died on 6 June 1835, age 71, and was buried in the Wright Settlement Cemetery in Rome, Oneida County, New York.<sup>[176]</sup> She married in Sprague [formerly Norwich-Lisbon], New London County, Connecticut, on 6 December 1787, DANIEL WHITMAN or WIGHTMAN KNIGHT.<sup>[177]</sup> He was baptized in Norwich-Lisbon in 1766, son of David and Jane (\_\_\_\_) Knight.<sup>[178]</sup> He died on 31 March 1830, age 64, and was buried in the Wright Settlement Cemetery in Rome.<sup>[179]</sup>

Children of Daniel Whitman/Wightman and Elizabeth (Colburn) Knight:

- i. Child KNIGHT, b. Sprague 20 Aug. 1788;<sup>[180]</sup> d. young.<sup>[181]</sup>
- ii. DAN KNIGHT, b. Sprague 20 Oct. 1789, bp. there 6 Dec. 1789; d. 2 Jan. 1790 age 2½ months.<sup>[182]</sup>
- iii. DAVID KNIGHT, bp. Sprague 22 Jan. 1792;<sup>[183]</sup> probably d. young.<sup>[184]</sup>
- iv. SYBIL KNIGHT, b. probably Rome 25 Feb. 1793; d. Utica, Oneida Co., N.Y., 11 Aug. 1813.<sup>[185]</sup>
- v. NANCY KNIGHT, b. probably Rome 1794;<sup>[186]</sup> bur. Williamston, Ingham Co., Mich., 5 Sept. 1872;<sup>[187]</sup> m. BENJAMIN KIRKLAND.<sup>[188]</sup>

- vi. CLARK KNIGHT, b. probably Rome; d. there 23 Jan. 1887; m. BELIA BINGHAM.<sup>[189]</sup>
- vii. ARTEMESIA KNIGHT, b. Oneida Co., N.Y., ca. 1799;<sup>[190]</sup> d. possibly Seneca Falls, Seneca Co., N.Y., after 1870;<sup>[191]</sup> m. WILLIAM BREWSTER WELLS, d. Seneca Co., Oct. 1869, aged 70.<sup>[192]</sup>
- viii. DANIEL WHITMAN KNIGHT, b. “on the farm where he spent his whole life” near Rome 1 March 1804; d. there 11 Feb. 1889; m. LYDIA L. KIRKLAND.<sup>[193]</sup>

12. ELIJAH<sup>4</sup> CHEDLE/CHEEDLE (*Sarah*<sup>3</sup>, *John*<sup>2-1</sup>), was baptized in Hampton, Connecticut, on 28 August 1763. He died on 23 September 1849, age 88, and was buried in the Kingsboro Cemetery in Gloversville, Fulton County, New York.<sup>[194]</sup> He married in Johnstown, Montgomery County, New York, on 19 March 1793, ANNE WILSON.<sup>[195]</sup> She was born in 1779, died on 4 March 1846, age 67, and was buried in Kingsborough.<sup>[196]</sup> Both Gloversville and Kingsborough are villages in the Town of Johnstown.

Children of Elijah and Anne (Wilson) Chedle, born probably in Johnstown:<sup>[197]</sup>

- i. ELIZABETH CHEDLE, b. ca. 1796;<sup>[198]</sup> d. Kingsborough 4 Jan. 1831;<sup>[199]</sup> m. JONATHAN SEDGWICK.<sup>[200]</sup>
- ii. BENJAMIN CHEDLE, b. ca. 1800;<sup>[201]</sup> d. probably Johnstown before 24 Aug. 1826;<sup>[202]</sup> m. JANE \_\_\_\_\_.<sup>[203]</sup>
- iii. JANE ANN W. CHEDLE, b. ca. 1800;<sup>[204]</sup> d. possibly Kingston, Ulster Co., N.Y., 7 April 1886.<sup>[205]</sup>
- iv. ELIJAH CHEDLE, b. 1800–1810;<sup>[206]</sup> d. perhaps in New York City, after Sept. 1842 and before 1850;<sup>[207]</sup> m. CATHARINE D. CLUTE.<sup>[208]</sup>
- v. STEWART/STUART W. CHEDLE, b. ca. 1805;<sup>[209]</sup> d. Johnstown before 28 Jan. 1876.<sup>[210]</sup>
- vi. SARAH CHEDLE, b. ca. 1805; d. Charlestown, N.C. [*sic*], 22 March 1830; m. \_\_\_\_\_ LEONARD.<sup>[211]</sup>
- vii. GEORGE CLINTON CHEDLE, b. 30 April 1808; d. 20 April 1891, bur. Syracuse Cemetery, Syracuse, Morgan Co., Mo.;<sup>[212]</sup> m. (1) Gloversville 16 April 1833, NANCY G. WARD<sup>[213]</sup> and (2) MARIETTA GAYLORD, b. 10 May 1820, d. 18 July 1869.<sup>[214]</sup>
- viii. MARGARET T. CHEDLE, a.k.a. ANN BERINTHA CHEEDLE,<sup>[215]</sup> b. ca. 1812;<sup>[216]</sup> d. New York City ca. 10 April 1882;<sup>[217]</sup> m. Gloversville 10 March 1824, JOHN EFFINER.<sup>[218]</sup>
- ix. AUGUSTUS CHEDLE, b. ca. 1813; d. near Silver Lake, Hamilton Co., N.Y., 27 Oct. 1889, bur. Prospect Hill Cemetery, Gloversville;<sup>[219]</sup> m. Gloversville 13 March 1838, ELIZABETH G. LEONARD.<sup>[220]</sup>
- x. MARY CHEDLE, b. ca. 1815;<sup>[221]</sup> d. New York City 4 March 1891;<sup>[222]</sup> m. Gloversville 18 Sept. 1839, JASON STILLWELL LEONARD.<sup>[223]</sup>

13. MARTHA<sup>4</sup> CHEDLE (*Sarah*<sup>3</sup>, *John*<sup>2-1</sup>), was born in Windham on 17 March 1764 and died probably in Glen, Montgomery County, New York, after 13 October 1848, age 84.<sup>[224]</sup> She married in Sprague, New London County, Connecticut, on 13 July 1785, CALEB FAULKNER/FAULKNOR.<sup>[225]</sup> He was born in Canterbury, Windham County, Connecticut, on 28 March 1763, son of Caleb and Esther (Morse) Faulkner,<sup>[226]</sup> and died in Glen on 11 November 1824, age 41.<sup>[227]</sup>

Children of Caleb and Martha (Chedle) Faulkner:<sup>[228]</sup>

- i. DANIEL FAULKNER, b. Palatine, Montgomery Co., N.Y., 24 Aug. 1795.<sup>[229]</sup> bp. Stone Arabia, Palatine, 27 Jan. 1796;<sup>[230]</sup> d. 6 May 1888, bur. Maple Avenue Cemetery, Fultonville, Montgomery Co.;<sup>[231]</sup> m. (1) HANNAH VAN PATTEN, (2) ANNA VAN HEUSEN, and (3) ELIZABETH WARNER,<sup>[232]</sup> b. 4 Oct. 1804, d. 28 Nov. 1893, bur. with Daniel.<sup>[233]</sup>
- ii. JOEL FAULKNOR, b. 3 Oct. 1786, bp. Stone Arabia, Montgomery Co., N.Y., 27 Jan. 1795;<sup>[234]</sup> d. Glen before 4 Oct. 1853;<sup>[235]</sup> m. PEGGY RADLEY.<sup>[236]</sup>
- iii. THOMAS FAULKNER, b. 16 June 1789, bp. Stone Arabia 6 Feb. 1795;<sup>[237]</sup> m. N.Y., 1813 ANNA COX.<sup>[238]</sup>
- iv. JOHN FAULKNER, “Twice married and settled in Michigan where he died at age 70.”<sup>[239]</sup>
- v. BETSEY FAULKNER, b. 6 May 1790, bp. Stone Arabia 6 Feb. 1795;<sup>[240]</sup> m. HENRY STAURNS.<sup>[241]</sup>
- vi. POLLY FAULKNER, b. 18 Nov. 1793; bp. Stone Arabia 6 Feb. 1795;<sup>[242]</sup> d. probably Glen after 1870;<sup>[243]</sup> m. HENRY VAN SCHAICK.<sup>[244]</sup>
- vii. SARAH “SALLIE” FAULKNER, b. N.Y., 13 July 1806; d. 11 Oct. 1873, bur. Auriesville Cemetery, Glen; m. JACOB VAN HORNE.<sup>[245]</sup>

14. RUFUS<sup>4</sup> CHEDLE (*Sarah*<sup>3</sup>, *John*<sup>2-1</sup>), was baptized in Hampton on 13 November 1766, probably died on 21 December 1815, age 49, and was buried in the North Coventry Cemetery, Coventry, Tolland County, Connecticut.<sup>[246]</sup> He married in Stafford, Tolland County, Connecticut, on 27 January 1790, MARY HATCH.<sup>[247]</sup> She was born in Tolland on 5 May 1770, daughter of Jonathan and Bathsbeba (West) Hatch,<sup>[248]</sup> died on 5 July 1835, age 65, and was buried in the Fleming Rural Cemetery in Fleming, Cayuga County, New York.<sup>[249]</sup>

Children of Rufus and Mary (Hatch) Chedle:

- i. LAURA CHEDLE, b. Tolland 9 Dec. 1790.<sup>[250]</sup>
- ii. ASENATH CHEDLE, b. Tolland;<sup>[251]</sup> d. Hartford, Hartford Co., Conn., 22 Aug. 1875, bur. Fort Hill Cemetery, Auburn, Cayuga Co., N.Y.;<sup>[252]</sup> m. CHARLES ELDRIGE AVERY.<sup>[253]</sup>

- iii. JOHN HATCH CHEDLE, b. Coventry 24 April 1806;<sup>[254]</sup> d. 19 June 1875, bur. Fort Hill Cemetery, Auburn, Cayuga Co., N.Y.;<sup>[255]</sup> m. MELITA COOK.<sup>[256]</sup>

15. ELIZABETH<sup>4</sup> GREENSLIT (*John*<sup>3-1</sup>), was born in Windham on 13 February 1766, died probably in Canajoharie, Montgomery County, New York,<sup>[257]</sup> on 19 November 1854, age 88, and was buried in the First Presbyterian Church Cemetery in Buel, Montgomery County.<sup>[258]</sup> She married in Hampton, Connecticut, on 3 August 1785, JOHN COCHRAN,<sup>[259]</sup> He was born in Ireland about 1759<sup>[260]</sup> and died at Whitesborough, Oneida County, New York, on 13 June 1823.<sup>[261]</sup>

Children of John and Elizabeth (Greenslit) Cochran:

- i. JOHN COCHRAN, b. probably Conn., say 1787;<sup>[262]</sup> d. possibly after May 1825;<sup>[263]</sup> m. PEGGY KESSLER.<sup>[264]</sup>
- ii. ELIZABETH “BETSEY” COCHRAN, b. Conn., 17 Nov. 1788, bp. Otsego Co., N.Y., 6 Oct. 1803;<sup>[265]</sup> d. 19 Nov. 1854, bur. First Presbyterian Church Cemetery, Buel, Montgomery Co..<sup>[266]</sup>
- iii. ?JOSEPH COCHRAN.<sup>[267]</sup>
- iv. SARAH “SALLY” GREENSLIT COCHRAN, b. Cherry Valley, Otsego Co., N.Y., ca. 1795,<sup>[268]</sup> bp. Otsego Co., N.Y., 6 Oct. 1803;<sup>[269]</sup> d. 10 Jan. 1861, bur. Canajoharie;<sup>[270]</sup> m. PHOENIX/PHENIX LANE.<sup>[271]</sup>
- v. AMANDA COCHRAN, b. N.Y., 1 May 1799; d. Victory, Cayuga Co., N.Y., 17 Jan. 1845;<sup>[272]</sup> m. JOHN COOPER.<sup>[273]</sup>
- vi. Daughter COCHRAN, b. probably Canajoharie 1800–1810.<sup>[274]</sup>

16. JOHN<sup>4</sup> GREENSLIT (*John*<sup>3-1</sup>), was born in Windham on 5 June 1767, died on 1 April 1856, age 88, and was buried in the Fairfield Cemetery, in Baraboo, Sauk County, Wisconsin.<sup>[275]</sup> He married in Ashford, Windham County, Connecticut, on 20 June 1790, SALOME PITTS,<sup>[276]</sup> daughter of John and Rachell (Humphry) Pitts. She was born in Ashford on 24 March 1766.<sup>[277]</sup> She died in April 1860, age 94, and was buried in Baraboo.<sup>[278]</sup>

Children of John and Salome (Pitts) Greenslit:

- i. PERMELIA GREENSLIT, b. Ashford 13 Nov. 1790; d. there 13 Dec. 1791.<sup>[279]</sup>
- ii. AUGUSTINE GREENSLIT, b. Ashford 11 Aug. 1792;<sup>[280]</sup> d. after 1840;<sup>[281]</sup> m. Warren, Vt., 25 May 1820, JUDITH NUTTING.<sup>[282]</sup>
- iii. CHESTER GREENSLIT, b. Ashford 22 July 1794.<sup>[283]</sup>
- iv. BETSA GREENSLIT, b. Ashford 16 June 1796.<sup>[284]</sup>
- v. MARCENIA EDWARD GREENSLIT, b. Hampton 3 Oct. 1797; d. Warren, Washington Co., Vt., 23 May 1837;<sup>[285]</sup> m. ESTHER BAGLEY.<sup>[286]</sup>
- vi. STEPHEN ABBOTT GREENSLIT, b. Conn. 1800;<sup>[287]</sup> bur. Marshall, Lyon Co., Minn., 1880;<sup>[288]</sup> m. MEHITABLE ZURIAH SHAW.<sup>[289]</sup>

- vii. HENRY GREENSLIT, b. Warren 8 June 1804;<sup>[290]</sup> d. Mitchell, Davison Co., S. Dak., 10 Oct. 1892;<sup>[291]</sup> m. (1) AURELIA CRANE<sup>[292]</sup> and (2) Sauk Co., Wis., 14 April 1876, RHODA A. (HAMILTON) DENNIS.<sup>[293]</sup>

17. DAVID<sup>4</sup> GREENSLIT (*Elijah*<sup>3</sup>, *John*<sup>2-1</sup>), was born in Hampton on 26 February 1778 and died there on 15 October 1834, age 56.<sup>[294]</sup> He married on 29 December 1809 NANCY D. FOSTER,<sup>[295]</sup> daughter of William and Hannah (Durkee) Foster.<sup>[296]</sup> She was born in Canterbury, Windham County, Connecticut, on 29 January 1783 and died in Hampton on 26 July 1853, age 70.<sup>[297]</sup>

Children of David and Nancy D. (Foster) Greenslit, all born in Hampton:<sup>[298]</sup>

- i. ELIJAH GREENSLIT, twin, b. 30 Dec. 1804; d. young, bur. South Cemetery, Hampton.<sup>[299]</sup>
- ii. ELISHA GREENSLIT, twin, b. 30 Dec. 1804; d. young, bur. South Cemetery, Hampton.<sup>[300]</sup>
- iii. LUCIUS GREENSLIT, b. 21 April 1806;<sup>[301]</sup> d. Hampton 15 July 1882;<sup>[302]</sup> m. CATHERINE MORRISON THOMAS.<sup>[303]</sup>
- iv. MARY GREENSLIT, b. 22 April 18?? (broken stone); d. 21 April 1811, bur. Hampton.<sup>[304]</sup>
- v. WILLIAM FOSTER GREENSLIT, b. 25 Jan. 1813;<sup>[305]</sup> d. Hampton, 31 March 1895;<sup>[306]</sup> m. (1) ESTHER DORRANCE, (2) MARINA BURNHAM, and (3) HARRIET N. MARTIN.<sup>[307]</sup>
- vi. DAVID GREENSLIT, b. 2 June 1817;<sup>[308]</sup> d. Hampton 13 Feb. 1905;<sup>[309]</sup> m. 26 May 1840 ELIZABETH SEARLS.<sup>[310]</sup>
- vii. JOHN D. GREENSLIT, b. 27 July 1819; d. 30 Sept. 1820, bur. Hampton.<sup>[311]</sup>
- viii. Child GREENSLIT.<sup>[312]</sup>
- ix. Child GREENSLIT.<sup>[313]</sup>

18. ELIJAH<sup>4</sup> GREENSLIT (*Elijah*<sup>3</sup>, *John*<sup>2-1</sup>), was born in Hampton on 8 July 1781 and died there 30 July 1861, age 80.<sup>[314]</sup> He married in Hampton on 10 November 1812, MARTHA “PATTY” BURNHAM,<sup>[315]</sup> daughter of Daniel and Martha (Smith) Burnham. She was born in Hampton on 8 March 1790<sup>[316]</sup> and died there on 11 May 1866, age 76.<sup>[317]</sup>

Children of Elijah and Martha “Patty” (Burnham) Greenslit, all born probably in Hampton:<sup>[318]</sup>

- i. JOHN GREENSLIT, b. 27 Jan. 1816; d. Hampton 3 Feb. 1816.<sup>[319]</sup>
- ii. JOHN BURNHAM GREENSLIT, b. 10 Sept. 1817;<sup>[320]</sup> d. Hampton 8 March 1879;<sup>[321]</sup> m. AVIS CUMMINGS.<sup>[322]</sup>
- iii. LYMAN ELIJAH GREENSLIT, b. 4 Dec. 1821;<sup>[323]</sup> d. Hampton 2 Dec. 1864;<sup>[324]</sup> m. MARY WOODWORTH.<sup>[325]</sup>

- iv. DANIEL BURNHAM GREENSLIT, b. 25 Dec. 1823; d. Hampton 14 July 1825.<sup>[326]</sup>
- iv. JOEL MANNING GREENSLIT, b. 18 Jan. 1827;<sup>[327]</sup> d. Hampton 20 March 1828.<sup>[328]</sup>

19. PRISCILLA<sup>4</sup> GREENSLIT (*Elijah*<sup>3</sup>, *John*<sup>2-1</sup>), was born in Hampton ca. 1786 and died in Russell, Hampden County, Massachusetts, on 20 June 1847, age 61.<sup>[329]</sup> She married in Montgomery, Hampden County, on 7 November 1801, JOSEPH FULLER.<sup>[330]</sup> He was born in Sandisfield, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, on 15 April 1775, son of Lott and Rachell (Webster) Fuller<sup>[331]</sup> and died in Montgomery on 3 August 1831, age 55.<sup>[332]</sup>

Children of Joseph and Priscilla (Greenslit) Fuller, i. to vi. born in Montgomery<sup>[333]</sup> and viii. to x. born in New Marlborough, Berkshire County:<sup>[334]</sup>

- i. NANCY FULLER, b. 4 July 1802;<sup>[335]</sup> d. perhaps Syracuse, Onondaga Co., N.Y.,<sup>[336]</sup> after June 1829 and before April 1834;<sup>[337]</sup> m., intentions in Montgomery 1 June 1829, ORSIMUS ALLEN.<sup>[338]</sup>
- ii. LODOWICK FULLER, b. 21 Oct. 1803;<sup>[339]</sup> d. Farmington, Trumbull Co., Ohio, after 1880;<sup>[340]</sup> m. ELIZABETH FAWCETT.<sup>[341]</sup>
- iii. RUHAMAH FULLER, b. 10 June 1805;<sup>[342]</sup> d. 3 Aug. 1849, bur. Russell, Hampden Co., Mass.;<sup>[343]</sup> m. LYMAN PARKS.<sup>[344]</sup>
- iv. WILLIAM FULLER, b. 1 Jan. 1809;<sup>[345]</sup> d. 14 Aug 1840; bur. Pitcher Street Cemetery, Montgomery;<sup>[346]</sup> m. ANNIS BOSWORTH.<sup>[347]</sup>
- v. SANFORD FULLER, b. 23 June 1810;<sup>[348]</sup> d. Montgomery 26 April 1814.<sup>[349]</sup>
- vi. EUNICE FULLER, b. 5 Oct. 1811;<sup>[350]</sup> d. 24 Nov. 1835, bur. Pitcher Street Cemetery, Montgomery;<sup>[351]</sup> m. ORSIMUS ALLEN.<sup>[352]</sup>
- vii. BENJAMIN F. FULLER, b. 5 Aug. 1814;<sup>[353]</sup> d. after 1860.<sup>[354]</sup>
- viii. SANFORD FULLER 2ND, b. 5 June 1816.<sup>[355]</sup>
- ix. JASON JEROME FULLER, b. 27 Jan. 1820.<sup>[356]</sup>
- x. HARRIET FULLER, b. 18 Jan. 1822;<sup>[357]</sup> d. 13 Oct. 1861, bur. Russell Cemetery;<sup>[358]</sup> m. BENJAMIN PARSONS.<sup>[359]</sup>

20. EBENEZER<sup>4</sup> GREENSLIT (*Elijah*<sup>3</sup>, *John*<sup>2-1</sup>), was born in Hampton on 13 July 1789<sup>[360]</sup> and died there intestate<sup>[361]</sup> on 22 October 1842, age 53, bur. South Cemetery, Hampton.<sup>[362]</sup> He married (1) in Hampton on 15 January 1815, SALLY ABBOTT.<sup>[363]</sup> She was baptized in Hampton on 12 September 1779, daughter of Ellis Abbott.<sup>[364]</sup> He married (2) in Windham, Connecticut, on 1 June 1826, LUCY WEBB,<sup>[365]</sup> daughter of Abner and Prudence (Baker) Webb. She was born in Windham on 29 January 1798<sup>[366]</sup> and died in West Killingly, Windham County,<sup>[367]</sup> on 20 July 1875, age 77.<sup>[368]</sup>



Children of Ebenezer and Sally (Abbott) Greenslit:

- i. GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENSLIT, b. Hampton 13 Aug. 1816;<sup>[369]</sup> d. 5 Jan. 1905, bur. Sterling, Windham Co., Conn.,<sup>[370]</sup> m. MATHILDE PIERCE.<sup>[371]</sup>
- ii. MARY GREENSLIT, b. Hampton 11 Jan. 1818;<sup>[372]</sup> d. 13 March 1898, bur. Brooklyn, Windham Co., Conn.; m. RALPH DWIGHT SNOW.<sup>[373]</sup>

Children of Ebenezer and Lucy (Webb) Greenslit:

- iii. ?ALBERT W. GREENSLIT,<sup>[374]</sup> b. Hampton 21 Dec. 1827; d. Killingly, Windham Co., Conn., 28 May 1917;<sup>[375]</sup> m. PATIENCE MASON BASTOW.<sup>[376]</sup>
- iv. HERBERT NELSON GREENSLIT, b. probably Hampton 30 Oct. 1831;<sup>[377]</sup> d. 12 Feb. 1893, bur. Philadelphia, Philadelphia Co., Penn.;<sup>[378]</sup> m. HANNAH \_\_\_\_.<sup>[379]</sup>

21. HENRY “HARRY”<sup>24</sup> GREENSLIT (*Elijah*<sup>3</sup>, *John*<sup>2-1</sup>), was born in Hampton on 22 May 1793 and died in Scotland, Windham County, Connecticut, in October 1869, age 76.<sup>[380]</sup> He married (1) in Hampton on 20 January 1819, MARY WHEELER.<sup>[381]</sup> She died in Windham on 13 August 1844, age 60<sup>[382]</sup> or age 44.<sup>[383]</sup> Henry married (2) in Hampton on 23 February 1846, MARY A. GAGER,<sup>[384]</sup> probable daughter of Aaron and Debba (Murdock) Gager, his second wife.<sup>[385]</sup> Mary was born probably in Windham ca. 1806,<sup>[386]</sup> died 16 December 1857, age 51, and was buried in the Windham Cemetery.<sup>[387]</sup>

Children of Henry “Harry” and Mary (Wheeler) Greenslit:<sup>[388]</sup>

- i. JAMES HENRY GREENSLIT, b. Hampton ca. 1818; drowned there 6 June 1822.<sup>[389]</sup>
- ii. MARY ANN/EMILY GREENSLIT, b. Hampton 8 Aug. 1821;<sup>[390]</sup> d. 16 April 1845, bur. South Cemetery, Hampton; m. ISAAC H. COE.<sup>[391]</sup>
- iii. JAMES HENRY GREENSLIT, b. Windham 21 Sept. 1829;<sup>[392]</sup> d. Surprise, Butler Co., Nebr., 15 April 1915; m. MARCIA MARIA FULLER.<sup>[393]</sup>
- iv. MARTHA JANE GREENSLIT, b. Windham 15 Aug. 1840;<sup>[394]</sup> d. after 1870;<sup>[395]</sup> m. HENRY C. HALL.<sup>[396]</sup>

22. POLLY<sup>4</sup> GREENSLIT (*Elijah*<sup>3</sup>, *John*<sup>2-1</sup>), was born in Hampton on 26 October 1804 and died there on 26 December 1814, age 30.<sup>[397]</sup> Marriage intentions in Hampton on 26 October 1804 with HEZEKIAH HAMMOND,<sup>[398]</sup> son of Hezekiah and Lucy (Griffin) Hammond.<sup>[399]</sup> He was born on 18 December 1782,<sup>[400]</sup> died on 26 July 1873, age 91, and was buried in Brooklyn, Windham County, Connecticut.<sup>[401]</sup> Hezekiah m. (2) Lora Burnett and (3) Hannah Warren.<sup>[402]</sup>

Children of Hezekiah and Polly (Greenslit) Hammond, all born in Hampton:<sup>[403]</sup>

- i. ELISHA GRIFFIN HAMMOND, b. 26 May 1805;<sup>[404]</sup> d. Windham 17 April 1896;<sup>[405]</sup> m. (1) OLIVE JOHNSON<sup>[406]</sup> and (2) REBECCA WHEELER AVERY.<sup>[407]</sup>
- ii. MARY ANN HAMMOND, b. 28 Feb. 1807;<sup>[408]</sup> d. Hampton 17 Jan. 1891;<sup>[409]</sup> m. EDWARD STRONG MOSELY/MOSELEY.<sup>[410]</sup>
- iii. MARIA HAMMOND, b. 27 Feb. 1809;<sup>[411]</sup> d. 17 June 1875, bur. South Cemetery, Hampton;<sup>[412]</sup> m. WILLIAM BROWN.<sup>[413]</sup>
- iv. ALBERT HAMMOND, b. 2 Nov. 1811; d. Hampton 22 Oct. 1813.<sup>[414]</sup>

