

SAGE GENEALOGY

Supplement

JAMES H. SAGE

Branch



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Supplement

Compiled

By

Merwin G. Sage

1965





## ANOTHER NEWBERG LAD DISTINGUISHES HIMSELF

Mrs. Florence Sage of Portland, but a former resident of Newberg, became a new subscriber to the Enterprise this week. Mrs. Sage's son, Merwin, and a former Newberg high school boy, is in the service of his country. He was one of the first Newberg boys to enlist, joining the navy in November, 1916. Since that time young Sage has been "a traveling some." He has been to Honolulu and back. He was one of the escort that took General Pershing's first soldiers to Europe and was among the first American sailors in France. He spent his last Fourth of July in Paris. He has been across the "pond" three times and is now somewhere on his fourth trip. Recently he was transferred to the "Armed Guard" and is one of their best marksmen. This guard was on exhibition in one of the large theaters in New York city. Oh, there's nothing to it—you can't beat these soldier and sailor boys that have gone out from the little old town in the "scrubby end of Chehalem."

NEWBERG, ORE. GRAPHIC

1917

JOHN  
B-1668 D-1751

AND

HANNAH STARR  
D-1753

Issue

Hannah		B-1694
John		1696
Elizabeth	) (	1699
Mary	) (	1699
Elizabeth		1701
Ann		1702
David	) (	1703
Benjamin	) (	1703
Jemima		1704
*Nathaniel		1707
Ebenezer		1709
Comfort		1711
Prudence		1713
Thankful		1717
Gideon		1718

NATHANIEL  
B-1707 D-1780

AND

REBECCA HART

Issue

Samuel	B-1732
*Jeddediah	1734
Lucia	1737
Rebecca	1739
Thankful	1742
Hepzibah	1745
Hannah	1747
Hezekiah	1752
Nathaniel	1755

JEDDEDIAH  
B-1734 D-1798

AND

LUCY. SMITH

Issue

Elisha	B-1756
*Abiel	1758
David	1760
Amos	1762
Simeon	1763
Sylvester	1765
Jeddediah	1766
Sarah	1769
Jerusha	1771
Mary	1773
Diantha	1775



CAPT. ABIEL  
B-1758 D-1827

AND

TRYPHENIA TURRILL  
*D. of Aaron & Sarah,  
Warner Jewell*

Issue

Amos	B-1782
Lewis	1784
Tryphenia )	1787 )
Sally )	1787 ) <i>D. 1792</i>
Roswell	1789
Abiel	1792
Lyman	1794
*Chauncy	1799
<i>SARAH</i>	<i>1802 M. CHAS. BEECHER</i>

Capt. Abiel served during the Revolutionary War.

CHAUNCY L. SAGE  
E-1799 D- 1891

AND ??

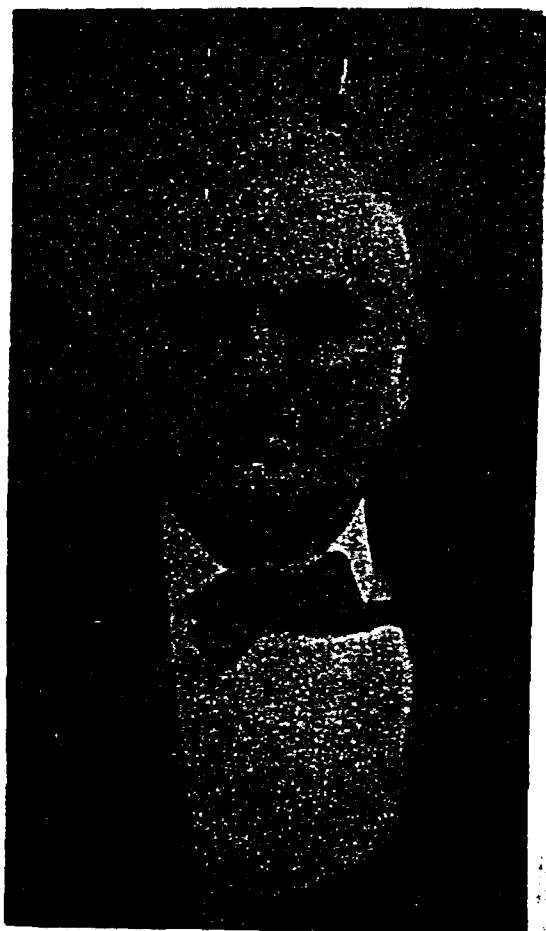
Broth. & Sisters

1782	Amos	
1784	Lewis	
1787	Tryphenia	} SD-1792
1787	Sally	
1789	Roswell	
1792	Abiel	
1794	Lyman	
1802	SARAH	

Issue

Chauncy Sage and Wife

1824	Henry		
1825	Edward		
1828	Chauncy		
1830	Mary Jane		
1832	Cordilia	M	----- Hewes
1834	Nellie Ellen	M	-- Dickey
1835	Albert		
1837	Francis	M	James Woolfenden
1840	James H.	M	Alice Ann Woolfenden
1843	Theodore		



Chauncy Sage  
1888



Francis Sage  
From Tintype 1859

### Death of Mrs. Alice Sage.

The death of Mrs. Alice Sage occurred at her home, two miles north of Balaton, Saturday, July 26.

Naturally of a frail constitution and an uncomplaining nature her serious condition was not realized until some four months ago, since which time she has been a great sufferer, but patient and thoughtful of others until the last.

The deceased was a native of Massachusetts, later of Racine, Wis., and about twenty years ago moved to her present home.

With her retiring nature, and for years her limited strength, she served best in her home; being a faithful wife, a most kind and devoted mother and a pleasant neighbor highly esteemed by all who knew her.

The deceased leaves a husband, one daughter, Mrs. Etta O'Gara, of St. Paul, three sons, Harry, who was summoned from California, Wallace and Cleveland, both of Balaton, to whom the sincere sympathy of the wife's and mother's friends are extended in their bereavement.

The funeral services were conducted from the home by Rev. Palm, all having been previously arranged by the deceased. Her Scripture lesson being the twenty-third Psalm.

The large attendance of sympathizing friends and neighbors, the beautiful flowers and the decorated grave all testified to the love of those who had known her.



Notice For Publication  
 Land Office at Williston, N.D.  
 Notice is hereby given that  
 the named settler has filed  
 intention to make final pr of it  
 of his claim, and that said  
 Geo W Wisson, R  
 E C Carney, Atty for Claimant  
 Williston, N.D.

## Obituary 1907

Wallace Sage was born at Ra-  
 cine, Wis. June 4th 1873. When  
 he was nine years old his parents  
 moved onto a farm near Balaton,  
 Lyon County, Minn. where the  
 deceased grew to manhood and  
 where he met and was united in  
 marriage with Miss Florence Gro-  
 ver of Tracy, Minn. in June, 1898.  
 To this union was born one child,  
 a boy, Merwin, who is left to com-  
 fort the widow in her hour of af-  
 fliction.

