



ONLY A BRAKEMAN.

J. W. MARK'S POEM ON THE DEATH OF
HIS BROTHER, M. G. MARK.

Brother Miles was a brakeman killed by
the train,

Only a brakeman by accident slain;
Onward, rush onward no time for delay,
Blow the shrill whistle and hasten away.

Only a brakeman cries the wild throng,
Only a brakeman called by death's gong;
Why should our eyes glisten, why our
hearts ache,

He was only a poor brakeman who set
his last brake.

Only a brakeman is dashed thro' the air,
Only a brakeman—for his body prepare;
Poor boy was shipped as common freight
He was only a brakeman who has gone
to his fate.

He was only a brakeman, the editor writes,
Only a brakeman, 'twas a very dark night,
He was doing his duty when knocked
from the train

By a tank spout at Malden some call a
crane.

Only a brakeman but the pride of some
heart.

Only a brakeman, but in some busy mart
Are eyes that are weeping and homes
that are hushed

Because our dear brother was fatally
crushed.

Yes, he was a brakeman but a true
hearted boy,

There can be no mistake he was mother's
joy

For whom there is no muffle of the
coarse iron wheel

That grinds on her heart as on the
grooved steel.

We were an unbroken family, children
eight,

But alas poor Miles has gone to his fate;
Gone we trust to a home in heaven
And left behind the remaining seven.

We laid him to rest in a beautiful spot;
The place in our memory can ne'er be
forgot;

O God, our Father in heaven above,
May we meet him again where all is love.

Appendix "I"

- LIFE OF A DAUGHTER OF COMFORT & MARTHA -

MARTHA ELLIOTT McMILLAN

"Mrs. MARTHA [ELLIOTT] McMILLAN - Member of James McElwee Chapter D.A.R.
- Charter Member - admitted Dec. 8, 1909, National Number 75882 and is a Real
Granddaughter of her Revolutionary ancestor."

Mrs. McMillan was born in Croydon, New Hampshire, Dec. 20, 1826. She is the **daughter of Comfort Elliott and wife, Martha Wheeler Rowell Elliott** whose mother was Mary Severance, born in Salem, Mass., and was the wife of Lemuel Rowell, Revolutionary soldier.

Croydon, New Hampshire, is not far from Dover, which is a familiar place to Mrs. McMillan. Other nearby towns she remembers well are Allentown [now called Charleston] and Suncoke with its large cotton factories. A cousin of hers used to live in Suncoke but later moved to Hartford. Another town is Pembroke, NH, with its very old church standing in a beautiful grove. The rostrum in this old church stood fully six feet high. Her Uncle Edmund Rowell lies buried in this church yard. Croydon had just one woolen factory where they made woolen goods. Everyone made their own linen goods for pillow cases, shirts, table cloths, etc. Mrs. McMillan's mother had twenty-four all linen table cloths that she had made herself when they left New Hampshire.

The fences all consisted of stone walls and Mrs. McMillan never saw a board or rail fence until she was ten years old. The roads were all turnpikes, some straight, others winding, made of crushed rock in which there is so much mica in the mountains there and Mrs. McMillan has a piece that she brought away from Mt. Washington several years ago.

Twice each year her father would drive with his ox team to Boston to deliver butter and cheese. In winter, about Holidays, he would make an extra trip with geese, turkeys, and other poultry. She remembers, when she was only five years old, of the family being up quite late at night getting ready for an early start to the city next morning. She went to school in a small one room school house. The desks were arranged around the wall and benches in front, so the scholars sat facing the wall when at their desks. All read in testaments and spelling books. She cannot remember when she did not know her letters.

There were some very large ponds in the neighborhood large enough to go boat riding. One of them was on her father's farm. When Mrs. McMillan was five years old, a new little brother, **Charles**, had very recently arrived in the home. An older sister took our little Martha to the pond one day to gather water lilies. A tree had fallen over in the pond and little Martha climbed out on it and fell off into the water and went down. When she came up, her sister grabbed her. On account of the state of health of the mother, the sister decided it would be best all around not to tell her. So she dried the wet clothes the best she could and kept still.

Mrs. McMillan remembers making straw braids. It was made of rye straw split open in three strands by machinery, then braided by hand into hundred yard lengths. A lead weight was

used to hold the braid down, then the braid would be done upon a "do-er-up", the braid tied in bunches and bleached. Then they would take the braid to Boston and sell it to the milliners for hats and bonnets.

She also remembers well - "Training Day". Once a year in New Hampshire the men went to Newport to train, so as to be ready for war. They wore uniforms with brass buttons and epaulets and carried canteens. Her father was one of them. He was a Captain.

Mrs. McMillan was almost ten years old when her father migrated with his family to **Erie County, Pennsylvania**. They traveled in wagons drawn by horses. Sometimes they camped by the roadside, sometimes stayed in hotels. She remembers that in New York State there were so many Indians. One place the road was so muddy that they had to put down poles as big as one's arm to drive over. The Indians all stood around looking on. When there were bridges, they had to pay toll to cross, twenty-five cents for teams and wagons or five cents to walk over. They located on French Creek in Erie County. It was here that oil was first found in Pennsylvania. The first winter there were so many porcupines. They like salt and would come where Mr. Elliott put salt for his stock. Partridges were also very plentiful. It was all timber country. **This was in 1836.** Mrs. McMillan says porcupines do shoot their quills in defense.

Another little brother [**Sherburn**] arrived in the family only five days after their arrival. The schoolhouse was built of logs and was used also for church services. The little ones had no desks. The roads were blazed to the schoolhouse and to other places - blazed by chopping one side of the trees.

If a man owed anything he had to pay or go to jail. Levi Willy owed a little sum but being unable to pay was accordingly jailed. Mrs. McMillan's father paid the debt and got him out. He came to Mr. Elliott and got a load of hay and, having no team, he was allowed to take the Elliott team to haul it home. Mrs. McMillan said, "*We had a big bull dog and it always went with the team and it rode on the load of hay over to Willy's. When he went to unload, the dog would not let him put a fork into the hay. So Mr. Willy had to walk clear back to our house - two and one-half miles - and get father to go over and help him get the hay unloaded.*"

Mrs. McMillan's father had a sugar camp. They carried the sap by wearing a yoke over the shoulders and a bucket hung on each side¹². They made sugar and molasses both, the molasses being of much better quality than now because they boiled it down more. When they made sugar, they boiled down syrup until quite thick and ready to "stir off". One year they sold 500 weight. Houses were not built then as they are now. This one was rented. It was part log and part frame. Upstairs it was not plastered and was that a board could be laid overhead so the sugar cakes which were made in round pans were laid upon this board in the attic. Mrs. McMillan said, "Father and Mother went to town one day [now don't you write this down] and the boys and I went upstairs. The boys got a chair and one of them climbed up to reach the sugar cake when the chair slipped and he fell and knocked the cake off onto the floor and I said, "*Oh! Lets not eat any.*" But one of the boys said, "*They'll whip us anyhow and he was going to take enough to last a week.*" Our parents used to give us just so much work to do. They worked us too hard. It wasn't right. I had to knit

¹²Much equipment that Aunt Martha described is in possession of Dennis and Connie Howard, present [1999] owners of the former [1780] farm of Comfort's father, John Elliot, in near Grantham, NH.

forty bouts [rounds] before I could play. Mother would put a pin in to mark the place and I would cheat by moving the pin. When she found out she put a thread in. I used to spin when I was only eleven years old. I had to spin so many "knots" in a day. But one day I could see the boys playing in the orchard, so I thought I'd play too. I did but I had to spin that thread before I went to bed - away in the night by fire light."

