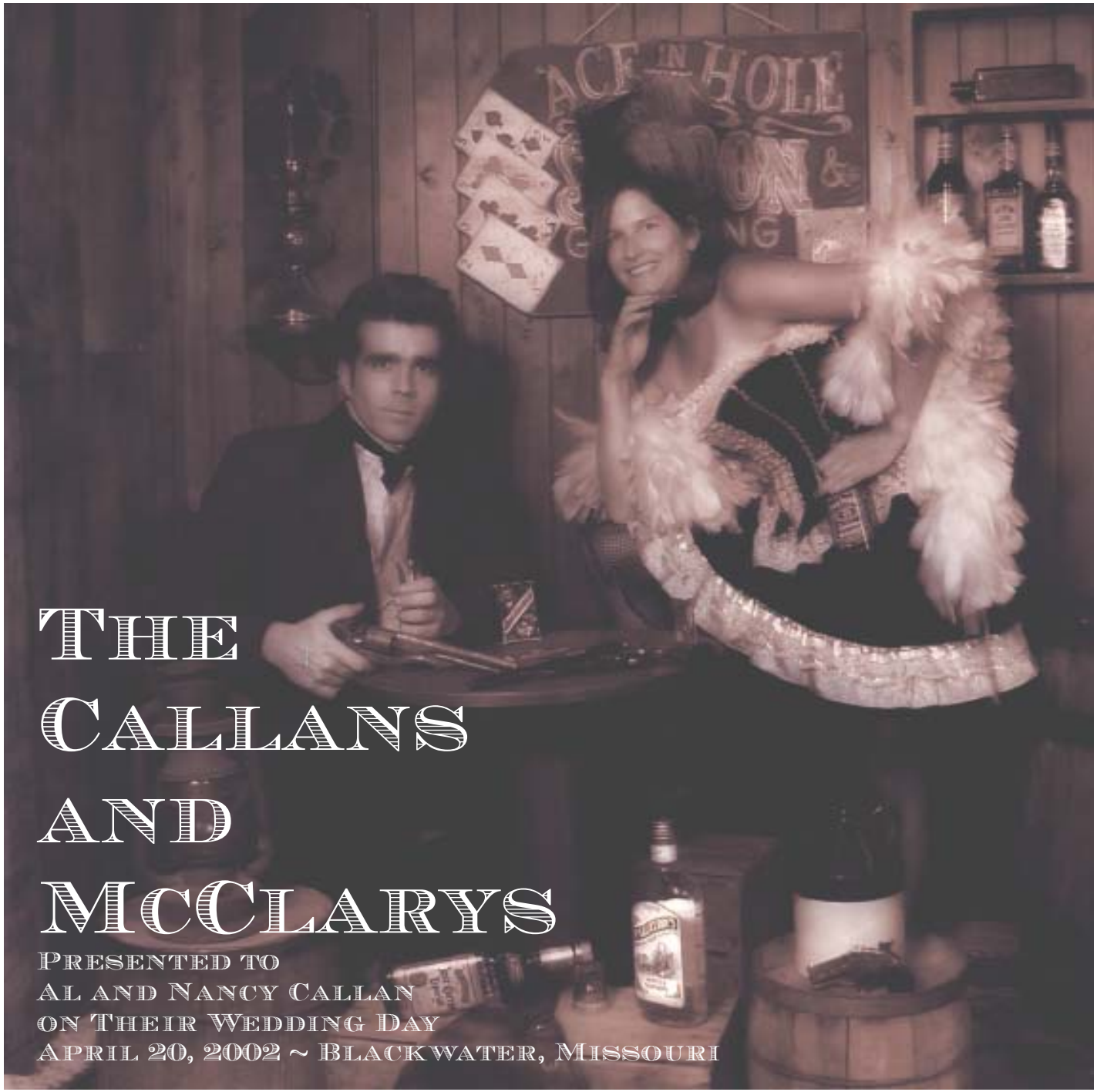


The Callans and McClarys

Presented to
Al and Nancy Callan
on Their Wedding Day
April 20, 2002 ~ Blackwater, Missouri

The Callans and McClarys

Contents

Introduction

Johnny and little Albie, ca. 1966.

My earliest memory is of a May afternoon in 1965. I was four years old, standing on my tiptoes on the front steps of our family home in Gates, a town just outside Rochester, New York. Until a few weeks earlier, I had been the youngest of five children. I was straining that day to see number six, Albert Francis Callan, born April 26, who had come home from the hospital a few days earlier. The living room was full of relatives, so much so that I had been told to go outside to play.

Before long, I had tiptoed back in to see what all the commotion was about. I found myself standing amid a forest of knees in the crowd of grownups, just to get a glimpse of him. Just like his musical fans would decades later, I wanted to hug this little grinning boy, the latest in a long line of Callans to enter the world with a wry smirk that promised years of mischief ahead.

The Callan kids, almost complete: Back row, Maureen, Bernard, Linda; Front row, Stephen and John, ca.1963

My next memory is of our grandfather, George Callan Sr., conspiring with me in the dark basement hallway of a Rochester apartment building he managed in the early 1960s. He was a solid, strong man just hitting 60, which seemed a lot older then that it does now. He and our grandmother, the former Gertrude McGivern, lived rent-free in their Rochester apartment in return for the upkeep of the building. On this rainy summer day, every floor had the warm smell of sweat and cigars.

The long hallway approaching Nan and Gramp's apartment echoed nicely as I screamed at one of my four older brothers and sisters. I had just been pushed off of a wooden freight wagon that we used to ride up and down the hallway. Gramp poked his head out the apartment door to investigate.

Rather than hand out firm justice, by spanking the sibling who had pushed me, and all the others as accessories to the crime, Gramp took me aside. He said he'd like to show me something in the workshop. He broke the end off of a cigar he snatched from an ashtray near the apartment door. He stuffed the stub in his pipe, lit it up with a few quick puffs, and ambled down the hallway in a blue smoky haze, fumbling with a huge ring of skeleton keys. Once inside the workshop, he rummaged through his greasy old wooden toolboxes,

Gramp (George) Callan, in a festive mood at his 50th wedding anniversary in Rochester, N.Y., in the summer of 1978.

finally pulling out a four-inch nail, a pig iron pipe wrench, a rat-tail file, and finally a red and white horseshoe magnet as big as my forearm.

"I'll show you some magic, Johnny," he said. Then he gave me a wink, which even at four years old I knew meant he was up to no good.

Gramp tossed the nail on the ground, then waived the big magnet over it. The nail mysteriously followed the magnet, though it never touched it! Next he placed the magnet on the ground and placed a piece of notebook paper over it. I was sure he was going to make the magnet disappear. He had something even more amazing in mind. With the rat tail file, he scratched the side of the pipe wrench over the paper. As iron shavings sprinkled over the paper, the outline of the magnet underneath slowly emerged. "How does it do that?" I asked. Gramp grinned.

"You'll figure it out," he said. Then he handed me the magnet and the nail. "Keep 'em till you do."

All the rest of my memories of Gramp in Rochester are of him sitting in our uncle George's backyard, drinking Genesee Creme Ale and telling Pat and Mike jokes.

Beginning the search

Nan and Gramp moved to Orlando a few years after that, and a few years later, Gramp's mother and surviving brothers and sisters did too. Then in 1972, our dad, an accountant at R.T. French company, moved our family to Springfield, Missouri, along with the mustard factory.

During our first year away from the old sod of Upstate New York, our Irish cousins from Rochester had pity on us. They were kind enough to call often, reminding us we would never make it and had best come home. And whenever my teenage sister Linda ran away to visit them, which was often, she came back with CARE packages of white hot dogs and Genesee by the case.

In time, we lost touch with the old ways and the previous generation of Callans. Great Grandma Callan, Aunt Mary, Aunt Pat. Some of them made it out to Missouri once or twice, some never made it out at all before they passed away.

In our new home in the Ozarks, we learned to eat "corn dogs" at school, with French's mustard, of course. Our Dad made do with Schaeffer's or Missouri's own Budweiser beer, and his sons did the same until they got their driver's licenses. And we whiled away the nights of that first summer listening on my crystal radio to the St. Louis Cardinals. Rochester and its Red Wings were fading in memory.

Of course, as kids, we hardly cared that we were losing touch with all the relatives of the current generation, and were growing up knowing little of generations past. We thought of it only when wisps of past glory would drift out in my parents' conversations.

We were related to Jim McGivern, a NASA moon shot specialist in Houston "who never had an education, but got his job by showing up at the manager's office every day until they hired him." That taught us perseverance.

We were related to the Kennedy family, we were always told, whenever one got shot. That taught us the value of being successful, but not too successful.

And we were reminded, whenever we fought one another, that we were descended from the Carroll family, one of whom was the only Catholic signer of the Declaration of Independence. We were reminded of this because our parents punished us by making us stand for an hour in front of a full-sized copy of the Declaration of Independence that had been varnished onto a board. I'm not sure what reading about independence, while being punished, was supposed to teach us, but I have an idea it was a wry bit of Irish humor in itself.

At dinner parties in our new home in the Ozarks, my parents would regale their hillbilly pals with stories of their misspent youth. Mom and Dad could conjure up a never ending litany of great uncles, second cousins, Shropps and Dwyers, Magills and Maguires. Long after company had left, Mom and Dad would sit at the table puzzling over who was at what party where or when in those golden summers on Cayuga Lake in Upstate New York, in the late 1940s and early 1950s, when they were still dating.

Talk of dad's uncles would invariably spill over into memories of the uncles of my mother, Margery Helene Byrd. Her dad, Eddie Byrd, was a charismatic French Canadian chef from Vermont who changed his name from "Bird," and died in 1950 of a heart attack when he was only 43. He passed away one morning while my grandmother was making him pancakes. My grandmother, Cecelia Messier Byrd, remarried a few years later to George Gunkle, a widower and World War I veteran, who was thus the only grandfather on my mother's side that we ever knew.

Growing up in Rochester in the 1960s, we sometimes visited Gramp Gunkel's children, a couple named John and Dottie Gunkle. But mostly we visited mom's sister, Nancy and her husband George Nunamaker, who lived on a beautiful country hillside outside Naples. And as long as we were down in the Finger Lakes area, we often swung by to visit Eddie's older brother, the strong and stern Uncle Leo, and Leo's wife Rose.

Eddie's younger brother Uncle Joe was a practical joker who visited us rarely, but always had a mile-wide grin. As kids, we grinned

Gertrude (McGivern) Callan, Elizabeth (Carroll) Callan, Pat Callan, Mary Callan, Bernard Callan, Jerry Callan (daughter of Albert) at Cayuga Lake, Spring 1950.

too, whenever we heard his knock on the door and recognized the belly laughs from the battery-powered giggle box he carried in his suit jacket pocket.

Our favorite of all of Mom's uncles was Uncle Francis Messier, the brother of my mom's mother, Cecelia Messier Byrd. He was strong, funny, daring, dauntless, wreckless and larger than life until the day he died, barreling down a Florida turnpike in a ball of fire, when the pickup he had customized with extra gas tanks exploded.

In the decades since we left Rochester, I have filled in some pieces of these early scenes. I've learned there were silly feuds on my mother's and dad's sides of the family that made frequent visits too awkward for the grown ups. But that's nothing new. As I discovered in my research, our family has feuds dating back a thousand years, and we have had a lot of those in our generation, too.

I've learned Gramp Callan was a tool and die maker before and during World War II. That's where he got the tools, and the magnet he gave me. I know he and "Gert" had four children: George, Betty, Jack and Jimmy. While visiting Nan Callan's sister Dorothy in Los Angeles in 1992, I learned there was a fifth child, Eugene, who died at age two of poisoning, which he got into when some kids wouldn't let him play with them.

I picked up the trail of the Callan family when I was 27 and sick with wanderlust. Actually. I had a month's vacation coming from the first job I was sick of, it being my first job out of college as a journalist. So I lit out for Ireland. I had only a backpack, a notebook, a vague notion to never return, and a promise from a friend that I could stay with her Uncle Liam outside of Dublin in Dun Laoghaire for the first week of forever.

When I arrived on the ferry from Wales on a cold October morning, I discovered, from a few of Liam's friends in a pub down the street from his house, that he had left town "sure this very morning" to go fishing for a few weeks. With no place to stay, I hitchhiked to Callan, in County Killkenny, with a hope to find free lodging and some news of my ancestors. There was little of either to be found. I scrounged a $7 bed in an abandoned monastery somewhere along the way. Once in Callan, I found talkative men in each of the town's two pubs. As they sipped their wee bits of Guinness, each noon hour until dark, they all agreed it was a wonder they had never even met a Callan! Late that evening, as one bar tender got along in his cups, he invited me to go behind the rail and continue pouring "the Guinness" until the bar closed down. On leaving, one gent in his 60s paused at the door, then turned to me and admitted that he had not lived in Callan all his life. Having moved there when he was already seven, he said, he couldn't hold himself to be an expert on the area.

I left Callan with a hangover, wondering why my ancestors left, not realizing that they had never there in the first place. When I got home, I assembled a 75-page scrapbook of photos and stories from my adventures in Callan. As it turns out, it has nothing to do with us, as none of our Callans came from Kilkenny at all. Which reminds me of a Pat and Mike joke of my grandfather's. He told it to me years later when I was down in Florida on spring break from grad school.

Murphy walks up to Pat one day and says to him, "Have ye seen Mike lately, Pat?"
Pat says, "Well, I have and I haven't."
Murphy asked, "Shure, and what d'ye mean by that?"
Pat says, "It's like this, y'see...I saw a chap who I thought was Mike, and he saw a chap that he thought was me. And when we got up to one another...it was neither of us."

I didn't start recalling all these stories and many more until late 1999, when my wife Julie Kay (Fadenrecht) Callan was pregnant with our first child, Brendan Riley Callan. We attended a family reunion of Julie's mother's relatives, who descended from Oregon pioneers. I wrote down as many stories as I could that day, so that Brendan could know them when he grew up. A few weeks later, Julie's mother Rayla (Beerman) Fadenrecht brought me a box of old newspaper clippings, bible entries and baby albums from the early 1900s. In those tattered

clippings were detailed the fantastic adventures of her mother's family, the Browns and Owens, of Polk County, Oregon. They traveled the Oregon Trail from Central Missouri in the early 1850s, about the same time Nancy McClary's family was showing up there, and my own ancestors were leaving Ireland for Upstate New York. A few months later, Julie's grandmother, Rosie Schultz Fadenrecht, went to a Schultz family teunion in Colorado. I discovered that at about the same time the Callans were leaving Ireland, the Schultz and Fadenrecht families were emigrating from what's now Germany to the Northwestern Unites States, by way of New York and Wisconsin.

Intrigued by all this overlapping activity in Julie's family and mine, one day I tried to write down all the ancestors on our side of the family I knew of. I drew a blank within two generations. I knew the names of my parents' brothers and sisters, but not much about them or whom they married. I had only sketchy details of my grandparents' generation. I had only a few childhood memories of our grandfather and his clan, and the knowledge that they were born in the first decade of the 1900s, the same era as these ancestors of Julie's. I knew of no one before, on either my fathers or mother's side of the family.

With a hope to uncover the sources of that magic twinkle that Gramp Callan always had, and that I see now in our own little son Brendan, and our daughter Hannah, I started writing letters, calling up relatives and county clerks, and reaching back over the years. That was in early 1999. At this writing, in April 2002, I have chronicled nearly 1,000 ancestors and relatives of Brendan and Hannah, and Julie and me.

Now, with the addition of Nancy McClary to our family, and the help of Nancy's mother, Beth, and father, Bert, we have added over 500 more relatives, cousins and kin of every relation, greatly expanding the Callan -McClary family tree that is chronicled in this volume.

With more than 1500 relatives in the family, many of them having passes through Missouri, and nearly three fourths of them of Irish or British descent, it would not be surprising if somewhere back in the generations, our ancestors crossed paths. But even as the names change, and the branches occasionaly intertwine, our research shows that the stories of our families have a familiar plot, though played out a century apart:

In the Callan family, it all started when a young Irish seminarian in the 1860s, Bernard Callan, spied a pretty young woman and realized that the vow of celibacy was beyond his grasp.

In the McClary family, it was a young Irish man in the 1960s, Bert McClary, who convinced a novitiate nun to trade in her habit for vows of matrimony.

In both families, holy intentions surrendered to stronger forces, and, as is often the way in these Irish stories, numerous children soon followed.

John, Hannah, Julie and Brendan Callan, and Nancy's dog Scooter, at Al and Nancy Callan's first home, Thanksgiving 2001.

For Al and Nancy, for their generation, for those before and those to come, we hope that these stories warm your hearts, bring you happiness, and inspire you to add some pages of your own to this volume.

Best wishes on your Wedding Day, Al and Nancy, and Welcome to the Family!

John Edward Callan
Julie Kay Callan
Brendan Riley Callan
Hannah Nicole Callan

Blackwater, Missouri
April 20, 2002

Chapter 1.
Feudal Kings and flax spinners

Niall Calle, aka King Callan

Nearly a thousand years ago, long after the journeys of St. Brendan the Navigator, and just a few years after the death of Brian Boru, their lived a mighty warrior named O Cathalain, king of Farney. He is the ancestor and namesake of all Callans, and a fierce feudal bloodline he gives us. His strength and courage was praised in song by bards of old.

His fame came from a singular battle in 1025, in which he lead an attack on a stronghold on Lough (lake) Ooony, in the barony of Farney, which in Gaelic is "Fir Fernmaige." In doing so, he cast a shadow of legend and patrimony over all of the area now covered by Fernmach and Monaghan counties. In time, saying people were 'O'Cathalain' or, de-scended from Cathalain, became synonymous with saying they were from this area.

When the Normans invaded Ireland in the 1100's, they anglicized the Gaelic pronunciation, "O'Cawlin," into O'Callan, while the Scots among them spelled it "O'Culhane."

It's likely Cathalain grew up hearing of the great fetes of Brian Boru, who conquered the Vikings after nearly 40 years of battles starting in 976. It's certain that Cathalain was a young man when Brian, having almost secured his rule over all of Ireland, died at the Battle of Clontarf on Good Friday in the year 1014.

With Brian's death, a Kingship of all Ireland seemed within grasp of any clansman courageous enough to attack his weaker neighbors. Perhaps it was with that in mind that Cathalain of Farney struck out on a raiding party in October of 1025 against his neighbors, the Fernmagh, in what is now County Monaghan.

The ancient name of that county meant "land of low hills," not the most easily defended geography. But as early as the 700s, the Fernmagh had begun

Kilnaleck, County Cavan, and bordering County Monaghan

O'Cathalain, Land of Cathalain

An irsh crannog.

moving mountains of rock and dirt into the middle of a lake there to create an island fortress to which they could retreat in the event of attack.

The county's most celebrated crannog, or man-made island, was at the end of Lough Ooney, near what is now Smithborough. On the eastern shore of this lake are the crannogs which formed the centre of the ancient ríocht or kingdom of Dartraighe-Coninse, from which the later barony of Dartrey, including the district of Connons, takes its name. From here the Boylans and O'Carrolls and other dynasties ruled the surrounding countryside until eventually displaced by the intrusion of the Normans into the area and the rise of the MacMahons.

There are crannogs remaining from that era all over Ireland, such as one pictured above near Sligo Town in Ballygawley Lough. They were built of timber, hence the name 'crann' meaning a tree. These ancient places were in use from the Late Bronze Age to the Early Christian period. Large tree trunks were driven into the mud of the lake like piles and these were built upon to form the 'island.'

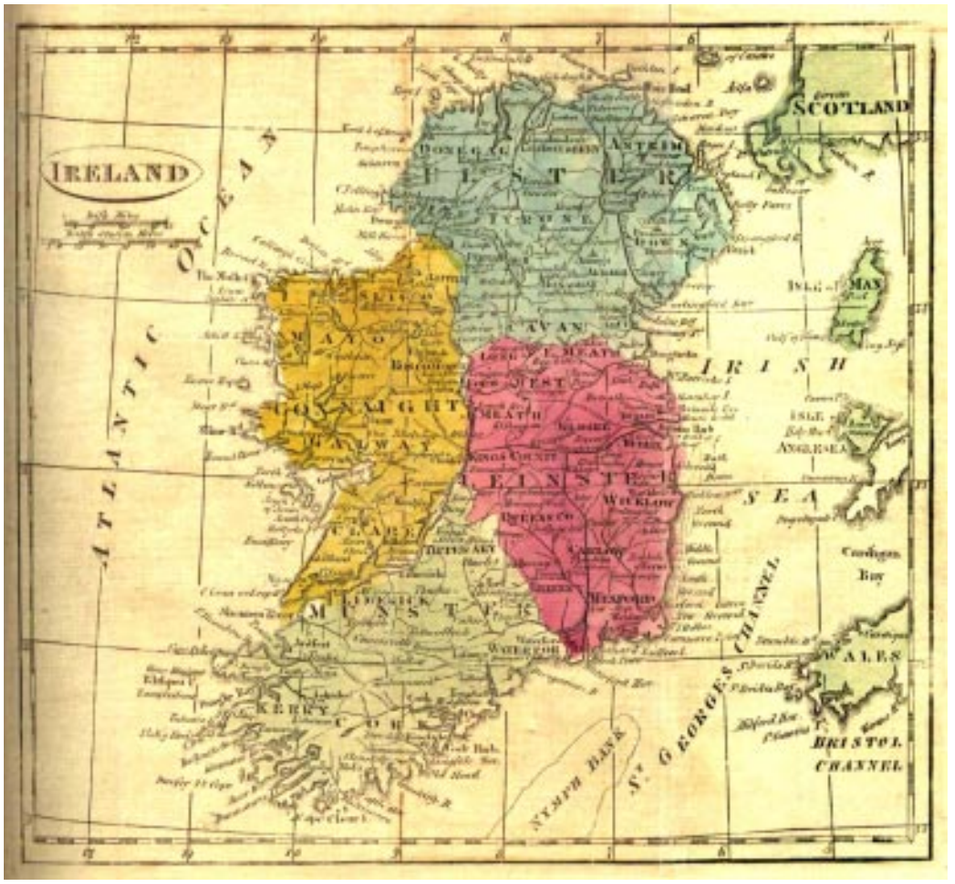
Crannogs were principally built as defensive habitations and most were constructed in the 6th and 7th centuries. Those that have survived show an opening in the circular palisade facing the shore. This would have been to enable the arrival of boats. Some crannogs had causeways. The occupants lived by farming and raising dairy cows on the shores. From the shore crannogs appear as stony islands with trees and shrubs.

This particular crannog in our story seems to have been the headquarters of the Fir Fernmaige for many centuries.

It is mentioned in the Annals of Ulster, an ancient history of what is now Northern Ireland. In an entry for August, 719, the Annals noted:

U719.8 "The killing in Loch Uaithne of the two lords, i.e. two sons of Mael Fothartaig, with their kinsman, namely Cremthann Corrach."

The Annals of Ulster also report that, in 1025, the Fermanach attacked the Ua



Right, Ireland in 1808.

Nadsluaig on the brink of Loch n-Uaithne [Lough Ooney], where they burned buildings and killed seventeen men on the edge of the lake.

U1025.5 "Cathalain, king of Fernmag, made a raid on Fir Manach. The Fir Manach forthwith made a raid to Loch Uaithne, and burned [the district] and killed seventeen men on the shore of the lake."

In June of 1025, Cathalain struck again, this time plundering an area called Termann Feichín. The next entry about Cathalain is the last. It comes in Sept. 1027, and hints at what he had been up two in the previous two years.

"M1027.9 Cathalain-Ua-Crichain, lord of Fearnmhagh, and of the Airghialla in general, and Culocha Ua Gairbhith, lord of Ui-Meith, mutually fell by each other.

The area of Airghialla, also called "Oriel," was an ancient chiefdom, founded in the 4th century and stretching over almost all of the Kingdom of Ulster. It appears that in just two years, O'Cathalain had greatly expanded his conquered lands. It was inevitable he would clash with one of the stronger clans of Airghilla. These included the Ui-Meath, as well as the O'Carroll and O'Boylan, whose regions are identified on the map on the bottom right of page 6.

John Callan the author, wanders by past Kilkenny Castle, while touring Ireland in 1989.

It may have been this incident which finally persuaded the Ui Nadsluaig i.e., the O'Neals, to look eastwards. This would bring them into immediate conflict with the Mugdorna, Ui Meith, Fir Rois, and Conailli. As it happened, all of these kingdoms were doomed to disappear very quickly.

The O'Carrolls, kings of Farney, were of the Ui Nadsluaig who moved eastwards from Lough Ooney. The most powerful of the O'Carroll kings of Farney was Donnchadh, who ruled from 1125 until his death in 1168. He was succeeded by his son, Murchadh, who surrendered the lands to King Henry II of England. He nonetheless fought the Normans and troops of John de Courcy in 1176 and 1177, but afterwards allied with Hugh de Lacy and his Normans. Murchadh O'Carroll died in 1189, still the nominal king of Airghialla, although the Normans had occupied part of Meath that his father had controlled.

Now, let's pause and think for a minute what might have been.

On that fateful September in 1027, if Cathalain's sword had fallen a few seconds earlier on Culocha Ua Gairbhith, perhaps our Cathalain might not have died that day. Perhaps the O'Carrolls, of Gairbhith's clan, might never have fled eastward, to encounter and eventually surrender to England's King Henry II.

In the split-second it takes a sword to fall, we might have become destined to sit on the throne of England. Instead of Henry II controlling Ireland, perhaps Cathailain would have conquered the O'Neils and Carrolls that day, and his sons could be ruling England to this day.

Of course, if he had slaughtered the Carroll's, their might not have been any around 700 years later, when we needed them. It took just about that long for the Carrolls and Callans to be reunited. Which you could say sets the record for feuds in our family.

On Oct 2, 1881, Elisabeth Carroll was born to Andrew Carroll and Anne Kennedy, in St. Patrick's Parish in Seneca Falls, New York. In 1903, at the age of 22 in that same village, she married Bernard Callan, the parents of George Callan, Al Callan's grandfather, pictured on page 1.

With the Norman Inva-

and then Callan, ever since. An ancient Irish family name map notes the area as being the home of both the O'Cathalain, and the O'Baoighlans. This latter became the O'Boylans, and then the Boylans.

As we'll find out later, a Bernard Callan emigrated to America from this area in 1865. He was the son of a Rose Boylan, and he was named after Bernard Boylan, Rose's brother. They were both sons of William Boylan, who was born in 1754 in Monaghan.

Incidentally, though many of our Callans have visited it, the sirname Callan is unconnected with the town in County Kilkenny, circled in the map above left. That quaint hamlet on the King's River was founded in 1207 by the great Norman chieftain William Earl Marshall, Lord of Leinster (1144-1219), husband of Isabel, a daughter of the "Strongbow" who drove the Vikings out of Ireland in 1170. Marshall incorporated the town and laid it out in the shape of a cross. The area had been inhabited by pagans since the Stone Age, and there are remains of structures there that predate the pyramids.

Ancient tradition had it that the Kilkenny town was named after Niall Caille, High King of Ireland, who was drowned in Callan in 844.A.D. in the Kings River. More recent scholarship suggests the town gets its name from the plentiful supply of tall callow grasses (in Irish 'cala') that grown along the banks of the river.

Still, to the tourists who have visited Kilkenny's Callan over the years in search of their roots, it certainly does warm ones heart to see our name plastered on every wall in town.

If Cathalain looked down Mill Street at the Callan Video Club and Callan Motor Garage, I think he would be proud to see how widely his name had been spread. And if he did come back today, we could just keep it our little secret that by the early 1840s, his progeny had actually became starving flax spinners living in three dirt-floor cottages on a tenant farm in Coolkill.

You see, oppressed by centuries of Norman and British rule, our Callans actually grew up just a few miles from where Cathalain himself fell under the sword. But in the early 1800s, with the Potato Famine coming to County Cavan, they would embark on heroic adventures to strange lands which Cathalain could never imagine.

sions, (see map on top right of page 6) the O Cathaláin become O'Cahalane or Culhane in other areas. But in counties Louth and Monaghan it has been O'Callan,

Chapter 2.
Widows and hardship

The earliest record known that captures our Callan ancestry is the 1821 Census of Ireland. With a bit of deduction, that census offers clues that trace our family well back in to the 1700s.

The 1821 Census of County Cavan shows a Philip Callan living in Coolkill as a 19-year-old on a 6-acre home site with his widowed mother, Rose Callan, age 46, and 3 siblings; Ellenor, age 23, James, age 15, and Catherine, age 13.

Philip's mother, Rose Callan was thus born in 1775, one year before the American Colonies declared their independence from England to become the United States of America. We know from her son, Luke Callan, who wrote a memoir in 1933, that this early Callan family came to Coolkill, Co. Cavan, from Co. Monaghan sometime during the early 1800s.

We do not know the first name of widow Rose Callan's husband because he died before the 1821 Census was taken. In keeping with geneaology research traditions, we can label him simply "FNU Callan," for first name unknown. However, Irish traditions of the day called for naming the first grandson after the paternal grandfather. His first grandson, born in 1834, was named Luke Callan. So, the odds are that the first name of widow Rose Callan's husband was Luke (not FNU!). As we follow the subsequent generations of our Callans, the name Luke becomes common to our Callan family line. The name Philip has also been prominent, as has been the name Bernard.

Widow Rose Callan's husband (Luke?) died before the 1821 Census was taken. His last child, Catherine, was born in 1808. Thus, he died sometime between 1808 and 1821, presumably in Coolkill.

It appears, from the death records of Crosserlough Parish that his wife, Rose, died in Coolkill in 1851 or 1852 at age 76, an unusually long life for the time. Widow Rose and her husband are most likely buried in the Crosserlough Catholic Graveyard in Coolkill. This cemetery lacks records or headstones for most of the burials prior to the 1880s. Consequently, we do not know the exact location of their burial plot.

Widow Rose's son, Philip Callan, went on to marry a Rose Boylan in Coolkill in the early 1830s. In the next chapter, we piece together a relationship between Rose Boylan and known early 19th century Boylan families in the Coolkill area.

Above, last standing Coolkill Cottage, now used for storage. Mattie Lynch is in foreground.
Below, a restored thatched-roof cottage nearby. Notice how similar in design to the one in the photo above. This is probably the best guess we'll ever have as to what the Callan homestead looked like when the young seminarian Bernard Callan lit out for a new life as a priest in America.

Upon marriage, it appears that Philip and Rose lived in the same Callan home with Philip's mother, the widow Rose Callan of 1821. The common practice of the day for poor Irish families was that newlyweds lived in the home of the husband's parents. The young husband in a poor Irish family did not have the means to establish a separate household. His aging parents needed him and his new wife at home to contribute meager wages to the good of the household. They were also expected to work the small acreage around the homestead to produce the food necessary to sustain the needs of the family household. If lucky, they had enough left over to sell in the local markets.

In contrast to sons, Irish families were anxious to have their daughters married off to join their husband's family. To them, the daughter was one less mouth to feed and care for. The daughter at home, starting at age

10 or so, spun flax for the Irish (read British) linen industry. The income to the family from this terrible female child labor was meager and was insufficient for covering the costs of having the daughter stay at home into her adult years. Marriage was the dominant venue for an adult daughter to leave the family household.

Many Irish parents, struggling to care for their flock, "farmed" their young daughters, as early as 9 or 10 years old, to be live-in maids and servants to local Irish families of means. This practice eventually extended to sending their young daughters to England and, in the late 1800s, to America. They loved them but they could not feed another mouth and, given the poverty of life then, the parents saw no hope for their daughters except elsewhere. The daughter assumed, as she left her parent's household, that she would eventually return to the family fold. Mostly, she never did and, often for those abroad, she never saw her parents again.

The Callan cottage in Coolkill was a 3-room thatched-roof cottage with dirt floors at the time that the newlyweds, Philip Callan and Rose Boylan, moved in with Philip's mother, the widow Rose Callan of 1821. It may have been also that widow Rose's daughters, Ellenor and Catherine, were living there as well. It was common, in those days, for three generations of the same family to live together in the same 3-room cottage. Catholic Irish families of the early 1800s had, for the most part, no other choice. Housing, separate from their family home, was not available to them. More importantly, the parents depended on their children from early age to adulthood, particularly the males, to stay at home to work for the survival of the family. The parents also expected that an adult son, once married, would continue to live with them with his new wife so that the son would continue to contribute to the family household.

One wonders how procreation could have taken place under the crowded circumstances. Philip Callan and Rose Boylan found a way, and found it often. They had 8 children, Luke (1834), James (1835), Mary (unknown), Margaret (unknown), John (unknown), Philip (1842), Bernard (1844) and Rose (1846).

The father, Philip, died in 1846 at age 44. He left his wife, Rose Boylan, with eight children, the youngest being daughter Rose, only 2 months old. In addition to the newly widowed Rose Boylan caring for her eight children, she also had the responsibility for caring for her late husband's aging mother, the widow Rose Callan of 1821. Author Luke Callan referred to his grandmother Rose Boylan as "a struggling widow," and, indeed, she was that. As mentioned earlier, the aging mother of Philip appears to have died in 1851 or 1852. Philip's wife, the widow Rose Boylan Callan, then became the head of the Callan home site in Coolkill.

Ireland's Griffith's Valuation of 1855-6 for Coolkill records a Rose Callan as the head-of-household of the 6-acre Callan home site in Coolkill. Death records from Crosserlough Parish indicate that only one Rose Callan died in Coolkill, and that was in 1864. There can be little doubt that she was Rose Boylan Callan. Upon death, this "struggling widow" would have been in her late fifties or early sixties.

At the time of Rose Boylan Callan's death in 1864, the Callan household probably consisted of her children Philip (22), Bernard (20), Margaret (?), John (?) and Rose (18). Her other children, Luke, James and Mary were in America by 1864. Her son Philip was likely living within the household in 1864 with his bride of two years, Catherine (Kitty) Reilly and their first born, Maria, born in 1862.

Philip and Kitty went on to have 10 children on that same six-acre Coolkill home site. Two of their children died at birth or soon thereafter, Patt in 1869 and another Patt in 1877. Their eight surviving children were Maria (1862), Margaret (1867), Rose (1869), James (1871), author Luke (1874), Kate (1875), Philip (1878) and John (1880).

At some point in time in the late 1880s, Philip and Kitty decided that life for their family would be better in America. At that time, all of Philip's siblings and their families were living in America, his oldest brother, Luke, having been there since 1854, and his younger brother, our Bernard, having moved there in 1865. Philip's family was, thus, the last of our Callans still living in Coolkill. Undoubtedly his siblings, over many years, encouraged him to move his family to the American dream. Their oldest children, Maria (27), Margaret (22) and, probably, Rose (20) were the first to leave. It is not known as of this writing if they left together or separately, single or married. It is known that they initially settled in Woonsocket, Rhode Island, a mecca for Irish immigrants of the time owing to its rubber and textile fabrication industry. Also, their uncles Luke and John Callan had lived in Woonsocket.

Philip (48) and Kitty (49), with children John (8), Philip (10) and Luke (11) soon followed in 1890. They arrived at Boston Harbor on the S.S. Samaria on May 7, 1890 and settled initially in Woonsocket.

Kate (15) and her brother James (19) are recorded in US records as also arriving in America in 1890, but they are not listed with their parents on the manifest of the steamship S.S. Samaria. It is not yet known how they got to America and with whom.

Philip and Kitty's family, including Kate, were the last of

our Callans to live in Ireland. When they left for America in 1890, they, in essence, blew out the candles for the last time at our Callan ancestral home in Coolkill. It appears that the Callan home was never occupied again. This was a home that the four generations of our Callans just described lived in, sequentially, for almost 100 years in Coolkill.

The exact location of the home site of the Callans in Coolkill is known, but the Callan cottage itself no longer exists. Kate's brother, John (Jack) Callan, revisited his boyhood home in 1919 and found the roof collapsed within the four walls. Kate, herself, visited the site in 1927, but there is no family record on what she observed. Her brother, author Luke Callan, visited the site in 1932.

Luke recalled, in a book recounting the trip which he wrote in 1933, that he found that the walls had collapsed to stone rubble. Jim Lynch, a decendant of Kate who visited the site in 1982, reported that all evidence that a home had ever existed there had been removed. The only vestige was two rounded stone gate piers, barely noticeable now as part of a stone wall. The posts, at the time of our Callans, anchored the proverbial Irish garden gate that served as the entrance to the Callan cottage's front yard from the lane.

Our Callans in County Monaghan (pre-1800)

According to author Luke Callan in his 1933 book, our earliest Callans originally lived in County Monaghan. Finding a record of their existence there is futile. There were no official civil or church records of Irish Catholics kept prior to the 1820s. The British occupiers of the times apparently did not consider Irish Catholic peasants worthy of being officially recorded. Catholic Church records in those days were nonexistent. The Catholic Church was banned from existence in the 1600s, after the defeat of the Irish Catholics by the British in The Irish Wars. It was not until the late 1700s that a partial ban on the Catholic Church was lifted. It took decades for the Catholic Church to reestablish itself with churches, priests and infrastructure. The keeping of records on their flock was not a high priority. The old Catholic churches were either destroyed by the British or converted to places of worship for Anglican Protestants.

The basis for County Monaghan being the place of origin of our earliest Callans comes from two sources. The first is a reference in a 1933 book, *Ireland- After Forty Years,* which was authored by Luke Callan. Luke states in the book (p. 20) that his grandfather Callan, who we know from other records to be Philip Callan, was "native" to County Monaghan. Unfortunately, Luke provided no additional details on where in Monaghan his grandfather Philip Callan was born.

The second source involves two Callan brothers, Peter and James, recently of the town of Kilnaleck, near the Townland of Coolkill.

When Terry Burke of Ohio, a descendant of our Coolkill Callans, visited Coolkill in 1995, he came across Peter in Kilnaleck. Peter Callan told Terry that he believed that our Callans were related to his Callans and, according to the oral history in Peter's family, they originally came from County Monaghan, possibly from the town of Carrickmacross. Peter's brother, James, now living in Toronto, Canada, tells basically the same story, adding that, at one time, his early Callan family also lived in the Townland of Coolkill. Both Peter and James did not know the specifics as to how our Callans related to their Callan line. But shortly, we will suggest how they may have been related to our Callans

There are other factors that would support that our Callans originally came from County Monaghan. The Irish literature on the origins and history of surnames in Ireland shows that the Callan surname was common to County Monaghan and not to County Cavan. Additionally, our Callan's travel from Monaghan to Cavan, would not have been a long trek. Monaghan and Cavan share a common border. (see County map)

The distance between the town of Carrickmacross in Monaghan and the Townland of Coolkill in Cavan is about 25 miles.

Why did they leave Monaghan for Coolkill? Probably for the same reasons Irish have been moving for centuries to this day, better jobs and quality of life. Other members of the Monaghan Callan clan may have preceded our Callan family to Coolkill and, once established, beckoned our Callans to join them.

Prospects for documenting that our Callans originated from County Monaghan are dim. Official records of Irish families, particularly of poor Irish Catholics like our Callans, were not taken in Ireland prior to the 19th century. With few exceptions, the creation of official civil records on the common Irish people did not commence until after the 1820s. Our Callans were in Coolkill by that time. Ironically, the best records found today of common Irish families of the 1600s and 1700s are those which were created by the British on Irish convicts and their families who the British deported to Australia and New Zealand.

Catholic Church records in Ireland prior to the 1820s are sparse as well. The British, after defeating the Irish in 1690,

banned the Catholic Church for almost a hundred years. That ban was lifted in 1790, but it took several decades later for the Church to reestablish itself and the necessary infrastructure for record keeping.

Our early Irish Callans did not document their lives and those before them. Our earliest Callans were most likely illiterate and, thus, could not have created written family records. This is because the British Penal Laws of the 1700s banned the education of Irish Catholics. Jim Lynch found records on other Irish ancestors of ours who were using X as a signature as late as the 1880s. We are left, therefore, with whatever oral history has been passed down the generations.

That oral history probably held up quite well while our early Callan families lived amongst each other in Ireland. Unfortunately, the oral history faded as the elders died off and their descendants left Ireland for the far reaches of America. With the exception of Jack Callan's letter of 1919 and Luke's book of 1932, there is no *family* record of our early Irish Callans. The Callans who left Ireland for America rarely discussed their Irish roots with their children. That is unfortunate because whatever conversational information they had on 18th century Callans in Monaghan and 19th century Callans in Coolkill is now in the grave, lost forever.

As mentioned at the beginning of this chatper, the earliest record we have of our Callans is the 1821 Census of Coolkill. It captures a Callan family in Coolkill believed to be our Callan family who left Monaghan for Coolkill in the early 1800s. The analysis leading to this view follows.

Callans in Coolkill, County Cavan (1800-1890)

The Townland of Coolkill is a small patch of land, 427 acres in size. Why our Callans from Monaghan chose this spot to resettle may never be known for sure. Did they just pick up and leave Monaghan on their own? Or did they join Callan relatives already in Coolkill, just as their decendants would later follow one another to America?

One push factor of little doubt was that our Callans from Monaghan were seeking better work opportunities elsewhere. The factors of economics and quality of life have been driving the Irish people to many elsewhere's for centuries and the outflow continues to this day. The pull factor to selecting Coolkill may have been prompted by Callan relatives already there. There is some suggestion of this in author Luke's book. On pages 94-95, he refers to his Callan family in Coolkill as the "lesser Callans" in relation to a "closely related " Peter Callan family in Coolkill.. More on this later.

For whatever reasons and circumstances, our Callans did leave Monaghan and resettled in Coolkill in the early 1800s. Lacking any records in Monaghan, can we find this resettled Callan family from records of Coolkill? Fortunately, the answer is, yes. It appears our Callan family from Monaghan is captured in the 1821 Census of Coolkill. We need to digress here as to why we say it was fortunate.

The 1821 Census of Ireland was the first census ever taken of Ireland. It was organized and reported right down to households and family members at the level of Townlands, including Coolkill. Since then, a census of Ireland was taken every 20 years. A devastating fire in the Records House in Dublin in 1922 destroyed all census records except that for 1901 and burnt parchments of the others. Fortunately, Cavan, unlike the other counties, made a copy of the Census. Thus, we have detailed information on households and families living in Coolkill in 1821.

The Townland of Coolkill consists of 427 acres and in 1821 had 61 households. Two of those households were occupied by Callan families and one household occupied by a Call**en** family. Callan and Callen are, traditionally, the same surnames. Also, the difference in spelling could have resulted from transcription errors.