The family came to Williston in  
 May, 1905, and settled on their  
 homestead near Squires, where they  
 have resided continuously until last  
 December when it became neces-  
 sary for the deceased to go to St  
 Paul to secure needed medical at-  
 tention. He and his family went  
 and while here the end came, Tues-  
 day morning, Jan. 8th.

He was brought back to Willis-  
 ton and laid at rest Sunday. The  
 funeral was held at the M. E.  
 church under the auspices of the  
 M. W. A. of which he was a mem-  
 ber, and many friends and relatives  
 gathered there to pay their last tri-  
 bute to him. The man they had  
 loved and respected and  
 all those who knew him in  
 death will find in the funeral a  
 faithful picture of a true friend  
 and a true friend above  
 reproach, and it can be  
 him to Himself.

CARD OF THANKS—The under-  
 signed hereby extends her sincere  
 thanks to all those who assisted in  
 time of deepest affliction. Mrs.  
 Florence Sage.

Here is a man, dying of Leukemia, who built a house in a week, a good house, living room kitchen sleeping loft, a house that could stand the 40 degrees below zero winters.

He built this house alone except for the help of his wife, and dug a cellar, to protect them from the tornadoes, to keep the milk and cream cool in the hot summers, and to keep the potatoes from freezing in the bitter cold winters.

Below is a half page taken from his diary which he kept when he his wife and son drove from Osakis, Minnesota, to Williston, N. Dak., to make their home.

M. Sage  
1967

-12 1/2	hatched	7
12 1/2		3-
2 1/2		10
14		13
14		10
14		23
14		23
15		12
15		23
15		11-

April 1967

Started from Devils Lake to drive through to Williston. Had a fair trip and at Williston 16<sup>th</sup> evening. Went out to look for land. The 18<sup>th</sup> we went and stayed the 19<sup>th</sup>. Stayed overnight on the river, till 30<sup>th</sup>. Went to get from the folks. Started on 30<sup>th</sup> morning for the charter. It went all right. Sailed and took the trip. The wagon went to town. Monday the 1<sup>st</sup> of May. Last was at home. In the afternoon we went to the river. The 22<sup>nd</sup> we got in the house. In the 23<sup>rd</sup> we got in the house.

## Obituary

Wallace Sage was born at Racine, Wis. June 4th, 1873. When he was nine years old his parents moved onto a farm near Balaton, Lyon County, Minn., where the deceased grew to manhood and where he met and was united in marriage with Miss Florence Grover of Tracy, Minn. in June, 1898. To this union was born one child, a boy. Merwin, who is left to comfort the widow in her hour of affliction.

The family came to Williston in May, 1905, and settled on their homestead near Squires, where they have resided continuously until last December, when it became necessary for the deceased to go to St. Paul to secure needed medical attention. He and his family went and while here the end came, Tuesday morning, Jan. 8th.

He was brought back to Williston and laid at rest Sunday. The funeral was held at the M. E. church under the auspices of the M. W. A. of which he was a member, and many friends and relatives gathered there to pay their last tribute to the memory of the man they had learned to respect and to love. Mr. Sage was widely known and highly respected in the community in which he lived and all those who knew him mourned his death. A good true, noble man in the fullest sense of the word; a faithful husband, a kind father and a true friend, he lived a life above reproach, until God saw fit to call him to Himself. Of him it can be truly said, "Death was the crowning glory of a glorious Christian experience, and a noble upright life." "He has gone to the land where the weavy enjoy the sweet rapture of perfect repose."

### IN MEMORIUM

Farewell, kind Friend!

Thy hour of pain is past.

For thee immortal gain;

For the sweet peace at last.

Thy time of travail done,

Thy earthly pathway trod,

Passed to a better home,

At rest at last with God.

Thy burden here was sore,

A cross of pain thy share,

The sorrows here thou bore.

Have changed to glory there.

So once again farewell

For but a short brief time,

Soon we shall meet again,

Meeting in a better life.

death. A good true, noble man in the fullest sence of the word; a faithful husband, a kind father and a true friend; he lived a life above reproach, until God saw fit to call him to Himself. Of him it can be truly said, "Death was the crowning glory of a glorious Christain experience, and a noble upright life." "He has gone to the land where the weavy enjoy the sweet rapture of perfect repose."

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The sorrows here thou bore.  
Have changed to glory there.  
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Soon we shall meet again,  
Meet in a betterclime.

by L.

#### TO THOSE LEFT BEHIND

If we could push ajar the gates of life  
And stand within all G d's working see,  
We could intepret all doubt and strife,  
And for each mystery could find a key.  
But not today, then be content poor soul  
God's plans like lilies pure, unfold,  
We must not tear closeshut leaves apart.  
Time will reveal the the calyxes of gold.  
And if thru toil we reach the land,  
Where tired feet with sandels loose rest  
Then we shall clearly understand,  
I think that, 'God knew the best.'

—SELECTED.

We will write you that BOND



came to the spot where the  
Pilgrim lay.  
And pensively stood by his tomb;  
Then in a low whisper, I heard some-  
thing say,  
How sweetly I sleep here alone."

tempest may howl, and the loud  
thunder roll,  
And gathering storms may arise;  
Calm are my feelings, at rest is  
my soul,  
And the tears are all wiped from my  
eyes.

call of my Master compelled me  
from home—  
My companion farewell!  
My sweet children, who for me  
now mourn,  
In distant regions to dwell.

dered an exile, a stranger below,  
publish salvation abroad,  
trump of the Gospel endeavored to  
blow,  
Inviting poor sinners to God.

when among strangers, and far  
from my home,  
No kindred, nor relative nigh,  
Whom blighted my body, I sank to the  
tomb,  
My spirit to mansions on high.

tell my companion and children  
most dear,  
Though from the earth I am gone,  
The same Hand that led me thro'  
scenes dark and drear,  
Hath kindly conducted me home.

#### Kitty Wells.

This song was requested by a reader  
and has just been contributed.)  
You ask what makes this darky weep  
And why like others I'm not gay,  
And why the tears course down my  
cheek

From early morn' till close of day?

#### CHORUS.

the birds were singing in the  
morning,  
And the myrtle and the ivy were  
in bloom,  
As then they stole my Kitty from  
me,  
And laid her in the silent tomb.

Yes, darkies, you my story all shall  
hear  
While fresh in memory it dwells,  
Though it may cause you all to shed  
a tear  
O'er the grave of my sweet Kitty  
Wells.

I never shall forget the day,  
When we together roamed the d  
I kissed her cheek and named the  
When I should marry Kitty W.

But death came in my cabin doc  
And stole from me my joy  
And pride;

And when I found she was no  
I laid my banjo down and

he spring has lost its cha  
And flowers are blo  
dell,  
he form that I  
the form of m

The legend of Nicodemus  
sung to a swinging old  
powerful chorus that had  
inspiration of the typical  
"n" melodies.

