

G E N E A L O G Y

Arnold-Puckett Families  
and Personalities



WITH

Two Stories by The Author

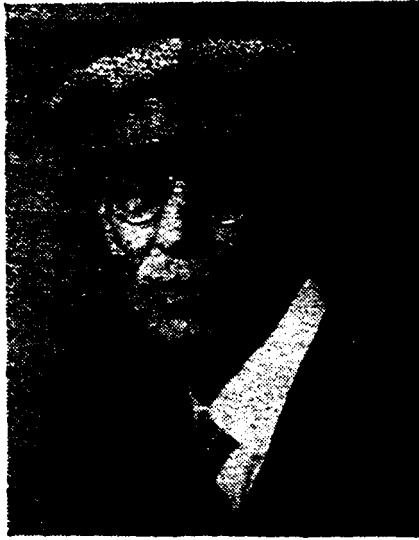
B. F. ARNOLD

1846-1930



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B. F. Arnold

“Honor thy Father and Mother,  
which is the first commandment  
with promise, that it may be well  
with thee and thou mayest live long  
on the earth.”



**DEDICATED TO**  
**Grandson, John Arnold Brownell**  
**and**  
**Great-grandson, Jerrold C. Arnold, Jr.**

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## FOREWORD

The author of the Arnold-Puckett History desires to make some statements and apologies for the apparent crudeness of the work, it being quite out of my line of writing. Since the death of Sister Anna, which event left me the sole survivor of the ten children of Jesse and Mary Arnold, I have been impressed with the responsibility of preparing a history of the family, its relativity and posterity. Many relatives have requested the undertaking. Brother Joseph and Sister Anna were gifted in kinship tradition and I had concluded that was sufficient for all of us. But after their passing, and posterity scattered the "country wide," I wondered who was who, and where they were, for myself and family have been isolated from near relatives since 1887.

There remains a lively hope that no reader will charge me with being a genealogist,—for which he or she will repent before going through many pages,—yet let it be said that I have tried to do my best on the "big job." The "hunt" has been long and tedious, and as it progressed the field widened, the family was growing up. By the help of a number of "Cozy Cousins" generations and connecting links have been discovered beyond all expectation; and let me here and now record my thanks to each and all who have so splendidly aided in digging into the Ancestral Caverns of American Pioneer life, and in "blazing the Trail" of Posterity



all the way to Anno Domini 1930. A Family ancient and quite modern.

The love and respect I have for my ancestors seems to have been multiplied as the days have passed; retrospection has made me a boy again, helping Mother while she was lamed by an accident, and listening to her stories of the names and lives, and deaths of relatives; little attention, as I then thought, was given to it all; but how freshly those motherly talks find me listening again to her stories of Isaac, Benjamin, Daniel, Mary, Celia, the preachers, the athletes, the carpenter and cabinet maker—all new and fresh, worth a million to me. I appreciate my heritage beyond expression, knowing something of the early lives of my people, the sacrifices they made for their families, the church, schools, neighbors, strangers seeking homes, friendliness for the Indian—"As ye would that men do unto you, do ye likewise unto them."

And now to you, Descendants and those related thereto by wedlock, whose goodly heritage has been the price of love's sacrifices and by loyal service to their Lord,—a retinue so numerous and yet so free of the scars that mar life's ideals, I bestow this labor of love, with thankfulness of heart for the opportunity to serve, and with the desire that the God of Our Fathers may be Your God and the teachings of His Son shall be your life ideals.

To those who may care, it is due the publisher to state, that all pictures available and

appropriate for the Booklet are being used. Many others very desirable could not be obtained; either there are none, or for lack of interest in the matter. Therefore, if any of my people are disappointed, or otherwise, please affix the blame where it belongs. I regret, however, that the work has been delayed so long in the continued effort to secure photos and in some cases family details also. Air mail has been used frequently, and often with no results. With these explanations readers will find the History "As is." The "Stories" are added for what they are worth, as the author's contribution, but at no cost or share of expense of printing the Genealogies and production of pictures—it's "my treat", provided any shall feel "treated." Otherwise, let it go at that.

As for the History of the families, I am sure months more of time and labor could add very little to the work, and I am pleased to have served in this small way, notwithstanding the immensity of the task.

Very truly yours,

B. F. ARNOLD.

# ARNOLD GENEALOGY

A. D. 1780-1930: 150 Years

The following history of one branch of the Arnold family will have for its beginning the birth of the grand parents of the writer, who were immigrants to America in Colonial days, and for the same reasons and purposes that brought the Pilgrims to the New World—liberty and freedom of conscience. William Arnold was born in Ireland, of English parentage, May 5th, 1780; Celia, his wife, nee Canon, was born in France February 2d, 1785. Their respective families removed to England, where William and Celia met and after their marriage they came to America, locating in Carolina, one of the "Thirteen Colonies." At that time development of even the colonies was quite limited and practically nothing was known by the "White Faces" of the vast wilderness empire lying to the North and West.

Some years ago I received from the Heraldic Art Co., London, a short outline of the beginning of Arnold genealogy, so far as history reveals it; also with record a facsimile of the Arnold Coat-of-Arms, in seven colors; it is pretty, but—. Following is the record, and is given without my guaranty, yet we must remember that the Britons make top-sails out of Ancestry and it is nigh a part of their religion, therefore we will not doubt too strongly:

## A. D. 1100-1930

"The family of Arnold had its beginning among the ancient Princes of Wales, dating from Knir, King of Gwentland (1100), a lineal descendant of Knir, second son of Cadwallader King of the Britons. It was however not until the twelfth generation that the surname of Arnold was adopted by Roger Arnold, from whom all of the name in Europe and America are descended and all are the inheritors of the right to bear the Arnold coat-of-arms."

Tradition affirms that there were two brothers of William who came to America at the same time, Isaac and Benjamin; and they were related, someway, to Sir Isaac and Roger, the noted Britons in their day. The two brothers of William went East, one settling in Penn. or Mass. and the other in New York. It was easy to get lost in those days owing to lack of means of communication, hence we know little of early relatives. I have met many of the eastern descendants, and some years ago corresponded with Senator Isaac N. Arnold of Illinois, who was then making a research of Gen. George Washington's army records relating to the army career of Benedict; but Senator Isaac died before his MS. went to press: his verdict, quoted to me, was that Washington recognized Arnold's efficiency, resulting in the intense jealousy of other officers, who, by collusion drove Benedict crazy for revenge.

This instance is given to illustrate the situation in army affairs during the revolution,

in substance: The jealous fabrications of officers who were determined to oust Gen. Arnold insistently harassed Gen. Washington with their stories until Arnold lost his position and was reduced to rank; soon afterward in an important battle his successor lost control, gave wrong orders and his men were in retreat. Arnold saw the error and confusion, rushed from rank, shouted a command; the soldiers recognized his voice, halted, reformed their lines, and at his order plunged into the enemy lines and won the day's strife, but with the curses of the baffled officer. His action, with the temper of his "superior" officer, Arnold knew meant court martial; but very shortly, following report of the affair to headquarters, Arnold was missing, and what resulted and what became of him are largely guesses and without ample verification.

Whether this "historically famous?" man was of English or French descent is not known; there being no English family line, it may be presumed he was French and while in America the "U" was omitted from Arnould; the German of that period was Arhold. Very sure he was not an American. (I hope this condensed sketch will answer my purpose of rubbing some smear off the name, having in mind the fact, so often proven, that public history is printed and taught "as is," and not "As Was.")

We begin the Arnold lineage with the family of William and Celia (Canon) Arnold—my grandparents—, their births and marriage already given; their immediate family of sons and daughters began with my Father: Jesse Arnold, born near New Garden, Carolina (N.), July 15th, 1803; Sarah, born January 3, 1805; Benjamin, March



(Uncle) Benjamin Arnold

16th, 1807; Isaac, March 7th, 1810; Mary, December 28th, 1816; William Canon, October 9th, 1820; Jared, May 29th, 1824; Celia Arnold, April 30th, 1828.

Some of these uncles and aunts I never knew, as the pioneering custom was to scatter, and lose the family touch; I know nothing of Jared, Sarah and Isaac, except the latter lived with our family in Southern Iowa and died a short time before my birth; but I heard much about him and saw some

of his handiwork as a fine cabinet maker. William I remember very well; his two daughters resided in Des Moines on last report. In 1864, accompanied by Father, Mother and Brother Joseph, we visited with Uncle Benjamin at Arba, Indiana, also with Mother's sister, Aunt Phebe (Puckett) Parker, at Arba, and Aunt Mary Ballard at Plainfield: their descendants reside now at New Castle, Arba, Bethel, Conn., etc., as will appear elsewhere. Aunt Celia lived with us and Joseph's family during the late '60's, and on returning to Ind., she married Asa Hockett, Kokomo, Ind., where both died some years later.

Aunt Sarah Arnold was married to Henry Sassar at the old home in North Carolina, where they completed life's career. She was next by birth to Father, Jesse. No further data of the family.

Great Uncles, Nathan and Joseph Arnold, sons of Great Grandfather Benjamin, passed on near the middle of the "Forties." We know little of their lives beyond the fact that they were among the very early settlers of the South, finally selecting their abiding homes within the limits of New Garden meeting, the first church to appear in the wilderness of North Carolina.

## ANOTHER VIEW

A recent letter from Carolina A. Fulghum recites that Great Grandfather Benjamin Arnold, could play the violin—(so could I, 65 years ago, haven't had time since)—and he kept a colored servant. Also, that Great Uncles were William, Nathan and Joseph; and a Great Aunt Sarah; and Celia Fulghum married William Arnold and Celia was the sister of Anthony, Mary and Martha Fulghum, these being the children of Michael and Elizabeth Fulghum. The similarity of names, from all sides of this Kaleidoscopic genus, provides entertainment considerably better than most cross-puzzles, which, however, is an improvement on modern stories. But it is quite apparent, as the readers will observe, that the preference for the old-fashioned names has run its limit; for near three hundred years there have been Benjamins, of both Arnolds and Pucketts; and while the "Tribe of Benjamin" made a rather good showing in their day, and "our Bens" were no goats, the name has grown quite stale and not at all modern. What of it? Well, this; if I'm to be the finale I'll make all the noise, jokes, spiels, sermonettes and spoil another typer—or something, then they can go on and name the sweet little fellows Puckett and Arnold, as a middle "cog," but there will still be Bens in the land, they are so handy.



## **FATHER AND MOTHER JESSE AND MARY ARNOLD**

Jesse Arnold, son of William Arnold, was born on 15th of Seventh month, 1803, at or near New Garden, North Carolina, a birth-right member of the Society of Friends (so-called Quakers).



Jesse Arnold

Died at Lynnvile, Jasper county, Iowa, (of pneumonia) on the 15th of Second month, 1865; aged 62 years and 7 months.

Mary Puckett Arnold, daughter of Benjamin Puckett, was born on the 23d of Eleventh month, 1805, at New Garden, North Carolina, a birthright member of the Society of Friends. Died at Lynville, Iowa, the 25th of the Fourth month, 1884, aged 78 years and 5 months.



Mary Puckett Arnold

**Marriage:** We have no written record of the exact date of their marriage; the memory of traditional incidents suggest the event was either before moving from North Carolina to Indiana, or soon after the two families arrived in that territory, and during the holiday season of 1825-26. Anniversaries of marriages and other important events were not observed in pioneer days—every look and thought was ahead and not back, tomorrow, not yesterday; Independ-

ence day was slightly noticed until the late Fifties, and coming of the Civil war.

### THEIR CHILDREN

NATHAN, son of Jesse and Mary Arnold, was born 11th of Twelfth month, 1827, at Arba, Wayne county, Indiana. He died at Springbank, Neb. (near Sioux City, Iowa), the 22nd of Ninth month, 1887; aged 59 years, 9 months and 11 days.

ARDILLA, daughter of Jesse and Mary Arnold, was born at Arba, Indiana, the 4th of Eighth month, 1829. She died at Lynnnville, Iowa, 20th of Eighth month, 1886; aged 57 years and 16 days.

JOSEPH, son of Jesse and Mary Arnold, was born at Arba, Indiana, on the 1st of Fourth month, 1832. He died at Lynnnville, Iowa, the 7th of Ninth month, 1904; aged 72 years, 5 months and 5 days.

ISAAC, son of Jesse and Mary Arnold, born the 12th of Eighth month, 1834, at Arba, Ind. He died at Spring Creek, near Oskaloosa, Iowa, 4th of Tenth month, 1854; aged 20 years, 1 month and 22 days.

ANNA MARIA, daughter of Jesse and Mary Arnold, was born in Wayne county, Indiana, the 14th of Fourth month, 1837; Anna died at Independence, Kansas, 9th day of Second month, 1915; aged 77 years, 9 months and 23 days.

WILLIAM, son of Jesse and Mary Arnold, was born at Salem, Iowa Territory, 25th of Fifth month, 1840. He died the 7th of Third month, 1842; aged one year, 7 months and 12 days.

JESSE, JR., son of Jesse and Mary Arnold, was born 10th of Eleventh month, 1843. He died at Lynnvillle, Iowa, 11th of First month, 1858; aged 14 years and 2 months.

BENJAMIN, son of Jesse and Mary Arnold, was born near Fort Oskaloosa, Iowa Territory, 10th day of Third month, 1846.

