Adam Miller Descendants

Written by

Mary Agnes Miller

and her

Granddaughter

Lisle Esther Miller

at

80 Graves Avenue

Battle Creek, Michigan

in

1945

MILLER DESCENDANTS

	Married	Born	Died
ADAM MILLER			
Married			
Margaret --	April 15, 1795		

DANIEL		Jan. 16,1806	Mar. 18, 1890 (84)
Peter			
John			
David			
DANIEL			
Married			
Ann Hart	Dec. 29, 1831	Mar. 5, 1815	Mar. 20,1390 (75)
WELLS BENSON		Feb. 8, 1833	Feb. , 1913 (80)
Marshall H.			
Martha			
Almer			
Nancy			
James			Dec. 23,1938
Silas			
Albert			Dec. 18, 1928
Eddie			Oct. 7, 1391
WELLS BENSON			
Married	Oct. 3, 1854		
Cynthia Eleanor Johnson		Aug. 22,1835	Aug. 17,1922 (87)
Mary E.		Dec. 14,1856	Mar. 20,1939 (83)
GEORGE WELLS		May 14, 1858	Aug. 19,1929 (71)
Ward J.		Dec. 17, 1863	Aug. 20,1940 (77)
John F.		Aug. 4, 1868	Dec. 22, 1938 (70)
Della Ann		May 5, 1873	Nov. 1887 (14)
GEORGE WELLS			
Married			
Mary Agnes Taylor	April 3, 1888	July 20, 1867	Dec. 17, 1955 (88)
ROY HAROLD		Feb. 23, 1889	
Ruby Agnes		Aug. 3, 1891	
Raymond Daniel		Aug. 13, 1895	May 19, 1918 (22)
Eleanor Taylor		July 8, 1899	
Kenneth Arnfield		June 19, 1906	
ROY HAROLD			
Married			
Elnora M. Becker	Dec. 29, 1910		1960
Frances Irene		Dec. 10, 1911	
Lisle Esther		July 1, 1913	
EUGENE EDWARD		Oct. 16, 1914	July 13, 1943 (28)

EUGENE EDWARD			
Married			
Ruth Mary Bailey	Jan. 26, 1936	Dec. 8, 1913	1945
JAMES WALTER		Dec. 17,1936	July 16, 1944 (7
Raymond Earl		Nov. 16, 1939	

CHAPTER ONE

Adam Miller and his wife Margaret were married in Germany, the land of their birth, on April 15th, 1795. They emigrated to the United States in the summer of the same year. Unacquainted with the language or customs of this country, they were brave of heart, strong of muscle, and willing to work. They established their home on a farm in New York State. Here their third child was born at Dansville, Livingston County, N.Y. on January 16, 1806. Young Daniel received his education in the common schools of those times and grew to manhood in his home community. At the age of twenty-five he married Miss Ann Hart (born March 5,1815) on December 29, 1831. Ann was sixteen years of age. In 1839 they came to Michigan (Clayton, in Genesee County), then a territory thought of as away to the West and very much of a wilderness. They came by oxteam and covered wagon. Detroit was not much of a town then, so they pushed on farther to the West. There were several brothers with their families in the party. They founded what has since been known as the Miller Settlement in Clayton Township, Genesee Co., Michigan. They cleared the timber from the land and built their homes. They cut the road through the woods from Flint to Swartz Creek in 1841. In this year of our Lord, 1945, it is part of a concrete highway (I78) but still noted on the map as Miller Road, a memorial to pioneer settlers. Many of the descendants of Adam and Margaret Miller live in Flint and throughout Southern Michigan.

This is the story of Daniel Miller, the third son of Adam and Margaret, and his descendants. Daniel and his wife Ann lived in the Miller settlement twenty-two years, more or less, where they engaged in farming and the

manufacture of saleratus (soda). Here their family, seven sons and two daughters, were born and grew to man and womenhood. During this time as his sons grew up and took over the work in the "ash-ery" and on the farm, Daniel Miller, an earnest Christian man, took up evangelistic work in his own and neighboring communities, traveling many miles on horseback to carry the gospel message through a wild region to the pioneers in the early days of our State. The missionary workof faithful laymen contributed much to the culture, civilization and spiritual welfare of the people, many of them young people who had left homes of refinement and comfort to seek their fortune in a new and strange environment; they needed the help and encouragement these Men of God brought, and welcomed them. Rev. Daniel Miller was ordained to the Ministry during those years.

In 1861, again moved by the spirit of adventure, accompanied by his oldest sons, Wells B. and Marshall H., he went to Northern Michigan, just opened for settlement under the Homestead Act. There they located a claim, 160 acres for each of them, in Glen Arbor Township, Leelanau County, the three farms or homesteads adjoining. They returned to the Miller settlement in Genesee County with glowing accounts of the wonders and beauties of the North country, which the great-grandchildren of today (1945) would not deny, although the magnificent forests of 1861 have given place to fertile fields and many, many acres of orchards, especially cherries, that are truly a marvel of beauty, in blossom or in fruit, while the beauty of hill and lake is unsurpassed.

About a year later they moved to the new home in the North going by boat from Detroit to Glen Haven, a port of landing in Sleeping Bear Bay.

Neighbors were few and far apart, but they gave the new-comers a warm welcome and places for them in their homes while the new homes were building. Rev. Daniel Miller and his sweet wife were twice pioneers. He carried on his ministerial work in this new field until failing health and added years made it necessary for him to rest, and younger men took up the work. In 1888, when the writer first met them in their pleasant home near the shore of Glen Lake, they were living their quiet life, faithfully and lovingly to those around them. I was not privileged to know them long. On March 18 and 20th, 1891, they passed away, victims of the first influenza epidemic we had ever known. On March 22, 1891, they were laid to rest in Oakwood Cemetary at Traverse City, Michigan.

CHAPTER TWO

Wells Benson Miller was the oldest son of Reverend Daniel Miller and his wife Ann. He was born at Mount Morris, Livingston County, New York, February 8, 1833. He was six years old when he and two younger brothers came with their parents to Michigan Territory in 1839. He grew to young manhood in the Miller settlement in Genesee County, Michigan.

In April 1852, at the age of nineteen and in company with his uncle, David Miller, who was a younger brother of his father, Wells set out for the gold fields of the West. With each of them a pony, some clothing and food, they travelled thirty miles the first day to Uncle John Miller's at Fenton, where they rested over Sunday. Here they were joined by two other men and three horses. They went through Chicago, then in its early infancy, very unattractive and swampy. They arrived at Council Bluffs, Iowa, about May first. Men ferried across the Missouri River and the horses swam across. They had acquired seven horses by this time for carrying tents, tools, clothing and food. They stayed two weeks there waiting for the grass to grow to make pasture for the horses. Multitudes of men travelled these western plains, many of whom never reached the land of their hopes and dreams; knowing little or nothing of the hardship, privation and discouragement ahead of them, they had perished on the way.

No vegetables to vary their diet of salt meat and hard tack (a very dry bread or cracker), water that was not always pure, these, with weary days of overland travel on horse-back and on foot, led to illness of serious

nature, principally cholera and scurvy. W. B. Miller and his party saw hundreds of shallow graves as they travelled the plains--a trench dug and a body rolled in--" but we must go on and dare not stop," says W. B. Miller in his written account of the trip. "Every horse that passed us made that much less grass for ours. We reached Oregon City on September first and rested for three weeks, saw the first house since we had crossed the Missouri River. We were dirty, ragged and tired, hungry for some good food. I went to work for a farmer clearing land. Uncle David did carpenter work, building a sawmill. Plenty of vegetables and fruit drove out the salt meat and scurvy we had picked up on the plains. We had not seen a farm house in four months.

"New mines had been discovered three hundred miles from Oregon City. We had gone about half way when Uncle David was taken sick. We found a man who was keeping boarders in a large tent and I had to leave Uncle David there--I, a boy of 19, a stranger, following a trail through the woods. I was brought up by a praying father; I did not forget, but I had not learned to pray myself. I had a shovel and a pick--I spit on my hands, jumped down into a hole and went to work. I have worked every day since except Sundays. There was one Sunday on the plains when we had to keep travelling so that our horses might find pasture. Thousands of others were going in the same direction. We had been told of Oregon mist and mud, but we were there more than a year and saw none of it, never passed a more pleasant winter, working in the mine every day without a coat. I was working alone, made four dollars a day.

"The two men who had started from Fenton, Michigan, with us had gone on

When Uncle David was well enough, he came and we built a log house, 12x14', with a "shake" roof. The door was hung with wooden hinges. We built a fireplace chimney of sticks and stone, made pole bunks and filled them with hemlock boughs, and slept the sleep of the righteous. Towards spring, provisions got low and three of us started out to hunt--travelled ten miles from camp and killed one elk (poor meat). Next morning it rained and we took the meat through mud and water, getting to camp at noon, wet and hungry. While we were gone a pack train had come through with beef and flour. Uncle David had brought ten pounds of flour at one dollar a pound and a piece of beef, all they would sell to one man. I cut off a chunk of meat, stuck it on a sharp stick and held it to the fire until the fat began to melt, went out and sat on a log to eat the raw meat, and cried for the first time since I left home. It seemed to me the sweetest morsel I had ever eaten.

"One day on the plains I saw my old pony. He had grown fat and wild. I crept up on his blind side and caught him by the mane, petted him, talked to him, kissed him, and bade him goodby in God's care." (Your historian pauses here to wonder if the abandoned horses could be the ancestors of the herds of wild horses known as mustangs or Indian ponies one reads about in Zane Grey's stories of the West.)

"Uncle David and I stayed until spring. There was one snow storm during the winter but it was not cold. We made enough to live on, but the cost of living was high; for instance, $16 a pound for salt meat. We baked our bread by the fireplace in a tin reflector. We became discouraged ard left the claim. Four old miners took it over andin a few months they had

taken out $3,000 in gold. We had been in the mines eighteen months. We had some success, but after months of hunger and privation, we decided in August to return to good old Michigan.