23. ASENATH SOPHIA<sup>4</sup> GREENSLIT (*Joel*<sup>β</sup>, *John*<sup>2-1</sup>), was born in Hampton on 10 March 1778 and died probably in Mamakating, Sullivan County, New York, after 1820.<sup>[415]</sup> She married in Mansfield, Windham County [now Tolland County], Connecticut, on 16 November 1797, SAMUEL DIMMICK,<sup>[416]</sup> son of Oliver and Sarah (Gurley) Dimmick, his second wife.<sup>[417]</sup> Samuel was born in Mansfield on 2 March 1773, died 17 April 1832, age 59, and was buried in Bloomingburg Rural Cemetery in the Town of Mamakating, Orange County, New York.<sup>[418]</sup>

Children of Samuel and Asenath Sophia (Greenslit) Dimmick:

- i. LUCINDA ASENATH DIMMICK, b. Mansfield 6 June 1799; d. 14 Oct. 1857, bur. Bath, Steuben Co., N.Y.;<sup>[419]</sup> m. PETER HUNTER.<sup>[420]</sup>
- ii. SAMUEL GULIEN DIMMICK, b. Bloomingburg in the Town of Mamakating, Sullivan Co., N.Y., 12 Dec. 1800; d. Newburgh, Orange Co., N.Y., 12 Jan. 1871, bur. Bloomingburg Rural Cemetery;<sup>[421]</sup> m. EVELINE HUNTER.<sup>[422]</sup>
- iii. SARAH MELISSA DIMMICK, b. Bloomingburg 7 July 1804; d. Bethany, Wayne Co., Penn., 6 Feb. 1870;<sup>[423]</sup> m. NATHANIEL BAILY ELDRED.<sup>[424]</sup>

24. JOEL K.<sup>4</sup> GREENSLIT (*Joel*<sup>β</sup>, *John*<sup>2-1</sup>), was born in Hampton on 2 April 1780, died on 7 September 1860, age 80, and was buried in the Hanover Cemetery, Marshall, Oneida County, New York.<sup>[425]</sup> He married on 14 March 1810, ELIZABETH COOLEY, daughter of Thomas and Mary (\_\_\_\_) Cooley.<sup>[426]</sup> She was born on 19 October 1789, died on 21 September 1848, age 59, and was buried with her husband.<sup>[427]</sup>

Children of Joel K. and Elizabeth (Cooley) Greenslit:

- i. NILES/NEIL A. GREENSLIT, b. Oneida Co. N.Y.,<sup>[428]</sup> 30 June 1811; d. 16 Dec. 1878, bur. Greenwood Cemetery, Canton, Fulton Co., Ill.,<sup>[429]</sup> m. MARIETTA N. HUBBARD.<sup>[430]</sup>
- ii. MARY ELIZA GREENSLIT, b. 23 May 1819;<sup>[431]</sup> d. probably Sangerfield, Oneida Co., N.Y.,<sup>[432]</sup> 15 May 1885,<sup>[433]</sup> m. SILAS CLARK.<sup>[434]</sup>

- iii. HERMAN THOMAS GREENSLIT, b. Marshall 27 Aug. 1821; d. 14 June 1862, bur. Waterville, Oneida Co., N.Y.;<sup>[435]</sup> m. MARY HINKLEY PECK.<sup>[436]</sup>

25. SIBBLE/SIBYL<sup>4</sup> GREENSLIT (*Joel<sup>3</sup>, John<sup>2-1</sup>*), was born in Hampton on 24 June 1782,<sup>[437]</sup> died on 20 March 1811, age 28 years 8 months 26 days, and was buried in the Bloomingburg Cemetery, Mamakating, Sullivan County, New York.<sup>[438]</sup> She probably married in Cooperstown, Otsego County, New York, on 21 October 1806, NIEL/NEIL TOWNSLEY.<sup>[439]</sup> Son of Adam and Azubah (Lumbard) Townsley, he was born in Brimfield, Hampton County, Massachusetts, on 17 February 1781,<sup>[440]</sup> died on 14 April 1829, age 48, and was buried in the Bloomingburg Cemetery.<sup>[441]</sup> He m. (2) Lora/Margaret J. Greenslit, his first wife's sister.<sup>[442]</sup>

Assumed child of Niel/Neil and Sibble/Sibyl (Greenslit) Townsley:

- i. SOPHRONIA TOWNSLEY, b. ca. 1807;<sup>[443]</sup> died 3 Jan. 1841, bur. Bloomingburg;<sup>[444]</sup> m. VENDINE/VERDINE E. HORTON.<sup>[445]</sup> However, she may have been the first child of Neil and his second wife.
- ii. MARYETTA TOWNSLEY, b. Orange Co., N.Y., July 1810; d. 31 May 1872, bur. Cocheton, Sullivan Co., N.Y.;<sup>[446]</sup> m. GEORGE DURYEA ROOSA.<sup>[447]</sup>

26. SOPHIA<sup>4</sup> GREENSLIT (*Joel<sup>3</sup>, John<sup>2-1</sup>*), was born in Hampton on 12 April 1787 and died possibly in Monticello, Sullivan County, New York, on 11 January 1817, age 30.<sup>[448]</sup> She married in Cooperstown, Otsego County, New York, on 6 September 1807, THOMAS ROYCE,<sup>[449]</sup> son of Solomon and Lydia (Atwood) Royce.<sup>[450]</sup> He was born probably in Mansfield, Windham County, Connecticut,<sup>[451]</sup> on 2 November 1779 and died in Monticello 5 October 1828, age 49.<sup>[452]</sup> Thomas m. (2) Nancy C. Barnard.<sup>[453]</sup>

Children of Thomas and Sophia (Greenslit) Royce:<sup>[454]</sup>

- i. Male child, b. 1785–1794
- ii. Female child, b. 1800–1809.

27. LORA or MARGARET J.<sup>4</sup> GREENSLIT (*Joel<sup>3</sup>, John<sup>2-1</sup>*), was born in Hampton on 26 June 1789,<sup>[455]</sup> died on 10 January 1844, age 55, and was buried in the Bloomingburg Rural Cemetery in Orange County, New York.<sup>[456]</sup> She married NIEL/NEIL TOWNSLEY,<sup>[457]</sup> widower of Margaret's sister 25. Sibyl. See her section above for more information about Niel/Neil.

Children of Niel/Neil and Lora or Margaret J. (Greenslit) Townsley:

- i. ABIEL G. TOWNSLEY, b. Sullivan Co., N.Y., ca. 1815;<sup>[458]</sup> d. Middletown, Orange Co., N.Y., 17 June 1865;<sup>[459]</sup> m. RACHEL STANTON.<sup>[460]</sup>
- ii. SOPHIA TOWNSLEY, b. 3 March 1816;<sup>[461]</sup> d. Paterson, Passaic Co., N.J.,<sup>[462]</sup> bur. Bloomingburg Rural Cemetery, Orange Co., N.Y., 6 Sept. 1842;<sup>[463]</sup> m. JOHN HUDSON DURYEY.<sup>[464]</sup>
- iii. MARIA TOWNSLEY, b. Bloomingburg, Sullivan Co., N.Y., 19 July 1819;<sup>[465]</sup> d. Middletown, Orange Co., N.Y., 18 Jan. 1898;<sup>[466]</sup> m. JOHN DURYEY CRAWFORD.<sup>[467]</sup>
- iv. FRUTILLA TOWNSLEY, b. N.Y. ca. 1827;<sup>[468]</sup> d. after 1876;<sup>[469]</sup> m. GEORGE B. COX.<sup>[470]</sup>

28. MARY<sup>4</sup> GREENSLIT (*Joel*<sup>3</sup>, *John*<sup>2-1</sup>), was born probably in Hampton, Connecticut, in 1795. She died during childbirth in 1826, age 31, and was buried in Waterville, Oneida County, New York.<sup>[471]</sup> She married on 5 April 1814 ANTHONY PECK,<sup>[472]</sup> son of Zebulon and Esther (Hart) Peck.<sup>[473]</sup> He was born in Bristol, Hartford County, Connecticut, on 19 March 1786<sup>[474]</sup> and died in Marshall, Oneida County, New York, on 19 April 1845, age 59.<sup>[475]</sup> Anthony married (2) Cynthia Moore.<sup>[476]</sup>

Children of Anthony and Mary (Greenslit) Peck, born in Marshall or Paris, Oneida County.<sup>[477]</sup>

- i. MARY PECK, b. N.Y., 16 April 1815;<sup>[478]</sup> d. Watertown 13 March 1890;<sup>[479]</sup> m. ANSEL DOUGLAS HANCHETT.<sup>[480]</sup>
- ii. MELISSA PECK, b. April 1817;<sup>[481]</sup> d. Chittenango, Madison Co., N.Y., 26 Oct. 1902;<sup>[482]</sup> m. WARREN DODGE KELLOGG.<sup>[483]</sup>
- iii. ANTHONY PECK, b. 29 March 1819;<sup>[484]</sup> d. Norwich, New London Co., Conn., 25 Dec. 1900;<sup>[485]</sup> m. DELIA E. GATES.<sup>[486]</sup>
- iv. MARIA PECK, b. ca. 1821; d. Rome, Oneida Co., N.Y., Dec. 1869;<sup>[487]</sup> m. JOHN BARKER BARTON.<sup>[488]</sup>
- v. WILLIAM D. PECK, b. ca. 1823;<sup>[489]</sup> d. Nashville, Davidson Co., Tenn., 31 July 1863 from battle wounds incurred in Shelbyville, Tenn. on 23 June 1863;<sup>[490]</sup> m. LYDIA MOORE.<sup>[491]</sup>
- vi. Son PECK, b. and d. 1826.<sup>[492]</sup>

29. GRANGER C.<sup>4</sup> GREENSLIT (*Joel*<sup>3</sup>, *John*<sup>2-1</sup>), was born ca. 1798 and died in Marshall, Oneida County, New York, on 18 November 1835, age 37.<sup>[493]</sup> He married in Saybrook, Middlesex County, Connecticut, in August 1828, POLLY MARY SCRANTON,<sup>[494]</sup> daughter of Alexander and Mary (Buckley) Scranton.<sup>[495]</sup> She was born in Saybrook on 16 April 1800<sup>[496]</sup> and died of purperal fever in Marshall on 3 July 1834, age 34.<sup>[497]</sup>

Children of Granger C. and Mary "Polly" (Scranton) Greenslit:

- i. TRUMAN C. GREENSLIT, b. Oneida Co., N.Y., ca. 1832; d. Fredericksburg, Ray Co., Mo., 17 July 1864.<sup>[498]</sup>
- ii. Child GREENSLIT, b. Oneida Co. 3 July 1834 and died there the same day.<sup>[499]</sup>

30. URIJAH<sup>4</sup> BURNHAM (*Sybil*<sup>3</sup>, *John*<sup>2-1</sup>), was born in Windham on 14 November 1772, died in Hampton about 7 May 1810, age 38.<sup>[500]</sup> He married LUCY CLARK,<sup>[501]</sup> She was born ca. 1774, possibly in Mansfield, Tolland County, Connecticut,<sup>[502]</sup> baptized and admitted to the church in Hampton on 4 July 1802, shortly before her first children's baptisms,<sup>[503]</sup> and died after 1802.<sup>[504]</sup>

Children of Urijah and Lucy (Clark) Burnham, all born probably in Hampton:<sup>[505]</sup>

- i. BETSEY BURNHAM, b. before 4 Aug. 1800,<sup>[506]</sup> bp. 1 Aug. 1802.<sup>[507]</sup>
- ii. LUCY BURNHAM, b. before 4 Aug. 1800,<sup>[508]</sup> bp. 1 Aug. 1802.<sup>[509]</sup>
- iii. CLARK BURNHAM, b. after 4 Aug. 1800,<sup>[510]</sup> bp. 1 Aug. 1802.<sup>[511]</sup>
- iv. SYBIL BURNHAM, bp. 10 June 1804.<sup>[512]</sup>
- v. NATHAN ABBE BURNHAM, bp. 28 Sept. 1806.<sup>[513]</sup>

### Endnotes

- <sup>1</sup> Walter Lee Greenslit to Mrs. Catherine D. Allen, letter, 11 Nov. 1929, in author's file.
- <sup>2</sup> Katherine Moran Riley, a great-granddaughter of Mrs. Allen, personal communication, September 2020.
- <sup>3</sup> Family Bible of David<sup>4</sup> Greenslit (*Elijah*<sup>3</sup>, *John*<sup>2-1</sup>), in author's possession.
- <sup>4</sup> Research was done during the Covid-19 pandemic. Because of restrictions, access to records such as deeds was not permitted by many authorities. In this paper, Hampton refers to Hampton, Windham County, Connecticut, and Windham to the town of Windham, Windham County. Hampton was formed from Windham in 1786.
- <sup>5</sup> William Floyd Willingham, "Windham, Connecticut: Profile of a Revolutionary Community, 1755–1818," dissertation, Northwestern University, 1972, p. 29, online at ProQuest Dissertations & Theses Global.
- <sup>6</sup> Margaret E. Sondey, "The Greenslit Family," manuscript (1991), in author's file.
- <sup>7</sup> *Commemorative Biographical Record of Tolland and Windham Counties, Connecticut* (Chicago: J.H. Beers, 1903), 24–26.
- <sup>8</sup> Thirty-six gravestones with the surname Greenslit are in South Cemetery, Hampton, online at FindaGrave.com.
- <sup>9</sup> Willingham, "Windham," 131.
- <sup>10</sup> Richard M. Bayles, *History of Windham County, Connecticut* (New York: W. W. Preston, 1889), 71.

- <sup>11</sup> Revolutionary War Pension, File S10765, Joel Greenslit, online at Fold3.com.
- <sup>12</sup> Jarvis Cutler Howard, *Howard Genealogy...* (Hartford, Conn.: Case, Lockwood & Brainard, 1884), 172.
- <sup>13</sup> Revolutionary War Pension, File W16214, John and Elizabeth Cochran.
- <sup>14</sup> Barbour Collection of Connecticut Vital Records, citing Windham Vital Records, 2:94.
- <sup>15</sup> David M. Ellis, "The Yankee Invasion of New York, 1783–1850," *New York History* 32 (Jan. 1951): 1–17.
- <sup>16</sup> *History of Otsego County, New York* (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott, 1878), 257; Howard, *Howard Genealogy*, 172.
- <sup>17</sup> 1800 U.S. Census, Cherry Valley, Otsego County, New York, roll. 25, p. 705.
- <sup>18</sup> *New York, Tax Assessment Rolls of Real and Personal Estates, 1799–1804*, Cherry Valley, 1801.
- <sup>19</sup> Royden Woodward Vosburgh, "Records of the Presbyterian Church of Cooperstown, in Otsego County, N.Y." (New York, 1920), 29.
- <sup>20</sup> 1810 U.S. Census, Oneida County, New York, roll 33, p. 372.
- <sup>21</sup> *Utica Whig*, Utica, N.Y., 20 Nov. 1838, p. 3, online at <https://fultonhistory.org>; photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #159355050.
- <sup>22</sup> *New Horizons Genealogy*, "1835 State Census Index, Town of Marshall, Oneida County, New York," online at <http://www.newhorizonsgenealogicalservices.com/>; *USGenWeb*, Oneida County, Hanover Cemetery, Marshall, N. Y., online at <http://oneida.nygenweb.net/cemeteries/marshall/hanover.txt>.
- <sup>23</sup> David M. Ellis, "Land Tenure and Tenancy in the Hudson Valley, 1790–1860," *Agricultural History* 1 (April 1944):75–82.
- <sup>24</sup> J. H. French, *Historical and Statistical Gazetteer of New York State* (Syracuse, N.Y.: R. P. Smith, 1860), 646.
- <sup>25</sup> James Eldridge Quinlan, *History of Sullivan County* (Liberty, N.Y.: W. T. Morgans, 1873), 427, 429.
- <sup>26</sup> George T. Chapman, *Sketches of the Alumni of Dartmouth College...* (Cambridge, Mass.: Riverside, 1867), 90.
- <sup>27</sup> Second Congregational Church, Mansfield, Connecticut, Marriages [FHL DGS 7,833,667], image 1082 of 1119. Mansfield was first in Windham County and became part of Tolland County in 1826.
- <sup>28</sup> 1800 U.S. Census, Mamakating, Ulster County, New York, roll 21, p. 188.
- <sup>29</sup> Vosburgh, *Church of Cooperstown*, 29.
- <sup>30</sup> 1810 U.S. Census, Mamakating, Sullivan County, roll 30, p. 343.
- <sup>31</sup> Quinlan, *Sullivan County*, 569.
- <sup>32</sup> 1810 U.S. Census, Mamakating, roll 30, p. 345.

- <sup>33</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #85757285.
- <sup>34</sup> Rolando Garza-Hunter, “Asenath Sophia Greenslit,” message board, online at <https://www.ancestry.com/boards/surnames.greenslit/8>
- <sup>35</sup> Zadock Thompson, *History of Vermont* (Burlington, Vt.: Chauncey Goodrich, 1842), 17.
- <sup>36</sup> Barbour Collection, Hampton Vital Records, 1:288.
- <sup>37</sup> William L. Weaver, *History of Ancient Windham* (Willimantic, Conn.: Weaver & Curtiss, 1864), 28.
- <sup>38</sup> Revolutionary War Pension, File W9465, and Bounty Land Warrant Application, B.L.Wt.34327-160-56, John and Saloma Greenslit.
- <sup>39</sup> 1840 U.S. Census, Warren, Washington County, Vermont, roll 546, p. 277.
- <sup>40</sup> Franklyn Curtiss-Wedge, *The History of Renville County, Minnesota* (Chicago: H. C. Cooper, 1916), 2:1081–1083.
- <sup>41</sup> John M. Thomas, “The Spirit of a State,” *The North American Review* 203 (March 1916): 430–434.
- <sup>42</sup> Curtiss-Wedge, *Renville County*, 2:1081–1083.
- <sup>43</sup> *Barre Daily Times*, Barre, Vt., 21 Aug. 1934, p. 4, online at Newspapers.com.
- <sup>44</sup> Bernadette Bittner and Ena C. Moll, *Pvt. John Greenslit: Revolutionary War soldier, Connecticut State Troop, September 1, 1782-September 1, 1783, died Dellona Township, Sauk County, Wisconsin, April 1, 1856* (Reedsburg, Wis.: Bittner, 1975).
- <sup>45</sup> John C. Pease and John M. Niles, *Gazetteer of the States of Connecticut and Rhode-Island* (Hartford, Conn.: John M. Marsh, 1819), 146; Willingham, “Windham,” 95.
- <sup>46</sup> Six Greenslit burials are in Plains Cemetery, online at FindaGrave.com. Franklin was part of Norwich until 1786.
- <sup>47</sup> Barbour Collection, Windham Vital Records, 2:114; Revolutionary War Pension, File W19239, Martha Faulkner.
- <sup>48</sup> Frederic W. Bailey, ed., *Early Connecticut Marriages as Found on Ancient Church Records Prior to 1800*, 7 parts (New Haven, Conn.: Bureau of American Ancestry for Family Researches, 1896–1906; repr. in 1 vol., Baltimore: Genealogical Publishing Co., 1976), 6:90.
- <sup>49</sup> 1800 U.S. Census, Lisbon, New London County, Connecticut, roll 3, p. 776.
- <sup>50</sup> Revolutionary War Pension, File S11994, Elijah Cheadle.
- <sup>51</sup> Revolutionary War Pension, File W19239, Martha Faulkner.
- <sup>52</sup> Forty-five burials with the surname Greenslet/Greenslit are in Bennington County, online at FindaGrave.com.
- <sup>53</sup> *Vital Records of Norwich, 1659–1848, Part 1* (Hartford, Conn.: Connecticut Society of Colonial Wars, 1913). 254.



- <sup>54</sup> *Rolls of Connecticut Men in the French and Indian War, 1755–1762* (Hartford, Conn.: Case, Lockwood & Brainard, 1905), 2:91, 94. Porter was of Lebanon, Conn., which is located between Windham and Norwich.
- <sup>55</sup> Revolutionary War Service Record, Connecticut Militia; John E. Goodrich, *Rolls of the Soldiers in the Revolutionary War, 1775 to 1783* (Rutland, Vt.: Tuttle, 1904), 103; *U.S. Compiled Revolutionary War Military Service Records, 1775–1783*; online at Ancestry.com.
- <sup>56</sup> U.S. Censuses for Bennington, Bennington County, Vermont: 1790, roll 12, p. 2; 1800, roll 51, p. 146; 1810, roll 64, p. 83A; 1820, roll 126, p. 216.
- <sup>57</sup> *Vermont Gazette*, Bennington, Vt., 6 July 1819, p. 3; *ibid.*, 13 July 1818; *ibid.*, 6 July 1819, p. 3; *ibid.*, 10 Aug. 1819; *ibid.*, 31 Aug. 1819; *ibid.*, 28 Sept. 1819; *ibid.*, 13 April 1824, p. 3; *ibid.*, 20 April 1824, p. 2; *ibid.*, 28 April 1824; *ibid.*, 1 Feb. 1825, p. 2, online at GenealogyBank.com.
- <sup>58</sup> Stlarson10 Family Tree at [www.ancestry.co.uk/family-tree/](http://www.ancestry.co.uk/family-tree/).
- <sup>59</sup> *Boston Evening Transcript*, Boston, Mass., genealogical column, 9 Oct. 1929, p. 7, query #9117, online at AmericanAncestors.com.
- <sup>60</sup> Daniel Lang, “A Reporter at Large: Poor Ann!” *The New Yorker*, 11 Sept. 1954, 83.
- <sup>61</sup> Greenslit to Allen, letter.
- <sup>62</sup> *Vital Records of Salem Massachusetts to the End of the Year 1849*, 6 vols. (Salem, Mass.: Essex Institute, 1916), 1:390.
- <sup>63</sup> *Vital Records of Norwich*, 254.
- <sup>64</sup> Sondey, “Greenslit Family.”
- <sup>65</sup> Bailey, *Early Connecticut Marriages*, 3:45.
- <sup>66</sup> Essex County Probate, File 11850, John Greenslit, whose widow Abigail posted bond as administratrix of his estate on 30 October 1693; *ibid.*, file 11851, Thomas Greenslet, inventory taken 21 March 1676; Sybil Noyes, Charles Thornton Libby, and Walter Goodwin Davis, *Genealogical Dictionary of Maine and New Hampshire* (1928–39; repr. Baltimore, Genealogical Publishing Co., 1979), 289.
- <sup>67</sup> Guy S. Rix, *History and Genealogy of the Rix Family* (New York: Grafton, 1906), 7.
- <sup>68</sup> Elizabeth (Cobb) Stewart, “Descendants of Andrew Ford of Weymouth, Mass.,” *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* 119 (1965):120.
- <sup>69</sup> Rix, *Rix Family*, 7.
- <sup>70</sup> Stewart, “Descendants of Andrew Ford,” 120.
- <sup>71</sup> *Ibid.*
- <sup>72</sup> Barbour Collection, Preston Vital Records, 1:62.
- <sup>73</sup> *The Bi-Centennial Celebration: First Congregational Church of Preston, Connecticut, 1698–1898* (Preston, Conn.: The Society, 1900), 141.
- <sup>74</sup> Barbour Collection Windham Vital Records, 2:138.



- <sup>75</sup> See below.
- <sup>76</sup> Photograph of gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #80744241.
- <sup>77</sup> Ibid.
- <sup>78</sup> Hartford District Probate Court, File 1682, account papers, John Greenslit.
- <sup>79</sup> Connecticut State Library Index of Church Records, Griswold First Congregational Church, 1:65, online at Ancestry.com as *Connecticut, U.S. Church Records Abstracts*.
- <sup>80</sup> Barbour Collection, Windham Vital Records, 1:195.
- <sup>81</sup> Ibid.
- <sup>82</sup> Connecticut State Library Index of Church Records, Scotland First Congregational, 51. Scotland was formed from Windham in 1857.
- <sup>83</sup> Connecticut State Library Index of Church Records, Scotland First Congregational, 51.
- <sup>84</sup> Barbour Collection, Windham Vital Records, 1:195.
- <sup>85</sup> Ibid.
- <sup>86</sup> Connecticut State Library Index of Church Records, Scotland First Congregational, 51.
- <sup>87</sup> Barbour Collection, Windham Vital Records, 1:195.
- <sup>88</sup> Ibid.
- <sup>89</sup> Unsourced annotation online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #144229645.
- <sup>90</sup> Barbour Collection, Windham Vital Records, 2:35.
- <sup>91</sup> George A. Gordon and Silas A. Coburn, *Genealogy of the Descendants of Edward Colburn-Coburn* (Lowell, Mass.: Courier-Citizen, 1913), 30, 53.
- <sup>92</sup> Unsourced annotation online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #144229529.
- <sup>93</sup> Barbour Collection, Windham Vital Records, 2:227.
- <sup>94</sup> Gordon and Coburn, *Descendants of Edward Colburn*, 53; Barbour Collection, Windham, 2:35.
- <sup>95</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #144402932.
- <sup>96</sup> Barbour Collection, Windham Vital Records, 2:35.
- <sup>97</sup> Barbour Collection, Windham Vital Records, 2:35.
- <sup>98</sup> Ibid.
- <sup>99</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #13778697.
- <sup>100</sup> Barbour Collection, Windham Vital Records, 1:195.
- <sup>101</sup> Ibid., 2:114.
- <sup>102</sup> Barbour Collection, Ashford Vital Records, 1:47; Jeanne DeCamp Cheadle Stunz and Rick J. Ashton, *Stunz, Fuller, Kennard, and Chedle Ancestors* (Evanston, Ill.: Northwestern University Library, 1987), 197a.
- <sup>103</sup> Barbour Collection, Windham Vital Records, 2:114.
- <sup>104</sup> See child v. Daniel below.