In 1821, our Callan family in Coolkill would have to have had a son, Philip. Also, this son, Philip, would have had to be in his teens in 1821 to have married and sired a first child with Rose Boylan in 1826. The 1821 Census of Coolkill shows 2 Callan/Callen families, each with a teen son, Philip. One is a family headed by a widow Rose Callan, age 46, occupying 6 acres with 4 children, including a son Philip, age 19. The other is headed by a James Callen, age 52, occupying 11.5 acres with his wife Judith and 6 children, including a son Philip, age 12.

For reasons set forth, it can be concluded that the widow Rose Callan's family is our ancestral Callan family. It also appears that the James Callen of 1821 may have been a brother of the deceased husband of widow Rose Callan.

Following are the records and analysis supporting this conclusion.

As mentioned earlier, the 1821 Census shows two Callan or Callen families with a son, Philip, living in Coolkill. One is a widow Rose Callan, age 46, living on a six-acre site with four children, Ellenor (23), Philip (19), James (15) and Catherine (13). The other family is a James Callen, age 52, living on 11.5 acres with his wife Judith (47) and seven children, Mary (26), Rose (22), Peter (17), Anne (14), Philip (12) Catherine (9) and Judith (6).

Several factors point to the widow Rose Callan family of 1821 as our ancestral family. The 12-year-old Philip in the James Callen family would have been too young to have sired a child in 1826. In 1826, this Philip would have been 17 years old. In contrast, the 19-

year-old Philip in the widow Rose Callan's family of 1821 would have been of an appropriate age to sire a child in 1826, at which time he would have been 25 years old.

Another reason for choosing the widow Rose Callan's family as our ancestral Callan family rests in the first names of the family members. Rose, Philip, James, Ellenor and Catherine, are consistent with first names passed on in subsequent generations of our Callans. This is less so with the James Callen family. Their names of Judith, Peter and Anne are not found in our Callan line. It was traditional and honorable in old Irish families to pass on family first names to subsequent generations. The tracing of Irish first names is, today, a powerful genealogical tool for establishing ancestral links.

Another piece of evidence points to widow Rose Callan of 1821 as being a direct ancestor. Author Luke Callan refers (p. 106-107) to a "granduncle" Shamus (James) Callan who lived in Coolkill. This argues that his grandfather, Philip Callan, had a brother James. The 1821 Census shows, in fact, Philip did have a brother, James.

Yet another factor pointing to the widow Rose Callan of 1821 as being our direct ancestor is that she is recorded in the 1821 Census as occupying a home site of 6 acres. We know from an 1855-6 survey record of Coolkill (Griffith Valuation and map) that our Callans in 1855-6 occupied a 6-acre home site in Coolkill. The 1855-6 map locates that Callan home site exactly where we know Kate Callan lived with her parents prior to the family departing for America in 1890. For the reasons following, it appears certain that the 6-acre home site cited for the widow Rose Callan of 1821 was the same 6-acre site we know to have been occupied by later Callans.

There was no map associated with the 1821 Census. Consequently, we can't prove that the location of Widow Rose's 6-acre home site in Coolkill in 1821 was the same 6-acre home site we know was occupied by our Callans from the 1850s until 1890. However we do know from the history of land ownership and usage in Ireland in the 1700s and 1800s that land boundaries were rarely redrawn, land was rarely sold and that it was not unusual for tenant families to occupy the same home site for several generations.

The mark of success and nobility in Ireland amongst the English and Irish Protestants in the 1700s was the amount of land they owned. Most of that land was confiscated from Irish Catholics as the spoils of the Irish Wars of 1600s and 1700s. The sale of land, in those days, was considered by noble peers as a sign of a family's financial weakness and an embarrassment to the family of the landowners. Additionally, because of the poverty of the day, there were no buyers.

Consequently, most land owners long-termed leased their lands to peasant Irish, like our Callans, as home sites and farms, often collecting much of the rent in the form of goods (farm products and spun flax produced at the home site) and services (male family members working the fields of the landlord). If good tenants, the landowner and his descendants continued to lease their land, home sites and farms to the same family and their descendants for generations.

Why is all of this relevant? More than 30 years after the 1821 Census was taken, a survey of Coolkill was conducted in 1855-6, which recorded the head-of household only, the size of the property they occupied and, with a map, the exact location of that property in Coolkill. This survey is known as the Griffith Valuation and it was conducted throughout Ireland. Its purpose was to assess a tax for each household to help defray the costs of Ireland's "workhouses."

Workhouses were places set up by the Irish government to house families devastated by the Irish potato famine of the 1840s.

The Griffith Valuation and its map of Coolkill showed that there were only two six-acre sites of the 43 sites recorded in Coolkill. One of the two six-acre sites is listed as occupied by a Rose Callan. The map places this Rose Callan's site in Coolkill in the exact location where we know our later Callans lived. We believe that this six-acre site is the same six-acre site occupied by widow Rose Callan and her family in 1821. This linkage of a Callan home site became a key determinant in identifying the widow Rose Callan of 1821 as our earliest known Callan.

It appears that the widow Rose Callan of 1821 lived at the home site until her death in the early 1850s. Crosserlough Parish records show two widow Callans (no first names given) as having died in Coolkill during this period, one in 1851 and the other in 1852. One of those records is almost certainly for our widow Rose Callan. The other record was probably for a Mary Callan who was listed as a 50 year-old Coolkill widow in the 1821 Census. Thus, our Rose Callan of 1821 died at age 76, a rather ripe old age for the time. Her last years and days were most likely spent at the Callan 6-acre home site in the care of her daughter-in-law, the widow Rose Boylan Callan and her 8 children. In those days, there were no hospitals to speak of. People simply died at home in the care of their families, with occasional visits by a doctor and frequent visits by the local priest

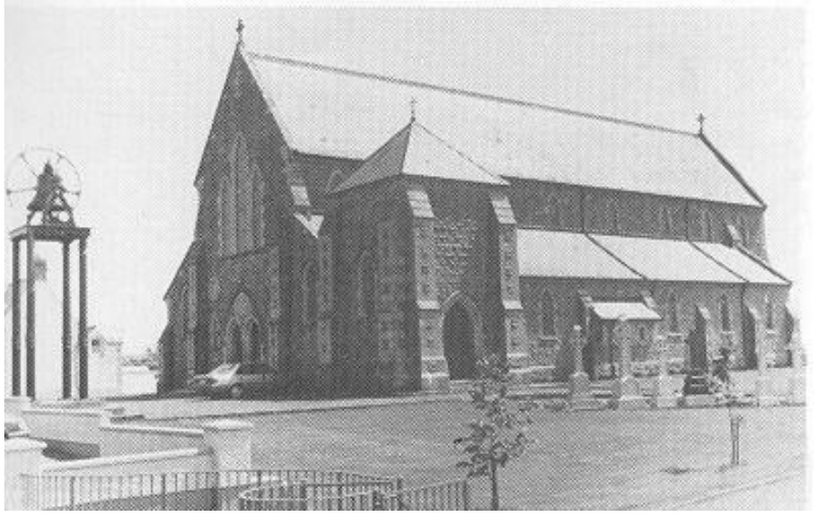
As noted below, Rose Boylan Callan lost her husband, Philip, in 1846. He left Rose with a two-month-old daughter, also named Rose, and a two-year-old son, Bernard. This Bernard would grow up on the Coolkill farm, and as a young man would emigrate to America to study to become a priest in Baltimore and upstate New York. There he would eventually meet a 16-year-old girl, serving meals at a parish rectory in Seneca Falls, who would change his plans forever.

Chapter 3.
Famine and exodus

Widow Rose Callan's son Philip married a Rose Boylan from Coolkill or nearby in the early 1830s. In keeping with the tradition of the day, her oldest son and his new wife most likely lived in the Callan home with Philip's widowed mother and her unmarried children. The economics of the time forced these close living arrangements. Philip, although now married, was expected to stay in the family household to contribute to the well-being of the household. As a practical economic matter, there was no alternative housing available to the newly married couple. If a family had the means, they could build, with the landowners permission, a separate cottage on the same property. Our Callans of the time were not of those means.

Between 1834 and 1846, Philip and Rose went on to have 8 children in the Callan cottage; Mary (1826), Luke (1834), James (1835), Philip (1842), Bernard (1844), Margaret and John (birth years unknown.) and Rose (1846). A Crosserlough Parish record shows that a Philip Callan of Coolkill died on February 26, 1846. This was the only death record for a Philip Callan of Coolkill. This Philip Callan must have been the husband of Rose Boylan. Author Luke Callan referred in his book to his grandmother, Rose Boylan Callan as having been a "struggling widow." She is shown as a widow in the 1855-6 Griffith's Valuation survey of Coolkill.

New Crosserlough Church, just after its completion in 1885.



If, in fact, the 1846 death record cites our Philip Callan, Philip died at age 44 and left his wife, Rose Boylan, with 8 children ranging in ages from 20 years-old (Mary) to 2 months-old (Rose), indeed, a struggling widow. Adding to her burden was that she was caring also for Philip's aging mother, the widow Rose Callan of 1821.

Unlike the records on the widow Rose Callan of 1821, where we infer, through analyses, an ancestral connection to her, the records on Philip Callan and Rose Boylan as being our ancestors are quite conclusive. Their names are first recorded on an 1846 baptismal record from Crosserlough Parish, Coolkill as the parents of a newborn, Rose Callan. Baby Rose was the youngest of 8 children born to Philip and Rose Boylan Callan. Baptismal records for her older siblings, Luke, James, Mary, Philip, Margaret, Bernard and John, do not exist because Crosserlough Parish did not commence record keeping until 1842. As a point of reference, this baby Rose Callan became Rose O'Rourke upon marriage in Ireland and, with her family, moved to Providence, Rhode Island, where she died in 1931.

The names of Philip and Rose Boylan Callan next appear in an 1857 record at All Hallows College in Dublin. Their son, James, studied for the priesthood there and they are listed as his parents. Their names also appear as parents on US death certificates for a number of their known children, including Philip Callan. So the convergence of these documents and facts leave little doubt that Philip and Rose (Boylan) Callan were in our ancestral line.

The Callan Home Site in Coolkill

The exact location of the Callan home site in Coolkill is known. As indicated earlier, it appears to have been the only home site in Coolkill occupied by 4 generations of our Callans. It was first occupied by widow Rose Callan and her family when they arrived from County Monaghan in the early 1800s and her Callan descendants continued to occupy the site until 1890. The brother of our Bernard, Philip Callan, and his family were the last of our Callans to live there. They left for America and Rhode Island

from this home site in 1890. By that time, none of our Callans remained in Ireland. Our distance cousin Jim Lynch was told, when he visited the site in 1982, that it was locally known as the old Callan home site and that no one occupied the site after 1890.

Philip's youngest son, Jack Callan, visited his boyhood home site in August 1919, the home where he was born in 1880 and from whence he left for America as a 10-year-old boy. He is the first of our native Coolkill Callans living in America who is known to have paid a visit on their former homeland.

In a 1919 letter from Coolkill to his brother, James, in Rhode Island, he described his visit with some emotion. He shed tears when he discovered that "the old house has fallen in and only the walls are left standing. The old fireplace is there, but no trace of the loft, and grass is growing on the floor."

James and his sister, Kate Callan Sullivan, visited the home site in 1927. There is no family record of what they found there. Their brother, Luke Callan, visited the home site in 1932, and did describe what he saw in his 1933 book, ***Ireland After Forty Years***. (*note: This book was published by Angel Guardian Press in the Archdiocese of Boston in 1933. The only known public copy is available in the Library of Congress reading room in Washington, D.C.*) He was distraught by what he found. The walls of the home were no longer there and the stones that once constructed the house were strewn as ruins around the home site. He noted that the two rounded gate pillars that marked the entrance from the lane (road) into the site were still there, "between which was hung a four-barred gate".

Jim Lynch visited the site in 1982, some 50 years after Luke. It was completely clear of any evidence that a home had occupied the site. It was then part of a cow pasture. Mattie Lynch from nearby Kilnaleck, a first cousin of Kate Callan Sullivan and familiar with the Callan home site, escorted Jim on this visit. He sited the location of where the Callan house was by pointing to 2 cows grazing on the exact spot. He next pulled the heavy overgrowth away from a stone wall to expose the two round gate piers that once guarded the entrance to the Callan home from the road, the piers that Luke wrote about. The space between the piers was now filled in with stone to complete a continuum of an old stone wall. Mattie stated that the stones within the gate piers were probably taken from the ruins of the Callan house. Jim took one of the stones home to America.

Although the Callan cottage was no longer there in 1982, Mattie Lynch took Jim Lynch that year to a nearby structure which was still standing and, according to Mattie, identical to what the Callan cottage was. This journey is described and pictured in the following chapter, "A Journey to Coolkill."

The cottage was then being used as a storage shed for farm materials. The size was not much larger than a one-car garage. The structure had three rooms, two very small bedrooms and one kitchen/social area. The open hearth and much of its swing-out cooking hardware was still in place. The cottage then had a sheet metal roof, but Mattie told Jim that in the Callan days the roof would have been made of thatched straw. Mattie was a thatcher in his earlier days. He also made note that many of the homes of the Callan days had dirt floors. A description by Jim's Granduncle Jack (our Bernard's brother John) of grass growing on the floor suggests that the Callan home may have had a dirt floor.

It is hard to imagine how our ancestors and their eight children and the Callan families before them lived in such conditions. It's no wonder that our Callans sought a better life in America.

Directions to the Callan home site in Coolkill are a bit difficult to describe because there is no building structure marking the spot. It is in a rural area, about ½ mile east of the town of Kilnaleck and ½ mile south of the Crosserlough Catholic Church. The route Jim Lynch took with Mattie Lynch in 1982 took him down Main St. of Kilnaleck about ½ mile to the southeast of town, to the first road or lane where you could make a left turn, referred to locally as the Crosserlough Road.

This lane was, in 1982, unpaved and barely wide enough for a small car. The site is about ¼ of a mile down this lane on the right. Look for a small creek under the road and the site property begins as soon as you cross the creek. The only site marker would be the two round stone gate piers, adjacent to the road and now part of a stone wall. You need to look closely to find them as they are most likely covered with all manner of brush. The home site was just inside the piers.

In early Sept. 2001, several of the family had planned to fly to Ireland to place a commemorative Callan plaque on the site. But the terrroist attack on the World Trade Center on Sept. 11 of that year caused international flights to be cancelled for a week, including the flight the family had planned to take. That put an end to those plans, and so the site is still unmarked.

If you continue on the lane for another ½ mile or so, you will come across the Crosserlough Church and graveyard. Our Callans worshiped there when living in Coolkill and some of our early Irish Callans are buried there.

Death and Burial Records In Coolkill

The probable Crosserlough Parish death records for the widow Rose Callan of 1821 were described earlier. Additionally, Crosserlough Parish holds only

The Callans of Coolkill, circa 1895. SEATED (L-R): Catherine (Kate), father Philip (Phil, son of Philip Callan and Rose Boylan), John (Jack), mother Catherine, Philip (Phil); STANDING (L-R): Margaret (Mag), James (Jim), Rose, Luke, Maria. Taken at The Outlet Studio, Providence, R.I.

one death record for a Philip Callan of Coolkill. This Philip died in Coolkill in 1846. It is quite certain that this death record relates to our Philip Callan, the husband of Rose Boylan, the "struggling widow".

Another death record shows that a Rose Callan died in Coolkill in 1864. This was the only death record in the Parish holdings for a Rose Callan from Coolkill. It is believed this Rose Callan was the "struggling widow," Rose Boylan Callan, the grandmother of Kate Callan, and author Luke Callan. In 1864, she would have been about age 60 at the time of her death.

None of the death records identify the spouse, other family names, date of burial or where the deceased is buried.

The burial site for most of the Roman Catholics who died in Coolkill has been, for 200 years or so, the Crosserlough Graveyard adjacent to the Crosserlough Church in Coolkill. It is believed that individuals from 3 of the 4 generations of our Coolkill Callans are buried there: ***generation 1***, widow Rose Callan of 1821 and her husband; ***generation 2***, their son, Philip Callan, and his wife, Rose Boylan and possibly some of Philip's siblings; and 2 male children from ***generation 4***, both named Patt. They were 2 son of Philip and Catherine (Reilly) Callan (our Bernard's nephews) who died at birth or soon thereafter. Nobody from the ***3rd generation*** of Coolkill Callans, that is, the children of Philip and Rose (Boylan) Callan, are know to have been buried there. All of their children went to various parts of America and died in America.

There are no tombstones or records that locate the exact burial sites for any of our Callans within the Crosserlough Graveyard. Tombstones were not customary then. The common Irish simply could not afford them. If our early Callans had tombstones or grave markers, they are no longer discernable. Author Luke did, in 1932, pray over the Crosserlough gravesites of his grandparents, Philip and Rose Boylan Callan, in the new graveyard. He gave no clues as to where their gravesite is located and if it had a grave marker. We know, today, none can be found. There is no Callan family memory today of where in the Crosserlough graveyard our Callan ancestors are buried. The closest we can come to a location is a comment made to Jim Lynch by Mary Ellen Lynch Wilson of Attleboro, Massachusetts. Her late father, Charlie Lynch, born and raised in the Lynch family of Coolkill, told her our Callans were buried next to his parents.

In addition to the lack of family knowledge or records, we have found no Church burial records for our Callans in Crosserlough Graveyard. It appears that Crosserlough Church, in those days, did not keep records on who was buried where in their graveyards. Even if they did, those records may have been lost to fires. Two Crosserlough Churches burned to the ground, one in the 1830s and one in 1880. Construction of the current Church commenced in 1884 on the site of the previous Church. The funds for the building of the new church were raised over a number of years in America by a Father John Boylan. According to author Luke, this Father Boylan was his catechism teacher in the 1880s. It can be concluded from Luke's comments that Father Boylan was a nephew of Luke's grandmother, Rose Boylan Callan and, consequently, he would have been a first cousin of Luke's father, Philip Callan..

There are two Crosserlough graveyards, the "graveyard old" and the "graveyard new". The old graveyard serviced the needs of the earliest Church and is located a short distance away from the current or new graveyard. Widow Rose Callan's unknown husband, who died prior to 1821, is most likely buried in the old graveyard and widow Rose probably joined him there when she died in the early 1850s. Their son, Philip Callan (!802-1846) and his wife, Rose Boylan (circa 1805-1864) are likely buried in the new graveyard. There are four Callan tombstones within the Graveyard but all show burials of

Children of Philip and Kitty Callan, circa 1925. Standing: (L-R) Philip, Catherine ("Kate", grandmother of author of this article Jim Lynch), Rose, Margaret, and John. Seated (L-R): James, Maria and Luke (author of *Ireland -- After Forty Years*).

Callans from other Townlands and mostly with burial dates of the 1900s.

From Coolkill to America

All eight children of Philip Callan and Rose Boylan emigrated from Ireland to America between 1854 and 1890. Some left single and others left after they married and had their children in Ireland. Below is detailed what is known about each of their lives in America in the sections devoted to their family branches. The following is a summary of each child and is ordered in the time sequence that they left for America.

Luke Callan (1834-1916), the eldest child, was the first to leave the old sod. He arrived in America in 1854 at age 20. He initially lived in Woonsocket, RI, married there and eventually settled in Middleboro, MA. Luke died there in 1916. His great-grandson, Paul Callan of Middleboro, has been our contact on this branch of our Callans.

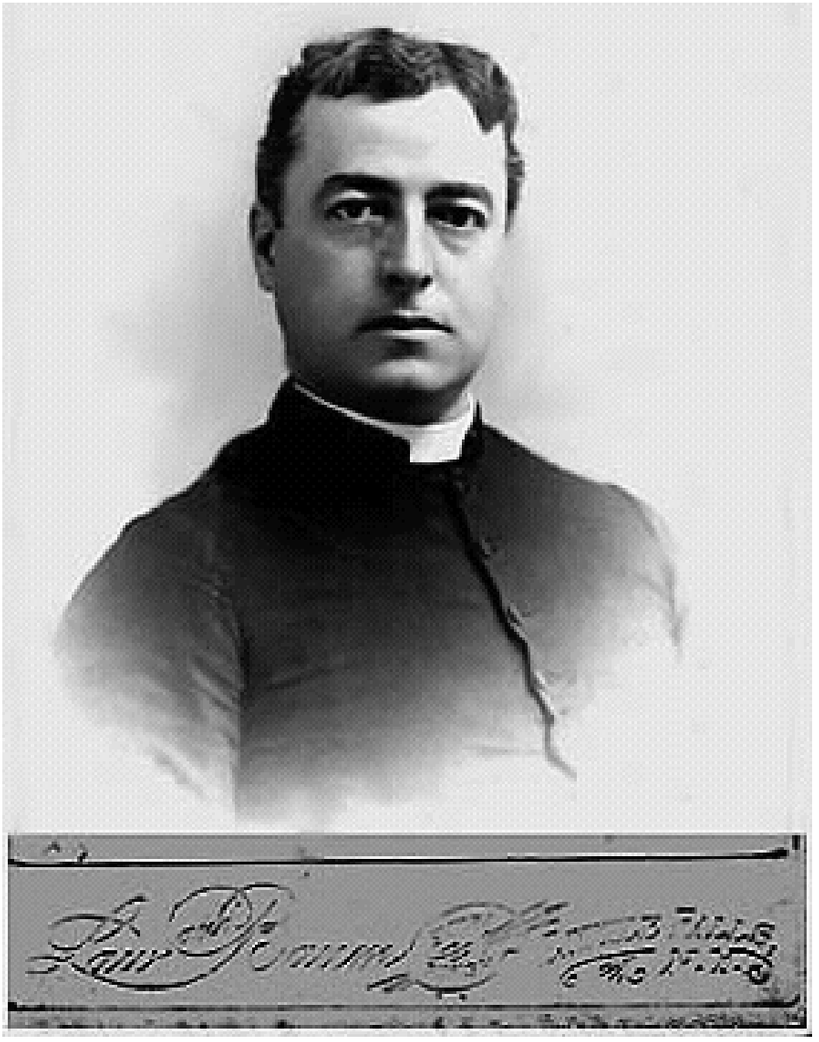
James Callan (1835-1887) left the home in Coolkill in 1857 to study for the priesthood at All Hallows College in Dublin. He left for missionary work in the gold fields around Marysville, California, in 1862. He is often cited prominently in literature about the pioneering priests of the gold rush days. He died in Marysville in 1887, after serving for many years there as a parish priest at St. Joseph;s Church. The principal sources on James have been Colm McQuinn, Archivist, All Hallows College and two books written on the early priests in California, ***Hallowed Were The Gold Dust Trails***, 1946, by Henry L. Walsh, S.J. and ***Condemned To The Mines***, 1976, by John T. Dwyer.

A distant cousin, Jetty O'Rorke Uebner from Cathey's Valley, CA, graciously responded to our interest in Fr. Callan by going to Marysville, Calif. in search of Fr. Callan's burial place. The photos on the next two pages are the results of her quest. At top left of page 22 is Father James Callan himself, in a photo that likely was taken In Seneca Falls when visiting his brother Bernard, our ancestor. In the third column is St. Joseph's Church, Marysville, CA., built in 1855. Fr. Callan first served here when he arrived from Ireland in 1862. Then, it was the bishopdom of the Catholic Church for that region of California.

This was changed in the early 1880s when Sacramento was designated the bishopdom. Fr. Callan, over the years, served as Pastor in a number of parishes within the Diocese, building the first church in some. His last assignment was as Pastor of St. Joseph's, where he died in 1887. His tombstone is pictured on page 22 as well. On the next page is also a closeup of the tombstone, and his death record from St. Joseph's..

Fr. Callan shares his tombstone with six other priests. Each are buried within the base circle surrounding the common tombstone. At one time, smaller tomb-stones were within the circle for each of the seven priests, marking their specific burial site. They were destroyed years ago by vandals. If you look close enough on the circle on the previous page, you will see remnants of the individual grave markers.

Bernard James Callan (1844-1879) left Coolkill for



Fr. James Callan, photo take in Seneca Falls, N.Y., ca. 1886.

America as a single man of 21 in 1865. On his arrival, he studied for the priesthood in Baltimore. The following summer he visited relatives in Seneca Falls in upstate New York. Before he left, he fell sway to the charms of his eventual wife, Mary Ann Magill, who was a 16-year-old housekeeper at the St. Patrick's Church parish rectory. After they were married, Bernard and Mary Ann and their family lived primarily in the Seneca Falls/ Utica area of upstate NY. While on a job assignment in Baltimore, MD, in 1879, he contracted tuberculosis and died there at age 35. He is buried in Seneca Falls, New York.

We have many sources of information about Bernard James Callan, and will feature a entire chapter on him later in this book. These sources include

St. Joseph's Church.

information provided by his granddaughter, Rosella Callan Burke, and her son, Terry Burke from Ohio. A major source of information on the details of Bernard and his descendants is a book written in 1995 by his great-grandson, Father James Brady Callan of Rochester, NY, *The Callans of Winona Boulevard.*

Mary Callan (1826-1921) accompanied her brother James to California as his housekeeper in 1862. Details are lacking on Mary's life in Ireland and America. Oral history has her leaving California for Rhode Island to live with relatives after James died in 1887. Her Rhode Island death record of 1921 shows that she was then living in Providence at the home of her niece, Maria Callan Walker. (This home at 6 Atkins St., known in this branch of the family as the Callan home, was originally purchased in 1904 by Mary's brother, Philip Callan. It continued to be occupied by Callans until the death of Philip's son, James, in 1945.)

Mary is buried in St. Ann's Cemetery, Cranston, Rhode Island, alongside her brother Philip, his wife Catherine, two of their sons, John and James, and a sister of Catherine still with her maiden name, Reilly. Although the St. Ann's burial record for the plot lists these persons as buried there, Mary and Catherine's sister are not shown on the tombstone.

Common grave for priests at St. Josephs Joseph's Church

Our knowledge of Mary is based on information provided by Callan descendants Terry Burke of Bay Village, Ohio and his mother, Rosella Callan Burke, now in her 90s. Rosella is the granddaughter of Bernard

Callan, a brother of Mary.

Zita McCabe of Johnston RI , great -grand-daughter of Philip Callan) is in possession of an old steamer trunk from her mother's estate that belonged to Mary Callan. Unfortunately, the trunk is empty.

Margaret Callan (dates unknown) married a Patrick Lynch in the nearby Townland of Derrylea in the late 1860s. There, they had their eight children. Urged by Patrick's relatives already in America, they left with their eight children plus a young nephew for America in 1881. They settled initially in Rantoul, Illinois, where four of Patrick's siblings from Derrylea had settled earlier. The family spent two years there, Patrick working for the Illinois Central Railroad. In 1883, Patrick was enticed by his Uncle Jack Lynch and a cousin, Marcus Daly, to join them in Rosebud, Montana to help them manage their cattle operations. Marcus Daly eventually became one of the richest persons in America, the infamous Copper Baron who founded the Anaconda Mining Company. Numerous descendants of this family still live in the Rosebud area. Patrick and Margaret died there. Their death dates and burial place, as of this writing, are unknown.

John Callan (dates unknown) is somewhat of a mystery sibling. The only reference that there was a John Callan is contained in the 1995 book written by Father James Brady Callan of Rochester, NY. He writes that one of the children of Philip and Rose (Boylan) Callan was a John Callan, a baker living in Woonsocket, RI. No records have yet been found that verifies his existence. The research continues.

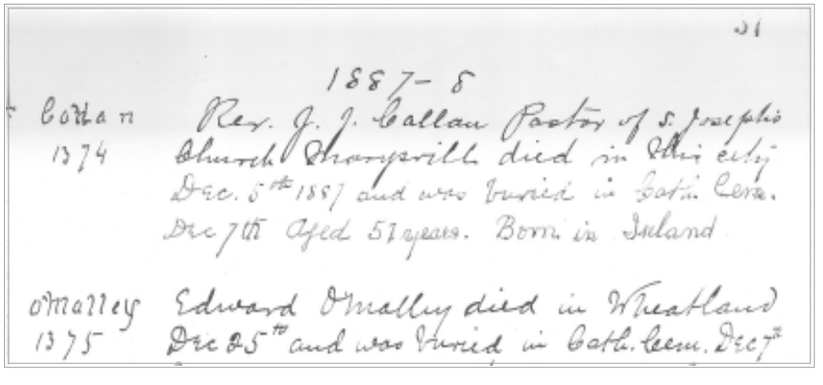
Rose Callan (1846-1931), was the youngest child of Philip and Rose (Boylan) Callan, born two month before her father died. At age 26 in 1872, Rose married a Patrick Rourke in the nearby Townland of Listonish, County Cavan. There, they had all six of their children. Somewhere along the line, the family adopted O'Rourke as the preferred family name. The family left Ireland in the early 1880s for America and settled in Providence, RI. Both died in Providence, Patrick in 1910 and Rose in 1931.

Our source of information for Rose Callan O'Rourke and her family has been her grandson, Justin O'Rourke, of Warwick, RI. Additionally, Cavan Research, a for-hire genealogical research company accessable over the internet, found her Coolkill baptismal record, the only one found for this generation of Callans. Ellenor Fillo and Rosella Burke also shared their memories of this family in Providence.

Philip Callan (1842-1909) was the last of the Callans to live at the Coolkill home site and the last of our Callans to leave Ireland for America. He was born and raised at the family home site. He married Catherine Reilly from Coolkill in about 1862 and they had 10 children while living in the Callan family home, eight of whom survived to adulthood. He and his family left Coolkill in 1890 for America. They initially settled for a number of years in Woonsocket, Rhode Island, and, by 1904, were living in Providence. His wife, Catherine, died there in 1908 and Philip in 1909.

Fr. James Callan's tombstone, above, and, below, his death entry in the St. Joseph's Church record book.

Our principal sources for information on Philip and Catherine and their family were records from the Cavan Research Center, the US National Archives and Rhode Island archival records. Most important were the many exchanges Jim Lynch has had with living Callan descendants in Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Ohio and Montana.


1887-8

Callan 1374 — Rev. J. J. Callan Pastor of S. Josephs Church Pawtucket died in this city Dec. 5th 1887 and was buried in Cath. Cem. Dec 7th Aged 51 years. Born in Ireland

O'Malley 1375 — Edward O'Malley died in Wheatland Dec 25th and was buried in Cath. Cem. Dec 7th

Chapter 4.
Our Irish Cousins

No direct descendants of Philip and Rose (Boylan) Callan, our descendant line, currently live in or near Coolkill. All of their children left Ireland for America by 1890 and there is no evidence known that any of their descendants returned to live in Ireland.

We may, however, have distant Callan descendants still living in the Coolkill area. Philip Callan, who died in 1846 in Coolkill, had three siblings, all of whom may have had children. Descendants of these siblings may still be there. Additionally, there were other Callan families living in Coolkill in the early to mid-1800s. Mindful that Coolkill was only 427 acres in size, this close proximity of the Callan families suggests that a blood relationship may have existed amongst one or more of the other Callan families. The data, in fact, support this. Let's try to shed some light on how these Callan relationships may have existed and comment on the prospects for finding descendants of these early relatives living there today.

Widow Rose Callan's family of 1821. The 1821 Census of Coolkill shows that Philip Callan had three siblings, James, Ellenor and Catherine. Author Luke Callan, in his book (p. 106), identifies a granduncle, Shamus. Shamus is old Irish for James. Shamus is likely Philip's sibling James recorded in the 1821 Census. This James would be Luke's granduncle. Unfortunately, Luke reveals little about the descendants of Shamus. He does mention that Shamus had a daughter, "Big Ann" Callan, who married a Frank Reilly. Luke's writings suggest that Big Ann died before she had children. Descendants of Philip's siblings, Ellenor and Catherine Callan, could still be in the Coolkill area, but not knowing if they ever married, we may never know.

James Callen family of 1821. This James Callen of Coolkill may have been a brother of the deceased husband of the widow Rose Callan of 1821. If so, his children and those of widow Rose would have been first cousins. In fact, there are two instances in the research literature that strongly suggest that a cousin relationship did exist between descendants of the 2 families. The first instance involves James Callen's daughter Anne and the second instance involves James Callen's son, Peter. The logic of the analysis that follows attempts to show that Anne and Peter were first cousins to the children of widow Rose Callan, our Callans, and, consequently, their father James Callen of 1821 was a brother of widow Rose's deceased husband.

Anne Callan of 1821

Widow Rose Callan of 1821 had a grandson, Father James Callan, who served in the gold rush lands of California from 1861 to 1887. According to a 1946 book on the pioneering priest's of California, ***Hallowed Were The Gold Dust Trails***, by Henry L. Walsh, S.J., Father Callan was joined in 1864 by a "cousin" from County Cavan, Father Charles M. Lynch.

The old records at All Hallows College in Dublin, where Father Lynch studied for the priesthood, list his parents as Patrick Lynch and ***Anne Callan*** who lived near Coolkill. It appears, therefore, that the cousin relationship between the two priests derived from Anne Callan. The two priests could not have been first cousins since that would have required Father Callan's father, Philip Callan, to have had a sister, Anne, which he didn't. The 1821 Census shows that Philip's sisters were named Ellenor and Catherine. So Father Callan's cousin relationship with Father Lynch had to come from another branch of Callans, a family who had a young daughter Anne in 1821.

The 1821 James Callen family in Coolkill seems to match that requirement. It is the only Callan (Callen) family in Coolkill that shows a daughter, Anne. She, at age 14 in 1821, would have been 35 years old in 1842, the birth year of Father Charles Lynch. If this is so, Fathers Lynch and Callan would have been second cousins and Anne's father, James, would have been a brother of our widow Rose Callan's husband.

There is one other Callan family identified in the 1821 Census as having a daughter Anne. This is the family of Michael and Catherine Callan living in the Townland of Mullycastle, which is adjacent to Coolkill. Their daughter Anne is 12 years old in 1821, certainly qualified, chronologically, to have been the mother of Father Charles Lynch. Other children of Michael and Catherine Callan were, Molly (24), Patrick (22), Rose (20), Michael (16), Philip (6) and what appears to be a set of 8-year-old twins, John and Bridget. It may be that this family

is also related to our 1821 Callan family. They lived within "shouting distance" to one another. Maybe they also came from Monaghan.

It seems more likely that James Callen family was the source of Anne Callan, mother of Father Lynch. They lived in Coolkill like our Callans and author Luke and his brother, Jack, wrote about their Callan family and relatives only in the context of Coolkill.

Another relationship that points to James Callen of 1821 being related to widow Rose Callan's family of 1821 revolves around James Callen's son Peter and Luke Callan's writings on a Peter Callan family in Coolkill.

Peter Callan. Author Luke Callan visited a Callan family farm in Coolkill when he was there in 1932. Luke recalled in his 1933 book that he and members of his family worked on this farm in the 1880s, which was then headed by a Peter Callan. He found himself, in 1932, a stranger amongst his Callan "cousins" whom he had not met before. He wrote (p. 94-95) that, because of a "very close relationship" of his Callans to the Peter Callans, his Callan family was given the nod over other Coolkill workers to work on Peter Callan's farm. Luke considered his Callans the "lesser Callans" relative to the Peter Callan family of old. All of this suggests that our Callans were blood related to a Peter Callan. The question is how. Luke did not elaborate on how our Callans related to the Peter Callan family.

It seems that our Callan's "very close relationship" to the Peter Callans goes back to the 1821 James Callen and his son, Peter. The 1821 Census shows only one Peter Callan living in Coolkill and he is the 17 year old son of James and Judith Callen. Thirty-five years later, the 1855-6 Griffith Valuation of Coolkill shows 2 Peter Callans still living there, a Peter Callan on 21 acres and, a Peter Callan "(jun)" on 11 acres. Luke's locational description of the Peter Callan farm he visited in 1932 matches the Griffith map location of Peter Callan's 21-acre farm of 1855-6. Peter (jun) was likely the son of the other Peter.

It is difficult to discern from Luke's writings which Peter Callan he is referring to, the father or the son. The father, in 1885, sort of the mid-point when Luke would have worked the Peter Callan farm, would have been 81 years old, an unusually late age for Irish males at the time. For this reason, it is probable that the Peter Callan whom Luke worked for was the son, the Peter (jun) of the 1855-6 survey. In 1885, he would have been in his late 50s or early 60s when Luke worked the farm at age 10.

The point in all of this is that our Callan line has a blood relationship with the Peter Callans of Coolkill. That relationship appears to go back to the family of James and Judith Callen of 1821. It appears that the nexus is that James Callen of 1821 was a brother of the deceased husband of widow Rose Callan of 1821.

There is another point of evidence that argues that the Peter Callans of early Coolkill were related to our Callans. There is, currently, a Peter Callan living in the town of Kilnaleck, which is adjacent to Coolkill. In 1995, Peter told Terry Burke, a descendant of our Coolkill Callans, that his Callans are related to our Coolkill Callans, but didn't know the specifics. His brother, James Callan, now living in Toronto, Canada, contacted Jim Lynch by e-mail in 1999 asserting a relationship to our Callans. According to them, the relationship goes "way back". They say that their Callans originally came to Coolkill from the town of Carrickmacross, County Monaghan. If that is true, then this current Callan family in Kilnaleck derives from the Peter Callan family of old and the 1821 James Callen family of Coolkill. If so, they and their families represent distant Callan relatives still living in the Coolkill area.

Perhaps the 1821 James Callen preceded our Callans to Coolkill, established a farm there and invited his brother's family still in Monaghan, our Callans, to join him and work the farm in Coolkill. The James Callen farm passed to his oldest son, Peter, and then on to his son, Peter. This was the Peter Callan farm that Luke remembered. That they owned or leased a farm, which required hired labor, would explain why Luke would describe his Callan family as "the lesser Callans" relative to the Peter Callan family. They were the greater Callans because our "lesser Callans" worked for them.

There is no known evidence that our Callans in Coolkill ever worked their own farm other then using their 6-acre home site to raise foodstuffs for family consumption and the occasional trip to the market place to sell home grown products.

It would be interesting to learn more from Peter and James Callan of Kilnaleck about their current families there and also to probe them more about their ancestral Callan line.

The Boylan family in Ireland

Our Boylan ancestral name derives from Rose Boylan who, in the 1830s, married Philip Callan. We do not know as much about Rose Boylan's family as we do about the Callans, but there are some clues in the 1821 Census of Coolkill and also some significant indicators of her family ties in author Luke Callan's book.

In 1821, our Rose Boylan would have been a young lady, likely still living with her parents.

The 1821 Census of Coolkill shows 2 Boylan families in Coolkill, none of who have a daughter Rose. However, there is a Sheridan family in Coolkill listing an 18 year old Rose Boylan in their household as a "servant". If our Rose Boylan Callan came from Coolkill, then the Rose Boylan in the Sheridan family may have been the Rose Boylan who married Philip Callan.

One of the two Boylan families shown in Coolkill in 1821 is arguably the family of the servant, Rose Boylan. This family is headed by a 52-year-old widow, Rose Boylan. She is shown living with daughters, Catherine (29), Margaret (27), Anne (24) and a "relative", Martha Boylan (10).

It seems likely that the servant Rose Boylan belonged to this family because of her name Rose. It is highly probable, given the Irish tradition of passing on parent's first names to their children, that the mother Rose in this family would have had one of her daughter's named Rose. That the unmarried daughter Rose was living apart from the family in 1821 is not unusual. Older daughters were often sent to live with well- healed families as housekeepers and servants. It provided additional income for the parent family and it was one less mouth to feed.

One can imagine the 1821widow Rose Boylan needing such help. She was a widow, had no sons to bring in farm wages and she and her three at-home daughters were spinners, probably the least paying labor at the time. Plus, she had a 10-year- old "relative" to care for. In sum, a good case can be made that the widow Rose Boylan was the mother of our Rose Boylan and that widow Rose's children were the sisters of our Rose Boylan.

The second of the two Boylan families in Coolkill in 1821 was too young to be considered. It consisted of Philip Boylan, age 26, his wife Judith, age 24, and son Francis. Conceivably, this family was related to widow Rose Boylan. Could Philip had been a son of widow Rose Boylan?

Author Luke Callan refers to several Boylan relatives in his book. We have mentioned, previously, Father John Boylan of the Crosserlough Church. Luke cites him (p180) as a cousin of his father, Philip Callan. This would mean that Father John was a nephew of Philip's mother, Rose Boylan. Luke also cites a Charles Boylan, a prominent magistrate in Luke's days, as a brother of Father John (p. 182). He notes that the children of Charles Boylan were "exceptional talents as boys and girls."

There is only one other Boylan family near the Townland of Coolkill in 1821 and it may be the early family of Father John Boylan and his brother, the magistrate Charles Boylan. The family is located in the nearby Townland of Mullycastle. Judging from Luke's writings, Luke appears to be in Mullycastle on his way to Ballyjamesduff when he reminisces about the home of his father's cousins, Father John and Charles Boylan.

The Boylan family of 1821 in Mullycastle lived on a 16-acre farm. The family consisted of Matthew Boylan (56), wife Catherine (49) and children John (24), Philip (22), Peter (20), Mary (17) and Margaret (15). With 16 acres, this family would have been considered a prominent family of the area. This would be consistent with Luke's characterization of the later Charles and Father John Boylans as prominent Boylans in Crosserlough Parish.

Suffice it to say that the Boylan surname is still prominent within the areas around Coolkill and that we probably, today, have relatives from our Boylan line still living in the Coolkill area.

Reilly or O'Reilly

The Reilly name in our ancestry derives from Catherine (Kitty) Reilly who married Philip Callan, brother of our our Bernard, in the 1860s. They were the parents, in Coolkill of Catherine (Kate) Callan, author Luke Callan and six other children. Kitty Reilly Callan was born in Ireland, April 1841,and died in Providence, RI, July 25, 1908. The purpose here is to try to capture her Reilly or O'Reilly family lineage in Ireland and to identify descendants of her family who may still live in the Coolkill area.

The Reilly or O'Reilly surname is the most prominent in Cavan and in the Coolkill area. Most claim a relationship to one another, however distant it may be, and it seems all claim a relationship to Miles O'Reilly, the famous Catholic patriot, warrior and martyr in the wars against the English in the 1700s.