"One of my brothers got lost when he went after the cattle. The neighbors searched all night. Father went to see if he had fallen in to the pond. They carried guns to signal when he was found. Father heard a woman say, 'Get on the old white mare and ride for life', and he knew the boy was found. He was only seven years old."

After living in Pennsylvania five years, Mrs. McMillan's father moved his family to **Youngstown, Ohio**. There were then plank roads from Youngstown to Canfield. There were many toll gates and bridges had toll also. Mrs. McMillan had three¹³ brothers. She was quite well acquainted with **President William McKinley**, whose father had a store in Niles. "Once the folks sent my brother Sherburn and I to McKinley's store to get a jug of molasses and a broom. I didn't want to carry the jug nor the broom either and my brother said he wouldn't carry them, so William McKinley took the broom handle and said, "Now you can both carry it." William McKinley was about Sherburn's age. I was older. My father worked for McKinley in his store." Mrs. McMillan's father died in 1850 and is buried in **Gereard**. One brother is buried in **Poland, Ohio**. McKinley once lived there.

Mrs. McMillan was first married to a **Mr. Jones** in Youngstown. He had four girls - oldest 13 - which she raised. Mr. Jones enlisted in Youngstown Regiment during the war of the Rebellion and died in the army. She raised her youngest brother. Her mother went to **Illinois** with the boys and died there in 1862.

Mrs. McMillan was baptized into the Christian or Camelite Church in Youngstown, Ohio, in the Mahoning River by the **Rev. James A. Garfield** who lived then at Hiram Hill and afterwards became **President of the United States**. She took dinner at his house once - spent the day there.

Mrs. McMillan came to **Iowa in October, 1864**, to **Ottumwa**, a small town - not as big as Hayesville is now. There was but one schoolhouse, the old Adams Schoolhouse. She came out on the Burlington and Missouri River R.R. on which the first train ran into Ottumwa in 1859. This country through Keokuk and Wapello Counties was then all timber. She was married to Mr. McMillan in Ottumwa. He had seven children which she raised. She has one brother living, a pastor of a church at **Sunbeam, Ill. Charles Carroll**, Mrs. McMillan's great or great, great grandfather, signed the Declaration of Independence. [He was on her mother's side.] Her mother was born in Salem, Mass. **There has always been a Charles in the family.**

She remembers well how her father's house and barn were almost connected by numerous little houses built in between them, such as a wood house, loom house, etc., at the New Hampshire home. In the loom house there was a big fireplace and in the corner, to one side, some shelves where her mother kept the tow rolls and wool rolls. Once she and her brother took a candle and went out there to look for something on one of the shelves and set the tow on fire. They ran for

¹³Error as Martha had four brothers.

their mother who managed to smother the fire after a good bit of tow had been spoiled. The tow rolls were always flat, the wool rolls round.

Mrs. McMillan remembers Andrew Jackson as President when she was only nine years old.

Mr. McMillan died in 1897 and was buried in Pennington Cemetery. She came to Sigourney to live soon after where she still lives.

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The above reminiscences of Mrs. McMillan were related by her to Mrs. R.F. Ashbaugh, Historian of the James McElwee Chapter D.A.R., July, 1915, at two different afternoons. Written down as Mrs. McMillan related at random but placed chronologically and historically as well as geographically by the Historian. Written in the Historian's book, May 22, 1916, by Mrs. Ina P. Ashbaugh, Historian.

Compiler, LSE, and his family visited this area in Croydon in 1965 and again with Alma in '83, '86, '87, '90, & 1995. It is very much as Martha described with ponds, rock fences, and many old homes still existing. Dennis and Connie Howard are the owners and residents of the old JOHN ELLIOT Farm [1999]. The Howard Family has owned since 1878. No proof has been found as to the connection with CHARLES CARROLL who died six years after the birth of Martha. This compiler doesn't believe Martha and Rowell cousins could be mistaken as to who their great-grandfather was with this time frame!

Appendix "J"

- LETTER TO CROYDON - 7 February 1917 -

The following letter was sent to the Township Clerk, **Dana S. Gross**, in behalf of #330. Martha Ann [ELLIOTT] McMILLAN at the age of "91"! Daughter-in-law of **Dana, Rita Gross**, passed on a copy to LSE on Croydon visit the summer of 1986.

STOCKMAN & BAKER
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
SIGOURNEY, IOWA
Feb. 7, 1917

Hon. Mr. Dana S. Gross
Croydon, N. H.

Dear Sir: --

Your kind letter received - the newspaper as well - for which Mrs. McMillan wishes me to thank you. She was very grateful for the booklet on the 150 answers on the founding of Croydon. It was very interesting to her - so many of the names in it were familiar to her so she wished me to write you again giving you all this information she could regarding her life there. She said to say she might be mistaken in the direction of her father's farm from Croydon but she thought it was as I gave it.

Comfort Elliott's farm lay one mile south of Croydon adjoining Spectacle Lake. Samuel Cooper was his nearest neighbor. Mr. Elliott's farm laying between Mr. S. Cooper's farm and Croydon. Mr. E. sold this farm to John Stewart [or Stuart] in 1836.

Other neighbors were David Harding, Hiram Smart, Hiram Clark, Samuel Cooper, Luke Paul - Rider. Sherburne Rowell, uncle, lived near. He was justice of the peace for many years. Mr. Moss who kept a woolen factory. An uncle, Ezra Elliott, lived near Croydon, afterwards moving to Vermont. Her grandfather John Elliott¹⁴ died at Croydon.

Mrs. McMillan has in her possession a letter written to her in 1850 by her uncle Charles Rowell, son of Lemuel Rowell, who was living at Allenstown at this time [1850], he had formerly lived at Croydon. In this letter he tells his niece that he had been one of the selectmen of Allenstown fifteen years, member of the legislature six years and county treasurer during the years 1847-8. Her grandfather Rowell died in 1806.

Mrs. McMillan also wanted me to ask if there were any hotels in Croydon. She thinks now she will visit the acres of her old home next year. She travels alone and altho that seems a long

¹⁴ John Elliot's tombstone can be found on east edge of cemetery on east side of Spectacle Lake. Lse.

distance from here, I have no doubt that if she takes a notion to go she will accomplish it in some way and if they have an annual home coming there it would be nice if she could go at that time.

Thanking you very much for your kindness I remain

Yours Truly

Mrs. Maxine Lorrence Stockman

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Appendix "K"

- LETTERS REGARDING DEATH & WILL - OF AUNT MARTHA - 1919

Aunt Martha [ELLIOTT] McMillan passed on 10 January 1919, not fulfilling her dream of a trip back to Croydon, NH. The following is a group of letters originally typed by **Lucile Elliott Rogers**. We can thank her and other members of her father's family for carefully retaining them.

Stewart Wyo.
Jan. 26th, 1919

Miss Lucia Elliott
Sigourney, Iowa

Dear Cousin Lucia,

Received your letter after I sent you the card. Was glad to get the obituary, many thanks. How much do I owe you for it? Lucia, I wish you and I were not so far away from each other but "What can't be cured must be endured". I think you can and will divide things alright. I could go but it is so far and the weather is so uncertain. It will not be so hard to divide the quilts and bedding but I expect it will be hard to divide the furniture. Was any of it mentioned in the will? Who are the other neices and where do they live? Henry said they might want to sell the household goods. I think it would be nice for each of us to keep a rocking chair or one of the other good chairs anyway. The chairs could be divided, couldn't they? And I would like to have the dishes, clothing or bedding sold except mattresses, would you? I wish we could talk it over instead of having to write. I have a sewing machine, stand table and kitchen furniture and a book case.

Where are you staying now?

Well, Lucia, I intended to write you a long letter but we had company come & now it is time to mail this. I wish I could have been with you to help take care of Aunt Martha. It was bad she had to suffer so much. Take care of yourself & don't work too hard.