"We packed our blankets and took the trail through the tall redwood timber (could not tell how tall--couldn't see the top) through California to the Pacific Coast. Uncle David took the gold dust to the mint to have it exchanged for coin. My share was $800. We waited four days for a boat at San Francisco, steerage ticket $125. to New York, and thirteen hundred passengers on the boat. We crossed the Isthmus of Panama on mules. I had drunk so much coconut milk and poor water I was taken sick with Panama fever while we were on the Atlantic Ocean. We were nine days on the Atlantic, travelled over-land to Detroit, from there by stage to Flint. I was still weak from fever and I rested there with Uncle Peter Miller, who took me home to Father's at Swartz Creek. 'Home, sweet home' -- how good it looked. They were threshing on this 17th of October, 1853; Mother and Grandmother Hart were in the yeard to meet me, and I wondered why they were crying."

Soon after his return to Swartz Creek, Wells met Miss Cynthia Eleanor Johnson, a friend of his sister Martha, whose family had recently come into this community. The girls were interested in the stories of travel and adventure in the West, especially as Martha had shared with Cynthia the letters written by young Wells and Uncle David.

Cynthia Eleanor Johnson was born in Penfield, Loraine Co., Ohio, August 22, 1835. They were married October 3, 1854, at Swartz Creek. Here they made their home for a few years and here their daughter Mary E. and their son George Wells were born. About the year 1860, the family was

again stirred by the pioneer spirit, but uncertain which way to go--West or North. Reverend Daniel Miller, father of Wells and Marshall, the most adventurous spirit in the Miller settlement and the most free to go, set out toward the West, going to Chicago--at that time just beginning to grow--a low, swampy locality he did not admire. (I heard him say many years later, "Why didn't I look ahead beyond the swamps? The little town was at the head of navigation, born to be an important city," -- as such we know it now.)

In 1861 Reverend Miller, in company with Wells and Marshall, went North into the Grand Traverse region. The Homestead Act, whereby they could acquire title to 160 acres of timbered land and build their own home, had been passed as an inducement to settle the northern part of Lower Michigan. The majestic pine forests native to northern Michigan had fallen victim to the woodsman's axe, but there was still the hardwood--maple, hickory and wild cherry. (Author's note: I saw this country the first time in April of 1888. Travelling by train from Grand Rapids to Traverse City, the ground was covered with snow, the journey was pleasant and interesting. Soon after passing Cadillac, we came into "the pine barrens," the most pitiful and desolate country I had ever seen--miles and miles of lonely country, no homes, no buildings of any kind, no life anywhere, wind-swept barrens, covered with blackened stumps of the once-beautiful pines. At the present time, fifty-seven years later, Nature has done her best to redeem the landscape. "Second-growth" timber has clothed the desolate acres, reforestation has done a bit, and some good homes have been established along State Highway 131, enroute to the playground of the North.)

The Miller brothers and their father "prospected" in Grand Traverse and Leelanau Counties. Their choice was Leelanau in Glen Arbor township, locating their farms adjoining each other. To this new and sparsely settled country Wells and Marshall brought their young wives and children: Mary, 5 years and George 3, children of Wells and Cynthia: Ida, the 4 year old daughter of Marshall and Caroline. These young women were reluctant to leave their comfortable homes, friends and relatives for the uncertainties of a new country where their homes must literally be cut out of the woods; but they, like all good wives, consented to be pioneers. No railroad in that direction, they went from Detroit on a small steamboat, a long trip to go over Lake Huron, through the Straits of Machinac into Lake Michigan and down the west coast to Glen Haven, then quite an important port for the shipment of lumber and pine timber. (Author's note: They have told me they enjoyed this trip, looking forward to the planning and building of the new homes. I never heard any of them say they regretted the undertaking.)

In the wilderness from which these homes were to be created, the trees from which the log houses were to be built were still standing, a grand hardwood forest. On their previous visit, the men had made acquaintance with earlier pioneers who warmly welcomed them now with their families and shared their homes with them while space was being cleared in the woods and new homes built. This, it seems, did not take long. Pioneer people had a way of taking hold to help each other. The two log houses were built near each other though each on their own land. The sale of the hardwood timber helped to clear the land and to provide means for developing the homestead.

The father, the Reverend Daniel Miller and his wife, did not come until the following spring with their three younger sons, Silas, Albert and Eddie --young boys, Eddie four years old. In the meantime Wells and Marshall had cleared ground on their father's land and built a house in readiness for their coming, also to meet the requirements of the Homestead Law that improvements be made within the specified time.

In accounting for the rest of the Reverend Daniel Miller's children (other than Wells and Marshall), it should be noted that when Rev. and Mrs. Miller came North they left part of their family behind at Flint and Swartz Creek. Their oldest daughter, Martha (Mrs. Henry Jadwin), her three children, Katherine, John and Alice; a son, James and his wife (no children); their youngest daughter Nancy (Mrs. George Tanner) with three children, Albert, Burt and Cordelia; another son, Almer, had gone to Colorado and established his home there. A few years later when Mr. Tanner passed away, Nancy came to make her home with her parents, bringing little Cordelia. Her brother James, having no children of his own, adopted her two boys, although they retained their own name, Tanner.

Rev. Daniel had given to the district land upon which to build their first schoolhouse. A teacher was secured, a middleaged lady with experience. She won the cooperation of the youth under her care and did a fine job for a number of years. The younger sons of Rev. Miller and their nephews and nieces grew up together, attended the same school, and as they grew older took advantage of any opportunity for further education that came their way.

Itinerant ministers of Christian service travelled through the region and had

appointments at the school houses or homes according to convenience. The meetings were well attended, as a rule. These travelling preachers, covering the wide area they did on horseback, and though often holding three services on Sunday, sometimes took three weeks to cover the circuit. Then the laymen carried on. The young people liked to attend Singing School. In the Wells Miller home there was a parlor organ, which daughter Mary played, and their friends like to gather there to sing and for social evenings.

By this time the community has become known as Miller Hill, an elevation 400 feet above the shores of Glen Lake. The little log houses had given place to frame dwellings with eightlarge rooms, convenient closets and cupboards and roomy cellars, large well-kept lawns, shade trees and shrubs. From the windows of these homes one could look out on Lake Michigan, five miles distant, beautifully blue in fair weather, the Manitou Islands green and pretty where the lighthouse gleamed white in the morning sun and the fog horn sent forth its dismal warning in stormy weather. Sleeping Bear point, a huge sand dune, extended into the Lake and contributed to the formation of Sleeping Bear Bay where ships and barges took refuge in a storm. Tired people from out-state cities, seeking quiet for their vacation, found these homes an ideal place to rest. As his younger sons grew up and wanted homes of their own, Rev. Daniel divided his homestead equally among them, reserving the home for himself and their mother for as long as they should need it, but eventually to be the property of their youngest son, Eddie. Silas' farm laid to the west of this, bordering on Glen Lake, Albert's to the east by the little white school house.

From 1880 on, there began to be changes in the peaceful life and homes on and around Miller Hill. The younger generation had grown up and began to have

ideas about the outside world, some of these gathered from people who came to spend their vacations there, some from those who came looking for a location for a home. The first break in the Miller family came when Albert married Miss Clara Daly, a neighborhood girl. They lived on the little farm a few years, then sold it and move to Traverse City. There were three children, Cora, Ethel and James. In September, the 29th, of 1889 when Cora was twelve years old, their mother died. Being a real home-maker, Cora carried on, bravely keeping house for her father. For about three years the younger sister and brother lived at Miller Hill with relatives but later they all were home together with their father. Later, about 1907, Albert moved his family to Royal Oak where he carried on a real estate business until he died on Dec., 18, 1928. Ethel chose nursing for her career, taking training in Detroit and Chicago and graduating from Mary Thompson Hospital in Chicago in 1904. James became an expert lineman employed by the Bell Telephone Co. He married Mary E. Boden of Detroit, and died Dec., 23, 1938.

After Ward Miller, second son of W. B. Miller, ~~graduated from Albion~~ ATTENDED OLIVET * College, he taught school for a few years. In 1888 he married Miss Rebecca Cate of Solon, Mich. They moved to Traverse City in 1889 where Ward started a farm implement business for himself. Later they went to Kalamazoo, there to try real estate and salesmanship in other lines. They had two sons who live near Kalamazoo.—— ARTHUR LEROY (B. MAR 1, 1888) AND LEON WARD (B. 1890 D. 1951) *

John, younger son of W. B. Miller married Miss Nora Nichols of Traverse City. They made their home in Lansing where he worked in the automobile factories. They brought up and educated three sons. The oldest, Wells, is a first-class machinist employed by General Motors Co. of Detroit. Edwin has a shop of his

* NOTATION MADE AUGUST 10, 1968 BY WARD'S GRANDSON, ARTHUR H. MILLER, SR.

own in Lansing, a tool and die maker. His wife is his secretary and they have one son. The youngest son, Carl, is employed in War Industries, too, in this year of 1945. He, with his wife and family, lives in Detroit. Their father died in 1938 and their mother has her home with Edwin.

George and his Uncle Eddie, very near the same age, bought a threshing machine and helped their neighbors near and far at harvest time each year. Meanwhile, Thomas Britton had come on the scene from his home in Ohio. He, too, was looking for a different homesite and new methods. He stayed and worked that summer for W. B. Miller on the farm; his work was satisfactory, so was he. In 1885 Thomas Britton sold the Ohio property and bought a farm near St. Johns, Clinton County, Michigan. On October 3rd of that year he married Miss Mary Miller. They went directly to their farm at St. Johns. Here their daughter, Lulu Eleanor, was born Sept. 13, 1887, also their eldest son, Glen Warren, March 16, 1889. In 1887 Mary's sister, Della, came to be with her and attend high school, but she became ill with typhoid fever soon after, passing away in November of the same year, the first death in the families that went pioneering in the northern wilderness in 1861.

CHAPTER THREE

The Brittons, returning in 1892 to Leelanau County to be nearer the home folks, bought a farm between Lake Leelanau and Grand Traverse Bay. Their two younger sons were born in the new home, Howard on Nov, 1, 1894, and Alton C. on June 23, 1896. Their father died in July, 1897, leaving their mother with four children under ten years old. She "took up the burden of life again", saying only, "It might have been." The children had the usual district schooling; only Lulu and Alton finished high school, going eight miles and back home again each day with horse and buggy. Lulu took teachers' training and for a number of years was a very successful teacher in the district schools of Leelanau County, where she met Peter VanAlsberg, also a teacher. They were married in 1911, choosing for her wedding date October 3, the anniversary of her grandmother (Mrs. W. B. Miller) and her own mother. She went with her husband to their home at Coopersville, near Grand Rapids, where they lived happily for four years. Lulu died in 1915, leaving a daughter, Mary, two years old.