Kitty Reilly Callan's parents were Philip and Ann O'Reilly. When Kitty was born in 1841, they lived on a farm in the Townland of Ballymachugh, County Westmeath. Kitty's childhood farm, located on the banks of Lough (Lake) Sheelin, was confiscated by a local with the help of the British. According to Luke, the local was later assassinated by Irish patriots.

Philip and Ann O'Reilly, with daughter Kitty and her brother Charles, moved the short distance to Coolkill. It appears they joined Reilly relatives already farming in Coolkill. The 1821 Census of Coolkill shows a number of Reilly families clustered on the same farm. An 1855-6 survey of Coolkill shows a similar cluster of Reilly families and a map of this survey places them exactly where we know, today, to be the location of the old Reilly home site near the Lynch farm. The survey also identified 2 Philip Reilly families as part of that cluster. One of those would have been the family of Philip and

Ann O' Reilly from Ballymachugh.

Kitty's brother, Charles, her only sibling, took over the farm after his parents died. By that time, his sister, Kitty, had married Philip Callan, who lived just down the lane. Charles became known in Coolkill as Charley the Cooper, a cooper being one who crafts all sorts of things for farm use out of wood. Luke writes fondly about his Uncle Charley. He and his wife, Rose, had two children that are known about, Philip and Ann.

Philip took over the Reilly home after his father died. He became known as Phil the Cooper. In 1919, Jack Callan stayed with his cousin Phil. He found Phil's mother Rose still living, old but alert. Jack commented on how old looking Phil was relative to his young wife and noted that they had three young children.

When Jim Lynch visited Coolkill in 1982, Mattie Lynch directed his attention to a Reilly tombstone. Jim took a photo of it but had no idea of who they were. He later realized that it was Phil's gravesite. From the inscription can be found that his wife's name was Margaret, 13 years younger than Phil, and they had two children buried with them, Patrick and Annie. A third child, Rose, is still living. She is the Rose Coleman of Ballyjamesduff with whom Jim Lynch has corresponded.

Luke, in his book, writes about visiting his cousin Phil in 1932. He notes that Phil was now farming and no longer in the cooper business, metal replacing wood as the choice for containers and that butter churning at home was history. Luke also notes that Phil was raising three "motherless" children.

The tombstone data calculates that Phil's wife, Margaret, died at age 36, leaving him with three children, ages 9, 6 and 1. Phil the Cooper died in 1961 at age 85 years. Two of their children are buried with them, Patrick and Annie. Their third child is Rose Reilly Coleman. She was 81 years old in the year 2000, still living in Ballyjamesduff, near Coolkill.

Their daughter Annie died quite young in 1955 at age 31. Her son, James, joined her in 1960 at age four. It's not known whether she she had other children, nor do we know the name of her husband. He is not cited on the tombstone. Her brother, Patrick, is cited as having died in 1968 at age 52. His name is cited without any indication that he had his own family. He may never have married.

Phil the Cooper's only sibling was Ann Reilly who was born about 1875. She married the boy next door on the Lynch farm, James Lynch. She and James lived on the farm and ran the farm after the death of James' parents. They had 8 children there, 2 daughters and 6 sons. Their two daughters died at a young age, Annie in 1922 and Rose in 1926.

Jim Lynch says he had the privilege of meeting all of their sons, Charlie and Jimmy Lynch in Rhode Island and John, Mattie, Paddy and Michael and their families in Coolkill in 1982. Paddy and his wife, Rose, were running the Lynch farm when Jim Lynch was there in 1982. All of the Lynch brothers had passed on by the end of the 1980s. Paddy and Rose's son Jimmy Lynch, with his family, is now in charge.

The ancestral Reilly name may have been lost through marriages over the generations. Unlike Irish traditions of the old days, the Reillys did not have big families, two or three children at most, and most of the children were female. What few Reilly males were produced didn't marry, died early in life or their child-bearing wives died early in life. There is no known Reilly surname today which has carried through our direct Reilly lineage. More research on this may prove differently.

There is a Reilly bloodline through other surnames created by marriage. The Lynch family of the Coolkill area is the most prominent and, also, the family of Rose Reilly Coleman. Added research on this may identify other family lines living today that relate to our Reilly ancestral name. All of the Lynch brothers had passed on by the end of the 1980s, but many of their children and grandchildren still live in the area.

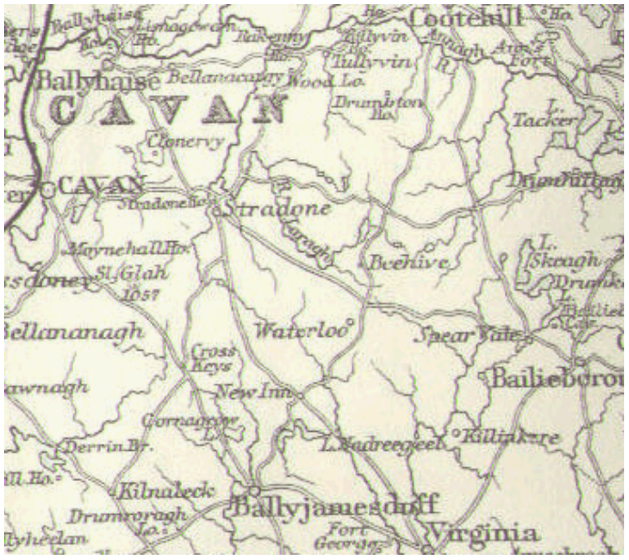
It is sad, for having stayed on in Coolkill, they were the last ones living who could recall the family farm as it was before the British destroyed it in the 1920s.

Chapter 5.

A Journey to Coolkill ('tis no more)

Jim Lynch , a former CIA analyst and a great, great, great-grandson of Philip Callan and Rose Boylan, spent several days in Coolkill in the late summer of 1982. In this chapter, he recounts a visit with one of our Irish cousins to the old Callan homesite.

Many times over the years of my life, I longed to visit my ancestral grounds. My mother used to tell me I was too Irish. Whether she meant that as a compliment or a criticism, I couldn't tell. How many times did I state to her that I wished the name Lynch was more Irish? Little did I know how Irish was the name Lynch until I travelled to Ireland in August 1982.



An 1892 map of County Cavan, showing Kilnaleck, lower left. It is the nearest townland to what once was the small village of Coolkill, ancestral home of the Callans.

With some sadness that my mother was not alive to accompany me to Erin, I struck for the emerald green on Aug. 1, 1982, on a flight from Glasgow to Dublin. The Lord was with me that day, for on the plane with me was the saintly woman, Mother Teresa of Calcutta, who inscribed a blessing for the Lynch family on the back of a blank sheet contained in my booklet of travellers checks. How more American can one be!

The Callan-Lynch link

My research was a bit skimpy on my roots in Ireland, most of it derived, over the years, from conversations with Nana and Aunt Rita, neither of whom had visited Ireland. In fact, my visit to Ireland was to be the first in my family's lineage since my grandmother Kate (Callan) Sullivan's visit in the late 1920s. Nana's and Aunt Rita's knowledge was also limited because their father, Grampa James Sullivan, did not talk much about Ireland. Apparently, his early years living in Ireland were quite difficult, a life's experience he wished to forget.

According to relatives, Grandmother Kate Callan was born in Coolkill, County Cavan and she still had relatives in Coolkill by the name of Lynch: brothers Mattie, Patrick, Mike and John. Two other brothers, Charlie and Jimmie Lynch, emigrated to America in their early years and lived in Providence, Rhode Island. I had met Charlie and Jimmy on occasions of weddings and funerals amongst the Rhode Island clan. In fact I last met Charlie at Nana's funeral in December 1980. Jimmy died while on a visit to Coolkill in December 1981 and is buried there. The Lynch brothers are cousins of my grandmother Kate. Kate's mother (my great-grandmother) Catherine was a Reilly whose sister, Ann, married a James Lynch in Coolkill and together brought forth the Lynch brothers. Keep in mind that the Lynch name here has nothing to do with our Lynch name, which, of course, came through my father's line.

On my grandfather's side (Kate's husband and Nana's father), I had the least information. James Joseph Sullivan was born in Tramore, County Waterford to James and Mary (McCarthy) Sullivan on Feb. 11, 1880, and lived on Peters Street in Tramore. Aunt Rita was unaware of any of his relatives still living in Ireland.

Coolkill could not be found on any of the maps I checked at the CIA. Surely they would know if Coolkill existed! Whilest in London, prior to my travel onto Scotland and Ireland, I shared my ignorance with the Irish Tourist Bureau and the Irish Embassy in London. They too were less than finest, not being able to find Coolkill in their records. They offered that I must be seeking Cootehill, County Cavan. I allowed that might be so given that the source of my information was an American Irishman (Charlie Lynch), strong of the Irish brogue, passed on to my Aunt Rita who was getting up in years and then on to me at a time I had had a wee little beer. So on to Cootehill!

I arrived in Dublin the evening of Aug. 1, 1982. Whilest having a wee little beer in a Dublin pub, I engaged an elderly Irish couple with conversation

James P. Lynch, far left, pictured with Mattie Lynch in 1982 in front of Mattie's townhome on Main Street, Kilnaleck, County Cavan.

On to Coolkill

On Aug. 2, I travelled the Navan Road from Dublin in search of Coolkill (approx. 60 miles). Following the directions of my Dubliner pub friends, I turned off at Virginia (pronounced virgin-nay), County Cavan and continued on to Ballyjamesduff. There recognizing that the world had come to an end, I inquired of a local (a Ballyjamesduffian?) the directions to Coolkill. He proceeded to direct me to Cootehill, not knowing of a town of Coolkill. Sinking fast, I recovered my wits and queried about Kilnaleck.

"Aye," he says as he points to a footpath. "That's where you go to Kilnaleck."

"Where is the road?" I asked. He replied, "That is the road."

Driving down this footpath, with branches scraping both sides of the car, I come across a farmer on a tractor.

"Where could Kilnaleck be?" I ask.

"Aye," he replies, "just two about my search for the non-existent Coolkill and now planned to strike out for Cootehill.

"Aye," says the old man, "ya don't want Cootehill. Ya be wanting to go to Coolkill near Kilnaleck and Crosser-lough. I have fished there all me life."

Saints be Jesus, me Aunt Rita wasn't daft after all! Notes that I had taken while talking to Nana and Aunt Rita referred to the place names of Kilnaleck and Crosser-lough.

Entrance to Callan homesite. Photo taken looking from center of where the Callan home once stood. Note rounded stone gate pier on left. Similar gate pier is on right, covered in brush.Stone wall between each pier replaced what used to be a swinging gate to the Callan home. The stones of the wall were once part of the structure of the Callan home.

Looking from gate entrance, cows standing on spot where Callan home once stood.

more miles and who would you be looking for?"

"Mattie Lynch," I reply.

"Aye," he says. "You'll be having no problem finding Mattie. He has only one arm, ya know. I'm a Lynch, too, ya know, but I'm not related to Mattie."

This prompted a recollection of Aunt Rita telling me that one of the Lynch boys had lost an arm in a farm accident. I knew, then, I was close to "home."

A Kilnaleck pubkeeper directed me to Mattie's home. I knocked on the door to be greeted by a wee man in his mid-70s, with the biggest Irish twinkle of pale blue eyes I had ever seen.

"Are you Mattie Lynch?" I ask.

"Aye" he says, "I've been called that all me life."

As I reached to shake his hand, I realized he "had only one arm, ya know."

We and his wife Bridget discussed, over sausages and sweetbreads, how we were related. We agreed that his mother and my great- grandmother (Kate's mother) were sisters by the maiden name of Reilly. He had a bit of a problem understanding why my surname, Lynch, was not related to his name, Lynch.

Mattie remembered vividly the only revisit by my grandmother, Kate Callan, to Coolkill, which took place in 1927. He reacted as though that visit has been the only significant life event since then. It was the first experience for him and his brothers to meet someone from America. He recalled everybody had to dress in their Sunday finest to meet with Kate, who was accompanied on the trip by her brother Jim Callan, her niece, Madonna Walker, and Agnes Sullivan, a niece of Kate's husband, my grandfather James J. Sullivan. Mattie remembered that Kate and Agnes went on their own, for a few days, to visit her husband's family in Tramore, County Waterford. At that point I told Mattie my plans were to make the same trip.

I asked Mattie where in the world was Coolkill, the place of birth of grandmother Kate. He replied "Oh, it 'tis no more.

He said it was a small country town of just a few impoverished stone cottages with dirt floors. According to Mattie, all the cottages were torn down earlier in the century by the British, and that whatever was useful, the British hauled back to England, including all of the timber useful to the British shipbuilding industry. So no wonder Coolkill was not on the map. Mattie said he knew exactly where the Callan cottage once stood in Coolkill and offered to take me there.

The Callan Cottage

We travelled east of Kilnaleck, about a mile, taking a left on yet another footpath-sized road which leads to Crosserlough. The Callan property, about a quarter of a mile down the road on the right, was nothing more than a cow pasture surrounded by stone walls.

Mattie pointed to spots in the area where other Coolkill cottages used to be. Absolutely nothing remained but barren fields with a few milk cows grazing. Mattie gave details of how the town used to be, recounting his visits to Coolkill as a young boy, including visits to the Callan house.

He stood me in the center of where the house once was and pointed to a round stone pillar within the stone wall that used to be the gate pillar at the entrance to the Callan's front yard.

I took a small stone from the pillar as a memory. He pointed to a rock depression near the stone wall as a collection point for rainwater from which "many a Callan carried a bucket of water." Coolkill was clearly alive in the eyes of this kind gentleman.

As we left toward Crosserlough, Mattie pointed out the last standing reminent of a Coolkill house. It had a dirt floor, a kitchen area with a large fireplace still containing all the hardware for hearth cooking -- oh how I wanted to take that hardware home -- and two small bedrooms to the side. There were only three small windows on the entire structure, all of them on the front side. You had to stoop over to get through the doorways, giving you an idea of the average height of Irishmen from those days. Although the cottage had a tin roof, Mattie pointed out that all roofs of the day were straw-thatched roofs. In fact, Mattie's trade in his younger days was as a roof thatcher and he worked on many of the cottages in the area. Thatched roofing is still the choice of many in Ireland. As I took photos of the cottage, Mattie expressed puzzlement as to why I would want pictures of such a dilapidated subject.

"You wouldn't be wanting to make us look bad in America, would you?" he asked. An interesting bit of sensitivity."

Chapter 6.
A seminarian falls in love

We will end the story of this next generation with a certain Bernard Callan, a seminarian born in Ireland, who was destined to sweep a teenager named Mary Anne Magill off her feet in a Seneca Falls rectory.

But we begin in 1791, when Thomas Magill was born in Dowdstown near Ardee, County Louth, the northeastern part of Ireland. Thomas was a farmer and owned a cottage-type farmhouse with several outbuildings. He married a woman named Mary McGuire, also born in 1791. Thomas and Mary lived in Dowdstawn and raised six children: Bridget, Michael, Alice, Mary, Anne and Catherine. Sadly, in 1835, Mary, the mother of these six children, died at the early age of forty-four.

To make matters worse, in 1847 the potato crop failed In Ireland. The population of Ireland was reduced by one-quarter within five years. At least one million Irish people died of starvation and disease, while another 1.5 million fled the country, in the year 1847 alone, 258,000 Irish set sail for North America. Thomas Magill and his family were among them.

With his wife gone and the potato famine threatening the rest of his family, Thomas Magill decided leaving Ireland was their only chance of survival. They packed up their belongings and said good-bye to the old farm.

They departed the Ole Sod on March 17, 1847. At Dublin they boarded the "Henry Clay," a sailing vessel bound for New York. While they were crossing the Atlantic, the ship was buffeted by severe storms and sprang a leak. For weeks all those on board had to bail water each day to stay afloat. Miraculously it finally reached the New York Harbor. There the wet and bedraggled families parted for various sections of the New World.

The Magill family took passage aboard a packet-boat to Albany and then through the Erie Canal system to the "Flats" of Seneca Falls, where they disembarked. At that time Seneca Falls was already a booming manufacturing town noted for its pumps, barrels, fire engines, knitting products, etc. It was a busy town and that was probably why the Magills chose to settle there. But along with the rapid industrialization came a lot of social upheaval in Seneca Falls. New work patterns were changing the roles of men and women. There were religious revival movements and agitation against slavery, drinking and immorality. It was in this context that the Women's Rights Movement erupted in Seneca Falls just as the Magill family arrived.

The year 1847 was the same year a very famous woman came to live in Seneca Falls. Her name was Elizabeth Cady Stanton. She is now considered the founder of the Women's Rights Movement. Elizabeth Cady Stanton insisted on using her maiden name, Cady, as part of her proper name. She also got the minister who witnessed her wedding to drop the "1 will obey" part of the vows. Both of these things were unheard of in those days. Within a year of arriving in Seneca Falls, Elizabeth Cady Stanton succeeded in pulling together such notable

The Packet Ship *Henry Clay*

It's hard to imagine what passage from Ireland to America was like in the 1800s, but it may help to read a little bit about the ship that brought the Magills to NewYork. The following is excerpted from the book Queens of the Western Ocean Page 258:

> "Other fine two-deckers were soon afloat,but it was not until 1845 that the construction of three-deckers was resumed. In that year Brown & Bell launched the ***Henry Clay*** for Grinnell,Minturn & Company`s Liverpool Line. Her depth of hold was 29 feet, 8 inches and her registered tonnage was given as 1207 tons, although it was actually somewhat in excess of 1400 tons. The *New York Herald* for March 26,1845, gives the following account of her launching.
> *"The new packet ship Henry Clay was launched yesterday morning from the yard of Brown and Bell,on the East River. She is 189 feet and 6 inches in length ,38 feet and 6 inches in breadth, and 1402 tons in bulk. She is, probably the longest, broadest and deepest merchant ship now floating on the ocean. In a word, the ship is a monster of the deep. The launching was beautiful and a highly sucessful one. It was witnessed by nearly ten thousand persons."*

The *Henry Clay* was a well known packet ship, built for Grinnel & Minturn's Swallowtail Line. In 1846, she went ashore on the beach at Barnegat, New Jersey, under the command of Captain Nye, with the loss of six lives but was refloated. She was later burnt out, her charred hulk bought by Spofford & Tileston in 1852, rebuilt and sailed for many years on their Liverpool Line. She carried a crew of Master, four mates, carpenter, cook, steward, 30 seamen and two boys.

people as Lucretia Mott, Frederick Douglas, Jane Hunt and Mary Ann McClintock to bring about the First National Women's Rights Convention. It was held at the now-famous Wesleyan Chapel in Seneca Falls, just blocks away from the family's home, on July 19-20,1848. All the editorials in the local and national papers blasted the convention as unnatural, immoral and causing the breakdown of the family. She really caused a stir in that town!

Meanwhile the Magill family was trying to get situated in their new surroundings. It must have seemed quite shocking after coming from conservative Ireland. We can wonder how much the Women's Movement influenced our family. One thing we know for sure is that we come from a line of strong women on the Magill side of the family. Mary Hand Magill, who was married in Seneca Falls the year after the Women's Rights Convention, had her own business as the midwife of Seneca Falls. She was on call day and night in addition to the responsibility she had raising her own eleven children. While her husband Michael was away fighting in the Civil War, she took on the entire financial responsibility of the family. Her daughter Mary Anne, our ancestor, was a widow at twenty-five and became a working mother, raising her four children single-handedly. Then there was Sadie Callan, who had an alcoholic husband, working both inside and outside the home.

Thomas Magill lived only eight more years after bringing his six children to the New World. He died in Seneca Falls at the age of sixty-four on July 11, 1855. His grave can be found today in Restvale Cemetery.

Michael Magill, one of Thomas and Mary's six children, was born on April 8, 1824, while the family still lived back in County Louth, Ireland. He attended school in Dowdstown. At other times he helped his father with the farm work. Upon arriving in America with his father and sisters, he found work in the various foundries in the section of town known as the Flats. He took up molding, which, at the time, was one of the more challenging jobs to be found. All the work was done by hand and a good molder was a clever artisan. The Magill men were all molders.

Michael fell in love with a woman named Mary Hand and they were married at St. Patrick's Church in Seneca Falls by Father William Carroll on September 22, 1849. The church, by the way, wasn't called St. Patrick's in those days. It was first established as St. Jerome's in 1831. Then it was named St. Thomas Church in 1851. Then, in 1864, with the influx of Irish immigrants like our family, and just two years before the arrival in Seneca Falls of our ancestor Bernard, it was renamed St. Patrick's Church.

Mary Hand was the daughter of a sailor, an English sea captain by the name of Hand. Her mother was Irish with the maiden name of McCaul. In those days it was the custom for the captain and his family to live aboard the ship sometimes. And so it happened that while docked at a port in Virginia, Mary was born on May 6, 1832. She was raised in England but later returned to America. Mary Hand and Michael Magill raised a large family, ten of whom grew to adult life. People in Seneca Falls remembered her shouting out the front door of her Center Street house to call her children, home: "Tom, Dick and Harry! Ella, Mike and Mary! C'mon home!" Mary was a good mother and, besides raising her family of eleven, she was a midwife. She delivered many children in Seneca Falls in her day. People ran to her home at all hours of the day or night for her help.

When the Civil War broke out in 1861-1865, Mary's husband, Michael Magill, at the age of thirty-eight, went into the army as a member of Company Batallion 360th New York Light Brigade. He enlisted for the usual $100 and his clothes. It is said that when he first enlisted, he was a cannon crammer but then he graduated into the artillery. From there he was placed in the Army of Occupation and went as far south as Georgia. He was one of the last to reach home when the war ended.

When he returned home, Michael was greeted at the New York Central Railway Station by many people waving flags and the children were striped in the national colors. Michael used to walk very proudly in the parades after that, showing off his cherished badge of the Grand Army of the Republic. Upon returning from the Civil War, Michael resumed his trade and resided with Mary and his family at 28 Center Street. The home had been purchased in 1865 from a John McFarland.It was just a few houses away from 15 Center Street, pictured on page 32, where Bernard Callan and Mary Ann Magill would later live.

Shortly after Michael returned from the war he received a letter from Ireland. The envelope bore the simple inscription, "To Michael Magill of America." The letter informed him that he was left some inheritance money. So he borrowed some money for the trip and sailed back to Ireland. After he picked up his inheritance money, they say he really lived it up for a while, treating his buddies in the local pub. But he didn't spend it all on himself. One day in Ireland he passed an auction where a poor woman was bidding on a donkey. A man outbid her and sadly, she lost the donkey that she wanted so badly. Good-hearted Michael approached the man, offered him more than he had paid, and led the donkey to the woman, who dissolved in tears. Another time there was a family named

Matthews, friends of the family, who lacked sufficient funds for passage to America. Generous Michael paid their way so they could make the trip back with him, and they settled in Waterloo.

When Michael finally got back to Seneca Falls, his legacy had dwindled to practically nothing. Needless to say, his wife, Mary, was quite angry. She managed the family without her husband all during the Civil War and again during this long trip to Ireland—and he came home nearly empty handed! Other members of the family, especially the McKeona and Carrahers, showed outright hostility toward him. But in time the rift healed.

When Michael grew old, he spent part of his leisure time sitting around the pot-bellied stove in the Magill grocery, which was owned by his son Thomas. The store was located on the corner of Bayard and Bridge Streets. As the Italians followed the Irish, this store later was Caruso's grocery store and today it is called Hobb'e Place, which deals in antiques and used furniture. The pot-bellied stove in the grocery store had a circle of captain's chairs, each with its own spittoon. Michael and his cronies gathered there to discuss the problems and the people of the times, especially William Jennings Bryan.

Mary Hand Magill died in 1896, followed by Michael a few months later in 1897. Their children were Thomas (who died as a three-year-old infant in 1853), Michael, Mary Anne (the one from whom the Callans would come), Harry, Catherine, Ella, Thomas, Richard, William, Alice, and Margaret.

Mary Anne, the third eldest child of Michael and Mary Hand Magill. was born in Seneca Falls on October 1, 1853. Everyone said that she was a lovely person and very well liked. When she was a teenager she helped out in the rectory of St. Patrick's Church in Seneca Falls.

One summer, very unexpectedly, a young man came to live there for a few weeks. His name was Bernard Callan. Bernard was a seminarian, not far from the priesthood, who was studying at St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore. He spent part of the summer in Providence, Rhode Island with his Callan relatives. His summer job was selling magazine subscriptions. That summer he came to Seneca Falls to visit a priest who was a friend of the family from Ireland. One day when Bernard was having lunch with the priests, his eyes kept shifting to the pretty girl who was serving the meal. He noticed that she was looking at him the same way. Bernard and Mary Anne spent long hours together during the following weeks. His zeal for the priesthood began to evaporate as this attractive teenager captured more and more of his heart. Just a few days past her 16th birthday, Mary Anne was married to Bernard on October 10,1869 at St. Patrick's Church by Father Lambert.

Before continuing on with the family that Bernard and Mary Ann (Magill) Callan produced, let's quickly catch up with Bernard's siblings.

As you may recall, in the early 1800s Philip Callan and Rose Boylan Callan, our ancestors, lived in Coolkill, Kilnaleck, County Cavan, Ireland. They lived in the parish of Crosserlough, Kilnore diocese. They had eight children who were born there, one of whom was Bernard, born in 1844.

James Callan was a priest. He was educated at All Hallows College in Dublin. He left Dublin in 1862 at the age of twenty-six and sailed all the way around Cape Horn in South America and landed in San Francisco, California, where he was ordained shortly after arriving. He was loved by all, both Catholic and non-Catholic, and was a very zealous and kind priest, according to diocesan officials. They added "he was a smoker but a non-drinker." He served at the Cathedral in Marysville (All of Northern California was under the Vicarate of Marysville at the time). Then he was sent to Forest Hill where he built the first Catholic school. In 1669 Bishop O'Connell had to leave for Rome to attend the First Vatican Council, so he transferred Father Callan back to Marysville to take the bishop's place as rector. Because of this, James was already in California when Bernard came to America. In 1872 James was appointed pastor in Mendocino City, then back to Marysville again, where he died and was buried in 1887.

Mary Callan, an unmarried daughter, traveled out with her brother Fr. James to be his housekeeper in California. After he died, she returned to the east with quite a lot of money that Fr. James left her. The priest was wealthy because he "grubstaked" gold miners. A grubstaker was someone who supplied the miners with money, food ("grub"), equipment, etc. and got half the gold, if any was found. Fr. James left Mary lots of money with the understanding that she would go back to Providence, Rhode Island and share it with the rest of the family. However, according to family stories told by Fr. James Brady Callan's grandfather, Mary lived high on the hog, in great style all her life, and no one in the family got a penny. "And when she died there was none to be found!"

One time when Mary visited her niece Mary Callan Clary {1879-1959) in Waterloo, she gave her a special gold belt buckle. It was engraved with horses and fancy ladies with puffy sleeves on their dresses. It was quite a work of art. It said "M. Callan" on the back. Mary Callan Clary then gave this golden buckle to her daughter Mary. When this Mary got married, she gave it to her

daughter, Sister Mary Walls, who lived in the Buffalo/Niagara Falls area. But since this nun had no use for jewelry, she gave it to her cousin Mary Callan Cheehak. And she passed it on to Marian Callan Aman, who presently has it in her possession. So all together, five women with the name "M. Callan" had this special belt buckle.

Margaret Callan, another one of the eight from Ireland, married Patrick Hugh Lynch, who was a cousin of Marcus Daley, the Anaconda Copper King. Margaret and Patrick had eight children before they arrived in America in 1881. He found a job with the Illinois Central Railroad in Rantoul, Illinois. But Patrick's cousin, Marcus Daley, kept urging the family to come out and discover the golden opportunities of the Montana Territory.

In October, 1883, the whole family took the newly-built Northern Pacific Railway and arrived at Rosebud, Montana. They built a home below Lame Deer, where they became acquainted with many Cheyenne Indians. Once in a while Father **Frando,** a Jesuit missionary, would celebrate Mass in their home before the first chapel was built, Margaret and Patrick's children were: Mary Lynch Mahoney, Catherine Lynch luohy, Margaret Lynch Clark, Rose Lynch Moore, Lina Lynch Tucker, Annie Lynch Sullivan, Hugh Lynch, and Alice Lynch Bailey. The last one, Alice, married Henry Bailey, a young rancher, in 1902. One of Alice and Henry's four children was Minnie (born 1912), who eloped with Joseph Egan because her parents didn't want her to marry "just a cowpuneher with no future."

Despite the initial hard feelings, Minnie and Joseph Egan worked on Alice and Henry's ranch and took it over when Henry died. When Joseph Egan died in 1970, Minnie moved up the road to the Lynch ranch which she bought. The last anyone knew, Minnie's son Bailey J. Egan and his wife Bather Colgan Egan were running the home ranch for Minnie.

That's the story of the 50,000 acre ranch operated by the Lynch/Bailey/Egan relatives. The properties all adjoin, mile after mile in all directions. Each ranch is individually owned but they all work together on the raising and shipping of cattle. There is a historical marker on the ranch indicating that Lt. Col. George Custer and his 200 soldiers camped there in 1876, the night before Custer's tragic last stand at the Little Big Horn River. A combined group of Cheyenne Indians, who befriended our relatives, and Sioux Indians were led by chiefs Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse in that battle. Today Bailey Egan has at his own ranch a whole cabinet full of cavalry saddles and other artifacts from Custer's army.

In the early 1930s Philip Callan and his family visited the Egan ranch. At that time many of Bernard's siblings from Ireland were still living and were visiting there. Their names were John (the baker in Woonsocket, Rhode Island about whom little is known); Philip, Luke and Rose, as well as those already mentioned above. Now back to the story of Bernard Callan.

Chapter 7:
Bernard Callan and Mary Anne Magill

Bernard James Callan was born in Coolkill, Kilnaleck, County Cavan, Ireland in 1844. He was the son of Philip and Rose Callan and his siblings were mentioned above. Bernard arrived in America on November 1, 1865, the year the American Civil War ended. It is believed he came to America from County Cavan via Londonderry. Like his older brother James, he wanted to be a priest. He studied for the priesthood at St. Bonaventure in Olean (New York) from 1866-1867 and later in St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore from 1868 to January, 1869. As mentioned earlier, one summer he visited one of the priests in Seneca Falls who was a friend of his family from Ireland. While he was there he met a young teenager named Mary Anne Magill, one of eleven children. Her mother was the midwife in Seneca Falls. Bernard fell in love with Mary Anne, left the seminary and married her.

Bernard and Mary Anne Magill were married in Seneca Falls on Oct. 10, 1869, by Father Lambert. Witness were Mary Anne's brother, Michael Magill, and Delia Fitzimmons. Bernard became a machinist and lived at 15 Center Street. They then moved to Utica, New York. Bernard worked as a teacher there for a few years. He also ran a school in Little Falls, NY. His seminary background prepared him well for this work. Bernard could play the flute well, too. While they were in Utica, two children were born; Mary (1871-1959, who would marry James Clary and live in Waterloo, and Philip (1873-1956). Then they moved to Baltimore where two more children were born, Bernard (1875-1954) and Michael (1878-1935). This Bernard was our great grandfather: He was the father of our Grandfather George Callan, and the grandfather of our dad, John F. Callan.

It was in Baltimore on July 2, 1879, that the senior Bernard, husband of Mary Anne Magill, died of tuberculosis, leaving Mary Anne at the age of twenty-five to be a widow with four smail children. They only had ten years of marriage. Her heart was broken, but she was a strong woman. She moved back to Seneca Falls, her home town, and lived at 15 Center Street, just across from her parents' home. She had to be very frugal and work hard. Against many odds, Mary Anne did a wonderful job of single-handedly raising a fine family. She got a job at Seneca Knitting Mill on the bank of the Seneca River near Center Street. The mill is a three-story limestone

After Bernard James Callan died of tuberculosis at age 44, his wife Mary Ann Magill Callan moved the family back to her home town of Seneca Falls, a widow at age 25. Working at Seneca Knitting Mill, she raised the children by herself in the house at 15 Center Street. She never remarried. Pictured above in front of the house is Father James Brady Callan, son of Mary Ann Magill's son Philip.

building constructed in 1844 which still operates and turns out millions of wool socks annually. While she was at work, the oldest in the family, Mary Callan, took care of her younger brothers Philip, Bernard, and Michael.

Bernard's flute stayed on in the family. His grandson Ed inherited it and played it years later when he attended Aquinas Institute in Rochester in the late 1920s. (Our father, John F. Callan, began high school at Aquinas in 1947.)

At first Bernard's father, Philip, would not let his grrandson Ed play it because of the fear of Ed catching tuberculosis, but Sadie prevailed and he was allowed to continue

The Seneca Falls 1900 U.S. Federal Census, Ward 3, page 21, shows the residents of 15 Center Street as Mary (Anne) Callan; her 22-year-old son Bernard, her 1-year-old grand-daughter Dorothy Callan; and her brother , Harry Magill, age 24. The baby Dorothy, daughter of Phil Callan, would later marry George Schropp. The Bernard Callan listed here is the father of George Callan, grandfather of John F. Callan, and consequently, the great-grandfather of Al Callan. Bernard was just a year from getting married to Elizabeth Carroll, Al's Great Grandmother, when the census-taker made these entries.

7—224.

TWELFTH CENSUS OF THE UNITED ST

State New York
County Seneca

SCHEDULE No. 1.—POPULATION.

Township or other division of county Town of Seneca Falls. (Insert name of township, town, precinct, district, or other civil division, as the case may be. See instructions.) Name of Institution,

Name of incorporated city, town, or village, within the above-named division Village of Seneca Falls.

Enumerated by me on the 4th day of June, 1900, Fred A. Signet.

LOCATION.				NAME	RELATION.	PERSONAL DESCRIPTION.								NATIVITY.		
IN CITIES. Street.	IN CITIES. House number.	Number of dwelling house, in the order of visitation.	Number of family, in the order of visitation.	of each person whose place of abode on June 1, 1900, was in this family. Enter surname first, then the given name and middle initial, if any. Include every person living on June 1, 1900. Omit children born since June 1, 1900.	Relationship of each person to the head of the family.	Color or race.	Sex.	DATE OF BIRTH. Month.	DATE OF BIRTH. Year.	Age at last birthday.	Whether single, married, widowed, or divorced.	Number of years married.	Mother of how many children.	Number of these children living.	Place of birth of this Person.	Place of birth of Father of this person.	Place of birth of Mother of this person.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7				8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
15	214	214	214	Callan Mary 4-1	Head	W	F	Dec	1852	47	Wd		4	4	New York	Ireland	Ireland
				Bernard	Son	W	M	Aug	1877	22	S				New York	New York	New York
				Dorothy	G. daughter	W	F	July	1898	1	S				New York	New York	New York
				Magill Harry	Brother	W	M	Apr	1876	24	S				New York	Ireland	Ireland

playing it. Ed eventually would play in the Denver Symphony Orchestra.

Philip Callan

Philip Callan, the first son of Mary Anne Magill and Bernard Callan, was born on April 21, 1873 in Utica, NY. His family moved to Baltimore, where two more brothers were born. When his father Bernard died, Mary brought the family back to her home town of Seneca Falls. They lived at 15 Center Street and Philip attended St. Patrick's School. For a short while Philip worked at a machine shop at Goulds Pumps, which was founded in Seneca Fails in 1848. But it was suggested to him that he get out of that work so that his hands wouldn't be injured, since music was his first love and he needed his hands for playing the violin. A friend suggested he take up barbering., since the work would be soft on his hands. So Philip was apprenticed to a barber at a young age. It was not a profession be would have chosen for himself. Barbers were held in low esteem and it always hurt his pride to have to earn a living cutting hair. But he had no choice. As for the violin, although almost entirely self-taught, one would never have known it. He learned how to read music and play all the stringed instruments, but the violin was his first love. He always regretted he could only "chord" on the piano.

Philip Callan

Philip had a beautiful baritone voice. When his children were young, he would sing in the Seneca Falls home town productions of Gilbert and Sullivan operettas such as "The Pirates of Penzance." He sang in choirs almost his whole life, and directed them as well. He taught all his children how to play musical instruments. For example, his son, Phil Jr., learned from him how to play mandolin, which he did for all his life at family parties on Winona Boulevard.

When they were in their early years of grammar school, the children learned from Philip how to sing in harmony the parts of the Mass such as the Sanctus, Benedictus and Agnus Dei. When Philip would sing the "Veni Jesu" on special occasions in church such as Christmas and Easter with his best lifelong friend, Dr. Thomas Mangan, who had a glorious Irish tenor, chills would run up people's spines and no one could keep from crying.

Philip was married in 1896 to Margaret Ferguson, daughter of Michael and Margaret Mooney Ferguson. The Fergusons lived near Union Springs on Cayuga Lake. Philip and Margaret had one daughter named Dorothy, who was bom on July 31, 1898. However the mother, Margaret, died three weeks later from peritonitis due to childbirth. She received the sacraments before she died. Dorothy was baptized by Father Dwyer at St. Patrick's Church. Later in her life she moved to Rochester, where she eventually met George Schropp at the Wonder Bakery. They had over sixty happy years together and raised five children (George, Mary or Sr. Dorothy Therese, SSJ, Robert, Jean Hogan and Dorothy Gefell).

Both Dorothy and George died in the 1990s and are buried at St. Margaret Mary Church.

The child-birth death of Margaret Ferguson Callan was a stunning blow to Philip. His father died when he was only six, and suddenly his wife was gone. Philip headed for Rochester. He took up barbering again as he had in Seneca Falls. He worked at a barber shop on the Four Corners (Main and State) where a lot of classy and famous people came to have their hair cut. He is said to have once cut the hair of "Buffalo" Bill Cody, the legendary frontiersman, after whom the Buffalo Bills football team is named. Philip started singing in St. Patrick's Cathedral, which is near the site of Eastman Kodak Company headquarters. It was in the cathedral choir that he met Sarah Dwyer. They fell in love and got married in 1905.

The newlyweds had three children in successive years following their marriage. They later moved to Johnson Street in Seneca Falls where Rosella was born on March 24, 1910. Then they moved to Ridge Street. Little Edward (the flute player) came along in 1912, thus completing Phil and Sadie's family: Dorothy, Phil, Mary Agnes, Rosella and Edward.

Philip Callan's two younger brothers, Bernard and Michael, were running a grocery store on East Fall Street near the Ovid Street Bridge at the time. They offered Philip a chance to join them in the grocery business. Both Bernard and Michael withdrew from the business after a while and Philip tried to go it alone. Philip soon discovered that running a grocery store was not his gift. He was not good in math. Besides that he was too kindhearted. When customers fell on hard times and couldn't afford the groceries, he would take an IOU and give them the food for free. Sometimes they would run up big bills and then be so embarrassed that they wouldn't come back. Instead they would shop at some other store, Philip said.

"What really killed me was not that they owed me so much money but that I lost their business. If they would only come back and shop at my store again, I would gladly forgive what they owed."

Finally Philip sold the grocery business while he could still salvage something financially and then did what he always wanted to do–he bought a farm.

The Farm on Cayuga Lake

It was a fifty-two acre farm on Garden Street Extension across from Farron Road. The trolley car used to go by the house on its way to Cayuga Lake State Park, just down the dirt road. How did Philip do as a farmer? Terrible! He knew nothing about farming, nothing about animal husbandry, crops, etc., except what he read out of magazines and bulletins from the Cornell School of Agriculture.

He soon discovered that fifty-two acres could hardly feed a family, much less make a profit. One time they looked forward to a nice apple crop to make up for some other losses during the year.

Fr. James Brady Callan recalls his father, Phil Jr., telling the story of one sad night. They were getting ready to harvest the apples and finally make some money, and the family woke up to the sound of frozen apples dropping to the ground during an unexpected frost. Each thud was a painful reminder of the miserable failure of the farming venture.

Those farm days, however, made many good memories for the children.

Phil, Jr. used to tell of the time he was on a horse. The horse bent down to eat some hay and Phil slid down his neck. Just at that moment, the horse jerked its head back quickly and sent Phil flying in the air, landing in a way that broke his arm.

That wasn't the only broken bone. One time when the kids were playing stump the leader, Mary Agnes fell off the back end of a wagon and broke her elbow. After that she never could bend it out straight. The country doctor did a poor job of setting it. Phil always felt sad and guilty about that, since he was the leader. Years later in 1927 when he started working at Kodak, he saved up money and gave Mary Agnes $3100 (a lot of money then) to go to a specialist and see if her elbow could be reset. The doctors advised against it, saying that if they broke it and reset it, it might well stiffen out straight and she would be worse off than before. She tried to give the money back to Phil but he told her to go and buy herself a fur coat instead, which she did. Her sister Rosella remembered feeling envious!

Phil Jr. was in charge of getting the younger kids to St. Patrick's School and back to the farm every day, in all kinds of weather. According to Rosella, he never got mean to his younger siblings or rebelled at his shepherd duties. He taught them all how to sled, ice skate, roller skate, swim, ride bikes, and play baseball. He also helped them with their math. The four kids would gather around the kitchen table in the farmhouse and do their homework under the hanging kerosene lamp. Phil would take the dishpan down into the cellar, load it with apples, return upstairs and put it in the middle of the table. By the time everyone finished with the homework, the pan would be empty.

Another memory from the farm days was the night the family heard strange music coming from the piano while everyone was asleep. It turned out to be the cat slinking up and down on the ivory.

But as for Sadie, the mother, she was disgusted with the financial disaster and all the debts that they owed. It was she who made the decision to dump the farm for the back taxes and the mortgage and move back into the village of Seneca Falls. She got herself a job at a dress factory. Philip got a job with the New York Barge Canal System at the local lock and cared for the kerosene lanterns that hung under the bridges and marked the channel of the canal. The powered boat that he used was called the "Swamp Angel."

But more bad luck came for Philip. He was laid off that winter and everything caught up with him. He started drinking again. Sadie's brother, Rev. Edward Dwyer of St. Ann's Church in Palmyra, came to the rescue and took Philip over to Clifton Springs Sanitarium. He paid for his care on a daily basis, taking Philip back to the Palmyra rectory each night.

When Philip was dried out he took an exam that qualified him for the position of Lock Operator on the canal. He resumed his music and his choir activities, and he stayed sober for the next twenty-seven years. He got transferred to the main branch of the canal between Newark and Lyons and the Callan family moved to Lyons in 1924. That's where they got their first car. The children remember how funny it was when their dad tried to teach Sadie how to drive. Once she got the hang of it, however, she became an excellent driver. In 1927 he transferred to Rochester and the family moved again.