#### WAKE NICODEMUS.

Nicodemus, the slave, was Afr  
birth,  
was bought for a bagful of gold  
reckoned as part of the salt c  
ne earth,  
he died years ago, very old.  
as his last sad request—so we laid  
him away  
in the trunk of an old hollow tree,  
"Wake me up!" was his charge, "at  
the first break of day—  
Wake me up for the great Jubilee!"

#### CHORUS:

he "Good Time Coming" is almost  
here!  
It was long, long, long on the way!  
Now run and tell Elijah to hurry up  
Pomp,  
And meet us at the gumtree down in  
the swamp,  
To wake Nicodemus today.

He was known as a prophet—at least  
was as wise—

For he told of the battles to come;  
And we trembled with dread when he  
rolled up his eyes,  
And we heeded the shake of his  
thumb.

Tho' he clothed us with fear, yet the  
garments he wore

Were in patches at elbow and knee;  
And he still wears the suit that he used  
to of yore,

As he sleeps in the old hollow tree.

Nicodemus was never the sport of the  
lash,

Tho' the bullet has oft crossed his  
path;

There were none of his masters so  
rude or so rash,

But face such a man in his wrath.  
His great heart with kindness was  
turned to the grim—

And he, who was born to com-  
mand;

Longed for the morning which  
then was so dim—

The morning which now is at  
hand.

Long weary night—we were  
most in fear

For the future was more than he  
knew;

Long, weary night—but the  
morning is near,

And the words of our prophet are  
true.

There are signs in the sky that the  
darkness is gone—

There are tokens in endless array;  
The storm which had seemingly  
banished the dawn,

Swiftly hastens the advent of day.

#### CHORUS:

"Good Time Coming" is all  
here!

It was long, long, long on the  
way!  
Now run and tell Elijah to hurr  
Pomp,

And meet us at the gumtree dow  
in the swamp,

To wake Nicodemus today!

I knew when  
Through the noisy c  
at some pearl of wo  
Close beside our pat  
We would pause where  
We would often look  
Lest our careless feet  
Some rare jewel to t

If we knew what form  
For the shade that  
If we knew what lips w  
For the water we sh  
We would haste with  
We would work with  
Bearing cups of coolin  
Planting rows of sha

If we knew when frien  
Closely press to say  
Which among the lips  
First would 'neath th  
We would clasp our arm  
Looking on them thr  
Tender words of love e  
We would whisper in

If we knew what store  
By some thought  
Which had ever  
Like the frost  
Oh, with what  
With what  
While our eyes  
We would create

If we knew? alas! a  
Ever care or seek to  
Whether bitter herbs c  
In our neighbor's ga  
God forgive us! lest he  
Our hearts break to  
Careless child, I never  
From my presence fi

## DID YOU KNOW THAT—

There were 56 s  
Declaration of Ind  
Twenty-six wear  
Eight were merc  
Six were physic  
Six were farmers  
Two were soldier  
Two were states  
One was a sailor  
One was a plant  
One was a print  
One was a surv  
One was a shoer  
One was a minis  
The oldest sign  
jamin Franklin,

70?  
The youngest  
Edward Rutledge,  
26?

The last survive  
signers, Charles  
Nov. 14, 1832, aged

WALLACE ALBERT AND FLORENCE (GROVER) SAGE  
 B-6-24-1875-M-6-21-1898  
 Tracy, Minn. D-8-1-1965 S.F. Cal.  
 (See Grover Gene)

Issue

Merwin G. Sage B-8-28-1899 M-Agnes Vincent 10-21-'23  
 ST. PAUL, MINN. B-9-28-1900 Tualatin,  
 Oregon.  
 (See Vincent Gene)

No Issue



6-21-1898



Wallace & Florence Sage

Merwin & Agnes Sage 1923



1900



1923

1923

### SAGE-VINCENT NUPTIALS

Merwin Sage and Miss Agnes Vincent, daughter of Dr. Vincent of Tigard, Oregon, were united in marriage Sunday at 3:30 at the home of the bride's parents, Rev. A. P. Layton of the Evangelical church of Corvallis, an old time friend of the Vincent family, officiating. Miss Dora Layton played the wedding march and Mrs. Vera Seely Williams of Portland sang, "I Love You Truly."

The bride was dressed in white satin with veil and was attended by two bridesmaids and two flower girls.

Elmer Lafond of Seattle, who used to live in Newberg, boyhood friend and schoolmate of the groom, was best man. The house was decorated with autumn leaves and chrysanthemums. Mr. Sage lived in Newberg for six years and moved to Portland with his mother, Mrs. Florence Sage, several years ago. For three years, during the war, he was in the navy and is now employed in the offices of the Standard Oil company in Portland.

The bride received many beautiful gifts. The young couple left for a week's stay in Seattle, after which they will be at home to their many friends at 295 Byrant street, Portland.



The year was 1903. The train was stopped at this central Minnesota village, and it was boarded by The Man, The Woman, and The Boy.

They were going to Rochester, Minnesota to see Mayo Brothers. Three times during the last few months The Man had had a severe attack of excruciating pain through the abdomen. The local physician had arrived at several diagnoses and as many remedies, none of which seemed to help. Finally he advised a checkup at the Mayos.

After a series of tests the Mayos explained to The Man that he was a victim of Lymphatic Leukemia. That there was no known remedy or cure and that his condition was terminal. Perhaps a higher climate could possibly be beneficial.

The family returned home. It was late autumn and winter was already manifesting itself. A decision was made to dispose of most of the farm equipment and drive through to Williston, North Dakota the next spring. A new area had been opened up to homesteaders. Here also was a higher climate and a new outlook on life.

The winter was uneventful except for two more attacks of illness. The Man had a fishhouse on the lake and took The Boy with him on several occasions to fish through the ice. The Boy watched in wonderment as the big pickerel and pike came and took the lure and were then drawn up into the fishhouse.

In the early summer of 1904 The Family started for Dakota. A team of horses was hauling the covered wagon loaded with personal belongings. Fastened tandem to the rear of the wagon was a buggy, and tethered to the rear of that was another horse which alternated every day or so with one of the working animals.

There was no road as such so The Family followed along side of the Great Northern Railroad. The trip to Devils Lake was uneventful except for

(WILL TO LIVE)

By M. Sage 1964

an occasional illness for The Man. When this occurred he would lie in bed in the wagon and The Woman would drive. The Boy enjoyed this Gypsy life and would run along beside the wagon with a dog which at the last moment had decided to accompany The Family.

It was late in the fall when they arrived at Devils Lake. The Man felt poorly so they decided to remain there for the winter and continue on in the spring. There was the usual rugged weather enjoyed in the Dakotas and The Man had several bad attacks and lost some weight.