MARY ANN, daughter of Jesse and Mary Arnold, was born near Oskaloosa, Iowa, 18th of Twelfth month, 1848. She died at Lynnvillle, 16th of Sixth month, 1857; aged 8 years, 5 months and 28 days.

CLARKSON PUCKETT, son of Jesse and Mary Arnold, was born near Oskaloosa, Iowa, 11th of Ninth month, 1851, and died at Lynnvillle, on the 16th of Fourth month, 1854; aged 2 years, 7 months and 5 days.

## DESCENDANTS—NATHAN

Nathan Arnold married Sarah Mayo at Oskaloosa in 1849; their children were, Malinda Elma, William E., John C., and Mattie B. Sarah died while Mattie was but an infant; some years after her death, Nathan married Hannah Pressnal, daughter of Daniel Pressnal, of Oskaloosa, and to this union there were the following births: Daniel, "Bert", Ella, and Nathan Jr.



Nathan Arnold

\*We have the history of some of these quite complete while others have lived and some died almost unknown to each other and the general family. We are indebted to Cary A. Naylor, son of Malinda E., daughter of Nathan, for a complete record of her family, to-wit: "My mother, Malinda Elma Arnold, was born at Spring Creek, near Oskaloosa, Sept. 5th, 1850; married James B.

Naylor, (at Lynnville) in January 1868; to this union three children were born: Cary Anderson, Sarah Ella, and Charles Arnold Naylor; Cary A., born Dec. 25, 1868; S. Ella, born Sept. 12, 1872, and Charles Arnold Naylor, born June 30, 1874.

"Cary A. Naylor married Ethel Latimer April 22, 1906; four children in this family—Elma E., Jan. 27, 1908; Augusta E., Dec. 3, 1910; July Marie, Oct. 10, 1912, and Enid, born May 11, 1914. Elma E. Naylor married L. Henderson Aug. 8, 1927; Sarah Ella married Harry H. Brewer Nov., 1901; to this union six children were born. (Address, Tukwela, Wash.) Charles Arnold Naylor married May Imhoff July 29, 1902; they also have six children; their eldest daughter, Thelma, married John Petty, live here, Cimarron, Kas. My oldest girl lives at Pratt, Kas.

"Malinda E. (mother) died Mar. 12, 1912—at Cimarron. James B. Naylor (father) died Dec. 15, 1923. John C. Arnold (uncle) died a few months after mother, at Oskaloosa, where his three boys now live—Clair, Lester and Linn; John's wife, Alice E., died less than a year after his death. Daniel Arnold was at Bell Fousche, S. D., running a hotel last we heard; was married and had two children. Nathan (Natie) Jr. was living in Hazelton, Kas. His mother (Hannah) died there, so did Lindley Pressnal, her brother, also his wife. I have information that Hannah, grand-father Nathan's widow, married again and that Natie mar-

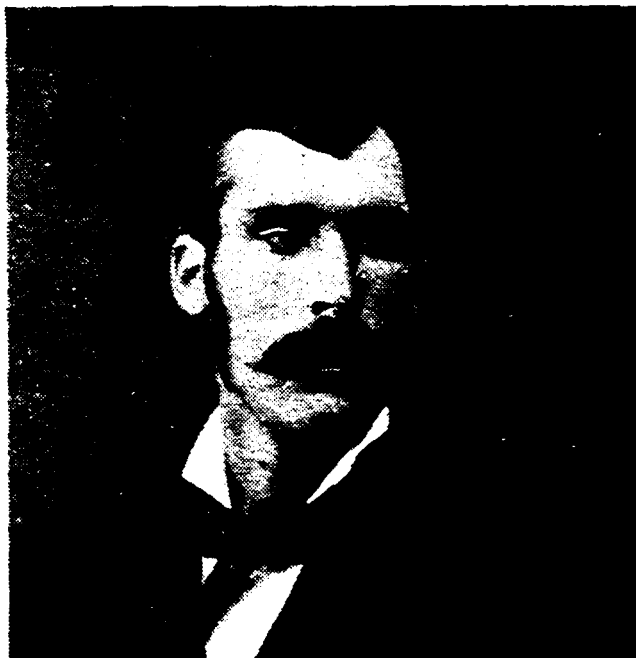
ried her husband's daughter. Bert, I know nothing, other than he had four children and his wife died years ago, about 1897."

All the preceding is given by Cary A. Naylor, of Cimarron, Kas., as to the descendants of his grandfather, Nathan Arnold. There are two of the family unaccounted for, however: Mattie B. and Ella; Mattie died about the time of reaching womanhood; Ella married a man named Meitzenger and lived at Ponco, Neb.; I was so informed by her aunt, Jennie Arnold, but I wrote her and the letter was returned. Also, Jennie gave me the following details of her own family:

William Elwood Arnold, son of Nathan and Sarah Arnold, was born in Mahaska county, Iowa, Mar. 1, 1852; died at Burke, S. D., April 4, 1921; married M. Jennie Dysart Oct. 23, 1877, at Lynnvile; their children were, Harry M., born July 25, 1878; Nellie, born May 23, 1880; Archie C., born July 19, 1882, and died Mar. 3, 1925; Clyde, born Apr. 27, 1884; Hattie F., born Jan. 23, 1886; Fred D., born June 20, 1888. Harry married Grace Newhouse Oct. 3, 1903 and their children are, Russell, Dec. 15, 1905; Lowell, May 2, 1908; Edna May, Feb. 22, 1913. Nellie married Oliver Carter Mar. 4, 1902; their offspring are, Clifford, Dec. 14, 1904, Ethel, Oct. 12, 1907, and Emery, July 23, 1909. Hattie F. married Clarence E. Lewis Mar. 4, 1906; no children. Fred D. married Nettie Risewick June 3, 1915; no issue. Clyde is still single—9-18-28. From the

same source we get the statement that Bert is dead, no particulars; also, that Daniel died at Rapid City, S. D., about the first of this year (1929), leaving a widow and five children.

The following additional memo from Claire B. Arnold, Oskaloosa, eldest son of John C.



John C. Arnold, son of Nathan

John C. Arnold, son of Nathan and Sarah, born at Lynnvile, Iowa, July 21, 1855; died at Oskaloosa April 13th, 1918, aged 62.8. Married Alice Martha Ernest January 1st, 1888; Alice M. was born at Springfield, Ohio, Nov. 15th, 1863, and died at Oskaloosa, June 18th, 1919; three children came to this union:

Claire B., March 7th, 1889; Lester E.,



April 10th, 1891; John Lynn, March 14th, 1895. Lester and John L. are not married; the family of Claire B. follows:

Married Dorothy Vivian McCall, Oct. 22, 1913; a son, John William, was born to them on June 3d, 1915; Dorothy Jean, on Oct. 22, 1916; Allen Burton, on Aug. 24th, 1918. Claire and Lester reside at Oskaloosa and John Lynn at South Bend, Ind. This completes Brother Nathan's family record so far as obtainable, after much correspondence and waiting.—B.

## FAMILY OF ARDILLA ARNOLD

Ardilla, daughter of Jesse and Mary Arnold, married Stephen A. Roberts Nov. 14th, 1851; Stephen died Jan. 23, 1858, at Lynnville; the children to this union were Virgil A., born March 1, 1853, and died at Lynnville, Jan. 4th, 1926—72.10.

Jesse Miles, second son, born Dec. 14th, 1854; he died at Lynnville Sept. 20th, 1875—20. 9-6. Miles was a fine musician and before his illness he was salesman in his Uncle B. F.'s grocery store.

Virgil A. Roberts married Jennie Butram Sept. 24th, 1875; their children are Oda, who was born January 18th, 1877; Waldo, born on May 21, 1885.

Oda Roberts was married to George B. McCoy Nov. 23, 1899; to this union have been born three children—Vera Janice, Apr. 19th, 1901, and deceased Feb. 26, 1911; Bernice Lurene, born May 27th, 1903; Virgil Dale, borne March 14th, 1914.

Waldo, son of V. A. and Jennie Roberts, remains single, making his home with his aged mother, who has been an invalid for many years; he is in business in the old home town.

Bernice McCoy, daughter of G. B. and Oda McCoy, was married to Charles Quire, son of Dr. C. E., Feb. 7th, 1925, at Lynnville; they have one daughter, Joyce Virginia, born March 9, 1926.

Ardilla Roberts and James Harvey Meredith united in marriage Nov. 13th, 1861,

at Lynnville. J. Harvey Meredith, deceased Jan. 26th, 1876. Their children were: Frankie, birth, Sept. 22, 1862, died Aug. 14th, 1867; William J. was born May 24th, 1864; Albert L. Oct. 31, 1866; Elkanah B., on Nov. 8th, 1870.

William J. Meredith and Agnes Loveridge were married Sept. 15th, 1887. Reside in Newton, Iowa. Their first child, a son, Ber-



William J. Meredith

nard Harvey, born March 10th, 1889; daughter, Reva Zoe., May 17th, 1892 (Newton); Vern William, Nov. 30, 1895! Erma Margaret, born Feb. 6th, 1898; and Merwin M., on January 20th, 1901.

Bernard Harvey Meredith, son of W. J. and Agnes, was married to Ethel Agar June 15th, 1921; they have one child, Joan, born

Aug. 22, 1926. Res. 3407 School St., Des Moines.

Vern W. Meredith, son of W. J. and Agnes, married Bessie Shintaffer May 12th, 1914 (Newton); the children to this union are Jean Margaret, born Nov. 26th, 1915; Robert William, on Dec. 13th, 1917.

Erma Margaret, daughter of W. J. and Agnes Meredith, married Roy D. Nicholson Oct. 13th, 1922. Ads. Newton.

Merwin M., son of W. J. and Agnes Meredith, was united in marriage to Myrna Beauchamp Oct. 12th, 1925; they have one child, William Lee, born on March 13th, 1927. Ads. Arlington Hts., Ill.

Albert L. Meredith (son of J. Harvey and Ardilla) married Nora Belle Allee March 19th, 1896; their children are Warner Harvey, born Dec. 14, 1896; Lela Minerva, born Oct. 7th, 1898; Hazel Alberta, born Jan. 30th, 1906; Donald, born July 26th, 1908, deceased Feb. 13th, 1910.

Warner Harvey Meredith wed Agnes Card of Colorado March 8th, 1924. They have a son, Jack Robert, born July 13th, 1927; family live in Texas.

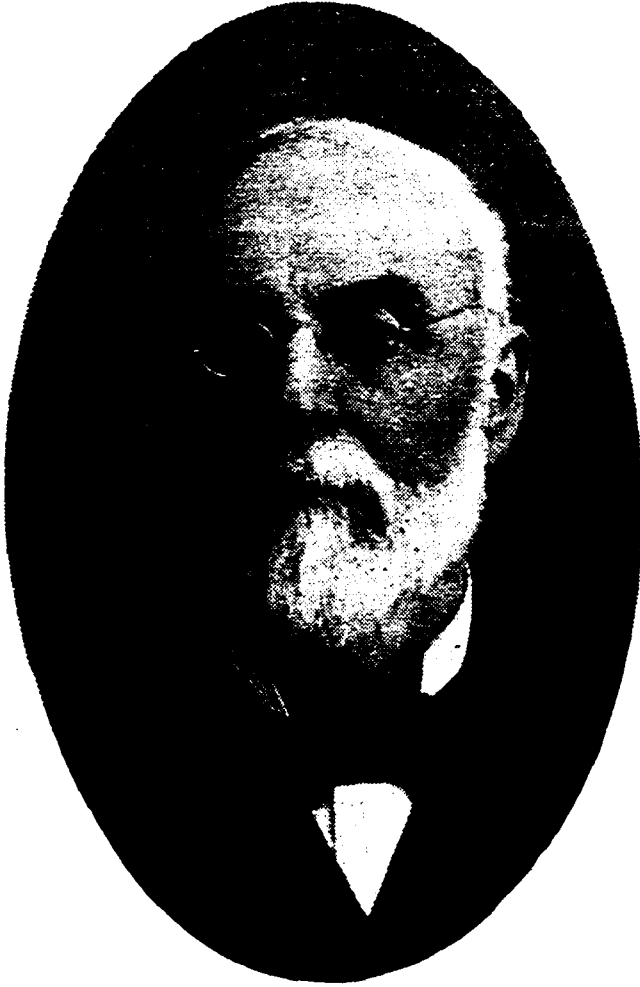
Lela Minerva Meredith also resides in Texas. Hazel Alberta Meredith's home is in Lynnvile.

Elkanah B. Meredith, son of J. Harvey and Ardilla Meredith, is still a single man, so far as the family know, and when last heard from was living in Florida. This completes the record of Ardilla's posterity.

NOTE—The last reported descecdent of Ardilla brings the line of genealogy to the Sixth generation since the marriage of our parents, Jesse Arnold and Mary Puckett, and the time is One Hundred and four years; the descent of Nathan, Joseph, Anna and B. F. are in the Fifth generation at this time 12-5-'29, but a possibility of some of the “strays” adding a “mite” thereto.—BF.

## FAMILY OF JOSEPH ARNOLD

JOSEPH ARNOLD married Tacy Smith, daughter of Benjamin Smith, at Palmyra, Warren county, Iowa, (Ackworth Q. M.) in 1853.