Philip and Sadie spent their final years living with their children, dividing their time among the Schropps, Chechaks and Callans.Fr. James Brady recalls them joining his family at the dinner table when he was growing up in the early 1950s.

"Grandpa would take us for walks in Seneca Park and teach us about nature. Till this day, when I aee little red berries on a tree 1 can hear grandpa tell us, "Those are called 'bird berries'; don't ever eat them because they're poisonous." He would sit in the back room of Winona Boulevard and chew on his cigar

as he watched the early days of television. He watched wrestling matches and his eyes would sparkle at the jokes of Milton Berle. He was an avid follower of boxing. He and John Chechak would sit around talking about John Sullivan and Jack Dempsey and the rest."

Philip spent his whole life along the Erie Canal. When he was little he lived in Utica and Little Falls; later in life he was a lock operator on the canal in Seneca Falls, Lyons and Rochester. During his sober years, Philip was a devoted husband, wonderful father, deeply religious, loving his church choirs, delighting in his wife and children. He was gentle and thoughtful.

He was content with Sadie running the show (a Callan trait, it appears.) Sadie had a winning personality with a great sense of humor. She was very kind and very strong. She could make a dollar stretch to the limit. She managed the family finances so that every debt was paid off back in Seneca Falls many years after they moved to Rochester. Philip died in 1956, and Philip's wife Sadie Dwyer Callan passed away in 1958. Both are buried in Holy Sepulcher Cemetery in Rochester.

Perhaps the warmest memories of Cayuga Lake, for our family at least, are not from Philip or his farm at all. It happens that our own parents, John F. "Jack" Callan and Margery Helene Byrd, spent their honeymoon just a few miles away at the lake house of Philip's brother Bernard. That was in the waning days of summer, after their marriage on Aug. 8, 1953.

Bernard, Jack's grandfather, died a year later, in 1954. A few months after Bernard's death, Jack and Margery Callan named their first born son after him, Bernard James Callan.

Of the three sons of our ancestor Bernard who came from Ireland, Michael Callan died in 1935, Bernard Jr. in 1954, and Philip Callan died in 1956. Little is known of Michael, who died right around the time Al Callan's father, John F. Callan, was born (1933).

Nor of Bernard's sister Mary, who died in 1959 and would Al Callan's father's great aunt.

However, it's interesting to note that since 1844, there has been a Bernard in every generation of Callans.

There was Bernard (1844-1879) who came from Ireland. His son Bernard (1875-1954), his son Bernard (brother of our Grandfather George Callan) and, finally, Al Callan's oldest brother Bernard (1954-1980).

While visiting Al Callan's grandfather George Callan in Florida in the early 1980s, Al's brother John asked "Gramp Callan" why he had not named one of his sons Bernard. He replied, "There's too many Bernards as it is."

Of course, he had to be grateful for at least one of them: his own father, Bernard, who was wed in the little village of Seneca Falls, New York in 1901.

Chapter 8
Bernard Callan and Elizabeth (Lizzy) Carroll

Bernard Callan, far right, was the second son of Bernard and Mary Anne (Magill) Callan. He married Elisabeth Carroll, second from left, in 1902 in Seneca Falls. They raised five children: Albert, Bernard, Carrol ("Carl"), George (Al Callan's grandfather,) and Mary Callan, third from right. George married Gertrude McGivern, who is at far right. The woman in red is Pat Callan, Albert's first daughter. The young girl second from right is Jerry Callan, Albert's other daughter.

The little village of Seneca Falls was filled with happiness on the morning of Wednesday, June 4, 1902, as two of its more popular young people, Elizabeth Carroll and Bernard Callan, prepared to be married at St. Patrick's Church.

The wedding news clipping at right notes all the wonderful details.

One tidbit omitted in the news story is that it was in the rectory of this same St. Patrick's church that, nearly 40 years earlier, the groom's father, a seminarian, had met his mother, the 16-year-old housekeeper Mary Anne Magill.

Though the groom in this story, Bernard, was age 27 in 1902, he had been living with his mother at his boyhood home at 15 Center Street for most of his adult life. He had recently taken a job in and moved to Syracuse, which is alluded to in the last line of the newspaper story. It's hard to know for sure, but one can guess it may have been due to the recently crowded conditions at home.

Wedding News Clipping

SENECA.

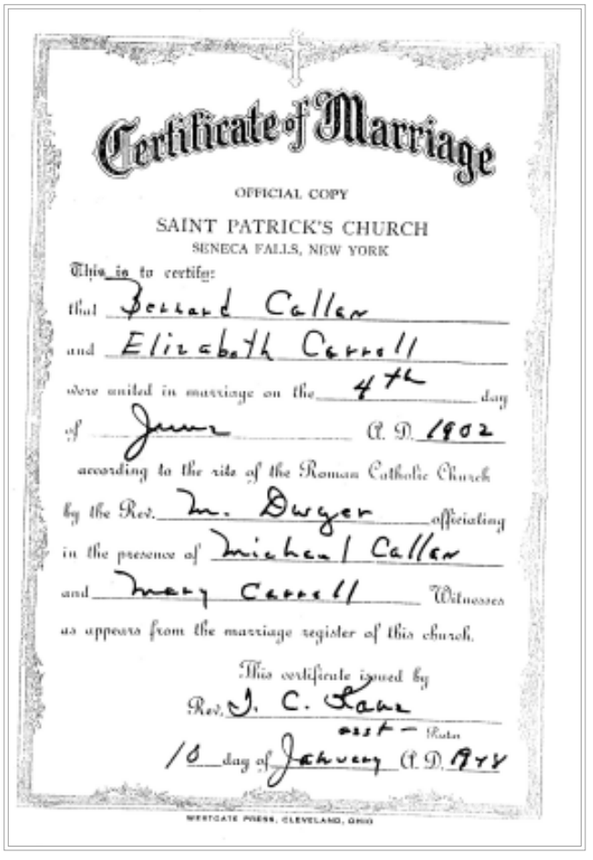
Miss Elizabeth A. Carroll and Bernard J. Callan Wed at Seneca Falls.

St. Patrick's Church, Seneca Falls, was the scene yesterday of a pretty wedding, which was celebrated there at 9 o'clock in the morning. The bride was Miss Elizabeth A. Carroll, the groom, Bernard J. Callan, two well known and popular young people of the village. The bridesmaid was Miss Mary T. Carroll, sister to the bride, and Michael Callan, a brother to the groom, was best man. The ushers were Frank Byrne, of Ilion, John Winkle and Andrew Carroll, of this village, and Philip Callan. The bride was gowned in white silk mulle, trimmed with white lace and white louisene ribbons, and carried an ivory prayer book. The bridesmaid wor white silk mulle trimmed with lace medallions and light blue ribbons. The church was elaborately drimmed for the occasion with palms and cut flowers. The bridal party entered the church at sharp 9 o'clock and proceeded to the altar to the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march, where the ceremony was performed by Rev. Father M. N. Dwyer, in the presence of a large number of guests. Solemn nuptial mass was also celebrated.

After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the bride's home, the residence of her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Moran, on Bayard street. The house decorations consisted of cut flowers and palms, and the tables were trimmed with pink and white cut flowers. Mr. and Mrs. Callan departed in thesfternoon for a brief wedding journey and upon their return will be at home to their friends in Syracuse, where Mr. Callan is employed.

Bernard's mother, Mary Anne (Magill) Callan, was a widow of some 23 years at this time. In the few years previous to her son Bernard's wedding, both Mary Anne and her son Bernard had been caring for the infant Dorothy, daughter of Bernard's brother Philip. Phil's wife Margaret Ferguson had died following childbirth in August 1898, and he had moved alone to Rochester to work as a barber, leaving Dorothy to be cared for by her grandmother, Mary Anne.

(In 1905, Bernard's brother Philip remarried, taking Sadie Dwyer as a bride. Phil and Sadie then raised



Certificate of Marriage

OFFICIAL COPY

SAINT PATRICK'S CHURCH
SENECA FALLS, NEW YORK

This is to certify:
that Bernard Callan
and Elizabeth Carroll
were united in marriage on the 4th day
of June A. D. 1902
according to the rite of the Roman Catholic Church
by the Rev. M. Dwyer officiating
in the presence of Michael Callan
and Mary Carroll Witnesses
as appears from the marriage register of this church.

This certificate issued by
Rev. J. C. Lane
Pastor
10 day of January A. D. 1944

WESTGATE PRESS, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Dorothy, and had four other children of their own: Phil Jr, Mary Agnes, Rosella and Edward).

Mary Anne's brother Harry was also living at 15 Center Street at about this time, according to 1900 Census records.

Elizabeth "Lizzy" Carroll lived just a few doors down, at 23 Center Street. It is not known how Lizzy and Bernard began dating, but it is easy to guess that they might have known each other as neighbors, and perhaps for much of their lives.

Elizabeth "Lizzy" Carroll, Al Callan's great grandmother, was born Oct. 2, 188. She was the daughter of Andrew Carroll and Anne Kennedy. Family oral tradition says that Andrew, and hence Lizzy, were descended from the family of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the only Catholic signer of the Declaration of Independence.

There is currently no known evidence of who Andrew Carroll's parents were, and hence there is no known evidence to support the claim that he was descended from Charles Carroll of Carollton. The Baltimore Historical Society is currently doing Carroll family research that may shed light on this subject.

Incidentally, the "Andrew Carroll" mentioned in the newspaper clipping is most likely not Lizzy's father, but rather, her cousin. The census records show that her father Andrew had a brother, John, living just a few

The Gleason Works, a tool and gear manufacture at 1000 University Avenue in Rochester, where Bernard Callan and his son George worked as machinists.

blocks away, and that John had a 17-year-old son named Andrew living with him in 1900.

About the same time Lizzy and Bernard were getting married, another Irishman, William Gleason, was making decisions that would greatly affect Lizzy and Bernard in the years to come.

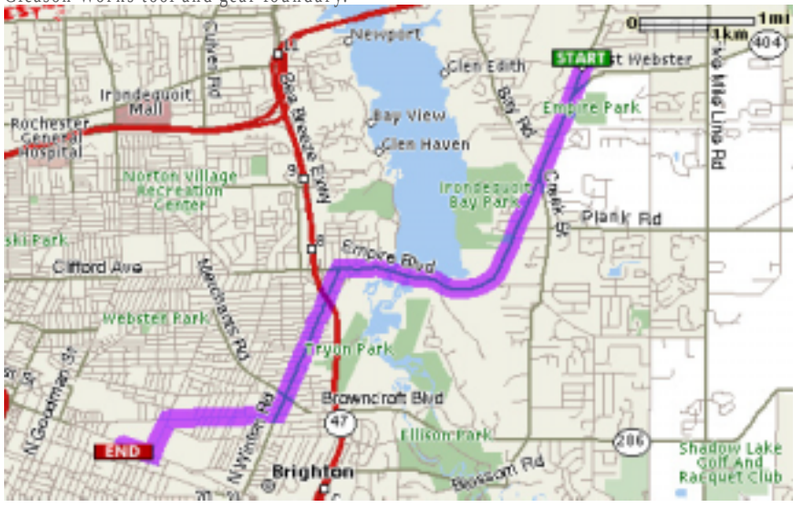
Born April 4, 1836, Gleason came to America from County Tipperary with his mother and brother when he was a lad of fifteen. He apprenticed as a mechanic in a Rochester machine shops and during the Civil War worked at Colt's Armory in Hartford, Connecticut.

Returning to Rochester in 1865, Gleason began his own machine shop, which evolved into The Gleason Works, a tool and gear foundary.

The original location of The Gleason Works was on Brown's Race, overlooking the Genesee River, along whose banks practically all of the local industrial activities of that time were placed. The area is now known as High Falls and has been developed as a historical district.

The present site of the Gleason Works on University Avenue was acquired in 1904 and the first building erected in 1905. By 1911 the activities of the company had so exceeded the space available on Brown's Race that the decision was made to transfer all of the plant to what became known as 1000 University Avenue. It was there that Bernard got steady work in the mid-teens, just in time as he had had six children. These were as follows:

Easy commute: Bernard Callan's path from the farm in rural West Webster to work at The Gleason Works tool and gear foundary.



George (1904-1987), who married Gertrude McGivern, both of whom are featured in the next chapter.

Edward (1905) who died at age five months. He is said to have consumed some pills that he got out of a medicine cabinet and died of poisoning. His funeral announcement:

CALLAN—In Hazleton, Saturday, September 30th, Edward, son of Bernard and Elizabeth Callan, aged 5 monthse and 19 days. Funeral from the family residence, 329 East Beck Street, this Monday at 2 p. m. Interment in St. Gabriel's cemetery. Boyle Brothers, funeral directors.

Mary (1908-1978). Mary never married, and worked at Rochester Products, a component manufacturer for General Motors, for most of her life. After her father Bernard died, Mary moved in with her mother Lizzy, and the two lived togerher in Rochester, Orlando and finally St. Petersburg, where Lizzy passed away.

Carroll (?-1963), named after his mother's maiden name,

CALLAN—Carroll Callan of 84 Roxborough Rd., on June 25, 1963. He is survived by his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Callan; one sister, Miss Mary Callan; two brothers, George and Albert Callan, and several nieces and nephews. He was a member of the Holy Name Society of St. Augustine's Church. —Friends may call at N. J. Miller's Son Funeral Home, 1625 Mt. Hope Ave., 3-5, 7-9. Requiem funeral Mass will be said Thursday morning at 9 in St. Augustine's Church. Interment in St. Columkills Cemetery, Seneca Falls, N.Y.

he was known as "Carl."

Albert (dates unknown), whom Al Callan is named for, married Margaret Cunningham of Ponca City, Oklahoma. Albert died in the 1970s, but Margaret is alive and residing in St. Mary's Retirement Home (formerly St. Mary's Hospital) in Rochester.

Ursula Cunningham and her sister, Margaret Callan, wife of Albert .

Bernard Jr.,who married a woman named Marcella, and later adopted a baby son, Mark. Bernard and Marcella were very happy people, much in love and much loved by everyone in the family, including his nephew, John F. "Jack Callan," Al Callan's father.

As we will see later, Jack was blinded in his right eye in a play time accident when he was three years old. Jack went through many operations as a child to try to repair the eye, all to no avail. Jack remembers that in late 1944, Bernard and Marcella took him to a Roman Catholic shrine in Canada to seek a miracle that would heal his sight.

"It was reported that many people were cured of their medical problems there, " says Jack. "You went there and walked up a large flight of stone stairs, on your knees, praying all the time of course." Jack's sight was not healed, however.

A few months later, following a Northeast snowstorm, Bernard was found in the snow outside his car, having apparently died of a heart attack or a stroke. He left behind a wife and an infant child. The loss of a second son was devastating to the family, but especially to Bernard Senior.

Years later, when Bernard Senior's grandchildren Jack and Betty Callan were looking at the family picture on page 36, which Jack took with his own camera, Betty remarked, "Oh my gosh, you got him to smile. He never used to smile in those days."

That photo was taken almost ten years after Bernard's son Bernard died.

The end to this tale is that in 1980, Jack's own son Bernard, Al Callan's brother, was killed in an auto accident. This Bernard too was newly married, very happy and much in love, and left behind a young wife, Miriam (Mimi), and a one-year old infant, his daughter Marissa.

Jack remembers not smiling for about ten years after his own son Bernard died. One morning in 1990, while shaving, Jack says, he realized what he and his grandfather had in common. "I faced myself off in the mirror and had a good talk," Jack says. "I said, that's enough of that, get on with life. He was a happy guy, and he would want you to get back to being one. So now I laugh a lot."

Bernard and Lizzy Callan appear to have left Syracuse sometime before the 1920s – they do not show up in the 1920 U.S. census for Onandaga Countuy.

At some point after 1920, they bought a farm in West Webster, New York. Webster itself was a village much like Seneca Falls. At the time it was small, quaint, and most importantly, a growing bedroom community for Rochester, conveniently located on the eastern shores of Irondequoit Bay. It had been carved out of North Penfield in a voter referendum in 1905, and was still entirely rural.

The farm on Maple Drive was just seven miles and a twenty-minute drive from Gleason's, down Gravel Road, Empire Boulevard and around the south end of Irondequoit Bay, to the University Avenue factory.

All of Bernard's children would have been adults by the time he moved onto the Webster farm. When Bernard bought the farm, it had a barn and an outdoor privy. Betty McGlynn says that at some point, Bernard converted the farm to "indoor plumbing" by building a shed over the outhouse.

Betty McGlynn, George's daughter and Bernard's granddaughter, was born in 1932 in Rochester. She remembers spending summers on the farm. As well, she recalls numerous occasions over the years of her childhood when her family would move in with Bernard and Lizzy because Betty's own father, George, was out of work.

"It wasn't cause he wouldn't go to work, mind you," Betty says. "We had to move out there with them because everybody was poor. It was the Depression. When we lived out there it was all country. They had a big barn and they grew a lot of food. And we all had to work."

George's children attended Catholic school and Church at St. Ambrose. After Bernard and George left for work, George's sister Mary, who was also living on the farm, would drive the children, Betty and George, to school in the city. "That went on a for quite a few years," says Betty. "At least until I was six years old or seven."

Lizzy never worked outside the home, but never shrank from hard work on the farm either. "She was a mother and wife all her life," says Betty. "She did everything. She would get out and plow, and plant and grow. Which we all had to do then. I loved that house. To me it was huge, but it really isn't when you go back to visit there. Greatly improved, the house is still standing, says Betty, who took her son Bill to see it in 1998.

"We lived there for many,

many years," says Betty. "When we did finally have enough money to move away, I went and spent my summers there."

During the war years, Bernard's son George rented a house about ¾ of a mile down Maple Drive from Bernard's farm. During the same period, Bernard's brother Albert bought a house directly across the street from Bernard. Patrica "Pat" and Jerry Callan, the daughters of Albert and Margaret Callan, were raised there.

All six of George and Albert's children – Pat, Jerry, George, Betty, Jack and Jimmy – became best friends and played like one big family as they all grew up in the countryside of West Webster.

There is a funny story told by Margery Callan, who later married George's son John F. "Jack" Callan. When Margery and Jack were dating, she became irked that he was always talking about a woman named "Pat." In fact, Jack stood Margery up on their first real "date," when, due to some long lost reason, he ended up going down to Cayuga Lake and visiting Pat at Bernard's lake cottage.

A few weeks later, Jack talked endlessly one evening about how fun Pat had been that weekend, and how he couldn't wait to see her again. Margery finally told Jack that he was going to have to choose between her and this Pat, whomever she was. Jack says they couldn't stop laughing when he told her it was just his cousin.

That Callan sense of humor

CALLAN—Bernard J. Callan, Sunday, April 25, 1954, of 944 Maple Dr., W. Webster. He is survived by his wife, Elizabeth; three sons, George, Albert of Rochester and Carl of West Webster; one daughter, Miss Mary Callan of West Webster; one sister, Mrs. James Cleary of Waterloo, N.Y.; one brother, Philip of Rochester; several grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.
—Friends are invited to call at the Smith and Lotze Funeral Chapel, 10 Lapham Pk., Webster, between 2 to 9 p.m. Funeral services will be held Wednesday morning at 8:45 and at 9:15 at St. Rita's, West Webster. Interment, Seneca Falls, N.Y. The Rosary will be recited Tuesday evening at 7:30 p.m.

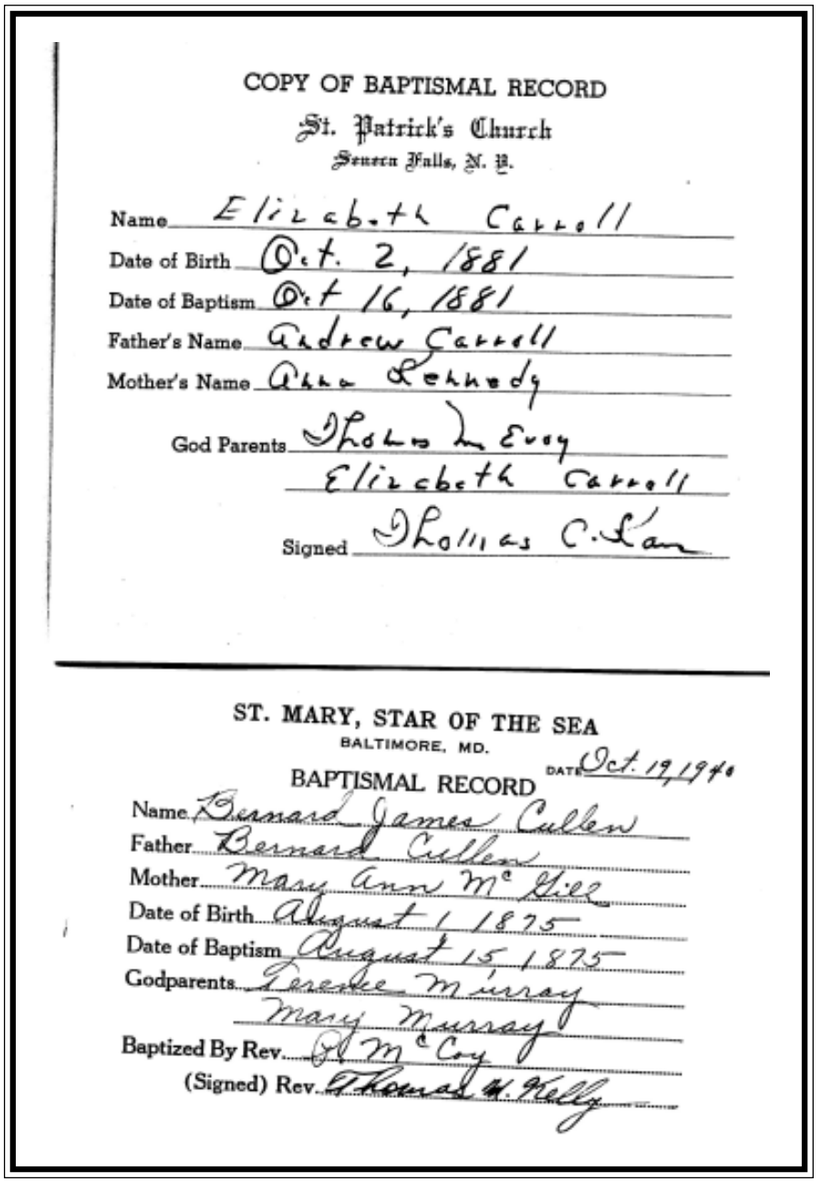
actually comes from the Carrolls, says Betty McGlynn. "Gramma was a very comical lady. You could sit her down and talk with her for hours and she would make you laugh. Grampa was the quiet type. He used to sit in this great big old chair. He would hear everything, and he knew what everyone was saying. He would read a lot instead of talk a lot. He was very sweet. I don't think I ever heard him fight or yell with anyone. He never did. And anybody that lived in there house was not aloud to either."

Lizzy and Bernard lived at the farm for about twenty years, right up until Bernard died in early 1954, just a few months before Margery and Jack had their first son, Bernard James Callan, whom they named after him.

After Bernard died, Lizzy sold the farm and bought a house in Rochester on Arnett Boulevard. Her daughter Mary, who had been living on the farm at the time, moved with her. Mary never married, and the two lived together on Arnett Boulevard until they moved to Orlando in 1971.

They later moved to St. Petersburgh, Florida.

Elizabeth died there of congestive heart failure on Oct. 16,



COPY OF BAPTISMAL RECORD
St. Patrick's Church
Seneca Falls, N. Y.

Name Elizabeth Carroll
Date of Birth Oct. 2, 1881
Date of Baptism Oct 16, 1881
Father's Name Andrew Carroll
Mother's Name Anna Kennedy
God Parents Thomas McEvoy
Elizabeth Carroll
Signed Thomas C. Lee

ST. MARY, STAR OF THE SEA
BALTIMORE, MD.
BAPTISMAL RECORD DATE Oct. 19, 1940

Name Bernard James Cullen
Father Bernard Cullen
Mother Mary Ann McGill
Date of Birth August 1 1875
Date of Baptism August 15 1875
Godparents Terence Murray
Mary Murray
Baptized By Rev. A McCoy
(Signed) Rev. Thomas W. Kelly

1974. She was 93. After her death, and according to her wishes, her remains were returned to Seneca Falls.

At St. Patrick's Church, where she was baptized in 1881 and married in 1903, she was buried, in Columkills cemetery, next to her husband Bernard, whom she survived by just over twenty years.

Bernard and Lizzy's only daughter, Mary, who was 64 at the time, sold the St. Petersburgh house and moved back to Rochester following her mother's death. She spent her last years in an assisted living residence, and was lovingly cared for by the family of her nephew George, the eldest son of her brother George Callan.

She died in March 1978.

Chapter 9:
The McGiverns

There is something uniquely Irish about a story that starts with a six-cent shot of whiskey and leads to a three-day family brawl.

Frank McCourt, author of the Irish saga "Angela's Ashes," once wrote of a raucus Christmas party he and his three brothers attended in 1966. Just as the singing Clancy Brothers arrived, all at the height of their fame, there was some slight, some perfectly chosen syllables of hurt exchanged between one McCourt brother and another. Whatever it was, it sent all of the McCourts tumbling down the steps into the snow in the front yard, in a flurry of fists that seldom found their target.

McCourt says a passerby stopped to ask, "Ah the Irish. Is this a private fight, or can anyone get in?"

By all appearances, the McGiverns were much like these McCourts: Loud, raucus, with a wry humor, and tough as nails. And that was just the McGivern women.

The McGivern men were cut from the same stock, steel and coal workers by trade. They plied their business in and around Newcastle, Pennsylvania, which is where Al Callan's paternal grandmother, Gertrude "Gert" McGivern, was born.

James McGivern, the father of "Gert," as she was known to friends and family in later life, was a steel worker as well. Al's father, Jack Callan, remembers visiting "Grandma and Grampa McGivern" in Newcastle on numerous occasions as a child.

James McGivern, Jack says, was a real "Gentlemen Jim. In fact that is what they called him." He was always well-dressed and wore fresh-pressed suit. He belonged to the Elk's Club and golfed, and did 18-holes of Golf when he was 75 years old. By the late 1940s, James and his wife had raised three boys, all of whom had fought in World War II and come back leaner and more ornery than they left.

All together, there were six McGivern children. Eugene, James, Herb, Gert, Mary, and Teresa. Eugene, Jim and Herb were all World War II vets. During the War, Teresa worked in airplane manufacturing. Gert moved to Rochester when she married George Callan. And it appears Mary stayed on in Newcastle and lived with her parents until at least late in the 1950s. Here are the known details of these children:

James McGivern in Newcastle, Pennsylvania, ca. 1954, with 1-year-old Billy McGlynn, son of Elizabeth "Betty" (Callan) McGlynn. James was the maternal great grandfather of Billy, and of Billy's first cousin, Al Callan.

James "Jim" McGivern was a U.S. Army infantryman. He fought Rommel in Africa, and was in the Battle of the Bulge at Christmas 1944. After the war he joined Martin Marietta. He eventually worked at NASA Mission Control in Houston during the Gemini and Apollo program in the 1960s. Jim's wife was a woman named Mayjoy, about whom we have no information at this time.

Eugene McGivern was a paratrooper in Europe. He was air-dropped in to rescue the American soldiers, including his brother Jim, who were pinned down by the Nazis in the Battle of the Bulge in 1944. After the war, Herb married Dorothy, who is believed to still be alive.

Herb McGivern was a Chief Petty Office in the U.S. Navy. He fought in the Pacific Theater in World War II, and was on the battleship U.S.S. Missouri in 1945 for the signing of the peace treaty in Tokyo Harbor, when the Japanese surrendered to General Douglas McArthur.

Gertrude McGivern was born on Sept. 24, 1911, and later

became Al Callan's grandmother. More about her in the next chapter.

Mary McGivern stayed in Newcastle," says her nephew, Jack Callan. "She married a German guy who beat her up so she divorced him," Jack says.

Teresa McGivern was Gert's younger sister. She was the spitting image of Gert, but ten times as funny. During World War II, she moved to California to take a job building B-29 bombers in the Long Beach airplane factories. After the war, when the jobs were given back to returning male veterans, she stayed on in California, marrying a worker in the same factory. Al Callan and his brother John Callan visited Teresa in California in1989. She was living in Orange County at the time.

We arrived for our visit at about 3 pm on a Saturday afternoon. While her husband hung out in the living room, watched the news and eventually went to bed without uttering a peep, Aunt Teresa told McGivern stories until well after midnight, regaling Al and John with more and mores stories, much like the one that follows, even as we walked out to our car, started up the engine and drove away.

She had an infectious raucus, laugh and a somewhat ribald sense of humor. She emphasized every punch line in her stories by slapping her hand on the kitchen table, rocking back on her chair and then slowly wiping the tears of laughter from her eyes.

As was said above, Jim was one of the solders who chased Rommell across the desert, and his brother Eugene had paratrooped into war zones numerous times. Neither son was one to shrink from a fight, whether it enveloped the world, or simply made him take a half-step out of his intended path across a bar room. They had walked across Europe for four years, freezing and fighting, and both had survived a fight with 600,000 Nazis at the Battle of the Bulge. That background gives some perspective to the letter that follows.

In Monday, February 20, 1956, Jim, Eugene and Herb all happened to be visiting Newcastle, for reasons unknown at this time. On that evening, the three boys, and their sisters Mary and Teresa, all decided to go out for a drink. In the following letter, which Mary wrote to her sister Gert (Al Callan's grandmother) a week later, we see the McGiverns in all their glory, nearly a half-dozen drinking, brawling, smart-alecky brothers and sisters out for a night on the town.

The envelope for this letter is post-marked Newcastle, Penn.

Feb 27, 1956.
Dearest Gert,

I don't know whether this will be a book or a letter.

I have so much to tell you and so little time to do it in. I just finished ironing and I am bushed. I washed Friday night and ironed all day yesterday and two hours this morning.

Mom is doing real good but I am having an awful time with her. She wants to do the washing and ironing. I am going to have to hide parts of the washer and get the ironing done in the morning.

Then she gets mad. I am going to have to talk to Shoaff (the family doctor) tonight and have him lay the law down.

All our troubles started a week ago tonight. You can read this out loud to Francis and Lil because I think they will enjoy it. About eleven o'clock Monday night, before Gene took Jim to the airport, the five of us decided to go to Keefe's for a last drink.

Of course, Gene and I ordered a coke. At a quarter to twelve, Gene left to pick up Dorothy.

We waited until quarter to one and left. Gene was waiting outside for us. Gene, Teresa, and I went a head, and Jim and Herb were right behind us.

I forgot, I must go back to Monday morning.

Jim and Herb were downtown and crossing Mill Street at North, when a car came around the corner and almost hit Jim. While he was standing on the curb. He was scared. It hit his topcoat, but he didn't do anything.

Feb 28, 1956

As we were walking down the street, a car came tearing out fo the alley and Jim had to pull Herb back, or he would have been hit. As they walked around the corner, Jim tapped on the fender and said, "Going kind of fast there, weren't you neighbor?"

The man got of out of the car and said, "What are you going to do about it."

As he finished the sentence, Jim gave him a right to the jaw and knocked him across the alley. As he bounced back, Herb gave him the back of his hand on the nose. The guy started to run, and the five of us after him. We got him out in the middle of Mill Street, and dragged him back, and Jim dropped his watch and picked it up. The fellow got away again and we caught him at Washington Street. With Herb and Jim swearing like a couple of sailors.

After he got to Washington Street he said he was going to get a cop, so we showed him where there was one and waited until he came back with one.

As they crossed the street the guy said, "First of all officer I want you to know that they are nothing but a bunch of drunken bums."

Then Herb started all over again. I had to hold him back. I told him that Jim would never make his plane if they kept this up. So the cop wanted to know what it was all about, but couldn't' make heads nor tails of it, because everybody was talking at once.

This man kept insisting that

Herb show his driver license, and Herb wouldn't do it. After all, we were walking. He wanted to have the cop press charges of assault and battery, but wouldn't sign any papers. Gene said something, and he said, "Shut up you drunken fool."

It took the four of us to hold Gene back. So the cop told him to shut up, that people didn't like to be called names. The cop was very nice. We were trying to settle things before a cruiser came along and took us all in.

Then Herb asked him how much the charges would be for assault and battery. When he was told 25 dollars, he took it out of his billfold and offered it to the cop. And then started toward the alley to "take his money's worth out of the SOB," as he called him.

As it is, the fellow has a broken nose. So then we went home and as we got to the apartment, Jim realized his watch was gone so he and Herb and I went to look for it.

We couldn't find it and started back and met Teresa and Dot.

Here, Jim had given Teresa the watch and forgot. Gene missed us and took the car and went to the police station and couldn't find us. Then went downtown and met the same cop and asked him if he had seen us.

He said, "Yes, and for god sake find them and take them home before I have to run them in."

The next day, this man went to Gene's house and gave him a hard time, so Gene told him either to walk out on his two feet or he would toss him out. And Tilly in the other room, killing herself laughing. And mom watched everything from the living room window.

We find out that this man is a senior high teacher and was a marine captain for three years and only 23 years old. Gene asked him at what age he started in life, and he said that he was just smart. And all of this over a six cent glass of whiskey that Herb had, that made him sick, and figured that a little air would do him good.

The next day this man called and wanted compensation for a broken nose and broken glasses which he never owned. And he wanted Jim back. So we told him he could have him if he would pay $3000 to extradite him. That he was in Georgia. He wouldn't believe it. This was just eight hours later.

That was on Monday. Then on Wednesday night we took Herb to the Pittsburgh airport for him to get his plane home. We left here at 8:30. It had snowed a little bit before we left, but it wasn't bad out.

By the time we got to Rochester it was terrible. It took us 45 minutes to go three blocks in Rochester. Then it wasn't too bad until we got into Sweckly. We got up one side of one mountain all right, but going down the other side was a sheer drop, and on our side was the Ohio River, 200 feet straight down.

The car started to slide, and we just missed the guard rail by inches. That's when St. Chris took over. He wanted no part of us. We got down all right after that, but going up the other side was nothing but ice and snow and no guard rails.

We never went faster than fifteen miles an hour. The back end was swaying back and forth. Half way up a car had stalled in the middle of the road, and we tore past him on the right side. And a state cop was standing there but didn't say anything. After we got there, Herb said, that he was "thanking God that he was getting in a plane, so that he wouldn't have to ride back with us." He was in Chicago before we got home.

Then Thursday at the store, a he-man of an assistant broke the handle off the safe, and we didn't have any money to open the store with, and the banks were closed. So we took a little black bag, and went from store to store, borrowing money until each register had two dollars to start with.

We didn't open until 10:30, and everybody that came in the store with a big bill, we had to send them to another store to get it changed, and then come back.

Mom is doing real good now. In fact she recuperated better than I did. Teresa left Friday morning.

So I am resting now. And this is all I am going to write for sometime. I have to write to Herb and Bill now. Fred is 20 today. Saturday we had a tornado, and our TV antenna is at a 45-degree angle. But we get better reception now then we had before. So I am going to let it stay that way for a while.

Write real soon.
All my love to everybody.

Mary.

P.S. I forgot to tell you that it was the same fellow in the morning that almost hit Jim. And he admitted it to the cop, and said that he drove around to see what they were going to do about it. The cop asked him if he was out looking for a fight. He said that "his intellect went beyond fighting." And the cop told him then to stay in his car, because the next time he would get more than a broken nose.

Chapter 10
George Callan and Gertrude McGivern

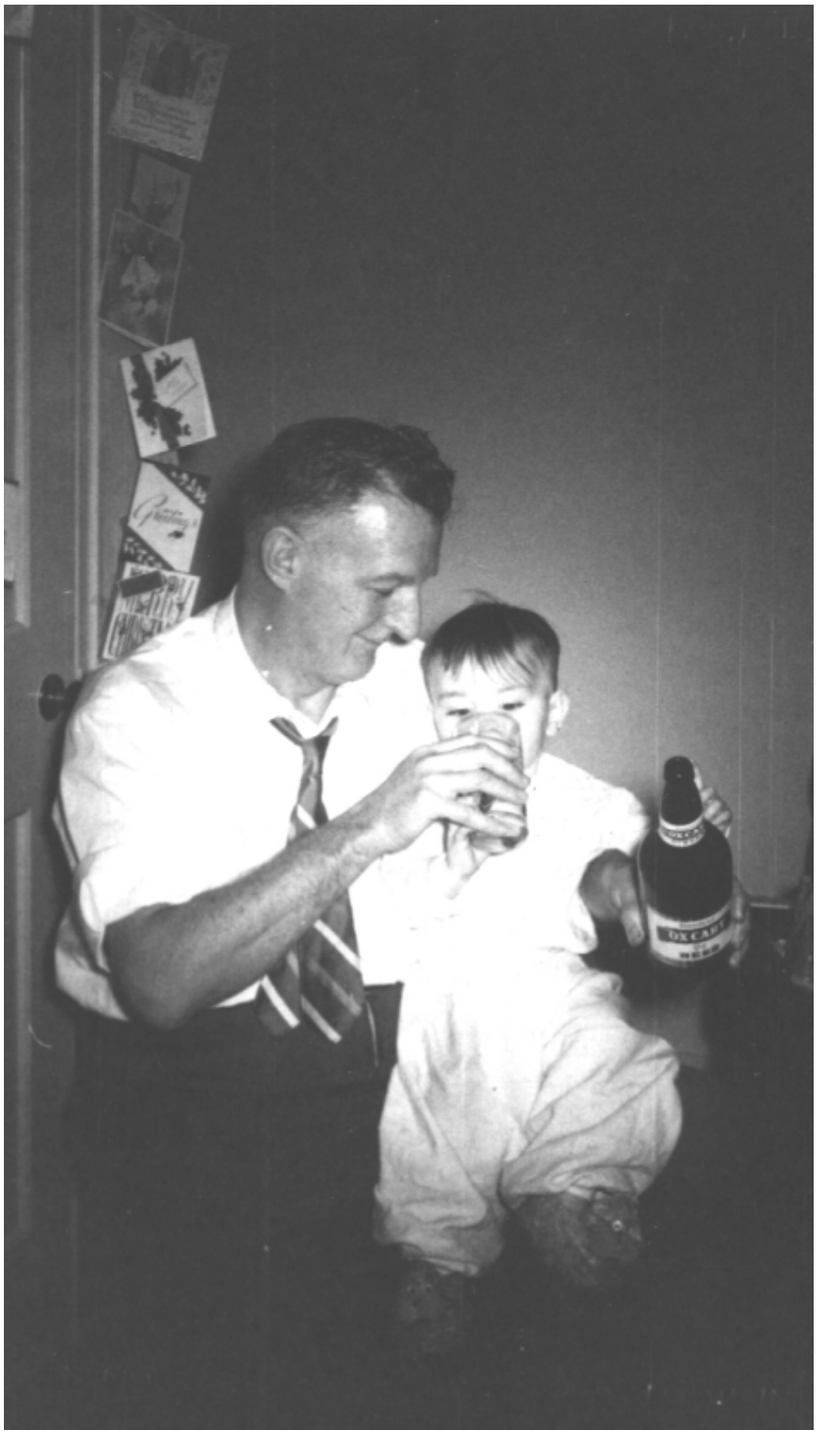
Much has been said about George Callan and Gertrude (McGivern) Callan over the years. Unfortunately, we do not yet have enough information about their early life to write their story. These next two pages will be filled in soon, after the story is complete.

For now, enjoy these photos of Jack's parents and the family they raised in 29 different houses as the kids grew up.

At immediate right is Gert, down at Bernard Callan's cottage on Cayuga Lake. And at far right is George Callan, introducing his first grandson Bernard Callan (age 2 in 1957) into the family traditions.

"Listen closely, little Bernie. In this family, we drink Schlitz beer by the quart." For those who might be outraged by this photo, understand that there is only one logical and defensible explanation for such treatment of a child: They must have already gone through all the Genessee Creme Ale.

On the following page are pictures of Gert and George's chlldren, George, Betty, Jack and Jimmy, taken almost 50 years apart, in 1948 and 1998. Sadly, this is a photo that can no longer be taken, as the family's youngest brother, Jimmy, passed away in March 2002. A joker with a wry sense of Irish humor and a glint of mischief always in his eye, he will be much missed.



At right, George, Jimmy, Jack and Betty Callan at Bernard Callan's farm in Webster, 1948.
Below, a Callan family reunion on Sept. 11, 1999 in Cocoa, Florida, to celebrate the wedding of Maureen Callan and William Brower.
Jimmy, Betty, George and Jack pose next to stair upon which Maureen and Bill took their vows.

CHAPTER 11
The Messier-Byrd Family

Margery Helene Byrd, mother of Al Callan, is descended from French Canadian Indians. Her family line has been traced to the early 19th Century, with most ancestors and their descendants living in and around Quebec.

Family lore has it that a Msr. Henri Lambert, Margery's Great, Great Grandfather, was a French trapper of Canada whose first wife was a French Countess. He is said to have married her during a trip to Europe. Upon returning to Canada, he married an Indian princess. A descendant, Margery's Aunt Irene (Messier) LaPlante, recalls being told as a child that the princess was either an Iroquois or a Blackfoot Indian. Lambert's Indian father-in-law nicknamed him "Green Wood," for reasons that have been lost to history. For this reason, he was sometimes referred to in the family, and now translated from the French, as "Lambert, who calls himself Greenwood," or just, "Lambert said Greenwood."

After his marriage, Lambert dropped his French name, calling himself just Greenwood the rest of his days. He passed the name to a son he had with Josephine, whom they named "Charles Greenwood." This was Margery's Great Grandfather on her mother's side. They had two other sons. The first was Chester, who became a copper miner in Beloit, Wisconsin. Chester has three daughters: Margaret, Cella (who died of tuberculosis), and Louise. The other son was a boy named Ira. He lived in Hartford, Connecticut, and farmed spruce gum.

When Charles reached adulthood, he sometimes used the Greenwood family name, sometimes Lambert, and sometimes, Lambert-Greenwood. Charles married a Canadian woman, Lucy Martel, who sometimes went by "Lucy "Martin," the anglicized version of her name. Lucy and Charles had several children.

The most noteworthy for our lineage was a daughter named Josephine Elizabeth, born in 1889. She was known as Josephine Elizabeth "Lambert said Greenwood." as a child, but as an adult, went by the name "Libbie Greenwood." She married Joseph Messier (1883-1945).Together, the couple had 10 children, including Cecilia, who became the mother of Margery Byrd Callan, and who in turn was the mother of Albert "Al" Callan. Her story is in the next chapter.