Your loving cousin

Lou Fogleman

NOTE: Lucia was a daughter of Henry and Lou was a daughter of his brother, Rev. S.A., making the ladies first cousins.

January 27, 1919

Dear Miss Elliott

Your letter of Jan. 22 received this morning. It was very kind and thoughtful of you to let me know of **Aunt Martha's** death. She had enjoyed a long life and had retained her faculties so we cannot regret that she is taken, but rather grateful that she was spared from a long illness or great suffering. I remember her visiting us in Jamaica with her husband, Mr. Evans, and how interested they were in sight seeing around Boston.

With Kind Regards to all

Sincerely Yours

F. H. Ratcliffe

I will send this letter and memorial to **Edith Langdale**.

NOTE: Frank H. Radcliffe was a son-in-law of the oldest child of Comfort & Martha, Lucinda Jane Fowles. Edith (Moorehouse or Pearce) Langdale was a grandchild of Lucinda and niece of Frank. Her mother was married twice and this writer uninformed as to which was her father.

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Feb. 9, 1919

Dear Cousin,

Will write you a few lines. Received a letter from **Vira** saying they were going to sell the Household goods and I thought the way she wrote you were going to divide the clothes and Bed clothes and I think that the best. I was too sick to try and come up and I did not get Vira's card till Sat., too late for me to come then.

I got a friend to write to Mr. Richmond and sent the address of the girls. I was not able to write that day and I wanted to send it right back.

Now **Lucia**, if you will see to sending mine to me I will pay you for your trouble and pay for sending them. You can let me know if you will. Am better now but have a very sore mouth yet. Hope all is well. With best regards

Emma¹⁵

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¹⁵ Emma was probably the fifth child of Lemuel R. Elliott.

Berkeley, Cal.
Feb. 8 (1919)

Dear Cousin,

I received your letter. Pleased to hear from you. But I am sorry to hear of Aunt Martha passing away. Of course she had lived a long life and we had to expect it. I never saw her but I had her picture and I have written to her the last twelve years. she was out here or rather in Oregon at the time of the **Earth Quake**. She pieced a quilt. I have not found any one who could quilt it. I lost every thing at that time and she thought it would help me and it did as I used it as a spread a long time.

Yes, I have heard from her since I sent the lettuce but she never said she got it. We have all vegetables the year round. Auntie always wrote me she would sometime come to see me. My dear **Grandma Rogers** I always longed to see but alas she is gone dear lady and from what I have heard she always had a hard time. I use to write her about two times a year since I was a little girl.

Yes I am **Henry Elliott's daughter**. **Mrs. Geo. Brown** is the other daughter, lived her eight blocks from me. She has four children. **Alice 18** going to University, **Dortha 15** in High S, **Mildred 12** and **Geo 8**. I have no children.

Auntie was your First Aunt and my second Aunt I believe. I never knew she had a brother. My father has been gone so long he dont know who his relatives are. Aunt Martha told him a lot about his relations when she was out. We hear from **Aunt Ida Mayer's** boys but only from **Willie** since they went to **France**. I sent him the papers. I sent my Father the letter you sent me.

I would love to hear from you again.

May Burgess

NOTE: Henry was the oldest son of Lemuel R. Elliott. Lemuel's widow remarried to Thomas Rogers and she died in 1917 - 42 years after death of Lemuel. May's father, Henry, probably lived in Oregon and Ida Moyer was his youngest sister who spent much of her life in Colorado. The following letter is from her.

Sterling, Colo.
Feb. 14, 1919

Dear Cousin,

I received your letter and was glad to hear from you. We have all had the flue but are all better. No, my boys are not home and I do not know when they will get to come home. I would send the box by freight. That would be the cheapest. Send it to

Ida Moyer
Sterling, Colo
Route B

What was the matter with Aunt Martha? Write and tell me when you send the box. well I guess this is all. From your **Cousin Ida Moyer**, Sterling Colo. Route B.

P.S. Be sure and nail and wire the box good as has a long way to come.

Ida¹⁶

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Feb 17 1919 Summer Ore

My Dear Cousin Lucia

Got your letter today & was surprised to hear from you for I did not know you lived in Sigourney for aunt Martha spoke so much of you when she was out here. Where is your sister **Clara** & is she married & where does **Uncle Sherb** live? I would sure like to see him & where is his children and how many girls has he got? You spoke of 11 nieces I did not know as their was so many.¹⁷ Did Aunt Martha divide the things before she died? She told me so much when she was here. Poor thing I wish I could live a good christian life as she did for she was sure a lovely woman & I was always so proud of her. Did you live with her? My brother Ed wrote & told me she was blind & could not write to any one for my Daughter wrote to her & she never got no answer & she loved **Emma** dearly & most every one does. I wish you could meet her. You might come & see us this summer. I know you would like Oregon. No one to home now but Pa Pa & myself & we sure would like you to come. It must have been hard for you to do so much & sure appreciate every thing & I would like to know that she has given it to me for she always called me her namesake & you know I was named for her, **Martha A Elliott** & she was always so proud of that. Please tell me what she done with her quilts & her bedding. Did they sell Them? Well dear cousin you can send the box by express to Coquille Oregon Coos Co (as that is our nearest express office.) You can find out how much it will cost & let me know & have them send it C.O.D. & we can pay at this end of the line. Their is no express office at Summer. Dear cousin, I hope to hear from you again & tell me more about Aunt Martha's sickness & did she ever speak of me.

Mrs. Martha A Elliott Flitcroft

This is the address for the box

Coquille Oregon
Coos Co
Mrs Martha Flitcroft

Lucia did not Aunt Martha leave a will & write & tell me all about it & is her property nice there. Say, **Lucia** I wish you & **Uncle Sherb** could come & see us this summer. You know I amso lonesome to see some of my folks.

¹⁶ **Ida** was the youngest daughter of Lemuel R. Elliott.

¹⁷ Apparently Aunt Martha in her will left everything to her nieces and ignored the nephews

NOTE: Martha was the second child of Lemuel R. Elliott.

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Stewart Wyo.
March 6th 1919

Cousin Lucia.

I received my box this week but my fur coat was not in it. Where is it? You and Vira both knew that coat was mine. I left it there for Aunt Martha to wear this winter if she got able.

If you had sent me the coat I would not have said anything about the rest of the things. If I had known the contents of the box I would not have paid the express for it. Who got those good light quilts and the silk quilt, those blankets, sheets, gowns, those new dresses that were in her suitcase? All those dishes, there was surely enough plates on the plate rail to go around besides what were in the cupboard. What became of her silverware and many other things I might mention that were there last fall. If there was nothing sold except the furniture I would like to know what the rest received for their share.

Well it is late and I am tired. I will close for this time. hoping to hear from you soon.

*From your cousin **Lou***

NOTE: Second letter from Lou, dau of Rev. Sherb. It appears that Lucia had a no win detail. **lse.**

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Appendix "L"

ELLIOTT REUNION - about 1937

The ancestors of Comfort Elliot were undismayed by the inclement weather Sunday. Descendants and their families, numbering 65, gathered at the home of **Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Elliott in Sigourney** for the second Elliott reunion.

Cars from Cambridge, Kewanee, Alpha, Galesburg and Galva Illinois, and New Providence, Ottumua, Zearing and Albia, Iowa, brought guests from distances of more than 160 miles. The first cars arrived early Saturday evening and others came during the morning Sunday.

A bountiful cafeteria dinner was served at noon and a program followed. Featured on the program were. "**Reminiscences of the late Martha Elliott McMillan.**" read by Mr. Elliott. Mrs. McMillan, a charter member of James McElwee Chapter, D.A.R. of Sigourney, died in 1919.