- <sup>105</sup> Barbour Collection, Windham Vital Records, 2:114.
- <sup>106</sup> Connecticut State Library Index of Church Records, Hampton Congregational Church, 37.
- <sup>107</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #51702556.
- <sup>108</sup> Barbour Collection, Windham Vital Records, 2:114.
- <sup>109</sup> Connecticut State Library Index of Church Records, Hampton Congregational Church, 37.
- <sup>110</sup> Connecticut State Library Index of Church Records, Hampton Congregational Church, 1:80.
- <sup>111</sup> Barbour Collection, Windham Vital Records, 2:138.
- <sup>112</sup> *Ibid.*, 2:138.
- <sup>113</sup> Florence Burnham Heath and Mildred Windsor Burnham Lusk, *Genealogical Records of Deacon John Burnham and His Descendants*, 3rd ed. (n.p.: the authors, n.d.), 198; Barbour Collection, Windham Vital Records, 1:279.
- <sup>114</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #92202936.
- <sup>115</sup> Barbour Collection, Hampton Vital Records, 1:288.
- <sup>116</sup> Barbour Collection, Hampton Vital Records, 2:138.
- <sup>117</sup> Connecticut State Library Index of Church Records, Hampton, 1:81.
- <sup>118</sup> Revolutionary War Pension, File W9465, and Bounty Land Warrant Application, B.L.Wt.34327-160-56, John and Saloma Greenslit.
- <sup>119</sup> Connecticut State Library Index of Church Records, Hampton, 1:81.
- <sup>120</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #80743430; *Commemorative Biographical Record of Tolland and Windham Counties*, 24.
- <sup>121</sup> Birth of first child.
- <sup>122</sup> Roderick H. Burnham, *Genealogical Records of Thomas Burnham*, 2nd ed. (Hartford, Conn.: Case, Lockwood & Brainard, 1884), 197; Windham Probate District, Will, Ebenezer Burnham, 12:324.
- <sup>123</sup> Connecticut State Library Index of Church Records, Hampton, 87.
- <sup>124</sup> Barbour Collection, Hampton Vital Records, 1:219; *Commemorative Biographical Record of Tolland and Windham Counties*, 24. This source gives birth as 26 Feb. 1778 in Hampton.
- <sup>125</sup> Barbour Collection, Hampton Vital Records, 1:218.
- <sup>126</sup> She died 20 June 1847 age 61 (photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #120695174).
- <sup>127</sup> Barbour Collection, Hampton Vital Records, 1:218.
- <sup>128</sup> Barbour Collection, Hampton Vital Records, 1:217.
- <sup>129</sup> Barbour Collection, Hampton Vital Records, 1:248.
- <sup>130</sup> *USGenWeb*, Hanover Cemetery, Marshall, N. Y., online at <http://files>.

usgwarchives.net/ny/oneida/cemeteries/marshall/hanover.txt

- <sup>131</sup> Barbour Collection, Hampton Vital Records, 1:277.
- <sup>132</sup> Barbour Collection, Windham Vital Records, 1:309, 2:127; Joseph Addison Kingsbury, *A Pendulous Edition of Kingsbury Genealogy* (Pittsburgh, Penn.: Murdoch-Kerr, 1901), 57. Hannah Clark was the second wife of Johnathan Kingsbury.
- <sup>133</sup> Children i.-vii. in Barbour Collection, Hampton Vital Records, 1:277. Two children named Lora (vi. and viii.) apparently lived at the same time.
- <sup>134</sup> “Joel Kingsbury, Libbil [*sic*], Patty, Sophia, Rhoda, and Mary [children of] Joel and Hannah Greenit[?]” Susan W. Dimock, *Births, Baptisms, Marriages, and Deaths ... Mansfield, Connecticut* (New York: Baker & Taylor, 1898), 440, and Granger Clark, son of the same, 5 May 1799 (*ibid.*, 441).
- <sup>135</sup> *USGenWeb*, Hanover Cemetery, Marshall, N. Y., online at <http://files.usgwarchives.net/ny/oneida/cemeteries/marshall/hanover.txt>.
- <sup>136</sup> *Ibid.*
- <sup>137</sup> *Ibid.*
- <sup>138</sup> *Ibid.*
- <sup>139</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #141891276.
- <sup>140</sup> *USGenWeb*, Hanover Cemetery.
- <sup>141</sup> Barbour Collection, Windham Vital Records, 1:195.
- <sup>142</sup> *Ibid.*, 2:178.
- <sup>143</sup> *Ibid.*
- <sup>144</sup> Heath and Lusk, *Records of John Burnham*, 197; Barbour Collection, Windham Vital Records, 1:295 (birth and parents’ marriage).
- <sup>145</sup> Connecticut State Library Index of Church Records, Hampton, 1:70.
- <sup>146</sup> Heath and Lusk, *Records of John Burnham*, 213.
- <sup>147</sup> *Ibid.*; Barbour Collection, Windham Vital Records, 2:178.
- <sup>148</sup> Unsourced annotation online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #144230718. Gordon and Coburn, *Descendants of Edward Colburn*, 107, says he died in Charlestown, New York, which is a town in Montgomery County.
- <sup>149</sup> Barbour Collection, Windham Vital Records, 2:153.
- <sup>150</sup> Gordon and Coburn, *Descendants of Edward Colburn*, 107; Revolutionary War Pension, File W18161, Ezekiel and Patience Tracy.
- <sup>151</sup> Unsourced annotation online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #144230960.
- <sup>152</sup> Gordon and Coburn, *Descendants of Edward Colburn*, 107.
- <sup>153</sup> Eliphalet was in Charlestown in 1799 (*New York, U.S., Tax Assessment Rolls of Real and Personal Estates, 1799–1804*), online at Ancestry.com; 1810 U.S. Census, Charlestown, Montgomery County, New York, roll 49, p. 49.

- <sup>154</sup> Gordon and Coburn, *Descendants of Edward Colburn*, 107; photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #25350373.
- <sup>155</sup> Photograph of gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #15350373, names the three wives in an unsourced annotation; Gordon and Coburn, *Descendants of Edward Colburn*, 220.
- <sup>156</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #27887472.
- <sup>157</sup> Gordon and Coburn, *Descendants of Edward Colburn*, 220.
- <sup>158</sup> *Ibid.*; photograph of John’s gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #38381530.
- <sup>159</sup> Unsourced annotation online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #144238638.
- <sup>160</sup> Gordon and Coburn, *Descendants of Edward Colburn*, 221; unsourced annotation online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #144239276.
- <sup>161</sup> Gordon and Coburn, *Descendants of Edward Colburn*, 221; unsourced annotation online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #6636827.
- <sup>162</sup> Gordon and Coburn, *Descendants of Edward Colburn*, 221; 1855 New York State Census, Constantia, Oswego County, New York, image 6 of 29; unsourced annotation online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #126567897; *Michigan, Death Records, 1867–1952*, 12:128, online at Ancestry.com.
- <sup>163</sup> Unsourced annotation online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #144240370.
- <sup>164</sup> Gordon and Coburn, *Descendants of Edward Colburn*, 222.
- <sup>165</sup> 1880 U.S. Census, Almena, Van Buren County, Michigan, E.D. 204, roll 607, p. 294B.
- <sup>166</sup> 1850 U.S. Census, Elba, Genesee County, New York, roll 508, p. 339A (Abigail age 47); 1860 U.S. Census, Batavia, Genesee County, roll 757, p. 287 (Abigail age 58); Gordon and Coburn, *Descendants of Edward Colburn*, 107; Fred Q. Bowman, *10,000 Vital Records of Western New York, 1809–1850* (Baltimore: Genealogical Publishing, 1985), 58 (marriage).
- <sup>167</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #144402932, no date of death; 1810 U.S. Census, Rome, Oneida County, New York, roll 33, p. 302.
- <sup>168</sup> Connecticut State Library Index of Church Records, Sprague-Hanover Congregational Church, 1:86. Also recorded in. Bailey, *Early Connecticut Marriage*, 6:90, as in the Norwich–Lisbon church. Sprague was part of Franklin and Lisbon (which had been taken from New London) until 1861; Daniel E. Wager, *A Descriptive Work on the City of Rome, New York* (Boston: Boston History Co., 1896), 14, where his name is spelled “Abell”; also spelled “Abell” on his gravestone.
- <sup>169</sup> *Vital Records of Norwich, 1659–1848*, 2 vols. (Hartford, Conn.: Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Connecticut, 1913), 326; Norwich Probate District, File 11, Will of Alpheus Abell.

- <sup>170</sup> 1810 U.S. Census, Rome, roll 33, p. 302.
- <sup>171</sup> Wager, *City of Rome, New York*, 14.
- <sup>172</sup> Unsourced annotation online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #144402962.
- <sup>173</sup> 1800 U.S. Census, Rome, roll 23, p. 202; 1810 U.S. Census, Rome, Oneida County, New York, roll 33, p. 302.
- <sup>174</sup> Unsourced annotation online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #13629786, her surname Sexton.
- <sup>175</sup> 1830 U.S. Census, Rome, roll 99, p. 403.
- <sup>176</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #13690414.
- <sup>177</sup> Connecticut State Library Index of Church Records, Sprague Congregational Church, 1:86, Bailey, *Early Connecticut Marriages*, 1:86.
- <sup>178</sup> Connecticut State Library Index of Church Records, Sprague, 1:201.
- <sup>179</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #13690403.
- <sup>180</sup> Connecticut State Library Index of Church Records, Sprague, 1:115.
- <sup>181</sup> 1800 U.S. Census, Rome, roll 23, p. 240.
- <sup>182</sup> Connecticut State Library Index of Church Records, Sprague, 1:116 (birth), 1:211 (baptism), 1:257 (death).
- <sup>183</sup> Connecticut State Library Index of Church Records, Sprague, 1:212.
- <sup>184</sup> 1800 U.S. Census, Rome, roll 23, p. 240.
- <sup>185</sup> Ancestors of Patricia Louise Ratcliff Family Tree at Ancestry.com.
- <sup>186</sup> *Ibid.*
- <sup>187</sup> Unsourced annotation online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #55685222.
- <sup>188</sup> *Portrait and Biographical Album of Ingham and Livingston Counties, Michigan* (Chicago: Chapman Brothers, 1891), 831.
- <sup>189</sup> *Rome Daily Sentinel*, Rome, New York, 24 Jan. 1887, p. 1, obituary of Clark Knight, online at fultonhistory.com.
- <sup>190</sup> New York State Census, 1855, E.D. 2, Rome, Oneida Co., household 29.
- <sup>191</sup> 1870 U.S. Census, Seneca Falls, Seneca County, New York, roll 1093, p. 212A.
- <sup>192</sup> *U.S. Census Mortality Schedules, 1850–1880*, Seneca Falls, p. 762, online at Ancestry.com.
- <sup>193</sup> *Rome Daily Sentinel*, Rome, N.Y., 11 Feb. 1889, p. 1, obituary of Daniel W. Knight, online at fultonhistory.com.
- <sup>194</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #51702556, data from the unsourced annotation.
- <sup>195</sup> Royden W. Vosburgh, “Records of the Presbyterian Church of Johnstown, in Fulton County, N.Y.” (New York: 1916), 89. Fulton County split from Montgomery County in 1838.

- <sup>196</sup> *New Horizons Genealogy*, “Old Colonial Cemetery at Kingsborough, N.Y.” Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #119633046, partially legible.
- <sup>197</sup> *Gloversville Daily Leader*, Gloversville, N.Y., 28 Oct. 1899, online at fultonhistory.com.
- <sup>198</sup> *Sedgwick Genealogy North America*, Jonathan Sedgwick, Kingsborough Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fulton, N.Y., online at [www.sedgwick.org/na/library/docs/newyork.fulton.kingsboropresbyterian.htm](http://www.sedgwick.org/na/library/docs/newyork.fulton.kingsboropresbyterian.htm).
- <sup>199</sup> *NYGenWeb*, “Death Records Extracted from Montgomery Republican, 1830–1831,” online at <http://fulton.nygenweb.net>.
- <sup>200</sup> *Ibid.*, “Congregational Church at Gloversville, Marriages, 1804–1815.”
- <sup>201</sup> *New Horizons Genealogy*, “Old Colonial Cemetery.”
- <sup>202</sup> Edith (Van Heusen) Becker, “Abstracts of Wills, Montgomery County, N.Y.,” *New York Genealogical and Biographical Register* 57 (July 1926), 266.
- <sup>203</sup> *Ibid.*
- <sup>204</sup> 1850 U.S. Census, Johnstown, Fulton County, New York, roll 506, p. 62B.
- <sup>205</sup> *New York, State Death Index, 1880–1956*, online at FamilySearch.org, indexed as “Cheadell.”
- <sup>206</sup> 1830 U.S. Census, Johnstown, Montgomery County, New York, roll 95, p. 195.
- <sup>207</sup> *New York Morning Express*, New York, no date, online at <https://fultonhistory.com>. 1850 U.S. Census, Union, Essex Co., N.J., roll 450, p. 290A. 1870 U.S. Census, New York City, roll 1009, p. 400A.
- <sup>208</sup> *New York Evening Post*, New York 11 April 1833, online at <https://fultonhistory.com>.
- <sup>209</sup> 1850 U.S. Census, Johnstown, Fulton County, New York, roll 506, p. 62B.
- <sup>210</sup> Fulton County Probate Court, Minutes, 5:361, Stuart W. Cheadle.
- <sup>211</sup> *New Horizons Genealogy*, “Old Colonial Cemetery.”
- <sup>212</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #112644085, spelled “Chedell” on the gravestone.
- <sup>213</sup> U.S., *Presbyterian Church Records, 1701–1970*, online at Ancestry.com.
- <sup>214</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #112644114.
- <sup>215</sup> Royden Woodward Vosburgh, “Records of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of Caughnawaga,” (New York, 1917), 3:95, online at Ancestry.com; the spelling of her name from the marriage record below. 1850 U.S. census, Johnstown, Fulton County, New York, p. 74B, roll 506 which lists Margeret Cheadle, age 39, listed in the household of her brother-in-law Jason Leonard. Margeret also lived with the same family in 1882. *Fulton County Republican*, Johnstown, N.Y., 12 April 1882, death notice, “CHEADELL. At the residence of her sister, in New York city, Margaret T. Cheadell...” online at <https://fultonhistory.com>;

- 1870 U.S. census, Johnstown, Fulton County, roll 938, p. 195A, Margaret Chendele, age 57, in the household of Lemuel Chendele; 1880 U.S. census, Johnstown, ED 10, p. 223B, roll 834. One line above is the household of her presumed nephew, Charles Chedell.
- <sup>216</sup> 1850 U.S. Census, Johnstown, Fulton County, New York, roll 506, p. 74B.
- <sup>217</sup> *Fulton County Republican*, Johnstown, N.Y., 12 April 1882, online at <https://fultonhistory.com>.
- <sup>218</sup> *Congregational Church at Gloversville*, online at <http://fulton.nygenweb.net>, as “Anne Berintha Cheadel.”
- <sup>219</sup> Unsourced annotation online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #180572616, spelled “Cheadell.”
- <sup>220</sup> U.S., *Presbyterian Church Records, 1701–1970*, Kingsborough Ave. Presbyterian Church, his name spelled “Cheadell,” online at Ancestry.com.
- <sup>221</sup> 1850 U.S. Census, Johnstown, <https://fultonsearch.org> roll 506, p. 74B.
- <sup>222</sup> *Italian Genealogical Group*, New York City Municipal Archives, Cert. #6902, online at <https://italiengen.org>.
- <sup>223</sup> U.S., *Presbyterian Church Records, 1701–1970*, Kingsborough Ave. Presbyterian Church.
- <sup>224</sup> Revolutionary War Pension, File W19239, Martha Faulkner.
- <sup>225</sup> Connecticut State Library Index of Church Records, Sprague, 68.
- <sup>226</sup> Barbour Collection, Canterbury Vital Records, 1:143 (birth), 1:138 (parents’ marriage).
- <sup>227</sup> Revolutionary War Pension, File W19239, Martha Faulkner.
- <sup>228</sup> Cuyler Reynolds, *Hudson-Mohawk Genealogical and Family Memoirs* (New York: Lewis Historical Publishing, 1911), 2:760–762.
- <sup>229</sup> Reynolds, *Hudson-Mohawk Family Memoirs*, 2:760–762; gravestone.
- <sup>230</sup> *Records of the Reformed Dutch Church of Stone Arabia*, 2:10, online at Ancestry.com
- <sup>231</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #184829062.
- <sup>232</sup> Reynolds, *Hudson-Mohawk Family Memoirs*, 2:760–762.
- <sup>233</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #184829064.
- <sup>234</sup> *Records of the Reformed Dutch Church of Stone Arabia*, 1:152.
- <sup>235</sup> Montgomery County Surrogate’s Court, Wills, 9:143, petition to probate, Joel Faulknor.
- <sup>236</sup> Reynolds, *Hudson-Mohawk Family Memoirs*, 2:760.
- <sup>237</sup> *Records of the Reformed Dutch Church of Stone Arabia*, 1:152.
- <sup>238</sup> U.S. and International Marriage Records, 1560–1900, online at Ancestry.com.
- <sup>239</sup> Reynolds, *Hudson-Mohawk Family Memoirs*, 2:760–762.



- <sup>240</sup> *Records of the Reformed Dutch Church of Stone Arabia*, 1:152, typed as “Bally.”
- <sup>241</sup> Reynolds, *Hudson-Mohawk Family Memoirs*, 2:760–762.
- <sup>242</sup> *Records of the Reformed Dutch Church of Stone Arabia*, 1:152.
- <sup>243</sup> 1870 U.S. Census, Glen, Montgomery County, New York, roll 374, p. 126B, household of Henry van Sienck [*sic*].
- <sup>244</sup> 1830 U.S. Census, Glen, roll 95, p. 77.
- <sup>245</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #183635896; Reynolds, *Hudson-Mohawk Family Memoirs*, 2:760.
- <sup>246</sup> Unsourced annotation online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #18513470, spelled “Cheadle.”
- <sup>247</sup> Barbour Collection, Tolland Vital Records, 2:202.
- <sup>248</sup> *Ibid.*, 2:55 (birth and parents’ marriage).
- <sup>249</sup> Unsourced annotation online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #67077106.
- <sup>250</sup> Barbour Collection, Tolland Vital Records, 2:202.
- <sup>251</sup> *Ibid.*
- <sup>252</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #65431313.
- <sup>253</sup> His name on her gravestone; Elroy McKendree Avery and Catharine Hitchcock (Tilden) Avery, *The Groton Avery Clan* (Cleveland, Ohio: the authors, 1912), 1:645.
- <sup>254</sup> *Hobart College, General Catalogue of Officers, Graduates and Students, 1825–1897* (Geneva, N.Y.: W. F. Humphery, 1897), 7.
- <sup>255</sup> Portrait and photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #55507876.
- <sup>256</sup> Steuben County Surrogate’s Office, Wills, 4:177, Philip Cook.
- <sup>257</sup> 1850 U.S. Census, Canajoharie, Montgomery County, New York; roll 532, p. 185A.
- <sup>258</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #43682406.
- <sup>259</sup> Revolutionary War Pension, File W16214, John and Elizabeth Cochran, online at Fold3.com.
- <sup>260</sup> *Ibid.*, deposition of John Cochran, 24 Sept. 1821.
- <sup>261</sup> Revolutionary War Pension, File W16214, John and Elizabeth Cochran.
- <sup>262</sup> *Ibid.*
- <sup>263</sup> 1820 U.S. Census, Cato, Cayuga County, New York, roll 68, p. 68.
- <sup>264</sup> Royden Woodward Vosburgh, “Records of the Reformed Dutch Church at Fort Plain” (New York, 1918), 1:60, online at <https://www.newyorkfamilyhistory.org/online-records/montgomery-county-religious-records/523-002/68>.
- <sup>265</sup> Daniel Nash, Alexander McMillan Welch, Elisha Egerton Rogers, “Record Book of Rev. Daniel Nash: Births & Baptisms Chenango &



- Otsego Counties, N.Y., 1797–1827,” manuscript [FHL 1,421,103] (n.p., 1950), 10.
- <sup>266</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #43682406.
- <sup>267</sup> *St. Johnsville Enterprise and News*, St. Johnsville, N.Y., 22 Nov. 1945.
- <sup>268</sup> Unsourced annotation online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #43682449.
- <sup>269</sup> Nash, Welch, and Rogers, “Record Book of Daniel Nash,” 10.
- <sup>270</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #43682449.
- <sup>271</sup> 1850 U.S. Census, Canajoharie, Montgomery County, New York, roll 532, p. 185A.
- <sup>272</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #108604409.
- <sup>273</sup> M. Grace Wilmarth, *Obadiah Cooper (Tailor at Albany, N.Y., from 1713–1742) His Wife, Cornelia (Gardenier) Cooper, and Their Descendants* (n.p.: the author, 1946), 128–133.
- <sup>274</sup> 1810 U.S. Census, Canajoharie, roll 29, p. 74.
- <sup>275</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #63354206.
- <sup>276</sup> Barbour Collection, Ashford Vital Records, 4:49.
- <sup>277</sup> *Ibid.*, 1:86 (parents’ marriage), 3:73 (birth).
- <sup>278</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #633542067.
- <sup>279</sup> Barbour Collection, Ashford Vital Records, 4:49.
- <sup>280</sup> *Ibid.*
- <sup>281</sup> 1840 U.S. Census, Warren, Washington County, Vermont, roll 546, p. 278.
- <sup>282</sup> Vermont State Vital Records. These Vermont State Vital Records are online under various titles on AmericanAncestors.org, FamilySearch.org, and Ancestry.com.
- <sup>283</sup> Barbour Collection, Ashford Vital Records, 4:49.
- <sup>284</sup> *Ibid.*
- <sup>285</sup> Vermont State Vital Records.
- <sup>286</sup> *Ibid.*, death record of son Allen C. Greenslit.
- <sup>287</sup> *1880 U.S. Census, Mortality Schedule*, Lyon County, Minnesota, E.D. 145, p. 1.
- <sup>288</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #147083025.
- <sup>289</sup> Curtiss-Wedge, *Renville County*, 2:1081–1083.
- <sup>290</sup> Ellery Bicknell Crane, *Genealogy of the Crane Family* (Worcester, Mass.: Charles Hamilton, 1895), 1:118.
- <sup>291</sup> *Ibid.*
- <sup>292</sup> *Ibid.*

- <sup>293</sup> *Wisconsin Historical Society, Pre-1907 Vital Records*, Sauk County Marriages, 2:249.
- <sup>294</sup> *Commemorative Biographical Record of Tolland and Windham Counties*, 24.
- <sup>295</sup> Barbour Collection, Hampton Vital Records, 1:219.
- <sup>296</sup> *Commemorative Biographical Record of Tolland and Windham Counties*, 25; unsourced family group sheet, online at <https://ancestors.familysearch.org/en/KZBQ-T9D/hannah-foster-1762-1836>.
- <sup>297</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #80744185.
- <sup>298</sup> *Commemorative Biographical Record of Tolland and Windham Counties*, 25 (births of Lucius, William F., and David); Bayles, *Windham County*, 391.
- <sup>299</sup> Hale Collection, Hampton, 61.
- <sup>300</sup> Hale Collection, Hampton, 61.
- <sup>301</sup> Barbour Collection, Hampton Vital Records, 1:219.
- <sup>302</sup> *New Haven Register*, New Haven, Conn., 28 July 1881, death notice for Lucius Greenslit, online at GenealogyBank.com.
- <sup>303</sup> Leonard Allison Morrison, *The History of the Alison or Allison Family in Europe and America* (Boston: Damrell & Upham, 1893), 50; *Weekly Messenger*, Boston, 20 April 1837, online at GenealogyBank.com.
- <sup>304</sup> Hale Collection, Hampton, 61.
- <sup>305</sup> Barbour Collection, Hampton Vital Records, 1:219.
- <sup>306</sup> Family Bible of David Greenslit, in author's possession.
- <sup>307</sup> Hale Collection, Hampton, South Cemetery, 39.
- <sup>308</sup> Family Bible of David Greenslit; Barbour Collection, Hampton Vital Records, 1:219.
- <sup>309</sup> Hampton Town Clerk, Death Record.
- <sup>310</sup> Barbour Collection, Brooklyn Vital Records, 4:73; *Commemorative Biographical Record of Tolland and Windham Counties*, 225.
- <sup>311</sup> Hale Collection, Hampton, 61.
- <sup>312</sup> *Commemorative Biographical Record of Tolland and Windham Counties*, 25.
- <sup>313</sup> Ibid.
- <sup>314</sup> Barbour Collection, Hampton Vital Records, 1:218.
- <sup>315</sup> Ibid.
- <sup>316</sup> Ibid., 1:279; *Our Family Tree*, online at <https://www.ourfamtree.org/browse.php/Daniel-Burnham/p563373>.
- <sup>317</sup> *Willimantic Journal*, Willimantic, Conn., 31 May 1866, p. 92, death notice, online at GenealogyBank.com.
- <sup>318</sup> Hampton Probate District, Will, Elijah Greenslit, 2:127.
- <sup>319</sup> Barbour Collection, Hampton, 1:218.

- <sup>320</sup> Ibid.
- <sup>321</sup> Hale Collection, Hampton, 61.
- <sup>322</sup> U.S., *Social Security Applications and Claims Index, 1936–2007*, SS no. 714 14 4704, online at Ancestry.com.
- <sup>323</sup> Barbour Collection, Hampton, 1:218.
- <sup>324</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #80744033.
- <sup>325</sup> Barbour Collection, Hampton Vital Records, 3:3.
- <sup>326</sup> Barbour Collection, Hampton, 1:218.
- <sup>327</sup> Ibid., 1:215.
- <sup>328</sup> Connecticut State Library Index of Church Records, Hampton Congregational, 87.
- <sup>329</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #120695174.
- <sup>330</sup> *Vital Records of Montgomery, Massachusetts, to the Year 1850* (Boston: NEHGS, 1902), 42.
- <sup>331</sup> Elizur Yale Smith, *Vital Records of Sandisfield, Massachusetts, to the Year 1850* (Rutland, Vt.: Tuttle Publishing Co., 1936), 65.
- <sup>332</sup> *Vital Records of Montgomery*, 77.
- <sup>333</sup> Ibid., 20.
- <sup>334</sup> *Massachusetts, Town and Vital Records, 1620–1988*, New Marlborough, 65 (all children, saying the first seven born in New Marlborough), image 188 of 757, online at Ancestry.com.
- <sup>335</sup> *Vital Records of Montgomery*, 20.
- <sup>336</sup> Her husband was “of Syracuse” when he remarried. See the next note.
- <sup>337</sup> Ibid., 35, intentions of Rev. Orsamus Allen of Syracuse and Eunice Fuller published 23 April 1834.
- <sup>338</sup> *Vital Records of Montgomery*, 35.
- <sup>339</sup> Ibid., 20.
- <sup>340</sup> 1880 U.S. Census, Farmington, Trumbull County, Ohio, E.D. 189, roll 1070, p. 86D.
- <sup>341</sup> Summit County, Ohio, Marriage Records, 1840–1980, record of son William S. Fuller, online at Ancestry.com.
- <sup>342</sup> *Vital Records of Montgomery*, 20.
- <sup>343</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #120697392.
- <sup>344</sup> *Vital Records of Montgomery*, 43.
- <sup>345</sup> Ibid., 20.
- <sup>346</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #52198696.
- <sup>347</sup> *Vital Records of Montgomery*, 37.
- <sup>348</sup> Ibid., 20.