Joseph Arnold

MARY E. ARNOLD, daughter of Joseph and Tacy Arnold, was born in Lynnvile, April 30th, 1854. Married Reuben C. Styles, New Sharon, February 25th, 1886. Seven children were born to this union: Robert Joseph Styles, born near Mellett, S. Dak.

Ter., Aug. 17th, 1887; Twin sons, unnamed, died at birth, at Mellett; Mabel Rachel, at Mellett, Aug. 2, 1891; Ardilla Maude, at Mellett, Oct. 2, 1893; Gertrude, at Mellett, April 17, 1896, died May 22, 1907; Arnold Albert, at Mellett, Feb. 18, 1899. Mary E. Styles, mother, died at her home in Brentford, S. Dak., Feb. 14th, 1930. A loving, faithful, intelligent Christian woman and mother.

Robert Joseph Styles and Florence Young were married Oct. 7th, 1911, at Athol, S. Dak. Their children are, Lawrence Robert, born June 5th, 1912; Ethel Mary, born Nov. 4th, 1913, at Mellett. Mabel Rachel Styles married H. P. Freeling, at Brentford, June 26, 1916; their children are, Margaret Mary, born May 18, 1917, and Ardilla Grace, July 20th, 1918, each in Wisconsin.

Ardilla Maude Styles, single, Res. 212 N. Glen Oak, Peoria, Ill.

Arnold Albert Styles married Marie Christoffel (date omitted). Born to them are Lowell William, June 13, 1922; and Berwin Arnold, born Nov. 20, 1924. (Fourth Gen.)

MARTHA EMMA ARNOLD was born at Lynville, August, 1857; she joined in wedlock with John S. Dryden Aug., 1883, at Lynville; John S. Dryden was born in Ohio in June, 1846, and died in New Sharon January, 1926. To them were born Grace Dryden, at Lynville, Aug., 1884; died in infancy. Dwight Arnold Dryden was born at Lynville in June, 1885; died in Chicago in Feb., 1912. William Claire Dryden was born

in Nov., 1898, at New Sharon; died in January, 1906. John Willard Dryden, born at New Sharon in Nov., 1898; married Adrienne Lewis in June, 1923, and to this couple were born John Willard Jr. May, 1926, and Jo Ellen in August, 1928, both at Ottumwa, Iowa. (4th Gen.)

ABBIE ARNOLD, daughter of Joseph and Tacy Arnold, was born August 7th, 1859, at Lynnvile. She was married to Horace M. Ratcliffe in March, 1883; to them were born the following two generations: Tacy Elizabeth, born in February, 1884, at Sugar Creek. She married Gilbert Farr Jr., of Os-kaloosa, and to them one daughter was born and died in infancy.

Flemming J. was born in February, 1886, and married \_\_\_\_\_ of Montana; they have a daughter and a son.

Elva was born in September, 1888; Elva married Albert Crews of Bethel; born to them were three sons and one daughter. Elva Crews died in 1918 at the age of 34 years.

Irene was born in March, 1890, and married Freeman Hulverson of Lone Pine, Montana; they have two daughters and one son.

Jessie Ratcliffe was born in 1892, and was married to Kelley Davis of Lynnvile, and to them were born two sons.

Rayford A. was born in December, 1894; he married a Miss Renaud of Lynnvile, and their offspring were a son and a daughter.

Abbie Arnold Ratcliffe was born April 5th, 1896; she wedded Harold Macy of Lynnvile



and there were two daughters added to the family.

The mother and grandmother of the above named (Abbie Arnold Ratcliffe) died at the old home at Sugar Creek on April 13th, 1896, as did also an infant eight days old.

RAYFORD LINDLEY ARNOLD, son of Joseph and Tacy Arnold, was born August



R. L. and wife Mae Arnold

12th, 1861, at Lynnvile, Iowa; he was married to Mae I. Rayburn of Brooklyn, Iowa, May 10th, 1887; Mae I. Arnold Rayburn was born January 10th, 1867; to this union were born two daughters and two sons, Aleta F., Mildred T., Lowell J. and Gerald E.

Aleta F. Arnold, born December 4th, 1888,

and married Adelbert J. Post of Whittier, in September, 1915, at Santa Fe Springs; their four children are as follows:

Charles Arnold Post, born in Whittier October 1st, 1918; Russell Adelbert, born in East Whittier September 8th, 1920; Eleanor Mae, born in East Whittier April 25th, 1922, and Dean Wesley Post, born in East Whittier June 5th, 1925. (Adelbert J. Post has been connected with the Whittier Post Office about 15 years.)

Mildred T. Arnold, born August 6th, 1894; married Edward H. Reed June 28th, 1923, at El Monte, Calif.

Lowell J. Arnold was born October 13th, 1899; he united in marriage with Alice Eastman June 6th, 1927, at Tucson, Arizona.

Gerald E. Arnold was born on March 2d, 1903. Gerald Edward and Katherine Lee King were united in marriage December 29th, 1929, at Claremont, Cal., and reside at Phoenix, Ariz.

ARDILLA JANE ARNOLD, daughter of Joseph and Tacy Arnold, was born August 9th, 1863; married Harvey George Cattell October 4th, 1882; she died at Pasadena, Calif., Feb. 3rd, 1927. Harvey G. Cattell was born October 1st, 1861; this family consists of three daughters and one son, as follows:

Eva Tacy Cattell, born July 1st, 1883; married J. Frank McKay October 21, 1922; no issue reported.

Laura Marie Cattell was born February 6th, 1887; married Earl A. Flanders October

6th, 1910; two daughters were born to them, Ardilla Marie, November 29th, 1912, and Florence Karlyne, born February 22, 1915.

Roscoe Arnold Cattell was born January 6th, 1892; on December 24th he married Ruth Brown; their daughter is named Betty Ruth, but date of arrival not given.

Edna Emma Cattell, born December 8th, 1893; October 10th, 1917, Edna married George C. Brundage; and their three children are Ned Cattell Brundage, March 10, 1919; Frank Jackson, August 10, 1921, and Lureva Jane, born in September, 1923.

Joseph J., son of Joseph and Tacy Arnold, was born at Oskaloosa in August, 1865, and died during the fall of '69.

Tacy Smith Arnold, wife of Joseph, died at Oskaloosa in January, 1870.

## SECOND FAMILY

Joseph Arnold and Sarah Emma Hawkins were married on April 4th, 1871. To this union the descent is as follows:

Flora Arnold Gregory, born January 11th, 1872, at Oskaloosa. Flora married Charles H. Gregory March 13, 1891; this union was broken by the death of the husband in April, 1920, at San Francisco. A daughter, Mildred G. Baker, born June 19, 1895, at Beloit, Wis., now resides in Pasadena. Mr. and Mrs. Baker have a son, Claude G., born in May, 1919.

Flora's son, Joseph A. Gregory, was born May 15th, 1898, at Beloit, Wis. Also a second daughter, Lois G. Davies, born April 10th, 1904. Home in Glendale.

Maud A. Gause, second daughter of Joseph and Emma, nee, June 13th, 1873; she wed Milo H. Gause, May 27, 1889, at Lynnvile; to them a son was born, Bruce Wickliffe, April 30, 1901. Son Bruce W. married Janice Rodgers of San Jose April 11th, 1925. Born to them was Bruce Rodgers Gause Sept. 27, '26, at Crescent City; his mother, Janice, passed away the following day, Sept. 28, '26. On the 21st of April, '28, Bruce W. wed Katherine Hansen of Crescent City, Cal.

Jos. Wickliffe Arnold was born August 12, 1878. He and Orpha Campbell were married in 1910, and have no offspring. It has been impossible to secure details, except to note that he is the victim of partial lost

memory caused by an accident while installing a gas engine for an eastern manufacturing company for which he had long been a salesman. Orpha resides in El Monte, Cal., conveniently to visit the husband.

Joseph Arnold (Sr.) died at Lynnvile September 7th, 1904, aged 72 years and 5 months. The remains rest in the Town cemetery, (then new), but many of his relatives were interred in the old Lynn Grove Meeting cemetery adjoining the Johnson Farm. Sarah Emma, his widow, died at the home of Ardilla Cattell, Pasadena, June 8th, 1923, and her remains rest in Mountain View cemetery, under the lee of Mount Wilson.

## DESCENDANTS OF ANNA MARIA ARNOLD

Anna M. Arnold and Borden Chalkley White were married March 27th, 1856, at Lynnville, Iowa. Borden C. White was born Oct. 21, 1832, at Wilston Salem, N. C. He died at Independence, Kas., Feb. 22, 1899. Descendants as follows:

Mary Madge was born Jan. 20, 1858, at Lynnville; died Sept. 8, 1881, aged 24, 7, 18. She was married to Walter F. Mosher Sept. 2, 1875, to whom one son was born, Willard F., Jan. 30, 1879. Walter F. (the husband) died Aug. 4th, 1880, at Lynnville.

Jesse Arnold White was born at Lynnville March 29, 1859; died at Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 15, 1913. He was married to Laura E. Howell Dec. 10, 1880. (There were several children, but no data at the present.) Jesse was for many years a trusted employee of the Santa Fe railroad and died on duty.

Celia Martha White, born Aug. 25, 1865, at Lynnville, and was married to James M. Palmer Feb. 28, 1890, at Carthage, Mo. They located in Colorado and in 1903 removed to Seattle, Wash., which is their present home. To them was born one son, Paul James, Jan. 23, 1891. The son, Paul J., married Ivy Mae Brown of New York City June 27, 1918. No children. Paul is an aeronautical engineer, home in Cleveland, Ohio.

Jeane Rebecca White was born Aug. 7, 1867, at Lynnville; she married Henry A.

Leek March 15, 1895, at Independence, Kas., where he died. One son was born to this union, Harold J., June 26, 1897. He is single and now steward of a battleship, U. S. N. His mother now resides in Florida, at Milton.

Avis Anna White was born at Chester (near Lynnville), Aug. 13, 1873, and was married to George O. Jacobs May 3, 1896, in Independence, Kas. They have one son, Bernard W., born at Washington, Kas., March 25, 1897.

Zachary F. and Zena Francis (twins) were born Dec. 4, 1890, at Lynnville; Zachary married Lillie Bell Clark June 29, 1912, at Independence, Kas. "They have four fine girls"—no further report given.

Zena Francis was married to Noel C. Elder Aug. 19, 1900, at Independence; their children are Celia Arcena, born March 30, 1913; Avis Bernice, April 27, 1914; Sybil Elizabeth, July 20, 1916; Vivian May, Aug. 23, 1918. Family address, Milton, Florida.

Addendum: James M. Palmer, husband of Celia White Palmer, deceased June 30th, 1929, at his home, 2421 Louisa St., Seattle, Wash. He was a prominent attorney of that city; he had been absent from home working on a case several weeks, returned very worn and died shortly thereafter of heart failure.

## FAMILY OF BENJAMIN F. ARNOLD

Benjamin (F.) Arnold, son of Jesse and Mary Puckett Arnold, was born near Fort Oskaloosa, Iowa Territory, March 10th, 1846.

Nancy Melissa Hiatt, daughter of Joel and Anna Cooper Hiatt, was born near Cadiz Henry county, Indiana, November 27th, 1848. Deceased March 27th, 1929, at Whittier, California; aged 80 years and 4 months. Tomb, cryth, building No. 3, Angeles Abbey Mausoleum, between Whittier and Long Beach, Calif.

Benjamin F. Arnold of Lynnvile, Jasper county, Iowa, and Nancy Melissa Hiatt of Le Grand, Marshall county, Iowa, were united in marriage at Marshalltown on June 3d, 1869, Rev. R. B. Bull, pastor of the Congregational church of that city officiating. Married life was sixty years, less two months and six days. Born to them were:

Charles Melrose Arnold, born at Lynnvile, 6th day of May, 1871: "Our Darling" died of inflammatory dropsy March 17th, 1878, aged 6 years, 10 months and 11 days. Tomb, Lynn Grove Meeting Cemetery.

Son J. Clement Arnold was born at Lynnvile, Iowa, 22d day of August 1873. (Family entry.)

Son Benjamin Claudius Arnold was born at Lynnvile the 2d day of September, 1875: "Our Baby" died at Kellogg, Iowa, of diphtheretic croup the 16th of December, 1878,





### Four Generations

Right, B. F. Arnold; standing, his son,  
J. Clement; Left, grandson, Jerrold C.;  
Center, great-grandson, Jerrold C., Jr.

aged 3 years, 3 months and 14 days. Tomb, beside Charlie, L. G. M. Cemetery.

J. Clement Arnold and O. Anna Cook, daughter of Dr. Cyrus J. and Eva Jessup Cook, were married at Whittier June 30th, 1900, making their home in Berkeley, where he became manager of the "Gazette", and later, of the Oakland "Tribune." To this union was born a son, Jerrold C., on May 4th, 1901.

J. Clem. Arnold, after several years as manager of the Tribune, became manager in the rebuilding of the Los Angeles Herald, with remarkable success. Afterward he was induced to take the management of the Express. In the meantime, he purchased a citrus ranch in La Habra and on retiring from newspapering moved to Whittier and became a rancher, later developing another ranch in Leffingwell Heights. He and Junior are now caring for these properties.