The story dates back to 1826, the time of Mrs. McMillan's birth in **Croydon, N. H.** Her parents were **Comfort and Martha Wheeler Rowell Elliott.**

It tells among other things of **Charles Carroll, a great great grandfather of Mrs. McMillan, who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.**

Mrs. McMillan saw her first rail fence when she was 10 years old, and according to her reminiscences; the fences near her home prior to that were of stone. The roads were of crushed rock which glistened with mica. Her father made regular trips to Boston with a team of oxen to deliver butter and cheese and in the winter would take geese, turkeys and other poultry.

Later Mrs. McMillan told of the porcupines that were attracted by the salt put out by Mr. Elliott for cattle and says that porcupines do shoot their quills in defense!

Miss Lucia Elliott discussed briefly the history of the Rowell family, the mother's side of the Elliott family, and the following musical numbers were rendered: "Auld Lang Syne" and "Just Beyond" by **Calkin Sisters of Alpha, Illinois:** song by **Mrs. Clyde Stackhouse of Galva, Illinois,** and **Miss Naomi Stackhouse** of New Providence accompanied by **Mrs. J. Green of Sigourney:** cornet solo by **Kenneth Crabb** of Albia.

The enjoyment of the day was evidenced when the proposal was adopted that annual reunions be held and a permanent organization formed. **Mrs. K. C. Crabb, of Albia, was elected president** and **C. H. Elliott of Sigourney,** secretary. The time and date of the next reunion will be announced later.

A list of those present follows: Mrs. Vina Ellenwood, Kewanee, Illinois, Mr. and Mrs. Lester Johnston and children, Louise and Shirley, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Stackhouse and children, Opal and Earl of Galva, Ill. Mr. and Mrs. E. V. McGinnis and children, Dallas and Maxine of Albia, Iowa.

Miss Naomi Stackhouse and Junior Stackhouse of New Providence, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Ellenwood and children, Lois, Phyllis, and Glen of Cambridge, Ill., Mr. and Mrs. R.L. Stackhouse and daughter, Erma Marie, of Zearing, Iowa.

Mrs. Elvira Calkins, Miss Edna Calkins, Mrs. Effie Timberlake, Mr. and Mrs. Dave Carlson and son, Owen; Mr. & Mrs. Walter Peterson and daughter, Francis Mary, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. McDowell and children, Harvey, and W. W. Elliott, all of Alpha, Illinois.

Clifford McDowell and son, Frank, of Galesburg, Illinois; Miss Edna Kersher, Mrs. C. A. Thompson and children, David, Sue and Ben; Miss Mabel Taylor all of Ottumwa; Mrs. S. A. Crabb of Hayesville; Mr. and Mrs. Johnston Green, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Green, and Miss Lucia Elliott, Sigourney; and Mr. and Mrs. K. C. Crabb and sons Kenneth and Donald of Albia.

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Appendix "M"
DIARY OF LUCY ELLIOTT - SUMMER & FALL OF 1891
"A VISIT TO UNCLE SHERBURN ELLIOTT"

- Wednesday: Went over to Jen's and Lizzies and Thompsons. Made two dish aprons. Washed and crocheted.
- Thursday: Went to the Fair. Had a splendid time. Got a card from Henry.
- Friday: Ironed. Baked. Went over to Jen's. She helped me finish my dress.
- Saturday: Baked a cake. Helped with Jell. Got Dinner. Gathered eggs. Got 5 dozen and a 1/2. Played and sang in evening. Was weighed Friday - weighed 96 1/2.
- Sunday: Sadie and I went over to the station with Ralph. Stayed at Sadie's for dinner. Went to S.S. in the afternoon. Went to Griffin's after S.S. Went to church with the girls. Came home with C. Macone.
- Monday: Pared peaches. Helped can them. Put up curtains in S. room. Aunt M.¹⁸ washed in the evening.
- Tuesday: We went to town to hear the speaking. **General Sheridan spoke.**
- Wednesday: Ironed, baked pies and cake. Got dinner. Aunt went down to Lizzie's.
- Thursday: Went to the **Reunion**. Had a nice time.
- Friday: **I was 19 years old.** Went over to Jen's and ironed for her. Came home in afternoon and sewed lace on pincushion & started throw.
- Saturday: Did up the work. Aunt M. went to Ottumua. I baked a cake. Sewed buttons on my shoes, fixed a skirt and worked on a throw. Stayed all night with Sadie.
- Sunday: Came home and started to write. Sadie came up and stayed for dinner. We went to S.S. Got an introduction to Cora McCormick. Stayed all night with Sadie.
- Monday: Came home early. Jen came over and we washed and ironed. Stayed with Jen all night.
- Tuesday: Came home and found Aunt Martha here. Went to Ottumwa. Daisy and I went downtown after supper. Got some ice cream.

¹⁸#310. Martha [ELLIOTT] McMILLAN.

Wednesday: Was McKinley day. I went downtown in the morning with Uncle Mac and Sherb.¹⁹ In the afternoon Daisy and I went to the palace. It was grand. Came home in the evening.

Thursday: Visited with **Uncle Sherb**. Aunt was sick.

Friday: Ironed in the morning. Started home with **Uncle Sherb** in the P.M. Stayed all night in Ottumwa.

Saturday: Started for **Mt. Ayr** at 9:30 A.M. Got here at 5:30. No one at home.

Sunday: Awfully lonesome. Wrote two letters. The folks came Sunday eve.

Monday: Helped the girls.

Tuesday: **Lou**²⁰ came over and I went home with her. **Aunt Louisa**²¹ came home in the evening.

Wednesday: Over at Lou's.

Thursday: It rained all day.

Friday: Lou and I came over to Uncle Sherb's.

Saturday: I fixed my dress. It rained.

Sunday: Went to Church in the afternoon. Got an introduction to several folks, and an invitation to a Birthday party.

Monday: Helped wash. Was going to the party in the eve; but it rained.

Tuesday: **Oct. 6:** It snowed in the morning, rained and sleeted in the P.M. Helped iron and worked on my crazy work. Aunt Louisa gave me a needle Mon. night and two patterns Tues. Rec. 3 letters.

Wednesday: It is quite cold. Worked on my crazy cushion all day.

Thursday: Raining.

Friday: Had an invitation to a party in the evening over by Lou's, but did not go.

¹⁹ #333. Rev. S.A. ELLIOTT.

²⁰ #473. Luella 'Lou' Maria ELLIOTT - dau of Rev. S.A.

²¹ Louisa [MARK] ELLIOTT - wife of Rev. S.A.

- Saturday: Was going to town with Aunt Louisa but Dave²².
- Sunday: Edna²³ and Jessie²⁴ came over and Edna stayed. We were there two weeks. Went to a party on Tues. night over here the second week we were there. Edna and I drove over here and Will²⁵ took us to the party. Went to a party Thursday eve over at Egly's on Dutch Ridge. Went to party Sat. eve at Engleman's.
- Sunday: Went over to Lou's. Came back in the eve. Jessie stayed over there.
- Monday: We went over to **Al's**²⁶ in the afternoon and went over to Blowers with Will on a load of corn. Got a bid to a party on Thurs. eve.
- Tuesday: Were going to town but did not go. Went over to Mary Holden's in the P.M.
- Wednesday: Went to town. Get to John's for dinner. Edna and I got weighed. I weighed 104 1/2 and she 103 lbs. Saw Sam Egley but he did not know us. I got me a jacket. Payed \$4.00 for it.
- Thursday: Went to the party in the eve. Went over to Al's and went with them but came home with E.A. Had a chance to go to the Church at Delphos Sun. but did not take it. We were going to church with him but played out on him.
- Friday: Went to town. Saw Jake Egley. When we got home, Lou and Dave were here.
- Saturday: I crocheted. Al and **Emma**²⁷ and Will were here all day.
- Sunday :Dave and N.M. came over. Got here in time for dinner. We had a splendid time. I played and sang. Edna and I went to church with him in the eve. Nearly froze coming home.
- Monday: Edna and I went after Burt²⁸, horseback, on one horse. Aunt L. and J. went to town in the P.M. We wrote two invitations for the party. I got a letter from Aunt Martha. Did not go to bed until ten o'clock, played spirit rappings.