Glen Britton did not care for farming and left the farm when he was 17 to try various employment until he reached the machine shops in Lansing, where the production of automobiles was then in its beginning in 1915. He liked this work and became an efficient worker. In 1917 he was called to his country's service but stayed within her borders, employed as a mechanical instructor. He later married Miss Nellie Bivens of Battle Creek. They made their home in Lansing and have one daughter, Ruth, and one grand-daughter.

Howard Britton is a born farmer, and a good one. As soon as he was old enough he took over the management of the farm with his mother. Some years later he married Miss Elisabeth Van Alsberg of Coopersville, a niece of Lulu's husband.

His mother deeded the old home and farm to Howard and his wife and she made her home with them while she lived. Loved and respected by children and neighbors alike, she passed away in March of 1959 at the age of 82.

In 1915 the youngest of the Britton boys, Alton C., having graduated in June from Traverse City high school, went to Battle Creek, where other relatives had preceded him, seeking employment. Finding work and liking the city, he stayed. In April 1917, when the First World War spread from Europe to include the United States, Alton and his cousin, Raymond D. Miller, enlisted for Army service with the first men from Battle Creek; Alton with the Infantry, Raymond with the Field Artillery of the 1st Division. There was no Army post at Battle Creek then and they went to Grand Rapids for induction, then to Texas for training. Alton landed in France in October 1917, was twice wounded in action in 1918, but returned to the homeland in the spring of 1919. He married Miss Lucille Barton of Battle Creek and they have two fine children, Raymond Parker and Margaret Ann.

Through the years following those of the early pioneers and the Civil War, many changes had come to the Grand Traverse region. The war had called into service only a few from families of the early settlers. Wells B. Miller was called from their group, but the war was then nearing its end and was over before his regiment reached the front lines. The men returned to their homes. New settlers came into the community, new enterprize, new ideas. Villages came into being. Traverse City, a pretty town at the head of Grand Traverse Bay, was growing up too. Founded during the prosperous days of pine lumbering by Perry Hannah and his partner, Mr. Lay, the town had made a good start. After the pine lumbering industry had passed, there was a lull in business for a while.

Mr. Hannah liked the north country and intended to establish his home there. He and his wife were simple, generous people of Irish descent. They knew all about hard work and how to save their earnings. They built a beautiful home in Traverse City, and a large white brick department store known as the Hannah, Lay Marcantile Co., that supplied the needs of the country people for miles around, for anything not available in smaller stores. They put in a grist mill on the Boardman River in the heart of the then small town. This made a market for the grain produced in Grand Traverse and Leelanau Counties and gave employment to more men.

Other men from "outside", meaning southern Michigan or other States, came to look for locations for themselves. Two of these were young men from Boston, Massachusetts: Frank Hamilton and James W. Milliken. After further looking around and considerable thinking, they decided to form a partnership, rented

a building and established a dry-goods and clothing business. Mr. Hamilton had charge of the clothing department. They prospered from the beginning. In a few years they had built their homes and married.

The little city grew and prospered and with it the Grand Traverse region, also the Miller Hill community which had acquired some fame as a summer vacation resort for tired city folks; especially Mr. and Mrs. Wellman from Chigrin Falls, Ohio, who had spent several vacations at the W. B. Miller home. Mr. Wellman's health was failing, and he was advised to dispose of his business interests in Chigrin Falls and do something that would take him outdoors. This he did.

In the fall of 1885 Mr. Wellman wrote to George W. Miller, telling him of the new venture, a chicken ranch in Tennessee, and asking George if he would go along to help build the new plant and later to assist in the operation. This led to George's making new plans. His partner in the harvesting work, Eddie Miller, had gone "out West". Eddie had always been attracted to the railroad, so he sought and found employment with headquarters in St. Paul, Minnesota. It was in the railroad yards at St. Paul that Eddie, youngest child of Rev. Daniel Miller, was accidentally killed, October 7, 1891. Eddie and George, with only three weeks' difference in their ages, and perhaps born under the same lunar influence, had always been happy companions in play or work. Eddie's absence was keenly felt by George, and when Mr. Wellman proposed going with him to Rugby, Tennessee, as a co-worker in the chicken and egg industry, he welcomed it as his chance to get out into a new world.

The plan was good, the climate all right for one seeking health improvement,

but they had not taken into account the distance from market for production on a scale necessary for a profit on their investment. It resulted in serious loss for the Wellmans though they carried on for two years, and George Miller stayed by until he was not needed any more. He went to work as a carpenter in the railroad car shops at Knoxville. He liked the work and was doing well, when an agent for "snow gates" turned up one day, demonstrating and describing how much wealth could be acquired by their sale. They were so adjusted to the gatepost that they might be raised or lowered according to the depth of the snow. Assured that he would soon be rich through their sale, George accepted the agency. Of course, Tennessee was no place for the sale of snow gates, so without any more ado, he fled back to Michigan, and to St. Johns, where his sister and family lived on their farm. The girl friend at Rugby, Tennessee had a surprise when the next letter bore a Michigan postmark.

Mary Agnes Taylor was nineteen in the Autumn of 1886, Carefree and enjoying a busy life in the home of Mrs. Margaret E. Hughes, with evenings free after six o'clock. Mrs. Hughes, by the way, was the mother of Thomas Hughes, well-known in England especially as the author of several books for boys, notably "Tom Brown's Schooldays," "Tom Brown at Rugby", "Tom Brown at Oxford," English schools from which Mr. Hughes had graduated. The Rugby colony on the Cumberland plateau, in the heart of the Cumberland Mountains of East Tennessee, was founded by Mr. Hughes and a group of other Englishmen. They bought a large tract of timbered land and developed the village of Rubgy, established a school for boys, besides the usual grade school, built and furnished a handsome public library to which Andrew Carnegie contributed thousands of books.

The earlier home of the Thomas Taylors (Mary's parents) was near Memphis. The country around Memphis was at that time (1883) swampy and infested with malaria-carrying mosquitos. This malaria, called the intermittent type, returns every other day, sometimes every third day, with severe chills that shake the entire body, followed by high fever and delirium. It is hard to endure by those who suffer from it, and will leave for awhile, to return in a few weeks with all of its misery. Mr. Taylor had been a victim of this prostrating disease several years. His oldest son, Henry Arnfield, died of malaria fever when he was five years old, after a few days' illness. This was Mary's first real sorrow, and through the years she has never forgotten the little grave at Collierville, Tenn., with a white picket fence about a foot high around it. The other children and their mother had been immune to

the poison germ carried by a mosquito.

Mr. Taylor had come to the United States in 1867, had lived in several different states and found good in all, but liked Tennessee best. Being an Englishman he was at once attracted to the colony in East Tennessee. In the early summer of 1883, the Taylor family arrived in Rugby on the Cumberland plateau, hoping for better health in the mountain air. This hope was realized and they lived many happy years in and near Rugby. Father and Mother Taylor are laid to rest in the quiet cemetery there; also Mrs. Hughes, who came to America for love of her Son who was a leading spirit in the colony, and she wished to stay. She was a grand Christian lady. Mary Taylor always felt the four-year close association with Mrs. Hughes in her home was an honor and an education. Her pretty home is still there, the present owner taking pride in the fact that it had belonged to Margaret E. Hughes.

Mary Taylor was born in England, July 20, 1867. Later the same year her father left his native land to go to Canada. Finding the winter there too cold, he came to the U. S. Liking the Climate better and the people very much, he decided to stay, locating in Illinois. In 1868 he sent for his wife and little daughter. Through his boyhood, Thomas had heard a great deal about "going to America," but he was the one who made the start. He was the oldest of nine children. When letters to his wife brought the news that Tom had decided to stay in America, the family began to plan to come too. Two married sisters, their husbands and a young man friend made fifteen in the party when final arrangements were completed. They were three weeks on a sailing ship crossing the Atlantic from Liverpool to New York.

Mary was 15 months old when she made this ocean voyage and has no memories of it whatever. She was well and active, while most of the older members of her party were seasick; but judging from stories jokingly told her since, she was a naughty child, too keenly interested in her new environment for the peace of her seasick elders. Thomas Taylor met his family at New York. He had chosen a home at Quincy, Illinois. They all lived and worked there for a while, perhaps a year, when Thomas, his wife and Mary went to Missouri where they bought a farm. Later his father and mother, three younger brothers and two sisters came and they all lived on this farm about four years. The younger brothers were old enough to take over the farm with their father, so Thomas decided to try his fortune in Tennessee. In the autumn of 1872, they arrived in Memphis. Mary still remembers the black mud gathered on her shoes at St. Louis on the way to the Mississippi river steamboat. This was distressing, but soon there were new interests, especially a very long mirror in the cabin or salon on the boat; her she could dance and whirl, or merely stand and pose. She took little brother Henry along sometimes, but being a boy, perhaps he was not so interested. He would go back to Mother who sat quietly sewing or knitting, but had an eye on both of them. They spent about three months in an upstairs apartment in Memphis, going on to a farm twenty miles from the city in the spring, but still in Shelby County. Mary and the other children received the usual schooling, helped along by her mother whose mother had been a teacher. In those days the first book studied was the Spelling book and progress was made from reader to reader, the sixth reader being the top.

Here they lived until ill health made a change of climate desirable and they went to the Rugby coloney in East Tennessee. Mary was sixteen them, and had two younger sisters and a brother, Katherine E., Caroline Ruth and Harold Bond. The sisters chose to remain spinsters and they lived together in Birmingham, Ala. Katherine is a registered nurse, Caroline a stenographer, and Harold is an electrical engineer. He and his wife have a nice home at Pittsburg, Pa. They have one son, Thomas Taylor, who is also an engineer employed by the T.V.A. at the present time (1945), living at Chattanooga.