Anna Cook Arnold was born at New Providence, Iowa, September 17th, 1878, the second child of Dr. C. J. and Eva J. Cook, a grand-daughter of Dr. Elias Jessup, the pioneer preacher and statesman of Northern Iowa. (O.) Anna possessed a bright mind and a well-balanced character and disposition, which gave her prominence in church, college and social interests in Los Angeles county and the North Bay cities. Her death followed a long and severe illness, on the 9th of August, 1929.

Jerrold C. Arnold and Vera Scobey were united in marriage on the 10th of May,

1926. Vera is the daughter of E. B. and Emma Scobey and was born on the 25th of Nov., 1904.

Jerrold C. Jr. (J. C. III.) son of Jerrold and Vera Arnold, was born on July 19th, 1929. They have a new home at 936 Acacia St. (W.) Whittier, the business of Jerry C. being in Los Angeles, and ranching.



Jean Louise Arnold (Single)

Daughter Jeane (L.) Arnold was born at Des Moines, Iowa, December 6th, 1886. Single and residing with her father at the home on Earlham Dr., Whittier. Assistant editor of the "Pacific Friend" and Supt. Junior C. E.

Anna (M.) Arnold, daughter of B. F. and N. M. Arnold, was born at Des Moines, Iowa, on the 8th day of November, 1890.

Anna M. Arnold married Benjamin E. Brownell June 30th, 1915, Whittier; Benj. E. Brownell, son of Charles and Effie Brownell, was born at Portsmouth, Rhode Island, June 8th, 1894; to this union was born Baby Brownell, deceased, Oct. 14th, 1918; Patricia Jean, born Feb. 11th, 1921, and John Arnold Brownell, on Sept. 26th, 1924, Whittier. .



B. E. Brownell Family

Ben E., Anna M., Patricia J. and J. Arnold

Benj. E. is head of an important department in the California Bank, South Spring street, Los Angeles, the family home in Whittier. Most of his school life was at Moses Brown School, Earlham College and Whittier College. Anna is a graduate of Whittier College, 1915.

## PUCKETT GENEALOGY

Puckett origin is Scotch-Irish. All the early generations were large of body, finely proportioned, positive in personality, ready in intuition and in humor. They made splendid pioneers, many of them pioneer preachers, all anti-slavery and "dry." These admirable and exemplary strains have followed down the lines to the Arnolds, Wootons, Parkers, Hobsons, Fulghums, et al. unto the present day, without an exception. A splendid inheritance.

The greater portion of early Friends in America settled in the South, principally in North Carolina, Tennessee and Virginia; owing to slavery their experiences were thrilling, often revolting. During 1850 and on to the close of the civil war thousands moved to Indiana, Ohio, Iowa and to other Northern States. During the war those remaining suffered severely for not taking up arms against the government, but more particularly, for their Christian attitude against war. Many were prodded with bayonets until unconscious, spent months in filthy prisons, property confiscated or burned, etc. Those who came North were more or less active in helping escaping slaves on North over the Underground Railroad—and the Arnolds and Pucketts made splendid conductors and station agents. (Details in my story on the Underground Railroad). In "That Father O' Mine" will appear interesting reading on Pioneer Life of our fam-

ily and early Friends, during 1830 and into the '60s.

The Arnolds and Pucketts were among the very first anti-slavery element of the South to venture into the Free Territories of the North and West, near all of which was unsurveyed government possession. Many settled in Ohio and Southern Illinois; our people made their first permanent stop in Indiana, settling in parts later known as Wayne and Randolph counties, 1830. About ten years later, Jesse Arnold and family removed to Southern Iowa, where he became employed in erecting the first mill at Burlington; but he did not locate a homestead until Mahaska county was opened to settlement. Five of the children of Jesse and Mary Arnold were born in Indiana. Fort Oska Loosa was the first provision station for settlers, but trips were sometimes required to their former home at Salem; the greater part of the way was over trails.

## **PRESIDENT TAYLOR A RELATIVE**

Benjamin Puckett married Catherine Dungan; he was born about 1780; Benjamin's mother was a sister of President Zachary Taylor, who was born in 1784 and inaugurated in 1849, died 1850. The name of Great-Grandfather Puckett was Benjamin, as I gather from recollections of my mother's reference to ancestors. Tilman Hobson has given me items of the Benjamin Puckett family, he being a "limb of the tree." Heirs of Benj. and Catherine are—James,

Ely, Benjamin, Elizabeth, Keziah, Mary and Phoebe.

Elizabeth married John Bales; Keziah wed Lemuel Cowgill; Mary married Jesse Arnold and Phoebe married Jesse Parker.

The Lemuel Cowgill family, are Malinda, Ely, Benj., Mary, James, Abram and Sannah.

### **BALES-HOBSON-ELLIOTT, ET AL**

The John and Elizabeth Bales family: Caleb, John, Benj., Abijah, Mary Ann, Keziah, Elizabeth and Hannah. Mary Ann married Aaron Elliott and lived at Lynnville; Keziah married Seth Bray; Elizabeth wed Noah Hiatt; Hannah married Edward Kennison Hobson.

The Hobson descendents are—Elizabeth, 1853; Lindley, 1855; Levi, 1856; Zeno, 1858; Owen, 1860; Tilman, 1862; Emma, 1864; Minor, 1866; Anna, 1863; Edward, 1870; Benj., 1874. Tilman is known as the “Quaker” Evangelist, Pasadena. Readers will note that every family, on each side, have a Benjamin, and that we connect with but one President—our sheer neglect. (Recently a published presidential genealogy quotes Garfield and Grant, also Benedict Arnold, as tracing back to William the Conqueror. Jefferson and Taft to David, King of Scotland.)

The children of Aaron and Mary Ann Elliott are Andrew, John, Catherine, William and Benniah, also a daughter, Frances, who lived with us several years and later mar-

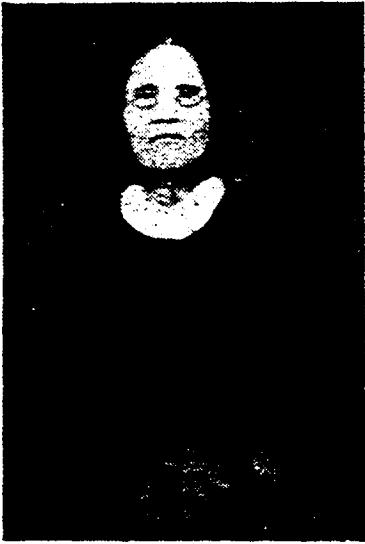
ried Peter Bushong. All of these except Catherine moved to Kansas and Nebraska in the '70s. John died at Lynnvile some years previous. A son of Andrew Elliott, H. M. Elliott, now resides at Orange, Orange County, this state, with his family, and from whom I received a pleasant call early in April this year; but he was not the "little shaver" of over a half-century ago. He reports that none of the first family are now living, and most of their children are located in the Sunflower State.

### **JAMES PUCKETT FAMILY**

All the information at hand regarding the family of Uncle James Puckett is the one daughter, Jane Hinshaw Jones, a noted minister during the '60s. Her children by Hinshaw were Hannah and Jacob; Hannah married Jonathan McConnell, and following his death she wed Peter Bushong, in Iowa, and later they moved to Kansas; both deceased at latest report. Jacob Hinshaw, my boyhood chum, was widely known in Quaker circles in the states and abroad as an able evangelical preacher. Jacob had the Puckett "instinct" and he could preach when but a boy. His passing was from his home in Ohio, but no details for the family could be obtained by mail service.



## PHOEBE PUCKETT—THE PARKERS



Phoebe Puckett

The progeny of Aunt Phoebe Puckett (Parker) have been hard to locate and identify, although we have covered several states endeavoring to get the right shade of blood. Of Parkers, there are many.

Finally, we have the following outline of the Parker connection: Jesse Parker, son of Thomas and Anna Parker, was born in Rockingham county, N. Carolina, near the south line, in 1807; in 1814 the family moved to Randolph County, Ind. They were the first white settlers in that county, a wilderness of tall timber and beeg Indians. In 1826 he married Phoebe Puckett, daughter of Benjamin Puckett; their children were Benjamin, died 1860, age 33; Elizabeth Parker Barnes, died 1910, at 79; Thomas Parker, killed in Civil war; James Parker died at Greenville, Ohio; Elihu Parker, 1916, at 74; Eliza C. Parker Norman, died 1919; Caroline Parker, deceased over sixty years ago, aged 13.

## BARNES-HAWKINS DESCENT



Celena M. Hawkins

Elizabeth P. Barnes, husband's name, Daniel Barnes, were parents of Dwane Napoleon, Celena Melvina, Andrew Jackson, Samantha Josephine and Laura Bell Barnes.

Dwane N. Barnes, Blackwell, Okla., in his letter, fails to tell of his own family but the following is taken from it: "Jesse Parker was the first white child born in Randolph county, Ind. Grandpa was called Jesse P. Parker; his mother was a Peele and great-grandmother a Dunigan; D in mother's name. I know my grandmother Parker was a Puckett (Phoebe), and she was related to Dr. Ben Puckett of Winchester, who had two sons and two daughters: Luther, William (and Carl), Louie and Sarah. Grandpa settled at Arba. Aunt Elizabeth Barnes and Aunt Kate Norman and their families live in Miama county. I was at Grandpa Parker's once, just can remember, at Arba and went with him to Uncle Ben Arnold's and remember Uncle Ben and Aunt Celia—that was grandma's sister." (?)

## HAWKINS FAMILY

The family of Celena M. and George W. Hawkins (Celena M. Barnes, grand-daughter of Jesse Parker), as follows: Lela Arlos (Carr), Daisy Myrtle (Murdock), Alma Ethlyn (Basse); Celena, Alma and Lela live at 1514 La Baig Avenue, Hollywood.

## MORE PUCKETTS

We have very authentic items from correspondence with Mrs. Ella Hill, nee Johnson, Fountain City, Ind., whose mother was a daughter of Zachary and Patience Puckett: "There were ten children: Thomas, Taylor, Benjamin, William, Ruth, Martha, Ann and Vienna—mother. Isom Puckett was my great-grandfather, born in 1772, died 1856; his brothers were Richard, Benjamin, Zachary, Thomas, Joseph and James, and two sisters, Elizabeth and Anna. Daniel, Joseph, Thomas and Zachary settled in Randolph county, entered land on White River. Jesse Parker, son of Thomas, married Phoebe Puckett in 1826; they had seven children; his mother died in 1823 and was the second person buried at Arba. One of Jesse's sisters, Celia, married Benjamin Arnold, Arba. Jesse died Nov. 3, 1881 at Lynn, Randolph Co. Joseph Puckett was born in 1784 in Carolina, and married Mary Garrett; family of ten, eight boys and two girls: Tyre T., Welcome G., Benjamin, (Dr.), Micajah, Sylvania, Linn, Francis, Joseph, Phoebe Ann and Thomas. Joseph Puckett Senior died in 1836. Joseph Jr.

born in 1825; married Eliza Ann Muchey, 1851."

She adds this note: "I have often heard my mother speak of grandfather being named for President Zachary Taylor."

Ely Puckett (Uncle) died of smallpox at the home of his brother-in-law, Jesse Parker, Arba, Ind., while a young man and unmarried.

### HIATT GENEALOGY

Nannie M. (Hiatt) Arnold secured but an outline sketch of her ancestry, being as follows: "1705 A. D. arrived at Chester County, Penn., were Henry Hayes and Rachel, his wife; their son, Joseph Hayes, wed Mary Bailey; the daughter, Anne Hayes, married John Cooper and their son, William, wed Nancy Haliday; Anne Hayes Cooper, daughter of John and Anne Cooper, married Joel Hiatt, whose daughter, Nancy Melissa, was united in marriage with Benjamin Arnold June 3d, 1869. The other members of the family of Joel and Anna were Jesse M., died in Washington, D. C.; John C., died at Rivera; Rebecca J. (Williams), passed in Whittier; Robert C., died at Pasadena. By second wife: Lineas O., resides at Indio, and Laura A. Pennington, Belvedere Gardens, Los Angeles, Calif.

(N. M. did not have a complete record of the second generation of her father's (Joel Hiatt) family; but her brother, Jesse M., made a full Family History before his death in Washington, D. C.) .

## UNCLE BENJAMIN—MORE DATA

Through the kindness of Don B. Arnold, grandson of Uncle Benjamin, we have a portion of the above, and other data, secured largely from his aunt, Carolina Arnold Fulghum, who is now aged 97, residing at New Paris, Ohio, and as bright as a new coin. Joseph, her brother and son of Uncle "Ben,"



Caroline A. Fulghum and Joseph F. Arnold

is now past 80 and full of business; his wife, (nee) Emma Cammack, and their home at New Castle; of their six children, three are living at this time: Jessie A. Sims, New Castle, Carlos W. Arnold, Los Angeles, and Don B. Arnold, Bundy Court, New Castle.

Don B. recites details of his own family, only; he was born August 5th, 1893; mar-

ried Flora Denny July 6th, 1920; Flora was born April 29th, 1899; their children are: Robert V., in Oct. 1925; died at birth; Lois Claire, Nov. 22, 1926, and Edwin Lothair, Aug. 21, 1929.