²² Dave FOGLEMAN - husband of Lou.

²³ #474. Edna Alberta ELLIOTT - dau of Rev. S.A.

²⁴ #476. Jessie Viola ELLIOTT - youngest dau of Rev. S.A.

²⁵ #470. William Comfort ELLIOTT - son of Rev. S.A.

²⁶ #471. Allamando W. ELLIOTT - son of Rev. S.A.

²⁷ Emma Ona [RUSH] ELLIOTT - wife of A.W. ELLIOTT.

²⁸ May have been Bert Hoover - future husband of Edna.

- Tuesday: We put up the heating stove and washed.
- Wednesday: Went out giving invitations to the party Friday eve. Started before dinner. Took dinner at Glen's. Had an introduction to Rob²⁹ and his sisters.
- Thursday: We ironed, cleaned up and gathered apples. Edna blacked the stove.
- Friday: Baked tarts, cakes and pies, and cleaned up for the party. There were 37 here at the party. I just had a splendid time. It rained a while. I gave my boquet to Ed H.-
- Saturday: Allie Mark³⁰ came down Friday eve for the party. Sat. we did not do much of anything but cook and eat. Dave and Lou went home and Jessie went with them. Edna and I took Mary Holden's lamp home in the eve.
- Sunday: We all went to Middlefork to meetings at 3 o'clock took dinner at Strongs. Got home at dark.
- Monday: Aunt L. took Allie home in the P.M.
- Tuesday: Lou and Jessie came over - and Dave. Wrote *autograph verses* and crocheted. They wanted me to go home with them but I did not go.
- Wednesday: Emma and Al were over. I went home with them.
- Thursday: Washed, baked and scrubbed.
- Friday: Ironed, got dinner and sewed on F. cloak. Edna was over in the P.M.
- Saturday: Sewed on her cloak and finished it. Edna gathered corn. They went to the literary in the Eve. Will and I came over to his folks. I rode horseback and he walked. Nearly froze to death.
- Sunday: It rained in the night and was gloomy all day. We were going to church, but it was too rainy. I read "Mad Marriage" all day. Got two letters Sat. eve from home and one from Grace.
- Monday: Al and Emma and Will all came over to pick up potatoes. I went home with them. I had a boil start.
- Tuesday: We all came over here and went to town. I stayed with Edna. Went home with Al's.
- Wednesday: I stayed with the children while Emma gathered corn.

²⁹Robert Glendenning - a neighbor.

³⁰Allie was a first cousin of Rev. S.A.'s children by his wife's side of the family.

- Thursday: Edna and Aunt L. came over. Rob G. was over Wed. eve.
- Friday: I scrubbed. Came over here, intending to go to a party over east at Clayton, but it rained and we did not get to go. We looked with longing eyes for someone to come, but looked in vain.
- Saturday: Crocheted all day. Going to a party at Elsie Long's. Had a splendid time. Lou and Dave came here in the eve.
- Sunday: It snowed all day. Stayed at home. Al and Emma and Will were over. Jessie and I played checkers in the eve.
- Monday: Dave's went home in the A.M. I learned to play "The Broken Engagement" and Edna and I sang it.
- Tuesday: Washed all day. Al and Will went to town, and Edna and I went home with them for a sled ride. The first one we had, 24 Nov 1891.
- Wednesday: Al brought us home in A.M.
- Thursday: **Thanksgiving Day.** Al, Emma, Will, Lou and Jessie all came over. Edna and I went home with Lou. C.G., E.S., and W.M. were all over at Lou's. Two o'clock bedtime.
- Friday: Party at Lou's in the eve. Not many there. Had a nice time. Received a penny, Nov. 27. First time played checkers with B.E. Went out after wood. E. and W. went to sleep. Ha-Ha.
- Saturday: Bill and Burt went home in the P.M. Dave and W. went to town. Edna and I tried to sleep, but Lou wouldn't let us.
- Sunday: W. brought us over here, and we went to church. I came home with someone else - B.E. Had a nice time. Traded rings.³¹
- Monday: Went to town and got our pictures taken, 30 Nov 1891. Got a letter from Henry Lucia's brother³² -.. Aunt L. staid all night in town.
- Tuesday: Looks like it would snow. Edna finished her dress. I sang and played.
- Wednesday: We washed in the P.M. Mrs. Brown was here. Aunt L. came home in the eve and brought me a letter from Effa and the proof of our pictures. They are splendid.

³¹ Lucia and Will both remained single throughout their lives.

³² #213. Charles `Henry' ELLIOTT

- Thursday: Rained. Snowed in the P.M.
- Friday: Uncle Sherb went to town in the P.M. I sent a letter to Henry by him. Aunt L. and Will went, too. Got a letter Vira³³, Aunt Martha, and Edna. Uncle Sherb gave me a pair of overshoes.
- Saturday: Washed dishes, cleaned lamps, cleaned up in general. Went to church in the eve, at Eureka³⁴. We started with Dave but met someone coming after us and got in and went the rest of the way with them, Edna and I did. Someone else was intending to come but sent word that they couldn't come, but had not been there long when W. came in with Dave. Edna went home with him. **What a time we are having.** Twelve o'clock they left. Showed them the proof of our pictures. He got my pin and wore it awhile. I got his the night of the party, at Lou's.
- Sunday: It snowed. I was going to church in the A.M. but it was so stormy he did not come after me. Edna was going, too. But he came in the eve. We played checkers and Authors. The rest of the folks played too. They went to bed at 11 o'clock. In the kitchen he had a new pin on. I traded the one of his I was wearing for it. He wished my ring on my finger for two weeks. **Went out after cobs and wood. Ha-Ha.** Three o'clock when he went home.
- Monday: Sale day. We had a picnic. Walter and B. were here, and Ed Hoover and I sang "*Little Annie Rooney*" and "*Don't leave the Farm*". Had a lot of people for dinner. The boys made plans for Sunday. We went out and listened to the sale.
- Tuesday: Dave and Lou went home and Jessie went with them. They wanted me to go, but I did not go.
- Wednesday: Aunt L. and Emma and Al went to town. Got our pictures. Edna and I went to Raysden's calling in the P.M. R.G. was here when we returned. Stayed until the folks got home. W.E. came over while he was here. Gave us an invitation to a party Thurs. eve at Hod Long's. R.H. did not get any. We had a picnic.
- Thursday: Went to the party in the eve. Had a pretty good time. Not many there. Terrible muddy. Will wanted someone to walk home. Teasing them. Rob and Al and Emma were here for dinner. Took up the sitting room carpet.
- Friday: Rob G., Will and Al gathered corn in the P.M. Were here for supper.
- Saturday: Edna and I washed. The boys were all here for dinner. We run a rooster down. Edna fell over the fence and I fell over a tree. We were going to church in the eve. But somebody did not come to take us. I schotished with Al. After the boys went out, Edna and I were schotishing and someone knocked at the front door. Edna told them to go around to the other door. But it was Rob and Al fooling us. Ha-Ha.

³³ She was probably #457. Elvira Jane [ELLIOTT] CALKINS.

³⁴Country church located almost two miles east of Al & Emma ELLIOTT.