Joseph Messier was the son of Mitchell Macia and Flora Lange. The names of Mitchell and Flora are known only by their appearance on Joseph's marriage license. Joseph was married Feb.15, 1905, when he was 22. The license shows the bride as "Libbie Greenwood, Age 16, born in Sheldon, VT."

The license, in the possession of Nancy (Byrd) Nunamaker, shows their residence as East Highgate, Vermont, and says Joseph's occupation was "grinder." The groom's father is listed as Mitchell "Macia," and his birthplace was "Cananda." It says the mother was Flora Lange, birthplace, Highgate. The ceremony was officiated by J Porquette, Roman Catholic Clergyman. The license seal shows "Town: Highgate, VT, " and is signed, "CR Lyon, town clerk."

What is known about the earlier Messiers is that the name was Anglicized by some of Joseph's siblings, but not all. The original spelling was Machia, pronounced meh-SHAY-a. While some, including Joseph, his brothers Adlor and Fred, and Joseph's children Cecilia and Francis (Uncle Fran), pronounced it "MESS-ee-er. Joseph's son Joe, and Joseph's brother Will (see below) always used the original spelling of Machia and the French pronounciation of meh-SHAY.

Joseph Messier Senior was a quarry worker whose profession was cutting and grinding stone. He once was injured in an explosion at the quarry and had a metal plate in his head as a result.

Henri Lambert and his Indian bride had the following children:

Elizabeth "Libbie" Greenwood (Messier) (Brown), who later became mother of Cecilia Messier.

Angie and Mathilda, who were put in a Boston orphanage for reasons unknown at this time.

Mable, who married Ernest Monette. Mable had seven children, 27 grand children and 28 grandchildren.

Lena, who had two children, Margaret and Laurie.

Virginia, whose first husband was Walter Osborn, a U.S. Army officer. They had three children, including a daughter, Arlene. Her second husband was Layman May. They lived in Miami, Florida in their later years in the early 1970s. They lived in a trailer park at Tamiami

Trail and Eighth Street. This was the same period when Nancy (Byrd) Nunamaker and her husband George were living in George's mother's house in Miami. Virginia would often visit them. Nancy recalls that Virginia "loved to gamble and would go to Freeport (Louisiana) on a boat to gamble." Nancy says she and George once went to the dog races with Virginia, Layman, Virginia's daughter Arlene and Arlene's husband. That day, says Nancy, "They all won and George and I lost."

Virginia kept a large wooden rosary on a curtain rod at her house. One day she took it down for Nancy to see. "It seemed to quiver in my hands," says Nancy. Virginia said Nancy was the only one who had experienced this, and so promised to give it to her when she passed away. Peggy and George Gunkle, who are featured in the following chapter, went up to see Virginia a while later, and Virginia gave the rosary to Peggy. When Peggy moved to Springfield, Mo., from Rochester, she gave Nancy the rosary, and it hangs on one of Nancy's curtain rods today.

Henry, who married a woman named Wilma and lived in a French settlement in Highgate Center, Vermont.

Arthur, who married a woman named Lilliam, and lived in Hartford, Connecticut, and died of diabetes. Nancy recalls that when the family went to visit Arthur in the 1950s, he had in his bedroom a hospital bed and a large mirror on the back wall so that he could see his hind end when he gave himself insulin shots. "He was a model railroad collector, wore a engineer's hat, and had a large room completely set up with train tracks."

So, these were the children of Henry Lambert, and the brothers and sisters of Libbie Lambert, who married Joseph Messier..

Joseph Messier, the grandfather of Margery (Byrd) Callan, died when Margery was only 11 years old. Both Margery and her sister Nancy recall vividly the trip to Vermont they took when they heard he had been diagnosed with lung cancer and did not have long to live.

"Grandpa died during World War II," says Margery. "He died at home. He looked a lot like Uncle Fran (Francis, see below) did in later years. He was a jolly old guy, a drunk too. When he died we had to get gas stamps to go up to the funeral. It was up in Connecticut. Grandma and grandpa were living in Hartford, Connecticut, so there was a "V" in the road. If you took one road you go to Vermont and if you took the other, you go to Connecticut."

Nancy continues the story: "We were driving in a '41 Chevy. We had all kinds of troubles that night with the lights on the car. The headlights kept going out. We were having trouble with the battery or something. Two truck drivers fit us in between them as we drove up there. In the middle of the night , there was two big clouds in the sky , shaped like the letters I-S. Like I suffered. So Mom thought he was dead. She wanted to go to Vermont, which is where all the family was buried. We couldn't go because the allotment said Connecticut."

Because of this, says Margery, they went to their grandparents' home in Hartford instead, "Aunt Kay was there, Billie and Dottie and all their kids. Because we chose Connecticut, and he was buried in Vermont, my mother didn't get there for the funeral. That would have been about 1945. We were living on Garson Avenue. I know rationing was still on, you had to get coupons for sugar and all that kind of stuff. I can still see the pictures. I can still describe the house they lived in Vermont."

After Joseph died, Josephine spent about 20 years as a widow. When in her 70s, sometime between 1961 and 1967, she remarried, in a ceremony held at Corpus Christi Church in Rochester, New York. She married David Brown, a Presbyterian Scottish man. Since he was not Catholic, the priest at the ceremony supposedly asked him to confirm that they would raise any childen they had in the Catholic Church. David passed away just a few years after their marriage. For the remainder of her life, our family referred to Josephine as "Grandma Brown."

Until her last months, Grandma Brown was alert and an avid debater of politics and anything in the news. When Al Callan's family moved away from Rochester on Jan 5, 1973, they spent there last day and evening in New York at the home of Grandma Brown. John Callan clearly remembers Grandma Brown watching television coverage of the opening of the Watergate Hearings which convened that week.

The Messier –Lamberts

As was said above, Josephine Lambert married Joseph Messier. The couple had ten children, nine of which survived to adulthood. The ten children were: Roland, Francis, Cecilia (Margery's mother), Alta, Irene, Evelyn, Catherine ("Kay"), the inevitable "Joseph," Wilfred, and Bernadette. Of this generation, all have passed away except Catherine and Irene. Catherine lives with her daughter Carol in New York; Irene lives with her daughter Mary in Ohio. Lorraine Messier, the widow of Francis, lives alone in Naples, New York. In order of birth, the ten children were as follows:

Roland Messier was born on 18 May 1908 in New Hampshire. He died of cancer Oct. 9, 2001 in Manchester, Connecticut, after spending just a few days in a hospice there.

Francis Messier was born on 10 Mar 1912. His first wife was named Midge, by whom he had a daughter, who now lives in Rutland, New York. Francis's

second wife was Lorraine. Francis and Lorraine lived in Italy Valley, near Naples, New York, for most of their lives. They had five children. The children, and their offspring, were: **Diane**, who first married Larry Reed. Diane later had two daughters by a man other than Larry, and later had a third daughter, Nicki, by a man named Tom. **Frank,** whose first wife was Becky. Frank had a son, Frank Jr., by his second wife, Tami. **Debbie,** whose husband was a man named Frank, and by whom she had a son named Jason.; **Edna Mae,** who was married twice and had no children; and **Susan,** who was married and who died in an auto accident. She did not have any children.

Cecilia Messier was born on 30 Aug 1913 in Province of Quebec, Canada, district of Bedford. The story of Cecilia and her husband, Eddie Byrd, is told in the next chapter. Cecilia married Edward Byrd, son of Benjamin Bird and Bertha Starks, on 14 Oct 1933 in Burlington, Vermont. Edward was born on 21 Apr 1908 in Scotia, New York. He died on 9 May 1951 in Rochester, New York. Cecilia died on 30 Nov 1987 in Orlando, Florida.

Alta Messier Leo Poirer. They had three children: Earl, Roland and Harold.

Irene Messier married Tom LaPlante. Their children were Mary; James, who married Ruth Farnard and died at age 48 of cancer; and Thomas, who died at age 33 of cancer and had a wife named Susan. James is buried 60 miles outside of Orlando, Florida. Thomas lived in a trailer park in Honeoye Falls and is buried in Honeoye, New York.

James and Ruth LaPlante's children were Brenda and Jimmy, who both are married; and Wayne, Jerry, Scott and Stephen who all are single still.

Irene now lives with her daughter Mary in Gallapilos, Ohio. She has had six surgeries in the past few years, all for cancer, of the breast and other internal organs. They can be reached at Mary's email, mrum@zoomnet.net . Linda (Lowery) Callan, sister of Al Callan, recalls that "Aunt Irene" used to tease Linda when she was a small girl, saying that once she turns 35, she would "balloon like a blimp." That gene is apparently unique to Irene's generation.

Irene's former daughter in law, James' widow Ruth Farnard, has done a great deal of geneaological research on the Messier family. She has all of Irene's family records now. She lives at 395 Brittany Road, Ontario, New York and can be reached via email at rfarnard@roch.rr.com or kfarnard@localnet.com.

Evelyn Messier was born with "a wandering mind," says her niece, Nancy (Byrd) Nunamaker. She never married, and was admitted to an insane asylum, Brandon Training Center in Connecticut, (claim # 009-07-0991), and remained there untl the asylum closed on Feb. 22, 1982. She was then placed in a residential home where she lived until her death about ten years later. "As she got older she was very heavy," Nancy (Byrd) Nunamaker recalls. "She was always very childlike mentally. When Mom (Cecelia) and Aunt Irene would go to visit her in the sanatorium, she would see Mom's necklaces, and she would say, "I want that." They would always give it to her."

Catherine "Kay" Messier married her first cousin, Armand, who was the son of her grandfather Mitchell Messier's brother Will. Uncle Will himself is worth a family tree volume all by himself.

Living on a farm in Highgate Center, Vermont, Will Macia fathered 21 children, his last child when he was 75. He had 18 children with his first wife, but only 11 lived to adulthood. These were his five sons Willy, Donald, Clarence, Raymond, Armand (who married Catherine Messier); and his six daughters, Dorothy, Doris, Arphia, Victoria, Peggy, and Margaret. Perhaps not surprising considering their lineage, many of the remaining children were still born, and many died in childhood. After the 18th child was born, Will kicked his first wife Margaret Machia out of the main farm house they lived, allowing her to live in another smaller house on the farm. He then took a second wife, Mary, and sired three more children by her.

Catherine and Armand had four children, Shirley, Joe, Bill and Carol (who later married Jerry Spinichia). Despondent shortly after the birth of Carol, Armand hung himself in the barn of the family farm. His daughter Shirley found him. Over the years, says Margery Callan, Catherine "went out with 20 different men, Then there was a guy named Joe who was around all the time the kids were growing up. Then she met Bill and married him. He died a few years ago. She had one boy by him named Billie." Catherine is alive and living in Rochester with her daughter Carol Spinichia. Carol and Jerry had two children, Tina and Jerry Jr.

Joseph "Little Joe" Messier" married a woman named Armeda. They had three boys. The first two were Joseph and Gary. In the late 1960s, Joe married a henna-haird woman named Lola.

Wilfred Messier was burned to death when he was about five years old. He went to the outhouse with a lantern and a Sears catalog, a fire somehow started and he was burned alive inside. This happened when his mother was pregnant for Evelyn, the next child. In later years, Cecilia once told her daughter Nancy that "grandma's mind wanders because she lost her son."

Bernadette Messier married Frederick Shaia, a Syrian with a hot temper. The family recipes for stuffed cabbage and tomatoes, and for pork and beans, came from Freddie, says Nancy Nunamaker.

Both Margery and Nancy recall that Uncle Freddy was a mean man, and that by an even greater offense, he was not born a French Catholic. That was all Grandma Byrd needed to know about him, says Margery.

"Back then people were very bigoted against anything other than French. My dad wouldn't let me go out with an Italian. Bernadette married Freddie by a minister instead of a priest. They had Billie, Dottie, two boys and two girls, They had four kids.

For reasons unknown, no physician was available the night of the birth, so a woman doctor the couple knew gave her pain pills to have on hand just in case the birht was difficult. Bernadette took too many of the pills, and the overdose killed the child before it was born. She herself contracted peritonitis and died nine days later.

After Bernadette died, says Nancy, Freddie told the surviving children (Billy, Gary, Eddie and Jean) that their mother had run away, and put all the kids in an orphanage.

Margery can remember going to the orphanage to visit them in Vermont, in Burlington. Freddie never became a Catholic, and it was that fact which Grandma scorned in a letter to her daughter Cecilia, which is reprinted in the next chapter.

"Aunt Bernadette and Freddie would bring all the kids and stay with Eddie and Ccecilia," recalls Margery. "We left Vermont in 1941, so it was before that. The kids were all about our ages. My dad had promised Aunt Bernadette that he would become a catholic. On his side of the family, none of them were Catholic.

"After Aunt Bernadette died, I remember her being laid out at home. My dad had nightmares after that of a hand going through the wall taking the flowers off the casket. It sounds morbid. So my dad went down to the Church, the Catholic Church, and talked to the priest, asking why it was scaring him. He talked to the priest and decided to take religious instructions. He came home and told my mother he was taking time off. This was the Saturday before Palm Sunday. He said tomorrow we will all go to church together because I am being baptized."

The Bird-Stark family

The earliest known generation on Margery (Byrd) Callan's father's side commences with the marriage of Bertha Starks and George (Benjamin) Bird. We do not know details of their early life, but it is known that the couple had five children, and that at some point in the early 1900s, George left Bertha and their children in Vermont and moved out west.

As was said, George and Bertha had five children, and these were Edward Benjamin Byrd, who was Margery (Byrd) Callan's father; Leo; Ella; Julie; and Alex. Their eldest, Edward, changed the spelling of the last name to Byrd, but he was the only sibling to do so. The remainder of the children always used the orginal spelling "Bird."

The five children of George Bird and Bertha Starks Bird were as follows:

Edward Benjamin Byrd, the oldest, and the father of Margery (Byrd) Callan and Nancy (Byrd) Nunamker. Edward's life will be detailed in the next chapter.

Leo Bird, who married a woman named Rose and had five children himself, three of whom have passed away. Rose died in the 1980s, and Leo died just three years ago, in 1999. Leo worked in Rochester at Stromberg-Carlson, an electronics components manufacturer that created gold-plated circuit boards for the military. After the commemorate Kennedy Half Dollar was minted in 1968, Leo used his gold-plating equipment at work to gold plate eight Kennedy Half Dollars, and he gave one to each of Margery's and Nancy's children.

Leo and Rose had five children themselves: The twins, Alex and Bobbi (Roberta); Little Leo, Patty and Eddie. Alex was later murdered, no one is quite sure by whom; Bobbi who was born blind and attended a blind school in Batavia, is now married and living in New York City. Little Leo died of cancer, Patty is living in Honeyoye Falls, and Eddie lives in a resident home for the mentally ill somewhere in Danville, New York.

Ella Bird and Julie Bird. We have no information about either of these women.

Alex Bird died as a teenager following an auto accident. Nancy (Byrd)Nunamker recalls that the accident happened around an Army fort somewhere in northern New York State, around Plattsburg. Alex was placed in the Army hospital there for treatment of a broken leg. The leg became infected, Alex became ill and died of the infection.

Following the abandonment of the family by George, Bertha lived on welfare most of her live, recalls her grand daughter, Nancy (Byrd) Nunamaker.

"She never worked as she got older. She could not read or write, but she could count very well. It was said you could not chat her out of a penny. She always had two change purses,

John Callan still has the gold-plated half-dollar given him by his Uncle Leo.

one that she carried in her purse, and one she kept tied to her leg under her dress."

Nancy recalls going to the store once when her grandmother Bertha had to tap the second bank.

"She lifted up her skirt and dress and she had a zippered pocket in her petticoat." When Bertha got older, she suffered from hardening of the arteries. The malady affected her eyesight, but she blamed the condition on her German doctors who had come to the United States after World War II. She was a great believer in the supernatural, as are many in this family.

"When she wanted to see me, she would put it in her mind that she wanted to see me, and I would always show up at her house," Nancy says. "If she had something to do with me or needed me, she would call me through her mind and I would go and see her."

In 1967, Bertha was hospitalized for her arterial condition in Monroe County Hospital in Rochester. She died after a short stay. She lived to be 89 years old.

A penny-watcher to the end, just prior to her death Bertha purchased a plot in Mount Hope Cemetery in the name of her daughter Cecilia. Cecilia once told Nancy this story, saying Bertha did this for fear her other daughters, whom Bertha did not trust, would make off with her savings if they knew she was dying. And she feared that if this happened, she would be buried in "pauper's field," common slang of the time referring to a cemetery for the impoverished.

The story goes that after Bertha died, her daughter Ella went through her home and found $500 cash that Bertha had set aside for her own funeral. Ella took the money, and as a result, Bertha's grave went unmarked for many years. Eventually, Ella had a nervous breakdown and died. After Ella's death, Julie, Ella's daughter, supposedly found the cash untouched in her mother's belongings. Julia, knowing the family story, used the money to buy Bertha a headstone.

CHAPTER 12
Edward Byrd and Cecelia Messier

Cecelia "Peggy" Messier was born Aug 30, 1913 in Bedford, Province of Quebec, Canada. She weighed 15 pounds at birth, and was born on the kitchen table of the farm her family lived on. Family stories say the doctor literally stood on the table and pushed down on the belly of her mother, Josephine Lambert Messier, to get the baby out, fearing that if they did not, both mother and daughter would die there on the kitchen table.

At age 20, Cecelia met Edward Byrd in Burlington, Vermont. She was a seamstress and Edward was a chef. In early September of that year, she wrote and asked for her parents blessing to marry him. The reply from her mother came in the form of a letter, which is now in the possession of her daughter, Nancy (Byrd) Nunamaker. The letter, complete with some misspellings, is reproduced at right.

With her parents blessing, on October 14, 1933, Peggy Messier was united in marriage to Edward Byrd in Burlington, Vermont. Edward was the son of George Bird (Byrd) and Bertha Starks (Byrd). Born on April 21, 1908, in Scotia, New York, he was one of five children. His occupation was a chef, and hers a seamstress. She acquired the nickname of "Peggy" from him, named after a song, "Peg of My Heart," featured in a popular 1933 Marian Davies motion picture:

Peg O' my heart, I love you
Don't let us part, I love you
I always knew, it would be you,
Since I heard your lilting laughter
It's your Irish heart I'm after
Peg O' my heart, your glances
Make my heart say, how's Chances
Come be my own, come make your home
In my heart
Peg O' my heart, I love you
We'll never part, I love you
Dear little girl, sweet little girl
Sweeter than the Rose of Erin
Are your winning smiles endearing
Peg O' my heart, your glances
With Irish art, entrance us
Come be my own, come make your home
In my heart

Later moving to Rochester, New York, Eddie and "Peggy" had a wonderful life with their two daughters, Margery, born July 21, 1934, and Nancy, born Nov. 21, 1935. They often dreamed of their future together and how when the girls were grown they would travel the United States, he working as a waitress, he as a chef, when they ran low on money.

Her daughter Nancy says she never heard the couple argue, "so if they did, they did it when I wasn't around. " Peggy kept to regular household schedules her whole life, and this dates even to when the girls were young.

"She would bake on Saturdays, and she would make donuts, and one gallon was put away for dad. She did the ironing for the nun's house across the street. She had a flat top press which was very innovative at the time. She would wash on Saturday and iron on Monday. She had a set schedule. She always kept to that schedule, even for food. On Thursday she would have leftovers. Liver and Onions on one night, and then spaghetti on another. If you didn't eat your liver and peas, you ate them the next day. You didn't throw out anything.

"Dad worked every night as a chef. When he died he was working at a hot dog stand, at Shortie Junker's Bar and Grill. Some guy kicked him in the ribs one time and he through a knife at him. He was chef at Middlebury College in Vermont. He did all the cooking for the

Sept. 26, 1933
Dear Daughter, Your letter received was very much suprise of news. I would be very much pleased, one way. Because your Father and I, in fact, both of us think he is O.K. Only one thing, be sure and think twice before you either get married. For you know it endure a lot of patient, and trile a lot to think of, my dear. You probably think he is OK right now. But if you make your bed, my child, You must lay in it. Not because we don't like him, but it is to remind you what is before you, your trouble will not be mine and I would be so happy if you do get married and settle down and remain that way. Only one thing, I will not consent is for you to get married by a minister at your own church. If he does not want to join the church, he has not got to . You go over and see the priest, he will tell you all about, Do not give up your church, dear child, because you will never be happy or lucky. Remember a lesson from Bernadette. You can see by yourself.

college. He worked at Otis Lumber yard. There somebody hit him with a piece of wood in the back. He had to wear a corset. During World War II he wanted to go in the Army. He went up to take his exam and he took the corset off. They made him bend down and he couldn't bend back up. He told them he wore a corset, and they asked him why he hadn't told them. He said, "It wasn't for me to tell you about it, it was for you to find out."

Eddie would go every weekend to the market, and he would pick up six or seven bushels of something. Peggy never knew what she was going to be canning until he got home. Up on Winton Road they had a fruit cellar with a bout 500 jars of canned goods. He also had a refrigerator down there he would put a deer in.

Margie, Eddie, Peggy and Nancy Byrd, Easter 1949.

"He always had a big garden on Grayson Avenue," says Nancy. "They have torn down that house now. I always called him, the boss. I was only 15 when he died. I had him on a pedestal. He made all the decisions. If he wanted you to do something, he could nod his head toward a corner and you picked yourself up and stood there.

Eddie had had a heart attack in 1942 and 1946, and may have figured he was due for another by the time 1950 rolled around, says Nancy. That year, Eddie took Peggy and the girls on a grand tour of their relatives, visiting Connecticut, Vermont and New York's Thousand Islands. On the trip, they visited every one of the couples' brothers and sisters living at the time.

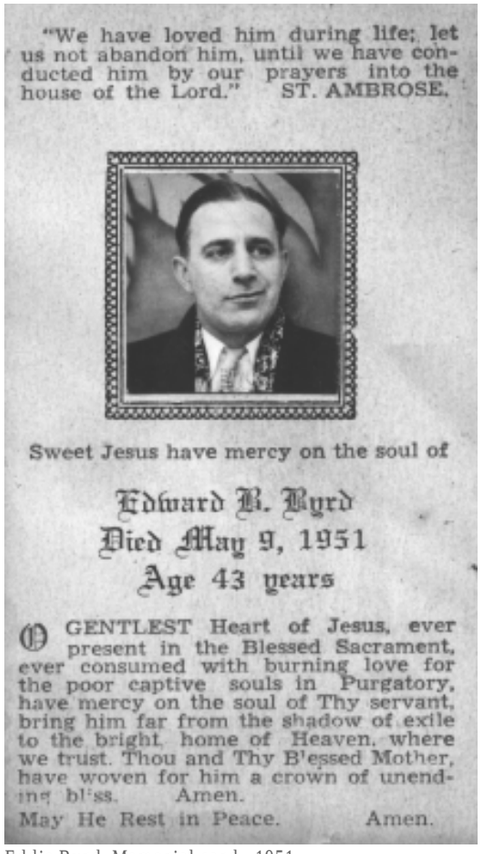
They started with a visit to Aunt Ella and Uncle Ernest's farm in Sacket Harbor. They saw Grandma Bird and all her children living up there at the time. They then went down and saw Irene and Tom LaPlante. They lived with Tom's parents, who the family called "Grandma Blood. " They lived in a great big yellow and brown farm house, Nancy recalls. They then drove down through Connecticut and saw their Aunt Ilene and Uncle Roland. They also stopped in Plattsburg, New York, and visisted Grandma Bird's four sisters. "They all had the most beautiful red hair," says Nancy, who went on to recall the downside of visiting so many relatives.

"When we went up to Thousand Islands," says Nancy, "(Margery)was young and very pretty. She was flirting with someone when Dad pulled up in front of the house and parked the car. He said "That's your cousin." It was her cousin, only she didn't know it. He (the cousin) was quite embarrassed about that"

After only being married 16 years, 6 months and 26 days, there dreams and happiness ended suddenly.

On the morning of May 09, 1951, Peggy went downstairs to fix breakfast. When all was ready she yelled upstairs, Eddie, come and eat. With no reply she went upstairs only to find him lying across the bed sideways with one sock off and the other sock on, motionless. The medical report showed he passed away at age 43 of a sudden heart attack, due to a blood clot.

Margery recalls that her Aunt Lorraine, wife of Peggy's sister Francis, had come to stay with them because she was


"We have loved him during life; let us not abandon him, until we have conducted him by our prayers into the house of the Lord." ST. AMBROSE.

Sweet Jesus have mercy on the soul of

Edward B. Byrd
Died May 9, 1951
Age 43 years

O GENTLEST Heart of Jesus, ever present in the Blessed Sacrament, ever consumed with burning love for the poor captive souls in Purgatory, have mercy on the soul of Thy servant, bring him far from the shadow of exile to the bright home of Heaven, where we trust. Thou and Thy Blessed Mother, have woven for him a crown of unending bliss. Amen.

May He Rest in Peace. Amen.

Eddie Byrd Memorial card, 1951

expecting her daughter Edna Mae.

"Mr. DiGenaro next door, my best friends father, took me home. I walked up on the porch just in time to hear the coroner and police talking about what time "he" died. I had to go with the undertaker and help them to pick out the clothes and all that stuff. And walk by their side as they carried him out.

"I made all the funeral arrangements and took over the family. We had him laid out at home. Mom wanted him laid out at home. He was a member of the Knights of Columbus, they all came for the home services, all the relatives came of course.

"I can remember everybody sitting around. My mother was completely out of it. They had given her some kind of medication. My grandmother (Bertha Starks) Messier was there. She said, "Marge you need to call Jack."

"I was going with him then. I was a junior in high school at the time. My mother wanted me to quit to support the family. All the neighbors were bringing in food and the relatives were taking it out of the back door. My dad had this huge china cabinet. Rounded with lion-claw feet. When he was out of work in 1941 with a heart attack, he collected stuff from all over the world. He had antique stuff, and that cabinet filled, and when everyone left, there wasn't a piece left. Except one little jade statue that disappeared when we moved to Florida.

"Dad's uncle Carl brought him over. He didn't get a license until after we got married. The only one that had a car was Rudy Napadano. Dad's Uncle Carl took us down to the only drug store in town. I hadn't cried or anything. We came back and I just couldn't face going into the house. I started crying.

When I walked in the house, my Aunt Julie and Aunt

Thei girls leave home: Above, Margery (Byrd) Callan and Jack Callan, on their honeymoon in Newcastle, Penn., August 1953. Below, Nancy Byrd and George Nunamaker, mid-1950s.

Ella said, "You would think they would have more sense than to sit out necking in the car at a time like this."

After Eddie's death, Peggy started her life again. Peggy and her two daughters moved in with her sister Catherine the day after Eddie was buried. Catherine lived on Blossom Road, next to St. John's Convent in Rochester. She did her best to raise their two daughters, but in many ways, never got over the loss of Eddie. Margery married just a few years later, leaving Nancy at home for Peggy to raise alone.

"When I was about 18,"

Nancy recalls, “she asked me one day where I was going. I said I don’t have to tell you. My boss is dead. She slapped me across the face and I ended up in the living room with a bloody mouth. I never back talked her again.

Peggy laundered and pressed the habits of nuns from the convent across the street. She worked in restaurants and she worked as a seamstress. At one time she did some seamstress work for actress Kate Smith.

In June of 1954, with the birth of Margery and Jack’s son Bernard James Calln, Peggy became a grandmother for the first time.

In 1957, she met George M. Gunkel, born January 23, 1904. He served in World War I in France, and was a tool and die maker, just like Jack’s father and grandfather. They were married on a Saturday, July 27, 1957. As Peggy’s first husband, Edward, died when his daughters were teenagers, George was the only grandfather Peggy’s grandchildren ever knew.

Linda Marie Callan (Lowery), sister of Al, remembers an old green car nan and gramp had. “When I’d ride home with them, I would love watching the dashboard, because the speed increased, the color would change. I’d always say, Make it Red, Gramp!” And Nana would be sitting there, saying, “Now George, you know better!”

Married 17 years, 4 months & 22 days, their marriage ended on Dec. 19, 1974, when George passed away at age 70, of pneumonia and other complications. He died in Springfield, Missouri, and is buried there.

Peggy had many many craft specialitys. Her sewing, her hand made baby sweater sets, her Fry cake doughnuts, oatmeal fduge cookies, and of course her special pie crust. There’s a special story taught to her by a. elderly lady, when she was first learning to bake. Peggy in turn taught it to Linda. It goes like this, Linda says.

“There once a was King looking for a wife. But he said he would marry the most conscientious . The first lady had enough batter left to make another whole cake.. That won’t do, said the king. The second lady had enough left to fill a cupcake. That won’t do said the King. The third had barely enough to fill a teaspoon. The king replied, “That will be my bride.”

Linda says that every time she bakes, this story “pops up” into her head, and so she always scoops the bowl clean.

Peggy was an avid gardener, and always had a large garden filled with flowers and vegetables. Her favorite flower was a “gloxinia.” She had a saying about giving flowers to others:

“If the plant is given with love, it will bloom forever.

If the plant is given with anger, it will never bloom a single flower.

The week before her passing, Peggy talked with her grand daughter Linda for a long while on the telephone. She was living in Florida by then.

“She always had a “sixth sense” for knowing things,” says Linda. “This was another time, as if she knew. She asked that when the time came, her last wishes were to “Please let me rest for eternity with Eddie.”:

“Please take care of my belongings left in Missouri and send everyone here something that was special to them, to remember me.”

After services in Florida, where she was living at the time of her death, Peggy’s body was transported back to New York. She is interred next to Eddie in Mount Hope Cemetery in Rochester. Her daughter Nancy says she currently has plans to have a neighbor, who does stone carving, recreate for Peggy a tombstone in the same style as the one Peggy made for Eddie a half-century ago.

George Gunkle and Peggy (Messier Byrd) Gunkle, with two of their grandchildren, Linda Callan, left, and Stephen Jeffery “Jeff” Callan, May 1961.

Chapter 13
John F. Callan and Margery Byrd

A photo booth picture from one of the first dates of Margery Byrd, 16, and John F. (Jack) Callan, 17. ca. 1950.

In Rochester in the 1950s, most Catholic children went to all-girl or all-boy Catholic schools. Margery Helene Byrd and John F. " Jack" Callan, Al Callan's parents, were no different.

Margery, born July 21, 1934, attended Mercy High School, and Jack, born April 23, 1933, went to Aquinas Institute. Jack was 17 and Margery 16 when they met at a surprise party thrown in 1950.

"I had just broken up with the guy I was going with," says Margery. "Mary Ann and Johnny DiGenaro, my next door neighbors, said that they wanted me to go. They said the guy throwing the party, named Bernie, wanted me to go. So they convinced me. So we got there, and unbeknownst to me, Bernie had invited another girl as his date. I met Jack and we danced. He asked to take me home." Neither had a car, which meant they had to take a series of city buses.

"Every one in the city then walked or rode buses," Jack says. "Nobody had cars after World War II."

Margery continues: "We got out in Webster and that area, waiting for a bus, and just then Jack's uncle Carl was driving by. Jack said, "Well, Carl can drive us home. Well, I wasn't allowed in cars, so I had to go find a phone and call and ask my dad. He said, Yes."

That night Jack asked Margery out for a date two weeks later, but for some reason, he went to Cayuga Lake with his cousin Pat instead. He never called Margery back either.

"About a month later, in July," Margery says, "Aunt Kay and all of us went to a street dance, and Jack was there. He came over and asked me to dance. I said 'What happened?' and he said 'It was just a mixup,' so we danced, and started going out from that day forward.

"We'd go dancing three nights a week. Wednesdays in lots of places, then Friday night we would go to the Stardust Arena.

"We always went on the bus, and my dad said I had to be in by twelve o'clock and sometimes we would just barely make it. He worked late as a chef, so some nights he would be sitting there in the chair, watching the door when I came in. And God help me if I was late."

That first Christmas after Margery met Jack, her dad invited Jack and his parents George and Gert over for Christmas eve. That is when she met them for the first time. At that time the Byrds were living in a house on a corner across from St. John's Convent.

That Christmas Eddie and Cecilia had given Margery a set of lamps for her bedroom.

"They were like hurricane lamps with red globes," says Margery. "In those days if you had a red light in the window, it meant something else. One night her parent's friends gave them "the business" about the red light shining in their daughter's window. I didn't understand until years later why they took my lamps away."

The two dated for just a year before Jack enlisted in the U.S. Air Force at age 18, in July 1951. He was immediately shipped off to the 5th Air Force in South Korea as a radio specialist in the Korean War, leaving Margery behind to spend her formerly wild weekends

Jack's nickname in Korea was "The knife thrower."

playing Canasta with her future mother-in-law Gert.

"My dad had died when I was a junior in high school, and we lived up stairs at Aunt Kay's," Margery says. "Nancy and mom would go out every Friday night. So I would pack my little suitcase, and ride the bus over to dad's mom's and stay there until Sunday night.

Newlyweds

Margery and Jack got married on August 8, 1953. Jack had completed his tour of duty in South Korea a week before, and proceeded by air transport to Alaska, ship to Seattle and bus across the country to Rochester, arriving the night before their wedding. Having just hit town, and not having seen his bride in two years, he asked his mother what to get Margery for a wedding present. According to Margery, Gert said, "Why not get her a nice cigarette case and lighter?"

The problem, Margery says, is "Jack didn't know I had been smoking. I figured as long as he smoked, why not? When I saw him, he said, "Do you have something to tell me?" I was guilty, but I didn't know of what. Of course, back in those days, everybody did it. It is like sex today. Back then people smoked before they got married. But no one talked about it."

The two honeymooned at Jack's grandfather's cottage on Cayuga Lake, and took a drive down to Newcastle to visit his maternal grandparents.

Jack had a month furlough before he had to report to Mitchell Air Force Base on Long Island, where he would complete the last two years of military service.

Margery got a medical checkup in September due to pains she was having in her stomach. The military doctor who examined her diagnosed her with kidney stones, and also recommended she immediately have a complete hysterectomy because her womb couldn't bear the passage of a child. She says she ran home crying. A neighbor woman heard her sobs, asked what was wrong, then recommended Margery to a second gynecologist. The second doctor said she didn't need a hysterectomy, that her womb was just "tipped." She didn't have the operation, obviously.

"For somebody who wasn't supposed to have any kids, I guess I did okay," Margery says.

Margery and Jack thus settled in to married Catholic life in September. The following month, Marge was expecting her first child, Bernard James Callan.

The couple picked up a used car, a 1943 Black Packard, which had an engine that didn't idle well. To this day, Margery drives with two feet, one on the break and one to keep the engine revved up. They drove the Packard up to Rochester for Christmas and got caught in a snowstorm along the way. Jack was getting paid only $30 a month in the Air Force, and so they had tightly budgeted how much they could afford in gas for the trip. "Everybody said if you can make it home, we will give you money to get back," Margery says.

"It was a terrible drive," Jack recalls. "Just outside of New York City, the heater broke. We stopped next to a service station on a busy street and asked for some help, and the attendant said, 'You get your wife out of that car because there is a 90 percent chance that a disabled car will get hit in the next ten minutes.' That really struck me, and I have listened to that advice ever since."

Jack's favorite picture of "Margie," ca. 1952

Margery continues, "We took off for Rochester with about 15 dollars all together. I had Jack's big blue Air Force jacket, and I had my legs stuck in the arms. I was all curled up in the corner with everything I could get over me. I was having terrible stomach cramps. We tried to find a doctor in Syracuse and there was nothing open."

They pushed on through the snow to Rochester, and had about ten cents worth of gas left when, Jack says, they were the first ones to drive down East Avenue following the blizzard. "There were no tracks on the street at all. Everything was quiet and beautiful."

They got the Packard back to Long Island after Christmas, but didn't dare make the trip in it again. A few months later, when Jack's grandfather Bernard died, Jack's brother George, an Air Force man stationed in Boston, drove down to Long Island, picked them up and drove them to Rochester. Margery recalls that her doctor said she could make the trip as long as she was allowed to stop to go to the bathroom when-

ever she needed to. She says she hardly knew George at that time, and was too embarrassed to tell him she had to go, so held it the whole trip. When she got there, the family wouldn't let her go to the funeral, because they thought it would be too stressful for her. Like the trip hadn't been stressful enough.

A few months after they returned to Long Island, their first son Bernard ("Bernie") James Callan, was born, on June 20, 1954. Because he was born at the base hospital, Bernie's birth cost the couple only $12. Jack's brother George visited them on Long Island and wise cracked that "at this rate, they can afford to have a few more." Their daughter Linda Marie came 10 months after that. She cost only $7.

"It was higher for Bernie because they charged five bucks for circumcision," says Margery. "Like the military doctor said, "The pay isn't great but the tips are good."

In June 1955, Jack was discharged, and the couple moved back to Rochester, where Jack got work as an engineer at Stromberg-Carlson, a military contractor that made electronic components for Titan missiles. They took an apartment around the corner from an apartmet that Jack's sister Betty, and Betty's husband Bill McGlynn, had at that time. Betty and Bill were divorced a few years later, but at that time had had their first child, a son, Billy. who was about one year old. Later in life, Billy and Al's oldest brother Bernie would become best friends.

Jack and Margery lived in that small apartment just a few months, while they waited for an opening at Fernwood Park, an apartment complex that had discounted rent for veterans to $76 a month. They moved in sometime in late 1955. The apartment had two bedrooms and a small living room and kichen. Despite the cramped space, the couple had many parties there over the following year. Jack's cousins Bob and Barb Shroppe, and some friends of Betty's named Joyce and John McGrath, all lived at Fernwood Park as well.

Their daughter Maureen Elizabeth was born there on Jan 4, 1957. During 1957 and 1958, Jack attended Rochester Business Institute, a two-year college, from 8 a.m. to noon every morning. He would come home from school, have lunch, take a nap, and go to work from 3 pm to midnight.

"When he would come home, I would load the kids in the car so he could sleep," Margery says. "With a bunch of rambunctious kids he couldn't get any rest.

Betty and Bill McGlynn, 1953

"I was pregnant for Steve when we were having the house built in Gates. There was a big ditch around the house while they were putting up the foundation. I used to climb the planks. Gert swore I was going to have Steve downtown, because I was going downtown all the time to get the house paperwork settled.

"When I was pregnant for Steve, and the kids found out, we had just bought a new car. I don't know what it was, we had junkers most of the time. One day I found Bernie and Maureen in the bedroom crying. I asked what was a matter. I thought they had gotten hurt. They wanted to know which one of them we were going to trade in on the new baby. Since we traded the old car in on a new car, they thought we were going to trade one of the old babies in on the new baby. Kids get funny ideas."

Of course, sometimes those funny ideas have lasting effects. Consider how Stephen Jeffrey got his name.

"My next door neighbor at Fernwood park and I were pregnant together. Her baby was born about a month before Steve. She named her baby Jeff, and my kids started calling the new baby Jeff. So when the baby was born, Jack said what should we call him. And I said you might as well call him Jeff, because that is what the kids are going to call him.

When he grew up, baby Stephen Jeffery Callan was never fond of this story. At age 14 he started insisiting everyone him Steve. Everyone consented except Linda, who still calls all her younger siblingsby their childhood names: Renie, Jeff, Johnny and Albie.

The couple moved to Gates in 1959, and John Edward (Jan 5, 1961) and Albert Francis (April 26, 1965) were born there. "So then all the kids were all born," says Margery, "and all we had to do was raise them.

Life in Gates

In the early 1960s, Margery and Jack, then in their early 30s, were in one of the happiest times of their lives. Jack has good work, and also had time to join the volunteer fire department in Gates, giving them a whole new crowd of friends. They would hire a babysitter just about every Saturday evening and go out dancing with friends and relatives, including Jack's sister Betty and her boyfriend at the time, Andy, who later became the father of Betty's twins, Beth and Joe.

Despite Jack having a good job, feeding six kids was always a challenge. "I used to say when dad makes a hundred dollars a week we will be on easy street," Marge says. Until then, she made ends meet by buying fruit and vegetables in bulk in the summer and fall and canning for the coming winters.

"I never spent more than $20 a week on groceries," she says. "I


Margery on her honeymoon, August 1953.

used to can every thing. We bought potatoes by the fifty pound bag, and I would go through 25 pounds of flour a week. Uncle Fran was a butcher, so Sunday he would bring the meat and I would furnish the rest.

"I would do all my baking on Fridays, and you kids were always in the kitchen. When it came time to make Christmas cookies, I would bring in extra tables and all the neighbor kids would come over and help too.

"These were certain things I thought were important. Even with the boys, I wanted them to learn how to do stuff, like wash dishes on Sunday, so they would be better equipped to go out in the world. And I wanted them to know how to eat when they went out someplace, so we would always give them a little bit of wine if we had a little bit of wine. Maybe just a teaspoon full.

"Everybody always said the kids were so well behaved. They didn't know what went on at home.

"One time Bernie and Steve had some left over mashed potatoes and started lobbing their mashed potatoes at the ceiling. I went to clean the kitchen later and globs of potatoes were falling down on my head. It was wild with six kids, let me tell you."

When Bernie was about 16 or 17, and Margery was in the Junior Chamber of Commerce, he approached her one day and said, "Mom I really have to give you a pat on the back for what you have done with yourself. Staying involved while raising the family."

Margery says she replied, "Bernie, I have always been this way, it's just that you are finally growing up and seeing me as something other than a piece of furniture."

Money was always tight, but they made ends meet. Margery was so proud of the kids for understanding as they got older. One time Mary Pat Callan, the daughter of Jack's brother and sister-in-law George and Joanne, came to visit. She told Maureen that she wouldn't be caught dead in the shoes Maureen was wearing.

Maureen said "When my mother and dad can get them they will. I am getting them on Friday because I don't need them until then."

Bernie always came home from school early. He and Margery would spend time together before the other kids came home. "I always felt left out as a child, so I always tried to make special time for each one of the kids," she says.

On this day, Bernie said, "if you had gone to work, we could have had a lot more things." Margery told him, "Your father and I talked it over, and we decided it was more important to be here when you went to school and got home

"Years later when Bernie and his wife Mimi had their daughter Marissa, they came to visit for Easter. It was right after she was born. I asked him when Mimi was going back to work, and he said, "She can't go back to work, she has to take care of the baby. " How times change.