Carlos W. Arnold was born at Arba, Ind., September 30th, 1878; he married Lillian Voss in Chicago June 24th, 1903; Lillian was born in 1884; they located in Los Angeles Oct., 1906. Their residence is 3717 Council street, Los Angeles; Carl is an expert tailor and has been connected with the Haber Co. for a number of years.

Cousin Caroline Fulghum furnished me valuable items, not given in former quotations, copied from Grandmother Arnold's Bible, being dates of ages and deaths of her family: William Arnold (grandfather) died 11th Mo. 12th, 1842, 62.6; Celia (grandmother), 9th Mo. 4, 1855, 70.7; their son, Isaac, 6th Mo. 18th, 1842, 32.3; Jared, 1st Mo. 13th, 1853, 28.8; Benjamin, 12th Mo. 11th, 1878, 71.9; Mary (Ballard), 6th Mo. 13th, 1892, 75.6; Sarah (Parker), 2d Mo. 23, 1872, 67.1; William C., 3d Mo. 18, 1858, 37.5; Jesse (Father), 2d Mo. 15th, 1865, 62.7.

## BALLARD FAMILY—PLUS

Through later exchange of letters with Cousin Caroline A. Fulghum, the daughter of Aunt Mary Arnold Ballard has been located and has sent in valuable items; she is Laurretta B. Hill, residing at Bethel, Conn., whom I met over sixty years ago and heard but little of her thereafter. From her con-



Mary Arnold Ballard

tributions much is given that is now typed, but there are a few differing; these will be added and followed by the Ballard record: "Grand Parents: William Arnold, born May 19, 1780; Celia Fulgham Arnold, Feb. 5th, 1785 (No. 2)." They were married about 1801. William died Nov. 12, 1842 and Celia on Sept. 4th, 1855. Celia Arnold Hockett died in July, 1895—she was the 8th child, youngest of the family, sister of Jesse Arnold.

Ballard Family:—"Jesse Falkner Ballard, son of William and Phoebe Falkner Ballard, was born in Xenia, Ohio, Oct. 10th, 1810; Mary Arnold Ballard, daughter of William and Celia Fulghum Arnold, was born in Guilford County, N. C., Dec. 28, 1816; Jesse and Mary were married Dec. 21, 1849; Jesse F. departed this life in Raysville, Ind.,



Celia Arnold Hockett—Sister of Father Jesse

July 23, 1881—72y.; Mary passed at Redding, Conn., June 13, 1892—76y.; children—Laurette Candace Ballard, born at Newport, now Fountain City, Ind., Oct. 10th, 1850, address Bethel, Conn., as Lauretta C. Hill; John Milton Ballard, born at Thorntown, Ind., Aug. 10th, 1852; married Cynthia M. Ratliff Nov. 25th, 1880; J. M. died at Joplin, Mo., Oct. 18th, 1917—66y.; Cynthia, his



widow, passed at Camby, Ind., July 16, 1927—75y. Joseph Gurney Ballard was born at Plainfield, Jan. 28, 1856, departing life when seven months old. "In-Laws:—William Henry Hill (husband of Laurretta), son of John Lee Hill and Harriet Ducomb Hill, born in Redding, Conn., May 1, 1845; Cynthia Ratcliff Ballard, daughter of Nathan and Mary



Laurretta Ballard Hill  
daughter of  
Mary Arnold  
Ballard

Furnace Ballard, born in Camby, Ind., Dec. 1852." Mr. Hill, now in failing health, has been an active and leading man in his county and state, county official, member of the Legislature, a "stand-by" in church, schools and community interests for "the better part." Mrs. Hill has spent the most of her life as a school teacher and in literary work, also in active church and community endeavor and her busy days continue.

## FAMILY PERSONNEL

Many of the life characteristics of Father Jesse Arnold are touched upon in the addendum story of "That Father O' Mine." "Be yourself" was the outstanding principle of his life. He could not tolerate any form or color of dishonesty, infidelity and pretension; mythology and fairy stories were not permitted in the family; a child never asked why he should do that he was told to do, but did it and thereby learned why, and the lesson did not need repetition. "Once Over" is enough for the child given a "Fair Start."

Books were exceedingly scarce in those days and Father used much of his spare time reading his Bible, always observing the daily family reading and worship. When colporteurs found their way to the settlement, Father bought a large leather-bound family Bible; and each of us a Testament, which became one of our school books, and later, for "First Day" school lessons. His favorite Psalm was 103, and with his parting breath he began repeating it, failing to finish, Brother Joseph carried-on, while the nodding head gave approval. That Psalm was likewise the farewell anthem of that dear Brother.

Mother was strictly a Puckett; large, strong, cheerful, brain and spirit to match—the true metal for pioneer family life. She possessed the wonderful gift of discernment, particularly seeing into and through people. I used to believe she could

detect a horse-thief by a look into his eyes. An alibi, or "I forgot" had no chance at our home. Cheerful obedience and pleasurable work were the orthodoxology of the "First Families" on the Frontier. My mother was wholly consecrated to her family; in her life there were no sacrifices too great for mother love; the call of duty brought no complaint, no regret. Well do I remember her devotion when as a lad of ten I came to her with a crushed wrist joint received by trying to "buzz" the first "groundhog" threshing machine to arrive in Jasper county. It was a frightful wound, and the doctor seven miles away. Horse and saddle were the only telephone. Mother was at her best for easing pain, and for more than a month she was my constant nurse, day and night doing her best to save the hand and arm which now pens these words, in thankfulness scantily fitting to her honor.

She was cheerful, patient, unexcitable, banished worry. Many times have I said, "Mother could do more things by turning around a few times than her girls with all their rush." But why this attempt to relate that I know of my mother? It can't be done, and I know it.

Brother Nathan, the firstborn of the family, while a young man was an expert in clearing land of trees, logrollings and cabin building. He was large of frame, heavily built and a great athlete; his stunts at the ball games were the talk of the settlements.

A few years after his marriage he learn-

ed milling and soon became the most proficient and widely known flouring miller in the state. He followed this occupation until 1878, when he located on a farm in Eastern Nebraska, where he resided the remainder of his life.

Sister Ardilla was the proverbial homebody, and cheerful housewife. Her schooling was limited and about the same as Brother Joseph's. She was a full and efficient hand at the spinning wheel and the old hand loom when a young woman. The old loom supplied all our "linsey-woolsey" wearing apparel in those days. Ardilla was an artist in the culinary line also. (Her white bacon gravy was my picnic). She had a gifted way of managing children that brought cheerful obedience without attracting attention to herself—made the children feel they would rather do it than not. A wonderful mother, and the mother of a splendid family.

Brother Joseph—See elsewhere excerpts from a life-sketch article sent a Newton, Iowa, paper for its series on Jasper County Pioneers, 1928.

Sister Anna was the light auburn-haired one, who could "laugh-a-cryin' and cry-a-laughin'." She had a lovely disposition and was always ready for the next duty. She never received much schooling, but possessed a splendid memory—receptive, retentive—and a reasoning faculty far superior to the average woman of her day. She was a devoted student of the Bible, and after mar-

riage to Borden C. White she was accepted as a minister of the gospel by the Friends Church. Soon after removing to Kansas she served the church as pastor, then as evangelist for many years when the state was new and settling rapidly. Her sacrifices in the service were many, often testing the real stamina of soul and body. Victorious results were bountiful and a joy everlasting to her and the scores of redeemed souls.

Isaac was older than Anna, but died at twenty. He was, as I remember, the handy, useful boy about the homestead, fit in almost any sort of work. I recall my first trip away from home, with Isaac, Mother and myself in the homemade wagon drawn by a yoke of oxen, less than two miles, to old Fort Oskaloosa to buy needed supplies. Isaac was the driver of the oxen, and I got the scare of my life, and it sticks yet. The most exciting vacation for one day that ever came my way. I was then but little past four.

Brother William died four years before my time, at Salem.

Jesse, Jr., two years my senior, was my chum. We were a pair, like twins only we weren't. But he had a finer disposition and was more "comely" than I. He was a safe boy to send to school; his deportment record was always good. He died at fourteen from an accident at one of the mills. Lonely days followed, for me.

Mary Ann, two years my junior, was a lovely, gentle and sweet little sister, the

hope of my mother's declining years, and the idol of all the family. But she went away when nine years old. Then Baby Clarkson P., born when I was eight. He, too, when large enough to take a baby interest in all of us and the big world outdoors, went away, leaving Benjamin (Father never said "Ben") the junior of the family of ten. And he was the sickly "runt" whose crying ability was well developed and appeared to trouble Sister Anna as much as it did the "runt." Mayhap, some buds a little frostbitten persist in blooming whether or not they are worth the plucking. As is Life.

I realize the personnel of my family have largely been the builders of their own environment from the surrounding environment in the raw; and cheerfully do I assume all risk and responsibility for the good name of the absent ones in stating that if there has been a "black sheep" in the flock of Jesse and Mary, I am probably it, for not one of the family has ever been mobbed, hanged, sent to jail, the poor-farm, banished, fined for violating constitution or law, divorced, eloped, or committed any other act meaner than fighting for peace, justice and equality, and helping runaway colored slaves over the Underground Railroad, giving them food and shelter and free fare to freedom in the North Free States and Canada. That doesn't look so bad after all. And yet, for some "Little Foxes in the Vines", lapsus liguae, the "scribe and the

joshier", I plead guilty out of court. But, who is there to "Cast the first stone?"

Beloved—believe me in this—next to the Trinity, and by its authority, stands the Christian Home, a building not made with hands, alone.



Above are five Nephews, four of whom no pictures are otherwise available: First on left, Wyckliffe Arnold, son of Joseph; Third, Virgil A. Roberts, son of Sister Ardilla; the Fourth, William E. Arnold, son of Brother Nathan; Fifth, Mila Gause, husband of Maude Arnold, daughter of Joseph. Second and Sixth appear elsewhere.

## MEMORIAL—NANNIE M. ARNOLD

1848-1929

(I can not find it in my heart to conclude this work without some tribute to the dear wife of my youth, and of the years of sunshine and shadows of our married life of three score years, trusting no apology is necessary.)



Following the obsequies at First Friends church, sympathetic and loving expressions by her associates in several fields of service were published in "Pacific Friend" issued in May by Daughter Jean and B. F. They were, Missions, by Anna H. Foster; Efficacy of Prayer, by Rhoda M. Hare; Personal Appreciation, by Frank W. Dell; W. C. T. U., Lydia M. Cammack; Whittier College, Dr. W. V. Coffin; Christian Endeavor Promoter, Jean L. Arnold.



## TO MY ABSENT WIFE



MY DEAR: Should we tour this world again,  
Whether with angels, or remade men,  
We'll watch for the trail we traveled o'er  
In our granted time, in years, three score;  
Through wilderness, vale, and the waste places,  
With here and there beautiful Oases;  
We'd journey together, Love leading the roam.  
—Without Love, I'd fail touring it alone,  
E'er so eager my spirit might be—  
No it would not be real without thee.  
Tho' pain, grief, scars, crosses have been many,  
Forgotten at the end of the journey  
To bask in the sunshine of grace bestowed,  
God blessing the good we left along the road.

With its climbs, curves, and good soil too;  
Yes, the old life trail is still there, I know;  
See beauty spots! flowers, fruit o'er the land  
From the precious seed sown by thy hand;  
And churches, villas, cities along the way,  
Colleges, missions, unions, I hear them say—  
“Yes, she passed by with the faithful fore  
To open the way for our present store.”

**Machere**—however high earth planes may sail,  
Or verdure sear, plans win or fail,  
There is, thou knowest well, the Way of God,  
The Trail, the Highway, thy feet have trod.  
To me, the way now may seem more dim,  
Yet, I shall continue to trust in Him,  
For, how glorious Heaven will be  
With our Saviour, our children, and Thee.

—B. F. A.

## THE WOOTONS

The line-up for the Wootons from the information in hand may be concisely stated as follows: They are descendents of Isom Puckett, born 1772. His son Zachary, whose wife's name was Patience, was the father of Martha Puckett who was married to Lewis Wooton; they were the parents of thirteen children: Thomas, Joel, Andrew, James, Mary Jane, Henry, Abijah, William S., Isom P., Daniel, Levina, Julia and Lucinda. The third, fourth, seventh, eighth and ninth were preachers of the Quaker gospel.

According to the record before us the above mentioned Isom Puckett was a brother of Benjamin, my great-grandfather. Additional details can be gathered from page 49; but it must be remembered that a little tradition must be utilized in making a "round-up" of families where they run from eight to thirteen—and one is not worth a cent for anything else for many days, while doing it. The preachers of the above 13 were well known in church circles in the middle west, during and following the 60s, being able and fearless in their service, which was distinctively Puckett.

## A LIFE SKETCH

By the Author

The "historian" is presuming some of the readers of this booklet are anticipating a story, in outline at least, of himself, "Uncle and Cousin Ben." And I find myself wondering how it came to pass that wife and I were both dubbed the "runts" of our families, the "sick babies," and yet lived to a greater age than any of them; but there is much about this life we shall never know here.

My inauguration was one year later than that of President James K. Polk, and not a favorable start, politically, but I've survived it. Sister Anna declared "Bennie cried most of his young life"; and I survived that too, and after I quit crying and shed the homespun "linseywoolsey" dresses, at the age of twelve, I learned to operate the large steam engine of Arnold & Sons saw mill; attended Friends school (before public school days), a term in summer and one in winter, and later the Lynn Grove Academy, a Monthly Meeting institution.