- <sup>349</sup> Ibid., 62.
- <sup>350</sup> Ibid., 20.
- <sup>351</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #52198763.
- <sup>352</sup> *Vital Records of Montgomery*, 59.
- <sup>353</sup> Ibid., 20.
- <sup>354</sup> *Registers of Patients at Naval Hospitals, 1812–1934*, date of discharge, online at Ancestry.com.
- <sup>355</sup> *Vital Records of New Marlborough*, 65.
- <sup>356</sup> Ibid.
- <sup>357</sup> Ibid.
- <sup>358</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #120695619.
- <sup>359</sup> 1850 U.S. Census, Chicopee, Hampden County, Massachusetts, roll 319, p. 174A.
- <sup>360</sup> Barbour Collection, Hampton, 1:128.
- <sup>361</sup> Hampton Probate District, File 224, Order Papers, Ebenezer Greenslit.
- <sup>362</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #80743361.
- <sup>363</sup> Barbour Collection, Hampton, 1:218.
- <sup>364</sup> Connecticut State Library Index of Church Records, Hampton Congregational, 3.
- <sup>365</sup> Barbour Collection, Windham Vital Records, 3:124.
- <sup>366</sup> Barbour Collection, Windham, 2:237.
- <sup>367</sup> Killingly Probate District, File 821, Inventory, Lucy W. Greenslit.
- <sup>368</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #80744008.
- <sup>369</sup> Barbour Collection, Hampton, 1:218.
- <sup>370</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #71550068.
- <sup>371</sup> Ibid., memorial #71550069.
- <sup>372</sup> Barbour Collection, Hampton, 1:128.
- <sup>373</sup> Hale Collection, Brooklyn, 5.
- <sup>374</sup> Ann Smith Lainhart and Jane Fletcher Fiske, FASG, *Mayflower Families Through Five Generations, Volume Twenty-Three, Part Three, Family of John Howland, the Fifth and Sixth Generation Descendants of His Sons Joseph and Jacob, 1700-1880* (Plymouth, Mass.; General Society of Mayflower Descendants, 2012), online at AmericanAncestors.org. However, his obituary says his parents were David and Prudence (Webb) Greenslit (*Norwich Bulletin*, Norwich, Conn., 19 May 1917, p. 9, obituary of Albert Greenslit, online at GenealogyBank.com).
- <sup>375</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #36289060.

- <sup>376</sup> Barbour Collection, Killingly Vital Records, 2:45.
- <sup>377</sup> Philadelphia Death Return, Cert. 17607, online at FamilySearch.org; 1830 U.S. Census, Hampton, Windham County, Connecticut, roll 11, p. 4.
- <sup>378</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #29495891.
- <sup>379</sup> *Philadelphia Inquirer*, 16 Sept. 1902, death notice, online at GenealogyBank.com.
- <sup>380</sup> *U.S., Federal Census Mortality Schedules, 1850–1885*, Scotland, Windham County, p. 1.
- <sup>381</sup> Barbour Collection, Hampton Vital Records, 2:342.
- <sup>382</sup> Connecticut State Library Index of Church Records, Windham Congregational, 52.
- <sup>383</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #80744061.
- <sup>384</sup> Barbour Collection, Hampton Vital Records, 2:432.
- <sup>385</sup> 1850 U.S. Census, Windham, roll 51, p. 457B; Windham Vital Records, 3:99.
- <sup>386</sup> 1820 U.S. Census, Windham, roll 3, p. 597.
- <sup>387</sup> Hale Collection of Cemetery Inscriptions, Windham, 308.
- <sup>388</sup> Windham Probate District, File 1681, Will, Henry Greenslit.
- <sup>389</sup> Hale Collection, Hampton, 61.
- <sup>390</sup> Barbour Collection, Hampton, 2:342.
- <sup>391</sup> Hale Collection, Hampton, 61.
- <sup>392</sup> Barbour Collection, Windham Vital Records, 3:101.
- <sup>393</sup> *Butler County Press*, David City, Nebr., 20 April 1916, p. 7, obituary of J. H. Greenslit, online at Newspapers.com.
- <sup>394</sup> Barbour Collection, Windham, 3:101.
- <sup>395</sup> Windham Probate District, File 1681, Loose Papers, Henry Greenslit.
- <sup>396</sup> *Hartford Courant*, 7 Dec. 1865, p. 2, online at Newspapers.com.
- <sup>397</sup> Barbour Collection, Hampton Vital Records, 1:248; Hale Collection, Hampton, Hammond or North Cemetery, 19.
- <sup>398</sup> Barbour Collection, Hampton, 1:248.
- <sup>399</sup> George Chandler, “The Griffin Family of Hampton, Conn.,” *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* 13 (1859), 110.
- <sup>400</sup> Bayles, *Windham County*, 1103.
- <sup>401</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #78226497.
- <sup>402</sup> Bayles, *Windham County*, 1103.
- <sup>403</sup> Brooklyn Probate District, File #194, Will, Hezekiah Hammond; 1820 U.S. Census, Hampton, Windham County, Connecticut, roll 3, p. 617.
- <sup>404</sup> Barbour Collection, Hampton, 1:248.
- <sup>405</sup> *Hartford Courant* 18 April 1896, p. 11, obituary of Elisha G. Hammond, online at Newspapers.com.

- <sup>406</sup> Barbour Collection, Windham Vital Records, 3:150.
- <sup>407</sup> Avery and Avery, *Groton Avery Clan*, 1:752.
- <sup>408</sup> Barbour Collection, Hampton, 1:248.
- <sup>409</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #80680122.
- <sup>410</sup> Barbour Collection, Hampton Vital Records, 2:323.
- <sup>411</sup> *Ibid.*, 1:248.
- <sup>412</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #80727341.
- <sup>413</sup> Barbour Collection, Hampton Vital Records, 2:230.
- <sup>414</sup> Barbour Collection, Hampton, 1:248.
- <sup>415</sup> 1820 U.S. Census, Mamakating, Sullivan County, New York, roll 71, p. 162.
- <sup>416</sup> Mansfield 2nd Congregational Church [FHL DGS 7,903,273], “Marriages and Deaths 1784–1824,” p. 10, image 1082, online at FamilySearch.org, <https://www.familysearch.org/ark:/61903/3:1:3Q9M-CSHM-X91J-C?i=1081&cat=193561>.
- <sup>417</sup> *Boston Evening Transcript*, genealogical column, 12 Sept. 1923, p. 6, query #1042; *ibid.*, 7 Nov. 1923, p. 6, answer #1042, online at AmericanAncestors.com.
- <sup>418</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #107541350, partially legible.
- <sup>419</sup> *Ibid.*, memorial #135021448.
- <sup>420</sup> Bath County Surrogate’s Office, Will, Peter Hunter, 7:481.
- <sup>421</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #76084184.
- <sup>422</sup> Orange County Surrogate’s Court, Order for Proof of Will, Samuel G. Dimmick, 31:111.
- <sup>423</sup> Photograph of the death record and unsourced annotation online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #170880693.
- <sup>424</sup> Gertrude A. Barber, “Records of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of Bloomingburgh, Sullivan County, N.Y.” (1990), 41.
- <sup>425</sup> *USGenWeb*, online at <http://files.usgwarchives.net/ny/oneida/cemeteries/marshall/hanover.txt>.
- <sup>426</sup> Reuben H. Walworth, *Hyde Genealogy* (Albany, N.Y.: J. Munsell, 1864), 1:234.
- <sup>427</sup> *USGenWeb*, online at <http://files.usgwarchives.net/ny/oneida/cemeteries/marshall/hanover.txt>.
- <sup>428</sup> 1810 U.S. Census, Oneida County, New York, roll 33, p. 372.
- <sup>429</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #100860618.

- <sup>430</sup> *United States General Index to Pension Files, 1861–1934*, Neile A. Greenslit, online at FamilySearch.org.
- <sup>431</sup> Sondey, “Greenslit Family.”
- <sup>432</sup> 1880 U.S. Census, Sangerfield, Oneida County, New York, ED 119, roll 903, p. 162D.
- <sup>433</sup> Sondey, “Greenslit Family.”
- <sup>434</sup> 1860 U.S. Census, Marshall, Oneida County, New York, roll 826, p. 691.
- <sup>435</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #187187865.
- <sup>436</sup> Walworth, *Hyde Genealogy*, 1:234.
- <sup>437</sup> Barbour Collection, Hampton, 1:277.
- <sup>438</sup> Gertrude A. Barber, “Graveyard Inscriptions of the Bloomingburgh Cemetery” (1930), 39; Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #85757285.
- <sup>439</sup> Royden W. Vosburgh, “Records of the Presbyterian Church of Cooperstown, in Otsego County, N. Y.” [FHL 0,534,225 item 3], 29, which says only “\_\_\_\_ Townsley and \_\_\_\_ Greenslit,” online at <https://www.newyorkfamilyhistory.org/online-records/otsego-county-religious-records/549-003/34>.
- <sup>440</sup> *Vital Records of Brimfield, Massachusetts, to the Year 1850* (Boston: NEHGS, 1931), 139, 247.
- <sup>441</sup> Barber, “Graveyard Inscriptions of the Bloomingburgh Cemetery,” 39; photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #85753643.
- <sup>442</sup> Barber, “Records of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of Bloomingburgh,” 1.
- <sup>443</sup> 1840 U.S. Census, Mamakating, 1 of 40.
- <sup>444</sup> Unsourced annotation online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #63522083.
- <sup>445</sup> Barber, “Records of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of Bloomingburgh,” 43.
- <sup>446</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #86669784.
- <sup>447</sup> Barber, “Records of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of Bloomingburgh,” 42.
- <sup>448</sup> *New York, Cemetery Abstracts, 1800–1965*, “St. Johns Cemetery Records, Monticello, Sullivan, New York,” p. 28, image 239 of 623, online at FamilySearch.org.
- <sup>449</sup> Vosburgh, “Records of the Presbyterian Church of Cooperstown,” 29.
- <sup>450</sup> Windham Probate District, File #3295, Receipt, Solomon Royce; photograph of his parents’ gravestones online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #15497838 and #15497829.

- <sup>451</sup> 1790 U.S. Census, Mansfield, Windham County, Connecticut, roll 1, p. 262.
- <sup>452</sup> *N.Y. Cemetery Abstracts*, “St. John Cemetery,” p. 28, image 239 of 623.
- <sup>453</sup> *Newspaper Extractions from the Northeast, 1704–1930*, 52, citing *New York Evening Post*, 9 Sept. 1820, online at Ancestry.com.
- <sup>454</sup> 1810 U.S. Census, Mamakating, roll 30, p. 343.
- <sup>455</sup> Barbour Collection, Hampton, 1:277.
- <sup>456</sup> Barber, “Graveyard Inscriptions of the Bloomingburgh Cemetery,” 39, has the date as “9 Jan. 1814 [*sic*], aged 51 years”; photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #85753254.
- <sup>457</sup> Vosburgh, “Records of the Presbyterian Church of Cooperstown,” 29.
- <sup>458</sup> 1865 New York State Census, Middletown, Orange County, image 48 of 89.
- <sup>459</sup> *Newspaper Extractions from the Northeast, 1704–1930*, citing *Christian Intelligencer of the Reformed Dutch Church*, 27 July 1865, online at Ancestry.com.
- <sup>460</sup> Barber, “Records of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of Bloomingburgh,” 18.
- <sup>461</sup> Unsourced annotation online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #75844413.
- <sup>462</sup> *The News*, Paterson, N.J., 8 Aug. 1895, p. 1, obituary of John H. Duryea, online at Newspapers.com.
- <sup>463</sup> Unsourced annotation online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #75844413.
- <sup>464</sup> Barber, “Records of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of Bloomingburgh,” 54.
- <sup>465</sup> *Middletown Daily Argus*, Middletown, N.Y., 18 Jan. 1898, p. 4, obituary of Mrs. John D. Crawford, online at Newspapers.com; R. Burnham Moffat, *The Barclays of New York* (New York: Robert Grier Cooke, 1924), 292.
- <sup>466</sup> *Middletown Daily Argus*, 18 Jan. 1898.
- <sup>467</sup> Moffat, *The Barclays of New York*, 292.
- <sup>468</sup> 1860 U.S. Census, Wallkill, Orange County, New York, image 47 of 166.
- <sup>469</sup> *Middletown and Port Jervis City Directory for 1876* (Middletown, N.Y.: S.W. Millspaugh, 1876), 64.
- <sup>470</sup> Barber, “Records of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of Bloomingburgh,” Marriages, 49.
- <sup>471</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #187474676.
- <sup>472</sup> Ira B. Peck. *Descendants of Joseph Peck* (Boston: Alfred Mudge, 1868), 385.
- <sup>473</sup> Barbour Collection, Bristol Vital Records, TR1:535; *ibid.*, TR1:536.
- <sup>474</sup> *Ibid.*, TR1:535.
- <sup>475</sup> Fred Q. Bowman, *10,000 Vital Records of Central New York* (Baltimore:



- Genealogical Publishing Co., 1986), 185.
- <sup>476</sup> Oneida County Surrogate's Court, Wills, 8:49, Anthony Peck; Peck, *Descendants of Joseph Peck*, 385.
- <sup>477</sup> Peck, *Descendants of Joseph Peck*, 385; 1820 U.S. Census, Paris, Oneida County, New York, roll 73, p. 280; 1830 U.S. Census, Marshall, Oneida County, New York, roll 99, p. 141.
- <sup>478</sup> Sondey, "Greenslit Family."
- <sup>479</sup> *New York, U.S., Death Index, 1852–1956*, Cert. 11310, online at Ancestry.com.
- <sup>480</sup> Photograph of the gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #139899398.
- <sup>481</sup> 1900 U.S. Census, Sullivan, Madison County, New York, E.D. 35, roll 1072, p. 8, online at FamilySearch.org.
- <sup>482</sup> Photograph of gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #77125195.
- <sup>483</sup> *Ibid.*, inscription on gravestone.
- <sup>484</sup> *Waterville Times*, Waterville, N. Y., 26 Dec. 1900, obituary of Anthony Peck, online at fultonhistory.com.
- <sup>485</sup> *Connecticut Vital Records Index of Deaths, 1897–1969*, online at <https://www.ctatatelibrarydata.org/death-records/>.
- <sup>486</sup> Peck, *Descendants of Joseph Peck*, 385.
- <sup>487</sup> Photograph of gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #137385581.
- <sup>488</sup> Photograph of gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #137385547, annotation gives name of wife as Maria Peck Barton.
- <sup>489</sup> *Clinton Courier*, Clinton, N. Y., 13 Aug. 1863, obituary of William Peck, online at fultonhistory.com.
- <sup>490</sup> William D. Sipes, *The Seventh Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteer Cavalry* (Pottstown, Pa.: Miners' Journal Press, 1905), 69, Appendix, p. 4.
- <sup>491</sup> Peck, *Descendants of Joseph Peck*, 385.
- <sup>492</sup> Photograph of gravestone online at FindaGrave.com, memorial #187474676.
- <sup>493</sup> *USGenWeb*, Hanover Cemetery, <http://files.usgwarchives.net/ny/oneida/cemeteries/marshall/hanover.txt>.
- <sup>494</sup> *Oneida Observer*, Utica, N. Y., 16 Sept. 1828, marriage notice, online at fultonhistory.com.
- <sup>495</sup> Alvan Talcott, *Families of Early Guilford, Connecticut* (Baltimore: Clearfield, 1984), 2:1045.
- <sup>496</sup> Erastus Scranton, *A Genealogical Register of the Descendants of John Scranton...* (Hartford, Conn.: Case Tiffany, 1855), 35.
- <sup>497</sup> *USGenWeb*, Hanover Cemetery.
- <sup>498</sup> Civil War Service Record, Truman C. Greenslit, online at Fold3.com.

- <sup>499</sup> *USGenWeb*, Hanover Cemetery.
- <sup>500</sup> Hale Collection of Newspaper Notices, *Connecticut Mirror*, Hartford, 7 May 1810, Hampton, 14.
- <sup>501</sup> Heath and Lusk, *Records of John Burnham*, 213; Connecticut State Library Index of Church Records, Hampton Congregational, 32.
- <sup>502</sup> Mosley Family Tree at Ancestry.com.
- <sup>503</sup> Connecticut State Library Index of Church Records, Hampton Congregational, 1:91.
- <sup>504</sup> 1800 U.S. Census, Hampton, Windham County, Connecticut, roll 2, p. 828, a male and a female 26–44 with two females under 10, to be taken as of 4 August.
- <sup>505</sup> *Ibid.*
- <sup>506</sup> *Ibid.*
- <sup>507</sup> Connecticut State Library Index of Church Records, Hampton Congregational, 1:17, 91.
- <sup>508</sup> 1800 U.S. Census, Hampton, roll 2, p. 828.
- <sup>509</sup> Connecticut State Library Index of Church Records, Hampton Congregational, 1:91.
- <sup>510</sup> 1800 U.S. Census, Hampton, roll 2, p. 828.
- <sup>511</sup> Connecticut State Library Index of Church Records, Hampton Congregational, 1:91.
- <sup>512</sup> *Ibid.*
- <sup>513</sup> *Ibid.*, 1:92.

**Figure 1 Legend** - An undated portrait of Catherine Dorrance (Greenslit) Allen (page 82). The photograph was made probably in 1895–1905 based on the style of the garment (email, archivist, Gladys Marcus Library, Fashion Institute of Technology, New York City). The photographer was Cunningham of Willimantic, Connecticut. The original was scanned, and the image was enlarged and enhanced using Adobe Photoshop® by Gavin Douglas Riley. The original is in the author’s possession.

# **Autobiography of Marjorie (Schwemann) Achtermann 1892-1982**

*submitted by Keith Edward Wilson, CSG # 4186*

**Editor's Note:** This is a transcription of the handwritten autobiography of Marjorie (Schwemann) Achtermann and is unedited.

After looking through many photographs, both professional studio portraits and amateur snapshots covering more than one hundred years, I have been impelled to write the story of my life for the family as far as I can remember, filling in with the accounts I so well remember hearing, especially from my mother.

When I was born in Santa Elena, Entre Rios, Argentina, on November 8, 1892, my parents were surprised, I came about ten days too early. My mother had hoped to leave for Buenos Aires and the British Hospital the following day. By taking a company tug to Santa Fe, she could reach the railroad for an overnight trip to the capital. However, there was a better than usual company doctor in the village and with my father's encouragement (and part of a bottle of champagne) I was duly ushered into the world. Mother's older sister, Florrie (Florence), was also in attendance and was my devoted slave, only much later did I realize how much I owed to her care.

We still have a number of photos of those early times in Santa Elena, the one story house built around two courtyards (or patios) on a hill above the office buildings and the meat packing plant of the Belgian Kemmerich firm - which much later sold out to Armour and company. My father, Dietrich Arnold Schwemann, was in charge of the company's land holdings, about 300 square leagues, and in overall charge of operations. He had a colleague, a Mr. Gibert, a Belgian engineer, who was in charge of the plant, but the breeding of improved stock, the appointment of district supervisors, besides reports to the company's directors in Brussels and to the financial firm of Tornguist and Company in Buenos Aires were all my father's responsibility.

He had grown up on his father's estate, Kirchrode, near Hanover, Germany, so he knew farming and stock management from practical experience, although he had gone to college in Gottingen and Heidelberg.

There he had joined a famous fraternity, the Borussia. Wilhelm, the last Hohenzollern ruler, also belonged to it as a student. In Mark Twain's book, *The Tramp Abroad*, father is called the student with the white cap, who showed the American visitor around. Father had several dueling scars on his face, I never noticed them, but mother remembered how they stood out when she first met him. He graduated with a degree in law, but never used his title, following the English rather than the German usage, except in formal dealings with the wealthy Spanish landowners, who felt he was "Muy formal" (very formal, and he could be!). After all, he had been raised as an aristocrat, even if the family had no title.

His father, Wilhelm Schwemann, was a prominent citizen of Hanover. Besides extensive land holding, he promoted a large wool processing plant, "the Dohrener Wollwascherei", which was still operating before World War 1. He was a frequent guest at the court of the King of Hanover and was even offered a title by King Ernst August. He refused the honor gracefully; saying no name could mean more to him than the one he had inherited from his father. Maybe his wife's influence had something to do with the decision, she was Jenny Dryer, from Hamburg, and the citizens of Hamburg thought themselves the equals of any German nobility. My father even got into a regular fight with the King's son when he was visiting in Kirchrode. The Prince cheated and father knocked him down, whereupon the Prince threatened to have him beheaded! Father ran to one of the farmers and hid in the barm. However, his fear was groundless, the King was delighted his son had been taught a lesson and promised to send him back for more!

My grandfather had been German Consul General in Shanghai, China, prior to the Boxer Rebellion, and the Mandarins had presented him with beautiful vases, hangings, screens, a round teakwood table with mother of pearl inlay, and many smaller pieces, all of which went to a museum in Frankfurt at grandfather's death. Unfortunately, there was a severe business recession in Hanover in the early 1880's, the wool processing plant ran into difficulties, and grandmother sold his estate to cover the losses, saying his friends had invested in the firm because they trusted his judgement. He only retained a fairly small house in Waldhausen, a suburb near the plant, for his family. My father, the eldest son, went to the Argentine to seek his fortune,

leaving a younger brother, Wilhelm, and two sisters, Maria and Elisabeth, behind. In Buenos Aires, he moved into a boarding house, run by a Mrs. Long, kept very much to himself but became friendly with an English couple, Mr. and Mrs. King. At the time, he was working in the Tornquist office, becoming proficient in Spanish, so much so that a law he drafted for the firm was passed by the Argentine legislature without a word being changed. He had only been in Buenos Aires for a year at that time.

Here is where my mother enters the picture! She was born Adelaide Eliza Oxley, in Frome, Somerset, England, in 1862, the middle one of seven sisters, preceded by a brother James, a sister Constance, who died before she was 20, then Lucy and Florence, and followed by Edith, Eugenie, and Beatrice. She had left home after her mother's death and her father's remarriage in 1884 to accompany her brother's wife, Leila, and their small daughters, Stewart and Ethel, to the Argentine. James was an engineer helping build the railroad south of Buenos Aires for an English firm. Mother had had a fairly good education for that time, growing up in quite comfortable circumstances, reading a great deal. They were taught at home by a series of governesses'. Through acquaintance with Alfred Parsons, a well-known landscape painter, she had become greatly interested in art, especially watercolors. Two of her paintings were hung in the Tate Gallery, in London, in an exhibition of student's work. We have a painting she did of the sail of the ship taking her to Buenos Aires. It was a steamship but used the sail in favorable winds to conserve fuel.

Mother lived for a while with her brother and his family, she had quite a gay time, there were not many young English girls available, and she was pretty, with light brown hair, gray-blue eyes, and a lovely English complexion. She had charm and wit and loved to laugh, she liked people and liked to please them. She told me of waking up one morning after a picnic and realizing she had promised to go riding with one young engineer, accepted a horse from another, and a dog from a third. Perhaps Leila, tied down with two small children, was jealous, perhaps living in dusty, crowded quarters became irksome, perhaps she was just plain bored, anyway she transferred to Buenos Aires and went to live in Mrs. Long's establishment with her sister, Florrie, who had also decided to leave home. They both earned their living

by teaching English, for the most part in Spanish families.

They were both young and attractive and well spoken, and there was a large English colony, so they had a fairly good time. Then mother caught the measles from one of her pupils and at 25, or so, it was a very severe illness. Her fever ran so high they cut her hair, which until then had been long and worn straight back in a bun. Mother had a high forehead; she enjoyed her short hair, which came in curly. We have a picture of her at that time, she is wearing a little fur cap and a fur collar to match (she had made both herself from a fur some employer had given her) and a cluster of yellow roses pinned at the front of the jacket. Perhaps Mrs. King, who admired the young German for his good looks, courtly manners, and keen mind, arranged to have him seated next to the pretty English girl, anyhow they became acquainted. Father spoke good English, only occasionally would he mispronounce a word, and she thought him charming.



**Dietrick Arnold Schwemann**

Then he received word of his father's death in Hanover and withdrew completely for more than a week. Being the oldest son, he was afraid he would have had to return home to manage the family affairs. However, his father had established a trust to take care of his wife and Maria, the unmarried daughter. Elisabeth had married well and was living in Detmold, where her husband, Karl Piderit, was later Geheimer Regierungsrat to the Duke of Lippe-Detmold. Walter had died as a teenager. So father felt free to declare his love for mother - who accepted him without delay, even though he was

not an Englishman! In a letter Mrs. King wrote to mother years later, she says “Dick (an anglicized version of Diedtrich) was in all essential things, really an Englishman!” He would have been surprised, I think, because he was proud of his family and loved Germany, even though he saw its’ faults.

According to the Victorian usage, mother could no longer stay at Mrs. Long’s once her engagement was announced. She went back to her brother’s house for a short time, while the house in Santa Elena was built. The date of the marriage was set for June 1889, but a difficulty arose, the Argentine authorities required a civil marriage performed by a magistrate at least three days prior to the church ceremony. As father could not spare the extra time, mother was married by proxy, a local bachelor standing in for her betrothed. She recalled much teasing on the subject, what would happen should anything go wrong. However, nothing did, they were duly married and left on a honeymoon trip to Mar Del Plata, a seaside resort near Buenos Aires. I don’t know how they reached Santa Elena, by boat, which took two days and three nights, or by bay rail to Sante Fe and then by company tug.



**Adelaide Eliza Oxley in her wedding dress**

They had a comfortable house although the public road to the “works”, as the plant was called, ran right past the back door. The hillside fell away quite sharply, so steps led up onto the veranda outside the sala or drawing room, a large room with a fireplace for use on chilly evenings. There was a door into the patio and a window on the outside wall, so you could get a breeze if there was any. All openings were protected by screening, the

casements opened in. Next to the living room was a small study, where the desk stood at which I am now writing and across the room was an enormous bookcase, too heavy to bring back when we left the Argentine. Father had ordered the furniture from England, taking Mrs. King's advice, she had also helped him pick out sets of books, matched sets of Thackery, McCauley, Dickens, Bulwer-Lytton, and many other Victorian classics. This study had a door to the patio and a window on the opposite wall.