It's spring and QUOTE from The Man's Diary--"April 6th 1905. Started from Devils Lake to drive through to Williston. Had a fair trip. Arrived at Williston evening of 16th. Went out to look for land the 18th. Back and filed the 19th. Stayed camped on the Missouri River 'till the 30th. Started the 30th, Sunday morning for the claim. Got out there all right. Camped and took the top off the wagon. Went to town Monday the 1st of May.

"It is eighteen miles to Williston. Got a load of lumber and started to frame the house Tuesday. After another load of lumber Wednesday. Got into the house Sunday. Didn't have it quite finished. Awakened the next morning to find that it had snowed in the night, and our bed was covered with it, as I didn't get the roof all on the day before."

The Man was plowing and The Boy was following along in the furrow. The newly turned earth felt cool to his feet. Suddenly The Man screamed with pain and doubling up collapsed to the earth. He rolled in agony and great beads of perspiration fell from his forehead. The Boy looked at his father and wondered what to do, but this was beyond the comprehension of his youthful years.

Finally The Man arose trembling and weak, but grasping the plow handles urged the horses on. He said nothing to The Woman that evening about the attack, until The Boy innocently mentioned at the dinner table "Papa was sick out there this afternoon".

The Woman suggested that they go into town and see another physician. Perhaps, by now they may have found a cure or at least a new remedy to help his condition. The Man replied, no, that he wanted to get the potatoes planted the next day as it was getting late in the spring.

Early the next morning The Man started plowing in a new area. He would plow a furrow and The Woman and The Boy would walk along dropping potato eyes evenly spaced in the furrow. The Man would then plow another furrow covering the one he had just finished and The Woman and Boy would plant the new one. This continued until The Man felt they had enough planted to last through the next winter.

The summer passed and The Man was quite free from pain, but continued to lose weight gradually.

It was fall. The crops were harvested and the threshing finished. One day in September about noon The Family noticed a large cloud of smoke in the northwest. The Man said, "must be a prairie fire". In less than an hour the flames could be seen racing toward the little farm.

Others had also seen the smoke and now they came with their horses and stoneboats loaded with barrels of water and gunny sacks. One of the men quickly hitched his team to the plow and turned several furrows around the buildings as a fire break.

By now the sky was filled with smoke and sparks. The firebreak was successful in splitting the flames and they went around the buildings. The small fires that jumped the break were successfully extinguished by the men and boys with wet gunny sacks. The Boy looked on in wonder and amazement and never forgot this spectacle: This fight for survival, the roaring flames, the burning haystacks that could not be saved, and the sweating, swearing men working like maniacs to arrest this fire. And then as quickly as it came it was all over and the farmers were watching the flames roar on towards the town of Williston.

The next week The Man had several recurrent attacks and was in bed for several days. The Woman wanted him to rest longer but he said that it was now October and snow could be expected any time and they didn't have enough coal on hand to last out the winter.

He arose weak and pale, went out and harnessed his team and drove 14 miles to the north where there was a deposit of lignite coal to be had for the taking. The next few days he transported five loads piling it up on the north side of the house and covering it with gunny sacks. This was a low grade of coal and when exposed to the sun turned quickly into dust. However, it burned well in the two stoves, a Majestic range in the kitchen and in the living room a tall round heating stove with isinglass doors. The bedroom was in the loft, reached by a half stair and half ladder combination. In the winter the fires were banked at night and it was cozy and warm in the loft as the heat arose.

However, on a few exceptionally cold mornings, the water bucket which stood in the corner of the kitchen would have a skin of ice upon it.

The winter of 1905 The Man seemed to improve some and had no serious spells. The physicians in Williston had given him some tonics and he was hopeful that the condition had been arrested or perhaps taken a turn for the better.

One morning in January The Family was driving into town in the sleigh or cutter. About half way there they met a neighbor coming from Williston. To pass it was necessary for each to get one runner off the packed road bed and into the deep snow. This could be a problem for if the snow was deep enough the sleds could turn over or there would be difficulty in getting back onto the packed road bed. No trouble was experienced so they stopped to pass the time of day. The neighbor asked, "Do you know how cold it is today?" The Man replied that when he left home he noticed the red in the thermometer was all down in the bulb at the bottom, but that it only



registers to 40 degrees below zero.

"Well", replied the neighbor, "this morning in front of Hedderich's store it registered 46 degrees below". A few more casual comments and they resumed their journeys.

Spring is here again. The crocus pop their heads out of the cold damp earth and a few of them seem to push up through the remaining small thin patches of snow. You can still see the road as the snow packed by the sled runners is practically ice and the two thin trails remain across the prairie for several days after the rest has melted.

Winter underwear had been discarded and The Man is hauling more stone from the land and piling it up in a huge cairn on one corner of his farm. This later became a wonderful home for hundreds of gophers.

The plowing and planting was starting all over again. The Man had been feeling exceptionally well. But for his thin and wan appearance he was very encouraged. He ate well. They all ate well. Cornmeal mush, oatmeal, salt-pork, bacon, Eggs and milk from the barn. Dried prunes and apples for dessert, and of course the potatoes now harvested and stored in the root-cellar, also later known as the cyclone cellar. This is how it was renamed.

It was late in July. The Man and Woman looked toward the west and the sky was filled with a black ominous cloud which seemed to boil up and down. "It's a cyclone!", he murmured to The Woman. They watched it as it bore down on the little farm. "We'd better go into the root cellar" he said.

The foundation of the house was only intermittent flat rocks and there was a space of several inches between the floor and the ground. They could look out and see the approaching tornado through this space. The Man lifted The Boy in his arms to let him see the turmoil.

Suddenly a huge whirling funnel touched down to a plowed area about a mile from the house. Topsoil, a straw stack and several chickens were scooped up in its vortex. It was bearing down directly on the buildings but in the next instant it arose passing over the farm and doing only

minor damage.

The Man looked at The Woman. She was weeping silently. They emerged from the root cellar which now became the cyclone cellar.

About two weeks later The Man had another devastating attack. It was a busy time of the season and The Man was confined to his bed.

In the last year several relatives had also moved west and had filed on claims nearby. These now joined to help carry out the work that was vital. The Man did not seem to recover from this prolonged attack and gradually became thinner and weaker.

The first of December one of the physicians in Williston aware of the rapid deterioration urged him to return to St. Paul where better medical care could be obtained.

A few days later The Family was on the train again. The Man was now in constant pain. The Woman pressed cloths to the cold damp windows and then placed them on The Man's forehead.

A fellow passenger asked if he was suffering from consumption.

"No," replied The Woman, "from Leukemia."

"Never heard of that," said the questioner.

They went to the residence of his brother. The Man now began to swell through the abdomen, and the physicians told him it was the enlarging of the spleen. They could offer no hope or help.

He could not rest comfortably in bed so he sat up in a large easy chair when he wanted to sleep.

The dining room was prepared as a bedroom. The Man rapidly became worse and by Christmas the Doctor determined that the end was only a matter of a few days. His younger brother had now arrived and was helping in the care.