Father and the elder brothers and sons-in-law owned the three mills, flour and saw mills and woolen machine. Ben, the mischievous, though handy youngster of fifteen, became the bookkeeper for the various combinations of ownership; Father died when I was nineteen. Being lawfully a minor, Brother Joseph was appointed my guardian, which added another set of books and by the time I became twenty-one I had my

“college diploma”, without a “yell”, and then my M. A., that is, Master of All Machinery in that part of the world. You may add a lot of plus marks for the mischief I could and did do, without notice.

Of course, the nights were about the same length as the days, hence there was plenty of time left to “see the girls.” Upon a time, Mother was to attend Lynn Grove Quarterly Meeting; with the horse and carriage in ship-shape, we drove to meeting



and there I saw the “new girl from Indiana;” met her on the lawn, took the first peep into those bright eyes, and something, or somebody said, “There she is and she’s mine.” The new girl was Nannie M. Hiatt. (They called her Nat—I stopped that.) Yes we were married a few years later—and we were lovers for more than sixty-three years. (1866-1929).

My first newspaper venture was early in 1868, the Lynnville "Gazette." With another young man, we decided to elect Gen. U. S. Grant president, and after we had won so easily we concluded to sell the plant; my partner was to haul the outfit to Grinnell, where he said he could get the cash for it; he drove away with it, but has not yet returned, nor sent back my half of that cash; and since he "flew" over sixty years ago, I am about to conclude he met with "fowl" play. But I was milling daylight and playing editor and "devil" at night.

Selling an interest in one mill, in early 70s, tried merchandising for a time, until most of my profits kept moving to Kansas and Nebraska, so I sold out and joined Gause & Macy in erecting a steam flouring mill, having retained the steam saw mill plant. Following the sale of that property, in '75, I started the second paper, the "Interior News." In '78 the larger town of Kellogg, on the Rock Island R. R., offered a much better opportunity, and the office was moved there and "The Post" was published. It was the saloon and Democratic section of the county, which gave me one of the "scraps" of my life. But in two years we changed things; carried "No License," elected a Republican State Senator and a County Auditor. A jolly good fight, and the "enemy" tried to account for it by charging Arnold with being "loaded for bear."

Selling "The Post" in '81, the next goal was Des Moines, with an interest in the Weekly Capital, associated with L. D. Lewelling, H. D. Williams and others; the former later became Governor of Kansas. During the prohibition campaign of '82, the Capital was made the official W.C.T.U. paper; the issue carried by over 7200. At the time of opening the new fair grounds, Sept. '83, Arnold, Fleming and Williams were the owners, and then began publication of a Daily; Mr. Fleming was secretary to the governor—and many former ones, and recognized as the "Walking Political Encyclopedia of Iowa," and a most splendid character. Our location was known as the East Side, which was growing rapidly. In '86, we sold the paper, having built it up to a fine property, though I remained with it as city editor for a year or more, then for recreation, entered the real estate business, handling large business building rentals, until '91; in July the family came to Whittier and in November I joined them. California was then, after the boom, about as cheerful as a country cemetery.

The paper published in Whittier during the boom had abandoned the field, and soon after my arrival here a paper was the talk of the town; at a meeting of the business men a Publishing Company was formed and Williams and Arnold were put in charge. A small fund was raised and in February '92, the first "Whittier Register" appeared. In November of the same year, my wife,

Nannie M. Arnold, began the publication of the Christian Workman, as a church paper for keeping the widely scattered Friends and meetings in touch; this was later named the "Pacific Friend."

In '93 Dr. Walter Lindley, Superintendent of the State School, induced me to become Instructor in Printing at the school. A small plant was installed and for five years I held that position. Late in '97 I substituted my son, J. Clem at this job, got out doors to recuperate my health. I then organized the Home Oil Co., sold all its Capital shares, saw the first well under way and made the canvass for incorporating Whittier town to obtain more and better water. I was entered on the election ticket for city clerk—and we all went over the top, the first Monday in March 1898. A few days later a telegram from A. W. Naylor, banker of Berkeley, called me there to take charge of a paper. There were then two "weakly" dailies, and "weekly weaklies" By engineering and hard knocks and killings we made one good daily, "The Gazette." In 1901 we sold out to Friend W. Richardson, late Governor of the State. I went outside again into real estate and oil.

March 1903 J. Clem and I purchased the Chico Daily "Enterprise"; Chico was then a city of 5,000, but doubled in three years; was the location of the Diamond Match and Machine factories; was a fifty saloon town. The morning paper was Democratic and I had to "show" the combination; I made

good at this and sold in 1906, returned to Whittier and repurchased the Register which worked Arnold to a frazzle. I sold in 1909. The buyer sold on contract twice, cancelled them, paid my mortgage, sold the list and good will to the News Company and junked the plant. Exit the Register. All of which let me on the outside again, with real estate offices in Whittier and Los Angeles for two years. September 1, 1912 I became Deputy County Assessor, made the daily trips fifteen years, and in July, 1927, joined the Retired County Employees "Sanhedrin."

Since retiring there has been no occasion yet for trying to kill time; aside from events that strike and scar the hearts and souls of our common humanity, I have been blest with most favorable surroundings; the "thinkshop" is still at the old game, though the typewriter is wearing out. I have good health and feel like sixty, and with the go-between-duties as the days go by I have kept out of jail, have a grand army of friends. They let me belong to the church still, and my eighty-four years in this good old world—the best we know much about—has permitted me to see and be a part of the greatest progress and development of all known time. This journey from the frontier wilderness by way of the ox-team, from a Territory to a great nation of states, the climax of our present civilization; from the log-cabin to the land of "milk and honey," of "Cheek and money", likewise.



Newspapering in the days of Greeley, Dana, Twain, Nixon and Bob Burdette—souls expressive—and down to press materialistic propaganda and mechanical quantity, full of soulless literati. And gladly would I go through it all again. Vain man! Yet permissible when calling to mind the “lift” by pen and press to bettering social life; for better laws in the interest of the masses; to promote a better democracy, the ideals of our national founders, the peace and brotherhood of all men, as would please Our Master—were my dreams and my efforts for over three score years, forgetting the ever-present difficulties along the way. Inadequate and inefficient as the service may have been, I permit the selfish belief that the time allotted has not been a dim shadow, a life of faulty omen, not in vain; but rather that “he did what he could;” though crude, honest in purpose and effort. Always the rule of the family has been to observe the Sabbath and attend some service, no matter where our lot was cast.

One with ambition for and devotion to the best ideals can not go far wrong if equipped with a properly built-in personality. Achievement in things tangible which result in the uplift of moral and social life are more valuable and lasting than great wealth, no matter how honestly obtained. Standing for the right in the midst of adversity, resisting the majority for a just and honorable ideal in a business semi-public is not inducive to a holiday on Easy Street;

but it is a test of the fiber of personality. While editor and manager of one paper, in a little city of 9,000, there were 48 saloons and two wholesale and retail liquor stores; formerly the paper had gone with the crowd. The policy was now reversed. All liquor advertising and patronage were eliminated. My foreman said, "Will they stand for it?" Then he was given the idea, "I'll stand for it and that's enough." It was a contest of tact rather than open war; educative and an appeal for fairness to other and needful lines of business. One man did try to induce the saloons into a boycott, but there was nothing to boycott; we had none of their business and held the wires on the merchants and bankers. The saloon bosses told the fellow to go back to his store and keep his mouth shut, "For they will vote us out next time."

We gained the fellowship of the opposing morning paper, with a cooperative alliance on business methods; two splendid men, and though they had a monopoly on the liquor business they did not and would not defend nor protect that business. The best of the citizenship, the women officially—rallied. There were two little boys delivering the paper when it was turned over to us and in less than two years there were nine, with time on duty increased five times. We spent eighteen hours each week-day for three months perfecting that policy and campaign—and a bunch of extra money; but it paid in every sense of that word. Of course

the city council, controlled by their limit number of fifty saloons, tried very hard to "show me"; but after a visit to the office they discovered the exhibition was under another tent, and that it cost nothing to see the animal. I refer to these experiences to indicate the belief that there is a way, a method, by which the normal human can meet any emergency encountered in the ordinary life career, and make good; provided the chosen career and the personality are intuitively mated, in harmony.

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## LOG SCHOOL HOUSES

My first school? Well, it was an experience to fit almost any kind of human memory and stick forever afterward. The settlers put on a little log rolling and built a bran-new school house—cabin I mean—about the center of population, which was a mile by road and trail from our home (a splendid hewed log cabin with room for a kitchen and the old loom, and room for boys overhead). The building was twelve or fourteen feet square, made of young, straight trees, with regular bevel-and-hook-up corners, roofed with split shakes; good, fertile soil floor. The door and window were without shutter or glass, and the seats were benches made of split logs with four two-inch holes bored on the bark side to be selfbracing, and small poles driven in, then chopped off to comply with Lincoln's answer as to how long a man's legs should be

—"Long enough to reach the ground."

These seats were made smooth by the skillful use of the broadaxe. However, a few splinters were omitted. I was six years of age and of the dozen or more so-called scholars (but some of them never were), there were a few sixteen or more years old.

I call that a good start for an education and I've kept right on learning up to this minute. That little cabin was the best school in a section of near a score of miles square. A few weeks later we—that is, Sister Anna and an elder brother, Jesse—were transferred to a larger, hewed log school house, with real door and windows and a plank floor; this was a mile in the opposite direction, North of the river. There were summer terms only; we could go barefoot and miss some of the worms and bugs taking sunbaths in the path. "Some life." But I value those days and experiences more highly than I could today a Ford, two Marmons and a squad in the air.

My philosophy of education is very like a new method of making a jug: first, have good pliable clay; then start the jug with a hole (nothing); make the handle (tangible); put the handle on the hole and attach the clay to the handle; now build the clay around the hole leaving a small, smooth opening at the top for receiving and discharging—the Nector of Life. Get it?

Somehow, I imagine a little human jug; empty, and there must be something put into it before anything can be poured out.

But we can't play the grocer's game who filled the farmer's one gallon jug with syrup and charged him with two gallons, causing the farmer to remark that he did not mind paying for two gallons of syrup but did not want his jug put to such heavy strain—and you may have noticed people who knew just a gallon too much and dare not pull the cork lest the bottom collapse from reaction.

Religious education should be co-education and begin when the babe knows its mother from the neighbor women; the home and environment will largely be responsible for future development. I never doubted the story of the Creation nor the miraculous birth and real life mission of Christ; my religious education precluded that dilemma. But religions are many, listed all the way from idolatry up; here reference is made definitely to the Christian religion.

To know its tenets and presume its meaning to human life is not sufficient alone. The personality must be allied with all this by the fact of acceptance of Christ's atonement and to know His acceptance of the person. Socially, morally and materially the world is not secure in its citizenship with a lower ideal and standard of life.

In concluding, let me aver this fact, with emphasis. During my business life of seventy years, dealing personally with all classes of humanity, first as a youth in custom milling, serving individuals separately; then newspapering in all branches, more than a third of a century, as real estate dealer, and

county official fifteen years, with all this varied touch with people I do not recall a single person who had a well-rounded, worthwhile life experience of value to the world as an ideal personality, who did not have a religion based upon the teachings of Jesus Christ. A special success in life—one talent success—is but a featured failure. The basic principle of personal activity of every line, character must be rooted and anchored in that wonderful command—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." A rule of nature, of law and of the gospel; selfevident, automatic, co-operative; its purpose as positively fixed as the North Star and as assuring as the "Star of Bethlehem."

## PIONEER PREACHER-LAWYER

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NOTE: The following excerpts are taken from the life-story of Joseph Arnold which I prepared and was published with a series on "Iowa Pioneers" in the Jasper County News in 1928. It received special mention, as to time and personality, beginning with the early 1830s and his young manhood in the wilderness of Southern Iowa:—B.

The primitive migration from the Southern States to the new, unexplored North and West, beginning in the '30s and extending into the '50s, was without parallel in our history. "Quaker" families were most numerous, owing to their Anti-Slavery principles; they stormed the wilderness and planted a new, free civilization founded on constitutional rights and fundamental Christian Faith. Environment was strictly home-made; crude, but the initial of the achievement of the best in 1900.

Joseph's schooling was of the crudest, scanty, and the few books obtainable were read and reread and all the nuggets stored in a grasping mind. In '51, at the age of 19, he left the homestead at Oskaloosa and went to Lynn Grove, Jasper County, where lumber could be obtained for building, carpentering being his vocation. Sometime later his father exchanged the homestead for the Lynn Grove Mills and Joseph was made a partner.

For a period of years, up to and during

1861, Joseph Arnold had a very successful career as a business man, and was a man of special public interest and notoriety for his many commendable qualities, he became a very prominent figure in Eastern Jasper and Western Powesheik counties; he was active in public affairs and had a large circle of friends at Newton, the county-seat. During that year (1861), however, he received an injury to his spine (the neck) by a fall from a spring-wagon, from which he never fully recovered physically. But his mind and spirit were unconquerable, and his interest in his fellow men became enlarged and more forceful. During his invalidism he studied for the ministry of the gospel and in 1864 he was recorded as such officially by the Friends Church. He made a preaching tour of the churches in Indiana and preached to two of their Yearly Meetings.