The third and corner room was the master bedroom, with a lovely view over the garden and the river as I remember it, but the gardens were not there when mother arrived as a bride. The bedroom furniture was blonde ash. Queen Anne style, the bed had brass head and foot pieces. At the narrow end of the patio, was the bathroom, even then with running water, the door hidden by a wooden lattice screen. Across the patio from the bedroom was the dining room, another large room where twelve could be seated, also with a fireplace for chilly evenings and a comfortable leather couch nearby for a tired man to relax on. A door led to the kitchen wing, extending at right angles to the other rooms, a bedroom or sewing room, a passageway of fair size where the gun cupboard took up one wall and another smaller bedroom, which later became the schoolroom. Opposite the kitchen wing, which included the servants' dining room, was another bedroom and in the center of the brick paved patio was a well, which supplied our drinking and cooking water. The rainwater drained into this well from the galvanized tin roof. The four rooms for the servants were separate, across from the kitchen door to the outside, altogether quite a change from Mrs. Long's boarding house! There were maids and gardeners available from the village.

The early pictures show the young couple on horseback, there were several riding horses and a pair of carriage horses for the phaeton, a light carriage with a comfortable cross seat, over which a hood could be raised, and a small seat attached to the driver's seat (the box) which was higher. In one of father's letters, he speaks of having had the phaeton repaired while mother was in Buenos Aires at the time my sister Gertrude was born.





**Dietrick & Adelaide Schwemann, Entre Rios, Argentina,  
unknown person on right**

About a year after their marriage, mother lost her first child, the local doctor (employed by the Works) left, declaring he could nothing at all to help. My father went after him with a gun, so the story goes, and mother's life was saved, but the little girl was stillborn. Now Aunt Florrie came to live in Santa Elena, so mother could have companionship and there are pictures showing all three on horseback, in the phaeton, or sitting in the patio where tubbed plants grew profusely.

About this time, mother's two younger sisters, Eugenie and Beatrice, came out to Buenos Aires, both pretty, and determined to make a good life for themselves. Beatrice was a nurse at the British hospital where she met and married Dr. John O' Conor, a handsome Irishman, a good surgeon with a fine voice and a flair for entertaining. Aunt Eugenie couldn't make up her mind between several suitors; finally she concentrated on furthering her education, taking the Oxford and Cambridge exams and further courses in English literature and history. She eventually became the best known private tutor in Buenos Aires. Aunt Lucy, the oldest sister, stayed in Frome, married a lawyer, Walter Cruttwell, and raised a family of four daughters. Edith also became a nurse and emigrated to South Africa where she went through the Boer War and the Siege of Mafeking. She later operated a nursing home in Blounfontain, I think, and died there.

Mother and Florrie did quite a lot of the cooking in Santa Elena, especially the baking, although there was a cook, imported from Buenos Aires, whose husband was the coachman by the time I was helping roll out the pastry. The meat was delivered from the Works, needless to say, it was always beef. Vegetables were brought from boats, coming down the Parana, from Brazil. Groceries were ordered by the case from Buenos Aires. Imagine being tired of steak! Every once in a while, the Giberts and father would purchase a whole sheep between them, just for a change in flavor; sometimes we had fish from the river.

Mother and father loved gardening, both had grown up in gardens, and father soon transformed the bleak dusty surroundings. I remember masses of hibiscus, wisteria, and climbing roses around the veranda, a Banksia rose above the garden gate, leading into the patio, a Mariechal Niel (yellow climber) trained over a wig-warn of bamboo, a cluster of Australian pines on the far side of the garden overlooking the river, rows of flowering trees surrounding little, formal beds with zinnias, masses of camellias - you could get lost in our garden.

After I was four years old, my brother Dick (Dietrich) joined the family, then fifteen months later another brother, Gerhardt, and finally eighteen months later, my sister Gertrude.



**Marjorie with her mother, Adelaide and a sibling**

All three were born in Buenos Aires, where mother could get proper care, especially as Beatrice's husband. Dr. John O' Connor, had become chief of surgery at the British hospital. Mother's doctor was Dr. Pilgrim; I don't remember him, except as a big, kind, man, but he had a charming wife, Linda, one of mother's special friends. I enjoyed several treats in Buenos Aires, going to Palermo, the big park where there were a number of caged animals, being taken to the Aguila for ice cream and tiny iced cakes and finally going to church and joining in the singing. Once we went to the Tigre, a river nearby for a boat ride with Aunt Eugenie's current beau.

We visited Aunt Beatrice in her comfortable home and became acquainted with her four children. May, the oldest, a handsome clever rather serious girl, was the same age as my brother Dick. Dora, about Gerhardt's age, was a beauty, inheriting from both parents her lovely coloring, dark curly hair, light skin and big blue eyes. She had an enormous amount of charm, but could be unpredictably stormy at times. My favorite was Rory, a redhead, good natured, quick, affectionate, liable to be upstaged by Ronald, the youngest. Ronald was the image of his father and ever so slightly, his mother's favorite.

All these impressions must have been made at various times, but I remember staying in Belgrano, a suburb where we rented a house on at least two occasions. One was in 1898, when Gertrude was born. She was a delicate baby, mother had a breast infection and no food would agree with the baby, so a wet nurse was engaged. Her name was Solida and I watched her nurse my sister with intense interest, then tried to imitate the procedure with two of my dolls. Finally, I poured some milk into my best doll's open lips - even mother's best Cologne could not overcome the odor for awhile. The second stay in Belgrano must have been two or three years later; it was memorable for my acquiring a new teacher and also my first real girl friend. I had had mother's niece, Ethel Oxley, as a governess for about three years. I loved Ethel dearly, she was good natured and I was hungry for companionship. She undoubtedly taught me to read, also arithmetic and some English history, but she had never awakened my intellectual curiosity, and I realized that father was quite aware of Ethel's shortcomings. Probably she was tired of living "in

the camp” where there were few eligible bachelors; anyhow, I came under the guidance of a Miss Roberts, through mother’s friends in Belgrano.

I have always remembered Miss Roberts with affection, she was a born teacher and I followed wherever she led. We read poetry, to this day I remember Walter Scot’s *Lady of the Lake* and *Marmion*. We explored history and geography and to father’s great delight, she interested me in nature. We became so attached that she came to live with us for two years or more, and my education really profited. Also, I made my first close contact with another girl, Eva Horrocks, two years my senior, who stayed with us for several weeks when we went back home. We played with my dolls, the dollhouse, climbed trees and played in the garden, went for walks and rides. I was quite disconsolate when she left again.

After Gertrude’s birth, father decided to enlarge the house. He had a two story brick box with a corrugated tin roof built on the open side of the kitchen patio. Workmen and bricks were available in the village; Mr. Gibert was an engineer - what could be easier! There were two big rooms downstairs and exactly the same size rooms upstairs, the staircase ran along the outer wall of the existing small bedroom to a landing where it turned to run up the new wall connecting the old with the new building. Underneath the stairs was a bathroom, the roof extended over the staircase. It was a wonderful place to play on rainy days, sliding down on tin trays borrowed from the nursery. Downstairs was a day and night nursery, inhabited by my brothers and sisters and the nurse, a wonderful Irish girl named Kate. My room was upstairs and mother took the other one; she was quite exhausted after Gertrude’s birth and they had decided not to have any more children, at least for awhile.

Those were happy years, the gardens had been enlarged, a tennis court (clay, I think) added, we had a number of riding horses and ponies for us children. On Sundays, we used to go for picnics in the brake, a big, high wheeled carriage seating six in the back on seats running lengthwise and a high box seat for the driver and one other person. Mother would often drive the nurse and the other children, father, my governess and I alongside on horseback. I had learned to ride at five years, father had taught me on a pony with just a sheepskin cinched, no saddle until I had learned to hold on with

my knees and control the pony with a bridle. Stirrups were to rest your feet, not to hang on by.

If dad drove, I was always up front with him, and when I was ten, he taught me to drive our carriage pair, Midnight and Gloaming. No holding a rein in each hand - that's for butcher boys! I had to sit up straight and hold my elbows in when I was riding too. None of our horses trotted in an English manner, but we cantered and galloped them through the mostly flat countryside. Until I was ten, I rode astride, then it was decided I should ride sidesaddle like a proper girl - I disliked the lopsided feeling and hated the long riding habit - but put up with the inevitable. I remember asking mother "are you sure I am a girl?" Such innocence could last so long only in my isolated life!



### **Marjorie, Dietrich & Gerhardt on horseback**

My greatest treat was to be taken along on a weekday afternoon on one of father's rides to an estancia to inspect the stock. I remember an occasion when we were invited to sip mate with the estanciero and his family. The silver decorated gourd with a silver straw was passed from hand to hand, from father to me - I was not sure I wanted any, but one look from him was enough - he explained afterwards how rude a refusal would have been. Another time I actually helped "cutting-out" at a spring round up. I remember being scared of the lowing longhorned cows and yet thrilled to be able to follow father wherever he went.

He had the quality of leadership; you simply had to live up to his expectations. He had deep tenderness too and could quiet me by putting his hand on my shoulder. Both he and mother were deeply religious and loving

in their relationships to each other and to us. Mother used to gather us around the piano and teach us to sing children's songs and hymns. We never could attend church, as there was none in reach, except on rare occasions when we were in Buenos Aires, but I was taught the Gospel and to say my prayers. With mother especially, we could talk about God and Jesus and my father was the object of my love and adoration to such a degree that our Father in Heaven was never hard for me to worship. In all my memories of Santa Elena, I recall only one morning when my parents were not talking to each other - I still remember how utterly forlorn I felt!

Besides our riding, we went for at least one daily walk. Father had paths cut through the woods beyond the house to the edge of the barancas (cliffs) bordering the Parana on our side and even in zig zag patterns down to the river at a point near the pier where the cattle headed for the Works were unloaded. They came from the grazing grounds on the opposite west bank, which was flat and marshy. Sometimes we watched the cattle being unloaded, I felt sorry for the poor scared animals hanging in a sort of a sling. Sometimes a steer would escape and wander through the woods. I remember having to climb a wire fence once to escape from what looked like a ferocious bull to us. Mother was with us that day carrying her big box camera and a tripod, so we did have a little difficulty. On other occasions in the cool spring or fall seasons, we would walk along the sandy riverbank.

The Parana was so broad at Santa Elena we could not see the opposite flat bank. Sometimes "floating islands" would tear loose during a storm and float down the river, we were always sure there would be a "tigre," a puma most likely, just ready to jump ashore. Once we had walked about a mile along the bank to the Second Maidenhair Valley, an arroyo, or dry creek bed, I wanted some ferns for the rock garden I was building. It was near noon and very still - suddenly I saw big catlike footprints followed by smaller tracks in the white sand. I pointed them out to my governess without saying a word; we quickly turned and left the Maidenhair clump for another day. Ordinarily we must have been a noisy crowd, we had a St. Bernard, assorted fox terriers, and two pairs of Irish Setters, as well as a pair of Gordon Setters, and they all went for walks with me and my governess. At one time, we had sixteen dogs, they were not allowed in the house, they had kennels with wire

runs and an attendant who prepared their food, meat scraps from the Works, boiled in a kettle over an open fire.

Many times I “helped,” especially I loved two beautiful Irish Setters I had bottle fed when their mother became ill. I also collected eggs from our chickens; I had a pair of bantams of my own to care for. At one time we had cows. I remember drinking warm milk squirted right into my cup, but later we got our milk from a dairy farmer nearby. The last three years mother decided to grow the vegetables we needed, she sent for seeds from Suttons, England, and got precise instructions as to what, when and how to plant. The gardeners from the village were willing enough and I remember picking peas, beans and tomatoes. What I remember best though is the hedge of sweet peas bordering both sides of the carriage drive where it ran through the vegetable patch.

I would pick bunches of them for the dining room table, carefully choosing the colors I liked best. In the Argentine, December is the hottest time of the year, June is winter, but I had never seen snow until we lived in Europe after father’s death. The spring was beautiful; we had many flowering trees, also vines. The spring rains would bring up hundreds of “lilies” we called them, I believe they were a species of Crocus, all shades of lavender and white. The trees I remember best were chanya-fragrent yellow flowers in profusion and later on dangling seed pods, maybe a species of acacia. In summer, the tops of the cliffs were ablaze with verbenas, we used to pick and suck them for the drop of honey. The birds loved our garden, hummingbirds of various colors--would delight me with their aerial ballet at the hibiscus and wisteria and I loved to watch the oven-birds building their mud nests on the cross pieces of the telephone poles. We had colonies of parakeets a little further inland and father was always pointing out birds to me and encouraging me to study them.

Quite early I was taught to sew, I can still see myself sitting on the veranda trying to hem a sampler, my needle was as sticky as my fingers! Mother smocked beautifully, she smocked dresses for me and Gertrude, my favorite dresses were smocks of brown holland, tough and strong, smocked in red, you could climb trees in them without tearing! To keep herself busy, mother did every kind of embroidery, cutwork, Hardinger, satin stitch, often

designing her own patterns. She knitted and crocheted, made lace, being taught by our laundress from the village. She loved to play tennis when she had anyone to play with, her sisters used to come for visits. Aunt Florrie did not live with us all the time after I was six. Mother's friends from Buenos Aires stayed with us, too. They were astonished at our comfortable house. We had electric lights, running water and an ice chest, usually a good cook and there was quite a lot to do. The men used to go shooting partridge or pigeons, the ladies would go along in a dogcart, a light two wheeled carriage pulled by one horse.

In the late afternoons, tea would be served in the "sala" but dinner was the high point of the day. Father was a wonderful conversationalist, he could tell a good story and hold a table of twelve spellbound. I remember this so clearly, although I usually ate my supper alone in my room after taking a bath in a big tin tub. Only on Sundays or high holidays was I allowed to join the grown-ups at dinner. I think mother subscribed to the London Times lending library those last few years, she was always a great reader. She also belonged to the Women's Club in Buenos Aires; she enjoyed having a place to meet her friends. Father worked very hard, he was a wonderful organizer, but in those days there were no business machines and he never had enough help. We children grew up speaking English, father particularly disliked the Argentine "patois", Spanish, English, French, or German, all mixed up! Of course the household help spoke Spanish, that is the grooms, gardeners, the laundress, and the seamstress. So we just "picked it up" chattering away merrily enough. However, today all I have left are a few nouns, some idioms, etc., whereas I can read and even manage to make myself understood in French, which I learned thoroughly in Germany later on. It was a happy childhood, even if we were quite isolated from the rest of the world.

I remember celebrating the coronation of Edward VII of England, after all mother was a Daughter of the British Empire, and never finding out until two weeks later that Edward had been rushed to the hospital for an appendicitis operation instead! Some of our visitors had tales to tell my favorite was a Mr. Somerville who had lived in Australia and gone through the Boer War as a Colonial. He visited us several times; finally he brought his bride to mother to see if she could help her come to terms with the lonely life



in the country. Mother taught herself photography, she had a big box camera with glass plates and she improvised a dark room in one of the bathrooms, doing her own printing and developing. We have pictures she took of us children, mainly the three younger ones, I hated being posed! We even have a picture of us on a picnic at a favorite site, a man made lake for watering the cattle (a tachamar). My father is sitting with his back to the camera while I am enthroned on a knob, surrounded by the dogs. The picture is not dated but it must have been no later than the spring of 1902.

Father became very ill with Bright's disease, he was treated at the British hospital in Buenos Aires, but he died in January 1903, aged 48, and our sheltered childhood came to an end in many respects. We children knew father had not been well. Aunt Florrie came back to us in June 1902, Uncle Jack, as I called Dr. O' Conor, was with us for about two weeks. I remember being taken to father's bedroom to say goodnight; he was lying with his back to me. The next morning I was woken up with the news that father had died. I can still see myself on my bed pulling on my black cotton stockings and crying my heart out. The sun and the moon and the stars went out of the sky. I cried myself to sleep for months after his death. I was only eleven years and two months old.

The economic consequences of father's untimely death did not mean much at that time. I only knew I missed him and needed him - poor mother, she was very brave and did her best to take care of us all, but she had no knowledge of business. Father had never discussed finances with her and she did not know what he had accumulated. Afterwards, she always felt he had laid up savings in some bank, as he had repeatedly spoken of retiring to his own estancia in two years. Nothing ever turned up, however.

The company paid our fares to Europe. They also shipped much of our furniture. Mother sold or gave away the dining room pieces, dark oak, carved, large and heavy, the gun cupboard and its' contents. She kept only the drawing room pieces, the desk from the study, the main bedroom furnishings, beds, wardrobes, chests of drawers and wash stands, also books, pictures and special dishes, like the hand painted crown derby tea service, which had been a wedding gift, the Limoges dessert plates and the silver.

Father was buried in the little cemetery in Santa Elena. I never saw his grave again, but his memory is still one of my greatest treasures.

We stayed in Santa Elena for perhaps a month, then in Buenos Aires for a week or two, and left by ship for Southampton where we arrived in April 1904. We were met by my Auntie Bea who took us to her home In Southsea until we found lodgings. Mother had hired a nurse in Buenos Aires to make the voyage with us, but she could not afford to keep her. Soon I found out what it meant to be the oldest of four. I was responsible for Gertrude, who was very pretty and very self-willed.

Sometimes I spent a few days with Auntie Bea; I loved her dearly. She was living in England so that her children could go to English schools. Uncle Jack wanted Rory to go into the British Navy and Ronald into the Army. By that time, he was Chief Surgeon of the British Hospital in Buenos Aires. He used to visit his family every other winter. Auntie Bea had many devoted friends. She read widely and carried on a varied correspondence with friends all over the country and with her widely scattered family. She was very hard of hearing, the result of sleeping on the roof during the Argentine summer, I was told. My most enjoyable experience of our short English stay was a visit to Frome, mother's birthplace in Somerset, where mother and I stayed at Oakfield, the Cruttwell home. Aunt Lucy, rather severe in manner and without much sense of humor, did not appeal to me like Auntie Bea, but her youngest daughter Cicely, about seventeen years old, was wonderful to me.

I was so homesick for Santa Elena, the horses and dogs. I hated towns. Cicely and I roamed through the valleys and wooded hills of the sweet Somersetshire countryside. I had never seen such green valleys before. The masses of bluebells and primroses under the trees and the meadows full of cowslips still shine in my memory when I hear the line: "Oh, to be in England, now that April's here! "

Very soon it became clear to mother that we could not afford to live in England, schools especially were impossibly expensive, so we set sail once more for Hamburg, Germany - what a reception we got! A relative of father's mother was the Brand-Direktor (fire marshal) of Hamburg and we were taken off the ship in Cuxhqvén, where the oceangoing liners docked and taken into the port of Hamburg on a fireboat, quite exciting to four country

cousins! We went by train to Hanover, where we stayed for several weeks with our grandmother, Frau Konsul Schwemann (according to German usage, mother was Frau Dr. Schwemann) and her unmarried daughter, Tante Maria. I remember a comfortable, red brick house, two story with an attic, set in a pretty garden. My energetic brothers enjoyed playing outside, riding each other around the gravel pads in a wheelbarrow, catching frogs and dumping them into the rain barrels.

I loved my gentle, kind grandmother who always dressed in black with white collars and cuffs, and an embroidered white apron, a lace cap on her head.



**Jenny (Dreyer) Schwemann**

I did not like the German beds, you had a feather bed covered by a buttoned on muslin cover, which was nice and warm, but it could not be tucked in at the bottom and my feet always stuck out. You got washed at a wash stand, pouring cold water from a pitcher into a basin - probably mother helped me get washed with warm water once or twice a week. Later in the summer, we went to live in Detmold, the capital of Schaumburg-Lippe, where father's sister Elisabeth lived with her husband, Gcheimer Reglerungsrat Piderit and their two children. Ilse then 16, and Karl two years older than I; They were very pleasant to us. Detmold seemed like a nice little town, living was cheap and the schools quite good, so mother rented a house and when the furniture arrived (in August, I think), it was brought to Detmold.

Unfortunately, it had been transported on a grain ship and rats had built their nests in our upholstered furniture! What a mess and what an expense! Mother insisted on having the sofa and chairs done in blue, not red, or green, like everyone else! So we settled into our house, mother engaged a nice country girl as a maid of all work, and I started off for my first school.

Mother found a German tutor for me and Dick. He came in the afternoons, as school occupied the mornings six days a week. The two younger ones picked up their German from their playmates. I don't remember much about that school, except that one day I came home in tears and announced I was not going back to school, we had an horrible teacher! Poor mother! When the tutor came, he was able to explain that said teacher had only called my friend a lazy girl "ein faules Madchen!" I thought he had used the word foul and was highly insulted! In the afternoons, my cousins would take Dick and I for promenades through the pleasant tree lined streets. Ilse taught me to do a proper "knicks", a curtsy, when we met acquaintances. I thought it was a very funny custom, however I went along with it, being happy to have Ilse to look up to and as she knew practically everybody, I got plenty of practice.

Later that same fall, there was an outbreak of Typhoid fever in Detmold and mother panicked! She was not about to risk her children's lives in a town, which tolerated such conditions. Told it was an act of God, she countered "Don't blame God for dirty drains". She had been brought up on Charles Kingsley. Of course, some townspeople blamed the rats we had unwillingly imported but it was soon established that it was actually sewerage seepage from a new development that had caused the outbreak - so in the fall of 1904, we moved to Hanover, where I was to live until I came to the United States in June 1920. We lived in an apartment Feldstrasse 6, then Lutherstrasse 7, in Hanover itself. I remember especially the apartment in the Lutherstrasse. It was on the ground floor and we had a yard to play in. I still hated towns, but I had learned to speak German and had some girl friends in the neighborhood.

When we moved to Hanover, mother had enrolled me in a private girl's school. It was run by two sisters, Marie and Louise Heidsick. They were of "good family" and many titled families sent their daughters there, instead of to the public schools. At that time, boys and girls went to separate

schools. There were only a few “far-out” private schools which believed in co-education. The school was only about 15 minutes walk from our apartment, and when we moved to Lutherstrasse, my best friend, Mariechen Gotze, lived in the next block. Even though most teachers made allowances for me, it was quite difficult in the beginning. I had to learn French in German, and both were foreign languages as far as I was concerned. I had always had short hair in the Argentine, father thought it more hygienic and comfortable in the hot climate. It was about shoulder length. All the other girls wore braids, so at recess the primary grade children used to pull my hair, fortunately for me, it grew fast and I soon wore it in a “mozart zopf”, one braid tied with a large ribbon bow. My brothers were enrolled in the Lyceum, the same school to which my father had gone. Gertrude had the best of it, she was too young to go that first winter, so she stayed home with mother and the maid and learned German quite painlessly.

In December 1904, my Aunt Florrie came to live with us again, she stayed with us until the outbreak of World War I. For the next two years, mother and she had to cope with four children who caught one communicable disease after another. Having lived in such isolation, we had acquired no immunity, so we caught measles, mumps (Gerhardt developed infected glands), chicken pox, Gertrude had scarlet fever, but not the rest of us, and finally whooping cough, which I had particularly badly.

There was no immunization in those days, except of course for smallpox. I was even delirious at times and my hair became matted; I had a hard knot in the back which neither mother nor Aunt Florrie could comb out. Some English friends of mother’s volunteered to take me with them on a trip to the island of Rugen, in the Baltic. There was quite an English colony in Hanover. A Mr. Stephenson was the British consul and a number of young Englishmen used to come to Hanover to learn German. Also, there were a number of retired English people in town, some of them living in “pensions”, boarding houses, somewhat like Mrs. Long’s in Buenos Aires. A 16th century chapel had been assigned to the English colony by the city, we had a resident Anglican priest and were visited once a year by the Bishop of Northern Europe. I was confirmed there at thirteen and we attended quite regularly as a family.

Once or twice a month, mother had an “At Home”, an informal tea party, quite a few people, mostly older couples or single women, would come, also a number of young men living with German families and homesick for their own language and customs. Mother baked scones, served with homemade jam and little cakes. She had English magazines and subscribed to the London Times lending library. This was how she had met the Thompsons, a widow with two daughters in their late teens, who decided to share their holiday with me. Miss Davidson went along, too. She was a registered nurse having trained at the Children’s Hospital, in London, although she had only half a thumb and knobs for fingers on her left hand. She persuaded me to let her comb out the knot in my hair, it must have taken her more than an hour. She had done the same for poor little slum children in London. I was taught a lesson by Mrs. Thompson, who gently pointed out my failure to say thank you, like most children I had taken the kindness and effort for granted. I think I never forgot again, probably because I was so inwardly crushed by my fault.

In the two weeks we stayed in Rugen, a lost world reopened for me, we used to walk for miles through the woods and meadows, taking our lunch along in a basket. In the evening, we would often eat supper in a “Laube”, a leafy bower, with a view over the Baltic towards the West - I can still see the shining path of the setting sun on the water. I remember conscientiously committing the scene to memory, to be pulled out and looked at in the dark days in town! Not that I was unhappy. I found it easy to adjust to school life. The classes were small, about twenty girls in a class. Most of my classmates were about two years younger than I. We had some excellent teachers, a professor came from a near-by public school to teach us science in the upper grades. French and English were very well taught, also German literature and world history.

I enjoyed geography most at first, because I could see what they were talking about, but later on, literature, history and science were my favorites. We had gym twice a week. I was too big and heavy to be good at apparatus work, but I enjoyed calisthenics, swinging Indian clubs, and most of all, volley ball and Schlagball, a form of baseball, more like the English game of rounders. We had music instruction, mainly choral singing, and

needlework, learning various seam and hem techniques and fancy darning. School started at 8:00 A.M. and lasted until 1:00 P.M., when everyone went home to dinner, but we usually had one to three hours worth of homework.

The school year began after Easter holidays. We had about one month off in the summer, I think mid July to mid August, then we had ten days off at the beginning of October and about the same at Christmas. We had to memorize a lot of poetry, especially Schiller's ballads, including the whole "Lied von Der Glocke". We read many plays, always taking a role, sometimes memorizing and enacting a scene. We discussed the basic ideas and philosophies behind the actions and were allowed to express ourselves quite freely. My brothers were less fortunate, the Lyceum (descended from the Lateinschule - Latin School) was still quite in the old mold, you listened to a lecture, took notes and rendered back what you had been taught. You did what you were told, showed respect for authority and were prepared to be useful to the government. There was little or no real discussion, you followed the line laid down by the instructor.