When the Taylors arrived in Rugby, they were strangers--no one there they had ever met before. The people were friendly and welcomed newcomers, and they soon found employment. Through the "Board of Aid to Home Ownership," Mr. Taylor bought a two-acre lot and built a house. Mary had never been away from home to work, although she knew how. One day ther came to their door a young lady looking for somebody to help her in their home. She was Miss Emily Hughes, grand-daughter of Mrs. Margaret E. Hughes. The idea was new, but attractive, to Mary and after some discussion it was arranged that she should go and chop with the housework. There was an older lady, a Miss Dyer, who had been Mrs. Hughes' "lady's maid" for many years. She too had come from England with them. Her brother, Charles Dyer, left his homeland to come to a new and strange country, bringing his family. However, as the people weremostly English, they did not find it so different from the old country. They were all friendly and kind. Mary lived in the Hughes home happily and profitably for four years, and during this time she made many friends in the village, boys and girls of her own age.

In the winter of 1886-87, they organized "The Mutual Improvement Circle." They met every Saturday evening at the home of Mr. Mrs. Luddington. They were a few years older than most of the members, but related to some of them and fitted in with all their plans, opening their home for these meetings. The M.I.C. published a weekly paper (all written in longhand), an editor was appointed at each weekly meeting and all members were expected to contribute items of local news, write on a subject assigned to them, write poetry if they preferred (this was usually crude) or bring an interesting article to read. These meetings were greatly enjoyed, sometimes ending in an hour or two of games or dancing. It was here Mary met George Miller, first president of the M.I.C. In the spring of 1887 Mary went with her family to Mt. Vernon, where her father took over the management of a large stock farm, 14 miles from Rugby. George went to Knoxville to work in the railroad car shops. The Luddingtons went to Alabama and other of the young people sought employment elsewhere. The Taylors lived on this farm until October, 1905, when Father died there; and Mother and sister Carrie went to Birmingham to be with Katherine, then a nurse. George Miller, George Galloway, Mary Taylor and Carrie Shepherd, old friends of the M.I.C. never quite lost contact with each other, though months and even years went by when none were quite sure as to the whereabouts of the others.

CHAPTER SIX

George Hiller and Mary Taylor were married April 3, 1886, in a pretty home wedding at the Glades Farm with only the family and few friends present. Miss Shepherd was one of them. The Episcopal Clergyman came out from Rugby to officiate. After the wedding, a dainty lunch was served. As we arose from the table, Rev. DeBouley said, "Let us join hands and sing." So we crossed arms, joined hands all around the table and sang "Auld Lang Syne." The guests and minister were shown around the farm and barns, and later there were goodbyes with all the good wishes for many years of happiness and success.

Later the same day Father Taylor drove the bridal couple seven miles over mountain roads to Sunbright, a station on the Cincinnati Southern, where they would board a train going north early the next morning. They found a room at the one hotel where the clerk, looking quizically at them, said "Man and wife?"

Mary was somewhat disappointed in going north as she had at one time expected their home would be at Knoxville. George also would have been pleased to stay in the warmer climate. At Cincinnati they stayed a few days to look for employment, but nothing suitable or encouraging was found. They continued on to the north. The journey through Ohio and Indiana was pleasant, in Michigan there was snow on the ground, and north of Big Rapids the country became desolate, a burnt-over landscape of black stumps and stunted wild shrubs against the background of snow. Mary always loved to travel; she was therefore more interested in things to be seen outside the window than traveling companions inside. The farther north they went, the less people there were. Arriving at Walton Junction, the coach was attached to the rear

of a three-car freight train. From here on, the appearance of the country was much better than the barren stump land seen earlier in the day. Arriving at Traverse City, they went to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cressy where they spent several days, waiting for transportation to Miller Hill which was to be their home for the following six years.

Charles was a generous and genial person, always ready for a good time and a joke. His wife, Ada, was quiet and orderly. They had four childre, three pretty little girls and Fred, a year old. These children, under their mother's care, were well-behaved. Their father was gone all day at work, but he loved his family and a romp with the children was looked forward to. When he came home at night bedlam was left loose for a while. Being of dignified English extraction, Mary was aghast at the sudden outburst of shouts and laughter than started a riot of play for a few minutes when he came home. Ada was embarrassed and thought he might have behaved better. Charlies said, "Well, the children wanted their game; Mary has to get acquainted, she might as well begin here." Charlie was a cousin of the Millers. (Agent for Singer Sewing Machine in Traverse for many years and lived on 10th St.) They were a nice family and we enjoyed them for many years. There was no communication between Traverse City and Miller Hill, twenty-six miles away, a good deal of the distance through the woods, except by letter. So after waiting several days, a shy young man, Charles Miller, another cousin, came in response to a letter George had written to his parents. He arrived late in the afternoon, with team of horses and bob-sleight farm wagon box set upon them, with plenty of clean bright straw and blankets to keep feet and body warm. Mary had never seen such a conveyance before--neither had she seen so much snow. There were a few items of business and shopping for George to attend to for the folks at

home before starting on the return trip. But they were ready to go in the afternoon.

It was a beautiful bright day. The sun and clear sky compared very well with that of their wedding day, but there was no green grass, no peach trees in bloom, no violets. Just snow--snow and bare leafless trees. The ride was a pleasant one, the horses, rested and eager to get home, trotted briskly along with bells jingling. George, happy to be back on familiar roads, whistled and sang old songs, greeted acquaintances in the two villages they passed through. Winter travel did not follow the summer routes in this northland, but went along lines of least resistance to the snow.

They were nearing home, dusk was growing deeper, the travelers were tired, a bit anxious. George had announced his return as they passed close to the homes of one or two of the nearest neighbors, by a whistle, known and understood in this community of people so well known to each other. But Mary was startled by the loud whoop he gave voice to as they drove thru the back yard of his grandparents. Rev. Daniel Miller, Aunt Nancy rushed to the door (so she told them the next day) but they were gone up the hill. Well, this was the evening of April 12, 1888, nine days since the wedding.

When they arrived at the old homestead, Father and Mother Miller and brother John came out to receive them. The evening was growing dark and cold--three feet of snow here. Inside the home there was a fine wood fire and abundant supper to all of which the travelers were made very welcome. Afterwards, they sat around the fire for a social hour. There seemed to be many questions to ask and answer since George had been gone (two weeks). The men and Mother did the talking though. Mary was very tired and did not understand the

subject relating to the home and neighborhood. So she sat quietly in a cozy corner and listened.

The next morning the family was astir early, out to the barn to do chores, while Mother prepared the usual breakfast of generous plate of salt-rising bread, potatoes, gravy, buckwheat cakes and sausage, pitcher of milk, coffee, fired cakes, and all the butter, cream, sugar and maple syrup you could wish for... most of them produced on the farm. This was the usual breakfast and how those men did eat! Mother did all of her baking, made the butter and "Dutch" cheese. Of course, there was always some baking done through the week, but Saturday was the time for a general checkup on the larder. Then the cookie and doughnut jars were filled again and something extra prepared for Sunday's dinner. Sunday was always a day of rest in the Miller Hill community. There was no church nearer than Maple City, six miles away. Sunday school was held at the district schoolhouse each Sabbath afternoon through the summer, well attended by the sincere people of the neighborhood.

Going back to that first day and the (to Mary) surprising breakfast. The day was another of clear beauty overhead. Father remembered there were several loads of "sawlogs" back in the still wooded part of the homestead, told the boys they should be taken down to the "rollway" on the banks of Glen Lake, where when the ice cleared the way, they would be bound together into a raft and floated across the lake to the sawmill. This was all new and interesting to the Southern girl, listening but with slight understanding. There were three feet of <u>snow</u> on the ground, but there was risk in mid-April that those logs might not get out of the woods in time! So the day's work began for the men. For the women, they proceeded to get acquainted. It seemed that all the women in the near neighborhood had the same thought. The

first to come was Aunt Nancy Tanner, full of fun as always, with all the best wishes and congratulations from her father and mother, Rev. and Mrs. Miller, who were unable to come themselves, and her own. Then the two older daughters from the Marshall Miller home and other neighbors not related. They came to meet and to welcome the bride. These women did not mind the deep snow and cold--this was country life, the nearest house, except grandfather's, about a quarter mile distant. All were very friendly and seemed on equal terms of intimacy and interest in each other. And so on, from day to day. Mary had never lived near relatives since her early childhood. This keen and kindly interest in each other was new and attractive.

Spring came at last. Green fields of grain appeared as snow disappeared. The extensive orchards on the Wells and Marshall Miller farms came into leaf and flower. Such marvelous beauty and fragrance. Mary, always a lover of nature, had never seen anything to compare to them. There were no peaches--the winters too severe at that time; but choice varieties of apples and cherries, both sour and sweet, two varieties of the sweet Ox-hearts, one black, the other cream color with red cheek when ripe--both delicious. There were smaller fruit, strawberries, raspberries, currants, rhubarb and quince.

The fruit harvest was a busy season when cherries and apples were ripe. The smaller fruits were for home consumption and it was expected the women would see to the care, harvesting and preserving of these. The sweet cherry trees were tall and slender, not the round top, medium height of the Montmorency one sees in the many orchards in the Grand Traverse region today. In flower or when the fruit is ripe, these orchards are beautiful, worth going many miles to see. There were three of these tall "sweets, in Father Miller's

orchard. The cherries were sold in the neighborhood and nearby villages. George's younger brother John was at home during this first summer of Mary's introduction to Northern people and methods. They (John and Mary) gathered the cherries, or rather, clipped them from those tall trees. It was new, interesting and great fun. Later in the day George, who always had charge of the horses,took the cases of cherries to market. In autumn of that year John went to St. Johns, Clinton Co., to school. The apple harvest was a busy season, beginning when the buyers for Chicago markets arrived in September to inspect the orchards and supervise the picking and packing of the apples. This was a man's job. It took several besides those of the household and kept the women busy to feed them, and George to haul empty barrels in and the filled barrels to Glen Haven dock for shipment.

To the west of this orchard, but quite apart from it, was the garden where one day while gathering tomatoes, Mary lost her wedding ring. Many and earnest were the searches made for it, but it never was found, and the one that replaced it could never mean the same.

Summer came and went, busy season over, winter nearby. The community prepared for a season of rest, with not much to do but "chores," which consisted of taking care of livestock and poultry, making repairs on farm tools, harnesses and buildings, cutting and cording nice hardwood for another winter's fuel, with here and there a neighborhood social, including a sleigh-ride to destination. In the spring it also meant a sugar party at some house (not always the same home) toward the end of maple syrup and sugar making. This winter of 1888-89 was long and stormy, seemingly endless, to Mary, but she kept busy and many new ideas were gained from aunts and cousins and a sweet mother-in-law.