While serving the home church as minister, the town of Lynnville as Mayor and the township as Justice-of-the-Peace, he became interested in law; he prepared a course of study, beginning with Blackstone, and at the end of eleven months, took a "rapid-fire" examination and was admitted to the bar, to practice in all courts of the State. This was an unparalleled record and a surprise to the fraternity. His practice was extensive, and he always insisted on arbitration where possible, although fees were much less; thus, however, he was emphasizing his principles of peace and the



gospel of the golden rule. He was widely known as the "Preacher-Lawyer."

During the sixties and seventies, Joseph Arnold was regarded as an orator on the subjects of slavery, peace and prohibition; his ministry was largely upon the Godhead, Brotherhood of man and the principles of the Golden Rule. He was made secretary of the American Peace Society and represented Iowa in several of its great conferences.

A branch of the "Under-Ground Railroad" was established from the Missouri line north through Jefferson, Mahaska, Jasper and other tributary counties. The Arnolds were principal owners and operators of the Jasper County division; Joseph was especially active as an engineer and conductor; occasionally he had close calls to avoid collisions with Missouri officials; but he was witty enough and brave enough to throw the switches for the spur-tracks and thus prevent disaster. He never lost a passenger nor a pound of "freight."

He was not rated as a politician, but rather a pioneer of the ways politicians might follow for the best interest of the people; All knew he stood for the best things for the home, the church, the County and State. His counsel was sought on all public problems and issues. His wonderful mind, good judgment and tact became a public acquisition as well as a personal asset. He never sought public office, personal preferment—these came unsought and quite to the burden point; did not adver-

tise his successes, his judgment or his business; but he did appreciate and acknowledge his love for his fellow-man and his confidence in truth and justice. He was a born leader of men, though personally unconscious of that precious gift. Judges were delighted to have him in their courts and churches rejoiced to see him in the pulpit; each knew the case to be presented had real merit or Joseph Arnold would not be there.

Men of all the ages, in their quiet, sober moments, delight to look upon and study the lives of "God-Made-Self-Made" men; they were the moulders and fashioners of life for future generations; they "Blaze-the-way," the pioneer-trails, which later developed into the highways of a better civilization, and made the wilderness to "blossom as the rose." For this present, glorious and splendid inheritance, Joseph Arnold, although handicapped physically, gave the best that was in him; he would do no less.

# STORIES

THAT FATHER 'O MINE

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD



## DREAMLAND

Had you been here when I first came,  
    When everything was in the rough;  
While the woods were full of wild game,  
    Of flowers, fruits, honey and nuts;  
The neighbors few and miles apart,  
    By trails quite dim and crooked, too;  
Winters fierce, the cabins cold and dark;  
    Sick or well, privations not a few—  
Yet share the bread with the man of Red—  
    Then you'd know how changed the scene  
And why I here bow this bald head—  
    Beholding the land of my Father's dream.



## THAT FATHER O' MINE

By His Son

"Now do as I tell thee." Precisely six words That Father O' Mine had to say to me, after he had given me a course of peach sprouts for my disobedience of his orders; but those few words meant a lot to me; it was real "capital" punishment, for it was one of the best investments he ever made in me.

I was nearing 14 at the time, and knew my father, but—Cousin Bill and I had arranged to go fishing that morning and father consented to my going, and he also had said, "See that Mother has plenty of wood in the box, before thee goes." But I didn't, should have known better; but Bill and I had more fish on the brain that we caught on the hook, so when the bait was dug we were off—and that old wood box was empty with dinner hour in the looming. Really, I had forgotten it, but I never tried an alibi on That Father O' Mine, not me, "once over" is plenty.

Fish were not hungry that day, but the boys were, so we went home in the afternoon; mother gave me a cold lunch and refreshed my memory by remarking that she had to go out and bring in wood to finish dinner; that brought to mind father's injunction, all of which made me wonder if? when father opened the west door and said, "Benjamin, come out this way when thee

finishes eating." I was already feeling mean but interpreted his language to mean ouch. Of course I went out by the west door and down the slope a little way where he was waiting with a splendid limb from our favorite peach tree—the fruit thereof for my healing—and without the accompaniment of words, in a few minutes I possessed the best "licking" of my life, and the only one; and when he had reached a stopping place he said: "Now do as I tell thee." No other words between us.

The boy was big enough, ashamed enough and game enough to take his medicine and store those words where they would keep for all the years to come. He knew that I knew that he always meant just what he said, and regardless of age and size, obedience was one of the principal things in our family life; wood was wood, and I shall never cease being thankful for that splendid and everlasting chastisement. Too severe? tyrannical? Not in the least item: several of our family of ten never felt the lash and no father ever loved and cared for his children better than That Father O' Mine, whose instructions were always timely, thoughtfully and definitely given. But my French had put one over on the English, evidently.

When was all this business? You want to know that? I "fessup"; it was "back yonder" after Iowa became a State; and being one of the younger limbs of the family tree makes it appear that father was one

of the pioneers of the then unknown middle West. He was (so am I), and those were the days when everybody had to do things. No telephoning the store for a loaf of bread; no can openers, no paper bags filled with cookies, no down town shopping. But there was corn cake, vegetables, eggs, pork and the woods full of wild game, wild fruit, berries, real cow's milk and required but two or three days to hit the trail with a bushel or more of corn on horse back, and walk much of the way, to the mill and get home with the meal; make your own cabins, shoes, woolen clothes on a home-made loom, blacksmithing, furniture, farm tools, roads and at the same time be clearing more land for cultivation. It was a long and lonesome journey "back to the wife's relations," hence the pioneer took off his coat and spit on his hands—and the "chips" proved his metal.

Sabbath was a day of rest for the Quaker pioneers; if a new settlement, without the meeting and school cabin, That Father O' Mine on Sabbath morning would saddle the horse, help Mother mount, put a child on behind and sometimes an extra in front, hoof the trail, the mounted family following; only four or five miles to the back-settlement with its cabin meeting house or a neighbor's cabin, and usually a silent meeting, but one for worship. Occasionally Indians would come in and sit with the "William Penn People," with whom they were always friendly, for the Quaker "latch-

string was hanging outside for whomsoever."

No "thrills" in such life? Abundance of real, first-hand, first-class thrills, unpainted, unmovied, raw and rank: Would father's great-greats stand-pat for the following experience by my mother with the bear?

Father O' Mine went to mill once (that occasion two days each way were required), leaving mother alone at the cabin; they had one pig within a very high rail fence as a protection for such events; during the first night of father's absence a hungry bear wanted sausage and came for the pig; in his scramble to get over the top he knocked off a few rails, which awakened mother, who from former experiences suspected what it was all about, and preparing for the routing she opened the squeaky door quickly (wooden hinges), which gave bruin a tip and he "skipped for tall timber," with the lady of the woods in pursuit; but the bear had the best "thrill" and won the chase. When father heard her story, they had a good laugh together. (But mother never said she did not take the gun, nor use it). I tried to scare her once—only once; preferred to keep my head where it would do the most good.

There were wild hogs in the woods those days. One day father went out with the gun to bring home the venison; passing through heavy timber land with eyes alert for his game, as he was passing the opening of a very large hollow log and just as



he cleared the opening, a large sow scrambled out giving father the woof-woof! He said he felt sure his hair was knocking his hat off—he'd laugh 'till he cried when telling the story. Skunks were wanting chicken those days too; and if one was killed, even at long range, uuu-u-n! I can almost "hear" that aroma now? "Thrills?" Ride in a home-made wagon drawn by a yoke of oxen when you are but four years old and you'll say the woods and streams are running over with thrills, great and small; but wholly unlike a joyride in a stolen automobile headed for the jail. That was my first "big scare," and has lasted a long time; but a four-year-old is expected to see things coming his way.

That Father O' Mine could shed the "laughing tears" better than any person I ever knew: Grain harvesting in pioneer days was a community affair; the men would get together and go from neighbor to neighbor to cut and shock the grain, and enough women to prepare the big dinner followed. While harvesting a field near the Meeting house—the old style males and females separate—it came time for mid-week meeting. That particular neighbor had a large ram, the buttinsky variety, that accepted a nod of the head as a challenge to combat.

Said ram, at the time of the service, was nibbling the grass in the churchyard near the east door. One of the harvesters was seated by that door, which was open, the

day being very warm; his work and the relaxation, and no one preaching, he soon began to doze and that doze resulted in nodding, which was the sign for the ram to get busy. Buttinski took his eye off the grass long enough to see the challenge; he backed up a little way, then lunged for Mr. Harvester, striking him amidship, sending him half way down the cross aisle where he landed awake, painfully confused. And there was a "Great Awakening in Zion." The spiritual activity of that member was regarded as conspicuously abnormal. "Tickled to Tears."

During the Civil War Senator Grinnell tried to put one over on That Father O' Mine while helping army horse buyers; he came to the mill and inquired of Jake, the foreman, if there were any horses for sale in that section and was told Mr. Arnold had one for sale. The Senator knew father would do nothing warlike, and decided to show Jesse. We had a Canadian horse, named John, getting old, but he was lively, playful, always smiling, a good family horse, for a short distance. Jake showed the horse to the Senator; he was a beauty, black as black is, with a white face, glass eyes, white socks and fat to a full hide. They walked John around and the Senator said he was fine, all o. k. Father was working on the lawn; Jake was determined to sell the horse but knew what to dodge; the Senator and father were well acquainted and after they had a little chat, Jake

asked the price of the horse and was told \$150 would take him, and told "De Witt"—father never called anyone by a false name—to take care of the matter, and went on with his work. The Senator bought the horse and was gleefully telling Jake how he was putting Jesse up against himself, "trapping a Quaker." The army officer accepted old John and declared him a beauty; but when the horse went through the tests he proved not fit for cavalry service and they could but use him to jog around town and the country buying for the army. Soon the church elders heard Jesse Arnold had sold his horse to go into the army and called for an interview; they were told that he knew nothing about what the horse was wanted for; the price was asked and given and the sale was made by De Witt, who verified the statement. Later, father learned John did not volunteer, and was not drafted, and the Senator's effort to catch a Quaker was a failure, and the elders were informed that Jesse was still competent to preside over his religion and conduct his business affairs. And by the way, he and Mother were both elders in the church farther back than "this memory doth run." When the Senator and father met afterward they had a good laugh over the incident, but the Senator confessed his scheme was "too dreamy," and that he paid too much for a "pretty horse with no bottom."

When Father O' Mine exchanged the homestead in Mahaska county for the mills

at Lynn Grove, Jasper county, in 1852, he gave his married sons and daughters interests in the different mills on terms—"pay as thy interest earns it above thy family needs, without interest." And they did, some obligations being as much as \$3,000—a fortune in those days. And there was where the youngster, "Sassy Ben," became handy as bookkeeper for the several combinations; worse than a cross-word puzzle, and worse yet when they traded interests and added improvements; that was education without schooling, alright.

That Father O' Mine was a proficient carpenter; after adding the steam sawmill to meet increased demand for lumber, he planned a home, two stories and many rooms to accommodate the family, traveling Friends and unmarried employees; the frame was sure earthquake proof, enclosed with black walnut siding and shingles; for finishings inside he selected from all the known timber in that section and kiln dried it himself, made the mantel and most of the finishing; for convenience and structural strength, it was The residence of the county, 1857. For many years the building has been used as a hotel for the town of Lynnvile and is yet about as substantial as ever. I'm wondering if Father would trust his chickens to roost in a California bungalow?

I can almost feel his presence now as when we sat by the big fireplace at night when the March winds were hurling the

crystal snow against the windows of "The House of Many Rooms," so named by the dear young wife who joined me as an "help-meet" in a tour of the unknown future, June 3, 1869, and was promoted March 27, 1929.

In those early Quaker days—"The Society of Friends"—the meeting selected the Heads of the meeting, one for men and one for women, as they were separate meetings of the same Monthly meeting; a treasurer, clerk, corresponding clerk, elders and overseers were appointed by the meeting; these completed the meeting machinery. Father O' Mine was next head, and head as occasion required, and he and Mother were always elders. Plans for buildings or unusual expenses were given into the hands of committees, their reports coming back through the clerk; the expenses were met by seeing Friends privately and quietly by the treasurer, or the committee, take what was given without parleying; and if short, after the rounds, "Well, we will have to call on Jesse and Jarvis again for the remainder." Father usually had two chances to "dig up." But no living soul has ever heard him complain, or so much as mention to matter—and he never lacked for abundance for himself and family, and to meet the needs of church and community.

He had means and boys and a safe station for operating an important section of the Under Ground Railroad, for Friends schools (there were no public schools), schools for Freedmen (ex-slaves), religious books and

tracts. All these and more without any publicity—although he could laugh, when he did laugh, and sneeze, when he did sneeze, “to wake the natives.”