Dick, my oldest brother, outgrew his strength in his early teens. He was 6' 4" and like a beanpole and simply refused to continue in the treadmill. Mother tried everything in the way of persuasion and finally enrolled him in a boarding school in the nearby Deistergebirge, in a little town called Barsinghausen. Here he had a more relaxed schedule, more chance of self expression and a lot of exercise as part of the curriculum.

Gerhardt, the younger, and always my favorite, was enrolled on scholarship in the Kadetten-Korps in Karlsruhe, through the efforts of Geheimrat Piderat, when he was ten. He stayed two years and then refused to return. The real reason, I know now, was that he had been molested by older boys. Nobody spoke openly of such things then, but his blonde good looks and amiable disposition made him a target. He was probably the most gifted of us all, a wonderful memory, an inquiring mind and very original. He had a beautiful body as he outgrew his baby chubbiness and in 1912 he placed quite high in the 100 yard dash and in relays at an all Hanover schoolboy field day. He also was unhappy at school at times but he stuck it out. Gertrude was pretty and popular, no great scholar. She liked music and dancing and had a real gift of mimicry, but books never meant much to her.

In July 1909, Aunt Florrie and I took a trip to England to visit the relatives. We took the train to Rotterdam, Holland, then a boat to Harwich. She hated boats and was so sea sick on the overnight trip that I had to take over the responsibility of getting us through London via the Tube and onto the train to Southampton, where we stayed with Auntie Bea in Southsea. I enjoyed salt water bathing in the English Channel. We used to go early in the morning, even at that time of the year the water was cold. We wore black wool one piece suits. Rory, Auntie Bea's oldest son, was a navel cadet at Osborn on the Isle of Wight. We went there for some school sports events. The Prince of Wales was enrolled there that year. Rory said they called him Sardines (little whales, you know) Auntie Bea also showed us their house on the Isle of Wight, May fair, at Freshwater Bay. They only spent the holidays there, later she and May moved there.

It must have been about that time we moved to Waldhausen, a suburb about twenty minutes by trolley from the center of the city on the road towards Hildesheim and where grandmother Schwemann's house had been. Here we had meadows to play in, although we lived in an apartment like everyone but the rich people. We were close to the Eilenriede, the town forest of beeches and oaks, with smooth roads and paths. I learned to ride a bicycle and loved it. In fact, in good weather, I often rode to school. Here in Waldhausen, we became acquainted with a family named Steinfurt, they owned a coffee plantation in Costa Rica and drove a car, the only private car in the neighborhood. As a great treat, they would ride us around the block. Another branch of this family lived in Herrenhausen, the opposite side of town. They had six sons, one of whom was my favorite dancing partner. We had evening dancing classes once a week in the fall and winter, properly chaperoned by numerous parents who sat in an adjoining room. The girls wore light dresses, the boys dark suits. We learned the polka, the minuet, the gavotte, and of course, the waltz, our favorite besides the quadrille. Carl Walter was tall, blonde, good natured, we became great friends. I was invited to dances given by his parents who lived in a single house. He went off to college but we saw each other during the holidays. He was really my first beau.



In 1910, I transferred to a public school, the Madchen Gymnasium, which prepared girls for college. Three other classmates decided to take the entrance exam, influenced by a wonderful teacher. Most girls of good family graduated from school at sixteen then spent a year in a country household, if they lived in town, or at a pensionat (a boarding school) in town, if they lived in the country. But women were being accepted at the universities by most professors, although some of the older men would refuse to take them as students. I was really two years too old. We should all have transferred sooner, so we spent the spring and summer semester trying to make up one and one-half years of Latin and math with private tutors, taking our exams for the Madchen Gymnasium in the fall of 1910. Three of us passed, my friend from Waldhausen did not. About a week later, I was summoned to the Herr Direktor's (principal's) office and asked why I had not given my fathers correct title. Dr. Jur. Schwemann? I answered that he never used it. "But suppose I had not admitted you, although your father had an academic title, and taken your friend Miss Walters instead, whose father was a businessman?" Shocked by his attitude I blurted "But I thought I was being admitted not my father!" We never did see eye to eye - but fortunately most of the faculty were superior, especially our literature teacher, Agnes Wurmb, who became a warm, personal friend, and a Latin teacher. Dr. Heyn, who also taught the history of religion and who profoundly influenced my life!

During the next three and a half years, another field of experience opened up, I joined a group of young people called "Wanderer", a youth group interested in hiking, folk singing, folk dancing and allied arts. We were co-ed, elected our own group leaders, ran our own meetings, were national in scope and were the forerunners of the hostel (special housing for hiking groups) movement. We dressed in casual outdoor, mostly woolen clothing, carried supplies in backpacks, cooked our meals over a camp fire, went on overnights, when we mostly slept in barns, marched merrily along country roads playing on guitars and mandolins, having left Hanover early on a train or a streetcar.



### **Marjorie with guitar in German youth group**

We learned to read maps, in vacation time we hiked to the mountains in the south, or to the North Sea coast, we even took a train to the province of Brandenburg and spent two weeks roaming through the lake district. On these longer hikes, we always had at least two boys along, on one day hikes, sometimes groups of girls would go alone. Now at last I began to put down roots, history came alive, the people in the country towns and especially the villages, were still living the simple lives of farmers and artisans.

Many of the farmhouses went back 150-250 years, as in North Germany, land was handed down to the eldest son, the younger sons went into trade or teaching or the ministry.

The Province of Hanover, until 1870 an independent state, had been very hard hit by the thirty years war, but at that time was quite flourishing. The people worked hard but used up to date methods of farming, practiced reforestation, etc. One of our favorite hiking regions was the Luneburger Heide (the moors) stretching north from Hanover towards the North Sea. In August and September, the heather, die Erika in German, covered great stretches with its' rosy glow and the birches showered gold. In the spring, the fields of buckwheat and winter rye shimmered green and the birches wore green veils. We saw deer and ruffed grouse, foxes, too, every so often. We even hiked in the winter, looking for trails and managing to cook our noon day meal, surprising our mothers! One of our members knew an inn keeper in a little hillside town; we would go tobogganing in winter, staying at the inn

and sharing the family fare at very low cost. These weekends of vigorous, enjoyable activity, the singing and dancing in the open air, laid a foundation of strength and endurance which stood me in good stead the rest of my life.

Once or twice a year there would be regional meets with groups from neighboring towns, from Luneburg, Hamein, Braunschweig, Hildesheim. We celebrated mid-summers day, we jumped through the fire in pairs, we even put on Shakespeare's Midsummer Nights Dream (or parts of it) one year! We had group and solo singing contests, and during one of these, I met the boy who was to become my husband. There were about eight or ten couples who shared these activities; strangely enough, none of the girls from my school joined the group. My father's relatives were probably scandalized by my activities, but they were never close to me, except my grandmother, who had died in 1909.

In the autumn of 1911, I became engaged to Ernst Achtermann, whose father was an upholsterer for the railroad. Ernst was an apprentice at Gunther-Wagner, a big paint and ink manufacturing firm, which was still in business after World War II. He had received a scholarship to enable him to finish the Real Gymnasium, a more modern high school than the Lyceum, the secondary schools all charged tuition in Germany at that time. However, his family needed his earnings, so he left as soon as he had passed his Einjahrigen Examen, which meant he would only have to serve one year in the army, and entered Gunther Wagner as an apprentice. He still went to school on the firm's time, he learned bookkeeping and business methods at an accredited Handel and Gewerbe-Schule (business school).

Mother was quite upset when we announced our intentions, we were both only nineteen, but she finally gave in and Ernst went with us to Dahme in 1912. This little sea shore resort on the Baltic Sea, not far from Travemunde, was very popular. We had been there in 1910 already. We lived in a boarding house; the meals were simple but plentiful. We went for long walks, the lanes were full of wild flowers. We went bathing, although there were no breakers to lend excitement to the dip. We had made friends with some of the native fisher folk, especially two brothers, George and Amandus Kitzerau. I went out sailing with George's son Herbert. I loved the -water and never got sea sick. Gertrude and the boys loved it too. My favorite was Amandus. He was

tall, slim and had red-gold hair. His seven year old son looked just like him. Amandus wore wooden shoes with red heels, also one gold hooped earring. He had been a deep sea fisherman before he was married. After they knew we would be no trouble aboard, we were allowed to go fishing with them several times, which meant getting down to the boat by 5:00 A.M., but it was a real adventure. Ernst was gravely inspected by papa Kitzerau (George), the first time we went out together. Then I was told “he is all right”. That summer, Dick was already in England, he wanted to be a farmer and left for Canada in 1914, but my brother Gerhardt and Ernst became very good friends.

In 1913, we took a family trip to England. We stayed two or three days in London, where we visited Mrs. King, the same English woman who had been friends with my father in Buenos Aires. She was quite concerned about my engagement, feeling very British and class conscious! She probably was behind an invitation to dine on Park Row with the family of a young Englishman I had met and liked in Hanover. I remember him clearly, tall, blonde, rather shy and slow of speech, but strong and good natured, but I must confess, I have forgotten his name. I enjoyed the dinner party, but Ernst had no reason to be jealous, I was too much in love. Dick was with us in St. Keverne, Cornwall, where we spent the greater part of our English holiday. Except for ten days of rain in a three week period, it was most enjoyable. We learned to ignore the rain, dressed in Burberry raincoats and floppy hats to match. We roamed the woods and valleys and the upland/downs, kept closely cropped by the sheep. We drove to Land’s End, we had to get out and walk up the hills to save the horse. St. Keverne is a fishing village. We have a picture of Gert and I sitting on an upturned boat. I remember walking through a misty drizzle to a neighboring village church for evensong one or two Sundays.

The English countryside enchanted me once again. Mother and I went to a garden party at some famous estate in nearby Falmouth. I remember the gardens, gay with flowers and green with towering trees, many rare specimens from many lands. There were even tree-ferns like those in our Santa Elena patio growing in a protected valley open to the warm Gulf Stream, but protected by the cliffs (or fells) from the cold north winds. Having read Lorna Doone, I loved every moment. Mother even met a friend

from her girlhood in the Argentine, Jimmy Reid, who had retired to England. Strangely enough, the only indication of a conflict between England and Germany surfaced at this affair. Some man asked mother if she knew of secret plans being made to invade England. Mother treated the question as a joke!!

In the spring of 1914, I graduated from the Madehen Gymnasium with my Abiturienten Zeugnis, hoping to go to college, perhaps to join my brother, Dick, in Canada. He was present for my graduation ball. In fact, he was quite the hit of the evening. Very dark hair and eyes, with a light skin, 6'4" tall, and a superb dancer. He knew all the latest dances from London, including Alexander's Ragtime Band. That night we were really dancing on the edge of a volcano - but ignorance was bliss! Shortly afterwards, Dick sailed for Canada and enrolled in the Guelph Agricultural College near Toronto. He spent the summer working for a farmer in Port Rowan, where he was a great hit with the girls, judging by his snaps from that period.



**Dietrick "Dick" Schwemann**

In April 1914, Ernest also took passage to Canada. He intended to learn English fluently and also Canadian business methods as his firm was reaching out over the national boundaries. He was really of draft age, but the local board deferred his induction for two years. Mother, Gertie, and I stayed home that year, but Gerhard went to a resort on the North Sea with his girl friend's family.

Then came August 1914 - we were at war. We were told the Russians were invading Germany from the East and the French from the West. The newspapers received their news bulletins from the government, only two

newspapers in all of Germany had their own foreign correspondents, the Berliner Tageblatt and the Frankfurten Zeitung. Auntie Florrie applied to the British Consulate in Hanover for a passport and left for England immediately. She soon went to the Argentine where Auntie Eugenie helped her to get settled and find work. I never saw her again. She lived into the 1920's. She was a loving, well-meaning person, very musical. She played the piano well and I loved to listen, but very Victorian in her outlook on life, and men, in particular. She must have been sorely tried by my artistic, extravagant, charming, mother, who could cook like a chef, sew and embroider beautifully, but who hated to darn or to tidy and clean up. I remember when Aunt Florrie left, she told me never to forget to use mending cotton, not sewing cotton, for making repairs. She said: "I don't think your mother knows the difference".

My brother, Gerhard, was only seventeen but big and strong. He volunteered and was inducted into the Goslaper Jager regiment, after basic training he came home for a short time and then on November 4, 1914, he was killed in action in Belgium. Mother's heart was broken. She loved us all, but Gerhard was her special joy. He was affectionate, brilliant, with a real gift of understanding other people - now he was gone.



**Gerhardt Schwemann**

The burden of living really grew hard to bear. Our money was all in the Argentine. We were completely cut off. We really did not know to whom

to turn - Father's relatives had their own troubles and never made a move to help us. But two of my friends did: my beloved teacher Agnes Wurmb got me a job as a resident governess on an estate about half-hours train ride from Hanover and my best friend. Ilse Arnold, turned to her favorite Aunt Clara Sehmer. This wonderful woman wrote to me asking if she and her husband could take Gertie in as their daughter for the duration. He had had a laryngectomy and been forced into early retirement from the army. They had no children and she had a considerable private fortune, being the daughter of a steel manufacturer in Essen.

She explained carefully they were not asking to adopt her, as they knew we were a close-knit family, but merely to take her care off my shoulders. They lived in a beautiful house in Ballenstedt, near Quedlinburg a/Harz, where Gert would go to school. We sold much of our furniture to pay our obligations and through other friends, I found a very inexpensive pension in a little town called Lerbach, in the Harz Mountains, where mother could live on what I could earn. That winter was easily the unhappiest time of my life. Alone in a strange environment, grieving for my beloved brother, away from all my friends, anxious about my mother, without any word for months from Ernest - the only bright spot, the letters from Gert, or Trudel, as I called her then. She found love and warmth and understanding from two wonderful people. I tried to lose myself in my work with the two Dryer children. Their father was dead, Frau Dryer was a hard working, narrow-minded, not very well educated woman, saving, gossipy, well meaning in many ways. Her oldest child, Hanna, was a pretty, healthy, twelve year old, rather lazy and absolutely uninterested in books. Had I been older and more experienced, I might have been able to awaken her intellectual curiosity. We were on friendly terms. Oscar, age six, was a dear little boy. He would try anything I put before him, but he was not very bright.

In the Spring, I enjoyed living in the country. I would volunteer to do errands for Mrs. Dryer in the village, a half hour's walk through the fields and I made friends with two retired old-maid school teachers there. At least we spoke the same language. I enjoyed my summer vacation. I visited mother in Lerbach and Trudel in Ballenstedt. We came to the conclusion Mother must be moved back to Hanover. She could not stand the loneliness

of life in Lerbach, even though she had tried to work at watercolor sketching. I found a tiny apartment, Grimm Strasse 5, on the fourth floor of an apartment house. Two small rooms on one side of a corridor and a small kitchen on the other side of the corridor leading to the servants' quarters and the attic used for drying clothes. No bathroom, just a toilet next to the kitchen. Mother, overjoyed to be back in Hanover, had acquired a second-hand galvanized sitz bath. We would set it: up in the bedroom and luxuriate in the couple of buckets of water warmed on the kitchen stove. I visited her from time to time during the winter and enjoyed the bath too, as there was none at the estate. You got washed in a washbasin, fetching hot water from the kitchen if you were lucky! I have literally broken the ice in the pitcher on the washstand, the bedrooms were not heated.

My old schoolteacher friends in the village helped me find an additional source of income and a very welcome change of atmosphere in my second winter in Rodenburg. There was only a country school, six grades, I believe, in the village, so the doctor, the schoolteacher, the minister, and several landowners had started a private school, from which their children could graduate to a secondary school in a nearby town when they were thirteen or fourteen. I was asked to teach math. Frau Dryer gave me permission to use my free time in the afternoons for that purpose and I taught a group of eight boys and girls twice a week. They really wanted to learn, and I found I could get my point across to them - we all enjoyed the sessions. A good thing, as the situation at the estate deteriorated rapidly. Frau Dryer decided to make a change and send the children away to school.

I went to my friend and teacher Agnes Wurmb in Hanover and told her I had decided I was no good as a teacher and had better try saleslady, or do anything I could find to make a living. I can still see her beautiful clear brown eyes widen as she simply said: "What makes you think you can't teach? Maybe the children can't learn!" She arranged for me to receive a scholarship to the LehrerInnen Seminar (teacher's seminary) in Hanover. The apartment was about twenty minutes walk from the seminar and life settled down into a hard-working routine, classes from 8:00-12:00, six days a week then teaching English and fundamental concepts of science at a small private school on my way home to dinner at 1:30. At 2:30 my first private student



would arrive - by 6:00 P.M., I was really drained, but after supper there was homework to do.

Weekends I did what housework I could, the coal for the tiled stove in- the living room had to be carried up by the bucket or coal scuttle from our bin in the cellar. The laundry room was in the back of the building on the ground floor, opening into the paved yard, each apartment had the use of it 1/2 week, once a month. I had never done the laundry before. We either had a waschfrau (a laundress) or sent it out to a commercial laundry. All our underwear, sheets, pillow slips, towels, were soaked overnight in a big washboiler. Then next day, you lit a fire under the boiler, added more soap and washing soda, stirring the clothes as they came to a boil with a long wooden paddle. You rinsed in a tub, by hand of course, wrung them out and, if you were lucky, the weather was clear and not too cold, you hung them in the yard to dry. In bad weather, you put the wet clothes in a basket carrying them up four flights of stairs to the Trockenboden, “the drying attic”. Cold, hard work, but I was young and strong and Mother and I were glad to be together.

Mother would “queue up” for groceries, everything was rationed, even bread which we bought at the corner bakery. By 1916, the year I graduated from the Teacher’s Seminary, only children under seven years old were entitled to milk. We had very little meat, an occasional egg, 1/4 lb. of butter a month per person. We lived mainly on root vegetables and fresh fruit when it was in season. I had acquired a private pupil who lived on a farm. Once a week, she would bring me a litre of milk in a little can. Half of the precious milk was for mother, the other half I carried to Ernest’s mother, who lived about forty minutes walk away. One of my hiking friends lived about three blocks away. We sometimes got together for an evening with a few others from our group.

The regular course for teachers was four years after graduating from 10th grade. The first three years were devoted to general education, literature, history, geography, math, science, French and English. Because of my graduation from the Madchen Gymnasium, I only needed to take the fourth year, devoted to the fundamental concepts of education and method of teaching the main courses in elementary schools. We were also assigned to

a primary grade for one subject in the first semester and to a secondary grade for another subject in the second semester. All lessons had to be worked out in question form and submitted to the room teacher, who was responsible for the progress of the class.

In the final exams, we had to hand in an essay on one of several topics assigned, also a worked out lesson in each subject we had taught. Finally, we had to teach a class before three faculty members. I had been very fortunate, my secondary subject was English and my sixth grade pupils were a joy!. So I was highly elated when informed my English class would be observed. We read the first paragraph, discussed several new words, corrected an error or two in pronunciation. I was about to proceed to the second paragraph when one of the faculty observers, who was a good friend, spoke up: "That will be sufficient, please proceed with the grammar"! I nearly fainted, all my examples of the comparison of adjectives were in that second quite short paragraph!. However, I could not afford to fail, so first I compared three books on my desk then three girls I called up from the class with that the three faculty members rose as one, thanked me and left. The class immediately told me I had passed and so it was!

By 1916, more and more able-bodied men were drafted and there was a shortage of teachers. So I was offered a job in the Seminary, which maintained an eight grade girls school. I was also given the choice of becoming the governess of a princess in one of the south German states. I never even considered before refusing the job! So I became the teacher of the second grade, having graduated with good marks in spite of a somewhat offbeat philosophy. I loved my pupils and they responded, I really enjoyed teaching and having been taught the method of each subject, I could get results. It was a little difficult the first year. I was assigned a student-teacher, who had been just one year behind me in the Seminary.

During the next year, living conditions in Germany became worse and worse - we heard rumors that the war was not going well, America's entry, of course, turned the tide conclusively - the surrender, the devastating peace conditions, the fall of the Hohenzollern dynasty, the return of the defeated, disorganized troops - each day brought new shame and sorrow. Only three of the group we had hiked with, a dozen or so, survived. Ernest,

who had immediately left Canada for Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, where he had relatives, Wilhelm Muller, who was in Ahmednagar when the war broke out and was interned in Rangoon for the duration and Paul Killian, my friend Crete Bertram's husband, who was invalided home, survived the war. What a terrible waste of young life! For the last six months of the war, our group had become increasingly anti-monarchist - we felt betrayed, we had no trust in the system that had ruled our lives. Having known England, I had still become a loyal German citizen. Now I still love Germany and the German people, but not the Bismarckian totalitarian state.

Personally, mother and I benefited from the end of the war, Hanover belonged to the section under British jurisdiction. We were treated as "liberated" "British subjects" by the English representatives. My brother Dick was a Canadian veteran, we were once again able to receive money due mother from the Argentine. Gert had rejoined us and in the summer of 1919, the three of us went once more to the Baltic, we went by train, of course! We visited the Island of Rugen, where I had been as a twelve year old, we visited Berlin and some political friends I had made in the post-collapse days. I had worked with the Deutsch Demokratische Partei toward the establishment of the German republic.

That same summer, I finally heard again from Ernest. He had nearly died of the flu in 1918, but was recovered and was working for a private German-American bank, Wenigers and Son. He offered to come back and fetch me, but after several letters it was decided I should emigrate to the United States. I knew by then I could earn my living as a teacher. Having survived on my own for so long, I felt no fear of going to America. So I resigned my teaching jobs and started proceedings toward a valid passport. Fortunately, I had a baptismal certificate showing I had been born in the Argentine and that made me an Argentine citizen under Argentine law. In order to enter the United States, I had to obtain a visa from a U.S. consulate - the nearest one at that time being in Amsterdam. I spent a week in Amsterdam besieging the consulate, enjoying the peaceful Dutch town and the countryside, but very much alone in a strange land. Even after I had the visa, I still had to wait for passage until the end of May. There were only two U.S. passenger steamers

sailing between Bremen and New York in Spring 1920, the Manhattan and the Manchuria.

I got a berth on the Manchuria and arrived in New York, June 9, 1920, expecting to be met by Ernest, my brother Dick, who had left Canada and was living in Philadelphia, and Herbert Thofehn, the son of mother's friend Annette Thofehn, who was working in New York. After what seemed like interminable delay due to a mistake on the purser's sheet, I was permitted to go on shore and through customs, always explaining my eagerness by telling the men involved: "If you were going to meet your fiancée after a lapse of seven years, wouldn't you be in a hurry?" Finally, I approached the line of passengers, eager, confident, but after careful scrutiny I did not see one familiar face. My heart sank, where were they all? At that moment, a young woman I had become friendly with on board came over to me: "Aren't your people here either, there was a notice in the evening papers, the Manchuria would be a day late, come over to the restaurant and have lunch with us, I am going to get my hair done!" How I longed to go! But coming from post-war Germany the American prices seemed exorbitant! So I decided to take the train to Philadelphia, sending a telegram to my brother Dick, telling him when I would arrive.

The only trouble was that New York had changed to Daylight Saving Time, while Philadelphia was still on Eastern Standard Time. So when I arrived at Broad Street Station, once more there was nobody to welcome me. Armed with Ernest's address, I walked down to the street and asked a big Irish traffic officer how to get there. He told me what trolley to take, adding "But you'll have to walk three blocks" I soon saw the trolley coming and once again showed my slip with the address. By this time, it was a typical, hot, humid June day in Philadelphia! I had a good suit on and a hat which was just a little tight.

I was beginning to feel rather forlorn. As I got off the trolley, the conductor wished me good luck and as I rounded the corner into 24th Street, below Diamond Street, I looked down the street, searching for the right number, and then I saw a small, obviously German, woman gesticulating to me! Welcome at last! It was Ernest's Tante Henny, his mother's sister, who

had married his father's brother and with whom he was living. "Marjorie, how did you get here? Ernest has gone to New York to fetch you!"

Tante Henny (short for Henrietta) explained Ernest had taken the day off from work to meet me and had been informed the Manchuria had left a day late. Getting up early, he had just started breakfast when he saw in the Philadelphia Inquirer, "the Manchuria passed Fire Island last night and is expected to discharge passengers this morning." Verifying the arrival by calling the agency, he dressed and took the first train to New York. I had only been at Tante Henny's about half an hour when the phone rang, Ernest was on the phone, having searched for me at the pier and not even having been able to find my name on the passenger list. He came back on the next train - we met after seven years - I thought he looked pale and thin but after a short while we both felt as if we had taken up where we left off, neither of us felt in the least strange. In a little while, my brother Dick arrived, saying "Do you never wait around for anyone?" He was working for the Bulletin, so he had expected to welcome me, but the time mix-up frustrated that. If I had not been bilingual, Ernest would probably have found me weeping at the pier, sitting on my trunk with all my poor little worldly possessions!

No bride ever had a warmer welcome than I received in that little old three story brick row house. One daughter, Bertha, was living at home. She had been married but the marriage had failed. The second daughter, Beth, was married and living in Baltimore with her husband and family. The youngest girl, Louise, had married a Pennsylvania Dutchman, Tillman Risser. They lived in Llanerch. Bill, the youngest child and only son, was married to Ethel Campbell and living not too far away in North Philadelphia, on Park Avenue, near Drexel College. I was taken to Palmyra, N.J. to meet Tante Paula, we went on a family picnic to Fairmount Park. I was entertained by Bill's in-laws, Ernest and Bill were very close, we remained good friends for many years. In fact, until Bill's death in 1966. Ernie and I wanted to get married right away, but let the family talk us into waiting until August 14, 1920, when we were married by Pastor Evers, the pastor of Zion Lutheran Church on Franklin Square.

We were married in the living room of Louise Risser's home, Llandaff Road, Llanerch. My brother Dick was best man. I wore a dress a

German girl friend had designed and helped me make before I left Germany. In those post war years in Germany, fabrics were poor quality and expensive, so I had laboriously pulled out the coin sized yellow dots from five yards of beautiful Swiss muslin to make my wedding dress. Pastor Evers told me later he had nearly dropped the Bible when he saw me coming down the stairs for the ceremony. He had expected a Spanish senorita and saw “ein deutsches Gretchen’.” In those days, my hair was the color of ripe wheat: and long enough for me to sit on. After the ceremony there was a reception, a typical Pennsylvania Dutch supper, but unfortunately the event was marred by Tillman Rissers’s strange sense of humor. We heard the Llanerch fire engine. He immediately insisted the men go to the fire. Bill and the other cousins, even my brother Dick, drove off with Ernie, they were gone for hours, at least so it seemed to me. In this strange land, so far from my family, I finally told Tante Henny I was leaving for the apartment we had rented on 25th Street, below Diamond, both Ernie and I had keys. Tillman had been teasing me so much about abducting the bridegroom at American weddings that I thought it must have happened. However, they came back before I got started and we arrived safely at our first home together.