Sunday: We got ready to go to church but W. did not come until too late to go. He put up his team and spent the day. After awhile, the fellow with the bald-faced team came. Will hid from him. We got dinner, washed the dishes and started to go to Delphos. Went by Al's. Took Lou and Louie³⁵. We got up to the corner at Eureka and Edna and Walt changed their minds. Wanted to go to Defenbaugh's to spend the eve until church time. We all went down there. It rained coming home, just poured down. W. and I sat in the buggy waiting for it to quit after we got home.

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NOTE: This filled the pages of the little pocket notebook that was used for the diary. Lucile Rodgers [#629. Patria `Lucile' (ELLIOTT) ROGERS], niece of Lucia, contributed this material to the Elliott History.

MOUNT AYR RECORD NEWS
October 8, 1891 - "Personal Items"

"Miss Lucia ELLIOTT of Alpha, Illinois, is visiting her uncle, Rev. S.A. ELLIOTT in Rice Township."

October 23, 1891 - EUREKA

"Mrs. S. A. ELLIOTT's niece from Illinois is here on a visit for a season." [Eureka was the name of the local country church.]

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³⁵Louie could have been #637. Sarah `Louie' Louise BARNES, a niece of Lou and dau of `Mattie', who would have been five years old at this time.

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Appendix "N"
A.W. ELLIOTTs and MARION WITHERS' Enjoy
Automobile Trip - September 1937

Printed in MT AYR RECORD NEWS. Mrs. WITHERS was a sister of Emma [RUSH] ELLIOTT. The sister of A.W. that they visited in Loveland was 'Lou' [ELLIOTT] FOGLEMAN. Mrs. B.C. HOOVER that they visited in Oklahoma is another sister of A.W. - Edna. Alvin H. and Mrs. Ralph [Maxine] McCLUNG were children of Edna. They were driving a 1936 Ford owned by Withers. We were just coming out of the Great Depression so few people had been touring.

Mr. Editor, I will try to write about our trip. Mr. and Mrs. Withers, Mr. Elliott and myself started west on the sixth day of September. Drove to Lincoln, Neb., ate our breakfast. We drove to Maxwell where we went south four miles to the National Cemetery, which was quite a sight - all soldiers, most of which gave their lives for their country. It made you feel almost as though you were standing on holy ground, ten acres walled in with a brickwall and they were adding ten acres more.

From there we went on to North Platte, stayed all night, then drove to Hawk Springs, Wyo., to Frank Harden's and stayed there until the next morning; then we called at the Ed Hoover home and took dinner at the Geo. Hacker home. After dinner we went to Torrington, where we visited their county fair and went through the sugar factory, which was quite a sight to see how sugar is made. Ernest Harden works there and he showed us through the factory. We took supper with Ernest and wife and went back to Frank's and stayed all night, then we drove on to Fort Collins, Colo., where we took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. John Goodwin.

After dinner they showed us all over their beautiful city. We all agreed that Fort Collins was the prettiest place we went through on our trip.

From there we journeyed on to Loveland. One of Mr. Elliott's sisters lives there. We visited with her for two days, then we went to Greeley, Colo., where we visited with *Earl Clayburgs, Chas, Armfields, Dwight Rushs, Hans Lahs and Sam Rush*. They had a picnic for us in their beautiful park with all the relatives present. Here Mr. and Mrs. Ross Gentzler, of Denver, joined us. On Tuesday we went to Denver, where Mrs. Gentzler guided us over the city, where we saw the parks and zoo and museum which contained animals from all over the world. We stayed all night in Denver. The next day we drove to Colorado Springs where we visited the Garden of the Gods, which was a wonderful sight. We stayed all night with a cousin in Pueblo.

From there we went over the Raton Pass into New Mexico, which was so high it made cold chills run down your back. *Al said if he had to go back over it again he would just stay down there*. From there we drove to Amarillo, Tex. Here we visited with Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Crawford and daughter Cathaline and family and they took us to their inter-state fair. Here we saw lots of beautiful things. Some things we grow here and some we didn't know about. We stayed in Amarillo two days, then went on to *Manitou, Okla.*, and visited the *B.C. Hoover place a week*. Here is where they raise lots and lots of cotton which was quite a sight to us northerners to see the Negroes picking cotton with their long sacks dragging. Mr. Hoover had 14 Negroes picking for him. They picked about two bales a day. We went to the cotton gin and saw them gin the cotton, which was quite a sight to anyone who didn't know anything about it. They haul the cotton off in trailers as soon as it is picked, drive under a big pipe, then they start the machinery

and it sucks it up out of the trailer to the top of the gin, then goes through and comes out nice white flakey cotton, which is pressed into bales. The bales weigh from five to six hundred pounds when baled. Then we visited the compress, where they reduce the bales. Here they had a very large building or shed setting full of bales to be compressed. There must have ten acres in it with thousands of bales in it. Some had been compressed that reduced them to about one-half the size of the bale.

On Sunday we went to church. The people are very friendly in the south. After church we went up in the **National Reserve**, which is about 75 miles from Hoover's. Here the mountains are solid rock, nothing growing on them at all. We ate our picnic dinner and supper up there. Here the rest of the Hoovers joined us - Jim and wife, his two sons, Merrill and Donald and their families, Ernest and family, Will and wife, **Alvin H. and family**, **Ralph McClurg [Maxine] and family**. So we had a real picnic.

The next morning we started for home, stayed all night at a camp 14 miles south of Kansas City, then on home the next day. Home sure looked good to us after being gone so far.

MRS. A. W. ELLIOTT

Appendix "O"
REVIEW OF 'OLD TIMES' - 'MAYMIE' [CALKINS] PETERSON - 1973

[#629] Lucile [ELLIOTT] ROGERS recorded this interview the day [#588] Maymie's husband's funeral [Walter C. PETERSON] on February 19, 1973. Maymie was 88 years old at this time and died 26 April 1974. Maymie was the granddaughter of Willard ELLIOTT and Lucile the granddaughter of Charles ELLIOTT. Grandma PORTER [Mary URMSON] was their grandmother, having married Willard first and later Charles after the death of Willard. She married a third time to George Porter.

Maymie: Well, now, I expect I'll make lots of "ums" and "ahs". You want me to tell about?

Lucile: You tell them about Grandma Porter. What you remember when she ran the hotel.

Maymie: You want me to tell about how the hotel looked?

Lucile: Just anything, yes, just anything.

Maymie: Well, she has this hotel and she had a very long dining room and had the table stretched out. I think she could at least set twelve people at the table. I don't know, that's just a guess. And she always kept her plates and knives and forks. She'd wash them and put them back in place on the table, and turn the plate upside down over the knives and forks so as to keep the dust and everything off. And then they'd have the water glass turned upside down, all sparkling clean. They were these here finger print glasses. I think I have one of them, and I think some of the rest of them have one of those glasses yet. That was turned upside down by the table so it was ready for service. And then the front of the hotel faced the east and there's two doors on the east, three doors on the east. One of them went into the dining room and the porch was a big long porch between the - well, it took in these doors, one of them was into the dining room and one was into the living room or waiting room. Then the other one was in the office part where they sold cigars and tickets for things if they had anything and so forth. Then there were about two or three steps that led up to the porch to the east. The railroad tracks and the depot was across the tracks to the east - the depot stood there, a little depot. And I was a small girl, I don't suppose I was much over three or four years old. I probably was four. My mother wasn't very well so she would send Edna and I up to Grandma Porter's because she had Aunt Lucia and Aunt Clara home with her yet. She'd send us up there for them to look after us because she wasn't able to do all this and take care of the other things that had to be done. So she'd leave us there and they'd look after us. I was always kind of a baby for home. Edna, she was just as free as anything there because she got out. She was older, two years older - two and a half. She'd get out and play with the boys and I was too little so I didn't. And I'd get lonesome so Aunt Lucia or Aunt Clara, one or the other of them, would go in and play the organ. Thought maybe that would help me, you know. And the more they played the harder I cried. And I kept saying, "I want to go home to my mama, I want to go home to my mama." And that's what I wanted all the time and them singing or playing made me more homesick. So one day I was out in the backyard with Edna and Uncle Henry and I heard a voice I thought sounded like it might be my daddy's voice, I guess, cause I went a running through that kitchen and then into this big long dining room and through the doors. And there sat my dad on that porch outside - the east porch. And I remember I got my arms around his neck

from the back. And I clasped them and he tried to pry those loose without hurting those little fingers and I wouldn't let loose. I just said, "I want to go home. I want to go home to my mama." And so he carried me home on his back and that's one thing I don't think I will ever forget. I can just see that yet.