Here at the old homestead his grandfather had staked out so many years ago, in one of the worst blizzards of winter, Roy Harold, oldest son of George and Mary Miller, chose to make his appearance in the very early hours of the morning of Feb. 23rd, 1889. It was six miles to the home of the family doctor, near a half-mile to Aunt Caroline's, who was to come in for the reception. Plenty of snow, strong wind, deep drifts--a bad night to be out. But these, to Mary, remarkable people never took weather into consideration. What should be done was done. Through a half century, Mary became accustomed or hardened to the long seasons of cold and snow in the seemingly far-from-home woodlands of Leelanau Co. Regardless of the weather out-side, it was cozy and light in the home, and the baby was warmly welcomed. He was strong of body and lung, not shy about announcing his presence. When he was a year old, his great-grandparents, Rev. and Mrs. Daniel Miller, died. Roy and his grandmother were a source of comfort to each other always. As he grew older and learned to walk and to be interested in child songs and stories with pictures, they were seldom apart, indoors or out. He liked especially well to go with Grandma to gather the eggs at evening. She had given him a little tin pail for this purpose. At that tender age, numbers did not mean much, but the one he remembered was ten. So, when they returned, he would come in shouting, "Ten eggs tonight, Mother, ten eggs!" Mother, properly surprised at such a number, put a basket within reach, where the eggs were carefully placed. Grandma, of course, had many more. Happy, innocent days. Mary, by this time, had taken over most of the care of the home, but always on busy or special days, they shared the work. Mother still enjoyed her "Saturday baking," singing happily the old hymns she loved while about it. Mary liked to bake, too, had even mastered the art of making salt-rising bread.

Once in a month or two Father and Mother would go to Traverse City to spend the week-end with the folks there. Ward, his wife and their little son, Arthur, the second grandchild, lived there. The Cressys, Mother's nephew, too. (There was never a dull moment with Charlie.) Also, Uncle Albert's family. They were always "tickled to get home," home folks as glad to have them, especially Roy, who missed Grandmother very much--besides, he knew there would be something especially for him. I do not want anyone to think Grandpa did not love his grandchildren, too; he was proud of them, but had not so much time to devote to them. He was fond of reading, too; would take a youngster on his lap, put his arm around the child, rock and sing the beloved old hymns, or perhaps only "do,re,me, etc.," in memory of singing school days, while glancing at paper or book. We wondered what he remembered of the reading, but it was plain that he and the baby enjoyed it.

In August, 1891 a little daughter came to share the home of the Millers. She chose a better season and a fine day for her arrival, the sixth grandchild, four being boys, Millers and Brittons. After longtime meditation and some correspondence, Aunt Mary named her Ruby. She shared the family interest and attention with her brother Roy and all went well.

When Roy was not quite four years old and Ruby eighteen months, Mary took them back to the old home in Tennessee to spend Christmas. They left Traverse City at 11 a.m., traveled all night with change of trains at Grand Rapids and Richmond, Indiana. They arrived in Cincinnati in the morning to find their train had gone, and no other until afternoon. Mary was very tired; they sat down to wait in the huge station that should have been interesting enough to keep her awake, but she went to sleep, and was startled when a man in charge of the waiting room touched her arm and said, "Is this your purse, Madam?

The little boy was running around with it." So there was no more sleeping on the job. When they arrived at journey's end, there was no Grandpa to meet them--he had met the earlier train, and told the man at the station we should go to the hotel and he would be back in the morning. Seven miles of travel over mountain roads at night with horses was not really a pleasure trip, but an experience. (Many years later, in 1926, when Mary passed over the same road, it was very much improved. She was riding in an automobile and thought, "What a contrast." But even then these mountains had their mysteries; the bridges, the best ones, have roofs. On this trip in '26, Mary and her youngest child, Kenneth, then twenty years old, were on their way to meet her sisters, who were spending their vacation at the home of a girlhood friend. It was growing dark when they reached Rugby Road. Kenneth suggested they stay there for the night. The country, being new and strange to him, no doubt looked alarmingly wild. Mary, being on familiar ground and anxious to get through, wanted to go on. It was lonely, no houses by the roadside, no one else on the road, just woods and hills. As they came on to one of those narrow bridges, Kenneth said, "There is something on the bridge," and stopped the car. It proved to be a cow, settled for the night. She was not frightened, nor much disturbed, but curious; she got up and stood looking at the queer thing before her for a moment, then walked away, much to the travelers' relief. They made some wrong turns, and a stop or two to inquire the way. It was nine o'clock when they reached their destination, very late for mountain people. The Aunts and Miss Nona Smith were there, growing worried. How glad and thankful they all were to be safely in shelter. But what is the use of living if there is not some adventure as you go along? To get back to the time Mary took the two little folks back home: They spent two happy months with Grandfather and Mother Taylor, returning to Michigan in early March,

where there still was plenty of snow.

They lived in their grandparents' roomy old home until Roy was five years old. On April 12, 1894 (the sixth anniversary for George and his wife of their arrival on Miller Hill), Father and Mother went to live in Traverse City. Ward had long been urging them to lay aside the toil and care of the farm, had found a man who would trade city property for the old home. It took some time for them to decide, especially for Mother, for them there were many cherished memories of the past -- of the days of their youth, when this home was nothing but beautiful trees, from which little by little with patience and much hard work, they had built their homes and raised their families, where their many friends now lived, also George's family who were to have as their home Grandfather Daniel's place.

At last, reluctantly and tearfully, Mother consented to the arrangement and the moving all done at once. George and Mary settled in their own home. Furniture, farm stock and tools divided, the younger Millers had what they needed for the smaller house and farm, the rest was sold. One cow, a team, a few chickens. It seemed lonely with Father and Mother gone, but George and Mary, setting about the spring work, were soon busy and happy. However, Mother was not happy. The novelty of city life soon faded. While their own little house was being built, they stayed with the various relatives. When it was ready, they moved in, but it was not home. The children were not there, especially the babies. His grandmother had often said Roy was sent to take Della's place and ease the grief of her passing. Now that her home was in the city and no sort of transportation available to her, it did seem a long way to the "Hill." With her usual brave spirit she tried to adjust herself for the sake of others. It soon became apparent to Ward that he, having brought about this state of unhappiness for his mother, would do well

to do something to change it. He sought an interview with his brother and wife, explaining Mother's apparent grief. George and Mary were contented where they were, but were persuaded to be parties to another trade for city property.

It is with regret that they said goodbye to the pretty little place half way up the hill from Glen Lake, that beautiful body of water said to cover one-sixth of a township. It is over two hundred feet deep, within a mile of Lake Michigan with which it is connected through Crystal Creek. It is surrounded by hills which attain an elevation of two hundred and fifty to four hundred feet and could be seen from their front yard.

Ward had established himself in business in Traverse City. John was employed by him as salesman for farm implements and machinery. George could work there, too, if he like it, which he didn't. This move from the old home led to others more or less unsatisfactory, one of which was a blacksmith shop which George operated with Jim Lake in Traverse City.

In the spring of 1895 they moved onto a farm in Mayfield township, Grand Traverse Co., about twelve miles from town, where Grandfather and Grandmother could come and stay a few days when they wished, and they did. Here Roy attended Bartlett school, the family attending Sunday School at the same schoolhouse.

During the year they had lived in Traverse City, they had attended Asbury Methodist Chapel on Spruce Street in the evening. On the thirteenth of August, 1895, another son cam to bless this new home, Raymond Daniel, the only descendant to bear his great-grandfather's name. As he grew up, he was very proud of the name.

This farm did not prove profitable, the neighborhood disappointing. In early

spring of '96, they sold it and returned to town. A few weeks later, they traded it toward a larger farm adjoining--a dairy farm; this time, assuming a debt for stock and equipment. There were hard years following this venture. Dairying was profitable, but there was the constant need for new equipment or replacement of others, the weeding out of inferior dairy cows and buying others to take their places. (A beef animal is sold by weight, those for dairy purposes on their merits or qualifications, good producers of good milk--a considerable difference in price between the two types.) When George and Mary took over this farm there were buildings, but not much equipment for carrying on such work, only a few cows. At first they sold the milk to a neighbor who had a route in the city, in the meantime increasing their own herd. In about a year Mr. Goble sold his place to Ed Vaughn. George took over the milk route, bought more cows, planted more acres to hay and other feed. They hired Albert Robbins to deliver the milk, a nice boy and good salesman.

All this time George and Mary had a young family to care for and educate. The district school was two miles away. Roy and Ruby attended there, walking the distance with other children of the neighborhood in fair weather. As they grew older and learned to drive, there was a gently old gray horse they could have to drive when cold or stormy. Arriving at the school, the reins were properly tied, Nell turned around and headed toward home. She always came back safely. One spring measles came to the neighborhood, the children brought them home, of course; Mary had never come in contact with measles before. So, when Roy and Ruby had quite recovered, their mother and brother Raymond were the victims. For Mary it was rather hard, but all came through with no serious results.

July 8, 1899, Eleanor, youngest daughter was born. Grandfather and Grandmother, living on East 8th St. in Traverse City, were within a mile of the farm and

frequently came out for a day or two. These were happy occasions for all. During these years they had attended the Congregational Church and Sunday School in the morning, sometimes going to Fernwood Chapel in the evening. As Roy and Ruby grew older, they withdrew, and with a group of young acquaintances from Sabin district and Fernwood, they went to the Christian Church, then being organized in Traverse City, a new church built at Cass and Eighth Streets. This was 1904-05.

The fourth generation of Millers was restless, looking for new fields to conquer but never quite achieving it. Ward had sold out his business in Traverse City and gone to Kalamazoo. He has two sons, Arthur and Leon. John, with his father and mother, had gone onto a small farm again, west of the city in Lone Tree district. With several jersey cows, a flock of hens and good garden, they did well. In 1901 John married Miss Nora Nichols of Ohio. They have three sons. The two older, Wells and Edwin, were born at Lone Tree farm.