Irondequoit in the 1960s

During those years, Jack worked out of a home office selling State Farm Insurance and later, sorted mail at the U.S. Post Office. They moved to an 18-room antebellum mansion in Hilton in the fall of 1966. That winter, Jack lost his job, his car broke down, and the oil heating bills for the mansion were $500 a month.

"Jack hitchhiked through blizzards into Rochester to look for work, but to make ends meet, they closed off most of the house, huddled in two bedrooms under blankets, and the following spring moved back to the city, taking a rental house at 3430 Culver Road in Rochester. Jack got work at R.T. French Company as a junior accountant. For the first several months of his job, they could not afford to buy a car, so he rode to work with his boss, Don Belmont, who lived nearby in Irondequoit.

"We rented the house at first," Margery says. "Mrs. Reynolds, the woman who owned it, was going to live with her daughter, but didn't know if it would work out. So she rented it to us, with the understanding she might want to move back in at any time. Her family told her not to rent to a family with six kids because the house would be destroyed.

"We were just recovering financially from when we lived out in Hilton, We had to get our credit all straightened out, and we started saving money for a down-payment. We rented about six months. Mrs. Reynolds would stop in now and then. I had wall papered the rooms, and we had painted the outside of the house. One day she said, "Marge, if I furnish the lunch, can I invite my sisters for over, I just want to say, I told you so." A short while later she said she would sell it to us."

For one of Margery's birthdays in Irondequoit, Bernie, then about 17, bought her a dining room chandelier. As he was working at Don and Bob's, a hamburger stand at the time, it was obvious he had been saving a long time for the special gift. Margery and Jack have moved the chandelier from house to house their whole live since. They hope to one day pass it on to their granddaughter, Marissa, Bernie's daughter.

During this time, Jack was

The Callan kids in 1964

working at French's and Margery was working at Loblaw's grocery store. One day the wife of Don Belmont, Jack's boss, came into the store, and asked her, "So what do you think about moving to Missouri." Margery responded, "What ever will be will be."

That night, Jack came home and confirmed that French's was moving the factory to Springfield, Missouri. A few months later, in October 1972, they flew to Missouri, French's gave them a cashier's check for a down-payment, and they bought a brand new house on Sherwood Road.

"That was the easiest house we ever bought," Margery says. "We filled out the papers and it was ours. We picked out all the carpets and the counters, and then we moved in three months later. All I had to do when we moved in was some painting, and put a banister on the stairs to the basement."

On January 5, 1973, Jack and Margery loaded into their blue Pontiac station wagon and moved to Sprinfield, Missouri.

Bernie, who was 19 by then and had been out of the house for a year, stayed behind in Rochester.

Linda, who would be 18 that coming May, had graduated from Eastidge High in Rochester a year earlier. She moved with the family to Springfield, but moved back and forth to Rochester three or four times before settling down and marrying Steven Lowery in Springfield, in 1974.

During the next few years, the four youngest children, Maureen, Steven, John and Al, all made new friends and happy new lives in Springfield. The day after Al graduated from 8th grade, the Callans moved to Eldon, Missouri, where Jack had taken a job as the comproller of Fasco Industries. Al attended high school there, and went to college just up the road in Columbia, at Columbia College. It was in Columbia, while managing Brugger's Bagel Bakery, that Al met Nancy McClary, his future bride.

Linda got married to Steven Lowery in 1974, and had two children in the following few years, Steven Lowery Junior and Lisa Lowery.

Bernie was married in the summer of 1978 to the former Miriam Rushton. They had a daughter, Marissa, who was a week shy of a year old when Bernie died in a car accident in March of 1980.

Meanwhile, Maureen, Steve and John all started college at the local Southwest Missouri State University in Springfield.

Maureen became a respiratory therapist and joined the Air Force reserves. She traveled all over the world, and eventually settled down in Cocoa Beach, Florida, where she married Bill Brower on Sept. 11, 1999, and where they both now live.

The Callan kids in 1968

Stephen went on to graduate from SMSU with a bachelors in chemistry, and got two masters degrees, one in business and the other in chemistry from the University of Missouri Rolla. While attending Rolla, he met Jayne Gaydos, they married and had two children, Nicole "Nikki," and Tyler. Steve started his own company as a polymer chemist, which continues in to this day. He and Jayne divorced in 1999. He got engaged to Ellen Kastner in the year 2001, and they plan a late 2002 wedding.

John wrote this book, with skills he attained while earning a masters degree in journalism at the University of Missouri. After stints at People magazine and at newspapers in California, and Budapest, Hungary, he moved to Seattle, found his love of a lifetime, the former Julie Kay Fadenrecht, and got married in 1996. John and Julie have two wonderful children, Brendan Riley and Hannah Nicole, and now live in Woodinville, Washington.

And then there is Al, who is featured in the next chapter.

Al Callan, the last of the Callan kids to leave home, pictured with parents, Marge and Jack Callan, on his graduation from Eldon High School, May 1984.

Chapter 14

Letter from Mom: Margery Callan's memories of Al Callan's childhood

Albert Francis Callan was born at Genesee Hospital in Rochester, New York, on April 26, 1965. He was the sixth child and fourth son of John F. "Jack" Callan and Margery "Marge" Helene (Byrd) Callan.

When Al was born, the family was living at 106 Coldwater Road in Gates, a suburb outside of Rochester with a very small-town feel. As was said above, Al was the sixth child born to the family. Al's five older siblings were Bernard James (Bernie); Linda Marie, Maureen Elizabeth; Stephen Jeffery; and John Edward Callan..

A few weeks before Al's wedding on April 20, 2002, Al's mother, Margery "Marge" Callan, recalled many stories of his birth and childhood. They are recorded in this chapter. She starts the story a year before Al was conceived.

"I thought I was pregnant two months before (I got pregnant with Al)," Marge says.

"Dad was just as excited with each one of the kids as he was with the one before. I would be thinking, Oh God, how are we going to support another one.

He said, "It's your job to have them and my job to support them. So I thought, well we will have one more, to even it out. Three boys and three girls. Al was supposed to be called Laurie Anne. But I wouldn't trade him for anything."

"When I woke Dad up and told him it was time to go," Marge says, "we loaded all the kids in the car and took them up to Aunt Margaret's and Uncle Albert's. The kids stayed there and dad took me to the hospital."

(Uncle Albert was the brother of George Callan, little Albert's paternal grandfather. He was married to the former Margaret Cunningham, of Ponca City, Oklahoma. Margaret's sister Ursula, who still lived in Ponca City at the time, used to visit the family when they moved to Springfield, Mo.)

After Al was born," Marge goes on, "Jack and I talked it over and we decided to name him after Uncle Al. Uncle Al was like a fairy godmother to us. When we moved into the house on Coldwater Road, it was the first house that we owned. It only had two bedrooms, but that was all we could afford with a V-A loan. (Jack was a Korean War vet.)

It had an unfinished "expansion" attic. I used to put the rest of you kids to sleep in the one bedroom. Bernie would sleep in our bedroom till we went to bed, then I would carry Bernie out to the couch where I made a bed for him.

Uncle Al would come out every couple of weeks. He would always bring out bananas, and candy for the kids. One day he said "How long can this go on," because we didn't have enough space. He turned to Jack and said, "Saturday I am renting a U-haul and I am taking you down to the hardware store and we are going to buy everything you need to build out the rooms in the attic."

Jack said, 'We haven't got the money." Uncle Al just said, "I didn't ask you that. Can you do the work?"

So we put two big bedrooms in there, one for the boys and one for the girls. And one was pink and white and was blue and white. We moved the kids up stairs. Then we used the downstairs room for dad's office. He was selling State Farm Insurance at the time.

Uncle Al had just two daughters, Pat and Jerry, and no sons to carry on his name. When we decided to name Al after Uncle Al, all Dad's relatives said it was too old a name for a baby.

After Al was born, Dad (Jack) left the hospital and went up to Uncle Al's to pick up the kids. And he told Uncle Al we had named the baby after him.

The next day Uncle Al showed up at the hospital with

Margery and little Albie on "The Hill," in front yard of Nancy and George Nunamaker's home in Naples, New Yor. ca. June 1968.

both arms loaded. He had stuffed animals, candy and everything else, and he was smiling ear to ear. The woman at the hospital thought he was the husband. I said, no it's my uncle. He was just so proud to have someone to carry on his name.

Then we brought Al home to Coldwater Road. We had him in the downstairs bedroom, so it would be closer to us. That was in the days when were running around with our friends the Gagnons, the Eisenhowers, and Betty and Andy, Jack's sister and her boyfriend at the time. Andy was the father of Beth and Joey, the twins. But that was later.

A few months after Al was born, we were going down to the Gagnon's, to a big Fourth of July picnic. I had Al in the crib, but by the time I got the other five kids ready, the first had to be changed again, so I told dad to start getting the kids in the car, and put Al in the car bed.

So we get down to Gagnon's about a half block down the road, I go to get Al out of the car bed and he wasn't there. He was back at the house in the crib.

Needless to say, we took off running to go back home. He was fine, sleeping sound away, no problem. I brought him down to the party and carried on from there.

Next, we moved to Hilton, and that's where John started school. We stayed there one winter, then we moved to Irondequoit, and all of the kids were in school except for Al, so he was my constant companion.

Actually it is a miracle he turned out as well as he did. He was like an only child the first five years of his life, and when we moved up to Eldon, it was the same thing. And yet he didn't turn out to be spoiled at all.

When we first moved to Rochester, there were no kids around, because they were all in school. So one day Al goes knocking on doors in the neighborhood, and asking who ever answers if they have any kids for him to play with. That's how he met the retired couple next door, Millie and George Endress. He used to spend all his time over there.

I started working when he started kindergarten. Mum and dad (Peggy and George Gunkel, Marge's mother and stepfather) used to come down for the weekend. This one weekday I had made arrangements with George and Millie to watch Al before I got home from work. I used to work at Loblaw's (grocery store). I would go in at 10 and get off at 2, and Al would get home from kindergarten at noon. There was a bus stop right in front of our house. He used to go to Millie and George's next door until I got home from work, for that two hours.

Well it was a holy day, and mom and dad were there, so George and Millie figured my mom and dad would be there for Al. So they went to church. Al went off to school in the morning. And I went to work at ten.

When Al got home, there was nobody at George and Millie's, and there was nobody at our house. And it was raining. I had sent him to school with a little pair of shorts and a t-shirt. So he went down the street knocking on doors. And there was another George, another elderly man. So he takes Al and brings him up to the store where I was working.

Poor little Al was sitting up in front of the store when I found him, crying constantly, because he was scared to death. He felt like he was abandoned. It took him a couple of weeks before he would trust me again that I was not going to leave him. When he got outside it was raining, and we went out of Loblaw's, hanging on to me like he was never going to let me go.

I walked to work, so George said, I will give you a ride home, and Al didn't want to get in the car, he was afraid I was going to drop him off someplace. It took Al a week before he would go to school without crying.

Al might not have been so alone if his father had had his way, Marge jokes.

"Dad wanted twelve. He wanted a dozen. I spent 54 months being pregnant. But after Al, they told me I couldn't have any more. In those years, if you were Catholic you couldn't use birth control. Finally my doctor went to the priest. The doctor

put me on the pill anyway.

He told the priest, Look, you want to raise the kids? She can't have any more, she's worn out. The priest wouldn't give me a dispensation, but he told me I had to confess it. That was when I started going to confession only once a year.

When I went to register the kids at school, I used to keep a list of all the kids and the birthdates in my purse. When I registered the kids in Gates, I knew the gal in the office. We went down the forms and she saw the piece of paper." She said, "Marge, what happened between John and Al?, meaning the four-year gap. I said, "No parties."

Al's ear infection

When Al was about a year and a half old. and just talking a little, he got up in the morning and he was pulling on his ear. He kept saying, "Hurts. Hurts."

I called the doctor across the street, I said I think he has an ear infection, and the nurse said I could make an appointment for the next morning.

So I put him in for his nap, and when he got up, his whole head was distorted. By this time, his ear was pointing straight out from his head. I said can I bring him right over, and the nurse said "You have an appointment tomorrow." I said he could have brain damage by tomorrow, and she said "that's the chance you

take."

We didn't have a car then – dad was riding to work with his boss Don Metzger to a new job at R.T. French Company. I called dad at work and said you get your mother or somebody and get over here, we are taking him to the emergency room.

We got him to an emergency room and the young doctors had never seen a mastoid infection. Finally an old doctor came through and said, "My god." It was a mastoid.

Al was in the hospital for ten days, and it was touch and go. With a mastoid, you can have brain damage or die. We got him through that, we got him home, and he was home about two days. I went in to change him after his nap and his skin was all black on his bottom, in the whole diaper area, like he was burnt.

I called Uncle George, and he took us back to the doctors. The doctor said that it was a diaper rash. I had been watching him like a hawk since he got to go home. I knew it was no diaper rash. They finally decided it was a penicillin reaction. They were pumping him full of penicillin every four hours to get him through the ear infection. He has been allergic to penicillin ever since.

Al first road trip

When Al was about three, he had a little turquoise scooter, like a big wheel. He was outside the house in Irondequoit playing one day. Gramma and Grampa, Jack's parents, had come over. We were talking, when all of a sudden, we realized Al had just taken off. He was half way to St. Salome's Church, many blocks away, by the time we found him. He just decided to take a ride.

Another time, he went for a ride with Timmy Sykes next door on a real bike. He wasn't supposed to leaving the yard, and the neighbors came running and told us he had cut his whole chin open. He had gone over the handlev bars and landed on the street down on Garford Avenue. He cut his whole chin open.

Special times with Al and Mom

I said before he was my constant companion. When he

Johnny and Albie Callan at Walt Disney World, Christmas 1972.

was about four, we used to get everything done in the morning and then go to the bus stop right in front of the house, get on the city bus and we would go downtown. He loved the big clock at the mall down there, and he used to love to throw pennies in the wishing well. Sometimes we would go to Grandma Callan's for lunch. Once a week we would take a little fun ride. I would take him around to see different things, so he wouldn't feel like he was alone all the time.

He liked to eat peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, but he had to have you make it with peanut butter on one side and jelly on the other, then put it together. You couldn't just spread the jelly on the peanut butter.

He used to go to the playground at Whipple Lane School in the summer. They had a pet day. So you had to have costumes for the pet. His pet was a turtle. We had a cat and the turtle. So I made a clown costume for the turtle. Al would cry because I made the hat with a little snap, and every time the turtle pulled the head in, the hat would come off.

One time I called the doctor because Al wouldn't eat anything. He was always a good eater, so I figured there must be something wrong with him. Next day I was out in the yard working in the garden, and Millie and George were out there. And George says, "Oh, Millie is

Fiddle lessons with Shirley Paul Hees, ca. 1982

having a ball." They didn't have any grandkids because their son became a priest and their daughter was a nun.

I said, "What do you mean? He said she had been making dinner for Al at four o'clock every day for the past week. So naturally he didn't want to eat at six. Up until the time we left Springfield, every year they sent him a birthday card with a dollar in it.

Al's first violin

Al's older brother Bernie came home from school one day and wanted to play the clarinet. We went through the whole business of buying the clarinet on time. And after two years, he couldn't play Twinkle Twinkle Little Star. It was terrible. Bernie had some crazy band in the basement, but none of them could play anything either.

Along came Al and when we went to Missouri, he said he wanted to play violin. Dad said, here we go again. Dad called down to school, and found out about the classes. We went to a yard sale the following Saturday, and bought his first violin. It belonged to a kid who had won all kinds of fiddling contests, that played at the Baldknobbers (a hillbilly revue in Branson, Missouri). It was his first fiddle. But it was all beat up. Dad bought it for 20 bucks or something, so dad worked on it like a Trojan. He completely restored it and refinished it by hand, rubbed the varnish in with his own fingers. That was Al's first violin.

Al started taking lessons, and after a year he couldn't read music. Al learned on the Suzuki method. They teach you to hear the music. They don't even teach you to read music for the first two years. He hears the music, and can make his fingers play anything he wants.

He took lessons, played at school, played at Christmas concerts, and he played in the Springfield Youth String Orchestra.

Then when we moved up to Eldon, Missouri, they didn't have any strings. He started playing the sousaphone. He had played for his teacher on the violin. And they wanted him to play a theme for the Christmas concert. He said, "Mom, I can't do it, my bow needs to be restrung. I said to him, "Where am I going to get it fixed up here?"

There was a little music store, Vernon Music, and Al had gone out with the owner's daugh-

Al's biggest fans are his parents, Marge and Jack Callan, who posed wth him backstage after one of Al's gigs in Oregon.

ter. They said there was a guy on one of the nearby side streets, Shirley Paul Hees, who did restringing in the area. I went over and knocked on his door.

He said, “I will call you when it is ready. When you come to pick it up, bring the youngster with ya.”

I picked up dad at work, picked Al up at school and we went over to Shirley Paul’s for the first time. He took us down in the basement music room, he got out one of his fiddles and had Al play a tune. He played some classical number.”

Shirley said, “That crap won’t make it around here. He said, you gotta play the real stuff, not sissy music.”

Shirley played this real complicated hoe down, played it through once. He hands Al the fiddle, and says let’s see what you can do. Al played it through perfect. Shirley said, “Okay, Wednesday night you come over here for practice.”

So Al started going over every Wednesday night for practice. Of course he didn’t sing in those days, just played the fiddle. Then Shirley Paul got him going on the guitar. And then the drummer quit. So he put Al back on the drums. Al turned out to be the best doggone drummer in twenty counties. You can tell a good drummer by the number of people that get up and dance.

Shirley put a mike back by the drums and finally got him singing. He would just sing the words at first. I said, Al if you are going to make it, you have to make every woman in the room think you are singing to her, you can’t just sing words. He sure did that.

When Al started playing out in bars, he was only 14. We had to go up to Jeff City, the state capitol, to make sure it was okay. He was mainly playing in beer gardens. They said as long as he had a guardian with him it was okay, but if he ever touched a drink he was out.

I used to take him to all the fiddle contests in the area. I remember when we were in Springfield, we went to a contest and all the girls were throwing their keys at him, he was around 16. His brothers were home from college and they were wondering how come Al was getting all the action.

Al called me when Nancy first came up to Seattle. He called me and told me he was going out with a new girl. He told me the story of them going out in college. He says, Mom, I think this is it. So then he was hanging around and hanging around and not getting around to asking her.

I said “Al, get busy kid.”

“He said, I can’t ask her until I have a ring.

“I said, she doesn’t care about a ring, she cares about you.”

Nancy

Sixth birthday

Three months old

Seventh birthday

College, Univ ersity of Missouri, Columbia

Kindergarten

3rd Grade Christmas Program

Kevin, Nancy and cousin Robbie

Grade 1

Grade 2

Grade 3

Grade 4

Grade 5

Grade 6

Grade 7

Grade 8

Grade 9

Grade 10

Grade 11

Grade 12

A I

First Place, Pie Eating Contest 1973

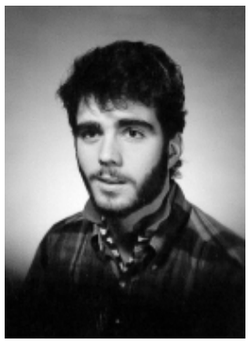
Making Rope at Silver Dollar City, 1973

Age 8

Age 9

First train set, Christmas 1974

Age 16



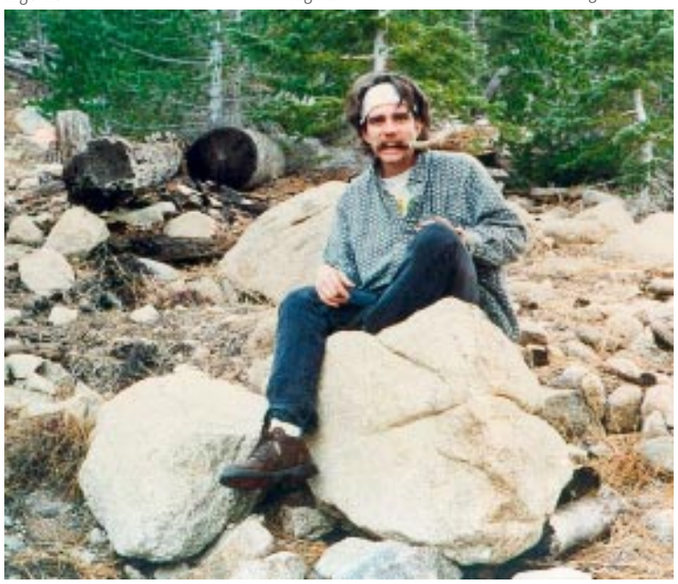
Age 18

Age 21

Age 28

Age 10

First tuxedo, Fall 1976

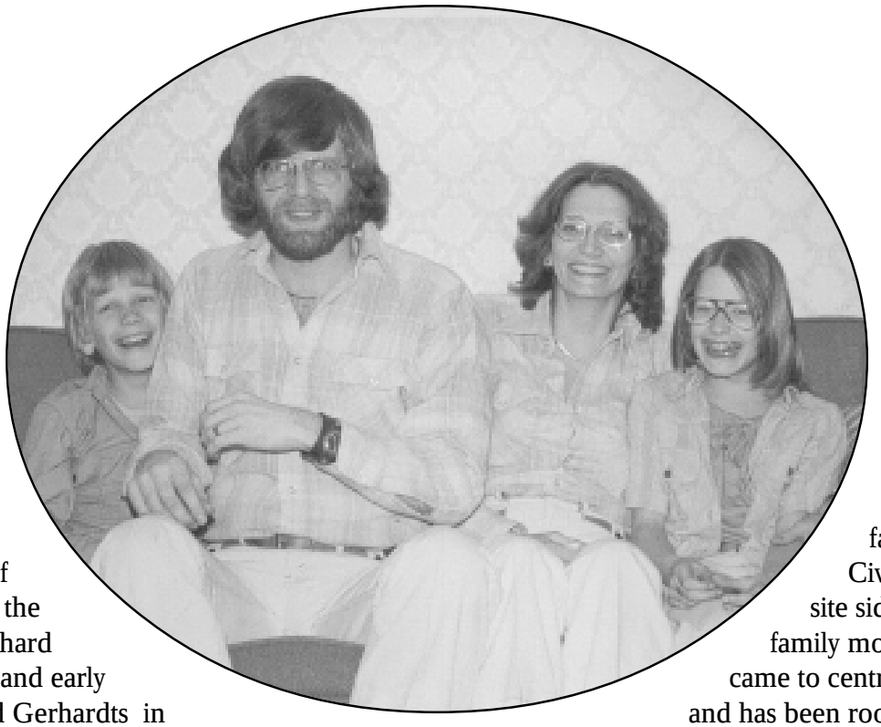


Al, the Rowdy mountain man, in San Gabriel Mountains

Al, the sensitive city man, with dog Barney at Citrus Restaurant in Hollywood

Age TK

Chapter 15
Introduction: The McClary Family of Cooper County



It is common to trace ancestry by the paternal line, for it is the father's last name that is usually carried forward in the family. In Nancy McClary's family, pictured on this page, much is known about the ancestry of both her mother's and father's line.

On the McClary side, the lineage has been traced back to the mid 1800s, beyond which evidence of the family dims. Still, it is known that the McClarys today come from humble, hard working roots. During the late 1800s and early 1900s the McClarys, Brownfields and Gerhardts in central Missouri were primarily farmers, either owning their own land, renting it, or working as farm laborers. Some operated businesses such as grocery stores, gas stations and restaurants, some were school teachers, and one owned an automobile and farm implement dealership. The three families today still include some farmers, many blue collar workers, and a number of successful business and professional persons. Oral family history indicated that the most distant known ancestor, John Robert McClary (?-1862), was born in Ireland and came to Cooper County, Missouri around 1850.

The Davis family record goes back more than a hundred years further, to a Thomas Davis born in 1735. Nancy's cousin, John Murray Davis, notes that the Davis clan has always been known as a family of avid story tellers. Perhaps that is how they were able to keep their history alive. From the tales included here in, it appears that they had wonderful material to work with.

While the Davis name goes back only to 1735, the Davis family has roots going back to the 1500s, and has a family tree that sprawled across Alabama and Georgia in the 18th century. By the mid 19th century, ancestors of both the Davis and McClary families were fighting in The Civil War, apparently on opposite sides. After the war, the Davis family moved from Alabama to Kansas, came to central Missouri in the early 1900s, and has been rooted in Boonville, seat of Cooper County, ever since.

As for the McClarys, they settled around Boonville about 1850, and in the early 1900s lived in the vicinity of the small town of Blackwater, about 15 miles up the road from Boonville. It's in this small town (population: 100), reconstructed to reflect that bygone era, that Al Callan and Nancy McClary chose to be wed, on April 20, 2002.

The information in the following narrative was researched and written down in the 1970s and 1980s by Nancy McClary's parents, Mary Elizabeth Davis and Hubert Clinton "Bert" McClary. The lineages of James Robert McClary (?-1862) and Cynthia Ann Marrs (1814-c. 1874) were not discovered at that time, and additional research has not been done.

The descendants of John Brownfield (1791-1851) are documented in an 800 page manuscript compiled in the late 1980s, with much of the on-site cemetery research being done by Clinton

McClary. Additional oral history from family members was obtained by Bert McClary on the subjects included here.

The descendants of Martin Gerhard (c. 1633-1688) include Joseph Gerhardt (1857-1922), whose descendants are documented in a 60-page manuscript which is continuously updated.

Just before Christmas, 1988, Beth assembled a beautiful album of family photos and memories, from which most of this section is excerpted. She gave one of the albums to each of her children, and one to each of her nieces and nephews.

In her dedication, she offered the following:

"I have put together this book...so that you can remember your grandfather Davis and know a little about the family he and your grandmother came from.

"I want you to share in the history of this family and make it your own. Someday when you have children of your own, you can get his album out and show them the pictures. This is your family, be proud of it and work hard to make it proud of you."

Just a few weeks before Nancy's marriage to Al Callan, Beth wrote a letter recalling the events leading up to the Sept. 7, 1966 birth of Nancy.

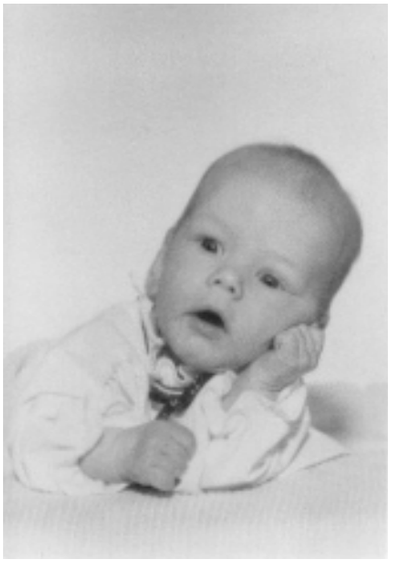
"I became pregnant with Nancy at the only time I could, so that I could work and Bert could finish school. My mom had not wanted us to get married when we did because she was afraid that if I got pregnant right away, Bert would have to quit school and he would never amount to anything with out an education.

I promised her I would not get pregnant until at least December so that I could work to make ends meet until graduation. She told me I couldn't be sure of something like that. In those days birth control was not something ex-nuns partook of.

Anyway I was right, I got pregnant in December and was never sick a day and felt really good. I had an opportunity to have a promotion at my job, but I told them no because I was expecting, and I didn't want to make any long term commitments to anything but the child I was carrying.

The worst thing about the pregnancy was the fact that my mom was very ill and dying of cancer during this time. We would drive home from Kansas City every weekend to be with her and it was a very trying time. My mom so wanted to live to see Nancy born and she lived by sheer will for a good three months trying to wait. As it was she died on July 23, 1966 and Nancy was born on Sept. 7 of that year. It had been a trying time for me and after Nancy was born I weighed less than I had when I became pregnant.

"Because we had Nancy when we did it probably affected the outcome of our lives as well as hers. We had talked about living and working in Kansas City



Nancy McClary, age 3 months

after Bert got out of school. But with a new baby we decided that maybe Boonville would be a better and safer and more secure place to raise a child. It would be closer to family and a built- in support system. I am so glad that we did. Even though we spent a few years in Columbia, because I was close to home I was able to take care of my father and reestablish a love for him and the home place.

"I don't remember much about Nancy's birth other than it took close to 24 hours for it to be over. I was sitting in the car on the top of a hydraulic lift while Bert was changing the oil in the car when my contractions started. We went home and got ready for bed but as the evening went on it was pretty apparent that I was going to have a baby whether I was ready or not. We went to the hospital and 18 hours after I got there Nancy was born.

She was a beautiful and wonderful baby and we were so excited. When I took her home it was a little freighting and it caused me to miss my mother even more. Nancy was such a good baby and hardly ever cried. She didn't sleep as much as most babies seemed to but she would just lie in her bed and look around and be content. She was and is the best daughter any one could ask for and I hope and pray everyday for her happiness and that she will find the love and support from a man that I have found with her father and that someday she will know the joy of motherhood and the profound emotions that come with it."

Beth closed the letter with a special wish for her daughter.

"I love you more than words can ever express," Beth wrote.

"I love you as only a mother can love her first-born child. You have made me so proud over the years and I know that you will continue to be a delightful and loving daughter and friend.

"May you always be as happy as you are today."

Love,

Mom

Chapter 16
James Robert McClary and Cynthia Ann Marrs

James Robert McClary is the most distant known McClary ancestor of Nancy McClary. The location and date of his birth are not known, although oral family history indicates he was born in Ireland or Virginia, and came to Cooper County from Virginia. He and his family lived southeast of Pilot Grove in the 1850s. He married Cynthia Ann Marrs and they had three children: John Robert, James Brooklyn (Jim) and George Washington. Cynthia also had an older son Joshua M. Stone.

James was a farmer and was characterized as a short, fiery tempered Irishman. During the Civil War the "bushwhackers" were very active in west central Missouri and several murders of Cooper County citizens are attributed to them. James was opposed to their activities, and occasionally had to hide from them, and his son John would take him clothes and food.

On one occasion in about September 1862, the bushwhackers took his horses and cattle while he was gone, except for one old mare, which no one but James or Cynthia could catch. He went to get them back. He probably went with his gun and unfortunately was killed. An article in the **Boonville Weekly Monitor** on March 19, 1864 states:

> **Mr. J. Hildebridal, of Pilot Grove township, who has been confined in the Cooper county jail about 18 months, charged with "murder in the first degree," of one McCleary, of the same neighborhood, had a trial a the present term of our Circuit Court, and the jury, soon after retiring from the court room, returned a verdict of "not guilty.The killing of McCleary by Hildebridal, from the evidence, appears to have been an act of self-defence on his own premises.**

When the bushwhackers took property from citizens they sometimes provided Confederate notes in payment, but Cynthia burned the notes, believing they were worthless.

Cynthia Ann Marrs McClary was born in Virginia and had a son Joshua Stone who was born in Virginia. She could not read or write, but did own about $800 worth of property in 1870. She was alive in 1874 when John was married, but by 1880 Joshua, George and Jim had moved to Grundy County in northwest Missouri near other members of the Marrs family, and Cynthia is no longer listed in the census records.

Oral family history indicates Cynthia was "half Indian," and history of the Marrs family in Grundy County also indicates that "some were dark-skinned with dark hair and some were light-skinned with blond hair."

The Marrs family moved to Grundy County from Tazewell County in the mountains of western Virginia. Oral history from Marrs descendants in Tazewell County states that some were indentured servants when they came to the United States, and some "ran off to the mountains and married with the Indians." Those who remain in the town of Tazewell do not associate with those who live in the mountains. A detailed genealogy of the Marrs family in Tazewell County was destroyed by a family member who was a fundamentlist preacher and was embarrassed that such a history, including interracial marriage, had been recorded.

Chapter 17
John Robert McClary and Mary Nancy Brownfield

John Robert McClary, ca. 1930.

John Robert McClary was born on 31 Oct. 1852 in Jackson County, Mo. He died on 23 June 1943 in Cooper County, Mo. He married **Mary Nancy Brownfield** on 10 Feb. 1874. She was born on 27 Feb. 1856 near Pilot Grove, Mo. She died on 23 June 1893 near Pilot Grove, Mo.

Mary Nancy "Nannie" was one of five children born near Pilot Grove to Jonas Brownfield and Jael K. Collins. Nannie was never well, as she had "rheumatism" and "heart trouble." Her mother Jael stayed with her after Jonas died. Nannie died at age 36.

John Robert McClary was the eldest son of James and Cynthia McClary. The family moved around quite a bit when he was younger, at one time living just past the Prairie Lick store. After John Robert's father James died, the family did not have much money, and not much variety in meals, living mostly on fat meat and fried potatoes. Even though they always had chickens around, they never had fried chicken.

One time John and a hired hand, while employed by a neighbor, sprinkled chicken food in front of the barn door and scared the mules out, and two or three chickens were trampled to death. Instead of eating the chickens, their employer dressed the chickens and took them to town to sell. The same employer would feed them breakfast when they stayed overnight instead of going home, but his wife would put out butter only for her husband.

One morning John said "I'm going to have some butter, I'll take half and you take half." The employer said to his wife "I guess you better get out a little more butter." In the fall before they started wearing shoes the boys would scare up the geese in the morning and stand where they had been nesting, to warm their feet.

John had very little schooling and could not read and write at age 16, but he learned later from his employers. He stayed with his mother and brothers and worked as a farm laborer, returning his pay to his mother. He married Mary Nancy Brownfield (Nannie) in 1874. He asked his mother for money to buy a new suit and "she kicked him out."

John and Nannie had seven children: William Edward (Will), Charles Franklin, Everett Robert, a daughter who was a twin to Everett who died at age 5 days, John Raymond ("Ray," who was Bert's grandfather), George Curtis (Shorty), and Pearl May, who died at age 6 months.

Nannie died about one month after giving birth to Pearl May. After Nannie died Pearl May was kept by a relative until she died. John had helped to lay out the cemetery at Wesley Chapel and received a free plot. After Nannie died the older boys were old enough to work out on their own, but still came home sometimes.

John would take Ray and Shorty, who were about six and four years old, to the field with him, then come home, clean them up, cook supper, and fix lunch for the next day. Sometimes his sister-in-law would help him take care of the younger boys. John could not trust Will to help take care of the boys; Will had quite a temper and was mean to the boys. At that time they lived west of Peninsula, near Chimney Rock.

After the boys left home John moved to Kansas City and worked at Mt. Washington Cemetery. He helped Will build a house in Independence, using a large carpenter's hammer with a long hand-made hickory handle, which has been passed

through the generations to his great-great-great grandson Steven McClary. Then he moved back to Cooper County to live with Ray and Ray's family for 14 years. John's daughter-in-law Stella and his grandson Clinton both speak very highly of him, generally describing him as a "fine old man" who was friendly, kind, considerate and helpful. He was good to Stella and helped her with chores around the house. He taught Clinton to "clean off that hoe and shovel and put them away. When you want to use them again they will be ready."

John, Ray and the boys didn't go to church much, but John was baptized when he was 78 years old. When Ray left the family Stella could not afford to keep John, so John stayed with Everett and Will, dying at Will's home in 1943.

John Robert McClary (second from left) and his sons Everett, Charley, Will, George, Ray

The father of Mary Nancy Brownfield, **Jonas Brownfield,** was born 12 Nov. 1820 in Augusta County, Virginia. He married Jael K. Collins on 11 July 1845 in Cooper County. She was born in 1819 and died in Oct. 1887. Jonas migrated with his parents, John Brownfiled and Susan Fauber Brownfield to Tazewell and Woodford Counties in Illinois, then into Pettis County, Missouri in 1838. Jonas and Jael had five children: Susan Francis ("Fannie"); Mary Nancy (Nannie); James Fanklin, Gideon A. and Augustus. Jonas may have served in the Civil War with his brothers. Jael was his midwife. Abraham "Abe" Brownfield, Jonas's half brother, was the father of Stella Ida Brownfield, Bert's paternal grandmother. As Jonas was the grandfather of Ray McClary and Abe was the father of Ray's wife, Stella Brownfield McClary, Nancy McClary's great-great-great-great grandfather John Brownfield and her great-great-great grandfather John Brownfield were the same person. There is more information about Abe on page 72.

John Brownfield was born in 1791 in Augusta County, Va. He died on 8 Sep 1851 in Pettis County, Mo. He married **Catherine Shover** on 22 Oct 1829 in Augusta County, Va. She was born in 1801 in Augusta County, Va. She died on 3 Mar 1859 in Pettis County, Mo.

John Brownfield served in the War of 1812. He married twice and had 16 children.

His first wife, **Susannah Fauber** was born in 1793 in Augusta County, Va. She died in Mar 1828 in Augusta County, Va.

The children by his wife Susannah Fauber were: Elizabeth, John J., Thomas, Christian, Jonas (see above), Susan, Daniel, Catherine and Joel.

The children by his second wife Catherine Shover were: Jonathan, Rebecca, David, Martin, Abraham (Abe), Gideon, and Samuel. In 1832 he moved with 14 children, his two brothers and their families from Virginia to Illinois, and in 1838 to Pettis County in west central Missouri.

The descendants of John Brownfield (1791-1851) are documented in an 800-page-manuscript compiled in the late 1980s, with much of the on-site cemetery research being done by Clinton McClary. As of this writing, Bert McClary is in possesion of a bound copy of this volume.

Chapter 18
John Raymond McClary and Stella Brownfield

John Raymond "Ray" McClary and Stella Ida (Brownfield) McClary..

John Raymond "Ray" McClary, the fifth of seven children of JohnRobert and Mary Nancy Brownfield McClary, was born on 3 May 1888 in Cooper County, Mo.

Ray died on 26 Sep 1967 in Kansas City, Mo. He married Stella Ida Brownfield on 19 Jan 1910 in Cooper County Mo. She was born on 28 Apr 1887 in Cooper County Mo. She died on 15 Mar 1983 in Boonville, Mo.

Stella was the youngest of six children of Abraham Brownfield and Surilda Gourley. Stella did not have much of a social life as her parents were old, and they did not go out much. Her father was crippled from a childhood illness and died when Stella was 18. There were some friends and family in the neighborhood that she visited with. Her school was about 2 ½ miles away. She went to school until she was about 16. After she quit school, she stayed at home and worked until she married Ray in 1910.

After Ray left in 1937, Stella and her son Clinton moved to Boonville where she worked at the Hamilton-Brown shoe factory for 13 years. In 1950 she married a long-time friend Albert H. Alley, who was a widower. They made their home southeast of Peninsula for several years.

Bert, Nancy McClary's father, enjoyed visiting them because they had an old plow horse he would let Bert ride, and Grandpa Alley would also let Bert drive his tractor all over the farm and up and down the road. Once he ran out of gas and had to walk home.

Later they moved to Boonville near Clinton's home. Albert died in 1970. Stella lived for a number of years with Clinton and his family, suffered a broken hip at age 88, and died just before her 96th birthday.

Ray McClary was the second to the youngest of the surviving children of John and Nannie. He had known Stella Ida Brownfield, his future wife, since they were children. Stella's Uncle Isaac lived near the John McClary household, so when they went to visit they played with the neighbor children. Ray and Stella married in 1910 and lived primarily in the Peninsula, Pilot Grove and Blackwater neighborhoods. They moved to Independence for a short while because Will, Everett and John were there. Ray worked in a grocery store, but he did not like inside work. Stella had a goiter and was nervous and sick. She had thought she wouldn't have to do so much work if they lived in town. Since they did not like the city, they moved back to Cooper County. They had two sons,

Everett Roscoe (Buster) and Clinton Wilbur.

Ray worked mostly as a farm laborer, rented land, share cropped, was a blacksmith in Blackwater, and delivered mail. He also worked as a construction laborer when U.S. Highway 40 was built through central Missouri, and provided a team of horses and a wagon to haul dirt. They purchased a 300 acre farm in 1928, but lost everything when the holder of the note committed suicide.

In 1932 Ray left the family for about three months, and then left permanently in 1937. He moved to Boonville and worked in construction. Ray and Stella were divorced in about 1943.

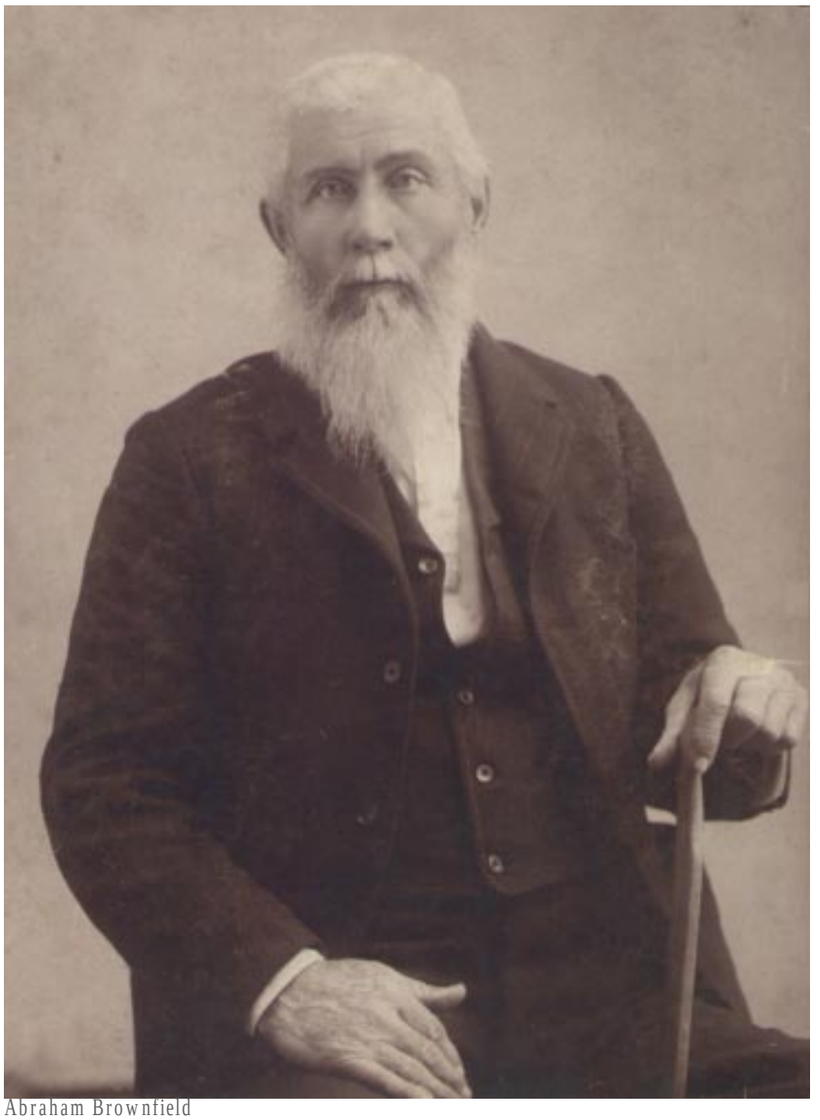
Ray then moved to Kansas City to work for Montgomery Ward as a security guard. He married Millie Cartner Carey who was also from Boonville. Ray was a big, robust man who smoked and had a gruff voice, but he was cheerful, smiled a lot and had wavy gray hair. He visited Clinton and his family in Boonville periodically, but the relationship was strained for many years. When Bert was younger he thought "Grandpa McClary" was rich, though he wasn't. He did have a new car, and during one of these visits Ray left his wallet in the bathroom, and Bert was tempted to look through it. Bert discovered Ray had a one-hundred dollar bill tucked in the wallen's hidden compartment. Bert had never seen one before. Ray and Millie lived in the same house at 324 S. Lawndale until he died in 1967, the day after his first grandson, John Kevin McClary, was born.