The next morning around 10:00 A.M. there was a great knocking at the front door. The Rissers arrived, bringing some things we had forgotten! Another one of Tillman’s jokes! He was a hard working man, he had several butter and egg stores, they sold chickens too! A few years later he sold all but one store and developed ‘A Rolling Store Brought to Your Door’ refrigerated trucks serving especially the suburb. In the depression of 1929-1930, he was undercut by the newly developing supermarkets and went through a period of greatly reduced income. He sold the seashore home in Avalon and the Llanerch house - later things improved and they bought a home in Drexel Hill. His son, Tillman Jr., went into the business with him and after his early death from heart trouble, so did Louise. Their oldest child, Grace, died at seventeen of a kidney ailment, the younger son, Bill, and the youngest child, Jeannie, are married and each has several children. The middle daughter, Helen, is an excellent business woman. She and her brother Bill lived together until Bill’s marriage several years ago. Ernie and I stayed good friends with the Rissers

until he died and even now I always write at Christmas and so do Helen and Jeanne.

That was a rather lonely period for me after Ernie went back to work at Weniger and Son. Our little apartment, the second floor in another typical Philadelphia row brick house, did not occupy all my time. Ernie's relatives either had small children or a job. I had been used to working hard and relaxing with friends. The evenings and weekends were wonderful. I did some sewing, although I did not invest in a sewing machine until 1921 when I was pregnant, to our huge delight. Unfortunately, I had a miscarriage at three months, having only been going to the family doctor. I was quite depressed and Beth Custer, Tante Henny's middle daughter, invited me to visit them in Baltimore for several weeks. Harold Custer was in the insurance business, a natural salesman, and a great joiner, 33rd degree Mason, Kiwanis, etc.

They had a pleasant home near the Pimlico racetrack, two sons, then six and three years old, and Beth was a delightful person, a good mother and housekeeper, and a most understanding wife. We sewed and gardened and I helped in the house and enjoyed the boys, who loved to be read to. Harold was very courteous to me. I tried to make myself agreeable, but he was so bossy and cocksure of himself, I never really liked him. He was impatient and dictatorial, with his sons, and David, the older and more sensitive one, has never really acquired self confidence and self acceptance, although his relationship with Beth was excellent. The younger son, Robert, much like his father in some ways, was more understanding and made a good marriage. He also joined the Roman Catholic church during his college days and I feel that the church has been a real factor in their very stable family relationship. Unfortunately, there had been very little religious training in the Achtermann family as a whole due to one of the ancestors having been a priest who left the church to get married, I was told. I knew they were very nominal Lutherans, although decent hard working citizens. Bill and Jeanne Risser's marriages were also in the Roman Catholic faith.

In July 1921, Ernie and I went on a belated honeymoon to Schwenksville, on the Perkiomen, in the heart of Pennsylvania Dutch country. I made myself a black and white striped mercerized cotton top to go with my black one piece woolen bathing suit and also bought a pair of black

silk stockings to wear with it. I thought this last item uproariously funny, also very wasteful, since I wore mercerized cotton stockings with ordinary clothing!

We played lots of tennis and really relaxed in the informal atmosphere at the old Schwenksville Inn. Ernie had commuted there by train during July and August after his siege with the flu and again in 1919 and had many friends among the regular guests. In November 1921, I went to work as a saleswoman at John Wanamaker's Philadelphia store. I worked until Christmas, and then refused an offer to join the contingent force, as I was expecting to go back into teaching in the Philadelphia schools. Before I had untangled the red tape, I was once more pregnant. This time I had an obstetrician from the Lankenaw Hospital looking after me. In May 1922, Ernie and I moved to a little house in Narberth, 222 Iona Avenue. In June, mother and my sister Gert joined us, and in October, Jerry was born in the Lankenaw Maternity Building on Corinthian Avenue. We even had Dick move in with us, so we were six people in a three-bedroom house, with one bathroom. Ernie was with Weniger and Company, Dick worked in the accounting department of the Evening Bulletin and Gert got a job with the Penn. Railroad through a friend of mine who worked there.

The house had a front porch. The front door opened directly into the living room. You entered the dining room through a wide opening flanked by wooden columns. Behind the dining room lay the kitchen entered by a swinging door. The front bedroom was a good size. We occupied that with our son. Mother and Gert had the middle room, and Dick the smallest one facing the back, next to the bathroom at the head of the stairs. The funny little house had a good sized lot at one side and several beautiful trees, two Norway maples, either side of the front walk, with a Kwansan cherry nearer the porch. In the left corner of the lot was a beautiful blue spruce and near the back door a many stemmed soft maple made a green tent for a little boy's sandbox.

Jerry was baptized at the house by Pastor Evans. An old friend of Ernie's, whom he had met at Wenigers. Baron von Nostiz, who had spent years in the western front of the U.S., done everything from gold mining to riding the range, was one of the sponsors. He was such a gentleman, very kind, apparently without any family ties, and he was quite touched by



being included in the family ceremony. Shortly afterwards, we joined the Episcopal Church of All Saints in Wynnewood. We had all been baptized into the Anglican Church and Ernie was confirmed there the following year. Gibson Bell, the Rector, was also the head of the Montgomery Pennsylvania Day School for boys, and a most understanding, spiritual man with a great sense of humor. He told us he always looked at mother if he was not sure about the pronunciation of an Old Testament name. If she looked pained he looked up the name and marked down the proper pronunciation.

Our little house was quite comfortable. We had set tubs in the kitchen and soon after Jerry's arrival, we invested in an electric washer, a Norge with an oscillating copper tub and an electrically powered wringer! Quite an advance from Grimmstrasse 5! We bought a white enamel kitchen table top on sale which fitted over the tubs, the dishpan in the sink saw plenty of use. Ernie made screens for the windows throughout, I hemmed curtains and with the furniture mother and Gert had brought from Germany, most of which had traveled with us from the Argentine, the bedroom set Ernie had bought from Cousin Bertha and a wicker set we had used in our little apartment, we were quite cozy.

Having been raised in an enormous garden and having a flower loving mother, I began the first of a series of garden adventures. We inherited a strawberry bed and an asparagus bed. I bought roses from a vegetable man who came twice a week in his truck and who, being Italian, shared my love of growing things. They were greenhouse roses, being discarded for new plants and I think they cost \$1.00 apiece! The only variety I clearly remember was Schnee Konigin or Kaiserin, Augusta Victoria, a superb white, but I know I also had red and pink bushes. The Narbeth Tennis Club was nearby and Ernie played there quite a bit. He had been a member of the Idle Hour Club in Milbourne, W. Philadelphia, where Bill Achtermann played, but that was too far, we had no car. It was a ten minute walk to the Narbeth railroad station, there was a hardware store and a grocery opposite the station and we walked to church in Wynnewood.

Mother enjoyed her first grandchild. She used to wheel him all around the neighborhood and she and Gert used to buy him outfits at Wanamakers. I sewed quite a bit for Jerry, shorts and blouses, even a camels-

hair coat and cap. I found the coat, carefully stored away years later and saw that I had pulled the edging strips for the button holes through the facings - they were the first I had ever made! I also made him white duck hats with gored crowns and stitched brims, he sunburned so badly! I made simple cotton dresses for myself and mother and dresses for Gert, too. I remember one brown and yellow plaid cotton which had sixteen bound buttonholes. We entertained quite a bit, very simply, family dinners, occasional picnics. I found a friend on Iona Avenue, whose son, Franklin Utiey Wedge, was six months younger than Jerry and also had red hair. As Eleanor was dark and I skill quite blonde, people used to look in astonishment at the boys and then at us!

Dick, 6 '4", a marvelous conversationalist, brought his girl friends out. Ernie and I occasionally went out for an evening, as we had resident baby-sitters, but mother was not able to take too much responsibility. In Narbeth, we heard our first radio broadcast, music came floating into the kitchen windows as we were washing the Sunday dishes. The sound came from two blocks away, that seemed like a miracle! Soon afterwards, a friend of Ernie's loaned us his precious crystal set complete with earphones for a week!

In February 1925, we welcomed our new baby Jeanne. She was a beautiful child, violet-blue eyes, light brown hair, happy, loving, everybody's pet. While Jerry had been a colicky, delicate baby and was sensitive and high strung, Jeanne was robust, active, good natured. That summer Ernie took Jerry with him to Avalon where the Rissers had a summer cottage to find a vacation spot for the family. We thought especially Jerry would profit from the bracing cool air, he always minded the hot humidity in Philadelphia. We had a happy two weeks, even if it took most of that time to coax Jerry into the water. He had run eagerly into the surf when Ernie took him down the first time and became terrified when he lost his footing. However, he enjoyed building sandcastles and Ernie dug holes for the ocean to fill up as bathtubs and so his fear gradually left him. In the winter of 1925-1926, Jeanne had a bladder infection, our family doctor was able to cure her, but felt she should have certified (raw) milk for a period to provide extra nourishment.

That same year, in the spring, Dick became mysteriously ill. I clearly remember the first time it showed up at home. We were having dinner, the weather was warm, Dick was telling a funny story, when suddenly he stopped, his face went blank. I jumped up and threw up the window behind him, thinking the heat had affected him. In a few minutes he continued the story. A few days later, he became violently nauseated for no apparent reason. His boss at the Bulletin, Mr. Tuttle, insisted he see a specialist who decided badly infected tonsils were the cause. He operated and the Bulletin picked up the tab. In July, mother, Dick, and Gert went to Wildwood, N.J., for two weeks. We have pictures showing how gaunt he looked. On his return to work, it soon became apparent the trouble had not been cured. He himself realized he was blind from time to time and the nausea returned. A neurologist pinpointed the trouble as a probable brain tumor.

In August, our beautiful Jeanne could talk. She had cut all her baby teeth and seemed to be in perfect health. On the first Tuesday in August, she vomited after her morning bottle. The family doctor came to see her, prescribed for what he thought was a slight intestinal upset. I made her comfortable. She went to sleep and I hurried down to wash the soiled linen. In an hour I returned to find her lying with her head on her feet. She felt burning hot, the thermometer showed 108 the doctor came within half an hour, his wife had told me to place her in a tub of warm water with mustard and keep sponging. The doctor called a pediatrician. They wrapped her in wet sheets and placed her in the coolest room in the house, the dining room. That night she roused herself and tried to turn over, then relapsed into a coma again. Wednesday, the specialist returned to take tests for meningitis, the tests were negative, but she died on Thursday. Later, I was told that had she lived, she would have been blind and insane due to a complete cerebral hemorrhage. She was taken from our impotent hands and transplanted to the heavenly kingdom.

Our family doctor was deeply shocked by her death, just like the neighbors, the milkman, the mailman, all those who had known her radiant, loving personality - she loved everybody and everything and was always ready to share. Our family doctor said the one thing that helped me through the next few weeks, he told me to take care of my husband, who could find

no words to express his grief and of Jerry, who had weathered a bout with pneumonia in February and a mastoid operation in April that same year.

The condition of my brother Dick worsened rapidly, and in October he was operated on at Hahneman Hospital by a famous brain surgeon, Dr. Northrope. It became apparent that the tumor was so deep-seated as to be inoperable, and so he was brought home from the hospital. We had a night nurse and for several weeks I took care of him during the day, helped by mother and Gert. But I was pregnant again and the doctor insisted on another nurse. Dick lost his sight but until the end he was always kind and thankful for our care. He was concerned about me, insisted Gert should go buy a fire engine for Jerry's birthday in October and always had a loving and comforting word for mother. He died November 21, 1926, and was buried from All Saints Church, Wynnewood, the American Legion furnished an honor guard as he was a Canadian veteran of W.W.I.

In the following winter, I devoted my time to bringing Jerry back to health. He only weighed 34 pounds on his fourth birthday, and he was tall for his age. I served him breakfast in bed, then before lunch we took a walk, if the weather was reasonable. He had his bath, lunch and a nap, and then we went out again. In the late afternoon, mother would read to him or tell him stories while I got dinner. He had his meal first and then he visited with all of us while we ate, so that he was in bed by 8:00 P.M. Every week, we would go to the drugstore to weigh him and all that winter he maintained the almost unbelievable gain of 1/2 pound a week until by Spring he was actually sturdy looking.

In the meantime, we had decided to change our location, the little house held too many tragedies - so in April 1927, we moved to a house on Wilde Avenue in Drexel Hill. We were able to sell the Iona Avenue house at a reasonable price to people who had visited in the neighborhood and admired the garden. Moving was quite an undertaking for me, as Phyllis was born in May. I would take the train to 30th Street, then the subway to 69th Street, and finally the Red Arrow to Aronqmink. The house was lovely. Colonial, two story, with a large unfinished attic. A small portico led into a hall, dining room, and kitchen on the right, a long rather narrow living room on the left. The living room had double windows front and back, and a fireplace opposite

the hall opening, flanked by French doors out onto a porch. The lot was a good size and completely bare except for two wild cherry trees at the back, which proved to have been killed by grading, and four small arbor vitae across the front of the house.

We had the money for a down payment on the house which we bought for a reasonable price as it had stood unoccupied for eighteen months after completion. We could choose the paper for the four bedrooms on the second floor and for the living room and hall. The dining room was paneled with molding over some fabric and painted cream. There was a large storage attic with a stairway and risers in for completion. The cellar was poured concrete, it had stationary tubs and an outside entrance to the back yard. There was a driveway on the right side. The kitchen had a small porch with a lattice, space for a garage, but we had no car.

Phyl arrived safely at Hahneman Hospital on May 4th, after a false alarm ten days before. She looked exactly like the bye-low babydoll which was all the rage that year and the nurses spoiled her. The nursery in the old Hahneman Hospital was close to the delivery room. They used to tie a pink bow in her hair and show her off. We went home to a lovely new house and an adoring family. Jerry called her Dimples, she was healthy, sunny, and full of feminine wiles. Mother bought me an electric motor for my Singer sewing machine, she smocked and embroidered and I made cute outfits. We really had a happy time. We had some pretty new furniture, the Lawson chairs were built for us by an office furniture store opposite Weniger's. We had flowered slip covers made for the chairs and sofa, and I made glass curtains of theatrical gauze for all the downstairs windows. Ernie once more made full length screens for all the windows in the house, an absolute necessity in the Philadelphia area.

We even acquired a big dog, he appeared one day guarding the baby coach on the front portico. Part collie and part English sheepdog, he was a superb watchdog, very affectionate and gentle with the children. He simply adopted us. We named him Jack and loved him. However, he had one great fault, he would not tolerate another dog on his 'property' and he was a terrible fighter, aiming right for the throat. We gave him to our cleaning lady, Mary Holmes, who helped with all our children from Jerry on. I could and did trust

her with my purse and my children, she was a real friend. She lived away out in the country near Malvern. Jack had plenty of room to roam, and he even herded the chickens for her.

In 1928, Jerry started off to school on State Road, he had an excellent first grade teacher. Miss Stewart, who later became principal. He was very shy, she said it was the shyness of awareness, he sensed what was going on in other pupils minds. However, he made friends, we had the first girl and boy birthday party that year and at Christmas he took part in a square dance on the stage. He wanted to learn to read to enjoy the comics, very soon he did not want to go to the movies with the others on Saturday afternoons, he always had to read the captions for them.

Sally Mecouch came into our lives that summer. She and Gert belonged to a Pennsylvania Railroad girl's bowling team and she came home with Gert one afternoon. She lived with her mother in West Philadelphia. She was tall and slim and a lot of fun. That: spring and summer the garden began to take shape. We had found a layout in the Ladies Home Journal and modified it to suit our plans. That year we put in the street trees, a tree to shade the side porch from the front, barberry hedge along the edge of the porch and two red cedars to mark the division of the perennial borders from the playground at the back of the lot. The borders were 6' wide, leaving a mower's width of grass at the outer edges and curving inward at the back toward the red cedars. Not having much money to spend on plants, I gradually grew a stock of perennials from seed and by 1930, the borders were filled with a succession of bloom from hollyhocks, phlox, and tall perennial asters in the back, to violas, English daisies, and dwarf bluebells in the front. In the beginning, we filled in with annuals, from seed of course. There was a climbing rose on the back trellis and a dozen hybrid teas lined the path to the front door.

We made friends with neighbors, especially Pat (Patricia) Lynch next door. She had a pretty daughter, Virginia, and a son Bill, I think a year younger than Jerry. We became active in a new parish. Holy Comforter on Burmont Road. We acquired a car, a second-hand Buick, bought through Bill Achtermann, who worked for a West Philadelphia Buick agency. Bill and Ethel and their daughters May and Ruth had moved to Bywood and we

saw them quite often. Gert became engaged to a fellow railroader. We had another son, Roger, born in July 1928, just sixteen months after Phyl. He was a joy, another big, husky, good-natured baby, quick to develop a love of music. He would crawl over to the big home-made radio and mimic the note beginning a certain program when he was only nine months old. He loved us all, but he adored Jerry, crawling around after big brother as fast and as far as he could. The affection was mutual, one of my treasures is a picture of Roger on Jerry's lap on the front steps!

Then came 1929, the year of the Depression. Ernie had left Weniger's, taking a salesman's job with Bill Vogt, who had a real estate office on State Road near us. He might well have been successful but the bottom dropped out of the market in April 1929. Weniger's were hit too by Germany's financial crisis. Ernie got a job with the Berkshire Hosiery Mills, through his friend and their lawyer, Arno Mowitz. All this was bad enough, but still we had strength and youth on our side. Mother and Gert helped out, they even took us on day excursions by train to the shore. Apparently it was there that Phyl picked up whooping-cough, she was very sick. Jerry never got it but Roger did, in spite of the vaccine. Then Jerry came down with chicken pox and Roger caught that too - he developed pneumonia and died one week short of his first birthday.

Now I might easily have gone into depression, I could not sleep, life had lost its' savor - but Jerry sensed my trouble and followed me around as much as he could, he hated to go to bed and leave me. His need for love and reassurance, Phyl's winsome charm, and Ernie's need of love combined to help me pull myself together. I finally was able to say again, "Thy will be done'." I had my work to do and I knew my babies were safe with God. Not that I ever felt God sent sickness, I knew that God wanted us to be well.

Gert's engagement was broken as her fiance lost his job in a massive Pennsylvania Railroad layoff. We could no longer afford the Drexel Hill home so we turned it over to the Building and Loan to rent, reserving the right to bid it in before a sale. We found a little house in Springfield, Delaware County, just a little further out State Road, and moved to Wayne Avenue in April 1930. Sally was born that June.



**Adelaide (Oxley) Schwemann with her granddaughter,  
Sally Achtermann on her lap, 1931**

I had not wanted another baby, afraid something would happen - but she was the biggest and healthiest of all our babies and we all loved her dearly. Jerry watched over her. If she showed signs of a cold, he would want me to call the doctor. The Wayne Avenue house was roomy, but badly built, brick facing in front, no insulation in the back, built on a hillside, the wind whistled in through the basement and out through the front door, cold in winter and hot in summer. Semi-detached, only a small walk and a steep bank separated us from the house next door. At first, numerous children from our block used to collect at the top of this bank and watch us eating dinner - some of the glass curtains from Wilde Avenue soon stopped that pastime.

The car was our only way of escape from our surroundings - but one hot evening, Ernie left it parked outside the front, as he was going to take us for a ride to cool off after supper. I was upstairs with baby Sally, Gert and Ernie were finishing up the dishes, when Phyl climbed into the driver's seat and somehow managed to kick the brake loose. Our car rumbled down the steep street, hit another parked car and pushed both against a powerline standard. Phyl clung to the wheel, screaming. Ernie tore out of the house, vaulting over a highbacked rocker to get to his daughter. She was not hurt, but the damage to our neighbor's car was over \$100.00 - our car was inoperable,



at least we could not afford to have it repaired. As Ernie came up to kiss Phyl good-night, the three year old said: “you should have shown me how to drive. Daddy!” Still, we were thankful she had not been injured and the children and I used to put a picnic lunch and a blanket in the toy wagon and go up to the end of the street, where a trail led to an old orchard.

We played games and read stories, had lunch on the green grass under the old trees. We collected the fallen fruit and I cooked, even preserved them. Sometimes we took a folding chair along for Mother, she enjoyed her grandchildren and told them stories and sang nursery rhymes. I even coaxed a few marigolds and zinnias into bloom along the front and the tiny grass plot greened enough that Sally could get her daily sun bath.

Our financial situation improved after hitting rock-bottom. Ernie took a temporary job with the North German Lloyd and stayed with the firm for eleven years! Sally Mecouch was one of the bright spots in our life, she had told me to name Sally after her mother and she would be the baby’s god-mother and never forget her. She used to bring her clothes and toys and she practically adopted us all. I would have never been able to dress the little girls as I did, if she had not brought me outgrown dresses and coats from a family whose father was associated with ‘Big Sally’ at work. My sewing machine was my most valued tool!

We joined the Episcopal Church of the Redeemer, then just emerging from mission status. George Bishop was the rector, he had been a very active and efficient organizer in his younger years, but ill-health, especially a sinus condition, had slowed him down and he was not very open to change. Still, he was a kind, well-read and sincere person and we all liked him. His wife was a chronic invalid and tended to be overly solicitous about her son Reggie’s health, as well as her husbands. The church was only about four blocks away, down the hill, across the trolley tracks at Windsor Circle and up Springfield Road. Ernie soon joined the choir. Jerry and Phyl went to Sunday School and we all attended church and helped with the usual activities.

One of the most notable, on looking back, was the Men’s Club, founded to encourage fellowship among those affected by the Depression. The monthly dinner meetings were not to raise money, the woman helped by baking pies, etc., they had speakers and a good time for 50¢. I almost forgot a

member of our household who joined us on Wayne Avenue, our beloved little Skippy. Big Sally brought him to us. One of her friends had rescued the little, white, part Skye Terrier from mistreatment and he became Jerry's especial pal. We also had a canary, but life in the house was too much for the poor, pretty thing, the children held a funeral.

By the summer of 1931, I felt most unhappy about the neighborhood, especially as there was no way of keeping my precious toddler safe from close contact with the many small children on the block. Jerry had twice been chased up the back alley and into our basement by a mentally defective, tall, heavy, sixteen year old boy from the 'good' block below us. So I got out on foot to find a better lodging for us and was led to Leamy Avenue, only two blocks from Central School, where Jerry was in fourth grade. Although also semi-detached, it was a sturdy little house, much like our Narbeth house. A front porch opened into the living room, dining room and kitchen in that order, three bedrooms upstairs, and a-bathroom at the head of the stairs. The rooms were wider, however. It had a nice side-yard with a maple tree shading the dining room windows and best of all, there was a vacant lot stretching to the corner of Powell Road.

Mother, Gert, and Phyl had the front bedroom, Phyl slept on a roll-away cot which folded up in the daytime. Ernie and I and the baby had the middle bedroom and Jerry the back one next to the bathroom. Now Gert was laid off by the railroad, she even took a job with a family in N.J. as mother's helper. She got room and board and ten dollars a week. Prices were low, of course. I remember going to the local grocery store with \$3.00 to buy week-end supplies for seven people! Then Gert became a Spencer corsetiere, she was a conscientious worker and wonderful with people, her clients became her friends. She took the trolley or walked, that somewhat limited her field of action. However, our social life had really picked up again after moving to Leamy Avenue. Right across the street was the Duffey family. Ed was a professional photographer, Florence was and is a thoroughly good, kind, Christian woman with quite a bit of Irish wit. Her daughter, Alice Marie, was one year older than Phyl and the two became best friends.

When we first moved to Leamy Avenue, I would not allow any other children to come up onto the porch to visit Sally. I took her out for a daily walk, but if another mother with a child came towards us, I would cross the street. Our children came in and out the back door. Gradually my fears subsided in view of Sally's robust good health and excellent muscular development. By the spring of 1932, she was tagging along with Phyl across the street and soon she was calling Florence Duffey, 'Mama'. Although we were quite a few blocks away from our church now, we were all used to walking. Only Jerry and Phyl used to get a ride to Sunday School, a wonderful, good-natured, tolerant Irishman, Mali (Malachi) Pancoast, who had a lovely home further down Leamy Avenue would say "Hop in, you two, we are all going the same way!"

By the time Sally was three years old, I entered her in Sunday School and found myself in charge of a group of thirteen year olds. I really enjoyed being back to teaching again.



**Phyl & Sally Achtermann**

In late 1931, the Garden Club of Springfield was started. We met once a month in the auditorium of Central School, dues were \$1.00 - a year, the first president was Betty (Mrs. Walter Pusey). I was invited to the second meeting by Mildred Detz whom I had met at church. The objectives were: "to stimulate the knowledge and love of gardening among amateurs, to aid preservation of native trees, plants and birds and to encourage good

civic planting.” In the beginning there were quite a few men enrolled as members, our second president was Henry LeBaron. There were builders and real estate men who helped set goals for a well gardened community, with difficult areas, quarries, creek-beds and steep hillsides used to provide green open spaces.

The Garden Club staged a Fall Flower Show after Labor Day with classes for children, too, held demonstrations of lawn care, arranged field trips to arboretums and private estates beside? inviting knowledgeable speakers to the monthly meetings. I thoroughly enjoyed the Garden Club and the long border next to the vacant lot became a very colorful picture. Our landlord, an old farmer, even put up a wire fence, as the vacant lot was a favorite play field. Jerry and his friend, Horace Hopkins, played football there with other neighborhood boys, although there were fights at times with the ‘Powell Road Gang.’

By 1934 when Jerry left Central School for Junior High, right up Leamy Avenue, he was quite tall for his age, head and shoulders above all but one other boy, active in Boy Scouts, besides sandlot football, except for an occasional cold and a broken bone in his right foot when he slipped sideways off an apple (not off the tree), little in need of a doctor. He went through measles and chicken pox. Sally was exposed to whooping cough but thanks to the new vaccine, never whooped or threw up. Just prior to this episode, I had been quite ill with bronchitis. I developed a sore spot on the right lung, tests were made for TB - but proved negative and I was cured by the use of an antogenons vaccine. Finances were still tight. I did a great deal of sewing, but we had fun together and had found congenial people in church and in the Garden Club, of which I was president from 1934-1936. I even staged a Pageant of Brides for the church, beginning with a Quaker wedding dress of the 19th century, and ending with the most recent bride from the parish. I wrote the commentary, using the “Fifty Years Ago” column in my Ladies Home Journal, beside my own and my friends’ recollections. I got one of the men to read it and I believe he was given credit for having written it too, but it was fun!