“Tell the truth and take the consequences” is an old-fashioned dogma, so is “Children obey your parents,” but they worked in our young lives; worked at logrollings, building cabins, roads, churches and schools, sowing and harvesting, buying, selling and trading, will work anywhere, even on “the other fellow” very often when he “don’t want to.” I caught the idea quite clearly and knew when to “say nothing and say it quick.” Consequently, never offered That Father O’ Mine an alibi, “Joe did it, forgot it, won’t do it again,” therefore I shut up like a clam; saying things was foreign to the subject and I knew it, took my peach limb medicine and gladly accepted the Finis—“Now Do As I Tell Thee.” I value those words above rubies and gold; they put the steering gear into my reckless young life and added a balance wheel for future protection. There may be children today “suffering” for some of the old-fashioned “dogmas” which are safer than jails and reformatories, and make life worth while.

# THE UNDER-GROUND RAILROAD

## Reminiscences of Anti-Slavery Days (Historic Story by the Kid)

Things American, democratic in principle and humane in purpose, are worthy of public attention, even though slightly wanting in embellishment suited to the famous "moving thrill." Much of the history junior Americans are given now is not "as was" but "as is." The exception is the person of middle age, or past, who knows something about that wonderful secretary of state, James G. Blaine, more than that he was once a candidate for the presidency and beaten, and yet fewer know why. Another, Secretary Lansing, the wisest and most American of the Wilson administration from top to zero; some remember he went to Paris "with authority," but was not permitted to use it. Perhaps we overworship a few. Great men, great issues, and great events have a way of drifting into the discards regardless of the results which follow them in time. "They had their day and served their purpose," we say, yet possibly they are links in our more mature civilization.

### Unwritten History

Many of The Old Stories and old heroisms are worth reminiscing and the old Underground Railroad is one of them; there are millions of people who know nothing of that

colored highway. Having a father and two elder brothers connected with the company and I, being a good listener-in, will relate some unwritten history one hundred years old or more. Railroads were scarce in those days, therefore the more fitting and down to date the name given to that Relay Transportation System.

### **Underground Equipment**

The "rolling stock" of this road consisted of teams of horses or mules drawing carriages, covered spring-wagons and in an emergency a farm wagon partially filled with hay and old furniture and plows. The south terminals were at the Free State lines, called the Mason and Dixon compromise line, mostly along the "Big River." The trains—one or more teams—waited at the North side of the line for their cargoes; when loaded they pulled out for the next station North, in charge of engineers who knew when and where to open a switch and let pursuers go into the ditch; the first drive might be 25 to 50 miles to a station; there the cargo was turned over to the next crew for feed, water, sleep and be ready for whistle to go, day or night as most opportune; this system of relaying was repeated until all passengers reached safety, occasionally at the Canadian line. Most of the men engaged in this service were known as "Conductors and Station Agents." They were above the ordinary, sharp, tactful and gritty and could put it over on the marshals searching for their runaway Bucks. They



knew when it was wise to be a "Know Nothing," which was their name, also for the information bureau of the U. G. R. R.

### **Levi Coffin, Founder**

The movement to aid the oppressed slaves began really, with the activities of Levi Coffin in North Carolina, in 1825-6, when a young man. He discovered that many slaves were being kidnaped and taken farther South and sold by slave "rustlers." He intervened and succeeded in getting many of them released. Previously Levi had started a school for the Negroes, this being about the time the original anti-slavery societies were trying to help the general situation; but the slaveholders found that "education is not good for slaves" and they were taken from the school.

In 1826 this Quaker Coffin married and moved to Indiana Territory. In some way—somehow, anyway, the Carolina runaways discovered their old friend and the railroad was opened without advertising for business. At the risk of his business and against the advice of many friends Mr. Coffin began receiving, secreting, feeding and forwarding colored cargoes. The Coffin Station at Richmond became the Union Depot of the Underground Railroad of America. He was threatened with death by Northern sympathizers, but he told them "barking dogs never bite." Coffin was once arrested for his activities; at trial he plead his own case, in a Richmond court, for "aiding and abetting runaway slaves." He told the court

that some Negroes had stopped at his home; "they were hungry and I fed them as my Master bid me do." "Then," said he, "the word of a slave is not acceptable evidence in court." To the complainants the Judge said: "Gentlemen; Mr. Coffin knows more about the Fugitive Slave Law than you do; the case is dismissed."

The Southern marshals and the owners of runaway slaves declared they could find "no trace of their 'Niggers' on top the ground after they reached Coffin's home, so there must be an under ground railroad there somewhere and Levi Coffin the president of it." And this saying became the name of this far-reaching system of freeing colored men in advance of Lincoln's Proclamation and the abolition of the Mason and Dixon Line.

### Public Sentiment

Anti-slavery sentiment had grown rapidly, North and South, after the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; even before that there were Anti-Slavery Societies and a few churches opposing the slave traffic and its further extension into the free states. Abraham Lincoln, when a young man, attended a slave auction where he saw families divided and sold to promiscuous buyers as mere household junk, then vowed that if he ever got "a chance to hit that thing, I will hit it hard."

The anti-slavery movement had extensive ramifications; as a cooperative system it was the most peculiar and the greatest of

its day. The Antis knew their men, white and black, knew who to trust and who to avoid; somehow the fugitives knew where to go, how to locate the "trains" and the conductor in charge. Often one would approach with "Am de boss waitin' foh me?" or, "Is I gwine ter ride a spell wid yuh, massa?" carrying a basket or bag, a hoe, rake or scythe as a camouflage, and if his corn cake gave out he trudged along on a hungry stomach to make a station over the line. The business of all the lines increased amazingly up to the beginning of the Civil War. Slave owners and their politicians appealed to Washington, but without avail.

### Central Iowa Road

A popular line in Illinois ran by the Lincoln home; another through Indiana, the extensive "Coffin Road" at Richmond; a prosperous line through central Iowa with a station at Father's mills at Lynn Grove, Jasper county, an older brother a conductor, with an "annex station" across the river at the big 'farm barn with our friend, Jarvis J., in charge. They never lost a passenger nor had a wreck; it was a safety first system; "you bring 'em, I take 'em, hide 'em, feed 'em. And there is a fitting coincidence worthy of mention here, in that so many of the stations on the roads should be located in "Quaker" settlements and the operators be of that sect. But why not? They were the first to free their slaves and oppose the human traffic.

### **"It's None of Thy Business"**

Here I recall a joke on Charlie, which, it was said, and no alibi, occurred at the "annex" of Jarvis J. One day there was a regular tourist rush over the Central line, and there were more bucks than the mills could safely stow away; the surplus was sent on to Jarvis; arriving there late in the morning, there must be quick work as Jarvis had several sons and their chore time was near; even before the hiding was completed the boys appeared. Jarvis was just "haying-in" his last guest when Charlie appeared close by; when his father was sure that the boy had taken in the whole affair, he approached the boy with:

"Now, Charles, at the risk of thy life, don't thee ever tell this."

"Tell what, father?" replied the boy, which assured his father he did not understand what was meant and was ready to be told.

"It's none of thy business; go along about thy work," was the parental explanation. Later Charlie was told all of the story.

Many humorous as well as serious incidents and stories might be recited to make a longer story—perhaps a better one; but however, there was "Big Jim," the darkies called him, escaping from an Arkansas plantation and had made his way north through Missouri carrying à basket and Massa's hoe. Passengers were not allowed to talk, except when the conductor saw a clear road ahead, or on a stretch of open

prairie; reaching the latter Jim was permitted to tell of his getaway, and how he fooled Massa.

### A Wise Buck

He ax me if I hoe de cohn in de Norf feel, and I say "Yas, I doin dat tomor; take all de day and I take long dinnah an' work to dark." He say, "Alright, Jim, see you doan sleep on de hoe." In de mohnin I get de big grub bahskit, got in mah duds, take de hoe and mahch fru dat Norf feel o' corn and I hain't stop yit, an' Massa no foun' me nor de hoe. De order niggahs long de way thot I was jest off to work sum whar—au' guess I am; but I lef' Massa's hoe at de stashun; an den on dis side I spy de carryall, an I say "Boss, whar am dat railroad dat go norf?" An he say, "clim in, an' be dead awhile." Dat wer easy fo' me—golly, I wah lucky.

Others would tell of the sale of the wife or children, tell of brutal beatings by overseers, of long days of work, and scanty provisions for the family and the old leaky shacks for a home, treated with less consideration than the horses they used or the cows they milked. On those long, clear drives and with a good moon, the conductor would ask them to sing some plantation songs, and give them the razzle-dazzle, which they could easily do aided by the chuckholes in those prairie roads.

Incidents and accidents connected with operation of the Underground Railroad were always interesting and suggestive to the op-

erators of the lines and their friends along the way. The general attitude of the people was friendly toward the Negroes. When the marshals (Southern officers in pursuit) could not find escaping bucks, they would offer rewards for them, a hundred dollars or more, for each one caught; but the people along the lines rarely gave the least attention to them, though the particular Negro might be back of the barn milking the cows, or "slopping the pigs." No ex-slave ever returned South on that brand of reward. A marshal took serious chances of ever getting far with a manacled slave. But many of the earlier shipments did go south later, with the Union army, and they served and suffered with, and like, the white soldiers, be it said in their justification.

### **Election of Lincoln**

Not until the election of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency did the strife for the extension of slavery into the free states cease—and present-day history has recorded a part, only, of what followed.

Slave states seceded rapidly, their representatives withdrew from congress and a Southern Confederacy was formed—the U. S. A. was a divided Union. Then came the Civil War, that greatest of American tragedies, the extent of which no pen has ever been able to portray. The Emancipation Proclamation by President Lincoln, the surrender followed by the long, long years of Reconstruction—in whose name many grievous sins were committed.

## Exit the Underground Railroad

The war interfered with the operation of the Under. Ground Railroad, and business was gradually suspended. There was no receiver appointed, no assets, no liabilities, Lincoln added immensely to the profits and surplus, and the operatives have enjoyed an unending Holiday.

If there be a time for everything there was a time for the Under-ground Railroad. Slaves were in a state of unrest; they had nursed the desire for freedom, had advanced in intelligence, in self-reliance, and many were determined in seeking freedom, and the demand of the hour was for the cooperation of their friends; the most quiet, easy methods were put in operation which, at that time, could be no other than the system adopted. There could not have been a public open way; the tension was too strong and would have resulted in an open revolt between states. While the Negro had the equal right of all men to "life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness," it required this famous old road to make his ambition, and right, a possibility.

Those staunch railroaders, their colleagues of the north and the unknown aides in the south were no doubt instrumental in preventing the extension of slavery into the new west and north. They fought incessantly the propaganda of state sovereignty, which would nullify all national authority, and won, only with the closing of the worst civil war in the history of nations."

## ADDENDUM—OBITUARIES

The following deaths have occurred since the separate family records were typed and ready for the printer; they are entered here to make the work complete to date of publication:

Mary Arnold Styles, daughter of Joseph and Tacy Smith Arnold, widow of Reuben C. Styles, died at her home in Brentford, South Dakota, February 14, 1930, aged 74 years seven months. Four children and seven grand children.

M. Emma A. Dryden, second daughter of Joseph and Tacy Smith Arnold, widow of John S. Dryden, New Sharon, Iowa, died at Oskaloosa Hospital May 4, 1930, aged seventy-two years seven months. One son and a grand child survive.

Joseph (F.) Arnold, son of Benjamin and Celia (Fulghum) Arnold, a grand son of William Arnold and Brother of Jesse, died at his home in New Castle, Ind., June 19, 1930, aged 81. He is survived by his wife, Emma (Cammack) Arnold, six children, and a sister, Caroline Fulghum, now past ninety-seven, at New Paris, Ohio.

Rev. Tilman Hobson, son of E. Kennison and Hannah Hobson, husband of Abbie Vail Hobson, died at his home in Pasadena, Calif., May 19, 1930. His grandmother was Elizabeth Puckett, a daughter of Benjamin and Catherine (Dunnegan) Puckett. Tilman Hobson was a prominent minister of the Friends Church, conspicuously an evangelist, whose labors are appreciably known in many states



East, South and West. His passing was a phenominal expression of the gospel of his life.

The following lines were repeated by Mrs. Abbie V. Hobson on taking her last leave of her husband, Rev. Tilman Hobson.



There is a beautiful land,  
Not far I am told,  
Where the rivers of gladness  
Unceasingly roll;  
Where the joys are eternal,  
The Spirits are free,  
O, beautiful land, I am  
Living for thee.

O, beautiful land! Beautiful land—  
The angels are walking  
Thy bright golden strand,  
I am waiting to meet you  
Some grand, glorious day  
In that beautiful land  
That is not far away.

William Henry Hill, husband of Laurretta Ballard Hill, died at the Danbury, Conn., hospital Friday, August 22, 1930, where he was taken for treatment from the family home at Bethel. He is survived by his wife, Laurretta B. and two sons, Ernest W. Hill, New Rochelle, N. Y., and Fred H. Hill, Attleboro, Mass. A son John R., deceased several months ago. William H. Hill was a native of Redding, Conn., born May 1, 1845. His ancestry is traced to William Hill who arrived in America twelve years after the coming of the Mayflower. He had filled many local offices, was a member of the legislature and a life-long, active and devoted churchman. 85. 3.

MARRIED—Bernard W. Jacobs and Ruth Smith, at Bartow, Florida, Wednesday, August 13, 1930. Bernard Jacobs is the son of George O. and Avis White Jacobs, Lake City, Florida, and grandson of Anna Arnold White, (deceased). Ruth Jacobs, nee Smith, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Smith of Bartow, Florida.