Stella Brownfield's father, **Abraham "Abe" Brownfield,** was born on 18 Jan 1838 in Pettis County, Mo. He married **Surilda Margaret Gourley**. She was born on 10 Jul 1844 in Trigg County, Kentucky.

Abe had one child, Frances (Fannie), from his first marriage to Frances Edwards, and six children from his marriage to Surilda M. Gourley: These were Eva Lenora (Ev), Henry Ernest, Margaret Ardella (Del), John Waldo, Daniel Arthur and Stella Ida.

Abe walked with a noticeable limp and used a cane throughout most of his life. Stella said he had "rheumatic fever" when he was 12 and one of his legs never fully develope. It is possible the disease was polio.

As he was unable to do hard farm work, his older brother Thomas encouraged him, and he became a schoolteacher. He bought a farm northwest of Pilot Grove and built a new house on it in 1887, which was completed just before Stella was born. Abe taught for 27 years, mostly at the Clear Creek school. Surilda would get his old mare and bring it to the house in the morning for him, and he would ride the 2½ miles from his home across the woods and fields (much further by road) to the school. In later years he traveled mostly by buggy, frequently visiting his children and 11 grandchildren.



Abraham Brownfield

Chapter 19
Clinton McClary and KAthryn Gerhardt

Clinton McClary's Blackwater High School graduation portrait., ca. 1934.

Clinton Wilbur McClary, Nancy McClary's grandfather, was born on 22 Dec 1913 in Cooper County, Mo. He died on 15 Mar 1993 in Boonville, Mo. He was buried in Billingsville, Mo., in St. Johns Cemetery. He married Helen Kathryn Gerhardt on 21 Jul 1938 in Billingsville, Mo.

Clinton was the youngest of two children of Ray and Stella McClary. He was named after the minister who married Ray and Stella. He was born in a three room log house near the Lamine River just east of the Blackwater junction on Highway 40 (now Interstate 70). Clinton remembered from visiting the site when he was a little older that there was a very large oak tree in the yard.

In the early 1980s, Clinton and Bert visited the site again. The house was gone, but there was a very large oak log lying on the site.

Clinton's brother Everett (Buster) was three years older. Stella described Buster as a "hard-headed little character," saying "you could talk to him 'til you were green in the face, and it was the same as pouring water on a goose's back." She said Ray used to give him awful whippings. Clinton got too close to Buster once when Buster was chopping corn, and as a result had a scar above his eye the rest of his life. He also lost a thumb nail once when he and Buster were operating a cider press.

Elmer Gerhardt, ca. 1916.

Clinton said Buster wrecked the old '26 coupe they had because he only knew one way to drive: "open it up." Buster did not go to high school, married when he was 30, operated his own trucking business, and died of hepatitis when he was 41.

Stella described Clinton as a "good boy" who was more interested in school than Buster. She remembers giving him only "one good whipping." Buster had broken an arm and could not go to school, so he could not make sure Clinton got home after school. Clinton stopped to play at the neighbors, so Stella got a maple sprout and went after him. She and Clinton both remember her following him all the way home, whipping his legs with the sprout all the way.

The family moved around a lot when Clinton was growing up, living in twelve locations by the time Clinton graduated from high school. Clinton was a good student and attended school in each neighborhood where they lived. It wasn't always close to school and he usually had to walk. When Buster was big enough to drive they had an old car. In the winter they had no antifreeze, so they would drain the radiator when they got to school, carry the bucket inside, then put it back in when it was time to go home. When Clinton

was old enough to drive to school himself, he went to sleep once driving and ran off the road.

Clinton started high school in Blackwater but when the depression hit he had to drop out. He went another year at Pilot Grove by staying in town with his aunt Eva, and he eventually graduated from Blackwater High School in 1934 at age 20, the oldest student in the class. He wanted to go on to college and his mother wanted him to be a minister, but there was no money for college. Representatives from Bolivar Baptist College came to discuss options, and offered scholarship assistance. But even if he had been able to find work also, there still would not have been enough money for expenses and support of his mother at home. He and Buster had worked as farm laborers from the time they were old enough, and cut wood when they did not have other employment. But Buster did not go to high school and had left home.

When Clinton was six he got to go to the State Fair at Sedalia, which was a very special occasion:

"My Aunt Eva and I went on the train from Pilot Grove," he once told Bert McClary. "She bought me a ten-cent ring and soon after I returned home, I jumped out of the loft of the log barn, caught the ring on a nail and off came the little finger of my right hand at the first joint." Stella said he cried and said "I'll never have no finger no more."

The doctor tried to reattach the finger, but was not successful. It was treated all winter with various remedies including German green soap and burned powdered alum. Stella said it stunk and drained all the time. They changed the dressings twice a day, and sometimes he came home from school at noon to change the dressings. Bert recalls always being aware that the finger was partly missing, because when Clinton drove a car or used a hammer, the stump of his finger stuck out without grasping. It was especially noticeable when he wore gloves, because the whole finger of the glove would stick out.

When Clinton's grandfather (John) McClary was in his early 60s, he came to live with them. He was "a great old man" and Clinton learned much from him, and probably respected him more than his own father. Clinton said "There were many happy occasions during this time—birthdays, church and school picnics, and also 4th of July celebrations at Choteau Springs, and family reunions."

During the two years Highway 40 was being built through their neighborhood, Clinton would take water from the spring in a barrel to the horses and workers. He would also put watermelons in the spring to cool, and sell them to the workers.

Clinton dated various girls while he was in high school, sometimes with his brother Buster, going to social events such as dances at Choteau Springs, or going to Boonville. The family moved to the Billingsville area in 1935. There he met Helen Gerhardt, who lived just down the road. Helen's brother Hubert, Bert's namesake, was killed in a hunting accident in 1936. Stella and Clinton took food to the family. From that night on he and Helen dated until they were married in 1938.

Stella and Clinton moved to Boonville in the fall of 1936 and Clinton started to work at the Hamilton-Brown shoe factory. When there was another opening he "hounded his boss" until they hired Stella also. During the next several years he drove a freight delivery truck and worked in a laundry.

Helen and Clinton had five children, born from 1941 through 1955: Judith Kathryn (Judy); Hubert Clinton (Bert, Nancy McClary's father); Mary Linda (Linda); Kathy Merlene, and Jane Elizabeth (Janie).

Clinton continued to work various blue collar jobs such as freight delivery, clerk, and duplicating machine serviceman (in Columbia). In 1960 he was employed by the City of Boonville as meter foreman for the water department, and retired after about 20 more years in this job. Helen did not work outside the home, but did supplement the income with in-home work, specializing in laundering and ironing curtains and operating a day-care center (the first licensed day-care center in Boonville).

Clinton usually worked a second job part-time and he also mowed lawns in the summer. The children all had jobs through high school to provide their own spending money. Income was limited for this family of seven but Clinton and Helen managed to support four children through college. Two are nurses, two are pharmacists and one is a medical transcriptionist. In the families of the children there are an additional four nurses, a family practice physician, a podiatrist, an anesthesiologist, and two pharmaceutical company representatives.

Clinton and Helen lived at 607 (later changed by the post office to 513) LeRoy Street from 1942 to 1963, renting at an unbelievably low cost. They purchased the house in the late 1950s. They purchased a larger house about one-half block away in 1963.

Clinton always maintained a very large garden during the years the children were at home because home-grown produce was less expensive, but he continued gardening throughout his life because he enjoyed it. His garden gave him much pleasure and was almost a work of art in the way he maintained it. The children also got to help; they remember many hours of pulling weeds, "suckering" tomatoes, and picking worms off the vegetables. He had many flowers

in his yard, which was also kept very neat.

Sometimes when Bert is at his mother's house he still has visions of his dad on his hands and knees pulling weeds in the garden or out of the cracks in the sidewalk. He mowed the lawn himself with a "push" mower, and it was Bert's job to mow grandmother Gerhardt's lawn. Clinton didn't have a "power" mower until in the late 60s, when he started mowing lawns for other people. He still had two children at home to support.

Clinton was kind, friendly, and outgoing. He was a loving person, although he did not frequently express this verbally or emotionally, except to Helen. He was a faithful and loving husband, and you could see the love he had for Helen in the manner in which he spoke to her and treated her. He rarely showed anger or used harsh words about anyone or anything.

He was a faithful and active member of his church, teaching Sunday school for many years and serving on the church council and committees, and living and raising his family in the principles of the Christian faith. He was an active member of the IOOF lodge for almost 40 years, serving as local Grand Master several times and secretary for many years, and served as master of ceremonies for the 150th anniversary celebration of the local chapter.

The IOOF is a Christian-based fraternal organization for blue-collar workers that provides fellowship for its members and support for persons in need. Their motto is "Friendship, Love and Truth," and these are words that he lived throughout his life. He had many friends from church, lodge, and work. When he died at 79 years of age there were almost 400 persons at the visitation. Although he didn't express love verbally or emotionally, it was apparent from his actions that he loved his friends, family and all persons. He was always on the go, helping friends and strangers alike, including his mother-in-law and other elderly women who had no spouse or family close by. He learned to know a number of elderly women through his job with the City, and was requested to serve as pallbearer for some of them upon their death.

It is probably an unusual distinction that he served as pallbearer for more than 100 friends and acquaintances, but it emphasizes the personal respect and friendship that so many persons had for him, and it was one last request he could honor for them. Truth was also a characteristic that was part of his life, he always cautioned his children not to lie, and it would probably be difficult to find that he ever intentionally made untrue or misleading comments about anyone or anything.

Left , Helen Kathryn Gerhardt in high school graduation portrait.

One chapter in Clinton's life that was very difficult for him was the leaving of the family by his father. Clinton was resentful of this and would not visit Ray and his new wife in their home in Kansas City for many years. However, Ray was welcome to come to Boonville and the children always loved to see him. Millie never came with him to Clinton's home. Clinton never made negative remarks about his father or Millie, but the resentment was there. However, in the mid 1950s Clinton overcame his resentment, and the family began regular visits to Ray and Millie's home in Kansas City. Millie was a very nice person and the children always enjoyed the trips to Kansas City.

Clinton and Helen celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in 1988 at the church in Billingsville where they were married, with the same minister who married them and the same soloist and attendant from their wedding.

Clinton was very active in the church and with other volunteer groups both before and after he retired. He sometimes took the hammer that belonged to his grandfather with him when he did voluntary repair work with a church group. He was a long-time Red Cross volunteer and a certified advanced first aid and CPR instructor. He never missed a Red Cross blood drive and donated 104 pints of blood over about 30 years. After he could no longer donate because of his health, he assisted with the work. After his retirement he was a bus driver for a local school for handicapped children, and when he lost sight in one eye and was no longer allowed to drive the bus, he rode as an attendant. While assisting a child on the bus he sustained an injury that ultimately required very extensive back surgery, from which he never fully recovered. He died at home on March 15, 1993 with his wife, Helen Kathryn Gerhardt McClary, and several children, at his side.

Helen Kathryn Gerhardt herself was born on 1 Jan 1918 in Speed, Mo., a small rural

Clinton and Helen Kathryn (Gerhardt) McClary, Nancy McClary's paternal grandparnts. ca. 1987.

community in Cooper County, to August and Flora Stegner Gerhardt.

They lived on a farm east of Speed, attended school in Speed and attended church in Billingsville, a few miles up the road. These were German immigrant communities, and German was still the primary language spoken in church and in many homes. When Helen started school, she could speak very little English. When she was a child she was thrown from a horse and broke her arm at the elbow. A hired hand picked up Helen and her brother Elmer one day from school on a horse, the horse was scared by a passing train, reared, and threw her off. Helen had no sisters to play with but enjoyed playing with her brothers. The children had few toys, though she did have a doll.

Helen's father, August Gerhardt, died of burns when she was nine years old in 1927. Her older brother Elmer, age 11, assumed the role of head of the household with his mother. Then in 1936 her younger brother Hubert, age 16, was killed in a hunting accident. He had been hunting rabbits alone on the way home from a relative's house. His body was found where he had fallen backward in a brush pile. There was snow on the ground and it was evident that he had died instantly.

By 1932 the family had moved closer to Billingsville. Helen was able to attend high school in Boonville. Elmer drove them to school in Boonville until he graduated and left home. She then walked about two miles across the fields and down the road to Billingsville, and rode to school with a neighbor who was a teacher. After she graduated from high school she lived in Boonville with an aunt and worked until she was married.

Helen is a considerate and caring person. She sincerely and consistently inquires about the health and well-being of everyone she knows at every opportunity. If you call or visit she will ask about, at the least, your spouse, children and grandchildren. Since her physical activities are limited and she does not get out much, she talks with her friends by telephone. She enjoys having friends and family stop by the house, but it is difficult to stay for just a few minutes.

The Gerhardt family members are known as "talkers." They talk constantly, for hours on end, the women mostly about what is going on in the family, church or other social situations, and the men about farming and politics. When you stop by for a visit with Helen you will literally get "talked out the door." That is, when you leave, she will continue to talk and ask questions as you go out the door and down the walk.

She has an excellent memory, which is valuable in keeping the births and marriages, job status, and other family parameters straight for the many relatives. It is also remarkable that she remembers such details as dates, times, and places of most events of her own life and her children's, such as births, schooling, illnesses, etc. It was always helpful in taking her to the doctor that she could remember such details of her medical history, including all twelve surgeries.

Helen has always taken pride in her cooking ability, and rightly so, as do most of the Gerhardt women. One of the most anticipated meals of the year has always been the Joseph Gerhardt family reunion. Helen really misses being physically able to stand and cook for hours as she used to do. Even though she cannot cook for you she will still inquire whether you have eaten, and apologize if she has nothing to offer you to eat.

Helen's life as a housewife in the 1940s and 50s was described in 1989 in an article written by her son-in-law John Sears.

When reading the following excerpt from that article, note that the present tense of the article applies to the period when it was written, 1989.)

Helen was born in rural Cooper county, Missouri in 1918 to Flora and August Gerhardt. From this inauspicious beginning, she has raised her social position from that of a poor farm girl to a proud, urban grandparent. She has shown clearly that she believes in her ability to improve her status and has worked hard to do so. Along the way she was able to make a few choices concerning what and to some extent how much work she would do.

Given a choice, she consistently chose to work in her home once her family was started, separating labor according to the notion of separate spheres; along gender lines. To enable her family's standard of living to

remain comparable to that of her friends and relatives, she took on more work. Helen did not rebel against the traditional gender roles, on the contrary, she was happy working in her home, sharing her mutuality with Clinton, even if the work was hard and seemingly never–ending.

Helen considers herself lucky to have graduated from high school because her father died when she was nine years old and in those times many living on farms had to help with the farming rather than attend high school. At age 15 her main chore was milking the cows, however, she also did most of the baking and helped with the canning, sewing, gardening, livestock feeding, and carrying in firewood.

To attend school she walked two miles across fields to catch a ride to school with a schoolteacher. She studied hard and made good grades. Home economics class required her to make garments at home as homework so she made all of her own clothes as well as some for her mother. At that time factory– produced clothing was readily available in the stores in town, however, garment making was taught intensively and this skill was highly regarded by those who needed to be frugal. Her home economics special project was to do something social with her little brothers every Friday evening. Usually this consisted of reading books to them.

"When Helen was 18 she graduated from high school. Most country girls worked at home in those days, however, according to Helen, town girls often held jobs outside of their homes until marriage. The following fall Helen took a job in the Agricultural Soil Conservation office in Boonville. Starting at two dollars per day in 1936, her hours were eight to five o'clock, Monday through Saturday. She married Clinton McClary in 1938 and planned to quit her job with the arrival of their first child. Helen was often sick while carrying Judy and quit her job early when she was four months pregnant. Though she hated to give up her earnings, she remarks, "I didn't like to work outside of my home."

Helen takes pride in describing her home and family and how her home has changed through years of her and Clinton's hard work and frugality. Helen's pride in her family and social position is shown by her weekend routine. On Saturday nights she always ironed the girls' dresses that they would wear to church since the closets of the little house were filled so tightly that clothing would wrinkle while hanging. Then she polished their little white shoes. On Sunday mornings she washed the girls' hair. It was important to her that they looked pretty for church.

In 1938 she started housekeeping in Boonville with an icebox. (There was no icebox on the farm where she grew up.) She also had a coal oil cook stove and wood heat. Three years later she got a natural gas cook stove and in 1948 she got a Frigidaire refrigerator. Her first piece of "furniture" was a treadle sewing machine. With this she made all of her family's clothes and she states, ". . .even hemmed the diapers."

Helen's life at home was anything but restful. Following is a description of one day of Helen's work from the early years of her married life.

Wash day was Monday, so on Sunday night Helen would get Clinton to bring her wash boiler in out of the shed. He would set it on the gas stove and then she would fill it with cold water. Next she would shave a bar of soap that she had made previously. The shavings went into a bucket of water to soak overnight. Before bedtime Clinton would bring the washing machine in off the back porch so it would be warm the next morning. Monday morning she would start heating the water over two of the stove's burners, leaving one burner exposed for cooking breakfast. After the arrival of children, the washing usually didn't start until the time school started. In her 11- by 11-foot kitchen she would have to do some rearranging to have space for the washer and two rinse tubs. The house was small, as were the rooms, requiring multifunctionality. Their second house is larger, allowing increased specialization of the rooms. She sorted the clothes since all the clothes were washed in the same water. The white clothes were washed first, then prints, then the dark clothes. The wash cycle lasted fifteen minutes.

At the end of the washing, she would pick each item up with a stick (because the water was scalding hot) and put it through the wringer into the first rinse. She used blueing in the second rinse. About half of the clothes then needed to be starched. Then they were hung up to dry. Due to the rush of getting the washing cycle and the rinsing done, there was usually no time to hang the wash to dry until all of the washing was finished. The wash needed to be hung outside in dry weather, even if it was quite cold; a very unpleasant task in the winter! The tubs were emptied by dipping and pouring the water into the kitchen sink. The washer had a hose-type drain. She tried to get to this stage before Clinton came home for lunch. Then at lunchtime Clinton would move the washer out for her. She would prepare the noon meal, feed and change the baby, and take care of the toddler(s). After lunch she would get the kids down for a nap and hang up the clothes. Then she would prepare the evening meal, take the clothes down if they were dry, and fold them. In the evening she would then dampen the clothes to be ironed and roll

them up to wait for the next day. They were stored overnight in wicker baskets with oilcloth liners. On Clinton's arrival home at the end of his day's work at the Boonville laundry they would share the evening meal before Clinton left for his second job at the bakery. Then Helen would wash the dishes and afterwards she would often help the children with their homework lessons.

Over the years she has acquired many modern appliances which have taken over some of the muscle work of housework. Nevertheless, Helen chose to do additional work to bring in more money and improve her family's status.

In 1947 Helen started performing services for other families. She would take in curtains to wash, which included the washing, starching, stretching, and ironing of the curtains. In those days they were made of cotton and subject to shrinkage, so the stretching was important and exacting work. This work was done mostly in the spring and fall when people did their major housecleanings. When Jane, her youngest, was five years old, Helen started taking in ironing to do for others while she was babysitting. Three years later she opened a day nursery in her home. It was the first licensed daycare facility in Boonville.

Helen (and Clinton) chose to work hard. She advanced from being a farm girl to being the proud mother of two nurses, two pharmacists, and a medical transcriptionist. When asked how she feels about her four daughters all working at something other than housework, she says, "It's a different world." She remembers that it only cost her fifty dollars to have a baby, including prenatal care and delivery. Rent was ten dollars per month. She always tried to buy at sale prices and explains, "We didn't make much, but we made it do."

The Gerhardt and StegnerFamilies

August Gerhardt was born on 27 Feb 1894. He died on 2 Feb 1927 in Cooper County, Mo. He married Flora Elizabeth Stegner on 11 Jul 1915. Flora Elizabeth Stegner was born on 9 Nov 1893 in Cooper County, Mo. She died on 30 May 1988 in Boonville, Mo.

August was the father of Bert's mother. He was born near Pilot Grove, one of nine children of Joseph and Catherine Krumm Gerhardt. He lived with his family in the Pilot Grove, Pisgah, and Billingsville-Speed areas of Cooper County, attending school and church there. He lived at home and farmed with his father until he was married in 1915 to Flora Elizabeth Stegner. August's brother Albert had married Flora's sister Bertha in 1910. They had six children: Elmer August, Helen Kathryn (Bert's mother), Daniel Hubert (Hubert), Edgar Herman, Rudolph Feodor (Rudy), and Hillard Frederick.

August and Flora first rented land south of Speed to farm, and later purchased 120 acres east of Speed. The last four children were born there.

On a Sunday morning in 1927 August was starting a fire in the kitchen range using corn cobs soaked in kerosene. There was an explosion that burned him over most of his body. He died early that afternoon at the hospital in Boonville. His wife, Flora, would live more than sixty years longer.

Flora Elizabeth Stegner Gerhardt (1893-1988) was born in the Billingsville community to Feodor and Louisa Back Stegner. The Stegner family had lived in the same home in Billingsville since Feodor's father, John Peter Stegner, arrived in the United States in 1853. She married August in 1910 and their first two children were born at their first home south of Speed. When August died in 1927 she was left to raise six children, with Elmer, the oldest, being 11 years and the youngest being less than six months old.

Flora was a strong woman, and with the help of her children and her extended families she continued to operate the farm and send all of the children to school. The fire in 1927 had not destroyed the house but had damaged it.

By 1932 the family had become unable to keep the farm near Speed, and moved to a farm closer to Billingsville owned by August's brother Albert. The house was on a bluff with a long, steep, rutted, rocky drive from the main road, which was all but impossible for a motor vehicle to climb. The "improved" drive that exists today is still a challenge without 4-wheel drive.

Transportation for the children was difficult to arrange, but she managed to get all of the children through grade school and high school. She suffered the additional misfortune of losing her second oldest son Hubert after Elmer had left home. Helen would soon move to Boonville, the next oldest was Edgar, at 14 years, Rudy was 12 and Hillard was only 10. In 1944 Flora and the three boys moved to a more accessible and more pleasant home near Prairie Lick, northwest of Billingsville. Rudy and Hillard were in the military service, and Edgar began a dairy farm operation.

Flora was a quiet, taciturn woman, but was very much loved by her grandchildren. It was a real treat for Bert at five or six years old to go to the country and stay with Grandma and Uncle Edgar. He got to "help" with milking the cows and got to "drive" the tractor, a huge old rusty yellow Minneapolis-Moline. Bert offered to work for Uncle Edgar when he got to be old enough and "drive the tractor for a dollar a day".

Even the out-house, unpleasant as it was, did not bother Bert.

It was a comforting environment at their home, but Flora was afraid of storms. One night during a bad storm, Bert, sleeping on a day-bed in the living room, heard the sound of breaking glass. He called to tell Flora, but she told him it was nothing and to go back to sleep. Sure enough, the next morning it was discovered that the front storm door had blown open and broken.

Edgar married in 1950 and Flora moved to an apartment in Boonville. It was the same apartment that Clinton's mother Stella had lived in for the past 12 years. Stella remarried in 1950. She stayed there for several years, then lived in a small house on LeRoy Street, just two doors down from Helen and Clinton, for about 30 years.

Bert would visit her at her house and play checkers and dominoes. She was very kind and pleasant to be around.

Flora was very afraid of snakes. She became very agitated when she found them around the chicken house or the out-house when she was still in the country. Once Bert had to tell her about a large blacksnake on the back porch, which she shooed out with a broom. After she moved to town, Bert would stop by her apartment sometimes on the way home, and once had bought a small green toy snake. It would be fun, he thought, to lay it in the corner of her porch and then point it out to her. It was not fun.

When Bert was in high school and college, he lived with Flora for about four years, because it was crowded at home—a four room house with four sisters. Then Helen and Clinton, Bert's parents, purchased a larger home. For a short time Flora lived in a basement apartment with Helen and Clinton, then was in a nursing home for about two years prior to her death in 1988.

August Gerhardt and Flora Elizabeth (Stegner) Gerhardt.

The Stegner family has been tracked only to Flora's grandparents in the mid 1800s.

Feodor Stegner, Flora's father, was born on 26 Feb 1855 in Cooper County, Mo. He died on 19 Mar 1952 in Cooper County, Mo. He married **Louise Phillipine Barbara Back** on 11 Jul 1915 in Billingsville, Mo. Louise was born on 3 Jul 1866 in Cooper County, Mo. She died on 6 June 1905 in Cooper County, Mo.

Johann Peter Stegner, .Feodor's father, married Margaretha Barbara Hertte.

The known Gerhardt lineage is much more extensive.

Joseph Gerhardt, the father of August Gerhardt, was born on 9 Jan 1857 in Tutschfelden, Germany. He died on 21 Feb 1922 in Cooper County, Mo. He married **Katrina Krumm** on 7 Mar 1882 in Circleville, Ohio. She was born on 16 Feb 1858 in Bahlingin, Baden, Germany. She died on 21 Feb 1943 in Billingsville, Mo.

Joseph Gerhardt was one of five children of Christian Friedrich (Chris) and Magdalena (Lena) Schlenker Gerhardt, and was born in Tutschfelden, Germany. In 1881 his father sent him to the United States to escape being drafted into the German army. Others from his family and the family of his future wife Katrina Krumm (Catherine Groom) soon followed. Joseph made his way to Circleville, Pickaway County, Ohio "with little of this world's goods." He married Catherine, who was born in Germany in 1858. They had nine children: Henry, Chris Frederic, Katherina Barbara, Albert,

William, August, Louise Pauline, Emil and Herman Frank Joseph.

They lived in Ohio almost five years. Two sons were born there. Joseph filed to become a citizen of the United States in 1886. They moved from Ohio to the Dakota Territory, and nearly froze and starved during a severe winter while living in a sod house. They arrived in Cooper County, Missouri at the Pilot Grove railroad station in 1887.

Joseph worked as a farm laborer for a year and then rented land for seven years near Pilot Grove. They bought a farm near St. Martin's church, but then lost it. They moved to Pisgah and rented a 400 acre farm, and then in 1904 purchased 192 acres near Speed, later adding 185 acres. This farm is presently owned by Herman Gerhardt's daughter Roberta (Birdie) Kueckelhan. Joseph and Catherine retired to a home in Speed in 1919 where Joseph died. Catherine moved back to the farm with Herman's family, and lived there until she died in 1943.

Christian Friedrick Gerhardt was born on 18 Dec 1818. He died on 12 Sep 1893. He married Magdalena Schlenker.

Christian Friedrich (Chris) Gerhardt was born in Tutschfelden and married **Magdalena Schlenker (Lena)** who was also born in Tutschfelden. They had eight children: Christian Friedrich, Simon, Josef, George Friedrich, Maria Magdelena, Christina, Heinrich and Maria Salome. Three children died young. Three came to the United States: Josef, Christina and Heinrich. Simon and Maria Salomea remained in Germany. Chris and Lena both died in Germany.

Martin Gerhard (c. 1633-1688) was born in Dinlingen, Lahr, Baden-W. Germany. He married Anna Maria Rottenbach and had six children: Gerhard (his given name), Andreas, George, Anna Maria, Hans Jacob and Henricus.

George Gerhard (1657-1699) was born in Dinglingen and married Anna Muller (Miller), who was the daughter of Jacob Muller. They six children: Johann Martin, Anna Maria, Johann Jacob, Susanna, Georg, and Anna Barbara.

Georg Gerhard (1696-1727) married **Magdalena Reck** and they had four children: Mathias, Catharina, Anna Maria, and Johan Georg.

Johan Georg Gerhard (1725-1777) married **Anna Maria Marggraf** and they had six children born in Tutschfelden: Johan Georg, Johann Jakob, Maria Catharina, Anna Maria, Unknown, and Michael.

Johann Jakob Gerhard (1757-1801) Jakob married **Regina Oesterle** and they had one child: Johann Georg.

Johann Georg Gerhard (1792-1866) Georg married **Maria Magdalina Mukdiler** (Mutschler) and they had eight children: a son who died at birth, Christian Friedrich, Johan George, Michael, Johann Jakob, Mathias, George Friedrich and Johannes.

Chapter 20
Dolphin Davis and Ophelia Chaffee

Ophelia Chafee Davis

John Murray Davis, Nancy McClary's cousin, says that the Davis clan has always been known as a family of avid story tellers. From the tales included here in, it appears that they had wonderful material to work with.

Springing from deep in the South, the Davis family has roots going back to the 1500s, and has a family tree that had sprawled from Alabama to Kansas by the mid 19th century. After the Civil War, the family moved on to Kansas. Mathew Cary Davis and his wife Bertha Elizabeth Murray came to Boonville in the early 1900s, and his family has been rooted in Boonville ever since.

It was there that Mathew and Bertha's daughter Beth Davis was living when she met and married Nancy McClary's father, Hubert (Bert) Clinton McClary.

For Christmas 1988, Beth (Davis) McClary assembled a beautiful album of family photos and memories, from which most of this section is excerpted. She gave one of the albums to each of her children, and one to each of her nieces and nephews.

In her dedication, she offered the following:

"I have put together this book...so that you can remember your grandfather Davis and know a little about the family he and your grandmother came from.

"I want you to share in the history of this family and make it your own. Someday when you have children of your own, you can get his album out and show them the pictures. This is your family, be proud of it and work hard to make it proud of you."

The most distant known Davis ancestor for which a photograph is known is Ophelia Chaffee Davis. Pictured on this page, she is the great, great grandmother of Nancy McClary. The Davis family has its roots in the deep and rural South, having come up from Alabama to Missouri after the Civil War. The family's recorded history dates back to even before the Revolutionary War.

The most distant known Davis ancestor of Nancy McClary's was a Thomas Davis, the great, great grandfather of Ophelia Chaffee Davis. The birthdate of Thomas Davis is not known, but it is known he married Hortense Hodge in 1735. Thomas and Hortense are known because they were

parents of Dolphin Davis, the first Davis for whom a birth year is known. He was born in 1759, and had one known brother, Archibald. The name Dolphin has passed through several generations of the Davis family, but Thomas and Hortense may have been the first to use it on their children.

The name Dolphin is so common in the Davis family that it may be useful to refer to them by the year they were born when discussing the Davis lineage. This first Dolpin Davis, son of Thomas Davis, was the Dolphin Davis of 1759. This Dolphin n married Ann Stevenson, birth date unknown, in 1787. The couple had a son, Orindatus Davis, in 1795. Dolphin Davis of 1759 died in 1819 and his wife Ann in 1820.

In 1839, Orindatus Davis, then about 43, married the 17-year-old Hannah Mary Chaffee. Hannah was decended from a long line of Chaffees. Her parents were Otis Chaffee (1777-1864) and Amy Underwood (1782-1854). All four of her grandparents are known. Otis's parents were Amos Chaffee (1750-1793) and Sara Munroe (1754-1800). Amy Underwood's parents were Nicholas Underwood and Phoebe Brownell. Nicholas was born May 5, 1759 in Rhode Island, and died Aug . 22, 1800 in Westport, Massachussetts. Phoebe was born in 1757, and died on July 8, 1797. The parents of Amos Chaffee and Sara Munroe are the most distant ancestors known in the family of Beth Davis, Nancy McClary's mother. Amos parents were Thomas Chaffee , Jr (1712-1792) and Rebecca Hunt (1717-?) They were married in 1739. The father of Sara Munroe were Nathan Munroe, born on Sept. 29, 1730 in Bristol Rhode Island. HE married Hannah Humphrey Allen on Nov. 21, 1751. Nathan passed away on March 6, 1806 in Rehoboth, Massachussetts.

Two years after they were married, Orindatus and Hannah Mary Chaffee had a daughter, Ophelia Chaffee Davis, in 1841. At this point, the family tree doubles back on itself.

Recall that Thomas Davis and Hortense (Hodge) had a son named Dolphin (of 1759), and another son, named Archibald. Their son Archibald married Elizabeth Hibbard, and together, they had a son, also named Thomas Davis. In 1832, Thomas married Mary Slade. They had a son they named Dolphin in 1834. This **Dolphin Davis of 1834** married Ophelia ChaffeeDavis on Dec. 5, 1860, on the eve of the Civil War. Because of this lineage, it is clear that both Ophelia and her husband were cousins, having had the same grandparents, Thomas and Hortense Davis.

Dolphin Davis of 1834 died in 1862. Ophelia Chaffee Davis lived 62 years longer, dying in 1934 in Town Creek, Alabama. She was buried in Town Creek as well.

Dolphin Chaffee Davis, born in 1862, was the great grandfather of Nancy McClary. Dolphin Chaffee Davis was Ophelia's only son. She lived in Town Creek, Ala. and was married to Dr. Dolphin Davis. She and her husband were cousins.

Dr. Dolphin Davis of 1834 was in the Civil War as a doctor and of course served the Confederate Army. The story goes that while he was home on furlough he went Coon hunting with some friends and that he or someone shot at a coon, hit a tree branch that broke off and hit the good Doctor in the head and killed him.

Ophelia was pregnant with their child, Dolphin Chaffee Davis (of 1862), at the time. According to papers found by Nancy McClary's mother Mary Elizabeth (Davis) McClary, Ophelia "fled to the mountains with a nigger nurse to avoid Sherman's Army and Dolphin was born there."

"She would never remarry because she did not want any other man to lay a hand on her precious little boy."

This may be part of the reason that Nancy McClary's great grandmother didn't get along with her. If no man was good enough to be a father to the boy, one can only imagine how she felt about the woman he married.

Chapter 21
Dolphin Chaffee Davis and MAttie Gough Bustin

Dolphin Chaffee Davis was born on 12 Dec 1862 in Town Creek, Alabama. He died on 29 Jan 1928 in Arkansas City, Ks. He married Mattie Gough Bustin on 22 Apr 1895 in Birmingham, Alabama. Mattie Gough Bustin was born on 22 Jun 1868 near Birmingham, Alabama. She died on 19 Apr 1936 in Arkansas City, Kansas.

The following are some of Aunt Cary's stories about her mother and father. (Mama is Mattie Gough)

"Mama's Mother ran a boarding house in Birmingham and people would stay there and come in and eat meals and such. Papa worked for the Louisville and Nashville Railroad and he would come into the boarding house for his meals when he was in Birmingham. Mama always said that the only reason he married her was because he thought she was the cook. She wasn't. They had a Negro woman named Jerushi that did all the cooking and took care of the family."

The couple was married in Birmingham, Alabama, on 22 April 1895. A newspaper clipping, the text of which is reproduced at right, told the story of their wedding day.

Aunt Cary continued: "When they moved from Birmingham, Jerushi wanted to go with them but Mama told her "no, those Nothern Niggers will kill you."

"Grandma Davis was married before she married Dolphin Davis. Her first husband was Julius Stonewall Sweeney. He died before their first child, Nanelou was born.

"Grandpa Davis worked for the railroad after they moved to Arkansas City. He was a conductor. One night he was checking cars, it was cold and icy and somehow he fell off the train. They didn't find him for two days and he laid out in the cold for the two days unable to move. After that he was never well, he lost part of his hearing and was not able to work for the railroad any more. The Doctor told Mama that he needed lots of fresh air and such. I think that is why they moved to the farm.

"Papa was a peace loving man and also a well read and educated man. He read a lot. Mama always said he wasn't really reading, he was just holding the

Dolphin Chaffe Davis and Mattie Gough Davis.

book in his lap so nobody would bother him.

Mama would go to town and give music lessons, as a way to supplement their income. Papa was supposed to stay home and take care of the kids and such, but since he couldn't hear and (he) read all the time they probably got into a lot of mischief.

Following are some stories that Mattie Gough's daughter Cary recalled to Nancy McClary's mother, Mary Elizabeth (Davis) McClary. Again, the "Mama" in the story is Mattie Gough.

"Mama didn't know much about farming but she read the Kansas Farmer faithfully and followed what it said to do religiously. If the Kansas Farmer said to do something Mama would do it. Or at least try. She decided to plant strawberries 'one time. She planted not by the patch but by the acre; well maybe not acres, but a BIG BIG BIG patch.

"The strawberries were coming along fine in April and May. I had the measles, I remember. The strawberries were just beginning to ripen when Jack Frost came along. Those strawberries were frozen solid the next morning. Mama was so mad, she was standing at the foot of my bed and was giving Dad the devil because those strawberries froze.

"Poor old Dad, it was a good thing that he couldn't hear very well, he just stood there and took it.

"Mama was always ahead of her time. She always had good ideas and could talk to anyone about just about anything. People of all walks of life came to her for advise. Everyone from local politicians to old Negro freemen.

"There are many stories of "Mama's' failed attempts at farming. She tried her hand at wine making and chicken and pig raising and strawberry and corn growing etc. I don't think I have ever heard a success story. Probably because they don't make as good of stories.

"Grandma Davis was the ruling force in the family and what I have gathered didn't ask Grandpa Davis opinion.

"Cary said that after she moved way and married, Mama would send one or the other of the boys to visit her. If they got to be too much for her off they would go to New MExico. From what I gathered it seemed to be Dad that got shipped off the most. He was a lot less studious than Pug and probably a lot harder to handle. They had another brother, Johnnie. He ran of and joined the Army during World War I. He got sick while in the Army and never really recovered. He died at an early age from complications of his illness. There was another brother, Robert, but he only lived to be about eighteen months of age.

""Mama was educated also. She had been brought up a proper Southern woman and knew music and sewing and the finer things. Mama put great store in education. She tried to teach all of her children music but it only took on her eldest daughter, Nanelou. She became a music teacher in her adult life."

Dolphin preceded her in death by eight years, dying on 29 Jan 1928.l The text of the newspaper report of his death is reproduced at right.

The lineage of Mattie Gough Bustin can be traced well back into the 1500s. She was the daughter of William Buestin, was born in 1805. He died in 1878. He married Gough Ann Whitaker in 1827. Gough Ann Whitaker was born in 1806. She died in 1875. She was the daughter of Matthew Cary Whitaker, who was born on 21 Feb 1762 in Halifax Nova Scotia. He died in Jun 1814 in Halifax. He married Elizabeth Ann Coffield1768-1819) they were married on 13 Mar 1787.

Mathew Cary Whitaker was the son of Gough Whitaker Gough married Martha Cary.

Gough Whitaker was the son of John Whitaker and Sarah Gough. Martha Cary was the daughter of Miles Cary (1655-1724) and Elizabeth Cocke.

John Whitaker was the son of Richard Whitaker, dates unknown. Miles Cary was the son of Miles Cary (1620-1667) and Anne Taylor.

Richard Whitaker's father was William Whitaker, who died 1662. Miles Cary of 1620 was the son of John Cary, born 10 April 1583, and Alice Hubson.

William Whitaker was the son of Jabez Whitaker (1595-? And Mary Bourcheir.

D.C. Davis, a former rail conductor, Dies

D. C. Davis, 62 of 326 north 3rd St. died at 10 o'clock this morning after a lingering illness. He had been in poor health since last spring and was in critical condition for two months.

Mr. Davis had been a resident of Arkansas City since 1900. He was formerly a Santa Fe conductor, with a run out of this city. He was a member of the local Order of Railway Conductors, the Masonic Lodge and the 1st Presbyterian Church. Mr. Davis was a native of Alabama and came to this city from Birmingham.

The widow and four children survive. The children are Miss Nanelou Sweeney, Arkansas City, Mrs. Gary Blair, Albuquerque, N.M., Gough and Bubs Davis, Arkansas City.

Funeral services are to be held at 10:30 o'clock tomorrow in the 1st Presbyterian Church. Dr. Frederick Maier will officiate. Officials of the Masonic Lodge also will have a part in the services. Burial will be made in Riverview Cemetery. The Powell mortuary is in charge.

John Cary was the son of William Cary (1550-1633) and Alice Gaudall.

Jabez Whitaker was the son of William Whitaker, 1548-1595 and Mrs. Dudley Fenner. And this William Whitaker, born in 1548, is the most distant known ancestor of Nancy McClary.

Chapter 22

Robert JAmes Murray and Bertha Ida Litschgi

Robert James Murray was born on 9 Apr 1885 in Evansville, Ind. He died on 1 March 1957 in Ocala, Fla. He married Bertha Ida Litschgi in Jun 1907 in Evansville, Ind. He resided in Boonville, Mo. He was employed as in Salesman Politician. Bertha Ida Litschgi was born on 17 Feb 1885 in Evansville, Ind. She died on 1 Nov 1979 in Columbia, Mo. .

Robert and Bertha were married twice, once in. a civil ceremony on June 29, 1907 in Henderson, Kentucky. and again in a church ceremony on Sept. 21, 1907 in Evansville, Ind.

"Grandpa was anti-Catholic for some unknown reason," Beth (Davis) McClary recalls. "He always took Grandma to church no matter what but he would not allow the children to go. Dad always said he thought Mom only joined the Church to spite her Father."

Robert and Bertha had three children, Robert James, Jr., Oliver Francis, who died at birth, and Bertha Elizabeth, who was Nancy McClary's maternal grandmother.

"I don't really know much about Mom's childhood," recalls Beth (Davis) McClary.