Early in January he was sitting in the chair, moaning softly and slowly moving his head from side to side. The Woman asked, "are you in great pain?" "Oh! agony, agony" he groaned.

Two days later the physician tapped his legs to relieve the edema. He brightened up perceptibly and all the relatives and he himself thought perhaps the sovereign panacea had been found. The next evening, the 8th of January, he was much worse and someone stood constantly at his side wiping his forehead with a cold cloth or giving him a sip of cool water.

About ten o'clock that evening he became unconscious and a few minutes later his head dropped to one side and he was still. The long fight was ended. The physicians had given him ten months to live. It had been over four years.

His brother stepped to the door and whispered "He's gone." The Boy had been watching in the doorway. He put his head in his arms against the wall and sobbed. The Woman looked dazed and uncomprehending and shed no tears.

Two days later The Family was on the train again, returning to Williston. The Man was in the baggage coach. The Woman and Boy sat looking out the cold window at the snowy winter landscape sweeping by. Was this true? Was it real? Or was it all a horrible nightmare that would pass away.

The Boy listened to the clickety-click, clickety-click of the coach wheels. What The Woman thought was an enigma.

The funeral was at the M. E. Church. It was bitterly cold and few attended. The Woman and Boy were assisted into the hack which would follow the hearse to the cemetery. Besides the driver there were two men on each side of the hack to keep it from turning over in the deep snow. The hearse also had to be supported. It was a slow journey thru the huge drifts.

The hack was drawn up to the very edge of the open grave. The Boy could look out and see the wooden box in the bottom of the pit. He also noticed the walls were covered with ice. The men who had so recently dug the grave stood in the background swinging their arms against their bodies to ward off the extreme cold. The funeral attendants quickly took the casket from the hearse and it was lowered into its final resting place.

The Boy asked "are they going to put papa in that cold place?" The Woman shook her head dazedly, and was still unable to shed a tear.

Back at a relatives house arrangements were made by The Woman with the driver of the hack to take them to the farm the next morning.

At the break of dawn the conveyance arrived. This time there were only three men, two would support the sleigh if it should slip off the road. Tethered behind was an extra horse, in case one of the working animals should break a leg. Such an accident could be fatal to the people in winter if there should suddenly be a severe snow storm or blizzard.

They arrived at the farm about four o'clock in the afternoon. The Woman paid the men and told them they could stay at the farm until the next day if they wished. However, they turned around and in a few moments had disappeared into the gathering dusk of winter.

The Woman unlocked the door and they entered. The first to do was build a fire. The water pail was frozen solid. Soon there was a brisk blaze in the big heater. The Woman took The Boy and climbed to the sleeping loft. She lit a lamp and looked at the bed. The blankets and covers were just as she and The Man had left them the morning they had started to St. Paul. She choked for a moment, but soon regained her poise and changed the bedding.

The Boy was hungry so she prepared some food. She, however, could not eat because of the terrible choking sensation that seemed to be constantly in her throat.

After she had banked the fire, they returned to the sleeping loft. The Boy was quickly asleep but now for the first time the scalding tears gushed forth. She was racked with great convulsive sobs. She drew the sleeping Boy close to her.

The winter morning was just breaking when the exhausted Woman finally slept.

Wallace Sage and His Family had returned home.

HARVEY JAMES AND SARAH(C'HALLORAN)SAGE  
B-3-1-1882--M-4-18-1906  
D-3-2-1963 St.Paul, Minn.

Issue

Stella B-11-27-1907

Russell Harvey B-5-22-1909



Harvey and Sarah Sage

STELLA SAGE      AND      HAROLD KOHLMAN  
B-10-5-1897  
M-4-18-1940

Issue

Robert      B-7-29-1943

Kathleen      B-12-10-1945      M-Laurence Saiko  
2-18-1964

Richard      B-2-3-1951

Issue (Saiko)

Daniel Joseph      B-3-28-1965



Stella Sage

## *Flora Thompson Weds Russell Sage*

1936

Couple Will Live in St. Paul  
on Return From Week's  
Trip.

THE MARRIAGE OF MISS Flora Belle Thompson to Mr. Russell H. Sage was solemnized Tuesday evening by Rev. Ralph H. Houseman, pastor of Knox Presbyterian church. The wedding was in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Thompson, the former a brother of the bride, 1464 North Simpson avenue. About 25 guests were present.

The ceremony was performed beneath a large archway in a setting of citibotium ferns, lighted candelabra and yellow and white pompons. Miss Isabelle Anderson played a musical program.

The bride was gowned in liqueur-brown velvet, empire style, with rhinestone buckles. Her shoulder bouquet was of Joanna Hill roses clusters, separated with bows of silver ribbon.

Miss Ethel Marie Thompson, sister of the bride, was maid of honor. Her gowning was in wine velvet, Elizabethan style. Her shoulder bouquet was of Jonnan Hill roses and yellow pompons, with silver trimmings. Mr. Kenneth Asplund was best man.

A buffet supper followed the reception. Mrs. Fred Thompson and Miss Lila Hilton served from a table centered with a large bowl of yellow and white pompons, surrounded with lighted white tapers. The mother of the bridegroom, Mrs. Harvey J. Sage, wore black chiffon velvet and a shoulder bouquet of red roses and white pompons. Mrs. Frank O'Gara was present from Barnesville, Minn.

For travel the bride wore a wine outfit with matching accessories. After a week's sojourn at the Wisconsin Dells and Chicago Mr. and Mrs. Sage will live in their own home, 1313 Hewitt avenue.

MARILYNN JEAN SAGE    AND    CHARLES D. SCHROYER  
B-1-7-1939-M-6-24-1961

Issue

Amy Lou

B-9-25-64



RODGER HARVEY

AND

JEAN MAY(MAHLE)SAGE

E-8-20-1942 M-6-13-1964

Issue

NANCY MARIE SAGE

Thursday, November 23, 1944

# OBITUARY

## MRS. FRANK O'GARA

● Balaton—Mrs. Frank O'Gara, nee Etta Sage, was born May 17, 1868, at Beatrice, Neb., and passed away at Barnesville, Nov. 13, 1944, at the age of 76 years, 5 months and 26 days.

From her childhood home in Nebraska her family moved to Racine, Wis., where her girlhood was spent. They came to Balaton, where she met and married Frank O'Gara.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Gara moved to St. Paul where he engaged in the rail road business. Late years have been spent in Barnesville where her husband died seven years ago. Three brothers have also preceded her in death. The only survivors are two nephews and one niece.

Her sister-in-law, Mrs. Mary Sage, and daughter, Mrs. Harold Kehlman, accompanied the body to

Balaton. Funeral services were held in the Congregational Church at Barnesville Thursday afternoon, after which the body was sent to Balaton where services were held Saturday afternoon from the Swenson Funeral Home. The Rev. Wesley Frank conducted the services. Burial was in Lakeside Cemetery beside her husband. Pallbearers were Ralph Olson, William Olson, James Linderman, Ray Brockway, F. S. Bartlett and L. E. Town.