It was here that Father and Mother Miller celebrated their Golden Wedding. It was Nora's idea to have a family reunion as far as possible for the occasion, and with the cooperation of other members of the family and friends, she put it over beautifully. Mother's sisters, Mrs. Smith from Bay City and Mrs. Shank of Flint, were guests, also Father's brothers, James Miller of Swartz Creek and Almer from his western home in Colorado. Nora had written a poem in honor of this day. There was a nice program of readings and recitations. Eleanor, five years old, gave an appropriate recitation. Mary read a poem entitled "Fifty Years." She has cherished it ever since. Each one contributed to the entertainment, individually or collectively. George and his sister, Mrs. Britton, sang old songs together, as they always loved to do. Uncle Almer told his

impressions, adventures and experiences in the West. He had come alone, his wife not being able to travel the long distance, not so easily made then as now. Today they could come in a few hours, then it was several days' journey. It was a beautiful day, this October 3, 1904, the anniversary now of three weddings in the family. The brides: Cynthia, Mary and Lulu; the bridegrooms, Walls, Thomas and Peter. Having enjoyed this day so much, Mary hoped it would be the privilege she might share with her husband, family and friends--their own fiftieth anniversary; but it was not to be.

To all appearances, they were doing well, when another change was made. The farm property was disposed of, John and his family went to Cassopolis, Mich., and his parents came back to Traverse City. The brittons had returned to the Traverse region to be nearer the rest of the family. George and Mary's youngest son, Kenneth Arnfield, was born June 19, 1906. The families of Brittons and Millers, though living eight miles apart, with transportation not so good, kept in frequent contact (meaning those who remained in Northern Michigan.) In all, the W. B. Millers had fourteen grandchildren, only three of them girls--Lulu Britton, Ruby and Eleanor Miller. They all grew to man and womanhood. Some of them graduated from high school, the others went only part way through. Lulu became a successful teacher in Leelanau, her home county.

This is the difference in the viewpoint (or is it disposition?) of people. While Lulu was staying loyally by her mother, who was proud of the record she was making as a teacher and at the same time being able to purchase some needed furnishings for the home, the older boys grew restless on the farm. They had visions of other things to do and see in regions farther away. They were needed at home, but when discontent is present, there is no happiness. So away they went, Roy and Glenn.

They had always been interested in the same pastimes and each other, two heedless "kids" of seventeen years. It was hard for Glenn's mother, who had brought up her family under the difficulties and hardships only a good mother can know, left alone to care for and educate a young family. It was with grief and disappointment we saw them go. It took them a year or longer to find profitable employment, but they managed to take care of themselves. Also they found refuge with Uncle John and Aunt Nora, who were at that time living at Cascopolis, and took these youngsters under their wing until they went to work on the railroad. As soon as Glenn was financially able, he sent his mother and young brothers new farm tools, a new and much-needed harness, and a better team. The boys had been gone nearly three years when they made their first visit home. This was in January 1910. Roy was sick, the beginning of a serious case of typhoid fever. Upon recovery he returned to Battle Creek, where for a year or longer, the boys had been employed by the Grand Trunk railroad.

CHAPTER EIGHT

During the summer of 1909, George went to Tennessee on a tour of investigation, thinking of a new home in a warmer climate. He was gone perhaps ten days. Father and Mother came out to the farm to help Mary with the care of the cattle and other work. Not so much a surprise to Mary, but certainly a disappointment, George had not found anything in the South that attracted him, so he returned to the dairy farm, not, however, with any intention to stay--restless and probably tired from the care and hard work required during the twelve years in milk production. Mary was tired, too, but had visions now of a home out of debt. Finally she decided on terms she would consent to: that the farm should sell for thirty-six hundred dollars cash, the personal property reserved for private sale (not expecting this could be done for months, perhaps.) But it was only a few weeks until they were sold out and had to move! The new home was on Sixteenth St. in Traverse City.

It was here that Roy and Glen came that January night in 1910. They came unannounced and in the evening. There came a smart rap on the door. Mary went to see what was wanted, and a voice (disguised) said, "We are looking for a place to stay tonight." They stood in the shadow where they could not be recognized, so Mary said, "We have no room," and was closing the door when they stepped forward and pushed it open saying, "We will stay anyway!" A few days later our doctor ordered Roy to the hospital, a very sick young man. I can never forget the grief of his Grandmother as he drove away with Uncle Albert. At that time typhoid fever was regarded as an almost hopeless ailmen. Glen reluctantly went back to his work at Battle Creek. Many anxious days followed, days of delirium for the patient, of watchful and prayerful waiting by the folks at home. They were not permitted to see him during the worst days. Grandmother

would not go, feeling she could not see him so ill and keep calm. It was her Roy. In answer to earnest prayer and the faithful care of the doctor and his nurse, Miss Wolfe, he passed the crisis and knew us again. Miss Wolfe was a friend of Lulu Britton and known to the rest of the family. Roy made a good recovery. He had to spend his twenty-first birthday, Feb. 23, in the hospital, a bit disappointing for all, but for the best. Early in March he came home. Spring was coming, the weather nice. His fiancee, Miss Elnora Becker, came from Battle Creek to spend a week with us. Elna was not a stranger; her people had formerly lived in Traverse City and the families were known to each other. A happy week soon went by.

In April Roy returned to Battle Creek and the railroad to which he would be faithful. A few weeks later his father, stirred by a new idea and by the fact that the money from the sale of their home was being spent without any profit, went to Lansing where his brother John then lived, looking for a new home and employment. Not finding anything there, he went on to Battle Creek where the boys helped him locate a ten-acre garden farm on the north edge of the city, just starting a period of rapid growth. The little farm was within the limits of Washington Heights, a suburb. There were only a few houses in Washington Heights at that time, no stores of any kind. New industries were getting under way, especially cereal flake foods and a coffee substitute made from grain. The Sanitarium was at the height of its prosperity; through it and the activities of its founder, Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, Battle Creek Sanitarium had world-wide fame as a health institution. Many people from foreign countries were guests or patients there. Sick people came for the special baths and treatments and diet. Tired people found it to be a delightful place to rest,

set in the center of spacious grounds with always green lawns and beautiful trees: the native maple (than which there is nothing more lovely), evergreens, also native to Michigan, and other varieties imprted from other states, such as the redbud or Judas tree and the dogwood, native to the mountains of the South. Within the building and about the outdoors there were little posters with one word upon them, "Quiet."

It was the second week in June 1910 when George left Traverse City with his chartered freight car. Aboard with him was the farm implements and household goods, a horse, a cow, a carriage with two seats and "canopy top" known as a surrey, a few hens and the family cat, Lorenzo. The car was laid over in Kalamazoo for several hours, and feeling sorry for Lorenzo being in a cage so long, George let him out. When the train was ready to go, he could not be found--a nice black cat with one little white spot on his throat. They got into Battle Creek in the afternoon and the goods and live creatures were transferred to the farm. The next day, June 17, 1910, Mary and the children, Raymond, Eleanor and Kenneth left Traverse City at six a.m. on a Michigan Central train for the new home, arriving in Battle Creek in early afternoon. George met them at the station and they went directly to the farm.

On turning from Main St. (Michigan Ave. now) onto Hubbard Street, there were not many houses. Main street west from McCamly had appeared rather shabby to Mary as they drove along. Raymond, who had checked his bicycle with other baggage and was riding along beside the surrey, was beginning to wonder how much farther we must go, when from the top of a hill he saw Daisy, the cow, in the pasture. With a shout he raced ahead and into the house, the other children

following as soon as possible. By the time their parents came in, they were all upstairs. The furniture was merely set in, the house clean, so they went to work, did some planning, laid rugs, set up beds and prepared supper. The next day being Saturday, they unpacked what they needed, put up curtains, arranged cupboards. In the afternoon, Roy and Glen came out to see how we were doing and help a bit. Sunday, June 19, was Kenneth's fourth birthday. Raymond was fifteen, Eleanor eleven, their birthdays following through summer. Mr. Becker and his son Raymond came to call on us in the afternoon. It surely was nice to see someone they knew. The summer was lonely in a strange community. Learning that Rev. Hugh Kennedy, whom they had known at Traverse City, was pastor at Maple Church, they found their way over there, going the longest was around at that.

Ruby was working at the Oval Wood Dish factory in T.C., her first job away from home and very much interested in it; so, she planned to stay a while, but as she and Grandma watched the train go by that morning, there was a twinge of homesickness, and she followed the others within a week. The family were together again, glad it was so, but Mary had hoped Ruby would stay at Traverse City that summer for Grandma's sake.

The young folks soon found employment. The neighbors were kind and friendly. There was plenty of work for George and Mary in this new business of market gardening. They had it all to learn, with the same debt on this small place they had had on the old home in the North. In September Eleanor, then in the sixth grade, attended the district school; her home at that time was outside the city. Raymond attended the Battle Creek High School. The other boys, Roy and Glen, came out frequently when they could and brought their friends. The garden, though having a late start, did very well, providing enough for the

family and some to sell, but during the autumn and winter, George and Mary found other employment.

Ruby was working in a beauty parlor with Mrs. Bert Wood, walking a mile each morning and night to the street car when the weather was bad; otherwise, she walked all the way, as the others did, to school. During her year of training Ruby received the magnificent sum of one dollar per week, but she liked the work and made good. One day in 1916 a lady from Grand Rapids, looking for efficient helpers in her parlor in that city, came to the Woods for a hairdress. Ruby did her work. The lady was pleased with it and made an attractive offer if she would come to Grand Rapids, which she did. It was here she met Glenn Hamm of Grayling, Mich., employed in one of the furniture factories. Ruby came home for Christmas and brought Glenn along to meet the folks. They were married in July 1917 and continued their work at Grand Rapids for another year when Glenn went into Army training in the engineering corps at Houghton, Mich. He went overseas in August, 1918.

Here and there we get a bit ahead of our historical record, but hope it is understandable. Going back to the busy and more or less eventful days of 1910, it was a nice, mild winter. The Millers thought they had done well to come south. Grandpa and Grandma had come to stay with their son Ward, at Comstock, for the cold season. But the next winter! Twenty degrees below zero for two weeks, the rest of it accordingly.

December 29, 1910, Roy H. Miller and Miss Elnora Becker were married, a pretty home wedding with only near relatives as guests. Grandfather and Grandma came from Comstock to be present. To be able to be a guest at Roy's wedding meant a great deal to his Grandmother. Everyone had an enjoyable evening. The grandparents went home with George's family and spent a week with them.