Lucile: Well, now, Grandma Porter, she must have had real dark brown eyes from her pictures?

Maymie: I think she did, I think she did have brown eyes. She was a wonderful old lady, *Grandma Porter* was. And she read her Bible daily and sincerely. She was Christian Science, but she was very faithful to her Bible. And I never heard Grandma sing but I had a little book and I think it's got some songs but it has no music.

Lucile: Well, the old fashioned ones didn't have, did they? The old song books?

Maymie: And, let's see. Of course, Aunt Lucia and Aunt Clara when I'd be crying that way, they'd either try to sing or play but it didn't do me any good. I didn't want to listen to it. And I used to go in the office room every once in a while, sometimes, when I was in a good humor. And Mr. Porter Grandpa, he'd give me a little gum or something and that sometimes kind of helped me to quiet down a little, I guess.

Lucile: Now, was he the Mr. Porter that it tells in this book of *Alpha* that he has the harness shop?

Maymie: Yes.

Lucile: That was him. Well, I never did know what he did, and I read about that in the *Alpha* book.

Maymie: He fixed harness, and I think he did some shoes, too, probably. I don't know but I believe he did. And that harness shop was on main street toward the west end. You know where the last street is up north before they cross the track. Well, there's one right near the track but that isn't the one.

It's the one over farther east. That's where he had the first building after you cross the road, the division road and that's where he had his shop. And there must have been a little slough through there or something because the sidewalk was kind of built up high and it had a railing on each side. And I used to think that was the most fun to walk back and forth on that sidewalk. It was raised up off the ground probably that far, a foot and a half or so. And when we'd have to go some times after the mail, I'd like to go just to go across that walk. The harness shop was there and they also had the post office there on that end someplace. I can't just remember which side but it was there somewhere, I know.

Lucile: Now, my dad would have been about eight years old when you were born. What was he, eight or nine years older than you? He was born in 1877.

Maymie: I was born in '84.

Lucile: He would have been seven years older than you, so you probably remember a lot of stuff when you were kids, then?

Maymie: Oh, yes, quite a little bit. And I remember when they built that new home. Uncle Henry built that and he worked and I think he paid most of it. Grandma helped too, though. She took in roomers and boarders all the time after she left the big hotel.

Lucile: When did she leave the hotel?

Maymie: Oh, that's something I can't answer to. I don't remember.

Lucile: What house was it they built? How far up from where your house is? Charles was trying to remember that when we came down today. He said that you'd know. I didn't even know that she had ever had a house over there.

Maymie: Oh, yes. She went in there after she quit the hotel. There was a "Leed House" they called it, or kind of a lunch counter place just north of the hotel. And there was a Mrs. Newton that ran that and they used to run king of competition, you know, a little bit. But Grandma I guess pretty near always had a pretty good sized table full. She was a good cook and wasn't too expensive on her things, I guess.

At this point we stopped for lunch and that ended the recording.

Lucile Rogers

Appendix "P"
POEMS - Composed By DESCENDANTS
OF COMFORT & MARTHA ELLIOT

P.1 - STARS AND STRIPES by Mrs. Martha [ELLIOTT] McMILLAN

The following note was enclosed with a small packet of handwritten poems by *Mrs. Martha Elliott McMillan*. This packet was given to Mrs. Martha Elliott Green by Mrs. R. F. Asbaugh, D.A.R. Historian James McElwee Chapter, Sigourney, IA. Mrs. Martha Green, my sister, then gave it to me to copy.

- *Lucile Elliott Rogers*

"Mrs. McMillan often recites poems at D.A.R. meetings as well as other occasions and has composed many verses. A few may be found.

STARS AND STRIPES

The stars and stripes forever
Is the flag that we love best,
It is the greatest emblem
Our nation does possess.

When our forefathers landed
At Plymouth, four o'clock,
Their hearts were filled with rapture
When they stepped upon the rock.

And there their flags they hoisted
Unfurled it in the air
And cheer after cheer
Went up in prayer.

Praying to God to give them
Courage and renown,
While they marched altogether
Through Massachusetts town.

For the British drums were beating
For they thought they'd gained the day,
But it didn't take them long
Till they drove them all away.

They never shrink from labor
Those pioneers few,
A glorious destiny carved for the nation
In the days when America's flag was new.

And when they'd gained the victory
And their captain sad, "Well done."
They cheered the stripes and stars
And our brave Washington.

--by Mrs. Martha [Elliott] McMillan

The ground was covered white with snow
And the winds cold and piercing blow,
But we have fire and raiment warm
And are safe, sheltered from the storm.
So many comforts we enjoy
That these sharp seasons scarce annoy.
Think of the suffering of the poor
Whom all this rigor must endure,
Those without house or shed or barn
To keep them from the bitter storm.

----Composed by Mrs. McMillan

P.2 GOLDEN WEDDING OF MR. & MRS. H. THOMPSON - 1915

"Mrs. Martha McMillan, who is eighty-eight years old but seems much but younger, recently attended the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. H. Thompson of Hedrick, Mrs. Thompson being her step-daughter. On that occasion she recited a poem which she composed in honor of the event. Mrs. McMillan has a wonderful memory and bright mind and takes an active part in church and social circles. This is her poem:"

Just fifty years ago today,
We pledged our love to each other,
And we've been walking hand in hand
The rugged path together.

Sometimes the sun was sinking low,
The clouds obscured the light,
But we kept walking hand in hand,
Keeping ever to the right.

Our children came to bless our home
Through sunshine and through showers,
And now they all around us stand
This happy band of ours.

Father, mother, we are gathered here
To celebrate this day,
With grateful hearts for your loving care,
We thank you day by day.

And now that you are growing old,
Your locks are turning gray,
We'll watch with care your feeble steps,
While here with us you stay.

And when the last dread summons comes
To call you up on high,
We hope we'll meet around the throne,
Where we'll never say good-bye.

NOTE: The above newspaper clipping is in the possession of [#630] Mrs. Margery [ELLIOTT] VanPATTEN,
a great-niece of Mrs. Martha [ELLIOTT] McMILLAN.

P.3 OUR LILLIE'S EPITAPH By Rev. S.A. Elliott

This first poem was written and published by Comfort and Martha's son, Rev. Sherburn A. Elliott, after the death of his second infant daughter, Lillie, b 14 Sep 1875 and d 15 Jan 1880. Lillie was their seventh child while Annie, b 2 Mar 1869 and d 25 Aug 1869, was their fourth. The poem was printed in the RINGGOLD RECORD on 2 Mar 1880.

IN MEMORIAM

OUR LILLIE'S EPITAPH

by REV. S. A. ELLIOTT

Our Lillie was as fair as roses are
When first they bloom in spring,
Four summers here gave home a cheer--
Which brightened everything.

Now she is gone, hushed is the song
Her little lips did sing;
We miss her here, our home is drear--
There is gloom on everything.

Heaven sent, and early she went--
Her little grave doth say--
To meet Annie above, where all is love,
And to beckon us on that way.