## Mrs. Etta O'Gara Answers Summons

Mrs. Etta O'Gara, 76, resident of Barnesville for over 40 years, passed away at her home Monday evening at 11 o'clock. She had been in failing health for several years, and last week, after a fall, was confined to her bed.

Etta Sage was born May 17, 1868 at Beatrice, Nebraska and at the age of fifteen moved to Balaton, Minn. She was married to Frank O'Gara there on Jan. 15, 1891 and a few months later moved to St. Paul, where Mr. O'Gara was employed as motorman by the Street Railway Company.

In 1902 Mr. O'Gara came to Barnesville and entered the employ of the Great Northern Railway Co. as fireman. Mrs. O'Gara moved here a short time later and has made her home here ever since. Mr. O'Gara passed away just 7 years ago, November 15, 1937.

Mrs. O'Gara was a member of the First Congregational church and of the Eastern Star lodge.

Services were held from the First Congregational church this Thursday at 1 p. m., Rev. J. Samuel Shelby officiating and the remains were taken to Balaton for interment.

Surviving relatives are a sister-in-law, Mrs. Sarah Sage; a nephew, Russell Sage; and a niece, Mrs. Harold Kohlman, all of St. Paul; a sister-in-law, Mrs. Florence Sage, and a nephew, Merwin Sage, of San Francisco, California.

Those from a distance attending the funeral were Mrs. Sarah Sage and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Dahill of St. Paul; Mrs. George O'Gara, Mr. and Mrs. Frank O'Gara and Mrs. Ethel Coddon of Sauk Centre.

Pall bearers were Julian Norby, E. E. Mudderman, P. L. Aamodt, W. L. Lakie, A. K. Sorvik and Ben Holum.

Mrs. Sarah Sage, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Dahill and Mrs. Harold Kohlman of St. Paul accompanied the remains to Balaton.



Etta Sage



Cleveland Sage



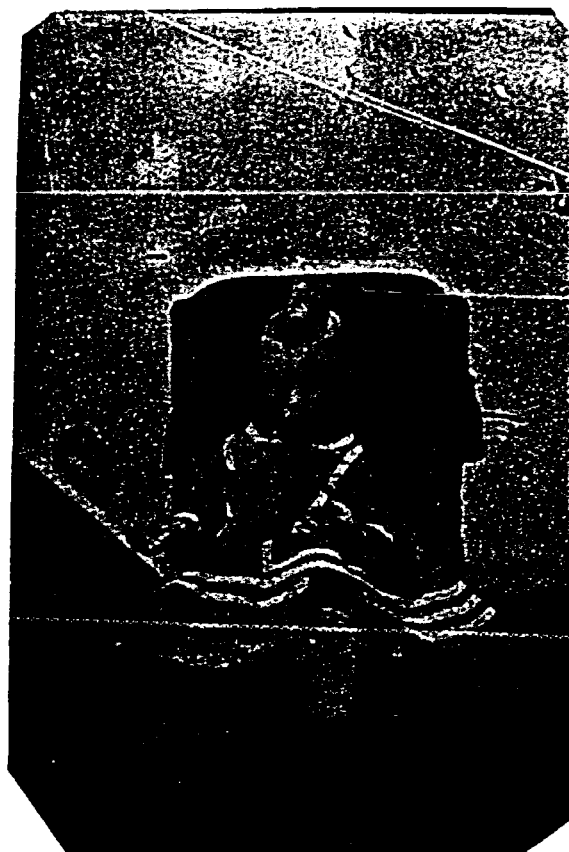
Joseph Stanford  
Woolfenden  
Brother of Alice  
Woolfenden Sage



Harvey Sage



Harvey, Cleveland and Wallace Sage  
1898



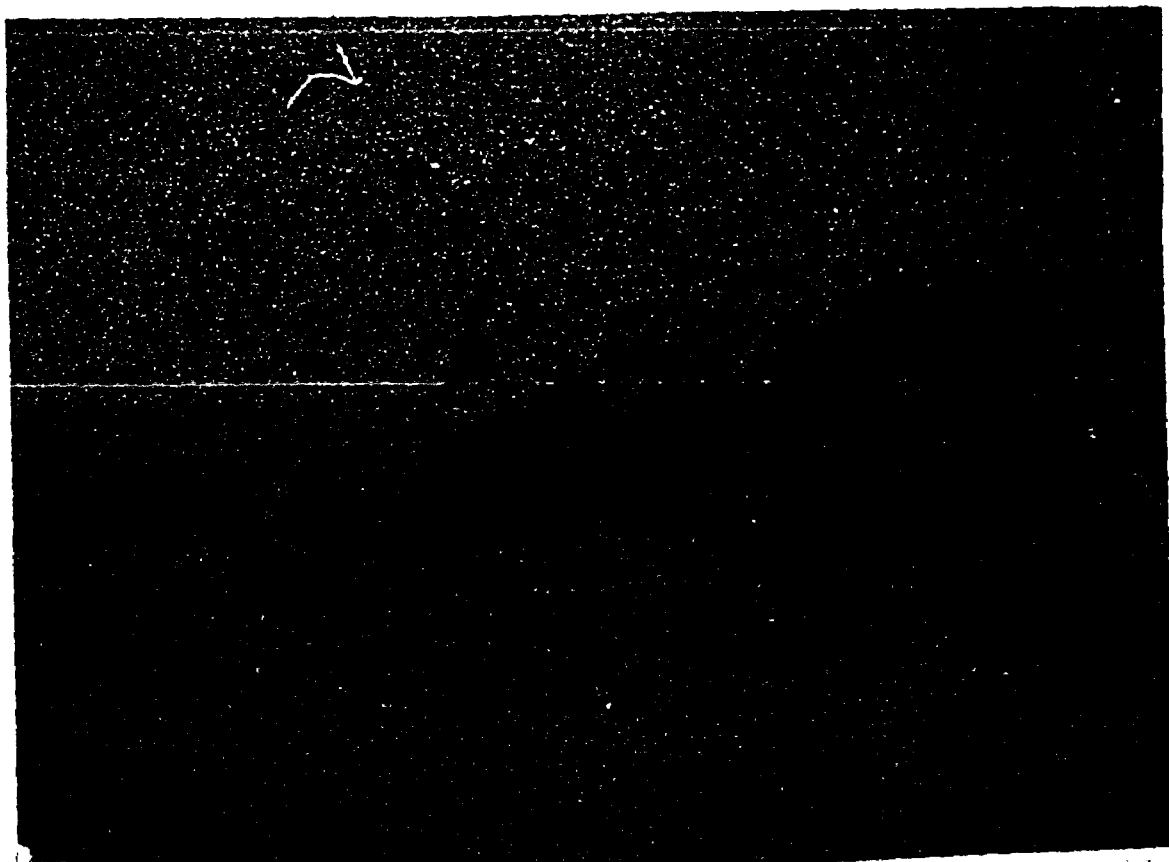
Wallace Sage



Harvey Sage  
1899.