When Raymond went downtown to high school, he met boys who invited him to attend their Sunday School class at the First Methodist Church. This he did also asking two friends from his home neighborhood, Clifford and Dale Miller to go with him. It was an interesting boys' class. One Sunday a few months later, the teacher was describing scenery connected with the lesson and asked, "Who has seen the mountains in Tennessee?" To his surprise, Raymond answered, "I have." "What part of Tennessee, Raymond?" "The Cumberland Mountains, Rugby, Burrville, with my mother." The teacher was Mr. Edward Galloway who knew the Taylors well, but had never met Mary, who was married soon after her family moved to the Burrville (Named for Aaron Burr) community, and had not met these younger relatives of George Galloway. They were schoolmates of her brother and sister, Harold and Caroline Taylor. Raymond was thrilled with the discovery. So was his teacher, and it led to pleasant occasions spent together by the families through the years.

In September 1914, Eleanor and her neighbor Irene Allen started in high school. During the four years since the Millers had come to live in Washington Heights, the village had made considerable growth, had been incorporated as a village, had their own council and felt a real pride in its growth and the type of people who built their homes there. In the spring of 1914 they started building the little white church (Methodist) on Kendall Street. Services and Sunday School had been held in private homes and in the Adventist Academy for a year or two. At this time (August 1944) there are five charter members who still attend services in the little white church. The Millers were all members while they lived there. Mrs. Miller still is.

In 1913 at the closing of school, Alton Britton came from his home near Traverse City to spend the summer with his brother Glen at Battle Creek, returning home

in September to finish high school. He returned the next summer, found employment in Battle Creek, and has made it his home since. Alton and his cousin, Raymond Miller, as little boys and older boys, seemed always congenial, with interests in common, and the old friendship was renewed. When the United States became involved in the European War in 1917, the boys both enlisted a few days after President Wilson made the announcement on April 6, Raymond 21, in Field Artillery, Alton 20, in Infantry, in the First Division. They went to Texas for training, Alton to Brownsville, Raymond to Fort Sam Huston at San Antonio. His mother has interesting letters he wrote about the city and the Alamo. Raymond was President of the Washington Heights Epworth League when he went away to War. Rev. Richard D. Kearns, who was their pastor and beloved leader, held a special meeting with the young people the evening before Raymond was to leave. It was very much enjoyed by them all at the little white church to which he would never return.

THE LITTLE WHITE CHURCH

He loved the little white church on the hill,
That stands amid the shade of maple trees
A sacred sentinel, so hushed and still,
So white and clean, as if washed by the breeze.

A lawn well marked with footprints in the sod,
While through the trees the sunlight softly streams,
As neighborfolk came there to worship God,
Unmindful of the strife of worldly schemes.

He was "killed in action" in France, May 19, 1918. He had landed in France on his twenty-second birthday, August 13, 1917. Alton was in a hospital at the time of Raymond's death. He came home in April, 1919. In the meantime the Hannas (Glenn and Ruby) were living at Grand Rapids until Glenn's call to service should come, which it did in August. He went to Houghton, Michigan for training. Ruby spent several weeks there to be near him. He went overseas in September. Ruby came home, finding employment again in Battle Creek. When Glenn came back from France, they made Battle Creek their home.

During these years the city and Washington Heights had made noticeable growth. The street car company had extended the line from Ann Ave. to Roosevelt (named for Theodore Roosevelt) making it possible for students and city workers to be more comfortable in bad weather. Also, the village had been incorporated into the city of Battle Creek. The village folks had voted favorably to this at a very enthusiastic meeting after a lengthy discussion of the matter. There was some disappointment later as the improvements that had been promised were not fulfilled, except for the extension of the street car line. Taxes were raised and to be paid twice annually instead of once. There has been very little growth since 1920. The city has grown in other directions, to the east and southwest, and is considered a pretty town now. The main thoroughfare is attractive--a striking contrast to that Mary looked upon as she rode along with Black Belle and the surrey and thought, "What a place."

In September 1913, Eleanor and her friends Pauline Stanly and Irene Allen started in high school. Irene and Eleanor graduated in June 1917. Much to their disappointment, Raymond could not have a furlough to come home; also there were ten boys who should have graduated with them, but were absent, having enlisted in the Ambulance Corps for Army Service and had gone to Pennsylvania. This graduation was not the usual happy occasion, too many boys gone from American homes. The family of George and Mary was growing smaller, only two left, Eleanor 17 and Kenneth 11. Eleanor graduated from high school in June, entered Argubright's business college in July, finished the course in April, and went directly to the office of H. B. Sherman Co., being employed there until March 1941. In 1922, on Sept. 14, Eleanor married Lyndon H. Garrison. Lynn had been studing drafting and engineering in the evening, by correspondence course, for several years while otherwise employed. When War II was declared in

1941, he sought and found employment with the Fisher Body Division of General Motors, Detroit, where he was soon made Chief of Production Standards on the North American (B-25) Bombers. In January 1943, they moved to Cleveland where Lynn was to be Chief Production Engineer for the same company, making major assemblies for the Boeing Super-Fortress(B-29).

Only Kenneth was left in the home of George and Mary now. He was growing up fast. In the autumn of 1926 he took his mother on a vacation trip to visit friends living on the beloved mountains in Tennessee. Her sisters were already there from Birmingham, Ala. They all spent a week at Rugby, then on to Birmingham where Mary stayed another week, and Kenneth until after Christmas. The following year, on Dec. 25, 1927, Kenneth married Grace A. Moon in a quiet wedding at the Congregational parsonage by Rev. C. B. Miller, with their families and other relatives present. All returned to the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Moon for the reception and refreshments. They settled their home in Battle Creek and have always lived here except one winter spent at New Orleans, which they enjoyed. They have one son serving his country in World War II, "somewhere in the Pacific" at the present time.

Through the years of their married life, the home of George and Mary had always been more or less a refuge for others less fortunate. One of these, a Mr. Fairbanks. He had ability along literary lines, also had little oddities. There was a quiet room at the Miller home where he might write, which he did, sometimes breaking into song in the midst--a favorite was "This life is what we make it, sir, This life is what we make it"--which Mary agreed to, but never could quite see the connection between the absorption in writing the moment before and the quick spring from his chair in hilarious declamation. True, he might

have just found the solution to a difficult subject in journalism.

then there was Mr. Lancaster, a poor, homeless, old man, who seemed to have no one who cared for him or even took any interest in him. His only possession was some parsnips he had grown. No home, and winter nearby. He was on this dairy farm when they bought it, he told George his sad situation, offered him the parsnips and asked if he might stay while they lasted. He was assured he might stay, which he did, until spring. He was grateful and George and Mary never missed the little required for his care.

Looking back over the years, your historian wanders away fromthe subject proper (family history) and drifts off into incidents perhaps less interesting, but still a part of life's experiences. There were others of very similar character, but these two were the most impressive.

Hubbard had become a much more attractive street, small trees, bushes and other wild growth had been cleared from the right-of-way. It was graded, widened and gravelled and soon became an important highway. Much more travel past the Miller home than in earlier years, also the automobile was coming into more general use. About the year 1922 George bought a Dodge car, to be used principally for delivering the produce from garden, dairy and hen yard. He built a little "gas house" just large enough to hold a barrel of gasoline. In the course of time other people learned that they might get extra fuel for their cars at this roadside place. Someone asked George why he didn't put in a filling station. The idea was acted upon; gardening and caring for livestock is not so easy as it might seem to those who have never done it. So George sold the three cows and the milk pails; the horse had gone months ago, leaving the hens for Mary to keep or sell as she wished. She kept them for a year

perhaps, but there were near neighbors now who had gardens, and chickens have an uncanny ability for getting out of their yard and into the garden next door to look for insects and dust bath. She was never sorry she sold them, though the family did not have chicken dinners so often. It was in the summer of 1926 they built a small filling station, the same year the electric street lights were extended to the neighborhood. They were receiving a government pension that made living easier and finished paying the debt against the home but in no way eased the heartache caused by the absence of a dear boy. With most of the family gone and less to do in the home, Mary took up and enjoyed the social activities available to her--Ladies Aid, Willing Helpers Club, Veterans of Foreign Wars Auxilliary.

In the spring of 1929 the Hannas returned from Pennsylvania where Glenn had been employed as manager for a gravel company. His five-year contract had expired and they wanted to come home. They had been home for Christmas and left Donald with his grandparents to begin school with the new year. He was in the third grade and they would be back in March. There were two younger children, Doris and Duane.

George and Mary had never been on a pleasure trip to be gone over night, there had always been creatures around to be cared for, and then the station. They went separately, if at all. After the Hannas returned, Glenn took over the filling station, releasing Father Miller to do whatever he wished. He was growing feeble, but not by any means discouraged. So he bought a different car, planning they would take that carefree trip together, see old friends and familiar places and be gone as long as they pleased. They had long considered the matter of purchasing a burial place to be ready when needed. Before starting

on their intended trip, they went to the pretty little cemetery at Bedford and choose a lot where four might be laid to rest, little thinking how soon it would be needed. Through the spring months, George's health failed so he was not able to drive. He was seventy-one years old in May; he died August 19, passing away quietly in his easy chair as Mary stood beside him. And so ended the history of the oldest son of the fourth generation. Funeral services were held at the little white church he helped to build.

I WANT TO GO SOUTH

(A Parody) By George Miller

I would not live always, I ask not to stay,
Where the bay freezes over the middle of May.
These cold frosty mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough to set us longing to be south of here.

Oh who would live always around Traverse Bay
Wearing overcoat and mittens the last days of May?
All pinched up half-frozen, eight months of the year
Instead of being happy with comfort and cheer.

Oh who would live always up here in the cold?
I could not, I would not, for silver nor gold.
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are not enough for life's pleasures,
not enough to keep me here.

Oh who would live always so far from the South,
Where they have no long winters, in summer no drougth,
Where the magnolia blossoms and grows mountain high,
I'm bound to go to Georgia, by ging-goes or die!

For though I may labor each day in the field,
These winters consume all the summer doth yield.
I'm going South next winter if the Lord lets me go
Where I will not be froze up nor wading in snow.