So stricken now, our hearts we bow
To Providence allwise;
And everyday we'll press our way
To meet her in the skies.

But will she know her friends below
Who loved her so while here?
With joy we'll meet at Jesus' feet,
And know our Lillie dear.

* * * * *

P. 4 "MEMORIES" by Lou [ELLIOTT] FOGLEMAN - 1964

This was written for the 100th ANNIVERSARY of THE FIRST METHODIST CHURCH of Loveland, Colorado, brochure that was published in the year of 1964. Grt-Aunt `Lou' (#473. Luella Maria [ELLIOTT] FOGLEMAN) was the second surviving daughter of Rev Sherburn and was 93 years old when this was printed. She had been a member of this church for thirty years.

"MEMORIES"

We wander back in memory lane,
Walk through the old church door,
See the faces of our classmates
As we did in the days of yore.
After our old church burned
We remember the many times
We met in the Community Building,
How we missed hearing those chimes!

When our present church was finished
We sat in the "Women's Bible class" pew,
Read God's word and prayed together,
Joined in singing the old hymns, too.
Our class had a party once each month,
Regardless of the weather,
Had a program, visited and snapped pictures,
And enjoyed our get-together.

We have many pleasant memories
Of those by-gone "Good Old Days."
Time marches on, makes many changes
In very many ways.
Now we cease day-dreaming
Of those days, now passed and gone.
We thank God for countless blessings
As time goes marching on.

--Lou Fogleman 1964 -

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P. 5 "LITTLE DICK" by JESSIE V. ELLIOTT

This composition is by Rev. S. A. Elliott's daughter, Jessie, that was found in her handwriting [excellent penmanship] on plain lined tablet paper. Jessie was born in 1878 and died in 1956 and never married. With no one to care for her after the death of her brother, Will, she was committed in the State Institution in Clarinda, Iowa, the latter years of her life. She was known to enjoy writing poetry. One can only guess when the following composition was written;

LITTLE DICK

Miss J. V. Elliott

R-3

Mount Ayr, Iowa

Dick is a little gray cat, that once was thrown away.
When he was just a baby kitten, too little to make his way,
Then the man sped on to church to get on his knees to pray.

This is what the Hypocrite did say,
That he sometime to heaven would go.

I don't see how he could lie so--
After leaving little Dick in the lurch,
As he sped on his way to church.

So I am walking slowly by,

This little cat I did spy.

I said little cat come live with me.

You shall be Happy--gay--and free.

And this is the reply he did make to me,

Oh, I'll be so glad to come for I have no home.

I will come, and be your little cat.

You can just bet your life on that,

And we will be friends so true,

For I have no one else but you.

This contract has been filled to the letter,
For nowhere on Earth are friends any better.

I know when my time comes for to die,

I'll meet little Dick up in the Sky

And I pray to the Dear God,

Who is the wisest of all teachers,

That he will learn all men and women

To be king to his poor creatures.

Not to deprive them of their lives,

Which he has given,

If they ever expect to find a home in Heaven,

And when they go to the Church to pray--

Not to scatter cats and dogs along the Way.

P. 6 "DEAR GOD - TURN ON THE SUN" by Jessie V. ELLIOTT

This is another composed by daughter of Rev. S. A. Elliott - Jessie Viola Elliott. Date this was written was ca 1900 but lots of people felt the same during continuous rains during the spring and summer of 1993 in IOWA! This was found in her handwriting that was excellent. It was headed by J. V. Elliott (authoress).

DEAR GOD - TURN ON THE SUN

Dear God - turn on the Sun -
The Rain has its welcome long out-run
Turn on the Sun - For that We Plead
Bright Sunshine is now our greatest need.

Our crops are drowned - Our gardens pine
For the lack of good warm Sun-shine
The mud is getting so very deep -
Us poor farmers stand around and weep.

Oh Dear God - for the Sun we plead.
Bright Sunshine is now our greatest need.
The rain is washing the soil away -
There will be neither corn - oats - or hay.

Scripture says - ask what ye will, and It will be given.
Then drive these Clouds back into heaven.
Don't let tornadoes catch us in the night,
Leaving us in an awful plight.

P. 7 "IN MEMORIAM TO MURIEL" by Miss ZOE ELLIOTT

This was composed by the Grt-Granddaughter of Rev. S. A. Elliott. She composed this the eve after her very close friend and first cousin, Muriel Irene Stephens, born 1 Sep 1917, died 23 Jan 1934 at the age of 16. This lovely young ladies death was due to appendicitis. Zoe was not quite fourteen at the time.

IN MEMORIAM TO MURIEL

Miss Zoe Elliott

January 24, 1934

Oh why, oh why do things come our way?
Such trials to bear throughout each day.
Why should her soul go; she was so dear,
I suppose she was too good for here.

It seems but a day when she was by my side
When we ventured out on a long pony ride.
But now she's gone where good folks go
And we must bear the trial because you know--.

Her parents, brothers, and sister are very sad
And we must not make them feel so bad.
To them she was their very gold
And she's needed here by a thousand fold.

Some day we all shall happily meet
And walk right down the Golden Street.

P. 8 - "ELLIOTT FAMILY" by LUCILE ELLIOTT ROGERS³⁶

ELLIOTT FAMILY

Lucile Elliott Rogers

In a house in Sigourney
Lived a family, nine kids we,
Your kids, my kids, our kids, too,
But the difference WE never knew.

Chorus: Elliott family,
Nine girls and boys
Problems and troubles
But also many joys.

Dad and Mom worked very hard
Always must be on their guard
With so many mouths to feed
Shoes and clothing, every need.

Broomshop, greenhouse, garden, too.
There was always much to do:
Meals to cook and beds to make,
Dishes to wash and yard to rake.

In depression years we grew
Dollars then were very few,
Use it, wear it, make it do,
That is how we made it through.

Older sisters helped us out
Boys all had a paper route.
We each worked to earn our cents,
Didn't know what "allowance" meant.

One by one we left the nest,
Now we're scattered through midwest.
But our thoughts may often stray
To that home of childhood's day.

³⁶NOTE: Lucile [#629] is the daughter of [#468] Charles `Henry' Elliott.

Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives,
Children who have blessed their lives;
Some have gone to God above,
We remember them with love.

The old home is no longer there
Except in memories we share.
Dad and Mom are with the Lord
With other loved ones they adored.

In September every year
We all gather in What Cheer,
A reunion of our kin
To renew our love again.

Aunts and uncles, cousins, too,
We are glad to meet with you.
Hope you had a good time here
And you'll all come back next year.

Last Chorus:

When we're together
Or when we must part,
God's richest blessings
Are wished you from each heart.

May be sung to the tune of "Jesus Loves Me".

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P. 9 - "ELLIOTT ROUNDUP - 1983" by LUCILE ELLIOTT ROGERS

ELLIOTT ROUNDUP - 1983

We all gathered in Des Moines
From over the Midwest.
A few had made a longer trip
To mingle with the rest.
Loren and Alma opened their home
On that Saturday night
To the Elliott family
They really did "things up right".

The invitation said, "Barbecue"
What a feast was laid out there,
Platters heaped with such good food -
We all ate our share.

Chuckie, Lois, Zoe, Maxine,
Had helped prepare and plan,
Other cousins "pitched in", too,
And served our happy clan.

Greetings, hugs and visiting
As only relatives do,
Meeting cousins we've never seen
While others their kinship renew.

"How are you? I'm so glad to see you here!"
"Hello, have we met before?"
"Oh, look who's coming up the walk!"
"See who's coming in the door!"

Loren had his notebooks out,
Our family history;
We tried to fit the cousins in place
On the family tree.

The evening passed so quickly,
Time for us to depart.
We had a busy day ahead
At Walnut Woods State Park.