Sarah and Harvey Sage  
1918



Cleveland Sage on his farm at Williston, N.D.  
1909



Merwin, Stella, & Russell  
Sage 1935



Stella Sage, Flora Thomp-  
son & Russell Sage



Stella, Merwin, Flora, Sarah  
& Russell Sage



Agnes & Sarah Sage



## Bataan's Gen. Sage Dies at 71

SANTA FE (N.M.) — (AP) — Maj. Gen. Charles G. Sage, commander of the 200th Coast Artillery Regiment on Bataan during the early days of World War II, died yesterday in a Santa Fe hospital after an illness of several weeks. He was 71.

Gen. Sage's military career spanned 40 years, from the time he enlisted in the Texas National Guard in 1917 until he retired as New Mexico adjutant general in July, 1957. Even after retirement he remained interested in military affairs.

Gen. Sage's greatest glory came in a losing cause: The battle for Bataan and the fall of the Philippines to the Japanese in early 1942 during the opening days of World War II.

### PRISONER

He spent nearly 3½ years after the fall of the Philippines as a prisoner of war on Formosa, in Japan and later in Manchuria, where he was liberated in August, 1945.

Outside his military career, Gen. Sage was a prominent New Mexico publisher, and at one time owned five weekly newspapers in the southwest part of the state.

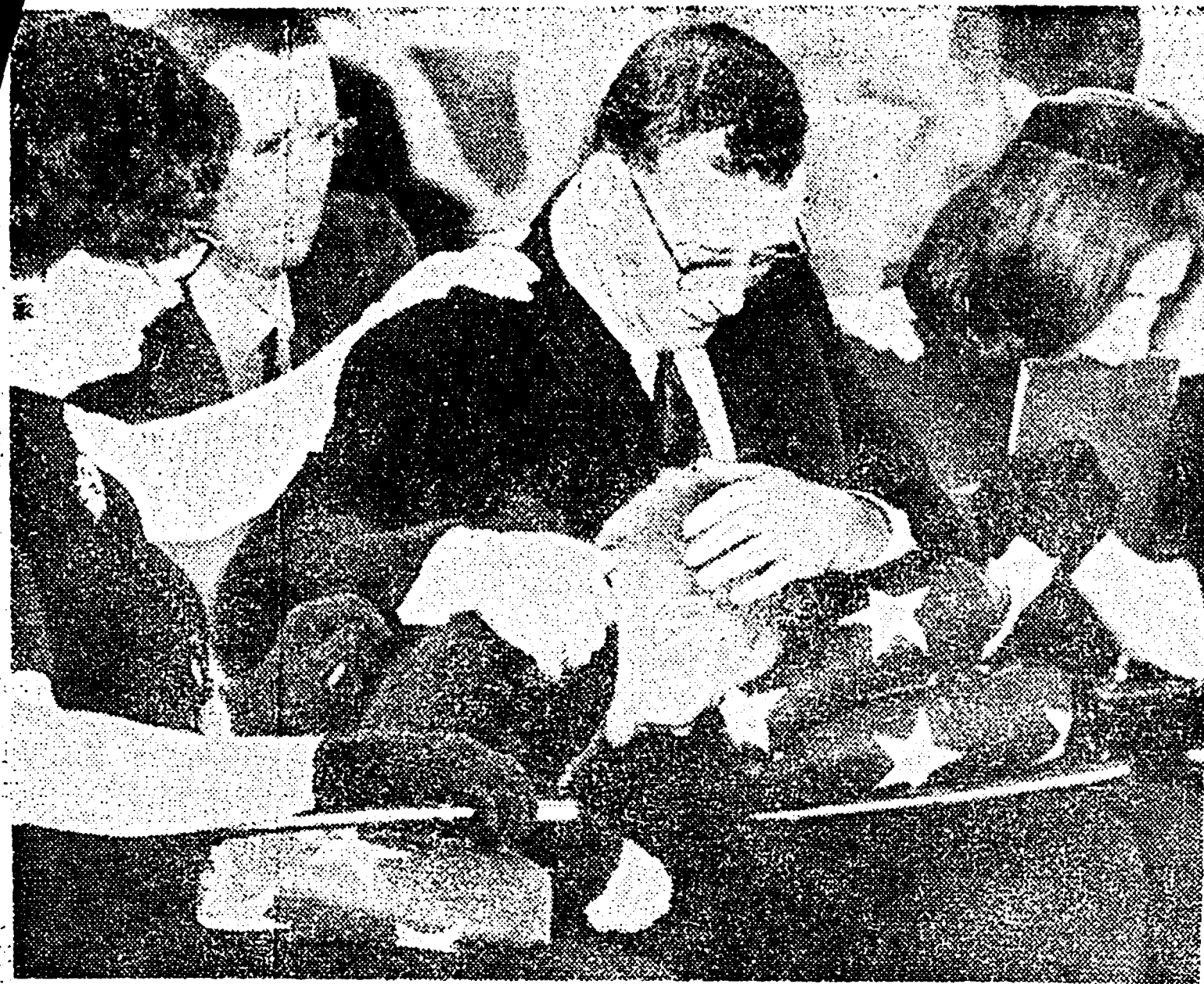
Sage was born April 10, 1895 in Sparks, Kan. His early education was at Hot Springs, S.D., and he attended college at Occidental at Los Angeles. In 1962 the Occidental College Alumni Association named Sage to its honor list.

### GIVEN AWARD

Last year while visiting in the Philippines, Gen. Sage was presented with the Sword of Defender of Bataan Award.

Survivors include his wife, Dorothy Haynes Sage; and two daughters, Mrs. Bruce F. King of Montgomery, Ala., and Mrs. Charline Sage Loftness of San Bernardino, Calif.

Services tentatively are scheduled for 2 p.m. Tuesday.



MR. AND MRS. ERNEST SAGE, DOUGLAS AND GREGORY'S WIDOW  
The surviving brother wept over the flags presented at the service

## Three Brothers Are Among The Missing

Niobrara, Neb.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Sage of rural Niobrara were notified yesterday that three of their sons are missing as the result of the South China Sea collision of the destroyer Frank E. Evans and the aircraft carrier Melbourne.

An uncle, Lawrence Sage, identified the missing brothers as Gary, 21; Gregory, 19; and Kelly Sage, 18.

The uncle said the two older brothers had been serving together aboard the Evans for about a year and their younger brother joined them last winter.

One brother, Douglas, a first-grader, remains at home. There are no sisters.

The eldest brother was married and his wife lived in Omaha.

Associated Press

## Service for the Sage Brothers

Niobrara, Neb.

With tears streaming down his face, 7-year-old Douglas Sage accepted an American flag from a Navy admiral yesterday in memory of his three older brothers who were lost at sea last week.

The youngster, his parents and the widow of one of the brothers were joined by more than 1000 other persons

who crowded into the high school auditorium for a special memorial service.