CHAPTER NINE

The history of Roy Miller's youth to the time of his marriage has been related in that of his father's. Roy was employed by the Grand Trunk railroad. Having always been attracted to trains and locomotives, it was quite natural he would make it his life work. When they were first married, Roy and Elna lived for a short while with her people, until they furnished their own home on Convis street. Their first child, Frances, was born there, on Dec. 10, 1911. Mary often thinks of the day she took Grandma Miller over there to see their home and the baby (I think this one was Lisle). Battle Creek was quite strange to Grandma, so she felt doubtful about going without a man; but there was no man who could go, besides there was only one seat in the buggy. Emmett Street at that time was a narrow sandy road, a big gravel pit where Leila Hospital now is, and no houses west of Chestnut. She was happy when we arrived, enjoyed seeing the little family but disappointed when we learned that Roy was "out". They waited, hoping he would come, which he really did at the last minute, much to her joy and satisfaction, as nothing was complete for her that did not include Roy. Going back home Grandma was very quiet, but Mary did not realize she was worried, perhaps frightened, although she had said, "You are sure we are on the right road?" When they drove into the yard, she exclaimed, "There's George! We are home!" She laughed and cried as he helped her from the buggy and kissed him over and over. She stayed until she grew restless, thinking she had better go back to the Brittons. She had spent several weeks with each of her boys. Grandma lived seven years after Grandfather died, always sweet and kind.

The first baby to arrive in the home of the Roy Millers was a little daughter,

Frances, a pretty blue-eyed baby with curly fair hair. The first grandchild in either family, she was at once a center of interest and attention, especially for the young aunts and uncles, the youngest uncle five and a half years old. A neighbor asked him one day, "How does it seem to be uncle?" He said, "Oh, it's all right." Frances grew up strong and capable in the matter of having things done when they should be and as they should be, with a love for pretty things, for flowers and little children. She never attended public school and entered the Michigan Home and Training School when she was eight years old at Lapeer, transferring to the branch school at Coldwater in 1942.

Next in order was Lisle Esther (Esther means "good fortune"), another blue-eyed and blond-haired baby, welcomed to the hearts and homes of the various families, July 1, 1913. On October 16, 1914 their little brother was born, oldest son of the oldest son in line of descent. He was named Eugene Edward--a happy little family. They enjoyed good health and were very active, a real responsibility for their mother who did not enjoy the same good health the children had. Their aunts, Hazel and Ruby, helped some by staying with them at night to make it less lonely for the young family, while the girls were otherwise employed during the day. Later Roy quit the road and was employed in the railroad yards, so he was at home with his family more, which was better for all of them. They moved to 127 Green St., across from No. 2 school, where the children began and finished the primary grades. They graduated from high school with the usual credits. Through summer vacations they spent allotted time in Campfire and Boy Scout camps, those modern organizations so helpful to American youth, where competent leaders entertain and instruct them and they learn to mingle (mix, to be a good mixer) with others. Leaving school

days behind, Lisle took up this line of work for a while with her own group of younger girls. She was also a saleslady in a department store, and later a stenographer until she married. Through their childhood they had attended Sunday School at the First Methodist Church and as they grew up became members of the Epworth League.

On May 3, 1936, Lisle married Bernard Miller, from the same group of Methodist young people as Lisle and her brother Eugene. They established their home in Battle Creek. Bernard passed the Civil Service examination for the Post Office and has since been employed in the Battle Creek post office. They had first a small daughter, Mary Esther, who died shortly after birth. Then they had one son, the youngest of the seventh generation descended from Adam and Margaret. His name is David, not a namesake, however, of the David Miller of a past generation who explored the gold country of our Western States. At the present time, June 1945, David is five years old, a bright little boy who likes to be busy, is capable of making his own plans. Sometimes they go awry.

Eugene had a genial personality that won friends for him. It is a quality always appreciated by other people. His grandmother remembers a happy winter she spent with the family. It was the year jig-saw puzzles became a popular entertainment. Jig-saws can be very puzzling at times, and so many pieces to pick up to no purpose! It is true Mary <u>did</u> take some of them off the board sometimes and forgot to lay them down again. When a piece just couldn't be found, she fell under suspicion and Gene would say, "Well, Grandma has it in her hand." To prove innocence she must show her hands.

Another occasion that was enjoyed by all was when Roy decided to take a vacation, something he had never done, something, it seems, that railroads had not offered their employees. They planned a trip to Northern Michigan. Mary was invited to go along and she eagerly accepted. This was going back home to the older ones, but new to the children, Lisle and Eugene. We left Battle Creek on a sunny Tuesday afternoon in early June, 1931, stayed for the night at Big Rapids at the home of Elna's sister, Florence, arriving at Traverse City the next day. They visited once-familiar stores and other places, drove out to the old farm home--no one around, the house had been covered with black tarpaper and looked desolate: the once lovely orchard had dead trees still there and vacant places where others used to be. Out to the district school house where Roy and his brother and sisters had attended, it looked all right but the neighborhood had changed, as everything does in the course of twenty years. We had had a lovely trip along the west coast of Lake Michigan on what is known as the scenic drive. They went out to Aunt Mary Britton's in time for supper, slept as tired travelers do. Aunt Mary's beds were not equipped with the modern mattresses, but with "straw ticks," a home-made container made from cotton cloth to fit the size of the bedstead and filled with bright, clean straw, fresh from the threshing machine. A very comfortable bed too. Mary's first acquaintance with them was when she came to live in Michigan. Of course, they have been replaced to mattresses since a younger generation took over. These "straw ticks" were made with an opening on the upper side so the straw might be stirred and arranged each morning when beds were made. They closed with buttons and buttonholes. There were no zippers then. As the straw wore out, they were refilled from the stack in the field. Now, where was I? Oh yes, on a trip to Northern Michigan with Roy's family in

1931.

Howard Britton and his kind and efficient wife, Elizabeth, had taken over the work and management of the farm. His mother had carried on courageously, but now she was glad to lay down the burden of care, tho still happy and hospitable, as were they all. We started on our way as soon after our good farmer's breakfast as possible, to see Leelanau County. First to the old home at Miller Hill, Glen Arbor, Port Oneida, Northport. Stopped a few minutes at Suttons Bay to see Uncle Ward and Aunt Rebecca who were spending the summer there. Over the bridge across the narrows of Lake Leelanau to Bingham and back to Aunt Mary's for another night. Lisle, Eugene and their grandmother shared the same seat in the car, none of them being very large they had plenty of room, and by making frequent changes all could be next to the window part of the time, and had plenty of fun.

On the third day of this always-to-be-remembered vacation trip, the Millers turned toward Traverse City again, from where they turned north onto the peninsula which splits Grand Traverse Bay. This peninsula is about eighteen miles long, well settled; general farming and fruit, especially cherries, seemed to the traveler to be the leading industry. Some resorts along the west shore. At the north end of the peninsula is the Old Mission lighthouse where our party lingered awhile to rest. Old Mission was one of the earliest settlements in this region, having a very interesting history. Back to the city again, going out around East Bay, turning north to Bellaire where we rested again and visited the resort on pretty Bellaire Lake while Elna called on an old friend in the village.

Arriving at a State Park on the east shore of Lake Charlevoix, we spent the night.

A nice park, the night clear and starlit, but much cooler than the two previous. Roy decided he would sleep in the automobile, the other chose the novelty of sleeping on the ground. Lisle and her grandmother were to share the same pallette, had it made up, but fortunately had not retired, when the park attendant came by and pointed out that they had laid it across the path leading to the spring where other park residents would go for water--A lovely clam night, Mary lay awake for a time thinking of the wonder and beauty of it all--the big trees sheltering us tonight, the white beach and still waters of the nearby lake. "How wonderful are Thy works, Oh God." After the human intruders had become quiet, the night birds raised their voices, the owl and the whippoorwill. She had not heard a whippoorwill for years and seldom an owl; they are timed birds and seek the quiet forest regions. The next morning they started on early, had breakfast at Charlevoix, followed Highway 31 along the shore of Little Traverse Bay and on the way to Machinaw City. Here they turned homeward, arriving about sunset tired but happy. Had seen the beauties of the home state, and they are many. Home and all is well.

This vacation was while Eugene was still in high school, Lisle just graduated. After graduation they looked for and found employment, which was not so easy it being during a time or period called a "depression".

Gene decided on work for the railroad; it had been his father's life work and Gene was not unfamiliar with it. In 1936 on the 26th day of January, he married Miss Ruth Bailey, doughter of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Bailey of Battle Creek, and a high school classmate. It was a pretty church wedding, St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Church, with relatives of both filling the home of the bride after the ceremony was over. They went to their own home a very happy pair. On December 17, 1936, their son James Walter was born, a fine baby we were all proud to claim,

in the seventh generation--a quiet child, with thoughful, serious wish to know and understand anything new to him, a quality unusual in very young children. He and his Grandfather Roy enjoyed each other; they were real pals. Mary remembers how Jim liked to go riding in the car, how he would stand looking out the front window, making comments on things and creatures along the country roads. Never a robust child, he was not quite three years old when he was stricken with pneumonia. This was only a few days before his brother, Raymond, was born. The case was not severe and Jim was brought from the hospital to his grandparents' home in a few days.

In October 1942 Eugene was given a transfer (at his own request) from the railroad job in Battle Creek to another in the State of Arizona, as they had decided the Michigan climate was too damp for Jim, so would take him to the dry and warmer southwest. They all enjoyed the change of scenery and climate out there amidst the deserts and the cactus and above all, the sunshine. They spent six happy months Ruth will never forget. In May the following year they returned home, with no intention to stay, only to dispose of such articles as they would not need and settle business affairs, intending to return to a home in the West. Eugene went back alone, his work out there needing him. Ruth stayed to finish the sale of those pieces she did not want and pack those to be shipped. This was finished when she received a telegram saying her husband was seriously ill. The next day another message came that he had passed away from meningitis. He was brought back to Battle Creek and laid to rest in quiet Memorial Park on July 19, 1943.

Our little Jim did not enjoy the rugged health and strength his younger brother and cousin David had, although he was always interested in all the others did and sometimes took part. He tired easily and would sit quietly watching them.

The brave little mother and his grandparents on both sides left nothing undone that could restore health or bring comfort to the dear child. He passed quietly away during a beautiful Sabbath afternoon, July 16, 1944, with those most dear to him by his side. Two days later they laid him to rest beside his father.

So here again the chain in direct line of descent was broken, and younger brother Raymond will carry on, Providence permitting. Raymond is young, just arriving at school age, too full of energy and inquiry for the peace of his elders, but a good quality, rightly directed.