"The only story I can remember my Grandma telling about Mom is about the time she gave her coat away. It seems that Mom had gotten a new coat for Christmas or something. One day she came home and did not have her new coat. When asked where it was she said that she had given it to a little girl at school who did not have a coat. Grandma being the kind of person she was appreciated the gesture but wondered why Mom couldn't have given her Uncle Bob's old coat; which is what Mom had to wear the rest of the winter. I imagine that Mom didn't care if she had to wear the old coat and a boy's at that.

"From what I gathered Mom was a real Tom Boy when she was younger. She wasn't afraid of much and would try anything at least once. Bob says that she broke her arm several times riding horses. I don't dougt that, I know that she vrok it once doing high jumps in the back yard.

"I think that Mom took piano lessons as a young girl. I found an old picture with her sitting at a piano. I kind of doubt that she really gave it her all because it would have required that she be in the house to practice.

"Grandpa Murray had a grocery store in Evansville and in Arkansas City. He lost everything more than once but always seemed to be able to start over again. I'm sure that there were some hard times when Mom was little. All I know is that Grandma Murray would have always made a comfortable home for her family and would have always provided love and care no matter what the financial situation might be."

The parents of Robert

Bertha Litschgi and Robert James Murray.

James Murray were Thomas W. Murray (1839-1912) and Rose Wamsley. Together they had five sons, Thomas W.Jr, Ellsworth, Ralph, and Lloyd, and Robert James, who was Nancy McClary's great grandfather. Robert James was the second youngest of the Murray boys. As for Rose Wamsley, she was the daughter of Eli Wamsley and Mary C. (last name unknown). Eli served in Company E of the 65th Indiana Regiment during the Civil War. He was a prisoner of war from Dec. 16, 1863 to Dec. 10, 1864.

The following are notes from the civil war diary of Eli J Wamsley, which is in the Murray family's possesion.

sat. april 1 1865
Camp Chase
Columbus Ohio

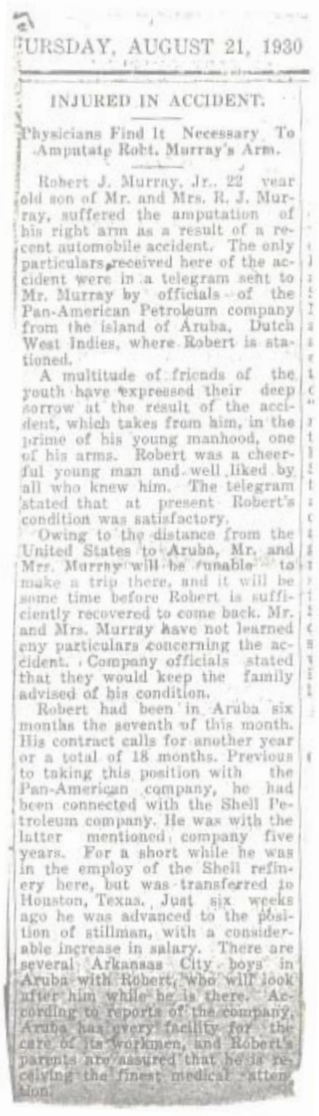
Leave tonight at midnight for Cincinnati. Weather cool and clear.Soldiers have no time that t hey can call their own. But are entirely subject to orders.So goes the war this first day of my tremer anda??

Bob Murray lost an arm in a 1930 auto accident in Aruba; Boonville papers followed the story closely.

Robert James Murray Jr., the eldest son of Robert James and Bertha (Litschgi) Murray, worked in Aruba, Dutch West Indies, for Pan-American Petroleum during the Great Depression.

Following an auto accident there in August 1930, he had to have his right arm amputated. The story was widely reported in local Boonville newspapers as word of Bob's condition trickled in to the area via letters from Bob's colleagues in Aruba. Bob and his wife Goldie had no children. They lived in Otterville when Nancy McClary's mother, Beth (Davis) McClary., was little.

"They had a lumber yard and hardware store," Beth recalls. "Bob and I used to go and visit during the summers" when we were little. I don't think John (Beth's brother) ever went much. He was always kind of a home body.Uncle Bob got along real well with only one arm. He could do just about anything. I have discovered that he probably never really got over losing it and it is probably the reason that he drank."



URSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1930

INJURED IN ACCIDENT.

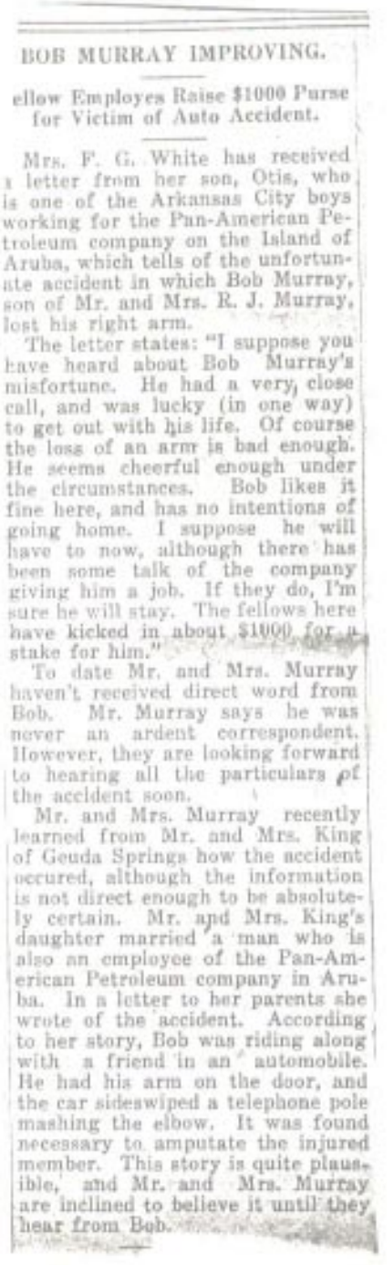
Physicians Find It Necessary To Amputate Robt. Murray's Arm.

Robert J. Murray, Jr., 22 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Murray, suffered the amputation of his right arm as a result of a recent automobile accident. The only particulars received here of the accident were in a telegram sent to Mr. Murray by officials of the Pan-American Petroleum company from the island of Aruba, Dutch West Indies, where Robert is stationed.

A multitude of friends of the youth have expressed their deep sorrow at the result of the accident, which takes from him, in the prime of his young manhood, one of his arms. Robert was a cheerful young man and well liked by all who knew him. The telegram stated that at present Robert's condition was satisfactory.

Owing to the distance from the United States to Aruba, Mr. and Mrs. Murray will be unable to make a trip there, and it will be some time before Robert is sufficiently recovered to come back. Mr. and Mrs. Murray have not learned any particulars concerning the accident. Company officials stated that they would keep the family advised of his condition.

Robert had been in Aruba six months the seventh of this month. His contract calls for another year or a total of 18 months. Previous to taking this position with the Pan-American company, he had been connected with the Shell Petroleum company. He was with the latter mentioned company five years. For a short while he was in the employ of the Shell refinery here, but was transferred to Houston, Texas. Just six weeks ago he was advanced to the position of stillman, with a considerable increase in salary. There are several Arkansas City boys in Aruba with Robert, who will look after him while he is there. According to reports of the company, Aruba has every facility for the care of its workmen, and Robert's parents are assured that he is receiving the finest medical atten-



BOB MURRAY IMPROVING.

ellow Employes Raise $1000 Purse for Victim of Auto Accident.

Mrs. F. G. White has received a letter from her son, Otis, who is one of the Arkansas City boys working for the Pan-American Petroleum company on the Island of Aruba, which tells of the unfortunate accident in which Bob Murray, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Murray, lost his right arm.

The letter states: "I suppose you have heard about Bob Murray's misfortune. He had a very close call, and was lucky (in one way) to get out with his life. Of course the loss of an arm is bad enough. He seems cheerful enough under the circumstances. Bob likes it fine here, and has no intentions of going home. I suppose he will have to now, although there has been some talk of the company giving him a job. If they do, I'm sure he will stay. The fellows here have kicked in about $1000 for a stake for him."

To date Mr. and Mrs. Murray haven't received direct word from Bob. Mr. Murray says he was never an ardent correspondent. However, they are looking forward to hearing all the particulars of the accident soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray recently learned from Mr. and Mrs. King of Geuda Springs how the accident occured, although the information is not direct enough to be absolutely certain. Mr. and Mrs. King's daughter married a man who is also an employee of the Pan-American Petroleum company in Aruba. In a letter to her parents she wrote of the accident. According to her story, Bob was riding along with a friend in an automobile. He had his arm on the door, and the car sideswiped a telephone pole mashing the elbow. It was found necessary to amputate the injured member. This story is quite plausible, and Mr. and Mrs. Murray are inclined to believe it until they hear from Bob.

Sunday April 2, 1865

Remain at Cinnati until noon took breakfast at the Soldiers Home and thentook passage on boar d the

General Laztte for Louisville Ky arrive there Hun>>>> at midnight andremain on deck until day light.

Mon April 3, 1865

Took breakfast this morning at the soldiers home in Louisville, Ky. andleave at one oclock fo r Nashville Tenn via Louisville&Nashville RR

Tuesday April 4 1865

Arrive at Nashville before daylight and stop at the Zalicoffer House andtake breakfast. Ha d a food run through the city and took a good lookthrough the Capitol Building people wild wi ht Jay. Richmond taken the flag flying in every direction.

Wednesday April 5, 1865

Leave for Louisville Ky via L and N RR arrive at Louisville daylight takebreakfast at the Sol diers Home

Raining like fury. We are turned over herd to the Authoraties fortransprotation to our regime nts leave in the evening for Indanapolis.

Grandma Bertha (Listchgi) Murray

"Grandma Murray moved into the big house with us a while after Grandpa died," says Beth (Davis) McClary. "She had a room for herself where the library is now and her kitchen was where my bathroom is. She would only come into the other side of the house when you forced her to. She loved to have us visit her but I think she didn't want to be in the way. As if that gentle women could be in anybodies' way." Grandma Murray had three brothers, Herman, Charles and Oliver, and one sister Tressa. Herman Litschgi is the only one to have children. He had one son, Herman and he lives in Evansville and has two daughters, Mindy age 24 and Edie age 21.

Grandma Murray's father, Conrad Litschgi, was born in 1841 in Germany. He died in Evansville, Ind. Her mother was the former Bertha Bilger. Bertha Bilger was born in 1854 in Germany. She died in 1923 in Evnasville, Ind. Conrad was married once before he married Bertha and had four children by his first wife.

Bertha had at least two sisters, Ida and Lena, and one brother, Charles. Charles Bilger was a priest. He was in the seminary in Germany in 1870 and entered the seminary in America when his family moved to America. He served most of his years in the priesthood in Indiana.

Chapter 23

MAthew Cary Davis and Bertha Elizabeth Murray

Mathew Cary Davis, the maternal grandfather of Nancy McClary, was born on 1 May 1908 in Arkansas City, Kansas. He died on 11 Feb 1988 in Columbia, Mo. He was buried on 14 Feb 1988 in Ss Peter & Paul Cemetary, Boonville. He married Bertha Elizabeth Murray on 20 Sep 1930 in Kansas City, Mo. They resided in Boonville, Mo. He was employed as a salesman and dealer.

The family moved to a house on llth Street when Beth (Davis) McClary, Nancy McClary's mother, was about a year old.

"I don't remember living anywhere else," Beth says. "My early memories of the house were the wood cook stove in the kitchen and the big gas heater in the dining room, and that my potty chair sat in the pantry under the shelf. There were a lot more trees around when I was little. We had lote of fruit trees also; Peach and Plum and Apple and Pear and Cherry. I remember we kept chickens , cows, sometimes pigs and once even sheep. We had large gardens also."

Mathew and Bertha met in Arkansas City, Kansas. They dated in high school and were married in Kansas City, Mo., where they were working at the time of their marriage. They moved ot Lyons, Kansas, where there son Bob was born. They left Lyons in 1939 to go "they knew not where," but Mathew said he would know it when they got there, according to their daughter Beth (Davis) McClary.

"He told me later that they almost stopped in Sedalia, Mo., but something didn't feel right to him when he got there, so they came further east. When they came over the hill and saw the town below along the river, and discovered the fact that there was a pool hall in town for sale, they decided to stay.

"Mom was expecting John at the time and he was born in Boonville."

Beth wrote down many memories of her father in a family album she assembled in Boonville the late 1980s. Of her father, she wrote, "Everyone called him Bubs."

"I don't know why but it was the name he had as a child. His brother was called Pug so I guess Dad had the better of the two nicknames. They called Mom Bibs when she was in school. Probably because her name was Bertha. She hated the name Bertha and when they moved to Boonville she told Dad not to call her Bibs anymore. I can remember him

calling her that once in awhile but not often. It was when they moved here that she started to use her middle name, Elizabeth. I don't suppose many people in Boonville knew what her real name was. Dad tried to remember to call her Elizabeth of Liz but she on the other hand called him Bubs till the day she died.

"Dad quit school for a little while but Grandma Davis put great store in an education and Mom worked on him also. Gary says that Mama used to say that the only way Bubs finished school was by her pushing and Bibs pulling him.

The picture on the right is of Dad taken probably around his Junior year in high school, which is the year he dropped out, 1 think. He certainly was a handsome young man.

"The story has always been that Dad and his brother didn't like each other. There are several theories about why. One was that Pug was smarter and Mama always said how wonderful he was and how smart. That may be why Dad didn't like Pug. The other side is that Pug didn't like Dad because he was better looking and taller and more successful with the women than Pug. I quess we will never know the real reasons. All I know is that even in adult life they had very little to do with each other and when they did see each other the fought.

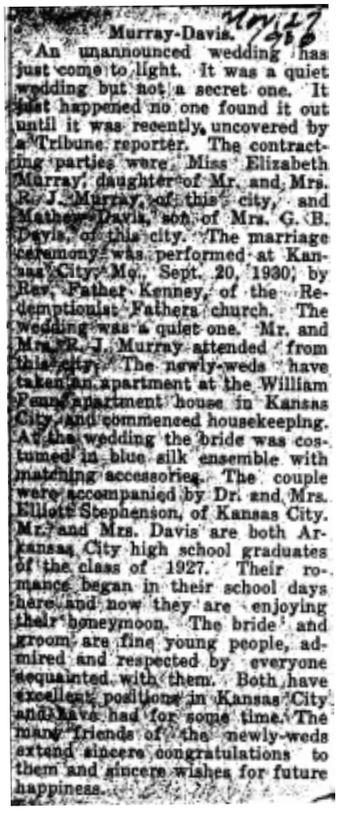
"Since I was so much younger that the boys (Bob and John) I don't know how they got along with each other as little boys. I can imagine that Bob was not real thrilled to have a little brother around to take up his parent's attention.

"There are a few stories about Bob taking care of his little brother. I never have gotten straight if the curtains catching on fire near John's bed was an accident or a purposeful act. You may have to get that story from Bob.

"Another story is how one day Bob and John were playing and found a gun shell and since Bob didn't know what gun powder looked like he thought they should open it and see. They were in a little fruit cellar room and Bob got a hammer to tap the shell to loosen it up. He tapped it once and tried to get it apart but it wouldn't come apart. He tried it again and it still wouldn't come apart. So he gave it a pretty good whack.... He still didn't know what gun powder looked like, but when Mom came running she found them both sitting back on their heels against the wall of the fruit cellar, their eyes as big as their fists, and very likely not able to hear anything she was yelling at them.

There is a story about Bob out playing one cool Autumn morning. He found some tar they were using to tar the roof with. He played in it for awhile, it was stiff and made nice shapes and balls, etc. He soon tired of that and went off to do something else. After lunch he decided to go play In the tar again. Instead of just playing with it he decides to stand on it. Well, quess what, it didn't hold him up anymore. I'm not sure but I think he didn't have to be spanked because the gasoline

Davis-Murray are Wed



Murray-Davis.

An unannounced wedding has just come to light. It was a quiet wedding but not a secret one. It just happened no one found it out until it was recently uncovered by a Tribune reporter. The contracting parties were Miss Elizabeth Murray, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Murray, of this city, and Mathews Davis, son of Mrs. G. B. Davis, of this city. The marriage ceremony was performed at Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 20, 1930, by Rev. Father Kenney, of the Redemptionist Fathers church. The wedding was a quiet one. Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Murray attended from this city. The newly-weds have taken an apartment at the William Penn apartment house in Kansas City and commenced housekeeping. At the wedding the bride was costumed in blue silk ensemble with matching accessories. The couple were accompanied by Dr. and Mrs. Elliott Stephenson, of Kansas City. Mr. and Mrs. Davis are both Arkansas City high school graduates of the class of 1927. Their romance began in their school days here and now they are enjoying their honeymoon. The bride and groom are fine young people, admired and respected by everyone acquainted with them. Both have excellent positions in Kansas City and have had for some time. The many friends of the newly-weds extend sincere congratulations to them and sincere wishes for future happiness.

Dad in the front yard around 1958-59. "Dad really loved this place.," sasy his daughter, Beth. "I think he was as proud of owning this 23 acres as of any other of his many accomplishments. He enjoyed sitting outside even when he got sicker. I can remember him in later years getting on the tractor and just riding around in the pasture, looking at the cows or just looking at the grass grow."

Mother and Daughter

These pictures were taken of Grandma Davis around 1961-62, soon before Beth, Nancy McClary's mother, entered the convent.

"When I was looking at negatives 1 didn't realize that the one picture was of me," says Beth Davis. " I thought it was another of Mom. People who knew Mom well have always said I looked like her but 1 guess 1 never realized how much.

"I should have realized that the picture couldn't have been Mom because she would never have posed for a picture wearing shorts. She would wear shorts around the house but would never go in public with then. I remember one year when she and 1 were going up to see Bob in Wisconsin or Chicago she wore shorts because it was hot driving but when ever she got out of the car she would put on a skirt she kept in the back seat. I never understood because she really did have good looking legs. John always used to tell her she wasn't bad looking for an old lady. That really endeared him to her."

that was used to get the tar off left him raw.

Ask both Bob and John about putting things in gas tanks, like rocks and water. You might find those stories interesting.

Bertha Elizabeth Murray was born on 10 July 1909 in Evansville, Ind. She died on 23 Jul 1966 in Boonville, Mo. She was buried on 25 July 1966 in Boonville, Mo. She resided in Boonville Mo. She was employed as in Bookkeeper. Her son Robert Murray Davis had many warm memories of her, which he recorded in a letter to the family, which is excerpted in the following paragraphs.

"When I was born, September 4, 1934, my mother was just over 25, and my memories of her go back to the time I was 2 or 3. I can remember, when we were living in Arkansas City, Kansas, in an apartment on the second floor over a store, asking her to come from the other room and see something I was doing/ and she replied that she could see. I wondered how she could see through walls. Another memory: her running me down in Coffeyville, Kansas, while I was looking in a store window. I don't remember wandering off, but I must have. And of her trying to find me when I was playing with some kind of domestic animal on the farm in Missouri. However, my first coherent memories of her come from the period after we had moved to Boonville some time before the summer of 1939. By that time, she was pregnant with John, something I failed to notice.

"What I remember from this period, and summarizing from my childhood, until the time I went to college, follows.

"Bertha Elizabeth Murray Davis (she tried to forget the first name, which was also her mother's, and never forgot the third, which was her father's) was a very active woman, probably about 5 '6" .or 7" , dark hair, slender but not skinny. As a girl she had apparently been very active– in fact, her left arm was shorter than her right because she had broken it 3 times (her right only once), and she could not straighten it. She was reportedly an excellent horsewoman, except when she was breaking her arm, and she claims to have ridden horses that her brother Bob (older by a year and a week, July 3, 1908 to July 10, 1909) would not attempt. She was also a good dancer and tried to teach high school kids the Charleston in the late 40 's and early 50 's. When she was in her late 40 's or even older, she could stand flat on one foot and

kick the top of the door from the kitchen to the dining room of the big house at 1000 llth street, which is over six feet high, with the other. For her time and place, a good swimmer .

I always thought she was prettier than the mothers of my contemporaries, and certainly she acted younger. The idea about her looks might not have been purely subjective. Once, driving back from a visit to Wichita, in a little town in Kansas, some teenagers pulled up slightly behind the driver's side of the car and whistled at her. I leaned back and shouted, "That's my old lady" (which in those days meant mother , not spouse or spouse -equivalent), and she tried to shush me.

She was an excellent driver, not only for a woman but by any standard. Probably – she certainly thought so– she was a better driver than my father. Certainly she was more consistently sober behind the wheel, and at all times more attentive to the road, since he tended to get distracted by something he might buy or sell or, like a good herd of cattle, could just admire. Once, during the second world war, when a local man (R. D. Patrick, an auctioneer, I think) needed a bull (perhaps several) transported to Texas and could not find a driver for his semi, Mom offered to make the run though I do not know that she had ever driven that large a truck before (and later, when we towed a trailer full of Dad's family furniture back from Wichita, she seemed totally ignorant of how to back it up to the dock), but when told that she obviously couldn't do it because she was a woman, she raised such hell that everyone caved in and, accompanied by R. D. "s wife, she made the trip/ stopping at a cotton field to pull a stalk to bring me.

The most frustrated she ever got was on an occasion when she was going to drive from Schlotzhauer 's Buick-International dealership, where she was bookkeeper, in a pickup truck headed in to the side of the building. She kept putting the stick shift where reverse ought to be, and the truck would inch forward, she finally found out– perhaps she had to ask, which would have irritated her even further–that the transmission had 4 forward speeds and the reverse was not top left but somewhere else.

She was a terrible backseat driver, at least with me. Once I was driving west on 6th street towards Locust and she was warning me about cars 2 blocks ahead. So I stopped the car in the middle of the street, opened the door, got out, and told her to drive. After that, she was a little more reticent with her-advice, but not much.

She must not have led a sheltered girlhood–she said that she was 25 years old before she knew that you could drink Dr. Pepper straight. Her high school education in Arkansas City, Kansas was apparently the equivalent of many college degrees today: she still remembered some of the Latin she had learned, and in other ways the rigor was greater than my high school education, which ended in 1951.

Her hands were very active, whether she was talking or smoking a cigarette or (as usual) both. Like her father, she seemed to lean forward into a conversation, and she tried to satisfy her curiosity about almost everything by listening and asking questions or reading. She love to see new things. When we first moved to Boonville, Missouri, in 1939, she was fascinated by the MKT railroad bridge over the which raised its middle section to let riverboats pass. When she heard the whistle, she would grab me and head for the riverbank to watch it.

It is a good thing that she could find the river, because in the 27 years she lived in Boonville she knew which way was north only by looking for the bridge that carried U.S. 40 (Main Street) over the Missouri. And like everyone else in Boonville, she walked lengthways on a downtown sidewalk only under protest.

Otherwise, she seemed younger and far more energetic than the mothers of my contemporaries, who did not smoke, at least in public, and were probably far better cooks and housekeepers {not a difficult feat). She was in great demand from the other kids

to chaperone hayrides and other parties, drive teams to ball games before we were important enough to rate bus transportation/ and in later high school years provide the house for parties.

She was, I think, good with her own children, in the first place, she had the sense to let us pretty much alone. • Occasionally she would give me mild remonstrances about my worst habits–losing my temper, being unkind to or about others (she had a pretty sharp tongue herself), not suffering fools gladly. She didn't push me to perform in any particular area. She may have seen me play basketball and baseball, but I can't remember an occasion (when she carpooled teams, I was still a benchwarmer), but she did attend performances of plays and recitals in which I appeared. .And I think that she was pleased with my grades and with my status as one of the most competent altar boys and leader of prayers at the daily mass which most parochial school children attended {we certainly did; Dad, an unchurched Protestant, saw to that). The Christmases she arranged (at least I gave her rather than Dad the credit) have made all subsequent ones seem disappointing. I had toys and other playthings which none of my friends seemed to have (she let Dad's half-sister, Nanelou Sweeney, a school-teacher and musician, take care of the

Grandma Davis and sweet Little Mary Beth (Nancy's mother) in late 1944 or early 1945.

books). On the other hand, her taste in clothes was embarrassing. Her favorite color was yellow, and I can still remember a horrible pullover shirt she bought me at a time when no white boy wore yellow. As a teenager, I picked up a shiny gold bowling shirt with the name of the team still visible in an attempt to parody her taste. Either that was impossible or she has a sense of humor, for she professed to think it perfectly lovely.

She was the fastest typist I have ever seen and preferred a large manual which she could batter without its moving. Once she came to Lawrence, where I was a graduate student at the University of Kansas, to visit and type some term papers for me, and at every new line would slap my little portable halfway across the table. She was an excellent speller, claiming to have been marked wrong only once in her schooling, unjustly, for putting 4 loops on an "m."

She was also good, if somewhat dogmatic, at grammar, insisting that I could not begin a sentence with a conjunction. She could also write clearly and correctly, and once, when I was in default on an essay on the Jesuits in North American (I think) for a high school contest, (she)theoretically edited but in fact pretty much wrote it for me.

She loved music and played the piano vigorously, though I could not judge and cannot remember how well. We did not have a piano until someone loaned it to us rather than store it some time late in or just after World War II. She wanted her children to learn but did not insist, and as far as I know, I was the only one to take formal music lessons (on the trombone, on which Dad had got a good deal, rather than the tenor saxophone I wanted), though all three of us have good voices—better than she, I think. She was apparently a very good bridge player, but my brother John would be a better judge of this because that was this was the only family vice I never acquired.

She was practically an omnivorous and certainly a voracious reader, like her father and eldest child. She belonged to the Book of the Month Club, or one of the smaller ones, and bought a number of historical and other novels with soft-core sex scenes which as an adolescent I hunted up (I remember The Stumpet Wind/ The Queen's Physician, and something about a pirate who rescues hTs" lover from a harem) and read surreptitiously. She also frequented the library, at first housed in the northeast corner of the Cooper County Court House, across from the men's room with the floor-length urinals big enough, when I first went there, for me to fall into. There was an elderly woman—Mrs. Fredericks? That was the name of the hotel across High Street—in charge, and a much younger woman—she must have been quite young then, Jessie Dedrick, who never got a college education or a husband but who inherited the library and ran it until her death. Mom was obviously one of their major patrons, and between the two of us we must have increased their circulation figures considerably. She never tried to censor my reading or, after an abortive tempt ot get me to read David Copperfield, guide it. Once, after I had read Edmund Wilson's Memoirs of Hecate County, I tried to dissuade her from reading what seemsed to me a pornographic book. It was certainly explicit for its time and place.

"She would have loved further education, and I suspect that one of the sources of strain between her and Barbara Hillyer, whom I married in 1958, was that Barbara got the education which time and circumstance denied her. In addition, she probably thought that Barbara reinforced what to her were the less attractive sides of my character. Besides, I came to rely on Barbara and not on her. In any case, they never got on well, though from my point of view I thought Barbara behaved more civilly.

"Mom did not seem to be afraid of much except, occasionally and unpredictably, public opinion, and then largely on my account. She was certainly not, though a communicant at Saints Peter and Paul Church, awed by priests or by the nuns who ran the parochial grade and high school. I don't know whether she was indifferent to vocations or whether she knew me too well, but she never encouraged me to become a priest as mothers were supposed to do. But then her father was a fairly militant atheist, and my sister Beth has a theory that Mom remained a Catholic (the only respect in which she

followed the example of her mother, a very devout first-generation German-American Catholic who believed in kirche, kinder, and kuche and was good at all three.

"Mom hated housework and was a very indifferent cook in both senses of the adjective, initially to annoy her father, whom she resembled in a striking number of ways. She married a non-Catholic–and a Democrat at that, she remained a yellow-dog Republican all her life, and once, after I reached 21 (then the voting age) she threatened to refuse to get me an absentee ballot because I threatened not to vote a straight ticket and her cohorts at the Cooper County Court House would know that I hadn't voted right.

Dad asserted himself–he rarely did so, but always to great effect–and said that he would get me the ballot.

"Like most children, I suspect, I'm not sure why my parents married each other. There may not have been many Catholics in Ark City, and Dad was not only handsome but wild in interesting and not very indictable ways. Their marriage puzzled me when it didn't frighten me (on the occasions when Dad would be gone for several days on a drinking bout and Mom would be frantic with worry or when Mom's voice would get more and more vehement as Dad would mutter something unsatisfactory three rooms away in the middle of the night). I can only remember, too vaguely to specify, one or two occasions on which they demonstrated any of the signs of love or affection which the movies had taught me.

"I do know that, after I was in graduate school, she in effect asked my permission to divorce Dad and take a job in Kansas City. Doing so might have prolonged her life. Frustration as well as nicotine probably caused the stomach cancer which killed her. I also know, though this is about Dad rather than Mom, that when the cancer was diagnosed, Dad sold a lucrative business to devote something like full-time attention to her and that when, after a long and painful illness during which she refused intravenous feeding, she died, he was more stunned than I ever saw him before or since."

Chapter 24

Hubert "Bert" McCLARY AND Mary Elizabeth "Beth" Davis

Nancy, Kevin, Bert and Beth McClary, ca. 1980.

Hubert ("Bert") Clinton McClary, Nancy's father, was born on 19 Aug 1943 in Boonville, Mo. He married Mary Elizabeth ("Beth") Davis on 31 Jul 1965 in Boonville, Mo. Betg was born on 27 Jul 1944 in Boonville, Mo. The couple met while Beth was still studying in a Catholic high school to become a nun.

"I went to High School at the Apostolic School at the Mother-house in Concordia, Kansas. for all four years," Mary Beth recalls "I entered the Convent on Sept. 7, 1962 and took the habit on Aug. 15,1963. I have always been glad that I did it and would not trade those years for anything.

"When I told the Mother Superior that I did not want to make Profession, she asked me if I had any problem with the vow of Poverty. I said, what poverty, I had clothes to wear, a place to live, and the best food I had ever had. She then asked about the vow of Obedience. I told her that I could do anything reasonable anyone told me to do. She then asked me about the vow of Chastity. That was the one I had a problem with. I told her that I wanted to get married and have a family. She told me that was only natural. Believe it or not I didn't come back with a smart answer like, "then why are you here?"

"I left the Novitiate at the end of July 1964, just two weeks before profession. I got married on July 31, 1965, had my first child (Nancy Anne) on Sept. 7, 1966 and my second child (John Kevin) on Sept. 25, 1967. So no one can say I wasted anytime doing what I said I wanted to do.

"When I was in the Apostolic School we had a little blue rule book. It had rules for all occasions. I remember when I was a Freshman we were going over the rules for vacation behavior before Thanksgiving vacation.

"Rule #6 read: We will not date while on vacation so that we can preserver our virtue for our heavenly boyfriend." Several boys from class had gone to Preparatory Seminary that year. So I raised my hand and asked if we could date seminarians and preserve our virtue together. Needless to say that didn't go over to well. As a matter of fact they were not sure they were going to let me come back my Sophomore year.

"Part of the reason that I left the convent was because of Bert. I can admit that now. When I thought of getting married it was always Bert that I saw myself as being married to. I tried to deny that for several months after I left but he was patient and waited for me to realize that I really did love him and wanted to marry him."

"If she had followed rule #6 of the Handbook, she says, "I might still be in the convent."

Bert McClary was named after his uncle Hubert Gerhardt, who was killed in a hunting accident when he was 16. He was mostly known as "Hubie" by family and friends, except that his Grandmother Gerhardt would only call him Hubert, as she had her own son. He acquired the nickname Bert from his new best friend the first week of college (no Hubie at college,

and Hubert was too formal).

Bert grew up in a lower middle class neighborhood in Boonville about ½ block from where his mother still lives. He had a happy childhood, many friends in the neighborhood, and has many fun memories of growing up. The family lived close to the edge of town so he had woods & pastures to play in as well as quiet neighborhood streets. He had occasional physical limitations due to chronic asthma, but most of the time could participate in everything. He also began to wear glasses for nearsightedness in the third grade.

Bert was a very good, but not excellent, student through high school, graduating in the top 10% of his class of 100. The only "unsatisfactory" grade he got was in the second grade for chewing gum in class.

Bert went to work at Long's Drug Shop at age 13 in order to have spending money, and for several years he also contributed some towards the family finances. He worked about 30 hours per week during school, and about 55 hours per week in the summer. His father, Clinton McClary, unknowingly set up the two major focuses of the rest of his life. He had told a neighbor about an opening for a clerk at the store, and later when the owner needed a "stock boy" the neighbor told Bert about the job. This of course started his professional career. He was a skinny little eighth grader not much over 5 feet tall, and the stock boy he replaced was a handsome six feet four inch senior, John Davis, Beth's brother. He met Beth later at the store, but their relationship did not begin for several years. It may well not have happened had it not been for this casual acquaintance.

The first real trauma in his life was when his best friend was killed in a car accident when he was 16.

Bert attended the School of Pharmacy at the University of Missouri at Kansas City. Math and chemistry weren't his strongest classes, and he did much better in biological sciences, but no academic honors. He was very active in student professional activities and was president of his graduating class. He did not consider graduate school at the time, and years later the program he would liked to have done required driving to St. Louis (150 miles) two nights a week after work.

Beth's mother was terminally ill when Bert graduated in 1966, so Bert and Beth came to Boonville and he started work at the University of Missouri-Columbia Hospital and Clinics. He continued there as Assistant Director of Pharmacy Services for 22 years. Deciding he needed a change, in 1988 he accepted a job with the Missouri Department of Health in Jefferson City and worked for 13 years as pharmacy consultant for the Department, and as Assistant Administrator of the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs. He accepted an early retirement offer in 2000, and he continues to work about half-time. Bert's current job is much the same as before (except no management responsibility): evaluating drug control in licensed health-care facilities, writing and interpreting drug control regulations, and investigating and disciplining licensed health-care professionals for violations of controlled substance laws. His "retirement" came shortly after the birth of their first (and so far only) grandchild, Steven Coltrane McClary-Day, who lives next door to Bert and Beth. He manage to spend a day or two a week as babysitter.

Beth McClary went to high school at the apostolic school of the Sisters of St. Joseph in Concordia, Kansas. She was home only during holidays and vacations. She served as lifeguard and taught swimming lessons at the local pool in the summer. After high school she continued as a novitiate at the convent. She made first profession of her vows in August, 1963, taking the name Sister St. Matthew, in honor of her father Mathew Davis. Her father attended this ceremony with her family. Beth says she remembers little of the activities outside the ceremony, but does remember laughing with her best friend about how to go to the bathroom wearing their new habits. Her description of the process was somewhat more graphic than this. After leaving the convent in 1964 she attended one year at St. Mary's Hospital School of Nursing in Kansas City. Bert and Beth were married on July 31, 1965.

John Kevin McClary, age 2, and Nancy Anne McClary, age 3.

Beth worked occasional part-time jobs with her father and drove a school bus while the children were young. She went to work full time in 1974 after the family moved to Columbia. Her employer was then known as Philips & Company, a privately owned electrical supply distributor with seven stores in Missouri. It has been sold to several corporate entities, and currently is owned by Consolidated Electrical Distributors (CED) which operates about 500 stores in the United States and Europe.

Beth started in this blue collar environment selling lighting fixtures in the showroom. She quickly advanced to purchasing agent for the Colum-

bia store, corporate Director of Purchasing for the seven stores, assistant manager of the Columbia store, and eventually as manager of the Columbia, Jefferson City and Osage Beach stores. This is a male-dominated industry and Beth was the only female manager of a full line CED location in the country. Beth has excelled at her job and won praise from everyone from her lowest paid employee to the president of the 500 store company. Tiring of the long hours at the stores and frustrations of personnel management, about the middle of the year 2000 she accepted an opportunity to install CED's new inventory control and customer accounts system, and train staff in the use of it. She currently travels throughout CED's Midwestern division (primarily in six states) serving as trainer and management consultant.

After Bert had worked at Long's for a while, he learned John had a younger sister, and a year or so later Beth came to the store with her best friend, whose sister was a clerk there. Bert recalls that he and Beth talked briefly, but it was not love at first sight, although, he says, "I do recall that she was pretty."

During the summer after his junior year in high school he hung out at the swimming pool occasionally with a best friend who had also been lifeguard at the pool. Beth had grown up considerably and was very attractive in her swimsuit. Bert was now six feet tall, but still skinny. Beth was an excellent swimmer, and Bert particularly remembers her diving off a high wall at the front of the pool into water about 2 ½ feet deep, thinking he wouldn't do that on a bet.

On the last day the pool was open that year, he had called another friend's house in the evening, but he was not home. He asked his sister if she wanted to go out and she said she wanted to stay home, but that he should go by the pool and see Mary Beth "because I think she wants to go out with you."

This really floored Bert, he says, because he had no idea Mary Beth would consider going out with someone as "geeky" as him. But not to pass up an opportunity, he dropped by the pool and casually asked if she needed a ride home. She and one of her friends did, so he took the friend home and Bert and Beth drove around a while.

Bert asked her if she wanted to go to a movie before she went back to school in two days. She said she would have to let him know, as she may already have a date. The next day seemed to go by very slowly, Bert says, but when he called she said she could go. He went to her house later and went to the front door like a gentleman and knocked.

Bert says he he heard her grandmother say "Mary Beth, someone's at the front door." She pulled open the heavy front door and said "What are you doing here?" Stunned, he said "I thought we were going out tonight." She said, "No, I mean nobody ever comes to our front door." Bert doesn't remember much about the movie. He thinks it was "North to Alaska," but is sure it was a pleasant and memorable evening.

Bert and Beth didn't see each other until Christmas, although she had a friend smuggle a short letter to him. They continued to date when she was home and write when she was away for two years, although it was strongly discouraged by the Sisters, and somewhat by her mother. Bert says he doesn't know if Beth's father approved or disapproved.

"He impressed me as a gruff person, but was always cordial to me, though not necessarily friendly," Bert says. "One evening after we were home and "talking" in the back yard, he turned on the light and yelled "Mary Beth, do you know what time it is? Get in here!" I was out of there like a bullet. Beth later said he had woken up and thought the clock said 5:00, but it was only 12:25."

Bert says it was very traumatic for him the summer that she left. He only had an occasional "hello" from her via friends during the next year. During the summer of 1964 he attended a national pharmacy meeting in New York (at the time of the World's Fair). During a call home he received a message from her friend that "Beth is home, but she is going to Chicago." Nothing else. He was both excited and nervous for the next couple of weeks until Bert and Beth were both back home and he got to see her again. He was surprised to find she had short hair. She bought a red wig to wear until her hair grew out, and the first time they dropped in to see some friends they thought "who is that harlot he's bringing here?" Beth then convinced her mother to let her go to school in Kansas City.

Bert and Beth dated through the year, and, after a couple of bumpy months during the winter, began talking about marriage. Bert says Beth actually mentioned it first, one evening as they were sitting in a park on a bluff just west of downtown Kansas City, overlooking the Missouri River. Bert was ready, with just one more year of school, so they told their parents and made plans. Bert proposed to her under the pine trees across from the residence hall where he lived on the UMKC campus.

Of course, not being Catholic, he had to take lessons from a monsignor, and had to "sign his children away," should they ever have any, to be baptized Catholic. They had a beautiful wedding in the beautiful old church, which has since been torn down to provide room for a new colonial style building and its parking lot. They spent a one-day honeymoon in Kansas City

and came back to a well decorated apartment.

Beth worked the next year at Macy's, Bert finished school, and they moved back home to Boonville. The kids came along like clockwork – one, two – thanks to playing what Bert called "Roman Roulette," technically known as the rhythm method of birth control.

Bert and Beth have many warm memories of their children growing up in Boonville, which he wrote down in a letter the week before the April 20, 2002, wedding of their daughter Nancy to Al Callan.

"Nancy and Kevin have certainly been the joy of our lives," Bert says. "Since they were born just over 12 months apart, it almost seems that we have always had them both, though I do remember times alone with just Nancy. I remember holding her on my lap and combing her baby hair, and then when she was seven or eight, sitting behind her and combing her long, thick blond hair after a shower. She knew how I hated for her to have it cut, and I still have the long braided lock she gave to me after.

"She was an excellent student through high school, though she didn't always apply her ability as she could have. Teaching her to drive was more a learning experience for me (she only needed to learn the technique of clutching and shifting, she could do the rest herself,). She and Uncle Buster only knew one way to drive: "Open it up." She still goes through grocery store parking lots like a rally car on a closed European road course.

"The teen years had some memorable moments, such as the standard "I'm going to stay at Jane's house tonight" (and of course Jane was staying at our house). We had an outside fire escape bolted to the wall from the second floor, directly under her window. I'm sure she never used it. During her junior year she spoke to us two or three times, but by the time she graduated she had become a wonderful, loving daughter again. She even consented to go on a Caribbean cruise, our last family vacation.

"Nancy really went to town when she went to college. Anything less than an A was a huge disappointment, and there were only a few as she progressed through two undergraduate degrees and a master's. She continued to work during college (so she would have money to buy a car when she graduated), and I was quite surprised when she earned $17,000 one summer selling books. She was always outgoing like her mother and adventurous (like her mother probably would have enjoyed), studying in Mexico and Peru, and spending a couple of summers tramping around Europe with a backpack.

Many wonderful years have gone by, Kevin and Nancy have grown up and gone, though Kevin has temporarily returned next door. Now Bert and Beth have time to spend together, think about their lives together, and the life Nancy and Al are beginning.

Inside Bert's wedding ring is the inscription "Your love is my life," and inside Beth's ring is "One love, forever." Through the hard times the love they have for each other has prevailed, Bert says.

Bert and Beth celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary in 1990 by taking a motorcycle trip, as they usually do on their summer vacation. That year they ended up in a nice old hotel on the Plaza in Kansas City. The hotel where they spent their honeymoon has been torn down and the site now contains office buildings, but they still occasionally go to the IHOP where they had breakfast the next day.

Beth surprised Bert with a wonderful written reminiscence of many of the wonderful times of their life together, accompanied by a tape of popular songs of the period that remind them of those moments.

It was a beautiful, warm July evening, and as they sat side by side on the grass under the pine trees where Bert had proposed, they discussed their life and their anniversary. With just a note of disappointment and chastisement, Beth said she wished she could have had a diamond anniversary ring like she had mentioned to him some time before (several times).

Bert said "Like this one?" and immediately slipped a diamond ring on her finger. He had been holding it in his hand.

"Beth has been a wonderful mother," says Bert. "She has been a wonderful wife, she has given me a beautiful family and a beautiful home, and I cannot ask for more."

The Next Chapter
Al Callan and Nancy McClary get Engaged
Mt. Si, Issaquah, Washington ~ December 8, 2001