Boatswain's Mate Second Class Gary Sage, 22; Radarman Third Class Gregory Sage, 21, and Seaman Recruit Kelly Sage, 19, were killed in the South China Sea collision of the destroyer Frank E. Evans and the Australian aircraft carrier Melbourne.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Sage

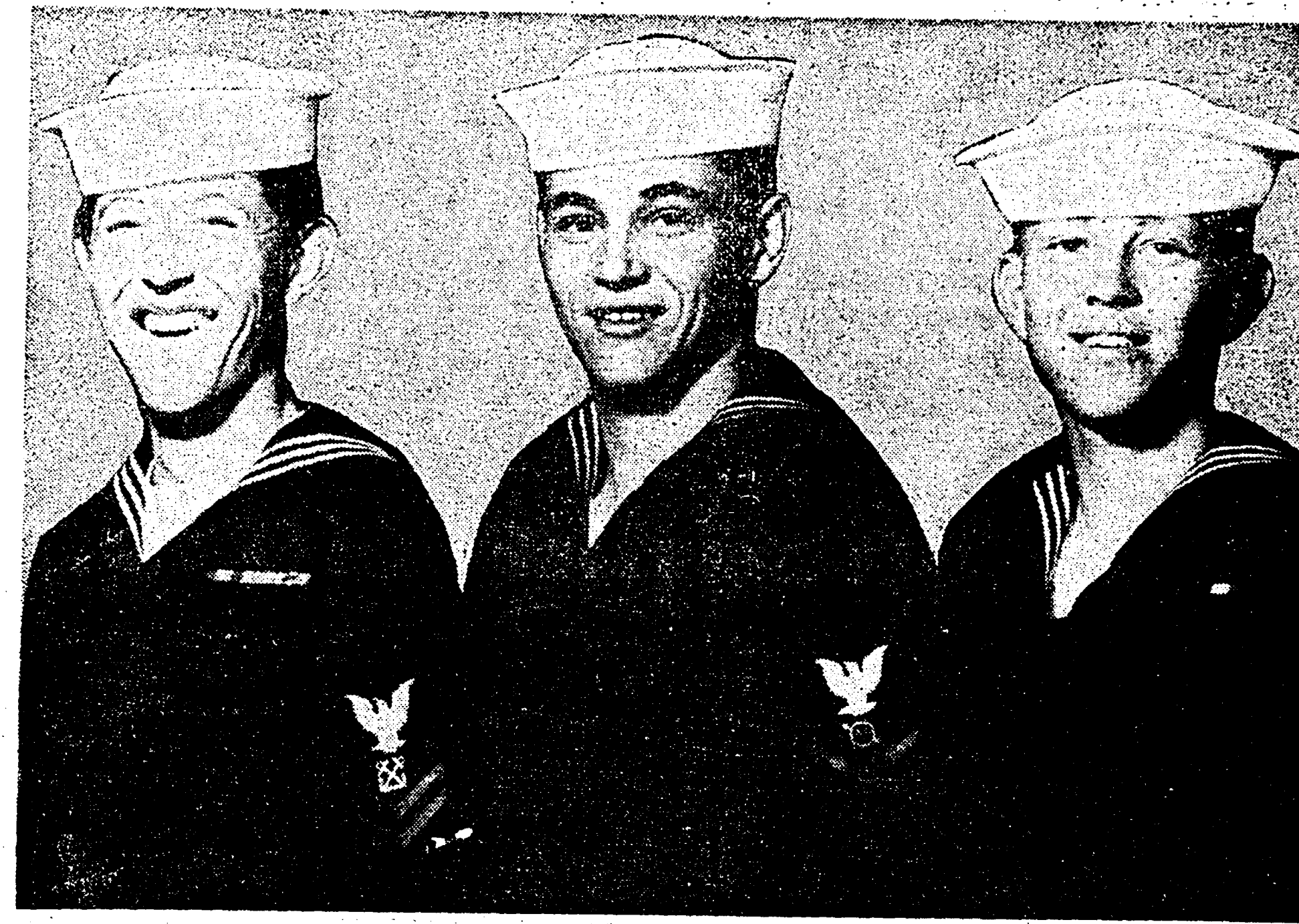
sat with Douglas, their only surviving son, and Gregory Sage's widow, Linda. Her father, Leroy Angel, held his grandson, Gregory Allen Jr., 13 months old, on his knees during the services. Gregory Allen slept as he was carried into the auditorium.

"We share their grief," said Nebraska Governor Norbert T. Tiemann, who delivered one of the eulogies. "Their loss was our loss."

He said of the brothers: "Theirs was a freedom of choice. The Sage brothers did not take their freedom lightly."

The Sage brothers had asked the Navy to allow them to serve on the same ship. Their deaths have prompted the Defense Department to review its policy on assignment of relatives of the same ship.

Associated Press



Gary, Gregory and Kelly Sage (from left) all killed aboard the USS Evans

## Brother's Fears Realized

By The Associated Press

Boatswain's Mate 2.C Gary Sage worried about serving with his two brothers on the Navy destroyer USS Evans.

"He said if anything happened the family could lose all three," recalled Mrs. Cheryl Hargens in rural Niobrara, Neb., where she was a classmate of Gary's two younger brothers.

Gary's fear became grim reality yesterday when the Pentagon informed Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Sage that their three oldest sons had died when the Australian carrier

Melbourne sliced through the Evans in the South China Sea.

The tragedy took the lives of 74 U.S. seamen and was felt in homes scattered across the country. One California woman lost a son, but her husband was among the survivors of the predawn collision.

The three Sage brothers lost in the accident were Gary, 22, Radarman 3.C Gregory, 21, and Seaman Appren Kelly, 19. The Sage's surviving child is Douglas, 7, who was playing in the farmyard yesterday.

He watched excitedly as a

bustling neighbor bearing a cake entered the house. The cars of friends filled the normally quiet farmyard in northeast Nebraska.

Relatives, many of whom lived nearby, busied themselves feeding the livestock and handling the other routine chores. In Niobrara, a town of 750, residents gathered in the business district shocked by the blow.

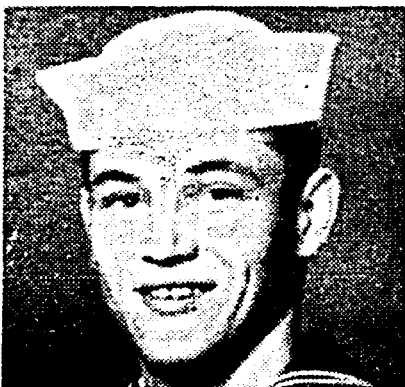
"I was an Army man during World War II, and I told them I thought maybe they'd have life a little better in the

Continued Page 6, Col. 7





UPI



UPI



UPI



Associated Press

Mr. and Mrs. Sage mourn their three sons—Gary, Gregory and Kelly—who went down with the Evans