Out little friend, Skippy, died. The vet said we had fed him too much canned food, Jerry was inconsolable for awhile. Then Big Sally gave Little

Sally a puppy for her birthday he was so comical sliding down the hatch to get out the back door. He was lively and affectionate and we called him Spot. As the children grew older, we felt the need for a four bedroom house and through our friend, Henry LeBaron, we found such a one at a price we could afford on Forrest Road in March 1935. It was a two story with an attic, the exterior pebbledash stucco, a Dutch Colonial, or a builder's version thereof, and at last we had enough room again. The rooms were a good size, even the kitchen was quite large, so I could have my sewing machine there, one bathroom over the almost square entrance hall, two bedrooms, Jerry's and Ernie's and mine, over the long living room, the girls and Mother's and Gert's over the dining room and kitchen. There were stationary tubs in the basement which also had a hatch opening to the backyard. We even had a driveway to a one car garage.

Gert was called back to the railroad and she still kept on with her Spencer work, so she bought a car, a used one of course, and Ernie taught her to drive it. The first, a red Chevy, had been used to tow cars in for repairs and soon gave out - but the next one, a Model A Ford, gave her and us years of service. There was a beautiful blue spruce on the front- lawn next to the driveway. It had outgrown the site and stuck out over the path to the front door, which opened toward the driveway. The front porch, all across the front of the house, was bordered by evergreens which had also outgrown their site. One reason the rental was so low was the deplorable condition the previous tenants had left behind. The owners papered throughout and painted too, it still took me a day to clean the kitchen. But we had finally achieved a detached home again, and I vividly remember sitting on the stairs looking at my freshly waxed hardwood floors, watching the wallpaper debris burning in the living room fireplace and giving thanks with all my heart to Him who had led us to that place.

We lived there eight and a half years until we moved to St. Davids. You all remember these years and can tell your children about them - but the events that stand out are mostly birthdays and Christmases, scout meetings, making Christmas decorations from evergreen cuttings I had been given by a local nursery and carried home about two miles in big shopping bags. The decorations were sold for the benefit of Phyl's scout troop. Helping

Jerry make his first blanket roll for a Boy Scout overnight growing roses and chrysanthemums and raising delphiniums from seed watching a robin's nest in the climbing rose right under the girls' window and the fearless hummingbirds making their late last trip down the delphinium border - PTA meetings - school plays for which I frequently made the costumes, all the busy fruitful years of growing up.

The only infectious disease we had on Forrest Road was measles, Phyl was very sick, she had to lie in a darkened room for ten days, only in the evening would we pull up the shades and watch the stars together. Sally, three years younger, had only a mild case, but while Phyl would sleep a lot when she was sick, Sally would demand constant attention. She hated to be quiet and most of all, hated to be alone. In February 1939, Ernie fell and broke his leg, it was a compound fracture. We had a leash law in Springfield and he was taking Spot for an evening walk when a large vicious dog attacked our pet. Trying to get between the two, he became entangled in the leash and slipped off the curb. He lay there about fifteen minutes before a neighbor heard his cries for help. I was in town that evening at a teachers seminar at the Church House. I was met at the trolley by Gert and Jerry who drove me to Upper Darby Hospital where Ernie had to stay for several days. Fortunately, we were protected by the then new Blue Cross Plan, having joined the month before through the office.

Ernie was in a cast for months but only stayed home about two weeks. Ed Lee, a fellow worker at the North German Lloyd, who lived in Upper Darby, drove him to and from work every day. Unfortunately, Phyl was confirmed while Ernie was in the hospital. She was taken in for him to see her in her white dress and veil. She was so pretty and several times took the part of an angel in Christmas pageants and once in a Drama Club show. Both Ernie and I belonged to that club, another outlet which cost more time than money. We used to have choir parties at our house. Monopoly was new and what a noisy game that was!

Our favorite form of family fun in the summertime was to go picnicking on Sunday afternoon - all of us in the Model A Ford. We would take our supper supplies along, bathing suits for the young, an old blanket to relax on and for Mother, a folding canvas chair. Our favorite spot was on

the Perkiomen Creek, not far upstream from the Perkiomen Inn. We climbed the hillsides, found salamanders and crawfishes, watched woodpeckers and other birds and made wild flower collections. In the evening we walked out to the paved road as we had walked in, only Ernie and Mother rode, the trail was too rocky. We often sang on the way, we really had a good time together. Coming through Norristown on the way home, we would stop for ice cream cones if the state of the treasury warranted it!

Jerry was on the Springfield High football team with about five other boys who had played sandlot football together from sixth grade on, Whitey Grau and Reds Kelso are the two I remember the most. Jerry had a loyal rooting section at all home games. On weekday evenings, he would come streaking home through the fields, hair still wet from the shower, eyes almost dark with excitement, we would go over each play together and I learned a lot about football! His best friend in senior high was Paul Zail, he played in the band! Paul took Phyl to her first dance, a Scout affair and Jerry was not to happy about the 'kid sister' being there too! He had to get used to the idea, she was asked out on dates quite early.

Sally, nicknamed 'the Shrimp' by the other two, was the only child in the family to go to kindergarten. She was not in school the year we moved to Forrest Road and she needed companionship. The girls in the Clay family across the street were older and the younger boys were quite rough. She really enjoyed school when she got to the first grade, once the teacher had learned at a conference with me that Sally had an essentially oral memory. She had no difficulties socially, she was outgoing and friendly and expected others to be so. Phyllis had taken dancing lessons when Alice Marie went to school a year ahead of her, she continued for several years and became quite good, but once she became really interested in Girl Scouts, especially in camping, the interest in dancing waned.

Mother was still able to go into town by trolley and subway and enjoyed doing so. She painted thirty Christmas cards for her friends when she was 74, she did beautiful crocheting and knitting and even knitted boucle sweaters in three colors for a woman living in Drexel Hill. She was paid for these sweaters and it gave her something to do. Gert often went with Ernie to job related dances, that is before he broke his leg, he was a superb

dancer and she did not have a steady boyfriend and he used to help her deliver Spencer orders in the evening. Gert was devoted to Mother and very good to the children, she could be extremely funny when the mood struck her, doing imitations, improvising skits, Ernie always said she could be a hit on the stage if she could turn it on on order.

During these years on Forrest Road, we had visits from two of our English relations. In May 1938, my Aunt Eugenie visited us for a month on her trip around the world. She had decided to retire to England to live near the O'Conors, and came to spend a month with us deciding she could stand our American mis-pronunciation of the English language. She refused to visit Independence Hall saying "I couldn't bear to see what that stupid George lost for us!" She was delightful, clever, wellread, a good conversationalist, wonderful with the children, Phyl was her favorite.

I took Aunt Eugenie with me on a trip the Woman's Club had arranged to Bowman's Hill and Washingtons Crossing, Mother had gone into town for lunch, only Jerry was home from school with a cold, when May O'Conor, Auntie Bea's oldest girl, knocked on our door one morning without previous notice. She was visiting wartime American friends in New York and decided to drop by when they came to Philadelphia for the day. She was quite tall, handsome and well spoken, was living with her mother at May fair. Freshwater Bay Isle of Wight. Uncle Jack, her surgeon father, had been knighted for services to the Crown in World War I but Sir John had died quite suddenly in harness in Buenos Aires.

Ronald, the youngest son, had died at camp in the flu epidemic in 1918. Dora had married and had a daughter, Nixie, but the marriage had ended in divorce, Dora had gone on stage, and Nixie was living at Mayfair with Lady O'Conor (my Aunt Bea), and the Hon. May O'Conor. Rory had been Commander of the Royal Yacht for several years and had written a book "Running a Big Ship on the Ten Commandments" (not about the yacht!). Handsome, brilliant, he never married, neither did May, maybe their experiences growing up without a father had something to do with it, maybe the general disillusionment in England after World War I. We never saw Aunt Eugenie again, she settled on the Isle of Wight and the next year England and Germany were at war again. She died of a heart attack during



the Battle of Britain. Rory was made commander of the Hood and was lost with his ship in the Mediterranean.

Jerry graduated from Springfield High in 1940, he was valedictorian of his class and also co-winner of a cup for the most valuable player on the football squad. He entered Swarthmore College in September. Through the influence of Betty Pusey he was given a scholarship in the engineering department. He had worked during the summer as a boiler-maker's assistant, a job he got through

T. George Harper, Big Sally's brother in law. We could not afford to pay dormitory fees so he lived at home and drove Gert's car, a Dodge which had replaced the Model A Ford, to school. He played football under Elverson. They went to Avalon for pre-season training as there was a polio epidemic in Philadelphia - and in the first week of college, his buddy collapsed in class. The whole squad was quarantined but nobody else was stricken.

Once more our dreams of financial security were shattered by forces beyond our control. Ernie had become the most influential employee in the Philadelphia office of the combined Hamburg-Lloyd steamship line. His boss, Rudi Kessemeier, had personally assured me in 1939 that Ernie would be the next General Manager in Philadelphia. He was the chief booking clerk and held in high esteem in the New York office and in Bremen. Mr. Kessenier had become a follower of Hitler, he thought Hitler would restore Germany's prosperity and power. We told him we could not follow him in this and asked him not to try to convince us, he valued our friendship enough to follow our wishes, but in the winter of 1940, we were very much concerned about our own future, even more so in the spring of 1941. So when an acquaintance of Mr. Kessemier's, a Dr. Cook, told him of an opening for a teacher of German at the School for Vocal Scholarships, in Philadelphia, I asked for an interview with the Director of the school, Vernon Hammond, and was engaged to teach twice a week for \$10.00 - I liked the job from the beginning, the classes were small, the pupils highly interesting, many of them already college graduates and almost all really eager to learn.

My relationship with Vernon Hammond or V. H. as he was called by all of us, was cordial from the beginning, he was scrupulously fair and of great personal integrity, besides being what the kids call 'a brain!' He knew

enough about being a manager to teach me much about handling situations and people - not to meet situations head on, to listen first and think before acting. He was fluent in Italian and French and took my coming to the school as an opportunity to brush up on his German.

Although I had only taught Sunday School since leaving Germany in 1920, I had talked German in the German-American groups reached through Ernie's work and had kept mentally alert by reading and by talking before groups in both church and club work. So I enjoyed the summer semester, we met at Haverford College in July, then recessed until September. One hot day in late August, V.H. called on the phone, asking me to come into Philadelphia for a consultation. I thought: "There goes my nice little job, they are going to cut out German for the duration"! On the contrary, I was offered a job as V.H.'s assistant responsible only to him as the Director of the Academy of Vocal Arts, as the school was now officially called. V.H. made it very clear that Dr. Cooke (he held no doctorate) was the vocal teacher and not my boss. I was delighted with the offer, but of course, I said I must first consult my husband. We felt I must accept, as the war clouds were growing darker, our children were old enough to be away from home most of the day and Mother would be there when they got home. So I went to work at the Academy of Vocal Arts full time, five and a half days a week, in September 1941.

You all remember the changes that meant in our way of living, the responsibilities you had to accept and which helped you grow up, but also the nice things that came our way, like opera tickets (I shall never forget the evening Ernie, Jerry and I sat in the Warden's box for the Met's presentation of Lucia with Lili Pons), matinees during school holidays, with lunch before at the Acorn Club, Phyl being in the angel scene in the A.V.A.'s Hansel and Gretel in the Academy of Music, swimming parties at Faraway Farm, the Warden estate in Haverford, Jerry helping with the preparation for one of our opera performances at Faraway and chauffeuring the Wardens in a drive to Lenox. To me, these years, especially from 1941 - 1952, when I gave up my job as assistant to the director, meant first of all a professional fulfillment as a teacher, then wonderful contacts with many people which led to lasting friendships and of course, an enormous help in surviving the financial strain of World War II. It was not always easy, I was the only non-musician on the

staff, especially when V.H. was drafted into the Army and his replacement turned out to be without understanding for singers, especially young ones when the two vocal teachers started fending and some of the Board were drawn into taking sides. I needed all of my religious training to put my job on the line in at least two instances but God helped me win the confidence of both Mr. and Mrs. Warden. With the cooperation of our understanding faculty, V.H. found the school a 'going concern' when he returned.

Even before America entered the war after Pearl Harbor, the Hamburg-Lloyd offices were closed. Ernie stayed on as caretaker for a while and we were under suspicion as Nazis! The F.B.I. agents came to the house to investigate the records which Ernie had brought home for safekeeping, but they were business records only. My friendship with V.H. was very fortunate, he was working for the F.B.I., translating letters and documents seized, I had taught him German script even handing him letters written to me and Gert in German characters! So I finally laid our case before an agent who came to A.V.A. in 1942. Jerry had finished his second year at Swarthmore and then enlisted in the Coast Guard. We had deliberately not taught our children German, so I felt we had done all we could to show our loyalty. The agent assured me we would have no more trouble from them - and we never did!

Getting a job was almost impossible for Ernie, he had friends at Dupont's who wanted to use his skill as expeditor, but the Navy refused to pass him. He even worked as clerk in a liquor store in Jersey for seven weeks, a job T. George Harper got him and as helper in a wholesale meat market. Then he went to work in the bookkeeping department at the Osteopathic Hospital, he was a good accountant but hated it, however, we needed the income. There he met Maureen Bixler, fresh from Bluff ton, Ohio, and when we needed a secretary at A.V.A. in the fall of 1941, he sent her to us. She became practically a member of our family, sharing joy and sorrow all through the years until now. In 1943, we were forced to find a new place to live, the Forrest Road house was put up for sale. Through the A.V.A. 's real estate manager, we were led to 4 Glen Mary Lane, St. David's, in October 1943. We all loved the place, it not only had four bedrooms, as I

had promised Jerry, it had two rooms and a bath on the third floor waiting for his return from the service.

Three months after we moved it, we were enabled to buy the house through the Warden's generosity, they loaned me the money for a down payment, after Mr. Warden's real estate man examined the place. I paid it back by a monthly deduction from my paycheck over several years. The transportation by train was a blessing to all of us, especially Gert, who had a pass as a railroad employee and also to me. After getting everybody else off to work and school, I would get Mother dressed after breakfast in bed, I would walk through our beautiful tree lined streets to the station and sink into a comfortable seat in the smoking car for about fifty minutes. I could relax, read and meditate (mostly helped by a Forward booklet) until taking up my duties at A.V.A. I walked quickly from 17th and Market to 19th and Spruce, that exercise kept me well.

You all remember the first time Jerry came home on leave!

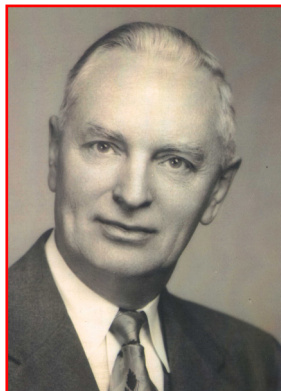


**L-R Marjorie, Ernest, Jerry Sally, and Phyl Achtermann ca. 1944**

He was escorted from the station by the girls and Spot who barked all the way - the time our car lights failed when we were taking Jerry back to 30th St. Station for the 2:30 A.U. train to New York and the other time we just made 30th Street in freezing rain in time for that same train. Ernie and I waited for the 5:30 milk train to return home - when we rounded the corner into Glen Mary, every light in the house was on and Gert was phoning 'Big Sally' to ask whether she should call the hospital of the police first!

Many family events took place in St. David's: Jerry's return from the service in 1946, his re-entry into Swarthmore College, his graduation in January 1949, Mother's death in February that year, Phyl's and Ed's wedding in August 1949, and finally Gert and Ernie's wedding April 15, 1950. All through these years we had enjoyed the guidance of Fr. Mitchell, the rector of St. Mary's Church, Wayne. By February 1951, Ernie and I were alone in the house most of the time, Jerry was working in Cleveland, Sally had one more year in West Chester State Teachers College, Phyl and Ed were in Seattle, Gert and Ernie Barrett were living out on the Westchester Pike. Ernie had started his own travel agency after the war with a partner, Willy Seuren, who had a German-American radio hour.

We decided to sell our house and buy a house at 4th and Oiney in North Philadelphia, where the travel bureau occupied the ground floor. The trip to and from the office took about 1-1/4 hours each way by car, too tiring for Ernie. So it was from 4th and Oiney we went to Grace and Jerry's beautiful wedding in Scarsdale in November 1951, and Sally and Art were married in the Rouen Catholic Church on Oiney Avenue in June 1954. On Palm Sunday, 1955, Ernie died suddenly in his office and one whole part of my life came to an end. Only in one sense, he is part of my life forever, as he is of yours.



**Ernest Achtermann, ca. 1950**

Life goes on - God will take all we have experienced, joy and fulfillment, sickness and death, even sin and fear and anger and use it to make us channels of His love, to help others going through turmoil of body and mind to find that peace which the world cannot give. If we hold fast to the belief that God is a loving Father, letting His Holy Spirit guide us to follow in the footsteps of His Son, Jesus Christ, then we know that our lives have a meaning, that the things not seen are the only things which are eternal - Much as I love you all, my children and children's children, and I thank you for the love you so richly bestow on me, I know He loves you better than I ever can - and so I leave you in His care.

AMEN - CHRISTMAS 1973

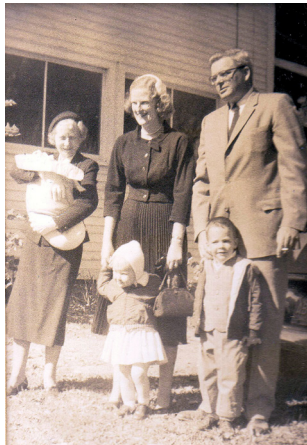


**Marjorie (Schwemann) Achtermann, ca. 1950**

Keith Edward Wilson Notes

Marjorie (Schwemann) Achtermann distributed hand written copies of her manuscript to her children and grandchildren. Her daughter, Sarah "Sally" Achtermann married Arthur Hayes, Jr. and settled in Tariffville, Connecticut. This is being submitted with the permission of the children of Sally (Achtermann) Hayes, Arthur "Art," Marjorie, Ken and Kevin. Thanks go to Art's wife, Elizabeth "Liz" (Connor) Hayes, who transcribed the original hand written version into a word processor version and I converted it to Microsoft Word. The one correction I would make is that Rory O'Connor, Marjorie (Schwemann) Achtermann's first cousin did not die on H.M.S. Hood. He

was Executive Officer of the Hood from 1933 through 1936 with the rank of Commander. He developed his Ten Commandments for Running a Big Ship during his assignment on the Hood. "Running a Big Ship" was first published in 1937 and is still in print today. In World War II, Captain Rory O'Conor commanded the H.M.S. Neptune, which was sunk in December 1941 after hitting four mines in an Italian minefield off of the Coast of Libya. Rory was one of thirty crew members to survive the sinking, but he subsequently died with all but one of the surviving sailors. In full disclosure, I am married to Marjorie Hayes and was always impressed by her Grandmother's life story. Although I never met her grandmother, she made annual journeys to Connecticut from her home on Mercer Island in Washington State, where she resided with her daughter, Phyl, son-in-law Ed Saran and granddaughters, Sally and Linda. Marjorie (Schwemann) Achtermann died on 12 March 1982 at 90 years old – a life well lived.



**Back row L-R: Marjorie (Schwemann) Achtermann holding Patricia Hayes, daughter Sally, son-on-law Arthur Hayes, Jr, Front Row: Marjorie Hayes and Arthur Hayes, III. Tariffville, Connecticut, Fall 1958.**

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**“It’s Not All On the Internet”  
with Keith Wilson**

There is a wealth of genealogical and historical records that may be found on the Internet, but they represent only a very small part of the holdings in historical societies and archives. This presentation will show examples of unique items found in historical societies and archives at the local, county, state and regional levels that have not been digitalized.

March 20, 2021 - 5:30 p.m. to 6:30 p.m. EST

Join us via Zoom. Registration required. To register, please visit our website at: [csginc.org](http://csginc.org) and click Events.

The cost is FREE.



Springing From the Past  
Into the Future

## 16<sup>th</sup> New England Regional Genealogical Conference

April and May 2021

**REGISTRATION FOR VIRTUAL  
NERGC 2021 IS NOW OPEN!**

Cost for conference registration is \$150; there is no “Early Bird” discount as in previous years. The cost of each of the three Optional Activities (Advanced DNA, Becoming a Professional Genealogist, and Writing Up Your Genealogy) is \$30. For more information or to register, go to [www.NERGC.org](http://www.NERGC.org).

**When you register, be sure to keep a record of your username, password, and confirmation code, which you will need when you want to access the conference presentations in April and May.**

### **AN OVERVIEW OF VIRTUAL NERGC 2021**

The virtual event will have three Gathering Days with scheduled presentations and a live chat with the featured speakers, Angie Bush, Pat Richley Erickson, and John Grenham. On these three days social interaction will be encouraged between all attendees. Another aspect of the Virtual NERGC 2021 will be a set of 60 additional recorded presentations that will be available ‘on-demand’ until May 31, 2021.

In addition to the Gathering Days, and recorded presentations, there will be three “add on” Optional Activities (the equivalent of the special Wednesday “Days” held in conjunction with recent conferences): Advanced DNA, Becoming a Professional Genealogist, and Writing Up Your Genealogy. These optional activities, at an additional cost to attendees, will occur on Saturdays. Each will include four presentations as well as a speakers’ panel discussion.

There will also be other traditional NERGC features throughout the 61 days to keep you engaged with this virtual conference – Special Interest Groups, Ancestors Road Show, Society Fair, and Library & Archive Showcase will be carried into our virtual environment for 2021. And, absolutely, we will have a virtual Exhibit Hall, open 24x7 for 61 days, with many vendors opting to include scheduled appointments and/or video chats as optional activities at their booths.

## **ACCESSIBILITY AND ADA ACCOMMODATION FOR NERGC 2021**

You may have needs related to hearing, speaking, seeing, or managing the physical coordination to access your personal digital devices for Virtual NERGC 2021. If so, please register by March 15, 2021 so we can contact you to help manage your needs for access & participation. Feel free to reach out to our ADA Liaison for Accessibility, Pam Roberts at drpampt@gmail.com, even before you register, if you have ADA or accessibility-related questions. Help us understand the impact on YOU as we move our conference from onsite to a virtual conference. With your help, we can learn what the challenges and needs may be so we may predict, gather information, and be ready to suggest accommodation options for ALL to participate as fully as YOU wish.

### **Meet the NERGC 2021 Featured Speakers**

#### **Angie Bush**



With formal degrees in molecular biology and biotechnology, Angie Bush understands DNA testing and its applications in genetic genealogy. Whether it's a matter of helping family historians sort out the test results and information they receive from genetic genealogy testing companies or designing and implementing a sophisticated DNA testing plan to answer difficult genealogical research questions, Angie gets the job done. She has been researching her own family history for over 20 years and has helped many individuals identify their ancestors and discover details about their lives. She has significant experience in software and web-based technologies, is familiar with key websites relevant to family history research, and has spent hundreds of hours poring over records housed by the Family History Library in Salt Lake City.

## Dear Myrtle

DearMYRTLE is the *nom de plume* of Pat Richley-Erickson, author of the award-winning DearMYRTLE Genealogy Blog, where her focus is on beginning genealogy topics. She is the National Genealogical Society's 2015 President's Citation recipient. Renowned for multiple weekly live video hangouts, including *Mondays with Myrt* and *Wacky Wednesday*, DearMYRTLE eschews lectures in favor of the "homework first with panelist moderation format" in study group sessions. Over 400 videos are archived on DearMYRTLE's YouTube Channel. A speaker at regional and national conferences, she is co-founder of the Genea-Quilters group on Facebook, and founder of GeneaWebinars, a centralized calendar and blog for genealogy webinar hosts and virtual presenters. Pat is also an active member of the Second Life (SL) Chapter, Association of Professional Genealogists, and coordinates SL's Just Genealogy including the Inferential Genealogy Study Group. Online since 1985, Pat is a retired post-secondary computer instructor. She and her husband live in South Jordan, Utah, happily combining their genealogy and history libraries following their 2009 marriage.



## John Grenham

John Grenham is well-known to those researching Irish ancestors. He came to professional genealogy in 1981 as a Genealogical Office panelist and later worked for Hibernian Research. He was Project Manager with the Irish Genealogical Project from 1991 to 1995 and later developed and marketed his own genealogical software, *Grenham's Irish Recordfinder*. He ran the Irish Times Irish Ancestors website from 1998 to 2016. In 2005, he was the first

Genealogist-in-Residence at Dublin City Library. He was awarded fellowships from the Irish Genealogical Research Society in 2007 and the Genealogical Society of Ireland in 2010. His publications include *Tracing your Irish Ancestors*, *Clans and Families of Ireland*, *Generations*, "The Genealogical Office and its Records" in *The Genealogical Office*, *Grenham's Irish Surnames* and numerous articles and columns in the UK magazine *Your Family Tree*. He wrote the "Irish Roots" column and blog in *The Irish Times* between 2009 and 2016; it is now at [www.johngrenham.com/blog/](http://www.johngrenham.com/blog/). In 2011, along with Irish Times Training, he developed and launched an online genealogical course. In 2011 and 2014, he was co-presenter of the RTE television program "The Genealogy Roadshow." Between 2014 and 2018, he delivered six, ten-week Diploma in Family History courses at City Colleges in Dublin.

**\*\*\* Save the Date \*\*\***

**The Connecticut Society of Genealogists, Inc.**

*presents*

**15 May 2021**

**Dead Men's Tales:  
A Discussion of Piracy in New England  
and Beyond**



Join us for an interactive program by Captain Casey Duckett, founder of the Rhode Island Pirate Players, who will regale us with tales of the Pirates of New England, who operated legally and illegally along our shores.

Casey Duckett is a Living History Educator who believes in getting his hands dirty. For over twenty years he has immersed himself in many aspects of late 17th/early 18th century life, including but not limited to: hearth cooking, sword fighting, tall ship sailing, small and great gun exercise, period games, and wilderness survival. Along with these hands-on activities are countless hours of scouring libraries, public records offices, and historic sites in order to research pirates, privateers, and the societies that profited by their activities. Armed with a powerful mix of research and personal experience Captain Duckett has enraptured audiences throughout the East Coast of the United States on land and sea, and even received a Letter of Marque in the State of Rhode Island in 2014.